

ordered home. He thinks nothing of littering the living room rug with lines, nets, and reels, much to the discomfort and annoyance of his family. Much to the consternation of his wife, the anxious fisherman has taken over her kitchen for the careful inspection of waders, fishing baskets, and the rest of his favourite outdoor apparel. And, despite all her protestations, he continues with stubborn perseverance his feverish preparations.

Very often, the angler is in individual who lives a life of comparative ease and luxury, a man who is fond of good food, prepared by a competent cook; and yet, during the fishing season, he will adventure to the wilds of the northland to fish in a far away lake, or whip a cascading stream, or tolerate an infestation of mosquitoes and black flies, and clean his catch to cook over hot embers—and glory in it!

During most of the year, the ardent angler may often complain of his susceptibility to colds, flu, and other kindred ailments brought on by drafts, rain and cold. Yet, once on the fishing grounds, this enthusiastic character appears to have become rejuvenated and immune to all the minor ills to which he was prey. For now he sustains the rigorous cold winds of the northland, frequent rains, and even the occasional tumble into an icy stream with few if any ill effects.

But these discomforts of nature never deter this sportsman. Whether he pursues the elusive speckled trout in a cold mountain stream, the lordly salmon in the great bays that are their homes, or the giant tuna on the foggy, stormy eastern coast; whether his catch is large or small—at heart he is then, and forever, an enthusiastic angler.

—B. F. '52

LAZARUS

When limbo was the lair of hope
Before the bloody Tree,
I left the living, there to live
In wild expectancy.

When Heaven was the home of harps,
Heaven walked the earth;
He soothed the sorrow of the throng
By bidding me, 'Come forth'.

In putrid rags I split the tomb
The timeless Voice to greet;
And earth was Heaven when I spread
Palms before His feet.

—G. K. '51.