

of the Oblates to whom she owes her existence and preservation; gratitude to her devoted teachers, past and present, on whose brow the promised halo of glory is already visible; gratitude to the parents who entrust her with the education of their children; gratitude to her students who are her hope, her joy and her crown of glory; gratitude, in a word, to all those who help her to attain the end she has in view. May God bless them, one and all."

KEATS.

A golden goblet foamed with antique wine,
Symbols the rich and gracious verse of thine,
Sweet manna gathered on calm, lilled plains,
Figures the fruit that weighs thy deathless strains;
For me thy salvers bear nutritious meats
Wherefore I bless thy memory, John Keats.

W.