

is a riddle unsolvable, when God and man's higher destiny are lost sight of. The moderns do not untie the knot; they throw it away. Killing sick people may do away with unhealthy bodies, but the race must be exterminated if all suffering is to be blotted out. No drug exists which will lull heart aches into insensibility; no acid can wipe from the human heart its tendency to yearn for something greater than is here on earth. Euthanasia, which the hedonists would introduce, is a control over death; it stealthily opens a gate whose keeper should be God. What I have called Christ's "euthanasia," which blends His suffering with our own, is a control over life. It leaves the opening of death's door to its rightful keeper in order that, once within it, man may have the key to the door beyond death—the one which opens to Life.

## PLEA TO A FRIEND

SEBASTIAN CARLSON, O.P.

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Often I shared rich blood  
To thy thin vein.  
Why hast thou started back?  
In fear the throbbing stream  
Would leave a stain?

Long did I writhe in flames  
To light thy night.  
Why hast thou turned away?  
Because the scorched flesh  
Stank in thy sight?

Knife and charred stake  
Fouled me for *thy* sake!