

## SOUVENIR

To-day as we the graduates of our small Island University go forth from the shelter of its walls and its world in miniature, our minds are on the past, for to-morrow we must carve our future.

The few years that we have been with our Alma Mater roll back, and our first day at college stands out as shall our last. They are pleasing, these Memories; though our souls are stirred to a sad sigh, it is a pleasant sad sigh, for these are delightful memories. The many little rebellions which filled our minds are gone, the little trials which seemed so great to the exaggerating student are no more, the strict stroke of the bell is as music to our ears to-day for we shall miss even that bell.

Again we play, in our dreams, on the football field, nothing else matters—we must win. The old gang gathers to give its yell, lose or win, for we were taught loyalty at Old St. Dunstan's.

We remember how readily we saw the faults of our teachers, and as the years passed their faults seemed to fade and their virtues shine; we were grasping a knowledge of character.

The Old Gang! At times—we thought we hated each other. Many of them have drifted already and to-day there are but twelve of us. In this last year how close we have come together, like birds huddling under the wing of their mother, when danger approaches and separation is near.

Memories, may we ever hold them dear. Memory echoes the voices floating through our little chapel singing the praises of Mary, in this month of Our Mother. Memories, we gather them all and place them in our hearts; our dream has finished, we have reached to-morrow, the longed for future is here, but the memories seem more dear.—A.J.H., '31.