Folia Montana

1919

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Mount Saint Vincent
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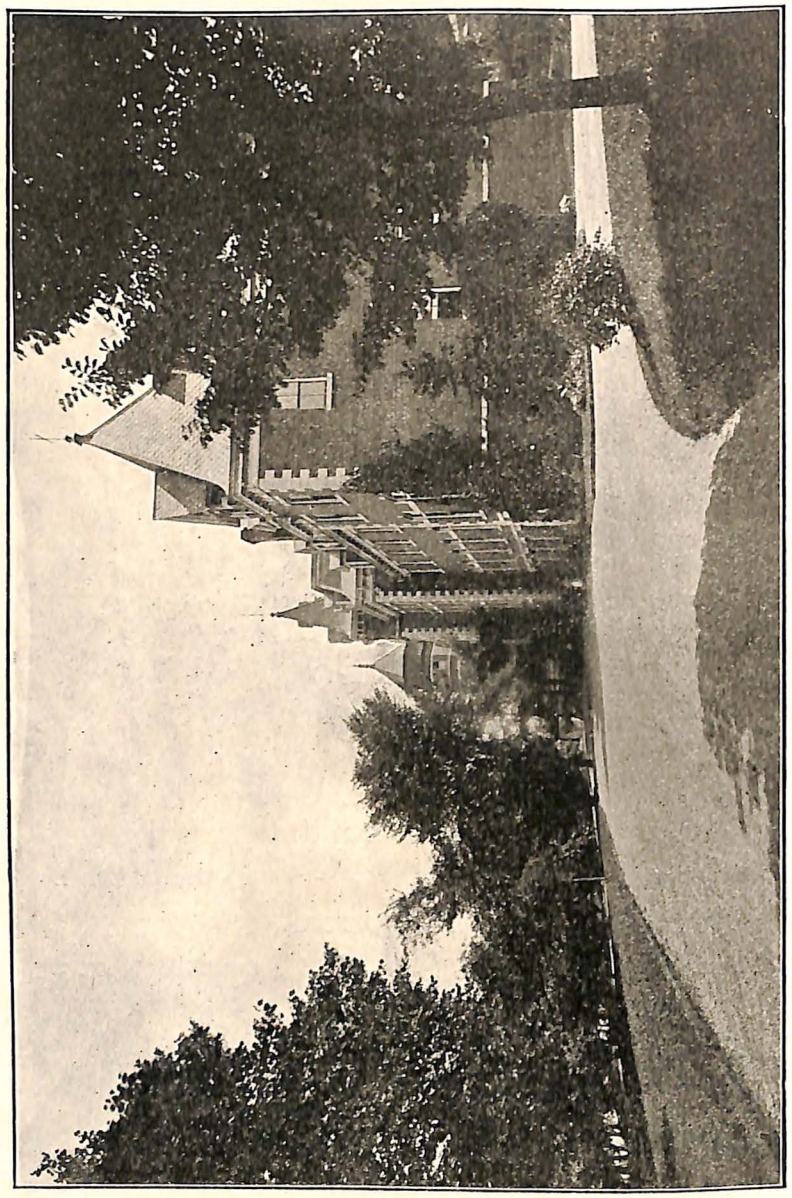

FRONT AVENUE.

Dedication

To all Mount Girls, near and far, who, on life's various roads, bear the spirit of their Alma Mater for the uplifting of the souls that journey with them, these "Mount Leaves" are lovingly dedicated.

Mount Saint Vincent,

June First, Nineteen Nineteen

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A Prayer for Us All.

O Sacred Heart, what shall we say? What shall we say as we kneel in Thy Presence, in the sunset of our golden days of school? The day is done and the task is over, and tomorrow comes,—tomorrow that will have its ending—when? and how? O Heart of Christ, our hearts are light with the buoyancy of youth; they are heavy with the thought of youth's inconstancy. They are joyous in the hope of Spring; they are sad with the pangs of first partings. The road stretches out before us, white and smooth and gleaming; alas! we know there are rough passes in it and we tremble for the unknown that is hidden around the bend. Others have left these halls and are travelling on, some far ahead; some go briskly, some plod wearily; some have dropped by the way. Be with us still, O Sacred Heart, all along the road of life, be our food in frequent Communion, our laving in Sacramental Confession. As our Counsellor wait for us in those silent tabernacles by the wayside where we may turn for rest and guidance. Be our guide; Thyself come with us, and lift us when we falter; for the race is not to the swift but to him who walks with Thee, and the spoils are not to the strong but to the weak who trust in Thee. We go hence, and shall return no more. May our going be a riding forth to battle, our combat strong and steady, our rendez-vous Thy Castle-Hall where each in turn will win from Thee the praise of constancy.

O Life! what can we fear from Thee? O Death, that comest on apace, why should we dread thee? O Pain thou canst do naught against us, for the heart that beats within us is the heart of the bravest that this world will ever know. Lo! on our shield of battle it is written:

"Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

A June Reverie.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

IN the Almighty's plan of creation, heaven and earth were through Him to be united. He made all things wondrously fair; and to man, the crowning work of His omnipotence, He gave dominion in this earthly paradise.

His limitless love He poured out upon Adam and his consort; on the evening breeze He descended and conversed in this new world with those two beauteous beings; but His plan for union with His creatures was thwarted by sin. God cannot unite Himself with disorder; harmony must reign where He abides. Thus, when His favoured creatures rebelled against His will, the union of heaven and earth was destroyed, and a sad separation between God and His creatures commenced.

The Creator did not however abandon the human race; those who served and honored Him were always the objects of His predilection, even through the long period of estrangement between the Maker and His creatures. One hope alone gave them courage. He had promised a mediator, one who would unite Him in bonds of love with His recreant race.

Ever and anon, appeared great and just men, and with them God held communion and showered on them His blessings and His love. Abraham, in his readiness to sacrifice his only son as a victim to the Almighty, showed an heroic love that merited the renewal of the great promise, and the Lord said unto him: "By my own self have I sworn because thou hast done this thing and not spared thy only son for my sake, I will bless thee, and in thy seed all nations shall be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."

Marvellous things are told in history of the just men and women of ancient times; and oh, how eagerly they waited and sighed and prayed for the promised Messiah! And when the world was at peace, and the prophecies concerning His advent all fulfilled, He did come; the Deity came to earth, and clothed Himself as He had clothed the first man, in all the beauty and perfection of humanity, and took His abode with His fallen creatures.

At last the yearnings of that great heart were satisfied, and as His delight was to be with the children of men, He, now, after four thousand years of separation, walked and talked again with His chosen ones. Alas! this effort on the part of the Deity, to be one with the children of earth, was again frustrated. His rejection and consequent history are too sad to recall now. He had given to men free will, and in consequence, they did then as most do now—they revolted against Him.

And, oh! strange mystery of divine love! at the moment when they plotted against His life, He was planning a means by which He could remain with them forever. In the midst of an ungrateful people, there were some who loved Him. For them, and for all those who down through the ages would truly seek Him, His purpose was to secure fitting shrines, where His heart would be always open to receive them, and where they could bring their hopes and sorrows and lay them at His feet.

Oh, who can fathom the great love of our Creator! no father, no brother, no lover, could give more; and so, to express this boundless love of God, we call it the devotion of the Sacred Heart.

As the heart is the centre of all human love, so God, who is truly man told us to remember that His heart is an overflowing fountain of love for every human soul, and that even should the mother forget her child, He will never forget us. So now, we can understand the lines of the poet when he says:

"Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune—
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

O great and eternal Deity, look down from Thy celestial courts and fill our souls with that spiritual instinct that will draw You to them and cause you to repeat again,

"My delight is to be with the children of Men."

S. de S.

Requiescat.

(In memory of Edgar Greenhalgh, killed in action, August, 1918).

Boy, that art sleeping under the grass,
Do you hear your old comrades as onward they pass,
As they pass on to glory?

They have shrined you and haloed you there on the field,
You gave your young life-blood rather than yield,—
So they shrine you in glory.

Rest peacefully, boy, your last trench is taken,
No foe shall dislodge you, no cannon awaken,—
God has you in glory.

E. de M. September 1918.

Chronicle of 1918-19.

THE ATHLETIC MEET.

THE great event of Thanksgiving Day, the Athletic Meet had been zestfully and repeatedly rehearsed. At last October 16th. arrived and the Mount athletes assembled in the Land of Content. Seniors and Aloysians, all hoping to jump at least ten feet, flocked to the Meet.

The program began with a laugh. The three-legged race topped the list. Pairs of girls with their inner feet tied together came panting along, some hopping, some jumping, some falling, and all together making a very strange sight. Helen Reardon and Dorothy White arrived at the goal, closely followed by a few others who had managed to hop to the end.

The preparations for the second number, the Blindfold Test, mystified all except a few who were in the secret. Six clubs were placed on the ground and those who wished to try were blindfolded and told to step carefully over the obstacles. Before they came to them, the clubs had been noiselessly removed, and the blinded ones made some very fancy steps over the spots where the clubs were supposed to lie. Joan Van Buskirk, causing the biggest laugh, was given the prize.

Then tall girls and short girls, little girls and big girls lined up for the broad jump. Evelyn Colwell succeeded in jumping farthest and gracefully acknowledged the applause of the spectators.

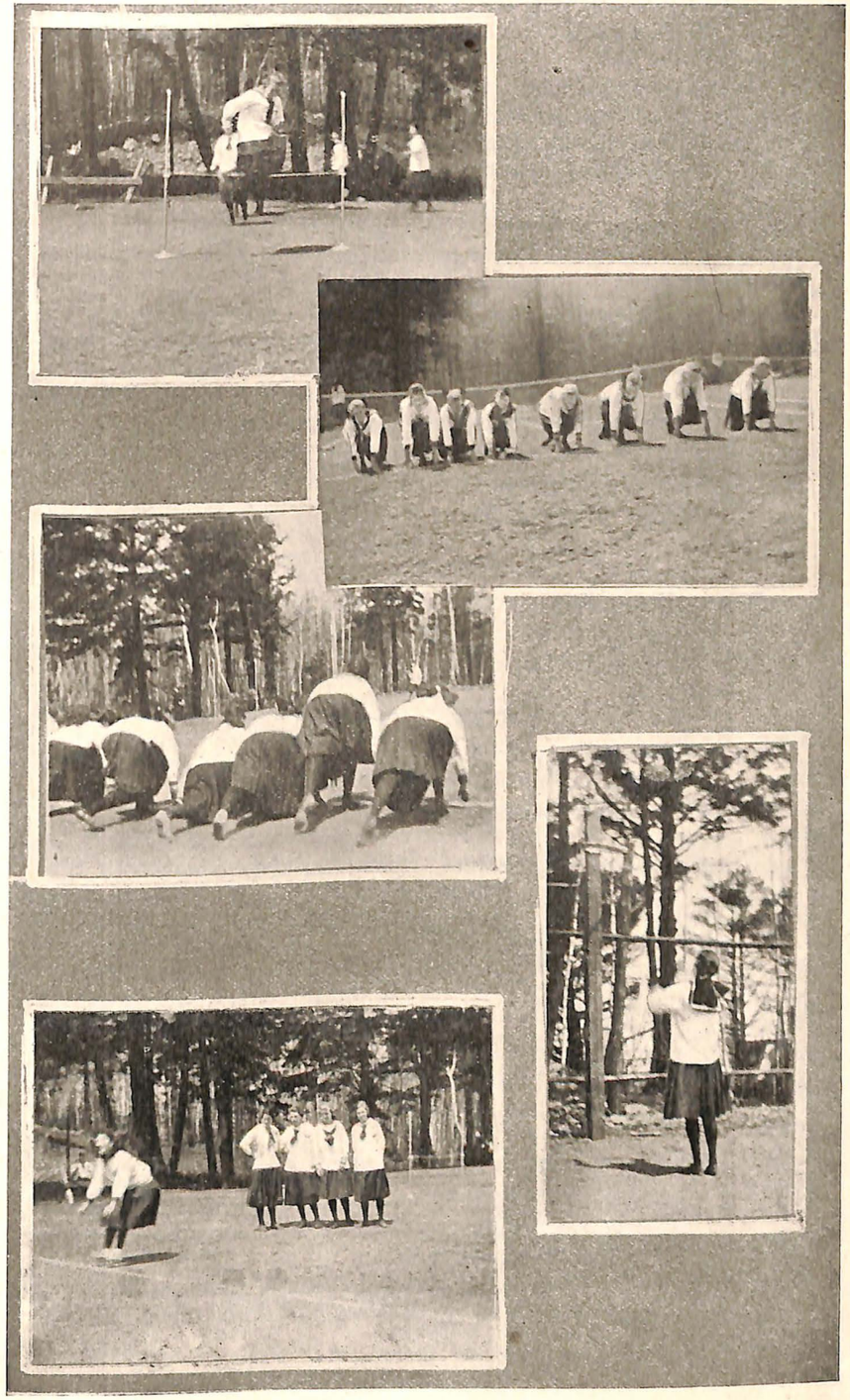
The fifth number gave the Aloysians a chance to show their fleetness and they made good use of the opportunity. Though they all, almost literally, flew, Margaret Chisholm arrived first back to the flag and received the well merited prize.

The air-rending shrieks and yells during the next few minutes were caused by the excitement of the most exciting game of arch-ball. When that game was over and the players all hoarse, those who had lofty ambitions prepared for the high-jump. The first was easy; everyone went over the rope gracefully. The rope is but a little higher—a little less grace. Higher—still less grace and a few miss. Higher still—grace forgotten entirely. At length the rope is moved for the last time, and of the few courageous enough to attempt it Hazel Zwicker has the best success. The prize is hers.

The next number was the Spoon race. The girls held an apple on a spoon and the one who reached the end first, still holding the apple, won the prize. Some dropped theirs the first step. Some got half way, others succeeded in getting all the way up and half way back, but Dorothy McKenzie alone finished the course.

The next prize for the "Thread the Needle" race was won by Mary Coleman. She merited it for running fifty yards, threading a needle and getting back first.

The last event was the Aloysian Relay race. This proved interesting, exciting and amusing. Marjorie Latter won the prize.



FIELD DAY SCENES.

There was a short Base-Ball game interrupted by the rain, and then the Athletic Meet, long anticipated, and long practised for, had come to an end.

Athletes, prize-winners, prize-losers and all, strolled slowly down the hill to the Mount, in splendid trim for the Thanksgiving dinner; some minus hair-pins, some minus hair-ribbons, one with a twisted ankle, but all happy at the success of the day.

THE ATHLETIC MEET.

PROLOGUE:—

This is but a jingling rhyme,
As you can plainly see;
But as YOU chose the subject,
Don't lay the blame on ME!

A day of Thanks comes once a year,
When classroom doors close tight,
And horrid books and horrid looks
Are all forgotten quite.

The play-ground holds a merry throng,
"Auntie" among the rest,
Suppressing the hunger of Juniors bold
At violent behest.

The three-legged race, which heads the sports
Is really a ludicrous sight,
And tumbling pairs, quite unawares
Cause shrieks of wild delight.

Never venture, never win,
Is the cry that fills the air,
As broad and high the jumpers fly
Determined, and void of fear.

Without pains there are no gains
Even on Thanksgiving Day:—
And most of us are proofs of it—
As we hobble on our way!

MARJORIE SCRIVEN, '19.

Hallowe'en.

"WHAT shall we do for Hallowe'en?" was the question discussed by the Debating Club at the last meeting in October. The members of the graduate class offered to provide entertainment, if the other club members would take the care of furnishing, refreshments. Thus it was arranged.

For several days before the thirty-first, weird sounds were heard proceeding at various times from the music and reception halls, but all was wrapt in mystery.

On Thursday the music hall was the scene of much activity. By evening the stage presented a strange appearance decorated with cats, witches, and jack o'lanterns. The pillars in the hall were decked with yellow and black, and the whole room wore a festive appearance.

The guests were summoned to the Witches' Cave at 6.45 p. m., with the strange threat that if they demurred they would be fetched thither on broom-sticks. The guests were wise enough not to refuse and on their entrance were presented with the following program:

1. PROLOGUE - - - - - - - - - - - M. Hawes.
2. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - - - - - - (All the Way from New York).
3. SCARF DANCE - - - - - - - - Madame Titannia Chalif.
4. ACROBATIC FEETS - - - - - - - - - Gymnasium Class.
5. Song—"I'LL NOT COMPLAIN" - - - - - Madame Agony Melba.
   (Assisted by Senorita Donahoo-hoo,
   Accompanied by Miss MacKenzee.)
6. Recitation—"LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE" - - - - - Bernie Grant.
7. SCENE FROM MACBETH.

The prologue was read by a person who strongly resembled the old woman who "sweeps the cobwebs out of the sky". In the hush that followed, the members of the symphony orchestra took their places, and then—O Melody! O Harmony! whither are you fled? G. MacKenzie waved a baton wildly from the height of a long-legged chair. The band puffed and blew and fiddled. The cornet solo by Herr Von Bustick was voted the biggest noise of the evening.

Madame Titannia Chalif, in charming costume, picked her dainty steps across the stage to the delight of all. An ardent admirer presented her with a bouquet of artificial roses (fished out of the cupboard for the occasion).

The Graduate Class deserves credit for the variety of feet (s) shown in the next number.

Madame Agony Melba's song "I'll Not Complain" was soul-rending (and hair-raising). She was fittingly accompanied by the celebrated violinist, Senorita Donahoo-hoo. Miss. MacKenzee was at the piano.

"Little Orphant Annie" brought down the house in more than one sense of the word, for most dreadful were the noises from "behind the scenes."

At last came the chief feature of the evening. The curtain rose, it stuck. There was an audible whisper. The curtain dropped. Again it rose, this time successfully.

Scene:—**"The Cave of the Weird Sisters."**

(Discover three witches seated about a cauldron).

1*st. Witch.*—Thrice the fiddle string hath mewed.

2*nd. Witch.*—Thrice in one week apples stewed.

3*rd. Witch.*—Thrice a proposition proved.

1.—Round about the cauldron go,
In the cores of apples throw,
Peanut-butter in a jar,
Candy papers near and far,
Scatter them and heed them not
Boiled together in the pot.

All.—Double, double toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

(They dance around the cauldron.)

2.—Sliver of a slimy snake
Caught along the edge of lake,
By fat Ada's cunning hand,
Boil and bake it now with sand
Till it makes a pretty pie
Ada'll eat it bye and bye.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3.—Shoe strings found beneath a bed,
Hairpins dropped from some fair head,
Jam pot holding fine cold-cream,
Moving-picture magazine,
Examination paper white,
Nothing written, nothing right,
Red ink spilled in bloody spots,
Pages filled with empty naughts.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

1.—Come and stir the gruel up
Mix it from a pharmacy cup.
Lemonade and castor oil
Make a pleasant little boil;
Iodine will fix whatever's wrong;
Throw it in and make it strong.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2.—Here's a gargle, pour it out,
Influenza's going 'bout;
If you don't look out in time,
The Flu'll catch you sure as nine.
Tacks and pins from out the wall
Into the bubbling cauldron fall,
Stale news from the bulletin,—
Throw it in, throw it in.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3.—Pencils lost for seven weeks
Piece of chatterer's tongue who speaks,
Giggle of a giddy girl,
Corkscrew that was meant for curl,
Rubber-heels and safety-pin,
Sweater pockets worn out thin,
Knitting needle in a sock,
Sphagnum moss from off a rock.

All.—Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

1.—By the wagging of my ear
Someone comes this way I fear;
Open locks, whoever knocks.

1.—Sh!

2.—Sh!

3.—Sh!

(Enter a Graduate).

Grad.—How now, ye midnight ghosts and spooks,
What have ye written in your books?

All.—The fate of each is written here,
The fate that mortals hate and fear.

Grad.—Can you show by geometry
Why my case is cruel to me?

All.—All the secrets here we know,
Come, the fates to you we'll show.

Grad.—Ah! I have come from Mount St. V.
Surely, you must know where that be.

All.—We know, we know, just who you are;
Your fate is guided by a star.

(Graduate suggests names: the first witch looks for the constellations on the globe of the universe; the second and third read alternately from their books).

MARJORIE HAWES:

Oh! Marjorie, a prodigy
Appeared in the heavens
At thy birth,
Thou wast born under the "Question Mark",
Thy first remark was a Question,
And such shall be thy last.

HELEN RUSSELL:

Russell—Russell;
Thou art a child of the Milky Way
Thou shalt drink no tea (wid or wid out)
Thou shalt die of a 'coughin'
(So 'tis written)
Helen Russell, mighty muscle
Comes of drinkin' milk.

EVELYN REARDON:

Ursus Major, the Big Bear was in the
Ascendant at thy birth, Thou art grumpy
And thou lovest roses. They shall be
Heaped upon thy grave.

ADA KOPH:

Thou wast born under the Scorpion
Hence thy love of snakes,
Thou also lovest pies!
Thou shalt charm snakes by thy piety.

GERTRUDE THOMPSON:

Thou art a victim of Aurora Borrowalis
Thou shalt cause endless misery to thy
Fellow mortals whom thou shalt also make
Victims by thy fatal love of fine feathers.
Thou shalt be buried in a borrowed shroud,
And thy grave shall not be thy own.

MARION GLASSEY:

The little Bear, Ursus Minor, overshadowed thy fate.
Thou art a cub with many talents.
Thou cans't do Annie—thing;
Therefore do not growl but content
Thyself with hugging.

CONNIE GARDE—ISABEL SOY—ANNIE MORISSEY:

The Hydides are the guiding stars of these three maidens.
They light the way to many a hiding place.
(These three shall keep together in life
And shall sleep in a hidden grave).
These three shall daily be killed together, but
They shall survive it cheerfully and come out
Smiling every time.

JOAN VAN BUSKIRK:

Joan, Ah Joan, thou wast born to groan.
The birch rod was in the heavens
When thou camest into this world of tears,
Thou shalt be birched often, and in the end
A "Birchman" shall get thee.

ANNIE MACISAAC:

Pegasus, the poet's fiery steed, was
Cantering through the heavens
When thou didst arrive in this world.
Thou shalt trot through life singing
Sweetest poems, but thy fate shall be
Thou shalt never be famous in this life.

GERALDINE AND TERESA READY:

"Preparedness" is your constellation,
Which guides you through life.
Follow its beckonings and you shall ever be ready.

MADELINE DUBE:

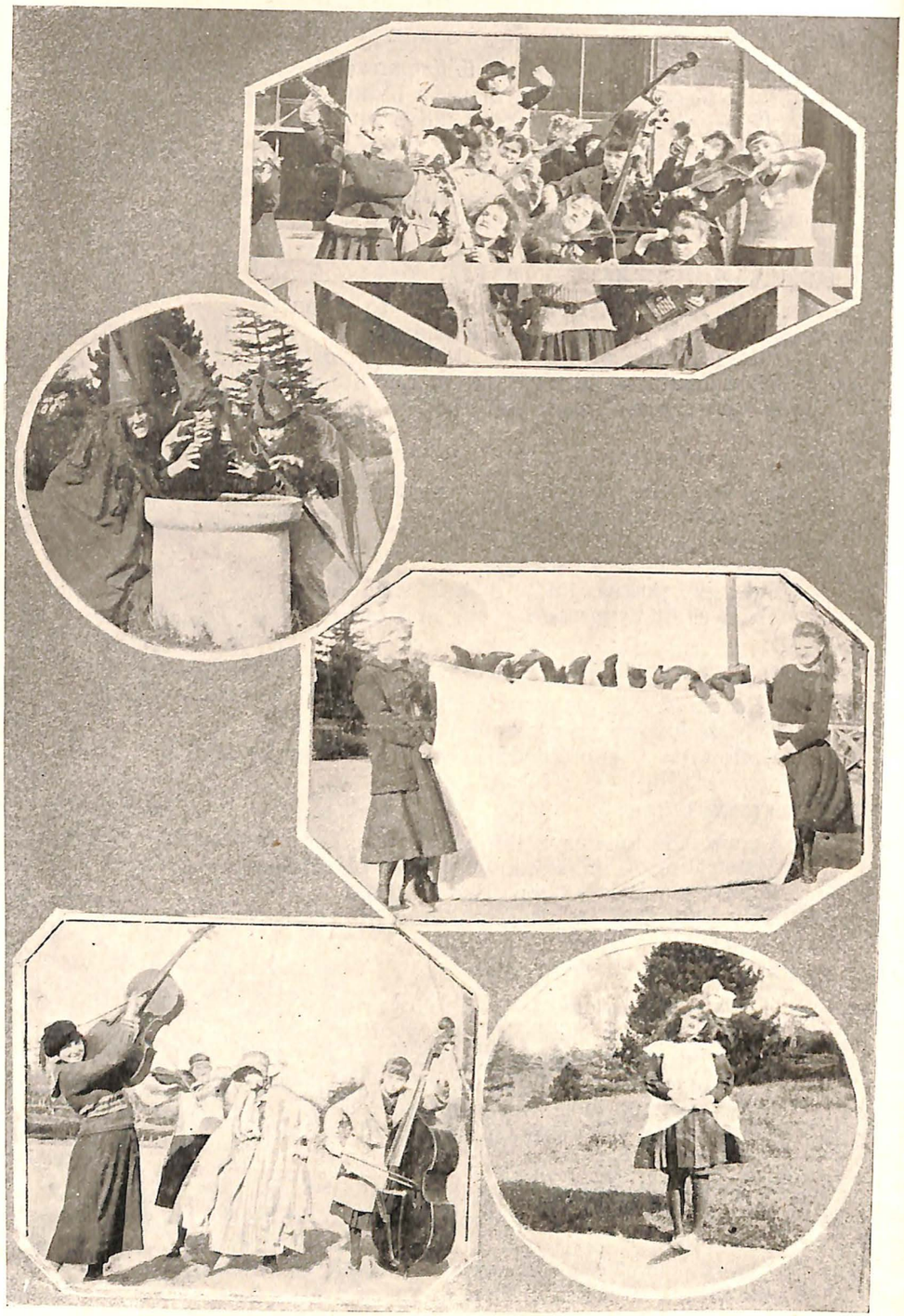
Lepus, the hare was skipping in the heavens
When first thou saw'st the light of day.
Therefore, it has been decreed that
Thy hair shall be short and thy life spent skipping.

EVELYN COLWELL:

Thou wert destined to be a follower of
Capella and the Kids, so thou shalt
Ever be found amidst the babies,
Teaching them their Noah's Ark and flooding them
With information. Keep on Noble Soul!
Thy pupils will soon be as learned as thyself.

GERTRUDE MEAGHER:

Thy star is Mars. He shall send thee spoils
From his plunder.
Guard it well for 'tis not every maid that hath
Such luck in store for her.



HALLOWEEN SOUVENIRS

CONSTANCE ANDREWS:

O Constance! Thou wert born under the Swan.
Thy feathers will be never ruffled,
But thou shalt sail serenely thru life
With never a speck of dust in thy path.

MARJORIE MARSHALL:

Beware of Primibus. It is thy unlucky star!
But let not this frighten you—but warn you
To look for fame in other fields than
In the courts of Prime.

KATHERINE WHITE:

Stella Matutina in close conjunction with
Clara Bore—Alice was beaming sweetly when
Thou didst open thine eyes and smile on them
One after another.
What other stars are yet in thy heaven remains
To be seen. There is a Galaxy still in store for you.
Perhaps thou shalt claim the Man in the Moon?

PEARL BUTLER:

The lion star Leonis is thine. It shineth serenely
Over mossy rocks where Sphagnum grows.
'Twill be thy delight to sift the Sphagnum
Where Leo shineth.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE:

Bootes is thy constellation
Thou hast feet almighty.
Take this for thy consolation,
'Tis thy boots that carry thee
To the pharmacy kitchen!

KATHLEEN FRASER:

Thou wert born under the guidance of the star,
"Flirtoribus" and so hast been destined to be
A "would be heart-breaker" but boast not
Lest thy heart be broken.

GERTRUDE SHEEHAN:

Thou art under the patronage of Job,
For thou wert born when his coffin was in the heavens.
Cheer up! You'll be an "A" some day.

BEATRICE COX:

Beatrice, over the Birch Grove shone a star at thy birth.
Its Latin name I know not, but if thou studiest hard
Thou mayst find it out some day.

MARJORIE SCRIVEN AND MARGARET DONAHOE:

Castor is thy star, O Margaret,
After him is called a pleasant oil.
Pollox claims thee, Marjorie.
From Castor thou shalt never be separated.
Ye shall be called the Geminae and glitter near
The house-tops.

EILEEN BRADSHAW:

Fair Eileen, thou art under the influence of a star
That shines with dove-like ray,
Thou shalt be domestic-loving, and care for
Thy charge the whole day long.

BLOSSOM DAVISON:

Blossom—many twinkling stars winked in the heavens
When thou wast born.
Wink not thou—but procure thyself a pair of spectacles
To hide thy twinkling eyes.

QUEENIE CROSBY:

Regina Juno is thy constellation. Thou shalt reign over
Many hearts and Aid-a few in taking life easy.

RACHAEL HAGEN:

O Rachael, Aquarius is thy constellation.
Like Rebecca thou shalt daily fill a pitcher
At the—tap. Continue thy good service,
Only take care that the water be always hot!

October.

The leaves, which not so long ago
Were rustling in the summer breeze,
Green in the warmth of sunlight glow,
Now on the ground are trodden low,
Mourned only by their mother trees.

Through forest, glen, and mountain height,
The crispness of the morning air
Breathes forth a fragrance of delight;
And golden Autumn in its flight,
Reminds us that King Winter's near.

MARJORIE SCRIVEN.

Peace Day.

THE day of Peace dawned at last! How jubilant we were that memorable eleventh of November! Indeed M. S. V. was not big enough to hold us, so after the Te Deum we marched off in pairs to work off our "steam" on the road. Flags of the Allies were carried and waved gaily, while the happy voices of our patriotic girls rang in the air. All songs from "O Canada" to "K-K-Katie" we sang at the top of our voices.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

On, on—we marched, keeping step to our gay tunes, not thinking of the "long, long trail" back to the Mount.

Suddenly from the head of the ranks came the command, "Halt!" Then the word was given for the "regiment" to fall in for general survey by Colonel Anne MacIsaac assisted by Major Kay White. The regiment went through drill and Lance Corporal E. Jenks was decorated by our beloved Colonel with "the crawdegare" (croix de guerre). The march was resumed, until visions of the long "hike" back came before our mind's eye. Even then all were not willing to turn back, so it was decided that those who wished to return to barracks could go, and the rest were to proceed along the "frontier" (to Bedford). But it seems that the "brave" ones who marched forth to the "front" returned by train "sans argent" while those taking the route march had the long hike home.

In our joy we forgot not Him whom we acknowledge as the Giver of all good gifts, Him whose special gift is peace. At 1.45 p.m. the tower bell and hand bell pealed out the song of joy some minutes; all the Sisters and pupils assembled in the Chapel, there to offer their hearts' truest thanks for the great gift of peace. The Te Deum was first chanted, and then followed appropriate prayers of thanksgiving every word of which found echo in the hearts of all present. "With our whole hearts we glorify, praise and bless Thee, O God the Father not begotten, Thee, the only begotten Son, Thee the Holy Ghost the Paraclete, the holy and undivided Trinity. For Thou art great and dost wonderful things; Thou alone art God. To Thee be praise, to Thee be glory, to Thee be thanksgiving for ever and ever, O Blessed Trinity.

"O God whose mercies are without number, and the treasure of whose goodness is infinite, we give Thee thanks for the blessings Thou hast bestowed on us; always beseeching Thy Divine Majesty, that as Thou grantest what we ask, so Thou wouldst continue Thy favors to us in such a manner that by them we may be prepared for receiving the rewards of eternal happiness.

"Receive, O Lord, this sacrifice of thanksgiving, and grant that those whom Thou hast heard, and hitherto preserved, may hereafter

be defended against all adversity, and that they may serve Thee and love Thee more and more.

"O God who hast compassion on those who hope in Thee, and sufferest not that they shall be overwhelmed with afflictions; O Lord ever mercifully attentive to the petitions of the faithful, we give Thee thanks for having heard our prayers and humbly beseech Thee that, by Thy favor, we may be delivered from all adversity.

"Praise the Lord in His holy places; praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Praise Him in His mighty acts; praise Him according to the multitude of His greatness.

Praise Him with sound of the trumpet: praise Him with psaltery and harp.

Praise Him with timbrel and choir; praise Him with strings and organs.

Praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals: praise Him upon cymbals of joy; let every spirit praise the Lord.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The choir put heart into the magnificat, and after the Litany of the Saints had been recited, the hymn "Praise to Mary" closed the devotion. We do not forget that often the Queen of Peace has been invoked, and our hearts rejoice that once again our Mother has not failed to hear our prayers.

November Twelfth.

Wonder of wonders—*a second conge.*

But then it's only once in a life-time. The twelfth had been proclaimed a public holiday by the Governor.

Arrangements had been made for great celebrating in the city. Of course "we" of the Mount had to take part in the celebration. All the girls whose homes were in town were allowed to go home.

At noon Sisters and pupils assembled for benediction; the Te Deum was chanted, and the services closed with the hymn "Holy God we praise Thy Name."

In the afternoon the rest of the girls, chaperoned by three Sisters, walked in town to see the parade.

We returned to the Mount on the 6.20 train, pretty well tired out by the events of the day, and it was voted that all should retire immediately after tea. The decision was welcomed heartily, and before the clocks struck nine, "in peace" we slept.

November Twenty-Seventh.

THE greatest congé of the year—Mother's Day— at length dawned. On the afternoon of November twenty-sixth the Dramatic Society presented a play and pantomime for Reverend Mother and the Faculty.

After the usual greeting the programme commenced. The orchestra rendered several selections in its most brilliant style, and then the curtain rose. The pantomime was entitled "The Wishing Tree". The characters were as follows:

Life	E. Colwell.
Love	A. Kopf.
Mephisto	A. MacIsaac.
Temptation	C. Thompson.
Duty	P. Butler.
Joy	N. Crosby.
Envy	K. Fraser.
Wisdom	D. MacKenzie.
Death	R. Butler.
Naiads	R. Hagen, K. Walsh, E. Jenks, E. Cleary.

The one-act drama by the celebrated Irish poet, Wm. Yeats, was well acted. The following young ladies took part:

Marion Glassey, Ada Kopf, Anne MacIsaac, Edith Cleary, Evelyn Colwell, Kathleen Hagen. The lighting and costumes added much to the beauty of the scenes; the characterization was very good.

The day after the play—the real congé began with the best treat of all,—a long sleep. After breakfast we were free to do just as we pleased, and truly we made good use of our privilege. In the evening there was a real dance—yes, a dance. The music hall was cleared in a few minutes, the music began, and the floor re-echoed with dancing feet. At 8.20 the bell sounded for night prayers and everyone retired, heartily agreeing that it was the end of a perfect day.

December Sixth.

DECEMBER 6th. was an anniversary which could not pass unheeded. The first Friday Mass this month was one of Thanksgiving to the good God for His gracious protection of us at the time of the dreadful explosion. The day brought sad memories, it is true, but no heart could feel ungrateful, for all realized that a kind Father had been watching over His own since He had deigned to guard them so specially.

Sister de Sales' Feast Day.

ON the twenty-ninth of January we celebrated a happy anniversary by a half holiday and a concert. At four o'clock, coffee and cake were served in the refectory, the repast being provided by our dear Mistress General.

In the evening all assembled in the music hall, where Sister de Sales was the guest of honor. Two short plays were presented, one by the Seniors and one by the Aloysians. The scene in Mistress Mary's garden was much enjoyed, for the flowers disclosed many secrets and gave some good thrusts.

The following address was read by Miss Pearl Butler:

TO OUR DEAR SISTER DE SALES:

To-night we gather around you to celebrate a happy feast, and to offer you, dear Sister, our loving congratulations. Full many a year has passed since first you heard the feast-day greeting, yet dear Sister, we feel no envy for those who long ago first kept this happy feast. Rather do we rejoice, that we may stand with you looking back over the years of peaceful progress, and may understand why your feast-day is a day to mark in the calendar of our school.

Today we realize more than ever the strength and meekness with which you have carried through the years, the burden of responsibility for the young souls brought here under your care. To say you have instructed is not sufficient; you have educated, nay inspired, and have been to many a strong guide to higher things. There are homes today which may attribute much of their religious peace and gentle refinement to your steady toil here in these halls.

With the gentleness of your patron Saint, the dear Francis de Sales, you have counselled and corrected, and lifted souls for well nigh fifty years. What can we say, dear Sister, but that we are glad indeed to be with you, and to profit in our turn by your self-sacrifice for souls?

May the spirit of the dear Saint Francis, and the gentle influence of our own Sister de Sales be always with us, and bless those who come after us in the school. This, dear Sister, is the prayer we would make tonight and always—that your strong forbearance may win for us all a similar grace, so that we in our turn may carry with us into the world the spirit of our Alma Mater, and widen yet more the influence of our dear Sister de Sales.

The Valentine Ice-Cream Festival.

SUCH an event was unheard of in the history of the school! To think that there was to be an Ice-Cream Festival in the village, and that we, the Mount pupils, were going! It was unbelievable, yet it was looked upon by all, as a self-evident fact. Saturday February the fifteenth! How that day loomed up before us, and when it finally arrived, even the weather could not dampen our spirits.

Fully an hour before the time of setting out, we were ready in our rainy day apparel, all eagerness to brave the rain and slush. About two-thirty the rain coat contingent picked its steps to Mrs. Bower's home, where the festival was to be held. Here, the sight which met our gaze realised fully the anticipation which had been bubbling over for a whole week. Neatly arranged on various tables were dainty baskets of fudge, and chocolates, and plates of tempting cookies just crying out to be eaten.

In the next room, however, was a table, one glance at which was enough to win any school-girl's heart. Here were displayed cakes of every size and shape imaginable. Sponge cakes, sultana cakes, plain cakes and numberless fancy cakes with all sorts of frostings and fastidious decorations.

But last of all we chanced upon the delicacy, dear to all young hearts, and from which this festival received its name. It is hardly correct to say "chanced upon" with regard to this pleasant "find" as, in fact, we were carried thither by the excited throng which was very ready to respond to the cry of "This way for the ice-cream!"

When a bird's eye view of all the goodies had been obtained, and the spell of wonderment broken, the on-lookers were immediately transformed into purchasers. After an hour of intense excitement, the cries of "How much is that?" and "Two pounds of this, please!" gradually died away and the storming of the ice cream freezers ceased.

Finally when the supplies in reserve were exhausted and the purchasers had obtained a sufficiency, the remainder of the afternoon was spent in dancing. Shortly after five the festival ceased, and gathering together our precious bags, boxes (etc.!) we made our way through the increasing slush to dispose of our tempting burdens. The afternoon had been an enjoyable one for the Mount pupils, but our happiness was doubly increased when we heard that through an afternoon's pleasure, the fund for a new and larger church in Rockingham, had been increased by one hundred dollars.

The Annual Retreat.

THE Retreat of three days was given this year by Reverend George Keelan, S. J., from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. No pains were spared by the director to make everything as satisfactory as possible to the retreatants. Needless to say, his efforts were largely seconded by the Sisters, who arranged the programme so that we were free to walk out of doors or repair to the chapel during the intervals between the lectures. The meditations were very impressive and were refreshing as well as interesting. The meditation on the Kingdom of Christ will live in our minds for many a day. We trust that the fruits of the Retreat of 1919 will be nothing less than the hundredfold promised by our Saviour to all who are earnest in doing His work.

The exercises closed on March 17th. with the Papal benediction given by the director.

St. Patrick's Day.

SAINT Patrick's Day was more jubilant than ever this year as it witnessed our emersion from the annual Retreat. The morning was spent in making up for our three days of silence; classes began again at 1.30 p.m., and continued until four o'clock, after which we were free. The usual concert was postponed till the following Saturday evening, owing to lack of time to practise; but Father Keelan spent recreation with us telling ghost stories in the hall, so the evening was passed pleasantly indeed.

Lectures.

DURING the school we have had the pleasure of attending several lectures given by our honored friend, Doctor Blackader. On the very eve of the Armistice the Doctor addressed us on "War Conditions in Europe".

On February sixteenth, we were again favored; this time with an interesting talk on the aims and claims of the Allied nations.

Our Graduates of '19.

ANNIE McISAAC.

"In a dear courtesy her spirit would
Woman assume for grace to womanhood."—*Francis Thompson.*

ANNIE was born in the thriving city of Sydney, and like the majority of Cape Bretonners is of Scotch ancestry. We may add that she possesses all the characteristics of this admirable race.

During her five years of residence at M, S. V., Annie has held office in various clubs and associations, for the past year has been Prefect of the Sodality of the Children of Mary. As President of the Debating Society she has managed the affairs of the club to the satisfaction of all.

Two years ago Annie won the gold medal for gymnasium work, and last year, the special prize for athletics. At base-ball, basket-ball, or tennis she is equally sure-footed and swift. The "Reds" will, indeed, be at a loss when their captain has left them to take up more serious duties in the world.

Wherever she goes may happiness be with her. May her success in life be a repetition on a grander scale of her success in these halls.

PEARL BUTLER.

"This is the prettiest lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself."—*Shakespeare.*

PEARL, our black-haired, dark-eyed graduate, claims Liverpool as her native town. Here she spent her youthful days and attended the public schools until three years ago when she came to Mount St. Vincent to work as a "Provincial B." In this class she did good work and passed the examinations with honor.

She is by far our best tennis player. In the gymnasium she also excels in exercises with wands and clubs, and in fencing.

Pearl is an earnest and persevering student, and everything she undertakes is done with thoroughness. She has merited the title of First Officer in the Children of Mary Sodality. and her work in this office is worthy of admiration.

We wish Pearl all happiness; and even though she may not become the champion tennis-player of America, we are sure she will win a love-set some day.

MARJORIE SCRIVEN.

"A calm and gracious element
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home.'—*Whittier.*

MARJORIE, or "Marge", as she is commonly called, is a Haligonian, and because of her varied gifts of mind and person we are quite sure that her native city will one day be proud of her. She is our class poet.

Of sunny temperament, and gay personality, Marjorie has been a bright presence amongst us for four years. In debate her ready wit and fertile imagination have added grace to sound agrument. On the athletic field "Marge" is a star. Several years ago she won renown as captain of the Yellows, and since then has not lost her reputation as a "lefty" batsman, and a swift forward in basket-ball.

We trust that Marjorie will find her road through life more inviting than that of Rockingham, and that she will trip as lightly over it as she does over the hill when gymnasium practice is held in the "Land of Content."

MARGARET DONAHOE.

"She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well can she persuade.'—*Shakespeare.*

MARGARET does not at all resemble Tennyson's rare pale lady of the same name. She has healthy colour and tearless blue eyes, and finds it consequently rather difficult to put in a plea at the pharmacy or win her suit with an irate teacher. However, Margaret's main trouble is that the day has only twenty-four hours.

Margaret's strong point is English. In 1917 she carried the gold medal of the C. Class, and as a graduate has shown herself equal even to those dreadful fortnightly themes.

Margaret is a member of the Debating Society and of the Benson Reading Circle. She has also earned that very special title, Child of Mary. Her burdens however, cannot check the wit that is hers by inheritance. Her keenness keeps alive whatever class she attends.

How we shall miss Margaret from the study hall corridor! Yet may she always find in her future way of life such glorious visions and pleasant greetings as have met her there!

EILEEN BRADSHAW.

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."—*Wordsworth.*

ANN Eileen is the mathematical star of this group. She was born and brought up in the city of Amherst, and as a true citizen of her native town, sings its praises so enthusiastically as to make all those who have never had the pleasure of acquaintance with this remarkable place, long to visit it.

Eileen's education was received at the Sister's school of the same city, and a thorough training her work at the Mount has proved it to be.

She is a worthy member of that organization known as the Orchestra; and if anyone should stand outside her door at certain hours of the day, she would hear the low plaintive wail of a violin.

Besides these talents, Eileen is possessed of a sunny disposition and a temper that knows no firing. Life so far has proved a smooth, easy-flowing stream, down which her little boat has calmly floated. We hope her stream of life will never become turbulent, but in its gentle course bring happiness to all who meet it in the way.

GERTRUDE MacKENZIE.

"A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle and waylay."—*Wordsworth.*

GERTRUDE Louise Douglas MacKenzie is our star performer on the "baby grand." She, like many other famous people, claims Halifax for her native town. Here, her early childhood was passed in attendance at St. Joseph's School.

Since the first day of her residence at M. S. V., Gertrude has won her way into every girl's heart by her willingness to play one-steps, two-steps, — anything in fact, not to mention marches for "Gym." and "six-eight" time for Friday night Aesthetic Physical Culture class, and all with a cheerful smile and without complaint. We wonder what the Saturday night recitals of 1920 will be like without her. Truly the "baby" will not be the only one to miss her.

Combined with her musical ability, Gertrude has a kind and generous heart, and every morning sees her performing the double charge of private room and college class-room, dusting and sweeping with surprising vigor. May this useful talent accompany her always!

We all wish her health, wealth, and happiness in her future career.

Coleridge, As Revealed By His Poems.

SAMUEL Taylor Coleridge, whose name is now among those of the greatest of English poets, prosists and critics, was born in Ottery St. Mary, a little Devonshire village, in the year 1772. As a child he was solitary and quiet, always preferring his own society and deep, precocious thoughts to the companionship of noisy, normal boys. He read omnivorously. Books on metaphysical an theological subjects were his greatest favorites; novels he scorned. At nineteen he entered Cambridge with little money to tide him over his college expenses, but with a stock of learning which was greater than that possessed by many of his teachers. He left here without taking a degree; henceforth, his life was but a tragic battle with a weakness that held him from pursuing any one work or purpose steadily.

The fragmentary state of his poems shows his utter inability to write perseveringly. His genius was of a kind such that he could write only when under the spell of a strong inspiration. Luckily for the world the weird and fascinating story of the "Ancient Mariner" is complete and perfect; no rude caller came to interrupt the subtle workings of his imagination, as happened in the case of the composing of "Kubla Khan". He gave this exquisite ballad to the public in the "Lyrical Ballads", a book published in 1798 through the combined efforts of Wordsworth and himself. His friendship with the Wordsworths was a great stimulus to this peculiar man, and out of this friendship and intimacy grew temporary strength and the desire to do great things. At this time he wrote his best poems: The Ancient Mariner, Christabel, and Kubla Khan.

He was of a lovable, peaceable character, ready and willing to help those in need, but lacking the initiative to carry out anything great. Some attribute this lack of energy and animation to the influence of opium, to the use of which he was addicted; while others find his weakness of will accountable for it. He always needed someone stronger than himself to spur him on to action. Had Coleridge possessed force and will-power, there is no doubt that his would have been a much greater name in English literature, as his literary ability was of the highest order.

The study of his poems reveals the sadness and the hopelessness of his life. He seemed continually at war with himself, yet he never conquered: his soul may be likened to the mariner's.

> "Oh, wedding guest this soul hath been
> Alone on a wide, wide sea:
> So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
> Scarce seemed there to be."

In "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", Coleridge teaches a strong moral, namely that one should not abuse the trust and the affection of any living creature. The mariner's experience is an example of an abused trust, and his sufferings are vividly, weirdly, and picturesquely told. No poem of equal length contains so great a number of beautiful and striking pictures, and no poet has ever, before or since, taken an incident of the supernatural and adapted it so skillfully and successfully as to make it seem an event of ordinary life.

"Christabel", too, is a poem of the supernatural. It enthralls us as we read. We reach the unfinished conclusion with a sense of keen disappointment, and long to know the rest of the story.

Coleridge's poems, perhaps more than his conversation or his prose works, show the underlying simplicity of the man. In his diction every sentence is simply and straight-forwardly arranged, yet withal, over it hangs a poetic charm; a lilting music runs through each verse.

The lines from Christabel beginning "Alas! they had been friends in youth!" are an index to the sweet character of this unhappy man, and one is left after the perusal of his poems with a feeling of deep pity for him, of love for his work, and of regret for his apparently fruitless life.

The vast difference between Coleridge and his friend and fellow-poet is well illustrated by Tennyson's poem called "Will". The first stanza:—"O well for him whose will is strong", applies aptly to Wordsworth. Coleridge, weak-willed, vacillating, hopeless,

> "Seems as one whose footsteps halt,
> Toiling in immeasurable sand."

Far off, beyond his reach, the city of his desire forever—

> "Sparkles like a grain of salt."

JOAN VAN BUSKIRK, '19.

Desolation.

Here at Thy feet, Beloved,
I only kneel;
I do not pray Beloved,
Nor even feel;
I only know, my Jesu,
Lover of me,
I love not earth nor heaven,
Love I Thee?

E. de M. '18.

The Miraculous Medal.

It's not silver or gold, alanna
That I'm gi'n you this blessed day,
'Tis the most precious thing I can gi' you
'Cept the cross on the beads I say.

There's the image, Mavourneen, of Mary—
The light's streamin' out of her hands
She's the light o' our hearts in sorrow,
She's the sunshine o' seas and o' lands.

And her foot's on the sarpent:—He's twinin'
An' wrigglin' to get free,
But the old boy'll never harm us
While our Mother is there to see.

What's the writin' all round the edges?
I can't read; I'm too old to begin,
But I know that it spells her own prayer,
"O Mary conceived without sin."

An' the other side shows her letter,
There's an M. an' a cross on top,
Put them both in your heart alanna,
For the cross is our only prop.

There, do ye see the two hearts?
They're Jesus' and Mary's too
And His has a crown o' sharp thoruns
An' her's has a sword right through.

Come an' I'll pin the medal
Right over your heart, machree,
Don't mind if I'm cryin', alanna
I'm glad to be givin' 't to ye.

An' what are the stars, alanna?
They're the stars about her throne,
An' that's the reason I'm cryin',
I want to be goin' home.

M. L. '18.

"He That Seeketh."

THE word had come from No Man's Land that he was "missing"; that awful word which sends a chill to many a heart,—for who would not rather have him dead and buried by his own comrades? But oh, that piercing thought that he had fallen into the enemy's hands, and his body left, perhaps discarded, unburied, unnoticed by the savage plunderers of nations! And now the Angel of Peace, triumphant in glory, reigned supreme—yet he was missing.

At home the girl he had left behind waited and hoped—but in vain. She sought consolation in the company of the mother of her fiancé, for this dear little lady, though her heart was breaking, was brave and cheerful in her sorrow. Day by day the boys returned, until finally all his comrades, save those who shed their young life's blood in the struggle for humanity, came back to their homes. Very little information could be obtained concerning the man who had once been the greatest attraction in the little circle of Rosemere society. Lt. Philip Beckett had been sent out on a scouting trip and had never returned. Not even a trace of his machine had been found. Rosmere society spoke of him as dead, but in the heart of Alice McIntyre there smouldered a strong hope that her lover was still alive, a fear that perhaps he might be in need of her help.

Today she sat in the library of the old stone mansion of James T. Beckett, in Rosemere, New York. Her knitting lay unheeded in her lap. Her hands were clasped under her chin and she leaned both elbows hard on the arms of the chair as she stared out into the bleak winter's afternoon. The woman opposite her had a sorrowful face, but the look in the girl's eyes was almost hard. Suddenly she dropped her hands into her lap.

"It's no use"! she said. "I can't believe he is dead! Oh, dear Mrs. Beckett, don't you truly feel in your heart that your boy is alive somewhere; that he may be wanting you? That thought is with me day and night, and I seem to hear Phil's voice begging me to come. He must be alive,—he *must* be. Oh, why does God want to keep him from me?" The girl's voice broke, and she turned away to hide the tears that were welling up in her eyes. She stood up and walked to the table.

"My dear, if Phil were alive he would manage to let us know somehow. Remember dear Alice, that he was my son as well as your lover. I do not cry out against the justice of our good God. Why then, my child, should you? Phil was my only child. When our country was in need, I gave my son gladly. I would not recall him. The mother's heart is purged by sacrifice."

Here the little woman stopped and picked up the silver framed photograph from the table near. She gazed at it lovingly and then smiled sweetly, for the eyes that looked into hers from the photograph were bright and loving, and as she gazed at the gay, frank, boyish smile

which played about the lips she seemed to hear his cheery, "Hello, mother dear, Dad not home yet?"

The smile faded from her lips as she turned and looked at Alice. She was very fond of the girl her son had asked to become his wife; and as she watched her now she thought that she was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. The girl was tall and slender. She had a great mass of black hair which she wore combed back from her high forehead and knotted loosely at her neck. Her eyes were almost black, and her olive skin had a deep rich tinge of color. Alice McIntyre was an orphan and heiress to her father's fortune. All her life she had been petted and spoiled. Men had admired her beauty, women had envied it, and yet she had never been really happy until she met Philip Beckett and his mother. Alice was very popular, yet there were but few that she regarded as her friends, and those few loved her devotedly in return. Upon Philip Beckett and his mother she had lavished all the affection of her heart, and now she could not reconcile herself to his loss. She could not believe that God would take from her the one she loved dearest on earth.

Now as Mrs. Beckett stood there gazing down into the beautiful black eyes swimming with tears, the lovely lips quivering, the mother-heart in her could restrain its sorrow no longer, and going toward Alice she extended her arms to her. The girl turned and with a little choked cry threw herself into the outstretched arms of her dear friend, and sobbed bitterly.

Mrs. Beckett tried to comfort her as best she could, and in a little while the girl grew quiet and was again the stately Alice McIntyre the world knew. They talked until it grew dark. Then Alice, rising, said:

"I must go now. You will let me know if you decide to do anything about looking for Phil, will you not, dear Mrs. Beckett?"

"You shall hear very soon dear, for I shall speak to Mr. Beckett tonight. You have made me feel that perhaps my boy is alive; we shall go and find him together, dear." She smiled wistfully as she kissed Alice good-bye.

That night when the Hon. James T. Beckett arrived at his home he found his wife in a very thoughtful mood.

"James, dear," she ventured at length, "I am going to France, and Alice is coming with me." She glanced timidly at her husband.

For a moment he stared at her, and then in his blustering fashion exclaimed:

"What's this?—going to France? W-w-well wh-h-oo got this tomfoolery into your head?"

"Now James dear, please be quiet," begged his wife. "Alice was here this afternoon and she has made me feel that perhaps Phil is alive somewhere." She then told him the conversation between Alice and herself. When she finished Mr. Beckett was blowing his nose vigorously and vainly trying to brush his eyes without his wife's seeing him.

"You shall go, my dear. You shall go, and I am going with you," he exclaimed.

"Jimmie!" she cried, her eyes alight.

Her husband's face flushed with delight at the sound of the loved name. She had always called him Jimmie when they were sweethearts, and even after they were married. Then the time came when he went into politics and became a prominent man, and "James dear", took the place of the old "Jimmie".

"Yes, yes," he said. "I shall make all arrangements tomorrow. And mother, dear," he added softly, "even if we do not find our son, perhaps we shall find his grave."

"Oh Jimmie, Jimmie," sobbed the little woman as her husband drew her gently into his arms. "My baby boy is not dead. He is always alive for me."

They talked and planned until late that night. When Mrs. Beckett knelt to say her night prayers, she prayed "Oh God, if my boy is really alive, grant that he may be in Thy grace. More than this I do not ask.

The next day Mr. Beckett arranged for the trip, and two weeks later saw Mr. and Mrs. James T. Beckett and Alice McIntyre settled comfortably on the ———, sailing for England. The voyage across was not an enjoyable one. It rained nearly all the trip and it was damp and chilly. On the second day Mr. Beckett retired to his cabin a victim of rheumatism and remained there for three days. Mrs. Beckett, through illness was confined to her state-room, so Alice was left alone and became so engrossed in her hopes and fears for the future, that the time passed almost quickly. She rarely spoke with the other passengers; her thoughts were busy, but her heart was heavy, and her soul,—she wondered if she could have a soul. God seemed far from her; prayer was not to her liking. So the days passed.

The sixth of February found them in London. London's gayiety had no attraction for the anxious trio. Their time was spent in going from department to department of the great system which governs British military affairs. London could tell them nothing, so they left it and crossed over to France.

When at last they reached Paris they began to hope that their search was nearing its end. Inquiries at military headquarters brought no more information than they already had, but with brave hearts they continued their search. From village to village they went—places which Phil's letters had described so vividly. Just to think that only a year ago he had been in some of these very towns! Some of the little villages they passed through saddened their thoughts, but they were proud that the one they loved had fought for so great a cause. The young peasant girls were filled with awe at the sight of Alice's fashionable clothes, yet they envied her not, for her face told its own tory. Among the graves of the heroes of the world there was no trace of the beloved one they were seeking.

At the little town of X——, in the southern part of France, they decided to rest for a while. The days were wearing on and they were almost afraid to go further. The little village, so quaint and peaceful

in appearance, was a haven of rest for the weary travellers. The tiny red-roofed houses with their little green gardens eased their tired eyes which up to now had gazed upon the ruin and havoc of the dogs of war.

Today after their arrival Mrs. Beckett suggested that they go to visit the old monastry of which some of the peasants had spoken. Mr. Beckett procured a vehicle and together with his wife and Alice set out to visit the place. As they drove along the winding road they were cheered by the sight of the happy peasant children laughing and playing. Here in one little corner of poor stricken France the war god had not left marks of his plunder, and hearts were happy, rejoicing in the conquest of peace.

They said but little as they passed out of the town into the green open fields of the country, but each was thinking deeply. They came suddenly upon the high walls of the old monastry. Upon entering the old garden by the side gate they were amazed at the quietness and solemnity of the place. Then upon the stillness broke out the peals of the chapel bells, and the monks leaving the chapel, went each to his own cell to perform the task assigned by the holy rule. Alice shuddered at the solemnity of it all. At last they were led by a black-robed brother to the chapel. Of late Alice had thought little of her religion, and now she realized for the first time how far it had slipped away from her. Her heart no longer warmed to the greeting of the Voice which speaks from the depth of the tabernacle. The source from which had sprung in happier days but little love for God, was now dried up or frozen. She could not refuse to go to the chapel with them, so thrusting aside her feeling of repugnance, she walked into the Divine Presence, void of humility and love. By some strange power, which she afterwards could not explain, her eyes were drawn toward a large standing cross with a figure of Christ crucified hanging on it. She shuddered, but on lowering her eyes she beheld a man kneeling at the foot of the cross. He was not wearing the monk's habit but was clad in the dress of a peasant. His arms were crossed on his breast, his head thrown back and his eyes looking into the agonized eyes of the Saviour. A little ray of sunshine stole in through a window and shone brightly upon him. Suddenly he turned his head and looked at the window through which this bit of sunshine stole, and smiled. On seeing his profile, Alice clutched the arm of the monk.

"Who is that man?" she demanded.

The guide shook his head, smiled and led the way softly out of the chapel, as if in silent rebuke for her disregard of His Presence.

"What do you mean, "Alice?" demanded Mr. Beckett, somewhat annoyed by Alice's strange behaviour. He had not noticed the kneeling figure.

"That man,—that man, oh tell me please," she said in French, turning to the monk. Mr. Beckett did not understand.

"My dear young lady, do not excite yourself," replied the monk gently. "The young man whom you saw, happened here very strangely". He hesitated as if debating what he was going to say.

"Yes, yes," breathed Alice, "go on,—"

"Perhaps," began the monk, "you have heard of that band of airmen called—"The Damned Cohort"? You know they lose their minds for a time owing to nervous strain. There was a camp of them further north in this country but it has been completely destroyed by the Germans. There is not a trace of the place left and the surrounding country has been cruelly ravaged by the Huns. Ah! such a country! 'Twas God's own country " He shook his head sadly and then, perceiving the look of impatience on Alice's face, he continued. "Well, to come back to our story, these airmen were allowed to take flights at certain times. It was of course, very dangerous and most of them met with accidents and were killed.

One evening, about a year ago, Brother Antoine, who had been out in the village distributing alms among some of the poor people, was returning to the monastry about five o'clock. Just as he was crossing old Gabriel's field, about a quarter mile down the road, his attention was attracted by a crowd gathered around some object. On drawing near, he saw an aeroplane which had crashed into some thorn bushes; and there beside it, caught in some shrubbery, was the body of—" he looked up keenly at Alice—"the man you saw. He was one of the cohort, evidently, for there were no papers nor marks of identification on him. He was brought here by Brother Antoine, unconscious, with a gash in his head. He has been here since."

"But is he mad?" said Alice.

"No, he is in perfect health of mind, but the fall seems to have taken away his memory of all that went before. He can tell us nothing.'

Alice was moved. "He stays here?" she said.

The brother nodded. "He is our sacristan."

"He is not a monk?"

"Oh, no, we could not take him, though he has begged for admission."

The girl's heart almost stood still; she seemed irresolute; then she turned to Mrs. Beckett.

"Come," she said, "he can tell us nothing."

Slowly the three walked down to the carriage, but Alice was determined she would return. They knew nothing; could she tell them the monk's story? No, she must tell no one, but she must go back.

That night she could not sleep; the thought of the man before the crucifix was in her mind, yet the face that came so vividly before her eyes was not the face of Philip Beckett, but the blood-stained, sorrowful countenance of the Christ on the Cross. She could not shut it out; the eyes pierced her through. All night she tossed, and with the first break of light she rose, dressed and slipped downstairs and out onto the narrow road. She hardly knew where she was going; yet almost against her will she took the direction of the parish church. The Angelus bell rang out just as she reached the threshold, and the curé, an old man with a kindly face, came up the path at the same moment. Something in the girl's face stopped

him, and removing his biretta he smiled gently and said: "The Mass is in a quarter of an hour, Madamoiselle."

"Thank you, Father," she said in French, and then half-hesitatingly, "Could I go to confession after Mass?"

"Certainly, madamoiselle," said the priest and passed quietly along to the farther door of the church.

Alice took her place near the back of the church. Mass began and ended, but she did not stir. Only when the old priest came slowly down the aisle to the confessional did she raise her head. Even as she passed into the box, the words came to her, "Seek and you shall find." This was her sin; she had sought, not God, but—self, not Christ suffering, but the world rejoicing: she had hoped to find her human lover, she found herself in the arms of the Crucified. Yet there fell a strange peace in her soul, as the words of absolution fell from the priest's lips like blood-drops from the Cross. She rose, quiet, and even happy; a strange sense of nearness to God was with her.

On the road back to her lodging she met Mr. Beckett strolling. He was surprised to see her.

"I am an early bird," she laughingly explained. "I have been to Mass."

Mrs. Beckett was gladdened by the news of her early expedition. "We shall go every day," she said. "And perhaps we shall get James to come too."

But the girl's heart was anxious. She must go again to the monastery. That afternoon she found her chance while Mrs. Beckett was resting after lunch, and her husband had gone over to the next town for cigars.

She borrowed a bicycle from the landlady, and soon came in sight of the high wall. The chapel was separate from the monastry, so thither she proceeded at once without applying at the main entrance of the convent. Again she saw the high wooden cross, and the life-like figure of the Crucified, but today she did not shudder, but went to kneel at His feet. Before long, there was a sound of footsteps in the church, and a man came up the aisle; the man she had seen the day before. She rose trembling, and turned. He merely raised his eyes, smiled, and passed her with a quiet—"Pardonnez, ma'amselle."

The girl sank back into a seat and covered her face with her hands, It was he; the voice was his, but he did not know her.

He knelt, he prayed with the same quiet smile. She could bear it no longer and hastened out of the chapel. On the gravel walk she met the Brother she had talked with the day before. Before she knew what she was about, she had told him her story; and, seated on a low stone bench, was listening to his quiet words.

"No doubt it is the same," he said, "but he must not be disturbed. Any sudden shock and return of memory might kill him."

She thanked him for his kindness and returned home. There, she found that Mrs. Beckett had fallen ill, and was receiving the land-

lady's best attention. Reproaching herself for her absence she set about doing what she could for the little lady's comfort.

"It is la Grippe", said the landlady, "but it is not bad." So further movement of the little party was delayed for a few days. Alice went no more to the monastery chapel, but each afternoon she slipped quietly down to the organ-loft of the little village church. The curé had bid her welcome to the use of the little two-manual organ, and she was grateful for the permission.

There, when she had played a little, she would go downstairs to make the way of the Cross, that He, the Crucified, might help her to follow in His way.

One day as she sat playing quietly, her fingers struck a familiar note, and she began to sing. It was a song he had given her two years ago; it was low and plaintive, and suited her voice, he said. She had not thought of the words before:

"Before Thy Cross I'm kneeling,—
In penitence bowed down,
Where Thou for us hast suffered
And worn the martyr's crown.
On Calvary's Cross Thou'rt hanging,
Yet see I not Thy pain,
And not the nails' deep traces
And not the blood's red stain.
The crown of thorns I see not
Upon Thy brow entwined.
I see Thy arms outstretched in love,
In love to all mankind."

So overpowered was she by the meaning of it all that she did not hear the sound of steps below in the church, did not notice that it was past the time for her to be going, did not know that down there in the church aisle, Philip Beckett lay like one stunned.

Suddenly realizing the lateness of the hour, she hastily closed the little organ, genuflected and passed down the outer stairway from the choir without entering the church.

Next morning there was a hasty summons to the monastery. Mr. Beckett and Alice went immediately. Brother Felix met them.

"Your son, sir," he said, "died last night."

Mr. Beckett grasped a chair. "My son? where? how?"

"I thought you knew the story of the young man here?" He glanced at Alice, but she shook her head. The Brother then repeated what he had already told Alice on her first visit to the monastery.

"We suspected, sir, the young lady and I, that it was your son, but we did not wish to raise false hopes. Last night he was found by the curé in the village church, fallen unconscious in the aisle. Some farm-laborers brought him here. He recovered consciousness, but began to rave, as we thought, about his mother and a person called

Alice. He spoke in English. Only I and another Brother understood him. He begged for pencil and paper, and wrote this."

The monk drew a paper from a fold in his habit. Alice took it and scanned it. There was only one line written in a trembling hand—."

"Alice, you are here, I know——"

"It is not finished," she said.

"He fell back before he had written six words. He did not recover consciousness again."

Mr. Beckett just caught the girl as she swayed toward a chair.

"It is I who killed him," she said brokenly,—"He heard me sing in the church—the shock was too much for him."

"God's way is best." said the monk simply.

Mr. Beckett bowed his head. "Come Alice," he said, "we will kneel before the crucifix and thank God we have found him."

Two days later a solemn procession of monks wound through the convent garden, bearing the body of Philip Beckett to its last resting place. Behind the black-robed Brothers, Alice followed with the dear mother and father. Yet their hearts were at peace in spite of sorrow,—for the lost had been found, and their boy had come home.

KATHERINE C. WHITE, '18, (Commercial.)

September.

A time of beauty, life and joy,
Of golden-rod and bright blue skies,
Of falling leaves and playing winds,
This month too quickly from us flies.

A time when crimson apples fall
To Mother Earth's wide open arms,
And there lie nestling till have come
The harvesters from nearby farms.

'Tis then we feel the wish to live
Forever and ever on this old earth
To do our best for our fellow men,
And fulfill the promise of our birth.

J. V. B.

A Home Letter.

Mount Saint Vincent.

" Mother Dear,"

" Can't You See I'm Lonely? " " I Hear You Calling Me " and " I Feel a Little Longing in My Heart " " For My Little Grey Home in the West."

They say, " Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," " 'Tis True " but " There's a Long, Long Trail " "To the Road to Home Sweet Home " and " It Will be Many Days " before I am " Homeward Bound."

" You're the Best Little Mother God ever Made " and " I'm Just A wearying for You," " It Would be Heaven " " If Only I Could be With You " " For One Fleeting Hour."

Yet, " If Dreams Come True," " Sometime " " When the Days are Bright and Sunny " " I'll Return."

I have never "Forgotten," rather, I have the " Sweetest Memories " of " The Hours I Spent With You," nor " Do I Forget " " The Good Times Coming."

So, " Sweetest of Mothers," " Keep on Hoping " and I shall " Smile, Smile, Smile," " Until We Meet Again."

" Remember, Dear," " Night and Day " I am always " Dreaming Sweet Dreams of Mother."

" God Bless You," "Mother Mine,"

from " The Daughter of Mother Machree,"

" Naomi."

EVELYN M. COLWELL,
(Commercial) '19.

Acknowledgments.

THE havoc wrought in the studio by the explosion was largely compensated for by the gift of our generous friend and benefactor, Reverend Elder Mullen, S. J., who with the aid of the Children of Mary, of his sodality in Philadelphia, collected more than one hundred dollars for the benefit of the Mount studio. The walls are now an ebony black and this background has been found to be perfectly suited for work in colors. The whole room is set off by the dainty cream-colored curtains, which are the gift of our former gold medallist in painting, Miss Beth Craig.

A Country School of Thirty Years Ago.

THIS hive of industry was bounded on its four sides by bare walls and painted windows. The crudely initiated desks, as solid as the knowledge imparted within the walls, were arranged in three rows. The row on the right was given to the sterner faction; the row on the left was occupied by the gentler (?) element; the short row in the middle was the bone of contention between the two parties. The primer class and the water bucket took up their respective positions on a bench along one side of the room. Where the short row of desks ended the stove began—a ruddy cumbersome affair that feasted sumptuously on birch and maple all day long.

Over this industrial centre ruled judicial authority in the person of a corpulent little man with a bald head. No branch of literature, art or science was too intricate, none too elementary to engross the attention of this worthy master; and from the young men who, during the winter months, specialized in navigation and penmanship, to the latest new-comer who followed the fortunes of the adventuresome cat and the hair-breadth escapes of the rat, each scholar received his share of attention and direction.

The master began the day's work by an exhortation couched in erudite phraseology to the effect that any scholar who found his progress retarded by his imporence should avail himself of the earliest opportunity of obtaining assistance of him whose peremptory duty it was to develop the uncultivated mind. He also reminded his scholars that procrastination is the thief of time, and dilatory habits the thief's accomplices.

Then the classes began and as each was heralded from the mentor's rostra, the scholars took their places in a straight line in front of the seat of wisdom—heads up, hands down, chins in and chests out. For six hours daily could be heard the hum and drone of busy life as each drank according to his capacity at the fount of useful knowledge.

While embryo mariners "boxed the compass", mathematicians wrestled with "Greenleaf" in ascertaining the number of square inches in John Brown's five-acre field; or calculated the number of leaps a belated greyhound should be obliged to make in order to overtake a salient fox that scurried across the country somewhere between him and sunset. Those of a literary turn of mind wrote elaborately ornamental dissertations on the obsequies of Sir John Moore or the pathetic and premature demise of "Little Jim." The Third and Fourth Book classes improved their penmanship and morals by copying such quotations as: Expand your intellect; Embrace your opportunities; Evil communications corrupt good morals. The Junior class reproduced rows of a's, e's and o's that certainly did not come within the fourth degree of kindred to their prototypes.

The occupations of the Primer class were as varied as its raiment.

The domestically inclined picked up scraps; the observant, with the aid of an old geography, studied the physiognomy of the five races of man with a view of finding counter-parts among the senior scholars; the more enterprising and optimistic adapted themselves to existing conditions, and by scratching the paint off the windows, succeeded in getting a broader and brighter aspect of life and its environments.

It must not be imagined that the code of honor existing within these precincts was never violated; for many a surreptitious game of "fox-and-goose" and many a pugilistic feat was enacted behind the scenes; and more than one sentimental youth left his bench for the two fold purpose of quenching an imaginary thirst and bestowing a peppermint upon some smiling Juliette. Nor did the wheels of educational machinery always run smoothly; but when the balm of kindness failed to overcome stubborn resistance, a more drastic lubricant was applied; and for the next half hour at least, the refractory member preferred to stand; and whiled away the time and the smart in arranging the woodpile according to Euclid.

The welcome noon-hour came at last; and from their capacious baskets the scholars fortified themselves for the next session which was only a repetition of its predecessor.

Such was the country school of a quarter of a century ago; and such, I dare say, it is yet; for the conditions have changed less than the actors.

A Bridal Wish.

May every joy of earth be yours,
This bridal day;
May budding flowers of happiness
Attend your way!

May He who blessed the marriage feast
In Gallilee,
Be e'er a guest within your home
In years to be!

Thus may the peace of earth and heaven
In mingled sway,
Make every day throughout life's length
One bridal day!

M. M. D.

La Fontaine Literale.

(LE CORBEAU ET LE RENARD)

Maître corbeau, sur on arbre perché,
Tenait en son bec un fromage.
Maître renard, par l'odeur alléché,
Lui tint à peu près ce langage:
"He! bonjour monsieur du Corveau:
Que vous êtes joli! que vous me semblez beau!
Sans mentir, si votre ramage
Se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le phénix des hotes de ces bois."
A ces mots le corbeau ne se sent pas de joie;
Et pour montrer sa belle voix,
Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proie.
Le renard s'en saisit, et dit: "Mon bon monsieur,
Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute.
Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute."
Le corbeau, honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu, tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.

Translated, the story runs.

THE RAVEN AND THE FOX.

Master raven, perch on a tree,
Keep a cheese in his beak.
Master Fox allure by the odor
Him spoke at little near this language:
" Hi! Good morning, Mr. of Raven.
How you are pretty! how you seem nice!
Without lying, if your warbling
Himself come back at your plumage.
You are the phoenix of some land-lord of this wood."
At these words the raven himself feel not a joy;
And for show his nice voice
He open a large beak and let fall his prey.
The fox seize it and tell: " My good sir,
Learn that all flatterer
Lives at the expense of him who listens.
This lesson is well worth a cheese without doubt.
The raven, ashamed and confused,
Swear, but a little late, one would not take him again.

JEAN ROBERGE.

Sir Edward Elgar.

(Sir Edward Alenander MacDowell)

SIR Edward Elgar is to be considered one of the most brilliant and clever composers of the nineteenth century. He is self-taught, self-centered and self-determined and, he may, therefore, claim that he is his own ancestor. His training was far different from that of the usual musician. He spent no time in a college or a conservatory; but from nature and things about him, he gathered most of his knowledge. He taught himself to play the piano, and six or seven other instruments, too, though the violin was his chief study.

He has written many short pieces, of which no two are alike. In the " March Wind," his imitation is perfect; while in contrast, are " To a Wild Rose, or " To a Water-Lily," both calm and peaceful. In his "1620 A.D.," he gives us a talk in music. There is a little story in connection with this composition, telling of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620. Usually, before Mrs. MacDowell presents this number in a programme, she tells the story. Then it is very easily followed. In one part we can almost imagine the sparkling of the waves, while in another part comes the hymn of Thanksgiving. This composition is perhaps one of the most natural. Another of his brilliant piano numbers is the " Polonaise."

It would be hard to determine the character of MacDowell from his writing, as each composition is entirely different from the others. From some of them we might think him to be endowed with strong passions while from others, we would judge him to be the gentlest of men.

MacDowell, besides having accomplished much in the line of music also read much and was able to converse well for hours, without the slightest reference to his talents and accomplishments. He owed his love for reading to the influence of his well-read mother, who was familiar with every variety of literature. In 1904, he received his knight-hood and in 1911 he was appointed to the Order of Merit, the highest honor so far bestowed on an English musician.

Edward Elgar's wife is still living, continuing his work, giving recitals of his compositions. She visited Halifax in October 1917 and gave a Musicale at the "School of the Blind." She is an accomplished pianist and her technique and her interpretation are remarkable.

It is the opinion of some that Sir Edward Alexander MacDowell is one of the most gifted of musicians. His compositions are veritable Tone Pictures when properly interpreted. If they are followed through they seem like little stories. Besides, I think his works are more interesting than those of some of the other composers, for since they represent little stories, there is more unity in them and we are more intent on following the various movements.

MacDowell was a great genius and only as time goes on, shall we learn to appreciate what he has done for English Music.

G. MacKENZIE. '19.

An enterprising young lady who wishes to be nameless for the present, has undertaken an important work in behalf of the students of M. S. V.; namely, the publishing of a weekly paper which will give all the information not to be found on the bulletenboard. Her first production is here printed (just for encouragement in her noble task.)

Our Weekly Sheet.

March 7, 1919. IONA FORD—Editor.

The most important social event of the season took place on Shrove, Tuesday, March fifth. The pupils of M. S. V. had a Masquerade Ball. The costumes were so fetching and the characters so numerous that it would require another sheet of fool's cap to write it up, but we haven't the courage to borrow any more just now, so we shall publish an Extra later in the week.

We note with pleasure the return, on Tuesday, of Miss MacIsaac from an extended tour of the famous Island of Cape Breton. Although everything got along fairly well in her absence, we are glad to have M. S. V. under her careful management once more.

Miss Constance Gard begs to announce, that so many have been making restitution to her lately, she finds it necessary to hold a sale. BIG Bargains! Everything at less than cost!! Even the button-hook that disappeared so mysteriously has been returned. The sale will take place on March 11th. Remember the date! But if the Pharmacy is finished by that time, Connie may be otherwise engaged.

THE QUESTION BOX.

So many of our readers ask these questions daily we decided to publish them?

Why is Joan happy on Thursday?

Why does Mary O'Reilly look lonely since the Pharmacy lost itself?

Why didn't L. MacIsaac get further than the front entrance?

Would it be a sad *case* if Evelyn C. and Gertrude MacK. were to fight a duel?

Why does Ethel Tobin enjoy night study?

Why does Annie Morrissey stop before reaching her destination at 6 P.M.?

Why does Pearl Butler pay a visit to the refectory every morning after breakfast?

Could Marg. Hawes explain why those mysterious sounds issue nightly from the Immaculate Dormitory?

BRIEF HISTORY ("TEARS, IDLE TEARS?")

A New Girl's First Week at M. S. V.

1st day Tears, and a touch of homesickness.
2nd " Tears, a scolding, more tears.
3rd " Tears, was lost, was found, more tears.
4th " Fully developed case of homsickness, tears.
5th " Feeling better, a scolding (more tears.)
6th " Said right loud that she wished she were home, tears.
7th " Being Sunday, mostly tears.

(To be continued.)

Weather Forecast.

It is going to be fine all next week, if it doesn't rain or snow.

The Poets' Corner.

Although we have plenty of material at hand to fill this, we have decided that we had better wait until the public at large become better acquainted with our paper, as shocks are bad, funerals unpleasant, and English teachers scarce.

What We are Sure Of:

That Hilda's Case will never be "Hopeless."

And we know just where to look for Kay White from 1—1.30 on any day.

Help Wanted.

Wanted, an experienced printer. One having a full course in Stenography preferred. Apply to Office of "Our Weekly Sheet."

We have made our bow before the public and whether we shall appears again remains to be told.

Thanking you for reading this, we remain,

Yours Sincerely,
The Editors.

Our Weekly Sheet.

EXTRA! **EXTRA!**

ALL ABOUT SHROVE TUESDAY!

The promised Extra has arrived. We recovered our nerve sufficiently to borrow the required sheet of fool's-cap.

Shrove Tuesday was a day of days in the history of M. S. V. The whole school assumed a festive appearance. Everyone was attired in her Sunday best and we had nothing to do except enjoy ourselves. In the evening we had a "Grand March" in which the following couples were presented to Napoleon and Josephine.

The twins, " Skin and Bones ", who did not show the result of the ten pounds, more or less, of chocolates they had eaten during the day.

The two "Miss Fortunes," who were misfortunate enough to remain partners during the whole evening.

Miss "Can't find a Name" was too shy altogether to please Mr. " Can't Get Suited."

The rather unwelcome guests, " Mr. and Mrs. Influenza " were given the cold shoulder the greater part of the evening.

As opposites generally attract, " Sunny Jim " and "Solomon Grundy " were together. Each seemed to be trying to undo the work of the other.

Mr. and Mrs. " In the Rear " from " Behind the Beyond " remained in the background most of the evening.

Esmeralda and Isodaila looked nearly as bad as they sound.

" Ima Knutt " and " Iona Ford " were in serious trouble, when the steering gear of the piano stool broke.

The Misses " Rockingham," shy young things of about forty-five or more, were confused when the younger lady lost one of her corkscrew curls.

The " Misses Mount St. Vincent," persisted in talking over their past joys, while we preferred to concentrate our attention on the present.

Mr. and Mrs. " Tekahionawake " came wholly unexpected and unfortunately we did not have an interpreter.

" Mr. Mutt " and " Miss Jeff " were inseparable. We fear " Miss Jeff's " complexion was mostly " boughten " although we hate to say it out loud.

" Mr. Hurricane " and " Miss Tempest," who were rather breezy, seemed to be disturbing elements until " Miss Tempest " was put in a tea-pot; then everything became calm once more.

Mr. and Mrs. " Jiggs " from " Ramcatt Alley " were present. " Maggie," who wore one of her fetching gowns had her hair done up as charmingly as ever, and we discovered the brand of cigar that " Father " smokes.

Madame " Fuss-Budget " and her daughter got into a serious argument with the elder Miss Mount St. Vincent. But they left early as Madame was afraid to have her daughter up so late.

Mr. and Mrs. " Pollmoll Goldtip " tried to help the editor of "Our Weekly Sheet" by writing an account of the " March," but as it was mostly about themselves we decided that we wouldn't use it.

The Czar and Czarina Dinty Moore did not look as regal as one would expect from their title.

Mr. and Mrs. " Take-a-Him-and-Walk-a-He," created a sensation when they started to confiscate the ladies' partners.

Mr. and Mrs. "Halifax and South Western" were off the rails half the time and seemed to rock continually. But as they kept close to Mr. and Mrs. "I am-bic Brew the greater part of the evening, perhaps it was only natural.

Mr. and Mrs. Skinny looked as if they had grown thin from exercise in eating.

Mr. and Mrs. " Daniel Hanniah " from " Nowhere " seemed to be quite at home anywhere. They persisted in singing " Home, Sweet Home " all the evening.

" Spud and Maggie Murphy " were not dressed in green, but they didn't need it.

" Mr. and Mrs. Sabbatha Sophonia,"—you can tell from their name he was henpecked. She was severe and angular.

" Lally Joy " and " Lolly Pop " were there. Lally seemed very happy, but towards the end of the evening Lolly has a rather " stuck-up " appearance.

" Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Chuck" went around saying, "How much wood could a woodchuck chuck, etc.

The distinguished " Count and Countess de Spoof," Africville, lent the needed touch of color to the scene.

Mr. and Mrs. " Always in the Way " managed to attract notice especially when they danced.

Mr. and Mrs. " Ne'er-do-well " were present. He made a speech on " What's in a name?" in which he announced that he had worked four hours one day three months ago.

Mr. " Do-Little " and Miss " Do-Less " were not very entertaining until Mr. Do-Little tried to prove the evils of hard work from his own experience.

The Misses Haraita and Peloute Azamuith could not agree as to whether cats were better company than parrots.

After the bon-bons were passed, Connie Gard (acting as policeman) cleared the floor, and the guests enjoyed a little exhibition in aesthetic dancing. Miss Evelyn Colwell, Miss Berenice Grant, Miss Evelyn Jenks, Miss Kathleen Hagen performed to the delight of all. Miss Katherine White was indisposed, and consequently was unable to keep her engagement to dance. Miss Josephine Cahill entertained the onlookers in her own lively style.

The affair was voted a great success, but as all things have an end, Shrove Tuesday was no exception, and we rose next morning to Lent and Penance, with only the remembrance of the happy festival.

WHY ?

If a lassie meet a lassie
In the halls of M.S.V.,
Should a lassie see a lassie
And pass by silently?

Ah, but there's a reason truly,
Why things so should be,
That a lassie meets a lassie
And goes by silently.

In the School of Tennyson.

"—A human poet to the core,
Seldom abstruse, never a bore."

ALFRED Tennyson, the most popular poet of his times, was not content with pointing out the place that beauty and culture should hold in life, but, as a true teacher, he practised what he taught. Tennyson was not only the poet who disclosed his ideals, but he was the voice of a whole people, expressing in exquisite melody their doubts and fears, their griefs and triumphs.

In the wonderful range and variety of his works he suggests all the qualities of England's greatest poets—the dreaminess of Spencer, the majesty of Milton, the natural simplicity of Wordsworth, the melody of Keats and the narrative vigor of Byron and Scott. Thus he is more of a national than a personal poet.

Even from the beginning Tennyson gave a new note, as it were, to peotry. He strove in much the same way, but with greater results than Wordsworth to write with simplicity and yet attractiveness. Wordsworth, himself, acknowledged that Tennyson was superior to him in this particular. Take for example, "Claribel" which was written in the beginning of his career. It is simple and musical, yet it has stateliness. When "Claribel", Mariana" and "Recollections from Arabian Nights" appeared it was obvious that a true poet had arisen.

Unlike Browning and Swinburne, Tennyson's meaning is almost always clear; but like Milton and Browning, he believed that beauty was not the only essential of great poetry. Tennyson thought that the poet should be something of a prophet; he must not live for himself only, in selfish enjoyment of culture and emotion—but he must be the helper and teacher of others. Tennyson's convictions of the whole question are embodied in a memorable and beautiful peom—"The Palace of Art". Unless Love is intermingled with all the phases of life there is no hope of being saved—

"And he that shuts Love out shall be
Shut out from Love,
And on her threshold lie,
Howling in outer darkness."

"The Lady of Shalott" is a continuation of his theories concerning selfishness and aloofness. Too late she realizes her fault—for, "e'er she reached upon the tide,

The first house by the water side,
Singing in her song, she died,
The Lady of Shalott."

Tennyson also won fame for himself by the pictures of the simple every day life with such romance and pathos as we find in the exquisite idyls like, "Dora" and "The Gardener's Daughter" or the impassionate love-poems, as the "Miller's Daughter", "The Talking Oak" and "Locksley Hall." This last is the most finished of Tennyson's works, full of passionate grandeur and intensity of feeling and imagination. The lover of "Locksley Hall" is ardent, generous and noble-minded; with lofty aspirations and dreams of felicity—

"Love took up the glass of Time, and
Turned it in glowing hands.
Every moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands."

In this poem there is a marvellous brilliancy of coloring and the versification is perfect.

"The Idylls of the King" form a great connected poem dealing with the highest interests of man.

Arthur is typical of the "higher soul of man," as is shown in the king's coming, his foundation of the Round Table, his struggles, disappointments and departure. "The Idylls" teach men the reverence due to women and show how women influence men, either for good or evil.

The poet's philosophy as to the relation of sexes is found in the "Princess". The medley is Tennyson's answer to the question concerning woman's rights and woman's sphere which was then, as in our own day, strongly agitating the public mind.

Tennyson's panegyric of duty is seen in "The Northern Farmer" and "Ode of the Death of the Duke of Wellington." In this last and in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" we see the patriot poet stirring the heart of all England. The Ode was a laureate offering which he afterwards revised and improved, rendering it not unworthy of the hero or the poet. It is majestic as suits the subject and thoughtful as suits the occasion. Tennyson was intensely English. To him the passing of the Duke meant a severing of the past—"the last great Englishman is low." England's strength of resistance, her severeness of policy, her temperance in prosperity seemed gone. "The old order changeth yielding place to new." Tennyson's apprehensions are implied by his strong denial of them—"We *are* a people yet, though all men else their nobler dreams forget."

Perhaps the most loved of all Tennyson's works is "In Memoriam", which on account of both its theme and its exquisite workmanship is "one of the few immortal names that were not born to die". The immediate occasion of this remarkable poem was Tennyson's profound personal grief at the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam. The immortality of human love is the theme of the poem. The movement takes us through three years, rising slowly from poignant sorrow and doubt to a calm peace and hope and ending with a noble hymn of courage and faith. The poet though adhering to one melancholy theme, clothes it in all the hues of imagination and intellect. He lifts the veil, as it were, from the inner life of the soul; he stirs the deepest and holiest

feelings of our nature. His vast love and sympathy seem to embrace all nature as assimilated with his lost friend—

"Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear thee where the waters run,
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair."

Tennyson's place in literature is permanent, for this very reason, that in a marvelously complex age, he was regarded as a leader. For a full half century he was the voice of England, loved and honored as a man, as a poet, as a teacher.

ANNIE McISAAC '19
(Academic.)

Canada's Golgotha.

Crucified? Aye, nailed there,—
Not on a cross, they do not dare
To mock Christ's bitter death;
The boy hangs sobbing out his breath,
Nailed to a splintered door.

Stripped? Ah, no, they have no time
For further shame; enough to climb
The barn door; leave his boots,
His coat, leave all; with hoots
They count his miseries o'er.

"Dead is he? Serves him right—
What need had he to come and fight?
The victory's ours,—his country's far,
His countrymen will see that war
Means death to them—and more."

Ah, dear Christ, Thou didst see him there,
Mocked, nailed, e'en as Thou—didst share
His passion,—aye, hast avenged his fate,
His foes are brought to an abject state,—
They mercy crave who scorned before.

M. L. '18

The subject of the above poem is the piece of sculpture exhibited by a Canadian officer, Capt. Derwent Wood, at the recent Art Exhibition in London. The piece represents the crucifixion, real or supposed, of a Canadian soldier to a barn door.

The Philosophy of Common Things.

"Of common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart."—Wordsworth.

ON WEARING OVERSHOES.

From time immemorial, that is to be exact, since overshoes were invented, the mother's cry to her erring child has been, "Don't forget to wear your overshoes." And from time immemorial the erring child has been indignant at the reminder and has inconsistently worn them and sulked, or not worn them and enjoyed himself at his future expense. Why a child should feel so deeply on the subject of overshoes is a psychological problem which has caused much deep thinking among the world's foremost philosophers. It is indeed a knotty question!

This dislike of the child is carried with him or her through life so that a deep, abhorrent feeling rises within him at the mere sight or sound of an overshoe. I emphasize the singular, overshoe, for who ever saw two cast-off overshoes together? If you find one, overcome with delight you carefully hide it and go in search of the other, and if by some lucky chance it is found, some unlucky chance loses the first one, or you forget in the interval between the two hunts where you have secreted it.

Personally I have had only one experience with wearing overshoes and that quite cured me of the habit. Listen! I went for a walk! The walking was very treacherous that day; what you would think to be a piece of ice would prove to be an almost bottomless pit of slush. I had a long distance to go and the more careful I was as to where I walked, the deeper the slush was. When I came to my destination there was so much slush in my overshoes that I had to take my feet out to make room for it!

Overshoes have many forms and shapes, some are small, some are large. This is a peculiar fact, because we should suppose that all overshoes would be alike in size. Also some are fastened by buttons, while others may be found with fascinating clasps, which are so *very* fascinating that they refuse to clasp, even though called endearing names and fondled with feverish digits. Most girls prefer the buttons because they mean a long and tedious hunt after a button-hook, and it is such a satisfying and truthful excuse to give when late for parties, etc., that you couldn't find the button-hook!

Finally, overshoes are friendly creatures; they cling faithfully and pertinaciously to their owner. Some people consider their overshoes among their dearest friends, and this is found as an almost invariable rule among older people, Young people do not appreciate the worth of overshoes, and unkindly, it grieves me to say, spurn them. When the world becomes overshoeless they will discover their mistake and yearn for their vanished friends. So let us take overshoes to our hearts, before such a contingency should arise, and we shall never have cause to regret our wisdom.

ON GIGGLERS AND GRUMBLERS.

In analyzing these two classes of people we shall find that there is little distinction between them, but yet they are as far apart as the poles. How could that be, you ask? My dear readers, had you in the far-off days of your youth applied yourself with proper diligence to the study of that truly delightful subject, Geometry, you would find little difficulty in proving such a statement.

A giggler may be put on a par with a grumbler because the one is equal to the other in the annoying effect that she produces upon the minds of the poor suffering listeners. And as you must surely know by our old friend Axiom 1, things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Therefore, it may be proved (and has been as far as I'm concerned) that a giggler is equal to a grumbler. Who said my highest mark in Geometry was *nineteen*?

Hoping that I have fully satisfied everybody upon this deep and weighty problem I will now proceed to point out that these two attributes are frequently combined, and produce a person who is nothing more or less than a menace to society, and being such should in all conscience be done away with. But alas! As this is an impossibility we must in our turn show our nobility and true patience by ignoring this disagreeableness and "Do unto others as you would that they would do to you."

Another point of interest is that frequently it is age that governs and determines each class. A young person is much more afflicted with giddiness and giggleability than an aged one, and again on the other hand, our great-aunts and uncles are much more ready and willing to grumble than are their great-nieces and nephews.

There are indeed many more interesting points in analyzing these species of human nature, and had I time, my attentive readers, I should find no greater pleasure than to look with you into the subject and make a systematic and delightful study of it, but "tempus" *will* "fugit" and our dear teacher *will* give us pages and *pages* of rhetoric, so what can a person do?

JOAN VAN BUSKIRK '19 (Commercial).

A PARAPHRASE.

Lord, let Thy free-flowing fountain run
From the pierced Heart of Mary's Son,
Into our hearts of clay;
That He, the angel heralded,
Who for our sins in death hath bled,
Raise us from death one day.

A SISTER ALUMNA.

A Nurse's Story.

Greta H. Ogle, of Halifax, and graduate of the Roosevelt Hospital New York, had been at home only two months when the appeal came from Boston for aid in the battle with the Influenza. Greta was one of the first to respond to the call. She writes from Boston as follows:

Brockton, Mass.,
September 18, 1918.

WELL—not ten minutes after our landing here we were on duty in what was known as the Goddard Emergency Hospital. It had been a private maternity hospital before the epidemic,—just a place like a very large private house. —There were thirty beds in it and it was work, work, work, —up and down stairs until you saw stars. I thought I had worked very hard in training, but believe me, my hardest work there was vacation compared to what I have done since I have come here. We worked for twelve straight hours, sometimes more, but fortunately had two wonderful men for our doctors and we pulled splendidly; when we went there first there were two nurses from Toronto, and twelve hours after we arrived, they came down with the edpiemic, and Dot Merlin, from Halifax, and I were in charge of the hospital. The worst of it was, the two sick nurses were not replaced and with two aides—untrained—and an orderly, we ran the "Old Goddard". This Spanish Influenza, as I make it out, is a type of acute influenza that rapidly develops into pneumonia, and most of the deaths are pneumonia deaths, pure and simple; and they all die like this—the Lord knows I have seen many deaths in my two and a half years of training, but I have seen far more these last two weeks than in all that time put together—babies and grown-ups, without a ghost of a chance just choking to death, and not an utter thing in the power of any human being to be done for them.

Well, we closed up the Old Goddard last Thursday and transferred all remaining patients to the Brockton Field Hospital, which is a tented city formed since the epidemic hit this town. Now we are out there. I was put on day duty on the children's street—but I'll tell you something about the Field Hospital first. It is laid out in streets—A. B. C., etc., up to G.—fourteen tents with two beds each to a street. Flanking the upper end of the street, like tent No. 1 are the field kitchens and mess tents and on the other entrance—tent No. 14, are the supply bases—these are portable houses. But you must see what a tremendous way we have to run to get any thing for each street is the length of an ordinary city block. It is under military rule, and guarded night and day by armed sentries who pace their beats; you are admitted by passport *only*. I am put on "A" street—fourteen tents—twenty-eight babies. On each street there are supposed to be two graduate nurses, two aides—two orderlies. The morning after my arrival the other graduate nurse who had by right of the "first

come" law been in charge, broke down and I found myself in charge of "A" street. That afternoon they erected a huge marquise tent and filled it up with babies under two years of age; called it tent "Z" and put me in charge of it too. I feel like the old woman in the shoe! and work, and run! My dear, if you only knew! Well, the other night I was put on night duty having charge of the same "A" street and "Z" tent. I only had four hours off duty so worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four. But I love the night up there—the moon has been wonderful and shines down on our tented city that looms up so splendidly, and on the woodland surrounding it, glitters on the sentries bayonets and tries to out-do the glow of the huge camp fires at each corner of the camp. Each street has a row of tiny telegraph poles with small lights on them that make the place as light as day, and the little board walks run right in front of the tent door-ways and around the edge of the "City".

We are on duty from eight to eight, lunch at ten, dinner twelve midnight, lunch at 3, and breakfast at eight. Last night at ten when I went to get my lunch at the field kitchen I thought it was too cold in the mess tent, so took my sandwich and cup of steaming coffee over to the kitchen camp fire and ate it sitting on a garbage tin there. I just thought—"If mother could see me now!" So much for my work. You can see how awfully funny it must be, but it is an experience that comes only once in a lifetime and I would not have missed it for anything. There has been a large number of nurses come down with the "Flu" since we came, two of the women who came the same day we did from Halifax are down with it now, very sick. It is an awful thing and such an ugly death!

We are living at the Y. W. C. A. At least we sleep here—we were in the building where all the girls room but it was too full, so now we live in the garret of the new Administration Building. It is really a wonderful place but I'll tell you about it when I see you. It would take too long here to write it."

When the disease reached Nova Scotia the Canadian nurses were summoned home, and Greta among the rest arrived here in the latter part of September. She was immediately sent to Cape Sable Island, whence she wrote. September 16, 1918.

Here I am—arrived just at dark last night at Barrington Passage, and a funny little toy tug boat brought us across the passage to the island where a Ford met us and drove nine miles down the shore of the south-east part of the island. We are staying at *the* hotel in the village. At least our luggage is, for I have been in the place just a half hour since my arrival. We had just been shown to our room when a knock came to the door; the "parson" came to meet and greet us,—he is doing about all the Board of Health work on the island as far as I can see. The Doctor—there is only one—I have seen for ten minutes when he blew into the house I happened to be in at that time. To return to the "parson" we hopped into uniform, had supper and left in a Ford—Dot going to a house where a young man had very bad pneumonia and I a half mile up the road to a house—I dignify it by that name.—Where the mother of ten children ranging in ages from

eighteen years to three weeks, was ill of the "Flu". Her husband and the two eldest boys were just worn out taking care of her, having only recovered from the disease themselves. I fixed the woman up—put her between sheets that Mr. Morse, the parson, had provided, bathed her, and gave her a drink of hot beef tea as I carry those little beef cubes about with me, and left her to go to sleep; for all that is the matter with her now is worry over her family and loss of sleep.

Then I made the husband and children go to bed and at eleven P. M., the house was quiet. I sat in the parlor-kitchen-bedroom, just outside by a lamp turned down low all night, and managed to get about an hour's light sleep. This morning just as I had fixed her up Mr. Morse arrived on the scene, and I have since been at three different homes where people are laid up—I've made mustard pastes and given hot drinks, taken temperatures, and even bathed a four months old baby, and it is only eleven o'clock now. I came back to the hotel to wash up a bit, will have lunch and then Mr. Morse, the Ford and I are going to try to pretty well cover the south of the island this afternoon. I shall have to re-visit all the sick I saw this morning too. The way I got most of these was just walking along—someone would come up and say "Good morning, nurse, can you come take a look at my wife"? Or—' my little boy", etc. And in I'd go. There is very little to do for them. They do not appear acutely ill as did our cases in Brockton. I think it is a much milder form of disease here.

I don't know when I'll be back, but just wrote this little note to let you know what my work is like here. I don't imagine I will be here very long anyhow for it is not awfully serious. Still the people seem to find such comfort in having a nurse around. I'll likely stay as long as they need me. I have visited all the sick on this island. That takes us right down to Sable Island—the very furtherest point south of Nova Scotia. It consists of one lighthouse, one wireless station and four families. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Morse and I visited fourteen families with the "Flu", and it took all afternoon—I found a very sick boy whose mother was worn out nursing him, and stayed all night with him. It was a strenuous night for he was wildly delirious. After having been up since Friday at five P. M. you can imagine how much I felt like battling with a madman. However, I accomplished my purpose, though I sure was a cross old bear to him. Well, I made three visits on my way back to the hotel and at ten-thirty we were in bed, undressed for the first time since we left Halifax, and just didn't the sheets feel good! My dear—we were awakened by the parson bustling into our room and he stood at the bottom of the bed. One of the patients down the south shore where I had been yesterday had come to town, and they sent for a nurse not knowing where to find a doctor.—Well, it was eleven o'clock then and we'd been asleep just a half hour, so I hopped up and got dressed and our trusty Ford took us down, but it was all over when we got there, so we got the cleaning up done. Of course we "called" all afternoon, as sleep was out of the question then.

We are installing an emergency hospital here in the Oddfellows' Hall—there will be about twenty beds when it is all fixed up. We

have a light motor delivery wagon for an ambulance, and quite a few volunteer workers—most of them men. I guess I'm in charge of the hospital end of it—at least I seem to be. We tear around so no one is settled. Anyway, tomorrow we will have all the beds full, and it really will lighten the work having them all together. Sanitary conditions are poor and we are starting work with nothing in our hands, but—the Lord will provide.

My dear, I am really very tired, so I am going to try to get a good rest—if you but knew how blessed a *bed* does feel! You know I think when this emergency is over I'll sleep for the rest of my natural life. I got a scare last night—had a distinct chill and *such* a sore throat, think it was just from over-work for I feel nearly all right now, and think a sleep will put me where I ought to be."

Greta *did* catch the Influenza, and returned to Halifax; but fortunately the attack was light, so that she soon recovered. We are proud of our little nurse, and hope that she may always bring as much comfort to the sick as she did during the late epidemic.

The Soldier Man.

He answered the call of the Motherland,
Though only a lad; and with others manned
The heavy guns with their deafening roar,
And did his bit in the World's Great War,
This true little soldier man.

He heard the cry, and was eager to go
To help his comrades repel the foe,
And he showed them what a lad could do
For Freedom's cause; and all of them knew
He was really a soldier man.

He went over the top the first of them all;
But his comrades who followed saw him fall
Shot through the heart,—he had done his best—
Young as he was,—and had stood the test;
This poor little soldier man.

A little cross marks the spot where he lies,
This boy who made the supreme sacrifice.
He fought and he died that the world might be free,
And that is the reason he's dear to me,—
This brave little soldier man.

M. S. '19.

Burns Versus the Poets of the Early Eighteenth Century.

THE poetic creed of Burns may be summed up in one of his own stanzas:

"Give me a spark of nature's fire;
That's all the learning I desire;
Then, though I trudge thru dub and mire
At pleugh an' cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire
May touch the heart."

The poetry, if such works may be given the name, of the earlier poets of the country was far from possessing the 'spark o' Nature's fire.' Its chief merit lay in its strict adherence to the rules which governed the poetry of the time.

The ploughman, Burns, speaks straight from the heart to the deepest emotion of the race. The writers who went before him wrote satires chiefly, and ridiculed their fellow men by revealing their faults. Any treatment of such a theme could hardly be musical, still less pleasant. The lack of true poetic melody is a fundamental difference between the work of such men as Swift, Pope and Addison and the musical poetry of Robert Burns.

The ironical bitterness of the eighteenth century writers has little which one would wish to remember, while of the popularity of Burns' songs little need be said. They have found their way into the hearts of a whole people and there they speak for themselves. Contrast with Pope's satires, Burns' lines on "The Unco Guid"—

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it."

"The poetry of Burns, so far as it has a philosophy, rests upon two principles which the classical school never understood; namely, that common people are at heart romantic and lovers of the ideal, and that simple human emotions furnish the elements of true poetry". Largely because he follows these two principles Burns far surpasses the classical school in popularity with all classes of men. "Auld Lang Syne" is the song of good-fellowship wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Burns is representative of the "return to nature" after the artificiality of subject and treatment which had prevailed before his time. Take for example his lines in "The Mountain Daisy"—

"Wee modest crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power
Thou bonnie gem!"

Emotional poems are hard to find among the works of the early poets of the eighteenth century but the themes of Burns are almost always "heart-throbs". His love lyrics have a note of sincerity—

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!"

Dialect has been compared to a flowing stream. Burn's songs in the Scottish dialect may be said to be real liquid music. Some of the admirers of the style of his predecessors tried to persuade Burns to write in literary English. He did so, but the poems thus composed lost the beauty they would have possessed written in dialect. Dialect is a spoken language, and not, as most people consider it, a degenerate one.

Another point in the work of Robert Burns which separates him from writers like Swift, Pope and Johnson, is his revolutionary tendency. He wrote a fragmentary poem on the American Revolution, and he showed his sympathy for the French Revolution in a poem published posthumously in 1838, in which he represents the tree of liberty as a new standard for the world. The "Scotch Marseillaise" is known everywhere:—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.
Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the grue, and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Burns is, in a word, a direct opposite to the classical school. Because he embodies the awakening spirit of Romanticism, critics give him a high place in literature; and because his songs, unlike the classic rhymes, go straight to the heart, he is the poet of common men.

MARGARET DONAHOE, '19.

U.—53.

EVERYONE who has travelled the sandy road that winds along the south shore of Massachusetts knows the high cliff and the jutting reef called Gaunt Rock. There, when the tide rushes up over the wide-stretching sands, the waves splash high, and swarm over the ledge in frantic endeavor to reach the lofty cliff. Ah! but they weary soon, and when they slink back with the outgoing tide, the old rock rears his head again, unconcerned and solemn, stretching his clumsy arms out for the crabs to gambol over.

But my story is not with the Rock, nor with the sea, but with the high mast that rises back yonder from the hill-top,—not much of a hill-top either, but a rolling bit of ground that runs down to the sea. The mast is not of a ship; it is too tall for that. It supports the long wires that bespeak what Gaunt Rock is,—a Marconi station where come and go those strange messages over the deep, in flashes and currents that mean weal or woe for many a soul.

Down under the cliff is the life-saving station, and thence, when the storm rages, the coast-guards look up to the pole on the hill, and wait for the signals from the sea. Full often the message comes from afar and then Jerry Stokes with a sad frown on his brow strides over to the station for a word with the Cap'n. "Nothing to do", is the only reply; "if they were in sight now",—and he scans the sea with his glass,—"Nothing to do" he repeats, and the two men settle down in gloomy silence. Sometimes again, a laboring craft comes full in sight of their watchful eyes and then the Cap'n and his men work might and main with rocket and life-boat till the task is done. Alas for the guards! Thus Pete's father died; but more of Pete anon.

Back of the hill stands Jerry's own house—"A step from the station" in his own phrase, — perhaps a score of his own long strides. A little red house, it is, neither old nor new, and too commonplace to be marked even by time. But inside in the sitting-room there is something—I know not what—that makes it just what it is to Jerry, and Molly, and Pete, and Yvonne. It is home.

There on a dull December afternoon Mrs. Jerry sat rocking before the big stove, and there opposite her in another rocker that creaked in time with her creaking voice, sat Mrs. Denis—the Captain's wife.

"It's no use," said Mrs. Jerry, "she's the smartest critter, and pretty as a pitcher—there she goes now!" and she darted to the window to wave to a little girl of fifteen who looked up with a merry smile. "Yes," she continued, picking up her ball of yarn and coming back to her place—"When I think of what she's been through and where her people are, it makes me cry," And she took off her glasses to see better.

"Land sakes, Mrs. Jerry, don't take on like that, I don't mean to say you're not the best woman alive, but I think,"—(and she laid down

her knitting emphatically)—"that it's a kinder risk to be takin' other people's orphans. Goodness knows where they come from."

"Well, I don't know. You see I think like what Jerry thinks. He says if we wait to take care of our own orphans, it'll be kinder late. If you only heard him tell the story, Mrs. Denis, you'd be feelin' the same. You know it's jest four weeks to-day,—no four weeks Tuesday, that Jerry went up to Montreal to see some men up there,—they all know Jerry round the wharves and the boats, you see, so down he goes to see the folks there, and then it was he saw Yvonne.

"Yvonne!" interrupted Mrs. Denis, "is such a heathen name; couldn't you call her Martha or something Christian.?"

"Well, it seems to me there's nothing wrong with the name. It suits the girl all right. As I was saying," continued Mrs. Jerry, stopping a moment to count her stitches,—"She was settin' there in the customs room,—one of the big places up there,—and she was waitin'! They was lots of other folks waitin' too, and they was all Beljuns. They looked so sad, my Jerry had to find out all about them. They couldn't speak much, none of them, but the officer there told Jerry all 'bout them, how they was driven from their homes with no place to go, and how they went to England first, and then the English people shipped them over here. Some of them didn't know where the rest of them was,—just think Mrs. Denis!" and here poor Mrs. Jerry began to dry her eyes.

"Yes, I know it's awful, I read about it in the papers. The English people wouldn't keep 'em themselves," said Mrs. Denis.

It was on the tip of Mrs. Jerry's tongue to say that some people on this side of the water resembled the English people in that respect, but she wisely held her tongue.

"And Yvonne was one o' those. Her mother died in England, but her father and her two brothers were with the Beljun army, and she don't know to this day whether they be alive or dead."

"How dreadful!" ejaculated Mrs. Denis. She had a son of her own in a training camp, and the fear of her life was that he would be sent over-seas.

"And the Canadian government was lookin' for homes for 'em so Jerry said he had a home, though he wasn't a Canadian, and he knowed I'd be willin' to take a Beljun girl to bring up. Jerry knows, (though I won't give in) how lonesome I've been since my Nettie got married last Spring. So the officer and Jerry fixed it up, and he came home to me with Yvonne."

"Well, I spose", began Mrs. Denis,—but just at that moment she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Yvonne herself, with coat and tam, and knitted muffler all betokening the frosty air outside.

"Oh! Grand'mère," she burst out, rushing over to Mrs. Jerry with something white in her arms. "Look! look! I find him—there"—she nodded towards the beach—"in de rock".

"Mercy, child! it's a bird!" exclaimed Mrs. Jerry,

"A bird, did you say? Take it right out! It's bad luck to have a bird in the house!" said Mrs. Denis excitedly.

Yvonne did not understand the words, but she saw the disapproval. "Please," she said slowly turning to Mrs. Jerry,—"please, I would like much to show him to Grandpère."

Before Mrs. Jerry had time to answer, or Mrs. Denis to expostulate, Grandpere himself appeared in the doorway. Mrs. Denis made immediate preparations for departure, scolding all the while about birds and "bad luck", but Yvonne's face brightened. "Oh! oh! Grandpère look"! she exclaimed, hugging her prize a little less rightly,—"look"!

"What's this? What's this? A bird, I declare—where—wait!—let's see! What the!"—Grandpère quite forgot the presence of the others for a moment. He had the bird in his hands now, and was examining the plated tag attached to the left leg. "A dove," he muttered to himself, "and it belongs to U-53". He drew in his breath with a whistle. Yvonne looked on bright-eyed, pleased that he did not disapprove.

Mrs. Jerry had gone to the door to see her garrulous neighbour out, and he suddenly became aware that the girl was looking at him expectantly.

"It's all right, lass," he said with a little smile, "all right, we'll keep the bird."

"Oh! Grandpère, I am so glad. It is so nice, so gentile. We have birds in la Belgique,"—but she stopped suddenly as she remembered the fact, and turned and went quietly out to take off her out-door things.

It was after supper, and Mrs. Jerry and Yvonne were deep in the mysteries of dish-washing, (not without a pleasant clatter.) when Grandpère drew on his heavy boots and took down his coat and cap from the peg in the wall. "I'm goin' down for a word with Pete," he said, in answer to his wife's look. "I'll be back soon, lass,"—he added with a nod to Yvonne.

In a moment he was crunching the gravel beneath his hob-nailed boots. He walked slower than was his wont, and with, perhaps, a firmer tread. He did not immediately turn down to the little office, but paced up and down along the cliff. The wind blew hard against him. He turned his back to it, lit his pipe and began to puff hard at the small corn-cob stub.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then he turned and started for the little shack whence the light streamed so brightly. He looked through the window as he passed at the pale lad bent over the table. The boy was not more than nineteen. The thin hands were hardly the hands of a sailor's son; they were white and delicate, and the long fingers beat a restless tatoo on the table as Pete's eyes studied the map-sheet before him. Jerry watched him a moment and then pushed open the door.

"Well Pete! What news, boy?" he said with a kindly glance Pete had always been a favorite with old Jerry since the time he could

toddle, and it had been mainly through his influence that the boy had been allowed to finish his grammar school education. "Pete'll never make a sailor," Jerry often said,—and so when the boy's mother died and his father and brother went down in the winter sea, washed over-board from the life-boat, Pete came to the little red house on the rocks, and found a father in Jerry and a mother in Jerry's wife.

Now when Jerry spoke, the boy lifted his head with a cherry smile, "Nothin' since you left sir, but I've a feelin' somethin's wrong somewhere. Bet that Cap'n'll be comin' this way again soon."

"What Cap'n, Pete? Sure you don't mean Denis?"

"No, sir, I mean Clemens,—the Frenchman that has the English sub-chaser. Why, the last time he was down here sir, just before Yvonne came,—you remember the day we got the message in the queer code,—I've been trying to work that message out ever since. But, you remember he sent a message from here? I've traced him up, sir. The message he *sent was in the same code*. I found that out from Anderson yesterday.

"Wait, Pete, wait!" said Jerry slowly, "not so fast, boy." He sat down slowly in one of the cane-bottomed chairs. "How does Anderson know?"

"Well, Anderson being on duty down at the Cove that night, he got a message in the queer code;—the second one that day. And I was on duty here all the time, and I never got the second message,—and Anderson got it just at *half-past seven*. Clemens was here between seven and eight. So puttin' two and two together."—

"Go off boy! You're daft!"

"Perhaps, but it looks queer."

"So it does, boy, so it does, but I'll wager on Clemens. Why, he's cap'n of a British sub-chaser! But Pete," he said, leaning forward and speaking lower, "there is somethin' happened today—

Pete said nothing but his eyes were fixed on the older man's face.

"Pete, did you ever come across anything about U-53?"

The boy nodded. "That was in the queer message, sir. I could make that out, and a man's name,—Kruger.

"Well, today, Pete, there was a bird found right here in the rocks, and it has a tag on it,—U-53."

Pete stared. "Who found it?" he said.

"The little one—Yvonne."

Pete grinned. "Good for her. I knew she'd do somethin',—she hates the Germans so. That bird's a signal; mark my words. And if that Clemens feller isn't around soon, I'll—"

"Nonsense, Pete," said Jerry rising. "But keep your eyes open. I must be goin', they'll be wonderin' where I am."

With that the door swung after him, and he stepped out into the dark.

Yvonne was peering out from the porch when he came up the path.

"It is you, Grandpére? I am so glad!" she said, and taking his hand led him in.

Then the three sat by the stove with the warm lamplight shedding its glow over them. Jerry read the paper aloud to his wife while she knitted away; and Yvonne sat quietly at her feet.

"Three more ships sunk yesterday off the coast," announced Jerry. "More serious every day. I—"

But just then there was a sound of a motor on the road. He stopped abruptly and went to the window.

"Must be the Doctor," said Mrs. Jerry.

The motor had stopped a short distance down the road. A man leaped out and came striding up the path. Jerry threw the door wide open, and as the lamplight streamed out, it fell upon the worn face of an elderly man who crossed the stoop at a bound.

"Clemens!" said Jerry.

"It is I, my friend," said a pleasant voice. "May I come in for a talk with you? The man can wait. No, don't bring him in," he said hastily as Jerry made a move—"he has had his supper."

"Well, come in yourself, and get warmed up."

Inside, Mrs. Jerry, was already bustling around in the kitchen; Yvonne was laying the cloth on the table.

The man who entered had a soldierly appearance. He was tall and straight, and his rapid movements and quick glance increased the impression. As Jerry took his heavy overcoat from him, the stranger entered the little room. His eyes rested on Yvonne.

"Your niece, my friend?" He always addressed Jerry as "my friend."

"Ah, no, sir. Come, Yvonne, here is some one who can speak French with you. This is Captain Clemens Yvonne, who comes from Canada and commands an English boat."

Yvonne stood shyly with a cup and saucer still in her hand. Suddenly she looked up, and a strange expression of bewilderment passed over her face.

"Je suis honoré, madamoiselle," said Clemens with a bow.

Yvonne forgot her manners utterly. "Vous n'êtes pas Canadien?', she said half questioningly—"Je vous ai vu—"

"Who is the girl, anyway?" said Clemens, evidently annoyed.

"Je suis Belje," answered Yvonne for herself,—"Et je vous ai vu—"

"Send her out, will you, please," said Clemens turning suddenly to Jerry. "I have important business to discuss."

"Yvonne," said Jerry, a little puzzled, "go out into the kitchen and stay there to help Grand'mère."

"Yes, Grandpère." said Yvonne, and with another glance at Clemens, she left the room.

The two men drew up chairs to the table. There was silence for a moment. Jerry waited for the Captain to begin. He had never seen Clemens in this mood before and his honest heart was disturbed. Clemens leaned his elbow on the table and rested his chin on his doubled fist. "Well," he said, "what news, sir?"

"Nothin' much, jus' round here, sir, but the coast is pretty lively. You've been busy trackin' the subs sir, so I s'pose you know more than me," returned Jerry.

"Nothing at all? Nothing lately?" asked Clemens sharply with a quick glance at Jerry's honest countenance.

Jerry was altogether guileless. His thoughts immediately reverted to the pigeon, to Pete, to a dozen little disturbing circumstances and his eye took on a conscious look. He was glad that at just that moment his wife appeared with hot tea and buttered toast. "That's fine, Molly," she said. "Now, Cap'n set to." But Molly had tact enough to withdraw and immediately Jerry felt his case lost. Clemens had seen the look in his face. He said in a kindly tone:

' Well, my friend, it's a hard piece of work. I'm worried about those subs, but I can't seem to get a clue."

Jerry was touched. "There was somethin' sir, which might—"

The Captain's eye brightened. He leaned forward. "Yes, my friend?" he said expectantly.

Jerry fidgeted, but the cat was out of the bag. "It isn't much sir,—only a bird that we found in the rocks today." He did not look up but he felt that the Captain was motionless, and waiting. "It had a tag on it, sir, a bit of leather and a metal plate attached. It was marked—" here he stopped and looked up. The Captain's eyes were fixed on his, and he glanced away.

"Yes, it was marked?" said Clemens in an easy tone that belied his look.

"It was marked U-53", said Jerry.

The Captain laughed loudly and suddenly; he thumped his fist on the table. "Exactly sir!—just what I thought." He stood up and began to pace up and down the room. His face was suddenly grave, again. Jerry even wondered if it was he that had laughed.

"Have you the bird, my friend?" he asked turning suddenly.

"It is outside, sir, in the kitchen, sir. Just a minute and I'll fetch it." He crossed the little hall and pushed open the kitchen door. Then he stopped short. Yvonne was alone there, with her back to the door. She was kneeling before the little table in the corner, which held a cheap colored statue of our Lady of Lourdes. Her left arm was folded about the little white pigeon and her head was bent towards the bird as if she listened intently to the soft 'coo-coo'. In her right hand she held her rosary, and as each bead slipped through her fingers she whispered the last part of the Ave out loud. "Saint Marie, Mere de Dieu, priez pour nous pauvres pêcheur-dites -moi le nom, mere de Dieu! -maintenant et à l'heure de notre mort, ainsi-soit-il'. "Dites -moi le nom," she repeated, and bent her head yet nearer to the little pigeon.

"Coo-coo-co-o-o-o" was the contented response.

"Wait, wait! Mon Dieu, C'est cela! Kru— Kru—ruger! " she exclaimed aloud and jumped to her feet just as Jerry closed the door behind him.

"Why, lass, what's the matter?" he asked.

She ran forward. "Oh, Grandpère, She has told me the name, It is Krüger; it is, indeed."

"Whose name, Yvonne?" said Jerry puzzled.

"Le monsieur, who is with you, Grandpere. He is not Canadian. He is German. I know. He came often—long time ago when I was petite—to my father's—Qu'est-que C'est "auberge"? I do not know. But he was a captain on a ship, and he came often to Ostend. I know his voice. I know his face."

Jerry rubbed his chin. "Yvonne," he said, "you may be right,—you may be right; but give me the bird, lass."

"You will take him away? Oh, Grandpère " and her eyes filled with tears.

"I'll give it back lass, don't cry." he said, and taking the pigeon in his big hand he went back to the Captain.

Clemens was pacing impatiently up and down. He took the bird and examined the tag. "My friend," he said, "I must telegraph my ship." He started out of the room.

"Don't mind, sir," said Jerry, "I'll get Pete to send the message."

"No, sir, I'll send it myself." He was already in his overcoat.

Jerry reached for his jacket and cap. "I'll go over with you sir," he said. "Molly", he called, "I'm going over to the station. I'll be back in a little while." Then they stepped out into the night. It was blowing bitterly cold, and the sky was without a star. Jerry blankly wondered during those few minutes' walk what he would do when he reached the office. There was something wrong about Clemens; he ought not to send the message, but Pete would be quicker to think.

Pete immediately answered the loud knock at the door. His eyes glanced quickly from Clemens to Jerry, and back to Clemens again. He stepped back to allow the two to enter.

"I wish to send a message to my ship." said Clemens, making a motion to the other side of the room.

"Just a minute, Cap'n", said Pete, "I'll send it for you."

"No, I wish to send it myself, sir."

"Sorry, sir, but you can't."

The Captain scowled. "Can't, sir, why not?"

Because I'm in charge here," said Pete simply.

"You are not in charge, sir. This is the Skipper's affair. I have his per—"

"No, you haven't sir," said Jerry suddenly.

The Captain turned fiercely—

"You don't understand, sir,—there is grave danger. They must not wait for me but move south immediately."

Here Pete interposed. ' Yes, sir, and I'll send the message." He took a pencil and began to write on a pad. "Your ship, sir, is lying—where?"

"Fool!" muttered the Captain under his breath. "We communicate in special code. I tell you, I must send the message myself."

Pete eyed him steadily. "Captain," he drawled, "p'raps you don't know the law that's been made since you were here last. Only the operators are allowed to send messages."

Jerry opened his eyes wide; his mouth opened, too, but he had sense enough to close it again without remark. The law was indeed new. It was Pete's own.

"Don't worry sir. Your men will understand ordinary code. I'll send your message immediately."

The Captain glared at him for a moment, then turned on his heel and walked out. Jerry followed him, and without a word watched him hail the motor, and climb in. He heard the words, "To Plymouth!" and the machine was gone.

Two days later good news came to the Rock. U-53 had been caught and sunk outside New York harbor by Capt. Clemens' own boat, but—Capt. Clemens was not on board. His lieutenant was responsible for the capture. And where was the Captain? No one knew for many a day what had become of the Commander. At length the report reached Jerry that Clemens had been transferred from the sub-chaser to a merchantman.

One day when the Spring was yet young and the March wind blew bitingly over the sand-hills, Jerry came down over the cliff to look for Yvonne. There she was far out on the edge of the rock, her red tam o' shanter bright in the afternoon sun. She looked up as he whistled, and he waved his hand and began to scramble down the cliff to meet her. He held a letter in his hand.

"Come here, lass," he said, "come, sit over here on this dry board. I have news for you."

Yvonne looked up inquiringly. "Is it from—from Belgique?" she asked breathlessly.

"No, lass. It's from the Captain,—Clemens, you know. It's just a note. He says he has left naval service for good. I'll read it slow, lass, so you'll understand. Let's see——he says, 'I suppose you didn't understand my action that last night I saw you. I explain to you, my friend, because I know you are an honest man. The girl was right. She had seen me before, at her father's inn where I used to put up occasionally, at Ostend. But I am not a German, and I am not a spy. I am Alsatian,—my wife was Bavarian, and my three boys grew up strong Germans. Two of them have died in battle,—one at Verdun, and one at Ypres. The oldest lad was Captain of U-53. That is why I joined the navy. He knew my boat and he knew I would save him if I could. That is why he sent the dove. It meant he was all out of supplies and in danger. I did my best, but your boy tied my hands. He sent the message I would not have sent. The care is over now, perhaps I am half glad. I am glad I was not on board to do the work. Tell the maid, that Belgian hearts are not the only suffering ones."

Jerry was silent a moment: then he said huskily, "I don't altogether blame him. I might ha' done the same if it was Pete."

Yvonne stole her little white hand into his. "Yes, Grandpère," she said softly, "perhaps,—if it was—Pete."

M. L. '19.

Aloysian Life.

Autumn:—

Here we are back again at M. S. V., twenty-six of us, ready for a hard year's work.

After the bustle and excitement of arriving has settled somewhat, and we have a chance to look around, one of the most pleasing sights to the eye is the flourishing orchard, with apples ripening slowly but surely on the trees. How many a homesick girl's heart is cheered at the prospect of an apple-chew in bed. But when the time comes, and the apples are ripe, alas! many girls are sent to bed with "queer feelings" as they correctly express it.

In close proximity to the tempting apple-tree, is the basket-ball lawn, where we receive many a bruise. Many a dress has to be darned as the result of our expertness and our excitement in the game.

"Where is K. Hagen?" shouts one distracted member of our side. "Oh! I see her! There she is munching an apple, behind that tree, expecting the ball and the apples to fall in her hand, I suppose!" Sometimes, too, the ball flies towards the apple trees, with great force,—by accident of course,—instead of going to the goal, but how could that be helped? Perhaps the poor thrower was short-sighted?

What fun there is in the woods, with the chattering squirrels and the bright sunshine! Who is that shrieking over there? Oh! Helen Mosher, of course. Who else could make such a noise? She has found a dear little lizard which is greatly terrified by the look of her face, and is making frantic attempts to hide his poor little self under a leaf. Vain hope! Some heartless girl has been too quick for it, and she is carrying it back to the Mount, well wrapped in a glove, to pickle it, as she says for the benefit of the school.

Winter:—

Hear the merry laughter echoing down the hill. The Aloysians are coasting; caps and mufflers are drawn tight, and woolly mittens are in service.

Down the hill and around the bend, come the happy girls, with their cheeks glowing, and their eyes sparkling with fun. Here comes Margaret F. Sullivan! One would think that she was born on a Flexible Flyer. This is the only time she flies. Alas! what is that tree doing in the way? She shouts to it in vain; it moves not. Result—The tree gets a bad bump and must have the gardener fix it over, when the spring comes. Trees are so foolish.

Who is this coming in a flurry of snow? Oh, yes! Margaret Reardon. Although one of the smallest girls, she is the biggest coaster. Around the turn triumphantly she comes, and is near the end of her journey, when some troublesome person cries: "The horse, the horse is coming!" and Margaret jerks her rein over her wooden steed. In an instant,

poor Margaret is under Mother Nature's white quilt, covered up to the neck, but that is a bed she does not like. Horses are so stupid!

Suddenly we hear the tower bell ringing, and, then, the sighs that go up, because it is time to go in. The girls crowd around Sister, begging for "just one more coast. "Please Sister," and while Sister A. C. is marshalling some girls in, others are stealing up the hill again for another slide.

Finally, when we do get to the door, the study bell has rung, and there is a great clamor from girls trying to unwind themselves from the numerous sweaters and scarfs, in order to be in the line. Generally they do not succeed very well,—and then—!

June:—

June brings sunny days, apple blossoms, and the famous bugs which take their name from that month. Oh, what could be more dreadful, when, after having visions of a refreshing drink all afternoon through class, to get it, and to just leave it for one minute, and then to turn around only to see one of those awful creatures disporting itself in your glass.

Alas! all is not joy in that month. Just to think of the multitudes of tadpoles that meet their death through the investigations of some Aloysians who aspire to be naturalists! One poor little toad had a very touching burial, the tears falling so fast from many sympathetic mourners, as to blot out the inscriptions on poor froggie's tombstone.

What fun there is on picnics in the woods! Nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves. And the bliss of making our own cocoa! but even if we do get a mixture of ants in our sugar and a few spiders do go on exploring expeditions through our cake, what's the difference? They only add to the fun.

"My, who is making that unearthly din behind me?" asks Jean, who is lazily lying on the grass, when suddenly she feels something nip at her neck. "Oh, Dorothy, can't you let me alone"? she asks.

"If you were more careful," is the retort, ' you would not lie down on the ant's bed, and disturb their happy home."

Thus June's happy days fly by, and before we are aware of it, summer is here, and we leave M. S. V., desks, chairs, pianos, and June bugs to the faithful care of the Sisters, till we come back to trouble them again in September.

MARGARET CHISHOLM, (Alyosian).

The Idylls of the King.

IN the "Idylls of the King", Tennyson takes up the idea of the conflict between the senses and the soul. Arthur is a man in whom the spirit has already conquered and reigns supreme. He works for the uplifting and purification of humanity. The foes that oppose him are the evil passions in the hearts of the men and women about him. Van Dyke says, "So long as these exist and dominate human lives, the dream of perfected society must remain unrealised; and when they get the upper hand, even its beginnings will be destroyed."

In the "Coming of Arthur", Doubt, which judges by the senses, is matched against Faith, which follows the spirit. The question is whether Arthur is a pretender, or the true king. Against him are the evil-hearted lords and barons who are willing to accept any evil story which will mar the character of Arthur rather than accept him as their king. For him stand his own true knights. Between the two stands Leodogran, the father of Guinevere. Leodogran is uncertain whether to believe or to doubt. He has a dream in which he sees Arthur standing out in heaven crowned,—and he believes. Thus Faith conquers Doubt.

"Gareth and Lynette gives an example of true ambition and false pride. Gareth, seeing the true spirit of Arthur, longs to be one of the knights of the Round Table. He is willing to serve as a kitchen knave, if he may so win his spurs and ride among the knights of the Round Table. He is of noble birth yet willing to fight his way upward. Lynette on the other hand is a society lady and worships rank and station. She is brave, high-spirited, lovable, but scornful of everyone who lacks the visible marks of distinction. She judges by the senses. Gareth proves to her that his pride, being true, is stronger than her false pride. He fights her battles and wins her admiration and love and shows her that true knighthood lies not in name, but in deed.

In "Geraint and Enid" the first cloud appears in the sky. There creeps into the court a poisonous suspicion caused by the love of Lancelot and Guinevere. Here we see the conflict between jealousy and loyalty. Enid through no fault of her own arouses jealousy in Geraint's heart. He puts her through many harsh tests but in the end Jealousy is conquered by Loyalty.

The conflict in "Lancelot and Elaine" is between pure, virgin love, and guilty passion. There is a sharp contrast between Elaine in her innocence and simplicity and Guinevere in her opulence of charms and her jealous devotion. Lancelot is bound by ties which are interwoven with all that seems most precious to him. In this Idyll, guilty passion conquers purity.

"The Holy Grail" shows the strife between superstition and true faith. All the knights go in quest of the Holy Grail, and but four

knights return to relate the story of the vision. The Holy Grail is only for the pure of heart, and when the knights return Arthur sees how few of them are living up to the true standards of the Round Table.

Vivien shows us false love. She appeals to the senses of Merlin and enthralls him.

The "Last Tournament" brings out the contrast of the true loyal soul of the jester and the deceitful soul of Sir Tristram, who has become a court favorite. The fool knows the falseness of the Queen, and that the knights are plotting treason, and that the whole realm is on the verge of ruin, yet he holds fast to his master. Tristram denies even his soul and sings his mocking song.

> "New leaf, new life:—the days of frost are o'er,
> New life, new loves, to suit the newer days,
> New loves are sweet as those that went before,
> Free love,—free field,—we love but while we may."

In his hour of triumph the false Tristram is killed, and the faithful fool, kneeling at the feet of Arthur sends up an answer to Arthur's query, sobbing,

> "I am thy fool
> And I shall never make thee smile again."

The fool possesses a soul faithful even unto death.

The conflict now draws to its final issue. Guinevere leaves Arthur, but afterwards repents and does penance in a convent. Lancelot seeking for forgiveness of his sin also does penance, and enters a monastery in the hope of restoring peace to his soul.

In the end, our truly brave hero faces death. The last great battle has been fought and the Round Table shattered. Arthur enters fearlessly upon the mysterious voyage into the future, and his words: "I pass but shall not die" remain with us. The conflict is ended, and the victorious soul enters its rest. Upon such a tide as moving seems asleep," Arthur crosses the bar of mortality.

The Idylls have been criticised severely and by many, but what Tennyson wished to bring out is the fact that sin is the principle of disintegration and death; that it is sin that corrupts societies, and brings the downfall of man. He also teaches us that the soul of man has power to resist and conquer sin, to triumph over sense by steadfast loyalty to the higher nature, and thus attain to peace and final glory. As Tennyson says elsewhere:

> "The wages of sin is death; if the wages of virtue be dust,
> Would she have the heart to endure for the life of the worm and fly?
> She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
> To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky;
> Give her the wages of going on, and not to die."

K. C. WHITE—'18.

"On the Road."

IS there road to-day?" was one of the first questions that a newcomer heard during those early days at school. Like many another Mount idiom it sounded strange, but even a new girl did not like to display ignorance; so she merely waited and watched for an explanation of it. Soon enough the explanations came; but so diverse were they that if she were wise, she determined to wait until she went "on the road" to form her own opinion.

As early September days are apt to be warm and roads dusty, the four o'clock recreation was usually spent either strolling under the apple trees which so providentially dropped their fruit at one's feet,—for to touch the trees was a crime unspeakable; or in playing tennis or basket-ball high up in that lovely hemlock encircled playground, well worth the climb thither. As a rule, however, on the first cool Sunday, one was sure to hear at last the announcement, "There will be road to-day." A rush for partners and best hats always followed. As resolutions as well as girls were new, in a short time, the long line, guarded "fore and aft" by a Sister was standing inside the Mount gate, waiting for starting orders.

Some one has recently sung in "A Song of Roads"—

> "The world is full of roads that wind
> Over hill and hollow,
> Roads that cast a glance behind
> And beckon one to follow."

Now, Rockingham has not been fairly treated in the matter of roads; it boasts to but one, and I doubt if the villagers would boast even of that, it is so full of hills and hollows. However, the leading Sister usually seemed to feel the lure of the road, judging by the number of times that she, after its example, cast a glance behind to beckon the breaking line to follow.

As there was but one road, the important question was "Shall it be up or down?" On my first day on the road, it was decided in favor of the "up road", and the long file started briskly. On one side, nearer to us then than in these days of aggressive railroads, was the water, so lazily calm under the warm sun; on the other side, were a few none too modern cottages separated by stretches of woodland. Before we were well into the village we had learned.

> "Now some roads take a brook along
> For the day's beguiling,
> The brook is ever at its song,
> The road is always smiling."
> On our road, not one but many brooks quite truly
> "Sparkled out among the fern
> To bicker down a valley."

And over many a stony way they chattered.

We had every opportunity for studying the life history of a brook during each school year. Some did, I am sure, thinking in terms of Tennyson and Lowell of the beauties of the brook at each season; while others, alas! seemed to think of these streams as convenient places for the washing of rubbers.

"Some roads darkle and some roads shine", and ours, being but one, seemed to emulate the perfections of many; for after the long sunshiney spaces between the houses it darkled, with many a turn, between the pines, right into that coolest of halting places, Birch Cove.

Here we often broke loose for a time before turning back. Some of the more energetic amused themselves, in lively contest, throwing stones into the water of the Cove; others, usually the buxom damsels, took what they considered a well earned rest; while a few, with an enquiring bent, went exploring the remains of an Indian encampment. All too soon came the warning clap that time was up, and we must start Mountward.

On the next Sunday we went "down the road", through the still more straggling village of Fairview. There we halted at the time-honored resting place, the graveyard. Then, and on many a Sunday after, some girls never went beyond the stone steps at the entrance; to watch that same road with the hope of seeing a friend go by, was, to them, far more interesting than the contemplation of those moulder-ing heaps where:—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Though many girls have diligently read and discussed those numerous epitaphs, Gray's rival, as far as I know, has not yet arisen from the ranks of Mount girls, and the Elegy in this country church yard remains unwritten. Is it, I wonder, because they know too well that:—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave"?

Before October's bright blue weather had gone, we learned that

"Games may come and games may go,
But "road" goes on forever."

Still we enjoyed our walks on the lovely autumn days when a soft haze hung over the landscape, hiding the ravages of the summer's sun and showers. We were inclined to saunter those dreamy days; and so too, were evidently the dust-covered teams returning from market. But then, why hurry? We had much to talk of in the early walks of the school year. Old friends must needs tell of all the summer's hap-penings. New friends, and there were many now, because those first months were mating time at the Mount, were busy "unclasping the book even of their secret soul." For how be friends with one who knows not all?

Do you remember what Keats says in "The Human Seasons"—"quiet coves

His soul has in its autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look,
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook."

Our autumn was then yet far distant, for our souls' wings were not furled close, nor did we look on mists in idleness. Neither did we let "fair things pass by unheeded", for, when the frost had come, few were the girls whose aesthetic taste was so undeveloped that they did not enjoy that wondrous display of the Great Master's art gallery—an autumn forest.

When the trees were at last bare, we began to look for the snow. The charm of the first storm is on me still. There had been a light fall of snow in the afternoon. Soon after we started on the road, the flakes came thicker and faster. By the time we turned back, we were in a new world, so wonderfully white, soft, and still: it seemed a profana-tion to raise one's voice that day.

When the snow had come to stay, it was quite interesting watch-ing out for friends who might be in any of the many passing sleighs; or dodging the snowballs which disrespectful little boys sometimes threw at us. Of course, dignified Academy young ladies were not expected to retaliate, nor were they expected to hitch on bobsleds. But who does not know that the unexpected often happens in this world of ours?

At this advanced season, the staple of conversations was classes and "Cases". The merits and demerits of each class and its teacher were discussed with the minutest attention. Talk ran high and moods ranged swiftly from dark depression to giddy exaltation, during the bi-monthly examinations. Then came the discussion of the latest news on "Cases", those school-girl amusements, those sometime parodies of friendship often as fickle as the fair damsels who indulged in them. These "affairs de coeur" were, and I presume, as long as girls are girls, always will be a source of unfailing interest and chaffing as well as of rhapsodizing.

Long before the winter was over, cruel necessity alone drove us along that windy road. We longed for the ice to break up on the Basin for when all things failed us, there had always been variety there. We wished too for the snow to be gone. When, however, our wishes were fulfilled and we laboriously picked our steps in the ankle deep mud, becoming profane over the undue attachment between it and our rubbers, which of us did not exclaim, "O Gods! Who is't can say, 'I am the worst?' I am worse than ever I was."

Spring came at last, long heralded by the spring songs of the Satur-day night recitals. How eagerly we watched for the pussy-willow, the Mayflowers and the violets! Not that we were such ardent lovers of nature, but they were preludes of summer and that spelt vacation—emancipation! Though each day someone exclaimed, "That's one

walk less," and that started the question of the remaining days, hours, minutes, yea, even seconds; yet the eternal note of sadness would creep in. The last year for many was hastening to its close. Time and spring had softened the seeming asperities of the year, and the thought was stealing into many hearts, "May not our elders be right once more in saying that school days are happiest days?" What plans were made for the future on those bright spring walks! It is sad, in looking back, to see how few of them matured.

> Before the spring was far advanced, we found
> "Some roads go plodding through the heat
> Dust-besprent and faded."

By that time, we, too, were a rakish looking crowd. The finery of the early Sundays was seldom seen; first, perhaps, because having had hard service, it's best day was over; but chiefly, I think, because we had come to agree with the ladies of Cranford. Since in the line everybody knew us, and on the road nobody knew us, what did it matter what we wore?

With June, "the wheel is come full circle" we heard with joy the announcement, "For the future, there will be no road," Yes, for the future of the few remaining weeks, but I am sure the girls of the present will tell me that the song of the Road is still:

> "Girls may come and girls may go,
> But I go on forever."

ALUMNA '06.

The Bugle Call.

Brave ones that answered your country's call,
Where are you to-night?
Brave ones who heard the bugle call
And went forth to battle and strife,
Hearken ye still to that clarion-note,
As the bugle sounds his call?

Brave hearts that loved so tenderly,
Are ye stilled in the Spring of your life?
Brave eyes that looked so tenderly,
Follow ye still the banner of Right?

Brave sons of true Democracy's cause,
God grant you come back to us,
To the loved ones toiling to crush the cause
That binds ye to foreign shores,
Or, rest ye in peace in Flanders' Fields,
True hearts—with your struggle o'er?

K. C. WHITE, E. de M. '18.

The Dream of Gerontius.

AMONG the few great poems that treat of eternity, "The Dream of Gerontius", is perhaps unequalled. True, it may not have the poetic majesty, the vast scope of imagination, nor the grandeur of Milton's Paradise Lost. Neither has it its inconsistencies; though "The Dream" may be less grand, it is, however, more perfect. The splendour of Dante's Purgatories is too sublime to attract the individual heart. The "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, stately and perfect in form, is a poem redolent, not of divine faith and love but of human longings, of a doubting half-belief. From it, no afflicted heart would receive consolation; but no wearied mind leaves Newman's great poem without a sense of hope and courage derived from its vision of the other world. Unlike these world-famed masters, Newman has depicted a great subject simply and appealingly; he has presented under the guise of an old man, the death and judgment that await each. This is the personal touch that captivates.

Besides being a metrical meditation on death, it is a vivid picture of a just soul after death, a presentation that is more than real and uplifting, for it is one strictly within the bounds of Catholic theology.

That death, that Hamlet "would bear, the whips and scorns of time" rather than encounter, Gerontius, fortified by the last rites of the True Church, faces calmly. The emotions of the soul,—the fear of separation, the loneliness, the craving for the prayers of friends, and the refreshing strength that comes from them are aptly portrayed. In a wonderfully lucid and effective way are the thoughts conveyed and the desired impressions created. The executive ability displayed by the author in producing this result shows his perfect mastery of literature.

This poem appeals as a drama should, to the eye, the ear, and the imagination. Who can fail to picture the soul accompanied by the angel nearing the judgment seat, when upon the sense is borne a "fierce hubbub", the sullen howl of the demons who assemble there? With his unrivalled versatility of expression, Newman contrasts the calm courage and confidence of Gerontius now, with the dread and depression that filled his soul when dying. Vividly forceful is the figure used by the angel to describe the fallen spirits.

> "It is the restless panting of their being;
> Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
> In a deep, hideous purring have their life,
> And an incessant pacing to and fro."

Its literary and artistic merits are apparent in every line; none but an adept could limn his luminous picture of the spirit-world and through the workings of an old man's soul, elucidate eternal truths. The metre changes to suit the thought. Exquisite harmonies, expressive of the highest love and reverence, proclaim the presence of angelic

choirs; harsh dissonances of hatred and derision that of the rebel hosts.

If the test of a good book be its power to uplift, then should the "Dream of Gerontius" rank among the best. Not to a casual reading but to a nice study does it reveal its hidden beauties. With each perusal comes a deeper realization of its surpassing charm. Although "Lead Kindly Light" is considered by some critics to be the best of Newman's sacred songs, nevertheless, in the song of the soul his poetical expression is transcendent. Apart from its musical and classical excellence, this poem has endeared itself to many of its readers, for it has brought home more forcibly than any Ignatian method, the true view of Purgatory, namely of a suffering that results from the soul's knowledge of its utter vileness and the willing and loving desire to suffer the cleansing. To read these lines is to love them.

"Take me away and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there is hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad, perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

S. A. V.

Domus Dei

Lo, in Thy house O Lord, I kneel alone,
Far-reaching heights of pillared stateliness
Stretch upward unto Thee; the rounded arch
Bends down with cherub faces tranquilly
Eyeing each suppliant before Thy throne.

Alone I kneel, my God, my Love, for naught
To me this pulsing crowd doth mean,
Lo, unto Thee my spirit yearneth, and again
Thy grace comes back to me in waves of love;
Before Thee Crucified I'm kneeling sin-befraught.

This is the palace of the King; the dome
Upholds His banner; there aloft sit presences
That else would put my beggar soul to shame,
Did I not know, O Lord, that Thou, O King Divine,
That Thou dost bid me here, and this is—Home.

ALUMNA.

Wordsworth's Sonnets.

THE word "Sonnet" comes from the Italian "sonetto" meaning a little song." A sonnet, however, is not a lyric, although it has been very aptly called a "frozen lyric". There are two forms of sonnets in our language, the Petrarchan and the Shakesperian. Both are restricted to fourteen lines but each has its own rhyme scheme. The Petrarchan is the more difficult to write, as it is confined to fewer rhymes. It is written in Iambic Pentameter, having an octave of two rhymes, and a sestet of the three rhymes. The Shakesperian sonnet is also written in Iambic Pentameter but it is composed of three quatraines rhyming alternately and a couplet which ends off the thought with a hammer stroke. Each, however, on account of its limitation, demands careful choice of words and requires extremely condensed thought.

Wordsworth regarded this limitation as an advantage rather than an impediment, and shows his appreciation of it in one of his sonnets.

"Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room
And students in their pensive citadels.
Maids at the wheel, and weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peak of Furness-fells
Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells.
In truth the prison into which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence for me
In sundry moods it was pleasant to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground.
Pleased some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there as I have found."

The three great sonneeters of English literature are Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Milton. The last made use of the Petrarchan form. Wordsworth apparently took Milton as his model and imitated both his form and subject. We can see the high estimation in which he held Milton by his sonnet:

"Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour
England hath need of thee.....
Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So did'st thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

If we wish to compare Tennyson and Wordsworth we have only to analyze their sonnets written on Milton to see the difference between the two men, and the individual ways in which they looked upon the same thing. Tennyson admired Milton's exquisite mode of expression and the majestic music of his verse, while Wordsworth loved him for the message which he had given, and mourned for Milton whose voice had roused the English people, whose sonnets had sent forth "soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

The subjects of Wordsworth sonnets are divided into three classes, Miscellaneous, Ecclesiastical, and Political. The last are by far the strongest, and have a close resemblance to Milton's. Through all

three, however, Wordsworth reveals himself distinctly. First, we see his patriotism and his heartfelt love for England. The following lines were written at Calais. We can fancy the homesick poet gazing across the Channel at the dim outline of England.

"Fair star of evening, splendor of the West—
Star of my Country!
There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both, one hope one lot,
One life one glory. I, with many a fear
For my dear country many heartfelt sighs
Among men who do not love her, linger here."

Then again, in another sonnet he shows his trust in England's greatness, even though she was left to struggle alone, and her very existence was threatened by Napoleon.

"Another year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left alone,
The last that dare to struggle with the foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought,
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,
That we must stand unproped or be laid low."

Wordsworth's ideal of womanhood is given us in his lines on the Blessed Virgin, which are found among his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets".

"Mother whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied,
Woman of all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

But the greatest revelation which Wordsworth sets forth in his sonnets is his profound love of nature. Many of our English poets have written tributes to nature, but none have entered so deeply into her mysteries and obtained such knowledge and love as Wordsworth. He writes to the English people:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon.
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours,
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon:
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not; Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn!

This charge of materialism cannot be made against Wordsworth himself, for does he not say elsewhere:

"I am well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being?"

Through all these sonnets we see the portrait of a thoughtful and high-principled man, whose only faults, as a poet, were that he was not demonstrative and that he lacked humor. But these petty deficiencies have not lessened Wordsworth's fame, and he still remains to countless admirers, the best loved of England's sonneteers.

MARJORIE SCRIVEN, '19, (Academic).

Memoirs of the Freshman Class of 1919.

THE year is now drawing to a close, but as I look back I can see them all gathered together in Saint Agnes' Classroom, in those early days of September—all seven high in hope, ready for work, with a strong determination to "win out" in the struggle before them.

"We are Seven", but none of us "in the churchyard lie" just yet, though we may be there before the Provincial Examinations are over.

First there is Margaret, who besides understanding (and what is more, managing) her own tongue very well, displays a knowledge of Greek, Latin and French which astonishes the rest of us.

Ah les langues! We understand now why "tongues" are considered troublesome. Our English teacher evidently goes on the principle that "Charity begins at home," for our poor English vocabulary has been dissected mercilessly, only to be remade with the help of Bradley. How we have specified after the manner of our model orators! "As You Like It" brought some diversion, but, whether we liked it or not, we were obliged to hasten on to Pancoast and Shelley between the acts of "Paradise Lost." We might ask here and now, did any Freshman get the right idea of "The Diamond of the Desert?" Perhaps Gertrude Meagher has solved the problem; she must have been born under one of Pancoast's "galaxies".

Greek!—Ah, who has not heard Gertrude Sheehan and chorus *outside* Saint Agnes' Classroom before 8 A. M. singing conjugations and declensions without regard to melody or harmony. We have followed Margaret through the mazes of Persia in the rear of Xenophon and his men and we think we shall be as glad as they to behold the sea. Bea Cox, it may be remarked, spends more time with the ten thousand Greeks than with the fifty thousand English authors.

Latin has its own attractions. Ovid, Caesar and Virgil have taught us many a lesson. Has not Marjorie H. been caught illustrating the Pyramus and Thisbe feat through a dormitory partition?

In French we have sorrowed over Polyeucte and laughed at M. Levrault and taken sides in the Jourdain family. Can anyone count the number of times our French teacher has commented on a translation: "Yes, but is that English?" *Literalement*, nous sommes en faute.

At the various "Primes" during the year there has been the mention of Mary Burke's and Gertrude Sheehan's "efforts" at mathematics. Still we may all claim acquaintance with the form, "similarly, comma, and *Thurfore* equal in all respects."

In Trignometry we have aired our Greek scholarship by dubbing the angles Alpha, Beta, Gamma, etc.

In Geometry Mable Casey's timidity has almost extinguished her shining knowledge but it was discovered early in the year that Mable only needed an hypothesis to give her a "starter". Once started, Mabel never stops until she bumps up against Q. E. D.

But it is in History that our greatest brilliancy has showed itself. After plunging through the "Dark Ages" (so called) and emerging

again into the lime-light of twentieth century existence, we have enough energy to spare for modern problems. England, United States, Canada, Ireland,—we have discussed them all. Occasionally the debate has ended rather abruptly,—whose fault?

Now the year is drawing to a close, and we are on the last lap; the final examinations are looming up, before which all bi-monthlies seem like negligible quantities. We hope, however, for the best, not only on our own account, but for the sake of the various teachers who have devoted themselves entirely to our interests.

MARJORIE HAWES, Freshman '19.

Felicitas.

(A Horatian Ode.)

Haec levationes hoc gaudium
Subter arboribus olusculum
Et otiosus Maecenas mecum.
Agro Sabino.

Lesboum mihi barbiton consonus
Vites Falernae dat vinum bonus.
Saevat Chimaera dum mihi sit domus
Agro Sabino.

Salinum paternum et tenues mensae
Termites abundantes olivae
Et lanae murice Afro tinctae
Agro Sabino.

O dies jucundi vitae mihi sunt
Ajax, Hercules, Achilles sciunt
Manes horum invidia vidunt,
Agrum Sabinum.

Felicity.

(Translated.)

These are my joys, my solace these
A cabbage dinner 'neath the trees
My dear Maecenas at his ease,
—And my little Sabine farm!

A lyre tuned up in Lesbian style,
Some harsh Falernian each little while,
Let Chimaera rage,—I smile and smile
—On my little Sabine farm!

The salt-bowl that my grandpa spread
Fat olives from the branch o'er head.
A woolen coat dyed Afric red
—And my little Sabine farm!

O life's a blissful dream to me,
Achilles, Ajax, Herculy,—
Their shades are green with jealousy
—For my little Sabine farm!

Commercial Class 1918-19.

A COMMERCIAL course! How many branches that term embraces!

When we came in September, many of us had an idea that taking a business course consisted in learning shorthand and how to manipulate the machine, known as a typewriter. We found, however, that there were a great many other things for us to master before we should be able to take our places in the business world.

Before Christmas we finished the study of Commercial Arithmetic and English, and on returning in January, we commenced the course of Commercial Geography, which we have now completed. Having finished the shorthand theory in February, we wrote a final examination on St. Joseph's Day, March nineteenth.

Miss Rita Hawes, one of last year's graduates and the winner of the gold medal, acted as attestor for the Isaac Pitman Co. With all due ceremony she presented the examination, and with anxious hearts we wrote. She then took the precious parcel containing our hopes and fears, and mailed it to that wonderful "Phonetic Institute."

When our Attestor heard of our success besides sending her congratulations, she treated us to a ten pound box of best chocolates. Thanks Rita, they went splendid.

April 5th. marks a great event—the arrival of our certificates. After some suspense, we were informed that all had been successful. The medal for the best theory was awarded by Sister Assisium to Miss Josephine Cahill. With burning blushes this little maiden went up to receive the prize, and with a happy glitter in those "Irish eyes", returned to her place, bearing her treasure. Congratulations, Jo!

Now that we have our theory diplomas we are taking dictation verbatum and endeavoring to reach the rate of—I won't tell you how many words we plan to write a minute, but if it is in *our* power, we will not fall below the standard of former classes at M. S. V. In this we are aided by the best of teachers, who have made the work such that one cannot help wishing to excel. This year we are also planning to write the Stenographer's Civil Service examination which takes place in June. We have written the theory and speed with Sir Isaac Pitman Company, hence we are not nearly as excited over the forthcoming examination; nevertheless, we are all hoping to pass.

The Commercial girls wish to thank Stella Gerroir for her kind intentions in our regard. We think that Stella must have had some good times herself during her Commercial years at the Mount, to have so remembered us and known how greatly we would appreciate it.

When Stella offered a medal for the 1919 class and was told that no medals were to be given this year, she immediately set to work to devise some other method of showing appreciation for all that had been done for her when she was at the Mount. Just before the Feast of Saint Joseph, March 19th., Sister had a letter enclosing a money order from Stella, for fifteen dollars, asking Sister to use it by giving her Commercial girls a good time, before the end of the year.

We now wish to express our gratitude to Stella, and assure her that we shall have that "good time".

JOSEPHINE HENDERSON, '19 Commercial.

Commercial Retrospect, 1914.

Mary Ellen MacIntosh, our medalist of 1914 had her early education in the convent at North Sydney. She distinguished herself while there and obtained her "B" license. On coming to the Mount she had made up her mind she was going to be a success. She soon found that she liked the Commercial work better than she expected, and of course she made headway with it. She won the class medal and was successful in all her work. obtaining all the diplomas. During the last two months of the year she studied for the teachers' standing certificate and obtained the M. P. Q., so that if she wanted to teach afterwards, she would be able to do so. Here, too, she was successful and obtained her special qualification to teach. In September Mary began a successful teaching career. She is now employed by the government in teaching the commercial work at night school in her native place, Glace Bay, C. B. She has very little in common with the Mount and has almost forgotten us, we fear. However, we will forgive you, Mary Ellen, if you redeem yourself and write and get into touch with your Alma Mater.

Muriel Kyte.

Muriel Kyte distinguished herself during the year 1914, and won the Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Muriel is now one of our best representatives of the Commercial Department having from the first carried out her intention of being a business woman. To say that she succeeded would be to put it mildly, for she is one of the big successes.

After some time employed in her native town in Cape Breton, she went to the London of Canada, where she is now working in the Bank of Montreal. We have heard from very good sources that Muriel is quite a keen business woman, and holds her own with any in the office.

Mary and Susie McInnes.

Mary and Susie from Cape Breton were both good workers and succeeded in winning their graduation honors at the Mount. For some time after leaving school, both were employed as stenographers for the Dominion Coal Company in Cape Breton. Susie soon learned that her destiny was to be the wife of one of the prominent business men, and shortly afterwards became Mrs. McKinnon. Mary on the contrary, found that there was nothing like the business world, and so for some time she remained with the company with which she started. During the past year however, she has changed her quarters, as the family has moved to Ottawa. We feel sure, that there, Mary will write the Civil Service Examination, for which she is well qualified. Good luck to you, Mary. Write and tell us all about it.

Minnie Sorette.

Minnie came from Bridgewater and was one of the bright stars in the typewriting class. After working a while in Bridgewater, she then went to Boston, and took up the Nursing Profession. After her training she returned to her native place for a rest. She is now nursing in Montreal.

Kathleen Foley.

Kathleen like her sister Agnes, did very well in the Commercial work while at the Mount. When she left school, she continued her practice and finally took a position as stenographer where she became quite successful. Her employer told her former teacher a little while ago that "she was all right, that she satisfied him perfectly". That is a reputation worth having, Kathleen. We are glad you have succeeded so well, and congratulate you heartily.

Ursula Potts.

Ursula, when she left school went to far away Alaska, where her father was stationed. During the winter months of the next year, the Commercial girls at the Mount, thought of Ursula, and in their pity, as they said, wrote her a letter. There were tewnty girls in the class, many of them knowing Ursula, and many not, so they wrote a joint letter on foolscap which covered twenty pages, and sent it to her. The following year, Ursula returned and paid a visit to the Mount. She said she could never tell us what that letter meant to her in far away Alaska. Of course, she did not get it until near summer, but it was very welcome when it came and she appreciated it very much. She said she almost knew all the new girls, their letters were so realistic. Since then, we have not heard from Ursula, but we hope if our Folia reaches her, she will sit right down and write us.

Marie Boning.

Marie continued her Commercial work on returning to her home in Boston, and after winning new laurels there, took a position, but soon found out that her native atmosphere was the convent and only there would she thrive, so she entered the order of St. Joseph and is now known as Sister Mary Alfred. She is now using her hooks and curves to advantage, as she is teaching stenography in Canton. We wish you happiness Marie, both in your career as a nun, and as a commercial teacher.

Gertrude Chisholm.

Gertrude hailed from Antigonish, worked splendidly while at the Mount, and returned to her birth place to put her training into practice. We have lost sight of you, Gertrude! Write and tell us about yourself.

May Lannigan.

May was our famous law student, as well as stenographer, and then went back to Niagara to show her cleverness in unraveling points of law. She is, I believe, still engaged in her profession, and we hope to see her down here on a visit soon. Are you coming, May?

Marguerite Currie.

Marguerite also came from Bridgewater and is a successful stenographer working all the time in Halifax.

Commercial Class—1919.

JOSEPHINE H.—With calmness and ease,
Very rapidly works the typewriter keys.

EDITH C.—Stars in typewriting too,
Her paper is neat and mistakes she has few.

JOSEPHINE C.—In shorthand surpasses,
The rest of her work and the rest of her classes.

MARIE C.—Is privileged 'tis true,
But where can she be from 1.30 to 2?

MARION G.—In her shorthand excells
But when asked to write essays, then Marion rebels.

JOHN VAN B.—In English is noted,
We know a good essay by just that "Joan wrote it."

NELLIE R.—In geography won
The highest of praise and is surpassed by none.

GERTRUDE T.—Is absent, I fear
A great deal more than she should be this year.

DOROTHY MACK.—Will "stand up for her right
And when Boston's the question she shows she can fight.

VICTORIA W.—Came late, but no doubt,
She'll have her diploma when again she goes out.

EVA MACD.—With her ready excuse,
Will only receive hard words and abuse.

CHARLOTTE H's.—Trips into town
Have brought to her teacher's brow many a frown.

HELEN R.—Is noted for sleeping
But she does keep awake during bookkeeping.

TENA O'L.—Came quite late this year
But she'll get her diploma, of that we've no fear.

KATHLEEN F.—We call slow but then to be sure,
She can always be found near the pharmacy door.

ELSIE B.—Who we all know is decidedly witty,
Thinks more of her work than she does of the city.

QUEENIE C.—So neat and sedate,
For her classes, I'm sure, would never be late (?)

JULIA D.—Does well at bookkeeping,
This subject has caused to others much weeping.

AGNES D.—In the studio spends much of her time,
She is neat and artistic in every line.

MAY MACD.—Is the quietest mouse in the school,
She does every duty and ne'er breaks a rule.

EVELYN M. COLWELL, Commercial 1919.

Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.

Q.—What would Sr. B. say if she met a rat?

A.—"Where should you be?"

Q.—What is a fossil?

A.—An impress in the rock of the bones of insects.

Q.—What do whales feed on?

A.—Other birds.

Q.—"Give no unproportioned thought his act"—what does that mean?

A.—"Never think before you act."

Q.—If 6 horses eat 12 bu. of oats in 5 days, how long will 12 bushels last 2 horses?

A. If 6 horses = 12 bu.
1 horse = 2 bu.
If 6 horses = 5 days
1 horse = $\frac{5}{6}$ days
If 6 horses = 5 days 12 bu.
1 horse = $\frac{5}{6}$ " 2 bu.
2 horses = $\frac{5}{3}$ " 4 bu.
= $1\frac{2}{3}$ " 4 bu.

Therefore—
2 horses = 1 day, 16 hours, 4 bushels.

Q.—What is personification?

A.—Personification is a figure of speech by which we give to an object a quality which belongs to man alone; as Mary's dog spoke to her.

Q.—"Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry"—explain what that means.

A.—If your husband is a borrower, he won't be a good one, because he will be shiftless.

Q.—What does Shakespeare mean by "Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth?"

A.—A reputation means what people think of you—and what does it amount to? "Even in the cannon's mouth"—the soldier was looking for what the cannon would say.

The Rhymesters' Corner.

A BALLAD OF M, S, V,

(With apologies to Mr. Coleridge.)

It is a stern inquisitor
She stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long black robe and bonnet string,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The bell has rung, and I am late
For English class I wis,
But by the glitter of thine eye,
There's something gone amiss!"

"Peanut-buttered biscuits these
Found in your room," quoth she.
"Enough,—I must be going now,
This is no place for me."

She holds me with a threatening hand,
What can I do but stay,
And listen with politeness meek
To what she has to say?

She sits herself upon a chair,
I sit upon one too,
And she begins her scolding long
Which surely is my due.

" 'Tis written in the book of rules
Which hangs upon your door,
That food must not be kept therein,
For if it is,—there's war."

"This jar of peanut-butter here,
And pilot biscuits, too,
Were found within your wardrobe's depths,
Obscured by hat and shoe."

"I was compassionate that day,
For such sometimes I be,
And let you have your "eats" again
In the refectory."

"But then you took them out again,
Was ever deception so?
You'd best repent before you die,
Or you know where you'll go!"

Alone, alone, all, all, alone.
Alone on that judgment seat,
With nothing to do but sit and wish
For something nice to eat!

My mentor finds her breath again,
And starteth on anew,
And tells me what she thinks of me
In accents—none too few.

"Three times within as many days,
These eatables," quoth she,
"Were found by someone's practised hand
And brought in here to me."

"But now they're here to stay," says she,
You'll see them nevermore—
Out of my sight!" She waves her hand
And I go through the door.

O rapture to be free again,
To see the ones I know,
To tell them of the awful things
Which I did undergo!

No more we'll put our dainties rare
Within our wardrobe tall.
This person hath a sense of smell
Which seeks and findeth all!

MARJORIE SCRIVEN, '19.

AN ADAPTATION OF "IF,"

If you can hold your tongue when all about you
Are losing their's and wagging them the while,
If you can go one yard and never utter
One little word and smile one little smile,
If you can sit in silence at the table
Until the tinkle of the welcome bell,
Or not spill water accidentally
Upon your neighbor's lap so she will give a yell—

If you can see your bed all torn to pieces
By some ruthless and unsparing hand,
And never waste your time in useless grumbles—
Or in threats that justice you'll demand,
If you can keep your eyes upon your text-book
When all out-doors is beckoning to you,
And steel your mind and inclinations
And stick at what you know you have to do,—

If you can hear the clanging and the ringing
Of the rising-bell at six o'clock A. M.
And keep suppressed that sleepy mutter,
And in its place discreetly cough 'ahem',
If you can pass the room of an acquaintance—
And overcome its strong magnetic spell,
And never pass the door or even threshold
Of forbidden precincts loved by you so well—

If you can safely say at notes that evening
That you have gained complete in every way,
That you haven't disobeyed or failed in order,
Or from any line whatever stayed away
If you can do this for one day even,
If you can mortify the flesh to this extent,
Yours is one failure less on Sunday morning,
And what is more, this perfect day you'll not repent.

J. VANBUSKIRK, '19.

"KEEPIN' IN LINE,"

I used to be a farmer onc't
Afore the war began,
But when they called for volunteers
I spoke up like a man.

I used to dress in simple style
Till I heard old England's call,
And now I wear the khaki
And you can't tech me at all.

I like the army fine, oh, yes,
But one thing's got me beat.
I don't jes' know, when marchin' on,
The place to put my feet.

Keepin' step is difficult,
And though the drill is fine,
With me 'tis near impossible,
This keepin' in the line.

The boss, he calls at me "Hi there"!
The feller next gives me a shove,
But I can't help the getting out
For money or for love.

I'm always willin' for a fight
And I'd like the army fine
If I could tell the left from right
And keep myself in line.

M. DONAHOE, '19.

A DAY AT M. S. V.

At six A. M. long ere the sunlight dawns,
We crawl into the cold with stifled yawns
And with the winged feet of Mercury,
We fly, ere the third bell, to ready be;
With ribbons streaming and steps not slow,
To Mass, with books and beads we go.
At seven-fifteen of breakfast we partake
And there discuss our classes which at eight
Begin our day with Trigonometry,
Where sine plus cosine equals X. Y. Z.
At nine I trip it lightly o'er the scales
In doleful shrieks and piercing wails.
But still light-hearted up three flights I go
To English class, with Ruskin, Burns and Poe,
While in their stately presence I recite
How Bob and Lizzie Browning took to flight.
Next gouter comes with fifteen minutes free,
Just time to dance and beg a cup of tea.
Then back to work again at Geometry
And all the useless rules of tangency,
Thankful, at last, when twelve o'clock does come
We take our file for the Gymnasium,
Where vaulting, jumping, dancing, fencing, well—
We spend our time till rings the dinner bell.

At this repast upon the bill of fare
Daily we see "beef à la pomme de terre"
Then up again to History, Latin, French—
How Caesar fell from Roman wall to trench,
And Vergil on his trip from Troy to Rome
Discovered Newfoundland on the way home.
At four, our classes over à la mode,
We spend an hour walking on the road.
From five to six, as is the usual way
We learn our lessons for the following day,
Then supper comes with not surprises few
Accompanying toast and tea and mystery stew.
Then, after, "notes" come following in its train
With numberless excuses all in vain,
Then beads and recreation come once more
Until its time o'er books again to pore.
Another hour in the study hall
Trying to learn how Caesar conquered Gaul.
The hymn of praise and prayers at last do come
And off to bed we go to have some fun,
But long ere ten we're snoring peacefully,
Thus ends a perfect day at M. S. V.

MARJORIE SCRIVEN.

TO MY BLANKETS.

There's a charm in the gray light of dawn,
In the sun rising up from the sea,
In the pink and the pearl tinted morn,
Yet thou art still fairer to me,
My blankets!

There's a glow in the brisk morning air,
There's a feeling of vigor, they say,
But that vigor and glow could not e'er
From thy sweet delights lure me away,
My blankets!

Let lovers of Nature repine
For the earth and the sea and the sky,
But the comforts of nature are thine,
And for these alone do I sigh,
My blankets!

For when trouble would bid me despair,
I cover my sorrows with thee,
Lest heart-bursting sobs rend the air,
Or others my misery see,
Oh blankets!

Your enticements I never could boast,
They're as varied as blossoms in May,
But the time that I cling to thee most,—
Is at five-forty-five every day,
My blankets.

F. C.

To the Casual Observer.

ONE night when I was retiring early, Frances G. was doing the same. Until then I thought that her hair was naturally curly.

Margurite Belliveau's graceful air and pretty petticoats are quite noticeable when she jumps across a puddle on a muddy day.

Winnie Burns seems to take an unusual interest in the pictures on the wall in various corridors when putting on her hat or veil.

Viola Mullen evidently thought it was an emergency case the day she placed her book and veil on the fire extinguisher, to fix her hair, before going into the refectory.

During my first few days at the Mount I admired the barette that Kathaleen Walsh wore. But one night while behind the scenes I discovered that it was an electric curler.

What words would Victoria have used to express her feelings, when her bootlace broke, the first morning after being made a candidate?

Seen Behind the Scene.

Who that saw these scenes, does not remember them?

Marjorie Hawes accused of a dark and deadly deed sliding gracefully under her bed, only to be pulled out with equal grace?

Connie Guard spreading peanut-butter with a knitting needle down behind the presses?

Barbara Johnson kissing the picture of her "brother"? Such family affection is rare.

Louise MacIsaac bidding fare-well to a Junior before leaving for the city?

Kay White peacefully sleeping while a Sister removed a box with two chocolates in it, on Ash Wednesday?

Elsie Brackett vainly endeavoring to put out a fire in a waste basket by fanning it with a duster?

Eileen Skerry trying to look pleasant when another girl was talking to the Sister that takes the 10.55 line?

Marion Glassey rehearsing her speech made in "Loves" favor during a recent debate?

Jo. Cahill exercising regularly every night for the purpose of reducing, and Jo. Henderson doing the same in the vain hope of taking on?

Margaret Mahoney practising parliamentary gestures for the next day's Latin class.

Ethel Tobin painting, with the expression of one inspired, her little finger with iodine?

"Gert" Thompson foregoing a recreation to study?

Reports of Societies.

THE CHILDREN OF MARY OF OUR LADY IMMACLATE AND ST. AGNES.

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT, HALIFAX, N. S.

THE officers of the Sodality whose term is now expiring take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation of the willing and generous co-operation of the resident and non-resident members in the Sodality work of the past year from Easter, 1918, to Easter, 1919.

Annie McIsaac, E. de M. Prefect. Annals:—On May 24, 1918, eight candidates were received Children of Mary and on December 8th, there were three more received. Since the latter date there have been twenty-seven new candidates taken into the Sodality, all of whom are looking forward to being made Children of Mary before leaving school. We trust that their efforts will be rewarded on the Feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians, May 24th.

The annual Retreat of the Sodality opened on March 13th., and closed on St. Patrick's Day. It was conducted by Reverend G. A. Keelan, S. J., and the exercises were followed in a truly edifying and devout manner.

Meetings:—There were thirty-seven meetings held during the year, at which the program laid down in the Manual was faithfully followed. Many impressive instructions were given by the directoress, some of the subjects being:—The Power of Our Lady's Intercession, Devotion to Our Lady, To Our Guardian Angels, The Gifts and the Works of the Holy Ghost.

Meditations:—The members were very faithful to the morning meditation, and they honored Our Blessed Mother in a special manner by the fervor with which they rose promptly and repaired to the Chapel for prayer.

On December eighth, on the occasion of the solemn renewal of the Act of Consecration, the Reverend Director addressed the Sodalists in a very touching dissertation on Our Lady.

BEATRICE COX, Secretary.

The works of the various sections were carried on with the zeal and fervour of former years.

The Souls in Purgatory section under the direction of Winifred Burns, had the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in November for the Holy Souls, and every week offered Masses, Holy Communions, Rosaries, the Way of the Cross, and Indulgenced Prayers for the same intention.

The Lamp section provided the means of keeping a light before the Statues of Our Lady and St. Agnes. During the month of May the members supplied flowers for the Sodality statues.

TREASURER'S REPORT,

Receipts.		Expenditures.	
Bal. from previous years	$19.00	Linen for poor Churches	$25.20
Resident Members	44.00	Spiritual Books	4.85
Non-Resident	64.60	Stationary	3.67
		Silk, Lace	21.36
		Yarn for Sweaters	27.30
		Sundries	6.15
	127.60		$88.53

On hand: linen, 20 yds. lace, silk, Cash, $39.07

April 13, 1919.

MARGARET DONAHOE, E. de M. Treasurer.

The Sodality appreciates the fidelity and the fervor of the non-resident members who have each year renewed their Consecration to Our Lady, and have forwarded their signed leaflets to the directress. We gratefully acknowledge the following donations:—$4.00 each, Marie Thompson, H. McArthur; $3.00—Mary McIsaac; $2.00 each, May McNicol, Marion McPartland, Lillian Kennedy, Mary McElroy, Marie Penny; $1.00 each, Alice Reardon, Mrs. Wm. Doughtery, Muriel Kyte, A. Kyte, Rita Kyte, Alberta Soy, C. O'Leary, Dorothy Casey, E. Gorman, M. O'Brien, E. Hallisey, Mary d'Entremont, S. Prendergast, Monica Nearing, H. Hiscock, G. O'Neil, G. Costly, M. McDonough, M. McHugh, E. LeBlanc, Mrs. Leo. White, C. Harris, Emma Melanson.

The annual meeting for the election of officers for the Sodality was held on April 13, 1919, with the following results:

Prefect	EILEEN SKERRY.	Treasurer	EILEEN BRARSHAW.
1st Assistant	BEATRICE COX.	Instrucress of	
2nd Assistant	RACHEL HAGEN.	Candidates	MABEL COMEAU.
Secretary	PEARL BUTLER.		

The members of the Sodality appreciate not only the constant attention the directress has given the Sodality in general, but her special interest in every individual Sodalist.

BEATRICE COX, E. de M. Secretary.

ALUMNAE SODALITY OF THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

Amidst the many consequences of this dreadful war, a noticeable result that somewhat counteracts its painful horrors, is the vast sympathy and true brotherhood to which in every land it has given birth. Up to a few years ago, charities and benevolent associations were almost inactive on account of the coldness and indifference of their various members. With the record of the suffering and the distress of our soldiers every heart seemed to be touched and every appeal in their behalf found ready response and most successful results.

The Alumnae Sodality of The Mount has been presided over and conducted by the same benevolent spirit and sufficient praise cannot be given to the members who have commenced a work that gives promise of future excellence.

A large majority of the members proved themselves faithful to the monthly General Communion and to the regular meetings and thus gave evidence of a realization of their duties as Sodalists to fulfil which calls for constant sacrifice and devotedness.

The members of the Monthly Mass Section faithfully provided the offering for the Holy Sacrifice which was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral on the first Saturday of each month. In the absence of the member in charge of this section, the Treasurer, Miss Mary C. Reardon, generously attended to the duties connected with the office.

Mrs. R. C. McLeod showed her devotedness to duty by the fidelity with which she interested herself in the works of the section for the Holy Souls. Each month she secured Masses, Holy Communions, the Way of the Cross, and in many other ways tried to bring comfort to the Holy Souls.

The work done by the Sewing section has been most gratifying. Mrs. J. C. Hagen, its head, speaks very highly of the response and generosity of those who took an active part in this charitable work. Mrs. Hagen herself deserves to be especially commended for the enthusiastic interest with which she carried on the work of this section and spared neither time nor energy in endeavoring to attain success.

Below is the list of articles which were provided by the Sodality and made by its energetic workers and then presented to St. Joseph's Orphanage at Easter.

Girl's Dresses	41
Boys' Blouses	39
Boys' Trousers	27
Nightdresses	2
Garters (elastic)	100 prs.
Rollers	25
Boot Laces	2 gross.

The following is the list of those belonging to the section with the number of times that they attended the sessions.

The Prefect, MISS M. NEVILLE	9 times.
" 1st Assistant, MRS. ED. CRAGG	6 times.
" 2nd Assistant, MRS. F. TEMPLE	4 times.
" Treasurer, MISS M. C. REARDON	12 times.
" Instructress of Candidates, MISS M. DONOVAN	6 times.
" Secretary, MISS N. POWER	6 times.

MRS. HANRAHAN	3 times.	MISS K. FOLEY	11 times.
MISS M. MCLEOD	5 times.	MISS F. FOLEY	10 times.
MRS. R. A. MCLEOD	3 times.	MISS A. MURPHY	7 times.
MISS K. NEVILLE	2 times.	MISS K. REARDON	5 times.
MISS C. GLASSEY	4 times.	MISS K. BROWN	11 times.
MISS E. SULLIVAN	3 times.	MISS R. HAWES	10 times.
MISS D. DEVISON	2 times.	MISS M. EGAN	6 times.
MRS. R. C. MCLEOD	12 times.	MISS M. DENCE	2 times.
MRS. COLTON	3 times.	MISS K. DWYER	3 times.
MRS. J. C. CLARK	4 times.	MISS G. SKERRY	1 time.
MISS V. CURRIE	2 times.	MISS A. FOLEY	1 time.
MISS M. O'SULLIVAN	3 times.		

To the ladies of St. Mary's and other Sodalities mentioned below, we express our sincere thanks and appreciation of their generosity and good-will in assisting with the sewing which was done during the winter months.

Mrs. A. O'Connor.	Miss Greenwood.	Mrs. A. Grey.
Mrs. J. Power.	Miss Maude Murphy.	Mrs. A. Grey.
Mrs. Quinnan.	Miss Daly.	Miss M. Kelly.
Mrs. Inglis.	Miss Agnes Murphy.	Miss Godsoe.
Mrs. Glassey.	Mrs. Southall.	Miss Flemming.
Mrs. Hunter.	Mrs. Ahern.	Miss Fegan.
Mrs. T. J. Egan.	Mrs. Wm. Mahar.	Miss F. Mahar.
Mrs. J. J. Hagen.	Miss Mary Devine.	Miss Mackasey.
Mrs. J. Donahue (Inglis St)	Mrs. J. Donahue (Tobin St)	Mrs. E. Donahue.
Mrs. Callahane.	Mrs. J. A. Gillies.	Mrs. Finlay.
Mrs. Flemming.	Mrs. F. O'Neill.	Miss Phelan.
Mrs. Duggan.	Mrs. W. Smythe.	Mrs. Share.
Miss B. M. Smythe.	Mrs. Wm. McDonald.	Mrs. John Long.
Miss MacKay.		

The Sodality appreciates highly the efficient manner in which the Treasurer, Miss M. C. Reardon, has acquitted herself of the duties connected with her office.

Below is a summary of receipts and expenditures from November 21, 1918, to April 1, 1919:

Receipts.	Expenditures.
$184.50	$157.20

On hand, April 1, 1919, $29.70.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations:

Miss M. Neville	$5.00
Mrs. J. T. Egan	$5.00
Mrs. Wm. Glassey	$2.00
Mrs. W. B. McDonald	$1.00
Mrs. R. A. McLeod	material for boys' shirts.
Mrs. F. Southall	box buttons.

A china tankard which was painted and presented by Mrs. C. Hagen, added $86.80 to the funds.

Prefect, Mary Neville.
Secretary, Nellie Power.

Mount Staint Vincent Debating Society.

This year of 1918-19 has been a year of great success in the debating Society of our Academy.

The first meeting of the year was held on Oct. 13, 1918. Ten of the former members and Sister Moderatrix constituted the House. An election of officers was held and the following members elected.

President	Miss MacIsaac.
Vice-President	Miss VanBuskirk.
Secretary	Miss White
Treasurer	Miss Donahoe.
Censor	Miss Glassey.

Following the election of officers a careful consideration of the new pupils was taken and a limited few were admitted to the privilege of membership.

The first debate was held on November 10th.

Resolution: "That it is better to stay young than grow up quickly.

Affirmative:	Negative:
Miss Colwell.	Miss White.
Miss Butler.	Miss VanBuskirk.
Miss Scriven.	Miss Donahoe.

It was an interesting debate and was thoroughly enjoyed by the members. The judges made decision in favor of the affirmative side.

The next few meetings were spent in business discussion.

The second debate was held on January 12th.

Resolved: That we should obey Mrs. Grundy.

Affirmative.	Negative:
Miss Hawes.	Miss Cleary.
Miss Mahoney.	Miss VanBuskirk.
Miss Cox.	Miss Skerry.

The debate was one of the best of the year. The manner of delivery was especially good and the addresses on both sides were very humorous. After the decision was made in favor of the affirmative side the House was open for discussion. When this became too lively the meeting closed.

The negative side was greatly commended for splendid delivery and argument.

At last, came the long anticipated debate on "Love."

Resolved; It is better to be in love than not to be.

Affirmative:	Negative:
Miss Colwell.	Miss Sheehan.
Miss Glassey.	Miss Meagher.
Miss Jenks.	Miss Bradshaw.

This debate was public and, indeed, greatly enjoyed by all. The debaters distinguished themselves in delivery and argument.

"There's a reason" why Miss Glassey was so eloquent. Of course "Love" won out.

The year is not yet at its close. There are debates to come, which will not be chronicled in this book. However, be it known to last year's members that the Debating Society is still flourishing and we are following faithfully in the footsteps of our predecessors.

K. C. WHITE, (Secretary)

Topics in Brief.

The glory of the charge of the Light Brigade fades when compared with the charges made at M. S. V. each morning.

How much smokeless powder is used here daily?

If the dips dip much further, the girls may have to use X-rays.

When darnless stockings become the vogue, countless hands will be idle at M. S. V.

If Eva MacDonald stopped knitting, would we die of heart failure?

A serious complication has arisen on the tonic question. The tonic table in the refectory refuses to hold any more.

When examinations have become effete, wonders will have ceased.

Two members of the Freshman History Class have attempted to put an exchange on foot. The attempt has been de-feeted.

G. Thompson has secured a patent on her latest invention, a new use for a shoe-horn.

There have been some efforts in the direction of a Mutual Aid Society for Study. This is to be a part of the Prompting Association for class. Nothing has been done, however, as both Associations are under ban of the League of Teachers.

Athletics.

At the opening meeting of the M.A.A. held on Sept. 19th., the following were elected as officers

President.....JOAN VANBUSKIRK.
Vice-President.....VIOLA MULLEN.
Secretary.....BEATRICE COX.
Treasurer.....ANNIE MCISAAC.

Basketball was played on the lawn, and there were several exciting games of arch-ball.

During September, the Land of Content was a scene of great activity, as tennis players, tennis balls, and mosquitoes were all very lively. During the first weeks of October, the rain rendered the clay unfit for use; so we took to base-ball.

Every day at the sound of the shrill whistle, the teams panted up the long hill and reached the terrace out of breath. The onlookers arrived later, knitting in hand of course. Viola Mullen has won fame as a pitcher. The Blues' catcher, Joan Van Buskirk, is brave enough to catch whatever Viola sends, but alas for her fingers!

During November, ground hockey was played by girls who are fond of brisk weather and quick action. Needless to say we had our share of bruises. When the snow came, however, all turned to sensible walking on the road.

Every Wednesday evening, the long corridor has been the scene of hasty departure in the direction of the Gym., where basketball was played regularly. The Reds and Blues have worked their hardest and at present their scores stand almost equal. We may remark the Blues won both cups last year. Cheer up Reds! You may win the basket-ball cup, but never the base-ball cup of 1919.

The teams are as follows:

BASKET BALL.

Reds.		Blues.	
1.	2.	1.	2.
g.—A. MCISAAC.	B. Grant.	JOAN VANBUSKIRK.	M. SCRIVEN.
g.—E. READY.	G. SHEEHAN.	M. MOORE.	E. WILLIAMSON.
c.—K. WHITE.	M. BURKE.	E. COLWELL.	B. COX.
rt. for.—K. FRASER.	J. CAHILL.	M. COLEMAN.	V. MULLEN.
lft. for.—M. MARSHALL.	F. PENNY.	M. MAHONEY.	B. JOHNSON.
rt. c.—G. MEAGHER.	E. PENNY.	M. HAWES.	G. BRUNT.
lft. c.—C. ANDREWS.	C. GARD.	E. CLEARY.	M. CASEY.

BASE BALL.

Reds.	Blues.
c.—A. MCISAAC.	V. MULLEN.
p.—E. JENKS.	J. VANBUSKIRK.
1st b.—K. FRASER.	M. MOORE
2nd b.—C. ANDREWS.	M. HAWES.
3rd b.—G. MEAGHER.	E. COLWELL.
rt. f.—K. WHITE.	B. COX.
lft. f.—B. GRANT.	E. CLEARY.
c.f.—C. GARD.	A. MORRISEY.
out f.—J. CAHILL.	E. WILLIAMSON.
s.s.—G. SHEEHAN.	M. MAHONEY.

Whatever team wins let the other remember our motto, "Keep good humour still whate'er we lose."

BEATRICE COX, Sect'y.

ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Who's Who? at M. S. V.

(We cannot say "Why")

WHO SHE IS.	WHAT SHE IS.	WHAT SHE SAYS.
Anne MacIsaac	Ex-Perfect of the Sodality	"Listen, till I tell you."
Margaret Donahoe	An overworked Graduate	"Parlez-vous francais?"
Marjorie Scriven	A nervous wreck	"Oui, oui, Marie."
Pearl Butler	Assistant Refectorian	"Just grand."
Eileen Bradshaw	A confirmed student	"Just awful."
J. Van Buskirk	A hot-water baby	"It was wild."
Beatrice Cox	A lover of the South	"I haven't my Greek done."
Marjorie Hawes	A question box	"Why?"
Margaret Mahoney	The star of the "A" class	"We *must* obey Mrs. Grundy."
Gertrude Sheehan	The biggest of the "three twins"	"Oh, dear!"
Mabel Casey	A geometrical figure	"I can't do it."
Viola Mullens	A commercial traveller	"Upstairs in my room."
Evelyn Colwell	A dramatic star	"Ah, the college room!"
Jean Heffernan	The wreck of the Hesperus	"Take my advice."
Louise MacIsaac	An excellent bell-boy	"Here's a present for you."
Katherine White	Assistant office clerk	"I haven't the time."
Margaret Moore	A shy young lady	"I have a secret to tell you."
Bernice Grant	A moving-picture in herself	"Fine!"
Evelyn Jenks	A transient	"I'll be back on Monday."
Gertrude Thompson	A model	"I should worry."
Aileen Skerry	The "Perfect."	"I'm going for my hat."
Mary Crosby	A privileged character	"I'll be at the Pharmacy."
Jeanne Roberge	An English Scholar	"Give me work."
Gertrude Mackenzie	Our Beethoven	"It's just crazy."
Marion Glassey	A sad case	"It's better to be than not to be."
Madeline Dube'	A lover of music	"I'll stand outside."
Ada Kopf	The villain of the play	"Roses, roses."
Rachel Hagen	A water-bearer	"I must write a letter."
Josephine Cahill	A circus	"I'll do anything for *you*."
Mary Burke	A shoe-dealer	"I must study my lessons."
Gertrude Meagher	A true lady	"Just a tooth-ache."
Florence Penny	A busy B	"I'm looking for Ada."
Constance Andrews	A placid person	"Five hours' class and two of study."
Elsie Brackett	The Fire Department	"All books to be in at 4 P.M."
Winifred Burns	A commercial aid	"In the Commercial Room."
Mabel Comeau	The lamp-lighter	"I must change the plants."
Ethel Reardon	A little dove	"To the Chapel!"
Kathleen Fraser	A real Newfoundlander	"Oh my wewd!"
Constance Garde	A conundrum	"Never mind!"
Frances Crosby	A reckless scraper	"I'm going to be very good."
Edith Cleary	An angelic child	"Why worry about trifles?"
Greta Brunt	A parlor visitor	"Is the cupboard open?"
Queenie Crosby	A lady of leisure	"Don't borrow trouble."
Elma Penny	A worker	"Nothing to do till to-morrow."
Brenda McFatridge	An industrial "C"	"I rose early to do my English work."

Editorial Comment.

PEACE has come nominally, but has it really? We may say 'yes' if with Thomas à Kempis we hold "that all our peace in this life is to be placed rather in humble suffering than in not feeling adversities." Adversities there are in abundance in these turbulent days, and there is no gainsaying them; yet the world knows not of what it is speaking when it talks of 'Peace.'

The nations have ceased from general war; yet the pendulum has swung so far in the way of unquiet that it will be long before the world will go back to regularity. When the great upheaval is over, and affairs have settled down to some kind of order, we shall, we trust, be the better for our experience. Yet may we not say that we have our share in causing the general unrest? We are mere units it is true, yet the so-called "twentieth century spirit" has leavened the masses, and we are among the number. There is a restlessness, a want of steadiness; a yearning for 'new things', for continual sense-stimulants, that has worked endless harm among the multitudes. Is it working harm in our own souls?

People nowadays do not lead one life—they lead several at the one time,—or they attempt it,—which is quite another thing. Hence the hurry-scurry of our daily occupations, the half measures we take to do our work. The stenographer, for instance, is not only a stenographer; she is a club member, a house-keeper, a bargain hunter, a "movie fan," all in one. She does nothing well. She rises late, takes a hasty breakfast, sets out for the office, works till noon, goes to lunch, shops, sees a moving picture, returns to her work, comes home to supper, dresses for a 'show' or dance, is out till midnight, and finally retires to sleep an exhausted sleep till her work calls her forth again. And this goes on from day to day. What young life can thrive under such excitement? What heart will not be withered, what brain not wearied with such a strain? Yet this is 'life,'—the so-called 'twentieth century life.' Better to go back to the antiquated times of our ancestors, when a man had, at least, time to think and time to live.

Such conditions are death to the soul. The heart must have something to feed on, and it cannot feed on excitement; the soul *must think*, or what will be its end? How many young lives at first so promising, have been blasted by the false idea that excitement is life! How many have put by the things worth living for, to grasp instead at the bubble of the moment?

"With desolation is the world made desolate, because no man thinketh in his heart." Could the prophet of old look upon these times, he might well repeat his cry. "The way of peace they have not known" was said of God's enemies. God grant it may not be said of us! Let us take time to think, let us take time to pray, and behold, the light of true peace will shine upon us. In spite of the desolation of the world, in spite of the calamities that are a punishment for man's forgetfulness of his Creator, we shall be at rest, and shall experience what the world looks for in vain,—Christ's own peace, that "passeth all understanding."

Holy Hour.

Heart of Jesus, are You thinking
'Neath the Sacrament Veil,
Of a dim and distant garden,
Lit by fitful moonbeams pale?

Do you hear again the night-winds
As they lonely vigil keep
With the sighing olive branches,
While the weary watchers sleep?

Is Your breaking heart still pleading,
For a human sympathy,
In the plaintive echoes olden;
"Wilt Thou watch one hour with Me?"

And the great red tear-drops falling,
Do you see them every one,
As in agony you're praying:
"Father, let Thy will be done?"

Do you hear the heavy trample,
Mingled with the shout and hiss?
Do your lips still feel the pressure
Of the wretched traitor's kiss?

Do You see yourself surrounded,
And Your trusted friends in flight?
Heart of Jesus do those shadows
Steal upon Your Soul tonight?

Turn, O Master, from that Garden
Of Your Agony and Prayer;
Loving hearts now make atonement
For the anguish suffered there.

Like the old Judean night winds
Sighing through the trees above,
Low they breathe their heart's devotion,
Whisper softly words of love.

While Your chosen three apostles
Sleep in old Gethsemane,
Faithful friends in reparation
Watch this holy hour with Thee.

S. E.

Requiescat in Pace!

ON September 28th, Sister Cecilia Keating passed to her reward at St. Peters Convent, Dorchester. Her death (caused by Spanish influenza) was a grevious blow to all who knew her. Kathleen Keating was a pupil of seven years standing, and graduated in 1909. Mount pupils of ten years ago will recall her brave spirit and cheery ways, and will think with regret of the wonderful contralto voice that is stilled forever. At the last holy hour held on the first Thursday of September, Sister Cecilia sang one of Cardinal O'Connell's beautiful hymns, and those who assisted will always remember the fervor with which she sang the last words "Then Lord, take me home." Her prayer was answered all too soon for us who mourn for her.

May Christ in his mercy grant to her rest everlasting.

Alumniana.

BUT a year ago we were offering Adine Dumoulin congratulations on her happy marriage, and now it is our sad lot to express our deep sympathy with her in the loss of her excellent husband. Doctor Fremont died, as his wife writes, "a victim of his devotion to his patients. Until the last minute with a temperature of 102, he attended them." He was one of the many carried off by the dreaded Influenza. The circumstances of his death were peculiarly sad. Adine writes, "We were just settled in our house, and I was holding my bridal reception on October fifteenth, the very day of my poor husband's burial."

Alma LaBillois (now Mrs. Colton) is residing in Halifax.

Amy McNeil visited the Mount on her honeymoon this Spring. She is now Mrs. MacDonald.

Amy Byrne is proving her business ability in her father's office at Charlottetown.

Alexia Kyte is still in training at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York.

Angela Geele is following a stenographic course in her native town of Yarmouth.

B

Beatrice Solano is a stenographer in New York, and is still hugging her beloved cello.

Beatrice Kyte, now Mrs. Dougherty, is at home with her mother waiting for her husband's return from Overseas.

Beth Craig is at her home in Truro, where she has an excellent position in a lawyer's office.

Blanche Skerry lost her husband in the late Influenza epidemic. We offer our sincere sympathy to her.

Blanche Stuart is a member of a Ladies' orchestra in Boston. She finds her work both pleasant and remunerative.

C

It is with deep regret that we heard of the death of a friend of many years' standing,—Mr. Jose Rafecas; and we offer our condolence to his bereaved family. His daughters, Maria Isabel and Carmen have been with us in turn; indeed, they were our first students from Cuba. Mr. Rafecas himself visited the Mount more than once. He passed away on January fourteenth, quite suddenly, at his home in Havana but the priest was at his side to speed his parting soul.

Christine O'Keefe is teaching in Glace Bay.

Catherine Harris is teaching and doing her bit towards Charitable association work by reciting at concerts in Saint John's.

D

Dora Davison has a good position with the Naval Department in Halifax.

Dorothy Grant, now Mrs. Connelly, has gone with her husband and baby to live in Montreal.

E

Edna Hillis holds a position as stenographer in Halifax.

Eileen Hallissey is studying at the Normal Art School in Boston.

Eileen Sullivan is at her home in Halifax. She occasionally visits the Mount.

Elsie Doyle is doing private nursing in New York.

Elizabeth LeBlanc has graduated from Normal School and is teaching near her home.

Elizabeth Butler, now Mrs. Harmon, is at her brother's home in Newmarket, N. H., until her husband returns from Overseas.

Emma Melanson is at present in Concord, N. H. She expects to come home this summer, and promises to visit M. S. V.

Emily Mare, now Mrs. Warren, after visiting the Mount on her wedding trip, returned to St. John's where she is making "a good little wife."

Evelyn MacNeil, after graduating from the Emerson School of Oratory, went to Minnesota, where she is now teaching elocution.

F

Ferne Butler is a stenographer in Boston.

We offer our heartfelt sympathy to Florence Kiervin on the death of her mother.

Florence Kelly (Mrs. Hanley) has a third little girl, whom she has called Rita.

G

Glynn Saunders, who assists her father as his stenographer, comes occasionally to the Mount.

Georgie Coffey holds a position in the Royal Bank in Shediac.

Geneva Murray, our Academic graduate of last year is teaching at Saint Patrick's Boys' School.

Greta Ogle is now in New York doing private nursing.

Gertrude O'Neil is still in St. John. We offer her our sympathy in her recent loss of her father.

Gertrude Costly has a stenographic position in St. John.

H

Miss Ethel Harvey, who spent two years at the Mount and was much loved, is now a member of an English Community in South Africa, and bears the name of Sister Mercedes.

Hilda Glawson joined the Naval Staff in Halifax last summer, and has evidently made good use of her time.

Herlinda De Bedia (Mrs. Oland) is the proud mother of twins born in England. She expects to sail for America in July.

Helen Edens is a postulant at M. S. V.

Helen Kelly is teaching at the Institute for the Deaf in Halifax.

I

Irene Wentzell is at her home in Dartmouth.

J

Jean Curren, our musical graduate of 1918, besides doing orchestra work in Halifax, is taking a shorthand course to fill up her spare moments.

During the war, Jean MacIntyre was doing war work at Fort Gary.

K

Kathleen Ashe, now Mrs. O'Rourke, has two children, a boy and a girl.

Kathleen Farrell is at present living with relatives in New York.

Kathleen Foley, who was home on a visit this winter, paid us an afternoon call.

Kathleen O'Leary after graduating from the Roosevelt Hospital in New York, nursed the epidemic victims in Boston as a Canadian Volunteer.

Kitty Van Buskirk arrived home from the Front in February and paid a pleasant visit to the Mount in company with Irene Wentzell.

Kathleen Power has a position in the Royal Bank in Halifax.

L

Laura Paturel was training in a hospital in Boston when she was called home to the death-bed of her sister, our Juliette, who fell a victim to the Influenza. Since then, Laura has accompanied her mother to the South for the sake of the latter's health. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the bereaved family.

Lennie Melanson has a bank position at Weymouth. She does not neglect her music, however, but teaches after hours.

Lena Annan is doing civil-service work in Washington.

Lillian MacCullough is married, but we do not yet know her new name. She is living in Boston.

Lillian Fitzpatrick is at her home in Saint John's, Nfld.

Lillian Kennedy has recently lost her mother. We take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy.

M

Mary Dence is a teacher at the School for the Blind in Halifax.

Mary MacElroy is a music teacher in her home town.

May MacNicol is training at the Hahnemann Hospital in New York.

Mary MacHugh is head stenographer for the firm of Bird & Peters, in Moncton.

Marie Feeney is keeping house for her father in Fredericton, N. B.

Marie Thompson is enjoying life at her home in Woodstock, During the winter, she entertained her old school-mates, Yvonne Buckley and Marie Feeney.

Mary Doyle is still at her home in St. John's. She makes good use of her dramatic talent. Recently she played "Peg" in "Peg O' My Heart", a local play for the benefit of one of the orphanages of the city.

Marion MacPartland is at present in Cambridge, Mass., where she is recovering from the effects of two serious operations.

Minnie Mare has a bank position in St. John's.

Mary MacIsaac is enjoying life at Sydney. During the war, she worked for the Naval Staff.

Marjorie MacLeod is at home in Halifax, During the war, and during post-explosion conditions, Marjorie did office work.

Marjorie MacDougall is taking a course in law at Dalhousie University. Bravo, Marjorie!

Marjorie Welch, our "curly-head" of the "A" class, has a very good stenographic position in Kentville.

Marie Walton, after graduating from Sargent's School of Physical Training, has turned to office work in Boston.

Muriel Kyte has a position in a bank in Montreal.

Mollie MacNamara, now a postulant with the Sisters of Mercy in St. John's, Nfld., is teaching music.

Marie Louise L'Esperance visited the Mount on her honeymoon last September. She is now Mrs. Dufresne.

N

Nellie Meehan is nursing at the Southcott Hospital in Saint John's, Nfld. She visited the Mount this spring on her way to New York.

Nora Prud'homme is taking a dramatic course at the National Park Seminary, Washington.

P

Pauline Scriven is keeping house for her father in Halifax.

Pollie Byrne entered the Halifax Infirmary as a nurse, but through illness, was obliged to return to St. John's, Nfld.

Peryl Daly is at home in Dartmouth, where she has a promising music class.

R

Rebecca Pelletier together with her parents and brother, was present at her sister Laura's profession at the Mount at Easter.

Ruth Parsons is teaching music at her home in Middleton.

Rita Hawes has a stenographic position in a lawyer's office in Halifax. She and Kitty Brown are following a Civil Service course at the Mount.

Rita Kyte is stenographer for her father in St. Peter's, N. B.

Rita Saey (Mrs. Aprea) sent a charming picture of her little son to the Mount.

S

Sadie O'Keefe is now Mother St. John of the Cross, with the Congregation nuns in Montreal.

T

Tena O'Leary is back at M.S.V. taking a Commercial course. Tena evidently means business.

Thérèse Renault is enjoying life in Quebec.

V

Vera Currie is at home in Halifax.

Acknowledgments of Subscriptions.

Acknowledgements are made for the following subscriptions, which have been received since our last issue. We hereby thank our patrons and advertisers for their kind assistance which helps us to make the Folia a possibility for the coming year.

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