

When John Angus answered him his voice was weary. He'd been doing this for many years and his voice betrayed how tired he was of the whole thing.

"They'll haul up the slip," he said, "and then we'll set the chocks for the Richibucto—she's due tomorrow."

A sudden hammering and banging and clanging broke out in the adjoining shipyard as the workers returned to their jobs; the great noise came down and engulfed us and for a moment seemed to pierce our very beings and force us back against the wall of the shanty.

The feeling passed and we saw Pierre walking towards us.

"Here he comes," Joe said.

"Let's get a move on outta here," John Angus said.

We started across the yard, Joe and I falling in behind the waddling John Angus. We passed Dan Gillis and the old crab cackled inanely as he let go a jet of tobacco juice that spattered Joe's boots. Joe swore softly, without feeling.

Pierre was still coming towards us. We walked to meet him and, as he came opposite us and stopped to tell us what to do, we passed him and left him standing there, alone and small, muttering to himself, and gazing after us with a look of stupid bewilderment on his face.

—M. F. H. '50.

## TWO SAINTS

The lily,  
Straight, tall, unblemished,  
Stands in the cool green  
Of the long, clean  
Grasses,  
And worships purely.

And the rose,  
Dust-heavy, scarlet waysider,  
Lifts its shriven head  
After the rain,  
And again  
Praises the glory of God.

—K. ROCHE '51.