

the same nose and heavy eyebrows. He stood facing the sun, squinting at the stranger; then a light of recognition came into his eyes and his hand shot out to grasp his brother's. John Cronin was at a loss for words. Conflicting emotions worked in his face. He gestured feebly towards the open letter, and said, "You've read it!"

Calmly and clearly Hugh Cronin replied, "Yes, poor Aunt Mary has gone, God rest her soul. But come inside. I think I smell the Missus' coffee on the stove. Why'nt you come down to see us oftener. Got a fine place here now — we're doin' mighty good." Without protest, John Cronin was led through the open door into the sunlit kitchen. That was that!

—PATRICIA PENDERGAST '48

VAIN PURSUIT

A sense of loneliness upon me creeps,
A longing for some thing yet unattained.
I've sought it oft; my soul in boundless leaps
Pursues it still through long years undismayed.
I see it hover o'er horizon bright;
Oft times to worldly things it seems allied.
I strive toward that goal so near in sight,
But reaching there — it has a newer bride.
Once more I ask in vain, without reply,
"Through all my life, must I be so distraught?
Must all desires their noble ends belie?
Illusive something, can'st thou ne'er be caught?"
A voice within me comforts my distress:
In God at last we'll find true happiness.

—C. SINNOTT '49

ALL ABOARD

So this was the Murray Harbour train. Often had I heard its fame noised over the Island, as well as the Mainland, but never, until December 20, 1946, did I have the opportunity of viewing it with my own eyes, and of experiencing some of the thrills that attend a ride on this fabulous train. That is why I shall always look upon this particular day as a milestone in my life; I travelled from Charlotte-