

two weeks before he died, on a short friendly visit to our university, he generously donated a special prize for this year's singing class.

He departed from this life after a short illness, with the calmness and tranquility which are the outcome of a life of arduous labor well done. His name will ever live in the memory of all his friends and acquaintances, but more especially in the hearts of the sorrowful and bereaved members of his parish. May his soul rest in peace.

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### THE BEGGAR

I am a beggar, sitting by the gate,  
Forever asking alms.  
I haunt its precincts, early hour and late,  
With thin outstretched palms.

The gloomy castle flaunts its beetling towers—  
I may not enter in—  
And to my sighs, from out of hidden bowers,  
Comes, mocking, happy din.

The gate I sit by is the distance long  
That keeps us twain apart.  
The alms I ask for is your voice's song,  
To sooth my parched heart.

And every hour, all through the day and night,  
This vision comes to me.  
These are the rich, who see thee—see the light,  
These who may sit by thee.

The gloomy castle's time; the weeks, its towers,  
That overpower the mind.  
And when I cry your name throughout the hours,  
But echoes on the wind.

Ah, dear! Have pity on that beggar's state!  
Ah, such a weary while!  
And for a guerdon, when you pass that gate,  
Just look on him and smile.

—J.R.H.F.