

Offer it Up.

If you can't see the game tomorrow, offer it up for the Poor Souls and for the team. Even these involuntary sacrifices of things you have your heart set on can be taken in the spirit of sacrifice. Hedge on the eats a bit today and tomorrow, and offer that up. Guard your eyes, check your tongue; offer it up. Be determined to make amends for the debauch of last Saturday night; offer it up. Let's get the thrill that comes once in a life-time by making this week a real period of sacrifice, and offering it all up for the Poor Souls.

The Spartan Mother.

One of Silas Ballou's friends has received a letter from Mrs. Ballou. She says that her son was hopeful when he came home in June and did not give up until late in July when the end was evident, and she adds that he never uttered a word of complaint in spite of his terrible sufferings. She asks for some of his personal effects as mementoes, but his books she wants given to students who find it hard to meet all their expenses. In your prayers for this Notre Dame man, do not forget to add a prayer for his Notre Dame mother.

The Noon-Day Devotions.

There are many other things that you could do during the fifteen minutes required for the noon-day devotions to the Poor Souls. How many of these things will stand as monuments to your memory thirty years from now? How many of them will give you an eternal reward? Let reason, not emotion, determine your noon-day activities.

Dare We Pray for Victory?

If victory means what it did last Saturday night, we dare not. We lose the protection of God when we show ourselves unable to stand it. We lose attendance at home games when we dishonor God's Holy Mother. We disgrace God's Mother when we offend her Divine Son.

Have You a Filthy Mind?

A certain publishing house, which we will not name, presumes that you have, hence it addresses you a circular which reads, in part: "There is no use denying it, one of the greatest of indoor sports is known as 'dishing the dirt.' Breathes there a man with a soul so dead that he does not enjoy inside dope and half-whisperings beginning, "Say, did you hear----?".....These books are absolute thrillers."

For a decade past publishers with the reputation of this well-known house have made money out of smut, which they presumed to justify as "realism," "wholesome frankness," "tearing the veil from blind innocence," and so forth. Now this one comes forth to make more money by selling smut as smut. It tells you that it has the smuttiest book out, and that surely you want a copy. The book is of such a character that it might sell, as others sell, under another advertising appeal; but it has chosen to make smut its sole appeal. It is well.

If we send a soul to Hell, what do we deserve? This book is capable of causing a million mortal sins. Is there a place in Hell hot enough for the publisher?

Prayers.

Add to your Novena intentions: Hugh MacInigal's deceased father; a sick relative of a former student; the father and sister of James C. O'Connor, who are ill; the mother of George Gordon, who was seriously injured in an accident lately; Thomas O'Connor was called home yesterday by the critical illness of his father.