

Religious Bulletin  
December 15, 1928.

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Just Facts.

Boys, this may sound preachy  
But really it ain't,  
It's just a word o' warnin'  
From one who ain't a saint.

I was right where you are  
Not many years ago,  
I had the same temptations  
And some that you don't know.

Of course, I thought I knew it all,  
I wanted to be free,  
But now I'M broken down and old  
And just passed twenty-three.

I've seen this land from end to end  
And know all kinds of people  
But when up high I always crave  
To jump off from the steeple.

Just recently I met her,  
The girl of all my dreams.  
I wrote her gobs of letters,  
Just reams and reams and reams.

She came when I was weary  
Of life and all its woes,  
The GIRL, -- I knew I loved her,  
And wanted to propose.

I wanted to, but couldn't,  
And I'm not exactly shy,  
So that night when I had left her,  
There came a whisper, "Why?"

In answer thronging memories came  
To cluster round my cot  
Of times, and girls, and places,  
And things I thought forgot.

Again I heard the chanting  
Of a choir far away,  
The words were "Non sum dignus;"  
The time has come to pay.

The years are still ahead of me,  
But I'm already old,  
And all because I scorned my chance,  
I never would be told.

The anonymous author of this "Free" verse sends it in hoping that "maybe you can find someone not so bullheaded as I was who will take the warning it is intended to convey." He adds: "Here's to your work and a little more success than you had with me." We owe him a prayer from our hearts. (John Reager's father is very low.