

First Friday tomorrow:  
remember John Clair in  
Chicago and.....

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
March 3, 1938.

...Frank O'Laughlin (Walsh)  
in St. Joseph's Hospital,  
S. Bend..

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St. Thomas Winds Up His Freshman Year.--II

Yes, St. Thomas is living over in Zahm Hall. Just one of the freshman. In the other halls his name is scarcely ever mentioned. The fellows in Zahm know him, of course; not that he is ever obtrusive or boisterous; not that he ever shows off. But he is conspicuous for the regularity of his life, his manners and his studies.

Yes, it is true that, at first, nearly everyone shunned him. He just didn't seem companionable. He didn't talk about the things the rest of the boys discussed. He never seemed to relax.

Was he trying for scholastic honors? He certainly was a good student. And although some of his profs, both by their treatment of him in lectures and by their grades, did not seem to rank him at the head of the class, his class-mates knew that he was good; even more, that he was honest.

Toward the end of the year, Reginald of Piperno, who roomed next to him, began to feel a little ashamed of the shabby way in which he had treated Thomas. He wondered how he might show that really he hadn't meant to be malicious. Impulsively, he grabbed up a popular magazine. He'd take it next door and ask the lonely fellow--he must be lonely--if he wouldn't like to look at it. Then, he thought better of it. He picked up his Greek book instead.

Knocking at Tom's door (with the other fellows, he'd never think of knocking), and hearing Tom call, he walked in.

"Say, old plugger. Help me with this sentence."

Reginald laid the book on the desk. Tom picked it up, read the passage slowly, then translated it aloud. Just like that!

Reginald did not give a hang for the

translation; he roared through this course on a pony. But he was embarrassed, and found himself without words. Glancing out the window--it was May--he stretched and yawned; heard himself saying to Tom:

"Want to go for a walk around the lake?"

"Sure!"

That evening, after night prayer, Reginald of Piperno was sitting on the bed in Tony's room. There were four others present. It had been a swell day, water just right for good swimming, not too hot, not too cold.

"Did you go in, Reggy?"

"Naw," interrupted Pietro. "He was out strolling with the good little rich boy."

For a moment there was fire in Reggy's eye. It burned out quickly as each one turned expectantly toward him. No one spoke until Reggy said with warm decision:

"He's a good guy, fellows. A darn sight better than we are."

(to be continued)

The Lamp.

What attracts you to adoration before the Blessed Sacrament? Is it the dim sanctuary lamp glimmering before the altar? The stain-glass windows? The religious silence of the building?

No. These merely preserve and augment your devotion.

The thing that enkindles it, makes it live, is your faith in the presence of Christ before you. Here you pray and hope that the Light of the World will fill you with courage and strength to fight against laziness, impurity, selfishness, and the inclination to follow the path of easy resistance.

Be on time for your period of Adoration!

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PRAYERS: (deceased) anniversary of death of two sisters of John Specca (Mor); Miss Ellen Powers; friend of Jim Tanner (Mor); Philip Walsh, uncle of Joseph (Mor) and Wm. (Soria) Mathay. Ill, brother of Mat Millenbach (Cav); Mr. John Clair ex'38; C.W. Weeks; brother of Sister M. Barbara B.V.M.. Five special intentions.