

Monogram Club Mass for
Joe Sullivan, Sorin,
6:25, Wednesday. All
monogram men, come!

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The Draw of Good and Evil.

You know about the dumb donkey that stood stiff and starved between the two fat hay stacks? He couldn't decide. One looked good and so did the other, and that made it very, very difficult for the donkey.

For stupidity many fellows make the donkey look like a disguised Socrates. These fellows don't stand between two equally toothsome hay stacks at all. They rather stand, starving, because they can't decide between an edible hay stack and a hay stack on fire.

Or if they don't stand flat-footed, they rush, for the pleasure and for the benefit of eating, to the hay stack on fire.

Take the mediocre, tepid boys who are afraid to be too good because they'll miss something and afraid to be bad because they know evil masques pain and remorse. They know perfectly well that sin, excess of any kind, like the hay stack on fire, doesn't actually deliver the joy that it promises at all, that it merely dazzles the eye but sears the senses and soul.

But just the same, that doesn't stop them from sticking their nose into sin occasionally. Curiosity leads them on again and again no matter how often they have been burnt.

If you prefer, here is the same idea--the curious lure of sin--as it is explained by a serious and thoughtful Frenchman:

"There are certain thoughts which have poisoned the wells of humanity. One of these thoughts is that evil is not dull, but that it is even a remedy against dullness.

"This unreasonable delusion is extremely common, even among honest folk. They believe that their life would be more interesting, more varied, that it would be freer, if evil were more intermingled with good.

"They refrain from evil out of duty, but with a feeling of privation. In turning their backs on evil they leave something of their heart behind. They do not know how empty evil is, nor how dull; they have no horror of it.

"A certain inclination to that which leads to a fall--a certain sense of want because of fear of touching the forbidden fruit--a certain cleavage of the soul between good and evil--a vague, perhaps, and unconscious feeling that poetry departs in the company of sin and misfortune--such thoughts as these creep in even to those who wish to be good and pure.

"The reason of this is that one does not know completely enough, not unreservedly enough, not practically enough, that there is absolute unity between the true, the good, and the beautiful. One does not know how repulsively hideous all that is, which is outside the pure truth. People believe that one ought to refrain from happiness out of virtue, because happiness is dangerous. They do not know that out of virtue one ought to shun unhappiness because unhappiness is dangerous."

PRAYERS: Deceased, grandfather of George Williams (Dillon); grandmother of Hugh Correll (Dillon); grandmother of Bill Lynch (St. Ed's.); friend of student. Ill, Joe Sullivan (St. Ed's.); mother of Frank Koszok (Badin); Bob Malarney (St. Ed's.); John Pottingill (Corby); Ed Kirby (Sorin); friend of Fred Theis (Alumni). 5 sp. int.