

proceeded to "Le Petit Sablon", an old but beautiful little chapel and then to a park nearby, fenced off with sculptured columns embodying the figures of masters of the numerous guilds which had once existed in Brussels during the Middle Ages. It was at this park that we separated. I spent the rest of my soujourn in Brussels visiting the "Palais de Justice", a museum and peering through a wrought-iron fence at the Royal Palce.

Needless to say, I was a bit fatigued after all these escapades and I found myself quite content to board ship once again despite the fact that I felt that I would soon be leaving the "Terra firma" for the sea not so "firma".

—HENRY GAUDET '57—

OUR FAIR ISLAND

In the gulf of old Saint Lawrence
There's an island fair to see.
It's cradled snugly on the waves
In sweet tranquility.

There is beauty there beyond compare
With any other land,
And thousands spend their leisure
On it's shores of silver sand.

It is a garden paradise
For it's soil is rich and rare;
And the people there are kind,
And seem not to have a care.

It's the nicest little island
That the eye has ever seen
Of Canada's ten provinces
It surely is the queen.

It is there we grow potatoes
And red strawberries too
And lobsters fresh and tasty
For export and for you.

You may boast of many mountains
And your western brawn and brain
You may boast of rolling praries
And your fields of golden grain.

You may have your great Niagra Falls
 With its mighty power lines
 And all your busy factories
 And wealthy mineral mines.

But for us there's just one spot
 And it's fairer than them all
 It's our million acre farm
 And it's charms forever call.

We are the smallest province
 Of the ten, 'tis true
 But it was there the first plans were made
 For Canada, for you.

Although we're small we still believe
 We have our place with you
 And join in many gatherings
 With many friends anew.

—WINNIFRED MACDONALD '59—

THROUGH BLOOD TO VICTORY

The biggest revolution in history—the Communist revolution—had its beginning with a man who was born on May 5, 1818, at Frier, in the Rhineland. The man was Karl Mark.

When Marx had acquired all the pieces needed to plan a revolutionary program that could radically change the fate of the earth, he collaborated with Friedrich Engels to write **The Communist Manifesto**. The **Manifesto** is the Bible of Communism. Its publication dates the formal beginning of modern Communism.

Communism is godless in its theology, materialistic in its philosophy, and ruthless in its tactics. It is bent on destroying all that we know and love. The Communists are bent on world-wide conquest and they believe that the only road to this conquest is through bloody revolution. The Communists are convinced that some day the world is going to be theirs. But they believe that this inevitable end can be speeded up by bloody revolution. "Through Blood to Victory" is the unchanging purpose of the Reds whether they be led by Lenin or Stalin or Bulganin and Khrushchev.

Our philosophy of life is diametrically opposed to Communism. We believe in God and His law as the norm for human conduct. We assert that all men are created equal and that the purpose of government is to protect the God-given rights of the equal human beings who are its citizens. This form of government is called Democracy. The world's population is now divided into these two