

Religious Bulletin.
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Epitaph.

Joyce Kilmer, who loved God and hated sham with all his heart, wrote the epitaph for Class Three. Read it and weep! With this we leave naturalism to its natural end.

To a Young Poet Who Killed Himself.
By Joyce Kilmer.

When you had played with life a space
And made it drink and lust and sin,
You flung it back into God's face
And thought you did a noble thing.
"Lo, I have lived and loved," you said,
"And sung to fools too dull to hear me.
Now for a cool and grass bed
With violets in blossom near me."

Well, rest is good for weary feet,
Altho~~s~~ they ran for no great prize;
And violets are very sweet,
Altho their roots are in your eyes.
But heark to ~~what~~ the earthworms say
Who share with you your muddy haven;
"The fight was on-you ran away.
"You are a coward and a craven."

The rug is ruined where you bled;
It was a dirty way to die!
To put a bullet through your head
And make a silly woman cry!
You could not **vex the merry stars**
Nor make them heed you, dead or living.
Not all your **puny anger mars**
God's irresistible forgiving.

Yes, God forgive and men forget,
And you're forgiven and forgotten.
You might be gaily sinning yet
And quick and fresh instead of rotten.
And when you think of love and fame
And all that might have come to pass,
Then don't you feel a little shame?
And don't you think you were an ass?

The Mission.

Do your shopping early. You have next week all dated up.

Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.,
Prefect of Religion.