

strong units of the British Navy may well be sent to the far east. Japan will rue the day that she attacked Pearl Harbour and captured Singapore. The mistakes of this last year will make possible the triumphs of the future. We shall inevitably win if we keep on the offensive. We have made a start in that direction and we will keep it up.

THE DONOVANS

F. A. Brennan, '43

The flame of the sanctuary lamp flickered and cast its red warmth on the huge marble pillars about it. There was peace here in the Cathedral on west Avenue. The fury of war had not hit this dwelling of the Most High. Still reigning on His small yet mighty throne the Prince of Peace was at home to one such as Mary Donovan, who knelt before Him.

"Dear Lord, watch over my husband. Protect and shield him from all the dangers of war. I love him, O God; do Thou love him also—I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator"

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Outside Dieppe two soldiers lay, trapped in a little hollow. All around them guns roared and sputtered, as livid streaks of fire shot against the sky—a savage scene, unearthly demoniacal, a scene rivalling that of hell.

"It's an awful business, Fred," said Jim Donovan, as he twisted uncomfortably on the ground. "It doesn't seem possible that little men like us can raise such an inferno, does it? I've always wanted to go out in a big way, but I never figured it would be like this. We're trapped, Fred, we're trapped—I wonder what Mary would think if she knew. —Great girl, Mary, one of the best—brave little thing, has lots of courage. Poor kid, she's going to need it."

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The shadows were lengthening now in the Cathedral on West Avenue. Dim forms moved slowly from station to station, mounting in their aging years the steep ascent of Calvary. It seemed as though the heavy cross carried for so many years had left its mark on their backs, so bowed did they appear.

Erect and motionless Mary Donovan finished her rosary. Fervently she pressed the Great Symbol to her lips, and then, clasping tightly in her fist the little pink beads, went on:

"O God, I beseech Thee, watch over those exposed to the horrors of war"

She knew it by heart, every word of it, so often and so fervently had she said it.

". . and, if they should be called to make the supreme sacrifice obtain for them the grace . ."

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The men on the ground were silent for a long time. Two souls spoke to their God as the man-made storm increased in fury. Finally Jim Donovan stirred.

"This is it, Fred, boy. We'd better make our dash now. The dash of death, you know," and he laughed mirthlessly. Then excitedly he went on, "They'll be reading in the papers, 'Canada's fighting men die heroically' That's us, Fred, that's us! Those machine guns out there will set up the type!"

Suddenly he sobered, "Come on, Fred, here we go. O God have mercy on us. —Watch over my Mary." Then into the mouth of the guns the two men plunged.

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The Cathedral was in darkness, except from the dim light which shone from the little vigil lamps burning before the altar of the Sacred Heart.

"May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen." Mary Donovan was finished. She stood up, genuflected with precise care and with the utmost reverence, turned quickly, and walked briskly towards the huge doors, down the steep steps, on to the street.

Then it came. She didn't see the speeding car heading recklessly toward her—she saw only a young soldier clad in khaki, marching bravely to his train. She didn't hear the screeching of brakes, the hoarse cries of men, the shrieks of women—she heard only the words of the young man as he waved his farewell. She didn't feel the impact of the car—she felt only the strong arms of him who had returned.

It was Mary Donovan whom they placed so tenderly in the ambulance; it was a lifeless body which they later took from the same ambulance. Somewhere, along the way, a wonderful thing had taken place. An infinite God had reached out and plucked the soul of his handmaiden, the same infinite God who looked down upon Jim Donovan as he stood, safe, on the deck of a speeding ship that was fast leaving the burning shore.

RELIGIOUS MUSIC

Charles MacIvor, '46

One thing is characteristic of all genuine religious music and it is shown in all its presentations whether in the cathedral or on the street. This is that music serves as a means for expressing religious feeling. Religious music thus is not an end in itself, but is used as a means for arousing religious feeling. While music, from the martial song to the lullaby, awakens feelings of the utmost variety, the music itself does not define these feelings; it is only through the aid of the accompanying words that we know the definite meaning.

Sacred music is music in the service of worship. When the worship of the true God is in question, man ought to endeavour to offer Him of his very best, and in the way in which it will be the least unworthy of the Divinity. We cannot uphold as sacred music and suitable for liturgical use any music lacking the note of art, or any music, no matter how artistic it may be, which is given over to profane uses, such as dances, theatres, and similar objects. Such compositions, even though the work of the greatest masters, and beautiful in themselves, even though they excel in charm the sacred music of tradition, must always remain unworthy of the temple. It must also be borne in mind that we do not wish to deal with worship of God in general, but with His worship as practised in the True Church of Jesus Christ, the Catholic Church. For us, sacred music primarily means music in the service of Catholic worship.

As man owes to God that which is highest and most beautiful, music may employ on these occasions her noblest and most effective means. Church music has in common with secular music the combination of tones in melody and harmony, the division of time in rhythm, measure, and tempo, and the simple and more complicated styles of