The Vice President Reports

DHYANA'S HALL

At dawn I came to the convent door,
While the rising sun tinged its tall arbor with gold.
As, darkly, by a winding path I reached
Dhyana's hall, hidden midst sir and bower.
Around those hills sweet birds their pleasure take,
Maa's heart as free from shadow as this lake;
Here worldly sounds are hushed, as by a spell,
Save for the booming of the bull altar.

【注】Dhyana demonigena

Harriet A. Glee

A PICNIC IN NEW TERRITORIES.

by S. F. Ng.

The railway continued northwards, passed the broken valley and ran west to our conclusion — Tai Po Market. At the station our headmaster walked for us and we started off at once.

First, we (32 persons) went to Tam Yuen Tong and played many interesting games there. Afterwards we set off for Fan Ling because the S. X Orphan Institution had invited us to take part in their Yule Harvest Festival. According to the map, we had to climb over a mountain and walk a long way. But we were very glad when we heard that there would be plenty of things for us to do.

We scrambled through the fields and climbed slowly up the mountain. We sang songs together and the many sounds filled the air. Our free soul and happy laughter mingled with the rustling sound of the trees. Above us was the deep sky and beneath we saw the villages and the peaceful sea. Little while after we crossed the highway and our shadow slipped silently across the mountains, the sky and the sea below. Then a light bronze stripe over the clouded sky and the sun shone bright.

At the head of our procession was our headmaster. He looked at the map from time to time and showed us in which direction we were going.