





















# ST JOSEPH TIMES

March, 1945



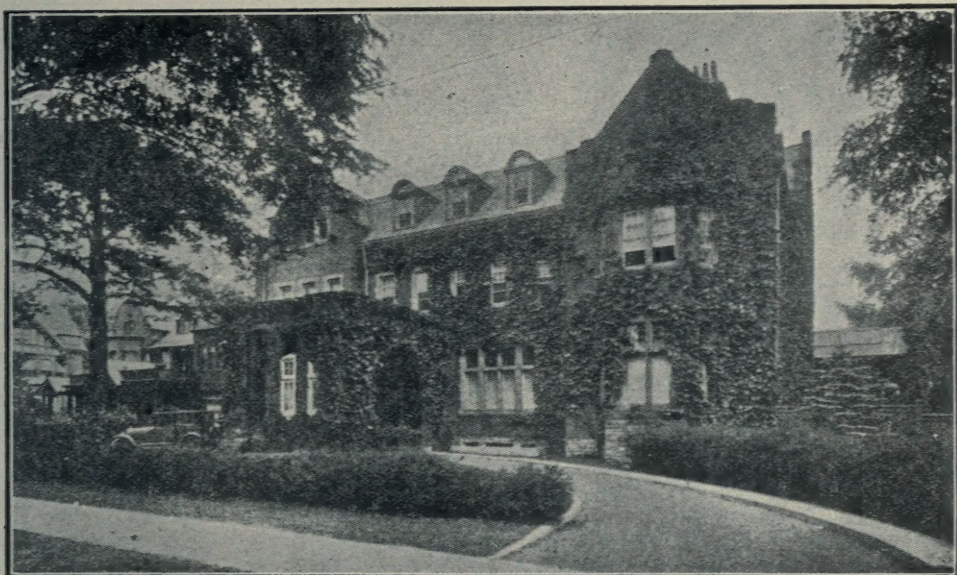
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## St. Joseph Lilies

Published March, June and December

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Christ Appearing, after His Resurrection, to  
St. Mary Magdalen



# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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Vol. XXXIV

TORONTO, MARCH, 1945

No. 1

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## EDITORIAL

### A BASIS FOR ORDER

**A**S the glorious feast of Easter approaches, the Catholic Church reminds the Catholics of their "Easter duty." A Catholic prepares for the reception of Holy Communion by a sincere confession. He examines his life to find out if he has violated the "Moral Law." Confession and sacramental absolution bring peace to a soul that was formerly at war with God.

The United Nations, now at war, are seeking and striving to establish and preserve an enduring peace after victory. These nations can learn much of the "how" and the "why" of establishing and maintaining peace from the individual. The individual, Catholic or non-Catholic, is bound to observe the "Moral Law," the ten Commandments. These Commandments are not merely ethical directives, but God-given laws that have been engraved on the heart of man, and for absolute certainty have been revealed. The small child, when his candy has been stolen by his playmate, knows that such stealing is wrong without any reasoning. The child also knows that disobedience, lying, and cheating are wrong without using a syllogism. This natural law is expressed in the "Moral Law" or ten commandments. The violation of the ten commandments brings disorder or war to the soul in a greater or lesser degree according to the gravity of the violation.

The violation of the commandments, the "Moral Law" is the fundamental cause of war among nations. Nations, just as individuals are bound to observe the "Moral Law." A Nation is

the flowering of the seed of the individual. The individual as created by God is a rational and social being. As a social being he must live with his fellowmen and has the natural law engraved in his very being to guide him in his relations with his fellowmen. The natural law contains the seeds of his social duties and social obligations. A nation is a society. In such a society there is a natural unity that springs first of all from the creation of man as a social being. A society is not just a heterogeneous group of individuals, but a united group, united first of all by the law of their nature. From man comes the family, from the family comes the people and from the people comes the state. Pope Pius XII in his first encyclical states very clearly the unity of all mankind. "In the light of this unity of all mankind, which exists in law as well as in fact, individuals do not feel themselves isolated units, like grains of sand, but united by the very force of their nature and by their eternal destiny into an organic, harmonious, mutual relationship." This unity of all mankind is the basis for relations between nations.

A nation is thus bound to observe the "Moral Law." Among civilized Christian nations, observing the "Moral Law" there should be no war. But at the present time millions of people are suffering from the disastrous consequences of war. The Christian must hate war, because it is against the very essence of Christianity, which is Charity. War consumes the very best energies of a nation. The terrible scars it leaves are not healed for many years. Lord Brougham in the British Parliament once declared that there was never a good war or a bad peace. Such a statement is confusing and misleading. War, as much as it is hated by the Christian, is sometimes justifiable. Nations in their rights and duties are like humans. Both have a right of self-defence, of defending their lives and property. Both may repel force with force to the extent of taking life if necessary. The nation has not only a right, but a duty, of protecting its own rights and the rights of its citizens. If there is no other tribunal to appeal to in order to secure justice and to repair grave injuries, a nation has the right and



duty to go to war as a last resort. The fact that war is not always wrong is confirmed from the pages of Sacred Scripture. Abraham waged war on the four kings who had ravaged the possessions of his neighbors, Genesis XIV. God ordered the Jews to wage war on the Madianites. Numbers XXXI. John the Baptist did not tell the soldiers to leave the army, but gave them some rules of conduct. Luke III. St. Paul praised the heroes of old because they had been valiant in battle and had put to flight their enemies. Hebrews XI. But the consequences of a just war are as disastrous as those of an unjust war.

The common people who are suffering the consequences of war, have a consciousness of the causes of war, and the means of establishing and continuing peace. The fundamental causes of war are moral causes, the violation of the "Moral Law." The basis for peace, and a real victory will be the recognition of the "Moral Law" under the sovereignty of God. During the late months of 1943 leaders of the religious groups in the United States, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish issued a "Declaration on World Peace." The first of the seven points was: "The 'Moral Law' must govern world peace." The Holy Father in his efforts to bring about peace has emphasized the "Moral Law" as basic for peace.

The time of Victory is near and it is a time of danger,—danger that statesmen will forget. The voice of God will be present at the peace table. It will be the voice of conscience—the voice of the "Moral Law." It will be a gentle but persistent voice proclaiming once more—

"Thou shalt not have strange gods."

"Thou shalt not steal."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."





## THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

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

**O**UR Divine Lord performed many miracles in His life-time, but His greatest and most convincing miracle was His resurrection from the dead. Accompanied by the testimony of a veritable "cloud of witnesses," this great prodigy has come down to us clothed in glory, like the risen sun above the serried summits of the lonely range of the Abarim mountains.

Men have pretended to explain away a few of His lesser miracles, but this majestic mystery they have left severely alone, as passing, and confusing their feeble comprehension. On the other hand, God's saints and defenders, roused to a holy enthusiasm over the glorious theme, have written theses and books, filled with irrefragible proofs of the words of Holy Writ—"Resurrexit, sicut dixit!" "He has arisen, as He said He would. Behold the empty sepulchre where they laid Him."

\* \* \* \*

Joseph of Arimathea—a town in the province of Ephraim—a good and upright man, went to visit Pilate on an errand of his own. He was a member of the great Jewish Council that condemned Jesus, but he did not vote for His death. Now that Jesus was dead, his conscience troubled him. Joseph was determined that the Body of Christ should not be thrown into the black and hideous and smoky vale of Hinnom, and he begg-



ed Pilate to let him have the Body, that he might bury it that evening, before the Sabbath began. Pilate was pleased to grant Joseph's request, but was surprised to hear that Jesus was already dead. Joseph found his friend Nicodemus in the council-room, and together, they went to the shops, and bought fine linen cloth to wrap the Body in, and sweet myrrh, and bitter aloes to anoint it; and the two then hastened back to Calvary. Some Galilean women were still there, but there were few other sympathizers. The Roman soldiers, left as a guard, taking up the cross, laid it gently on the ground drawing the nails from the hands and feet, and untying the cords. They then laid Jesus' body on a light piece of basket-work used as a litter, and His friends sorrowfully carried Him away.

\* \* \* \*

This conduct of Joseph on this occasion is like a great shaft of light cutting through more than Cimmerian darkness. It was no small sacrifice for him to face the anger and the reproaches of his rich friends, for being so kind to a man who was just then executed as a criminal. But Joseph did not hesitate. Out of a threatening and dismal situation he made a noble ending, and saved his immortal soul.

\* \* \* \*

Joseph of Arimathea owned a flower-garden a little way from the city, and close by the place called Calvary. It was beautiful with flowers, and grass, and trees, and he had a paid gardener to look after it. In the middle of this he had caused a small cemetery to be made for himself and his family. It was a cave cut out of the soft white rock, with a small entrance, and it was new,—no one had as yet been buried in it. From the green mount of Calvary to this quiet and beautiful place, the friends of Jesus carried His Body. Few were the feet that followed Him in death, though many had crowded after Him in life. With footsteps treading softly on the grass, through the bright flowers, and the scented shrubs, the holy women bore the blood-stained Body of their Friend and Master to a lovely spot in a corner of the Garden. And there Joseph

and Nicodemus, sprinkling the linen cloths with their aromatic and spicy liquid, wrapped them around the Sacred Body, and laid Him tenderly down within the inner chamber of the cave. There would the precious Body lie in darkness and in silence, safe from His enemies, until the Sabbath would be over, when they would return to complete the rites of burial.

\* \* \* \*

Coming out, they took the large, disk-shaped stone, and wheeled it along a deep groove in front of the opening, completely closing the sepulchre. By that time the setting sun was glittering through the trees; for the Jewish Sabbath was close at hand.

Then the holy women who had sat weeping at a distance, noting the place where the men had laid the Sacred Body, rose and went away, intending to prepare spices, and return on the Sabbath and dress His Body properly for careful burial in the Jewish manner, for which there was no time that evening. Who can picture the feelings of these faithful men and loving women, as they left the still garden, with the shadows of that sorrowful night falling round them! Jesus was dead, and all their hopes were vanished like a dream. Thus ended the day which men now call "Good Friday."

\* \* \* \*

Next day (which was our Saturday, but the Jewish Sabbath), hearing that Joseph and Nicodemus, two of their own council, had buried Jesus, the Jews went to Pilate and demanded that he set a Roman military guard over the tomb of Christ. By this time Pontius Plate was heartily sick of the Jews and their cabals. In a bitter tone he snapped at them—"Take a guard, and secure the tomb." Then, once more, was the strange sight seen of steel-clad Roman soldiers and Jewish clergy entering a beautiful, peaceful garden, but now they sought not the living but the grave of the Dead. They found the great stone there, closing the mouth of the cave, and this they officially sealed, and stamped with the signet-ring of the High Priest. Then the Priests went away to their duties at



the Temple, for with them the Sabbath was a day of high and important ceremonial. As the soldiers paced to and fro, on guard, with their shining armour on, and their weapons in hand, their footsteps echoed in the rose-scented cavern, where lay the Body of Jesus, the Saviour of the World.

\* \* \* \*

Saturday, which was the Jewish Sabbath, went slowly by, and, all through the dark night, the Roman soldiers watched the grave, by the light of a large bon-fire; and when morning drew near they began to look towards the hills of Moab for the first signs of the coming day. Suddenly a little before dawn, an earthquake shook the ground, and an angel in shining raiment passed through the guard. Going to the grave, he rolled the stone away from the opening! When this Heavenly youth turned his face towards the soldiers, it shone like the sun at midday. The soldiers became terrified, and falling on the ground they hid their faces from the intolerable brightness. It was then that the Son of God, arisen from the dead, passed out from the Sepulchre, over the prostrate army of Rome! As easily and as happily as He had walked on the waters of His beloved Lake Chinneroth, so now He trod upon the trembling air, that willingly bore Him up into the clouds. When, at last, the terror-stricken legionaries lifted their heads and looked, the little sepulchre stood there lone and desolate; even the lovely Angel of the Resurrection had disappeared! Then the soldiers, in complete disarray, a mob-like mass of men, rushed into the Holy City to tell their story to the priests of the Temple.

\* \* \* \*

To His beloved Disciples Jesus had sent word by the Holy Women, that He would go before them into Galilee, and that He would meet them there. They knew at once where, in their home province, the Lord would meet them. It would most certainly be by the Lake. This Lake variously named at different ages—Chinneroth, Genesareth, Tiberias and Galilee, was a favourite resort where the Son of God often went alone, when He wished to pray and meditate, and consult with His Eternal Father in

Heaven. Nothing could be purer than its crystal waters, held just after their issue from the springs and founts of Banias, in the foot-hills of Mount Hermon. To the parched lips of the traveller from the Eastern Deserts, a draught of its cool blue waters was offered by Nature in a dainty cup, as it were, of Chrysolite and pearls!

Night and day, therefore, the Galileans awaited their beloved Lord, where so often they had listened to His voice before, and they were not disappointed.

\* \* \* \*

The Galilean Fishermen never forgot the tenderness and love displayed by Jesus towards them on this their last meeting by the Holy Lake. His very first greeting to them was replete with sweetness. "My little children," he said to them, "have you had anything at all to eat? Behold I have something ready for you." Then He showed them where He had a fire burning brightly, and fish broiling thereon, and bread all cut and prepared for them. In the same spirit of loving-kindness, He began to speak to St. Peter. Now Peter was frightened a little, because he thought he was more deserving of rebuke than of praise. "Peter," He said, "do you love me more than these others do?" Now Jesus had never spoken like this before; and they were all astonished to hear Him. But all of His discourse to them was keyed in the same intimate and tender strain. They could not help knowing how much He loved them, and how much He depended on the poor Galilean fishermen for the up-building of His Church. It was a tremendous task to give to rude and unlettered peasants and fishermen. How much easier it would be to raise an army of 100,000 soldiers to fight for Him if He would only agree to accept a crown and a Kingdom. Every man in Galilee, and it was a well-populated province, would fight for Him to the death! Such were the thoughts running through Peter's mind, but the thoughts of Jesus were of a far different kind. His Kingdom was not of this world, and He knew how poor and valueless were the power and glory of a mere worldly principedom. In



another week or more, He would leave this world behind and go to His Father, who was well-pleased in Him. This was His last evening in Galilee, and He wished to gaze once more on Hermon; and on the other mountain-ranges of the North. "Come with me a while" He said to His beloved disciples. He led them to a nearby hill and from its low and level summit, they gazed upon the mighty ranges of the mountains of Shenir, of Hermon, and of Lebanon. The vast peaks seemed to have been drawn nearer by the power of the Son of God, and on each summit a great Angel stood, like a tall tower, shining in brightness; and the innocent Galileans saw vast choirs of other angels who chanted sacred antiphons, like this:—  
*"Glory be to God on High, and to His only Beloved Son, Jesus Christ! Praise Him on Lebanon! Adore Him from the brow of Amana! from the top of Shenir and of Hermon;—for the Almighty Father giveth glory to His Son, Jesus Christ, Amen!"*



## THE PRO DEO MOVEMENT

(AN APOSTOLATE FOR THE PENETRATION OF  
RELIGIOUS IDEAS IN PUBLIC LIFE)

By ANNA M. BRADY

Director of the American Center of Information Pro Deo (CIP)  
and Acting Director of INTERCIP (The International Union  
of Centers of Information Pro Deo.)

**N**EW conditions create new needs. It is no longer enough to preach in the Churches, for not only in mission countries but also at home, there are more outside the churches than inside. There has been a return to the going "into the highways and byways" to preach the truths of God by priests in many countries. This work has been augmented by the teaching of dogmatic truths on the street corner and in the market places by laymen and women. Still this is not enough—for there are more persons who pass by than there are those who stop to listen. In our time we have found a disillusioned and weary world in which men are seeking for God, but have lost the knowledge that the best way to find Him is to go where He is. To help them find the way again The Pro Deo Movement came into being.

In its present form it had its beginnings in Portugal where in July, 1940, under the inspiration and leadership of the Reverend Felix Morlion, O.P. the Centre of Information Pro Deo was founded for the "development of the Pro Deo Movement for the penetration of religious ideas into public opinion." Its roots, through the person of Father Morlion, extended back ten years in two apostolic works in Belgium and Holland. For in inspiring the foundation of the Centre of Information Pro Deo (CIP) Father Morlion was merely carrying on a tradition which had made him well-known throughout Europe. He was the founder of a series of services for the penetration of religious ideas into public opinion: DOCIP, a press service on film topics (1931); the Catholic Press Central, an agency for research and news



distribution (1934); the Catholic Propaganda Center (1938), for a direct religious approach to the masses through leaflets, booklets, meetings, plays, etc. These last two services were united with the movement "Offensive for God" in Belgium. Through an agreement made in March, 1937, they became linked with the Catholic Press Center of Breda, Holland and with the "Action for God" movement in that country which were under the direction of Dr. Hein Hoeben. A Dutch journalist of international reputation, he had been confirmed as General Secretary of the Permanent Committee at the Vatican Press Conference in September, 1936. Since October, 1928, he had been acting as Secretary of this Committee which was founded for the purpose of establishing an international clearing house for news. With the pooling of the Brussels and Breda resources an International Service was developed. Exceptionally authoritative information on Nazi Germany, obtained through uncensored channels, made the service highly influential and aroused the wrath of Goebbels and the Gestapo.

#### THE NAZIS MOVE IN

With the Nazi invasion on the 10th of May, 1940, this work was seriously disrupted but not completely destroyed. Father Morlion, in agreement with Dr. Hoeben, decided to carry on. He had escaped Brussels on the last train to leave before the train bridge was blown up and with the aid of some Belgians re-established a limited service at Poitiers France. The duration of this effort was short-lived as the fall of France again disrupted these efforts. Before France capitulated, however, Dr. Hoeben wrote to Father Morlion saying he was able to do nothing and turning over to him the responsibility of continuing the services. A no inconsiderable task as the services had developed to the point where 1,500 papers in 30 countries were being supplied with these releases. While on his way to Paris to discuss the matter with Dr. Hoeben word came of the imminent fall of France. Sending a message to Dr. Hoeben to join him in Portugal, Father Morlion succeeded in escaping, actually crossing the border into Spain only a few hours before the Nazis closed the frontier. Dr.

Hoeben, less fortunate, was discovered and arrested by the Gestapo. At the end of two years of torture he died in the infamous SS prison at Berlin, martyred for his steadfast defense of Christian principles.

#### THE CENTRE OF INFORMATION PRO DEO IS BORN

Arrived in Lisbon it seemed hopeless to attempt to go on with this work—collaborators were killed or scattered, news channels disrupted. However, His Eminence, Cardinal Gonçales Cerejeira took an active interest in the Pro Deo techniques and it was at his invitation that the work was restarted in Portugal under its new form. From the very beginning at Lisbon the principle of the lay-leadership was practised (in Brussels the Press work was under lay leadership at the outbreak of the war—it had always been under lay-leadership in Breda. The direction had been re-assumed by Father Morlion only when war conditions made it impossible for any one else to carry on.) The main reason for the stress on lay-leadership, which is an integral part of the Pro Deo Movement, is need to avoid engaging the responsibility of the Church in a work which is primarily in the mixed field of politics and socio-economics. This does not mean that the Movement does not jealously safeguard its exposition of Catholic teaching. To insure its orthodoxy the Direction is subject to the Spiritual Adviser in matters of faith and morals. To clearly establish the purpose of the new organization it was called "The Centre of Information Pro Deo" (Europeans often use "information" where we would say "news") i.e. news oriented toward God.

For nearly a year the work of training a staff was carried on in Lisbon. Contacts were re-established with that part of the underground that had escaped Hitler's vigilance and new channels of information were opened up. A beginning had been made of re-establishing contacts with those in North and South America who had received the former services when, in May, 1941, came the threat that the Nazis were going to invade Spain and Portugal. The Cardinal and the Vicar Provincial of his Order, knowing that Father Morlion was on Hitler's "wanted" list,

insisted that he seek safety elsewhere. Arranging for the work to be carried on "underground" by the lay collaborators, Father Morlion left Portugal and came to the United States.

#### CIP IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

In June, 1941, he arrived in New York. It is a tribute to his boundless zeal, energy and persuasive powers that, before leaving for Latin America in July he had obtained the promise of my husband and myself to undertake the preliminary steps for inaugurating the Movement in the Western Hemisphere. Using the materials received from the International Center at Lisbon we began the work by sending out "introductory bulletins" in September. The news was presented according to the Pro Deo Methodology which is based on Thomistic principles. The response was immediate and widespread, proving to our satisfaction that the combined quality of the news itself, plus the formulae used for its presentation, would make up for any personal deficiencies in talent and training along these lines. When Father Morlion returned in October we agreed to accept the responsibility on condition that he would remain long enough to give us proper training for so important a task. On January 15th, 1942, following a fantastic struggle with stencils and a mimeograph machine, the first regular number of the first American CIP service was issued.

This first service was a semi-monthly newsletter, known as CIP CORRESPONDENCE. From the very beginning it has found warm welcome in diverse circles. But the growth and development, contrary to a statement by a new friend "that he was bothered because CIP had had no difficulties" has been the result not of a lack of obstacles to be overcome, but of solid principles capable of providing the solution as each hurdle was reached. The main difficulty, as in all apostolic work, has been—and still is, lack of sufficient funds to carry on the work to the best advantage. We have held to the conviction that if the quality of the services were maintained, eventually the proper funds would be forthcoming. This happy day has not yet arrived but we are confident that one day it will. The individual



trials from which graces for all apostolic work are drawn are not of a nature to make "good copy" but the graces themselves are what matters. Among these have been two of our greatest assets—the sure knowledge of what our aim is and how we hope to accomplish it, and the loyal and selfless devotion of those who work with us. At the Canadian National Centre at Ottawa, for instance, the generosity in time spent on Pro Deo work together with the willingness to perform any necessary task on the part of Mr. Albert Beaudet, Secretary for the French Section, and of Father Edward Daviau, O.P., Spiritual Adviser, have constituted a source of inspiration and spiritual strength for all Pro Deo members everywhere.

#### THE REASON FOR CIP

Although the history of the Movement is in no way exhausted, the time has come to speak of what CIP is actually doing. As hinted above CIP is a press service. But it is a press service with a specific aim: "The penetration of religious ideas into public opinion." In other words, CIP works in the field of the press, radio and film because it is these three facts of our modern civilization which are more responsible than anything else for the ideas now governing the acts of men. The religious press as such is doing a magnificent job but its work is predicated on an already existing interest in things religious. CIP, on the other hand, seeks to find those who are indifferent towards religion to bring the truths of religion to them. This means that in its press stories it cannot assume that a reader will be interested (as the readers of this magazine are) primarily because the matter under discussion is Catholic, or even religious. While CIP will always publish many stories which are of greater interest to the believer than to the non-believer, it will always endeavor, even in these stories to present the material in such a way that any one will find them interesting in themselves. It is the aim of CIP to gradually introduce through its news items, articles and studies, a better understanding of the religious principles which are basic in every department of life. As its motto CIP has adopted the following from the encyclical "Caritate Christi compulsi" (1932): "Eith-

er for God or against God"—that is once more the point at issue, and upon it hangs the fate of the world. For in every department of life, in politics and economics, in the sciences and the arts, in the state and in domestic life, in the East and in the West, everywhere the same issue arises. Since the press is a common denominator in each field, CIP lays its principal stress on this part of its work.

#### CIP SERVICES

The CIP news services, as mentioned before, began with CIP CORRESPONDENCE, a semi-monthly newsletter. This is now a weekly service and has been supplemented by a weekly syndicated column, a daily press service and a weekly documentation service. The first and last are sold to individuals, the second and third are subscribed to by newspapers and periodicals. The particular slogan for this department of the Pro Deo Movement "For the clarification of spiritual issues in current events," is printed on each masthead.

But the press work has not absorbed all CIP's energies and other approaches have been found to supplement these services. Various articles dealing with ideological problems published by CIP in 1942 aroused so much interest that it was determined to make further studies into the tradition and political development of various countries with the aim of determining how best to promote the cause of democracy throughout the world. For this a second CIP service was inaugurated in March, 1943—Dedicated to "the clarification of the fundamentals of democracy" this service, called the CIP FORUM, might best be described as a two way service. For it combines research, through study, personal interviews, round tables and forum discussions with the publication of the findings which result. In the preparation and presentation of this material such notable authorities as Mr. Paul Anderson, Hon. Adolph Berle, Jr. Sir Bernard Pares (non-Catholics) and M. Jacques Maritain, Miss Helen Iswolski, and Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. have participated. One of the important aspects of this work is that it allows the practical cooperation between Catholics and non-Catholics with the aim of making religious motives the strongest force in public life. For

these subjects are treated not on the basis of dogma but according to the self-evident truths of natural law concerning the rights and duties of many in society. In this particular field of politics, the Pro Deo Movement holds that the spirit of denominational controversy must be kept out of the common concern for the reconstruction of temporal society on universal moral principles. One concrete result of this activity has been the condensing into twelve theses what seem to be the basic principles held in common by all who favor "government for the people, of the people, by the people" and, at least passively, accept morality and religion as the basis of democracy. These twelve theses were first made available in the CIP Forum in May, 1944, under the title: "The Fundamentals of Democracy." How very important the clarification of this subject is in the light of present conditions is proved by the fact that the Holy Father chose democracy as the topic of his Christmas allocution.

But it is, obviously, not enough to study the application of principles, we must study also the principles themselves. Part of the Pro Deo aim is the dissemination of the ideology of government by free consent, so as to provide the masses everywhere with a sound philosophy of state. But while it holds that in practice the principles which justify government by free consent with the active participation of the governed, are best adapted to those nations which have achieved political maturity, it emphasizes that complete education must be organized for the peoples who are still politically immature. In order to be prepared to disseminate these principles CIP has undertaken the sponsoring of Courses in Politics in which philosophical lessons on principles of political philosophy are illustrated by lectures expounding modern applications of principles. The first series of these philosophical lessons is the work of the Reverend Paul Edouard de Rooy, O.P., for twenty years Professor of Political Philosophy at the Angelicum in Rome. In New York last season such outstanding persons as Prof. Paul Vigneau, the Rev. John B. Kao, O.F.M., and Prof. A. Mendizabal gave the illustrative lectures while this year at Ottawa the lecturers include such notables as: M. Louis Charbonneau, Ph.D., Hon. Robert Tasch-



ereau, Judge of the Supreme Court. The philosophical lectures there are being given by the Reverend M. Doran, O.P., one of CIP's Spiritual Advisers.

If space permitted there is much more that could be said about how the work has spread to other countries, the reason for insisting that each Center use the same techniques, why each country has its own national Center, just what the CIP Centers of Action are, etc., etc. Only the barebones of the Movement's history and activities have been given but from them can be envisaged the full body. To the possible question: what does the Church think of this work, the following will give the answer. Father Morlion is now in Rome on his way back to Brussels to reconstitute the International Center there. While waiting for the exigencies of war to permit him to travel to Belgium, he is busy working with a group, training leaders for the establishment of an Italian Center. It was his privilege early in November to be granted an audience by the Holy Father. Shortly afterwards he received from Msgr. Montini, Acting Secretary of State, a letter conveying the Pope's blessing "again" to Father Morlion and the clerical and lay collaborators of the Pro Deo Movement. The Holy Father's opinion may be judged from the following extract: "Following the audience which he deigned to give you, His Holiness is pleased to attest again the interest he has taken in what you have explained to him about the different activities of the Center of Information Pro Deo (CIP) . . . . for the penetration of religious ideas in public life. . . ."



## THE TWELVE HONORS WHICH GOD BESTOWED ON ST. JOSEPH

By CARDINAL D'AILLY\*

Translated by Rev. Robert F. McNamara

**I**F WE assemble all those scattered passages of Holy Scripture which refer to St. Joseph, we can easily see how highly he is there commended and praised. So it is fitting that Holy Mother Church, in joyous celebration of his feast, should enumerate the twelve marks of honor which are his.

In the first place, he springs from a most noble and royal stock. So the Evangelist tells us, beginning the book of Jesus Christ the son of David with Abraham, and ending with the statement that Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, who was the mother of Jesus called Christ.

In the second place, he is called the true kinsman of the Virgin Mother Mary and her Son Jesus: for they were all born of the family of David, as the Scriptures testify. "The Angel Gabriel was sent from God . . . to a Virgin betrothed to a man named Joseph, of the house of David;" and this latter phrase, "of the house of David," refers not only to Joseph but also to the Virgin betrothed to Him.

A third honor of Joseph's is that he is espoused in marriage to the most holy Virgin Mother of God. The holy Evangelists often make mention of this: "a Virgin betrothed to a man named Joseph"; "Joseph, the husband of Mary." He was not

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\*Pierre Cardinal D'Ailly (1350-1420) Chancellor of the University of Paris, Bishop of Cambrai, "Eagle of France," was one of the outstanding Churchmen in the turbulent days of the Great Schism of the West. He was a defender of the theory that the Pope is inferior in authority to a general council. That would be heresy today; it was simply a widespread error then. But in his spiritual writings he is orthodox and quite noteworthy. He was very active in popularizing devotion to St. Joseph. The present small treatise is his famous treatise on the Saint as condensed for use in the breviary, and adopted for such use by the Carmelites. The original Latin text is given in the *Acta Sanctorum*, March—Vol. III, pp. 5-6. The Translation is somewhat free.

united to her in human manner according to the flesh, but in virtuous affection according to their vows.

Still a fourth honor is bestowed on Joseph when the title of virginity is applied to him. Mary, of course, was betrothed to Joseph when Gabriel was sent to her. When Gabriel had said to her: "Behold, thou shalt conceive and bear a son," we read that she replied: "How shall this happen, since I do not know man?" that is, it is my determination never to know man. His espoused wife was therefore also a virgin, and with the consent of her husband she continued to fulfill her plan of perpetual virginity.

Blessed Joseph is honored in a fifth way in being charged with the performance of many services not only for the Virgin Mother, but also for her Son. The Saints tell us that in addition to the general reasons for the espousal of Mary and Joseph, there were certain special reasons. For example: so that the virgin-birth might remain concealed to the Devil; so that Joseph might bear witness to her chastity and defend her from suspicion of infamy, lest she be denounced as an adulteress, according to the law; or finally, so that the Mother and her Child might be supported by him and given his tender care.

His sixth honor was God's confiding in him, as if he were some heavenly secretary, the secret mystery of the Incarnation. This He did through the Angel who appeared to Joseph in a dream and dispelled his anxiety with the words: "Joseph, Son of David, do not fear to take to thee Mary, thy wife, for that which is begotten in her is of the Holy Spirit;" in other words, it is not by act of man but by act of God, not by human agency but by the mysterious breath of the Holy Spirit that He has become flesh. Nor was the mystery of the Incarnation all that the Angel told Joseph; he intimated also the mystery of man's salvation through the Incarnate One. "And she shall bring forth a son," he said, "and thou shalt call his name Jesus"; and then he explains the reason for that name: "For He shall save His people from their sins."

St. Joseph's seventh honor is that he is acclaimed a just man by the Evangelist. "Joseph her husband," he writes,



“being a just man . . .” That means, being a man excellent in hope and charity and the reputation of all good traits and virtues; for in the Scriptures by the word “justice” is meant, in general, the holiness of a virtuous life. So Joseph is also just because justified by faith, even as his father Abraham was. “Abraham believed God and it was credited to him as justice.” Joseph also believed that the Messiah would be born not of a human father but through a mystic intervention, and of a woman who was a virgin of the stock of David; and by this faith he was justified and is rightly called just.

The Gospel tells us also of his eighth honor. It was that he himself should announce solemnly to mankind this name “Jesus” which God had chosen from eternity and revealed in time through the Angel. “Thou shalt call his name Jesus . . .” There is no doubt, either, that this was actually done: “And when eight days were fulfilled for his circumcision, his name was called Jesus, the name given him by the Angel before he was conceived in the womb.”

The ninth honor of St. Joseph the Just consists in his being on hand when many of the great mysteries of our faith are set forth. He was present at Christ’s birth, and when the shepherds recounted the marvels wrought with regard to the Child. For as the Evangelist Luke says: “They found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger . . . and they marvelled at the things told them by the shepherds.” He was present when Christ was circumcised and the first drops of His innocent blood were shed: and then Christ’s passion for our sake, and Joseph’s compassion for Christ’s sake, had their beginning. He was present when the Child was adored by the Wise Men. He was present when Christ was taken to the Temple, the time that he and Mary carried Jesus to Jerusalem to offer Him to the Lord.

The tenth honor was that He was taught not only by the older prophets but also by new prophets what things would be accomplished in Christ. Thus the aged Simeon blessed them, and prophesying about the passion of Christ, said to Mary his

mother: "Thy own soul a sword shall pierce." By that sword he meant Christ's passion.

St. Joseph's eleventh honor is that he was comforted not by prophetic speech alone, but often by familiar converse with an Angel. We have heard of four occasions when words of angelic comfort were whispered into his ears. The first time was when Joseph was troubled to learn that his Virgin Spouse was to become a Mother, and the Angel said: "Do not be afraid, Joseph, to take to thee Mary thy wife." Next, when the persecution of Herod threatened, the Angel appeared to him in his dreams and said, "Joseph, take the child and his mother and flee into Egypt. . . . For Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him." And when Herod was dead, the Angel appeared to him again and said: "Arise, and take the child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel." Afterward, when he had come into Israel, he was afraid of Archelaus who was reigning in his father's place; then warned by the Angel, he withdrew into the region of Galilee.

The twelfth honor of Blessed Joseph is that, as Scripture tells us, not only the Mother of God and Queen of Angels, but the very Son of God, was subject to him:—the King of Kings, to Whom every knee should bend of those in heaven, on earth and under the earth. As for Mary it is evident, for man is the head of woman, and the wife is subject to the husband and under his control. As for the Child, the Evangelist says: "He was subject to them." Subject to whom? Who else but *Mary and Joseph?*

How wondrous and amazing a novelty is this! What wonderful and admirable humility! The Lord is subject to his servant. God humbles Himself before man.



## INDIA TIGER HUNT

By SAM. D. IRWIN

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** We think that our readers will be interested in an extract of a letter to Charles J. Morton of the Curtis Wright, New York, from a wide travelled globe trotter, who to-day makes his headquarters in India. In a recent war mission Mr. Irwin flew approximately 75,000 miles in less than six months. His hobby is taking pictures and his latest pride is a recently bagged pair of tigers of which he can offer the skins as proof. The shooting of these tigers, he describes in this letter and he tells us some other things too.



*The Maharajah*

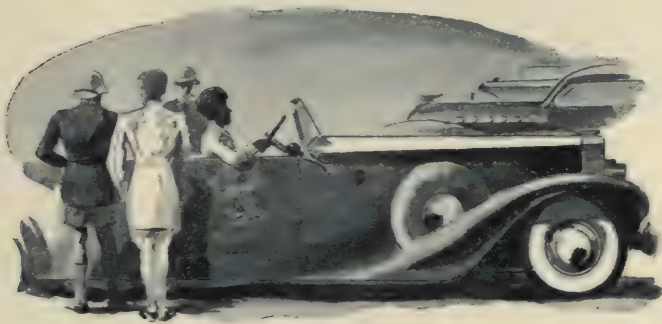
. . . . I decided to take a couple of days off from the office on business, and on the way I stayed with the Maharajah and Maharani over the New Year week-end. First day there, went on a tiger hunt, and got the tiger in two hours. Everyone said it was incredible I could be so lucky, but really it was so easy it might have been planned.

We left the place at 2.30 in the afternoon—an Indian Major who is ADC to the young Maharajah, and who was in charge of the hunting party, (having more than a hundred tigers to his credit)—an Indian Captain, a brother-in-law to the Maharani, and myself. We drove about a dozen miles from the palace toward a small mountain, where the tiger had been seen that morning. We were met by about fifty Indian shikaris and beaters, all in a great state of excitement, and who, with deep salaams, told us the tiger was in a forest ravine on the slope.

We had to leave the car and go on foot up the side of the mountain, which was so steep I was completely breathless before we had been climbing for five minutes. We climbed and climbed and eventually came out at a place where they had built a machan—a platform of grass and earth about eight feet above the ground, supported on four very rickety poles. We climbed up on it and sat swaying gently in the breeze.



The Major cautioned us not to make a sound—even a sniff is apt to scare the tiger away. Down below us was a clearing some forty yards wide, and this went away down to the bottom of the mountain. On either side of this was dense forest and jungle. It seemed impossible that they could stage things so that the tiger would enter this particular clearing when there were so many other places he could just as easily go.



“ . . . . . We set off in cars ”

In the valley below we could see the beaters spreading out and going toward the ravine where the tiger was supposed to be. They disappeared into the forest, and it was so quiet my breath sounded like a gale. We sat for perhaps twenty minutes in dead silence, when all of a sudden there were wild shrieks and yells from the beaters below. Then silence. They had sighted the tiger and were steering him toward us.

In the clearing below there was a movement, and a tiny jackal crept out of the bush and slowly crossed the open space. We had all tensed up to watch this when, from nowhere, it seemed, and without the slightest warning of its presence, the tiger was suddenly in the clearing. There was brilliant sunshine and he looked very majestic. He took two or three steps, then looked straight up at us and snarled. He was about forty yards from us, and I don't think I have ever felt so excited. He looked away down the hill, and started to cross the clearing.

I fired, and the animal stopped dead in its tracks and slowly rolled over. It was a lucky shot, clean through the shoulder and into the heart. Then the Major fired twice, just to make sure, and then we all started scrambling down the slope. The beaters threw stones from a safe distance to see if he was



really dead, for tigers have been known to sham death and then make a spring. He was quite dead, however, and measured nine feet three inches, which, you must admit, was some tiger!

The shikaris tied the tiger on two poles and we all slid down the mountain to the waiting cars.

“... the tiger was suddenly in the clearing”

On the way back we paid a visit to the

Royal garage. Streamlined Bentleys, Rolls Royce, Hispano Suiza and Lagonda automobiles are the show pieces, while numerous air conditioned Lincoln Zephyrs, station wagons and others are scattered about the place. Heaven knows what the upkeep of this vast place amounts to!

The palace itself is as large, if not larger, than Buckingham Palace, and is similar in design. It is built on the banks of a river running through dense jungle, which has been cleared on the palace side for the lovely gardens, and left as nature intended it should be on the other. In the river there are hundreds of water lilies, all in bloom now, and rushes bank the sides. It is so beautiful, with all the tropical flowers, you would never believe there are huge crocodiles and turtles in the water.

I occupied a magnificent suite, comprising bedroom, sitting-

room, and bathroom. The vast bathroom is all black and white marble, and the bath has so many contraptions I felt the need of a guide every time I went in there.

There are hundreds of rooms and suites in the palace and it is very easy to get lost there. Until Old Year's Night, we had



*Palace of the Maharajah*

all our meals in what they called the informal dining room, but Old Year's Night we went very formal and dined downstairs in the State dining room. This room is magnificent—all white and gold, with huge crystal chandeliers.

At dinner two nights later the Maharani suddenly decided we would go in the morning to their palace in the jungle. This palace is some miles away in the heart of the jungle. The building is half a mile long and comprises a number of different palaces joined together in a semi-circle. It stands on the bank of a large river, and like the other palaces has most magnificent gardens. In the afternoon we went driving in the jungle and saw stag with huge antlers, buck, hundreds of wild peacocks, monkeys and baboons, wild boar and blue bull.

We drove miles into the jungle to an open spot where we



were to have dinner. It was a beautiful night, half full moon, and we made a huge fire in a clearing on top of a small hill. About twenty servants arrived in a motor bus and got busy preparing the supper. There were both Indian and European dishes.

First the footman produced iced cocktails in crystal glasses. I couldn't believe I was in the heart of the jungle! Everything was so lavish and luxurious. An enormous striped canvas mat was set down, and on this was placed an extremely large embroidered linen tablecloth. Solid silver knives and forks were added, and the "picnic" was under control.

I had Tala, an Indian supper, to begin with. This is served on a large heavy silver tray—one for each person—on which are a collection of tiny silver bowls containing the most delicious bits and pieces, Curry, rice, vegetables done in novel and different manner, sweets, shredded coconut, soup, and heaven knows what are put into the bowls. You eat with your fingers and use Indian flat wheaten bread to grab the slippery pieces. When we had finished a servant came round with a small silver bowl and jug of warm water, in which we washed our hands. We finished with a trifle made with so many wines and what-nots and laden with fresh cream that I felt I would never have the strength to stand up. We had, of course, been sitting cross legged on the ground in true Indian fashion.

Just before we left the picnic spot a shikari came along with the news that a tiger had made a kill a few miles from where we were. We decided to go out the next morning and try to get him. At six o'clock in the morning we assembled in the dining-room for coffee. Everyone was going on this shoot, apparently, including the Maharajah and the Marharani and their daughters. They are charming children and very well educated, speaking French, German, Italian, English and of course their own Indian tongue. They have all been to Europe, and have Swiss and French governesses at present.

We set off in cars and drove for about an hour and a half. The sun doesn't come up till eight o'clock just now, and so we went along quietly and saw dozens of animals romping about the place.

This time the machan was on one side of a river and the tiger on the other. We crept along and into the little grass hut in which there were three peepholes. We looked across at the place where the kill was and there were two tigers tearing at a buffalo. His Highness was so excited he would scarcely allow us to breathe, and we all squeezed into the tiny hut to watch them.

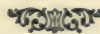
The eldest princess, in her early teens, and I were chosen to do the shooting. She has already got a panther and is considered an excellent shot. I fired first and got my tiger and a few seconds later she fired and got hers. More excitement as we scrambled across the river and over to where the kill was. They were not as big as the previous tiger, but one measured seven feet nine and the other seven feet eleven, which really wasn't bad for one morning's bag!

My two skins have been sent off to the taxidermists, and should be ready in three or four months.

We had breakfast in the jungle—just as elaborate as before, with dozens of servants bustling around the place. We had scrambled eggs and crisp hot buttered toast along with an assortment of fruit and delicious real American coffee and fresh cream. Can you beat it? . . .



*“ . . . there were two tigers tearing a buffalo ”*



## THE DOLLY

By PAUL KAY

I NEVER could figure out Sam. That was all I was sure of— I never could figure him. 'Cause Sam was a natural born liar; a piece of instability from way back, and as ornery as a yearling jackass. They wrote the song "Don't Fence Me In", when they saw Sam. Not even Nature had been able to fence that boy. He was six and one half feet of raw material, broad as a prairie wagon.

I first met Sam in the wilds of Southern Illinois, and if the natives of Chicago don't think their country has wilds, they should look at Sam. He was running a street-car the first time I saw him. He didn't work for the company. No, it was just that the regular motor-man had made a mistake; he had asked Sam for his fare. As Sam said afterwards, "I took a notion." He grabbed that representative of public service, lifted him right out of the door, which fortunately was open and left him seated in the middle of the road, a very surprised man. I was one of the passengers, and since nobody manifested any desire to get off after Sam had taken the controls, we rode the rails of Urbana for fifty-three minutes. It wasn't that Sam couldn't handle the car,—he could; or maybe the trolley was as much afraid as we were. None of us wanted Sam to take any more notions. He finally stopped and walked off like any decent tax-paying citizen. But I wasn't going to let him get away. I was fresh up from Texas, studying at Illinois University; studying Psychiatry, which is what doctors call working with cases that should be in the asylum. And Sam looked like too good a case to miss. So when I overtook him I was set to humor him with a view to writing him up as case No. 301, a "Drive your own street-car complex." That was when Sam first fooled me.

"You think I'm crazy!" He said this in such a matter of fact tone that I must have betrayed myself. "Crazy," he re-



peated. Then he laughed, laughed hard as though the idea of his being non-compos-mentisious appealed to him.

"My name's O'Neill," 'I muttered apologetically and put out my hand. This made him laugh even harder but he grabbed my hand and shook my arm like a frozen pump handle.

"Well, I'm Sam," he roared, and I didn't know for two days whether that was his name or one of his favorite cuss-words. He finally let me have my arm back.

\* \* \* \*

That's how I met Sam, and it took me only five minutes to know that this gorilla could be a real friend. After that we spent a lot of time together. Once you got used to Sam's notions you could sit with him ten minutes straight, completely at ease. Of course you never really got used to those notions. That's what made Sam so interesting. He never did the expected thing.

I finished my work at Illinois within the next two months, and since I was heading back to Texas to round up a few nervous breakdowns, I had to say goodbye to him.

I dropped around to his house. There was Sam waiting for me with his bags packed and his ticket bought. He was going to Texas with me. Just took a notion.

\* \* \* \*

Well, inside three weeks Sam had put more life into my hometown than it had known since the Indians. And I couldn't complain. The longer he stayed the more business I got. That man was born to drive people crazy. But then it happened. Sam met the girls. All three of them. They were running a Tea Shop in Osso, called "The Little Sisters." They should have known that tea wouldn't sell in that man's country, but they kept it up, braving genteel poverty with all the hardihood of pioneers.

Sam practically lived on tea for three weeks, and then I knew there was something to it. Even though you can't give a name to an angel, these girls were called Irene, Mary and Dolly. Of course the shop is broken up now but I can still remember them: there was Irene—she was the oldest, pretty as a

picture and just plump enough to enjoy being kidded about it. Nature had endowed her with just the right amount of devil-may-carelessness and she used it to a full enjoyment of life. Her tomorrows would have to take care of themselves for she lived today. Sam, when he saw her, marked her for his own. Kindred souls!

Irene not only kept up with Sam in the race for national irresponsibility. She did more. Geared him higher and still kept in front of him. It was during their whirlwind courtship that I first heard Sam admit he felt tired.

Then Mary moved into the running and she must have been practising in secret, for inside two weeks Irene was so hard pressed for Sam's affections that she dropped out of the race. Then, too, Mary had an advantage. She was two years younger and her weight was strictly fighting trim. Up till the time Irene laid claim for Sam, Mary had been emotionally dormant. Now she broke loose with the jealous ferocity of a few dozen wildeats who see an intruder putting priorities on a tender lamb.

Blazing blue eyes, jet black hair, pretty lips pursed tight . . . . that was Mary at her best. And it was at her best that she took Sam. She didn't pass him as Irene had done; she beat him down. Yes, it looked as though Sam was heading for married bliss. The big oaf was actually afraid of that innocent little package of dynamite called Mary.

\* \* \* \*

I was still seeing Sam, off and on, when Mary would let him loose, and one night he cornered me. He blushed and stammered as Sam usually didn't. "How does a guy propose to a girl?" he gulps.

I laughed and Sam made off to sock me, so I sobered quickly. "Not being the woman's man that you are, I'm not sure," I said, "But the general idea is that 'Will you marry me?' comes in somewhere."

Sam yelled "Yaah," and slammed out of the house. I started thinking of a wedding present for the lucky couple, for they were both lucky. Mary was a prize and big Sam was nothing less than a bargain.

Well, I said before you could never figure out Sam. So while I'm wasting a few hours trying to figure what kind of silverware Mary would like and when Sam was going to ask me to be best man, Sam did it again. Yes, he walked out on Mary and the whole affair. Mary was fit to be tied and even Irene was in a huff. You see Sam didn't leave alone. He took Dolly with him. Small, unobtrusive, quiet as a mouse Dolly. The little girl with the big glasses. Dolly was anything but Sam's type, but I figured it was too late now.

\* \* \* \*

I ran into them the other day, up in Buffalo. Had a few hours between trains on a business trip to the big city. I stopped in to Lorenzo's restaurant. And there they were—like newlyweds—at the table next to mine. They didn't even see me so I walked over to their table.

"Well, Sam."

He was startled but he carried it off like his old self. "If it isn't O'Neill. How's everything with psychiatry these days? And Irene—how's she? and Mary?"

I didn't answer so he went on. "Guess Mary figured I gave her a rough deal. Dolly and I came to Niagara Falls for our honeymoon. We decided to stay."

And that was all the apology he offered. But I still had some nerve, so I managed to corner him alone, when it was almost time for me to go.

"How could you do it, Sam? To such a swell kid as Mary! Sam rubbed his hand across his mouth.

"I just got a notion. Remember the night I was going to propose to Mary? I got as far as the door and Dolly gives me a smile. I never saw the kid smile before . . . Oh, you wouldn't understand."

\* \* \* \*

I waved goodbye to both of them as they stood in the station, arm in arm. And Dolly was smiling. Everything that Sam had said was true, but the big ox didn't have to tell me. You see I was the one who first told Dolly about that smile of hers and what it could do. I was in love with her myself.



## THE REDMEN OF CANADA

By REV. D. HANNIN, S.J.

**R**ECENT events have brought the Indians of Canada out of their enforced retirement. On January 26th, 1943, in a test case at the Montreal Law Court, it was decided that Indians were subject of the enactments of the Conscription Act. Many people were surprised when they learned that Indians still existed in Canada. One kind, old lady in Toronto said, "Did they not vanish with the buffaloes?" In the summer of the same year, the Annual Synod of the Anglican Church declared that the Indian Question must be numbered among Canada's problems.

The "Vanishing American" has ceased to vanish, the Indians are increasing, not decreasing in numbers. In 1905 there were 105,000 aborigines in Canada, today there are 122,000, a little more than one per cent of our population. The Indians rank sixth in our minority groups. Throughout Canada, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, the birthrate of the redmen is higher than that of the English-speaking Canadian. The average number of children in an Indian family is four.

Since the Indian is here to stay Canadians should have at least a nodding acquaintance with their red-skinned brethren. To the white man the Indian is an enigma. An old missionary after fifty years among the Ojibways said, "After fifty years I do not fully understand the Indian character." The redman has been much maligned and ill-treated because his mongoloid characteristics and years of nomadic existence have rendered him a reluctant subject for the experiments of modern progress. In the United States, Indians and whites battled until the late date of 1905, and the adage, "A dead Indian is a good Indian" explained the trend of American thought as far as the redmen were concerned. Even in Canada some tribes are lately removed from savagery, and many still linger in a state of semi-civilisation. The Indian is said to be lazy, dirty, and

unreliable. These accusations may in part be true, yet if he hates our monotonous, routine work, if he still loves the woods and the independent life of old, can he be blamed? Nature fashioned him through the centuries to be the greatest hunter in the world and now reformers wish to change the work of nature in a few scant years. Yes, a few scant years, for twenty-five years ago there were many Indians who had not seen a white man.

There are seven phases of Indian life which must be studied in order to understand the situation of Canada's Indians in 1943. We must consider the present tribal divisions, language, government, living conditions, education, religion and future hopes. In this article we shall confine ourselves to tribal divisions, language, and government.

Facially all Indians in North and South America are alike, everywhere we find the same lank, black hair, the high cheekbones, the copper-hued skin and the mongoloid eyes. Yet underneath these physical similarities, there are as many sharp, distinctive traits as differentiate the French from the English or the Polish from the Irish. The bodily size, the shape of the head and the nose, language, and customs differ in tribes.

There are today five Indian families in Canada that correspond to the Teutonic, Latin and Scandinavian families of Europe. In the same manner as the Teutonic race is divided into English, Germans, Dutch, etc., so too the Indian families are divided into tribes. There are thirty-eight tribes in Canada today.

The largest native family in the Dominion is the Algonquian, the Indians whom Champlain befriended. The principal tribes of this group are the Ojibways of Ontario, the Crees of Manitoba, the Montagnais of Quebec and the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. Their territory stretches from the Atlantic to the foothills of the Rockies. Many of these tribesmen in the northern regions of this vast territory still live in the primitive style of the eighteenth century. The Iroquoian, renowned in history, were always numerically small compared to the Ojibway and today live in three reservations in Quebec and On-

tario. The Athapaskan family, the Slave, Hare, Dogrib, Beaver and Chipewyan tribes, live in the frozen tundra of the North-West Territories and were the last to feel the effects of civilization. The only representative of the Siouan nation in Canada is the Assiniboine tribe of Western Canada. On the Pacific coast and in the valley of British Columbia live the Coastal family which includes such well known tribes as the Salish, Kootenay and Carrier. The two largest tribes in Canada are the Ojibway and the Crees; they are estimated to have over twenty-eight thousand members each.

Indian languages are still spoken in Canada. Eleven different tongues and numerous dialects are heard from coast to coast. Indian languages are spoken not written. The Ojibway boys and girls do not learn their language in school, nor memorize rules of grammar; they acquire it by listening to their parents and speaking to their playmates. For the white man Ojibway is a difficult tongue yet the small Indian children make no mistakes in their own grammar. The Indians cannot read and write their own language. Missionaries composed Ojibway grammars and prayer book by listening to the Indians and copying down the sounds of the words in English characters. These books were primarily to aid the priest although later the missionaries taught some of the Indians to read their own language.

Today the great majority of Indians still speak their own native dialects more readily than English. Close to such centres of progress as Little Current, Sudbury or Port Arthur, there are Indians who do not speak English. Even those who do converse in our language, will revert to Indian in times of distress or when they go to confession. Ojibway family names are picturesque in their native dialect: Migwams—Feather; Migwanabe—Small Feather; Wagosh—Fox; Pitawanakat—Between the clouds; Akiwenzie—Old man; Besito—The man with short steps. New words had to be coined by the natives to meet the need of the day. Some examples are: Ishkote-wabo—firewater (whiskey); ishkote nabikwan—steamer (fire vessel); anamie-nabawiwin—marriage (standing prayer).

How stubbornly the Indians have clung to their language



is illustrated by an incident which happened at the Indian Residential School, Spanish, Ont. In 1940 twenty new boys arrived at the school from the Island of Manitoulin (about 175 miles from Toronto). Twelve out of the twenty could not speak English.

Among the Algonquians the language of each tribe differs as Spanish does from French but between tribes of different families there is as much difference as exists between Russian and English. A Siouan Indian cannot understand an Ojibway.

The Iroquois had the stablest government among the tribes but they even exhibited one of the strongest features in the Indian character, individualism. The Algonquian people were nomads and never thought of themselves as one race and did not even recognize tribal unity. Perhaps the necessity to divide into bands in order to facilitate hunting was a primary cause of this disunity. In times of war an Ojibway chief ruled his volunteer warriors with strict discipline but during the long periods of peace he had little or no authority. Pontiac recognized this failing among the Indians and later Sitting Bull in 1880 tried to remedy it but with the same results as Pontiac.

The Algonquians never lived more than two or three weeks in one place and the western Indians were continually on the move following the herds. Therefore the gradual spread of civilization, the slaughter of the buffalo, the extinction of fur-bearing animals and the influx of settlers into Canada disrupted Indian life. The white settlers seized the choice land. The government in order to safeguard the natives set aside tracts of land for the use of the Indians. These were called reservations. Each reservation contained woodland and farmland. The once free hunters were penned in like wild beasts. The Indians at first resented this confinement and their resentment increased when avaricious whites began to rob them of reservation territory. In the remote and unsettled regions of Canada the aborigines still follow the nomadic life but the inevitable disappearance of the fur-bearing animals will force them to use the plough and cultivate their acres.

## APOSTLE OF THE ARCTIC

By DAVID TEMAN

**A**RSENE Louis Eugene Turquetil was born at Reviere, in the Diocese of Lisieux, on May 3, 1876. After receiving his primary and secondary education there, he entered the novitiate of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Angers, in September, 1896. Having been ordained on December 23, 1899, he was assigned to the missions in the extreme north of Canada in the following September. The rest is history. He made trips in and around northern Canada for the next twelve years, making his first contact with the Eskimos near Chesterfield Inlet in 1906 — bringing the gospel for the first time to men never before evangelized. In July, 1925, he was named Apostolic Prefect of the Hudson Bay, and when this section became a Vicariate in 1931, he was the logical choice for Vicar Apostolic, becoming also Titular Bishop of Ptolemais. Here, Bishop Turquetil labored hard and long until 1942 when, worn out by his strenuous years on the mission, he resigned his position to take a much needed rest.



**Bishop Turquetil, O.M.I.**

Working in the Arctic cold, and especially in the Hudson Bay region, is no easy undertaking. Hudson Bay is the largest of the vicariates, covering some 1,600,000 square miles. In this icy wilderness, sparsely populated, there are a little over six thousand Eskimos. We think of Alaska as far north, cold and desolate, but Bishop Turquetil's territory is some three thousand

miles north of Alaska. It is difficult to picture the desolate scene of the Bishop's labour—a barren and frozen vastness as far as the eye can see; no tree, no brush, no shrub—nothing but interminable snow and ice.

This sea of snow lasts for ten months of the year, for there are but two short summer months. However, the Eskimos meet their hardships bravely. Poverty prevents their having good, strong, weatherproof homes in which to live, so their answer is the snow house. During the brief summer when the snow huts melt, there are tents to replace them. This shows the real industry and ingenuity of the Eskimos, making so much from so little. Not only must they live in igloos, but neither can they make fires for heating or cooking purposes on account of the fierceness of the wind; hence, furs must suffice for warmth, and raw foods must take the place of prepared foods. This is where they get the name "Eskimo"—"raw meat eater."

It is true that they do have a lamp made of soap stone with moss for a wick and whale blubber for oil, but it is of no use for cooking, for it would take at least six hours merely to thaw out the food. Their solution is: "when they are hungry they eat." Their menu consists of raw meat in both summer and winter. In fact, they even eat rotten meat, killed some three or four years before, and preserved more or less efficiently by the cold. Missioners have been known to have been poisoned by eating such defective meat.

Since life is so difficult even for the native Eskimos, imagine the hardships of the missionary. Merely contacting the Eskimos is a problem in itself. There are no cities, no towns, no villages worthy of the name—only camps hundreds of miles apart, and some of these consisting of only two or three hunters. This unique camp set-up can be attributed to two causes: first, the poverty of the people, and, secondly, the fact that the game is nomadic and hunters must break camp and follow their game, if they are to have any food or clothing. Bishop Turquetil himself on one missionary journey travelled over 800 miles and saw only fourteen people. This is far from encouraging in this coldest of Arctic lands.

Contrary to what we might think, the North Pole is not the



coldest spot on earth. Hudson Bay bears this proud title (if it can be called such). And Hudson Bay can boast two other "firsts:" it is the poorest country and also the most difficult to travel. No one envies Bishop Turquetil his missionary hardships.

Added to all these natural difficulties in penetrating the Arctic vastness, Bishop Turquetil had the moral difficulty of being the first white man to set foot in Eskimo country. The Eskimos are a clever people, and it was not easy to begin the job of their conversion. They do indeed understand and fear some supreme being over them, and though there is little sickness, the various accidents that frequently occur in their daily lives offer them occasion to pray to this supreme being. They know nothing of the real God. Their prayer is to the devil. Theirs is a religion of fear of the devil, a doctrine filled with taboos. Not once will the children be told how not to offend the devil, for out of fear the name of this spirit is not mentioned. Never will they break a taboo; all of them are scrupulously observed. Though this is a great barrier in the way of their conversion, think how beneficial it would be if, once converted, they would keep the law of God in the same manner.

One of the Bishop's major problems was learning the Eskimo language. It was not until he had been there three years that he could preach his first sermon in the tongue of his prospective converts. The language of the Eskimos is a most perfect one. There are no exceptions to its rules. At the same time, it is a most complete tongue—possessing over four hundred endings in its declensions and conjugations. Bishop Turquetil explains it as an "incorporating language," that is, every complete idea is one word. Hence, what would be a sentence in the English tongue is one word in that of the Eskimos. Such a language would necessarily take much practice and involve many mistakes before mastery of it would be in sight.

Despite the Bishop's energy and zeal among the Eskimos, his mission was not successful—at least, not at first. He had been in that icy wilderness for four years, cut off from the world, deprived of all communication with the outside except for the arrival of a solitary boat once each year. As yet there were no converts nor any signs of interest at all. Now he was alone—

two priests had been killed by the Eskimos, and another had been attacked and later died of injuries. Staying there was discouraging to say the least, if not down-right dangerous. Some of his friends had requested his bishop to recall him, and in the next mail came a letter ordering that if there were no conversions by the following year, he was to close the mission and return home.

Not long after this, an Eskimo on a dog-sled delivered two letters to him—both of them unsigned. One contained a booklet on the Little Flower of Lisieux, his own diocese, extolling her as the friend of missionaries; the other contained a half-teaspoon of dust from her coffin. Immediately, he began to pray to her, and one day, just to see what would happen, he sprinkled a pinch of the dust on the head of one of the Eskimos. Two days later that Eskimo returned, said he wanted to pray, told Bishop Turquetil of his many sins and promised to try to sin no more. That same night a large group of Eskimos came asking to be baptized, and even refusing to go to their winter camp to get food and furs without Baptism. They would trust in God to feed and clothe them. As Bishop Turquetil put it: "Could I tell them: "Get out of here—you've got too much faith?" Five years later, the bishop came and baptized fifty-two adults. In appreciation of Sister Thérèse of the Child Jesus, (now St. Thérèse of Lisieux) Bishop Turquetil wrote to Rome, asking the Holy Father to proclaim her patroness of all the missions. Not long after this, his wish was granted when hundreds of missionary bishops signed a like plea and sent it to Rome.

Today, in the barren icelands of Hudson Bay, in which Bishop Turquetil found himself the only white man on his arrival, and of course, the first priest to attempt missionary work there, there are now (according to the 1944 Catholic Directory) thirty-one Oblate Fathers, six Oblate Brothers, fourteen Churches, and seventeen outposts. In a land where only Pagan Eskimos roamed, we find the situation much improved. Though pagans are still by far the majority (5,690), there are over eight hundred baptized Eskimos and eight hundred and ten catechumens. Bishop Turquetil's example is indeed an inspiration to every priest and priest to be, and his record surely an enviable one.

## AN ANCIENT SWISS FESTIVAL

By BASIL SHENIR

**A**MONG the many old customs and traditions which are still in vogue in the beautiful Engadine region of the Swiss canton of the Grisons is the festival known as the Chalanda Marz. The Chalanda Marz is venerable indeed since it was the Romans who brought it to the Engadine. Today's Chalanda Marz is a children's festival. It is not only observed in the villages where the historic Romansch language is spoken, but also in districts where German is the predominating tongue. St. Moritz thus pays as much attention to the event as its smaller neighbors.

Early in the morning on March 1st, when snow still covers the ground, boys of all sizes assemble on the square of their respective village. Around the waist each wears a cowbell. Sizes of the same vary considerably: huge ones for the older lads, and very tiny ones for the small ones. The bigger the bell the prouder is its wearer.

High School seniors are the leaders and here again leadership goes strictly according to age. The oldest boy assumes the role of "dairyman" and head of the Chalanda Marz, and the one next to him is his substitute. Third in rank is the "upper herdsman." From four to eight boys are classified as "herdsmen." It is their duty to keep order among the herd. Each of these lads leads an "ox" on a chain. Eight "horses"—four to each vehicle—pull a good-sized sleigh manned by a coachman. The louder the latter can crack his whip the more respect the boys have for him.

These two sleighs are used to collect the larger gifts. The smaller contributions are placed in a huge wooden kettle carried by the "ox". Cash gifts are taken care of by the "herdsmen." Many other boys form the "herd," with the biggest cowbells occupying front rank.

Noisily the line starts; in some villages there may be two



and even three lines. A stop is made at each house and the clanging of bells continues until a gift of some description has been handed out by the inhabitants. The collection yields mostly cookies, fruits, nuts, and especially chestnuts. Toward noon the boys assemble on the village square and sing one or two songs. In the afternoon the procession forms anew. Then, in the evening under parental supervision, a big supper is prepared from the generously contributed gifts and the girls of the village make their appearance. Girls and boys participate with zest in the banquet and afterwards there is dancing for everybody. This juvenile ball forms the end of a perfect day. In many of the Engadine villages the observance of the feasts lasts for two or even three days.

The real Chalanda Marz celebration requires careful preparation. Bells have to be properly sorted out and tested, and cracking of whips has to be practised. In the Lower Engadine, parades are repeated either on the second or third of March.

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Why is it called a "Jew's Harp?" It is from the French, with a typically English corruption of the pronunciation. The French name for it was *jeu tromp*, or play-thing. The English diverted the French term to "Jew trump", and seeing the incongruity of calling anything of the kind a "trumpet", changed the final syllable to "harp".

Words do change in pronunciation. As late as 1836 well-taught persons of the old school said *cucumber*. In a pronunciation prescribed by an orthoepist of 1724 "nurse" was *nuss*.

*Riding*, an electoral district, was originally *thriding*, meaning the third part of a county. It lost its first two letters through *North Thriding*, being corrupted to North Riding by the easy elimination of the repeated "th."

## THE OTHER CARPENTER

By HEWART HOPE

AMASA the Carpenter laid down his tools on his wooden bench, for the ram's horn blew from golden walls, and work must be put aside with the coming of the Sabbath. The days had been good, he mused, as he covered his hammer and chisel. Before the year was old, he would be known as the carpenter of Jerusalem, and even the High Priest would seek his services. Wise he had been to leave Nazareth and come to this crossroads of the spreading world.

The tiny flame from the oil lamp cast Amasa's eyes into shadow, sharpening the lines of his mouth and chin; and his wife regarded him silently as though he were a stranger within her gates. From the roadway could be heard the clanking of a Roman guard on its way back to the garrison. The sound of their coarse laughter and bragging jests was not new in that hush that preceded the Sabbath, yet Hannah shuddered involuntarily as she cast her gaze downward that she might not see them through the open doorway.

Not so Amasa. Eagerly he watched the procession; and his eyes glinted as he beheld the arrogance of the soldiers' bearing, the ostentatious wealth of their officers. They, too, he thought proudly, would one day come to him for the service that only a master builder could provide. They too would hail him carpenter of Jerusalem.

That day indeed was at hand when a Roman turned aside at the carpenter shop and bade Amasa contrive him an aromatic cedar chest that would be worthy of his rank. From behind the curtain of woven straw that led to their sleeping quarters, Hannah watched silently; and as she watched, the lone Roman seemed to her to become an entire cohort, maliciously wrecking the peace for which she longed. This would be but the beginning, she perceived, and she could not bear the thought.

She who had always moved at her husband's bidding, now

must try to turn him back to olden ways. Yet she could not break the walls of silence that ringed them in until the day when still another barbarian had crossed the threshold. Then she could no longer withstand the twisting of her thoughts, and quite suddenly she spoke them forth.

"Amasa," she pleaded, "why cannot we return to Nazareth? Why must we remain in this city amid these barbarians?"

Amasa the carpenter dropped his hammer, and as he stooped to recover it, he looked at her gloweringly. As soon as he believed that the Temple had fallen as that the silent Hannah had uttered words of rebellion.

"Are you mad, woman!" he demanded. "Return to Nazareth and its poverty? Bury myself in that lowly town just when my fame is spreading!"

"But we were happy there," she faltered.

Amasa scoffed at her. "Happy when hunger gnaws at the vitals like foxes at the vines! Happy in a village cluttered up with carpenters, and all of them starving! Little do you remember how paltry is Nazareth; how unlovely its people."

"But there was Joseph the carpenter, and Mary. They were poor, but goodness dwelt in their house for ever. And their Child whom you loved—have you forgotten the Child, Amasa?"

For a moment Amasa was silent, as he strove to pierce with memory the veil that a score of increasingly greedy years had enwrapped about the distant past."

"The Child," he mused, his gaze on the pile of sweet smelling shavings that had fallen like crumbs from the table. "Yes . . . I remember the Child and His strange ways of knowing." He turned a bit of wood over in his curved and grasping fingers. "There was a day when the man Joseph and I were in the shop together, two carpenters working at the bench. I wanted a rare piece of wood, a piece of unusual shape and color. But even before I could speak my need, the Child brought it to me; and in the earnestness of His gaze, it was as if he said: 'Here is that which thou seeketh'."

For a moment silence lay tremulously about the dusky cor-



ners of the shop, and the woman Hannah held her tongue lest the fragile memory and the mood it evoked be shattered.

“Had you borne me a son like unto the Child,” said Amasa, “I would have remained in Nazareth. But all that”—he drove a nail sharply into the wood he had been fingering—“all that is in the past, and in the past it remains. Never will mine eyes behold the Child again, for I will not—do you understand, Hannah—I will not leave Jerusalem or its golden walls.”

Amasa the carpenter turned back to his bench as absorbedly as if he were alone. As indeed he was, for he had shut his whole heart away from the woman who was his wife. For a moment Hannah lingered there in the doorway, hoping that another memory without price would lay hold of him. But it was useless, and with a sigh she went out into the crowded marketplace.

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The afternoon sun was stretching pale fingers of light into that same doorway when Hannah returned. “Amasa,” she cried out. “He is here! He is here! Oh, hasten, that we may hear Him.”

Amasa turned threateningly upon her. “Can you not see I am busy with a customer who would have me work for him? I have no liking for your foolish ways!”

“But it is He, Amasa. It is the Child who has become a Man, and He preaches in the market place.”

The lowering clouds of sudden storms were no darker than Amasa’s face as he brought his clenched fist down upon the bench. “Woman, begone! And let me work in peace.”

Hannah drew in her breath. Not until then had she realized that the men who stood before her husband were the hated barbarians. Her eyes narrowed, and she said slowly, “Amasa, I say unto you, the day will come when . . . . .”

“Silence, woman!” thundered the carpenter; and with the Romans’ shout of approval ringing in her ears, Hannah fled again to the crowded market place.

Resolutely she withdrew from the shop and its customers. Never once did she mention the Romans again, nor chide Amasa for his interest in them. It was as if that carpenter’s bench,

those carpenter's tools had lost all power to build for the man and his wife a bond around which their lives revolved; as if instead the very chisel had become a magnified wedge, driving them further and further apart. So it was not to be wondered that Hannah did not stir from her bed in that gray dawn when a furious knock sounded on the door of the shop, and Amasa hurried out to his first customer of the spring day.

As she lay there, the woman could hear the carpenter busy with his saw that seemed to wail in protest as it was drawn through the wood of the tree. She tried to sleep, but sleep fled from her when the hammering of nails broke through the vaguely troubled air. She could hear fierce mutterings from the men who waited out there in the doorway. And yet it was not that undercurrent of savage mumbling that roused her from her bed; it was the indescribable wash of terrifying sound that like an echo seemed to be flung back from the city itself.

Above the clamor and the distant wailing, Hannah heard the sharp ring of a coin on the wooden bench, the triumphant cry, "Good work, Amasa!" And as she drew aside the curtain of woven straw, she saw the long beam of a cross disappear from the open doorway.

Somehow she managed to remain unquestioning. Somehow she managed to place bread and wine before her husband. But she was filled with an impelling need for haste, for the horrible clamor was drawing near and ever nearer. At length, as if against her will, she ran out into the roadway.

The shriek that rose from her heart brought Amasa to her side. But with her hand flung back against her horror-stricken mouth, Hannah shrank away, as she gazed at him with eyes too shocked for tears.

"It is you; it is you," she moaned. "You made that cross for those hateful Romans. You too are become a barbarian."

"Have you lost your senses, woman," Amasa muttered, "that you turn against him who is your husband?"

Accusing flames shot from Hannah's eyes, but she did not move save to point with piteous finger at the tumultuous procession of death. It was as though countless devils were roaming

the face of the earth. And in their midst, like a tortured and bleeding heart, was the Man in red-stained white, staggering beneath the burden of His cross.

“Amasa, Amasa, can you not realize!” she cried. “That is the Child of Nazareth who has become a Man, the Child whom once you loved. And it is you who made the cross on which He is to die.”

Horrified, the man looked upon that blood-stained Face of agony; upon the cross and recognized it for his own. His was the guilt; his greed had brought the blood down upon his own head. And Amasa the carpenter beat his head against the wall, and wept.

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### HIGH FLIGHT

“OH! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
 Sunward I’ve climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
 Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things  
 You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung  
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov’ring there,  
 I’ve chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
 My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
 Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue  
 I’ve topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
 Where never lark, or even eagle flew—  
 And, while with silent lifting mind I’ve trod  
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
 Put out my hand and touched the face of God.”

—John Magee





## A BUNCH OF GRAPES

By SR. ST. ANNE, C.S.J.

THE exquisite country of God and of His saints is clearly portrayed in the following little incident in the life of St. Bernadette.

In October, 1878, six months before the death of this favoured daughter of the Blessed Virgin a young student returning to the little Seminary of K . . . . stopped at Nevers to visit his cousin the Abbé Febre, chaplain of the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity of Nevers, where Bernadette Soubirous now Soeur Marie-Bernard, was a professed Religious.

The chaplain, pleased to see his cousin, wished to give him the privilege of at least seeing the Shepherdess of Lourdes. He suggested that they go together to the Convent garden where Bernadette's improved health permitted her to take a short walk on sunny days. As the Mother-General was her usual companion on these walks the Abbé hoped that the prudent restrictions which protected the saintly young Sister from indiscreet curiosity might be lifted in this case.

As they made their way to the garden the priest spoke of Bernadette, impressing on his young companion the honour that was to be his. Not only was Soeur Marie-Bernard the favoured visionary of Lourdes but her simplicity, her humility, her love of sacrifice and of solitude were outstanding even among those consecrated to God in the religious life.

The Seminarian listened with an attention and longing that even the good priest did not suspect. "If he might only see her, be near her, have one word from those lips which had held sweet converse with the Mother of God." How much might be involved only he knew. Forced through circumstances to begin his studies later in life than most of his companions, he had been faced too with the problem of a weakened constitution from an ailment which medical experts had pronounced incurable. This chance encounter might be the turning point in his whole life.

As they entered the garden they perceived two religious walking slowly down the path towards them. Abbe Febré left his cousin to meet Mother Adelaide who moved toward him alone. Would she grant the desired interview? It was contrary to her usual procedure and Bernadette herself avoided contact with strangers as much as was possible. Suddenly with a smile the Superior turned toward Soeur Marie-Bernard, "Sister will you kindly pluck a bunch of grapes from the trellis and give it to this young student who has been travelling. It will refresh him."

What a charming and discreet solution of the problem. Obediently Bernadette plucked the finest bunch of grapes and presented it to the visitor. Here like herself was another child of the people (his father was a blacksmith), in weak health, hampered by a lack of education but filled with great love for God and a desire to serve Him. She asked him about his plans for the future. "Do you wish to become a priest some day?" Hesitantly came the reply.

"Yes, Sister, if the good God and my Superiors bestow on me that honour."

With a glance toward the Chapel Soeur Marie-Bernard answered with an intense certainty "Yes, you will be a priest, but you will have to work hard and to suffer." And again after a second look towards the Chapel the Saint exclaimed. "A priest! How grand it is to be a priest!" The priest at the altar is truly Jesus on the Cross!"

The old curé in B . . . , zealous and devoted, cherished these words of prophecy and of consolation in that memorable conversation all his life. Of the appearance of Bernadette two things only had impressed him—the delightful smile and the limpid eyes wherein the Blessed Virgin had left a reflection of heaven.





ST. BERNADETTE OF LOURDES

Hail, dear to the Virgin, sweet Saint Bernadette  
We honour thy holiness, meekness and truth.  
God's Son in His Heaven has crowned thee with bliss;  
Thou wert loved by His Mother from tenderest youth.

J.B.D.



## REMEMBER

VERY early in the morning, ere the dawning of the day,  
Came the women to the garden, groping on their dolorous way;  
Their eyes were dim with weeping, and their hearts were bowed  
with gloom,  
For the loving Lord and Master had been laid within the  
tomb.

All their plans were now frustrated; they had trusted it was He  
Who had come to break their bondage and to set all Israel  
free;  
But these cherished hopes were shattered, cruellest death had  
intervened,  
Snatching from their grasp forever Him on Whom their  
faith had leaned.

As they came, with faltering footsteps, in the dim, uncertain  
light,  
To the place their Lord was buried, a strange vision met  
their sight,—  
For the sepulchre was open, as they found to their dismay,  
And, within, there sat an angel, clad in snow white array.

Though the women were affrighted, yet they heard the angel  
say,  
“Fear ye not, for He is risen; see the place where Jesus lay  
He is risen, as He told you,”—could it be that they forgot?  
Yes, He told them, but their sorrows crowded all else from  
their thought.

O, how often, like these women, when our hearts are torn by  
grief,

We keep struggling with our burdens, and we fail to find  
relief,

Just because we have forgotten that the Living Christ is here  
And that He will bear them with us, and will wipe away  
each tear!

H. W. Barker.



## THE SWALLOWS OF CAPISTRANO

I HEAR their nervous twitter  
As they prepare for flight,  
The adobe nests are empty  
In the Mission dome tonight.

The Mission bell is tolling.  
My foolish heart it grieves,  
I stand upon the sacred floor  
And look up at the eaves.

Clustering in the peppers,  
Resting on the dome,  
Poised for flight I see them  
Ready to go home.

Are they bound for far Morocco  
Or sun-baked, dry Algiers?  
I only know they've left me  
And I am lonely here.

Ah, when I die, dear Master  
And glory at Thy Words,  
Guide me in my lonely flight  
Like the Capistrano birds.

H. J. Ryan



## GO TO JOSEPH

“GO to Joseph,” I hear the angels say ;  
“Go to Joseph”—’tis his own Feast to-day ;  
“Go to Joseph” with praises soft and sweet,  
“Go to Joseph,” and lay them at his feet.

Art thou sad and feeling lonely,  
Tired of life and all its cares ?  
Go to Joseph—he’ll befriend thee  
And he’ll answer all thy prayers.

If oppressed with some great burden  
That weighs heavy on thy heart,  
Oh ! dear soul, lose not thy courage  
But to Joseph it impart.

Go to Joseph, I entreat thee,  
Be thou sinner, saint, or just,  
Go to Joseph, he’ll protect thee,  
And reward thee for thy trust.

Toto Perlin.





ST. JOSEPH, FATHER AND PATRON OF OUR  
DEAR CONGREGATION.



ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, TORONTO.

We extend sincere congratulations to Sister M. Genevieve and Sister M. Macaria, who on January 6, Feast of the Epiphany, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their entrance into Religious Life. At St. Joseph's Convent the Sisters were privileged to entertain the happy Jubilarians. They rejoiced in this opportunity to show their great esteem and affection. It was indeed a day of rejoicing. At St. Michael's Hospital, where Sister Macaria resides, there was a delightful repetition of the joyous anniversary.

Fifty years, freighted with devoted service to their Divine Master have passed, long strenuous years in the class-room, with eager readiness to assist in every other good work, and yet happy faces and joyous laughter reveal hearts as young as on that far-off Reception morning.

May they be spared to us for many years and at life's close hear from the lips of the Master they have so devotedly served; "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

\* \* \* \*

January fifth was a happy anniversary for the following sisters who celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their Profession: Sister M. Modesta, Sr. St. Lucian, Sr. M. Austin, Sr. M. Bathilde, Sr. M. St. Cyprian, Sr. M. Justina, Sr. M. Marcelline. Ad Multos Annos!

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HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE

On December nineteenth the seven hundred residents enjoyed the annual Christmas party arranged by the Toronto subdivision, Catholic Women's League.

St. Helen's boys' choir in surplice and soutane, under direction of Rev. Brother Sylvester, followed by male choir from St. Agnes', winding through the corridors, brought delight to all with their carol-singing. Each resident was personally greeted by Santa Claus, (John Taglietti) and given bags of attractive gifts donated by C.W.L. members and various parish groups.



Included were Christian Mothers of St. Anthony's, St. Brigid's, St. Cecilia's, St. Francis', Holy Family and St. John's; the lady bowlers of St. Clare's, Altar Society of Holy Rosary, Catholic Action Guild of Blessed Sacrament, Associated Societies of St. Vincent de Paul, Church Extension of St. Monica's, Women's Action Guild of Our Mother of Sorrows, St. Peter's Sodality, and Ladies of Holy Name and the Women's Auxiliary of Our Lady of Lourdes.

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The annual visit of the Knights of Columbus brought joy and merriment to the House of Providence. The chicken dinner, with all festive accompaniments, served at noon was followed in the afternoon by movies, vocal and instrumental music in the women's hall, and in the evening the programme was repeated in the men's hall. Christmas gifts were distributed to all.

#### ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

On December 20th the Preliminary Students gave Readings from the "Woman Wrapped in Silence," several tableaux and sang Christmas Hymns. On December 21st. A Christmas Tree was held for the children of the employees. The patients in St. Michael's enjoyed the carols sung by a group of nurses throughout the Hospital Wards on Christmas morning.

The Senior and Intermediate School dances and the first year students uniform class dance were enjoyed.

Among the new students who arrived on January 6th, are Pauline Cassidy, Betty Deans, Joan Hope from the College School and sisters of Lois Pelletier '45, Rita Greco, '46, Arissa Armstrong '35, Rita Lortie '40, Dr. Bill White '44 (interne).

The first edition of the Students' Monthly Paper, 'The Roof Top' appeared in November.

Many grateful acknowledgments have been received from our Overseas Nurses for Father Lord's pamphlet "A Grateful Heart at Christmas" and the box of candy sent them by the Students.

At the Sodality Meeting on January 9th, Margaret Hunt now on the Staff of the City Department of Health and who recently returned after four and a half years as a Nursing Sister in England, North Africa, Sicily and Italy, related some of her overseas experiences.



CHAPEL, ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, TORONTO

**ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL**

At Christmas time St. Joseph's High School sent four hampers of clothes and toys and a beautiful box of groceries to the Indian Missions, and recently received a letter telling of all the joy our efforts brought to the Missionary.

The doughnuts sale helped to pay for the new radio.

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**ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.**

The Sodality has been active: In December the Annual Reception was held on the 8th; the debate, "The Effects of Modern Amusements on the Home," at the monthly meeting; the Triduum for Our Holy Father was held; and on the 20th the Preliminary Students presented a Nativity Play for their parents and friends. The same Class held a pre-Christmas Silver Tea in the Auditorium. Many Christmas baskets were given to the needy as a result. The packing of the baskets was accomplished at a Christmas Party where Santa Claus appeared and distributed gifts. In January the formal "Snow Ball" was the big event and at the January meeting Reverend Hugh Sharkey was guest speaker and delighted everyone with his Chinese Magic.

Among the new Class numbering eighteen, we notice Lucy Cunerty, a College School graduate.

Recently Dr. Clarke presented interesting moving pictures in technicolor.

At the annual Stripe Dance the Grads were presented with syringes and needles by the Intermediate Group.

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**SACRED HEART INSTITUTE, TORONTO.**

Pupils resident at the Institute attend six different schools, Holy Rosary, St. Helen's, St. Joseph's High School, De La Salle. One has almost completed his course at Jarvis Vocational School and another her course at the Edith L. Groves.

Two of our boys play on Holy Rosary School Hockey team, one holding the highest term record as goaler. Our Senior girls are active in the functions of Holy Rosary Sodality.

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**OBITUARY****Sister M. Pauline**

December 27th God called to Himself Sister M. Pauline, a well-known and greatly esteemed member of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto.



Up to a week ago, although she had been failing gradually for some time, Sister Pauline was on duty as portress at the convent for a few hours a day, and was present with the community for all her religious exercises. She assisted at Mass on Wednesday morning, and although the end came suddenly about 8.30 p.m. she had the happiness of dying while the priest in attendance gave the Last Absolution. It is not hard to picture Heaven's portals opening wide and without delay to admit one who so often hurried to open the convent doors to those who stood outside.

Over fifty years ago, she herself coming as a postulant, sought admission by these same doors. After her novitiate, some few years of her long religious life were spent at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, where her kindness and patience with God's little ones made a lasting impression, and likewise at the House of Providence, where she was stationed on two occasions for shorter periods, she did her utmost to make life easier and happier for the poor and suffering. The mother house of her community, however, was Sister's home for over thirty years, and there in her capacity of portress she became the trusted friend of relatives of her Sisters, of generations of pupils and their parents, as well as salesmen, mail-carriers and paper boys.

Her consideration for others, and her understanding of their difficulties inspired confidence, while her readiness to be helpful to all and her own excessive gratitude for the smallest service revealed a true charity and a genuine humility which were perhaps at the same time the secret of her charm and the stamp of the sincerity of her kindness. Sisters, pupils and friends of the Order will long miss Sister Pauline. It was not surprising that many visited the convent on Thursday and Friday to look their last on her kindly face and to say a prayer for her soul.

The deceased Sister, formerly Margaret Tallon, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Tallon, was born in Cornwall, Ontario. Of the immediate family there remains only one brother, Mr. James Tallon, Cornwall. Of several nieces and nephews, two nieces reside in Toronto, Sister M. Eulalia, St. Joseph's Hospital, and Miss Ella de Meulle.





**ALUMNAE OFFICERS  
OF  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION  
1944**

*Honourary President*

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph

*Past President*—Mrs. E. F. Ellard

*President*

Miss Mabel Abrey

*Vice-Presidents*

Mrs. C. E. Fraser

Miss Marion Tyrrell

Mrs. P. H. Payette

Miss Evelyn Bennett

Mrs. Unser

*Corresponding Secretary*

Miss Helen Mathews

*Recording Secretary*

Miss Helen Costello

*Treasurer*

Mrs. C. W. Mahood

*Publicity*

Miss Verna Ross

*Tea Hostess*

Mrs. A. B. Hood

*Councillors*

Miss Verna Ross

Mrs. Arthur McGinn

Mrs. Frank Kelly

Mrs. Bruce Wright

Miss Orla Beer

Miss Viola Lyon

*Historian*

Miss Margaret Kelman

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The annual school dance at Casa Loma sponsored by the Junior Alumnae under the convenership of Barbara Callahan was a gay and successful event of January the eleventh. Over seven hundred attended. Before the dance the Committee entertained the Patronesses: Miss Mabel Abrey, Alumnae President, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Shanahan, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Brazill, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Markle, at a coffee party in the Oak Room of the Castle.

On the evening of January the twenty-fifth the Alumnae met for a Bridge Party, which, in spite of an extremely cold night, was well attended. Evelyn Bennett was Convener, and Bridge was played in the Cafeteria and Gymnasium. Coffee was served later in the Auditorium by a large committee under the direction of Dorothy Young McGinn. A short musical program was enjoyed and numerous prizes distributed which were generously donated by friends, and philanthropic firms.

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On Sunday, February the eleventh, the quarterly meeting of the Alumnae was held at the Convent. The business meeting was followed by a musical programme, and after Benediction, tea was served. Dr. Florence Quinlan and Mrs. E. F. Ellard presided at the tea table.

(Mrs.) Kathleen Gray Wright

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

..... Are you interested in radio work? Sr. Scholastica believes that radio is a powerful teaching medium. Three years ago we offered courses in radio technique by professionals from local stations, and last Spring we selected children from the Demonstration School to act as a Medium to carry over the air the principles studied in the summer radio workshop, where the course had been given by professionals—one from Radio City, one from Buffalo Broadcasting Co. and the third from the Blue Network.

We have equipped a control room in connection with our recording studio, thereby converting the whole set-up into a broadcasting studio. This enables Student-teachers to follow the technique of radio from script writing to finished program. While the control room was being built the children continued their dramatic training and we had written the script for a series of programs on S. America called "Wings of Adventure," a trip taken by two young people to S. America by plane.

1. Buffalo Airport; II. Mexico City; III. Quito; IV. Santiago; V. Music Program by Ensemble.

We brought in Transportation, Geography, History, Music and Customs. The music program was prepared by Mr. Fred Russel of the Buffalo Symphony.

"Wings of Adventure" was initiated from our studio through WEBR, a local station. The response from the schools



and from radio stations was gratifying. We had presented an entertaining and educational program by children, for children, from our own studio, where teachers could see programs directed and dramatized in a professional manner.

Now we are planning to include those interested in professional radio training. Mr. Herbert Rice, a professional man interested in our project and who is now in Radio City, NBC, did work in the dramatization of famous personalities in the war.

Sr. Mary Agnes, C.S.J., Buffalo.

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. . . . . Our poor mission in China has been terribly wrecked: but two of the Sisters are still remaining in spite of warning from American Consulate.

Sr. Florence, C.S.J., Pittsburgh.

\* \* \* \*

. . . . . I was hoping I'd see you before now, but every time I planned on going to Toronto my leave was cancelled suddenly—one time, three hours before my train left. Now I won't be able to manage the trip before Spring, but will hope to visit you then. I am so anxious to see Helen's baby. He is nearly a year old.

Lieut. Rita Heatherman Walsh, Staten Is., N.Y.

\* \* \* \*

. . . . . The post-mark may surprise you, but I have not been well for so long that I decided this was a good spot for a couple of months. I can heartily recommend it. Do wish you could see your way clear to come to this lovely climate. The Lilies continues to be a wonderful publication.

Hilda Sullivan, Hollywood, Florida

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. . . . . St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, Ontario, is favoured with beautiful surrounding scenery, varying from season to season. To-day towards the south, the sun is brilliantly lighting the sky and its various tints are cast upon the vast expanse of lake towards which our meadows stretch. The adjoining woods to the east have a beauty all their own, while the snow-covered meadow sloping towards the lake contributes also to complete an enchanting picture. No painter's brush ever placed on canvas a more charming scene than the one visible here as I write these lines.

If one turns one's gaze westward Toronto comes into view,

including a stretch from St. Augustine's Seminary to the City Hall tower,—church spires and turrets lending variety to the scene. Northward is the long avenue of trees on our own grounds, gracefully bordering the curving road leading to the highway.

M.C., Scarboro

\* \* \* \*

. . . . . Spring is here. The children are bringing in clusters of snowdrops from the gardens. You in the East, telling me of the old fashioned winter with heavy snow falls recalls a letter I read recently in one of our local papers. I'll give you the general trend of ideas.—The Mayor of Vancouver sent a gift of daffodils to the Mayor of Ottawa by air express. The Editor of the Ottawa Citizen laid down (temporarily) his snow shovel to turn to his typewriter to reply something like this "It was kind of the Mayor of Vancouver to send fresh daffodils to the Mayor of Ottawa, but it was also upsetting. By long experience we know those British Columbians. They are forever using their climate to undermine our peace of mind and stir up discontent against our lot. Mayor C. rubs it in "The daffodils are to remind you that life in Vancouver is very pleasant these days, and that in a few weeks the gardens will be in full bloom, inviting you to come and enjoy them." We felt like saying, "Avaunt with your matchless climate and your daffodils; let us alone in peaceful ignorance instead of taunting us thus."

M.C., Vancouver, B.C.

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*Parson* is the same word as *person*. It shows the one-time popular pronunciation of *er*, still retained in *sergeant* and a few other words.

A *stationer* was a tradesman with a station, or stall.

*Grocer* was the man who bought wholesale—from the French *en gros*.

*Starboard* is the steering-side. And *larboard* was from lade-board, the loading side.

*Weeds* was once a general term for *garments*. It survives in *widows' weeds*.



**S**ODALITY—After a month's probation, eight candidates were received into the Sodality of our Lady on Dec. 10, 1944. The Mass was celebrated by the director, Rev. Father McLaughlin, C.S.B., after which breakfast was served in the Common Room—a special table being arranged for the Candidates, the Prefect and the Director.

After breakfast, the candidates returned to the chapel for the reception ceremony, the girls wearing white dresses and dainty corsages. Father McLaughlin received each candidate, who was presented with a Medal of Sodality membership. After saying the Office of the Blessed Virgin each Sodalist of St. Joseph's College, old and new alike, recited their Act of Consecration.

Betty McCauley.

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**L**ITERARY SOCIETY—The Literary Society of St. Joseph's College got off to a head start this year with a larger membership than it has enjoyed in the past few years. An informal gathering was held late in October to outline the books which would be suitable for discussion at the following meetings, and there it was decided that Reverend Father Shook would be its first guest speaker.

A few weeks later Father Shook came and with him a very enlightening talk on Chaucer's "Marriage Group," a topic of almost universal interest here since both second and third year students study Chaucer. It is something novel for freshmen, and for seniors it is more or less a reminder of bygone days. Since then we have had only one meeting consisting of two book reviews: "The Steep Ascent" by Ann Morrow Lindbergh, presented by Audrey Gilmore, and Carol Houslander's, "This War is the Passion" by Mary Crocker.

Lois Garner, '47

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**P**LAY—On December 4th and 5th, the St. Michael's College Players presented "Murder in a Nunnery" under the direction of Rev. Joseph O'Donnell. A combination of mystery and comedy delighted the audience throughout the three acts.



The murder takes place in a convent school where four of the students try to help the police solve the Mystery, while the Mother Superior is untangling the plot in her own quiet way. Much of the comedy is provided by two policemen who are constantly amazed by the unfamiliar customs of the convent. The student, Inez Escapado, adds greatly to the amusement and suspense of the piece.

Catherine Thompson, as Mrs. Moss, the long-suffering companion and Murderer of the Baroness (Maureen Keenaghan), played her part with promise of great dramatic ability. Rosario Balzac, as Inez, held the Inspector and the audience spell-bound with anecdotes of life in her uncivilized village, displaying a flare for comedy enhanced by her Spanish accent. Joan Hughes as Mother Bassonwaite, the determined botanist, and Natalie Babcock as Turkey handled their parts well.

Other prominent numbers of the cast include Winnifred Fletcher as the Reverend Mother, Millwood O'Shaughnessy as Mother Peek, Jack Mahoney, Gordon Oatway and David Clapin.

Father O'Donnell is to be congratulated for the beautiful sets which made the play a well rounded-out production.

Eileen Slyne, '46

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**D**EBATING CONGRESS—Our Congress has had active session with two debates with St. Michael's and representation in an Interfaculty Debate. Rose Greenan and Mary Melady in a heated controversy with Frank Rocci and E. Cappodocia argued the point that "There should be Unrestricted Immigration for Canada after the War." St. Joseph's girls bowed to defeat on their home ground. In a return encounter Dan McGarrity and Jim McIsaac upheld the opposition of the Resolution that "The Age of Chivalry is Dead." Ably represented by Evelyn Critelli, our President, and Mike Mahaney, St. Joseph's won the discussion by a margin of eight votes.

Barbara Hood represented our Congress in an Interfaculty Debate, resolved that "Permanent International Peace cannot be Maintained under the Present Capitalistic System."

It is expected that there will be several house debates and also one with Loretto in the near future.

Kay Thompson, '45

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**C**HRISTMAS PARTY!—To the Freshies it was an event about which they knew nothing, but were told wild tales. They looked forward to it with curiosity, little knowing that some per-

sonal event in their life was about to be brought to life. It was the chief topic of conversation in the refectory. "What shall I get Marnie?" or "A boat is most significant of the Navy for Pat."

The girls made the decorations for the Christmas tree which was standing in the Common Room. Perhaps I should explain here that each girl in the house drew another girl's name and purchased for her some significant gift. By tea time on Sunday the tree was loaded with gaily wrapped parcels. The tables were red and green and no one was late for tea this day.

The party had begun. Father Ruth, our Chaplain, distributed the gifts. Mike Mahaney was presented with a diary, in which the entries had already been made, but she never would tell us what the diary said. Sister Marie Therese was given some good literature to read in her spare time. The book was entitled "Five Unsolved Murders." Gloria Chisholm who had been unable to sing "He wears a Pair of Silver Wings" for the Sophomores during initiation was presented with a recording of that piece. If you should happen to see Marg. Sneath ask her for the significance of the toy soldier she received. "Bucky" has made good use of the curlers which were her gift.

After the distribution of gifts we sat around the tree singing Christmas Carols, accompanied by Marion Downer at the piano, Irma Morissette and her violin and Phyllis Weiler with her clarinet.

Vera Norry, '46

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**ST. MICHAEL'S BALL**—The St. Michael's Ball.—What a host of happy memories are evoked by this thought!

For weeks before, the College was humming with activity. Meetings were held to discuss the plans, phones were continually ringing, a series of fashion previews was staged, many puzzling and thoughtful discussions about invitations were held, and the date bureau was working over time.

The pulse of the College quickened as the ball approached! All looked forward to it—the freshies with excitement and awe, the Sophs and Juniors a little dreamily, and the Seniors with perhaps a deeper meaning, as for many it would be their last.

What could have furnished a more perfect setting for the coffee party than the College? An atmosphere of olden days pervaded with the belles ascending the winding stair case in long dresses. Acquaintances were renewed and refreshments enjoyed, after which the guests were seen wending their way to Brennan Hall where excitement was at its height.

Almost like a fairyland was the spacious hall with its soft music, beautiful flowers, coloured lights and double blue columns.

Superiors, Professors, Guests, Grads and Undergrads mingled in a most friendly manner.

The hours seemed to take wing! Gradually the lights were replaced by white tapers outlined against the deep blue velvet drapes. The spell was broken by the rousing notes of the National Anthem, and the long awaited St. Michael's Ball came to an end.

Mary Overend, '45

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**H**ERE AND THERE—Peggy Hyland is back here furthering her education in Classics.

A surprise corsage decided the colour of Kay Thompson's formal gown.

Gabrielle and Charlie Dobias provided greatly enjoyed entertainment at the Music and Drama Clubs in January.

Pat Dewan did a wonderful job on the St. Mike's Hockey Team.

Imagine this, Mary Flynn was able to supply a date for any girl willing, and in time of war, for St. Michael's Dance!

The debate against St. Mike's, resolved "The Age of Chivalry is Dead" was carried to a victorious end for the affirmative by Evelyn Critelli and Mike Mahaney. By the way have you read the poem about Evelyn and———that she received?

Claire Marie Wall and Barb. Hood had a good time at the Newman Ball.

Marion Binks made out well with the Swimming Meet she was running.

Eleanor Arnold was up for the St. Mike's Dance and we were all glad to see her.

The St. Mike's At Home furnished me with a number of items. Maureen Keenaghan pondered at great length whether to go sophisticated or just herself. Finally she went just herself--sophisticated.

Audrey Gilmore took her place in the Receiving line most graciously.

The Coffee party held at St. Joseph's was a grand way to start the evening.

Vera Norry's Airforceman was up for the dance. Nice.

Rita Cavello spent a delightful birthday February 10th preparing for a Music Exam. But she did receive some lovely boxes.

One lady up here who is not afraid of a "Mouse" went all the way to Rochester to see him.

At the debate Sally Mosteller and Kay Cahill got their bit in, in the defense of the affirmative.



Doris Miller just couldn't stay away from here for long, so she came back for a visit.

At the last Spanish Club, Elsa Escallon fulfilled her usual duty of Social Convener. Imagine Elsa domestic.

Our Retreat will be on when the Lilies appear. We are looking forward to these days of prayer and quiet thought, and of course to the Conferences to be given by the noted writer and scholar, Dr. Paul Hanly Furfey, Professor of Sociology, Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

Rose Marie Cunningham, '45.

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### CLEOPATRA

After deciding to write this article I had set out to burst my own bubble of delusion as well as everyone else's regarding Cleopatra, but on second thought changed my mind considerably. To begin with my ideas of Cleopatra had been well formed and regulated for nigh onto ten years and could not be changed immediately, even by Shakespeare.

There is a great deal to be said for Cleopatra—unfortunately I like her, so it is no great hardship for me to bear the realization that she is rather an out-moded Bettie Davis. This statement is only too true. Comparing the famous Egyptian red-head to any of the modern actresses (and undoubtedly Cleopatra was a great actress, not necessarily on the stage but in her everyday life) we find that though she lacks modern glamour she makes up for it in Egyptian poise and personality.

Because everyone naturally and impulsively believes that she was tall, stately, and very very beautiful, it comes as rather a shock to learn that she quite lacked this beauty. (My entire concept of womanly good-looks heaved an immense sigh and nearly tumbled when I heard that one!) But though Cleopatra lacked what the modern screen actresses have in glamour, she abounded in something of which most of them cannot boast—a real ability to act. There are very few fair damsels of the film age who can turn the tears off and on at will as can our great lady. She died a thousand deaths at loss of Antony and recovered immediately at sight of him, not only to continue living majestically, but to lead him on and entangle him hopelessly in the web she had woven of her melodramatics.

If Cleopatra, renowned soverceress of the Nile, were alive now, I wonder how popular she would be with a present day audience of the screen. I'm afraid that I would be as fascinated by her

fatal charm as was the great Antony, who "drunk with her caresses madly threw a world away!"

Natalie Babeock

### AN ODD EXPERIENCE

December the 18th, on which our holidays were to start, was approaching; I was to be the only girl to spend Christmas holidays at the College and the thought of it made me lonely.

Although to-day I recall it as a grand experience, at the time it meant a dull future. But what else could I do, many times I asked myself? Well it simply was a matter of making the best of whatever was to come.

The first two days of the holidays I was busy wrapping Christmas parcels, sending cards, and house cleaning. (By the way my eternal way of living!) Gradually the other girls left, and with them the noise and activities of normal human beings faded from the surroundings.

The Sisters were especially friendly and kind to me; yet the silence and quietness of the house complemented my own feelings. Suddenly I began to unfold and develop a deeper inner life and discovered that I was extremely happy. I felt not in the type of home which includes parents, and the life communicating elements of a domestic society, no, but in a sort of home made up, in my mind, of a fragment of life that I dreamed long ago and that now consciously realized and enjoyed.

When Christmas day came I could hardly wait any longer. I had a strange feeling: time went on so fast, notwithstanding the days seemed slow in hours. I attended Midnight Mass at the Convent, and there in the Chapel, I prayed hard and thanked God for such a happiness that was so hard to explain, but which I felt so truly. At moments I thought that I must burst with joy—for the first time in my life I felt deep contentment—something true and real within my heart. It was a bright gleam that entered my life, lingered and passed. I call it a psychological experience and now and then believe that it was a compensation for my solitary life. It comes back to me occasionally in the spark of a minute, and momentarily I live again the joy of those hours.

That is why this last Christmas holds for me a special meaning—a meaning unlike that of a usual Christmas connected with presents, friends, parties and the seasonal meals and cheer, no—In a sense it is different and unforgettable because it represents for me a new aspect of my life. I shall keep this remembrance among my dearest ones, and St. Joseph's College and Canada

within the net of my memories, will be interwoven with the golden thread of Christmas, 1944, and my first approach to inner happiness. Elsa Escallon, '45

Editor's Note:—Three and one half years ago, Elsa did not know one word of English, so we think this note speaks for itself.

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### SOCIAL WELFARE

The School of Social Welfare of the University of Toronto, begun in 1914, is the first University School in Canada for the education of social workers. Graduates of this school number over six hundred and still many requests are received for trained professional social workers.

We would do well to consider the great need for Catholic social workers. The 1944-45 enrollment of sixty students at the Toronto School contains only six Catholics. It is the responsibility of the Catholic student-body of today to be the Christian leaders of to-morrow. The profession of Catholic social work is a field calling for workers to assist in the salvation of souls, but especially in the work of reinstating and building up the true Christian spirit within the family—the basic unit of society. The aims and ideals of many social workers today, permeated by modern utilitarianism, are purely materialistic, thus destroying the ideals of Christian living. As Catholics, we must fight for the Christian spirit if we would have it survive.

The new Social Security laws, being formulated, will cause future social work trends to spread into new channels. While it may be possible to give food and clothing to a poor man without discussing religion or ethics with him the working out of a new plan of life with a person or a family is one in which the social worker requires a deep religious background supported by ethical standards. The Catholic social worker, grounded in legislation's need to attend to the principles of social justice in the re-organization of society, is in a position to be active in seeking legislation, that will allow man to express himself, and successfully develop his God-given capacities.

In Toronto Catholic students have greater opportunities of being well instructed in Christian ethics and Christian principles. Consideration that doing the things attributed to Charity, such as "sharing one another's burdens, and helping people to help themselves"—is actually to realize the divine commission given by Christ, may be an incentive to more Catholic students to enter this profession.

Professional training for social work now permits Catholic



students to take their theory in Sociology, Psychology, and Philosophy at St. Michael's College and arrangements are also made for them to do their Field Work with the Catholic Welfare Bureau and the Catholic Children's Aid Society in this city.

M. Jon.

## BOOK REVIEWS

"KYRIE ELEISON" by Benjamin Francis Musser, O.F.M.,  
Magnificat Press, Manchester, N.H.

"Kyrie Eleison" is a collection of two hundred litanies previously scattered in books of devotion, and in some cases known only to a few. This compilation would make an admirable prayer-book of invocations for public or private devotions, for meditations and novenas. The Author explains in his preface that the liturgy of the Mass and the prayers of the breviary had already been brought before the public and explained his contribution to the liturgical movement was to present the litanies of the Church with a history of their origin and use. Along with the well known litanies of the Sacred Heart, of the Holy Name and of Loretto are included litanies to the Guardian Angel, to the Infant of Prague and to many saints of whom the author gives short biographies and bibliographies. Among those we are particularly glad to find are the Communion Litanies, Litany to the Holy Face, to Saint Louis of France and to the Curé of Ars. There are also litanies for private necessities, in times of sickness and at the hour of death.

B. Killion

\* \* \* \*

ONCE IN CORNWALL by S.M.C. Longmans Green & Co.  
New York and Toronto.

It was with just the smallest feeling of doubt that I turned the first page of "Once in Cornwall", I who kindle with Brother Peter, a feeling of resentment toward tall tales of fiery dragons felt that perhaps to ask me to read a book whose subtitle is "Legends of Saints and Dragons" was asking just a wee bit too much.

However, I continued, soon learning that the legends of Cornwall form an intricate part of the lives of the superstitious Irish and English people of the medieval ages. Not least among these folks—lore fanciers are the good friars of Truro Priory and particularly the novices. When Brother Peter

causes an uproar in the novitiate by deliberately denying belief in the extravagant tales the brothers delight in telling, the Father Prior feels it his duty to put him on trial by sending him to tour Cornwall, gathering and compiling the ancient legends.

Brother Peter with a well educated and sophisticated mind resents the childish task and departs—furious though obedient. Before the year is ended he begins to realize that the belief in superstitious tales brings the love of God and of the Saints more really and closer to the simple folk who know them. The Brother who returned to Truro Priory is a much humbler novice than the one who left, with an almost living belief in—of all things—dragons!

Only S.M.C. could relate for the modern reader, young or old, such tales, and make them not only fascinating but appealing as well. His use of fishermen, townspeople, shepherds and curates as story-tellers brighten the natural interest of the reader. We are taken not only back in time but across the ocean to the people of Cornwall—land of Saints and Dragons.

It is with something akin to regret that we close S.M.C.'s "Once in Cornwall," but it is with a better understanding of the Legends of Cornwall and their worth. And before closing might I exclaim joyously—"S.M.C. has done it again?"

N. Babcock

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### FIREFLIES

**L**O! as dim evening deepens over earth  
 And night's rich dusk with planet shines and star,  
 Earth's flitting stars, the fireflies twinkle forth.

So with his feeble intellect would man  
 The vast intelligence of God outshine,  
 The creature mock the great Creator's plan  
 And with his spark outsplendor the Divine.

P. J. Coleman



## SCHOOL NOTES

**January Blues** The re-opening of school after the holidays was greeted with less enthusiasm than usual . . . incomparably less! It was all very well to have had those two precious storm-bound holidays in December, but to have to come back to the left over exams! However, we did survive; yea, and by the time the Lilies sprout this Spring, we will have survived another set of same.

The St. Joseph's Dance, coming as it did early in January, made life worth living again. In fact, the student body is deeply grateful to its (their?) older sisters in the Alumnae for organizing and sponsoring a dance and such a "super" one. This year the highlights of the festive evening were: (a) three spot dances, (b) a Viennese waltz and (c) a beauty contest, in which Marion Cockburn (Grade XI) was acclaimed "Beauty Queen of The St. Joseph's Alumnae Dance." Most of the Fifths, many of the Fourths, some of the thirds and a scattered few of the Seconds attended the dance.

\* \* \* \*

**Anticipation** A "Victor Sound Projector" may just sound like some new equipment for the Physics Lab. Not so! It's a real motion picture machine with speech and sound facilities, and is to become the property of a certain school on St. Albans Street as soon as the license to buy and operate such a luxury comes from somewhere. Then—

"Moving through the screen, my dear,  
That hangs before us all the year  
Shadows of the world will appear. . . ."

and may they be magnificent ones. (Oh, that's all right, Sisters, we'll put up with a few educational films now and then!)

The Retreat is another coming event, scheduled for the second week in March. It is to be given by Father Lynch, S.J. To all of us, Retreat is a time of great grace and we try to make each hour of it count—really count!



**Auditorium** A fund in aid of the poor—the poor auditorium—has been started and is growing apace. Its inaugural act began last month with the raffling of a Victory Bond, which realized \$300. The plans for renovating the Aud. include: new flooring (after all, our sisters and our cousins and our aunts and our Mummas and ourselves have danced the surface off that floor!); new curtains for the windows; new lighting and alterations in the stage.

\* \* \* \*

**Prefect Badges** Brown and Gold takes on a fuller meaning as it appears on the new Prefect Badges. This new golden badge of authority is wider and longer than last year's ribbon, and the word "P-R-E-F-E-C-T" in distinctive brown letters is a reminder to the students that the wearer is one in whom we have placed our confidence and to whom we owe loyalty and support.

\* \* \* \*

**Second Forms** In spite of the stormy days that preceded the closing of school before Christmas, Grade 10-A made a success of a toy sale. For the most part, all the toys were cut and sewn and stuffed by the girls themselves—solemn kangaroos and saucy cats, sleepy pink pigs and chubby dogs. The proceeds amounted to \$15.

And Grade 10-C did a "far, far better thing" this Christmas when they set aside plans for giving presents to each other in favour of making and filling stockings for the children in one of the poorer separate schools.

\* \* \* \*

**Sympathy** On behalf of the students of St. Joseph's, we wish to offer sympathy to Sister Margaret Mary, for the loss of her dear mother. We also wish to extend our sympathy to: Maxine Purvis, whose brother, F/Sgt. Thomas Purvis, has been reported killed in action; to Monica Madden, whose brother Ldg. Sto. William Madden, died as a result of injuries received in an accident during a naval manoeuvre in Halifax to Helen McDermott, whose father died during the holidays; to Lois Langley, whose father also died; to Margaret Meehan, whose sister, Mrs. Rita Bennett, recently died; and to Mary Carey, whose Christmas was made sad by the sudden death of her dad. May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

**Parents' Day** When the Lilies roll out of the press in March, this will no longer be anticipation but happy memory, we expect. At any rate, we are planning a Parents' Day some Sunday afternoon in late February. Aileen Sullivan is even now gathering her histrionic self together and also her histrionic colleagues to re-practise "If Wishes Were Horses," a short comedy which, played shortly before Christmas for the Student Body, evoked such praise. Then there will be tea and a Teacher-Parent chat and Benediction. The June Lilies may give further details. (Confidentially, we are a bit apprehensive about the outcome of these chats!)

\* \* \* \*

**England's Gain** It is almost five years ago that little Kathleen O'Keefe, an English War Guest came into our Boarding School and won all our hearts. Piquant and pig-tailed, Kathleen already has a dignity all her own, and a bit of downright earnestness that foreshadows a character womanhood of worth. Last month, she and her two brothers (resident pupils at De La Salle, Oaklands) received a message that they were to be ready to sail within a few days. Grade 8, disgruntled as they were, rallied sufficiently to give an enjoyable party in Kathleen's honour a few days before the departure. It will be a much more grown up little girl, taller, wiser and more mature, who greets her parents than the little one who came. There is a postscript to the departure too. Shortly after Kathleen had gone, the Sisters received a cable from her parents telling that a new little brother had arrived. We offer to Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe our warm congratulations. In one week their family changed from two to six!

Also sailing on that same ship went the two little Woodrow girls, Shirley Ann of Grade 4 and Stephanie of Grade 2. We have not had these little girls with us for so long as we had Kathleen, but even so they were dear to us and we ached to see them go.

Bon Voyage and a Happy Homecoming for all!

\* \* \* \*

**Sodality Reception** Since December eighth, Bette McIlroy, Mareta McLean, Joan McLean, Jennie Horobetz, Rosemary Keegan, Margaret Donoghue, Malvina Welsh, Kathleen Manning, Kathleen O'Keefe, Helen Hambly, Patricia Adams, Anita Jalbert, Mary Carey have been members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

The morning of Our Lady's Feast, the Resident Students had their own Mass, followed by breakfast in a transformed refectory. The tables tastefully decorated with pale blue streamers and tea-roses, were arranged in a square in the centre of which stood a rose-decked shrine of our Heavenly Mother. In the afternoon the new members were led in procession to the Chapel by the white gowned Prefect and Vice-Prefect attended by the youngest students in dainty white frocks.

After Benediction a buffet supper for all was served in the Auditorium, where again the decorations—Our Lady's blue and white predominated. Closing a memorable day the Prefect delivered to Sodalists, old and new, a message from Our Blessed Mother "Servare Mariam regnare est."

\* \* \* \*

**Party** After a gala Christmas dinner on December 10th, the resident students were surprised by a visit from Santa (Norma Escallon) arrayed in a bright red suit and bells. He arrived in the Auditorium where stood a large gaily decorated Christmas tree, laden with gifts for all.

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### Sodality

#### OFFICERS

Prefect ..... Mary Frances Keenan  
 Vice-Prefect ..... Marianna Korman  
 Secretary ..... Helen Vaillancourt

#### CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEES

Eucharistic ..... Louise Larocque  
 Our Lady's ..... Bernadette McIsaac  
 Good Literature ..... Mary Gendron  
 Apostolic ..... Mary Ronan  
 Social ..... Norma Escallon  
 Publicity ..... Mary Bricco

### MODERN MISS MARY

The versatility of the "Modern Miss Mary" leaves me in wonderment. One minute "Our Mary" bounding tomboyishly around the tennis court, the next sedately strolling with Tom. One morning clad in blue jeans, blouse and scuffed saddle shoes, she works in her victory garden. That evening she is a member of the "bandbox" girls stately gliding down the stairway in her new formal. When she's shopping with her mother two red bows adorn her perky pig-tails, but when Tom's in sight her coiffure is a well brushed crowning glory. So Mary skims from one role to another, always the same lovable "Modern Miss."

Catherine Donnelly, XII-A, S.J.C.S.



### PUPPIES

I think puppies are the most lovable of all young animals. They have such warm, soft, wriggly, little bodies and such soft pink tongues which are forever creeping out to give a wet little kiss to an admirer. Their tails are a perpetual source of interest to me (and to the puppies too.) For the first few months of a puppy's life his tail never seems to match him, for if he's a large specimen of young doghood, the tail is sure to be little more than an excuse for this useful appendage. However, let the little fellow be slightly undersized and that tail grows to such an extent that he is in grave danger of overbalancing if he wags it too energetically. His four feet are like small puffs of cotton, very unstable when walking across a highly polished surface. He sits down many times but not of his own volition.

A puppy's eyes are his most appealing features. Denied the gift of human speech, he must make his eyes talk for him and their expression can range from dewy innocence, as he looks up from a mutilated slipper to abject fear when he sees just retribution on the way. As a rule all puppies and dogs have brown eyes. Have you ever noticed the eyes of a spaniel? They are, without a doubt, one of God's masterpieces. Soft as velvet and with such a look of deep sadness in them that they could almost break your heart. That's a very good reason why I could never train one. A look from those eyes and I surrender, unconditionally.

Puppies are friendly creatures. They love anyone with a kind word for them or with fingers that know just where they like to have their ears rubbed. As companions for playing children, they are ideal, since they never tire and have the sunniest of tempers. They may, in the heat of a game, nip a finger hard enough to hurt, but the sound of a cry after such a hurt is enough to send a puppy to the lowest depths of depression. Man is his best friend—he'd rather die than hurt, and nothing more need be said about the heroism of dogs. Countless examples may be cited.

There is one thing in a dog that I love and that, strangely enough, is his backbone. Pick up a cat and you'll understand what I mean. It sags. But a dog remains in the same shape as when he was picked up. Altogether puppies are so pretty and joyous that it's a wonder any home is without one.

Jo Ann Donovan, XIII-A, S.J.C.S.

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### GOOD MANNERS

"True honesty is never rude, true courage is never thoughtless, and true courtesy is always strong."  
Frederick M. Eliot.

How true are these words; for good manners consist of kindness to, thoughtfulness for and courtesy to others. We either have good manners or we do not.

Perhaps we do not realize how necessary good manners are; if we do, we should strive to cultivate and keep them. They make far easier living, both with our family and with our associates. A

kindly gesture, or a polite remark can have a most cheering effect on those with whom we come in contact, just as a harsh word, a cold rebuke, or a rude act can hurt someone deeply. When we meet a person who is mannerly, we are at once impressed; so too can we impress others and win their respect and admiration by checking our actions and speech.

Without good manners success in life is doomed. On entering the business world we will find that we are the subject of attention for a while, and our future happiness and success depends entirely on ourselves and the impression we make. Those who are known to be discourteous and thoughtless come to be disliked. They are shunned by those who know them and new acquaintances are warned to beware of their ways. Quite often bad manners are contagious. It is natural for some people to meet rudeness with rudeness. Thus two people are committing a breach of etiquette.

At the present time, manners are definitely on the way to reaching a new low level. It would be difficult to put your finger on the chief cause. In some cases, it is due to a lack of home training. Character is moulded principally in the home. Children who are permitted to be rude to their parents naturally have the same tendency toward others and in time they become intolerable. Nowadays people are thinking only about themselves. A girl sometimes wonders what it must have been like in the days of chivalry. Oh to be able to turn back the hands of time for just one day! That shining quality is dormant in most males of the present day. When we do meet one who displays it, the effect is pleasant.

Yes, good manners are a necessity. Let us make an effort to display our manners. We ourselves will benefit, by so doing, as will others by following our example.

Lenore Mackie, XIII-B, S.J.C.S.

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### OUR MISSION PROJECT

Mary Goodman has cleverly illustrated our ideas of prayers for the boys in the services, on the blackboard. We have dedicated our efforts to "Our Lady, Star of the Sea," and here we have Mother Mary standing on the waters, her flowing mantle spread protectingly to those on the land, in the ships at sea, and in the highways of the air. From a ship which she holds in her hands, hangs a Pyx—a reminder that Mother Church, through her Priest-Chaplains, follows her children with the Mass and the Sacraments even to the battle zones.

The names of our friends and relatives listed at the side represent every area and line of Allied Defense. Two of the number have already given their lives since September and another is in Prison.

We received from a Chaplain on a ship in the South Pacific, a message by record thanking us for our prayers. When we played our record and heard the Chaplain's words from the ship in the tropics, we felt rewarded; our Project has helped us to remember our friends in prayer.

Mary Taylor, Commercial, S.J.C.S.

## STANZAS

**Occasioned by the Mission Project  
Drawing on the blackboard in Commercial**

'Tis our Blessed Mother, her eyes full of tears  
Heavy her heart and choked with tears.  
She stands on an ocean of sorrow and pain  
Wishing her boys were home again.

Grenades of Masses, bren guns of prayer  
She has for each boy that is fighting there,  
She guides the ships, with her hand so white,  
And watches each plane as it wings its flight.

As jeeps and tanks roar over the land  
She stands behind with outstretched hand  
To guide them through the darkest night  
To worst the battlecry "Might is right."

It's only her love will save this world  
She rallies the women, urges each girl  
To do her bit in a war plant rare  
Where weapons are fashions—great weapons of prayers.

She weeps for Mothers who mourn lost sons,  
She welcomes and strengthens the homecoming ones,  
And as for us, She begs us pray  
On our cross-kissed Rosary every day.

Marie Nugent Hamilton

**"TIERS, IDLE TIERS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN."**

True enough, I know not what they meant, those tiers that are being banished from the auditorium, but our mothers and big sisters know. My own mother says, "If those tiers could just speak . . . what a tale they'd tell" and so I picture the story: as I imagine them telling it:

"Ah me" it is the highest tier talking . . . ." so the edict has gone forth and we are to go . . . our days are over. In the darkness of this last night in the dear old auditorium what memories come to us, We have tried to serve you students well . . . taken part in many happy events in your school life. There were your physical culture demonstrations. Your proud parents and friends sat on my stalwart boards while you swung your clubs and danced your schottisches; And choral . . . once a week without fail we held you up under the threatening baton of Maestro Carboni, vibrated to your cantatas and kept the secrets that you related in hushed whispers during the pauses. "We loved your happy faces and lighthearted ways." And then there was Graduation itself . . . Graduation was the great finale. Year after year we have said farewell in our own wooden way to the lovely graduates. "And now, farewell, old auditorium. We hope, that, when the partings of this old world are over, St. Joseph, our beloved Carpenter, will again build up our tiers



in Heaven close to the glorious white throne, and St. Joseph's girls will gather in great crowds and with gladsome voices sing again the old familiar hymn "Hail to Thee, Joseph," with no discordant note to grate on the ears of our music masters. But that will be another day in another world, a world wherein truly there will nevermore be "Tears, idle tears."

Mary Lou Hodgins, XII-A, S.J.C.S.

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#### LATIN

It whiles away the dreary hours  
 And lulls me off to sleep  
 It taxes all my mental powers  
 E'en causes me to weep;  
 If authors day came not at all  
 I wouldn't shiver in my shoes  
 When Sister mentions Hannibal  
 And all the ancient news.  
 I sit in fright and quake and shake  
 The thirty minutes through  
 And hope she'll ask my next door mate  
 And then she says: "Now you!"  
 The grammar lessons every day  
 Have also ill effects  
 On what poor victim Sister picks  
 We love to place our bets.

Nancy Lemire, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

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#### AN UNTIDY ROOM

As I opened the door and looked into the room  
 I was struck on the head by the end of a broom.  
 When I came to my senses and looked all around me.  
 The sight I beheld was enough to astound me.  
 There were papers and books strewn all over the floor  
 And an old pair of shoes right in front of the door;  
 Dresser drawers were half open and the clothes hanging out  
 And the odd pair of stockings was hanging about;  
 The bed had been made in a terrible state;  
 On the table beside it, lay an old plate;  
 As I walked 'cross the floor, I slid in some paste  
 And I left that poor room in a terrible haste:

Monica Hope, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

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#### OUR LADY

This is Mary, Our Lady mild,  
 Who cared for Jesus, a little child.  
 Our Lady meek and humble and kind,  
 A lovelier Lady we never could find.  
 Our Lady, Our Lady, so wondrously sweet,  
 Let's gather prayer blossoms to lay at her feet.

Jeannette Mullin, X-C, S.J.C.S.

## BROWN AND GOLD

Brown and gold are St. Joseph's colours. And as colours are often representatives of character, so it is with these.

Brown and gold—what a contrast! Brown is a colour of humility, drabness, a colour worn by those of low and humble station. St. Joseph was a carpenter, a simple, humble man. Brown, therefore, is the colour he wore.

But gold? Gold is the colour of Kings, a symbol of richness, of luxury, of beauty. Gold is a symbol of St. Joseph's soul—a soul of pure, tempered love and beauty.

Brown is as the world saw and knew St. Joseph—meek, humble, lowly. Gold is as God saw him, and knew him—of a purity and beauty of soul surpassed only by that of his spouse, Mary.

Mary-Janet Wesson, XXII-A, S.J.C.S.

**"MURDER IN THE NUNERY"  
THRILLED PRE-CHRISTMAS THRONGS.**

Amid chuckling applause, "Murder in the Nunnery" minced its fascinating way across the stage at Hart House theatre on December 4th and 5th. Not an ordinary play was "Murder." To begin with, an ordinary play does not have nuns as the leading ladies (and very lovely leading ladies they were) and to end with, an ordinary play is never chosen by the College-over-the-way for its chief dramatic presentation of the year.

The play's principal charm lay in its original subject, which was so delicately treated that a sprinkling of godliness mixed with a tang of humour gave it all the salty flavour of a "hit." And what's more—and this must have been a surprise to many of the uninformed, it made the nuns human! Winnifred Fletcher's interpretation of the charming, kind and lovely Reverend Mother was one of the best bits of a good show; the other principal nun-characters were Mother Peck (Doris McKenna), a queenly being with a tip-tilted nose, Mother Trevor, a sweet poetic soul, and Mother Basson-waite, screamingly scientific, (Joan Hughes). Outstanding students were Rosario Balzac as Inez, the Spanish hurricane; Jacqueline Monahan, (Barbara's sister) the bright-haired Prudence; Geraldine Bradley as Verity Goodchild and Natalie Babcock as "Turkey." The four men in the play were exceptionally good. The Sergeant's suspicious and loud-voiced threatening of the nuns made up for the Inspector's almost too submissive handling of the case. The two principal suspects: Venetia, a teacher at the school, and Mrs. Moss, companion to her murdered mistress, also furnished excellent performances.

There was but a thread of story to the "Murder." The wealthy (?) baroness, who had been a guest at the convent together with her companion, was murdered in the chapel. Who did it? In their attempt to solve the case the Inspector and the Sergeant lead their audience on a merry whirl indeed.

Almost the only fault with the playing was that a few times the first evening the characters forgot their lines. On the whole, "Murder in the Nunnery" was a delightful play and fitting successor to "Whiteoaks" and "You can't take it with You."

Helen Boehler, XII-A, S.J.C.S.

## MACEDOINE OF SNOW

(From Grades XI-C and D)

Incidents and co-incidents, experiences and reflections arising out of the storm which nearly quarantined Toronto last December have been gathered into one concerted essay:—

\* \* \*

It all began on Monday evening when the North wind, sitting on one of the blackest clouds covering Toronto, said to the snow flakes in surrounding clouds. "Now I have you. Prepare to distribute your soft white selves over Toronto and thereabouts. At eleven o'clock tonight I will blow the strongest wind felt in these regions for a hundred years and you will glide swiftly down to the city hall below."

As the old clock in the city hall tower struck an echoing eleven gongs the North Wind made a mighty gale which whirled the obedient snow flakes down for a speedy ride to Toronto. By midnight a half foot of snow covered the city, at one a foot, and by six there was well over two feet.

\* \* \*

Tuesday morning at about eight-thirty I stepped out, and to my surprise—no steps! I floundered about, managing to stand on my feet, and stood facing one, long narrow path edged with snow banks.

Reaching the corner in about ten minutes (originally two) I began to reflect on the age of chivalry. A man gallantly stepped knee-deep into the snow in order that I might pass. It is not dead! Everyone became friendly. I was told several times there was no school but a streak of stubbornness made me decide I was not going to miss any excitement. This was the first big snow storm I had ever been in.

Within an hour's time I was riding to school. The cars which we passed resembled mounds of snow. I arrived and after exchanging greetings with my other successful comrades, sat with them around the rad, thawing out. Hot coffee supplied us with warmth and our spirits mounted to a new high.

Virginia Varley, XI-D

\* \* \*

Unlike most people, we boarders welcomed the storm with great joy. The word that no school would be held spread like wild-fire.

"Did you hear? There is no school! Just imagine, no exams!"

When Sister St. Raymond suggested that we go out and shovel the snow away, she was greeted with great enthusiasm. There was a wild scurry for clothes; upstairs and downstairs, to the trunk room for heavy sweaters and socks; and of course, to look for rubber boots—this was the hardest problem to solve? But at last we were ready and shouldering shovels went out to attack the snow which was giving us a well-timed holiday—just during examination time.

All the while the wind was blowing and snow falling, people continued to pass. Every now and then a person would ski by, enjoying the storm just as much as we were. Everyone who passed had some jovial remark to make—"Such hard working girls," or "You can come to my place next."



As soon as we began to be tired, we went in. Sister had prepared some hot chocolate for her hard working girls, and it was welcome.

Jon McLean, XI-C

\* \* \*

You see we live at the Island and over there a storm is a storm and no mistake!

I wakened to the sound of a stamping on our porch. Jumping out of bed I hurriedly slipped into my clothes and went into the living room where I found a snow man sitting in a chair. It was my sister, who had left the house, she insisted, in time to get the 7.15 boat, missed it and also the 8.10 and also the 9.15 and had at last returned home half frozen.

Sitting in the living room in a comfortable chair, I watched through the window the waves roll in and smash against the break wall which is about sixty yards away. Small mountains of ice were beginning to form over the wall, and on the rocks an ice foundation was building up, which would, I knew, slowly build out into the lake. Along the lakeshore swept billows of snow, dying down now and then only to fly past again with greater energy. The bay was a huge snow ball with threatening waves ready to sweep over the land; the trees bent to the whims of the wind as if they were bowing to one another. . . .

Margaret Roddy, XI-D.

\* \* \*

And all that I needed to be a real heroine was someone to rescue. My chance soon came.

As I came in to get warm, mother was just finishing a call.

"Oh Nancy, will you get Shiela and go down to the school (O.L.P.H.) and see if you can find the L - - - children? Their mother has just phoned me—they left for school this morning and haven't returned yet—she's terribly anxious."

By this time it was afternoon. Off we plodded, Sheila and I, imagining ourselves as heroines, rescuing children.

By the time we reached the school we felt more like victims than rescuers. We walked in. The sole occupants were the painters. We turned around and tramped back, weary and disheartened. When we reached home, we phoned Mrs. L - - - .

"Oh they've been home for an hour." Said that lady—"Thank you for your trouble."

"Oh, it was no trouble—not trouble at all, Mrs. L - - - . We were glad to do it."

"But thank you anyway."

"Don't mention it."

Nancy Walsh, XI-D.

\* \* \*

My sister (Mary Lou) and I, being adventurous, went to school that stormy December 12th. Although we left in time to be at St. Basil's for 8 o'clock Mass we arrived at school at 8.40 (remarkable for us.) By that time we looked like a couple of snow men (or snow women). Mary Lou went over to the College and I wandered around looking for anyone else. I went up to the Physics lab to sit

on one of the desks and try and dry my stockings, shoes and goloshes on the radiator. My sister came over from the college about ten-thirty and, we started for home. We walked up to Bloor and took a Bay car which turned along Bloor and went up Bathurst. Every few minutes the motorman would stop, get out and shovel off the tracks and go on until he had to shovel more. (Some people complain about how slow the T.T.C. are, but these same people just turned over in bed and didn't venture out to drive a street car and shovel their way like the T.T.C. motormen did). We arrived home about one-thirty, ate lunch, put on our ski-suits and went out to shovel the snow.

Anne McCool, XI-C.

\* \* \*

Two days later school opened and again I ventured to school and to two exams. At the corner of Jane and Annette, I found that there was a great crowd of people waiting for a bus; so after meeting my school chum here, we both started off down the road to Bloor and on the way we met and passed many people who had the same idea as we: walking. Twenty minutes later we reached Bloor and our eyes encountered an amazing sight, over two thousand people were standing, waiting for street cars to come. On common accord we started walking again, this time down Bloor.

After we had walked nearly a mile, we stopped at a car stop. Ten minutes later we pushed (rather we were shoved) onto a car going back the way we had come from. When we arrived at the end of the car line (Jane and Bloor) we didn't get off, but stayed on as most of the other occupants of the car did. The car started and again we were on our way to school, where we arrived without any other happenings.

When we reached school we were very wet and tired. Sister St. Armand greeted us in the cafeteria smilingly, and insisted that we have a cup of hot steaming coffee. We then started upstairs to our class-room and our exams.

Joan Keogh, XI-C.

\* \* \*

Exams! And so the fun was over. Most of the once jolly snow flakes had been piled in great banks at the sites of the roads and not even the north wind could move them.

"Oh well," panted the north wind as he gasped for breath, "I will be back next year with greater surprises for Toronto." With these parting words he floated north on a cloud that was tinted pink by the setting sun.

Sally Wright, XI-D.

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The effects of the storm were serious. A great many accidents resulted. Streets were blocked for several days which delayed transportation.

With all its troubles I feel the majority of people enjoyed the snow which brought a white Christmas and a clear healthy season.

Marguerite Hogg, XI-C.

## A LEGEND OF ST. JOSEPH

The little Dutch town slept as the hands of the dusty clock slipped past two. Sitting at a table in the dully lighted room was Hans, a boy about twelve years of age. On the table sat a wooden shoe. He was bending over the other which was in his lap.

The Commission to make the heel came as a result of a paratrooper's secret visit. The townspeople had been hiding him while he took pictures of the hamlet. Now he must take the pictures back to England—in the hollow heel of his shoe?

But the young carpenter was tired and he fell asleep—the half-finished heel slipping to the floor.

Suddenly he was awakened by three quick raps on the door. Two men entered. While one removed his shoes the other placed something in the heel of one of the shoes on the table. The first put the wooden shoes on, thanked the boy, then disappeared into the dark.

The dumfounded boy did not speak for he knew he had not finished the shoes. Looking up he saw glowing in the corner a staff at the top of which bloomed a perfect lily. He recognized it as the staff of St. Joseph his patron. Could it be that St. Joseph had finished the wooden shoes?

Marie Leonard, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

## SHALL WE EVER FLY TO SCHOOL?

Is the plane ready? I'm late? Yes Mummie, I've got my lunch and all my books. Good-bye!

Out she runs, this very modern school girl, strapping on her flying helmet as she climbs into the cockpit of her waiting machine. With a roar the engine starts up. In a moment she is off and away, soaring into the clouds, skimming over the roof-tops to school at the rate of two miles a minute! Isn't this a thrilling possibility?

"Possibility?" I hear some of you cry scornfully. Its simply impossible! To begin with, an aeroplane needs a run of about four hundred yards before it can leave the ground. How many of us have fields that size near our homes? And how or where should we land when we got to school? And would a schoolgirl under seventeen be allowed a pilot's license?

Yet, if you had allowed me to finish my title-sentence, you would have found that I intended to add the words "of the future."

Flying to school is, indeed, a possibility of the future. Perhaps not such a very distant future either. And people who are not so fortunate as to live near an aerodrome, may find that aeroplanes will come to their homes.

For there is the aurogiro, the aeroplane designed by the late Don Juan de la Cierva, a Spanish inventor, which can rise in the air with scarcely any preliminary take off and land by dropping to any spot the pilot selects. So there seems little doubt that before long any of us who wish and who can afford to have a private aeroplane will be able to keep and use one as easily and nearly as cheaply as people run a small car today.

Mary Gradson, XI-B, S.J.C.S.



**THE LITURGY OF LENT**

The Liturgy is a supernatural school of piety which the Church has opened to her children. Every year the Church celebrates the feasts of Our Divine Lord's life, to enable us to share in His Mysteries, to offer them in homage to Almighty God, and to commemorate and experience their effects within our souls. The soul must participate in the Divinity of Christ and this participation is possible through the Liturgy.

Lent is the penitential season of the Liturgical Year. During our forty day pilgrimage through Lent we are deprived of organ music, adorned altars and joyous Glorias. Lent is like a great retreat made by the whole of the Christian world to prepare for the solemnity of Christ's Resurrection.

Lent begins on Ash Wednesday. On this day the Church puts ashes on our heads for the humiliation of our pride and to remind us of the death we must suffer, with the words, "Remember man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." The ceremony for the blessing of the ashes recalls God's mercy, and prays "that these ashes may be a wholesome remedy to all who humbly implore Thy Holy Name." Throughout Lent we are often reminded of our reception of the ashes by which we took our place among the penitents, showing our readiness to perform the penances necessary for our spiritual rising with Christ.

Lent tells us of Christ's fast, prayers, labours. During this period the struggle between Christ and Satan rages with increasing intensity, but we know that Christ, because He is God, will be victorious.

The First Sunday of Lent pledges God's help, as our weak natures take up the discipline of Lent. The Gospel shows us Christ as He permitted Himself to be tempted by Satan. On the Second Sunday we are led up to a high mountain where we catch a glimpse of Jesus in His Divine Nature. On the Third Sunday, we see Jesus in open conflict with Satan, expelling him from one possessed.

Fourth Sunday is Laetare Sunday, a day of rest and relief from Lenten penances.

Passion Sunday veils the Cross of Christ so that we may all the more, seek It and Him who died upon It.

On Palm Sunday, the Church carries palm branches as a joyous tribute proclaiming Christ's victory over death, and also of our own fickleness in betraying Christ. When Good Friday arrives our hearts will be ready to ascend the Cross with Jesus.

Easter puts an end to sorrow. Christ has triumphed over death. His resurrection is our triumph for by it He merited our participation in His Divinity, and made plain His victory over Satan, the world, and the flesh.

Fellow-students of St. Joseph's we shall joyfully celebrate this day on which Jesus has brought us back to life by His Resurrection. He is in Heaven, our home, and we shall be joyful in the anticipation of our entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom, to which the Holy Ghost, whom He is soon to send, will lead us.

Lena C. Burger, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

**TWO BOARDS, TWO POLES AND WORK!**

Yes, that is all skiing ever meant to me; until Old Man Winter suddenly hurtled a snow fall of twenty-two inches over Ontario. This meant no school and no school meant a period of holiday.

My sister flew, so to speak, down the cellar stairs and brought her skis up with a joyful twinkle in her grey eyes. She was going to have fun, she declared jovially. Have fun? I thought, those things could never bring more than physical exhaustion and a week to recuperate from bruises. What joy any person could find in plodding and climbing up miniature mountains in deep snow on two curled up boards!

"Please come, You can use Johnny's skis" were her next words: Go skiing? I? Well—well why not try just for curiosity's sake?

At least I could stand up on them, I assured myself confidently as I awkwardly manoeuvred the skis to the top of the hill.

Track! Track! The voices of children rang down the trail as they sailed out of sight.

Keep bent forward with great pressure on your knees, my sister had said. Well here goes!

I began to propel myself quickly down the slope. Somehow I felt my legs in an impossible position and my face buried in snow. Why didn't someone tell me there was a turn in the trail? That tree practically had a visitor. Down the bottom of the trail laughter pealed up to me. Well, I will show them. I arose to a proper position but slipped and continued my ride downward on my haunches. But woe is me, I was not destined to meet the bottom of the trail yet. It seems that was a ledge on the left side and I had to slip off that. I sank and sank waist-deep in the snow, but it was so funny I could not get up for laughing.

It took twenty minutes to dig myself out and then I climbed back to the top. I did not make the turn that day nor did I complete a ride down the trail without rolling in snow two or three times. But I never had such fun!

Skiing like every other sport, requires relaxation.

I have learned to skate on skis and take sharp turns with apparent ease since that storm. Yes—two boards, two poles and, did I say work? Mary Flynn, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

**DID YOU KNOW . . .**

. . . . That the water we use here so freely was, and still is, a scarcity in some countries. The Parisians suffered for centuries from lack of water. In 1634, only, an aqueduct was constructed, permitting each person in the French capital one pint of potable water daily. Paris waited 250 years for an adequate water supply.

In certain parts of the present-day Portugal, drinking water must be bought in urns; water from the taps has to be boiled. For this reason, restaurants provide free wine with the meals; patrons wanting water have to pay for it. Li'l Abner's "Lily White League" would not have a chance in Portugal.

Arletta Wunsch, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

**A STRANGE CHARACTER**

I know a man whom many people fear, and whom nobody likes, because of his abominable actions.

Outwardly, he seems a pleasant soul. He invites people to his place and seems as if he would be an ideal host. Once admitted to his sanctum, one is left alone for any time up to an hour, left to twiddle one's thumbs or to read his magazines—generally about five years old. His so-called friends fear him because he often causes them pain in public, so that they even groan in dismay. He has an unusual hobby of collecting different parts of machinery, if only to figure out means of torturing his friends still further. He has one notable virtue: he invariably rushes into the very teeth of danger, facing the outraged dignity of broken men.

Yes, he is a strange character, but we couldn't get along without him. He is our dentist.

Joan Dimma, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

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**CO-OPERATION**

The most essential quality for the success of a school is co-operation from the student body. Rules are the inevitable whether we like it or not. No organization or institution is a success without rules. If co-operation in all school activities and a sense of school spirit regarding its activities mark the pupils, the school itself makes its reputation through the pupils.

Rules are made not only for the betterment of the school, but also for the development of the character of the pupil. The school is preparing each pupil to take her place in life, and if she is not co-operative in school, neither will she be co-operative in the world and therefore will not be a success. So as rules are made only for the good of the pupil she knows not only a lack of co-operation if she fails to keep them but also a lack of obedience and school spirit.

Marion Cockburn, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

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**SOME ONE TO REMEMBER**

Do you remember a little girl  
With pigtailed long and neat,  
With uniform pressed and shoes all shin'd  
And a face that was soft and sweet?

She had no one particular friend.  
To her we all were one.  
She asked us all to see her soon,  
And one and all will come.

She's gone across the ocean  
To her parents' fond relief  
This lovable little friend of ours,  
Little Miss Kathleen O'Keefe.

Ann Ingoldsby, X-D, S.J.C.S.



**LENTEN ACTS AND SILLY STUNTS**

We start preparing for the greatest of all feasts on Ash Wednesday. This year our first day of Lent falls on the feast of St. Valentine, February 14th. This will give us an added opportunity to deprive ourselves of things we are fond of to prove our love for Christ, and our gratitude for all He has done for us. In return, we should make special acts of mortification and resolve to keep them throughout Lent.

A good practice would be to make an effort to go to Mass every morning, and Holy Communion at least once a week. Every Catholic should strive to keep away from shows, dances and any kind of entertainment. For children who eat candy frequently it would be a good idea to eat very little or no candy for these forty days and drop their extra pennies in the mission box. Some silly stunts would be, for example eating dry bread or having a smaller serving of vegetables. This is really silly because it would injure the health of most people.

Easter Sunday falls on April 1st, and it should mean a great deal to those who have prepared for it properly.

Mary Lemire, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

**V-DAY**

When the guns are heard no more,  
 And the planes have ceased to roar,  
 And our boys are home with us again,  
 Then we'll raise a million flags  
 In honour of those lads,  
 Of the ship, of the land and of the plane.

Helene Berthon, X-A, S.J.C.S.

**SPRING**

The country-side is green again,  
 The grassy nooks are seen again,  
 The brook is bubbling cool again  
     Between the wild fern.  
 The sky above is blue again  
 The wild rose blooms anew again,  
 And by the laughing pool again,  
     The daffodils return!

The buttercups are gold again  
 The spring times here we're told again,  
 The robin red is here again  
     On yonder Grecian urn.  
 The sky above is white again  
 The sun shines down his Light again  
 And where the lake is clear again  
     The daffodils return!

Anne McGinn, X-C, S.J.C.S.

**"IN THE SPRING THE FIRST FORM FANCIES"**

The most beautiful season of all is Spring. The grass is growing greener day by day. In the woods we see tiny green tips of the narcissus peeping through the fallen leaves. In the Spring carol-red leaf buds unfold, the tender leafage casts gold green mists over branch and twig. The cherry tree and the apple tree are wrapped in a heavenly bloom. Spring is the beginning of new life.

Marilyn Cullinan

\* \* \*

The coming of Spring is a gala affair. The blue birds sing; out of the buds blossoms break and the ice melts on the beautiful lakes. Shoots come out of the darkened bed where they sleep all winter. Sunbeams dance over the happy land and little waves break with a joy at being released from their ice blanket. In the little grey church Sunday bells ring with a new gladness. Spring has come!

Jeannette Baker

\* \* \*

It is once more Spring. We see all about us the glorious change that only God's creative hand could bring about. The once snow laden trees are shooting forth, into the warm sunlight their tender new buds. Filling the air with freshness the new grass peeps almost impishly above the moist ground. Now, in place of a white carpet of snow, blanketing the earth, there is a carpet of smooth green velvet.

Spring has a fragrance all its own. The Spring flowers, the apple blossoms and peach blossoms, the grass all have a certain sweetness and newness about them. A feeling of rebirth surrounds us. Old and young alike are buoyant with happiness and vitality! The old feel young again, and the young feel younger. Ah, that we could be blessed with the magic enchantment of Spring all year round!

Jeanne Barton

\* \* \*

Spring makes our hearts feel gay; it does us all good to say to Spring "Good-day." The flowers bloom again, the birds begin to sing, the sun shines deep upon the earth and makes our warm hearts ring. The bees begin to buzz again, the bears awake from sleep, the children jump and play again. Spring is indeed a welcome sight, to all who recognize the beauty of earth's sweet dreams which comes before our eyes.

Frances Digiacomo

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY**

Green are the shamrocks we're wearing  
 As "Top o' the mornin'" we say,  
 If you we should meet,  
 As we trip down the street  
 To Mass on St. Patrick's Day!

Genevieve Talbot, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

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**ORIGIN OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.**

It is hard to say when February 14th became a day of sentiment. History tells us of three Valentines who offered up their lives for their faith in the early days of Christianity. According to one legend, a young Roman, Valentine by name, sent the first valentine from the prison in which he was held before being crucified for professing his faith—sent it to the blind daughter of his gaoler who had shown him much kindness. It was a message of farewell, written on a piece of paper cut in a fanciful shape and signed "Your Valentine."

Others would tell us that Valentine verses originated with the Prince Charles, Duke of Orleans, who, from the Tower of London, where he was imprisoned for some twenty-four years, wrote of his love in verses which have come down to us throughout the centuries.

Maureen Pickering, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

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**SAINT BLAISE**

The story of St. Blaise takes us back to the year 316, and to Sabaste, an American town where Blaise, a holy bishop lived.

During the reign of Licinius, many Christians were taken prisoners and among them St. Blaise. While in prison, Blaise cured a boy who was choking to death with a large fish bone in his throat. After suffering torture, Blaise was beheaded.

Veneration of this saint began in Europe in the ninth century. Since then he has become one of the most popular saints of the middle ages.

On his feast day, February 2nd in Oriental churches and February 3rd in the Latin Church, February 11th in Greek churches and February 15th in European, blessings are given in his name. For this blessing two consecrated candles are held by the priest in a crossed position over the head or slightly touching the throat of the person receiving the blessing. In other places oil is consecrated and the wick of a small candle is dipped into it. The following words are said: "May God, at the intercession of St. Blaise, preserve you from throat trouble and all other evil."

St. Blaise is represented in pictures and statues holding two candles in his hand or in a cave surrounded by wild beasts.

Joan O'Leary, Grade IX-D, S.J.C.S.

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Harriet Hilary Henriette Halliday  
 Is sadly affected by a horrible malady—  
 This dread affliction came upon her when  
 Poor Harriet started to suck her pen.  
 Quite soon she acquired a peculiar taste  
 For secretly sucking the glue and paste;  
 And when her companions began to snub her  
 Harriet grabbed and ate a rubber . . . .  
 (We draw a kindly curtain over Harriet's  
 further misdemeanours and conclude:)  
 . . . . So let my story be a warning:  
 Don't suck your pen tomorrow morning.

Lorraine O'Donnell, IX-A, S.J.C.S.



**THE MONTH OF MARCH**

The month of March is dedicated to St. Joseph, the foster father of the Infant Jesus, the patron of St. Joseph's Community and the College School.

The home of Jesus, Mary and Joseph was in Nazareth. On the site of St. Joseph's home, there is now a beautiful church. St. Joseph was a prince of the house of King David and so was a fitting guardian for the King of Kings.

St. Joseph has two feasts. One is on March the 19th. Because March 19th is always in Lent and because the Church wishes to honour St. Joseph as patron of the universal Church, we have the Feast of the Patronage celebrated on the third Wednesday after Easter.

"Hail to thee, Joseph, we to thee,  
Tender our homage lovingly . . . forever and aye!"

Margaret Holland, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

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**BREATH OF SPRING**

In March the days begin to turn  
From ice and snow and sleet,  
To where beneath the golden sun,  
Summer and winter meet.

Green grass takes the place of snow,  
Blue skies instead of gray;  
Signs of warmth are seen around,  
Summer is on its way.

The flowers start to bloom once more,  
After their cold and dreary sleep,  
Their silken petals fresh and cool  
Have colours light or deep.

Rose Marie Coleman, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

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**SAINT PATRICK**

It is not known exactly where St. Patrick was born, but the majority are led to believe he was born in Dumbarton, Scotland. His father was Calpurnius, a Roman officer, and his mother was Conchessa, a niece of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours.

At sixteen he was captured by pirates and carried as a slave to Ireland. Here he was sold to a chief named Milcho, who sent him to mind sheep in the mountains.

After six years he returned to his own country where, hearing of the death of St. Martin, he went to live with St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre.

St. Patrick died on March 17th, 493, and was buried at Saul, in County Down.

Rita Davies, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

**ST. VALENTINE**

Valentine was a holy Priest in Rome, who, with St. Marius and his family, assisted the martyrs in the persecution under Claudius II. He was apprehended, and sent to the prefect of Rome, who, on finding all his threats to make him renounce his faith ineffectual, commanded him to be beaten with clubs and beheaded. This was carried out on the 14th of February about the year 270.

Pope Julius I is said to have built a church near Ponte Mole to his memory, which for a long time gave name to the gate now called Port del Popolo, formerly Porta Valentine. The greater part of his relics are now in the church of St. Praxedes.

To abolish the heathens' lewd superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honour of their goddess Februata Juno, on the 15th of this month, several pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on this day.

Francis Brunck, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

**A FUNNY ELF**

I saw a funny elf one day,  
He was very funny and very gay;

He wore a shoe upon his head,  
And wore a hat on both his feet.

He held a 'donut' to my nose,  
Saying, "Won't you smell my pretty rose."

Said I, "Oh! no I'd rather not"  
You see, I have to go and shop."

Mary Kathryn Halladay, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

**SMALL TOWN**

Having lived in a city all my life, I had the unique experience this summer, of living for two months in a small town. The thing that impressed me most of all, was Main Street. Within the radius of a few short blocks were library, theatre, town hall and shops.

It was not long before I was well acquainted with most of the town folk, and it was pleasant to greet everyone with a cheerful hello as one walked along.

I took many long walks. In no time one was on the outskirts of the town and could enjoy the beautiful scenery of lakes and hills. I enjoyed the peacefulness, and gladly exchanged the clang of street cars for the soft mooing of cattle.

I never knew before, the beauty of the heavens which in the city are clouded by smoke. Now I am a confirmed small-towner.

Rose Pantaleo, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

## "POET-POURRI"

(From the First Forms.)

## Form I-B

We are the girls of Form I-B,  
 School days are our greatest glee,  
 We keep our desks so neat and straight  
 And try our best not to be late.  
 We won't say we're the perfect class  
 Nor that our each exam we pass;  
 But we offer Our Lady—and this is true  
 Every little act we do.

Margaret Kerwin

\* \* \* \*

## Our Form I-D.

Our Form is I-D  
 We think we're the best,  
 Though our teachers may think  
 We're the hopeless-est.  
 In basketball or any sport  
 We're always the first  
 We lick the first formers—  
 Their vanity burst.  
 When exams come along  
 We think it's a crime  
 What horrible tests  
 For a class so sublime!  
 We save money for missions  
 And stamps for souls too.  
 If we beat you to heaven  
 We'll pitch in for you.

Jean Yuskoski.

## THE STREET CAR STRIKE

On January 9, the Street Railwaymen struck. Two days later Jupiter Pluvius rained and many footsore Vancouverites arrived at work wet. Emergency transportation rallied and private cars, trucks, bicycles, roller skates, baby carriages, pogo sticks, rickshaws, ambulances, police cars, horses, kiddy cars, surreys, jaunting cars, tricycles and FEET got most workers to their destination. It was thrilling to see the workers speeding down Main Street hill on roller skates.

The strike was received with varying emotions. Some spent half the night walking from work and the other half walking back again. For students who lived far from school, it was a source of joy. Some who lived near the school had the doubtful privilege of continuing their education all through the strike. The students of St. Patrick's High School were singularly blessed? All their Sisters made the one block journey from the Convent in time for school.

This is the saga of public vehicular-less Vancouver.

Michael McDonagh, XII, St. Patrick's, Vancouver



### A FIELD OF GRAIN

A wonderful sight is a field of golden grain swaying in the gentle zephyrs. The grain bends to and fro by friendly little gusts of wind and each stock nods its head as if in answer to the farmer's query: "I wonder if the grain is ready for harvest yet?" In the dazzling rays of the prairie sunlight, the grain is bright golden in colour; but when the harvest moon is shining, it takes on a silver sheen.

Michael Donovan, XII, St. Patrick's, Vancouver

### INVENTIONS

When the war ends, we have been promised numerous labor eliminating and pleasure providing gadgets, machines and devices. An automatic snow melter will supersede the old shovel-and-sweat-method of removing snow. A remote-controlled lawn mower personally controlled by means of a push button will look after the summer lawn. When Autumn leaves fall instead of raking you merely flick a lever. All leaves would instantly be gone, also all trace of them. With a new machine the housewife dials her favorite recipe and relaxes. The ingredients will be thrown together and chemically treated in the machine—Result—the finished meal.

As for me, I desire only one thing—a mechanical brain to write my compositions.

M. McDonagh, XII, St. Patrick's H.S., Vancouver.

### KEEPING A SECRET

Mary told me not to tell;  
Of course, I promised not to,  
But when I went to Sarah Jane's,  
She said: "Oh now, you've got to."  
She begged and pleaded, but in vain  
"I would not tell," I'd said;  
But then she turned and looked at me,  
And said before she "burst,"  
"I know the secret, same as you.  
'Cause Mary told me first."

Shirley Crosby, XI, St. Patrick's, Vancouver

### UN Sung HERO

At the "Band Shell" on Hastings and Granville Streets, the Air Force band was playing popular tunes. A large crowd had gathered. I noticed a bond salesman walking towards a middle-aged man to ask him to buy a Victory Bond. When the salesman requested the purchaser to sign the necessary papers, the man replied, "Sorry, I cannot, I lost my two hands at Festubert in World War No. 1."

Nancy Gurry, XI, St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### VANCOUVER'S STREET CAR STRIKE

For days the local radio stations talked of the threatened street car strike. Then it came! Everybody got busy hauling out dilapidated cars, forgotten bicycles and even roller skates!

The B.C.E. Ry. Co. apologized, workers complained, politicians 'blew their tops', teachers rebelled, and students lounged in blissful idleness. Fights flared and died, men grumbled and women cried, and confusion reigned amongst the radio announcers. Still the strike continued. Then the mighty, the dignified, the prosperous all thumbed rides. Bicycles were a common sight. But all were not unhappy. Thirty-three hundred school children romped all day in yards or on the campuses.

These conditions ran their course for ten days. Then like a bubble, the trouble burst and Vancouver's street car strike was over.

Patrick Philley, XI, St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### THE MOTHER'S PLEA.

Having joined the crowd I was forced into a heavy cloud of smoke, from a big conflagration, and had a "ringside view." Flames were leaping higher and higher when the voice of a young mother filled the air. "My baby," she wailed, "my poor baby, what will he do? Oh, someone please, please—the baby buggy! the baby buggy!"

How futile an attempt to save the infant! Nevertheless, a young hero rushed into the flames, to be forced back. The sight of the frantic woman urged him to venture a second time.

Breathless we waited. Yes, through the dense smoke, a staggering figure appeared. Had he the baby? Yes! There he was pulling a carriage draped with a heavy blanket.

"God bless you," muttered the grateful mother, as she seized the buggy and hurried to wheel it away. But we who had suffered with her demanded to see the baby.

"The baby," she replied. "You mean little Jimmie? Oh, he's over at mother's. Thanks again for saving his carriage. I just bought it last week, and I didn't want anything to happen to it. You understand!"

Margaret Cummings, XI, St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### FIELD DAY

Three days before field day our teachers had us running races, jumping pits and pole-vaulting. Boys were putting up a lean-to for the refreshments or marking race tracks. The teachers were getting prizes and ribbons ready and pupils were gathering pets and things for the parade to precede the strenuous activities.

On the great day each of the houses was designated by a colour and Red, White and Blue Houses marched out onto the grounds. Red House had a wagon decorated with red, a goat, chickens and a cat. White House had an old car which the people pushed around the field, and Blue House had a little baby dressed in blue with a crown on his head and carried on a blue stretcher. Everyone had lots of pop and cake and really had fun. All agreed they had a wonderful time.

Barbara Robinson, VIII, St. Patrick's, Vancouver



Pupils of Grades VII and VIII, St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C., who won the cup presented by Archbishop Duke in the Inter-School League for Softball in 1944.

Left to Right: Back Row—Patsy Bertrand, Helen Zager, Father Beauregard, Lucille Natzoly, Marie Galetti.

Middle Row—Mary Lou Strain, Helen Bertrand, Doreen Cunliffe, (Captain), Frances Zitko, Frances Strain.

Front Row—Helen Edgerton, Annie Zitko.

### "TANGLEFOOT" AND "FRESH PAINT"

Fresh paint captivates us as fly paper attracts flies. The gluey odour forces the fly to rush off madly in its quest. The pungency of turpentine brings a glint to our eye and we must "off" to find that "Wet Paint" sign.

As the fly nears his objective, he hovers over it, carefully selects the spot where the sticky substance is thickest . . . And we, when we spy the paint sign? We smell it, judge its "tone" to see if the paint belies the "wet" sign. Why, of course, there is the testing place — that spot right in the very centre!

The fly descends in a dive, intent, on burying himself in the "tanglefoot." He is trapped and dies the death that comes to all curious and greedy flies—poisoning! Fortunately, our experience does not cost us our life. But the job is done with our index finger—yes, the paint is still wet. Then we walk away giving the matter no further thought. What annoyance, labour and cost to someone else?

Maybe some day a means of dealing with paint testers will be devised.

Robert McDonald, XI, St. Patrick's, Vancouver



### SOME SECRETS

I am the Corridor in St. Patrick's School, and I am taking you into my confidence. I hear many choice bits of gossip.

Anybody listening? No. - - Well, the Grade Nine lassies main provocation seems to be that their parents do not realize they have reached the mature 'teen' age and treat them as babies. Should they not be allowed privileges as High School students? And the boys?—Ninety-nine sport talk: "I scored a touchdown." "He hit a home run," etc., etc.

Now for the giggly Grade Tens—Parties, Basketball, Frank Sinatra, novels, homework undone. The chatter of this lively group never ends.

But Grade Eleven's conversation: the beauty of the Latin ablative, the perfection of the French subjunctive, the joys of electro-magnetism. The boys, models of virtue and gentle manners scarcely ever raise their voices. They spend their time performing acts of courtesy, carrying books, and all the rest.

Grade Twelve? If I had time, oh, what could I not relate!

Marion Bertrand, XI, St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

---

### A GLANCE

This morning, glancing from the train,  
I saw the river, dark and slow,  
Between green banks still gemmed with rain;  
How smooth and tranquil was its flow!

The grass, the leaning willows' grace,  
The pearly brightness of the sky,  
Were mirrored in its crystal face  
An instant, as we thundered by.

Susan Scarlett, X-C,  
S.J.C.S.

---

### THE STARS

Thou diadem of angels  
In the deep purple sky,  
A ray of heavenly glory  
Will brighten you by and by.

You were placed long ago  
By a peaceful Hand Supreme;  
O stars of heavenly brightness!  
You are the object of my dream.

Eva Perfetti, VIII,  
S.J.C.S.



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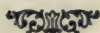
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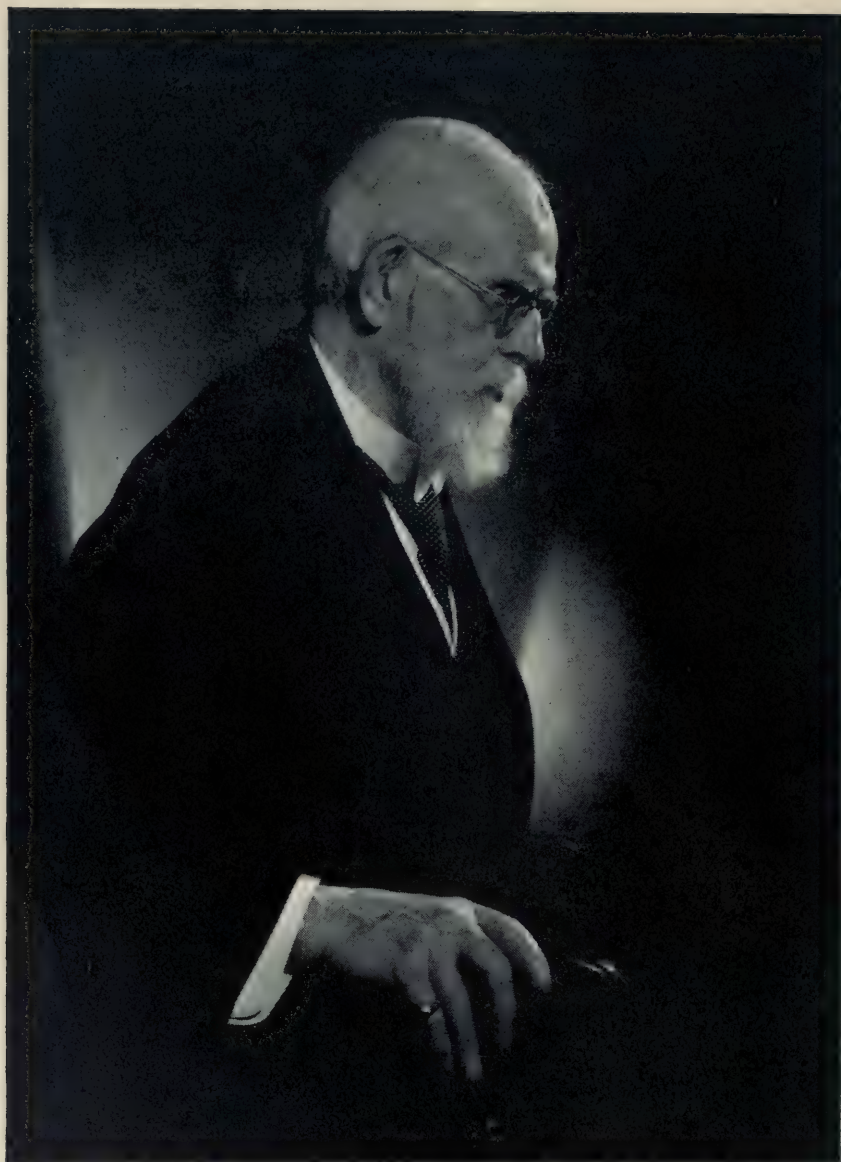


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Vol. XXXIV

TORONTO, JUNE, 1945

No. 2

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## EDITORIAL

### SIR WILLIAM MULOCK

**S**IR William Mulock was born at Bond Head, January 19th, 1844. Educated at Newmarket High School and the University of Toronto. Entered Law in 1863. Became Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1873. In 1886, due to his active leadership, Federation of the denominational Colleges was accomplished.

Entered political life in 1882, and held the position of Postmaster General. He accomplished many reforms in the Postal Service of Canada, the most important being Penny Postage and the laying of the Pacific cable. He was instrumental in securing for Canada the services of Marconi, who received, on Canadian soil, the first wireless message sent across the Atlantic. Perhaps his greatest reform was the establishment at Ottawa of a Department of Labour of which he was the first Minister.

He retired from political life in 1905 and was appointed to the Ontario Bench, becoming Chief Justice of Ontario in 1923. Elected Chancellor of the University of Toronto in 1924. He died October first, 1944.

## “OLD IRONSIDES”

By DR. W. T. BROWN,  
Chancellor and President of Victoria College

IN the early days of Ontario, it was quite natural that when men and institutions were pioneering in new fields and under difficult conditions, there should arise among institutions carrying on similar tasks misunderstandings, rivalries, and even bitter antagonisms. The continuance of these was paralysing their best efforts. There was needed a man of wisdom who would recognize that there are two great institutions in human society which have vital interests in the cause of education—the church and the state; that each of them has definite contributions to make to any adequate educational programme, and neither of them can be faithful to its trust if it neglects its duty in this important sphere of life. There was needed a statesman of innate fairness and unquestioned integrity who could command the confidence of all groups, one with breadth of mind and tolerance of spirit who could respect the convictions of others and yet seek to unite them in a common effort, and who had a vision of a university so comprehensive and so worth while that he could challenge educational institutions, proud of their inheritance, to make great sacrifices for it, knowing that its cause was, in reality, their cause.

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**I** BRING to Thee, my beloved Heavenly Father, a grateful heart—For my long years of happiness—For the kindness and affection of my fellow citizens—For the lavish devotion of a widowed mother—And the fond regard of dear relatives—All of these have given me unbroken contentment and a happy life.

William Mulock

Toronto, January 19, 1944.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Composed by Sir William Mulock for the occasion of his 100th birthday in grateful acknowledgment of the many graces and blessings bestowed on him by Almighty God. These touching lines are a reflection of his beautiful qualities of soul.



## GETHSEMANE

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

**I**T would be about the eleventh hour of that fateful night when Jesus and His disciples left the house of their friend in the Holy City.

As they went back through the streets in the direction of Bethany they were met by crowds of people coming joyfully in; for the whole Passover night was made lively with ritual rejoicing. The houses were lit up with festive lamps, the streets were thronged with sightseers. At midnight the temple gates were opened, that the people might go up, in their best attire, with gifts in their hands for the priests, and continue their joyful Passover feast in the Women's Court, under a full moon almost as bright as day! It was a night when few people in the city went to bed. The Master, Himself, preferred to go into the quiet country. Passing out by the city gate and across the Kedron bridge, He saw the running water flashing in the brilliant rays of the paschal moon.

On the other side of the valley, at the foot of the hill, there was a sheltered place, laid out in grass and olive trees. Long ago, in the prosperous days of the kings and of the judges, there had been a little farm here, with bees and fruit-trees. It was noted for its silver-leaved olive trees that blossomed white in spring, whose dark-green fruit was gathered and pressed for oil. Many sunny and happy days had passed over this quiet place, while its name, Gethsemane, only spoke of hours filled with the music of the bees, and the songs of the birds. But the time was coming quickly when the traveller from far-off Ephraim, and from the shores of the Great Sea, would shudder at the sound of Gethsemane, "the Garden of the Oil Press!" The agony of the Son of God would forever change that name, and in the ears of the Christian men it would toll forever a sad monotone of unexampled anguish and woe.

As the Master and His friends walked, this night, along

the road from Kedron Bridge to Olivet, Jesus, who was in front, turned aside from the crowd, and went through the gate into the Garden of Gethsemane. He wished to pray, alone. His disciples followed slowly after Him. The moonlight fell in broken patches on the grass, and all was still around them, as they went ahead in the shade of the great branches. But there was one, who watched them go in at the gate, and who turned, and hurried back to the city!

Following the winding pathway into the depths of the garden, they came to an open, grassy space. Then Jesus turned to His disciples, and they saw that He was sorrowful and troubled as He spoke to them, "Sit here," He said, "while I go yonder and pray." And taking Peter, James, and John with Him, He went forward in the garden to a place of deeper shade under the thick branches of the silver-leaved olive-trees. And there He was first agonized for the sins of all the world! He fell prostrate on the ground, as He prayed to His Eternal Father, and the woeful sound of His voice stabbed like a sword into the hearts of the faithful and loving Disciples!

"My soul is sorrowful, even unto death. Wait for me here, and watch!" His face was pale, as He went with bowed head deeper into the garden, the distance of a stone's throw. Wrapping their thick cloaks about them the three Apostles lay down in the grass, to watch and keep guard against intruders. In the glimpses of the moon breaking through the leaves, they saw Him. He stood still a moment. He was kneeling now. He fell upon His face on the quivering grass! All Nature seemed to darken and to moan in anguish, in sympathy with its Creator. They heard Him praying to His Father in Heaven as if His soul were tossed in a sea of agony! "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me, but not My will, but Thine, be done!"

When He arose, and returned to his three friends, He found that their eyes had grown heavy, and they were asleep! "Could ye not watch with me for one hour?" He gently asked. "Watch and pray, that you may not be tempted."

Three times during that awful night of woe and pain, He

went back into the darkest part of the garden to pray to the Eternal Father for aid. "My Father," He prayed, "if this chalice must come to me, and I must drink thereof, then may Thy will be done."

At the end there was a short, intense cry to God, uttered with appalling agony, for, as He prayed, the sweat of His brow turned to red goutts of blood, dropping on His white tunic and upon the trembling grass! He grew weak with anguish, and through the dark olive branches there appeared the figure of an angel from Heaven in the opal moonlight, standing beside Him, strengthening Him!

When the Lord came back to His disciples He was strong and firm and confident. He had defeated all the terrors of Hell and of Sin, and of Death!

"Rise, let us go," he said, "the betrayer is near."

Springing to their feet the bewildered disciples looked at Jesus, but no longer to see in His face anguish or fear. He was majestic in mien and in walk. He was calm, and His dark eyes had that light in them with which He had met His enemies in the Court of the Temple. But those blood-red spots on His white tunic! How came they there? And what meant all those voices and moving lights out on the Jerusalem Road? Was the moment the poor disciples had so long dreaded, come upon them at last?

Enfeebled by a paralyzing panic, Peter, and James and John, staggered forward through the garden-gate, to rouse the other disciples!





## HANDS ACROSS THE FENCE

By REV. THOMAS F. BATTLE

**T**HERE are paradoxes in all history, and certainly in the story of the Church in Great Britain from 1778 to 1829. This was a great period when the Catholics in the British Isles step by step achieved what is historically known as Catholic Emancipation. To those who know something about this great event, for the most part, they will centre it around the name and the action of the great Daniel O'Connell. They may visualize the happy event as something like a bolt from the blue—something that happened over night. They may fail to realize that it was a gradual process, and that there were many actors in the great Drama; that the personnel or cast of characters was not wholly confined to our faith. The story of this period is an interesting one, as is the subsequent decades which complete the Great Catholic Revival, which, as a matter of fact, is still going on.

## A RETROSPECT

We must have a background of what preceded. A brief review of the suffering and sad plight of the Catholics of the British Isles is in order. Who is not familiar with the beginnings and the progress of the Religious Revolution of the 16th Century, and the continued persecution and disfranchisement of the Catholic Body. The Penal laws of England were so drastic that after 250 years of strangulation and attrition when 1778 was reached, the Catholic population of England was 60,000, about 7000 of these being Irish immigrants.

The degradation and almost complete annihilation accorded the Catholic Church in the Kingdom is one of the most shameful chapters in all history. But a remnant with superb valor and loyalty to the ancient faith hung on; and provided a nucleus and bridgehead for the great restoration which began after 1829 and 1833, and whose momentum is still gathering in-

crease. The straits to which the Catholic Body was reduced just prior to the second spring of Catholicism in Britain, can nowhere find better description than in Cardinal Newman's famous sermon preached in 1852 at the First Provincial Synod.

#### WHAT NEWMAN SAYS

It would be presumptuous to alter his text. He said "Three centuries ago, and the Catholic Church, that great creation of God's power, stood in this land in pride of place. It had the honors of nearly a thousand years upon it; it was enthroned in some twenty sees up and down the broad country; it was based in the will of a faithful people; it energized through ten thousand instruments of power and influence; and it was ennobled by a host of Saints and Martyrs . . . .

"But it was the high decree of heaven, that the majesty of that presence should be blotted out . . . . No longer, the Catholic Church in the country; nay, no longer I may say, a Catholic Community;—but a few adherents of the Old Religion moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. 'The Roman Catholics';—not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it—not a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad—but a mere handful of individuals who might be counted like the pebbles and detritus of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day indeed, was the profession of a church. Here a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps, an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family, and a 'Roman Catholic.' An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report of attaching to it that 'Roman Catholics' lived there; but who they were or what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics no one could tell;—though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, look-

ing with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian chapel or Quakers' meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the 'Roman Catholics'; but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there were lights burning there, and some boys in white, swinging censers; and what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant Histories and Sermons; and they did not report well of the 'Roman Catholics' but, on the contrary, deposed that they had once had power and had abused it. And then, again, we might, on one occasion, hear it pointedly put by some literary man, as a result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information, which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that the latter had bishops, and the former were governed by four officials, called Vicars-Apostolic . . . . .

"Such were the Catholics of England, found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth."

EDMUND BURKE

We take off from here to follow the process of the securing of the New Deal. The theme of this story is to point out the friendliness shown our people and their cause by certain members of the opposite camp. The attitude and effort are a credit to them, and to humanity. Such serves as a lesson and a lead for modern folk, not of our faith, to forsake bigotry and intolerance and to proffer the right hand of fellowship to this large body of Catholic Christians who are not in agreement with them.

We shall start with Edmund Burke, statesman and political philosopher, and a man with a head and a heart. He was not a Catholic. One thing this noble genius did was in 1779. Around this time Anti-Catholic Riots broke out in Scotland—Glasgow and Edinburgh. Churches were wrecked and wanton



destruction was accorded the houses and other properties of prominent Catholic merchants. The Scottish Catholics did not succumb to apathy and they resolved to do something about such outrages. They sent an appeal to parliament asking for compensation for their houses. It was Edmund Burke who presented their petition to the House of Commons. The petition was supported by King George III, a non-Catholic of course, and was most favorably received by members of both parties. No Catholic was a member of the House. It was illegal to be so. The lone member who resisted the motion was Lord George Gordon who instigated the infamous Gordon riots by whipping up the frenzy of a London mob.

#### DR. HORSLEY, BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S

In 1791, an honorable and sane gentleman of the Anglican Cloth came to the rescue of the Catholic cause. A Catholic Relief Bill, not the first one indeed, was mooted by the Catholic Committee which had been organized some time back. It might be explained here that Anglican bishops sat in the House of Lords.

What Dr. Horsley did was to influence the House to reject the obnoxious oath and to substitute for it the Irish Oath instead.

This Dr. Horsley evidently was a good fellow well met. This was not the only occasion when he went to bat for the Catholics. This able prelate did them another good turn. It happened in 1800. Some Protestants became woefully alarmed in that year when a bill was brought before the House of Commons to prevent novices of religious institutions from being received and to subject these same monasteries and nunneries to inspection. The growth of these establishments had been so great of late that some bigots became afraid. The bill did pass the House of Commons but when it came up for reading in the House of Lords, friend Horsley again came forward and the bill was adjourned for three months and finally forgotten.

## HENRY GRATTAN

One of the romantic paradoxes of the story of Catholic Emancipation in Britain glorifies the name of Grattan. This great Irish patriot and protagonist of the Catholic cause was not a Catholic. Grattan has never been thoroughly appreciated by Catholics for what feelings he entertained for them and the almost lifelong effort he spent for them. However, some wise Catholic writers do give him recognition. Undoubtedly he has fared well at the pearl gates.

Henry Grattan (1746-1820) was a great statesman who was elected to the Irish Parliament in 1775, and there he was noted for his nationalism and eloquence. He was instrumental in gaining the independence of the Irish Parliament. In 1792 he was instrumental in securing the passage of the Bill giving Catholics the franchise, but his Reform Bill was thrown out and in 1797 he retired. But he came back with a bang in 1800 and in 1805 was an M.P. in the British Parliament. In February, 1813, he opened the campaign in the Imperial House for Catholic Emancipation. He proposed that the House resolve itself into a Committee to consider the laws of the realm effecting Catholics and catering to their manifold disabilities. The House went into discussion for four days and emerged with the motion carrying by a vote of 264 against 224. This friend of the Catholics let no grass grow under his feet. The next month he proposed that for the peace of the kingdom it was most advisable to provide for the removal of civil and military disabilities effecting Catholics. There was a rider, however, to his proposal, to wit, that exceptions and regulations would be incorporated in the legislation necessary to secure the Protestant succession to the throne of England and the security necessary for the established churches of England, Ireland and Scotland.

## GRATTAN MOVED ON

This resolution carried by 186 to 119. Grattan still kept on the move. He introduced the Catholic Relief Bill on April

30th, 1813, which passed the first reading without any opposition. Things were picking up. The second reading came up thirteen days later, when Dr. Duigenan proposed "that the Bill be read this day three months." This motion was rejected by 245-203, so the Bill was safely in the Committee stage. It would be 16 more years before George IV would, on April 13, 1829, affix his signature to the Act of Emancipation. We are not treating here of the gigantic and monumental work of the Great Liberator Daniel O'Connell, because our purpose is to point out the helping hand of those not of our faith. The Duke of Wellington, not a Catholic, had a hand in the help toward the end of the affair, so he cannot be entirely excluded from the picture.

#### THE EMIGRE PRIEST

It is appropriate here in recounting the story of the first relaxation of the Penal Code to the Day of Emancipation, to recite the glorious epic of the presence, reception and influence of the emigrant priests from France who landed on the shores of England. After the French Revolution broke out in 1789, a few of the French clergy fled to England and in 1790-1791 their numbers were augmented by the functioning in France of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. But in September, 1792, the French priests came over the channel in droves, because in that month and year they were forced to take the oath or get out. From Brittany and Normandy they escaped through the seaports, and threw themselves on the hospitality of John Bull. One month after this iniquitous decree, 3000 priests and 16 bishops were on the English Coast without support. But English hospitality came to their rescue. A little later 5000 priests from France were in England or Jersey, not to speak of the nuns, mostly English by the way, who fled from France back to their native soil.

#### TO ENGLAND'S GLORY

It is a Glorious Chapter in British History, and to the undying credit of the English people, mostly Protestants, who



took care of these refugees. This indeed was Hands Across the Sea, or Hands Across the Fence. What an example for posterity. To a great extent bigotry was forgotten like a last year's bird's nest, or a paid tax bill; and the English people with their proverbial hospitality got busy on their recent guests. What did they do? It is true the Catholics tried to assist them and the Vicar Apostolic of the London District appealed for assistance. Their efforts, however, would have been practically nil had not the Protestants generally rallied to the support of these exiles. The Marquis of Buckingham and a Mr. John Wilmot led the way by organizing a Relief Committee which was composed of the leading English statesmen, both Whigs and Tories. Their appeal brought forth immediately what in our money would amount to almost \$200,000.00. The King threw open the Royal Palace of Winchester for the housing of the French clergy, and at one time 600 were sheltered there, and formed a real French community. Others found lodging in London and different parts of England; and many a nobleman's castle was thrown open to receive priests and lay exiles. Oxford University printed an edition of the Vulgate, which is the Latin Catholic Bible, for the priests' use. Another edition of 2000 copies was distributed by the Marquis of Buckingham. Some time later over \$200,000.00 more was raised for the French guests; and Parliament decided that it was high time to apply a fixed sum of support. Mr. Pitt, not a Catholic of course, who was Prime Minister of England at the time, made a motion that £200,000 be voted for the support of exiles both lay and cleric. French chapels galore were opened in London. In the neighborhood a school was opened for the education of the French boys, and a Seminary to furnish priests for France when better days should arrive over there. In 1797 the Directory, which was ruling France, invited the exiled clergy to return. A few went back. But the policy of the Directory was soon changed, and the majority of the French Catholics still remained in England until 1800. In that year, 5,600 priests were receiving pensions from the English Government. But before the year

was ended the most of the clergy went back to France and the 560 that remained were still cared for by the Relief Committee. After the Peace of Amiens in 1802, practically all clergy and nobility left England and went home.

#### WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED

The French clergy in England had such an influence that they almost made England Catholic again. There were so many of them, and they were so good, and cultured, and the national enthusiasm ran so high, that they took the country by storm. They did so much to break down bigotry, and to exile suspicion and anxiety. The priests, as a rule, were well educated and both in conversation and behaviour made a great impression on all classes of the English people. Many Protestant families brought them into their homes, and had them as tutors to their children. These folks saw at close range how foolish and groundless were the charges generally levelled against the Catholic priesthood. The presence of the priests in England had a great effect on the Catholic body and enabled the vicars, who were the Bishops of the day,—the hierarchy was not brought back until 1850—to found more churches and missions. The French priests re-introduced into Old England the ceremonies and customs of the Catholic Church which ages of persecution had made to disappear.

#### WHAT BROUGHT ABOUT EMANCIPATION

In briefly tracing for you some of the steps in the story of Emancipation and in pointing out for you some of its highlights, before ending our essay, we might state two great factors which contributed to so happy an event. The Rationalism and so called Enlightenment of the 18th Century sponsored by such wicked gentlemen as Voltaire and his gang was one thing that helped the bringing about of the Emancipation of Catholics. This may seem strange, but the scepticism and rationalism of the times made people less bigoted and indifferent to religion. Many therefore cared not how a man worshipped, or what he preferred to believe. Another contributing factor

to the cause of the bringing about our freedom in the British Isles, was the revolutionary spirit abroad as featured in the American Revolution of 1776, and the French Revolution of 1789. These big events put fear into the heart and head of every ruler in the world, at least the western world. The men in charge of affairs began to tell themselves that they had better give their subjects a square deal, or it might not go well with them.

#### THE GREAT REVIVAL

The Catholics of the British Isles had a long era of suffering and sorrow, but it pleased God to bring about a great change. Emancipation was the start of the Great Catholic Revival, which is still going on. Catholics who know the facts of the story of the process that brought about our liberation in Britain, will appreciate the friendliness of their Protestant fellow citizens, and will be grateful for the same.

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A tired priest lugged two big valises up from the subway in New York, and was home again, after a perilous 15,000 mile journey from China. His cassock was frayed and he wore G.I. shoes and dungarees. A policeman carried his bags to the monastery, where the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Edward Dillon, gone twelve years, was welcomed back. Two newsboys had sighted him coming down the gang-plank in Jersey City, and had carried his bags to the tube. Next day, when he talked to hundreds of men he said: "It is just such little acts of Christian kindness that tell a man he is home. I saw it in our American lads as they helped old folk and children in suffering China. I saw it in the two little newsboys. I saw it in the policeman—the helping hand held out, the little kindnesses that mean little to you, but are fit to break the heart of someone who has been long away from it."

—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.



## YOURS TRULY

By PAUL KAY

**D**EAD PAN! He had been Dead Pan to his friends from the days he got his first licking. While his mother had applied her principles to his posterior dorsal region, he had indifferently contemplated the third finger of his left hand. Not a whimper—not a single sob. His emotional reaction would have registered negative.

“Have you no feeling, child?” she had asked, half puzzled, half penitent.

He looked at her, a doubt flitting across his face. “Do you mean if it hurt, mother?”

Mother nodded.

“It hurt a lot.”

“Then, why didn’t you cry?”

Surprised that she should ask such a question he remarked what to him was obvious, “Men never cry.”

She had laughed then and had pulled him into her arms to smother his face with caressing kisses. “I guess you’re just my little Dead Pan.”

Then he had run off, not knowing exactly what a dead pan was but feeling that it was something good. Mothers always said good things.

“I’m a dead pan,” he had announced to his youthful comrades. They undoubtedly thought it strange that anyone should identify himself with a piece of deceased culinary equipment, but they accepted the statement as fact and the name stuck.

It did not take him long to realize what a dead pan was and with the realization came a secret pride and childlike determination to live up to that name. He would never let the world know his inner-self. A mask of coolest calmness must ever cover his countenance—and that was that.

. . . . .

The years dealt with him in a kindly enough fashion. He had had his share of success and failure and from his youth he had held on to one treasure—a friend. It was to this friend that he turned when bewilderment upset the calm tenor of his ways and girded ideals came crashing around him. For the first time in his life he went to pieces—became hysterical and incoherent. But Jerry quickly came to the rescue with the proper restoratives. Jerry and he had been pals from the days when they had worn stove-pipe pants. True, most of the demonstration of loyalty and affection came from Jerry; Dead Pan was too reserved to manifest any sentimental weakness. So they had grown up: Jerry the cheerful, Jerry the spirited, Jerry the wild, Jerry the crazy—and Dead Pan the—well, dead pan.

Jerry had attained a reputable position as a medical doctor; D.P. had gone into insurance. Up till a month ago neither held a complaint against life. Then, as I said before, it happened. The insurance company decided that D.P. was too valuable to be wandering around without a premium on his head, so they called him in.

“We’d like to take a policy out in your name. Any objection?”

D.P. did not even appear to have heard. Yet he answered, “Go right ahead.”

“There’ll be the formality of a physical examination by one of our staff physicians.”

This was perfectly all right with D.P. who willingly submitted to a routine in which a doctor declared that he not only had a heart but a very bad one.

“I do not wish to be pessimistic but I would say that if your heart holds out for twelve more months—you’ll be alive, but you’ll be lucky.”

“Huh!” In this little grunt D.P. let loose all the fears and psychological inhibitions that had lain curbed for 32 years. He staggered from the office—a broken spirit. (Do not think for a moment that I am mocking D.P.—he was a beaten man, and the beaten are always pathetic.) Luckily he had sense to

remember two things: that he had a friend named Jerry and that Jerry was a better than average doctor. He went to him.

. . . . .

"It's been six months since I've seen you pal." Jerry shouted to him after D.P. had been in his office about twenty-five seconds. D.P. had seated himself as soon as he spied an office chair. He sat in silence to the last remark—his nether lip obviously trembling. Jerry strode over and roughly threw an arm about him. "D.P.—what gives?" You're not going to break down and turn human after all these years." Jerry laughed. He always laughed at jokes, his own as well as everybody else's. D.P. had always envied Jerry his light-heartedness, though he would die rather than admit it. Now it looked as if he would die before he had the chance.

"Jerry, I'm upset."

"I can see that—" the doctor smiled. "I think it's a good sign. One of these days you'll be so upset you'll forget yourself and laugh—" Jerry roared again at his own humor.

"The staff doctor just told me that I've got a year to live—what'll I do, what'll I do? I don't want to die—too young—haven't enjoyed life yet." D.P. began to weep—not in a controlled and manly way, but wildly in an hysterical and womanish fashion with shrill asthmatic sobs that grated upon the friendly atmosphere about him.

Jerry smiled sadly. He was a master of the smile and could express all his feelings by it. "Tell me everything," he encouraged. And D.P. poured forth in a confusion of fear and hysteria the whole story.

Well it was over now and D.P. had got it out of his system—the sad tale of premature death hitting the one who never expected it. "If only I had suspected," he muttered in tears. "I could have made myself used to the idea. This is so quick."

"Don't keep trying to fool yourself, D.P. Nobody ever gets used to the thought of death. It hits everybody hard, whether it comes late or early."



"But if I were like you I could say the same thing," D.P. rasped in self-pitying anger. "You've got health."

Jerry laughed in sympathy. "Good old D.P.—you finally do envy me something."

The patient rose—disgusted even in the midst of his fears.

"Sit down D.P. You don't have to envy me. Doctors don't know everything—they've been wrong before. Why I know you as well as I know myself and I'd be willing to stake my reputation as a friend and as a doctor on the fact that you are as sound and healthy as, well—as I am."

Then D.P. finally smiled. "You mean that, Jerry—I know you do. You're telling the truth. I could always read you like a book. You're not fooling. Healthy as you! Wonderful—wonderful!" he muttered wildly.

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D.P. was gone. Jerry sat down and a sad look was on his face. "I wonder if I did tell a lie—; poor D.P. Healthy as I am!" He laughed quietly, turned and picked up a report. His doctor had sent back a prognosis negative just three days before. It was very informal.

Dear Jerry,

Sorry to tell you the consultants and specialists have verified my report. That ticker of yours is good for six months at the most.

Regretfully,

Tom Walsh, M.D.

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I happen to know that the above facts are true. You see D.P. is my friend — one of the best I ever had and I'm sorry that I had to tell him the way I did. But I didn't lie.

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## HILAIRE BELLOC'S GOD CHILD



### ROSE

Rose, little Rose, the youngest of the Roses,  
My little Rose whom I may never see,  
When you shall come to where the heart reposes  
Cut me a Rose and send it down to me.

When you shall come into the High Rose Gardens,  
Where Roses bend upon Our Lady's Tree,  
The place of Plentitudes, the place of Pardons,  
Cut a Rose and send it down to me.

Hilaire Belloc.



In this little account of the holiness of the child, Rose, the presence of my name seems to call for an explanation, if not an apology.

The explanation is not far to seek. Although I am not responsible for writing this simple, moving tale, I am responsible for its having been written.

If this explanation needs a further explanation, it is to be found, as so often found amongst the children of Alma Mater Ecclesia, in those mystic ties that bind the shepherd to his sheep, and the sheep to their shepherd.

Between the soul of this child and my own these ties began when—the frailest of babes, held by her mother's arms and in her own home—she was baptized by me, 'against the danger of death.' These ties were strengthened when a shy, sensitive child knelt at this sinner-priest's feet to tell her sins and to receive her first Sacramental Absolution. Rightly or wrongly, therefore, the mother of this child thought that the two great Sacraments of Baptism and Confession had given God's (sinful) priest some spiritual entry to the child's soul which the mother, in her love for her child, could only foster.

If this instinct of a Catholic mother laid upon me a responsibility, everything I heard about the ways and words of the child made the responsibility seem beyond my power to fulfil.

Now, dear reader, let an old priest of long and wide experience confess that this child's ways made him recall the words: 'And fear came upon all . . . and all they that heard them laid them up in their heart, saying—What an one, think ye, shall this child be?'

Let me, then, further confess that as the child grew into girlhood all that I knew of her soul made her seem to be on a height of holiness beyond any child I had yet known.

With this conviction of her holiness in my mind and with my further conviction that God, the giver of this holiness, had given it to her, but given it to her for us, what else could I do but seek what He was seeking when He meant the fragrance of her holiness to spread abroad?

Some lines that came almost unbidden into my mind seem to say in short what I have been so long in saying:

Not for the rose God gave the rose its scent,  
Yet not for us this Rose was given; but lent  
Till culled by God, its fragrance still unspent.

If it was an easy task for me to make up my mind that the unwonted things God had wrought in this soul might be, after her death, the apostolate she had desired in life, it was a hard task to make her mother see what I saw, who alone could do what I felt should be done. The words that follow in these pages are the words of a mother about her most beloved child. Yet they are not that most excusable of human failings—the unconscious pride of a mother thinking her own child the fairest or best. But they are the words of a dutiful Catholic mother who at the bidding of a priest of God, thrusts the sword of memory through her heart that 'out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed,' and God's great ways with His little ones may be recognized and adored.

Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P.

St. Dominic's Priory,  
London, N.W. 5.



## ROSE

By HER MOTHER



ROSE

**R**OSE died when she was fourteen years old. Her life was filled with love and gaiety, with the exception of the last year, when she became certain that her longing for closer union with God meant in her case entering Religion.

The knowledge that this parting from all she most loved was inevitable became, as time advanced, an ever growing sorrow and bewilderment.

She was born into a family where small children were regarded as objects of mystical adoration. Her nursery started as a Crib and ended as a gay replica of Nazareth.

From the age of two all flowers and even stones picked up by Rose's small hands were gathered quite naturally for her statue of Our Lady.

She was the youngest of five, her eldest brother being fifteen when she was born and her youngest sister five.

For this reason her life in the nursery was almost that of an only

child, and more love and laughter and time were lavished on her than on children in a fuller nursery.

She ran the risk of being much spoilt, but seemed preserved from this by being so little conscious of herself and so wholly preoccupied by external interests.

She possessed the virtue of perfect obedience from earliest childhood. Added to this was great determination and, where unopposed by authority, an extraordinary measure of strength of will and power of overcoming difficulties, combined with intense self-control and reserve. These qualities became very marked as she grew older, especially her reserve.

With the exception of her mother and one dear friend, she never spoke of her inner life and took immense trouble to conceal and avoid all singularity. Yet at the time of her death she had firmly resolved to enter Religion. She was learning Latin to enable her to say the Divine Office (she was already reading it in English) and had for more than two years said three Rosaries and made the Stations of the Cross daily, and practised many hidden mortifications.

Her desire for prayer was so intense that ten days before her death she begged her mother to find her more prayers to say. On being told that she was saying enough and should now try to make her entire life a prayer, she quoted St. Catherine of Siena: 'God does not expect a perfect gift, but infinite desire,' and asked what it meant. Her mother thought that possibly the full explanation would be given us only in the hour of death. 'I know, I know,' she answered, 'but that is not enough for me.'

Some days later Rose was talking of a loved sister, whose husband was in a destroyer, and of all the anxiety she was suffering. 'How I wish I could give my life for his,' she said, 'but I suppose we can do nothing.'

It may be worth mentioning that at the moment of her death this destroyer was sunk and that her brother-in-law was amongst the survivors.

In this brief account of a very short and very simple life it is not easy to divide the supernatural from the natural.

Rose's life in most aspects was a very normal one; the religious teaching she received was neither more nor less than that of her brothers and sisters; her love for them and her parents and their love for her was that of most children deeply united by the common joys and sorrows of a very ordinary Catholic home—but in some strange way Rose, through no word or action of her own, was set apart. Despite loving and being loved with deep tenderness, the orientation of her mind from babyhood seemed set towards a different firmament; and although love held her close, greater love was continually calling her—nor was she unmindful of the call; so that when she died two or three who knew her lovely ways wrote: 'We knew that she was only lent to you.' It is certain her mother was always conscious of this fact and that every minor separation foreshadowed for her the swift and final parting.

Rose was born in the early morning of a first spring day. She was very small, but exquisitely made, with the texture of a pale rose petal. She was baptized in her mother's room when one day old by Father Vincent McNabb.

Her nurse, Nelly, was not strong and most of her care devolved on her mother. She was a perfect baby to nurse, sweet and reasonable, never wild or uncontrolled, but gay and sensible and full of funny ways.

She was very loving and entirely patient, never complaining of any pain or discomfort, but accepting both with complete resignation and understanding.

At three she was enchanting to look at, her head a mass of dark curls tied with a snood of coloured ribbon, and as she grew older her physical beauty increased and became very marked immediately before her death—especially the beauty of her long, slender limbs, and lovely hands and feet.

From babyhood she was never known to be dirty or untidy, and was catlike in her love of cleanliness—never a dirty mouth or hands. She was conservative and methodical in all her ways. She had an unusual love for flowers—almost protective. There was a certain scented thyme growing in the garden which was always called 'too sweet to pick.' She had,



without being very musical, a good ear for sound and could, and did, sing French, German and Portuguese songs with a perfect accent, though wholly ignorant of their meaning. This was perhaps the beginning of her love of languages.

At this time she had few toys but would always go to sleep holding an old bundle of rags collected from the nursery workbox.

Her manners were very dignified and courteous. At three she had to have her tonsils removed. As the anaesthetist began his work she pushed his hand gently aside, saying: 'Thank you very much, but not to-day.'

When she was recovering from this operation she was sitting on her mother's knee and Father Vincent came in to see them. She had been told he would probably make the Sign of the Cross on her forehead, as he always did. When he arrived and knelt beside her, she forestalled him, and leaning forward, made a Cross on his forehead. He told her mother that he had 'never received such a benediction.'

It was about this time, or rather earlier, that Rose invented a game called 'Going to Heaven.' It consisted in her wearing her mother's furs and fineries and leading one to a corner of the nursery. Here one knelt, closed one's eyes, and Rose would whisper: 'Hush—we're now in Heaven.' This was a treat for the very few and the whole proceedings were carried out with great solemnity.

When Rose was five she made her First Communion. She looked like a snowflake in a long white muslin dress, reaching to her toes, and a long lace veil tied with white roses.

She had made her First Confession to Father Vincent McNabb, and seemed wholly unafraid on both these great occasions. She was, from early childhood, as Father D'Arcy wrote to her mother after her death, 'so very intimate with heavenly affairs.'

Her father loved her dearly. She would sit on his lap, watching him play Patience, moving the cards for him with her gentle hands, not understanding the game very well but saying every now and then: 'I'ze a good idea!'

Rose's mother taught her to read English and at five she read quite easily. She had a good many nursery books, but was particularly fond of some illustrated ones called 'The Josephine Book.' These formed the beginning of her collection of books, which became a large and varied one, and to which in the last two or three years of her life she gave much time and thought; spending her few shillings with great care, as most of these were dedicated to the buying of black and Chinese babies.

How this aspect of Christianity came into the nursery is not known. Nelly, her much loved Nanny, viewed missionaries and nuns with dislike, if not open disapproval; but, when six or seven, Rose determined to become both.

Nor did she ever falter in this resolution, though as she grew older she spoke less of it, and sometimes with great sorrow, knowing what the parting with her mother would mean.

But at this early age the gaiety and enthusiasm with which these babies were bought, their names chosen and their Baptismal Cards kept, was enchanting, and led to many jokes.

At six Rose went into the schoolroom and, under the perfect teaching of a French governess (who made the schoolroom and early lessons a great delight), became bi-lingual. Her accent was flawless and a joy to listen to. To the end of her life, if much amused, or wishing to say anything intimate or particular, she always spoke French to her mother. She also said many prayers in French.

As already said her black babies were sometimes the cause of jokes by her brothers. One evening, holding her mother tight in her arms, she told her: 'Tu vois, maman chérie, il faut qu'un jour je soigne ces pauvres petits négrillons—parceque le monde ne les aimera jamais.'

Her life was spent almost entirely in a very lonely part of the country. She saw very few people and no other children. She seemed wholly indifferent to this, and the annual Christmas party she used to go to was always dreaded in anticipation—though often much enjoyed. At these rare parties

she would always look lovely, dressed in long rose-coloured muslin dresses—dancing every dance silently and lightly; sweet, deprecating, and remote from all other children.

Being so much in the country, she learned a good deal of botany and knew and loved most wild flowers. Her mother made her a member of the Wild Flower Society, which competed for prizes—but all forms of competition were antipathetic to her, and though she enjoyed collecting, she was lazy and indifferent about classifying plants.

She loved, however, to arrange flowers, and had a peculiar gift for this. Her delicate hands seemed to have the power of shaping the angle of any flower or branch to her liking. The last summer of her life the garden was a positive riot of auratum lilies and the statue of Our Lady in the Chapel was wonderfully and exquisitely embowered in sheaves of these lilies, as was her own lovely head on her bed of death. Indeed, memory recalls with strange insistence the beauty of this statue and its flowers when arranged by Rose—in May, drifts of wild cherries—in June, skies of delphiniums—in July, such sweetness from roses and lilies that one all but swooned from their fragrance.

She used often to disguise plants—changing petals, stamens and leaves, to take her mother in, and would be enchanted when no head or tail could be made of these strange hybrids.

She had 'véritables doigts de fée' and, as she grew older, her sewing and needlework were brought to a great perfection.

Indeed, in all she did she insisted on this high standard and would be satisfied with little less.

Yet in the last year of her life she complained to her mother that she 'did things so badly—quite ordinary things like opening and shutting doors, tying up shoes, finding lost things, and so on.'

In a sense this was true. Her hands seemed defeated by quite simple things, though so gifted for the unusual and the difficult. This was also true of her mind, which was curiously uninterested in, and aloof from, all minor questions—so that she would remain silent and detached in conversation until



some question which aroused her attention was discussed. She would then lose her shyness and plunge into the conversation with considerable courage. She was enormously interested in international politics and, for her age, knew a great deal about them—the result perhaps of being with a clever French governess during the seven years before war broke out, and seeing a lot of an Austrian refugee during the last year of her life.

She was a voracious reader and at the time of her death had read all Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, the Brontes, George Eliot, and much Scott, Conrad, Stevenson, Hardy, Baring, R. A. Knox, Kipling and Trollope. She had also read with her Mademoiselle all suitable Balzac, Victor Hugo, Chataubriand, Daudet, Loti, etc.

Rose used to quote very amusingly. She was much attached to the adventures of 'Maitre Renard' (from the old French 'Roman') and in moments of distress would allude to herself as 'Coppette—vierge et martyre!' Traddles and his 'dearest girl in the world' was a much loved character—Miss Matty was seldom alluded to without tears in the eyes—and 'Les Trois Messes de Minuit' and all they involved used to come in on many suitable (and sometimes unsuitable) occasions.

Her love of languages and facility for learning them was unusual. She learned to talk Portuguese easily and read it like French, thanks to her governess having lived in Brazil. Her mother started her on German and she worked later with her Austrian friend at this language. She could understand it perfectly and read it fluently—but never spoke it with the same ease as French and Portuguese.

Her great desire was to learn Latin to enable her to recite the Divine Office. This last wish was granted her. In 1940, two months before her death, she went to stay with friends of her mother's to work with their daughter, Margaret. Margaret was a child with all Rose's sweetness and sensibilities, and in her Rose found what she must have often missed, a friend of her own age, with her own tastes and interests. They shared a gentle shyness and humility, the fear of hurting others, and

admiration for the bold and adventurous, and a great devotion to all things holy and beautiful.

They both took lessons with an ex-master of Marlborough, and thus Rose's great desire to learn Latin was fulfilled.

After her death her master wrote to Rose's mother that 'it had been a privilege to know her and an education to teach her.'

The visit to this happy household was short—only six weeks of lovely English summer days and nights, during which the tragedy of France fell with the hot summer roses on the hearts of all who loved her. Rose and her mother returned to their home in early July. Rose spent the last weeks of her life learning Latin by herself and being shown by a Benedictine uncle how to recite the Divine Office.

She died at 6.30 on August 31st, 1940. Her death was typical of her life. She had complained of nothing (but when in her whole life had she done so?) She had received Holy Communion in the morning, worked with her mother in the garden in the afternoon and gathered with her many lilies—against her burial.

They had said the Rosary together in the evening. She had then prepared the vestments for Mass the following day; and having finished her work with the perfection she brought to all things, she went into a loved maid's room, sat on the bed, saying: 'Everything is now ready,' and, without another word, died in her mother's arms.

Two Benedictine priests were staying in the house at the time and her soul was winged on its swift flight to Paradise by all the prayers for the dying.

It is not easy to recapture through all its agony the beauty and serenity of this death-bed.

Rose lay still and slender in her narrow bed, her face scarcely distinguishable from the lilies which surrounded it; her hands folded on her Crucifix like long pale petals; her dark hair and the black wood of the Cross the only darkness in a room filled with the strange radiance of northern sunsets

and northern dawns—or was it another radiance? To one so close to Rose there can be no certain answer.



Et rose, elle a vecu ce que vivent les roses—  
L'espace d'un matin.

She was called Rose; she died quietly and gently on Saturday evening, like a shy flower closing its petals after the brief glory of a summer day. Everything that she had found time to do during that too short day was gentle and flowerlike in quality; and she was well named. Her fragrance will only be remembered by the very few who stooped to discover it, but to them the world will seem bleaker and less kind. She was unconscious of the qualities that made that fragrance, for she was completely unconscious of herself. Her world was filled by the people she loved and by her nearness to God. There was no time or room for herself. She was always the shy and sheltered one of the family. 'Rose cannot travel by herself,' it was said; but she is gone now, on the journey that we all fear, without a qualm or hesitation, alone and unafraid.

*Words written by Rose's Sister.*

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As rivers seek their fate within the ocean bed,  
Attaining death, yet unattaining too,  
Dying, yet every moment, born anew,  
So memories, immortal children of the dead.

T. F. Burke.



## A BENEDICTINE MONASTERY IN WAR-TIME

By DOM WILFRID UPSON, O.S.B.

I HAVE just turned away, with reluctance, from the mullioned window of my monastic cell, for on this summer evening the view across the Worcester Plain to the distant Malvern Hills is one of breath-taking beauty. The wooded countryside falls away in gentle slopes to the plain, from the five hundred foot level in which the monastery is situated. Long shadows from the setting sun stretch across the newly mown fields, and every tree is framed in an aureole of



*Prinknash Abbey, Gloucester*

gold against the olive green shadows of their unlighted depths; whilst the rich fragrance of the neatly stacked hay drifts up through the unmoving air. Far away in the midst of the plain the tower of the ancient Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter's, Gloucester, rises mysteriously from the gathering mists. All the beauties of nature seem to have combined to symbolise that peace of order which is of the essence of their Creator, and of the Benedictine spirit which once so pervaded this West of England country.

Already it is almost like the memory of a bad dream to think of the nights of a not far distant past when the wail of the siren often synchronized with the throbbing moan of approaching Nazi planes on their way over for a raid on a Midland town; and the shrapnel from our A.A. guns fell like the rustle of rain through the leaves of the trees. Soon the sky would be afire with a tell-tale glow, while the thud of exploding bombs would send a tremor through the whole house.

Generally they fell far away, but the nearer ones made two miles feel uncomfortably close!

But all the time during these years of war, whether its echoes come from afar, as is now the case, or whether the evil thing itself might be falling upon us out of the sky at any moment, the normal life of the monastery has flowed along its tranquil way. It may be of some interest to know something of that life of peace which is in such complete contrast to the spirit which now moves the whole world to war.

It is difficult for many people to believe that the Contemplative Life has any real or necessary place in the ministry and organization of the Church. In these days the vocation to the contemplative life fails to attract and convince, just because the true aspect of it has been lost in the progress and bustle of modern life. If the average man thinks of it at all, it is perhaps as the refuge of the melancholy and incompetent who, failing to find a place in the strenuous life of the world, drifts into the cloister to make sure of personal sanctification. But the crying needs of the Church and the evil trend of society demand the best that generous souls can give. This best is not necessarily what is known as activity, in the sense opposed to contemplation. As a matter of fact, the contemplative life is truly one of action; but it is activity towards God rather than as directly exercised for the good of men.

The general tendency of those who wish to do good is to throw themselves into all forms of activity; but this activity is most dangerous when it becomes the main idea of Christian endeavour. External sacrifice is appreciated and there is danger in consequence of failing to perceive the virtue of secret self-renunciation and interior struggle.

If the great power of this inward sacrifice and self-realization were better understood, there would be many more souls awake to the possibilities of the contemplative vocation, for the generous impulses of Christianity have not yet lost all their force; and if noble souls are too apt to halt on the hills of action instead of ascending the loftier heights of contemplation, it is certainly more through ignorance than through cowardice.

The need of prayer and penance for the conversion of sinners, the perfecting of the saints, the glory of God, and the good of the Church was never more apparent than to-day. So many philosophic and philanthropic efforts for the betterment of mankind are daily failing to accomplish any good; and it is amply proved that a hidden life, lived according to the will of God, is capable of compassing much that is quite impossible to mere activity. This we see par excellence in the lives of the saints.

The few rooms we have available at Prinknash Abbey for guests have been in constant use from the beginning of the war. Men of the forces, and other war workers have been glad to make use of the opportunity for a few days of peace to renew the fervour of their faith.\* Many of them have decided to come back after the war, if God spares them, to test their vocation in our novitiate. We have a waiting list of nearly thirty of such postulants.

The essential idea of the monastic and contemplative life is to give oneself wholly and without reserve to God. But the world with its limited knowledge of God's design, commends action and despises contemplation. Men appreciate the value of action definite and strong that can apparently accomplish so much. They do not understand that, though activity is necessary, activity alone can never be enough, because the Christian life is a true union of divine and human elements. They accuse the most earnest men of forsaking the strife, when in fact they are only carrying into practice the words of Jesus Christ Himself Who taught that in the battle with the powers of evil, the chief, if not the only weapons, are prayer and penance. It is curious to note how often the text of St. Matthew's Gospel is misquoted in regard to active work. "The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few." It is used as the message of those who would inspire others to betake themselves to the Mission-field; but too often God's conclusion of

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\* The sub-editor of an important London daily newspaper recently thanked me for the opportunity of a few days of civilization! which he had spent at Prinknash.

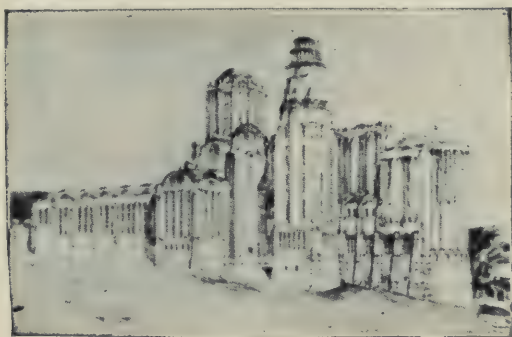


the text is either slurred over or omitted altogether—"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into the harvest."

There is far more to be done than we could ever put into words; and this is God's argument in the text we have quoted. Because there is so much to be done, therefore pray that the Lord may send forth labourers. He does not tell us to turn to our prayers to find peace for ourselves; or that we are to fold our arms quietly and secure in our own pursuit of personal salvation, and have no need to care about the work to be done. The monk is sheltered from many of the anxieties and responsibilities of life, shut off from the world and its needs in the cloister that he may give himself up to one thing needful, the prayer which, according to God's command must come first—that labourers may be going forth into the harvest. Here then we find an indication of the relation and co-operation between these two forms of life, the internal and the external, the active and the contemplative. They can never rightly be separated; for, deprived of mutual support, the one will lose its life and the other its object. If those who live as contemplatives do not pray for the men of action, they are in danger of becoming mere dreamers with no practical aim; and if active administrations do not derive power, and are not strengthened and sanctified by contemplation and prayer, they quickly degenerate into morbid and fussy excitement and fall into decay without attaining any result.

The contemplative state is therefore a manner of life which, as it were, fixes upon God all the best faculties of the soul. The contemplative occupies himself primarily and exclusively in the things of God, and lays aside all exterior occupations and interests so far as the circumstances of earthly life permit. The whole purpose and organization of the Benedictine Rule is to help those who profess it to attain detachment and union. The enclosure, silence, fasting, the three vows, all lay hold of the religious and tend to isolate him, separate and detach him from all outward things—and even from himself. The recitation of the Divine Office and mental prayer, examen of conscience, Holy Communion, and all the various practices of

the spiritual life, help the soul at the same time to be united to God. A monk regards the Mass and the Divine Office as the central inspiration of the day. The monastic brethren are essentially members of a family; and this family spirit is the most striking feature of the Benedictine houses to be linked together in Congregations in order to be assisted by hierarchial government and enjoy the benefits of association. Never-



*Proposed New Abbey, Prinknash*

theless each house, is largely independent and complete in itself, it is ruled by the Abbot, who is appointed for life. The vow of stability is the great bond that binds the members together.

Our Community at Prinknash exists for the practice of the purely contemplative life of prayer, under the strict observance of the Rule of St. Benedict excluding all active administrations, except those which are asked of us at the monastery. The public may assist at Mass and the Divine Office and receive the Sacraments, and priests and laymen often come to make their Retreat in the quiet of a Benedictine house.\*

In dealing with each monk we aim at the development of any gifts or powers he may have in study or in the practice of the arts or crafts. The chief characteristics of our observ-

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\* During the war it has seemed to us that charity has demanded that we should help to meet the urgent demand for Chaplains, and several of our monks have been serving with the forces at home and abroad.

ance of the Holy Rule are in the special solemnity in celebrating the Divine Office, and in the use of the white habit. This latter was adopted as a special sign of devotion to Our Lady. The Holy See granted us the privilege of retaining it when we entered the Church in 1913. Further, we seek to make as little distinction as possible between choir-monks and the lay-brethren. Inequality of function there must always be, some are called to be priests, others not, but all the members of the community meet on Sundays and some feast-days for a common recreation, and every afternoon all take their share in manual work, without distinction of person. It is also our privilege to profess monks who have the necessary qualifications for the choir but who will not be raised to Holy Orders. Our life is well ordered and is absolutely simple without possessing essentially any great austerity. As to education, the more the better; there is also room among us for those who have not had the best opportunities, but who are willing to learn. There is room for many varying gifts and temperaments. There is room for priests and laymen, for the educated student, the professional man, and the artisan. Moreover there is room for those who, in the eyes of the world, are neither rich nor clever, but who possess a loving devotion to God's service, and the desire to carry out His will.

In all who offer themselves to this community we look for certain signs which St. Benedict tells us in his Rule are to be the marks of a true vocation. If they are found to be lacking in the life of the postulant we have no hesitation in sending him back to the world. They must show unmistakably that they are determined "truly to seek God" by love and earnest service: they must be "fervent in the work of God"—that is, in the Divine Office: they should be "Ready to Obedience and Humiliation".


After the glory of God and the fulfilment of His will in the practice of prayer and mortification, our monks desire above all things a conversion of England to the Catholic faith, and pray especially for the return of the Eastern Churches to Catholic unity. For these intentions there stands in our Church a beautiful statue of Our Lady (Known as Our Lady



of Prinknash), a Flemish carving in oak of the late fifteenth century, which before being presented to the community had been for many generations in the possession of the direct descendants of Saint Thomas More, martyred under Henry VIII.

To the Benedictine no object is dearer than the furtherance of the Kingship of Christ. St. Benedict in the opening words of the Prologue to the Holy Rule has himself called us to this work, "To thee, therefore my words are now addressed, whoever thou art, that renouncing thine own will dost take up the strong and bright weapons of obedience, in order to fight for the Lord Christ, our true King."

This is the ideal we have tried to keep before us, this is the life we have striven to live in our monastery up on the Cotswold Hills in England's county of Gloucestershire during these years when all the world has been at war. A few months before the conflict began, the foundation stone of a new abbey to meet our growing needs was laid by the late Cardinal Hinsley, and the last blessing sent to England by His Holiness Pope Pius XI was upon this work, and upon all who would help in any way to complete it to the honour and glory of God. We await with eagerness the opportunity to begin again on the walls of the material edifice; please God the spiritual one has not ceased to grow. God has now given us a clear indication of a further development of our life, for recently a beautiful old Benedictine Abbey of the XIII century, in the north of Scotland has been given to the community, and as soon as it can be made habitable after the war we hope to send monks from Prinknash to make these dry bones live again; so that the walls of its church may again re-echo to the sound of the chant of the Divine Office, and again, after four hundred years, men give themselves with a complete renunciation to the living service of God, fools, if the world will still have it so, for the love of Christ.



## WISTFUL WISHING

By JANE MANNING.

JULIA ANNE McREADY polished the last glass with meticulous care and placed it in line beside its gleaming fellows. As she worked the perfume of nicotine and late roses was wafted in to her from her garden, and a few sleepy birds in the silver maple beside the door chirped a lazy "Good-night." Julia Anne was a diminutive old lady, sweet and old-fashioned as a lavender sachet, yet this evening a shadow lay in those gray eyes which were always so clear, although the peace and serenity of her face was unchanged and her lips still wore that promise of a smile which made new-comers to the little town call her the "Happy Lady."

Julia Anne had a problem that was still not quite a problem but which had not as yet crystallized into a worry. And the problem concerned her John. Not that John was anything but a pride and comfort to her but the nagging doubt remained and grew. If he would come or really explain! And still—his letters were just as they had ever been—bits of John himself—chatty, intimate, loving, rather serious in spots with a dash of humour quickly following, gay, laughing, loveable! Years ago when William had brought home the orphaned son of his only brother, she had taken the child to her heart and had given him a share in that wealth of affection which she held for William. Her own nephew she would have loved, but the fact that he was her husband's made him doubly dear—she loved him for himself, and she loved him because he afforded one more outlet for her love for that grave, tender husband. And always he had shown his own love so quickly wakened in return until—well yes!—until this summer. And people were quick to note and gossip was swift to spread. Now that his uncle was gone and the boy grown and possessor of that coveted M.D.; now that he was truly the Doctor John he had so often as a lad played at being, was she too out of date, too "small-town" for him? He *had* written boyishly enthusiastic about the happiness of having her at his Gradua-

tion, but a late attack of grippe had kept her away. Then had come his letter with the bare statement that he would not be coming home for a while. And now it was almost September, her pickles were bottled, her jams and jellies that John and William had so relished were made, the delicate summer blooms had gone from the garden and in their stead autumn flowers rioted in a blaze of glorious colour, but no word yet of a home-coming. She lifted her little white head which had drooped just a trifle and turned once more to the open door, when, with a rush that lifted her from her feet, she was clasped in two strong young arms while she could only whisper tremulously,

“John, my boy, my *dear* boy.”

“And Auntie Nan, this is Joan.”

For the first time Julia Anne saw the girl standing hesitatingly behind her John. She was lovely, and sweet with a freshness that made the older woman catch her breath, but in her eyes was an unconscious but eloquent appeal.

“Please like me—oh, *please* do!” and Julia Anne opened her arms to her.

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Later, over her newest quince jelly and her fragrant tea and the fluffy tea-biscuits that only his Aunt Nan could make, John, with a touch of shyness that was new to him, told his story. How Joan had promised to wait for him until he had a practice established, of his almost unbelievable good fortune in having old Doctor Kane from his own home-town offer to make him his assistant with the option of taking over his practice at the end of the year. He had warned the doctor not to drop the least hint of it to his aunt, as he wished it to be a complete surprise to her.

“I’ll have to live with the doctor, Auntie, but if you say ‘Yes,’ Joan will stay here with you while she is teaching the younger generation and waiting for your nephew.”

Under the table, the hands of the two women met and clung as a smile of understanding passed between them, and Julia Anne knew that she had just received one of God’s most precious gifts—a daughter.



## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

By REV. IGNATIUS BRADY, O.F.M.

**T**HURSDAY of examination week! Being one of those who must incur the enmity of their dearly beloved students by giving those oh-so-easy questions, I sat facing the mob as they puzzled over Thomas Aquinas and his place in the history of philosophy. Before me on the desk, helping to fill out my hour or two of waiting, was a little work, "The Lives of the Holy Friars of Saxony," a mediaeval production I was attempting to use as a mirror for our own day. There was the little life of Brother Lefardus, who even as a layman lived with the brethren and was filled with the gift of great prayer and contemplation: he was so apt to fall into rapture that Brother Berthold, his companion on the quest, dared not trust him with a basket of eggs, but gave him a sack of cheeses instead; while his constant prayer sometimes made him forgetful of his duties, and the fish on the fire would be burnt black before he averted to it.

I almost disturbed my young philosophers at their hard task, to read them a few of these delightfully humorous passages, but instead fell into a bit of reverie myself. Suddenly, "Lefardus redivivus" took hold of my mind as it dawned on me that good old Brother Pat was a fair modern counterpart of his thirteenth-century confrere. Brother Pat! I had to smile as I thought of him, his great spirit of prayer, his own forgetfulness, his constant "jocundity" so like that mediaeval lay-brother. Were they not alike in so many things? Lefardus was up in years when he finally took the habit of the Grey-Friars, and Pat was all of sixty years when after years of labor in the north country he was received. Both had a playfulness about them that was well in keeping with the holy joy of Saint Francis; both had that spirit of prayer and devotion the Seraph of Assisi reckoned of prime importance for a Friar. And both were very absent-minded; at least Pat was.

I learned Pat's laughter and his forgetfulness the very first time I met him. It was in the dark, at that. Like a good little novice, I had duly retired at the proper time (of course!) and was just getting settled for the night, when I heard a step in the hall and then someone enter my room. Despite the Great Silence, I jumped up and asked what was the matter. "Oh, oh," said a voice with a brogue all its own, "I thought this was my room." And then another voice from down the corridor: "Brother Pat, where are you going? You're on the wrong side of the house!" And with a great peal of laughter and much chuckling, Pat, who was visiting the novitiate for a day or two, let himself be led to a room corresponding to mine on the other, "Professed," side of the house.

That was all I saw of Pat for a few years until our class was sent to the house of theology for our last four years of study. There was Patrick Sullivan himself, a gardener, fireman, and general handyman for the wants of a house of studies. As jovial and forgetful as ever, he was to give us four years of merriment—and four years of edification. One night, during the first week or so, as I knelt in the oratory, I met Pat in the dark once more. With a great rattling of the beads that were rarely out of his hand, and a greater rattling from the beads that hung from his cord, he came in to say his Stations and forthwith proceeded to do so—beginning with the fourteenth and ending with the first Station! It was valid, of course, the moral professor said, when I told him the story. It had to be for Pat, and no doubt most acceptable to God for his great devotion.

When, with the long illness of the patriarch, ninety-two year old Father Louis, I was appointed one of the infirmarians, many were the times we had to minister to Pat's needs also. How many the patches we taped on his bald head after he had banged himself on the pipes of the boiler-room! Sometimes, too, a knock at your door, and "Sa-a-ay, er, ah, do you think--er, could you give a fellow a hand to get some of this coal-dust out of his ears?" or again, "Could you maybe bandage up my fingers? I didn't quite hit the nail, you know!"

What a rogue you were, Patrick Sullivan, Little Brother

of Saint Francis! How often didn't you bedevil a man into doing a job for you, though you yourself were a great hand for work! Sure, a stone you'd beguile with that smile and twinkle and brogue. Who would get the tomato-poles? You didn't, I know that! and who, finally, would take over the garden-patch after you delayed so long that the tomatoes almost froze each Fall? And yet, who was the man to deny you?

And your example! Thanks for your cheerfulness, Pat. Thanks for your humble holiness and prayer. Thanks for the deep and abiding faith you unwittingly displayed for us, in crossing yourself, say, when you drank a cup from the well in the choir-courtyard. Thanks for the great Presence of God you practised, your recollection, your devotion. Yes, thanks and pardon too for the times you got provoked at us for our tricks and our laughter.

Do you remember the time you smacked your lips with glee and made such a great fuss and were so lifted up in spirit when the Master of the Brothers gave you a conference on the ways of God, and you joyfully discovered—though you knew it all the time—that perfection was only and simply the love of God? And all the Ohs! and Ahs! with which you greeted each new light on the spiritual life? Your great devotion too at Holy Mass, your constant delight in the Blessed Sacrament? Thanks for all of them. And your Rosary, ever entwined on your gnarled and rheumatic fingers! Perhaps your lips murmured but automatically the words, but as Franz Werfel said of the old French women, your soul traversed the pastures of holiness; though your thoughts often strayed, the deep feeling of being at home and protected remained.

Yes, my Padraic aroon, thanks for all of this. And thanks, above all, for showing us that Franciscanism, the spirit of seraphic charity, can and does live today. Lefardus and Giles and Juniper in the thirteenth century; you and our Rochus and Benno and so many others in our own. No need to imagine that Francis of Assisi is out-moded in this day and age, this hurry-up world of ours. His spirit and life is high enough to embrace a Bonaventure and a Duns Scotus. It is humble enough to hold and sanctify the lowliest old woman and the



simplest old man. It is as vital today as it was seven hundred years ago. Did it not take you and build on what you were and make you what you became? You could not define it, but you could live it. Perhaps you could not preach it by word, but you did, in a more powerful way, by example—and isn't that what Saint Francis wanted? Bother the words. Give us the deeds!

And now, Brother Lefardus, you of ancient Saxony, see what you started me on when I read your mediaeval biographer? We'll not rest on our laurels and point to you as a glory of the Order in the past. We have your counterparts to-day, those *pecorelle di Dio* who, without knowing it, emulate your joy and simplicity and spirit of prayer. Thanks to you too and your brethren for the inspiration and the example. But will you do one more thing? Will you welcome Brother Patrick into your midst and present him to Father Francis, that he may lead him to the Heart of the King? For as I pen these lines, Lefardus, two days after that examination period, the Friars are gathering in the convent church of our dear old house of theology far away from here. They will soon begin that same Office of the Dead that was said for you over six hundred years ago. The choir will lift its voice in a somber Requiem, and then they will, ever so gently, carry to God's Acre the worn out body of your modern confrere, Patrick John Sullivan, solemnly professed lay-brother of the Order of Friars Minor, true friend of God and Mary, son of Francis of Assisi. That very day of the examinations, word came in the afternoon that Pat had been gathered to the angels the day before!

Goodbye, Pat. God be with you. Thanks for stopping on the way and showing me a thing or two of the perennial vitality of our common way of life. Sure, it must have been yourself and none other who obtained for me the light to see that Francis lives today as much as ever in many of his brethren. May the Angels lead you to Paradise, and the heavenly host of your fellow-Friars greet you, and with them may you taste and see how sweet the good God is. And pray for us, Patrick.

## GOLDEN JUBILEE

By REV. JAMES N. FULLERTON



*Right Rev. Monsignor  
William A. McCann, D.P.*

NO matter which way you take it, fifty years is a long, long time. A man on his fiftieth birthday often feels that he has been living for ages. Sometimes we read that an employee, who has been fifty years in one position, is honoured by his firm and we think it extraordinary.

But imagine a man who for fifty years has gone to the altar every morning to offer Holy Mass, who has dispensed the sacraments, preached the word of God a few thousands of times, cared for numberless sick and dying, and exerted a fatherly influence on masses of people. Yes, there are such men. Every few years a Diocese will have the privilege

of assisting a priest to celebrate his Golden Jubilee. This year in Toronto Diocese we have the rarity of two distinguished prelates of the Church attaining that priestly age, in the persons of the Right Reverend William McCann, pastor of St. Francis' Parish, and the Right Reverend Michael Cline, pastor of Holy Name Parish.

I have been asked to offer congratulations to these popular and highly respected Jubilarians. In doing so, I cannot but take advantage of the opportunity to enlarge just a little. It is agreed that generally speaking, contentment leads to a long and well-filled life and that friendship is one of the chief caus-

es of contentment. Can it be that the very close and lifelong friendship of these two churchmen for each other has been the means of preserving them still youthful and vigorous so as to belie the fifty years since ordination?

It was in the year 1895 that the Most Reverend Bishop Richard A. O'Connor ordained William McCann at St. Mary's Church, Toronto, and that Michael Cline received the power of orders at All Hallows Seminary in Ireland. The young Father McCann was then appointed as assistant at St. Mary's Parish and from there eight years later he was directed to establish the new parish of St. Francis' adjoining St. Mary's and to the north and slightly west. He has since presided over the building of two beautiful churches, and the establishment of several national parishes within the confines of St. Francis'. In 1936 Monsignor McCann was appointed Diocesan Visitor of Religious Communities. Father Michael Cline's first appointment was to St. Paul's under the paternal eye of the late Monsignor Hand. In October, 1900 he became the pastor of Brock, in 1907 was transferred to Oshawa, and in 1913 was returned to Toronto as Director of Charities, and one year later, became pastor of the young parish of Holy Name on the Danforth. In the year 1935, these two close friends were honoured together when the rank of Domestic Prelate was conferred on them and they assumed the title of Monsignor.

As is often the case with close friends, the two jubilarians are entirely unlike in most respects. Monsignor McCann is the quieter. He himself says he has always regretted his retiring disposition and envied those who can be freer in their meetings with others. But so often the hearty handclasp and slapping of the back are shallow and they do not necessarily denote the warm and generous heart. Thousands of parishioners of St. Francis' Parish, past and present, have other indications of the nature of the man they are honoring this year. They will tell you that his very bearing, the devotion in his sermons, the appreciation he has always extended parish workers, his practical charity on many and diverse occasions, are just some of the ways he has endeared himself to them for all time. When they meet together the parishioners speak of the lovely



church, of the devotional atmosphere of St. Francis', of the way things are done there, such as the beautifully decorated aitars, especially on Church feasts, of the many vocations from the ranks of the young, and notably of the two bishops who were



*Right Rev. Monsignor  
Michael Cline, D.P.*

formerly sanctuary boys, the Most Reverend Bishop Francis Carroll and the Most Reverend Bishop Martin Johnson. And all this they attribute rightly to the priestly qualities of the pastor.

Monsignor Cline has long been an outstanding figure, not only in his own parish and Archdiocese, but throughout the whole of the English-speaking Canadian Church. Like Monsignor McCann, he too has been a most successful pastor of a thriving city parish. He has nevertheless found time to wield his pen effectively on behalf of the Church in both the daily and Catholic press. He is a noted speaker and has been chosen to deliver the address on

many an important occasion. He has served with distinction on the boards of ecclesiastical institutions. His opinion in Church circles is much respected and in 1935 he was appointed dean of East Toronto. Like St. Francis' Parish, Holy Name has numbers of young people who have become priests, brothers, and sisters in the ranks of the Church.

And so I offer heartfelt congratulations and felicitations to our two friends. I do so, however, with apologies, and with a sense of a task scarcely begun, because I feel that a book itself devoted to the life of each would not suffice to do justice to his worthy deeds, sterling character and deserved popularity.

## CAUSE OF OUR JOY

By LILIAN NALLY

A SNOWY rose within the morn  
With God's own kiss upon it born,  
Is the beauty of her face;  
Lily bending by the river  
With a shy and gentle quiver,  
Is the essence of her grace.

Violets in the hidden ways,  
Hiding from the world's gaze,  
Are her eyes of modesty.  
Mavis singing o'er the grasses,  
Where the wind of Heaven passes,  
Is her voice's melody.

Hyacinth within the meadow,  
In the light and in the shadow,  
Is the sheening of her hair;  
Woodbine clustering o'er the hedges,  
Twining blossoms in the sedges,  
Is her breath upon the air.

A presence in the wind and flow'r,  
That leads us up to God each hour,  
Thus in Nature can we see;  
In the morn, and in the even,  
Mary, Queen of earth and Heaven,  
In a veiled majesty.

## THE POET SENDS HER GIFTS

By R. FARREN

THE impersonal shopman prates  
 admiringly,  
 cock heads on side admiringly, says  
 "You won't find nicer than these in town, I'm sure."  
 I take them home,  
 parcel them,  
 lick the stamp . . . .  
 (I've put a card inside to wish you joy.)

O yes—the poems—  
 I said I'd send her some—let's see, there's  
 "Gifts," and "Quare Tristis Es?" and  
 "Praise" and—no, she has those two, but  
 here's "Discovery"—the first I wrote for her . . .  
 Three . . . . six . . . . eleven: type a title-page  
 like "Here be songs . . ." half-humorous, half  
 love-fraught and  
 (spite of arithmetic) a half unsaid  
 because she'll know,  
 because she'll hear the words knit to the tune  
 of my voice,  
 quick with my breath  
 with breath that has—Oh has so often—  
 stirred her hair.  
 Thus are your gifts dispatched.  
 But when I walk  
 to-morrow from the altar-rail,  
 and find a seat, and kneel, and bend my head  
 in uttermost abasement: when, in awe,  
 cliffed high above the clay-things,  
 majestied,



high-summitted in silence, I  
adore;  
when He  
(for fear my human heart should break  
not speaking)  
taking my meagre love in pitiful words  
shall say: "What would you, child?" Oh then,  
Oh then, shy-bold, O timid-intrepidest love  
I'll seek you gifts—  
no shop-shelves' hoard, no poet's babble of words:  
*dove-wings, or tongues of fire—the Spirit's plenitude.*

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### LOVE'S WAY

J. CORSON MILLER

Believe not, man  
Though many may have told you  
That in joy's gold-besplendored cloak  
Will Love enfold you.

But very close  
Wrap sorrow's robe around you;  
Then you will know, in very truth,  
That Love has found you.



#### ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, TORONTO

Once again, March 19th was the occasion of a double ceremony at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

At six a.m. in the silence of the lovely Convent Chapel already ablaze with lights, there took place the simple and solemn ceremony of first profession, when seven novices pronounced their first annual vows. Rev. J. H. O'Loane, C.S.B., presided as delegate of Archbishop McGuigan, and then celebrated Holy Mass, during which, immediately before Holy Communion, twenty-seven Junior Sisters renewed their annual vows. The novices who made their first profession were: Sister Mary Neva McDonnell, Wartime, Sask., Sister M. Thomas Aquinas McGrath, Oshawa, Ont., Sister M. Anselm O'Donnell, Toronto, Sister M. St. Brian Higgins, Mount St. Louis, Ont., Sister Stella Marie DeLuca, Toronto, Sister Mary Robert Graham, Toronto, Sister M. Placida Weir, Galt, Ont.

At nine-thirty relatives and friends of the young ladies, privileged to receive the Holy Habit assembled for their reception. The chapel was filled to capacity when the cross-bearer, Rev. B. Courtemanche lead the procession up the aisle; eight little girls carried the baskets containing the religious habits, to be blessed before being donned for the first time; they were followed by the ten young aspirants in all the loveliness of bridal gowns and veils, and attended by dainty, little train-bearers; the celebrant in cope, accompanied by the clergy present, entered last.

After the blessing of the habits by Msgr. McCann, assisted by Rev. M. Allen, Rev. L. A. McCann, C.S.B., delivered a most inspiring sermon on St. Joseph. The preacher referred to the approval set upon devotion to St. Joseph by his being proclaimed Patron of the Universal Church; showed that he was the Patron and Model of persons in every walk of life, and in a special way the Protector of the Congregation which bears his

name, the Congregation in which the young ladies before him were consecrating their lives.

The sermon completed, the reverend officiant asked the usual questions, and after expressing firmly their desire to become Sisters of St. Joseph, the young brides were permitted to receive the holy habit. The long "white procession" left the chapel, and after a time the ten new Sisters returned; again the age-old formula of question and answer and they were given their names in religion, after which they knelt for Monsignor's blessing. Holy Mass, which followed, was celebrated by Rev. F. Allen.

The young ladies who received the habit, with their names in religion follow:

Miss Ruth Murowsky, Kitchener, Ont., Sister Marita  
 Miss Helen Gross, Toronto, Sister Mary Ann Catherine  
 Miss Rita Mills, Toronto, Sister Mary Albert  
 Miss Catherine McCarthy, Toronto, Sister Myra  
 Miss Martha Allen, Toronto, Sister Mary Ann Francis  
 Miss Geraldine Gribbon, Alumette Island, Que., Sister  
 Mary Wilma  
 Miss Marion Beck, Toronto, Sister Mary Louis  
 Miss Margaret Courtemanche, Mimico, Sister Mary Brenda  
 Miss Norma Gemmill, Vancouver, Sister Rose Mary  
 Miss Marion Lynch, Douglas, Ont., Sister Mary Loretto

Present in the sanctuary were the Very Rev. M. Cullinane, Rev. D. O'Connor, Rev. P. J. Flanagan, Rev. J. T. Egan, Rev. C. Mellen, C.R., Rev. J. Corrigan, Rev. D. Dillon, C.S.B., Very Rev. H. J. Fleming, C.Ss.R., Rev. D. J. Fleming, S.J., Rev. Rev. L. V. McGivney, Rev. L. Murray, Rev. H. MacMillan, Rev. C. Mulvihill, Rev. M. Delaney.

#### ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

On May 6th in St. Michael's Cathedral the student nurses in uniform attended the Memorial and Re-dedication Services. The Nurses' Act of Consecration to Our Blessed Mother, the first Christian Nurse, was recited in unison by over 600 nurses.

Reverend F. Stone, C.S.P., conducted Retreats March 19th, 20th and 21st for female employees; May 7th, 9th and 9th for male employees at the Hospital. They attended the 7 a.m.



Mass, conferences throughout the day and Benediction at 5 p.m.

On May 9th. Mass was offered in the Chapel for the graduating class. During the Mass, Mrs. M. Neville directed the singing of the preliminary students. Misses Anna Lortie and Stella Faron were soloists.

Breakfast was served in the students' dining room decorated with the school colors, the preliminary students serving the 50 graduates, who were congratulated by Sister Superior and Sister Zephyrinus.

#### ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.

Graduating Class 1945—Misses Margaret Fitzmaurice, Marie Roach, Claudine Cain, Helen Leddy, June Falkner, Betty Stewart, Helen Bowyer, Genevieve Samosh, Ann Herald, Marguerite McDonnell, Bernice Leavens, Marion Weighill, Helen Stewart, Amelia Laskoski, Laura Pond, Phylis Garson, Patricia O'Brien, Betty McConvey, Margaret St. Amant, Josephine Rowlett, Camilla Jewitt, June Vick, Kathleen Brown, Mary Casserley, Dorothy Morgan, Doreen Swithenbank, Joyce Clarke, M. Frances Swanson, Verna Hamilton, Ann Corless, Bernadette Krawiec, Gilbertine Liddell, Mary Blackley, Beatrice Benninger, Bernice Davidson, Miriam Perry, Helen Beardmore, Audrey Stewart, Helen Lebiz.

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The Probies took charge of the St. Patrick's Day Concert.

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On May 6th the student nurses in uniform commuted by chartered car to the Memorial and Re-dedication Service held in St. Michael's Cathedral.

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Dr. H. Couch was speaker at the I.U.A. Banquet for the graduates.

\* \* \*

Miss Gilbertine Liddell was the representative at the R.N.A.O. Convention.

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#### Social Programme of Graduates—

Uniform dance given by Intermediates.

Afternoon tea at the Granite Club sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary.

Dance at the Club Kingsway Graduation Night by Association.

Speakers at Sodality meetings: — Rev. Claude Mulvihill, Rev. J. Keelor, Rev. D. Hourigan. The special Mass during Lent for students, at 6.40 a.m., was continued during May. A new shrine of our Lady has been erected in the Residence. The May procession and Crowning was held on World Sodality Sunday with special music by the students.

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ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

RESULTS OF THE PIANO EXAMINATIONS, FEBRUARY, 1945

Grade VI.—First Class Honors—Marion Ross

Grade VI.—Honours — Marion Mae Mundo

Grade VI.—Pass—Margaret Nemeth, Jean Lachapelle, Joan Lachapelle.

Grade V.—First Class Honours—Marcia Wagner, Junine Wright.

Grade IV.—Honours—Hilda Haiplik, Helen Staszkowski, Jean Kranz.

Grade II.—First Class Honours—Lorraine Baker and Maria Sciavolino.

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And what is meant by *poke* in the expression “buying a pig in a poke”? *Poke* is an old word meaning a sack. It has, as a diminutive, “pocket”, which means a little poke.

*Bonfire* was originally *bone-fire*. Apparently the word refers to the practice of burning the dead after a victory.

*Alligator* is from the Spanish *el legarto*. Ben Johnson wrote it “alligarta”, in which we see the word in process of transformation.

From *chare*, meaning a turn of work, we get *charwoman* and *chore*.

A *costermonger* was originally a dealer in costards, that is, apples.



**ALUMNAE OFFICERS  
OF  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION  
1945**

*Honourary President*

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph

*Past President*—Mrs. E. F. Ellard

*President*

Miss Mabel Abrey

*Vice-Presidents*

Mrs. C. E. Fraser

Miss Marion Tyrrell

Mrs. P. H. Payette

Miss Evelyn Bennett

Mrs. Unser

*Corresponding Secretary*

Miss Helen Mathews

*Recording Secretary*

Miss Helen Costello

*Treasurer*

Mrs. C. W. Mahood

*Publicity*

Miss Verna Ross

*Tea Hostess*

Mrs. A. B. Hood

*Councillors*

Miss Verna Ross

Mrs. Arthur McGinn

Mrs. Frank Kelly

Mrs. Bruce Wright

Miss Orla Beer

Miss Viola Lyon

The quarterly meeting of the Alumnae was held on Sunday afternoon, April 8th in the Convent drawing-rooms. After a short meeting, Joan Pape entertained delightfully with a Musical Programme. Tea was served with Mrs. James G. Reid and Mrs. W. A. Walter presiding at the Tea Table. Benediction followed in the Convent Chapel.

Two executive meetings were held in April and May to discuss and complete plans for a Garden Party to be held on the afternoon of June 9th. to celebrate our thirty-fifth anniversary. Our Alumnae list is particularly well up to date, and the Executive entertain high hopes for a most successful party. It was also decided at the Meetings to donate an annual schol-



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arship for the Sisters of St. Joseph to commemorate the Thirty-fifth anniversary.

(Mrs.) Kathleen Gray Wright.

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On February 10, 1945, Lieutenant Catherine McGowan, R.C.A.M.C., became the bride of Major R. Guest, R.A.D.C., of Dublin, Eire. The marriage a military one, was solemnized in St. Maria Maggiori, Rome. Miss McGowan a former pupil of St. Joseph's and a graduate of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, went overseas in 1942. Congratulations to Major and Mrs. Guest!

The above event recalls the fact that some years ago the uncle of the bride, the late Monsignor Murray, said his first mass after ordination in the same basilica as the marriage took place.

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In a programme of works of Chopin, Beethoven, Debussy, Raval, Faure, Delibes and Greig, Colleen Sadler presented a piano recital, assisted by Aurlene Tanner (Soprano) on March 21st in St. Catharines Collegiate Auditorium. Colleen's native city gave a very generous and enthusiastic support by their presence, their applause and appreciation shown by the press.

During the past few months Colleen has played in Guelph, Stratford, Camp Borden and at a number of local functions. She also played in Toronto, where she was the recipient of the Star Scholarship for \$200.00. She is certainly doing well and we are very proud of her.

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Marion Mitchell has been doing some travelling—Cairo, Greece, Spain . . . . We hope to hear much that is interesting from her on her return to Canada.

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Congratulations to Lieutenant and Mrs. Pierre Lalonde (née Laurine Sinclair) on the birth of a son, (Robert Pierre) at St. Francis d' Assisi Hospital, Quebec City on Feb. 13th.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. Harding (Rosella Lee) on the birth of a daughter (Mary Patricia) on Nov. 23rd.

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Congratulations to David Howe (Lillian Burke's son) married in London, England to Beryl Howard.

Congratulations to Lieutenant John Curtin and Katrine M. Morin (Mollie Bourke's daughter) married in St. Joseph's Church, Halifax.

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Congratulations to Patricia M. E. Bourke (daughter of Marjorie Bourke) on her graduation on May 8th. from St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont.

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### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

..... The hymn to Our Lady of Victory composed by Sister Geraldine, C.S.J., was sung after the Silver Jubilee Mass in the Basilica (Lackawanna.) The words and music are copyright and it is now the official hymn to Our Lady of Victory.

Annabel E. Vincent

Akron, Ohio

..... I am visiting Isabel Abbott Mosteller at her home here. I came in mid April and how I have enjoyed it all! Isabel's friends have entertained me and my impression of American womanhood and family life is a more exalted one than I had formerly. I was guest at a luncheon for twelve at the Country Club. We attended a day of prayer at the Church before the opening of the San Francisco Conference. After lunch a guest speaker addressed us on the Dumbarton Oaks proposals.

Last Sunday we were at a tea given in Our Lady of the Elms (the diamond Jubilee of Mother Clarissa, O.P. was being celebrated). Isabel's girls had been educated by the Dominican Sisters of this convent. One of the Jubilarian's gifts was a cheque from Mr. Schwab for their new auditorium fund. On May 7th Isabel and I are travelling back to Canada together. She is going to Toronto. Her daughter Sallee at St. Joseph's College will be received into the Church and make her First Holy Communion. What a great day for Sallee and Isabel. The family are most happy about it.

I am getting off at Hamilton and regret that I cannot be there on Ascension Thursday to share their great joy.

This visit has meant so much to me Sister. It will always remain a high light in my life. Old friendships can never be replaced by new ones.

Mabel Keenan, Hamilton, Ont.

. . . . . Recently I read Maisie Ward's CHESTERTON and Helen White's "Our South American Hurdle"—an eye opener. I have reviewed several books for societies this fall.

Have you read "Give Joan a Sword?" At Canisius College a few weeks ago I had the pleasure of listening to the author, Sister M. Therese's interpretation of it. I do not suppose you have time to read it so I tell you my thoughts on it.

"Give Joan a Sword" is a collection of some fifty lyrics by Sr. M. Therese of the Sisters of the Divine Saviour. I found them spiritual and at times they recalled Alice Meynell. The preface is Jacques Maritain. The author travelling in Europe when World War II started hoped for the salvation of France through "Give Joan a Sword" and prayed that Our Lady "would keep the gate." Despite the occupation of France the poetess' faith remained unshaken.

"Though armies stand in battle  
And camp along the walls,  
Strong psalms shall rise forever  
From out the heart's taut stalls."

Hearing that in Poland laymen carried the Eucharist to the sick and dying:

"As the first Christians bore the precious Manna  
Into the twisted thoroughfare of men,  
So now, the simple, poor, the unanointed  
May touch, and hold, and carry Christ again.  
Christopher bearing Christ across the water,  
Tarcisius running down a Roman street  
Carried no braver hearts than these who vanquished  
Still hold their spirits poised against defeat."

The continuity of the Mass is stressed in "First Mass in the Catacombs," a poem resultant from an inspiration during her brother's First Mass.

We kneel together in the Catacombs  
Gently you break the bread,  
It is the olden banquet rite  
And all who come are fed.  
A new-anointed seals again  
Love's ageless unity.  
Soft voices answer through the dusk  
The ancient liturgy.

Four poems entitled "Who Woos a Dove"—tell of the all-embracing love of Pius XII for suffering humanity.



For them he woos the dove with pitiful word  
 That she must hear wherever she may hide;  
 His heart goes crying past the uttermost star,  
 His arms are wide with love as God's are wide.

And just another quote—a "Prayer for Our Holy Father."

"God give him light  
 To lead his flock through shadow of this night  
 Into the pasture of infinity;  
 Past burnished parapets and saffron towers,  
 Into the summer meadows warm with flowers,  
 Where let there be fulfilled  
 What You have willed  
 To still man's hungry-ery:  
 One fold, one Shepherd under the wide sky!  
 Each wistful sheep by his swift mercy, fed.  
 Each whimpering lambkin lifted to its bed,  
 And all the tired world divinely comforted."

B. McNamara, Buffalo, N.Y.

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From Base Hospital 24, Can. Gen., England

We hear that on April 16th. Lt. Margaret Kane, R.C.A.N.C. became Mrs. Norman Dobie. Margaret's brother Bill (R.C.A.F.) was proxy for her father and gave her away, while one of the Nurses on the Hospital Staff was bridesmaid. Margaret's eldest brother, Dan, being with the Navy on high seas was unable to attend. The news letter said "it was a glorious day and all passed off in top style." We hope to see Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dobie when they return to Canada, and we hope too the return will be in the near future.





*University College Toronto.*

*Owen Staples*

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FROM AN  
ETCHING BY OWEN STAPLES.



# College

## ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GRADUATES, 1945



GERALDINE ARTHUR, Toronto — After three years of Physics and Chemistry, Gerry Arthur, our scientist of the lower lecture hall, seems headed for a medical future. A Graduate of St. Joseph's, Gerry can fascinate a large audience with wonderful tales and has won admiration for hard work with a touch of the bizarre, to relieve her studies. Constantly surrounded by lab. reports, Gerry will be remembered for her sense of humour and extravagant claims to Shanghai as a birthplace.

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MARION BINKS, Toronto—"Binskie" came to us from the Convent with a reputation for hard work and athletics. Developed an interest in international affairs, especially in the American navy and the British Army. During her four years here Marian has struggled with the swimming team. Looks forward to a journalistic career in the future. Everyone will miss her mad dash down the stairs.

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MARJORIE KATHARINE CECÍLIA BAECHE-  
LER, Goderich, Ontario—

Must tell you  
About our glamor girl who comes  
Right from Goderich Collegiate  
Now finishing in Pass Arts, she  
Is still uncertain as to her future plans  
Every best wish for your happiness



CLARA BUTKOVICH, Schumacher, Ont.—When “Bucky” came to St. Joseph’s she knew how to write. She developed this further—writing excellent notes. As a result her class got through—Bucky studying from some one else’s notes. Future—Writing off her Dr. of Pedagogy, O.C.E.



MARY CROCKER, Toronto—Lawrence Park Collegiate passed Mary on to St. Joseph’s and very glad we are of it, for Mary has done us no small credit in Honour English, Lang. and Lit. And what is more she has been a most congenial undergraduate with her winning smile and happy ways. President of the Literary Society and interested in every College activity, she will be missed by all.



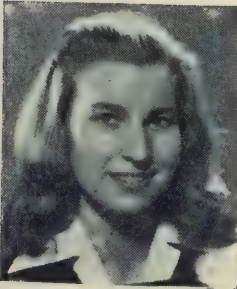
ELSA ESCALLON, Cartagena, South America—This charming senorita immigrated from South America in 1941 with no knowledge of English. After one year at St. Joseph’s Convent and three years at St. Joseph’s College, she has become proficient in mastering the English tongue. She likes to spend her summers in Mexico, and her many masculine admirers have provoked the familiar strain around St. Joseph’s “Is it Ernie, or William, or Frankie or Johnnie?” at each ring of the phone or front door bell. Elsa will probably return to South America this summer. Then what will her plans be?





MARY L. FLYNN, Toronto—Came to College with the determination to be interested in everything, academics included; in consequence of which she developed a decided leaning toward Latin-Americans. Athletics and problems in high-finance took up most of her spare time. As for the future? Just being Mary.

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AUDREY GILMORE, Toronto—Audrey is a graduate of whom St. Joseph's is justly proud. Her high school days were spent at St. Joseph's College School where in her final year she won the Alumnae Scholarship. An excellent student, she is graduating in the General Course. She is president of her class of 4T5 representing St. Joseph's on the S.A.C. Audrey's quiet but ever present influence will be missed, and the business world is gaining a valuable asset.

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ROSE GREENAN, Toronto—Rose is a St. Joseph's girl throughout—elementary, secondary and college. Her gentle kind personality has made her a general favourite with Staff and students. Rose is looking towards O.C.E. If her ability to debate is any criterion, we wager she will be able to hold her own with the classes she teaches. Good luck, Rose!

**BARBARA HOOD, Toronto**—A graduate of St. Joseph's College School, Barbara was a freshman at St. Joseph's in 1942. This dark haired lass with her characteristic giggle has made herself a favourite among the "day-hops." If her literary activities on the Varsity are any indication of her future, her career in the field of journalism will undoubtedly be a successful one. Best of luck, Barbara!

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**MARY HEFFER, Oshawa**—Mary with her sparkling eyes and winning personality has been with us at St. Joseph's now for three years. Her childhood days were spent at St. Gregory's Separate School, followed by five years at Oshawa Collegiate. Her all round disposition has distinguished her in athletics, and made her an active social climber, but at no time to the neglect of her scholastic career. With her work in French and Spanish, Mary has decided to do Civil Service work next year.

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**MAUREEN KEENAGHAN SPEIDEL, New York, N.Y.**—One of the fortunate girls who got her MRS. before her B.A. Maureen arrived in '41 from Stella Niagara—struggled through "Western" and Pass Arts. Rosy future, Maureen!



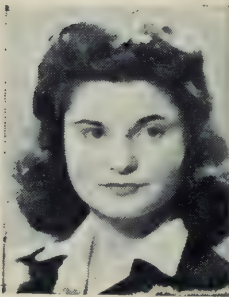




CLAIRE MARIE MAHANEY—Rochester, N.Y.—Better known as “Mike,” Claire Marie came to St. Joseph’s from the Sacred Heart Academy, Rochester, N.Y. After a hectic year in Western, she tried a Pass Arts Course in Mathematics and Philosophy—which, as the Sophomores prophesied, is enough to drive anyone crazy. As a basketball enthusiast, “Mike” played on the St. Mike’s team for three years and in her last year was on the University Athletic Directorate. She won a “Senior T” (all-round athlete) the highest award given for girl athletics in the University. “Mike” intends

to work for a while after she graduates, but her plans are uncertain. We wish her a successful future.

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MARY MELADY, Toronto—Came from Windsor to graduate from the College School. Her penchant for hard work has carried her through the three-year Arts Course. A natural inclination to Chemistry has developed into a decision to go in training and she is looking forward to raising temperatures at the hospital next fall. Good luck Mary! Our loss is St. Michael’s gain.

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JANE MCKINNON SARTORELLI, Toronto—For University records Jane is still McKinnon, but her name is really Sartorelli, for that too is the name of her charming young husband in the Forces. Jane came in second year from Brescia Hall and amazed us with her facility in English, Latin, French; but languages are not her greatest talent. You should see her exquisitely wrought figuring of Our Lady, the Infant in the Manger and the Angels, on the reception room table. Jane is just waiting for the war to be over to set up her own studio. We’ll all want to visit it Jane.



VIEW FROM AIRPLANE OF THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS SHOWING ASSOCIATED BUILDINGS TO THE RIGHT OF THE LARGE FOUR WINGED BUILDING WITH HIGH TOWER AT EXTREME LEFT. A LITTLE TO THE LEFT OF THE SAME LARGE BUILDING.





CHICAGO. ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT AND COLLEGE SCHOOL ARE TO THE LEFT. ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE PARTLY HIDDEN BY TREES IS TO THE RIGHT.



MARY OVEREND, Peterborough—Came from St. Peter's H.S., Peterboro. During her four years "Mary O" has been active in all college affairs and particularly in the Sodality. She was Sodality Secretary for two years and this year is Prefect. To her we owe the new organization of our Sodality and our affiliation with the Prima Primaria Sodality in Rome. This year Mary has been a member of the House Committee, whose special task has been to keep the Back Flat (second floor) subdued. No small undertaking! Her spare moments she has devoted to Household Economics, and profitably too from the menus at Mission Tea. Next year Mary is going to O.C.E. but we wouldn't be surprised to see her a dietitian in a hospital. Her interests seem to lie in the field of Medicine!



PATRICIA O'DONOGHUE, St. Catharines, Ont.—Our "leading lady" this year has been our head-girl, Patricia O'Donoghue, who came to us four years ago from St. Catharines Collegiate Institute. A fitting tribute to Pat's services as head-girl are the words in which the Dean herself referred to her at our last conference,—"Pat has been an admirable head-girl." Pat chose Household Economics course and the choice proved a fortunate one. Perhaps she had some premonition that a certain naval officer was moving in the direction of her heart. In the immediate future Pat plans some work in the field of science. We wish her the best of luck!



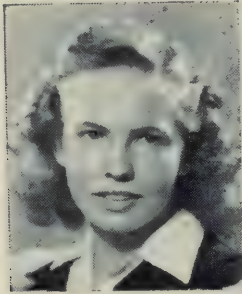
MARION SAELI, Rochester, N.Y.—An interesting member of the Western Class in 1941 was Marion Saeli, who had graduated with distinction from East High School in Rochester, N.Y. Marion has proved herself a brilliant student of science. Anyone who has visited the "back flat" in the past four years must recall the cordial welcome she received in Marion's charming but shrill Italian—English accents. Marion has chosen her career in the educational field and plans to study at the University of Rochester.





**CATHERINE THOMPSON, Toronto**—When Catherine came to St. Joseph's from Bowmanville High School we all recognized at once her ability for English and many fine qualities of character. But we little expected that in that demure little lady lay hidden histrionic talent that in her graduating year would make her the star of "Murder in a Nunnery" in the role of Mrs. Moss. Father O'Donnell predicts she will go far in dramatics. We agree.

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**AUDREY TRIMBLE, Toronto**—Following in the footsteps of her big sister Mary (keep on Audrey.) Audrey came to College from Runnymede Collegiate. Moderns took her fancy and she has justified her choice. Quiet you say? Yes, but oh! My!

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**MARY WALSH, Belleville, Ont.**—Taught by the Sisters of Providence at St. Michael's Academy and St. Michael's High School in Belleville, Mary came to St. Joseph's in 1941. With her carefree disposition and sunny smile, Mary is really a student at heart. With a special inclination for practical jokes and her utter disregard for the proverb, "Early to bed—early to rise," Mary has been the life of the "back-flat" even the night before the hardest exams. Can't you picture her at O.C.E.?

MARGARET YOUNG, Waterloo, Ont. — Armed with a hammer, axe, drill, chisel and personal charm, Margaret has broken into the mouths and hearts of everyone. For four years she has explored, uprooted and excavated all the intimacies of a human tooth.

Future—Being a Dentist with a Doctor.



CORINNE CAULEY, Hamilton, Ontario—Corinne has spent her four years with us commuting between St. Joseph's and the Toronto Conservatory of Music, giving and taking.

Giving renditions of her talented voice.

Taking the time of medical students.

Future—Opera, Grand Opera, Great Grand Opera.



**T**HE BANQUET—The undergraduates held their annual banquet in honour of the graduates on April 5. The time was 7 p.m. and the scene was set off by a variety of multi-colored formals modelled by all the students. Although sadness was felt at the thought of the near departure of our graduates, joy prevailed as the girls assembled in the Common Room for dinner.

Throughout the courses, students and priests could be heard chattering cheerfully with occasional bursts of laughter from different parts of the room. As a photographer moved about the room, he caught the feeling of exuberance in his pictures.

Following dinner Alicia Balzac '46 Toastmistress, introduced Audrey Trimble with her "Prayer for the Pope" followed by a toast to the King. Catherine Thompson's toast to the University was answered by Very Rev. T. P. McLaughlin, President, who gave some inspiring thoughts. He pointed out that the world is what women make it. Therefore it is our



duty to institute and practise better standards of living if we are to maintain a normal civilization. The "St. Michael's College Toast" offered by Patricia O'Donoghue was acknowledged with a plea, by Rev. J. O'Donnell, C.S.B., for all young women to remember that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

The Very Rev. B. Sullivan, Registrar of St. Michael's College, supplemented Marion Saeli's toast to the Faculty. Father pointed out the necessity of good example; the usefulness of shouting our thoughts and beliefs from a street corner and advocated a good Christian life, to set example for the rest of the world. In the absence of the Rev. J. E. McHenry, the toast to Newman, proposed by Mary O'Brien, was responded to by Walter Hitchfield, President-elect of the Club. Thanking the graduates for their kindly support, he wished them the greatest success. Audrey Gilmore replied to Eileen Slyne's toast to the graduates by tracing their years at St. Joseph's and showing the joys and sorrows they encountered. The Last Will and Testament of the Graduating Class was written and delivered by Mary Crocker. Very cleverly done was the Sophomore Prophecy given by Lois Garner. Lois fitted her prediction into a poem based on the style of "Canterbury Tales." The Freshmen delivered a series of songs dedicated to the Seniors—an ancient tradition at St. Joe's, and this year the songs seemed to really fit the personalities.

After the Banquet the guests were entertained by Miss Corinne Cauley, Miss Irma Morisette, Miss Rita Covello and Marion Downer. Corinne sang "Musetta's Waltz Song" from *La Boheme* and "The Kashmiri Song." Irma chose "Tum'aimes" and "Bois Epais." Rita selected "Non So Piu" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Bless this House" as her choice.

This year's banquet was an occasion for the Seniors to cherish as one of their fondest memories of St. Joseph's. Great credit is due to the Convener, Claire Marie Wall and her committee, Alicia Balzac, Lois Garner, and Mary O'Brien for their management of the Banquet.





GREAT HALL, HART HOUSE. UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SODALITY

BACK ROW: Lois Garner, Rita Covello, Mary Overend, Marion Saeli,  
Clara Butkovich.  
FRONT: Marnie Baechler, Patricia O'Donoghue.

HERE BEGYNETH THE PROPHECY OF THE GRADUATING  
CLASS OF ST. JOSEPH'S

(With apologies to Chaucer)

Whan that college life its course hath ronne,  
Three years for most, and four for somme,  
We all do meet to bid a fond farewelle  
And pangs of grief we try our best to quelle.  
Now gathered as we are in this great roome,  
It's for the Sophs that I will tell their doome.  
And so you'll know what order they are inne,  
With "z" will end, and with the a's beginne.  
First we have an ARTHUR, GERADLINE  
Now she is tall and lank and somdel lene,  
Her long dark hair that once fell on her shoulder  
She wears in a knob now that she is older.  
In the great lab. of a well known schoole,  
There she teaches the chemistry roole;  
To study this subject she loved muche,  
And did it even as she ate her lunche.  
MARNIE, who always used to room with MARY,  
(without her was she's seen but rarely)  
But at longe last are they separated  
And in a great place is MARNIE now instated.  
A fine stewardess she makes, and no alarme—  
We knew she'd do it with her charme!  
MARION fulfilled has her plan so fond  
And embarked on her trip to England;  
And eek a name has made for herselfe—  
At tennis and at basketball she's a very elfe.  
There nist no one faster on her rinkes  
Than is our very athletic MISS BINKS!  
Betaken herself to copying notes has CLARA,  
And whether the day be foule or it be faire,  
For houres at a time, all by hande,  
She writes, students say they're grande.  
Surely she would have found it such a helpe  
If someone had done it for herselfe.  
Copying Economics notes she did hate  
It always kept her up so very late.  
Four years has MARY been in Liter'ture.  
Now, indeed, she is much more mature;  
Appreciate can she Shelley, Keats and Poe,  
Every writer from the highest to the low.  
We only hope her social course in English  
Will come to an equally happy finish!  
At the peak of her career is CORINNE,  
One of the greatest operas is she inne.  
Indeed she has become its greatest star  
And with it does she travel near and far.  
Spending her evenings in her greate home,





CORRIDOR IN GREAT HALL, HART HOUSE  
SHOWING STAIRWAY AT RIGHT.



STUDENTS ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL

Back Row: Geraldine O'Meara, Vera Norry, Claire Marie Wall, Marion  
Saeli.  
Front: Audrey Gilmore

Sits ELSA by herself all alone.  
 Then she sets herself to reading at her bookes  
 While with vain hope through the window she lookes,  
 And as the night grows more dark and late,  
 Still she hasn't the least sign of a date.  
 Leaving this countrie never did she tarie  
 At once to South America went MARIE,  
 Now must she be called LADY FLYNNE,  
 For the social position she is inne.  
 Ever weareth she a blue ribbon for hockeye,  
 Baseball, basketball and eke philosophie.  
 Regardless of the time that you do goe,  
 Whether you be faste or you be slowe,  
 In the lobby is Brian, eke and AUDREYE,  
 No longer the parlour, but here their monopolye.  
 Married they are and live in a hotele;  
 She finds it easier, and they manage welle.  
 In charge of a nurserie is ROSE,  
 No longer has she any time to doze.  
 All day long she sees them eat, play and sleepe  
 From the oldest down to those who only creepe.  
 Employed now is she in a foreign firme  
 Where she puts to use all that she did learne  
 So interested in her work as translator  
 MARY HEFFER is now quite a man-hater!  
 From active service after many years  
 Came doc to settle all BARBARA'S feares.  
 As husband and wife have they grown olde together.  
 At night in their rocking chairs of leather  
 They sit and think of their first meeting  
 And all the events following that greeting.  
 MAUREEN now spends all her time in travellenge,  
 For indeed she wears a double ringe.  
 With Charles is she wherever he doth move  
 Never be it said of her "She's in a groove!"  
 Poor Mike, in the asylum is she stranded!  
 We knew that for life she would be branded.  
 Philosophy and Maths was such a combination  
 It couldn't help but be her ruination.  
 JANE is famous for her carved statues  
 Which paintes she in reds and greens and blues,  
 How different she looks now in her dirty smockes,  
 With a spotted old turban covering her lockes!  
 MARY MELADY in her garb of white,  
 (Indeed she is a very pretty sight)  
 By the worke she does as a nurse,  
 Prevents she many trips of the hearse.  
 Married to a naval officer named Hughe,  
 Is our head-girl, PATRICIA O'DONOGHUE.  
 Yet in their happy life there is some grieffe,  
 (And in telling it I will be brief)  
 Just as she dozed the eve of an exame,  
 So does she yet, and always burns the hame!  
 MARY OVEREND was dietitian, then a teacher,  
 Many other thinges couldn't please her.  
 After she had tried her hande at everythinge,

The church bell she was given for to ringe.  
At college the bell was her special charge,  
Now she does it on a scale large!  
MARION who always was so full of funne,  
Now has become a dignified nonne.  
"SISTER CHEMICAL CARL" now is her name  
And for herself has she won great fame.  
At experiments all day does she loiter  
Then returns at night to the cloister.  
In an old building of dingy gray  
Where it's hard to distinguish night from day,  
KAY THOMPSON files away at bars of leade,  
And lives solely on water and dry breade.  
In vain she finds herself at such a loss,  
And all because once she was "Mrs. Moss."  
Quite a different position has AUDREYE,  
She likes it, though there's not much fee.  
Of the Masonic Temple is she bouncer assistant.  
He didn't approve, but she was so persistente,  
I guess he finds her helpful, she's so nimble.  
How much longer will her name be TRIMBLE?  
MARY WALSH too has gone to join the sisters,  
And in a great boarding school is she mistress.  
A merry nonne, with rosy cheek and eye,  
And seldom is she heard to heave a sighe.  
Yet at the righte times can she be sterne,  
As at day nurseries she did learne.  
In the busiest section of the busiest towne,  
Where busy men walk up and downe,  
Is there seen a great building all of bricke  
And carved before a poste thicke,  
"The Two Mahonys, Dentist and Doctor"  
The better health of the public are they fore.  
Now have I told you shortly, in a clause;  
The condition, the estate, and eke the cause,  
Why gathered are we in this great roome,  
Now for the Sophs have I told their doome.

Lois Garner, '47





**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ELECTIONS FOR 1945-46**

**HEAD GIRL IN RESIDENCE**

Alicia Balzac '46

**VICE-PRESIDENT S.A.C.**

Pat Dewan '47

**3rd YEAR REPRESENTATIVE**

Mary O'Brien '46

**2nd YEAR REPRESENTATIVE**

Maureen Hickey '48

**SOCIAL CONVENER**

Carol Riley '46

**APOSTOLIC CONVENER**

Anne Overend '47

**LITERARY SOCIETY**

President—Lois Garner '47      Vice-President—Lucy Hopkins '47  
Secretary—Dorothy McNamara '47

**FRENCH CLUB**

President—Alicia Balzac '46      Vice-President—Jean Ross '48  
Secretary—Marie Auger '47

**PUBLICITY**

Carol Riley (acclamation) '46

**ATHLETIC SOCIETY**

President—Rosemary Cunningham (acclamation) '46  
Vice-President—Carol Riley '46      Secretary—Gerry O'Meara '48

**SODALITY**

Prefect—Alicia Balzac '46      Vice-President—Phyllis Weiler '48  
Secretary—Anne Overend '47

On the last Sodality Sunday of the College Year, Rev. Father Stone, C.S.P., celebrated Holy Mass for us and afterwards talked to us on "The Lay Apostolate"—a most enjoyable and profitable instruction, for which we are deeply grateful to this zealous Paulist Father.

We wish to express our sincere sympathy to Reverend Father Bondy, C.S.B., and to our alumna, Miss Pauline Bondy, in the death of their father.

Congratulations to Rita Covello, Corinne Cauley and Marion Downer on their success in the Theory Examinations.



## VALEDICTORY

Loveliest of lovely things are they  
On earth that soonest pass away;  
The rose that lives its little hour  
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

Four years ago, only four, we, to-day's graduates, first took part in a graduation ceremony. First formers then, we sat in the topmost balcony, and from that dizzy height, took mental note of the proceedings. Even then, we thrilled loyally to the strong, vibrant notes of the "Hail to Thee Joseph" and to the sweeter cadences of the "Ave Maria;" with due respect we rose to honour the graduates as they entered; we stood attentive while their valedictorian spoke in their name "farewell and thank you." But when she spoke of the sadness that crept into the joy of graduation—"the pain that lurks in lovely things" she called it—we nudged one another incredulously. Pain? In finishing with one's school days? Sadness? In leaving all the irksome do's and don't's of school discipline? Not so when OUR turn would come!

But that was four years ago. The journey from that top balcony to the seats of honour has taken four years and has taught us many things—things that we did not confide on last week's Confidential Examinations! And we are not merely following a sentimental pattern when we say that there IS a loneliness even in the joy of going on—a loneliness so linked with gratitude that almost they are one. Of the two, gratitude is the more dominant note, for it has a lasting quality that will outlive the heartaches of separation.

We want our "thank you" today to be threefold: First we would render thanks to our God, Who, when He called us into being, gave us life and living among His chosen people, our parents; in homes wherein Christian culture and goodness were part of family life and love. May His goodness guard and keep our Mothers and Fathers through life and eternity. And may that constant prayer for them be our thanks to those

dear parents who have had the vision to see that Catholic education is the enriching and fulfilling of life's promises and have given us the best.

Perhaps our thank-you to the Sisters of St. Joseph has already been so implicit in the voicing of thanks to God and to our parents that it hardly needs to be spoken. In study hall and classroom we have laid the foundation for the mental requirements that our world will demand of us. But we have been taught far greater things—our duties and responsibilities as members of Christ's Mystical Body. Here, by precept and example we have acquired high ideals of Christian womanhood. In our gym and on our grounds we have been taught the give and take of good sportsmanship; in our Chapel, centre and soul of all activity at St. Joseph's, we have learned that joy is doubled when shared with its Designer, that trouble is made lighter when the grace of our Lord enters our hearts. And this is knowledge that is part of us, that will not yield to time's erasure. And so to our teachers we say a deeply sincere thank you. May God bless you ever and always.

And may He bless US too. For, as we look ahead into the world that awaits us, we see a world flushed with Victory, that Victory for which we prayed so earnestly in chapel and classroom and which is ours now, thank God. But it is a world of readjustments too, a world in need of that which we can give, must give if only we have the heart and mind to give it: the strength of Christ—the courtesy of Christ.

This day did not begin with Graduation here; it began with Mass in our own Chapel. And in the Gospel of today's Mass, we found God's special message to us:

"I am the vine, you the branches; he that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for without Me, you can do nothing.

Mary Jane Dwyer (Valedictorian)





**BIOGRAPHIES OF GRADUATES**

**CATHARINE THERESA AITCHISON.** Good sportsmanship and academic excellence go hand in hand in the person of Catharine. We understand she intends to add a touch domesticity to herself next year at the College where she will take a Household Economics Course.

**MARIE THERESE ALLEN.** Holy Name Parish claims this versatile lady. Marie, besides loving basketball and hockey, takes keen interest in Mathematics. Her friends will miss her smiling face. Our loss will be Normal School's gain.

**ELEANOR BAIGENT.** Eleanor has been at St. Joseph's for six years and has always been tops as a student and as an all-round good sport. She is eagerly looking forward to attending University next Fall.

**NORMA BICKELL.** Norma has attended St. Joseph's since Primary class. Courteous to all and at all times, Norma has made many friends during the years at St. Joseph's. She is fond of sports. We understand Norma intends to do office work . . . for a time!

**ELIZABETH C. BOYCE.** One of our quieter members, Betty likes bicycle riding and dancing. She intends to be a teacher and we are sure her pupils will think as highly of her as we do.

**JOAN EVELYN BOYCE.** One of the eight graduates claimed by St. John's Parish, Joan has been at St. Joseph's for three years. She intends to enter St. Michael's Hospital next September. We know you'll make a perfect nurse, Joan!

**JOAN MARIE BRADY.** Ready and willing to laugh—that is Joan. Industrious too, and thoughtful and, as befits a would-be school mar'm, extremely patient. Normal school will welcome her in the Fall.

**MARY ARLEEN BRADY.** Arleen came to St. Joseph's in Third Form. She says that she loves to knit, ski and swim and that her future career lies in dental nursing.

**MARY EDNA BYRNE.** Edna, who cloaks her good nature and her deeper self under a "thin veil" of sarcasm, is one of our better mathematicians. Although her plans for a career are vague, we are sure life holds a great deal for Edna.

**KATHLEEN E. CAREY.** Evidence that "Kitty" is a general favourite lies in her election to being Secretary of the Student Council. Her main interest is in the Guides. Although Kitty has no definite plans for the future, she will succeed in whatever she undertakes.

**CECILIA AGNES COLGAN.** Cecilia plans to try her A.T.C.M. next year and says that she intends to be either a nurse or musician. We are of the opinion that Cecilia could handle either profession or both nicely!

**MARY JOSEPHINE CONLIN.** Our popular Head Girl is the seventh Conlin to receive her diploma from St. Joseph's. She came to us in First Form and has participated enthusiastically in all school activities ever since. Her pet hobbies are skating and tennis, but her talents also include riding, swimming, basketball and music. Of the future, Jo is still not decided, torn between desire to go on to University and that of entering a school of nursing. Wherever her future may lie, we know Jo will make the great success of it that she has made in everything she has undertaken.

**PATRICIA CONNOLLY:** This auburn haired gal is well liked and always has a friendly smile for all. She loves riding, golf, skiing and all sports, and has been known to patronize St. Mike's hockey games—occasionally. She aspires to a journalistic life; so Varsity will claim her talents next year.

**GLORIA MARY CULOTTA.** Friendly, vivacious Gloria has spent the past five years at St. Joseph's. During that time, she has made hosts of friends for herself, has taken part in all sports and has never once been disappointed in her final exams. College is her dream of the future. Best of luck, Gloria.

**CATHERINE MARY DONNELLY.** Sweet, demure and lovely to look at: this is Cathie. She arrived at St. Joseph's in Third Form and has ably proved her worth in both sports and studies. The College is looking forward to Cathie's coming.

**JO ANN DONOVAN.** Friendly, genial Jo Ann has been an efficient Editor of the Hummer for the past year. Aside from journalistic pursuits, her main interests are tennis, dancing and reading. She intends to enter the business world and we wish her the best of luck in whatever field she chooses.

**CAMILLA THERESA DUGGAN.** Swimming, tennis, basketball, bridge, hockey and completing her fifth year at S.J.C.S. has occupied Therese fully—well, almost fully, this year. She anticipates entering the U. of T. Occupational Therapy Course in the autumn.

**MARY JANE DWYER.** It was a tiny Mary Jane that came skipping into the Primary Class eleven years ago, her black eyes shining as her dreams of school were at last about to be realized. Those black eyes are still shining, as further school-dreams are about to be realized; College Life looms large. The school, especially those who know Jane most intimately, will miss her. Her eventual success is evident.





ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL GRADUATES, 1945

BACK ROW—Left to right: Dorothy White, Mary Ellen Scanlon, Theresa McDonough, Cecilia Colgan, Josephine Conlin, Marie Smith, Katherine MacDonnell, Dorothy Fraser, Ann Lawlor, Kathleen Carey, Joan Maloney, Norma Bickell, Bertha Haffa, Anna Marie O'Driscoll.

THIRD ROW—Donna MacKenzie, Marianna Korman, Helen Prast, Mary Frances Keenan, Joan Boyce, Mary Jane Dwyer, Helen Madigan, Joan Harding, Mary Joan Brady, Catherine Donnelly, Mary Ingoldshy, Phyllis Haffey, Arleen Brady, Verna Ursini.

SECOND ROW—Edna Byrne, Barbara Kelly, Janet Jarvis, Rita O'Leary, Marie Allen, Loretto Lanphier, Camilla Kelly, Marie Fianagan, Lenore Mackie, Leila O'Reilly, Elizabeth Boyce, Marilou Manning, Teresa Baurbrich, Shellagh O'Leary.

FRONT ROW—Gloria Culotta, Patricia Phelan, Rita Paul, Patricia Connolly, Catherine Aitchison, Winnifred O'Meara, Patricia Kenny, Bernadette Sheridan, Joan Lumley, Eleanor Balgent, Therese Duggan, Marjorie O'Neill, Jo Ann Donovan, Elizabeth Foley.



**MARIE EILEEN FLANAGAN.** Following in the footsteps of her sister, Win, Marie came to us from O.L.P. Separate School in First Form. Among her hobbies, Marie includes skiing, tennis, swimming and collecting boogie-woogie records. She has definite ambitions for the future—a modern language course at Varsity.

**ELIZABETH MARIE FOLEY.** It was a tiny brown haired Betty who came from St. John's to begin her High School here. Music is Betty's all absorbing interest at present. We wish her every success!

**DOROTHY ANNE FRASER.** Dorothy is a student of no mean ability, excelling in science and mathematics. Always ready to help those who find the problems of Physics and Trig difficult, she is a true "friend to those in need." Dorothy intends to enter University. Good Luck, Dorothy!

**BERTHA MARIE HAFFA.** Bertha has been with us since Fourth Form and has decided to stay on for College. She loves "Parler Francais" to the exceeding great joy of her French teacher. We know Bertha will make a success of her life at the College.

**PHYLLIS HAFFEY.** One of our livelier members, Phyl is enthusiastic about all sports from horseback riding to dancing. She plans to enter St. Michael's Hospital next year. Lucky patients!

**JOAN ELIZABETH HARDING.** Joan is petite, popular and laughter-loving, and comes to us from St. James and St. Vincent de Paul. Her talents lie in sewing, horseback riding and swimming. If her nursing ambitions come true, we feel sure there won't be many sick people left at St. Michael's, for Joan is noted for her contagious good humour and sympathetic nature.

**TERESA V. HAUBRICH.** From St. Patrick's Separate School, Teresa came to us five years ago. One of the youngest graduates, Teresa is noted for her high academic standing. She boasts no hobbies but a flair for playing the piano-accordion. It is likely Teresa will be haunting the University campus for the next three or four years.

**MARY INGOLDSBY.** Mary's chief out-of-class interest lies in hockey and particularly that played by the double-blue boys. We understand she intends to be a nurse, and we wish her the best of luck in her chosen profession.

**JANET ELIZABETH JARVIS.** Janet came to St. Joseph's from St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake. Next year she hopes to enter the nursing profession and will take her training through the University. Her hobbies are reading, hand crafts and art.

**MARY FRANCES KEENAN.** Mary Frances' position as Sodality President and Resident Prefect is evidence of the esteem in which her fellow boarders hold her. But honours rest lightly on Mary Frances and she has never made the mistake of taking herself and her problems too seriously. Pass Arts next year, says Mary Frances.

**CAMILLA KELLY.** Camilla of the curly and carefree smile came to St. Joseph's in First Form and has been making the most of her time ever since. The hosts of friends she has made during these years wish her the best of everything in whatever she undertakes.

**BARBARA MARIE KELLY.** Barbara is famous for her sudden departures from Trig and her originality in English Homework. A clever student, Barb excels in Mathematics and Science.

**PATRICIA KENNY.** Pat is an old veteran of St. Joseph's, having been here since Primary class. Her talent lies in music and her ambition is concert singing.

**MARIANNA KORMAN.** Marianna, one of our popular resident students, comes from Welland, Ontario. Her many interests include all winter sports, especially skiing and cheering the St. Michael's Hockey players. Dancing and swimming are other extra curricular activities. Marianna is headed for an Arts course at the University next year.

**LORETTO LANPHIER.** Loretto came to us in Third Form to carry forward the Lanphier tradition of good sportsmanship and all round likeability. Proof of it lies in the fact that she was elected Vice-President of the Student Council.

**PATRICIA ANN LAWLOR.** Ann, who glories in Maths and Science, intends to go on to University, where her passion for long words (of which she alone knows the meaning) will win her fame, we know. Good luck, Ann!

**JOAN ELIZABETH LUMLEY:** Joan's favorite sports are bicycle riding and hockey. She wants to become a nurse, but her tender years are holding her back. Cheer up, Joan; you'll grow up some day!

**MARY LENORE MACKIE.** Lenore hopes to follow Modern Languages Course at U. of T. and she some day hopes to be an interpreter. Fond of music, she studies it for pleasure only.

**HELEN MADIGAN.** Helen came to St. Joseph's from St. James'. She loves all outdoor sports, and her favourite colour is red. As yet Helen is undecided about the future.

**JOAN AILEEN MALONEY.** An old St. Josephite, Joan has been here since Primary days . . . 'way back when! Her

hobby is collecting note paper and her ambition higher education—U. of T., of course.

**MARILOU MANNING.** Born in Buffalo, Marilou has spent most of her schooldays here at St. Joseph's, sometimes as boarder, sometimes as day pupil. She is fond of riding, skating, tennis, and swimming. She is prefect of V-B and V-B are proud of her.

**KATHERINE MacDONELL.** Kay, for so she is to her many friends comes from Holy Family Parish and has attended St. Joseph's since First Form. Tall and dark and very attractive, she excels in all her subjects and favours skating at Varsity. We know she will attain success in whatever course she chooses at University next year.

**DONALDA GERTRUDE MacKENZIE.** Donna has spent most of her school life under St. Joseph's care and has won many many friends with her quiet, courteous manner. Maths are her specialty and Spanish her pet hate. Good luck, Donna!

**THERESA ANNE McDONOUGH.** Theresa is the maiden of the long black hair in V-A who includes skating and music among her many accomplishments. Her ambition is to go to College next year for a History Course and to find eventually a career in diplomatic circles.

**ANNE MARIE O'DRISCOLL.** Anna Marie is one of our V-B students. A former pupil of St. Clare's School, Babs (as everyone calls her) is especially interested in music and swimming. Excelling in science, we are counting on Babs to be our budding lab technician at Connaught Laboratories.

**MARY RITA O'LEARY.** St. Michael's Hospital will claim another of our Graduates in Rita. She'll probably have to give up her tennis, dancing and hockey. Never mind Rita, there'll be compensations!

**SHEILAGH C. O'LEARY.** This black haired Irish lass came to St. Joseph's in Second Form and has won many friends. She excels in skiing, riding, swimming and Latin. Next year she intends to take a Pass Arts Course. From there . . . who knows?

**WINNIFRED AGNES O'MARA.** Winnifred came to St. Joseph's in Second Form and was a resident student here until last year, which she spent at her home in St. Catharines. Womanly, yet ready for any gaiety, there's a future of happiness in store for Winnifred.

**MARJORIE O'NEILL.** Came to St. Joseph's three years ago from Seaforth. Her hobbies are music and outdoor sports. Marjorie wants to be a lab technician and is entering St. Michael's with that in view next Fall.



**LEILA O'REILLY.** The winsome charm that was Leila's in Baby Class has not diminished during the years she has spent at St. Joseph's . . . rather it has increased to keep pace with the growing of womanliness and consideration for others that characterize the grown-up Leila. May the future be good to her.

**RITA MARY PAUL.** Came to St. Joseph's in Third Form and has been managing to keep her social activities and her academic standing in harmony ever since. Her success in this difficult endeavour speaks well for the future.

**PATRICIA PHELAN.** Otherwise known as "the darling of the Island," Pat spends most of every year across Toronto Bay. Originally she hailed from Michigan, U.S.A., and came to us in First Form High. Her hobby is playing the piano but her hopes for a career lies in radio drama.

**HELEN M. PRAST:** Always on the go, Helen never seems to arrive on time, but her enthusiasm about everything she undertakes (except studying) makes up in some measure for time lost. She plans to go to University next Fall. Good luck, Helen!

**MARY ELLEN SCANLON.** A loyal friend, a good student and a lover of outdoor sports—that is how St. Joseph's has found Mary Ellen during the five years that we have known her . . . and that is how the Halls of Learning will discover her in September.

**BERNADETTE SHERIDAN.** Bernadette has decided to enter the business world. Therefore next year she is going to take the Secretarial Course at St. Joseph's. Her hobby? Books and then more books!

**MARIE ELIZABETH SMITH.** Betty's future is as yet undecided. At present she thinks she will take the Pass Arts Course at the University. She is interested in all sports and especially in skiing and swimming.

**VERNA DOLORES URSINI.** Curly-haired, black eyed Verna has so many interests that it is hard to pin one down. She may enter the business world but leans towards a linguistic career. Her unbounded enthusiasm for all she undertakes will win her success in either field of action.

**DOROTHY ANN WHITE.** Dorothy came to St. Joseph's in First Form, demure and dependable. She is still dependable and still a bit diffident of her own powers—a characteristic of most capable people. We understand Dorothy intends to study journalism and we wish her all happiness in her chosen work.

**Graduation** Although the lovely gala day is still, as we write a sweet anticipation, by the time the Lilies is in the hands of its friends, that sweet anticipation will be a still sweeter memory, one which, we understand, grows dearer as the years lay their lavender mellowing upon it. To the graduates of this year, Convocation Hall is the only and best and most natural place to hold a graduation—A St. Joseph's Graduation, for, not since 1939 has St. Joseph's tried to expand its auditorium to welcome its friends on Graduation Day, and in 1939, the graduates of '45 were little tots in grade seven; and for the last four years, since they came into High School, they have gone each year twice to Convocation Hall, once to practise (and what a day!) and once to assist at the ceremonies of Graduation, to thrill to the fullness of "Hail to Thee Joseph" and the "Ave Maria," to rise (soundlessly, girls, now absolutely soundlessly!) and stand and be seated and listen and sing again and then to come home again to St. Joseph's. The sweets of the day are theirs this year. Never so sweet before the music, nor so fragrant the flowers; never so dear a class, dearer now that it is to break, and never so fond a welcome and a farewell. God bless the graduates of 1945.

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**Parents' Day** Parents' Day was a new institution at St. Joseph's this year. On April 15th, we welcomed the parents of our senior girls; on April 22nd those of the juniors. A short play "If Wishes were Horses" was presented by the Dramatic Club to grace the first of the two Parents' Day; and on both occasions, refreshments in the Cafeteria and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Convent Chapel provided (respectively) a note of gaiety and a religious dignity to the day.

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**Rose Tag** A "special" group of girls, some Fifth formers and some Fourth, found a novel way to aid the Library Fund. On May 1st and 2nd in honour of Our Lady, the Mystical Rose, they sold rose tags to all the student body, clearing some \$21 or \$22. The First Forms deserve some mention in connection with the Tag Day too for their co-operation in making the tags during Art periods.

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**Big Hearted Herbert** A comedy produced by St. Cecilia's Parish Dramatic Club in our Auditorium on April 28th provided many laughs and a deal of enjoyment to the Sisters and the Boarders and the "plain people" who relaxed in our Aud. that Saturday night.

**Our Lady of Paris** A picture of spiritual and educational value depicting the history of Notre Dame Cathedral (and much of the history of France) turned our faithful old Aud. into a theatre, box office.—ushers and all, for the space of a week. Many Catholic Torontonians attended the picture. The proceeds are to enlarge the Auditorium Fund, which is, in turn, to enlarge the Auditorium stage.

**Raffle Returns** The raffle of war savings certificates is of the past now, but we feel we must pick up all the threads of the pattern of school life woven between the then and the now; and so we want to tell our readers that we over-reached our objective, clearing \$435.00 for the Auditorium Fund. The first prize (\$25.00 certificate) was won by Mrs. J. A. Cook, mother of Agnes in Grade 8; the second prize (\$15.00 certificate) by Mrs. Frank Haley, mother of Mary in Grade 9-B, third and fourth prizes were won by Miss S. Lyncia and Mrs. George Courteaux respectively.

**Art Exhibit** The Art Exhibit, usually a part of the Graduation functions, hurried itself onto the walls in time to greet the parents of the First Formers on April 22nd. Some of the First Formers (whose artistic leanings are of obligation not choice) showed a remarkable amount of talent. In particular, we would mention two story illustrations, one of "The Pied Piper" by Mary Chadwick (Grade Nine A) and one of "Father Happé Throwing Communist Oranges" by Marilyn Cullinan (Grade Nine A); and one dozen beautiful factory cotton curtains stencilled by the classes and gracing the six full length windows. In this connection, due thanks must be given to a generous quartet (Ann Black, Mary Katherine Halladay, Inez Baker and Jacqueline Cain) who stayed late and came early until the curtains were at last finished and hung.

The work of those who take private lessons (and these by choice, not obligation!) was consistently well done. Again we would cite two instances: two or three "quick-action sketches" done in the grounds and only in pencil by Sally Wright had really caught the movement and character of the moment; a small scene done in oils by Agnes Chinery showed finish and talent.

**MacBeth** On Thursday in March, Mr. H. R. Stanton, Shakespearean actor of some note and one time member of the Ben Greet Company, delighted the Fourth and Fifth Forms with his interpretations of Macbeth. That delightful



old villain (we refer, of course, to Macbeth) is the subject of our study this year in the upper forms, a fact which made us appreciate the more Mr. Stanton's dramatizations.

**Librarian Address** The Kipling Room and the facilities it offers to students was the subject of an interesting talk by an interesting librarian, Miss Evans, at present in charge of the Kipling Room, Central Circulating Branch of the Public Library. We are deeply indebted to Miss Evans and to all Toronto's gracious librarians for their interest in the work of school girls.

**Elections in Miniature** Dear to our Lady's heart must have been the earnest, serious deliberations of the little ones in their recent organization of a Junior Sodality and the election of a worthy President. Even those too little to manipulate a pen had active voice in the election, whispering their choice into Sister's ear and letting her commit their secret to paper. Ruth O'Neil (Grade Seven) was chosen President.

**Music Festival Honours** Congratulations to Colleen Sadler who won the Star Scholarship at the recent Music Festival sponsored by the Kiwanis Club. Colleen has been a pupil of Alberta Guerrero since winning a somewhat similar scholarship two years ago. Previous to that date, Colleen had been given all her musical training with our Sisters here and in St. Catharines.

Barbara Kettlewell, also studying music here, won a second prize in the Bach Group in the same festival.

Many of the older girls may be interested too to learn that Betty Ann Fischer won the Robert Simpson Scholarship, coming first among the violin contestants. Although Betty Ann never studied music here, she came to our boarding school as a very little girl and remained here in school for several years.

**Another Musical Success** Our own Pat Kenny whose melodious voice we have all come to love gave a musical recital on January 30th at the Heliconian Club. She was ably accompanied by Miss Sonja Seydell at the piano and Mr. Harry Koffman at the violin. The programme opened with Vendrai Corina by Mozart, followed by many other lovely selections, among which was included the beloved Romeo and Juliet waltz. For her concluding number Pat sang the Lord's Prayer—perhaps the most appropriate for these times. Dur-

ing the intermission Mr. Ernest Seitz presented Pat with a beautiful bouquet of red roses.

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**Message**

Fifty-six graduates and six hundred odd of their schoolmates thrilled with expectancy when it was announced that the speaker of the Graduation exercises was to be the beloved director of the C.Y.O., Rev. James N. Fullerton. Nor were they disappointed in the message to not only the graduating class but to every young person present. After a word of congratulation, Father Fullerton spoke of the future with the startling words "Isn't it much more important to be concerned about none of these things (health, position, finances) as much as the kind of person you are. And that is what really counts—the kind of person you are." He described the three characteristics of honesty or justice, acceptance of responsibility, and love of industry which make for true success in life. But no mere synopsis can give the force of Fr. Fullerton's own words, so we let him speak himself. "Honesty . . . . means playing square with God and His rules in the game of life; it means being upright and fair with others . . . . it means being kind and sympathetic and open-minded as one comes in contact with the world and its people." Could a more striking commentary be made on a certain speech beginning with "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with thy whole soul . . . .?" Thank you, Fr. Fullerton, for once again saying just the right thing in the right way. Don't worry about "the risk of being called old;" we like advice like this.



### The Student Council

Head Prefect—Josephine Conlin (Gr. 13-A)

Vice-Prefect—Loretto Lanphier (Gr. 13-A)

Treasurer—Verna Ursini (Gr. 13)

Secretary—Kitty Carey (Gr. 13)

Resident Prefect—Mary Frances Keenan (Gr. 13)

Class Prefects:—Mary Taylor (Commercial); Marilou Manning (Gr. 13-B); Adele Cozens (Gr. 12-C); Marie Stables (Gr. 12-C); Maxine Purvis (Gr. 12-A); Lena Burger (Gr. 11-A); Catherine McGovern (Gr. 11-B); Marie Leonard (Gr. 11-C); Virginia Varley (Gr. 11-D); Bernadine Bart (Gr. 10-A); Carolyn Gratton (Gr. 10-B); Allanna Malone (Gr. 10-C); Anne Salvian (Gr. 10-D); Rose Marie Coleman (Gr. 9-A); Lena Dorner (Gr. 9-B); Laurelle Leveque (Gr. 9-C); Lois Whitehead (Gr. 9-D).

### PROGRAMME

#### Piano Recital—April 27, 1945.

Sonatina .....	Mozart
	Eleanor Manz
Irish Boy .....	Dunhill
Allegro .....	Haydn
	Lorraine Muselow
Ghost Story .....	Kullak
	Joan Garvey
Monkeys in the Tree .....	Berlin
The Chase .....	Stokking
	Betty Sears
Chase of the Butterflies .....	Dennee
	Zita Sandford
Sonata in C .....	Mozart
Venetian Gondola .....	Tansman
	Hermina Manz
Sonatina in D Major .....	Clementi
Cradle Song .....	Spendiarow
	Barbara Kettlewell
Ballet Music .....	Schubert
	Ruthanne Tobin
Song without Words .....	Davidoff-Reinecke
	Paula Hopkins
Flight .....	Carre
	Joan Keogh



Scherzo .....	Madeline Maguire	Schubert
The Pines .....	Ina Claire English	Matthews
Rococo .....	Marie Mills	Palmgrem
Valse in A flat .....	Patricia Ryan	Chopin
Rolling Stones .....	Helen Boehler	Macfadden
Sonata..Op. 79 (1st Movement) .....	Mary Bricco	Beethoven
Valse in D Flat .....	Doris Charette	Chopin
German Dance .....	Helen Vaillancourt	Beethoven-Seiss
Norwegian Bridal Procession .....		Greig
Duo .....		Arne-Oetting
Curious Story .....	Patricia Ryan	Heller
	Mary Bricco	

**GRADUATION PROGRAMME**

Veni Creator Spiritus .....	(1765-1838) Thomas Attwood
Hail to Thee, Joseph .....	School Hymn

**CONFERRING OF HONOURS ON THE GRADUATES**

Evensong .....	Handel
Here Amid the Shady Woods .....	Handel
	Arranged by J. Michael Diack
The Galway Piper .....	Percy E. Fletcher
	Arranged by Charles F. Manney

**VALEDICTORY**

Miss Mary Jane Dwyer

Take me to a Green Isle .....	Music by Walter MacNutt
	Words by H. E. Foster

Come Loyal Hearts .....	Whitehead
Ye Mariners of England .....	Arranged by Dr. Healey Willan

**ADDRESS TO GRADUATES**

Reverend James N. Fullerton

**GOD SAVE THE KING**

Choral Instructor and Conductor—Albert W. Whitehead  
 Organist—Quentin Maclean  
 Pianist—Nan Shaw

Benediction .....	St. Joseph's Convent Chapel
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## TO MARY

Purity personified, thou boast of all our race,  
 Virgin Mother of Our Lord, Mary, full of grace!  
 With wonderment we contemplate your marvellous fortitude  
 On Calvary's hill you bore the brunt of maddened multitude.

Dear Maiden, gentle, sweet and fair,  
 Your burdens all you humbly bear,  
 Help me bear mine on Life's rocky path,  
 To stand firm and steady 'gainst Satan's wrath.

Joan Lavelle, XII-B,  
 S.J.C.S.

## MAY

Poets and authors, playwrights and dramatists have sought, year after year, century after century, for a subject on which to write, a subject which might easily lend charm to a beautifully written story. What more fitting topic is there than the month of May . . . . the month of Our Lady, Queen of Heaven? The flowers in the first bloom of life, the birds who sing more sweetly, the grass green as the shamrocks of the Emerald Isle, and above all, the blue haze of the sky, dotted with white clouds, which daily spreads its vast beauty over the whole earth, all contribute greatly to the loveliness of this month of months.

Gaily we march down the corridors after three and eagerly run out into the sunlight. With what anxiety we await the end of a school week, so our Saturdays and Sundays may be spent relaxing and walking the long country roads. This anxiety is comparable only to the joy of a little child when first he receives his Maker in Holy Communion. Such a scene is indeed awe-inspiring and should it not be so? May the most beautiful time of the year, is a time for us to implore help from Mary for success in our final examinations and above all, for peace of heart, mind and soul.

Nancy Lemire, XII-B,  
 S.J.C.S.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE

Her tiny voice is ringing clear  
 Mama, Mama, don't you hear?  
 See her chubby hand outstretched,  
 Will you take it to your heart?  
 And, on her tiny mouth impart  
 A kiss, which only mothers give  
     Profound and loving;  
 Dispersed with just a little hugging:  
 And with that kiss a hurt is healed  
 And in that baby's soul is sealed  
 Affection, ne'er to be forgotten.

Alice McGovern, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

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**THE MELODY OF SPRING.**

"Paper, paper . . . read all about the . . ." the voice of the newsboy echoes through the sunny street. His familiar cry has taken on a clearer tone, as if he too felt the new joy of Spring.

All around him the noise of the milling traffic mingles with his cry. The car horns, the street cars and the occasional screech of brakes on the dry pavement . . . all have a new clarity, honking, clanging and screeching that Spring has come. Overhead there is the loud roar of a plane dipping deep and circling the tall buildings which point tapering fingers at the clear blue sky. "Spring is here" it roars . . . "And with it Victory!"

And here at school? Through the classroom windows drift the familiar strains from the music hall. All winter long the windows have been closed upon the earnest musicians within who, with untiring effort, have laboured to attain that perfection which is now so evident. Listen! Listen! That's Marita, we know! One might think, to see her devotion to the science rooms around the school, that her world fitted neatly into a test tube, but no! When Marita McLean really gets down to business on the compositions of one Frederick Chopin, and in particular his "Fantasie Impromptu," and when she leaves the music room windows open . . . well, it bodes no good for the value of X and the outcome of Punic Wars!

And listen again! That's Pat Phelan doing justice to a Beethoven Sonata. Yesterday it was Betty Foley putting us all in a dreamy mood with "Claire de la Lune." Terry O'Neill is rustling the leaves of the big oak now with her "March Winds." Too bad some composer can't give us a composition on "May Rains" (where's that other curler?)

And through all the rippling harmonies comes the insistent play and interplay of a Bach study. That's Marjorie O'Neill, I wager; I've heard her groan about it. Believe me, music is a real source of inspiration, even when it is just "the wild echoes flying;" and, with June a few weeks away, a few inspirations will come in mighty handy.

Catherine Stinson, XI-D. S.J.C.S.

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**SPRING FANTASY**

"March winds, April showers, bring forth sweet May flowers."

Spring is the time when the earth wakes again. We hear and see for a month or so the incessant downpour of rain beating on the roads and roofs. But good comes of the spring rains. The farmer could not live without the rain and where would little boys sail their matchstick sailboats if not in the rainwater rushing along the curb.

Spring becomes tiresome for mother who has to watch that Junior doesn't go to school or play without his jacket or keep him from the swimming hole. And father has to loosen the draw strings annually to provide for new clothes. It is a busy time for carpenters, painters and for all who are building new homes and fixing the old. Everything from the houses to the ants on the ground come to life, and everything has to be clean and kept clean, specially the little boy's faces till nature goes into hibernation once again next winter.

Bernadette Kelley, XI-C, S.J.C.S.



### LOCKED OUT

"Mum . . . Dad . . ." I bellowed at the top of my voice, "Isn't anybody home?" There was no answer. "Mother" I called again, but with no response. "Well, if they didn't hear that last call, I may as well make up my mind there's no one home."

Standing in front of our house one rainy afternoon last week, I was thoroughly disgusted (and thoroughly soaked, I might add). "Mum's gone out again and forgotten to leave me my key." I mumbled, after making a complete survey of all the doors and windows. I sat down on the front steps, resolved that I would remain there if it meant all night and pneumonia too. But when the cold and dampness had begun to seep through my clothing, I quickly changed my plans.

"If I could only reach the attic window," I thought. Mother always leaves it unlocked. But that was impossible—or was it? The old tree at the back of the house was very close to the window and, if it leaned far enough in that direction, I might be able to lift the window and jump in. I began to scramble up the tree Oh, to be a commando! But I wasn't; I was just Mary Higel slowly picking my way out on a branch just above the window.

It was when I was in this precarious position that the little imp of a boy next door opened the window and said:

"Next time you come by, toss me a coconut!"

"Oh, keep quiet" I urged as I reached down to open the window.

Just then something dropped out of my pocket onto the window ledge. It was a key—MY house key!

"Ha, ha, ha," came the mocking laughter from next door as my face turned a deep crimson.

That was the last time I was ever locked out!

Mary Higel, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

### NOCTURNE IN SEVERAL SHARPS

" . . . Control calling P for Peter . . . come in . . . P for Peter over to you." P for Peter receiving loud and clear over Control to P for Peter permission to take off. Proceed as instructed. P for Peter to control; Roger . . ."

With this last formality, the heavy Sunderland slowly became airborne and rose up out of the water into the vast and cloudy sky. Its orders were to patrol Section B, and report and attack submarines in that district. Visibility was nil and any hope of seeing the sub through the murky fog and darkness was remote. The aircraft zigzagged over the area in a vain attempt to see below the overcast, but to no avail: the only thing was to go down and skim over the waves.

The searchlight swept over the rough waters and suddenly struck a black object resting on the surface.

"A sub!" the cry rang out through the length of the plane.

Their prey, sensing its danger quickly submerged—but to no good. The plane already had jettisoned its bombs and already they were streaking downward.

A column of water rose high in the air leaving on the surface—all that remained of one sub.

P for Peter turned tail and headed for home; mission accomplished; target destroyed.

Prue Jarvis, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

---

**OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.**

When I was awakened that morning, I remembered at once the thrilling experience that awaited me—a trip to the Laurentian mountains in Quebec. Although it was a trip of over three hundred miles by car, the time passed quickly as we drove through the many interesting towns and cities. As we took to the open highway, the first things of importance that met our eyes were St. Theresa's Church, St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Francis Xavier China Mission and St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake. Quickly we passed through Oshawa, Cobourg (where many attractive and large homes of American visitors are located) and Port Hope; then came Trenton on the Trent River where now a large, well known airbase is located. The next important stop was Kingston, famous for its University, Military College and Penitentiary. As we drove past the University we noted the thronging crowds of teachers who were taking summer courses; queerer still, the artists busy painting and sketching in the park and campus and by the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Several hours later we passed through Brockville, Gananoque (Gateway to the Thousand Islands) and Prescott, and here we turned north. Nearing Kemptville, we had a fine view of the Agricultural College located there. At the time the buildings were being used by the R.C.A.F. It was not long until we reached the Dominion Experimental Farm on the outskirts of Ottawa. A beautiful boulevard runs along the banks of the Rideau Canal from here to the heart of the City and we were soon viewing the Houses of Parliament, the Peace Tower and other public buildings. Situated on the other banks of the Canal was the famous Chateau Laurier Hotel, and in the centre of the City stood the magnificent War Memorial to those who gave their lives in the Great War of 1914-18.

Leaving the City, we crossed the Ottawa River by bridge to the City of Hull and from there followed the road that skirted the banks of the Gatineau River for many miles, and a grand view of the Gatineau Hills in the distance. Later we swung away from the River and went up into the hills. Finally crossing a wooden bridge, we reached our destination, Lac St. Pierre de Wakefield.

The cottage we were to occupy was situated right on the water and from the screened verandah we had a splendid view of the whole lake with the hills in the background. The sighing pines made a lullaby and the softly lapping waves whispered "Good night." It was the happy end of a long day and a delightful journey.

Nora McDonoghue, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

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**OUR CAFETERIA**

Come with me as we take our place in the cafeteria! The first impression is the bright cheerful atmosphere. The gaily coloured curtains; the square spotless tables; the blackboard menu with a sophisticated butler pointing to the food items, all help to make you more eager to have dinner. On the east wall of the cafeteria hangs a tapestry of the Last Supper.

You reach for your tray, try to decide which of the appetizing items displayed, you want. After we have finished our meal we place our dishes at the wicket and proceed to the auditorium or gymnasium to enjoy the remainder of our lunch hour. Yes, indeed we should be proud of our cafeteria. Theresa O'Boyle, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

**"SUMMER IS A COMIN' IN"**

By the end of a term a young girl's fancy turns to the thoughts of summer . . . those two glorious months during which there is no school, no exams to worry about, no more early hours, no homework, no essays . . . only long lazy days full of sunshine, swimming and trying to obtain a decent tan to show off to the world in the Fall. A whole river full of water to dive into at any time of the day, weiner roasts, corn roasts and every kind of roast imaginable!

She thinks of the cottage with its bright yellow and blue furniture and comfortable couches and of all the parties she can have. She thinks of the old crowd, the same girls and boys who had been going around together every summer for as long as she can remember, of the swimming hole and of everything connected with her own particular summer resort. She wonders too if everything will be the same as in past years. What about that new cottage that was built towards the end of last summer? Who owns it? Oh, and that new cement road, not really a new road but new cement on the old, will make a difference.

Countless thoughts run through her head as she tries to study for those terrible final examinations. It is really hard to study when "summer is a-cumin in" but wishful thinking won't bring it any closer. Her eyes turn down to the text again and she begins to concentrate on French verbs and leaves her memories for later.

Gloria Kelly, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

**ALPHABET FOR GRADE XI-C**

- A is for Angela, "Angel" for short,  
 B is our Bernadette and she's a good sport;  
 C is Colleen, a sweet Irish lass  
 D is for Dorothy, the brain of the class;  
 E stands for Energy, which all of us lack,  
 F is for Frances who sits at the back.  
 G is for Geraldine, our Port Credit chum,  
 H is for Helen who never seems glum,  
 I is for Inez whom the Navy is dating  
 J for our Jon for whom Kirkland Lake's waiting;  
 K's Myrna Kelmert, "Blondy" by name,  
 L is Lemire and Mary's a brain.  
 M is Marie—we know her as Tod,  
 N is a Noble girl.  
 O's for O'Grady, who giggles so well,  
 P is for Prefect—is she ever swell?  
 Q is for Quiet, but not in III-C.  
 R is for Rita, a red-head is she;  
 S is for scholars—in physics the best,  
 T is for Therese who helped with this mess.  
 U is for Uniform—dark navy blue  
 V is for vacation—enjoy it we do;  
 W's Williams, who at Latin sits tight,  
 X the unknown that we never get right.  
 Y is for Yankees (Does Marlon know 'em?)  
 Z is our zeal for the end of this poem.

Rita O'Grady and Theresa O'Boyle, XI-C



### A SURPRISE

It was June 28, about 7.30 a.m. when I woke. There was shuffling around in my mother's room and I got up immediately and went in. My mother had several suit-cases and she was putting into them all her clothes. She told me we were leaving that evening to go to my aunt's farm in Quebec for two months. I had seen many farms and had longed to be on one.

All day long mother and I were packing. We were to catch the 11 p.m. train. Early the next morning we arrived in Montreal, had breakfast and left for Quebec City at 9.30 a.m. We were greeted there by my aunt and uncle who drove us to their home, in the country. We spent a very enjoyable vacation and I was sorry when it came time to leave.

Mary Lemire, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

### THINGS FOR WHICH WE SHOULD THANK GOD

There are countless things for which we should thank God, but the more outstanding of them can be divided into two classes, spiritual and material.

We give thanks for creation, redemption, Catholic parents, and the sacraments. These are spiritual things and pertain to most of us, but there are specific gifts also. I thank God for a Catholic education and for living near a Catholic Church.

In the material class are gifts such as mentally sound parents, our five senses, white parents, a comfortable home and living in a country that isn't war torn. These gifts we should be thankful for, after thanking God for the spiritual ones. In this class there are specific favours. In my own life I am thankful for my ability to draw, for having a little sister, and for a pretty view from my window when I am in bed.

Sally Wright, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

### A BRAVE WOMAN

This is the story of a Canadian woman during the German invasion. Her husband was killed in an aeroplane crash, and Madame lived in a little home in Paris. This is her story as she tells it herself.

'Many of our flyers are forced down. Peasants tell me, and bring them to me for help. One day a peasant came to me, nodded and remarked 'Madame.' That one word held great significance to me. I returned home to find two of our men, with third degree burns. One said to me: 'Je suis a---a---I'm afraid I've forgotten most of my French. . . .' I can imagine his relief when in an unaccented Canadian voice, I answered, the while ushering him into a room where peasant clothes were waiting the exchange of his.

In a few weeks both boys were ready to travel. I took them to the station. My heart was beating furiously when a peasant came to me and in a muffled voice told me that the Germans were asking for credentials. What was I to do? Then, before my eyes I saw the answer—two luggage carts. The peasant beside me sensed my plan and hurried the boys out of sight. They returned, dressed as porters, and pushed the carts through the great door down the

corridor and out of sight. I went to the gate, showed my passport and walked around the bend where I joined the boys.

At a little town sixty miles from Paris, a plane awaited us. The boys hesitated when they saw I was not going with them but I insisted I had more work to do in Paris. Then smiling they climbed into the plane. I stood watching the airship until it became a speck in the sky, sailing nearer and nearer to "Freedom."

Agnes Charlton, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

---

### A SOJOURN IN BED

"Why Betsey," exclaimed Mother, "What on earth is the matter with your face?"

I dashed to the mirror and stood aghast at what I saw—a series of brownish-red dots across the bridge of my nose. Measles! "Ooh," I groaned. "Are they fatal? I feel sick!"

My young brother Joe chuckled, "Now who'll tease about freckles?"

Mother despatched Joe for the doctor and bundled me into bed. Dr. Davies confirmed our diagnosis and told Mom to keep me in bed for two weeks.

I can't say I was appalled at this prospect. Just think sleeping in every morning till 10 o'clock, reclining on a pile of pillows leisurely reading my favourite stories while the other girls slaved over some new declension or proposition, playing with the puppy, or knitting. Why! I didn't even feel very sick—although that buzzing sound and stuffiness was peculiar.

Little did I know! The doctor's orders had included a darkened room and plenty of beef broth (ugh). The puppy couldn't visit me. I didn't even have the satisfaction of sleeping in. Every morning at 7 o'clock I woke through habit and started to get out of bed, then seeing my bespeckled hand, rolled over again to bemoan all the work I would have to catch up on. I longed to be up and around again.

"What makes my feet behave so?" I asked as I tottered around my now lighted room. I was indeed happy to be out in the bright world again. Even the necessity of doing extra work to "catch up" at school couldn't dampen my spirits.

Gwen Smith, X-D, S.J.C.S.

---

### WHAT VICTORY MEANS TO YOU.

Look around your neighbourhood, not many left. How many are coming home? Ask yourself just what does victory mean to me? Thousands will come marching home to stay. Thousands more will be staying on the battle field. Is Victory worth fighting for, dying for? Ask a returned soldier from Normandy; he'll tell you. Lying there in a muddy fox hole, planes flying over, where do his thoughts wander? Not to his army base in London, but to home. To the front porch and that squeaky door that Dad never fixed. To Mom baking that apple pie for supper. To the girl next door who said she would wait for him. To Church on Sunday, and the drug store on the corner.

Mary Eileen Deegan, X-B, S.J.C.S.

**GUESS WHO?**

She was beautiful as she stood there, indeed, she is always beautiful, but at this moment, even the grouchiest of the citizens stopped to stare, as this young maiden hands a cup of cold water from the well to a crippled old beggar at her side.

It was about midday but with all the heat she had not lost a particle of her poise, she was cool and unruffled under the stares of the passerby.

The rays of the sun caught the happiness in her eyes as she watched the old man quench his thirst, and her white mantle made a striking contrast with her lovely brown tresses.

You must have guessed it is of Our Blessed Mother of whom I write.

Bianca Nieves, X-C, S.J.C.S.

**COLDS**

"A - - - choo!" went Margaret Kerwin of Form I-B as she stepped into class. Suddenly she was besieged with all her class mates remedies for colds.

"Put your feet in a tub of hot water," said Marie Kennedy.

"Go to bed" shouted Patricia Kavanagh.

"A famous man once said if you remedy a cold you'll have it a week and if you leave it alone you'll have it seven days—better let it alone" this from Mary Kay.

"I know a good cough remedy," said Kathleen Doran.

However it is doubtful if the young lady more than let it in one ear and out the other. Of course wearing no stockings or hat and striding along with her coat swinging open probably didn't help matters.

Audrey Hurley, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

**GRADUATION DAY**

Graduation Day is a day on which the girls of St. Joseph long look forward to. It takes place at Convocation Hall. The parish priests of every graduating girl is present. Quentin McLean plays the organ and Professor Whitehead directs the choir. The girls receive their diplomas and then return back to St. Joseph's with their parents for benediction. The school is all beautifully decorated. The school's resident pupils serve the tea.

Lois Whitehead, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

**MARY'S DAY**

On May 12, the Catholic Schools of Toronto commemorate Mary's Day by hearing Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral. Hymns are sung by the girls. The school uniforms are worn by all. Mary our Mother has been so kind to us and has done so much for us. So girls, this is a call to one and all, let's make this a great and holy day.

Lois Whitehead, IX-B, S.J.C.S.



---

**IN THE MOUNTAINS**

There had been a landslide and the entrance to the cave was closed. The girls looked to Pierre, their guide, for help.

"Is there another entrance?" asked Jean. "Yes, but it is a difficult descent. Follow me" he answered.

The girls followed in silence. When they reached the other entrance, they had to descend an almost verticle cliff for nearly fifty feet. "Oh Pierre!" Lois gasped.

"It is all right," he said calmly, "I have descended it several times. But do not look down! Follow me." It took only a few minutes, but each seemed an eternity with only tiny crevices for footholds and roots to assist them on their perilous journey, until they reached the ground.

Mary Buckley, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

---

**STRANGE AIRMEN**

Every little seed is like an airman. The airport is the flower to which it belongs. The little seed does not own a plane of his own, but flies through the air himself with the aid of the wind. When he is ready to leave the airport the wind comes along and carries him through the air. That little seed's mission is to land and start to grow into a new plant or flower to make the world more beautiful. Some seeds travel a long way before they make safe landing.

Margaret MacNeill, IX-C  
S.J.C.S.

---

**A BOOK OF MYSTERY**

Have you ever had the disappointment of picking up a beautifully covered book, to find, when you opened it, a jumble of words meaning nothing? Well I have!

It was my first real day at high-school; I had just bought all my new books, and was looking them all over, when I came upon a beautiful blue covered book. "Oh!" I thought, "I think this is going to be my favourite," whereupon I opened it. I read the first line, "Henri appelle Georges et puis il appelle . . ."

I turned back to the title page. "La Classe de Français." Disgusted, I closed the book.

Joyce Callahan, IX-A

---

**SCHOOL DAYS**

I have to go to school every day  
 Except when there's a holiday;  
 We do reading, writing and 'rithmetic;  
 And with the latter I have to stick:  
 In English I have an awful time  
 To try to get these lines to rhyme.

Joan Coles, Grade IX-A, S.J.C.S.

---

**IN THE DEFENCE OF RAINY DAYS**

We always consider rainy days gloomy. The sky is cloudy. The children are discontented because they can't go out and play in the fields. They will say to their mothers, "Do you think the rain will clear up soon, Mother?" She will say to comfort them, "Oh, yes, I'm sure it will be over by noon." The busy housewife will be glad when she can hang her clothes out to dry. Everyone will be happy when the sun shines again.

However, we must have rain that the crops may grow and flowers bloom. God is so good to give us rainy and sunny days.

Marilyn Cullinan, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

-----

**I DREW A TREE.**

I drew a tree all green one day  
 There's nothing lovelier was all I could say,  
 I drew a flower all painted red  
 I thought it was prettier than a flower bed.

I looked from my window at the flowers and the lawn,  
 Then looked at the pictures I had drawn  
 I looked at nature's lovely tree,  
 God had made a fool of me.

Mary Greive, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

-----

**POOR ROBINS**

The robins who sit on the tree in my yard  
 Look very, very sad;  
 For they knew that through this war,  
 Things indeed are bad.  
 But can someone tell me, please,  
 What will make them glad once more?  
 Tell them that it soon will end,  
 And they'll be happy as before.

Jeannette Baker, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

-----

**SUMMER ENJOYMENT**

June! There is magic music merely in its name! For with it come, swimming, riding, tennis, picnics and all the pleasures of summer.

Then, in June, also, a young girl's fancy turns to thoughts of . . . . . vacation time! For some, the vacation means sleeping in the morning, sitting, basking in the warm, golden sunlight, and generally taking it easy. Then again for me, it means going to our lodge in Muskoka; for some, to their cottages and cabins.

Yes, summer indeed has many pleasant prospects for us, here in Canada.

Jeanne Barton, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

**MARY'S MONTH**

Think of the May flowers and compare their delicate beauty with that of Our Lady. The small violets so tiny yet so heart-warming Our Lady's eyes, the smallest of her features but so kind and so loving, watching over us always. The dainty pink and white blossoms of the apple tree which will soon fall and leave room for the wholesome fruits Our Lady's fair skin which marked her as the fairest fruit of the earth. The rich brown soil so like Mary's shining hair. The rich hues of the blue sky hovering above the earth like Mary's blue mantle of protection enveloping her children. Indeed May is well called the "Month of Our Mother."

Marjory Teabeau, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

**MARY'S MONTH**

Mary's month is beautiful,  
That wondrous month of May,  
When the grass lays a green mantle,  
And children sing and play.

They lift their voices in praises sweet  
To Mary of Mantle blue  
And our Lady Immaculate comes to meet  
Her loyal friends and true.

Helen Travers, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

**MY PENCIL TALKS**

I wrote steadily for twenty minutes and paused. A voice close to me spoke: "You lead me a hard life. My head is worn down. I'm all chewed up and my head-rubber gone. Sharpen me to a point." Hastily I sharpened a long point. The pencil spoke again. "What do you do with your other possessions? Is your soul properly cared for?" "Yes," I said testily. "I go to Mass every day, to Confession and Holy Communion every week."

"What about prayers? Do you chew them up as you have me?"  
Did I really chew up my prayers? Did I put meaning into them?

P. Hopkins, VIII, S.J.C.S.

**ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?**

It took off with the greatest ease, circling around, gradually rising. Then up it soared as if lifted by an unseen hand, performing the most daring acrobatic feats: rolling, banking and spiralling—now upside down, now side ways, now right side up, until suddenly it stopped dead, as though it had collided with an invisible wall. It nosed downward in a dizzy spin. Down, down it fell, powerless and uncontrollable, to the earth which seemed to be reaching up for it. Did you ever watch a leaf being blown in the wind?

Merl Cloutier,  
St. Patrick, Vancouver.



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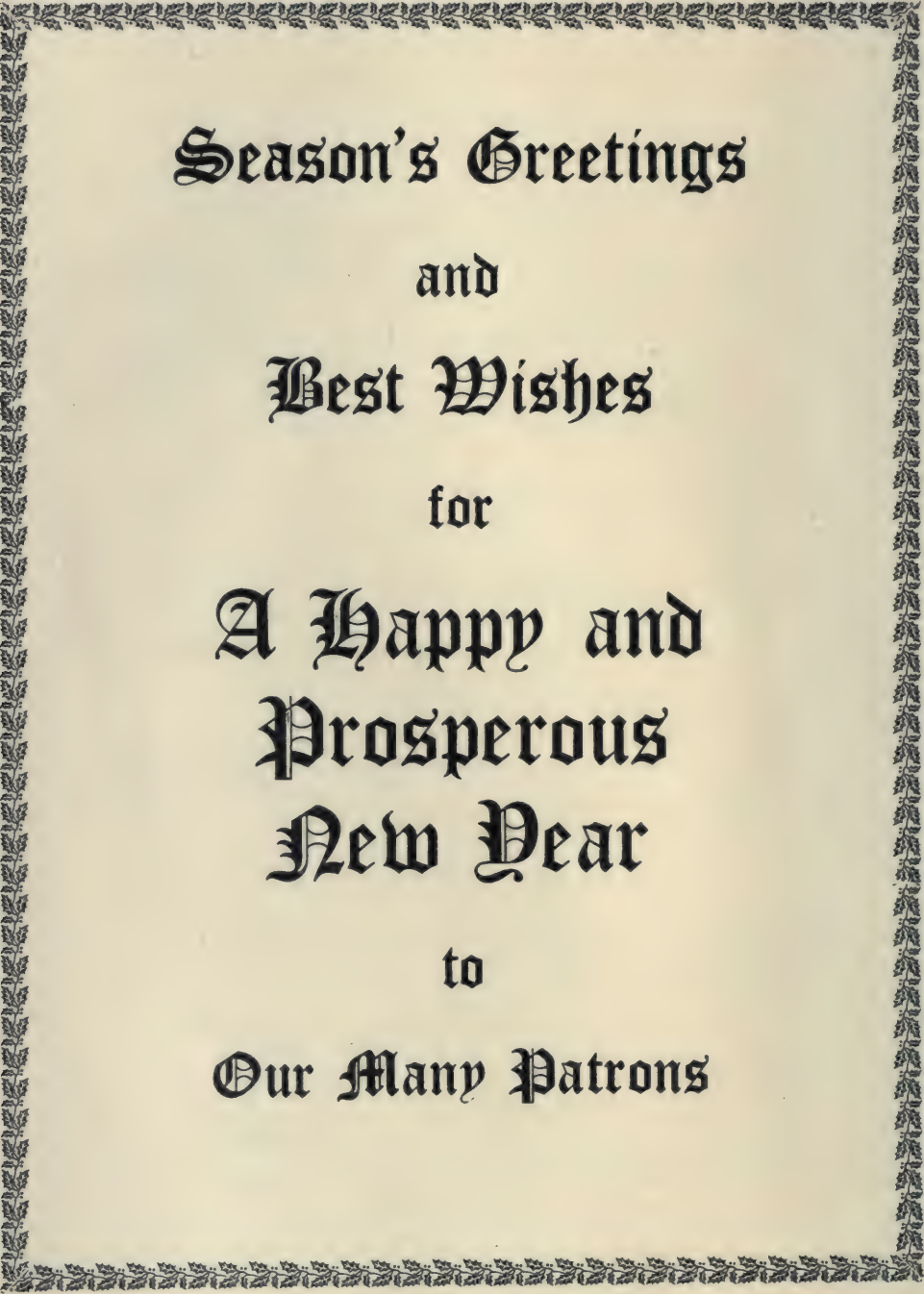
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## The Nativity

# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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Vol. XXXIV TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1945

No. 3

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## Christmas Prayer



As by the side of the Child Divine  
Mary knelt in the lowly stall,  
So do we kneel at Thy Christmas shrine  
Worshipping humbly the Lord of all.

Ours is a prayer for strength and grace,  
Courage to stand in the darkest night;  
O may the smile of the Infant Face  
Gladden our hearts with its holy Light!



## EDITORIAL

ON a chill December midnight more than nineteen centuries ago the eternal stars looked down from out a sapphire sky upon the vineyards and dusky olive groves of Palestine; upon quiet hills with clustering hamlets nestling in their hollows; upon rolling pastures where shepherds watched their flocks; upon a humble village that lay hushed and sleeping all unconscious of the mighty wonder that was being wrought within its shelter.

There on that first Christmas night, the Lord of Hosts came down to earth in the guise of helpless infancy, bringing to man that longed-for message of love and redemption. Suddenly the heavens opened, and the silent night was filled with music of angel voices singing "Peace on Earth—Peace to men of Good Will."

In the days of expectation while yet the world waited eagerly for the coming of the Saviour, the vast Roman Empire, exhausted after years of conquest and internal strife, seemed, under the great Augustus, to enjoy, at last, a prosperous repose. In a few short years there was to rise the voice of war from Northern German forests, and echoes that would break the spell of peace and force from the lips of the aged Emperor, the piteous wail: "O Varus, Varus, give me back my legions." But all this was in the hidden future. No dim forebodings of it to mar the happy time, when a profound and universal calm brooded over the smiling land. It was Heaven's preparation for the coming of Him Whom Scripture calls "The Prince of Peace."

Now after nineteen hundred years, again the Christmas stars look down upon the self-same world; but alas! upon what scenes of horror and destruction. Over the vast continents of almost half a hemisphere, even to distant numerous islands in the deep oceans, the quiet hills, the sloping mountain sides, the rich plains and the coral soil are cumbered with a ghastly harvest from which the very air of Heaven recoils. Fair cities,



but yesterday the pride and crowning glory of their boastful people, lie now in shapeless ruin or entire obliteration. The silent night is rent with the suffering moans of thousands bereaved of their loved ones; the groans of the dying and agonizing cries of the wounded, tortured in mind and soul. Their piteous clamour strikes the golden stars. The vast funeral pyre sends forth its stench-reeking flames and lights the sickening horrors that friendly darkness hid.

The nations of the earth lie waiting, a nerve-racking waiting, fearful for the future of the world and of their children. Victory is here without peace. That six long years of terrible death, or rather of slaughter, are over, is a cause for thankfulness but also of sorrow to those who truly love God and mankind; for the war has not chastened the peoples of the earth, has not taught them the lesson God would have them learn from it, has not brought repentance for the frantic pursuit of temporal goods which is the cause of the war.

But there is reason for thankfulness: for the cessation of hostilities; and for the end of the insane killing; for the coming of *peace*, such as it is. At the end of the First World War Pope Pius XI wrote: "No one can fail to see that neither to individuals nor to so-called society, nor to the people has come true peace after the disastrous war; the fruitful tranquility which all long for and which is still wanting. Peace indeed is signed between belligerents, but it is written in public documents, not in the hearts of men; the spirit of war reigns there still, bringing ever-increasing harm to society."

Cannot the same be said after the Second World War? Arms have been put down; documents have been signed; but where there is so much bitterness, hatred, sullen submission and desire for revenge, can there be said to be true peace? Failure is inevitable if the nations cling to the ancient heresy that human will can be trained and controlled by penalties alone. The trustees of the new world will be pouring water into a sieve unless the external organization of the United Nations be informed and spiritualized by fundamental agreements more universal than economic policy. To secure peace the United Nations must

exercise spiritual leadership, true world democracy, opposing totalitarianism in all forms.

Ancient Greece deified beauty; ancient Rome deified law; Nazi Germany deified force and justified it in abhorrent claim of arrogant racism. Law, Beauty and the prideful nationalism of Hegel and Kant are blind guides to ultimate truth unless illuminated by the light that shone from Bethlehem to Judah, nineteen centuries ago, proclaiming a new dispensation, but in the form of a qualified promise: "Peace on earth," yes, "Peace to Men of Good Will."

O Blessed Peace, most precious gift of God to suffering mortals! Nations may build temples to thee, philanthropists in thy name may teach a universal brotherhood, but all indeed in vain. Thou art not of this world, nor can all the powers of Earth divorced from Heaven win thee.

O that some mighty messenger of God, as on that far-off night might come again to earth, cleaving with strong wings the Heavens and filling the world with sweetest harmonies, that nations, listening to the strains, might forget their feuds, cease their strife, and join in worshipping with simple faith the Infant Prince of Peace!

---

### LULLABY

Sleep, Baby sleep! The mother sings;  
Heaven angels kneel and fold their wings;  
Sleep, Baby sleep!

With swathes of scented hay Thy bed  
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.  
Sleep, Baby sleep.



## ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

XV.

## GLENDALOCH.

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



GLENDALOCH, CO. WICKLOW

**G**LENDALOCH (*Glen of the Two Lakes*) is one of the most beautiful valleys in the Co. Wicklow, surrounded on three sides by mountains. It is three and a half miles long. The stream that tumbles down the mountain at the end of the valley forms two lakes, upper and lower. It is a lonely, romantic valley, with little pasture land and much wood on the mountain sides.

In pre-Christian days a small settlement had safe quarters here. Its *cahir* or stone fort, for people and cattle in times of attack, still exists, but it is of the small type. The pagan



settlement had apparently come to an end in the 5th century, in the time of St. Patrick's apostolate. The valley was deserted, yet a new people was soon to inhabit it.

The Irish chieftain of the district was Coemlug, a descendant of the King of Leinster. His name means *begotten of Lug* (the Sun-God); the name Lug enters into many of the family names. It is preserved in continental Celtic colonies, such as Lugdunensis in France, the present Lyons. Coemlug had a son called Coem-ghin (pronounced Keevin), fair begotten, but omitted the *Lug* portion of his name as befitted a neo-Christian. Kevin was born about A.D. 498 and lived about 120 years.

Kevin, after spending many years amongst the students in the new monastic settlements, returned to the lonely valley of his father to live as a hermit in a bee-hive cell and in a cleft of the mountain overlooking the upper lake. His former companions of the schools tracked him down and asked him to be their abbot of a little church on a rock at the south side of the upper lake which they proceeded to build.

So began the famous monastery of Glendaloch in the valley granted to him by his father. The Wicklow chiefs granted him also many lands for the increase of his monastery and churches; the fame of his School spread throughout the country. The area on the upper lake soon became too small for the thousands of students, even from the continent, who flocked to him.

The monastic settlement moved to the lower lake where there was more room for churches, stone bee-hive cells of the students, and wooden buildings of refectory, writing-rooms, outhouses for dairy, etc. The ruins can be seen to the left of the Round Tower in the view of Glendaloch. It was the City of Glendaloch—a monastic city of thousands of students, surrounded by a stone wall (*caiseal*). The students built their own stone bee-hive cells, with a small door and no window, and slept on rushes in their monk's dress of coarse, undyed wool, with hood. It was a typical Irish monastery. Its Greek and Latin learning was welcomed, especially by the students from the continent. Copying of the great manuscripts of the Scriptures was a special feature, and the traditional Church chant of the thou-

sands of students was echoed by the hills. The churches were too small to admit the students who carried out the Liturgy in the open air.

"No place," says H. V. Morton in his book 'In Search of Ireland,' "has given me a clearer picture of early Christianity than the strange little ruined city of Glendalough, in Co. Wicklow . . . ruins of a religious community which was established centuries before England was a Christian country."

The settlement has been long known as "The Seven Churches," but there were at least nine. St. Kevin had his own chapel, with high pitched stone roof, a loft for his sleeping-place, and small tower from which his bell called the students to Mass and Office. Other churches nearby he had erected for saintly abbots who came to visit his monastery, and one he had erected to the Virgin Mary, beside which he was buried, according to his own wish, in A.D. 618.

He was succeeded as abbot by his nephew, Molibba, who became the first bishop of the newly-constructed diocese of Glendaloch which included the territory of many of the ruling families of the province of Leinster. It was the churches and lands granted by those families to the monastery which were its main support for the thousands of students.

For four hundred years the school continued in this fashion, with an occasional plundering and burning by the Danes (before the year 851) who looted the precious metals and stones and burned the more precious manuscripts. Irishmen also, family opponents of the protectors of the monastery, burned it occasionally during their invasions of the territory; and accidental fires destroyed the wooden buildings. Hence it is that the monastery has left us so little of the precious manuscripts of classical and scriptural learning which were written during those four hundred years. It was a terrible holocaust, but it was only one of the many throughout Ireland. The manuscripts that have survived are not a tenth of those at which the monks and students laboured during those hundreds of years.

Manuscripts were perishable possessions, and so the art of illuminating and copying gradually declined. The monks betook themselves to stone carving—high crosses and chancel

arches—much more durable. They carried the art of manuscript illumination into their carvings, especially during the fifty years that followed the celebrated Battle of Clontarf (1014) where Danish control of Dublin got a rude shock. Those years of peace left the monks of Glendaloch a breathing time for local development of church architecture and ornamental carving.

The chief patron of this Irish Romanesque art in the Valley of Glendaloch was Lorcan Ua Tuathail (O'Toole), the abbot of the monastery (1153). He had been sent to the monastery, in his early teens, as a hostage, by neighbouring ruling families, for his father's political submission. He was a son of the powerful ruling family of the O'Tooles, patron of the monastery. He remained there as a simple monk until he was universally acclaimed abbot (1153), and then spent much of his patrimony on church building and ornamentation.

As we are concerned in these articles with artistic treasures we shall have to omit much interesting information about the ancient buildings of Glendaloch, and confine ourselves to the beautiful Irish Romanesque work of Lorcan Ua Tuathail on the Cathedral, the Priests' House and St. Saviour's Priory.

The arch and east window of the chancel of the cathedral were richly ornamented by him with mouldings, chevrons and friezes. A drawing of the window in 1779, when it was still intact, shows it as a very beautiful work in Irish Romanesque of the 12th century. It has been recently partially restored.

The Priests' House, a beautiful little structure of the 12th century, has all the delicate carvings in stone as in the Cathedral. It had no windows, and was probably the strong room for the manuscripts of the Monastery. It is called the Priests' House because it was there that during the Penal Times (the centuries of persecution of the Catholic faith by the Protestant English Government 16th-18th century) the priests of the district were buried.

The most artistic building is the church (priory) of St. Saviour, probably built by Lorcan Ua Tuathail for a select community of the monks away from the great monastery of the students. The variety of ornament on chancel arch and east



window is bewildering; leaves, spirals, chevrons, birds, animals,



Fig. 13

flowers, etc., are profuse in magnificent carvings on arches, columns, etc. (figs. 13-17). The whole 12th century carving is a revelation of the beauty of what Irish monastic stone artists could accomplish when freed from the attacks of Danish marauders. The English Invasion of 1170, however, put an end to this artistic development of Irish Romanesque architecture. The Irish monasteries declined, Glendaloch being one of the latest to be suppressed in favour of the Anglo-Norman ideas (1216).

It is legitimate to ask what would have become of Irish Romanesque Art had the English Invasion of Ireland not taken place? We have the splendid examples of Cormac's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel (already described) and St. Saviour's, Glendaloch. How these artistic conceptions could have been developed into a purely Irish art, instead of the hybrid-Irish Gothic deformities of the Irish countryside of the last century, is a question that still rankles in the brain of the modern Irish artist.

On this point it is only necessary to say that when Lorcan Ua Tuathail became Archbishop of Dublin (1161) he became a great church builder in another style, due to the Anglo-Norman invasion of 1170, and the early portions of the present Christ Church of Dublin are due to him. Though he built in Anglo-Norman fashion, yet he died in Normandy, in 1180, a martyr, in his protest against the English King's invasion of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, for the liberties of the Irish Church. It was on a par with Archbishop Thomas à Becket's (of Canter-

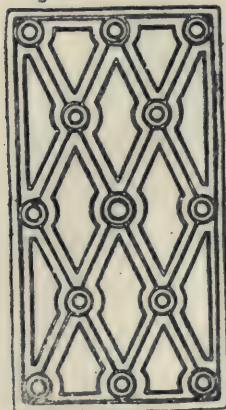
flowers, etc., are profuse in magnificent carvings on arches, columns, etc. (figs. 13-17). The whole 12th century carving is a revelation of the beauty



Fig. 17

bury) previous protest, and with the Irish protest against another Henry (VIII), King of England, (1536). Like Thomas à Beckett, Lorean Ua Tuathail was canonized (1216).

Fig 12



Amongst the ruins of the churches of Glendaloch there are still happily preserved some slabs of artistic and historical importance. They are chiefly associated with burials, tomb-slabs, but a couple were apparently altar fronts. The latter show an uncommon design of St. Andrew's crosses, with concentric circles,



Fig 10

forming a continuous pattern over the entire surface (fig. 12). They were an original conception of an altar front, and very probably had a symbolical significance. Another slab containing a beautiful design of scroll foliage branching from a stem, a pattern used as early as the 6th century in Italy, has baffled archaeologists as to its purpose (fig. 10). It may also have been an altar front, for it has to be remembered that altars in the early centuries of Christianity were very small constructions, and that an altar front of four feet wide would be ample for its purpose. The altars in the 5th and 6th century churches of Ravenna, in northern Italy, the home of early Christian Art, are all of similar size.

The other slabs, sepulchral, of cultural and historical importance, have usually a cross with interlacing ornament at the extremities symbolizing The Trinity—the *tethra*—three loops in one. On some of the slabs (fig. 9) are commemorated important clerics of the monastery, one of whom is identified in the Ancient Annals of Ireland. On others there is a mixture of Irish and Greek lettering. One of them (fig 11, 8th-9th century) has this inscription: OR DO BRESAL: A W ies xrs

(Pray for Bresal: Alpha Omega Jesus Christus). A (Alpha) was the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and W (Omega) was the last; Christ was A and W, the Beginning and the End. All this points to the popularity of the Greek language in Glendaloch in the 8th and 9th century when Greek was little known outside Ireland. This combination of Irish and Greek is to be found in the ancient Irish MSS. The stone carvers were copying what they found in the MSS. It may be necessary to observe that the letters I H S are Greek for I E S (the first letters of Jesus) and that X R S stand for Chrs (letters of Christus).

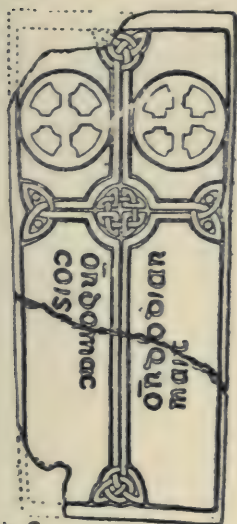


Fig. 9

The wealth of carving on separate pieces, crosses, arches, windows, etc., happily preserved, is truly amazing after over a thousand years. Nowhere in Ireland is there such a collection of ancient Irish art of culture and historical value. Again, to conclude this series of Ancient Irish Treasures, may one deplore the iconoclastic break



Fig. 11

that ushered in the English Invasion of 1170 and destroyed the last remnants of Irish monastic culture in the monastery of Glendaloch. Had such culture and art been allowed to develop in better times, times of peace, we may say that Irish monastic artists would have been as progressive as continental artists and would, as in previous centuries, have shown exceptional ability and originality. Glendaloch might have been the cradle of a new Irish ecclesiastical art. As it is, it preserves the most important collection of historical and artistic remains of the early Irish monasteries and is visited yearly by hundreds of thousands of people not only from Ireland, but from the sister isles and from every part of the world. Its fame is world wide.



## OLD LAMPS SHINING BRIGHT

By FATHER IGNATIUS BRADY, O.F.M.

**B**ROTHER Lefardus and his ancient companions of the Franciscan province of mediaeval Saxony were great hands at prayer, and advanced speedily thereby in the ways of the Lord. Brother Lefardus, you will remember, had a way of falling into rapture without warning, sometimes as he tended the stove in the kitchen, with dire results for the supper of the community; sometimes alone in his room, and even while walking from town with a companion. Brother Berthold had once to entrust him with cheeses instead of eggs on the way back from a begging-tour, lest he drop the eggs. Yes, he did drop the cheese!\*

Yet in all this, these holy Friars were but being true to their Franciscan vocation. Perhaps St. Francis had not left any learned treatise on prayer; perhaps even he had given no formal precept or command to the brethren that they were to engage in prayer at a definite hour and in a particular manner. But had he not left them the words of the Rule, that what was most important in a Franciscan's life was the spirit of prayer and devotion? So great a place was this to take that they were to be particularly careful lest their manner of working should in any way harm or destroy that spirit of prayer, that atmosphere of devotion in which all was to be done. Had he not gone further and said that as children of God everything that they did should be food for prayer? "Let those brethren to whom the Lord has given the grace of working, work faithfully and devoutly, in such wise that, excluding idleness which is hurtful to the soul, they do not extinguish the spirit of holy prayer and devotion to which all created things are meant to contribute." Without giving more command than this, their

\*See "New Lamps for Old," *St. Joseph Lilies*, vol. xxxiv (1945), 146-149. For those who demand account of sources, the original *De vitis sanctorum Fratrum Minorum Provinciae Saxoniae* was edited by Fr. Edwin Auweiler, O.F.M., in the *Archivum Franciscanum Historicum*, vol. xviii (1925), 211-225; and vol. xix (1926), 46-62, and 181-193.

Seraphic Father had let it be understood that the life of a Friar was, by its very nature, a life of prayer: "The servants of God ought always to continue in prayer or in some other good work."

Above all, the Friars were conscious of the example of St. Francis. Was he not in this, as in all else, a living Rule, saluted in their Breviary as the *Forma Minorum*, the mirror of virtue, the rule of their life? "In the beginning of the Order (the Saxon chronicle goes), the Blessed Francis had left such efficacious example to his sons that the brethren impressed it on their hearts and never let dim the memory thereof. To the example of his devotion not only were the Friars who were priests most attentive, but the lay-brothers also panted after fervor of spirit and by their assiduous prayers besought of God the spirit of great and ardent fervor." They needed no legislation on the place, time or manner of prayer, because the seraphic man of prayer had showed them the way.

For method and content, he had taught them to pray as children of the Father in heaven, looking and asking with filial confidence and trust for their daily spiritual, supernatural food. Let the learned doctors of theology dispute on the best diet for the soul; the Friar himself would take without reckon of spiritual vitamins what God offered him in prayer. What his Father gave him, be it even a lowly crust, sufficed, and he enjoyed it with relish. Prayer was a grace and a gift, devoutly to be sought, thoroughly to be enjoyed.

#### FRIAR HEYDENRICUS

An example of this is to be found in the Chronicle. "Friar Heydenricus . . . was a man of wondrous devotion and humbly accepted from God, his sole Teacher and Guide, all that appertained to the way of perfection, until he came up the path of holiness to the peak of perfection. . . Of such great devotion was he that it was a great joy to him when he could steal away from the rest and give himself wholly to devotion and interior prayer. It was his custom to spend his days at manual labor, patching habits at the request of the poor brethren; and at nightfall, when he wished to offer to God his evening prayers

and private devotions, he was wont to seek a lonely place where he could enjoy the intimate colloquy with God that prayer afforded, and pour forth to Him the desires and affections of his heart. Now, it once happened, when he thought himself alone, that certain brethren, who desired to learn how to pray, were listening to him in secret. Then they discovered that the beginning of his prayer was like the speech of the poor as they stand at the door of the rich, for in such manner did he plead that God would bestow on him an alms of His grace and strengthen him in His holy service.' But as they continued to observe him, they discovered he advanced far beyond this humble beginning and the subsequent prayers he poured forth for sinners, to full effective prayer and contemplation, until he had at last to betake himself to rest.

How striking a resemblance between this scene and those related in the life of Francis himself, when furtively the Friars watched him at prayer to find out his method—only to learn it consisted in having no method in our modern sense of that word, but in humble and affective speech with God; and even more, in making the whole man a living prayer. Thus indeed has Thomas of Celano beautifully described the Seraphic Saint at prayer: *non tam orans quam oratio factus*. What profited the Friars most, perhaps, was to be taught to make the Incarnate Son of God the subject of their prayer, to speak to Him as their Judge, to make supplication to their Father, to hold converse as with their Friend and Brother, to rejoice in contemplating the Divine Child in the Incarnation, to lament as the Lord's Passion was set before their eyes. When the first brethren had no books at Rivo Torto from which to chant the Office, Francis taught them to meditate day and night on the book of the Cross of Christ, and to say the Our Father with great devotion of spirit.

#### ADVICE ON PRAYER

How to carry out such example, the Saxon Friars learned from their own brethren who were close to the primitive source of Franciscan life and prayer. The unknown author of the



chronicle tells us he once received much help from an old lay-brother, Frederick, who was a blood-brother of Friar Heydenric. He, too, was gifted with great graces of prayer and devotion, being often rapt in contemplation in the midst of a holy conversation. Visiting Frederic on his sick-bed, the chronicler was given salutary advice on prayer. "When a man has turned to God (said the old man), he should spend the first two years of his new life in frequent and assiduous prayer, always asking God to give him grace to lament his sins and the most bitter Passion of Christ. When he shall have labored uninterruptedly in these things, let him learn to break his own will and show himself humble before all, and then, well trained, he may pass on to that meditation which leads to the interior joys of relishing God and to the rewards of the Saints." If a man but let his mind be wholly intent on this, he went on to tell, it will often happen that he will be brought to unusual heights of affective prayer and attain thereby to a gladness of heart that can ill be put in words. In the few short moments it would take a man to walk through the church, God sometimes gives such great consolation that he is filled with an overflow of sweetness so abundant that, if God would give no more after this life, such a man would thereby be amply rewarded for all his labors in God's service.

More directly on the subject of a method, Brother Frederic suggested that when a man desired to pray and found himself weighed down with drowsiness, he should begin by praying vocally, kneeling, asking God's pardon and prostrating himself before God in prayer, until he arrive at contemplation. Entered into contemplation, let him pray mentally rather than by word, for the Gospel says: "In praying, do not multiply words," (Matt. 6:7). It is enough ardently to desire the solace of divine consolation; for such will be a continual prayer, since prayer is the pious affection of the mind tending to God and often, lest it grow weary, breaking forth into words.

#### TWO EXAMPLES

Finally, the mediaeval Friar-author presents us with two beautiful pictures of his brethren at prayer which are not

only very apt as examples of such "methods," but also in keeping with the Christmas season. As in so many of his anecdotes, both have to do with lay-brothers, as though to show that God blessed their humility and simplicity more than the learning of the priests. But are not some of the greatest Franciscan Saints to be found in the ranks of the lay-brothers, Paschal, Didacus, Benedict "the Moor," Felix of Cantalice, Conrad of Parzham?

The chief figure of one story is Brother Robert, who, even as a novice, was constantly engaged as a stone-cutter in the building-projects of the Province. Despite all the work assigned to him by the Superiors, he never lost the spirit of prayer and devotion. Instead, he used his work as a means of helping his prayer-life, practising silence and recollection in the midst of his labors (like a mediaeval Matt Talbot). God rewarded him by increasing his grace and spirit of devotion to such a degree that he surpassed all the other brethren of the convent. Like Friar Heydenric, he would spend a great part of the night in prayer. What went on sometimes in that prayer we shall see.

It would seem that one year, in the pre-Christmas fast that Franciscans observe after the Feast of All Saints, it entered his mind that he could make himself ready in a very special way for the feast of the Nativity and prepare more devoutly to receive the divine grace of the feast. First he went to Confession with greater diligence than before; and then he asked the Father Guardian of the convent not to send him out at Christmas, but to allow him to remain at home that he might the better give himself to prayer and devotion. The superior answered him kindly, that he would gladly accede to his wishes, provided he would not be required to send him through lack of Brothers. However, Robert should return again before Christmas, and he would see what might be done. Of course, he added, if I must send you out, God will reward your act of obedience.

Robert did not ask again, for he feared he had already shown too much self-will. He therefore decided to abide by any decision made. When the Feast of Christmas was at

hand, God so disposed matters that Brother Robert was assigned to go forth as companion to Father Conrad of Popellendorp. Arrived at their destination, Robert gave himself to devotion and much prayer while his companion was busy hearing confessions. In keeping with the holy season, Robert made the Holy Infancy the subject of his contemplation, dwelling constantly in his mind on that great charity which God had shown to men and mortal man in His holy Birth.

“Now, as he remained untiringly rapt in this contemplation, it happened on the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, December 21st, that as he watched in prayer while his tired companion lay sleeping, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and presented for his embrace her Son our Lord Jesus Christ as a most beautiful Babe. As he gazed upon Him, this Child of such unbelievable beauty so captivated him that he paid little attention to the Most Blessed Mother. While he was thus taking much delight in the pleasing appearance of the Child, after a bit the Mother took Him back in somewhat of a hurry and immediately disappeared.”

Robert was all perturbed at this, fearing lest he had offended the Mother or her Son and had lost His blessed presence because of his sins. But he forthwith gave himself to greater devotion and praying with much more fervor asked that on the Feast itself God would look once more on him with heavenly consolation. Whether anything happened on Christmas, we are not told. But on the feast of the Holy Innocents, the Lord appeared again, not as a Babe, but as the Victim of Calvary.

It was in this wise. “Father Conrad, worn out with a long day’s work of preaching and confessions, took himself to rest, while Brother Robert remained in prayer and constant petition. After some time Our Lord Jesus Christ appeared to him with His wounds, as it were, fresh and bleeding, and showed so great familiarity toward him that Robert could not contain himself for joy but broke into happy song and great jubilation.” With this, Conrad awoke, and not knowing that Robert was caught up in the sweetness of contemplation, asked him—a bit roughly, no doubt, how long he intended to stay awake, and why he did not come to bed and be quiet.



## THE TWO MEDITATIONS

The scene changes in the second incident. It is no longer Christmas, but the circumstances are somewhat similar. This time it is the story of a Brother Conrad who is accompanying an unnamed priest to a town where the latter is to offer Mass. They had set out at daybreak and were walking through the forest on the path to town. Knowing Conrad's joviality and fearing lest the Brother disturb him, the priest bade him walk behind while he prepared for Mass. Taking the lead, the devout priest recited his canonical Hours, and then began to meditate and to think on Christ whose Body and Blood he would offer and handle and receive. After continuing in this strain, he went deeper into meditation and came to the *Passion* of Christ Jesus. "And as he beheld in his mind Christ hanging on the Cross, wounded and crowned with thorns, he deemed himself unworthy to undertake the ministry of the Altar because of the exceeding great love which he beheld in Christ and because of his many sins whereby he had often offended Christ. As he ceased not to look upon Christ with the eyes of the spirit, his soul melted within him (Canticles 5:6) because of the great compassion he felt for Christ, and he began to weep most bitterly and wholeheartedly to sorrow with Christ on the Cross. He saw Christ with his heart, and his soul grew sorrowful at the sight."

All this while Conrad was unaware of the actions of his companion, because "he likewise had given himself to contemplation, dwelling on the *Infancy* of the Lord, and thinking within himself of the great joy the Angels had had at the Birth of Christ when they sang the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and of that exceeding joy that had filled the shepherds when they found Christ in the manger. And then he went on to think of the joy of the Magi when they adored Christ in the crib. As he engaged in such holy thoughts, such great joy took hold of him that he began to glow with happiness and to pour forth his heart in conversation with the Holy Infant."

Both priest and lay-brother thus had their minds on God: the priest contemplating Christ with great sorrow and sadness,

the other with joy and great gladness. \*Yet, the chronicler continues, he beheld Christ more perfectly and showed the greater charity who in his mind saw Christ hanging on the Cross. God, however, chose to raise Conrad's contemplation to the level of the good priest's, by performing a miracle and appearing to him.

It happened thus. "As the priest, walking ahead, wept much on the Passion of Christ, and the lay-brother following him rejoiced much in His Infancy, the latter heard along the path a voice as of a child weeping and squalling. Puzzled, he stopped and listened earnestly, but could hear no one but the child. Getting no answer, he turned and entered the woods and soon came upon a most beautiful babe who smiled at him." When he had picked him up, he was filled with great joy, and yet he knew not what to do. If he took the child with him, he feared he would scandalize any who saw him; on the other hand, if he left him in the woods, the wild beasts would soon devour him. At last he decided it would be better, at least, to take the child to the townspeople. Looking at the smiling child nestled in his arms, he was amazed to find that the more he looked, the more beautiful the babe appeared.

Then he hurried to overtake his companion, crying that he should wait for him and see the beautiful child. The priest, however, was still contemplating in his heart Christ crucified, and weeping bitterly; and when he heard Conrad calling for him to wait, he continued straight on without turning about, chiding the brother for having disturbed him. Conrad, realizing he was distracting him, quietly followed him to the town. As they were about to enter the town, Conrad saw a window-niche high enough to be a safe refuge, and decided he would place the child there until he could return. He did not dare carry the infant through the town, for this would certainly

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\*In the Latin original, the author brings out the contrast more strongly than we have achieved above, not only in regard to the subject matter, but more so in respect to the method. The priest saw Christ *mentaliter* . . . . *Videt ergo Christum cordatenus*. The lay-brother . . . . *coepit jocundari et cum illo benedicto infante cordialiter fabulari*.

scandalize the people—and wasn't it the Friar's task to give good example and not scandal?

So he essayed to put the babe on the window-ledge. But as he was lifting him up, behold the Child disappeared in his hands and vanished from his sight. Recognizing then that the Babe was Christ, whose infancy he had been contemplating, he forthwith began to weep for his great loss. At this, the priest looked back and finding him in tears asked why he wept so bitterly. And Brother Conrad said: "O dear Father, I lost the Child I had, and had I but known as I do now what Child it was, I would certainly have held Him tightly." When the priest heard the whole story, he began to weep more than the poor brother, because he had not seen the Babe at all. In a more perfect and loving way he had seen Christ in his heart; and, lest He withdraw him from the contemplation of His bitter Passion, Christ had not shown Himself to him as the Infant.

Holy Mother Church has not passed any official judgment on these holy men; they are not numbered among her canonized saints. Nor has she made any pronouncement about the visions just described. We have stated them as the chronicler related them, sometimes in his own words, or else in free translation. There is no reason off-hand for denying such holy events, any more than to deny the visitations received by the holy Friars of the *Fioretti*. They are witnesses to the tender devotion and affection of those dear lamps of old to the Christ of the Crib and the Cross. They are examples of those who followed Francis of Assisi as he had followed Christ.

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You must love Him ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.





## NEWMAN---APOSTLE OF TRUTH

By REVEREND G. EMMETT CARTER

A RISTOTLE has said that the human mind is, in a certain sense, everything. In some men of genius that universality makes itself felt. Newman was one of these. There are so many phases to his career, so many sides to his personality, so many fruits of his thought that it becomes difficult to choose in this wealth and abundance. But leaving the recondite questions of his philosophy and theology to more scholarly pens, it seems to me that there is one unifying element in Newman both as a man, a scholar and a Christian which dominates his life and his personality to such a degree that it illuminates all else that is Newman. It is a passionate attachment to the truth.

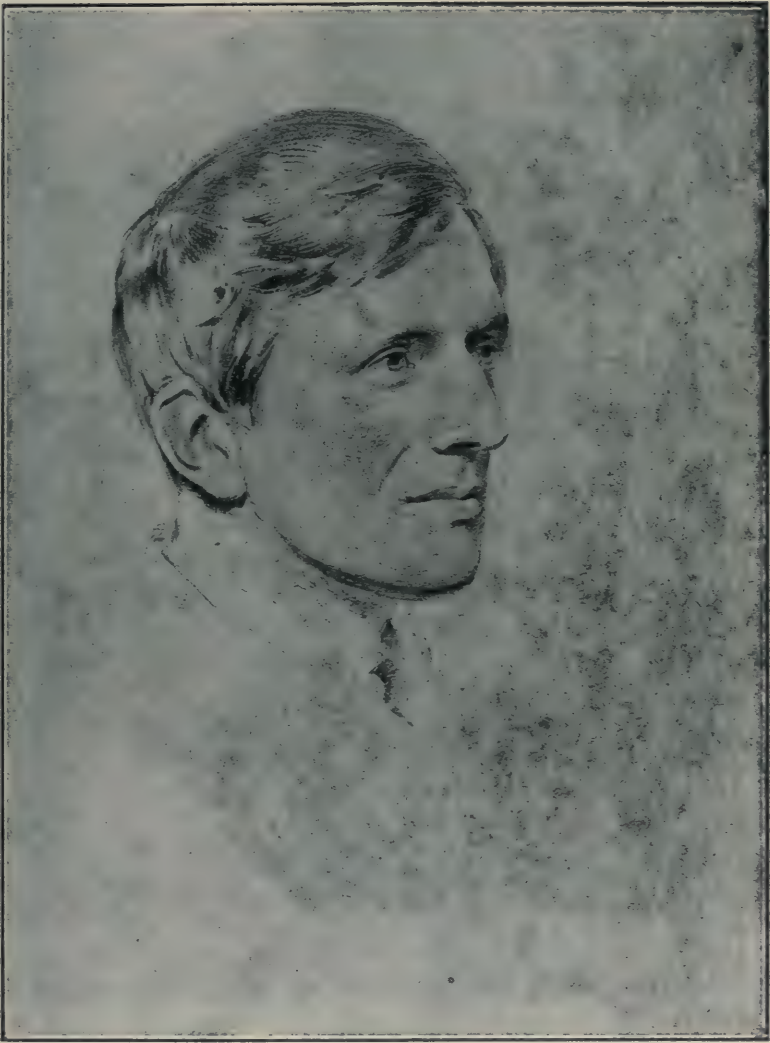
Two texts sum up the mind and the character of Newman. The first is that which he chose himself for his own epitaph "*Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*"—"From shadows and images into the truth." The second are the dying words of the great Pope Gregory Hildebrand, another lover of truth, who said: "I have loved the truth and so I die in exile." In both of these texts the pivotal point is truth. One is a point of departure, one is a point of arrival; but in both cases it is truth, irrespective of consequences.

Newman's life was a development and an evolution into truth in the deepest sense of the term. From a natural point of view his genius led him ever onward in the quest of knowledge and the pursuit of the truth. Although more devoted to philosophical and literary thought than to what we now call the scientific fields of research, his objectivity of thought leaves an example that all men of science would do well to imitate in humility. He was accused by Kingsley of distorting the facts for the purpose of holding a false position with a motive, but even before his "*Apologia*" was written his life had given the lie to such calumny. Newman did not distort the facts to fit his theories. He began in the shadows, but in

the light that was given him he strained his every faculty to see the true outline of things as they are and not as he would have them. So he moved from truth to truth. Little by little he realized the true nature of Christian thought, the need for Apostolic succession, for the preservation of the original deposit of revelation as found in the Fathers, and finally he was shaken to the very depths of his being by the need of that universal consent of a universal Church—the Augustinian text "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" His heart was bound up in the Anglican Church—he lived for it and would gladly have died for it. He would have it great among men, restored to its pristine beauty and the purity of its Apostolic origins; but when he saw that the shadows had deceived him and that what he pursued was a vain image and only the reflection of a truth once held, he moved on, and true to himself he was true also to his God.

One hundred years ago he embraced the Truth as he saw it. The shadows had already begun to flee away and the light was dawning "*Ex umbris in veritatem.*"

But if Gregory could say "I have loved the truth and so I die in exile," Newman must say "I have loved the truth and so I live in exile." His sacrifice is staggering to contemplate. In this day and age when the movement of intellectual Catholics in England is an accepted though unpublicized miracle of grace, we tend to see only the personal struggle of a man who must break with the ties of custom and the ways of his youth and his family. But Newman broke with the very ways of his own country, of his own University, one might say of his own soul. The Catholic Church in England did not even have its own hierarchy. It was under the Propagation of the Faith. It was, in other words, a Mission country and the Catholic body was constituted mostly of the poor, the simple, the immigrant and the ignorant. It was foreign to the English way of life. It had against it generations of ignorance and prejudice. It was considered a form of intellectual bankruptcy and social suicide. And it was into this that Newman plunged on that 9th of October at Littlemore.



*CARDINAL NEWMAN*



At first the startling conversion of this great man of letters sent a tremor of joy through the Catholics of England, but almost immediately it was succeeded by a great deal of unconscious suspicion, mistrust and doubt. Newman's own personality, with his coldness and aloofness, made it temporarily impossible for him to bridge the gulf between himself and his new co-religionaries. What he suffered from the slurs and the accusations of the majority of his fellow countrymen was added to by the sorrow and pain of his sincere Anglican friends, and redoubled by the hostile attitude of the Catholics whom he now called brethren. Certainly God wished to purify this soul, because to his sensitive nature there could have been nothing more heart-rending than this complete isolation from those whom he had loved and still loved, although he had left them, as well as from those whom he had joined and was trying to love.

Once in the Church his pursuit of the truth continued. He felt that the position of Catholics was that described in the gospel as a leaven and a light. A spirit of conquest must stimulate the Church in England. Oxford was not to be shunned by Catholics, but used in the service of truth, and so on, covering the whole field of Catholic thought and action. He was opposed on all sides as a dangerous innovator and an imprudent man. His very doctrine was suspected and his friends urged him to go to Rome to defend himself, but like so many other apostles of the truth, he believed that it would prevail, and he was right. He would not defend himself because there was nothing to defend. "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*" Like His Master he taught openly in the temple and there was nothing hidden in his doctrine. Let the world judge him as it would; he stood upon the rock of Truth and sooner or later men would come to see him as God did. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*"

The truth prevailed even in human affairs upon the accession of Leo XIII. The opinion of English Catholics which gradually had come around to Newman was finally and formally approved in Rome, and he was made a Cardinal. He was an

old man and a Catholic for over thirty-four years; but God willed that his last years should see some of the light and the realization even on this earth of the promise of Him Who said "I am the Truth and he that followeth Me walketh not in darkness."

At present there is a movement on foot to obtain the canonization of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Far be it from us even to express an opinion on such a subject; but it seems right to say that during this year of the hundredth anniversary of Newman's conversion we should ask him in the heavenly abode, which no doubt he has long since attained, to obtain for us something of his love of Truth and his unbending adherence to principle. Nothing but the fulness of Truth can satisfy the human mind and the world which is starved for it without knowing it. That fulness of Truth is the total Christian revelation, the supernatural which embraces and elevates the natural, the Christian dispensation which is God's superabundant plan for man's happiness, a light that shines in the darkness even though the darkness does not comprehend it. We can hope that Newman will help to obtain for this world some of the light of Truth which he now enjoys without shadows and without images, face to face

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Truth has two attributes—beauty and power; and while Useful Knowledge is the possession of truth as powerful. Liberal Knowledge is the apprehension of it as beautiful. Pursue it, either as beauty or as power, to its furthest extent and its true limit, and you, are led by either road to the Eternal and Infinite.

Newman



## WHAT THE DICKENS

By PAUL KAY

A PERFECT Christmas eve—, the kind that grown-ups dream about and children never forget. 9 P.M., street-lamps peering hazily through the flurrying snow which was now inching up on pure white roads; the tang of Christmas holly and the fragrance of yuletide boughs assailed the nostrils of the night with intoxicating pleasantness. It was like a make-believe Christmas in a world of Santa Claus and reindeers.

People weighted down by bundles and lifted up by joy went hurrying through the city lanes, all calling the greetings of the season to fellow human beings, whether friend or stranger. There was the mother, her face hued red by the brisk air and her high excitement, anxiously making for home to relieve dad of his momentary family supervision and to get the children snug in bed. There was sister, smiling to herself as she thought of brother's surprise on the happy morrow when he got that watch he had so long desired. There were they all, mothers, fathers and children numerous—of ten thousand homes and one hundred nationalities; of fifty religions and various politics—all rejoicing because it had happened once again and Christmas time was here.

What a pity, then, to find in this whirlwind of merriment, to discover in this sea of madcap joy, an outsider—one who did not belong. There was one, even on this perfect Christmas eve; one who went untouched by the spirit of kindness and generosity; one who travelled the byways of self-seeking rather than the highroad of "otherly"-love. His name was not Scrooge nor even Marley whose remorseful ghost may still haunt the dark vaults of London's brokerage. No, he was flesh and blood and twentieth century; as hale and hearty if you please as rich brown gravy or full plum pudding. But the old Scrooge would have liked him and pigtailed Marley might well have hounded him to an early grave. Christmas thoughts had come to him



but he had brushed them aside like bad financial ventures and had consigned them to a tomb crowded with such stupid sentiment. Yet, as Charles the Christmas Caroler might have put it, on this night, of all the nights of the year, the spirit of Christmas was going to visit that fast-locked heart and safety-boxed soul; the spirit of Christmas was going to knock on the door of memory and—, but let us away with the spirit to our story.

Our friend, for though he does not want our friendship the hand of Charity and the heart of love are so big on Christmas eve that he cannot be excluded; our friend sits in his easy chair in the solid comfort of worldly success, relaxed and self-satisfied. The evening paper which he holds before him is not opened to the financial page, as you might think; he needs no confirmation of the fact that his coffers are replete and his purse well lined. He is looking for entertainment. He seeks distraction and amusement on Christmas eve. He turns to the theatrical news. Some fantastic and unrealistic play is what he needs—something he can mock, something he can ridicule—a movie, perhaps. He studied the screen ads with a satiric curiosity. Here was one, just starting. A picture called *This Love of Ours*, starring Merle Oberon. The young actress in question was to him a name and nothing more. Yet her portrait which was centered in the ad caused him to pause in a half puzzled bewilderment. Where had he seen that face before? He did not frequent the movies often enough to seek the logical explanation. No, he was sure that a face, oval, pensive, and kind—with a hurt expression in the eyes—a face like the one before him, fitted somewhere in his now forgotten past. Then memory opened her door and he remembered. That was it. Mary's face. It was like that when he had last seen it, many years ago. That hurt expression which at the time he thought he would never forget. Beautiful and loving Mary whose heart he had taken and then thrown away. Mary who had come to him—well, it must have been thirty years ago, yes—and in December, on Christmas eve. Thoughts jumped before him with startling clarity after all those years.

They had had such a good and wholesome time that night. As Merry Christmas had rolled in on the solemn strokes of twelve, he had kissed her warmly on the lips. She had looked up at him with trust and generous love in her eyes. It was then, misled perhaps by the intimacy and joy of the moment, that she had asked her question.

“Do you love me enough to marry me, as much as that?”

The light had faded and her smile had gone with his curt reply.

“Marry you! Don’t be silly.”

That was his way but the spell had been broken and Mary not in tears or anger, but bitterly hurt, had said farewell.

. . . . .

Strange how that face even in the far-off vale of memory could still make his heart beat faster. “Wonder where Mary is now?” he mused. Then in impatience with his own softness he turned the page of the newspaper. “That’s a Christmas past and well forgotten.”

Yet he found it difficult to read the paper now. He should not let such thoughts disturb him. It was in this very city that he had last seen Mary on that far off Christmas day. Was she now still alive? Was she happy? Would he ever see her again? He tried to recall her last name and in semi-resolute fashion, almost as if to keep himself from realizing what he was doing, he approached the phone. His hand rested upon the receiver.

“Such childishness,” he snapped at himself. He pulled his hand away from the phone as though it were red-hot, wheeled about, picked up his paper from the floor and then dropped not so contentedly in his chair. He scanned the journal in pretended interest and suddenly his eye caught a small item of social news near the bottom of page four, not very important as news but very pointed in its ironic brevity. It concerned him and tendered the information that despite his enormous wealth he had that very morning refused a bequest to the new orphanage being built in the district. “They left out the best part,” he smiled to himself. The reporter had omitted entirely

the remark which he had made to the solicitors for the orphanage fund. He had thought it rather good at the time.

"What's so special about orphans? Almost everyone becomes an orphan sooner or later." The solicitors had not appreciated his humor though they bade him good-day with a Merry Christmas. As he thought over the incident the humor seemed to disappear and his remark took on the heartlessness with which it was really uttered. What was it the one gentleman had said to him on first entering his office this day?

"We are going to give you a chance to make this present Christmas the happiest of your life?" That was it. Well, Christmas was almost present now and it was going to be the same as last year and the year before. It was to be and nothing could be done about it. But something could be done. It was not too late. He could call those solicitors and let them know that he had changed his mind. He got up and reached for the phone-book but before he could find the number his resolution had weakened.

"Only a fool and his money are quickly parted. I'm no fool. I'll hold on to mine—for a long time." He seated himself again. But it was some time before he could bring himself back to the paper and when he did he avoided completely page four. It was now 10:25 by his desk clock and he stifled a yawn as he realized that it was too late to go out to any show. He might as well go to bed. He folded the paper lazily to the back page and was in the act of placing it upon his desk when a name in the obituary column stopped him. "Henry Shaw, age 59, succumbs to heart attack." Nervously he read on. He had been speaking to Shaw just three days before; they were working up a big deal. Now Shaw was dead. The funeral was to be private, there were no relatives or friends listed. One line mentioned that his fortune which was large would be held pending the discovery of any next of kin and in any other eventuality would be turned over to the state.

So that was the end of all things—of wealth and fortune too. Shaw for all his money had never known the joy that comes with giving and now he would never know it. Full



realization hit him as he read. He jumped up, threw the paper from him, and without putting on hat or coat rushed from his house like a madman.

. . . . .

The snow had stopped and a wintry moon was casting tell-tale shadows on the fleecy streets. Sleigh bells tinkled merrily on the icy air and the faint notes of a carol could be heard in the cheery distance. It was twelve-thirty and it was Christmas morning. He threw open the door which he had slammed in his wild haste and blustered into the room. He threw on the lights to show his cheeks ruddy with the cold, his hair glistening with frost. He laughed to himself but it was not the first of a long line of laughs to come; it was a repetition of the old laugh that for years had been frightening the widow and the orphan and letting his debtors know that it was time to pay up. He strode to his mirror and studied himself complacently.

"The next time you get any such foolish notions as you did tonight, remember that a fast walk in the cold air brings a man back to reality." So despite the spirits of Christmas past, present, and yet to come, our friend went to bed—as much an outsider as ever and still determined to hold to his lonely unkind way; and if this be taking liberties with Mr. Dickens it is not taking liberties with the truth.

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The Basilica of the Nativity in Bethlehem is entered by a flight of 16 steps; the Grotto within measures 40 by 12 feet and is lighted by 50 large lamps; the walls are covered by streamers and tapestry of fine silk. A twelve-pointed silver star under the Altar of the Nativity marks the birthplace of Christ.



## VIGNETTES OF CHRISTMAS

By RAYMOND MICHAEL CADWALLADER



*Adeste fideles,  
Laeti triumphantes,  
Venite, venite . . .*



**H**EAVY snows had smoothed out the wrinkles from the face of the countryside. Over the vast expanse of the long white routes sombre clusters of fir trees acted as guides to happy families on their way to the midnight Mass. Everyone would be there, no matter how long the journey. The Church was always first in the minds of these people of deep, simple faith. Such happy feasts as Christmas made tangible the social fraternity of men; a connecting link between families, kindred by large groups, it is true, but independent of one another and scattered all along the highway.



It was a beautiful sight to look down from where we lived; for our home was squatted on a hillside that rose abruptly like the hump on a camel's back. From there we could look far across the country. What a thrill to see the long procession of sleighs coming from all directions. Quick moving shadows; echoes of jingling bells and voices: Noël.



*Ca, bergers, assemblons-nous,  
Allons voir le Messie,  
Cherchons cet Enfant si doux  
Dans les bras de Marie.*

The two smallest children had long been asleep. They would be safe until we all returned from Mass. Pierre and little Côme could hardly await the hour for setting out; they were to attend Christmas services for the first time. All bundled up they stood at the door, and as papa drove up with the *carriole*, there was a mad rush from the house to be lifted up and tucked away in the furs and blankets.

Ready and off we went! Silently and swiftly we sped over the snugly packed snow. It seemed no time before we reached the village, where group after group preceded and followed us like a long cortège, happy *Canadiens* singing all the tender carols of older Christmas days.



There was a stir in the blankets as we came in sight of the church. Léo-Paul and I jumped from the sleigh almost before we received the permissive gesture. While papa helped the smaller children from the sleigh,

I covered *La Grise* with the best and warmest robes. Good old horse she was.

The youngsters lined up on the *perron* of the church; droll little fellows, bundled and cramped, stiff as manikins in their heavy clothes. Pulses beat high and eyes sparkled as they watched me take care of the horse. "Too bad," they whispered, "poor *La Grise* won't see anything." Perhaps she would hear the song of the angels or see the coming of the shepherds. Who knows?



*Un Sauveur Enfant,  
Nous est né,  
C'est dans une étable  
Qu'il nous est donné.*



Once inside the vestibule of the church, we were relieved of our *tuques* by a rough paternal hand. The hair followed the



movement of the *tuques* and now stood straight up, all mussed and tangled. Despite our eagerness, we never took our eyes off the head of the family, ready to obey the first sign to enter the church. Our childish simplicity and reverence for authority hardly allowed us to pass our heavy mittens across the end of our nose, or to our eyes where the cold night had placed some tears. Papa pulled open the heavy door, and with timid excitement we moved up the aisle until a tug on the arm directed us into the family pew.

The harmonium throbbed with familiar Christmas hymns which seemed to hold the congregation in a spirit of quiet, happy expectancy, but the children did not hear; they were absorbed in the grotto of firs where little Jesus was to be "born."

At the entry of *Monsieur le Curé*, the youngsters stood tip-toe on the kneelers, and leaned over the top of the bench in front of them. What were the thousand lights on the altar compared with the Babe of the *crèche* carried by their pastor? Every effort was put into the playing of the organ, and the little throng of worshippers stood to sing, "*Un Sauveur Enfant nous est né.*"

Little Jesus was carried to His crib; from there He held out His tiny hands to the faithful. I do not know of anything more touching than that happy moment. Tears fell from the eyes of rough-bearded backwoodsmen, and children wondered at the undefined smiles on the faces of their parents that contracted and broke into sobs of joy.



*Noel, Noel,  
Chantons Jesus Emmanuel.*



The choir had worked for weeks to prepare the music. The untrained voices were not sweet, perhaps, but some portions of the singing that night were worthy of being retained in heaven as souvenirs of the Christmas on earth. During

the second Mass all the old carols were sung once again.

There was a renewed motive for song on the part of the angels as the congregation approached the Holy Table. Gift of gifts! He that gives Himself gives all! Everyone received. So many communions meant that the *curé* had been in the confessional all afternoon, and again during the evening until the last straggling penitent responded to grace, a half hour before midnight. *Caritas omnia sustinet!*



*Qu'autour de Toi, cette nuit soit plus pure,  
Jésus enfant, que le vent soit plus doux.*



Most of the children are very tired; the *tout-pétits* are actually asleep. Mass is over. One last glance at the Crib, then we must go home. It is a rude hand that puts to flight the dreams of the children. Without a word they allow themselves to be buttoned, bonneted and bundled; bad humour loses itself in an intense desire for sleep. Poor little *marmots!* Not even the journey back home awakens them. They totter into the house and we older members of the family pull them out of their clothes to hurry them off to bed.

With the wee tots out of the way, we hasten to claim our privilege of assisting at the *fameux réveillon*. There are potted hams and veal "with golden yokes imbedded and enjellied," cakes, doughnuts, confitures, sweet wines, and a draught of whiskey for the men. Everything tastes so good. As the conversation continues into the morning hours, mother busies herself with one more task: filling up the stockings which had been hung in order over the hearth. There is no room here for Santa Claus or Father Christmas; it is *Petit-Jésus* Who gives us all these goodies and toys at Christmas, and on New Year's Day.

Beautiful the idea of incorporating into the religious education of the family the sentiment of the Divine presence. Children learn the name of Jesus among the first words of

their vocabulary. All that is best comes from His hands. Can Santa Claus accord better with the truth?



*Cric, crac, les enfants!*  
*Parli, parlo, parlons.*



Children do not forget the vivid impressions of the holiday season. It may not strike them as strange that the Babe at the church was as large as the ox or the donkey, and that the sheep were, oh, so very small; but there is a whole flood of other ideas and fancies that keep them busy throughout the octave. They never tire of asking questions, as their minds open to new perceptions of life.

Evening finds grandma's rocker besieged. "*Un conte, grand'maman, dis!* The one about the man who was taken to the moon!"

After putting her glasses on her forehead and taking a slight pinch of snuff, she glances around with a sweet smile of goodness on her wrinkled lips. Her acceptance of the task is signified by the words with which all good stories begin, "Once upon a time . . ."

There is a general stir as the children draw up their chairs or squat upon the floor with their elbows and the chin resting in both hands. Silence; we are all eyes and ears.

When Tom Caribou stops in to "warm" himself, a somewhat similar scene is repeated. "*Cric, crac, les enfants! Parli, parlo, parlons . . .*" is the way his exciting adventures start off. Up to a climax and back to earth again, the *récit* ends with the formula: "*Et cric, crac, cra! Sacatabi, sac-à-tabac! Mon histoire finit d'en par là.*" It requires no ruse to be happy *chez nous*.



*Faisons retentir les airs*  
*Du son de nos musettes;*  
*Célébrons le Roi de l'univers,*  
*Il est dans nos retraites.*



New Year's day—*Jour de l'an*—crowns the festive week. *Petit-Jésus*, Who had not brought all the toys at Christmas because He was too busy being born, returns with a shower of gifts. Rich and abundant cargo! Only He could realize the childish dreams and pour out so many surprises.



But before the gifts are examined, another far more sacred ceremony takes place, *la bénédiction paternelle*, the New Year's blessing that a father bestows upon his children. Traditional and beautiful recognition of authority exercised with love. Papa is on his knees before *grand-père*. As the old man raises his hands, they tremble with age; more, perhaps, with emotion. The soul of two generations enters into the words:

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“May God bless you as I bless you all.”

Then comes our turn to perform the same act of humility. “*C’est toi, l’aîné,*” whisper the other children, and I give them the example as I fall on my knees and ask the benediction of papa. It is over, we are now at ease; laughter, cries of delight come from us all as we examine our gifts.

The party grows, and before dinner the families of papa's brothers and sisters return to seek the paternal blessing, and to pass a day and a night beneath the paternal roof. Shouts, handshaking, and kisses leave no excuse for timidity or

restraint. How often the old, old greeting is exchanged and meant: "*Bonne et heureuse année, et le paradis à la fin de vos jours!*" Paradise at the end of our days—and what happiness here!

A great crowd squeezes about the table for dinner; three generations attended by the laughter and song. We sing after the *fricot*, sing after the *tourquière*, sing after the doughnuts and *confitures de mémère*. We shall sing and dance again that night when nearby friends come in.

Need we ask why they live so long, *ces vieux* whose hearts are young. Is it not explained in these recurring feasts of *Petit-Jésus*, the blessing of God, accompanying the *bénédiction paternelle*?

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Led by a star, a golden star,  
The youngest star, an olden star,  
Here the king and the shepherds are,  
A kneeling on the ground.

What did they come to the inn to see?  
God in the Highest and this is He,  
A baby asleep on His mother's knee  
And with her kisses crowned.

Now is the earth a dreary place,  
A troubled place, a weary place.  
Peace has hidden her lovely face  
And turned in tears away.

Yet the sun through the war cloud sees  
Babies asleep on their mothers' knees.  
While there are love and home—and these—  
There shall be Christmas day.

J.K.

## THE KNOX NEW TESTAMENT

By REV. J. G. HANLEY, B.A.

THE Jesuit monthly "America" regularly carries a list of the ten current best sellers among Catholic books. The list varies from month to month, as one outstanding work of biography or fiction replaces another. But it is surprising that an old book in a new dress should hold a place on the list for several months, fluctuating from fifth place to second. The surprise is even greater when we consider that the same volume was not exactly a best seller when it was new. And, greatest surprise of all, that work is the New Testament, which has been practically a closed book to Catholics for centuries.

The new dress in which this old book has achieved this sudden popularity is entitled: "The New Testament in English," by Monsignor Ronald A. Knox. About five years ago the hierarchy of England commissioned Monsignor Knox to bring out a new translation of the New Testament, which they hoped would serve to make the word of God more popular and induce more Catholics to explore its treasures. The ready and persistent demand for his work since it has appeared is ample evidence that he has succeeded far beyond his own expectations or those of the hierarchy. When the Sacred Scriptures become overwhelmingly popular reading for the Catholic laity that is definitely news—for it has been unfortunately true for centuries that Catholics have been appallingly ignorant of the Scriptures, and by their ignorance have lent support to the non-Catholic notion that the Church forbids her people to read the Bible.

Consequently we are curious to know the source of this sudden burst of popularity for the inspired Word of God in Catholic circles. The content of the New Testament remains unchanged; the difference is found only in its external form. What is there about the Knox translation which renders it so attractive? More competent critics than the present writer



have passed judgment on its doctrinal value, and with that we are not specially concerned. For the moment we direct our attention to its literary worth. Here also we have the comments of critics more capable than ourselves. At the meeting of the Catholic Biblical Association of America held at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, New York, in August, we heard a scholarly appraisal of the new version prepared by Rev. Edward F. Siegmann, C.P.P.S., St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio. Most of the observations contained in this survey have been taken, with his kind permission, from his paper.

Hilaire Belloc has set an ideal for any translator when he pointed out that a translation "should read like a first-class native thing." If a translation of a work from any other language into English is to serve its purpose, it must be perfectly intelligible in English without reference to the original language in which it was written; for the average reader such reference is impossible.

If a translator is to accomplish this ideal in his work, he must be fully competent to handle both the languages in which he is dealing. The competence of Monsignor Knox in the classical languages is well known to all who have come in contact with him; and his mastery of English is evident to all who read his weekly contributions to the *Tablet* and other Catholic publications, and his books which have become literary classics. While we are considering the merits of a translator, another question comes to mind: Which scholar will produce the better translation: the expert in Biblical Greek who is not a master of English, or the master of English who is not an expert in Biblical Greek? Belloc would answer without hesitation, the master of English prose. Measured by this standard, Monsignor Knox stands out even more: for among all his qualifications his ability to handle his native language stands out.

It is not surprising, then, that his translation of the New Testament more closely approaches the ideal set by Belloc than any other. While previous translators strove to render the Greek or Latin words literally in English, Monsignor Knox

set to work to produce a rendition of the New Testament message which would read as if it had been originally written in English. He tried to give the inspired words English flesh and blood. The Authorized Version, popularly called the "King James," has been lauded for centuries as an outstanding literary work. True, it has a permanent place in English literature, but as a work of its own time. Today, its literary value cannot be compared with that of Monsignor Knox's version, simply because it is not idiomatic English of our time.

"Monsignor Knox," says Father Siegmann, "has been bold enough to go far beyond any of his predecessors in following the canons of good translation. He made a ruthless break with the two-thousand-year-old rule that the Bible, unlike other works of literature, must be cast into the vernacular word for word from its original. His courage has been rewarded. The unparalleled success of his version, even if it be only ephemeral, witnesses the gratitude of English-speaking Catholics, to have the inspired word in their own idiom, 'a first-class native thing.' Thanks to his eminent qualifications, and to his fidelity in adhering to his principles, the faithful have an English version of the New Testament which enables them the better, in the words of Pope Pius XII, to "comprehend all the splendor, stimulating language, and joy, contained in the Holy Scriptures."

To call attention to a few of the devices he has used to liven up his translation, perhaps the most useful has been the use of more familiar and idiomatic words in place of the labored and archaic forms found in earlier translations. He has been concerned, not so much with providing a slavishly literal rendering of the individual Greek word, as with trying to determine what the evangelist or St. Paul would have said had he been writing in English.

Similarly, he has striven to reproduce in the translation all the vigor and vitality of the original. This has been accomplished by the studied use of action words, so as to lend a sense of movement to the whole, which was lacking in the older translations. Then, too, he has fairly successfully eliminated

Hebraisms from the English text, i.e., words like "behold," "amen," etc. Moreover, in rendering these in English, he has never striven to be slavishly consistent. He does not hesitate to use a variety of constructions to render the same Greek if he sees that the variation will bring out the proper shade of meaning in each case.

The Knox translation is full of paraphrases; he renders a great many passages by parallel constructions rather than by direct translation. He has certainly gone farther than any earlier translator in expanding the text; and in some cases, in the opinion of most critics, he has gone a little too far. We should not be too harsh with him; but it seems likely that it will be on this point that his work will stand or fall in the estimation of posterity. Some of his favorable critics have suggested that his departure from the beaten path may open up a new era in Biblical translation. This, however, remains to be seen.

So much for Father Siegmann's observations. They have been sound. With him we pay tribute to Monsignor Knox for his scholarship and courage. His translation has been a definite contribution to the fund of Catholic English literature, and to the development of Scripture Study.

However, we in Canada may not be quite ready for such a version. During the past summer, the bishop of a certain Canadian diocese selected the Knox New Testament for reading in the refectory during the clergy retreat. The reaction of the priests was that the sweeping changes in the rendering constituted too much of an innovation. And the same judgment has been expressed by a good many of the laity. It seems fairly clear that here in conservative Canada we are not prepared to adopt the Knox translation.

On the other hand, we hope that "The New Testament in English" by Monsignor Ronald A. Knox will long continue to be a best seller; and that through the fruit of his genius, many more of our Catholic laity may become familiar with the Word of God.



## ST. FRANCIS AND THE CRIB

By FR. HILARY McDONAGH, O.F.M.



**T**HERE are those who claim that the making of the crib at Christmas is a custom which owes its origin to the gentle Francis of Assisi; and they may easily provoke a controversy from which followers of St. Francis "in spirit and truth" will prefer to absent themselves. Yet, what has charmed the Christian

world and will no doubt interest it to the end of time is the manner in which Francis celebrated the feast of Christmas precisely in the year 1223, the story of which we shall now recall.

Once upon a time and a very golden time it was if we are to compare it to many of the very many years that have passed between then and now, there was a man named Francis in the city of Assisi in Italy who, literally, fell deeply in love with Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. So deeply in love was he with his Beloved Christ that the mere sight of a little lamb being driven along the road in the midst of a flock of goats was enough to put him in tears; and when asked the cause of his weeping Francis would reply between the sobs: "Alas, thus was my Saviour once in the midst of wolves." So deeply was Francis in love with his beloved Christ that he often tried to imitate in detail the life of Christ. For example, Christ's fast of forty days and forty nights in the desert he would try to copy by having himself and one solitary loaf rowed over to an island in Lake Trasimene there to spend alone in colloquy with his Christ, the whole of the Lenten season. He went to the Holy Land at a time when none but the armed Crusader might dare to set foot there, and simple and unarmed as he was, they say, obtained permission in personal interview with the Sultan himself to visit the places hallowed by the footsteps, the miracles and the prayers of his dear Christ.

Hence we are not surprised when finding himself late in Advent in the year 1223 in the district known as the valley of Rieti, and among a people more than ordinarily friendly towards him, that he decided to celebrate the coming feast of Christmas in a way he had long desired to celebrate it and for which, so St. Bonaventure tells us, that he had already received permission from Pope Honorius III.

So he sent for an old personal friend of his, John of Velletri, who had previously been very good to him, having given him land in a place now called Greccio, a wooded secluded place high above the Rieti valley; and there beside some caves had built for him a rude hermitage of the kind beloved by Francis and his early brethren.

"John," we can imagine him saying, "you have done a lot for me and my brothers, but there is another favour I want to ask of you." "And if it is possible in this world it shall surely be done," John surely replied. "Well," Francis replied, "I want to make this the most fervent and best Christmas of my whole life, and so I want to make things look as much as possible just like they did on the first Christmas night at Bethlehem when our Blessed Lord was born." "And how shall that be done," said John. "Well I want you," said Francis, "I want you if you wouldn't mind, to build an open stable up there at the hermitage and put a manger in it with straw and have the animals there, and just outside the stable build an altar, and tell my brothers and all our friends, tell everybody you meet to be there on Christmas eve."

"Alright, Brother Francis," John replied, "as you wish and exactly as you say it shall be done."

Then Christmas eve came and Francis arriving at the hermitage saw in the light of the torches carried by the people that everything was done as he had instructed, and that everything was ready for his unusual bold way of celebrating the birth of Him Whom his heart loved.

There was the Mass, and Francis was the Deacon (ever a deacon this second Christ would remain out of respect for

the Priesthood of the Beloved Christ He held in such high honour). And being Deacon, he read the Gospel of the Nativity and preached, we may safely say, what must have been one of the loveliest and most moving of all Christmas sermons. Preached surely as one who had left today and yesterday far behind and found himself in approaching the cave of Bethlehem after the Christ Child was born, perhaps before the Shepherds came. And there before the manger and the straw it was not difficult for such as he to feel as he would have felt at such an hour at Bethlehem in the long ago.

Small wonder it is that we can get the impression from the writings of Thomas of Celano almost a contemporary that in that particular sermon delivered by Francis the words "Jesus" and "Babe of Bethlehem" were pronounced with a sweetness unknown in the world before.

Small wonder it is that John of Velletri was afterwards known to say that on that Christmas night he saw a sweet little child lying as if dead in the manger at Greccio, and that it seemed to be awakened unto life at the touch of Francis.

Small wonder it is that the people thought that night that Bethlehem had come to them there in the hill above Rieti.

We do know that this event in the life of Francis occurred after he had been through a long period of harrowing trial in the preparation of his Rule for final approval. But at long last the Rule was approved by Pope Honorius III in November 29, 1223. From Rome then he had set out gradually to the place of Greccio with the thought and plan of this manner of Christmas celebration in his mind and heart.

So may our gazing at the crib this Christmas be to us a source of consolation to soften all the sorrows and setbacks of our previous lives.





## SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART

*La Réparation, Montreal*

By REV. F. DOMINIQUE, O.F.M. Cap.

THE National Shrine of the Sacred Heart is located on the Montreal-Quebec highway, in the eastern part of the island of Montreal, about half way between Bont-de-l'Isle and Point - aux-Trembles.

The history of the Shrine begins in 1886 when driven from France by the anti-religious laws, the Brisset des Nos family, father, mother, seven sons, a daughter and Miss de la Rousselière, sister of Mrs. Brisset, arrived in Montreal.

Mr. Brisset des Nos bought a house and property situated on the shores



*La Réparation. Montreal  
Chapel and Monastery*

of the St. Lawrence, extending to the ridge which stands out conspicuously on the eastern part of Montreal Island. A large grove of old trees crowned the spot, making a vantage point for a panoramic view of the St. Lawrence and the Rivière-des-Prairies.

On Sundays the pious family would walk, singing hymns through the grove, and often they were joined by their neighbours. In the hollow of an old tree was placed a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and here Our Blessed Mother was honoured.

Certain scandals and outrages to religion, in neighbouring places, made the family decide on the establishment of

a permanent work of Reparation. In 1896, at their own expense, they built a small chapel which, owing to the absence of Bishop Fabre in Europe, was blessed by Vicar General Bourgeault, Administrator of the diocese.

Miss de la Rousselière, (1) who had the rare privilege of keeping the Blessed Sacrament in her private chapel, had been entrusted with the mission of preparing the foundation for a Canadian house of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.



*Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes*

When they arrived she urged them to take charge of the chapel and continue the work of Reparation.

It was not until 1900 that she realized her desire. But meanwhile, the Franciscan Fathers and the Dominican Fathers, in turn, took over the Shrine for brief periods. Reverend F. Frederic, a Franciscan of venerable memory, Commissioner of the Holy Land, presided at the erection of a monumental Way of the Cross, a masterpiece of the statuary art. He preached there several times with great success, his saintly reputation attracting the crowds from the town and suburbs.

When the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament were able to take up the work, Reverend Father Jean became the soul of

(1) She became Sister Marie-Clementine, of the Carmelite Sisters of Angers, France, and died in 1924.

this pilgrimage Shrine and gave it the best years of his life. It was he who laid out the Grotto of Lourdes, the Grotto of the Agony, and the Scala Santa.

As the years passed on pilgrimages became more numerous. The lame and the sick in ever-increasing numbers sought relief, and great favours, spiritual and temporal, were obtained.

The Montreal Ecclesiastical Authorities did all in their power to favour the movement. Bishop Bruchesi under-



*Capuchins at the Calvary*

standing the necessity of this prayerful organization of Reparation, enriched the Shrine of La Réparation with his blessings, and Rome also granted it several Indulgences.

A devastating fire burnt from top to bottom both the Fathers' residence and the Chapel; and then for five years the Scala Santa building served for religious services. On July 22, 1910, the present chapel was opened for public worship. The Eucharistic Congress took place in Montreal the same year; and many renowned personages, among them Monsignor Rumeau of Angers, France, visited the Shrine.

#### THE CAPUCHIN FATHERS

In 1918, demand for other foundations forced the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament to abandon La Réparation which



fell first to the care of the diocesan clergy and then to the priests of the Foreign Missions of Pont-Viau. In the spring of 1921, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi entrusted it to the Capuchin Fathers, who still are in charge of the Shrine. Their traditional devotion to the Passion of Our Lord and to His Sacred Heart made it a happy choice. Since then the work has expanded, and an average of 200,000 pilgrims from all parts of Canada and the United States yearly visit the Shrine of La Réparation.

In summer a Holy Hour is made before noon in the Chapel, and the Way of the Cross is conducted by a Capuchin Father in the grove in the afternoon. On Sundays thousands of people attend devotions, while the yearly pilgrimage of St. John the Baptist Society of Montreal numbers around thirteen thousand.

#### THE GROTTTO OF THE AGONY

It is a cavity formed in a massive rock supported by stones, varied in shape and colour, cut into buttresses, gothic arches, windows and galleries. In the interior, long stalactites hang from the vault.

In the centre of the Grotto is an impressive statue of the Agony of Our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane, and of the Angel holding the Chalice.

The Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes is a replica of the Grotto of Lourdes. There on Sunday Mass is said for the convenience of the crowds.

#### THE SCALA SANTA

This large building of Oriental shape was built in the fall of 1905. A wide staircase modelled on the Scala Santa in Rome leads to the upper part of the building. At the head of the stairs is a representation of the Last Supper by Baumeister, statues in natural size carved by French artists. Several statues adorn niches here and there along the walls. Pious pilgrims must go up these stairs of twenty-eight steps on their knees, recalling Our Lord's ascending the steps to

Pilate's tribunal. Indulgences have been granted by Rome to encourage this devotion.

It is easy to see why this Shrine of La Réparation appeals to the people; why Rome has enriched it with Indulgences; why it has become a place of pilgrimage.



*'Scala Sancta'*

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A legend of the honeysuckle tells that the flower won its exquisite colour when the Blessed Mother laid Our Lord in the manger. The little plant was growing there, and as soon as the Infant rested upon it, the flower flushed with happiness recognizing Him as the Creator of the world.



## THE MARVELLOUS SIGN

By LAURA CHISLETT

THE sun is setting red over the hills and valleys turning to gold the brown earth and casting a glamour and riot of colour over the whole Eastern world.

Seated, resting under the shade of a palm tree which overshadows the well, is a woman of rare and wondrous beauty. Within her encircling arms a little babe is nestling. Now and then the mother stoops and draws the sweet, warm body closer into her embrace and murmurs gentle, endearing, soothing words, half croon, half song, as is the way with mothers.



Standing anxiously to one side is a man of holy aspect. He leans heavily on his staff as he scans the horizon.

A speck of dust rivets his gaze—he watches it. It grows momentarily bigger and bigger and ere long he describes it as a cavalcade of some importance, and it travels as if in haste. First the outriders mounted on fiery Arab steeds, then the dromedaries—those “ships of the desert”—sweep up and past the well. Clouds of dust roll on before and follow after. Then the magnificent palaquin, slung between four well-trained camels, comes into view and is about to follow. A sudden halt is ordered and the palaquin is gently lowered on to the road and the whole cavalcade comes to a standstill. The silken curtain is drawn back by a slender hand.

The head officer comes riding back, to enquire the wishes of his mistress. He is superbly mounted on a fine Arab charger. Dismounting, he bends low in front of the palaquin. He listens carefully—then, bowing profoundly, he hurries up to the silent figure of the man, who is still leaning on his staff.

Addressing him courteously, he delivers the message from his lady: “Would the woman and child visit his mistress in her



palaquin?' She craves this honour, and will not detain them long. His mistress is Rosemary, the wife of the Centurion, Constantius, well-known and wealthy, and has her infant son and its nurse, also within, with her."

The silent man turns away without replying and, retreating a few steps, he conveys the Lady Rosemary's request to the beautiful woman. She smiles up into his anxious eyes, and he reads there her consent. With a regal gesture he waves the officer one side and, striding on in front, he escorts with grave courtesy, the woman, who carries her babe rolled up carefully in her veil, as is the way in the East.

A clear, musical voice bids her enter the palaquin; seated within on cushions of great richness of texture is a woman, youthful and lovely, fairer than her Eastern sisters, and of great stature. Her dress is of exquisite shimmering material, it falls in graceful folds around her; her arms, laden with bangles and anklets, tinkle and jingle at every movement, glittering rings adorn the long, tapering fingers, a fillet of gold inset with multi-coloured precious stones which radiate and scintillate, encircled the hair, which is drawn in classic style—altogether an imposing ensemble. Seated at the furthest corner, a nurse is holding a wailing, fretful infant.

The beautiful woman stands inside the curtain and says gently: "Peace be to all here."

The Lady Rosemary holds out her arms eagerly: "Let me see and behold your babe. O! how very lovely he is!"

The words burst forth in wondering admiration, as well they might. For the Infant, as of newly awakened from a refreshing sleep, gazes at her with His wonderful serious eyes, and then He smiles as it was if Heaven opened.

Turning swiftly, and taking her own offspring from the nurse, with ruthless hands she tore open the covering from its little body. Alas! It was so misshapen, so almost unhuman in its distorted limbs, its rolled back eyes— a hopeless, pitiful cripple.

The beautiful woman leant tenderly over the pitiful little object, she caught the wee first finger of her own Son's baby

Hand, and with it drew on forehead, chest and limbs a minute sign of the cross.

The Lady Rosemary watched, but said no word, tears were streaming from her eyes as she covered up once more the poor wailing babe. "My husband cannot bear the sight of the child, he refuses ever to look at it. I am bringing it to the Temple to-morrow." Her voice as she spoke was choked with sobs.

"Do not fret further," with loving sympathy, said the beautiful woman. "May my little Son's peace be always with you." Withdrawing, with gentle haste, the silent man led her back to the shade of the palm.

The eunuch, meanwhile, had taken down a basket from one of the mules that followed in the rear, and presented the beautiful lady with grapes, oranges, figs and dates.

Now the order was given for the cavalcade to resume its journey; quickly it was under way and it rapidly disappeared in its encircling cloud of dust, leaving a memory of one of life's saddest tragedies, a young life blighted at its source, its activities rendered hopeless from the start. Poor mother! Poor infant!

Quietly and without haste, the silent man, the beautiful woman and the babe reached Jerusalem in safety. The small cage of pigeons was bought and given. When the babe was presented, the mysterious and prophetic "Nunc Dimittis" of Simeon was intoned and the first worthy sacrifice ascended from the temple to the Great White Throne.

\* \* \*

As the cavalcade rounded up and wheeled into the spacious courtyard of the centurion's home, slaves came forth, and, amid the bustle and clamour of arrival, greeted their lovely mistress, with her infant son.

Constantius, receiving word that the Lady Rosemary would receive him, strides into her presence. He takes her into his great, strong arms and pours forth his love and tells of his loneliness. They are interrupted by a loud cry of wonder and delight as the nurse, holding the infant, whose deformity has

all but estranged the love of the husband from his wife. Turning, they look at her, amazed at the interruption. The nurse flings herself at the Lady Rosemary's feet, holding out the baby, calls out in wondering accents of joy: "Look! look! he is cured; he is whole; he has no blemish."

They look, it is of a truth so! A wave of pure joy that nearly causes her to swoon, breaks over the heart of the Lady Rosemary as she stoops and tenderly takes her babe, and the manly heart of Constantius is filled with pride at the beauty of the infant son as he now beholds him.

"A miracle!" The words ring out. "*That* was what the beautiful woman meant when she traced that magic sign with the wee rose petal-like finger of her exquisite baby son, and left the peace of her child as her gift.

"Oh! that I could see her again, to thank her, to tell her of the rapture which fills my heart and inundates my soul," exclaimed the Lady Rosemary, as she placed their now beautiful babe in his proud father's embrace.

Thirty-three years later that wish was granted, all unknowingly, as Rosemary and her son watched cruel, wicked men pierce the Hands of Him Who had been that Babe, and Whose Hands for thirty-three years had never been raised, except to bless, to cure, to sanctify.

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A light blazed over Bethlehem—  
God's Angels winging down,  
To bring a babe a diadem,  
To bring a King His Crown!





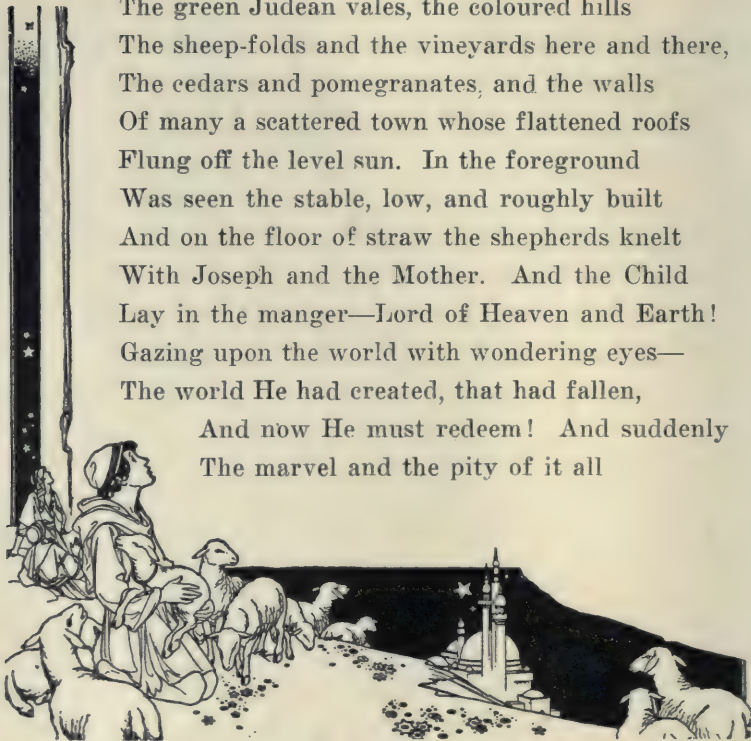
## A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

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

**I**N a far land, within an ancient fane  
 I saw a stained window, fashioned rare  
 By long-dead hands that wondrous cunning knew:  
 The sun streamed thro', and such a mesh of hues  
 Blended and flowed that Heaven seemed open there!

One glimpsed afar the battlements of Zion  
 Golden against a sky of tender blue

The green Judean vales, the coloured hills  
 The sheep-folds and the vineyards here and there,  
 The cedars and pomegranates, and the walls  
 Of many a scattered town whose flattened roofs  
 Flung off the level sun. In the foreground  
 Was seen the stable, low, and roughly built  
 And on the floor of straw the shepherds knelt  
 With Joseph and the Mother. And the Child  
 Lay in the manger—Lord of Heaven and Earth!  
 Gazing upon the world with wondering eyes—  
 The world He had created, that had fallen,  
 And now He must redeem! And suddenly  
 The marvel and the pity of it all



Transfixed my soul, and in that olden fane  
 I knelt me down in adoration low  
 Unmindful of the hurrying hours that passed  
 Till came a Voice that filled the pillared nave—

(Or till I dreamt there came) :—“The world’s desire  
 “Is Dead-sea fruit—What the world doth prize  
 “Mere tinsel dross, and men stretch eager hands  
 “To grasp illusion. When shall lives proclaim  
 “The Mystery of the Stable and the Crib  
 “The glory of the poor and self-abased  
 “The worth of purity, simplicity,  
 “Of lowliness, and carrying of the Cross?  
 “Or must the Child Divine be born again  
 “And Christ again be scourged and crucified?”

As ceased the Voice the sunlight sudden paled  
 And I went out into a world of gray  
 Where fantasies and lying fetishes  
 Were worshipped, and with sullen faces, men  
 Pursued their selfish ends, unmindful of  
 The gladsome Message of the Child new-born—  
 The clamorous calling of the Christmas bells—  
 The glory of the Heaven that is to be!

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**H**APPY those who saw Thy face,  
 Saw Thy smile, beheld Thine eyes,  
 Saw the Virgin, full of grace,  
 Folding Thee in close embrace.



August the 15th marked the sixtieth year of religious life for Sister M. Innocentia, and was a day of rejoicing for the Community, and especially for St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough, where High Mass of thanksgiving was offered for the long and useful life bestowed upon the diamond jubilarian.

Sister Innocentia is the last surviving member of the Cruise family, a family of converts which gave two sons to the priesthood, Monsignor John and Father Tom Cruise, and two daughters to the religious life in St. Joseph's Community, Sister Hildegarde and Sister Innocentia. Sister Innocentia spent almost fifty years teaching in the Separate Schools of the Diocese and at St. Joseph's High School, Toronto, and was later Treasurer General of the Congregation. Now, after sixty years of uninterrupted work, she is still active, keen and alert, filling the office of Treasurer at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, taking her share of other duties in the house, ever ready to oblige at a moment's notice, and as fervent and attentive to every detail of religious observance as on the day she first took the Holy Habit. Such a life needs no eulogy: to God we give the praise and the glory!

On August 15 at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake the Golden Jubilee in religion of Sister Mary Teresa was fittingly celebrated with High Mass offered by the chaplain, Rev. Dr. L. Markle, and with the singing of the traditional Profession Hymn and the Jubilate by the Community choir. Happiness and joy filled the house as the Sisters came throughout the day from the different houses to congratulate the Jubilarian and to rejoice with her in her fifty years of religious life, and to review with her, in happy memory, the years of zealous labour in the various Separate Schools of the diocese; the hours spent in training God's little ones in the ways of truth and courtesy and Christian charity; the endless days of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, and all the other countless acts and words that lend beauty and nobility to the life of a religious.

With the exception of one Sister, Sister Mary Teresa is the



only member left of her family of which two brothers were Jesuits, the late Rev. Joseph and Rev. James McCarthy.

May God's love continue to enrich and encircle our dear Jubilarian!

The Feast of the Assumption was a day of gladness and rejoicing for it was the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Profession of Sister M. St. Mark, Sister M. Dolorosa, Sister M. St. Jerome, Sister M. Eulalia, Sister M. Martina, Sister M. St. Bede, Sister M. Athanasia. We extend to the Jubilarians congratulations, with the wish that they will be spared for many years in the service of their Divine Master.

\* \* \* \* \*

On August 15, ceremonies of profession and reception took place in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel. At six-thirty a.m. Rev. L. A. McCann, C.S.B., presided as delegate of the Archbishop and five novices made their first annual vows while thirteen Sisters made perpetual vows.

At nine-thirty a.m. the spacious chapel was filled with friends and relatives of the young ladies who, were to receive the habit of the Order. Their entrance as white-robed brides with attending train bearers followed by the clergy present for the occasion, was a beautiful and solemn prelude to the ceremony. After the blessing of the habits by the officiant, Rt. Rev. W. A. McCann, assisted by Rev. H. MacMillan, Rev. W. J. Dwyer, C.S.B., delivered the sermon. Speaking first of the significance of the Feast of the Assumption, and recalling the events of Our Lady's life from the moment of her "Fiat" to her stand beneath the Cross of her Divine Son, he drew a parallel with the lives of the young brides before him. He congratulated them on the favor granted them, congratulated their parents and families, and also the Community into which they were being admitted; then wishing them great happiness, he reminded them that like Mary, when she said, "Be it done unto me according to Thy Word," although they did not know just what that Word would be for them, they meant to devote their lives to its accomplishment.

Monsignor McCann proceeded with the ceremony, and when in the name of the Church and of the Institute, he consented that the worldly dress be exchanged for the habit, the young aspirants with their attendants left the chapel. On their return, the new Sisters were given their religious names, and then knelt to receive the blessing of the reverend officiant. The Mass which followed was celebrated by Rev. E. Doyle, Edmonton, Alta., brother of one of the Sisters who made Final Vows.

Members of the clergy present were: Very Rev. Dean M. Cullinane, Rev. J. Muldoon, C.S.S.R., Rev. J. McHenry, Rev. J.F. Corrigan, Rev. F. McGinn, Rev. M. Meehan, C.S.S.R., Rev. L. Murray, Rev. F.S. Mahoney, Rev. M.H. Delaney.

The young ladies who received the habit were: Miss Gertrude Sandford, Mimico, (Sister M. Bonaventure); Miss Margaret Barry, Toronto, (Sister M. Michael Joseph); Miss Bernice Lamphier, Mimico, (Sister M. Petronilla); Miss Therese Wilcox, Toronto, (Sister M. St. Robert); Miss Margaret O'Leary, Lindsay, (Sister M. Pauline); Miss Gertrude Hazleton, River Bend, P.Q. (Sister M. Margaret Ann).

The novices who made their first profession were: Sister Ita Marie Heaton, Vancouver; Sister M. Constance Stephens, Toronto; Sister M. St. Vincent Fullerton, Toronto; Sister M. St. Thomas Ford, Toronto; Sister Mary Brigid Vezena, Chapleau, Ont.

The following Sisters made final profession: Sister Claire Marie Cadieux, St. Eugene, Ont.; Sister M. Laurene MacLaren, Prince Rupert, B.C.; Sister M. Eucheria Smith, Storthoaks, Sask.; Sister M. Claudette Loftus, Toronto; Sister M. Janet Murray, Toronto; Sister M. Othilia Thompson, Toronto; Sister M. Carmichael Naughton, Warminster, Ont.; Sister M. Ambrosia McGrath, Toronto; Sister M. Leo Francis Doyle, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Antoinette Dailey, Toronto; Sister Mary Donald MacDonald, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Clara Tremblay, Vancouver, B.C.; Sister M. Perpetua Lannon, Toronto.

#### ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

Barbara Forestell, Phyllis Haffey, Barbara Anne Hyland, Mary Melady, Willa McCaffrey and Joan Prescott from St. Joseph's College School are among our new probationers.

This year's retreats were conducted by Reverend Elliott McGuigan, S.J., September 15-19th, and Reverend J. Keating, S.J., September 19-23rd.

The probationers were initiated at the annual weiner roast held on the roof garden. The Seniors' shadow play and the recitation "Levinsky at the Wedding" by Miss Patricia Dennis, provided amusement for all. Refreshments and a sing-song ended the evening's fun.

On October 4th the preliminary students visited the Filtration Plant on Toronto Island.

St. Michael's Hospital Nurses attended the Rosary Sunday ceremony at the Maple Leaf Stadium.

**ST. CATHARINES**

Congratulations to aged nine Hilda Haiplik, a pupil at St. Joseph's Convent, who, competing with fifteen other pupils, won the Gold Medal at the Lincoln County Festival.

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**WINNIPEG****ST. ALPHONSUS.**

The North West Review reports: "For the past few weeks groups of high school girls from St. Alphonsus parish have been getting precious experience and furnishing much appreciated help by acting as Ward Aides at St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg.

The date for Field Day was June 14th, and the place West Kildonan, and reached by Grade 6 to 10 in a chartered street-car. Eleanor won the girls' relay. The baseball game took place at Holy Cross School, June 21st—St. Alphonsus proudly carried home the cup.

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**VANCOUVER, B.C.****ST. PATRICK'S CONVENT**

The following St. Patrick's students obtained complete University Entrance standing at the June examinations, Department of Education, British Columbia:

Kenneth Beaton, Lavern Cleveland, Joyce Carr, Hugh Currie, Chalmers Dickie, Michael Donovan (92%), Irene Curry Shirley Kibler, Gerald Lautsch, Dorothy McMahon, Patricia McMahon, Norma Malm, Michael McDonagh, Patricia O'Brien, Mary Nairn, Frank Schretlen, Jack Wise.

"If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted, and there will be peace." The students of the High School answered this invitation made by Our Lady at Fatima on July 13, 1917, by the daily recitation of the Rosary. Each morning at 8:55 the entire school assembled in the auditorium where, before a shrine of Our Lady, they read an Act of Consecration, and sang "O Queen of the Holy Rosary." A guard of honour (Grade 12), holding lighted candles and wearing the colours of the Rosary, stood at regular intervals near the entrances.

On October 19, St. Patrick's School welcomed Bishop Jordan. The student body received Holy Communion at the Bishop's Mass; and in the parish hall school president, Patrick



Phillee, read an address, and greeting songs and hymns were sung. On both occasions His Excellency spoke on their spirit of Faith, and encouraged them to give thought to their choice of a life's work.

#### Results of Music Examinations—PIANO

Grade VII—Honours: Louise Lautsch; Pass: Joan Hewitt.

Grade IV—First Class Honours: Marion Joan Pope; Pass: Barbara Gauthier.

Grade III—First Class Honours: Joan C. Martin; Honours: Joan Gordaon, Freddie Errett, Cecile Brummitt.

#### SINGING

Grade VI—Pass: Eleanor Rae

#### VIOLIN

Grade VIII—Pass: Phyllis Willey

Grade VI—Honours: Audrey Fryer

Grade V—First Class Honours: James Dixon

Grade IV—First Class Honours: Gordon Pearmain; Honours: Donald Farquhar

Grade III—Honours: Donald Thompson; Pass: Doreen Lee.

Grade I—First Class Honours: Billy Hewitt.

#### THEORY

Grade V—Counterpoint—Pass: Rosemary Lautsch

Grade IV—Counterpoint—First Class Honours: Rosemary Lautsch.

Grade II—First Class Honours: Joan Hewitt, Phyllis Willey, Margaret Blackery; Honours: Elaine Hall, Marion Graber, Gloria Melanson.

Grade I—First Class Honours: Helen Ecarnot, Margaret Blackery, Gloria Melanson; Honours: Louise Lautsch; Pass: Eleanor Rae.

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#### MONTREAL

##### ST. PATRICK'S

At St. Patrick's we have one hundred and sixty children. The senior girls' dormitory has been transformed. The walls are a soft grey, and the drapes rose. We have a new asphalt tile floor in the entrance hall and telephone room.

On Field Day, September 29th (sponsored by the K. of C.) all took part, from tiny tots of four to the rugged age of 14. In the tug of war between twelve girls and twelve boys, the girls won, as usual. Supper in the open was held for the guests. In the evening one hundred and fifty prizes were presented followed by pictures. Barbara Foley and Donald Kirkpatrick were the champions.

**OBITUARIES****Sister M. Genevieve**

A shadow was cast over the joy of approaching vacation-days at St. Joseph's by the sudden death of a dearly-loved teacher, Sister M. Genevieve. Teaching was truly Sister Genevieve's work of predilection. If long years passed in the class room exacted their toll of weariness it was never betrayed in the cheerful serenity with which she fulfilled her duties to the end. After several years passed in teaching in the Separate Schools, Sister Genevieve entered the College of Pharmacy, and on her graduation, was engaged at St. Michael's Hospital, but on the opening of Holy Rosary School, she was called to resume teaching as principal, a position which she held for many years. Her later years of teaching have been spent in St. Joseph's College School, where, as elsewhere, she served her Master in His little ones with unvarying devotion. A religious life of constant fidelity was happily crowned last January by the celebration of her golden jubilee. At the solemn Mass of requiem offered in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel on June 18th, the celebrant was Rev. W. Kelly of Merritton, assisted by Rev. H. Mallon, C.S.B., as deacon, and Rev. S. Cassin, as sub-deacon.

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**Sister M. Julitta**

On October 9, there passed away at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, a well-loved senior member of the Community, Sister Julitta who at an early age followed the call to the Religious Life, and God granted her sixty-one precious years of consecrated service

A kind and gentle manner, a sweet simplicity and sincerity of character, combined with a spirit of faith, were "the talents" with which she "traded" throughout her long life while devoting herself to the works of charity assigned her in various houses of the Community. For her the opportunity of serving others was truly an opportunity of serving Christ, and it was evident that He, Who is never outdone in generosity, gave her the hundredfold promised to those who leave all for love of Him. The humility and obedience of a life-time bore fruit in a great peace of soul and a quiet patience during her last years of suffering. Although unable to walk because of a fractured limb, she was wont to say: "God is very good to me." In His goodness, He gave her all she could have asked in preparation for death and took her to Himself after a short illness.



**ALUMNAE OFFICERS  
OF  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION  
1945**

*Honourary President*

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph

*Past President*—Mrs. E. F. Ellard

*President*

Miss Mabel Abrey

*Vice-Presidents*

Mrs. C. E. Fraser

Miss Marion Tyrrell

Mrs. P. H. Payette

Miss Evelyn Bennett

Mrs. Unser

*Corresponding Secretary*

Miss Helen Mathews

*Recording Secretary*

Miss Helen Costello

*Treasurer*

Mrs. C. W. Mahood

*Publicity*

Miss Verna Ross

*Tea Hostess*

Mrs. A. B. Hood

*Councillors*

Miss Verna Ross

Mrs. Arthur McGinn

Mrs. Frank Kelly

Mrs. Bruce Wright

Miss Orla Beer

Miss Viola Lyon

On June 9th the Alumnae held a successful garden party to celebrate their thirty-fifth Anniversary. The weather was ideal and the attendance satisfactory. The Convent gardens were most attractive and were further enhanced by numerous pictures of former graduates displayed under the trees. This year's graduates were the guests, and a scholarship was presented to the Sisters to commemorate the Anniversary.

At the executive meeting in late September plans were formed for the quarterly meeting on November 11th; and the annual bridge party on the evening of Wednesday, December 5th. The latter is being convened by Miss Orla Beer—and do remember the date, and come.

At Christie House, on the evening of October 29th, St. Joseph's Alumnae were hostesses to the Study Club Meeting



of the C.F.C.A. St. Joseph's President, Miss Mabel Abrey, presided, assisted by Mrs. Roessler, Nat. President. An interesting account of his life in England during the war was given by Father Hartman, Squadron Leader with the Air Force. Coffee was later served in the charming drawing room.

(Mrs.) Kathleen Gray Wright.

My dear Sister Leonarda :

It was a treat to have such a good visit with you today, and afterwards to meet so many old friends, and new ones too, at the Alumnae meeting. It was a splendid meeting. Miss Mabel Abrey makes a good president and has a very capable committee to carry out her plans. Perhaps our out-of-town members may not recognize the name of the treasurer, Mrs. Mahood, as Mary Pape. Funny how we hold to the names we knew at school, isn't it? I always think of Angela Pape (Mrs. Mahood's mother) as Angela Durkin, though she is now David Pape's grandmother, and has four charming daughters among our alumnae—Mary, our treasurer, Ann, Margaret and Joan. Well, Joan is not an alumna, but is in the school anyway.

And I sat behind two lovely young girls at Mass today, and recalled the good times we knew in my day with their aunts. They were the Nobles, and nieces of Margaret and Josephine Noble. Josephine lives in Toronto and drops in at St. Joseph's once in a while. And across the aisle I spied Mrs. Potvin, whom we knew as Mary Mulcahey. (Don't go thinking I didn't hear Mass properly, now, because of these distractions.)

At the meeting I had a chat with Helen Monkhouse, home from England and her wartime activities. She looks in the pink of condition and is taking a refresher course at the University of Toronto. Her mother was with her, and beside her sat Mrs. Landy—there we were, three past presidents, very much past, we felt, with all the young women and girls about us.

The Garden Tea, celebrating our thirty-fifth anniversary as an organized Alumnae Association, was a grand success. The day was perfect, the grounds in fine condition, and even the brown trunks of the trees blossomed in most unusual fashion—with class group photos. Never were trees so intently examined, I'm sure. I'm sorry I didn't make a few notes of those attending that day, but truth to tell, I was so absorbed in chatting with them that it was time to leave before I realized how the time had flown.

The past presidents poured tea, so we saw Mrs. James E. Day (Amy Higgins), Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse (Marie Kennedy),

Mrs. J. J. Landy (Katherine Lorden), Miss Teresa O'Connor, Mrs. Reid (Rose Moreau), Mrs. F. Pujolas (Ellen McCarthy), Mrs. Ellard, and yours truly, among them. Mrs. J. D. Warde was unable to come, and when I saw Mrs. Roesler there I wished we could have included her sister, May Morrow, one of the presidents who have gone to their reward. Miss Miriam Walsh, niece of our very first president, Miss Gertrude Lawlor, was also present.

The Chalue girls were there, Dorothy, whose young daughter Mary Lou Hodgins, was one of this year's graduates, and Margaret and Mary, now Mrs. Howard Young. Dorothy and Mary declare that Aunt Margaret spoils her nieces entirely. There was a guest book on hand, so before our next issue I shall scrutinize it for more alumnae news. I confess I have recalled only a very few names, but like Father William, I am getting old, as who isn't? So much for the Garden Party for to-night.

Among the recent visitors to St. Joseph's, I notice the names of Ruth Agnew from Northampton, Smith College; Helen (McGrath) Mugele of Pittsburg; Mrs. Chesleigh Milne from St. Petersburg, Florida; Captain Rita Hetherman, R.N., who was at the June meeting with her sisters Helen (Mrs. Gerald Patterson) and Marie (Mrs. Howard McDonald).

Mrs. Clifford Servais (Camilla Wright) visited Evelyne and Marge (Mrs. O'Donohue) Krausman in Montreal this summer, and Evelyne, when going to N. Carolina, probably called on Margaret Keenan Gahan in Buffalo. Other Alumnae in Montreal are: Mrs. McGruther (Kathleen Kenny) whose eldest daughter is in College, and Marie Kenny, her sister, Mrs. O'Neill (Jenny Ferry), Mrs. Kelly (Catharine Delaney) and many more.

Mrs. O'Neill's letter is very interesting, and here are a few bits from it:\* "While walking along one of the vast corridors of Loyola last week I met Mrs. Fraser, Josephine Marion. I thought how lovely she must have been when she walked through St. Joseph's halls, because she is still so attractive—with a gracious warmth in her smile and an ever present twinkle in her eye. She is the mother of 'Malcolm'—a tall slim boy about seventeen, a general favourite.

"Also Mrs. Kelly, formerly Catherine Delaney, is one of our parishioners. One can always see a little blond-head Kelly boy

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\*Mrs. O'Neill (Jenny Ferry) lives in Montreal West. John her son, is a Jesuit novice; Barbara has a business position; Basil and Brian attend Loyola; and Clare is in St. Augustine's Academy. Mrs. O'Neill visited St. Joseph's while in Toronto on her way to Guelph to see John.

hovering about the sanctuary at Loyola, no matter how early the hour. On the train from Toronto in September with Kathleen Kenny, McGruther. Her young son is at Loyola and I believe continuing the Kenny tradition of holding his own academically. Her two daughters are growing up, resembling their lovely mother. I did not see Florence Bruxer while in Toronto. She is known for her writing ability. I have seen splendid articles of hers published 'Canadian All.' Florence spent some years in England, visited Ireland, the continent, and retained more pen-pictures of those countries than I would have thought possible for any one, except 'Morton' to ever absorb.

"Not long ago I had a visit from another St. Joseph's friend. Mrs. Lillian Weymouth—Fred. Cheetham. Lillian lives in Perth, and her vivacious personality has not diminished throughout the years of mothering two fine sons, Murray and Paul, both alumni of Regiopolis College."

Congratulations to Margaret (Koch) Fisher of California on the birth of her son, William Fisher.

I hear Ann Golden will be back in Toronto very soon, a graduate of Hospital in Montreal.

Congratulations to Mrs. Clune (Agnes Higgins) upon the ordination of her son, Robert, at whose first Mass in St. Vincent's Church his six brothers were on the altar. Father Clune has gone to Washington for graduate study.

Marion Mitchell has been in Cairo and Greece, and we look for news from her of her experiences there.

The C.F.C.A. announces the 1945 scholarship and bursary awards available to Canadian teaching communities whose Alumnae Associations are affiliated with the national organization. St. Joseph's College Alumnae Scholarship, donated by St. Joseph's College Alumnae, Toronto, awarded to Sister M. Eleanor for M.A. course at Laval University.

I notice among the correspondence a request for a subscription to the Lilies from Paris, France, from a friend of Hope Thompson's, Mrs. Helen Cazazian. Our Lilies bloom all over the globe!

Felicitations to all our brides, those whose notices have escaped our recognition or notice, as well as those who have caught our attention, namely: Colleen Roche, married to Patrick Malloy, who will live in Washington, D.C.; Teresa Knowlton, to Frank McCann of Toronto.



**Condolences—**

To Reverend Mother St. Brigid on the death of her father, Mr. Alexander Gillen.

To the family of Mrs. Ashbrook, Sister of Mrs. George Griffin, whose three daughters are alumnae of our school—Lucy, now Mother Margaret of the Good Shepherd Convent in Wheeling, West Virginia, Veronica (Mrs. Bede Harrison) of Vancouver, B.C., and Ellen (Mrs. Farber).

To Mrs. Malone (Margaret Ryan) on the death of her husband.

To the family of Mr. Emile Darte—Marian, Francis (Mrs. Art Scott) and Helen (Sister Marie Helen, S.C.) Halifax, N.S.

To the family of Mrs. Charles O'Brien, father of Helen and Rita and Ross, and brother of Sister St. James, St. Joseph's, and uncle of Reverends William and Frank O'Brien, S.J.

To the family of Miss Aurelia Tuffy, an esteemed teacher of the Separate Schools in Toronto, sister of Sister Bernard of our College, and of Misses Mary and Irene Tuffy, and Mrs. D. S. Lyons, Mrs. Maurice Hunter and Mrs. Estabrook.

To the family of Terence Phelan, Flying Officer, who was killed in action in February. He leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, his parents, his brothers, Rev. J. Phelan, C.S.S.R., Calgary, and Wing Commander W. G. Phelan, D.F.C., and sisters, Mrs. Arthur Rogers and Mrs. Inwood of Toronto.

To the family of Captain Gerard (Jerry) Conlin, who graduated in Engineering from Queen's, B.S.C. in 1940, and who died of injuries received in a motor accident last August. Besides his widow, he leaves eight sisters, all of whom have been or are now students at S.J.C.—Mrs. E. F. Crawford of New York, Mrs. E. M. Heintz of Chicago, Lieut. Isabel, R.C.A.M.C. Genievie, Teresa, Rosemary, Josephine and Frances, all of Toronto

To Mrs. Basil Breen (Eleanor Ford) on the death of her husband, and to his sons, Father Gerard, William and Basil, and his sisters, Angela and Bryde Breen.

To the family of Sergeant Anthony (Tony) McGraw who is now officially reported to have been killed at Duisberg, Germany. Sergeant McGraw leaves to mourn his loss his mother, his brother Mervyn and his sisters Myrtle, Verona, and Sisters Eustace and Albina, St. Joseph's Community.

And now let me wish all our Alumnae a very happy Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

Gertrude Thompson.

**EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS**

..... You know I visited St. Patrick's Orphanage, Montreal. In the chapel gallery I discovered an old crucifix, the history of which might interest you. It was presented to Reverend John Quinlivan, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, October, 1907, by Reverend J. Wernich, Rector of St. Wendelin's Church, Luxemburg, Minnesota, U.S.A., who gave the following details concerning it: In 1880 had brought it to the United States from the ancient monastery of Olivia an old Cistercian Abbey on the Baltic Sea, near Dantzic, where he was stationed previous to 1880. This crucifix appears on the church inventory as early as the 14th century but it is much older. One Mr. Joseph Schevoedor of Cincinnati, an eminent sculptor, now dead, estimated its age as not less than 1,000 years. Be this as it may, it is certain that it was in existence in the year 1350. It was used in its early days as a processional cross, later it was placed on an altar and greatly venerated by the faithful, subsequently it was removed and replaced by one of recent make.

When parting with this precious relic of antiquity, Father Wernich expressed his delight at the thought that in the Catholic city of Montreal it would be duly appreciated and honored. Father Quinlivan esteemed it as a priceless treasure, and when giving it for safe keeping to the Superior of St. Patrick's Orphanage, directed her to have it properly encased for preservation.

The crucifix in this chapel is a revered memento of Reverend Father Quinlivan, a late beloved director of the Institution.

M.G.F.

..... My first thrill came when I saw in the distance the dome of the Basilica glowing with light, a beacon in the darkened world around. I had been to the Catacombs and had seen "the front-line trenches" of the early Church. Now, as we approached the great Basilica, I felt this was the Church Triumphant. Floodlights streamed down on the wide street which leads from the Tiber to Vatican City, alive by half-past nine with people and transport—thousands of Italians and thousands of troops. The lamps in the Piazza S. Pietro were aglow and the massive facade of the church was floodlit. A huge crowd waited impatiently for the doors to open, and at ten o'clock we started to move inside.

It was a tremendous crush, and I felt battered by the time I'd squeezed in through the main entrance and reached the comparative spaciousness of the section reserved for British and American troops. From then until half-past eleven carols were sung by British, French, and Polish choirs. Our people sang "Adeste Fideles", "The First Noël" and "Hark the Herald Angels"—familiar hymns although strange in this vast church so far from home.

And all the time, all around, there was a murmur, like the sea coming in, of tremendous crowds of very happy people. (The estimated attendance inside St. Peter's was 50,000.)

Just after 11:30 there was a gradually swelling roar from the end of the Church which increased in volume as the Holy Father was borne up the nave. On the balcony at the rear, six trumpeters sent forth a stirring fanfare on silver instruments. The people showed great enthusiasm. There were shouts of "Viva il Papa" and "Viva il Papa Re", as the Holy Father progressed to the altar. By this time the church was ablaze with light—a glorious sight, far warmer and lovelier than by day.

The Holy Father celebrated a low Mass, during which carols were sung by the military choirs and motets by the superb choir of the Sistine Chapel. It seemed as though this heavenly singing was coming from all corners of the church. The most impressive carol was that sung by the choir of the Swiss Guard—"Holy Night" in German. . . . .

Soldier to his Mother

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. . . . . I was so sorry to hear you had been in Montreal, and I had not seen you. This is only a word as I have an infected right thumb which makes writing awkward. My son Malcolm is doing the dishwashing ! ! ! My Sister and her three children returned to England two years ago. The two boys are at Stonyhurst and the girl at the Sacred Heart Convent, Brighton.

(Mrs.) Jo. Marion Fraser.

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. . . . . We visited a Boys' Summer School, situated seven miles outside of North Vancouver. It is a beautiful place consisting of two main buildings, one housing kitchen, large living room, open fireplace, surrounded on two sides (facing the water) by a huge open porch. This building is connected by enclosed passageway to the second building which houses twenty private and double rooms—for sleeping. All face the



beautiful Deep Water Cove—a notable place for typical north-west scenery. About thirty-seven little boys between 11 and 14 years of age are spending a delightful summer under the capable direction of Dr. Mervyn and Mrs. Miller. . . . .

S.M.L.

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. . . . . Here I am in bed. I ran a nail into my foot a few days ago, but, thanks to "sulfa," I'll be out within a week. . . . . My boys and girls are back at school (six of them) it is a relief to have order restored in the house. I am enclosing my poem—wonder if you will like it. Brian (who is in 3rd high) returned today from a 3-day retreat at Viell Lasalle. We will be watching for the wings to sprout any day. The others are at school. Ann is practising at the minute. Every few bars she jumps off to adjust the seat. . . . .

(Mrs.) Catherine Kelly

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Your prayers are requested for : Mr. A. Gillen, Mrs. Feeney, Miss A. Tuffy, Mr. F. Haffey, Mrs. Herlihey, Mr. J. McLaughlin, Mr. H. Matthews, Mrs. Leonard, Lieut. F. C. Bellmore, Mr. Houston, Miss H. Allen, Mr. R. E. English, Mr. D. J. Leonard, Mr. Darte, Mr. A. Doucet, Mrs. A. McGuane, Mrs. H. O'Neill, Mrs. Lafferty, Mrs. J. O'Brien, Mrs. B. Hart, Miss M. Rebstock, Mr. Escallon, Mr. E. O'Brien, Mrs. Venini, Mrs. M. Farrell, Mrs. C. O'Brien, Flt. L. Faragher, Miss E. McGuire. Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace!

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In early French literature Christmas is referred to as a day of new clothes. The records state that on Christmas eve, 1245, Louis XI bade his court to be present at early Mass. At the Chapel door each man received a new cloak and put it on.



**S**T. MICHAEL'S MASS—On September 29th the opening Mass for St. Michael's College was celebrated in St. Basil's. Rev. L. Rush, Celebrant, Rev. V. Brezik, Deacon, and Rev. L. Klem Sub-Deacon. Very Rev. T. P. McLaughlin addressed the students, extended a welcome to all, and emphasized the duty of using a Catholic Universtiy education to advantage.  
Betty McCauley, '47.

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**S**T. JOSEPH'S SODALITY—On October 21st the Sodality held its first meeting. Sodalists attended Mass, and Rev. L. Shook addressed them, pointing out the outstanding virtues of a Sodalist. Breakfast in the Common Room was followed by a meeting. Alicia Balzac, the Prefect, spoke on the purpose of the Sodality. Each of the six chairmen who held office last year explained the purpose of their own specific committee projects.  
Maureen Hickey, '48.

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**P**ARTY—On October 12, the Senior and Sophomores entertained in the Common Room. An invitation was extended to Upperclassmen and ex-service students of St. Michael's. Bridge tables were arranged in the lower lecture hall, a buffet supper served in the Common Room and main hall, and the songs of Rita Covello, accompanied by Marion Downer, were enjoyed by all.  
Angela Wilson, '47.

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**R**ECOLLECTION DAY — On the Feast of Christ the King High Mass opened Recollection Sunday. In three conferences Father Bondy outlined the program of behaviour of a Catholic student, stressing prayer, daily Mass, personal sanctity and love of God. Each student spent one half hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament in the Convent Chapel. After Benediction the day students were guests of the resident students at an enjoyable tea.  
Patricia F. Clarke, '47.

**T**HE LITERARY SOCIETY opened with an address by Rev. L. Shook, who acquainted us with a modern poet, W. H. Auden, and referred to "For the Time Being," a Christmas Oratorio. In his earlier poetry, Auden had been influenced by the Freudian teaching; later by communistic doctrine, and then turned to protestant theologians. In the Christmas Oratorio Auden's understanding of the Incarnation is correct and expressed in a beautiful way. Father Shook gave us an insight into Auden's "For the Time Being," making this work appreciated.

Anne Overend, '47.

**M**ISSION TEA—On November 4th our Mission Tea, as "Spanish Fiesta," took place in the Common Room. The entertainment and food were of the best. Ann Overend was Convener. The excellent planning she did, with several others, made the event a great success. Over two hundred were present.

Alicia Balzac, '46.

**I**NIITIATION—St. Joseph's College rooms had a premonition that IT was to begin that night . . . . . But I let her tell the story in her own words.

I saw a group of Freshies hurrying towards my door discussing something painful to them. One girl shouted "No, not weed the tennis court!" and I realized that they were talking about initiation. Those poor girls! They were marched down my stairs. I could hear the Freshies silenced by the harsh command of a Soph, and I thought of all that was to come. I could hardly bear to watch some of the procedure. Saturday the girls were allowed out, with restrictions. An early curfew was set and at 11:30 a "Court of Honour" (Court of Horror) was held with one of the kindest (?) Soph's acting as Chief Justice. The girls were tried for their *crimes* and awarded punishment. I enjoyed the rolling and barking and the peanut pushing, but the participants didn't.

That night St. Joseph's College breathed a sigh of relief—another Initiation was over.

Kathryn Beattie, '49.



**O**UR HEAD GIRL—At the House Elections last spring Alicia Balzac '46 was elected our Head Girl for 1945-46. Alicia is from San Juan, Puerto Rico, is in Fourth Year Moderns, is Prefect of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and President of the French Club. She is proving a capable Head Girl, always obliging, yet dutifully mindful of her responsibilities, both to the Staff and to the Students, and she somehow manages to attend lectures and keep her work up between times. How do these Spanish Signoritas do it?

\* \* \*

We offer our sincere sympathy to Marie Anger '47 whose father died after a very brief illness in September.

\* \* \*

After three years service with the Wrens in Halifax, Mary Claire Seitz is now back with us in Third Year Pass. Who says the Services change people? Mary Claire is just as lovable and gay and charming as when she left us and just as clever too.

\* \* \*

We are very proud of Claire Marie Wall, President of the S.A.C. for St. Michael's Women, for the efficient way in which she represents our College at the Administration Council Meetings. It means work for Claire Marie, but she never complains nor fails to be her bright sunny self.

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It was a great joy for us of the Residence to find that Father Ruth, C.S.B., was to be our chaplain for another year.

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Our recitation of Compline each evening is improving perceptibly, both in volume and in quality. We find it a most satisfying form of night prayers, just as we love and appreciate the Missa Recitata each morning.

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In the mail today we have the announcement of the wedding of Josephine Ceconi to George Edwin Irwin, Captain, R.C.A.M.C., September 22nd in St. Theresa's Church, Ottawa. We wish them happiness!

**T**HE HIKE—we set out shortly after noon. At the Car terminus our walk began; Alicia stopped at every shop trying to buy marshmallows. Our Dean and two other Sisters walked with us. Soon we were kneeling in the church of St. Dunstan's worshipping God with happiness in our hearts. Then we turned north to a country road and were thrilled at the warm glowing of Nature,—gold, russet, brown and red.

Suddenly we came to a puddle which barred our way completely. It was one inch deep—too shallow to swim across, too muddy to wade through. What were we to do! The Seniors bethought themselves of Horace and the Caesarian conquests. What did a general do when confronted with a puddle? The Juniors wondered if mathematics might help—do not engineers use geometry to build bridges? The Sophomores (who fancy themselves worthy contemporaries of M. Maritain) sought to dry up the puddle with philosophical Haw haws. The Freshmen giggled. Before our Dean had time to witness the dilemma into which a puddle of water had plunged her brilliant scholars, Rosemary Cunningham jumped to the rescue. A thick branch was placed across and Rosemary like a Captain Kidd, guided us across.

We proceeded to a clearing where six Sisters beside a blazing campfire welcomed us. We, the Freshmen, reclined on the grass, when there was mumbling of . . . Freshmen . . . food. We ignored it and concentrated on conversation. The mumbling grew into a grumbling. We persisted in admiring Nature, but the grumbling changed into a mighty rumbling which sent every Freshmen scurrying—faster than Hamelin's rats followed the Piper—up the hill to where a car had left the food. We returned laden with boxes, pots and baskets. Alicia welcomed us with a smile and before the afternoon was through we were convinced that even the Sophomores were *almost* not bad people. We began our tramp homewards singing gaily as we watched the sun sink to rest.

Helen Marcelin, '49.

**O**UR GRADUATES—Pat. O'Donoghue is in Toronto working in a laboratory. The British Embassy in New York has Audrey Gilmour, Mary Heffer and Marnie Baechler, and they visit Mrs. Speidel (Keen) who lives in New York. Marion Saeli is a demonstrator at the University of Rochester (Chemistry) and is working for her M.A. Personnel work has claimed Claire Marie (Mike) Mahoney in Rochester. Elsie Escallon is back in Columbia—no news of her doings. Mary Overend is

at O.C.E. specializing in Household Economics. TORONTO GIRLS—Mary Flynn is with a publishing company and studying extra-murally; Audrey Tremble in Eaton's, translator; Mary Crocker and Rose Greenan are at O.C.E.; Marion Binks studying secretarial work; Gerry Arthur is at University in medicine; Dr. Margaret Young, now Mrs. Leo Mahoney, is living in Sydney, N.S.; Mary Melady, B.A., is studying for her R.N. at St. Michael's Hospital; Mary Walsh and Clara Butchovich (Bucky) are wondering what is ahead.

Anne Overend '47.

**O**UR DAY-HOP FRESHIES—This year brought us a bigger crop of Freshies than ever before.

**From the College School we have**

DOROTHY FRASER, first winner of the Sister Perpetua Whelan Scholarship for General Proficiency. Her forte is Maths. and Physics in the Pass Course, and she also has the distinction of being the daughter of our first Graduate (Madeline Burns Fraser, '14).

ELEANOR BAIGENT, winner of the Fontbonne Scholarship for English and History. She has finally settled on Modern Languages for a Course. Watch her! Besides firsts, she has an affinity for bubbles.

TERESA HAUBRICH, winner of St. Joseph's Alumnae Scholarship, began in Honour French and Latin but is now in Pass. But don't ever think the former course was too hard for her! No! she is hankering for Medicine later on, and the Pass Course is the better preliminary.

How is that for Scholarships among St. Joseph's graduates?

**From the College School also came:**

ANN LAWLOR, seeking a career in accounting via the Commerce and Finance Course. Brave girl!

SHEILAGH O'LEARY, Pass Arts, with her genius for art and music and making friends.

PATRICIA SYLVAIN, Pass Arts, who takes a lively interest in all College affairs, even in lectures; enthusiastic petite Patricia!

CATHERINE AITCHISON, otherwise affectionately known as "Gabby," is in Maths. and Physics—no weak-brained woman she!



BERTHA HAFFA, Pass Arts, is all out for languages. She is quiet of manner, but her disengaging smile augurs well for her popularity.

TERESA McDONOUGH, Philosophy (English and History) nothing less, no indeed! with the infectious McDonough grin.

MARIE FLANAGAN, Pass Arts, with real College spirit, and the right approach at Newman too.

NYASTA ZACHANKO, Pass Arts, unique in many ways, our solitary Russian boast.

MARY NOWAK, Pass Arts, after a year in the States decided there was no place like St. Joseph's. We think there is no one quite like Mary. So we are quits.

LEONORE MACKIE, Pass Arts, is our Titian girl. Smiling happy Leonore is always there when you need her.

MOLLY McGROARTY, Pass Arts, gave up a business career, and she says she certainly isn't sorry.

PATRICIA CONNOLLY, Pass Arts, goes about with her golden head in the clouds. Wait till the essays start, Pat, then you will come down to earth with a bang.

#### **And now for the Freshies from other Alma Maters:**

RUTH ANN RASHOTTE, French and Latin, winner of the Gertrude Lawlor Scholarship, from Glen Nevis Academy. Her hobby (apart from Firsts) is collecting transfers.

MARY O'BRIEN, is from Jarvis Collegiate. Honour Moderns. And does she know her French!

MARY ROBINETTE, Pass Arts, formerly of Branksome Hall. As a Fancy Skater, Mary is known all over Canada. You should see her smile!

BEATRICE PFEIFFER, Pass Arts, comes from Trenton. She "just loves College." Quiet but oh my!

HELEN HARBER, our ex-service Freshie in Pass Arts, has the bearing of the Lieutenant that she was in the C.W.A.C.; courteous, smiling, always alert, a general favourite.

LOUANNA KEON, a Quebecer, is in Fine Arts; a frequenter of the lower Lecture Hall, where we find her poring over books on Archaeology and other learned things.

FRANCES LOBRAICO, from Parry Sound High School and St. Joseph's College School, tall, dark, fun-loving and "simply crazy" about Household Economics.

HELEN MARCELIN, Pass Arts (because the Medical Course was overcrowded) is all the way from Trinidad; charming manner, interesting accent, and a subtle sense of humour.

BETTY STAPLETON, Pass Arts, is from Belleville. This is her second trial of College. The first time two weeks of it proved enough. Now, as she says, she is wiser and a little older, and thinks University life is "just grand."

FRANCES FULTON, Social and Philosophical Service, is from Humberstone Collegiate. To see her is to know why she is so popular at Newman's; to know her is to see why she is such a favourite at St. Joseph's.

### INTRODUCING OUR FRESHIES

**O** DE TO SADIE DAVIES—Dark hair, a charming smile and sun-tanned complexion contribute their share to our Sadie Davis from Sudbury. We love her knack of handing out the orders! Sadie arrived to take Honour Science, but had to transfer from Pass Arts to House Ec.

MARY GENDRON—In Pass Arts is Mary Gendron from Penetang. Miss Mary received her matric. at St. Joseph's College School. A popular Miss in residence and abroad.

MARIANNA KORMAN—We have in our midst a dark-eyed petite senorita from Welland. "Mike" adorns the basketball team and between hectic games attends Pass Arts lectures (we're told.) Mike is another grad from across the way.

### JUNE FURLONG

Now take that gal who was CWAC,  
 From the army she's just come back.  
 She is St. Joseph's debater  
 And is almost our best orator;  
 This is the lady who can't be beat  
 And makes her opponent admit defeat.  
 June'll talk 'till she's blue in the face,  
 You'll really think she is a hard case!  
 To think we who live in the back flat  
 Have to put up with a girl like that—  
 But there is only another four years,  
 So let us not give up in tears.

JEAN SAUNDERS—"Oh! grim, oh! gruesome!" Miss Jean Saunders exclaims. Despite those words Jean is very sweet. Maybe the desserts she eats—or is it the music this Belleville Miss creates that keeps her in such a happy state?

ALICE BRENNAN—Midland High School has contributed its share to St. Joseph's. Its gift is red-headed, dimpled, Irish—Alice in room 9A. Alice claims she is seeking a higher education in "Soc. and Phil."—but who can tell just what she IS seeking? Joking aside, Alice is a popular freshie.

THERESA DAVIS—

If you've not a brain  
 Now don't complain  
 For it has its advantages too!  
 It simply means that Honour Science  
 Is *not* the course for you.  
 But if you've liked one who  
 Professes to have an "I Q,"  
 Chemistry and physics are your fate;  
 And you're doomed to study late  
 Or, at least to talk of studying  
 Like Theresa Davis from Sudbury.

MAVIS NEIL—The cultured atmosphere pervading Room 1, stems from the artistic genius of our blue-eyed Mavis Neil. Home (Oshawa) and non-objective art are her objectives in life. Room 1 loves its artist-in-the-bud who is embellishing a Fine Arts Course.

HELEN McDERMOTT—We have another brilliant freshie in "Soc. and Phil.," blonde Helen McDermott ("Cass") from Oakville. Could be that Cass is the athletic type with skiing her favorite sport.

JOAN MIRAULT—Ah! and the west has also shared its wealth. She is Joan Mirault another "brain" in "Soc. and Phil.," whose ambition it is to be a History specialist. She's pert an' pretty we think.

ELIZABETH RICE—Within the hallowed walls of Room 4 dwells a studious young lady from Windsor. Yes, 'tis Elizabeth Rice, a House Ec. student, a hard-worker with a promising future.

MARY ADAMS—Another report from Room 4 on a vivacious lass, Mary Adams. Beyond the fact that Mary is in Pass Arts and from Cornwall we can learn nothing, as her favourite hobby is talking about interesting things to the exclusion of herself. Why?

LOUISE ROY, St. Boniface—We are going to make a prophecy. Some day Mademoiselle Louise Roy is going to be a Metropolitan Opera Star! Just now, Mademoiselle of the beautiful voice is working hard to attain that goal. How we delight in hearing that voice of hers!



MARY MARGARET LANGFORD—Tall and nice looking, calls Waterdown her home. She emphasizes the fact that Waterdown is just outside Hamilton, and why we wonder? Mary Marg. is in Pass Arts.

MARY McMAHON is another Belleville representative at St. Joseph's; and Belleville can be proud of her. Mary is in Pass Arts and loves it as well as the various college activities.

KATHRYN BEATTIE—An inspiring journalist hastens to be introduced—Miss Kathryn Beattie from New Liskeard. Enrolled in "Soc. and Phil.", Kibby has a wide-awake eye to the future and we feel that a brilliant journalist is in the making.

HELEN FARRELL, Rochester, N.Y.—

Bright red hair and eyes of blue  
A glamour gal of upper rank  
A jitterbug of talent too—  
That Helen Farrell's quite a Yank!

NORITA ARMESTO, Buffalo, N.Y.—

She's smart, she's smart, she's on the beam  
Norita, that's the Yankee,  
And, if I may quote "Caledonia"  
She's long and lean and lanky.

MARY SHERLOCK—That girl from Brantford who takes Honour Philosophy, aims to be the female counterpart of St. Thomas Aquinas. That's her aim, but now she is a freshie at St. Joseph's who has endeared herself to all.

ROSALEEN CORKINDALE—Corky for short came to us from Brantford Collegiate. She is fond of mathematics and takes Household Economics. Her ambition in life is to discover the square root of soda crackers.

BETTY TROLLOPE—Betty Trollope, from Bracebridge, our poetess laureate, enrolled in Pass Arts hopes to be a librarian. By her influence the occupants of Room 6 have graduated from comics to the study of the finer things of life.

JANE McNALLY—Have you ever heard of Delora? You haven't—Well it is one of the—blah, blah, blah. And furthermore blah, blah, and so on. Travelogue compliments of Jane McNally—Pass Arts. P.S. Jane hails from Delora.

MARGARET PETERSEN—Last to arrive but not least. Margaret is in Pass Arts preparing for a career in Social Service. Toronto is a long way from St. John, N.B., but Margaret likes us, and we like her.

FRANCES CONNOLLY, Lindsay—Honour Music—Fran' came to Varsity from St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay, the winner of a government scholarship.

YOLANDA CELIN, Tarranquilla, Colombia, South America—Pass Arts. Attended University of Colombia, one year, spent last year at College in Florida, and found her way to St. Joseph's. Thinks Canadians are "one fine people."

THERESA COVELLO, Port Arthur—Theresa is the second of that musical Covello family to come St. Joseph's. She tries to play the piano and AMAZINGLY she succeeds rather well. Between times she dabbles in Pass Arts. We say she is a beautiful advertisement of Pass Arts.

SUE DECKER—And then there's Sue Decker from Rochester, U.S.A. Sue, one of our favourites, is the author of that philosophic expression now heard on the lips of every undergraduate—"Life is but a trap!"

The Freshettes

**T**HE LATEST AROUND THE COLLEGE?—Life around the College hasn't been exciting since initiation. Already we're beginning to wonder about that formal affair in Brennan Hall around January 25th. Who will be in charge of the blind date bureau this year? With whom will the little blond character in Honour Science go? Will that philosopher work up a little more speed, or will the ex-scientist beat him to the draw again? Who knows, maybe she too will be forced to stoop to accepting a blind date. Meantime we'll look on in envy, and Lucy may get caught up with her Chaucer.

Before January there is the Fall Dance. Will the girls ask the boys; will the boys ask the girls; or will we all just go stag? Why did it have to fall on Sadie Hawkins Day?

Has the new basketball coach anything to do with the crowds of girls who turn out for practice every Monday night?

Mary Adams should control her emotions, and her voice, especially when crossing Queen's Park en route to Newman Sunday nights.

Is Alicia as kind-hearted as she seems, or did she enjoy doing what she did at the Senior Party?

Evelyn is ready to take revenge on whoever started such things as Paul Joneses.

Four of the students at St. Joseph's wish that Mary McCool would be more careful with their nickels and dial the number correctly the first time.

Has Jane McNally begun any of the five essays. Is she still pondering over the titles? Anyway, she does play "The Bells of St. Mary's" very nicely.

It's too bad Camilla Lespérance has a poor memory for dinner engagements, and also for reminding her guests that certain things are not done after certain hours in residence—ringing the door bell.

We all envied a certain girl when she was forced to take off her shoes and cross the Park barefoot because she had done so much dancing at Newman; but we didn't envy her the next few days which she was forced to spend in bed.

Dorothy MacNamara seems to be enjoying the newly formed Young People's Club in North Toronto. Is it because her sister is Corresponding Secretary?

At last St. Mike's seems to be opening its eyes to the charms of a certain Carol Reilly. I wonder if she enjoyed the Foot ball Dance.

This week-end promises the dance at Brennan Saturday night, and our own Mission Tea on Sunday.

Lois Garner, '47.

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Perhaps the most costly Christmas card ever made, valued at \$2,500,000, was ordered by an Indian Prince for a lady of high rank he greatly admired. On a card measuring 12 by 10 inches, four talented Indian artists worked incessantly for six months—forty elephants were killed before tusks of the right quality were obtained to yield the thin ivory on which 10,000 scenes from the life of Buddha were reproduced, and a frame for the picture was set with 44 of the finest diamonds.







**Sodality Election** President, Bernadette McIsaac; Vice-President, Doris Charette; Secretary, Betty Smith; Treasurer, Marilyn Finley. The following are in charge of Committees: Our Lady's, Anita MacMillan; Eucharistic, Marita McLean; Social and Apostolic, Marie Wolfe; Publicity and Good Literature, Joy Ann Chesser.

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**Movie** On October 19th the Imperial Theatre showed "Junior Miss," but the newsreel held a particular interest for us—the "Living Rosary" in which we took part. As it was flashed on the screen there was much applause, especially from the students of St. Joseph's College School and St. Michael's College. A light lunch after the show ended an enjoyable evening.

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**The Hike** The Saturday chosen was bright and warm; the place the Farm. Madeleine Ladouceur, Margaret Doyle, Marie Wolfe, and Geraldine Robertson went ahead to prepare the fire. The second group lost their way and when they arrived found the first arrivals were enjoying a good meal. Races and a scavenger hunt took up the rest of the afternoon. It was a wonderful day but it was wonderful too to get to bed as soon as we got home.

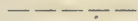
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**The Library** The word "library" has taken on new meaning at St. Joseph's. Not since the regime of Sister Imelda, has there been an appointed Librarian. Now, under Sister Camilla's enthusiastic governing, the library has come alive again. There are scores, nay hundreds, of new and interesting books and magazines; all the material is catalogued and a card system for borrowers has been started . . . AND a "library period" appears on all the time tables. Verily, the library is a popular place these days and its mistress avers that, in spite of Mrs. Grundy's clucking, the literary inclination of St. Joseph's girls are not bound down to a "comics" level.

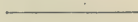
**The Auditorium**

Unlike Rome, the Aud. has NO roads leading to it. In fact the newcomers to the school must think this "Aud" we talk about is a myth. The stairs at the west end lead into a temporary wooden wall; the door at the west of the old gym is locked; one end of the boarders' refectory is also locked; and even that of the vocal study; and the costume cupboard—but, alas, there IS no costume cupboard, only a neat rectangle of fresh plaster in the upstairs hall to cover the scar and "bless the mark" where once there was a door that led therein. Some day (we hope before Christmas) the doors will be unlocked and we will see the beauties of our renovated Aud.

But there are other changes in our school. The old gym has been enlarged—the candy store and junior locker room have gone; and a really lovely terrazza floor replaces the old wooden one—and so "the old order changeth. . . ."

**New Subject in First Form**

A new subject appeared this year on our Grade 9 time table: Music Appreciation. A post war victrola with the amplifiers resides in the Art Room which is now an Art-Music room; so if you should be calling some day to visit your former school friends and hear a mighty baritone thundering the "Erlkonig" through the upstairs halls, make no mistake: it is still an academy for girls!

**Sympathy**

We wish to offer our sympathy to several of our schoolfellows, and ask our readers' prayers for their loved ones who have died. Marie Leonard lost her father shortly after school closed last year; and during the summer came the sad news of the death by accident of Captain Gerrard Conlin, brother of Frances in Grade 12-A, and of Josephine, last year's Head Prefect, and of all other Conlin girls whose loyalty to St. Joseph's has been a by-word to us all. The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Conlin died so recently makes Captain Gerrard's death especially tragic. We sympathize too with Joan Barrach in the loss of her dad; and with Loretto Faragher whose brother, Pilot Officer John Faragher, R.C.A.F., is now officially listed as killed in Germany, August 16, 1944. Joan and Loretto are in Commercial this year. Barbara Shand and Irene Dampf of Grade 8, recently lost their father.

**Scholarship Winners**

Foremost and most pleasant of our duties is that of offering our sincere congratulations to three of the graduates: to Eleanor Baigent, who won the Fontbonne scholarship and is using it in a Modern Language Course; to Dorothy Fraser, the winner of the Sister Perpetua Whalen Scholarship, who is taking Pass Arts; and to Teresa Haubrich, who won the Alumnae Scholarship and is now in the French and Latin Course.

It is not irrelevant to note here that Dorothy Fraser's mother, Mrs. Madeline Burns Fraser, was one of the first to obtain her University degree through the affiliation of St. Joseph's with the University of Toronto.

This is the time too for congratulations to Barbara Forestell, whose eight Firsts and two Seconds in Upper School Exams, would have entitled her to a scholarship had she wished to go to University; but Barbara had already made application to St. Michael's Training School, and Barbara is one of those strong-minded girls whose plans are not easily shaken. We wish her and also Eleanor, Dorothy and Teresa, the best of luck in their chosen work.

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**Our Teacher's  
Last "Good Night"**

The last week of school is usually one of comparative inactivity for the teacher—her teaching has been done, and her class has settled down to commit to papers what knowledge they have acquired. This year one particular examination scheduled for the last day of the year kept Sister Genevieve and the girls of Grade 7 busy in the in-betweens of examination week. That last Thursday was the last day for gathering up the oddments that might be necessary. Thursday night Sister bade her class study faithfully for the morning's Diocesan Religion Exam, and said "good night." For Sister it was indeed a "good" night, for during the still hours of that night came the long awaited call of the Bridegroom. Grade 7 wrote the Examination for which Sister had prepared them, wrote it through tear-dimmed eyes; for, although the Sisters tried to keep from the children the knowledge of Sister's death until after the papers had been handed in, a chill suspicion enveloped Grade 7 classroom.

So Grade 7 came to St. Joseph's one extra day in that school year — came to gather around their teacher still in death, to assist at the Funeral Mass, to echo in their hearts the beautiful words of the Mass: "May angels lead thee into Paradise!"



**Living Rosary** A thrill of pride must have run through all loyal Catholics who witnessed the Holy Name Hour in the Maple Leaf Stadium last October. It was something just to see the throngs of people who came to bear witness to their faith, and the many school boys and girls "an army of youth, flying the banner of truth" the guard of honour formed by Catholic legionnaires, the long procession of clergy, the gallant group of returned men; it was something too just to hear the inspired words of Bishop Smith, to quicken to the martial music of our boys' bands.

We at St. Joseph's had made a "Living Rosary." For days and days we had practised. Decades to the right of us, decades to the left of us, decades in the grounds, decades in the gyms! But it was worth all our efforts, we felt, to be an active part of so splendid a programme.

#### ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME

At Midnight Mass Paul Lindon knelt beside his wife, Mary. A feeling of thanksgiving surged through his being. He was remembering another Christmas . . . . .

Once upon a Christmas time a train bore a sad looking soldier Paul Lindon by name, and two sadder looking buddies en route for overseas. Darby McGee and Michael Patrick Lannigan (M.P. for short) were the personifications of despair. "Miss Rosebud Dearness is a sweet little number to leave waiting for me," sighed Darby. "Oh," said M.P., "I think it was Shakespeare who said "And I learned about women from her." The third soldier did not correct him but merely glowered. And all because of McGee's cousin, Mary O'Faolain, the fiery-haired queen of the dawn-blue eyes and irresistible smile. Paul Lindon settled down into gloomy seclusion.

"Ah, snap out of it, Paul," cried Darby cheerfully. "M.P. and I aren't hating the world because Dearness can't choose which she loves most. And my fair cousin isn't the only girl in the world . . . 'though I can't figure why Mary would refuse a brilliant young reporter like yourself." Paul snorted. Mary O'Faolain had high notions. Refusing a former reporter of the Robinwood News! And for the reason that he wasn't a Catholic. Paul glared, then smiled in spite of himself. Darby beamed approvingly. "There now, you're taking it. You wouldn't like me to cheer you by my own experiences?"

"What used you to do?" Paul asked curiously. "I was a jack-of-all trades, a Sam Weller as M.P. would say. Many interesting acquaintances I've come across. There was one lad that I pitied as a cripple. He used to go into the offices and the colleens would feel sorry for him and get him up a goodly sum. Then one day I saw him strutting about as straight as can be. Y'see, he was double jointed."

"Yes" M.P. sniffed. "As Dickens would say: 'All the world's a

stage where every man must play his part' ". "Nothing much ever happened to me," declared M.P. sadly. "I've lived with Uncle Seraphim and Aunt Ernestine Appleby all my life. Uncle Seraphim is nearly blind and Aunt Ernestine is deaf, but together they are taking care of the shop for me. Nice of them, isn't it?" Paul agreed and relapsed into silence. Darby had Rosebud and M.P. had Uncle Seraphim and Aunt Ernestine. But he had nobody and didn't want anybody, except Mary O'Faolain. Private Paul Lindon determined to get Mary O'Faolain.

"Will you step into my parlour said the eagle to the ant," sang M.P. Lannigan, vigorously K.P. potato scraping with Darby McGee.

The snow was transforming the English countryside. Through it two men were strolling—Private Paul Lindon and Padre Pat Kildare. The Padre was telling a story of an Infant God Who had come down from a Home of Perfect Happiness to a world of poverty and suffering. Paul was appreciative. "It is a lovely—ah—story, Padre" he said thoughtfully. Padre Pat Kildare smiled wistfully. "It is that, Paul; but it is more than a wonderful story." Paul shook the snow from his uniform. The Padre smiled. "Remember, Paul" he murmured, "there are no agnostics when the big bombs fall!"

Frozen mud in Italy was a hard floor on which to fight. It was a hard floor on which to dream of Christmas in distant lands with children's laughter and soft snow falling. That is what it meant to Paul Lindon. But to Darby McGee and M.P. Lannigan it also meant Midnight Mass, the alternate hush of prayer and vibrancy of carols. Perhaps that made it harder for them to fight on that Christmas Eve not so long ago. The scream of guns had replaced the peace of Bethlehem, thundering bombs the music of angels, and instead of the adoring shepherds, barbarians fought and killed madly. Through it all, Padre Pat Kildare moved silently, swiftly, comforting the dying and encouraging the living.

Still the cannon continued their steady dirge. . . . At almost midnight the freezing soldiers met a surprise attack. Paul Lindon was numbed with fear. M.P. had been wounded and Padre Pat had rushed to his side and then fallen . . . dead. Paul felt sick—sick of the sordid world—of the injustice of an unarmed man being shot down. But there wasn't time for anything except fighting and killing. "Oh, God, if there is a God, forgive us. . . ." M.P. was breathing heavily when Paul found way to his side: "It's all right, Paul. He wanted to do it . . . it wasn't just for me. He did it for Christ." Before M.P. died Darby came up. "I'll tell Uncle Seraphim and Aunt Ernestine and Rosebud—and—and—give my regards to the Padre . . ." he stopped huskily. M.P. smiled at his friend. Then he turned to Paul. "Remember, Paul—the Padre and I and the rest of us—we're doing it because . . . wasn't it my Friend, Christ, Who said 'Greater love than this no man hath, than . . . than' . . ." the voice trailed off. Paul bowed his head; this time he didn't recognize the quotation. But Darby did. "You're right for once, M.P. It was Christ that said it."

M.P. smiled in his sleep. And the battle raged on and on. One soul at least in the battle glowed with a new love—the love of Mary O'Faolain, and M.P. Lannigan, and Padre Pat Kildare, and a million

other people—the love that was embodied in one Person—Christ, the Christ Who had come down from His Home of Perfect Happiness to flood the sorry world with the joy and peace and love of Christmastide.

Helen Boehler, 13-A, S.J.C.S.

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### PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

Glass houses have become as popular today as were brick homes in the early part of the century. There has been such an improvement in glass construction during past years that its powers of insulation and its power to beautify any environment would alone induce us to look into the possibility of a glass house.

In a display of modern homes in New York city the amount of glass used to beautify, to partition off rooms, to furnish the various parts, was astonishing. The walls in some cases consisted of glass blocks measuring from two to eight inches square. These blocks were held in place by steel rods. Large picture windows enhanced the appearance of mansion and bungalow. The glass furniture used consisted mostly of mirrored bedsteads and vanities. Glass panelled doors were also shown. In living-room and den were fireplaces in which burning logs were reflected in mirrored walls.

Homes built entirely of glass have these glass blocks as the main building material. The outside walls are made of two thicknesses with an air space between. This space serves as insulation, and was found to be more effective than even rock wool insulation.

It is in California that the greatest number of these glass houses are being erected. Most of these homes have little heating apparatus, since the sun reflected through the glass gives off sufficient heat to keep the occupants comfortable during the day.

Probably the "people who live in glass houses" will be too sunny of disposition to want to throw stones, but, suppose the urge does beset them, we understand they will be quite safe behind their glass frontiers which scientists predict will be as strong as brick or stone.

Madeleine Ladouceur, 13-A, S.J.C.S.

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### PEACE TIME PROBLEM

Discussions are being held about employment. It is a problem which may result in civil war. Our leaders are giving time and thought to it.

The first job was to take care of our men returning from overseas. Bureaus were set up which had tabulated accounts of what they were able to do and what they would like to do. If the returned men enlisted while still in school or about to enter University, provision was made to continue education. There was dissatisfaction over this, inasmuch as the boys of the forces had preference to the boys who had been too young to join the forces, and now ready for college, were almost excluded. At Queen's University in Kingston only ten young boys were admitted to the medical school, and no girls.

Girls seem less necessary now that the men have come back. In plants of peace time production the positions are being filled by



returned men| In one plant near Toronto fifteen thousand girls were let go and some five thousand men engaged. There is a promise of increased production in peace time materials and the need for more workers will correspond to production.

Many new inventions—the helicopter, the electric eye, household devices, insecticide machines and homes of glass—all will require skilled workers, and governments have established vocation schools to teach trades while paying a salary. With the help of God, the government, and the good will of the people, we can make our country one of peace and content.

Marita McLean, 13-A, S.J.C.S.

### OUR SOUTH AMERICAN NEIGHBOURS

South America to-day is a topic of conversation—and controversy. And figuring prominently in all discussions, is Pan-Americanism.

"Pan-Americanism," says Webster, "is the regarding of all the Americas, as forming a single whole." That is to say, we are not North Americans, or South Americans—but Americans.

As such, we should know our neighbours, and this Pan-Americanism aims to have us do—know them, and help them.

Our conceptions of South Americans are varied. From the movies and novels one would gather that South Americans are either wallowing in wealth, with little to do but play polo, or that they are well-greased gigolos, who siesta and fiesta all day, and serenade a lady-love all night. Though these types are represented, however, they are not the average man. Nor is the revolutionary, who changes presidents frequently—either by ballot or by bullet—the average.

The average South American is similar to you or me. He is a family man, who works in a factory, or a shop, or on a farm, who takes an interest in his country, is proud of it, and who, sad to say, distrusts the North Americans. We have given him little cause for anything but distrust—and dislike. Our tourists, to say the least, are rather hard to bear—murmuring "how quaint" at every custom that is just a little different from ours.

And then, too, while we profess to help the South American, we do little actually, but talk. Promises are beautiful, but only if they materialize. Too few of them do.

If we wish to be on better terms with our South American neighbours, we will have to meet them half-way, study them, see for ourselves just what our neighbours are, not allow ourselves to become biased by a shallow movie, or a bitter article in a newspaper.

In a few years we will be the women of our country. And South America is going to figure prominently—South America and her people. "It is our duty, then," to quote an article in Readers' Digest, "to know what we must face, what we must do, and how we must do it. Find out about Pan-Americanism, study it, know it—and put it into practice."

The South American is anxiously eyeing us, awaiting our next move. Are we going to give him tangible proof that we realize the full, and literal meaning of Pan-Americanism—that we regard North and South America as one country—with therefore, one people? Only time will tell, and that is up to us.

Mary Janet Wesson, 12-A, S.J.C.S.

**CHIEF COOK AND BOTTLE-WASHER**

Last summer my parents decided to visit friends, and I was appointed "Chief Cook and Bottle-washer." I started at half-past four to prepare a dinner for my two brothers, their chum and myself.

I decided to use the coal-oil stove with its single burner. I put the kettle on, and while waiting for it to boil I enjoyed a game in the backyard. Later two priests, friends of the family, alighted from a launch at our pier and I invited them to have dinner with us. We all trooped into the cottage to find that the kettle had not started to boil. I suggested to my guests that it would be cooler sitting under the pines, but they "would much rather help the cook."

I put the potatoes on to boil and set the table. My little brother followed me, shouting "Look at her hair—it's all in rat tails." Couldn't he realize that a girl can't be glamorous and swim all afternoon too? My other brother opened a can of peas and tomatoes, but we had only one utensil left to use. I took the potatoes off the one burner and put on the tomatoes and peas, but as quickly as one heated the other cooled. My worry was to stretch four pieces of steak to satisfy six hungry people. Mother had bought a ham for Sunday dinner, so I brought it out and put one of the priests to work carving. He being a "south paw" and the knife blunt, I was glad Mother could not see the hacking of our Sunday meat.

In trying to help, my friends had used all the dishes and silverware I had laid on the table. One of the boys watched the meat and I, while washing the dishes, prayed for an inspiration as to what we could have for dessert. I hadn't solved this problem when my Mother and Dad walked in. I have never appreciated Mother as much as I did then. Five minutes later we were all enjoying a good dinner.

Myrna Kahnert, 12-A, S.J.C.S.

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**THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE**

Sunshine streamed through the old stained-glass windows, and fell in limpid pools of golden light upon the marble floors beneath. Pale beams fingered the faded bindings of the books which lined the walls of my father's study. Re-visiting this room memories greeted me.

How I had loved this magic world of beautiful damsels and gallant knights, of fairy queens and princes! Books held a fascination for me which increased each year. After the evening meal I would follow my father into the library where he would stretch out in his easy-chair. I would climb into his lap and he would read aloud to me until I fell asleep. I had a shelf stocked with my beloved tales, and I turned and walked toward where it had been. Twilight deepened into darkness, and I lighted the tapers in the finely-chased silver candlesticks on the mantel-piece. The candle-light brought into dim relief the forgotten treasures coated in a fine film of dust. I turned slowly away from a shrine sacred to the mystic land of make-believe. I would leave it undisturbed, for some other child to cherish even as I had once done.

Patricia Borron, 12-A, S.J.C.S.

### WHY RIDE A HORSE?

I climbed down the ladder from the top bunk with that feeling one has on the first morning of vacation. After a hearty breakfast my friend and I decided to go horseback riding. I had never been on a horse but I had heard riding was as easy as walking. Surveying the stables I gently hinted to the man that I would like a "peaceful" horse. He must have thought I said "oversized" for he gave me Tony, a horse that had to be saddled close to the neck, being wide across the beam.

Off we started, I feeling as if I were sitting on Tony's head. We weren't far down the road until he started heading back. I persuaded him to go on but he settled on having a little grass in spite of me and as he bent his huge head I felt as if I were on the top of a big toboggan slide. I pulled rein. Whether it was the wrong one or not, I'll never know but all of a sudden we were going down the side of a ravine heading for a forested area. The situation was saved by the other horse beginning to trot whereupon Tony followed suit. Not knowing how to canter, I was jolted up and down in spasms until the horse's energy wore off and we resumed our funeral march.

I was fixing my pompadour which had completely covered my face, when my friend gave a click to her horse and Tony thinking it was I, started back to the stables in homing-pigeon style but with the speed of Seabiscuit in the Kentucky Derby. Grabbing Tony's neck, and with one leg hanging off in mid-air I was carried back.

"What? Back already? You've only been out fifteen minutes," said the owner. Fifteen minutes! How could that be, since I felt ten years older? Next morning I did not come down the ladder from the top bunk very speedily.

Jane Curtis, 12-A, S. J. C. S.

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### METEORS

About a year ago an actual mountain, nearly half as big as the earth's largest volcano, struck the earth's atmosphere from outer space. Had it plunged to the earth it would have caused billions of dollars damage and wiped out the entire population. Had it struck anywhere in one solid chunk, earthquakes would have been recorded everywhere. But this mountain of material, somewhat greater than 14 million tons came down, in a gentle rain of dust, chips, pebbles and occasional rocks, and almost nobody was aware of it. Nobody, that is, except a handful of scientists and amateurs who study meteors.

Meteors seem to be made of the same elements as those known on the earth. Some contain gold and even diamonds in minor quantities. Many meteorites fly through space independently. Some fall at the rate of 10 miles per second, some consume themselves while falling because of the intense heat they cause by their speed.

Meteor-hunting is one field of science where you don't have to be an expert to make a discovery. Out of doors people are likely to come upon important meteors at any time. How to recognize them? They are nearly always heavier than ordinary stones. If they are metal they are easier to recognize. If a meteor is freshly fallen it



is generally glazed over with a black or brown fusion crust. After it has been in the soil for a time the crust disappears and the meteor becomes brown. The best way of recognizing them is to visit a museum and see actual meteors. No description is as good as seeing the real thing.

If you have seen falling or shooting stars, what you were really looking at were meteors. So if some day you pick up a different looking stone or pebble, why not investigate? It may be more than you think, and after all "knowledge is the road to happiness."

Mary Flynn, 12-B, S.J.C.S.

### THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving started for us Sunday evening, when Daddy announced to our dismay "Tomorrow we will have a housecleaning spree." "What's going to happen to all our fun?" we thought.

Next day dawned dreary, but most of the family tramped off to Mass. After breakfast Kay started the dishes, and Paul and Jimmy armed with pail, scrub brush and mop, set out to wash floors and windows upstairs. Paul's idea of washing floors was to dump the pail of water on the floor and then mop it up. All went well until Mary saw Jimmy washing windows with the scrub brush and Paul mopping up the water.

"You just wait 'till Mom sees this," Mary cried as she ran downstairs and landed with a crash just as Kay was coming up with a pail of water. While this was going on, Bob, Donnie, Bernard and Anthony were in the barn, playing. I was outside washing windows, and to reach the top climbed from the chair up to the sill. I heard a whispered conversation and some giggling behind me, but paid no attention. When I tried to get down, the chair was gone and I fell on a chicken.

Mom was baking pumpkin pies and Mary was playing nursemaid to baby Patricia. Just then Bobby ran in yelling "Hey, Mom, Dannie let the rabbits out." "Be quiet will you," warned Mary, "You've wakened the baby." Bobby ran outside to join in the rabbit hunt. After lunch we played hide-and-peek in Rusty Creek. Later we started home and one by one crossed Old Man Moore's bridge, all except Paul who declared he was going to jump across. He did, and landed about half way over. We hauled him out and took him home dripping with rusty water.

After a good dinner of two of our fattest chickens and pumpkin pies, we gathered in the living-room for the Rosary when Mary remarked "Well, we have a lot to be thankful for after all." "We sure have", agreed Paul, thinking of the chicken dinner.

Grace Sauv , 12-C, S.J.C.S.

### ST. JOSEPH

Old Santa with his pack of toys  
 Can't help you as Joseph dear,  
 His visit to all good girls and boys  
 Is whene'er they need him near.

Thelma Reynolds, Grade 9,  
 St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

## A CLASSROOM PET

"Here pussy-pussy," whispered one of III-D's pupils.

The object of interest was a tiny gray and white kitten standing on the threshold of our beloved form. The occupants of the room were clustered around him, doing their best to coax him in. The kitten was wavering, when the aroma of a piece of Neilson's milk chocolate reached his nostrils—there was no doubt now in his mind—he padded across the floor and took the tid-bit. The meal over, kitty peered up at the smiling faces and expressed his thanks by purring and rubbing himself against his friends' legs.

"Sst—here comes Sister," came a cry and kitty was whisked away. He was later sighted peering around the edge of a raincoat hung on the back of a chair. He was unperturbed when his friend was scolded, and calmly washed his face while she was given a detention. Then the period bell rang and Sister was noticed chuckling to herself as she left.

Kitty had decided by this time that he liked nature study better and had moved over to the window ledge to observe the habits of birds. He became so absorbed that to get closer to his subject, he departed, much to the sorrow of the entire class.

Gwen Smith, 11-D, S.J.C.S.

## MY SUMMER VACATION

By the seashore in a small camp,  
 Did I spend my summer bright;  
 Swimming, playing, strolling, dancing,  
 All the day and half the night.  
 Rowing on the clear blue waters,  
 Rowing while the hot sun shone,  
 All was pleasure in its glory,  
 Pleasure taken in delight.  
 Hiking, too, was fun and frolic,  
 Groups of six and eight went we,  
 By the shores of dear old Whiterock,  
 In the woodlands near the Border,  
 In the mountains all around us.  
 Up and down and in and out,  
 No great worry was our burden,  
 No school books to read and learn,  
 As I said it was just leisure,  
 All the morning, noon and night.  
 Soon the summer days were ending,  
 Soon we'd leave for home and work,  
 Lovely days were ending swiftly,  
 Soon to school we all would trod;  
 My friends to our dear St. Pat's,  
 I to a far-off Eastern school,  
 But what memories have I kept  
 Of summer days at dear Whiterock.

Rosemary Lautsch, 11-C, S.J.C.S.

(A resident student from Vancouver) Apologies to Longfellow's  
 "Hiawatha."

### THE CROSS

"About turn, mark time!" These and many other commands could be heard in the gym just as classes were about to commence. As our gaze wandered from the floor of the gym to the balcony we noticed many quizzical glances interchanged by mildly interested students.

We practised steadily most mornings of the week before the final performance, at many intervals of the day we could see long (often crooked) stretches of white before our eyes and in our ears hear a ringing cry of "Keep your lines straight, move simultaneously."

Our first practice in open air gave us a vague idea of what to expect on the seventh. The sun was shining in all its glory, producing a bright glare against the pattern of the cross and forcing us to boost our morale by singing.

As days went by we were encouraged by those who said it had improved and then disheartened by words of disapproval, which seemed more abundant. Our rehearsal at the stadium was somewhat of a failure. Between the clouds and their half-hearted attempt to produce rain and the general chaos of the girls, nobody (but a few) seemed to know whether they were going or coming.

Finally the day arrived (and as one of the Sisters quietly remarked), "God is good to give to us one so beautiful." The sky was a curtain of blue and the few fluffy clouds scattered here and there produced a pattern of appropriate beauty. The spectators, numbering 33,000 or more, gazed in reverential awe at the beautifully decorated altar and finally the entry of the Living Rosary.

Margaret Tipping, 11-D, S.J.C.S.

### MICHAELANGELO

Michaelangelo Buonarotti was born at Capresi, Italy, in 1475. His father was of good family and he thought it degrading for his son to become a painter. However the boy's whole soul was given to art, so he became apprentice to a painter. At fourteen he was so expert that he corrected his master's mistakes. At thirty-five his fame was spread throughout Italy, and Pope Julius II asked him to design the Pope's tomb.

Michaelangelo carved a statue of David, and a statue of Moses. He also painted "Judgment Day," and designed the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral. He is the greatest sculptor of all time.

Dorothy Gilchrist, 11-B, S.J.C.S.

### THE LIVING ROSARY

At the first strains of Schubert's "Ave Maria" 508 girls from St. Joseph's College School marched on the field and took the formation of the rosary. At the opening words of the Creed, the cross and links opened up and each bead spread out as it was being said. The cross and links were in white, the "Our Father's" in blue and the "Hail Mary's" in red. When the last prayer had been said the stadium was ablaze with the living rosary strung around the field.

That day was an open admission of our faith as well as an act of thanksgiving.

Evelyn Casciato, 11-A, S.J.C.S.



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**JOHANN STRAUSS**

Johann Strauss was born in Vienna in 1825. His father, was also a great composer. He had two brothers who were musicians and they copied the style adopted by their father. Johann, the most brilliant of the family, produced works of abiding charm.

Strauss inherited much of his father's great talent, and it is probable that the popularity of his father's waltzes made it easier for him to win appreciation in his early years.

He outbid his father's fame with some astonishingly successful waltzes including "The Blue Danube," "Thousand and One Nights," "Voices of Spring," and "Wine, Woman and Song."

These waltzes are remarkable for variety and beauty of melody, and masterly orchestration. Under the leadership of the Strauss, the orchestra of the Vienna court balls became the finest dance orchestra in Europe.

He also composed operettas of which five have become popular; the most successful with the critics is "Die Fledermaus."

Mary Agnes Garvey, 11-B, S.J.C.S.

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**FIRST WEEK IN BOARDING SCHOOL**

When I came to boarding school I was twelve, and I had never been away from home.

I reached the school on a Sunday night and oh! how big and dark and cold it looked to me! Timidly I rang the doorbell and asked to see the mistress. "Yes, my dear," said the sister portress, "wait in this room and I will get Sister." What a room! It was so big and so many chairs. I sat on the edge of one. Sister came and took me to my room, told me to unpack my suitcase and go to bed. I had just been in bed a short time when I was roused by a loud bell, followed by the patter of feet and a rush to the washroom. Everyone seemed to be as I was, homesick and not knowing what to do next.

After breakfast we made our beds and were shown to our classrooms. The day was spent buying books and uniforms, unpacking trunks, and getting to know everyone. On our first day of class in Grade 9, everything was strange. By the time Friday had come I was feeling happy, my homesickness was wearing away. Saturday we had study classes in the morning, and that afternoon we went on a hike. That night I went to bed, tired, very very happy and perfectly satisfied with being a boarder.

Geraldine Grady, 11-B, S.J.C.S.

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**I FIND A FRIEND**

I chased it up the lane into a strange back yard, down Oak Mount Road, through an alley way and into a beautiful yard. Here it rested upon a flower. I opened the jar and in an instant it was my prisoner. As I was about to leave with my specimen I saw in a corner of the yard a young girl about my age. In her hand she held a jar which contained a rare butterfly just like mine. It was through butterflies that I met my best friend.

Inez Baker, 10-A, S.J.C.S.

**THE SCHOOL LIBRARY**

When we want to forget our troubles, we find the library a place of comfort. There we can put ourselves on a magic carpet and fly to another world, free of all cares. We may find ourselves in a strange and exciting world involving knights and their ladies and gloomy castles with the towers over-looking an ocean, or crossing seas where in some cove a pirate-ship lies waiting, or among Egyptians as they follow their king and queen to the temple of Amon to adore their gods, or in places of great industry and wealth, or in places of idleness and poverty. We will also find that the library is a source of information concerning the Church and the history of places which interest us. Books are our friends and we should treat them as such.

Madeline Revells, 11-D, S.J.C.S.

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**THE RETURN OF MY BROTHERS**

These past two or three months have been exciting in our home. Four of my five brothers have returned from the war, all safe and sound with the exception of the youngest who was wounded. We are awaiting the arrival of the fifth boy home, but we do not expect him for some time. The boys did not all come at the same time, but I don't think there is anything more exciting than waiting for the trains to pull in to the station. There is a band playing, the crowd is cheering, then the boys march off alphabetically. All of a sudden you see your brother march in and the determination which you noticed on his face changes to smiles and a look of happiness.

Nancy Grant, 10-B, S.J.C.S.

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**STAMP COLLECTING**

An interesting hobby is stamp collecting. Some think it is a boring waste of time. On the contrary, it is thrilling. You might get a stamp you had never seen before and you find yourself wondering about strange people and their customs. If you work diligently at stamp collecting, after a few years you may have stamps of every country in the world. A stamp collector is called a philatelist.

Jane Hatton, 10-B, S.J.C.S.

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**SIXTH SENSE**

About once every month the truck belonging to the Humane Society stops on our street and picks up stray cats and dogs without tags. Pal, a mongrel dog that nobody owns, but that everyone likes and feeds, is the reason for these visits from the Society. As soon as the truck appears on the street, the dog disappears and can be found nowhere.

Dogs cannot read nor distinguish colours. Is it all instinct?

Theresa Mallany, 10-D, S.J.C.S.

### A TAIL WITH A WARNING

One day as I was walking along Petticoat Creek I came across beavers playing in the water. I crouched behind a clump of bushes and watched. The wind was in my favour; so the mother did not get the scent of a human being. Every now and then the mother would raise her head and sniff the air for approaching danger. They then started to move farther down the river. I stood up to get a better view of them, but a twig snapped under my foot. Quickly the mother slapped her tail twice on the water, and the baby beavers, obedient to their mother's warning, disappeared under the water.

Paula Hopkins, 10-C, S.J.C.S.

### MEETING BROTHER

Meeting brother will be a great thrill to us all, after a period of five years of not even seeing how he looks. There will be a change, we all expect, but that will make no difference to those who love him.

We are all thankful to God for having spared our brother when he might have been killed like thousands of other young lads. My mother says it's a grace that we shall have him back again with us.

Three weeks from to-day the Queen Mary will launch 85,000 men, and on it will be Cpt. E. R. Volpe, one of the heroes that will be happier than we to step once again on Canadian soil.

Laura Volpe, 10-B, S.J.C.S.

### OUR FURRY HOUSEKEEPER

Yesterday I observed across the street a tiny squirrel running about. He quietly skipped across the verandah and hopped down the steps. After making a quick search of the neighbourhood for any enemies, he advanced to a garbage can and proceeded to rip large pieces of paper that hung over the side. These he stuffed into his mouth and then carefully retraced his steps up the stairs, across the verandah, up the vine and into his tiny hole in the side of the roof. This he did many times until he had finally made himself a tiny snug little house for the cold winter months that were ahead.

Ruth O'Donoghue, 10-D, S.J.C.S.

### OPERA

I attended an opera with friends of my mother's. I was seated with Claude, and after the first two acts of the opera "Aida" we realized that our tastes were the same. We knew many of the opera stories and music, especially "Aida." We enjoyed every minute of the four acts of this Egyptian opera, the star an Ethiopian slave called "Aida" was sung by Lily Pons. Lawrence Melchoir, a tenor, sang the role of Radames, captain of the Egyptian guard. This mutual hobby soon developed into a warm friendship.

Theresa Carpenter, 10-A, S.J.C.S.



**DUCKS**

Have you ever noticed the action of ducks when you feed them? Just recently, I was at Olympic Island and saw a flock of young ducks and their mother. I threw some crumbs in the water and they came over to eat them. While I was feeding them, I put my hand out a little further, so that I could throw the crumbs farther away to reach the ducks that were approaching. As soon as my hand went out the mother gave a "quack" and the young ones with the parent swam away with the other ducks that had arrived later. Instinct told them not to let man come too close for fear of being hurt.

Mary Kathryn Halladay, 10-C, S.J.C.S.

---

**TOOTSIE**

Tootsie the bear had gotten away from her owner and was romping in the woods near by. After a time she began to feel hunger gnawing at her. Sniffing the air, Tootsie advanced on a tree, and clawed at the bark, which gave away leaving a gaping hole. She put in her paw and gently withdrew a fine shaped honey-comb. Settling down, Tootsie ate it with relish. Untaught in the ways of the wild, her instinct had prompted her in the whole procedure. Truly, God looks after his creatures.

Ethel Carrie, 10-A, S.J.C.S.

---

**HATS**

Hats! Hats! Have you ever seen those crazy creations women call hats? One with a ball of fluff on top, or a basket of fruit, even a bird. Yes, and a lemon pie, at least it looked like one. But there is at least one crowd of girls who know hats when they see them, and these are the girls of S.J.C. How smart they look in their neat little berets and the gold crest on top.

Marilyn Klue, 9-C, S.J.C.S.

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**JOYOUS OCCASIONS**

Two joyous occasions which inspired our Thanksgiving was the return of the 48th Highlanders and Rosary Sunday. When the 48th Highlanders returned crowds packed the streets from the Union Station to the Armories. For many parents this was the happiest Thanksgiving they have ever known. Many of those whose sons were part of the 48th Highlanders attended the Holy Hour on October 7th.

The Holy Hour was a beautiful pageant of the faithful. Crowds packed the Stadium. Every Catholic school in Toronto was represented. The Living Rosary was put on by the girls of St. Joseph's College School. The Beads were called out and as they were, each bead opened up.

Irene Nielson, 9-D, S.J.C.S.

### IN OUR GARDEN

In our garden there is a variety of pansies and weeds. My father planted the pansies but Mother Nature planted the weeds and who is the stronger! Yes! Mother Nature, that is, my father says that he must have respect for her as she was before Adam and Eve, or is that just his excuse for not weeding the garden? Well, if it is, it's ours too. So the garden goes unweeded.

Elaine Waller, 9-E, S.J.C.S.

### THE LIVING ROSARY

Sunday, October 7th, at the Maple Leaf Stadium,  
a Holy Hour for Peace.

All the seats were filled before the procession began. It was a joy to wait, listening to the solemn music of the organ, and thinking of the beauty and meaning of the golden-domed altar. It was quite startling when the drums of St. Mary's Band broke in. The procession had begun. The Band led, followed by the High School girls' choir, Loretto Brunswick, Loretto Abbey, Loretto Moore Park, and Notre Dame, all in their school tunics and coloured berets.

The second section, led in by the Columbus Band, entered through the east gate, and was followed by the Choristers in red soutanes, children of the Separate Schools, Boy Scouts, and Girl Guides.

St. Michael's Band in double blue uniforms led the third procession which had St. Michael's Hockey and Football teams, other students, and also nurses in uniform from hospitals.

The next procession was made up of the two De La Salle Schools, Bond Street and Oaklands, each with its own band in khaki cadet uniform, who formed a guard of honour the length of the field through which the Blessed Sacrament, followed by the Clergy in procession, was carried to the altar.

After the sermon, the Living Rosary went to their places on the field. Father Hickey recited the Rosary, each bead opened up in turn until the whole Rosary was open, and stayed opened until the end of the Divine Praises. It was a wonderful scene in red, white and blue, "Hail Mary's" in red, "Our Father's" in blue, and links between each bead in white.

Joanne McBride, 9-D, S.J.C.S.

\* \* \*

### THANKSGIVING

In 1620 Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. To show their gratitude, they set aside a day for the purpose of thanking God for all He had done for them.

We also set aside a day in October for offering thanksgiving to God for all His blessings. This year we should have special gratitude in our hearts for God has answered our prayers and has brought us a successful conclusion of the War and is bringing safely home most of our armed forces. Deep in most of our hearts is a prayer asking God never to allow us to get into another war.

Dolores Reding, 9-D, S.J.C.S.

**I THANK THEE, GOD**

I thank Thee, God, for all I have;  
 For all that Thou hast given me,  
 I shall possess throughout my life  
 A faithful love and trust in Thee.

Karen Gable, 9-B, S.J.C.S.

---

**YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND**

Have you ever stopped to think how extraordinary it is to have one of God's own angels by your side every minute of the day and night? To each of us is assigned a Guardian whose duty it is to strengthen us against temptation, counsel us in time of bereavement and shelter us from danger.

Isabel Plunkett, 9-D, S.J.C.S.

---

**IN DEFENCE OF CATS**

The cat is not a slinky animal, but a friendly creature. It is soft and cuddly, and nothing is homier than a cat lying on a rug before a blazing fire. Much to my disgust are the people who, seeing a cat, scream and run around as if chased by some jungle beast. The cat probably wanted only to cuddle up on his, or her knee, and make itself comfortable.

Kittens are the favourites and it has been said:

"The trouble with a kitten is that,  
 Eventually it becomes a cat,"

But it could be changed to

"The beauty of a kitten is that,  
 Eventually it becomes a cat."

Rita Donovan, 9-B, S.J.C.S.

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**A WINDY DAY**

It was a windy day in early autumn. The air was filled with the shrieking and moaning of the wind. The fallen leaves scurried before the gate to be caught up and whirled aloft. People struggled to keep their footing, bracing themselves against the furious blasts or turned in annoyance to chase a runaway hat. Windows and shutters rattled. Doors banged. What an uproar and bustle there was! I enjoyed being carried along on the wings of the wind. I like nothing better than a windy day in autumn.

Lois Devoy, 9-B, S.J.C.S.

---

**STARS**

At night up in the misty blue  
 A million stars come sparkling thro';  
 I list, and seem to hear them sing  
 Their praises to their heavenly King.

Kathleen Kinnarney, Grade 9,  
 St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.



### A HOBBY

There is no reason why any person should not have a hobby, but one must consider age, ability and occupation. A person not in good health should not undertake active sports, but a mental hobby; the aged, a non-strenuous hobby; and the business man, a physical pastime.

A hobby is either recreational or educational, and in some cases both. The college student who studies earnestly five days a week should decide upon a recreational hobby; an invalid an educational one, as these are usually not strenuous. A hobby should be only a pastime to complement work.

Shirley Crosby, Grade 11,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

### INITIATION

Initiation took place on October 11; the "ceremony" proper, in the auditorium in the evening; but the preliminaries in the morning when the seniors, armed, were at the entrances. The newcomers were made to perform skilled techniques or breath-taking feats, to give evidence of the proper qualifications for membership in Grade Ten. The entertainment gave the niners opportunity to relax and laugh. The feature attraction was a broadcast by graduates under the direction of Ronald Cairnes. "Too Many Sweethearts" by Grade 12, with Earl Edgerton as leading "lady," shook the school with its applause; Grade II gave a well-developed air concert.

The refreshments, a short program of dancing, and school songs ended fun galore.

Gertrude Strain, Grade 12,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

### BELL BOTTOM BINGLE

Great was the relief of the students of St. Patrick's High School on October 4, when Der Bingle, the sentinel, suffered a complete breakdown. Probably the immediate cause for the rust forming in the lining of Der Bingle's heart was shock, due to the negligence of the students. Who ever heard of High School pupils substituting a World Series game for an absorbing lesson in Algebra!

Fortunately for the patient, Doctor William Polly, B.O. and C.O.D., whose reputation has since been enhanced as diagnostician in the famous Tittle case, was at hand. The Doctor, by a series of operations, succeeded in making a new Bingle out of Der. His anatomical feat insures to three or four future generations of students the vigilance which "ye old Bell" has offered to those of the past.

Earl Edgerton, Grade 12,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

### ST. JOSEPH

Joseph, foster father of the Child  
Was a carpenter by trade,  
He loved the children meek and mild,  
And toys for them made.

Thelma Reynolds, Grade 9,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

## FANCY

But now we turn into the sunset's rosy glow  
 Bound homeward from a happy journey to on high,  
 We land as Dusk steals softly o'er the drowsy earth  
 And stars begin to twinkle in the darkened sky.

Jean Spicer, 13-B, S.J.C.S.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in a log cabin in Kentucky. When fifty years later he was asked for material on his early life he replied: "The short and simple annals of the poor": and on one of the seldom occasions when he spoke of his mother he said: "Everything I am, I owe to her." Tales survive of his kindness to men and animals. Upon seeing a girl auctioned off as a slave he said: "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard."

At nineteen he made eight dollars a week; at twenty-one he set out to New Orleans where he cleaned up on gangs, and improved his grammar by borrowing the only grammar book in the State. At twenty-three he ran in election for the General Assembly, but was defeated. He went on for law, and at thirty-three was elected to Congress. Later he was elected President, just as civil war broke out. Abraham Lincoln with his patience and his leadership brought peace to the nation; and not forgetting the girl he had seen auctioned, freed all slaves in the nation.

Rosemary Ellard, 11-B, S.J.C.S.

## HELP FOR THE ASKING

I would like to tell you this story. Ever since the time Bill Williams had been able to swim he wanted to lifesave someone. He would pester the boys to pretend they were drowning, and in rescuing them he nearly drowned them himself.

As Bill grew up he became a marvelous swimmer. He decided to become a priest, and one day while the seminarians went for a hike and were circling a frozen lake, Bill and some other lads were sitting up on a little knoll resting after their long walk when Bill noticed excitement on the shore. He knew in a second that some boy had fallen in. A flash prayer to his guardian angel came to his mind, and without hesitation he plunged into the lake. At first his heavy clothing dragged him down and the freezing water was almost more than he could endure. But he found the lad and discovered the quickly covering hole. The other boys helped to pull the rescued lad and Bill up; and then they both sat down to rest. Bill knew that if he stayed there he would freeze, so mustering up all his strength he staggered back to the Seminary, and fell in a faint at the door.

Bill always said it was the angel that saved the lad. This story seems to agree with the old saying "Ambition conquers come what may" but it would agree even better with "Ambition and your Angel conquers", come what may.

Mary Sue McGee, 9-D, S.J.C.S.

### A WOMAN'S PURSE

Men have a habit of criticising a woman because when she opens her purse to find some article, a half a dozen things fall out. Men have that advantage over us, that they have only to keep their money in a billfold or in the trouser pocket. I take it for granted that they are jealous of all the wonderful styles we have.

I will sometimes go to my mother's purse to get something for her and true to the tradition, I have to first empty all the junk that is in there before I come across what I am looking for. Not because I want to criticise but in that purse will be almost a box of Kleenex, some old bills that could have been thrown out ages ago, candy wrappers, street car tickets, rouge, powder, lipsticks, a mirror, and change purse and so on.

Well they can have it! As for me, I'll take a billfold; but a woman's purse still is "True to the tradition."

June Devine, 9-B, S.J.C.S.

### UNSEEN FRIENDS

Few people ever think of their Guardian Angel. Next to God and His holy Mother, the angels and saints are our best friends. Many times the angels save us from harm. Many saints have had a special devotion to the angels, while other privileged people have even seen their angels.

October is the month of so many great feasts that we are apt to forget that this is their month also. Let us now start a devotion to the angels and ask them to continue to guard us from danger. Remember also to pray to the angels and remember especially in our prayers one to our Guardian Angel:

"Angel of God, my Guardian dear,  
To whom God's love commits me here,  
Ever this day be at my side,  
To light, to guard, to rule, to guide. Amen."

Marcia May, 9-D, S.J.C.S.

### PLASTICS

This war has brought many new products before the eyes of the world, and one of the most important is the plastics, which were discovered for the most part during the past conflict.

The Mosquito Bomber is an example of plastic material. This shows what can be done in these post war days when automobiles will be made from this inexpensive product. But automobiles will not be the only luxury made from plastics, for owing to the present day lack of many essential materials, plastics are used as substitutes. Plastics are formed by a chemical process. That is, two cheap products such as clay and water are brought together to form the basis for plastics; and many other chemicals are added to make it hard and durable.

In the future nearly everything made will be made of plastic, discovered for the most part during the past conflict.

Marjorie O'Gorman, 9-D, S.J.C.S.



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**THRILLS OF COLLECTING**

We have received our first stamp with its curious shape and foreign markings. The joy of receiving this stamp is great. We tear about showing it to everyone and we listen attentively to the praise given our stamp. With eyes watchful and heart eager, we wait patiently for our second, third and even fourth stamp. Soon stamps are flowing in so quickly that we lose track of how many we have, but always around the corner is a new thrill in finding a new stamp.

Mary Facchini, 10-B, S.J.C.S.

---

**MY BIRD DICKIE**

Dickie is a happy little bird with a twinkle in his eye and always ready to cheer you up with a serenade.

Go near his cage and he will cock his head to one side and give a loud chirp as if to say "Have you anything for me to eat?" If he sees you go to the refrigerator he gets excited, jumping from one perch to another, chirping as loud as he possibly can. The minute you put his favourite delicacy in his dish he perks up his feathers and spreads out his wings as if to frighten you away, then he begins to eat with relish his treat.

He never seems to be unhappy and is always ready to put you in a good mood by his cheerful little songs.

Hilda Degenmeier, 9-B, S.J.C.S.

---

**FANCY**

We wing through long past ages, colorful and drab,  
 Enraptured by a fleeting glimpse of former days,  
 Of strange, old-fashioned figures in a one-time world;  
 Incredulous we view them through a misty haze.

O'er snowy mountain peaks and rolling seas we skim,  
 O'er wood and meadow to the glorious rainbow's end  
 Where fairies frolic in a cool enchanted glade  
 Around the pot of gold which they delight to tend.

Shirley Crosby, Grade 12,  
 St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.

---

**TWILIGHT**

Shadows deepened, stars grew brighter  
 Shining through the midnight blue,  
 Night was falling close around us,  
 The wind was stirring in the trees;  
 The moon appeared above the hill-top  
 Bringing quiet, calm and peace.

Peggie Harrison, 11-A, S.J.C.S.

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