

A FALLEN STAR

My strange white dream that the moon had brought
Deep in the night, and the wind had wrought,
Dream of a star, that my heart had made—
How could I know it would pass and fade?
From the wind-stirred grass and the tree-tops high
Lift to the height of a star—and die?
Die as a rainbow against the grey,
Fade as a star fades in the day?

Now when the grey dawn slowly breaks,
Now when the white day, laughing wakes,
Why should I weep for a vanished star,
Cry for a dream that is fled so far?
Lo, I will fashion me other dreams
Tangled with gold from the glad day's beams,
Wrought with the silver of summer cloud,
Sweet with a bird-song piercing and loud.
Fled with a night of uncertainty,
What is the light of a star to me?
And weave new dreams till the day is done. —M. D. C., '23.

A CLASS CORN ROAST

On one moonlight night the people of Fredericton were astounded and deafened by a dreadful uproar. Upon investigation it was found to be the departure of "A" Class for the Hermitage, where they held their annual corn and marshmallow "roast toast."

Nothing exciting happened on the way up except that some of the boys were startled by the presence of an odoriferous animal—namely a skunk.

Upon the arrival they proceeded to build a fire upon a wet, damp stone with tooth picks and matches. Mush Mersereau found that to accomplish such a feat was impossible, so the situation of the corn roast was removed to higher and dryer ground.

Later a very sticky and juicy faced class, due to marshmallows and corn, enjoyed a lively time playing Nuts in May, Farmers in the Dell, etc.

Mr. C—— was the chaperone, but he seemed to think that Miss G—— needed chaperoning more than the class, for it was only occasional visits that he made us, however, always in the company of Miss Gregory.

At an early hour of half-past eleven the crowd broke up