

might feel his effective denunciation of all that was base in social or religious life.

We in Prince Edward Island loved Bishop Kelley and he loved us. The little Island itself held an undying charm for him; St. Dunstan's always had a warm spot in his heart. It was that love for his old College that urged him to make the generous gift of \$20,000.00 towards the building of a library, and also to bequeath his own splendid library to us. We hope that this sum will soon be sufficiently augmented so that this last dream of the Bishop will be realized—The Bishop Kelley Memorial Library—a fitting monument to a noble Churchman, will take its place on our campus. We shall remember him gratefully. Let perpetual light shine upon him, O, Lord.

—CONTRIBUTED

THE FARMER SAYS, "LET WINTER COME"

When the farmer sees the footprints of the first frost outside his window, he knows that winter is on its way. He heeds the warning and gets busier than ever, but he has not been caught—he was looking ahead.

He found great pleasure in filling the cellar. Bushel after bushel of potatoes has thumped down the hatch into the big bin. Barrels of apples are resting against the cellar walls. Beets, carrots, turnips and squash are brimming over in their boxes. Cabbages are hanging from the ceiling, and pumpkins are piled in pyramids. The shelves have long since been packed with jars. Our eyes linger here on the crimson jams and jellies, then on the peaches and pears whose faces are pressed against the smooth, round walls of their glass prison. Huddled in cozy groups on the stone floor are crocks of butter, pickles and chow. White slabs of pork lie smuggling in the brine in the big barrel by the stairway.

The farmer's cellar is a fortress against the might of winter.

Everywhere he has the homestead ready for the long months of cold weather. Barns and stable lofts are bulging with hay and grain. The firewood is packed to the woodhouse ceiling, and much more is in the yard ready to be sawed up for the old kitchen stove. The house is banked and the windows are puttied until not a single crack is left.

The animals, which a short time ago pranced about the fields, now walk stubbornly, with heads bent, to the pump for water, and then race back to the warmth of the stable. The machinery is

packed neatly in the machine shed with the sleigh pulled just inside the door, because it will be taken out very soon.

Winter comes on with its frost and fury. For the farmer, the earlier part of the winter is a sort of "letting up time." He has finished his fall's work and has not yet begun that of the winter.

He enjoys the soft glow of the early lamplight, the tacking of sleet on the window panes and the wind singing down the chimney.

After supper, he takes his last lantern-lit look at the cows chewing their cud in the stable. By the time that Mother brings her sewing near the light and father's stockinged feet are propped to the oven, the children are ready for their lessons, with the promise of a game of checkers as soon as they are through.

Thus the routine of winter passes; with blizzards lasting for days, roads to be broken, ice to be hauled and long sleigh rides to be made.

The farmer likes the winter and welcomes it; but in early spring when the fields appear from under their mantle of snow and everything seems to come to life again, he is ready and willing to say, "Let Spring come."

—ANITA McCABE '50.

BEYOND REASON

I never did believe in the business of ghosts and the likes. No, that's not quite what I meant to say. What I mean is, I believe in it, but I never thought I'd have an experience bordering on it. In fact, I'm still not sure that I have had. But I will tell you about it and let you judge for yourself.

It all started back in London in the days following World War I. There was a chap by the name of Tom Wallis in our office, with whom I occasionally ate lunch and sometimes dinner. As Tom was never very much of a talker, I found out little of importance about him except that he was an orphan and quite alone in the world. We never talked about anything that led to any constructive discussion. On the contrary, what talking we did, mostly about the weather, was very spiritless; for our minds, once we were away from the office, seemed altogether lacking of ambition.

You can imagine my surprise, when, one day at lunch, Tom told me that he was leaving in the morning for Africa. After my surprise had worn off, I began to figure out what had happened.