

A Note to Good Samaritans.

The reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in the hall chapels demands that the utmost decorum be observed in the halls. The good samaritan who finds a student drunk and disorderly down town may feel that he is fulfilling a duty in charity to bring him to the hall and put him to bed. That is charity, but it overlooks the reverence due the Sacred Presence. Put the boy away in a flop house, where he will wake up and find himself in Looking-Glass Land, with the but-ends of humanity all around him, and you will prevent the outrage that might otherwise come to Our Blessed Lord -- not that He hesitated to touch the lepers, but that we have no right to outrage His patience.

Kilmer's "To a Young Poet Who Killed Himself."

When you had played with life a space
And made it drink and lust and sing,
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 grassy bed
With violets in blossom near me."

Well, rest is good for weary feet,
Although they ran for no great prize;
And violets are very sweet,
Although their roots are in your eyes.
But hark 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 forgives 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?"

This poem, used once before on the Bulletin, is reprinted for the sake of those who saw no suitable answer to the eulogy of suicide in yesterday's article from the Ave Maria. There are so many dull people about that one hesitates to be anything but literal.

Prayers.

Francis Canseco asks prayers for his grandfather, whose life is slowly ebbing away. John Egan, who has returned to school for the second semester, is still suffering from an ulcer that remained after his broken leg healed.