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**TO VENICE: A TOURIST'S TRIBUTE**

O Venetia, queen and mistress o' the seas and heart,  
Cardinal care o' your second-choice, Saint Mark,  
Once gleamed your wondrous wares at fair and mart  
From Orient strand borne back by burdened barque.

Now no more; yet still the pigeoned square is thronged,  
And 'neath the divers columns still the chatter  
Of merchants; while the winged lions frown  
At the mass of pilgrims and their restless patter.

No more come eager envoys magi-laden,  
Fluttering up canals like hooded hawks,  
Met by mighty men of majestic mien;  
But still the proud prows ply the liquid walks.

And still, too, quiet reigns o'er your hallowed stones  
Far from the screech and squeal of swirling wheel;  
The ancient slower mode contents you still:  
The sonorous sound, the clock-tower's double peal.

Gone are many glories that were yours—  
The wealth, the power, the sovereignty, and the might;  
And yet not conflict nor the flight of time  
Has dimmed the charm and glamor of your light.

M. R. M. '51

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**AN ALUMNUS SPEAKS**

"What would you do if you had the opportunity to begin your years at St. Dunstan's again?" I recently asked Monsignor A. A. MacAulay '87.

There was no hesitation in his answer, no questioning me as to why I should be asking him that. Immediately came the reply, "I would study. In the days when I was a student we had not time to complete any courses. We were always needed and our time at St. Dunstan's was too short. There was so much to be learned and so little time to do it that I would most of all enjoy the complete courses now available."