

surroundings so that in a few years Dalvay By-The-Sea will be more widely known as one of the beauty spots of Canada.

The Merchant of Cyrene

Mensario, '39

I bore the load upon my back; my shoulder has the mark.
I trod the way, and climbed the hill, and saw the sun grow
dark;

And fled that scene of dripping blood and sought a quiet
inn

To rest myself, to go apart from that unholy din.

When morning dawned, a caravan had left for Caesarea.
But more than Eastern spices made a passage to the sea.
A galley bound for Ephesus lay tugging at her ropes,
And as she slipped out with the tide I thought of blood-
stained slopes.

So now when death demands its fee
If my slate be not clean,
Perhaps He will remember me,
The Merchant of Cyrene.



Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for
forgiveness, or else forgiving another—*Richter*.

A university should be a place where knowledge is
taught, tested, increased and applied.—*Jos. Chamberlain*.

Architecture is frozen music—*M. de Stael*.