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Send A Card To Van Wallace.

A letter from Mrs. Wallace states that Van's improvement has been remarkable since his visit here for the Carnegie Game, and that he is more determined than ever to walk once more. Keep him in your prayers, and send him a Christmas card. You don't have to know him personally for this -- it is sufficient that he is a fellow Notre Dame man, and a good one. His address is 701 Peterboro, Detroit, Michigan.

Eugene Kelly's Anniversary.

Eugene Kelly died last year on the day following Christmas. His parents are leaving Denver for New York tomorrow, and they are having an anniversary Mass for him on Dec. 26 at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Ave. and 76th St. They are very desirous of having some of the Notre Dame students at the Mass, especially those who were acquainted with their son. Those who are free ~~that they~~ to attend the Mass should do so; they can learn the time of the Mass by inquiry at the church.

Play Santa Claus Yourself.

There are lots of little things you can do yourself to make other people happy during the holiday season. For instance, you can leave a little offering for the Bengal Mission. The collection yesterday for this worthy cause amounted to \$60.21; the November collection for the Mission amounted to \$236. Or you can put down fifty cents or a dollar for plaster for poor Father Molinie's house in the wind-swept Estancia Valley of New Mexico. Or you can contribute a dollar towards the St. Anthony Chapel in Bengal, which was promised in return for the miraculous cure recorded on the Bulletin some time ago. Or you can donate some pennies for the negro church in South Bend.

And whether you have any money to give away or not, you can all do this: fill out a Christmas Spiritual Bouquet for Edmund Hogan. That boy simply defies the doctors. You may not be able to do all you would want for him before Christmas; fill in with promises you are sure to keep. And go heavy on "Mortifications." They count. They show God that you mean your prayers. Edmund is carrying a heavy cross: both shoulders are now abscessed; so is the right hip. You have often thought, as you made the Way of the Cross, that if you had been there you would have pushed through the crowd and taken the place of Simon of Cyrene in helping Our Lord carry the Cross. Our Lord Himself has said: "Whatsoever you do to the least of these, you do to Me."

There are plenty of these little cards at the pamphlet rack, and more can be printed if we run out of them. Fill one out today and mail it to Edmund Hogan, St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Indiana. It isn't nice to think of a Hospital as a Christmas address, but the poor boy is lucky to have an earthly address.

"Forgive Us Our Trespases."

In your letter to Santa Claus don't forget to tell him that you are out of debt and have given back all the taxicabs and overcoats and sodas you have stolen this fall. It must be funny to be trying to have a merry Christmas when you are conscious that you have done everything you could to make other people unhappy. Wouldn't it make you creepy to take a stolen watch to midnight Mass with you? Can a stolen muffler keep you from getting sore throat? Can a stolen overcoat warm your heart? Not the way a clean conscience can warm it.

Prayers.

Tom Ryan, of Sorin, was called home last week by the serious illness of his little brother. Fr. Clement Molony, of Los Angeles, who has been awaiting a serious operation since November 1, is still too weak to stand it. Three special intentions.