

that she does not hear the cottage door softly open; she does not see the tall figure that quickly advances, stands for a moment over her, then, seizing her in his arms, cries: "Mother! my own dear Mother! it's Dan come back at last."

She cannot believe her senses; can it be possible, or is she in a dream? No, it is true, it is Dan, her own long-lost boy returned, faithful to the promise he made to her in the note he pinned to her pillow.

"My boy, my poor boy!" she whispers, praise be to God and His blessed Mother, I shall not die in the poorhouse!"

And with tears of joy, she sinks deeper into the arms of her son, now, not Dan O'Reardon of Kilkenny, Ireland, but Officer O'Reardon of the New York police force.

J. O'M., '28.

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### RELEASE?

My thoughts, like autumn leaves fly round,  
And some are red, some gold, some brown,  
Some lie black on the rotting ground,  
But never will my sorrow drown.

Each gust of passion stirs the mound  
Of heaped up thoughts where hope lies dead,  
And every sigh with hollow sound,  
Whirls these derelicts through my head.

Will my white mantle fall at last?  
And will my warring thoughts be still?  
My broken soul its sorrow cast,  
When my body sleeps on the hill?

—J.R.H.F.



Be noble, and the nobleness that lives  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—*Lowell.*