

Each marching to the rhythm of a lilting light refrain,  
As fading on horizons far, they gradually wane.

The wild wind shrieks! A piercing cry rings through the  
darkness drear.

For aid against malicious imps whom all good fairies fear;  
But no one hears that desperate plea, (too busy is the  
world,)

Save Oberon, by whom bad imps o'er mountain tops are  
hurled.

The rustling in the trees is caused by leprechauns, no doubt,  
Who make the shoes for fairy feet when moon and stars  
are out.

The wind is hushed! While others sleep, the goblins  
stealthily

Are playing pranks, those little folk, upon humanity.

— JEAN DONAHUE '48

---

### Alone

Marie Hamilton arose from the deep arm-chair in which she was seated and began to pace nervously back and forth in front of the fire-place. She seemed uncomfortable by the fire which hummed merrily in the grate, as if it were trying to cheer her up; rather, the shower of sparks which sudden gusts of wind sent sputtering up the chimney only added to her nervousness. In the early dusk, only the fire with its sparks, and the snow beating softly against the window disturbed the aching emptiness of the room.

Minutes dragged by and she began to think of all the happiness she had known in this same room — the laughter of her playmates, the gentle teasing of her father, and, more vividly than all else, the sweet smile of her mother. But now all these were gone and she was alone,—all alone.

She began to recall all the terrifying things she had ever been told,—wicked people who mistreated their fellowmen, ghosts of the past who came back to haunt the memory of the living, and Marie fancied that some of these were here now in this very room, reaching out from the shadowy corners to grasp her — . And suddenly she saw again her mother, with her sweet smile, her gentle manner, and all those frightening spectres vanished for a moment; and in the early dusk, only the the fire with its sparks, and the snow beating softly against the window disturbed the silence that pervaded the darkness about her.



Crossing to the other side of the room, Marie picked up a book and tried to focus her wavering attention on its pages, but the lines only formed a meaningless blur and she finally replaced it.

How time dragged! The minutes seemed endless to the girl, who, for the first time in her life, found herself alone with only her thoughts to keep her company. She thought, "A few years ago I would not have minded so much, but now, — Lord, it's almost unbearable. It must be because I'm getting old, — old."

If only there was someone to talk to her! She thought of the people she knew who, when they were alone, talked to themselves, but she had always regarded such a practice as being extremely childish. Now, however, she thought that it might not be such a bad idea after all, and she tried to speak, but no sound came! Terrified, she tried again. Was that childish treble, which to her ears was unfamiliar in its every note, her voice?

Marie was not sure. And this time neither the dying fire with its sparks, nor the snow beating softly against the window could alleviate the panic of her terrified heart.

At that moment the front door opened, admitting Mrs. Hamilton. And at that same moment five year old Marie resolved that never again would she remain in the house alone for twenty minutes, while her mother was driving Daddy Hamilton across town to a meeting of the Holy Name Club.

— MARY O'SHEA '49

---

## My Essay

The professor asked the members of the class to write an essay on a topic of their own choosing. Yes, a topic all their own. The class was very well pleased; imagine! anything you wanted to write. But, alas, I could not select a topic. I sat for hours thinking of different subjects; finally I made a decision. Then away went my imagination, pursuing the topic I had chosen. I would formulate my idea and then I would start to write. How simple. I covered one page, two pages, and rambled on. Then suddenly my pen stopped. I could go no farther. Jack was coming dangerously close to a thousand foot drop. What to do? I sat and thought and thought, but to no avail. Jack would have to stay there. Again I debated different topics and again