

THE SECOND SORROWFUL MYSTERY

Alone, in prayerful mood,
 And thinking on Thy passion,
 With sad remorse, I see the slave
 Brandish whip, while standing brave,
 I watch Thee at the pillar, Lord
 Let gruesome chains and knotted cord
 Cut Thy back;
 In quick report
 I hear the crack
 Trenchant, short.

I see the high-priest's flashing eye;
 I hear the Virgin's sobbing sigh,
 Until at last, hysterical, I cry:

 "Oh, God, that I may take Thy place
 And at that mournful pillar face
 The jeering mob, the scourger's lash
 And so requite Thee for offences rash."

I see Him stir, though almost dead,
 With weighty thorns of liquid red.
 He speaks and nods His holy head:

 "If thou would'st help Me bear My cross
 Discard thy turbid, worldly dross;
 Be not solicitous for fame,
 Seek honor only for My name;
 Suffer trials and worldly gall
 For Me—and I will give thee All."

—J. E. T. '49

SILENCES

To different people there are different ways of acquiring comfort for the soul. Some find it in music, some in poetry, and others in the contemplation of beauty; but to me the greatest of all is silence.

There are many kinds of silences—there are silences which embarrass, shocked silences, and many others, but these are not the kind of silences that I wish to speak about. The silences that I love are those in which the world seems to stand still, and the beauty of the moment is caught and held.

Have you ever noticed the stillness and silence of a morning? Have you ever been held by the feeling that the world is standing still and that the slightest noise will break its spell? Go out into a calm winter's morning and you will find it. The air is spicy, and