

As Shakespeare's dramatic work eclipses that of all his contemporaries, so do his sonnets far surpass the whole mass of other Elizabethan sonnet-literature. They possess the same poetic excellence and are vitalized by the same creative genius as gives life to his dramatic characters and makes them live on in the imagination.

Perhaps this essay could not be more fittingly concluded than with the words of a noted historian who possessed a deep appreciation of literary values: "Some writers are good in some respects, others in other respects, but Shakespeare is the greatest in all respects."

FROM TIME TO TIME

Francis A. Brennan, '43

"Henry Barry, don't you ever tire of that sand pit? The other boys and girls have been playing games all afternoon, and you haven't once joined them. What is the matter? Are you afraid of them?"

The little, curly-headed, round-eyed lad looked into Miss Prittle's face, and a strong voice came from the diminutive body.

"But I like it here, Miss Prittle—look at this tank go. Whee."

His tiny fingers closed on the toy and nimbly wound the motor. The little tank shot over the sand, climbing over the huge obstacles which had been placed in its way, and seeming to be outdoing itself for the boy who knelt and clapped his hands in glee.

"Honest to goodness, Henry Barry, I don't know what is going to become of you. Watch out you don't turn into a machine one of these days," said Miss Prittle with a resigned air as she left the play-room.

This was an incident in the life of Henry Barry, and it took place in Summerton Kindergarten in the year 1925, that year when the world was crazy and topsy-turvy—and no one knew what was coming next.

"Henry Barry, will you please give me your attention?" said Mr. Keble dangerously. "Now sir, what is the atomic weight of antimony?"

"Oh, er, yes sir, sixty five I believe," came from the youth near the window.

"You are wrong again, young man," said Mr. Keble icily. "Look here Henry Barry, are you or are you not going to take an interest in your work? I've spoken to your father, and he says that you spend most of your spare time on Sandy Beach with that racing contraption of yours. If you wish to continue here, you must forget about those outside activities. That is all, sir, and please remember what I have said."

This was another incident in the life of Henry Barry, which took place in King's High School in the year 1937, that year when the world seemed to be recovering from the depression—and still no one knew what was coming next.

"Sergeant Barry, we are all very proud of you today. It took real courage to do what you did."

The Colonel spoke thickly; his eyes were moist. He turned into the desert wind for a moment, and then his gaze fell back on the young soldier before him.

"You saved the battalion, boy. We needed those four machines on the left flank. You got them there. It was a brave thing—but then our battalion is made up of brave men."

This was another incident in the life of Henry Barry, and took place on the Libyan Desert in 1941, that year when the world was in a death struggle—and again no one knew what was coming next.



Lose not thyself nor give thy humors way,
God gave them to thee under lock and key

—George Herbert