

We remained in Cornerbrook three days, then continued our tour. This trip made a lasting impression on me and, I'm sure, on my companions, for we now know that Newfoundland, Canada's newest province, also had its scenic wonders. We were impressed.

—CART. MacDONALD '50

AFTER THE RAIN

Behold the shower's past and there's the sun,
Shining bravely in the western sky;
The children beg to be let out to play:
Mother warns, "Be careful where you run,"

Bare feet are washed in wet grass on the lawn,
Chip boats sail across the flooded lane;
Small hands catch gems that fall from dripping eaves.
The cleansed air is filled with laughter's song.

"Oh, see the pretty rainbow." Someone cries;
Games are left; instinctively they turn
To see God's mighty prism in the east.
Up from yonder hill they watch it rise.

A bridge that's fit to carry angels on
Reaches up until it spans the sky;
But even as they watch, its beauty fades,
Growing paler and paler 'till it's gone.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

DAYTIME DOZING

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,"

I'm forced to laugh rather sickly every time I think of those beautiful lines that Shakespeare has written about one of Nature's most beautiful gifts. Yes, sleep is a wonderful thing for some people, but for me (and I console myself with the thought that there are others with me) sleep has knit a veritable garment of war. Way back when I was just a young fellow (and that was not so long ago, because I have never heard anyone call me a man) I could sit through a whole class without lowering an eyelash. But