

"Rorate Caeli Desuper."

Advent begins tomorrow. One of the most beautiful antiphons of this season is the one captioned above, which implores heaven to "rain down the Just One."

May God rain down in this holy season the true spirit of penance, which has been sadly lacking at Notre Dame this fall. The words of Our Lord are ever true: "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish."

A.B. in S.B.S.

The knock-out blow that kills the educator is the curse of mediocrity. There is a theory that a college education instills ideals into young men and sets them above their fellow-men with a mission to draw all humanity after goodness and truth. At Notre Dame there are men who believe that this theory has a sound basis of fact; and they turn away from what the world holds dear to devote their lives to it.

"Bachelor of Arts in South Bend Society!" When that degree becomes the ambition of the Notre Dame student, his preceptors may quit. There are many candidates for the degree. They come from New York and Padunk, from the dirt farms and from the sea.

"Town! Town!! Town!!!" is the battle-cry of the tea-hounds. With them it is a mortal sin to miss a bill at the Palace, a misdemeanor to skip a Saturday night at the Palais, a crime to visit the library, a sin crying to heaven for vengeance not to drink liquor at a class dance. "The thing to be done" is the thing to be done. Freshman and sophomore years are filled with chafing at the restrictions that keep them away; if every so little, from their field of education; junior and senior years certainly give the girls a treat.

This is not a diatribe on South Bend people. There are lots of good people in South Bend, and most of the tea-hounds never meet them. They are people who mind their own business and have neither time nor inclination to devote their energies to distracting young men from their studies. The tea-hounds, as a rule, prefer the society of some dish-washer or counter-jumper who hasn't the sense of propriety of a lady hog.

May God deliver us from the curse of vulgarity and mediocrity, and give us some backbone, particularly in the junior and senior classes, men who are neither afraid nor ashamed to get up on cold mornings to go to Mass, men who will pledge themselves generously for spiritual bouquets for deceased classmates, men who will not tolerate indecency, men who will not sing the Victory March in a blind tiger, men who will not wear a Notre Dame watch fob or belt buckle into a dive -- carrying the name of the Blessed Virgin into the lowest depths of shame. God give us decency, love, sacrifice, fortitude, justice, purity.

The Novena for Purity.

You were told a few weeks ago that the purpose of Notre Dame is to teach a man how to die. (It is necessary to repeat this because those to whom this message is directed read only impolite Bulletins.) In the present world degeneracy, the greatest enemy to the state of grace is impurity (and you don't know how to die unless you have learned to live in the state of grace.) The Novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception begins tomorrow. If you feel that you don't need it, make it for the wandering shieks who don't know how to pray for themselves, and who haven't the guts to give up sins of the flesh (it takes a man for that, you know). Receive Holy Communion and say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin every day.