

First Letter

Today I talked to a mother
Who had just had her son's first letter,
The first, I mean, since the lad fared forth
This sorry old world to better;
And I never have seen such rapture,
Nor ever beheld such joy,
As welled up in the heart of that mother
At that first letter from her boy.

I've heard of the wealth of Croesus,
I've read of King Midas' gold,
And stories rare of treasures fair
In those fabulous days of old;
But all of these piled into one great heap
Would seem some cheap, tawdry alloy,
Compared to that mother's heartfelt of bliss
At that first letter from her boy! (Jazbo of Old Dubuque,
in Chicago Trib.)

If college men have any sins of omission, there is one that heads the list--the failure to write home regularly. A non-begging letter sent home is as much as an act of charity as giving an alms to the poor or speaking a word of good cheer to someone down-and-out. One letter a week is not demanding too much from any student. Have you written home since your arrival on the campus? Two weeks have past; the folks have a right to know that all is well with you.

Another Death

A few years ago, a young Notre Dame student came to a priest and said that he had been baptised a Catholic, but had never been instructed, nor had he received First Communion. The priest began instructions immediately. The student was in the service and was to depart for another station in a fortnight--so the priest had frequent meetings with his anxious friend.

At the end of two weeks the student made his First Communion and left the campus. Not long afterwards, the night before his intended departure for China, he was killed in an auto accident. His death has just been reported.

The merciful hand of Our Blessed Mother was in all this. She brought that lad to her school; she had done the same thing before--prepared some son of hers for death. A few older students will remember the case of the sick serviceman who was brought to the Notre Dame Students' Infirmary when his ambulance-plane was forced down in South Bend enroute to the Great Lakes Hospital. The lad was very sick. While here he became critical and was anointed. Two days later he died in Chicago. If anything should draw a student to the Grotto daily, it is the thought that Mary is his Mother and that devotion to her is enkindled and deepened at her campus shrine.

CAN'T FORGET
MY DAILY
ROSARY!
THIS MONTH!

Daily devotion to Our Lady is a sure
guarantee of her help at the
time of death.

