

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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SPRING IN P. E. I.

In the wind-cool,
Sun-warm
Fever
Of the May-time,
My fingers yearn for the warm, soft soil;
Then my heart goes a pilgrim
Through the age-long
Blood-dust—
Soul-fingers searching out
Ancestral ties,
Sweet-calling echoes
Of a long-dead day,
Far, dim-felt currants
In the Island clay.

In the East,
In the fields
Of old parishes—
In Souris,
In St. George's,
Bridgetown,
Dundas,
Down to St. Peter's Bay,
Wherever the Grand River saunters
Down its red ochre borders,
There my heart goes wandering,
Searching out the traces of itself;
Searching down the valleys,
Through the farmlands
Fertile in the family names.

Now, Lord,
O, for my garden in the May-month!
For the Island
Ere the first of June!
For the Island,
And my people,
And the new, moist earth!

Others may be dreaming of their far-lands,
And I doubt not the virtue
Of their faith;
But my blood
Is all one fever
For the red soil:—
For the blood-red,
Folk-rich
Home-soil
Salted by the sea;
For the sun-warm,
Wind-cool Island
Where God has placed my hoping
In the spring:
Loved friends,
Family
And garden
In the spring!
My garden
And the promise of the lilac,
And the red-peeping,
Pioneering
Rhubarb
In the spring.

—A. P. C.

SUMMER SEMINAR III.

Living and studying with students from many different countries gives one an experience which is difficult to capture in words. This is especially true of the week that I spent throughout the Western Zone of Germany, after our seminar had concluded. In some cases I travelled with, and stayed at the homes of the