

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN.

October 8, 1924.

DISCIPLINE.

A block of marble caught the glance  
Of Buonarotti's eyes,  
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,  
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,  
Smiling as he heard;  
For, "I will make an angel of it!"  
Was the sculptor's word.

And soon mallet and chisel sharp  
The stubborn block assailed,  
And blow by blow and pang by pang,  
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted, high and pure;  
The wak'ning eyes outshone;  
And as the master sharply wrought,  
A smile broke through the stone!

Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair  
Escaped in floating rings;  
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed  
The sweep of half-furled wings.

The stately bust and graceful limbs  
Their marble fetters shed,  
And where the shapeless block had been,  
An angel stood instead!

O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce  
This shrinking heart of mine!  
What are ye but the Master's tools  
Forming a work divine?

O hope that crumbles to my feet!  
O joy that mocks and flies!  
What are ye but the clogs that bind  
My spirit from the skies?

Sculptor of souls! I lift to thee  
Encumbered heart and hands:  
Spare not the chisel! set me free,  
However dear the bands.

How blest, if all these seeming ills  
Which draw my thoughts to thee  
Should only prove that thou wilt make  
An angel out of me!

- Anonymous.

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