

eclipses the rest, in much the same way as the noonday sun puts out the light of the moon and stars. Our Lady, Seat of Wisdom, is above them all because she was chosen for a dignity immeasurable greater than any bestowed on any other creature, and God always gives to the soul graces proportionate to His designs upon it.

Of all the lessons deductible from the life of Mary, perhaps there is none more encouraging than this—that the commonplace deeds of the most commonplace life can be vitalized, rendered pleasing in God's sight if, like Mary, Seat of Wisdom, we do them for the love of Jesus, and for this alone. Rightly, then, do we invoke her in whose hands the Holy Spirit has placed all created wisdom. We all need Mary's powerful help in our daily struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil. Because of her position, her virtues and her sufferings for us, she has a right as well as a duty to aid us. Considering God's great love for Mary, we should call upon her frequently and ask her to make us comformable to Incarnate Wisdom, for with wisdom comes peace, peace within and without. We can have all this and heaven too, if we praise Our Lady, Seat of Wisdom, to please Him!

SISTER MARGARET MARIE, S.S.M.

ON GETTING UP

There she stands, in front of me. She's beautiful. She has a perfect figure. She smiles. She comes toward me . . . Then my ribs practically shatters beneath a sharp fish.

"C'mon. Get up! It's five after seven."

Oh God, Oh God, someday I'm going to kill him.

"C'mon! C'mon, you big squid. Get up."

I roll over. I open one eye.

"What time is it?" I ask.

"Five after seven; I just told you that."

"Wednesday," he says.

"Oh yeah," I mutter, my head under the clothes. "What day is it?"

"Rolls. C'mon, get up!"

"What we got for breakfast this morning?"

"Okay, Okay. OKAY!" He leaves.

Rolls!

I snuggle into the good old pillow. And back I go to dream-land. Sleep, beautiful sleep. "Sleep it is a gentle thing, beloved from . . ." Suddenly I find myself on a ship. It's hot. I'm dying of thirst. I can't even speak. All around me is the sea . . . at my feet

are dead sailors. Dried up, dead sailors. Then off in the distance I see a speed boat. A big, beautiful speed boat. It draws near I strain my eyes to see the lone figure in it. It's a girl. She has a package in her arms. Oh joy, oh joy, it's a half case of beer! Into the boat I jump. I raise the open bottle to my lips

'Will you get the devil out of that bed!'

My roommate.

"What time is it?" I groan.

"Quarter after seven."

He keeps on washing. I summon enough energy to raise myself on one elbow and look out the window. It's snowing.

"You were going into some awful contortions before you woke up. What was wrong?"

"I was drinking beer."

"WHAT??"

By this time I have the blankets pulled over my head again. That old bed feels great. Warm, comfortable. . .

"Look, boy, you gotta get up?" My roommate again.

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"No overshoes."

"Where are they?"

"Mike got 'em."

"I'll go get them", he says.

"No."

"Why not?"

"What's he gonna wear?"

"Look," he says. "Let's look at this in a rational manner. You haven't been up four mornings in a row. If this keeps on you'll . . ."

"God, she was beautiful." I'm practically awake now.

"Who?"

"The girl I was dreaming about."

"Oh."

He finally finishes washing.

"Don't think I'll get up," I say.

"Why not?"

"Rotten breakfast." Down beneath the blankets I go.

My roommate goes to the door. Down the corridor he shouts.

"Hey, fellows! The squid's not getting up!"

I push back the clothes. Out of bed I jump. By the time the Torture Crew arrives I'm washing industrially at the sink. A few minutes later I'm trudging slowly to Mass.

It's awful, I'm telling you, this getting up in the morning. When I die I won't go to Purgatory. I'll go straight to Heaven.

O'FLAHERTY, '56.