

Class of Inquiry
resumes tomorrow...

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
February 7, 1938

...at 8:15 p.m. in
107 Cavanaugh Hall.

Still Trickling In.

Your contributions to the President's New Foundation amount so far to almost \$150, which isn't too bad. But the fund is still open. By an oversight, those smiling, painless extractors dispatched by the S.A.C. skipped the Old Infirmary. The inmates there may dry their tears, tie their small change in a handkerchief, and drop the bundle at 107 Cavanaugh Hall tonight or tomorrow night. Worthy of special mention, the Commerce Forum donated \$10. Other large-hearted campus organizations may rush their bequests to any one of the Prefect of Religion's offices.

Think It Over.

That coin you shook loose from is destined to straighten limbs: the enfeebled, sometimes motionless, arms and legs of boys and girls who would like to skate on the lake and dance the "Big Apple"--like you do. (Well, maybe not like you do). They would thrill if they could run for street-cars.

Fifteen years ago a Notre Dame freshman, shortly after the schoolyear was over, took a shallow dive that broke his neck. Van Wallace has never taken a step since then.

Thank God for your health: you can all but fly. Use it well, for the good of body and soul. When you hear that terrible bell in the morning, just before you turn over to roast the other side, think what Van Wallace would do if he could get up for Mass and Communion.

God gave you more than your limbs: every faculty you have, your whole being without reserve. Consecrate to His Love each day your eyes and ears, your tongue, each step. That is the lesson Van Wallace would like you to learn.

Word Comes From Father Farley.

"Here I am and still on my back. Hot packs for my foot every two hours. And when I shall be able to leave here, I do not know. Don't forget to keep praying because things don't look so good. I am still praying the beads the same as ever. The doctors are doing everything possible and will keep me as long as they think there is a chance."

Redouble those prayers and Communions for Father Farley. Notre Dame men have never known a kindlier, manlier, more "regular" rector. Sorin Hall has shown its appreciation in Masses and flowers. But now, because "things don't look so good", whether you live in Sorin or not, whether you have been making the Novena for the Sick or not, try this real, personal sacrifice: beginning tomorrow morning offer a Tridium of Masses and Communions for his complete recovery--if it be God's Will. That is the Christian condition attached to all prayer; not a catch phrase, not a "way out" to explain unanswered prayer. These lines describe the prayer of the Christian.

He asked for HEALTH that he might ACHIEVE;
God made him WEAK that he might OBEY.
He asked for HEALTH that he might ACHIEVE;
God made him WEAK that he might OBEY.
He asked for RICHES that he might be HAPPY;
God gave him POVERTY that he might be WISE.
He asked for STRENGTH that he might do GREATER THINGS;
God gave him INFIRMITY that he might do BETTER THINGS.
He received NOTHING that he ASKED FOR;
Yet MUCH MORE than he HOPED FOR.

His prayers were ANSWERED; he was most BLESSED.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Aunt of Art (Mor) and of Father Gartland, C.S.C.; friend of Fr. Healy C.S.C.; grandmother of R. McCormick (Fresh). Ill, friend of Peggy Hannigan.