

If your father is worth
it (in your estimation)
and if you are worthy...

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...of your father, make
the Novena for him which
started yesterday.

Prayer For A Very New Saint.

Many of you who pray through a little brother or sister in Heaven may like the following verse sent in by an alumnus of 1908 who explains: "Violet Alleyne Storey is the author; she may be famous or she may be unknown. But the tenderness and sincerity of her lines have stirred me deeply. I carried the verse several years in my purse where it rubbed company with my auto license and identification card. Now it's so nearly illegible that I have had to have it copied."

God, God, be lenient her first night there.
The crib she slept in was so near my bed;
Her blue and white wool blanket was so soft,
Her pillow hollowed, so to fit her head.

Teach me that she'll not want small rooms, nor me,
When she has You, and Heaven's immensity!

I always left a light out in the hall,
I hoped to make her fearless in the dark;
Yet she was so small--one little light,
Not in the room, it scarcely mattered; Hark!

No, no, she seldom cried! God, not too far
For her to see this first night, light a star!
And in the morning when she woke up
I always kissed her left cheek where
The dimple was; and Oh, I wet the brush
It made it easier to curl her hair.
Just, just, tomorrow morning, God, I pray
When she wakes up, do things for her my way.

Kathleen Norris On The College Griper.

"A college boy of twenty had an article published in a magazine the other day. Probably a good many of his elders read it with concern; troubled, helpless before its youthful bitterness, as middle-age so often is before the challenges of youth. The article caused no special sensation, because it only said what we all know that the rising generation is saying, or rather shouting and babbling and screaming at us all the time.

"Reading it, I wondered if the old days of flogging youngsters had been wholly mistaken, after all. Not that there is any answer in a flogging. Martyrs have been flogged, and their causes have lived on. But those boys and girls of ours who chatter so glibly of Communism and Socialism, who are so sure that every other country in the world is smarter than their own, who attack their Constitution, their national ideals, their parents and society

in general so mercilessly, have no cause. They are simply undisciplined children who weren't properly trained in their nursery days, who weren't told to mind their manners, and obey their elders, and do their duty. Life has been made too smooth for them; learning has been substituted for character development; their absurdities have been permitted to develop until their most ridiculous opinion is received with respect. No magazine ought ever to have published this article.

"The magazine, to be sure, explains that this is to show us elders what the youngsters are thinking. But as a matter of fact the youngsters aren't thinking that way at all, or any way at all. They are restless adolescents, as we were thirty years ago; they love the sound of their own voices, and it excites them to find fault with their world."

(--From the Catholic Digest for April.)

PRAYERS: (Deceased Professor K. Lenzke's father; Paul Huber's father (Coff-C.); mother of Harold Morgan (former student); Edward Noonan's grandfather; Dick Fallon's uncle (Fr.) Ill, James Kolen, '36; Ed. O'Neill's father (Mor.); Sister Benedictus (St. Mary's).