alone in the church. I sat in one corner, drowsily thinking over the day's events, and soon, either on account of the wine I had drunk at Don Romero's or the heavy clouds of incense which still filled the church, I fell asleep. Suddenly I awoke, bewildered at first at my strange surroundings; then all at once I caught the sound of a dismal chant, now rising, now falling, but slowly approaching. You cannot imagine the weirdness of it all, that dark and lonely church, with one solitary light burning dimly over the altar, and the far-away chanting of the priests. Now a light appeared in a doorway at the other end of the church and a friar bearing a candelabrum entered; following him was the Father Superior, dressed in his robe of white and gold, then came all the priests and friars of the Mission in a long and solemn procession. In the midst of them was Fernandez, stripped of his priest's gown and wearing a cloak of sackcloth. His head was bowed, but, even from where I sat, I could see the same brightness in his eyes that I had noticed before. They passed across the chancel and entered the Holy Garden. I could not resist the temptation, so followed far behind them, crouched behind a clump of bamboo, and, parting the stalks, could observe all that was going on. The door of one of the bell towers was opened, Fernandez stepped inside and knelt in prayer. The Father Superior opened a Bible and read a few verses, then in a low voice offered up a prayer, a long appeal to the Almighty to have pity on his fallen child. When he had finished, two friars stepped forward and by the dim light of the candles I saw that each carried a trowel and a bucket of mortar and that close by the tower was a pile of bricks. Then for the first time the awful truth flashed across me; they were going to bury this poor fellow alive for having betrayed the secrets of the confessional. Slowly, but surely, the friars bricked up the doorway; not a sound could be heard save the click, click of the trowels until suddenly Fernandez, who had kept perfectly quiet heretofore, hurled himself against the wall with a despairing shriek, my God! what a shriek — and then all was still. The friars commenced their work again and" — Here the worthy wife of Pablo came out from the inn and informed him that the stage had just arrived from Los Olivos, so I had to leave with his story unfinished.

F. N., '03.

Communications.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by Correspondents.

Editor Tech, Dear Sir:

Referring to the motion which was passed regarding class baseball, I would say that probably through some error in legibility of handwriting, the vote as given you was not quite the same as that recorded. The motion was "that it is the wish of the Council, etc." The Advisory Council have not any desire to even appear arbitrary or imperative in any of their transactions. It is believed, however, by the Council that there is no question but the interest of athletics will be better served by giving up base-ball, as there is practically no opportunity to compete with teams which should be really "foemen worthy of our steel," and the base-ball season is one which, except in the case of an exceptional spring like the present, cannot be played in this climate to advantage until after the middle of May, at which time the continuance would interfere seriously with the studies. I have noted that the class of competing teams which have been selected are the High School teams and private school teams composed of youths one to two years younger than the M. I. T. Freshmen, and at Tufts, for instance, the second nine play with such schools.

Further than this, every year for the past two or three years, since I have followed athletics more closely at the Institute, there have been one or more men who have played base-ball who would have helped track athletics, and been participants, but outside of this I believe that the respect of the outside world for the Institute from an athletic standpoint is not increased by playing even class base-ball with our local preparatory schools, and certainly the two Phillips Academies are as far down the scale as it seems to me we should go.

I do not mean to derogate the base-ball nines of local preparatory schools, but on the other hand, the Institute men should play colleges, and not with youths of two or three years their junior.

I did not mean to write you so much at length on this subject, but it may serve to give you a very few of the arguments which the Advisory Council considered in passing the vote which they did.

Yours truly,
FRANK H. BRIGGS,
Chairman Advisory Council.