
TO VENICE: A TOURIST'S TRIBUTE

O Venetia, queen and mistress o' the seas and heart,
Cardinal care o' your second-choice, Saint Mark,
Once gleamed your wondrous wares at fair and mart
From Orient strand borne back by burdened barque.

Now no more; yet still the pigeoned square is thronged,
And 'neath the divers columns still the chatter
Of merchants; while the winged lions frown
At the mass of pilgrims and their restless patter.

No more come eager envoys magi-laden,
Fluttering up canals like hooded hawks,
Met by mighty men of majestic mien;
But still the proud prows ply the liquid walks.

And still, too, quiet reigns o'er your hallowed stones
Far from the screech and squeal of swirling wheel;
The ancient slower mode contents you still:
The sonorous sound, the clock-tower's double peal.

Gone are many glories that were yours—
The wealth, the power, the sovereignty, and the might;
And yet not conflict nor the flight of time
Has dimmed the charm and glamor of your light.

M. R. M. '51

AN ALUMNUS SPEAKS

"What would you do if you had the opportunity to begin your years at St. Dunstan's again?" I recently asked Monsignor A. A. MacAulay '87.

There was no hesitation in his answer, no questioning me as to why I should be asking him that. Immediately came the reply, "I would study. In the days when I was a student we had not time to complete any courses. We were always needed and our time at St. Dunstan's was too short. There was so much to be learned and so little time to do it that I would most of all enjoy the complete courses now available."

What studies would now appeal most to you?"

"I was always fond of the classics. There's a discipline in them that nothing else can replace. There's a lifetime of study in them, but only after you are introduced to them by others during your school days."

"What about sports?" I had that question ready much earlier than this for I wanted to know what the man who introduced English Rugby to our campus in 1875 thought of it now.

Again the answer was ready: "Ah, football. There's the game for boys. Before our great old Bishop MacIntyre took me off the train at Mount Stewart in 1875 and sent me to St. Dunstan's. I had been going to Ottawa University, and when he met me I was on my way there for another year. But it was a lucky day, for St. Dunstan's has been dear to me ever since. At Ottawa I played on a Dominion Championship Rugby squad. It was a great game, so I worked hard to get it organized at St. Dunstan's. And we had some great games there too. If I were to go back, if I were young again, I wouldn't want to miss football."

"What about other sports?"

"What other sport is there?" he asked.

Right Reverend A. A. MacAulay, D.P., our oldest priest-alumnus is still at heart a student. His eyes are dim; he can read no longer; but he's still a student. And isn't it interesting to know that the seventy-five years that have passed since he first carried the colors for S.D.U. have failed to tarnish the enthusiasm of our first rugbyist?

—CONTRIBUTED.

SYLVESTER'S DISCOVERY

Sylvester J. Gloop looked again. He blinked. The strange thing was definitely standing on its head. He leaned over as inquisitive as Sylvester, and leaned upwards to study him. Leaned upwards? Sylvester moved to the right. The thing also moved to the right. No, that is a lie. The thing was on its head, so it must of necessity have moved to the left. At any rate it seemed to anticipate the man's every movement. Sylvester, of course, was confused.