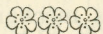


Christmas

When o'er the plain the blanket white
Its virgin splendor casts;
And jewels left by precious night,
E'en until noonday last;
This is the season of the year
When youth and age rejoice;
The sleigh bells' ring, the children's cheer
Ascend as one grand voice.
But yet a pause,—a calm within,
Creation seems to say:
Celestial choirs chant once again,
The King is born to-day.

—Anonymous.

**Can We Believe ?**

I. V. Walsh, '39

Strange, mysterious and awful are the stories about the future. When a man writes of future things, his work is regarded as fiction and read as a novel; its background is entirely disregarded. The strange things he writes about are thought impossible; people do not believe such things can happen. But if some person can put the things of today together and get the things of tomorrow, why should we not put some faith in what he says ? Therefore, when he says that man will be doing this or that, will have this or that kind of machine in a few centuries' time, can we not believe him ?

In the eighteenth century people lived in what we consider a more or less barbarous state. Yet the people of that time were happy and contented because they did not believe that there could be such things as aeroplanes, motor cars and radios. But a few doubting Thomases experimented; today we enjoy the results of their inventions.

Today we cannot understand how anybody in the eighteenth century could doubt these things; but we are in the same position as they were. They were told of things to come; they did not believe. We are told of things to come; we do not believe.

Lest, perhaps, many be unaware of the things which future man may achieve, an account is given of two gen-