

ESTO

David the king was troubled in his heart
He knew that he had sinned a grievous sin.
“Woe, woe is me!” he sighed, and Bethsabe,
Crouching without the curtains of his room,
Heard and was still. “O God of Abraham!”
He cried, and Bethsabe was cold with fear,
“Show me a token, that I may know the path
Wherein my feet must walk. . . . My sin was small
And she was fair, and very beautiful. . . .
O Lord, my God, be merciful. Let not
Thine anger light upon my house; depart
Not thou from these thy sons of Israel.”
From moon-rise until dawn he waited, while
The woman knelt in trembling within call.

No sign of high forgiveness came to David,
No word, no light of fire, to cleanse him of
His sin. He rose. “It is enough!” he said.
“My fathers’ fathers’ God abandons me.
Woman!” he called, and Bethsabe was glad,
And came to him. “All will be well, “he said.
She bowed, and softly answered, “It is written.”

Nathan was come and gone. Alone amid
The shadows of the twilight, David sat,
Silently praying. Heavy was his heart,
And heavy was his sin upon him. From
Afar he heard the voice of Bethsabe,
Singing her little one to sleep. “Alas!”
Said David. In her voice he heard anew
The ruin of his hopes, the passing of
His greater glories. Now at last he knew
That he was made to be a man of blood,

Whose hands the sword should never quit, whose reign
Begun in strife, should end in strife. He saw
The future dark before him, full of years
Of silent grief and endless woe.

Afar

He heard again the voice of Bethsabe,
Singing an age-old canticle, her voice
Full of a sweet sadness and tender yearning.
Darkness was come, the evening star had set.
Looking into the west, the king beheld
The slow-descending moon. "The Lord our God
Is true and just," said David, and he wept.

D. B. R.



Easter How gladly we welcome Easter once more! It is the Herald of Spring, the time of rejuvenation and new life. The entire creation about us assumes a new aspect. Our winged tribes are beginning to return from the South and seem overjoyed at the sight of the old acquaintances who have survived the rigors of the Northern winter. The fresh morning breeze brings the discordant yet quite animated chorus from the neighbor's barn and perhaps we may even distinguish a new voice joining its weak efforts to those of its happy mother. The desolate landscape is everywhere taking upon itself a green vesture. The new blades of grass are anxiously and steadily pushing their way above ground. Everything is filled with life. Some hidden force magnetizes, as it were, our nature and makes us glad participators in the joy and beauty of this universal animation.

Governor General The choice of General Byng of Vimy as Governor General of Canada shows not only the keen penetration of its statesmen but also its solicitude for the welfare of its self governing colony. Although Great Britain controls vast areas of land which are widely separated from each other and from the Government yet the many and various needs of her subjects are known to her always. It is with this knowledge in view that Downing Street saw fit to appoint General Byng to Rideau Hall, for there are few men in England who have a better right to the honor and who have the interest of the Canadian people more at heart.

His appointment was received with approbation from all parts of Canada. The Canadian citizens were as glad and willing to follow him to a new era of prosperity as her soldiers had been to follow him to victory in the mire and desolation of Vimy. He may expect from Canadian people the same doggish perseverance, the same loyal obedience, the same mutual support which her sons gave him "over there." The Imperial Government has sent a worthy representative of the King, one whom Canada may well revere and honor.

Pensions The Teacher's Union has passed resolutions again and presented its case to the local house. This brings us to the question of education. There are no valid reasons why a substantial pension should not be given to teachers who have devoted a considerable portion of their life to the profession and are therefore public servants to that extent. It would be an inducement to a larger number of young men and young women. It would be an encouragement for them to spend a longer period of preparation in College and Normal School for, with a comfortable pension in view, would not the goal be worth the waiting? Teaching would be made a profession in itself and not a stepping stone to some other one. A happy, satisfied, and learned teacher would be the centre of the social life of our rural communities and the staunch leader in the material and spiritual well-being of his fellow citizens.

Red and White Red and White was established for the purpose of keeping a connecting link between St. Dunstan's University and her Alumni. We believe that it has succeeded in this to a degree beyond expectation. It could, however, be made a larger and more interesting magazine if all former students would send regularly their yearly subscriptions, patronize our advertizers and boost Red and White in every possible way. Not only do we solicit the support of ex-students but also the help of those who are still at St. Dunstan's. With the hearty co-operation of everyone interested in St. Dunstan's we can foresee a prosperous and successful future for Red and White in journalism, and a literary production that may compare favorably with those of other Canadian Institutions.