A Senior At The Grotto.

Our Blessed Lady may never have set foot among the pines of these clean, strong rocks.

But if she were to come visibly to the campus, this is the spot she would choose.

Even the song of the birds here is reverent. Hallowed and peaceful seems the air that one breathes.

Let me settle down, now, to real prayer.

I am, near June, close to a crossroad, and very soon I must turn right or left.

One road seems wide and smooth. Along it I see a large, white home which belongs to me. In front stands a golden-haired girl smiling as I come.

I greet her and, arm in arm, we enter.

Visitors come in costly cars....Voices over the telephone ask advice....We are influential, wealthy.

Years hurry on and I am gray, more important, more wealthy....

One day I feel weary, then sick. The priest comes, I get ready, and die.

Important I still look there in the large bronze casket. Headlines tell of my charities.

A mass of rich gray hair, once golden, shakes convulsively in grief over my corpse.

Those young voices speaking comfort through their own choking tears are familiar to me indeed.

I have seen the beginning, the middle, and the end of one road that will welcome me this June.

The other road? It looks barren and forbidding at the start.

But, hidden in the trees, after a stretch, I see on green fruitful ground a large building and, moving about it, black-robed figures in prayer.

I am one of them.

That other building farther on is a church.

Can it be I at the altar? There in the confessional near the door? Up in that pulpit?

In that poor home over the hill near the tracks?

Only when I have grown feeble do I realize how the years have rushed by.

One day comes, I die.

They put me in vestments in a cheap box covered with black cloth.

Mourners take up a tiny pine twig, dip it in holy water, sprinkle my corpse, then kneel to pray.

Someone is saying above me, "Whosoever loseth his life for My sake shall find it unto life everlasting."

Which road, Wise Lady, does God want me to choose?

You have a great work on earth to accomplish for your Son. Maybe you even feel that your advice may be biased.

But I shall trust you.

Would you like me to help you in this fertile apostolate with young men at Notre Dame? In any other place?

In the foreign missions? In a parish or place of contemplative prayer?

Or do you want me to be one of your loyal ones in the world?

Let me bravely open my eyes to see. Let me, having seen, courageously choose.

And, having chosen, let me take my way generously and follow it nobly to the end.

FRAYERS: (deceased) wife of Mayor Wm. A. Dooley (Highland Park, Ill.); cousin of Frank Donlon, Ill, father of Pete Pankey (Cav); mother of Ben Murdock. Your spec. ints.