
BOOKS

Multiple and often astounding have been the inventions devised by man since the beginning of the world. Thousands of years ago mankind witnessed the invention of one of the most useful, though perhaps one of the most simple, devices ever discovered; namely, the wheel. In more recent times science has discovered the atom bomb which has wrought more terror in the hearts of men than any other single weapon yet known. In an instant, it snuffed out the lives of eighty thousand Japanese. Not since the angel of the Lord passed through the Assyrian host assembled before Jerusalem have so many people died in one place in so short a time. But, to the minds of many people, the most important invention of all was the one attributed to John Gutenberg, in the German town of Maing, in the year 1450. That is, of course, the printing press. More than any other single factor in history, the printing press has influenced the lives of men.

Previous to 1450, the ideas of the world's greatest thinkers were available to only a few of the privileged classes, or to the clergy. The practicability of popular education was hampered greatly by the scarcity of books, which had to be copied by hand. But with the advent of the printing press, books became available in great numbers and at lower cost. The Bible, the works of the great philosophers and of the classical writers of Greece and Rome were available to the common people. As a result, the causes of religion and education received a great uplift.

To the individual reader, books are an inexhaustible source of pleasure and entertainment, as well as being treasures of knowledge and learning. Millions of people relax and find recreation for their minds by reading novels, poetry, essays, or almost any other form of literature. A book completes the conquest of mind over nature. Barriers of age, time, space and station in life are turned down with the turning of a page. By means of a book, a man can be transported to far-off lands or possess great wealth. A little verse contained in the old school reader expressed this idea very well:

"Who hath a book has friends at home,
And gold and gear at his command,
And rich estates, if he but look;
All things are his, who hath a book."

During the few years which we spend at college, we are prone to neglect the tremendous opportunity which the college library presents to us. Most students use the library solely as a source of books for their reading assignments.

However, this required reading should be only an introduction to the wealth of reading material that the library contains, which is not on our own reading lists. After we leave college, we may perhaps retain our text-books, but seldom, if ever, will we again find ourselves in a position where such a collection of the latest and the best in Christian literature is so readily available for our use.

Unfortunately, the present trend seems to be towards even more limited use of the library by the students. Only recently the librarian mentioned that fewer books were taken out than in former years. It appears that there is a departure, among students, from the true aim of a college education. They are confining themselves, to a greater degree, to studying their text-books mainly to get marks, rather than making a full study of the subject, for the good that is in it, with the aid of the books available on the particular subject in the library, as well as with their text-books.

Thomas a Kempis, who wrote what has often been called the most popular book ever written, next to the Bible, has said:

"Everywhere I have sought happiness, but nowhere have I found it, save in a little nook with a little book." Unless we, the students of St. Dunstan's, join a Kampis in the recognition of the tremendous values to be gained in reading books—good books—the calibre of graduates from St. Dunstan's will suffer considerably in the years to come.

—EDITORIAL.

A TRIBUTE

It was a beautiful day in May. The sun was shining brightly in an azure sky, and the birds were gaily chirping from the branches of the trees which stood as sentinels on the College campus. Nature was alive and the world seemed peaceful.

He had finished his breakfast after saying Mass, and leaving the refectory he began walking toward Main Building. He had just passed the Chapel when he stopped. He looked at the campus. It was a beautiful day, he thought. Then at Science Building, Memorial Hall and Dalton Hall; they looked serene. Superficially it was the same scene as that which presented itself for the past eight months. But he knew that it had changed over night. He looked at a piece of paper on the ground. Yesterday the campus had been thronged with people. Students dressed in black gowns