

The Ile De France now freed from its moorings,
Drifts into the current of blue;
And points its great bow to the westward
As if by an instinct it knew.
The sun has now lowered 'neath the skyline,
The day has now changed into night,
As the flickering lights from the houses
Grow dimmer and pass out of sight.

Five days have elapsed since departure
From the banks of the beautiful Clyde.
Then one calm brilliant morning in August
Comes a joy that not one tries to hide.
We have entered old Halifax Harbour,
'Mid the din of the crowd on the shore;
And the smaller boats echo their welcome—
It is Home, Sweet Home, once more.

—BERT LANNAN '51.

HIS GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY

At long last Jack found his grandfather, sitting in his beloved sanctuary, the library. "Come in, son," he welcomed him, "and we will have a little talk." Jack took a seat, and they talked for some time. Jack knew how much his grandfather loved the library, and wished that he could spend more time exploring it.

When the old gentleman was called out, Jack eased himself into his grandfather's big comfortable chair and began to examine his surroundings. Books lined the walls on every side, and over the bookcase—especially around the fireplace—was an array of trophies and antiques, objects which seemed to have been collected from many places. Here his grandfather had worked for many years, and it was here that he now spent most of his time. As he looked, Jack thought that the room had an atmosphere of years gone by, waiting to be explored again. "What an atmosphere for dreaming," he mused to himself as he leaned back in the big chair and gazed at the bust of Shakespeare which adorned one of the bookcases.

As he gazed dreamily, Shakespeare's face seemed to be looking back at him from the shadows. The ticking of the big grandfather clock in the corner faded, and a voice from the shadowy outline spoke:

"You have stepped to the threshold of that which is past; here you can wander through the years to seek friends or knowledge

at will. Come with me and I will show you the ups and downs, the joys and passions of human life. The poets of Rome can lead you through the empty, echoing halls of a vast empire; the philosophers of Greece will show you their concepts of life, and their ideas of the universe.

"But perhaps you are weary of travel; maybe your heart is heavy? Here in the poet's corner are friends experienced in the art of refreshing the weary. Bobby Burns will sing immortal songs of his bonny country over the sea; or perhaps Wordsworth or Tennyson will cast on you his magic spell. You may be carried to the land of the lotus-eaters, or sail to the very ends of the earth. Yours is the privilege of entering the virgin forests with the pioneers of your young country; you can see Canada grow up with them and listen to their songs.

"Great men of all ages can speak to you in the common language of faith. Here unrolled is the wonderful drama of the birth of the Church. You may listen to the Teacher of Galilee, and see His word flower and spread down through the years—ever fresh, ever the same, something that does not change."

The voice gradually faded to a slow tick-tocking, and Jack stirred and looked about the friendly room. The books seemed to be inviting him to lose himself in distant places. He could understand now why his grandfather found so much comfort there. When the present means less and less, and one lives more and more in the future and in the past, then this is the proper retreat—the library.

—JOSEPH KANE '50.

TOMORROW-ISM

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." So goes the adage, and ever since the time that it was first expressed, there have been people who have done their best to follow its teaching; also, there have been those who have gone the opposite way, and have developed to the minutest detail the art—shall we call it—of "putting things off."

Those happy-go-lucky people who always leave things till tomorrow are occasionally termed lazy by those who are continually doing things today. But let's follow one of these "tomorrow" individuals and see for ourselves that it is he rather than the "today" character who has a truly adventuresome spirit, an optimism, and a philosophy of life which makes every one else's actions seem dull indeed.