

The Ship Is On The Sea

A play produced some years ago was a drama in which all the characters were dead..... There was the boat without lights...It was at sea...The night was dark....The passengers were a bit fuzzy about their destination. To one young man--a new-comer--something seemed strange. He got the strong suspicion he was dead; and all his fellow passengers were dead too. He asked the steward the fearful question. Yes! he was dead--so were all the others.

This drama is one we all take part in. The voyage has indeed begun. For many of us there is but a little way to go....and the ship is on the sea.

"I Am Dead."

Suppose the realization came to you now at this very moment: "I am dead!" Does the thought terrify you? Yes, but it shouldn't. "It is an excellent method," says Saint Philip Neri, "to keep oneself from relapsing into serious faults by saying 'tomorrow I may be dead.'"

To a man prepared, one who so lives that death holds no terror, death never comes as a thief in the night.

"When I Get The Time."

When you get more time you will take your state of life more seriously. But you will never get more time. Every hour, every minute you breathe, your time is shrinking... You will never have more time than at this present moment. Treasure it. Today's thrown-away minute is so valuable that, could it be tacked on at the end of your life, it would give you that priceless one breathe more--one minute more to make your peace with God.

For English Majors

In the November issue of The Atlantic are two poems which reflect their authors' unbelief in immortality. Sir Osbert Sitwell in his Aspiring Ape ridicules man's created dignity. He pays particular homage to the ape--for him our ancestral kin--not to the angel "chanting before dusty thrones."

Sir Osbert's nonsense does not "sit well" with most of us.

Then Christopher Morley writes about his pet spaniel and her impending death from old age: Of An Ancient Spaniel In Her Fifteenth Year. Every day she digs what he thinks is her final home. After buying her her last Christmas present--a collar and tag for '49--Christopher muses: EQUAL MERCY AND EQUAL DARK AWAIT US BOTH, ETERNALLY.

Christian ideals do not "vitalize" these two moderns and many others with them. The insidious effects of nice pagan thinking fosters the growth of unadulterated naturalism. Popularizing the perfect "natural man" is merely swishing in the backwash of the old Pelagian heresy that has seeped down through the ages into our very own.

It is your task to popularize the "supernatural man" by bringing Christ and His ~~message~~ into modern literature and art. Train yourself to become supernaturally articulate in the field of writing so as to express yourselves as Christ-bearers in the market-place. But you will not serve Christ in the book shops and press, unless you love Him in your hearts first.

Prayers Please.

Mr. Frank Miles, father of Jack Miles, '47, who is still helpless in an iron lung, asks Notre Dame students and priests to pray their rosaries ~~today~~ for Jack.

Two books from the Prefect of Religion, 117 Dillon--AS WE OUGHT and PARDON AND PEACE--kindly return....Lost: key chain behind Badin: Return to 117 Dillon. Prayers: (deceased) mother of Rev. C. Schneider, C.S.C. (Bengal, India); aunt of E. Rauen (Dil); aunt of J. Long (Sor); aunt of Revs. T. & B. McAvoy, C.S.C.; friend of Jack Vainisi (Wal); grandmother of T. McGee (Ba); friend of E. O'Connor (Mor'y); father of D. Leary, '48; aunt of H. Killeen (Dil); father of Rev. W. Evans, C.S.C. (India); <sup>day</sup> Eichenlaub, '15; Sp. Int. 3. Ill gr'mother of W. Hockadel; P. Doherty (Ly).