
THE UNCAUSED CAUSE

This universe so marvelous
Could ne'er exist by laws.
Planets, beasts nor man could be
Without an Uncaused Cause.

For every brook must have its source,
And every source its main,
As every creature must evolve
From some mysterious vein.

Since all depends on a previous source
From which it take its stand.
Thus all depends on one Great Cause,
Who caused this mighty plan.

'Twas God the Uncaused Cause that caused,
Who spoke so sweet and calm
Those fruitful words of power and truth,
When He said "I am Who am."

—Eugene Mooney '56.

THE REWARD

Mrs. Hegan slowly and aimlessly closed the front door, then stood for a moment watching through tea-filled eyes, as four men lifted her beloved piano onto the trailer. Her thoughts took her back almost twenty years to the day she bought this prized possession. She thought of how she had saved from her meager school teacher's salary; she thought of the trying days and months when she was learning to play the piano; she thought of the happy evenings spent in her old home when the young people gathered around to sing the old songs, to do a little dancing, and swap a few yarns she thought of the days of her courtship and how Jim would sit beside her on the bench watching her play and sing; and she thought of the years in her new happy home when the joy which swelled in her heart would overflow into the notes of the piano. Now she was losing this almost priceless instrument, and her grief and sense of loss throbbed within her.

She walked slowly and painfully back to the kitchen where she began to collect the dinner dishes to prepare them for washing. Mechanically, she began the washing, taking time out to wipe her eyes with her apron. The silence was broken only by the monotonous splash of water and by an occasional sniffle.

Jim's familiar step sounded on the veranda and Mrs. Hegan made a valiant attempt to compose herself although she knew that he fully realized how it grieved her to part with her piano. Jim opened the door, and, although she did not look up or speak, his strong silent presence laid a soothing hand on her aching heart. He sat down quietly, rolled and smoke a cigarette, while their hearts communicated love and understanding, the love and understanding which had brought them through other trying moments. Jim's heart too felt heavy; he rose, poked his cigarette butt through the half-opened damper, lifted his cap from a nail in the wall, and stood with the door ajar for a few moments before remarking in a consoling unsteady voice, "Never mind, Minnie, some day we'll get another."

It had been a hard decision, but what else could they do? Jack had passed Entrance, he wanted to go to St. Dunstan's, and more than that they wanted to send him there. His application had been sent in, it was drawing near to the first of September, and yet they did not have the necessary money. They could not tell Jack that there would be no college for him that fall. Perhaps in a year's time, having been away from his studies, he would not want to go to college, and they wanted so much to give him every opportunity to live a full and rewarding life, to expose him to the blessings and advantages of a college education. No, there was no other way, they must part with the piano, they must sell it.

Time after time, when Minnie passed the parlor door and saw the gaping hole left where the piano nestled so peacefully before, a pang of sorrow stabbed at her heart, but she would remind herself that perhaps there would be a letter from Jack today, and on such days there often was a letter from him.

With shiny work-worn fingers Minnie would tear open the envelope, and while Jim and all the youngsters gathered around, she would read its content and her heart would swell with restored joy as she noticed the composition and depth of thought and outlook improving.

She could forget the piano while she made plans for her son—a doctor, or a teacher, there were so many good professions he might follow. Would God be so generous as to call him to the priesthood! She dreamed of such but hardly dared hope for it.

The years passed and Jack graduated from St. Dunstan's. He had decided what he wanted to do, and, on the evening of his graduation he called his mother aside and told her that he would like to go to the Seminary in the fall. Unbelievably, she stared at her boy, and, as tears of joy swam in her loving eyes she warmly embraced him, whispering, "God bless you, son."

The four years in the Seminary sped rapidly, and the day of Jack's Ordination arrived. With great humility, Jim and Minnie entered the church, and thanked God for His great reward. As Minnie knelt with head bowed to receive her son's blessing, she breathed a prayer of thanksgiving, "Thank God, I had the piano to sell".

—EMMETT ROCHE '53

COLLEGE SPIRIT

A college, because it is a living organism of students and faculty, acquires through the years, certain attitudes, traits, ideals and rules which along with its purpose, go to make up its character or spirit. Most institutions of learning have a common lot of these constituent factors, but as can be seen, each possesses peculiar ones as varied as they are numerous. Although a college exists for the training of an individual's faculties and abilities and for the provision of knowledge, many go about it in different ways using different means. Thus on some campi, we have restricted discipline, supervised study, compulsory participation in sports and compulsory courses as essentials, while others are quite indifferent to these particular measures. Now because some of these variant "tones" are unobserved, others enforced by strict laws and still others are merely "understood" and practiced in the common interest, it is my contention that college spirit varies in meaning with the particular institution.