



Vol. XVI.

OTTAWA, ONT., APRIL, 1914.

No. 7

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

"Vacant Stares"

I.

It is here at last—the day of vacant stares—the day when the cheery classroom becomes a Hall of Sighs—the day when arms, legs and tongue so long 'en evidence' have subsided behind the vacant stare—the only thing 'en evidence' to-day in the 'Hall of Sighs.' All else is lost in the awful void of mental vacuity that springs its deplorable state surely and inevitably on the mind of the little man one day per month, and leaves him to perish in the whirlpool of the abysmal ignorance which it creates. Only one power can save—only one power draw forth. Alas, we cannot to-day claim its aid, for we have despised it during the past month—its acquaintance we neglected to cultivate; it is memory, and memory is not to be despised—'memory is the only friend that grief can call its own.'

II.

Without memory we get fixed in the vacant stare. Where memory is, there too is the glance full of life. Without memory, where is the smile that upwards turned as if to encircle the laughing ray that danced from the 'windows of the Soul'? Alas, it is now 'drooping woeful wan like one forlorn or crazed with care.'