

pious devotion to the Rosary. She urged the people to pray that God would stem the tide of wickedness and sin which was conquering the world, and grant us a lasting peace founded upon Christian principles, especially that of Charity.

The importance of the family Rosary can never be emphasized too strongly. There is no better sign of a truly Catholic family than to see the parents gather together their children in the evening for the recitation of the family Rosary. For He said, "Where any two are gathered in My name, behold I am in the midst of them."

—FRANCIS CAMERON '50

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### THERE ARE TWO WORLDS

From my window this morning I watched you, as you walked to your day's work. Out the lane and up the winding hill you went, towards the town, the lunch pail swinging by your side, reflecting the bright red from the newly-rising sun, that was just removing the lengthy coloured mantle of morning mist. In the elms and birches, that lined the road on each side of you, the birds were chirping their welcome to the new day.

Down the hill you went, and I watched you as you crossed the little wooden bridge that crosses Baker's brook in the hollow. The coolness of the night was still on the slow moving, lazy, little brook, and each ripple was decked out in a bit of red borrowed from the morning-sky. There were water lilies there, opening their large beautiful leaves to the sun rays, and myriads of dandelions sat on the bank like gold pieces on a green carpet. Then you climbed the hill on the other side. No longer was the sun hiding behind the cold mist. It was shining brightly now, and you could feel its increasing warmth. The bees felt that warmth too and were going to work on that large field of sweet-smelling clover blooms on your left. The dew that clung to the earth, feeling the warmth of the morning, suddenly began to rise and soon it was hanging as if suspended in mid-air above you.

What did you see this morning on your way to work? Your eyes were cast downward as if intent upon the dust of the road. Perhaps you were thinking and saw nothing but the prospect of standing at that noisy old weaving machine for a whole day. You raised your eyes only to see the massive hulk of the Imperial Textile



Works on the horizon, and to measure the distance you had yet to walk in order to get there. You did not see the rising sun or the beautiful sky and all that goes to make a summer morning what it is, because you were too preoccupied with that little circle of business, and work, and money, that goes to make up your world. When you crossed the little wooden bridge you did not even raise your eyes. You did not stop a moment to watch the pretty red-tinged water, or to catch the silver gleam of a trout scurrying for the shelter of a log. A child would stop and gaze long at that water. He would throw a stone in so he could watch the rings form and see the frightened trout. Perhaps he would run down to the water's edge and put a bare foot forward to see how cold the water was, after which he would gather some dandelion heads to drop from the bridge into the water and hurry to the other side to see them drift lazily out of the culvert and wind with the current down the stream. Of course you had no time for even a moment's contemplation of the brook in the hollow. You must get to your work, and that left no time for brooks or such foolishness.

What did you hear this morning as you walked with your lunch pail swinging by your side? Did you hear the birds in their joyful symphony, their opening chorus a prelude to the music of a bright summer day, or the bees as they hummed gleefully in pursuit of nectar in the clover field? Of course you did not hear any of these. You must keep your ears trained for the sound of the whistle at the Imperial Textile Works, because if you miss that you may be late for work. A child would stop under that big tree on the other side of the brook and listen to the song of the Mother Robin, who has a nest there. He would stand long, absorbed in the beauty of sight and sound in the immense world that is his—the world as God created it, unspoiled by grown-up hands and minds.

Well, father, soon now I will see you come down over the hill again, home from work, tired and not very cheerful, a bit enthusiastic perhaps about a new deal or happening at the factory, but not what I could call cheerful. I guess it would not help you much if you knew those thoughts of your young son, who, you say, is too dreamy and idealistic to fulfill your dreams of a future business man.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50.