

## ALMA MATER'S RETROSPECT

Embowered in her groves of purest green,  
Her rev'rent brow aglow with joy and pride,  
Stands ALMA MATER,—noble mother she,—  
And views her children far dispersed and wide.

In retrospect she scans the decades past,—  
Six glorious chapters in her book of years—  
Each one a poem,—each an epic grand—  
Each consecrated with both joy and tears.

From distant East she sees how call divine  
Hath drawn a noble band of women true,  
To work for God and souls 'neath Western sun,  
Devoting life and strength each day anew.

She views the prompt response of ready minds  
Who eager were to fit themselves for life,  
And learning at her shrine the lessons deep,  
Went forth, strong in her strength, to meet the strife.

Where are they now—those girls of yesteryears?  
Full-grown they entered Life's Arena vast,  
Prepared to brave the sting of Sorrow's dart,  
Upheld throughout by mem'ries of the past.

Some few there were who laid life's burdens down  
Ere yet their brows were furrowed with a care;  
And some there were who trod the lofty mount  
And pledged themselves to God in endless prayer.

The many left her sheltering arms, and found  
Another haven, loving and secure:  
The "queens of home"—ennobling motherhood—  
Who spread abroad an influence sweet and pure.

Some, too, have learned the precious art to heal  
And comfort helpless, suffering, wounded man,—  
And overseas where waves of battle surge,  
Are found full oft these children of "St. Ann."

Yea, reverently we raise her "service flag"  
And drape it proudly, gently, o'er the dead,  
For some have paid the sacrifice supreme,  
And for their country their young life-blood shed.

And others spend their days in leading youth  
Thro' paths of knowledge, teaching useful lore;  
While some wield skilfully the artist's brush,  
Or far aloft on Music's pinions soar.

Another noble army still she scans,  
The dauntless daughters she so well hath trained,  
To take their rank uplifting toil thereby,  
These students which commercial life hath gained.

All honour to them,—Girls of former days!  
Who love to live through reminiscent hours,  
And pledging loyalty and trust anew,  
Still linger oft in spirit 'neath these bowers.

Our Mother hath a message too for us,  
The girls of nineteen eight-en, as we stand  
Upon Life's threshold, waiting for the word  
To speed us forth from her protecting hand.  
"No toil is base when duty points the way;  
"No fame is true if not inspired by worth;  
"No happiness can ever long endure  
"Unless it seeks a Heaven beyond this earth!"

Victoria, B.C.