

L' ENVOI

The end. Merely two short words, yet of vast significance. Two words, with connotations stretching forth circuitously into every nook and cranny of the past year. Into corners now long dusty, but once full of activity, of throbbing intensity of thought, of frantic effort and of dull routine,—of friendships and enmities, of disgusted and despairing days, and of equally delightful creative and exhilarating moments. Times when the buzz-saw of monotony fairly screamed, and other days when we trembled at the final realization of a completed dream just fashioned.

It has been fun,—great fun, but there were times when we longed for the 19th of May, an overstuffed chair, a pipe stuck between our teeth, the Cycle of 1928 propped open in our lap, and a look of ecstatic bliss surmounting all. It will be the end.

*When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted
and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic
has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lay down for an
aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workman shall put us to work
anew.*