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My Inver Bay.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

OH! Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many's a laugh the boats put off,
And many's the merry cry!
To Cork's own cove, though one may rove,
They will not find, machree!
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee.
For the kaiser's rod and his realms so broad
I wouldn't swap, not I,
My Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.
A purtier boat there's not afloat
Than Donal Rose's "Nan,"
A boulder crew, nor boys more true
There's not in wide Irelan'.
A long, long pull, a strong, strong pull,
And one right hearty cheer,
Our "Nan's" so brave she tops the wave,
And our comrades' boats we clear;
We lead the throng, we strike a song,
We raise it loud and high
On Inver Bay of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.
Till we reach away where the herrins play,
There's neither slack nor slow;
As quick as thought our nets are shot
On the shafts, we then lie low,
And many's the stave rolls over the wave,
And many's the yarn is told;
The sea all white, with silver bright,
The air is filled with gold—
A scene so grand, God's good right hand
It ne'er reached from on high,
As Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er Norrowway it's give me sway,
With a palace wide and broad,
With silks and wine and jewels fine,
And hundreds at my nod—
In robes all gay, with golden spray
It's dhress me you might do;
But I'd loath your wine, your jewels fine,
Your gold and your kingdom too;
For a ragged coat, in Donal's boat,
It's I'd lament and sigh,
And for Inver Bay of a harvest day,
With the sun goin' down the sky.
Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones
Have rushed across the say,
And God He knows, each wind that blows
Is waftin' more away!
It's sore disthress does them hard press,
They dhrop their heads and go—
Oh, Sorrows Queen, it's you has seen
Their hearts big swelled with woe!
Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
And they sit them down and cry
For Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.
Och! Inver Bay on a harvest day
And the sun goin' down the sky;
Then with many's the laugh the boats put off,
And many's the merry cry.
To Cork's own cove though one may rove,
They will not find, machree!
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee!
For the kaiser's rod and his realms so broad
I wouldn't swap, not I,
My Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

Easter Joy.

JAMES E. GALLAGAN, '06.

THE sun in all its glory tints
The placid lake of Galilee;
And all the earth is filled with joy,
That Christ should risen be.

With all mankind the birds and brooks
An Alleluia seem to sing;
And in one glad, far-sounding hymn
They praise the Risen King.

Mary Magdalen.

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.



T was Nisan, the month of flowering, and Judea was robed in her fairest raiment. If spring-time is delightful in other countries, in Palestine it is truly celestial. Perhaps no spot in the Orient is more noted for its vernal beauty than the charming village of Bethania, distant about three-quarters of an hour from the hallowed site of Jerusalem. Westward in the faint light of dawn, can be dimly descried the Mount of Olives with its dreary, barren slope, void of all vegetation save a few prickly shrubs. Quite a contrast is the descent of Olivet, which unrolls an Eden of tropical verdure. On either side lie terraced gardens drinking in the aroma of lemons and oranges with the fragrance of figs and almonds. On the military road, stretching toward the holy city, three elderly Jewesses, garbed in the weeds of mourning, walk in silent sorrow. While at times a mournful sigh eases their heavy hearts; at others a pious ejaculation bespeaks the object of their attention. Overburdened with anguish, one of the women seeks relief in expression.

"Mary," says she timidly, "I have often wondered what the Master meant when Zebedee and I entrusted our sons to His keeping. 'Even the Son of Man is not come to be ministered unto,' said He, 'but to minister, and to give His life a redemption for many!'"

"My dear Salome," replied her companion,

"He merely intended to forewarn James and John that His service was not exempt from difficulties. My own James, much to Clōpas' delight, never forsook the Lord's company."

"Nor will his fidelity be unrewarded when the Master puts on His royal splendor to raise our conquered nation above the power of Cæsar."

"Your pardon, Salome," interrupted the third woman in a tone of mingled kindness and sorrow: "I am afraid that the good Rabbi will never return to found an earthly kingdom. Alas! this cold world would not have Him; nor does it merit His bounty."

"Think you then, Mary Magdalen, that the Master will neither hold His promise to return, nor recompense my sons for their service?"

"The truthful Jesus of Nazareth," replied Mary Magdalen with tender compassion, "will never break His word, and some day will return. Oh, I wish it were soon! He was so kind, so forgiving, so generous!"

"What!" exclaimed the wife of Clōpas, "can you believe that the Lord will return to life after you have witnessed His dying hours? Did we not see Joseph, the rich counselor of Arimathea, take the dead body from the Cross and bury it in his sepulchre? Did we not assist Nicodemus in the hurried embalment before sundown? And when all had departed and the massive stone was rolled before the entrance, did not you and I watch before the Tomb until the fear of being shut out of the city forced us to leave? Nay, Magdalen, when the close of the Parasceve obliged us to postpone the preparation of these ointments until to-day's sunset, did we not spend our holy Sabbath in trying to comfort His sorrowful Mother? How, then, can you assert that the Lord will come back to life?"

"Dearest Mary, forgive the bewilderment which my sorrow has caused; but there is something tells me that I shall once more see my truest Friend. The Rabbi's power is very great and manifests itself in countless ways. Did He not breathe life into the corpse of my brother, Lazarus?"

"Ay, 'tis true," wavered Mary shaken by her comrade's irresistible faith; "His might has no equal. My James has vowed to taste of no food before he has seen the Master

return. But how can a dead body recall its life?"

"Nay," entreated Salome, "question not the Master's power, but rather our weakness. We have travelled over half an hour and shall soon be at Golgotha; for, if I mistake not, I can see Joseph's garden. But look! is that a fire burning in its precinct?"

The other women looked fixedly in the direction of the Tomb, and inclined to her opinion. It was indeed the camp-fire of the soldiers that watched at the Sepulchre. The women, of course, knew nothing of the guard that had been appointed on the Sabbath.

"Unless yonder light denotes the presence of some disciples," continued Salome, "who of us will be able to roll the stone from the entrance?"

The question was still on her lips when the earth began to quake as on the previous day. The terror of the women was augmented by the flash of a brilliant light that shot from heaven into Joseph's garden. The travellers knew not that it was an angel in snow-white raiment whose countenance so dazed the Roman guard that they fell to earth as if dead and recovered only to flee with the utmost dispatch to Jerusalem. The women already bewildered by the tremor of the earth and the flash of light were startled anew to see in a neighboring olive grove two hoary men engaged in conversation.

"Is not that Joseph the carpenter," whispered Mary.

"Nay, the Master long ago buried him."

"True," spoke Magdalen softly and firmly, "but if that be not Joseph, I'll forfeit this alabaster box of spikenard. His companion, I am no less positive, is the same who so fervently exhorted the people to penance."

"Ay, John the Baptizer," added Mary, "but, see! they have disappeared."

"Sinful creatures, why stare you thus at emptiness at this untimely hour?" rebuked a harsh voice behind them.

Abashed, the women made way for a barefooted, white-robed, turbaned priest, who frowned at them with a scandalized air. The trio continued their journey in pensive silence.

Mary Magdalen recalled to mind Christ's late visit at her home when her anointing

Him with precious oils aroused Judas' complaint and the Saviour's answer: "Let her alone; she is come beforehand to anoint my Body for the burial." In spirit she saw the day when first she washed her Redeemer's feet with tears and dried them with her hair. How consoling! how merciful was Christ's pardon: "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much." Mary had not always walked in the path of rectitude. Clear in her memory stood the picture of her mother holding her a screaming harlot on the shore of Magdala while the Nazarene unbound her from the sevenfold demoniac power. From that moment she sought to undo her sinful life. She became a fervid, eager, sincere penitent imbued with zeal, with faith and tenderness; in short, she represented, as she ever will, an ideal convert.

Great was the surprise of the women on entering Joseph's garden to find the gigantic stone lying at one side of the entrance to the Sepulchre. It was oblong in shape, measuring over two yards in length and one half that dimension in breadth and thickness. On either side of the entrance could be seen traces of the strong cord which the soldiers had wound across the stone and secured at both ends with clay upon which was stamped the imperial seal. Mary Magdalen was so thoroughly astounded at seeing the doorway unobstructed that she did not venture to draw nearer; but forthwith hastened to tell the disciples: "They have taken away the Lord out of the Sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him." At once Peter and John ran to the Tomb; leaving Magdalen to follow them as best she could.

In the meantime, Mary's two companions had entered the Sepulchre. They wedged their way through the eastern vestibule which was no more than four feet high and half as wide, and found themselves in a square chamber fully eight feet in height, six in length and nearly sixteen in breadth. On the northern side was hewn a shallow couch surmounted by a small arch, and in this basin the women had seen the Body of Our Lord deposited; but what had become of it was to them a mystery. They were astonished to behold a young man seated at the right-hand side of the niche.

"Be not affrighted," said the angelic voice, "you seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified; He is risen, He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him. But go, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see Him, as He told you."

Thereupon the stranger vanished and the women, full of fear and trembling, hurried from the Sepulchre, too frightened to speak. As they left the garden by one gate, the fleet-footed John entered by another, with Simon Peter close upon his heels. The Beloved Disciple contented himself with a distant look at the empty Tomb; but Peter walked straightway into the Sepulchre. To his bewilderment he saw where once his gentle Master had been laid nothing save the broad linen bands which, after being thickly strewn with powdered aloes and myrrh, had been wrapped about the sacred Corpse and secured at their ends, on the inner side, with gum. Apart from these cloths lay folded the white napkin that had covered the divine Countenance. John soon followed the apostle into the Tomb, and being assured of Christ's resurrection he departed in Peter's company.

On going out of the Sepulchre the disciples met Mary Magdalen, who had by this time returned. Between her sobs the broken-hearted convert took furtive glances at the Tomb, and lo! at either extremity of the niche, she observed a beautiful youth in shining apparel.

"Woman, why weepest thou?" they asked.

"Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him," she abstractedly answered while her eyes searched the garden for her priceless treasure. At a short distance from her stood an adult Person, who, while He was the perfection of manhood, was so meanly clad that Mary mistook Him for the gardener.

"Woman," was the sympathetic appeal, "why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

Magdalen, lost in grief addressed the Stranger: "Sir, if Thou hast taken Him hence, tell me where Thou hast laid Him and I will take Him away." She thought, poor soul, that the whole world knew the object of her undivided love, and that she need not further specify the one, omnipresent "Him." What a depth of brave, indomitable

affection is implied in her words, as though she said: "I myself, a woman; I all alone; I am strong enough; I will take Him in my arms, and I will carry Him away!"

Little did she dream that the Body which stood before her belonged to her Beloved. The resurrected Christ who had formerly commended her for having chosen the better part, and who was now moved by a like sympathy for her ardent, child-like devotion, resumed His well-known tone of voice and sweetly pronounced the word, "Mary." No sooner had Magdalen heard her name than she exclaimed: "My Master," and threw herself before Jesus with a design of embracing His feet as Oriental women customarily do in saluting their superiors. The Redeemer, however, who had not yet entered into His heavenly kingdom where He could reward with an endless hospitality the many and liberal welcomings He enjoyed under Mary's roof, prevented her by saying:

"Do not touch Me; for I am not yet ascended to My Father: but go to My brethren, and say to them: I ascend to My Father and to your Father, to My God and to your God."

Transported with joy Mary Magdalen lost no time in carrying the glad tidings to the disciples. She arrived almost immediately after Salome and Clōpas' wife, who, returning by a more circuitous route, met Jesus just before entering the house. The recital of the women did not fully convince the disciples of Christ's resurrection—they had to see to believe. On the other hand, Mary Magdalen's blind, invincible trust in God, and her exemplary attachment to Him made her preferred to all the apostles, including the favorite John. As the penitent thief was favored with the vision of heaven on the day of the crucifixion, so was the repentant sinner blessed with the sight of Jesus on the morning of His resurrection. The Redeemer first comforted those whose grief was most afflicting, and found none more disconsolate than Mary Magdalen.

The Empty Tomb.

☉ EASTER skies uplift your golden bars;
O dancing sun your brightest radiance shed;
For Christ the Lord who died that we might live
Has vanquished death, has risen as He said!

J. M. R.

Life's Passion.

JOHN M. RYAN, '06.

ALL men must have their passiontide;
 For some tis swift, for others slow;
 But staggering up some Calvary's side
 Each heart must one day fainting go.

O blest are they then who believe,
 What faith would teach us all to know:
 That close beyond Good Friday's eve,
 Comes joyous Easter's golden glow.

A Thurifer at Easter.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.



URE, you were a boy once yourself," Mrs. McMullen pleaded, though with a challenge in her eye.

"Yes, and I'd never have been a man if I'd been up to the tricks of that lad of yours," retorted Father O'Rourke. "Such a devil would have been killed outright by the master in Killybegs."

"But isn't it always better, Father," urged Mrs. McMullen, "to let live and give a chance to reform?" and when Father Hugh, looking far away out of the window, only grunted, she persuasively added: "One more chance, please, Father; he's determined to keep out of mischief this time, and, for that matter, sure at heart he's the best—"

"All right," broke in the old priest, though it was the logic of memory rather than the mother's that brought him to this conclusion, "I'll let him go on again; but mind you," he thundered as Mrs. McMullen with smiles and bows and profuse thanks arose to go, "if I find that boy at any more of his tricks around this church it's off the altar he'll go for good, and never—" but the iron gate had already clicked behind Mrs. McMullen, and she was too happy to care about Father O'Rourke's threats now that Michael was to be reinstated in his old post among the servers at St. Aidan's.

"To think of it," indignantly muttered the venerable pastor as he relighted his old brown pipe, "burnin' rubber and assafoetida

in the bran' new censer I bought for Easter; why the sacristy smelt like a German meat market."

After a few minutes of meditative smoking, however, he broke out into a hearty laugh. "Poor Riley," he mused as the gray smoke drifted about his white head, "it's little but fun we thought of the night we tethered the calf to Dr. Donovan's door at Maynooth."

Mrs. McMullen was ambitious in an unworldly sense; she had no daughters to "marry" successfully, no husband to goad on to high, or low, political offices,—she had only one boy, Michael, and ever since he had come to her, with his angelic eyes, for all their wicked twinkle, it had been the sole wish of her life, her only desire on earth, that one day she might see him behind the chasuble; nor was this ambition of hers changed nor her faith shaken when Michael's father left her eight years before. She would toil, and pinch, and scrape, God would do the rest she was sure. No matter if Mickey was the terror of the parish, the abomination of all the mothers of "nice" boys; he was her boy, she loved every freckle on his face, and she had much to love.

She was going home happy now, wondering how she could best impress Mickey with the uncertainty of his tenure to a place as server at St. Aidan's; for though she knew that he was all right at heart and had, as she believed, a real vocation, there was no telling what moment he would break forth into some freak of deviltry that would argue the want, to some the impossibility, of any seriousness in his character.

As Mrs. McMullen approached the house she heard children screaming in the rear of the woodshed. "You won't kill us, Mickey," was the terrified cry, and a prompt "Just watch me," was the heartless answer. Quickening her steps, Mrs. McMullen got behind the house seemingly just in time to prevent what might be a horrible slaughter. Tied together to the back door-step lay little Jimmie and Kittie Malone, their eyes protruding in horror, while off a few feet was the redoubtable Mickey, brandishing a hatchet and a saw as he did a war-dance, his face streaked and blotched with green and yellow paint, preparatory to executing his wrath on the children of the paleface.

As Mrs. McMullen appeared a war-whoop ended in a gasp of astonishment.

"Michael Paul McMullen—what in the name of Heaven are you up to?" demanded the disheartened mother with tears of vexation in her eyes.

"Nothing, ma," confessed the perspiring, though composed, aborigine, "only showing the kids what it is not to have Christian parents what don't love you and—" Ten minutes after the Malone children were safe on their own side of the fence, Mrs. Malone knew from lusty "yelocation" in the wood-shed that one child of Christian parents was experiencing the strength of his mother's affection.

During the remainder of Lent a wonderful change came over Mickey; whether his mother's talk had made him realize the high expectations she cherished for him, or whether the willow branch was the stronger argument, it is hard to say,—perhaps both made deep impressions on him. Perhaps, too, he had been sobered by the fact that his mother had received a slight stroke of paralysis, the second one, a week after the incident related above. At any rate, his conduct at school got to be remarkably good, and as he never missed a practice for the servers, even Father O'Rourke began to think there might perhaps be something in him.

By Holy Saturday Mickey had got his part down fine. There was to be a Solemn High Mass at St. Aidan's on Easter Sunday; true, there would be only one priest, but the impossibility of securing the other ministers didn't bother Father O'Rourke,—if he couldn't have a deacon and a subdeacon, well, it spared him the agony of instructing a master of ceremonies for the occasion. It seemed, moreover, from the amount of time and attention he lavished on Mickey (with the new censer!) that he expected to fill up with incense whatever rubrical voids there might otherwise be in the Easter ceremonies.

Mickey was now an adept in his peculiar line of service; he could swing the censer to a perilous arc without upsetting its contents; he could swing it for twenty minutes without striking the floor once. Nor was all the glory of these achievements to be given to Father Hugh's patience or Mickey's

own exertion. Night after night his mother put him through his paces, made him swing a pail of water, hung from a string, till Mickey's arms ached from weariness; and now Mrs. McMullen's crowning usefulness and delight was in mending and pressing the slightly frayed cassock that Mickey was to wear and in "doing up" his surplice; for it was the historic practice at St. Aidan's for the boys who were going to serve at Easter to take home the surplices the week before and have them washed and ironed. No boy in the sanctuary, Mrs. McMullen was resolved, should look neater than Mickey.

Easter Sunday opened fresh and pure on the world like a golden-tongued lily, and Mickey thought as he stood beside the wash-basin in the morning that never before had he seen the sun dance so splendidly on the wall.

"Hurry up now, or the eggs'll be cold," called his mother; "if you're late for that Mass this morning—"

"There's two hours yet," yawned Mickey, though he moved about with an eagerness and enthusiasm his voice did not betray. His Sunday clothes had been pressed by Mrs. McMullen till they glittered like an armor, and Mickey had exhausted himself the night before putting a shine on his rather well-worn and stubby shoes.

"Mother, I'll never be Pope," he remarked as he fastened his father's large-linked watch-chain in his waistcoat and surveyed himself in the glass. "I don't think my eyes could stand the sparkle of the pictorial cross."

"Go along now, you and your hierarchal brag," called out his mother from the rattling dish-pan in the pantry, "and get that part straight in your hair."

At half-past nine, after the most careful attention on the part of Mrs. McMullen and untold agony on her son's, Mickey stood forth as handsome, as perfect generally, as nature and art and his mother could make him.

"You'll do," exclaimed Mrs. McMullen at last, with a sob of happiness, and then, ruining in a moment the effects of half an hour's sedulous labor, she threw both arms around Mickey and gathered him to her heart in the true mother way.

"That's all right, ma," spoke Mickey,

reassuringly, as he caught a moment's shading of doubt in his mother's eyes, "you'll see me wearin' the two-story hat yet before I get the long-distance call."

Mrs. McMullen smiled absently over his banter, and murmured: "Your father would be a proud man this day," and then starting Mickey off with complete instructions as to how he was to carry the carefully done-up surplice, she busied herself getting ready for Mass. In fifteen minutes she had locked the house and walked to the gate, when she stopped, put her hand to her head for a moment and sank heavily down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Malone, who was also on her way to church, saw her fall.

"God save us, John," she cried to her husband, "come quick, Mrs. McMullen has got her third stroke."

"Get me Father O'Rourke," moaned Mickey's mother, as she opened her eyes, "and my boy."

The sacristy at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with corked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

"It's great," whispered the "head" acolyte; "candles by the hundreds,"—"and lilies by the ton," added his partner.

A dozen boys in stiff, rustling surplices, their faces wearing a waxy shine and crowned with hair that in most cases seemed with difficulty persuaded to lie a certain way, were moving about trying hard to look unconcerned. One alone was undisturbed; aloof, in dignity removed, as it were, wearing the thurifer's violet, his surplice snowier than all the surplices, the part still straight in his hair, stood Mickey, his face as blank as the face of a clock, the clinking censer swinging before him with pendulum-like regularity. Off to one side he stood, in office at least the envy, if not in native appearance the admiration of half the boys in the vestry.

The last bell began to ring and Father Hugh came in to vest. Within, the organist was insinuating a *Vidi Aquam* which Father O'Rourke caught up and practised *sotto voce*.

"Are they all in?" Squint-eyed Willie Blake opened the door half an inch. "Yes,

Father," was his judgment after a minute.

"Line up, boys; thurifer, to the front—"

"Please, Father, Mr. Malone broke hesitatingly into the sacristy, "Mrs. McMullen is dying and wants the priest at once."

"Dying!" exclaimed Father O'Rourke.

"My mother!" gasped Mickey, turning as white as his surplice.

"The Mass will be delayed a few minutes," announced Father O'Rourke from the altar, "and in the meantime let ye say the prayers for the dying for Mrs. McMullen."

Stopping only to take off his cope, Father O'Rourke appeared at the sacristy door where Mr. Malone had driven up a farmer's rig. Mickey stood leaning against the wall as though stunned; the priest pushed him into the carriage just as he was, ready for the procession. In a few minutes they were at the dying woman's bedside.

"Thanks be to God," sobbed Mrs. McMullen as she opened her eyes and saw that Christ and His ministers were under her roof, "it's me that isn't worthy. Michael, dear, pray for your mother. God speed Ye back to my soul. Michael, come closer, a-honey; what's this, the censer, God be praised!" and her dim eyes turned from her boy to the priest and back again.

"Kneel, Michael," whispered Father O'Rourke as he presented the dying woman with the Bread of Life.

Mickey knelt, with streaming eyes, but almost automatically his arms brought the censer up as the rubrics demand of the thurifer when he kneels at the Elevation.

The odor of fresh budding things full of new life came through the open door and the incense rode out the window on a shaft of sunlight. A look of exquisite peace breathed over Mrs. McMullen's plain, lined face as her eyes opened for the last time and saw dimly through the incense, dimly through the film of death, her Mickey in the violet cassock and the cloudy white lace surplice, his eyes in tears more angelic than she had ever thought them before.

"You'll get the ring, ashore," she murmured dreamily and slept in peace.

There was no "Solemn High" Mass at St. Aidan's that Easter, but there will be one there to-morrow, and "Mickey" will officiate wearing the "pictorial" cross and the "two-story" hat.

Easter.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

THE years that mark the onward rhythmic roll,
 As time flows slowly toward eternity,
 Move on their destined path so steadily,—
 They lull to sleep the ever-drowsy soul,—
 And ofttimes we forget the heavy toll
 That God demands of all, e'en you and me,
 For gifts of time and opportunity
 Of which all men possess an equal dole.

Yet on the path of time there is one day
 That,—like a shrine upon a road foot-worn
 At which the traveller would stop to pray
 And then the rustic shrine with flowers adorn—
 Compels the world from other cares to cease,
 To hail with joy the risen Prince of Peace.

The Blind Man of Hesbon.

BERNARD S. FAHY, '05.

DURING the days when Our Lord walked the earth there was a little town in Peræa called Hesbon, long since destroyed. It lay in a valley between Mount Pisgah and Mount Nebo at the juncture of two caravan routes that led to Jerusalem. One of these bordered on the mountains stretching out to the north, and was the road for camels laden with the rich textures from the markets of Damascus and Smyrna; the other was frequented by those tireless tradesmen who came across the broiling sands of the Syrian desert from Bagdad and the far East.

There was at Hesbon a great well of pure water, where all the travelers going to and coming from Jerusalem stopped to rest and take a fresh supply of water—a blind man used to come to this well and sit throughout the day. His name was Theopistos; he was infirm and bent with years, but he was at peace with man, and had the fear of God in his heart. He took great comfort in talking to those who came from Jerusalem about one who called himself Jesus. Hour after hour he would sit asking questions and listening as the wayfarers related the wondrous deeds and words of that great man. He heard how the blind and the deaf were cured, how

devils and unclean spirits were cast out, and how even the dead arose and walked. Some spoke with great reverence and declared that He was truly a man of God; but others were incredulous, and said that he did those things by the power of the devil.

During two years Theopistos listened to these stories, and he saw that none but one who worked in the name of God could do such things. Then one day there came a beggar to Hesbon, and he approached the well to ask an alms from those who rested there and to refresh himself with the cool water. Coming up he noticed Theopistos and saw that he was blind, so he went up to him and said:

“Thou art blind, art thou not, old man?”

“Aye, from my birth,” answered Theopistos.

“Then why goest thou not into Jerusalem where is Jesus, the Son of God, who heals and cures in the name of God?”

“Dost thou think,” Theopistos asked, “that He would hear me, for I am old and have naught to offer?”

“Yea, in good sooth; for I was even as thou art.”

“What!” exclaimed Theopistos, “for two years have I listened to travelers relate what He did for others; but thou sayst He hath done great works in thee. Come, tell me of them.”

“I had been infirm,” replied the beggar, “for eight and thirty years, and I lay by the pond called Probatica, awaiting the waters to rise; for an angel of God stirs them, and whenever they rise he who is first dipped therein is cured of his infirmity; and as I lay there, Jesus passing by saw me and said: ‘Wilt thou be made whole?’ But I answered Him: ‘Sir, I have no man when the waters are troubled to put me into the pond; for whilst I am coming another goeth down before me.’ And Jesus said: ‘Arise, take up thy bed and walk;’ and I did so, for He had made me whole. This did He do for me.”

“And thinkest thou,” asked Theopistos, “that He would cure me?”

“Aye,” the beggar answered, “for He cares not for riches and possessions; and He sayeth His kingdom is not of this world.”

So Theopistos made up his mind to seek Jesus, and he said:

“I will go and be cured, and may the

God of David and my fathers guide and watch over me." Immediately he made his few preparations and set out.

Day after day Theopistos trudged on with his feet chained with the heavy bonds of blindness and old age. Through valleys he groped, begging an alms here and a place to rest there. Many turned from him in disgust, but others had compassion, and gave him food and shelter. Over the barren mountains he toiled, stumbling with exhaustion. Many times he sank to the ground completely overcome with weariness; but gathering strength of faith he would as often arise again and push on. At last he approached the village of Bethphage, which is but a few miles from Jerusalem, and he heard two men conversing by the roadside, so he stopped and inquired the way to Jerusalem.

"Alas," said one, "though we live near by we do not know the road ourselves, for we are blind."

"Then you are even as I," said Theopistos; but I seek Jesus of Nazareth, whom I know will bring light to mine eyes;" and they then told Theopistos that they too sought Jesus. And Theopistos being tired and exhausted sat down and began to converse with them of that which was nearest to his heart.

While they were thus talking the voices of many people shouting were heard in the distance, and as the noise grew closer the three understood that it was a multitude crying out "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest."

"Tis Jesus whom we seek," exclaimed Theopistos, and the three arose and followed the crowd crying: "O Lord, thou Son of David, have mercy on us."

But the uncharitable multitude rebuked them and told them to hold their peace, and tried to push them back from Christ.

Theopistos fell back, for he was weak and could not follow so well as the others, and the two who were stronger struggled on crying out the louder: "Jesus, thou Son of David have mercy on us." And presentiy Jesus stopped, and asked what they would have, and they replied that they might see; and Jesus having compassion on them touched their eyes and immediately they

saw and gave thanks to God. They looked about and not seeing Theopistos they went back to search for him. They found him lying by the roadside weeping. Pity filled their hearts, and they led him to their home where they tendered and sheltered him for five days. On the sixth day he again set out with great faith for Jerusalem, and as he went he prayed: "May the God of David and my fathers watch over me."

He arrived in Jerusalem late at night and there was no one on the streets; but he walked on, for day and night are the same for the blind. After what seemed a long time he heard footsteps, and a man approached whom Theopistos stopped to inquire where Jesus, the Son of David, might be found.

"Bah," replied the Jew hurrying on, "the false prophet who called himself the Son of God is crucified."

"Alas, alas," Theopistos cried after him, "you have crucified the Son of God." And he sank to the ground overcome with grief and disappointment.

Finally, he arose and stumbled onward not knowing whither he went and he lamented his bitter fate. "Alas, alas, they have crucified my only hope; they have crucified my only hope.—Had He but looked on me I would have been cured." And he wandered on reckoning his sorrow.

"God of David," he prayed, show me now to my grave. I hoped to be made whole, but now—" He stopped.

The grating sound as of a huge stone being rolled back struck his ears; a dazzling light pierced his eyes. One moment of pain, and lo! they were opened; and before him stood Christ in the glory of his transfiguration. As Theopistos gazed dumfounded, Christ, with His hand raised as in benediction, spoke:

"Peace be with thee, Theopistos, thy faith hath made thee whole."

Then Theopistos sank to his knees saying: "Lord, Son of God!"

WHEN we remember Jerusalem, and especially during the Holy Week; when we think of its hills and valleys, of its gardens and streets, everything reminds us of the person of Christ.—*Rt. Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D. D.*

The Dissolution of a Myth.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.



BILLY BARTON had missed the nine thirty-eight train that morning, and came very near missing the twelve fifty-two also: as it was he found himself on the front platform of the second to the last coach with the parting injunction of his friends still ringing in his ears. "Don't forget to send a piece of the wedding cake," was their final shot as the train pulled out from the little station; though they might have spared themselves the trouble, for he did forget—but that is a different matter.

At all events, Billy was glad to find himself safely started, and this of itself was good cause for rejoicing, inasmuch as his especial weakness lay in catching trains. But Billy was not given much to philosophizing over his own shortcomings; and as far as that goes neither was he inclined toward those of others. Nor did he rejoice exceedingly, for he was one of those fortunate individuals who can always maintain a stable equilibrium of good humor; so grasping his suit case he made his way into the car. A hasty glance revealed the fact that the only vacant seat was situated some distance up the aisle and already half occupied by a neat leather grip topped with an interesting brown hat. It was indeed well that Barton put his resolution into effect with such celerity, for he arrived there just in time to forestall a corpulent and asthmatic old gentleman who had sighted the same restful harbor. With much agonized puffing the victim shuffled off while the victor promptly proceeded to make himself at home. Of course there are different ways of making oneself at home. This young man's consisted in depositing his suit case in the rack and performing a like service for the owner of the other one, though he did not mortify his curiosity to the extent of foregoing an inspection of the name tag.

"Daphne Vernon" is what he read.

"Strange," he muttered to himself; "that is the name of the girl that Bob Carleton

is going to marry; and he said she was in the East for the past week."

"I beg your pardon. Is this seat taken?" inquired a clear, musical voice, in which there was just a faint shade of anxiety.

Billy looked up and instinctively he recognized in the girl before him the object of his thoughts, or at least the owner of that suit case and the possessor of that name. She was tall and slender and graceful. Her eyes were a deep, soft, warm brown; and her hair matched them in making an admirable setting for the dimpled chin, the shapely mouth, and the delicate pink and white complexion.

"It is not; but I fear I have usurped your seat, madame," said he confusedly as he sprang to his feet.

She seemed not to have noticed the incongruity of "madame" as applied to herself, for she responded with a quiet and simple, "Thank you."

Barton bowed respectfully and stepped aside while she passed in and seated herself. Then there fell a silence between the two. The girl gazed fixedly out of the car window at the country flashing by, the upland, the meadow, the wide stretch of fields, the scrubby woods, and the tiny creeks. Billy made a brave pretense at reading the newspaper which he had drawn from his pocket, but in reality he was watching the girl and admiring the curve of her cheek and the tantalizing stray wisps of hair which clustered about her shapely ears. Of a sudden she turned, and for one brief instant found herself looking into a pair of calm gray eyes. Whether it was in that fleeting glance or in the hurried bashful dropping of her eyes the fact remains that Barton was inspired with sufficient courage to lean forward and say:

"It seems to me that we have met before."

"I think not," the young lady murmured quietly.

"But at least I have heard your name before," persisted he.

"May I ask where you heard it now?" she queried, with a lift of her brows.

Billy, however, was not willing to commit himself so he remained discreetly silent.

"You say that you know my name," she continued interrogatively.

He nodded assent.

"What is it?" she demanded.

Daphne Vernon," he answered unhesitatingly. She smiled inscrutably.

"And yours?"

Billy hesitated a moment before replying.

"You seem to have some trouble in extemporizing. Perhaps I can be of some assistance in the matter," she said with mock solicitude, in which there was yet a touch of scorn.

"Not at all," he answered; and then in an instant there flashed upon him a long-forgotten scene. It was the final game of the season the first year that Barton played half-back on the Varsity. The score was close. Victory depended on the kicking of a goal. Billy Barton was called upon to win for Brocton; and what an incomprehensible, an ecstatic joy came upon him as the ball flew straight over the cross-bar. Then, as the referee's whistle sounded, he saw the great crowd surge toward him; he was on their shoulders; he was lifted high over their heads, while cheer after cheer went up for Brocton and for Barton. There in the midst of the bedlam raised by three thousand rejoicing students Billy was rechristened. In the spirit of fun one of his class-mates, pointing at the tired, mud-bespattered giant had requested three cheers for "Apollo"; and the name clung to him throughout the remainder of his college career. Half unconsciously he muttered aloud: "Apollo! Apollo!"

"That only strengthens the conviction that I do not know you," she said coldly as the vanity of the seeming reply struck her.

"The most certain thing about convictions is their uncertainty," persisted Billy, who had by this time recovered his composure and was already pleasantly anticipating an exhilarating verbal battle, for he prided himself above all on his ready wit. Receiving no response with a twinkle in his eye he pursued sententiously: "I am surprised that you know nothing of Apollo, the fabled Phœbus Apollo. I could have sworn that there was something of the Greek in you; that you were one of those chosen spirits, the elect, to whom is granted the oft-denied privilege of withdrawing at will from the world of facts to dwell in the world of fancies; one who did not let the spirit of dreams, the spirit of 'make-believe,' pass

with the hours of childhood and the days of youth. But now alas Romance must stand aloof since perforce a crowded railroad coach is not to be considered in the same light as the shady lane, the moonlit stream, and the darkened parlor;" and he sighed lugubriously.

His companion bore a puzzled frown as she scrutinized perplexedly this extraordinary and interesting young man, and debated in her mind whether to laugh or be angry with him. Instinctively he felt that she was looking intently at him, though he dared not meet her gaze. At length she broke the silence:

"Does it not suggest itself to you that you are displaying unwarrantable boldness in thus addressing me?" she asked.

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,' he answered airily; "and confidence in this capacity is a virtue and a necessity."

"But I am not to be won," she protested.

"Neither are you to be lost," he interjected hastily.

"Besides, one does not win confidence by beginning with deceit." There was a malicious emphasis on the last word.

"In what have I deceived you?" He readily assumed the injured air of the falsely accused.

"Oh, I wish I knew who you really are, and what your purpose is in continuing this dialogue," she burst out impatiently, completely ignoring his last remark.

Most men enjoy arousing a woman's curiosity—ordinarily, not a difficult task—for the purpose of then holding her in suspense. It is a perverse spirit, to be sure, but its existence must be unqualifiedly acknowledged. This tendency to pique, if not actually to pain, led Barton to reply evasively:

"Really, Miss Vernon, all that in itself is immaterial."

"I will give you one more chance to tell me your name; or at least to tell me who you are." She was pinning Billy to the point in question; and her tone was that of the judge when pronouncing final sentence.

"If I don't tell you? What then?"

"Then I will insist on bringing this conversation to a close immediately," she threatened.

He was silent and thoughtful for a moment.

"In all honor to yourself and all fairness and candor with me you ought to reveal your name," said she with just a trace of pleading in her voice. She was striving valiantly to be firm, but curiosity was mastering her. In that regard she was truly Eve's own daughter.

"What's in a name?" he quoted flip-pantly, taking courage from her tone. Evidently, the young man was not at all inclined to be serious. As a matter of fact Billy was afraid lest she should really become angry and thereby compel him to divulge his true name. Such an event would effectually destroy the romance, the spiciness of the little play. With the mystery went the charm.

"I thought Apollo was the god of music and not of jest."

"Ah, then, you do know something of Apollo, after all," he cried; and then with the old insouciant mockery continued, "but is there not music in a pretty jest; the melody of the catchy phrase, the harmony of the laughing reply?"

"Bravo, Sir Poet. I suppose some of our magazines will soon be publishing your versified quibbles?" she said banteringly.

"Indeed, you mistake my profession. I am not the patron of the pen; but I am the patron of the lyre:" this last with a very obvious double meaning.

"There is a good deal of truth in that," she observed thoughtfully.

It was fully a minute before she realized the absurdity of the remark; and then how she did blush and laugh, and he joined in with her. Laughter is one of the greatest equalizers of conditions. It is destructive of convention and formality. It makes the whole world kin. Of course there was nothing for the girl to do but surrender gracefully and talk to this bold and good-looking young man.

To Billy Barton the ride to Chicago had never before seemed so short, and to a certainty never so delightful. "Chicago—Van Buren Street Station," called the conductor through the open doorway. The girl had already donned her hat, and Billy took possession of her grip and his own. His face was slightly flushed as he handed her into a cab.

(Continued on page 452.)

The Day.

JOHN F. SHEA, '06.

ALONG the well-known path we strayed
At close of day; a glow
O'erspread the poppy-covered fields,
The robin's song was low.

The perfume of the meadow flowers—
There lavish, here so rare,—
An incense to an endless love
Arose from everywhere.

I knew the sun was nearly down,
Though I gazed not on the skies;
I saw the splendor of the West
More splendid in her eyes.

And as night's shadow-woven cloak
Clothed earth with solemn gray
The sunlight lingered in her eyes,
And still saw I the day.

"The Choir Invisible."

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.



ON account of the stress of the intense application I had given to my studies, my health failed me. The doctor said I needed plenty of mental rest and physical exercise, and this would necessitate my going home. There I might enjoy miles of fields and deep woods and the River S—that made our pastures so green and fruitful.

I arrived home in the fourth week of Lent, and began to live almost wholly an out-door life. I spent sometimes entire days away from home, bringing with me in the morning a light lunch which had a special relish when eaten in the shade of the woods.

It was on one of these days that I came accidentally upon a beautiful grot. Sauntering along on the edge of a field which looked down some fifty feet upon the river, I was attracted by a peculiar shaped tree which grew on the steep bank. Some of its arms appeared as if they had been tied into knots when young and pliable and had grown that way. I wanted to examine it, but could not get at its base on account of a

thick net-work of vines which fell from the limbs in front of me to the ground. With little difficulty, however, I swung myself upon one of the branches that stretched out over the field, and then crawled out onto an arm overhanging the river. The drop to the ground was not difficult. When I had examined the tree I made my way down the steep to the river, planting my heels in the spongy soil to keep from slipping. On my left the underbrush was thick and intertangled with wild vines, but I could walk along the water's edge to the right. A few furlongs down the stream I came upon a small cave cut into the land. It was roofed with wild grapevines, and a long flat stone cushioned with moss made a picturesque seat. On the left of the grot the woods grew thickly, but a long stretch of bare gravel land formed the steep on my right. I knew from the path I had just followed and the growth on the stones in the hollow that this seclusion had not lately been visited.

From this time on I spent most of my outing-days in this pleasant nook. I brought books with me, and gave considerable time to literary composition, although my doctor had ordered me to lay aside for a period all mental work.

One afternoon tired of reading and writing I stretched myself out idly upon the gravelled bank and began digging little holes with a twig that I had broken from a dry vine. While doing this I unearthed a flat stone about two inches in length. I saw that something was scratched upon it, but the sand had partly filled up the lines. When I had washed it I could read plainly two bars of music, and under the notes in rude print the words:

Dear Heart, sleep on until the dawn.

Some musician perhaps had discovered this retreat and in a moment of inspiration scratched down these notes. I laid the stone on the bank beside me and began reading again, but the light soon grew dim and I went home, running through the fields for exercise.

A few days later digging in the gravel again I uncovered the same stone which by that time I had almost forgotten. My curiosity was aroused. I had laid it on

the ground nearer the shore. Who had buried it? Perhaps the musician had come when I was absent, or perhaps,—which was more likely—a jut of gravel land had slid down upon it from the steep and covered it. I would find out.

I had learned by examination that there were only three possible entrances to the hollow. The first by boat; the second, from the right by descending the steep farther down the river and striking along the shore, and the last as I had come. I laid the stone near the water's edge and marked with a piece of stick the place where I had found it. Then smoothing the ground beneath the limb that formed my doorway, so as to observe the footsteps of anybody who might enter that way, I climbed up the trunk of the tree and walked home.

The next morning I swung out on my branch and looked down. No footprints! I hurried to the spot. The stone was not where I had laid it, but as soon as I dug up the ground near the twig I found it again. Surely somebody had discovered this place, and I must know him. I laid the stone on the water's edge and withdrew into the shadow of the vines. Nobody appeared that day, and concluding that my musician composed by moonlight I resolved to watch that night.

After a run home, I returned with a heavy shawl, and wrapping myself up warmly I waited in the hollow. About midnight I heard a crackling sound on my left, and untangling myself from the shawl I hurried along the shore. The sound went toward my tree, but I could see nobody. I concluded from the light, skipping step that it must have been a squirrel. I heard nothing more that night except the lumps of gravel land on my right which from time to time slipped down the steep and fell into the river with a gulping sound.

The next night—Easter eve—I prepared for another vigil. The moon was very bright and I could see every pebble on the shore. The river was calm and flowing quietly. Up to midnight everything was quiet but the gravel that occasionally broke loose in large heaps and slid into the stream sending wide, circling ripples to the opposite shore.

A few hours after midnight I thought I heard a voice. I threw aside my shawl and stood up putting my hand to my ear. Yes, there was somebody singing, and it was up the river. I withdrew behind a curtain of vines where I could see everything for a hundred feet or more and was safe from observation myself. The singing came nearer. It was not a single voice; there was a quartette. I could catch the harmony, and in the intervals I thought I heard oars dipping in the stream. I was distressed by the gravel loosing on my right and splashing into the river. If the musicians heard it they would probably not come closer. This was surely their nightly home. They sat on that long stone and sang these quartettes, and perhaps composed them and cut the notes in gray stones two inches long. I thought now I could hear the words. Yes, they were plain:

Softly the night winds sigh,
Sleep, dearest, sweetly sleep.

Then a pause.

Sweet be thy dreams while I
My vigil keep.

Another pause, and then a single voice, the bass, sang clearly, distinctly, yet seemingly without volume,

Dear heart sleep on,
And the four together
Until the dawn.

I caught my breath. The very words on the gray stone. These were my musicians; my conjectures were true.

The voices came nearer and I peered anxiously up the river. Suddenly I saw, about fifty feet ahead of me, a furrow in the water. It was much like what a muskrat might make swimming along a calm stream. It came closer. Where was the singing? It seemed above the water, above the furrow, but I could see nobody. It was almost in front of me. I dashed down to the water's edge. The voices were directly in front of me:

Dear heart, sleep on until the dawn.

I heard the dip of oars; I saw the disturbance in the water; the calm was broken, and small waves began to hit upon the shore. The voices were passing me now and I followed. I was not asleep. I stumbled along pushing at every step the

gravel into the water and keeping my eyes fixed on the advancing furrow. The day was breaking, and I called to the voices: "Who are you? Where are you?" My voice sounded fearful and harsh as I heard it ringing back from the opposite hills.

The sun peeped above the horizon and fell dazzling on the furrow. It fairly danced in the ripples. Then there was a pause in the singing and I waited. It had stopped. The water became calm; the dipping of the oars ceased.

Fearful I looked about. I had wandered two miles from my hollow. The steep was not so high here and I climbed up and hurried home. The music was ringing in my ears and I repeated again and again the words:

Dear heart, sleep on until the dawn.

My mother was preparing breakfast: "Did you ever hear singing," I asked nervously, "on the river at night,—a quartette singing?"

"No," she said laughing, "unless you mean the Dawn Quartette."

"The Dawn Quartette!" I asked with excitement; "and what is that?"

"Your grandmother has told me," she said, looking inquisitively at me, "that there was a legend prevalent in this place of how four Seeley boys who had often composed music went out one Easter eve to be ready to see the sun dance on the next morning. They rowed all night on the river but never returned again, and it is said that they sometimes pass by as ghosts on Easter eve singing their songs. Several of the neighbors have heard them, but could never remember the air of their music."

I went to the piano, but the tune which a little while ago I could not drive from my head now as obstinately refused to come to me. I thought of the stone with the music and hurried to the river. I dropped from my tree and rolled down the steep. The stone was gone, and the slimy water and the gravel heaped on the bank told me there had been an unusually large land slide.

THE Popes of modern times have had to contend against a number of political assaults upon the rights and immunities of the Church, that for many ages she had held in undisputed possession.—Ullathorne.

Resurrection.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

UP from unsounded deeps, o'er glimmering wastes
Lit only by a candle gleam of hope,
From out the jungle of hell's horrid fire
Thou comest shod with dew. Beneath Thy feet,
That erst the foe exultingly had pierced,
The legioned spawn of darkness vanquished writhes
While, o'er their necks trampling, the ransomed just
Walk heavenward.

The noon of even's morn,
Midnight, guards thousand-eyed the idle world,
Swung off the shores of sleep; there all mankind
Dream out the sabbath sands, one woman save,
Christ's Mother, she is wakeful, for she feels
Throbbing within her veins, veins ran of God,
The victory of Life; anon a sound
Softer than twilight's step quickens her room,
Then storm of silence—God's Mother knows her God.
While in a garden close off Calvary
Three sentinels at guard around a tomb
Wheel to the sounding of the Sundered rock
And reeling fall, blinded by Living Light,
When all as one the stars blanch in the sky.

A woman trailing lilies from her arms,
With fragrant spices, she who came of old
With scarlet soul to Him and dared not look
Into the blasting heaven of His eyes
But found a paradise beside His feet,
His unwashed feet, now takes the tombward path,

All dewy with the droppings of the night,
Nor sees the gems, nor hears the liting merles
Sing with the lisp of trees the rath winds woo,
Nor notes the lancing sunbeams through the leaves—
Dark is the way and long to her Love's tomb.
"Lo, here the place where He was laid," she says—
Through gaping doors the pilgrim sunbeam go
Into the aching emptiness beyond.
She calls aloud, and sobbing scarce she hears
"Mary," His voice, but instant meet she falls
To find her heaven at His wounded feet,
While all the world rang into light and song.

Then He that feedeth 'mongst the lilies drew
Expectant to His tomb the virgin John,
Who entering saw the linen cloths and heard—
In the teeming silence of the vacant tomb—
Tumult of shattered stars, Egypt and Rome
Rock on their crumbled thrones and tottering fall;
The eagle of his soul took eyes that hour,
Thabor and Calvary he understood,
And saw triumphant over unknown lands,
Soldered by love into one world, the cross
That flung a naked Figure to the wind.
Into the sunshine from the tomb he came,
Knowing mankind would issue thence with him
Children remade within that mighty womb,
With judgment's trumpets pealing down the sky.
O cross, O life, O death of Him that lives,
O empty tomb, O teeming womb, Christ, God!

The Experiment.

JOHN F. SHEA, '06.



At Caneville College were many Southern students, but conspicuous among them all for his rabid denunciation of the negro was James Sigley whose ancestors hailed from the Dominion state and who were once the largest slave owners in the South. His uncompromising hostility to the negro had made him obnoxious to most of the students, not because he held such views, but because of his unwillingness or inability to keep them to himself. One afternoon a celebrated negro missionary lectured at the college, and when he took occasion to say that the negro possessed many excellent qualities, Sigley showed his marked disapproval by donning his cap and stalking majestically out of the hall. The action, a direct insult to the speaker, was

noted by all, and even those whose prejudice against the black man was strong declared that Sigley needed a lesson, and a severe one.

Two days later the class in chemistry assembled for its afternoon session, and then it was seen that Professor Warren intended to devote the hour to experimental work. After a few moments' preparation the professor addressed the class as follows:

"Young gentlemen, the experiment which I am going to perform this afternoon is one of general interest, and I am sure it will be unnecessary on my part to ask for your best attention. The experiment will involve the production of silver nitrate. This glass beaker which I hold in my hand contains chemically pure nitric acid, and into it I will drop this ten-cent piece which I have generously sacrificed in the cause of science.

As you can all see the acid is acting on the silver, and this action will continue until the coin is entirely dissolved.

By the time he had finished his writing the coin was entirely dissolved, and taking the beaker he poured its contents into an evaporating dish which he placed over a burner in order to obtain a crystalline mass.

"I will now show the effect of sunlight on the compound," said the instructor, "and before beginning I would like to say that the chemical action of light on certain substances is the basis of all photographic work. It was on a paper coated with silver nitrate that the first negative was made." Then taking an ordinary sheet of paper he wet a corner of it with the solution and placed it in the sunlight. After a minute or two he picked up the sheet, and when it was held up for inspection the class saw that the moistened corner had changed to an intense black.

"This change," pursued the professor, "is caused by the action of sunlight on the compound,—why or how the light affects it no one has succeeded in explaining. I regret that in performing this experiment I got a little of the solution on my fingertips. It is very annoying, for although its effect on the cuticle is harmless, nevertheless it changes the skin to a dull black which will linger for several days before it finally wears off."

After a few more remarks and assigning work for next meeting he dismissed the class.

The following day was a holiday at Caneville and in the afternoon the Freshman and Sophomore classes were to hold their annual track meet. It was generally conceded that the Sophomores would win, for besides having several fast men in the sprints they had Sigley, the best long-distance runner in the college and the holder of the two-mile record. The afternoon came and the meet attracted a large crowd. Contrary to expectations the Freshmen put up a great fight taking first in both of the dashes and winning the broad jump and the pole vault. The only firsts secured by the Sophomores were in the quarter and the mile, Sigley winning the latter event after a close contest. The Sophomores then secured the high jump and were confident of winning the shot put, when to their consternation, Ferris, their only man in that

event, strained a muscle and was hopelessly out of the contest. This gave the Freshmen both first and second place, and the only hope of the Sophomores was to win both the half and the two-mile, which were the only events still to come off. Sigley had not intended to run the half, but now he was compelled to do so, for he was the only representative of his class who had any chance of winning.

The half was run, and Sigley succeeded in winning the race after a tremendous exertion. He was so exhausted that when he was laid on the rubbing table he at once sank into a profound sleep. Several of his classmates took him in charge and after giving him a refreshing rub-down they produced a bottle, and moistening a small sponge with the contents, one of them who, strange to say, wore kid gloves went entirely over Sigley's body with the solution. When they had finished a blanket was thrown over him, and he was left to enjoy a short rest before the two-mile in which he would soon have to run.

Five minutes later Sigley and three others were at the starting-place, and soon the crack of the pistol sent them off on the long run the winning of which would settle the question of class supremacy. Many of the spectators thought that Sigley was exhausted, for they noticed a gray pallor on his face; Sigley, however, showed not the least sign of fatigue and at the quarter post he took the lead by a quick sprint. He set a terrific pace, and at the end of the first mile had a lead of over sixty yards on his nearest competitor. As he passed the grandstand everyone was filled with consternation at his appearance, for his complexion had faded to a sickly gray. All the while Sigley was increasing his lead, and as he drew into the last quarter he had placed nearly two hundred yards between himself and the field. But the exertion of the race seemed to have told upon him in a terrible manner, for as he neared the finish the spectators were horrified at the change that had come over him. The almost imperceptible grayness of Sigley's skin at the beginning of the race had grown more intense until now it was changed to a lustreless black. As soon as he finished an anxious crowd surrounded him, and it

was only then that he realized his strange condition. During the excitement of the race he had failed to notice it.

He pressed his hand to his forehead in a troubled sort of a way, and the world seemed to be sinking beneath him. Gradually he calmed down and decided to dress himself, intending to hide in the room until dark when he could go to some doctor and have his strange malady attended to without being recognized on the way.

As he reached for his clothes a note slipped to the floor, and with trembling fingers he picked it up and opened it. What that paper contained no one knows. Suffice it to say that Sigley's loud denunciations ceased and he soon distinguished himself as a whiter man than he was the day he ran that memorable two-mile race.

The Wrath of a Lamb.

WILLIAM D. JAMIESON, '05.



HOUGH one can never depend on April weather, the skies had lately been so promising that we planned a short outing for Saturday afternoon. Just as we assembled at Jean's bachelor apartments, ready for the start, it began to rain. A mere shower at first, it turned into a steady downpour, so we settled ourselves comfortably among the sofas and pillows for the rest of the day. And what a cold, gray day it was too! Everything within, however, was brightness and cheer. There were plenty of good cigars and we played cards and told stories. It was getting late, and we were about to go home when Jean proposed another story. "This time," he said, "you shall hear a true tale, one from the lips of an eyewitness who is none other than my man, La Farge." With that he tapped the bell, and a thin dark man with wonderfully sad eyes entered. "La Farge," said Jean after introducing him, "come, let us have that story you told me."

With a brief apology La Farge began:

"My mother was a dear little mild woman with almost superhuman endurance, and many a time was she called upon, on account

of my father's excesses, to exercise this wonderful faculty of hers. At first they were very happy together, but shortly after I was born father took to drink. For ten years things went from bad to worse, and the sufferings my mother endured is one of the unwritten tragedies. During this period father covered nearly the whole gamut of vices. Mother pleaded and begged with him to reform. But instead of doing so he began to beat and insult her. I have seen her lie down bruised and bleeding and weep until her eyes would ache, yet she would never turn on him. Father was a great raw giant of a man anyway, and it seemed worse than useless for a timid little woman like my mother to resist. As for me, I was a mere child and could do nothing but weep with her.

"She bore these trials calmly. At first these drunken spells were far apart, but the intervals gradually became so short that life seemed unbearable. At last drunk or sober the abuse came just the same. Several times such a strange look came into her eyes that she frightened me. Once I saw him wince, yes, actually quake, with fear. We were sitting around a small table, when he deliberately slapped her on the face. She flushed slightly, but did not speak. Her calm submission seemed to enrage him, and as a last resort to move her he hurled a book at the ten-month old baby that had just begun to cry. Instantly that fearful look came into her eyes. She seized the blazing banquet lamp and shook it over his head. He stared at her dumb-struck until she laid it down, then he burst into a loud laugh. But I think that laugh had a false ring to it. It sounded like the laugh of a man trying to disguise his fear.

"For a short while after this he improved, and then all his old habits came back again. Soon each day was worse than the preceding. One night as my mother sat up nursing the baby there came a loud knocking. She rose and hastened to open the door. My father staggered in, but I noticed he was not as drunk as usual. He tried in every way to pick a quarrel, but she busied herself with the baby as if he were not in the room. This exasperated him, and he ordered her to put the baby down. She

refused, and in the scuffle that followed he dragged the baby from her arms and dashed it to the floor. For an instant she gazed at the wee bundle, and then that terrible look came into her eyes. My father saw the glance and expected danger. Suddenly she made a dart toward the dining-room. Quick as a flash it occurred to him that she wanted the revolver, and he ran and caught her as she reached the sideboard. Together they grappled in the dark, but she knew where the revolver was placed and reached it first. I heard a shot, and then my father came rushing into the bedroom with blood streaming from a flesh wound in his neck. Terrified I ran into a clothes closet, and sank behind a pile of clothes. In another second my mother appeared gun in hand in the doorway. 'For God's sake, Mary,' he cried, 'don't shoot.' But for answer she shrieked: 'I am going to end this now. I have stood it all for ten years, and I'll stand it no longer.' To this day I can see her as she swayed in the doorway blazing away until the gun was empty and my father sank to the floor. The entire seven bullets took effect, and I believe she would have fired a hundred if the gun had contained that many.

"My father's body seemed to quiver. She ran toward him and held the handle of the gun over his head waiting for a single move. But he never moved again. Then she burst into a loud laugh, great, hysterical shrieks I shall never forget. She calmed down for a moment, but when it dawned on her that the baby was dead the terrible laughing-spell came on again. Finally she sat down and caressed the little bruised head and crooned tender lullabies to her dead babe. As the clock struck five she jumped up exclaiming: 'I have ended it at last. I must now call the police.'

"Gentlemen, that was twenty years ago this Easter. I have gone to see her at the asylum several times a year since, but I would not visit her on that day for the world. Though she is the same mild little woman all the year round, yet every Easter without fail she goes all through that terrible shooting scene and croons away to her dead babe.'

"Oh," exclaimed Jean as we started to go, "the wrath of a lamb must be terrible."

So It Ended.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '07.



EDITH and Jorden were just friends, and both seemed satisfied with that relationship. From childhood—for they were raised together—she never hesitated to ask him to do the little things that a girl can not ask a man to do unless he is a brother, or something that amounts to the same thing. And Jorden always did those little things, not with rapture but with pleasure: he was a mere friend.

Edith Morris and her mother were to have a house party, and the night before the "gathering of the butterflies," as Jorden called it, he and Edith were on the veranda which ran nearly halfway around the Morris home, with its tall white pillars looking as stiff and straight as the proverbial sentinel. They were taking the privilege that only friends, and perhaps lovers, can enjoy, of simply standing there silent, each busy with individual thoughts and satisfied that to understand and be understood is the best part of friendship.

"Jorden, she is coming to-morrow. At last you are to meet the girl you say you have been looking for. Virginia Rosbrook is coming, and I know you will like her. I expect you to fall in love with her. But if you don't do that at least make things lively for her."

Now that is one of the things a girl can not ask every man unless he happens to be her brother, or a very intimate friend.

"But," Jorden began, "but, Edith, you can hardly expect me to fall in love with this Virginia of yours, to order and at a moment's notice. Never fear, though, I will give her a good time. It will be rather romantic to find in her that *one* I have been so long looking for."

They talked for a while longer, and then Jorden picked up his hat from the porch where he had thrown it at Edith's pet cat, and said unceremoniously:

"Good night! I am sleepy. I'll be over to start on the 'care-taking job' to-morrow."

The moon was shining directly upon the well-worn path that led from the

Morris mansion to his own home, and as he watched the soft light he wondered what Virginia would be like. The name sounded rather good, and if the girl came up to the name she would do. But what was the use of his thinking about any girl, they were all alike, except Edith, and she was practically a sister to him. She indeed came near to the *one* he was looking for; but he was sure he did not care for her the way a man should when he wants to marry.

When Jorden went to the Morris house the next day Virginia Rosbrook was there, and when Edith introduced him to the tall, graceful girl he knew he was done for. Not that he was a man who falls in love at first sight, but he felt certain that this at last was the *one*.

It would be tiresome to tell of the long rides, the moonlight walks and the various other distractions that Jorden undertook to furnish that Virginia might enjoy her visit.

Then Edith's brother began to take an active part in what was going on. During the first days of Virginia's visit he was polite, but not interested. It soon became apparent, however, that he was as much addicted to Virginia as Jorden was. Yet there was no open warfare between the rivals, and things went on as usual.

One night the four of them, Virginia, Edith, her brother, and Jorden, were standing on the lawn just outside the house, standing there looking for the lady in the moon. When Virginia proposed that they take a walk, Jorden accepted at once, and moved toward her, but the brother was there first; Jorden dropped back with Edith. They walked on toward the river that ran through the lower end of the "Pines," Virginia and Edith's brother talking and laughing, while Jorden and Edith followed, strangely silent. As they passed from under the group of trees that hid the moon for a moment, he noticed when the soft rays fell upon the face of the girl beside him, that she was better looking than he ever dreamed. She compared most favorably with Virginia, he never noticed that before, and Virginia was not simply good-looking but beautiful.

"Jorden, wait for me here a minute. I left my handkerchief on the porch, and I will run back for it. No," she continued as Jorden started with her, "wait for me,

I will be back instantly," and she turned and walked briskly towards the house.

Jorden waited a few minutes and then strolled on towards the "spot" where the others had already gone. Then as Edith did not seem to be coming he started back to look for her. As he walked along his thoughts naturally turned to her.

Why was it, he wondered, that he felt different toward Edith of late? He must only imagine it; she did not treat him differently than she had always done. Yet she was not, somehow, the same. Was it possible! He stopped and stared at the ground.

"I do," he muttered. "I swear, I believe I am in love with Edith, and just a few hours ago I thought it was Virginia. Strange I should have known Edith all my life and never realize until now that I love her." Then he wondered if it could be that she should love him? No, hardly that. She liked him, but in her eyes he was her other brother merely. The more he thought about it, however, the more plausible his chances of being loved by Edith seemed. But after all these years could he tell her of his affection? If she did not love him—and he was almost sure she did not—then he would spoil for her what might have been a pleasant memory, their friendship.

He seated himself upon an old log just off the path and filled his pipe again. Then he heard some one say—and it sounded strangely like Edith's brother: "Virginia dear," and the rest died away into something that, if it was not a kiss, it at least sounded like one.

He arose and walked rapidly away; then abruptly decided if he must spoil the friendship it would be spoiled, for he would know. He had reached the little park in the yard, when he met Edith hurrying toward him.

"Jorden, I am sorry, but—"

"Never mind," he interrupted. "Edith, I love you. Don't you love me just a little?"

She started and half turned from him, but he caught her by the arm and looked earnestly into her face. "Do you?" he asked. "Don't, you, just a little?"

No doubt she did, for when her brother and Virginia came along a few minutes later, she tried to pull away from him and cried:

"Who is that?" And Jorden said:

"Oh, that's only Virginia!"

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—Some one has said "In the new glory let us not forget the old radiance." This is the sentiment that inspired the production of the present issue. Of course there are numerous apologies to be made for various things; but suffice it to express the wish that the reader may find in these pages a touch or two reminiscent of the 'old radiance' of former Easter numbers.

—Palm Sunday was celebrated with much solemnity at the University. The student body were present at the services attending the blessing and distribution of the palms, which were carried in procession, commemorating the triumphal entrance of Our Lord into Jerusalem. The Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey, then celebrated Solemn High Mass. The Passion was sung by the Rev. Fathers Fitte, Crumley, and Maguire. On Holy Thursday and Good Friday the services were equally impressive. This morning the penitential season was brought to a fitting close; and with the coming of the morrow, the bells shall peal forth the gladsome tidings of the Risen Lord.

—The SCHOLASTIC has the honor of publishing to-day a poem kindly sent for the Easter number by Mr. Seumas MacManus, whose visit to the University last year is

so pleasantly remembered by Professors and students. That Mr. MacManus on his part has not forgotten Notre Dame nor the friends he met here is sufficiently shown by the precious Easter gift he makes us all in "My Inver Bay." He is looking forward to another visit to America next fall, where cordial welcome will await him from the great host of those who admire his genius and his charming personality. Meantime the SCHOLASTIC is grateful to Mr. MacManus for the exquisite lyric which appears in this issue.

—Seldom has a national hero been as sorely neglected as was John Paul Jones, the first and one of the greatest of American admirals. All know how well and bravely he fought. A Scotchman by birth, he enlisted in the cause of American independence; and making use of his knowledge and ability on the sea he rendered invaluable assistance to this country. Who does not know of the daring, the strategy, and the executive power he manifested in that great sea-fight in which he boarded the enemy's ship, "Serapis," and took the entire crew prisoners? Yet, despite his great service to America, he died a pauper in France; and for over one hundred years his body lay in an unmarked grave, while those whom he so well befriended made no efforts to locate his resting-place.

But a few years ago, however, the United States was awakened to the duty it owed this valiant fighter; and General Horace Porter, the American ambassador, commenced the long search for the body. His efforts were rewarded only last week, when, after much tunnelling under buildings, which had been built upon the old St. Louis Cemetery in Paris, his men discovered the casket that contained the much-sought-for treasure—the body of Paul Jones—well-preserved though long neglected. It will be brought to this country by the flagship of the European squadron; and with imposing ceremony and demonstration the body of that great commander will be buried in the national cemetery at Arlington. The celebration on his interment should, in some measure, atone for our negligence in the past and be such as to show our appreciation of his achievements.



WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07.

The Oberlin Debate.

THE third annual debate with Oberlin is past, and the statement on the large signs and placards about that city, "Oberlin has never beaten Notre Dame," is but strengthened by another victory. Thursday afternoon our debaters were met at the station by representatives of the Ohio College, and from that time until the final burst of enthusiasm before the judges' decision on Friday night, there was no mistaking the great interest the Oberlin students and Faculty showed in the contest with Notre Dame. A short time ago they defeated Ohio Wesleyan whose team, as in the case of our own representatives, they had never beaten before, and this circumstance, coupled with the fact that our debaters were all new men, filled them with the hope, as the placards expressed it, of "breaking another record."

The question for discussion was: Resolved, That Labor and Capital should be compelled to settle their disputes through legally

constituted boards of arbitration. Mr. Patrick M. Malloy opened for the affirmative and did far better than we have ever heard him do at home. His deliberate, confident manner had the effect of gaining the attention of the audience, and creating a very favorable impression. In outline he said that existing conditions demand a remedy, that all present means of settling these disputes are inadequate, and concluded with an idea of the kind of court he advocated.

Mr. Trafton Dye spoke first for the negative, and made, perhaps, the best showing for his side, which is saying not a little. He argued that the evils of strikes are less than we suppose and are constantly on the decrease; that the real solution of the problem lies in voluntary arbitration and collective bargaining. The speech was direct and to the point.

Mr. Terence B. Cosgrove was next, and, like Mr. Malloy, completely outdid himself. He showed that the welfare of the people is so seriously concerned in the disputes between Labor and Capital that the state



TERENCE B. COSGROVE, '06.

has the right and duty to intervene; that compulsory arbitration is the only way to intervene, and that so far from being a step toward socialism it is a step away from it. The genuine brilliancy of his style and ideas made him deeply interesting to the audience.

Mr. Edward Heald followed for Oberlin. His delivery and debate were straightforward and good, but to some extent he showed a lack of experience in public speaking. He held that Compulsory Arbitration was unwise and unjust: unwise, because it would damage industry: unjust, because it would take away the right of free contract and other personal liberties from our citizens.

Mr. William A. Bolger finished for the affirmative. His aim was to show that Compulsory Arbitration is a practicable system for the United States. He did this by overthrowing the objections brought against it and by showing that to inaugurate it is the most reasonable thing to do under the circumstances; that it is a step away from primitive methods to one of a more civilized character; and he clinched these arguments by showing that the system does work admirably in New Zealand. Mr. Bolger's delivery was strong, earnest and convincing.

Mr. Ralph W. Stratton closed the speeches on the negative. He tried to show that the system was not practicable under existing conditions. His speech was well worked out, but to a large extent refuted before he began by Mr. Bolger's speech which immediately preceded him. He said that the board could not settle the strikes in which the public welfare was involved because of political corruption, and could not enforce its decision except by three very doubtful methods which Mr. Bolger had declared to be absurd. His delivery was strong and forcible.

In their rebuttals both sides did remarkably well. The great applause given the home team put our men at their best. Mr. Malloy's delivery in his rebuttal was admirable; Mr. Cosgrove was just as brilliant as in his speech, and Mr. Bolger closed the debate in a very pointed, solid manner, answering among other arguments a direct question from the negative side in a way

that satisfied the questioner a little too well. Two judges voted for Notre Dame and one for Oberlin.

The success of this year's team in debating should be a matter of pride to all who can value at its high worth the work hitherto done by the University in this line of intellectual activity. At the beginning of the year there was, apparently, not a grand prospect for a winning team; but the question came, preliminaries were inaugurated, a final three picked, and now another victory is added to the unbroken list of triumphs.



PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07.

Besides the debaters themselves, others there are who share especially in the glory of their achievement, and among these not the least measure of praise is due to Prof. Reno of the Parliamentary Law classes. On him immediately rested the burden of putting forth a representative team; he has done this under, as we have said, peculiarly adverse circumstances, and the recognition due him is in proportion to the difficulties he overcame. Among others whom the debaters wish to thank with exceptional cordiality are the librarians of the South

Bend Public Library, who with untiring patience and unflagging cheerfulness offered invaluable assistance in procuring matter on the subject of debate.

On the whole, the success of this year's team, composed entirely of new men, spells encouragement for all who are interested in debating work at Notre Dame, and is the strongest possible incentive for the second team to put forth their best efforts in the coming contest with De Pauw.

PROGRAM:

Affirmative	Negative
Patrick M. Malloy	Trafton Dye
Terence B. Cosgrove	Edward Heald
William A. Bolger	Ralph Stratton

JUDGES.

Judge John W. Adair, Columbia City, Ind.
 Judge Robert S. Parker, Toledo, Ohio.
 Judge James E. Rose, Auburn, Ind.
 Presiding Officer, Dr. E. L. Bogart, Oberlin.

Father Kelley's Lecture.

On Monday, the 10th inst., the Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, United States chaplain during the late Spanish-American War, entertained us with a very humorous, instructive and patriotic lecture on "The Yankee Volunteer." He delivered this same speech at Notre Dame four years ago; but its repetition in no way detracted from its merits. He introduced his subject with a definition of the term "volunteer" as exemplified in sacred and profane history, and then restricted himself to the type under discussion. His next step was to give a satisfactory meaning to the word "honor" and show its relation to religion. This naturally led him to study the American soldier from a moral point of view. Having vindicated his plea that in matters of religion our volunteer is a much-maligned character, he took occasion to disagree with Captain Clarke respecting Johnnie's sullen disposition. However, he coincided in the opinion that no nation equals us in the diversity and intelligence of our militia. Much of his time the lecturer spent in eulogizing the Irish Brigade, of which the Very Reverend Father Corby, C. S. C., was chaplain and whose bullet-rent banner is proudly exhibited just inside the entrance of the Main Building. An innocent, national,

or rather, native prejudice may have led him to overlook somewhat the bravery of German and other valiant immigrants, not to mention the heroism of our own dauntless regular, who, as General Abercrombie very judiciously remarked, ought not to be disparaged by the volunteer. Throughout, the lecture abounded in witty allusions to personal experiences and in tone was never suffered to descend, but was rather elevated at times to the poetic. The enjoyment Father Kelley afforded prompts us to express the wish that if his manifold parochial duties again permit him to take a brief furlough, he will not forget to "drop the other shoe" and delight us with his equally interesting talk on the "Law of Equality."

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame won its first game Wednesday, April 13, by the score of 6 to 3.

O'Gorman pitched for the Varsity and held the Greens down to four hits. Welch and McNerny were the stars for Notre Dame.

	R	H	P	A	E
South Bend					
Foy, l. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Tiery, c. f.	0	0	1	1	1
McKee, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Sager, 3b.	1	1	1	2	1
Milligan, ss.	0	0	1	5	2
Sumertol, 1b.	1	0	15	0	0
Grant, 2b.	1	2	1	3	0
Searles, c.	0	0	0	3	0
Hutzel, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Ferris, p.	0	0	0	1	1
<hr/>					
Totals	3	4	24	14	5
Notre Dame					
O'Neill, 3b.	0	0	2	3	0
Welch, c. f.	1	3	0	0	0
McNerny, 2b.	1	1	3	2	1
Stopper, 1b.	1	2	13	0	0
Perce, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Shea, ss.	0	0	0	5	1
Monahan, l. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Sheehan, c.	0	0	6	0	0
O'Gorman, p.	2	1	1	1	4
<hr/>					
Totals	6	8	27	11	7

Base on balls—Off O'Gorman, 2; off Hutzel, 2. Two-base hits—McNerny. Double plays—O'Neill, Stopper, Mulligan, Grant, Sumertol. Struck out—By Hutzel, 1; by O'Gorman, 5. Wild pitch—O'Gorman. Umpire, Schafer.

* * *

Notre Dame won the second game with South Bend on Thursday. The game was

fast and exciting and lasted eleven innings. Notre Dame won by the score of 9 to 8.

Welch is hitting like a leaguer. Grant of South Bend shared the hitting honors, taking four for South Bend.

Shea is playing in the field in exceptional form, making four great stops and throwing out the man each time.

Burns pitched the first five innings and held the Greens to three hits.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
McKee, l. f.	1	1	3	1	0
Tiery, c. f.	0	2	3	0	1
Silvers, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Mulligan, ss.	0	2	2	1	3
Bachbaum, 3b.	1	1	6	5	2
Searles, c.	1	1	5	4	0
Sumertol, 1b.	2	0	11	0	1
Grant, 2b.	1	4	1	0	2
Williams, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Ferris, p.	1	0	0	0	0
Hutzel, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	8	18	32	11	9
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Neill, 3b.	2	3	0	5	0
Welch, c. f.	2	4	3	0	0
McNerny, 2b.	1	1	0	3	0
Stopper, 1b.	1	2	17	0	1
Shea, ss.	1	1	3	5	1
Monahan, l. f.	1	1	0	0	1
McCarthy, r. f.	0	2	1	0	1
Sheehan, c.	0	0	8	2	0
Burns, p.	0	0	0	0	1
Perce, p.	1	1	1	2	2
Totals	9	15	33	17	7

Struck out—By Burns, 5; by Perce, 3. Two base hits—O'Neill, Tiery, Mulligan, Grant. Hit by pitched ball—Perce. Double play—Grant to Sumertol. Wild pitch—Williams. Umpire, Cook.

(Continued from page 440.)

"Won't I see you again, Miss Vernon," he asked?

"Perhaps, Mr. Apollo," said she, still employing the pseudonym, though he had confessed his real name; "the world is not so wide." But she gave him no address.

"Well, it was pleasant," mused Billy to himself as he walked up the street. "I hope she really isn't Daphne Vernon. But if she isn't, will I ever see her again? Well, I don't care, anyway," he ended positively kicking spitefully at an imaginary obstruction on the sidewalk.

To tell the truth, Billy Barton's mind was chaotic as he accompanied Bob Carleton

to dinner at the Vernon home the evening before the wedding. He was to meet the intended bride for the first time, though he mentally added "perhaps," every time that thought arose.

Two slender, dark-haired girls, one of whom greatly resembled Barton's train acquaintance, were awaiting the visitors in the parlor. Billy had hardly recovered his composure before Carleton was introducing them.

"Miss Daphne Vernon,—Mr. William Barton;" to the surprise of that worthy individual it was the other girl who bowed in acknowledgment.

"Miss Alice Vernon—Mr. Barton," and Billy found himself looking into the roguish eyes of his heroine. "You know Alice is to be bridesmaid," added Bob. Yes, to be sure, Billy knew that, but he found himself wondering why Carleton had picked out the older sister, for Alice was easily the prettier and, to all appearances, the more charming. At any rate, he found consolation in the profound thought that "Taste is, after all,—well—merely a matter of taste."

Barton could not tell how the time had really passed so rapidly until he found himself alone in the parlor with Alice Vernon, her sister and Carleton having stayed behind to consult over a cup of tea on some of the details of the ceremony.

"So you don't remember the story of Daphne and Apollo?" Billy was asking her.

"Tell it to me," she said impulsively.

"Well, once upon a time, Apollo mocked Cupid's infantile efforts in archery, and in anger the little god shot him with the golden arrow of love, and at the same time wounded Daphne with the leaden arrow of aversion, so that she repulsed all his advances and finally fled from him."

The maiden was silent.

"How about a modern Daphne?" asked Billy impersonally.

"But my name is not Daphne, you know," she replied.

"And mine is not Apollo." After a moment in a tender tone he queried eagerly:

"That myth does not hold good in our case, does it?"

"No," she said, in a voice so low that he could hardly catch her words, "no, it does not." And it didn't.