

the joyous expansion of the soul in the harmonious adjustment of all the faculties. And therein lies, as has been truly said, "the supreme sign, proof of its vocation, and of its divine essence" (Camille Bellaigue, "Le chant grégorien, à l'Abbaye de Solesmes)."

Peace, gentleness, suavity, these are the words which always recur when one speaks of Gregorian music; above all, love. If there is one thing that stands out in studying the Gregorian melodies, it is that they are simply bathed in tenderness. Whatever may be the feeling they are expressing, the atmosphere is always that of love. If one wishes to describe Gregorian Chant in one word, it would be, I think, charity. It is truly the whole spirit of the Church which is in our melodies. One might say of them as is said of the frescoes of Fra Angelico, that they were composed on bended knees. M. Camille Bellaigue, from whom I borrow the quotation, adds: "That was the spirit, the purest spirit of the antique music. Its mission and ideal was far less to excite than to give order and rhythm to souls."

It could not be better expressed. If I add that this perfect and tranquil harmony of the whole being is a marvelous principle of action, an indispensable condition of the highest activity of the soul, and if Gregorian music, thanks to the laws of its composition and its supernatural inspiration, expresses to a degree previously unknown the ideal conceived and portrayed by the Hellenic genius, you will perhaps agree with me that the Catholic Church, in prescribing for all its children this way of prayer, is not only the authentic means of sanctification, but also an incomparable school of art, of moral education, and of civilization.

—Charles MacIvor, '47.

FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Corporal Snell raised his head cautiously from the grass and shrubs of an Italian pasture and stole a glance around the hill-side. Then he lowered his head and inched forward again. By his calculations he should be well in the rear of the machine-gun nest. Nearly time to

change his direction, he thought grimly, if he was to make the little depression behind the Nazi gunners. He'd be a hero if he stopped that gun. But that wasn't the reason Corporal Snell was crawling on his belly under the very noses of crack German snipers. He didn't consider himself as the heroic type. The thing was that the job had to be done and the rest of his gang were such good guys. They all had something to live for. They all got letters from wives, sweethearts or mothers. Who'd care back in Strateville if Jim Snell didn't come back after the war? Their opinion of him was not very high. He laughed mirthlessly. Judge Gaynor expected him to end up on the gallows—he'd have to be satisfied with an Italian battle-field. The mayor had called him a worthless young pup, many a time. As for Janet's father, he'd be rubbing his hands at the thought of getting his daughter married safely to a bank manager or something. It was funny about him and Janet. She really loved him, he knew, but then, how could he expect anyone to brave the tide of opinion thrown around him by the narrow-minded old gossipers of Strateville?—especially such a fine, gentle girl as Janet. He chuckled wickedly as he thought of the Sunday afternoon he had knocked that dude, Henry Wollis, on his back on the dusty street—Wollis with his mean little cracks disguised in his high-flown language. The next day he had joined the army. He was glad to be rid of Strateville and the old gossipers who looked down their noses at him. He remembered the concert in the town-hall when he had told them off. They hadn't liked having themselves exposed.

The whine of a rifle bullet put an end to his thoughts. Another one grazed the heel of his army boot. He dug further into the grass and bushes and grimly told himself that he would have to be more careful in the future—if there was to be a future. A few more yards and he would be in the comparative safety of the gully,—if only those machine gunners didn't get suspicious.

A lot like stalking wild ducks this; only this time the ducks fought back. He remembered the day back home that the game warden had surprised him in the closed season creeping up on a flock of ducks. The warden had shouted and the ducks flown. It wasn't the fact that he had minded being caught, it was the sight of the

ducks disappearing in the rainy sky that had prompted Jim Snell to hit the warden with the barrel of the shot gun. Judge Gaynor had given him ninety days on that occasion, he reflected bitterly. How he hated them with their smug faces and sneering remarks. He was glad his mother didn't have to hear them. At the thought of her he softened. She alone of all his acquaintances back there had understood him. It was at her death that he had moved in with his uncle. He had been seventeen then. He hoped he wouldn't have to go back there again, especially when they still blamed him for stealing and wrecking old Peter's new car. That was another reason for his volunteering for this job. He had nothing to live for.

Another rifle report caused him to hug the ground still closer. A searing pain caught him in the left thigh and he almost screamed with agony. Desperately he fought off the urge to leap to his feet and run. Instead he began to move forward again, dragging his shattered leg behind him. Now the gully was before him. He drew himself up and sprawled into it. He lay still for a few minutes, fighting off the pain of his shattered leg. Then he began to crawl forward again. Cautiously he raised his head. From here he commanded the machine gun nest that was defying his mates to advance up the open slope and take the hill. For twenty hours it had held them at bay and now Corporal Snell was thirty yards in their rear, a grenade in his hand. This was the time to act. Defying all the snipers in the German army, he staggered to his feet, pulled out the pin, and hurled the grenade. He crouched there to watch the results. His grenade burst harmlessly in the air. Then a rifle cracked behind him and he was hurled on his face in the ground. He had forgotten about that sniper, and now it was too late—or was it? He tried to move his left leg and almost blacked out with the pain shooting through his hip and chest. His right arm and leg were all right. If he could only get to his feet. He couldn't end it here. He had to stop that gun. Bracing his left side with his rifle he brought his right leg under him and quickly lunged to his feet. He ripped out the pin with his teeth, drew back and fired. The grenade rose in the air in a smaller, swifter arc and curved into the machine gun nest. The explosion muffled the crack of the sniper's rifle and a new pain

caught him in the small of the back as he collapsed in his own blood.

What should Corporal Snell be thinking about as he lay there—Ah! that was it, the folks back home. That was what they always thought about, wasn't it? The dear old faces, the people he had died for. He saw the crowded town hall and the blurred faces cheering and applauding. They were all there, all those he despised, cheering him as the mayor read the citation. His ironical vision angered him until he detected something genuine in their faces. In a silent prayer he forgave them.

Slowly he became aware of new activity around him. He shifted his gaze from the evening sky and saw the sober faces of his buddies in marked contrast to the cheering faces of his vision. A man of the medical corps bent over him. Corporal Snell wanted to ask them what the trouble was—why they were acting so strangely. The man with the red cross on his arm straightened up and began to shake his head slowly. He wanted to tell them not to worry, that he didn't mind dying. He tried to speak, to tell them he had expected this, but no words would come. So he lay there helplessly staring at the sad, sober faces of his comrades, seeing there sincerity shining through the mud and dirt of the battle-field. Then they began to blur and darkness enveloped him. Corporal Snell was dead.

—Kent Macdonald, '46

THE BATTLE OF LONDON

The Nazis had broken through. Since the fall of France the flying sentinels of Dover had held them in check. But now in Black September, September the seventh, they came. From the heights of Dover's white cliffs one could watch the air bombardment which began the Battle of London.

The bombers were so high they could be distinguished only by the tracks they traced as they raced towards