

to erect a clinic in which to examine more closely and at their leisure this strange person who yet would speak of God and the dignity of man.

The ultimate fate of the two unfortunate wanderers? The Idiot would commit suicide—a martyr to his belief. The Human might possibly be murdered in partial fulfillment of an Idiot's "sublimation." But then again, perhaps he would be allowed to confess to the end his faith in God and His image and likeness, man.

AT THE CRIB

E. SEBASTIAN CARLSON, O.P.

Gee, Sister, if I had been He
I would have laughed so hard to see
That solemn donkey stare at Me
And flop those ears that I had made!

I'd pet his chin, and stroke his nose,
And let him sniff My hands and toes
If Joseph fell into a doze
When Mama went to town to trade.

I'd move to let My donkey gnaw
And champ the prickly manger straw
That kept Me warm, until I saw
He had enough, and moved away.

Then when we'd gone, I'd make his dream
Of yellow corn and frothy cream,
And stable bright with God's own Beam
Who came to play with him one day.