

Yes there you are, standing in the open doorway, looking splendid in your formal evening clothes. I am sure that you are happy tonight—tonight and every night.

Why did you close the door so quickly, Sir? Did the cold of the night make Mrs. Ridgeway feel uncomfortable, despite her magnificent furs? Perhaps you feared that the icy wind coming through the doorway might destroy the warmth that prevails in your home tonight; the warmth of friendship that is created by soft lights and cocktails, by beautiful women and tipsy businessmen. But why did you close the door so quickly? Mrs. Ridgeway could not have minded the cold air. Did you not hear, as I am hearing now, sounds from down in the city; sounds that the noise of traffic and the drone of the great mills and factories, owned by you and your friends, cannot beguile?

Did you hear the sounds from down in the city, Sir? How they assail my ears as I stand looking down on the city. The wailing of the cold and the hungry, the plaint of the homeless and the ignorant, the moaning of the neglected, sick, and dying sweep up the barren hill. I hear them as they rush past me, and as they rebound on the walls of this mansion instantly they are changed, so that I hear them reverberate over the city, "Quiet you fools and let respectable people rest."

It is time that I go now, Sir. For too long have I stood, looking down on the city, absorbed in my thoughts. When I gently open the back door so as not to disturb the guests, you will meet me, and very tolerably you will say, "A little late this evening John, I've been helping James with the drinks myself." And you would laugh good naturedly and call me a blubbering fool if I were to mumble in greeting, "But the greatest of these is charity."

—DANNY DRISCOLL, '50

THEY ARE LOST

They are lost
The ones who grope through mists
Of indecision;
Uncertain, doubtful, weary and tired.
Searching, crying,
Sighing, whining,

They greet each candle-gleam as a star;
And plod and plod
O'er muddy sod
To find it flickering in the mire.

They are blind,
The ones who gaze upon the day
In despair;
They see naught beyond sighing trees.
While rays of Hope
And doves of Love
Await a garret in their reality.
A narrow span
From man to man—
Their bridge above Hell's gaping seas.

They are lost,
Seeking all on this sullen sod;
Forgetting, rejecting,
Ignoring the gleaming
Of the tangent leading to God.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES

The first session of the Twenty-first Parliament will go down in Canadian annals as a memorable one, for by the action of this parliament were severed the last strands which moored the Canadian ship of state to the shore of Colonialism and kept it from sailing out upon the ocean of nationhood. This severing was the result of two measures—the act which abolished appeals to Britain's Privy Council, and the act which gave the federal parliament power to amend the constitution of Canada, the British North America Act.

Now that appeals from Canadian courts can no longer be carried to the British Privy Council, the Supreme Court of Canada is the highest Court in the land. Besides making the Supreme Court the court of last resort, the new act also provided that the Court should be enlarged to nine members, to enable it to carry out its new functions with the maximum efficiency. There was, on the whole, relatively little opposition to this judicial measure, for most Canadians were convinced that we should not use British courts.