
Lenten Devotions.

Death, and not Sin, will be the subject of the Lenten discourse at 7:30 this evening. Those who made the Lenten devotions along the Niles Road last Wednesday evening will do well to bear this in mind.

Keep Your Feet Dry.

This is bad weather for sickness -- much worse than the cold weather. The largest number in the Infirmary at any time since January 1 was six; take care of yourself and keep the record down. Two per thousand is a very satisfactory rate.

Your Lady And The Devil's Lady.

When Christ came to this earth of ours the state of woman was at the lowest ebb it has ever known in the history of civilization. Woman was a chattel, an object of man's lust, a victim of his coarse cruelty. A Roman senator often showed more concern for his animals than for his women. He cast her off at will -- he murdered her if it suited his fancy. Nero kicked his mother down stairs; later on, he had her assassinated.

Christ gave us His own Mother to restore Motherhood and Virginity to their proper dignity. It took centuries for the Catholic Church to impress this lesson upon the subjects of her authority (who were dissolute Romans and coarse barbarians); but she taught well, and the Christian woman emerged as the refining influence and the inspiration of husbands and sons. The Mother Christ gave us at the foot of the cross became the mirror of true womanhood.

As students of Our Lady's University, God has given you a special vocation in life to uphold respect for women in an age that is fast losing it. And because of this special vocation, you are more guilty than others when you sin against this respect.

Now what has happened? A moribund theatre in South Bend, when it found that it was not attracting the shekels of students, stooped to the lowest degree of infamy possible to a corrupt stage, and offered you the worst insult one man can offer to another -- the son or the brother of a woman: it asked you to pay money to see the degradation of womanhood.

Did you resent the insult? Not on your life! The priests who have wasted their time on you judged you all too kindly; the manager of the theatre sized you up to a T. You gave the show place a new lease on life -- and you turned your back on the Mother of God and your own mother and sister. Our Blessed Lord is patient; may He not judge you too harshly. Is it any wonder we have a Novena for Brains?

Lent is still with us. It is a season of penance for sin and reparation for insult.

For Father Walsh.

Father Walsh's condition has shown a slight improvement each day, but he is still very ill. He appreciates your sympathy, but wants your prayers and Holy Communions more than your sympathy. They can help.

Pamphlet Rack.

A delayed shipment, including rosaries, is now at the rack.

PRAYERS: Wm. Hertz's grandmother died Monday. A sister of Carlos Daele, who was buried here Saturday, is ill with pneumonia. Wilfred Ullrich's grandmother is very low. Four special intentions.