

Religious Bulletin
December 14, 1926.

"What is a Spiritual Bouquet?"

The question comes from a flock of juniors. A spiritual bouquet is a nosegay of spiritual flowers plucked from the garden of your heart to present to one you love. It should contain lilies for your intimate union with God in Holy Communion, white roses for your devotions to His Holy Mother and red roses for your little mortifications, passion flowers for the Masses you hear, lilies of the valley for your aspirations and little prayers, forget-me-nots for your visits. Flowers for your love -- not commercial flowers, but flowers from your heart.

Not Forgetting God.

Carroll O'Meara, of Los Angeles, a popular student in Howard Hall last year, had some consolation in his regrets at not being back at school this year. He saw the U.S.C. game, and he sends on a clipping that tells what impressed him most:

"For two hours the Notre Dame players had fought fiercely on the slick turf of the Los Angeles Coliseum. Finally, their efforts crowned with victory, they dog-trotted off the gridiron, tired but happy. Minutes later they were herded into waiting automobiles and the entire procession sped out of the grounds. Sirens tooted as they followed an opened way. The party drew up before a large, inspiring structure. Hotel? No! Catholic cathedral -- these heroes of the gridiron had much to do and see -- but not until they had offered up due thanks for their success." -- L.A. Express.

Carroll adds: "The boys took the city by storm and have left a wonderful opinion of Notre Dame men in Los Angeles." Again, Sapientibus sat.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early.

There are two kinds of Christmas shopping -- spiritual and temporal. On the spiritual side, avoid the Christmas rush of the last two days at the confessional. On the other side, don't be so foolish as to pay \$15.00 for an N.D. pin for the girl. If you really love her, buy her something useful, something she can hook for the first installment on her fangs of teeth when love grows cold.

"What Does It Matter?"

"We have ceased to worry. 'Eat, drink and be merry' we would proclaim our motto if someone had not already said it.... There seems to be a great deal of frowning and needless mental disturbance nowadays.... What difference will it make a thousand years from now? What difference did it make a thousand years ago? Those who have lived are dead, and dead forever. Those who are living will join the greater throng, and those to come will have but the same end for which to look forward: Oblivion. The dead rest easy, and the dead rest long. Nothing matters very much. We would rather be a lotus-eater than an empire builder, for the lotus is sweet and warm for a day, but granite is cold and lifeless forever. A hedonist is often an object of contempt. But a true epicure is a person to be admired." -- The Minnesota Daily, December 4, 1926.

Very well, Mr. Epicure, but supposin' you're wrong: our sacrifice is harsh and bitter if a day, our heaven lasts forever; your lotus is sweet and warm for a day, and hell is hot forever. It's a poor chance for a wise gambler. And tomorrow's Bulletin shows you that the lotus may not last the day.

Prayers.

Clark Devils lost his father yesterday. Matt Cullen and James Digen ask prayers for relatives who are ill. John J. Maloney's sister is dangerously ill.