

training in a manner which will be most beneficial to yourself and to society, those are just a few suggestions. Young men and women with a sound education based on Christian principles are needed in these fields to offset the pagan influence which is becoming more noticeable every day.

The more assistance you can get from every quarter, the better will be your chance for ultimate success in getting into your chosen field. And if you should feel that your role is small and insignificant—if you are only “a small cog in a big wheel”—in the sight of God you are important, you count! That is something to remember and put to practical use every day of your life. Happy job hunting.

—TOM SWIFT '57

THE GLORY OF THE NIGHT

The high-fashioned net of night
Has woven a fabric of delight,
And many are the consoled moods
Of these pensive preludes,
Whose wanderings do thence inspire
As in an untamed sea of fire
The inner fibre of one's soul
Where thoughts and yearnings do repose.

The bellows of the beating wind
Like glowing thoughts abruptly dimmed,
Rise in an incessant rush
While sages bask in thoughts so hush,
And search for what they fear to find—
The courage which leads to peace of mind.

So winds do bend their time-worn way,
Whilst under moonbeam's lucid ray
The stars paint such a joyous sight,
And breath the glory of the night.

—THE SCARRED BARD—

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

The most wonderful experience that I ever had was, while touring Europe, being able to see and hear in person His Holiness Pope Pius XII. I had this unique experience while attending one of the Pope's weekly public audiences in 1955. I have had, and perhaps shall have, many exciting and tense moments, but that

twenty minute audience with the Bishop of Rome will always remain with me as the most exciting and tense sequence of events in my life.

The whole idea of this audience started as I was planning my tour of Europe, along with eight other boys and one priest, all from St. Michael's College School in Toronto. As we began planning our itinerary for each country and selecting the various cities we wanted to visit, we all came to a common conclusion: that a tour of Europe would not be complete without a visit to Rome. While there, if at all possible, we should obtain some type of audience with the Vicar of Christ. We learned that, first, it would be necessary to get in touch with high authorities both at Ottawa and Rome. So immediately Fr. O'Brien our guardian for the trip, got busy writing letters to the Apostolic Delegate's office at Ottawa and the Canadian College at Rome.

This transaction of letter writing was spread out over a period of four to five weeks, and it was just three weeks before our sailing date when we received final word that our audience was to be on August 4, at six p.m. You can well imagine that this confirmation was the highlight of our whole preparation. I am sure we would have been very disappointed if we had been unable to obtain this audience when our hearts were so set on it.

The final days of preparation passed quickly, and it was soon time for our departure on the Italian Liner "Homeric" from Quebec City. Our final preparation was making sure we would have a new suit of clothes put away and ready for the fourth of August. The last few nights before sailing I found it most difficult to sleep, as I lay there thinking just what this audience would really be like, how the Pope would appear, what he would say to us, and just what my feelings would be. I kept thinking just how lucky I was going to be in seeing this holy man. I was actually going to see a man who some day may be canonized a saint. I felt that my seeing this saintly person would be the climax of my whole European holiday, and even my whole spiritual life. We left Quebec on the first of July, and after a lovely trip across the Atlantic we reached England on the seventh.

The first part of our holiday went along very smoothly, as we traveled through England, France, and Spain. But in my mind I kept getting more excited, day by day, about the audience and could hardly wait for our arrival in Rome on August 2. The first two days in Rome were spent visiting the various basilicas and churches, including the famous St. Peter's Basilica.

At last as my anxiety had just about reached its peak the big day arrived. It was nearly five p.m. when we left our hotel, dressed as if we were going to see a prince, and indeed, it was the Prince of the Church on earth, that we were on our way to see. On leaving Rome we drove along the famous Appian Way towards the

Pope's summer residence at Castel Gandolfo, where our audience was to take place. This Castle is situated about twenty-two miles southeast of Rome, in the cool Alban Hills. As we drove on, leaving the sweltering heat of the city behind, we began to feel the cool mountain air and fully realized why the Pope's summer residence was so situated.

On approaching the entrance to the Castle we could see Swiss Guards stationed every one hundred yards, in their colorful blue—yellow and red uniforms. These men have guarded all the popes for nearly one thousand years. The entrance to the castle opens to a four storied building, of buff-colored walls, and windows with light green shutters. This building forms one side of the small village square.

When we made our way inside the huge gate, we found ourselves in a large open-air square, surrounded by four walls. As I looked upon the gathering cosmopolitan crowd of nearly one thousand, I could not help feeling so proud to be among them, fulfilling my dream of seeing a pope. Just being among so many different peoples at the one time was in itself unique. There were peasant women wearing white-laced veils, and Canadian and American tourists wearing the latest summer fashions. Priests, nuns, and seminarians from many nations were also among the crowd.

Then, as the bells struck the hour of six in the small village church, the shrill sound of trumpets pierced the evening air with the announcement of the appearance of the Sovereign Pontiff. As he appeared on his second story balcony, which had been draped in a large purple paladium, in the middle of which was the beautifully colored papal insignia, the tenseness of the crowd was broken with loud cheers of "Viva le papa" and "hurrah hurrah". A great and wonderful sensation came over me as tears of joy trickled down my face. I had had my camera all ready but with such great emotion and tenseness overcoming me, I nearly forgot to take some pictures. Then as the shouting and handclapping slowly came to an end, His Holiness spread forth his hands in blessing to all present. To me the Holy Father looked unbelievably healthy and full of vigor after having been so sick only a short time before, and also being nearly eighty years of age. After the first general blessing he then gave a blessing to all the many rosaries, prayer books, crucifixes, holy cards, and other religious articles, which those present had bought in Rome, to keep for souvenirs and to bring some home as gifts to friends. I am sure they will always cherish theirs as I will mine with an everlasting remembrance of the actual blessing given by Pope Pius XII.

Soon it was time for the Vicar of Christ to speak, and a great hush came over the crowd. He spoke for about ten minutes altogether in five different languages. Speaking first in Italian, then French and German followed by English and Spanish, he gave

personal greetings to all present. He did mention the names of many groups of tours and when ours was mentioned, we, in our small group of ten, broke out with loud cheers and hand-clapping for His Holiness. We were more powerful than some groups of fifty and over. The Pope spoke on peace and asked all to recite the rosary often to keep this peace in the world. With a final blessing he thanked all again for coming to see him and wished everybody good health and happiness. With more shouts of "Viva le papa", from the crowd, Pope Pius turned and finally disappeared into his inner-chamber. Once again, as he left the balcony my emotions poured forth tears of joy and gladness, as I knew my dream of seeing a pope had come true.

—CHARLES J. DOYLE—
Freshman 1956-57.

THE BECKONING FIRESIDE

Pale as the moon the long road lies,
As the moon hovers blankly above;
Pale as the moon the long road lies,
As sure as the flight of a dove.

Straight the path, without a gust,
Still though the shadows stay,
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Wend their weary way.

The upward grass my tracks pursue,
As the road I trudge by meads,
And nearby air sends soothing dew,
Sparkling as some pearly beads.

So, when at last I've trod the way,
'Tis proof of welcome home
To see the fireside's looming ray
Bid me never more to roam.

—THE SCARRED BARD

THE MUSIC OF THE UNIVERSE

In the whole vast and wondrous world of created things there is a harmony that is felt by the true poet, and by him conveyed to the ordinary man. Good poets may live forever as the companions of our peaceful hours; their noble words can refresh us in our hours