

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

there is no wind to rustle the trees. It may still be dark and the world may be enveloped with the cloak of night, or it may be bright and then the myriads of glistening gems in the snow are made to surrender their brilliance to the sun.

Have you ever seen the beauty of a morning in June and been caught by its spell? Have you acknowledged its serene majesty? Its beauty may remain throughout the day, but it is the stillness and silence of the morning that make you stand in awe and reverence.

The silences of the day are indeed beautiful, but the silences of the night are perhaps even more potent in their power to penetrate the soul. While this is true of all nocturnal silences, there is a particular one to which I wish to refer. It is the silence of a church at night. Go into a church where only a few lights are burning, and there in the darkness relieved only by the flickering candlelight you will find the peace for which your soul has been seeking. Take your troubles, your disappointments, and your cares with you, and the stillness and silent beauty of the church will invade your soul with the healing balm of tranquillity. But there is something other than silence which gives the church its very special power of healing the soul. It is the presence of One whose voice long ago spoke comforting words of reassurance to His people when they were burdened with disappointments and cares. He is still with us, and it is His love and merciful protection radiating from His humble throne in the tabernacle which allow us in a moment of poignant silence to commune with the God of a troubled world.

Yes, silences are wonderful. They seem to have been made by God as a means of solace to the soul when all else has failed. They cannot be adequately replaced by anything, for their value is limitless. Peace of the soul cannot be measured, and it is silence which above all floods the heart with the beauty of a soul in perfect accord with man and God.

—ALICE McCLOSKEY '49

ANOTHER PAGE IN HIS OLD DIARY

While the nurses were busy wheeling her away from the operating room, he threw away his gloves, took off his bloody gown, and walked out. In the hall a number of actors who were waiting in agony for the result of the operation gathered around him. He did not say anything, or rather, they did not hear anything. He just whispered something and hurried to his office, slamming the door after him. He lit a cigarette which his nervous fingers grabbed from the package, and smoked hungrily; then he rang the bell and a nurse entered his office.