

# College Chronicle



The days of our College year are numbered. Shortly it will be consigned to the caverns of memory where are the shades of things that were—and are no more. College closing always brings a few hushed notes of regret amidst the joyous strains of those made happy by bright visions of vacation days in summer. Now, it only remains for us to complete the Chronicle of the year 1916-1917 and then close the book, regretting as we do so that we must bid adieu to it and that we have not acquitted ourselves better in its compilation.

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On March 19th, the students through the kind invitation of the Mother Superior, were granted the much appreciated and rare privilege of being present at the religious profession of several postulants and novices in the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Martha.

It was a marked day in our calendar for it was the first time in the history of Prince Edward Island, that such a ceremony was held in the province, and S. D. C. may well feel proud that its chapel was the scene of the holy, glorious sight. We shall not attempt to describe to our readers the inspiring event which took place in our midst. To do so fittingly is beyond us. It was the first time that most of us were present at such a ceremony and it was all so strange to us that the solemnity of the occasion and its import quite pervaded us, and our sentiments on that day of days are not easy to express.

We unite with the friends of the privileged ones in prayerful wishes that their religious life will be blessed with the gift of joyful years.

## RETREAT.

Our annual retreat this year began on the evening of May 2nd and ended Sunday morning, May 6th. From the solemn intoning of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* to the joyful pealing forth of the *Te Deum*, the time was earnestly devoted to prayer and meditation on the affairs pertaining to man's salvation. All thoughts of studies and secular concerns were laid aside for the moment and we all went apart to pray. The retreat was conducted by Rev. J. B. McIntyre and to him we pour forth the gratitude welling up from our hearts, for his kind fatherly words of direction during those days of incalculable spiritual benefit. His words full of unctious wisdom struck deep in our hearts, where we trust they may ever remain to influence and guide us. The Reverend Father in his conferences traversed the whole groundwork of Christian life, from the consideration of man in himself and his relations with his Creator, and the base ingratitude of the sinner. He ended with the consideration of the destiny of man and the means of attaining to that destiny.

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## CADET CORPS.

Following the laudable custom of previous years, the students have turned out in force to military drill. This spring the exercises are being admirably conducted by Mr. Leclair. As a consequence of the prevailing wet weather and also of the early date of closing, the time for drill has been, indeed, very brief. In spite of all handicaps, however, Mr. Leclair has succeeded well in giving the corps a fine military appearance on parade.

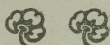
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In the last session of the Provincial Parliament, this College was raised to the rank of a University. The friends of S. D. C. will be pleased to hear of the worthy recognition of this venerable institution, which dur-

ing its many years of activity has given not a few men of note to the various professions.

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We are glad to learn that Rev. J. C. McDonald, our Professor of Greek is recovering from his severe illness. Father McDonald has been confined to the Charlottetown Hospital with pneumonia since the earlier part of April, and his absence has been keenly felt by both faculty and students as he was a general favourite with all. We hope to welcome him back again in a few days.



Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea.

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The Spring is here—the delicate footed May,  
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,  
And with it comes a thirst to be away,  
In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours.

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Most men employ the first of life to make the other part miserable.

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Accent is the soul of a language ; it gives the feeling and truth to it.

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A jest loses its point when the jester laughs himself.

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The happiness of the wicked flows away as a torrent.