

A Prayer

May God's rejoicing angels bring
Your souls on Graduation Day.
The blessings of the Christ our King,
To gladden all your homeward way.

Frail threads of joy, and sorrow, too,
Into the web of life are wove;
Then may you seek the joy that's true,
Before the Altar-Home of Love.

And often at the Festive-board,
Where countless angels gather round,
May you receive your King and Lord
With whom Immortal Life is found.

And find a joy, a gladness sweet,
In tearful hours of pain and loss,—
In walking close to Mary's feet,
Along the pathway of the Cross.

And may you plead through all life's day,—
Though oft its hours be dark as night,
"O Heart of Jesus, light my way;
O Mary, guide my steps aright!"

And when you leave this vale of tears,
Led gently by an angel's hand,
Oh! may you reach, beyond the years,
The Home of Love—the Promised Land!

Christ, The King

The angels sang to the shepherds "Christus nobis est natus; venite, adoremus! Gloria in excelsis Deo!" "Christ is born for us; Come, let us adore Him! Glory to God in the highest!"

The Magi followed the star. They came to seek the new-born King of the Jews. They came, they saw, they adored. They offered Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh,—gold for His divinity; and myrrh for His humanity. Jesus Christ is King, King of Heaven and earth.

The doctors and high priests were held spell-bound. Wisdom divine, such as they had never heard before, was falling from the lips of a Boy-King Who already taught as One having authority. King of priests and of doctors!

A wedding gift from a King! Who would or could refuse it! He commanded water that it become wine, and the created thing obeyed its Creator and King and blushed at the Divine favor. He gave them more than a mere earthly gift. He sanctified the house wherein He was; He sanctified marriage, honoring the marriage-vows by witnessing their pronouncement. King of the Home is He.

Royally He sat on a stone and suffered the little children to come unto Him, and as King He declared "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." He touched them, fondled them, talked with them, loved them. They confided in Him and told Him their troubles and came away from him consoled. And they loved Him, the King of the Children!

What truly brave King would not lay down his life, if, through that sacrifice, his country and his people would be saved? That is what our Beloved King has done for us. He has sacrificed His life for an ungrateful world, that we may one day enter into His Heavenly Kingdom. He made that awful journey from Gethsemane to Calvary. And even now He is King! He rules us of this world from His celestial throne!

"Be Thou King, not only for the faithful who have never forgotten Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee, and bring them back to the harbor of truth and the unity of faith, until there shall be but One Fold and One Shepherd!" So prays the Church in the words of the great Pope Leo. So prays every devout soul among the 2,000,000,000 whose cry of jubilation is

CHRIST LIVES! CHRIST REIGNS! CHRIST TRIUMPHS!

—Josephine Coyle, '26.



Trust in God and wait upon Him,
Praying, working, He will do,
In His own good time, whatever
Will be always best for you.

The Eucharistic Congress

In May of last year, just after our last year's *Echoes* went to press, amidst scenes of almost indescribable splendor, in presence of hundreds of members of the hierarchy of the Church from every land and clime on the face of the earth together with thousands upon thousands of devout pilgrims who had come from every quarter of the globe for the celebration of the Holy year, Christ's Vicar on earth proclaimed six new heavenly patrons for the Church upon earth, the Church militant. The year 1925 was one continued series of pilgrimages to the Holy Year ceremonies; and scarcely had the Holy Door been sealed than the Catholic world was thrilled by the announcement of the coming Eucharistic Congress, (the twenty-eighth in number), to be held this time in our own beloved country in our Great Lake City, Chicago.

A Eucharistic Congress is the Catholic world's united act of faith and gratitude for the supreme gift of Christ living and always amongst us.

For the twenty-eighth time this public manifestation of Catholic faith and adoration is being offered to the Eucharistic King, once before on our continent, on the other occasions in Europe. But since the days of Pentecost, there will have been no such gathering of nations and tongues united by so single a purpose, as on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, opening on June 20, and continuing until the 24th.

At thousands of altars erected upon the great tract set apart for the occasion, in a glorious outpouring of love, adoration and praise, will Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and Priests of the Catholic Church offer the All-atoning Sacrifice.

In public procession will countless thousands follow the King of Peace,—an enthusiastic outpouring of Catholic faith in the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, such as has never before been witnessed, is what is confidently looked forward to. All the splendor of art and ritual is heaped up to do reverence to Him by Whom was made all the beauty of earth and heaven.

Into one million hearts will He enter in Holy Communion where, upon thousands of Altars His ministers will exercise that mysterious power conferred upon them, to change, by virtue of His Own Words, bread and wine into His Own Body and Blood. And into how many other millions of hearts will He not enter on that same day, throughout the world, from the rising to the setting of the sun, where there shall be offered to His name that Clean Oblation!

There could be no such realistic vision of the Congress none so beautiful in description as that from the pen of the well-known Jesuit writer and poet, Father Lord. Father Lord says in part:

"The great city will stand on tiptoe. The afternoon sun will fling its golden arms in expectant welcome about the throngs that will fill every street and public square. There shall be gay colors, silken rainbows arched across the facades of residences and stores which will seem to smile in joyous bursts of flag and bunting. The holiday crowds, gay in their finest dress will fill the streets; but their voices shall not be the bold, strident voices of merry-makers; they will be hushed with a joyous though reverential anticipation.

"Elaborate receptions are planned for everyone but Christ. The whole city wakes with a joyous shout when a distinguished visitor passes down its streets. A victorious general returns to be greeted with showers of roses and the blast of a hundred bands. He is escorted through the city amid the shouts of a grateful towns-folk who cry aloud his name and stretch their welcoming banners along his path. A popular hero is borne in triumph on the shoulders of his admirers.

"But Christ, the Eucharistic King, the Conqueror of sin, the Victor returning from his triumphs in the heart of saints and repentant sinners, is met with silence and the inaudible prayers of a few faithful worshipers. The daily coming among His people is the most splendid and the least recognized of His achievements. Only the great love of Christ makes Him repeat this constant return to earth; and only the strange unconsciousness of men makes them so thoughtless and inhospitable to their Most Worthy Guest.

"Probably it was just the sudden realization of its coldness toward the King that has led the Catholic world to plan solemn receptions, not altogether unworthy of our Eucharistic God."

Praise Be to Christ, Our King!

Josephine Brady, '26.



Multiplication

I take my leave, with sorrow, of Him I love so well;
I look my last upon His small and radiant prison-cell;
O happy lamp! to serve Him with never ceasing light!
O happy flame! to tremble forever in His sight!

I leave the holy quiet for the loudly human train;
And my heart that He has breathed upon is filled with lonely pain.
O King, O Friend, O Lover, what sorer grief can be
In all the reddest depths of Hell than banishment from Thee.
But from my window, as I speed across the sleeping land
I see the towns and villages wherein His Houses stand.
Above the roofs I see a cross outlined against the night,
And I know that there my Lover dwells in His Sacramental might.

Dominions kneel before Him and Powers kiss His feet.
Yet for me He keeps His weary watch in the turmoil of the street;
The King of kings awaits me, wherever I may go.
O who am I, that He should deign to love and serve me so?

Joyce Kilmer.

The Blessed Virgin

Most like the silvery dawn at break of day—
Most like the light that leads us on our way—
Most like the rose kissed by the morning dew—
Most like the arching sky above, so blue—
The Queen of Heaven, our Mother.

Most like a baby's tears, so pure, so sweet,
That fall from eyes of blue on rosy cheek—
Most like the snow-flake falling without sound—
Most like a shining raindrop's glistening round.
Our Lady Blessed, our Mother.

Most like the moonbeam's gleam from heav'n afar—
Most like the softly shining morning star—
Most like a fleeting glimpse of heaven art thou,
Moon under foot, stars circling thy fair brow—
Our Queen Immaculate, our Mother.

—Ferdinand Lannon, '27.



Retreat

Many things have happened this scholastic year to make the girls of '26 remember with pleasure their last year at S. J. A., but above all else the days from Dec. 8 to Dec. 12 stand out like a clear ray of silvery light, to be a guide should dark days fall in the years to come.

At three o'clock on December 8, the feast of Our Blessed Lady's special election, that of her Immaculate Conception, all the high school and commercial students, with the eighth grade girls, met in the high-school assembly room, which had been transformed into a beautiful chapel, to be present at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the opening of the Spiritual Retreat to be given by Father Appollonaris O.F.M.

In the preliminary instruction Father explained to us the need of a Retreat and how to make a good one. Then for three short days silence reigned supreme at Saint Joseph's, as all were attending the exercises of the Retreat. Each day began with Holy Mass at eight-thirty, when some fifty girls received Holy Communion, and at three-thirty each day the exercises were brought to a close by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

From their "Missa Recitata" missals compiled and generously presented to the students by the Reverend Father Edward O. F. M., the retreatants prayed aloud the beautiful prayers of the Holy Mass. What tenderness, what power, what inspiration they embody, beyond the most

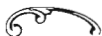
devout prayers ever penned by any individual saintly soul. The prayers of the Church at the all-atoning Sacrifice instituted by Our Divine Savior, that 'from the rising to the setting of the sun there be offered to the Most High God a clean oblation.

Then how solemn, how convincing, how moving, the conferences on The End of Our Creation, The Evil of Sin, The Four Last Things, The Following of Christ Our King, The Sacraments:—the Frequentation of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion; our obligation to bring others to love and follow Christ, by the influence of our example and our prayers.

On the morning of Dec. 12, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and by a happy coincidence the 94th anniversary of the foundation of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy by the Venerable Mother Mary Catherine McAuley, the entire student-body received Holy Communion at the 8:30 Mass and went away taking with them many a holy and helpful thought to make easier the living of a good Christian life.

May we ever remember and practice what was taught us by Father Appolonaris in our Retreat of '25, and may we ever pray for the directors of this and the other priceless spiritual Retreats which it has been our privilege to make during our High-school years.

—Alice Gallagher, '26.



Every Catholic Child in a Catholic School

The reason for the wish of the Church that her boys and girls make their higher studies under teachers imbued with the Faith has been explained again and again in Commencement addresses, and in articles in our best Catholic papers and magazines.

Again and again has it been deplored that former students in Catholic Colleges and Academies are far from being unanimous in public expression of their approval of the Catholic system of education, by sending their own children to Catholic Schools.

Why? It cannot be said that it is because they have either found the type of education there imparted inadequate to the demands made on them in after years, by the exigencies of life, nor that their Catholic College or Academy diploma failed to secure for them an equal opportunity with public-school graduates for advancement. It is a well-known fact that the graduates of our schools hold perhaps rather more than their proportionate share of positions of honor and trust.

That by means of public funds other Colleges and schools are as a rule better equipped for work cannot be denied; but the claim that the devotion of the Catholic School teachers is frequently an offset to this is generally admitted. And then, it is in the power of Catholics to so interest themselves in helping to equip our Church institutions as to wholly remove that condition.

May the realization soon be brought about, throughout the length and breadth of our land, of the motto which is the watch-cry of the Church, anxious for the religion and moral welfare of her children:—Every Catholic Boy and Girl in a Catholic School.

The Prodigal

High over the sleeping city
He'd seen it, night after night,
Circling, illum'ning, the heavens,—
The glowing electric light.

In fancy he'd mounted the tower,
In fancy he'd "kept" that light,
Until he was living his fancy
Up there on that dizzy height.

Battered and blown by the tempest,
Kissed by the morn's first glow,
Watching the life-teeming city,
Guarding its sleep below.

Eyes wandering out o'er the landscape,—
Far to the suburbs reached they;
Where lights glimmered out in the shadows
When died in the west the day.

Lost there midst God's great creation,
Night after night in the tower,
Tending the light that went circling
Steadily, hour after hour.

The Vision

"Right near, as my eyes wandered eastward,
Shot up, as by magic, a cross,—
Flaming bright 'gainst the sky's dark concave
Flamed near—then as quickly 'twas lost.

"A Cross! had I been a-dreaming?
Next morn would be Easter, I knew:
Long years since, my mother had taught me
That tale—all so wondrous, yet true.

"Of the Savior—now risen—triumphant!
Christ, living!—no more to die;
Of the stone rolled back from the grave's mouth—
Alleluia to God on high!

"He'd died on a Cross—to save me,
He'd carried it, too, for me;
And I'd turned away, and left Him
On His way to Calvary.

"A flash—it had flamed in the darkness
Again 'gainst the vault of the sky;
And again it was gone,—but my heart-beats
Seemed to tell me that God was nigh.

"I'd never seen it before, Sir,
It had never flashed out before,
And I knew it was God a-calling—
And it pierced my poor soul to its core.

"That voice, so tender and pleading
That said He had yearned for me;
Had watched, each day, from the hill-top,—
Watched, the Prodigal's form to see.

"I got on my knees right then, Sir;
I knew that He wanted me to;
I didn't know how very well, though,
'Twas so long, but then—He knew!

"I asked Him as best I could, Sir,
For I'd got out of practice, you know;
Then I knew He'd put that best robe on
My soul, and 'twas white as the snow.

"I poured out my heart to my Savior,—
Then the dawn came—I'd not wished it to,
But 'twas God's way of telling His creature
He'd work waiting for him to do.

"After that, I got up off my knees, Sir,
And saw of my vision the key;
'Twas the Cross of that Blessed Cathedral
Had flashed Easter blessings on me."

Josephine Coyle, '26.



Educational

The mind is spiritual, therefore invisible; therefore it cannot generate.
The Brain is the Instrument of the mind.
The Mind is the intelligent ability of the Soul.
The living body of man is one incomplete substance; the soul is the other. Each can stand of itself, but neither is in a natural state without the other.

The whole self is the complete union of the two.
That is the solution of the problem of mind and matter.

—Jottings on Evolution—The Monitor.

"The Little Flower"

Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face

Canonized May 17, 1925

Theresa Martin was born in the midst of wealth, but not of luxury. Her parents, who were devout Catholics, considered themselves but the stewards of the wealth God had blessed them with.

The social standing of the family was excellent, the opportunities offered for the enjoyment of worldly pleasures exceptional, yet four daughters renounced all these in their young maidenhood to enter one of the most austere orders in the Church,—that of Carmel; two other daughters and two sons had been called to heaven in their infancy. Theresa was the baby of the family, the pride and joy of the home.

The Life of this wonder-working little Carmelite-Saint is as entertaining as a novel. She frankly tells, in this history of her soul, written for the eye of her sister Pauline alone, (and written under obedience when that Sister was her Superior in Carmel),—all about her childish faults, her likes and dislikes, her little vanities and outbreaks of self-will. Of her passionate love for her father, her mother, her sisters, and her home. Of the whisperings of the Voice of the Divine Child, Jesus, in her heart, which won her irresistibly to His love. And here she declares, quite simply, that she believes that Jesus would work in other "little souls" as great, or even greater marvels than those He had wrought in hers, if He could but find souls willing to surrender themselves to His will. She describes the sweet Catholic life of their home, where the dearest wish of the parents was that all of their children be consecrated to God. She describes the strange sadness that succeeded to her gayety of disposition when God called her Mother away, Theresa then being but three years old, and of her passionate clinging to her sister Pauline who became her "Little Mother". She makes us see her heart-breaking grief when her "Little Mother" entered the Carmel, and the devotedness of her father to his "Little Queen"; his heroic spirit of sacrifice in assisting her to conquer the obstacles which prevented her entering Carmel at an earlier age than that usually permitted, even taking her to Rome to ask permission of the Pope. We see the venerable old man conducting the darling of his heart to her chosen home, blessing her and leaving her there. We witness her heart-broken disappointment when that beloved father was too ill to be present at her "clothing". We see her childlike delight when she found that her Beloved Jesus had sent a fall of snow to gratify the wish of His little Spouse on that occasion, and we sympathize with her exulting over the fact that the most exalted and powerful earthly spouse **could not** cause the **tiniest flake** to fall to please his beloved. We sense the exaltation of spirit that makes her declare "Never shall it be said that the most loving bride showed greater devotion to her beloved than Theresa of the Child Jesus for her Heavenly Spouse." Again we read of the agony of grief of herself and her Sisters, when her loved father was stricken with paralysis, and later with insanity—and she could not go to his bedside. Yet she exhorts her sisters to see in this heavy cross a means of

meriting, in union with the sufferings of Jesus, graces for the saving of souls.

She refers, quite simply, to the daily trials and crosses in the life she had chosen for love of the Crucified Christ who had so loved her, and of the persistent converting of her daily "little crosses" into purchase money for souls. Of her thirst to love Jesus as He had never yet been loved, and to win love for Him while she lived, and during all the years of her Heaven until the end of time. We read of her certainty that this was her "vocation"—to love Jesus and to make Him much loved; to teach her "little way"—the way of spiritual childhood, to other "little souls" like her own. Of her daring love,—her truthful humility—she was but as a little bowl into which Jesus might put milk for other souls to drink,—but a little child whom He could carry in His arms and through whose tiny hand He could pass on graces to other souls. She speaks of her agonizing bodily sufferings, of her still more terribly mental and soul sufferings, borne with the heroism of a martyr—of one who longed for the martyr's crown, and must needs be martyred by the spear of love if not by that of the executioner.

She tells of her certainty that she was to become a **great saint**, though never to appear so in this world, but rather to win from Jesus in Heaven whatever she asked, and hence to send down showers of roses (graces) on those who asked her intercession.

Then one reads of her terrible sufferings before the end came, and of the halo of heavenly peace that rested upon her brow after death. Of the countless miracles, first in behalf of her Sisters of the Carmelite Order, then, when her autobiography was published, attested by all manner of persons who had recourse to her intercession,—the great as well as the lowly, learned churchmen and simple, devout souls, the saintly and the erring; and the tales are still being told.

Canonized a year since, though only some thirteen years had elapsed since her saintly death, she is surely a suitable patron for us who feel ourselves incapable of aspiring to any but her "little way" of love and self-surrender, in our endeavors to win our way into our heavenly home.

Gertrude Estell, '26.



Our lives are songs, God writes the words,
And we set them to music at leisure;
And the song is sad, or the song is glad
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must sing the song, whatever the words,
Whatever the rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we must make it glad,
And if sweet, we must make it sweeter.

Sacramento

Once a fort, on the breast of a valley,
To keep the "Red-terror" away;
No longer the scene of a "rally"
But the heart of a city to-day.

A city with its share of treasures
As famed Roman city of old:
E'en holds the same sorrows and pleasures
And hearts as courageous and bold.

Its River flows broader than Tiber—
Flows hundreds of miles to the sea,
Bearing riches untold on its bosom,
To Power and Wealth lo! the Key.

On all sides opportunity beckoning,
Cheery calls for skilled labor of hands,
While the wheels of her factories turning
Scatter useful supplies o'er the land.

Fruitful orchards and vineyards and grain fields
And gardens that groan with their store
Stretch mile after mile through the Valley,
And climb o'er the hills, bare of yore.

The city of trees and of flowers,
Of skies riv'ling Italy's boasts;
Of glorious sunsets,—the dowers
Of fair California's coasts.

Lo! "Crescit eundo"—yea "going
It grows" as neath wand of a fay;
Fair Homes, here simple, there stately,
In her suburbs spring up day by day.

Hail! City beloved—Sacramento,
Fair dwelling of Home-life and love,
Named for that **Love-Feast SACRAMENTO**
The BREAD that came down from above.

Ah Lord, may, in fair Sacramento,
Our Lives' Christlike service afford
That Thy gifts, as good servants, in barter
Increased, we return to Thee Lord.

Agnes Hanna, '27.

Buttons

The room was quiet; only the steady fall of rain outside and my occasional outbreak of wrath at Cicero for having made his oration against poor Catiline, broke the silence.

Grandmother, the only other occupant of the room, was putting the finishing touches to a dainty dress for my niece. She was lifting up strings of buttons from an antique box, when I looked up.

"What adorable buttons!" and, dropping Cicero on the couch, without ceremony, I drew near; "and talk about variety—where did you get them all, grandmother dear?"

"Ah, I've been saving them for years, dearie." Grandmother was pleased at my display of interest, as she always was when I liked anything she had.

"You must have been!—Ah, these are just what I've been looking for for my black satin. If only you have enough—how many are there?"

"Let me see,—there ought to be about fourteen. My mother had kept those for years before I discovered them among her things—that was after she died. They had been on my school uniform. I remember it so well—black, with silver buttons, and stiff white collar and cuffs."

"Oh, did you have to wear uniforms, too?—Aren't these darling!" I picked up a tiny pearl affair.

"Those?" answered grandmother, "They surely have been through a lot. They were on a dress of your mother's, when she was about three years old—she was the dearest little thing, with big blue eyes, and her head one mass of golden-yellow curls. How I used to love to dress her! Then I used them,—the buttons, I mean—on a dress of your Aunt Agatha's—I guess she was about nineteen—it was her first dance, and—"

"Grandmother! Nineteen and her first dance! How dreadful!"

"Ah, but the girls were different then—more modest and retiring than they are now. And we mothers of the long ago were in no hurry to launch our girls on the open sea of life; we were glad to keep them girls as long as we could;—womanhood, with its grave problems, we knew would come soon enough. But to get back to those buttons. You had the daintiest dress when you were about six—I had only eight left by that time, although I am not much of a hand at losing buttons,—but they gave such a pretty finishing touch to that lovely dress."

"Have these larger pearl ones a history, too, grandmother?"

"Those? No. I used them only once—it was on my wedding gown."

"How romantic! What was it made of grandmother dear,—and how?"

"It was white organdie, child, with rows and rows of ruffles and shirred ribbon—these buttons were down the back, under a lapel."

"You must have looked darling, grandmother dear, just like some of those old-fashioned family pictures! But these? What are they off? I picked up a bit of blue glass with a rose set in the center."

"That?—Let me see—Oh, yes, those were on a dress I made for your mother several years ago. Everyone admired the dress." "And this?" as I started examining a dark, odd-looking object. "That, dear, belonged to your grandfather's suit during the Civil War. He fought under

Robert E. Lee, you know. Yes, they're tarnished—but they're dearer than any of the others. He was brave, your grandfather was—only a boy when he joined the army. There's one—" she fumbled around in the box for awhile. "Here it is. It was on his cuff—the bullet barely missed his arm. See, it hit the button; see how it pierced it—part of it is gone. He was a brave man." She quietly wiped a tear away. "Well—take any of them you want, dear. It's almost five," (looking at the clock). "Your father will be home soon. I must help mother with dinner."

—Marion Van Velzer, '26.



The Old Familiar Places!

(with apologies to Charles Lamb)

The old familiar places!
The old familiar places!
Soon will be vanished from my sight
The old familiar places.

Dear old Saint Joseph's venerable walls,
The well-known class-rooms, and the oft-trod halls,
The convent garden where the sunshine falls
As nowhere else in old familiar places.

The ball-court with its call to life and fun,
Its shouting bleachers when the game's begun,
Its merry, chaffing teams when one has won,
And shouts ring loud, in old familiar places.

The elms so stately towering to the skies,
Broad-branching, shading sward that 'neath them lies;
Their glory soon no more shall meet mine eyes
That love so well the old familiar places.

The grotto, with its call to higher things,
Where Mary's gracious presence seems to cling,
Where child-like hearts come with their offerings;
Well-loved, among the old familiar places.

The Sisters dear, with habits sombre black,
But faces bright as in a sunbeam's track;
Full oft will memory bring their dear forms back
In settings loved—the old familiar places.

—Dorothy Burke, '26.

A Few Thoughts

I was sitting alone by the fireside tonight, wondering what subject to use for a theme I am required to write, when my mother entered the room and I asked her to suggest a subject. She said, "Why don't you write about some famous character in whom you are interested?"

As I was perusing the pages of "Biographies of Famous Men," (by way of following out her suggestion), I heard my mother's cheery call of "Goodnight, dear; don't stay up too late," and it occurred to me to write a little theme on the one who, to my mind, stands above the most celebrated of characters, the greatest, the best, the most unselfish person I have ever known, "My Mother!"

I am afraid very few of us ever fully appreciate the lifelong devotedness of that best and truest of friends—Our Mother. Have you ever stopped to realize all that those years of service include,—the absorbing devotedness when you were a tiny baby. Through the busy day she worked for you with a mother's hands, watched over you with a mother's heart. She rocked you to sleep when the daylight waned, and it is she who called you to the first cheery tasks of the morning. Uncomplaining through the weary years, in sickness and in health, in success and failure, your wish has been her desire, your well-being has been her thought; your growth in goodness and truth has been her aim, your attainment of nobler womanhood her goal.

For the tears and yearning that have come from her heart, for the days' toil that her hands have given, she asks no material reward.

She tells others, and she dreams over your every kind word and deed; she **never seems to forget one of them.** All the reward she asks for her years of devotion is your love and remembrance. Oh! join with me, friends of mine, in saying "As long as life is spared to me I will always love and never for one single instant forget all that I owe to my precious little mother."

—Margaret Harris, '26.

Spring

(With apologies to H. Butterworth)

I stood in an archway of roses,
Whose odor perfumed the air;
Before me, a **scent-laden meadow,**
Made gold by the poppies there.

And the lattice of flow'rs about me,
The rays of the sun filtered through,
While across the blue sky above me,
A wee chirping sparrow flew.

Aware of the spirit of angels, I felt,—
All around me, all a-wing,
And I thought I e'en heard a whisper—
But 'twas only a voice of the Spring.

Marion Van Velzer, '26.



Light and Heavy -
Comedy



Chums



Who supports
Margaret?



High-hatting it!

Every cloud
has a
silver
lining.



Hope the
Speed Cops
won't come.

Shattered but
Brave.



Our General



One little pig
went to market



Raven curls
and
Sunny Smile



Hungry?
Help
Yourself.



Josephine
The dignified
?????



Our Regiment



Josephine
The undignified.
?????



Before



After

The Memorare

It was indeed with a heavy heart and streaming eyes that poor Mrs. O'Keafe left the land of her birth, the home of all she held most dear and the scene of her most treasured memories.

"Farewell, Glin and my loved ones," was her heart-broken cry as she and Pat, with crushed hearts set out in their trap, toward the station where they were to take the train for Cork. Every sound of the pony's hoof-beats seemed to tear the strings of her heart. Thus it was that one Molly O'Keafe left the lovely little town of Glin on the Shannon shore, near the Northwest corner of County Dublin.

Sorrow after sorrow had been her portion. She had tried hard to bury it all out of sight in her motherly bosom, for the sake of those who loved her. "They're not so great as those of His Mother who suffered all," she said to herself. Now Pat and herself were hoping for better times in the great country beyond the sea. Little did she dream of the sorrows that awaited her.

'Twas a hard trip on poor Molly, for scarcely had she looked her last on Queenstown, so it seemed to her, than her beloved husband was snatched from her by death. An epidemic of fever broke out among the passengers, and poor Pat was one of the many victims.

"Ah, dear Lord, was it not hard for me," said Molly O'Keafe to me as she told me her story. "All my hopes of forgetting my previous sorrows were gone. God had taken my little Jimmie, but He had left Pat. Now Pat was gone. At first I couldn't see how I could bear it, but God is good and His Blessed Mother forgets no one that loves her." I murmured some words of sympathy and Molly continued.

"My cousin Kate kept a boarding house in New York. I could stay with her, and welcome, but I wanted to find work, for I couldn't be dependent, and the few pounds I had would not last long. Sunday came and I went to Mass to Saint Joseph's Church. In the house of God I felt peace come into my poor heart again. I prayed to the Blessed Mother of God to help me find work. I searched for days; then I got a position with Mrs. Hayden. My duties consisted of almost anything from ordering groceries to playing governess. But as to being a governess, I knew nothing about that, but I loved the little Camille, and it was through her, God bless her bonny little heart, that joy came back into my own."

Molly had been, indeed, a second mother to little Camille Hayden, whom she loved and reared as tenderly as if she were her own. Many times little Camille was the means to scald poor Molly's heart, for in her childish innocence and love for Molly she often brought back fond memories of Molly's own little son whom she had lost many years before. This part of the story was as follows: Jimmie O'Keafe, a little tot of three years, while playing one day on the sea shore at Glin, had suddenly disappeared. His mother had let him go with a neighbor who was taking her own little ones for a romp on the sands. The children ran out of sight from time to time, but always came running back laughing and breathless after a race, so that Mrs. O'Donovan became less watchful. To her consternation when she went to gather her flock to lead them home, little Jimmie was missing. There had been a thorough search made, which lasted many days and nights, but Jimmie was not found. He must

have been carried out to sea by a wave; it was thought. At first his mother, poor soul, was tempted to rebel against God, for letting her darling be taken from her; but faith rose triumphant when her poor shocked mind grew calm once more, and she repented and tried her best to be resigned in the hope of his being hers once more in heaven. Her greatest comfort was in saying the "Memorare." Her confidence in the dear Mother of Christ as a comforter of the afflicted strengthened her. But as has been said, she longed to leave the scenes of her great sorrow, and so had set out for America with her husband.

It was in these moments when Camille caressed and, in her childlike way, openly professed her love for "My Molly," that Molly would almost lose her mind, as she thought of Jimmie's dear little strong arms once encircling her neck. And it was at these moments, too, that Molly would run to the little shrine of Our Lady, in her own room, and call upon the Mother of mothers to help her, a poor sinner, in her heart breaking sorrow.

Thus the years went on until Camille had reached womanhood. Long since she had made her debut in their select circle, and was now preparing for her marriage.

Although a lady of leisure, much made of in society, and all the rest of it, she did not forget her love for her little Irish nurse. Many a time when she was in some doubt, or a shade of sorrow had crossed her path, she stole to the servants' quarters to seek poor Molly's advice. And many a time Molly told over and over her own sad story to Camille, and took comfort in the gentle girl's sympathy.

One evening Molly was called to the big parlor, much to her surprise, where, she was told, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden wanted her. Would they send her away after all her years of faithful services? thought Molly. But the aristocratic Mrs. Hayden was soon telling her, with genuine tears in her eyes, that her little boy Jimmie had not been drowned, but had been picked up by a passing yacht. That the captain's wife was then at the point of death, in the cabin, from grieving over the death of her own little boy. She had lost her mind. And when little Jimmie was found to be about the same age, and not unlike in appearance to the dead child, it was decided to palm off the poor little waif on the distracted mother as her own child. "The child's future will be a much happier one than it could be as son of some poor dweller on Glin shore," said they. And so poor little Jimmie had been legally adopted by the captain, whose joy at his wife's recovery blinded him to the injustice of what he had done.

The captain had died a year previous to this point in my story. His wife had passed away some years before. At his death, the captain had left with the guardian to whom he had entrusted his son, a sealed letter addressed to that son, and not to be opened until he should be about to marry. So it had come to pass that young Mr. Thomas Ahearn, on opening the letter left by his dead father, (in which he thought to find the expression of some wish of the latter to be carried out), learned that he was a child picked up on Glin shore twenty years before.

Like the honorable man he was, he immediately showed the letter to his fiancée, and Camille at once knew that he was Molly's son Jimmie. Her parents, who, for all their aristocratic ways were neither snobbish

nor dishonorable, on learning the facts, approved of Camille's determination to marry her "Jimmie" and win a new mother,—her beloved Molly, at the same time. All this Molly heard while she whispered over and over again, "Ah, Blessed Mother of God, you didn't fail me."

In a few moments she felt her darling Jimmie's arms about her. Camille had been busy telling him the joyful news that his mother was a beloved inmate of her own home. A warm hug and kiss from her future daughter, and Molly was left to become acquainted with the tall young man who was sobbingly repeating "My mother—my own mother."

"Come, my son," she soon said to him, "Come with me to my little shrine of the Blessed Mother of God where I've gone for comfort during these long, weary years." And mother and son joined in the sweet "Memorare: Never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection or sought Thy intercession was left unaided."

—Mary Mitchell, '27.



The Mirror

If a sweet pretty girlie should pick up her glass,
And turn to the black side to gaze at her face,
She'd behold there a blackness, a dark ugly mass,
Which would make her dispose of her mirror in haste.

But if she should take it, and look at it right,
She would see some deep dimples and a mass of soft hair;
And she'd probably linger quite long at the sight,
Deciding, at last, that it looked very fair.

Now, this big world right here is a mirror at heart:
There's a wrong side, but a right you'll find too,
And if at the wrong side you gaze at the start,
A black ugly mass will stare right back at you.

But if you should pick up this mirror of ours,
And into its bright side, you'd look with great care,
You'd find that its brightness all darkness o'erpowers,
And nothing but gladness and goodness is there.

—Margaret Harris, '26.



Taken off Guard



*Oh Clare!
She takes the
Murphy!!!*



OPEN-MOUTHED WONDER (?)



Back to second childhood



They're a CROWD?



Ore they bashful?



*Follies of S. J. A.
1928*



Taste good, Mary C?



*I just know
I'm in
Dutch*

Phyllis?



A TENSE MOMENT



Hands OFF!!!

The Soliloquy of a Mouse

(Hidden in a Corner of the Math. Room)

Ho, ho, these young humans are surely going to have an exam this morning,—that bell has such an ominous sound to it. Yes, here they all come with their little "Blue Books," and each one seems to be more scared than the other. (How thankful I am that I'm a mouse and don't have to study!) What groans are heard as each one gets her paper! Just the questions she hasn't looked over lately! This room certainly is quiet now. All you can hear is the scratching of pens as each one hurries to fill out what few questions she knows. Some seem to know very few.

They are looking at the ceiling as if they expect to see it all written out there for them. Others are gazing out of the windows, held spell-bound by the wonders of nature. (A half-hour before they didn't realize that there was such a thing as nature.) Still others are watching the doors, hoping against hope that they will be called out for a music lesson, or a 'phone call, or anything else that will give them a few minutes from this hateful room. It's no use. No one knocks, the square roots are not found on the ceiling, nor do birds or trees suggest why angle B equals angle C.

Someone is looking towards the clock. "Oh," cries one with a start, "only fifteen minutes left." Nearly all glance at the clock now, and begin writing as if their whole life depended upon it. Ha! The fifteen minutes have passed; the papers are being taken up, and the room is far from being quiet. "Did you get the fourth?"—"Wasn't it terrible!"—"Think you've passed?" "What a snap that was!"—"I certainly flunked in that Ex."—These are only some of the remarks that I hear. These poor mortals! I wonder how many will get an A for this examination. It would be a terrible shame if any of them were flunked! Oh! If I could only talk! What I wouldn't have to say would not be worth writing. There would be no flunks, for the girls wouldn't have to take any ex's if I had my way. Why! Oh, why can't I express my opinion and use a little authority in this school business! —Margaret Williams, '27.



French Scholars

Of S. J. A. girls, ten and five
Decided to learn French.
They liked the sound of "Oui, ma soeur."
And thought they'd have a "cinch."

A week of playful banter passed,
Then they were hard at work;
Alas, for those maids ten and five,
It was too late to shirk.

Now ten long months have come and gone,
And wrestling still with French,
And oft rebuked for "Non, ma soeur,"
They know they've had no "cinch."—Eleanor Flint, '28.

A Shakespearean Romance

Who were the lovers?
 Romeo and Juliet.
 What was their courtship like?
 Midsummer Night's Dream.
 What was her answer to his proposal?
 As you Like It.
 About what time of the month were they married?
 Twelfth Night.
 Of whom did he buy the ring?
 The Merchant of Venice.
 Who were the best man and the maid of honor?
 Anthony and Cleopatra.
 Who were the ushers?
 Two Gentlemen of Verona.
 Who gave the reception?
 The Merry Wives of Windsor.
 In what kind of a place did they live?
 Hamlet.
 What was her disposition like?
 The Tempest.
 What was his chief occupation after marriage?
 Taming the Shrew.
 What caused their first quarrel?
 Much Ado About Nothing.
 What did their courtship prove to be?
 Love's Labor Lost.
 What did their married life resemble?
 A Comedy of Errors.
 What did they give each other?
 Measure for Measure.
 What Roman emperor brought about a reconciliation?
 Julius Caesar.
 What did their friends say?
 All's Well That Ends Well.

—Margaret Phillips, '26.



Latin Pointeth Skyward

O dreaded 1:40 class period!
 Most dreaded of all in the day.
 'Tis well for the Latin brilliants,—alas!
 We're not all bulided that way.

RED showeth the binding of "Caesar,"
 Rules and Cases come covered in GREEN;
 Ere midsummer time, when our skies bluely shine
 I'll have wended me thither, I ween.

—Lorraine McLain, '28.

A Souvenir

Looking over some precious treasures,
Which I've cherished for many a year,
Sorting over the notes and papers,—
Tokens of school days past and dear,

There I found it, all worn and faded,—
Scant its words and but six its lines,—
Just a fragment—a bit of nonsense,
Writ for "penance"—a funny little rhyme.

"Sister, Sister, don't you know it—
That I'm not a brilliant poet?
All my efforts are in vain.
My results give me a pain.
Good-bye rhyming,—guess I'll quit—
Cannot write another bit."

Once again I'm in the dear old classroom—
"S. J. A." "Oh, yes, that's my A. M. (Alma Mater)
"After school supply appointed home work"—
Clear-cut order—no use shirking then.

Gazing idly out the class-room window,
Waiting for the clock the hour to chime,
Crisply Sister's voice broke on my dreaming—
"Frances, do your theme—
And hand it in on time."

"Write a poem!" How'm I going to do it!
Writing poems was not in my line.
Followed a long time of doing nothing,
While the clock ticked on our penance time.

Sternly Sister, busy "checking papers",
Eyed us culprits, meanwhile marking time.
Swiftly pencil traveled over paper,
Soon was writ this funny little rhyme:

"Sister, Sister, don't you know it—
That I'm not a brilliant poet?
All my efforts are in vain.
My results give me a pain.
Good-bye rhyming,—guess I'll quit—
Cannot write another bit."

Frances Morrisroe, '27.