

Gratitude flows from
the humble man's
heart. You owe grati-
tude to bishop Noll.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 18, 1935

The Chalice of Circe.

O thou invisible spirit of wine
If thou hast no name to be known by,
Let us call thee--devil!--Othello.

In Circe's hall a dainty feast is spread;
Sweet music breathes thro' all the marble piles;
A myriad perfumed lights soft lustre shed
O'er many a roseate bower and long-drawn aisle.
Lascivious, loose-robed girls, with beck and smile,
To banquet summon all who pass the gate:-
But woe to him who heeds their tempting wile!
Nor prayers nor tears nor love nor high estate,
Nor friends nor child nor wife can save him from his fate.

By magic spells and incantations wild
Unto the cup is given a wondrous charm:
'Tis said, 'twill turn the parent 'gainst the child,
And 'gainst the mother rear the offspring's arm.
Not e'en the loving wife is safe from harm
If once the husband drink of Circe's bowl;
Nor yet hath fever's fire nor war's alarm
Brought to our little earth such nameless dole,
Or hurled to horrid hell so many a hapless soul.

It taints the springs of Genius, and it breaks
The golden bond which friend to friend unites;
It fills the bones of youth with age's aches
And robs gray hairs of hon r: it delights
In broken hearts and hearth stones; sleepless nights
And frenzied days are all its victims know;
The revel o'er and dead the countless lights,
The morn comes down on sable wings of woe
And weeps to find how man may fall the brute below.

It fills the heart with rancor, dulls the mind,
Sows seeds of sin in Virtue's snowy breast:
The holiest vows it scatters to the wind,
The holiest things it treats with scorn and jest.
It nerves the arm to strike the friend loved best,
And whets the assassin's steel. From pole to pole
Deserted homes and broken heart att st
The baneful charm of Circe's maddening bowl,
And every drunkard's grave marks her poor victim's goal.

Yet ever and forever and for aye
Sits ruthless Circe, plotting in her palace;
And ever and forever, night and day,
Rush men to sip the poison of her chalice.
Dull sighted fools, are then your hearts so callous,
Your souls so dead to heavenly Virtue's spell,
Is not to see each drop is mixed with malice,
Lust, repine, murder, --crimes that breathe of hell!
Rise in your manhood's pride, and spurn the Enchantress fell.
(--Rev. R. J. McHugh.)