

Father and sister of Bill
Hall, ex-'53, killed. (Oper-
ation: father of R. Gedert.)

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Ill, father of Ronald Cauley.
(Received with thanks: \$12 for
Jim Aoki; \$1.29 for the poor.)

Relentless Pursuit!

There are many things more terrible than kneeling before a priest in the confession-
al. The most tragic is dying in mortal sin. Tempting God is a dangerous sin, and it
is hard to get contrition for it. But as long as there is breath in your lungs the
HOUND OF HEAVEN will bark at your heels, like a sheep dog turning wandering sheep back
to the fold. The poet, Francis Thompson, tells of God's pursuit, and utters a warning:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter,
 Up vistaed hopes I sped;
 And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
 But with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 They beat--and a Voice beat
 More instant than the Feet--
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

Change Your Clothes?

The first change for the lax Catholic is not a change of socks but a change of heart.
He must get off his hobbyhorse and start blaming himself for his sins. There is no
greater obstacle to real change of heart than too great admiration of oneself, mak-
ing oneself his own law, his own judge, his own "tin god." A crisis, such as a sud-
den death, a dangerous illness, a sermon on hell, does the trick better than a black-
jack. If this lax Catholic happens to be a Notre Dame student he is always angered
when he reads anything in the Bulletin (if by chance he reads it) about wising up to
the Sacraments: he would be incapable of such a resentment if he weren't nursing a
worried conscience. . . Students of another era were cautioned in this tone of voice:

The devil is a wily orator. He can sway the crowd--but he can't give absolution.
He has many smart wise cracks, and is quick at repartee, but he doesn't wipe
tears from your face when you are gasping for breath on your deathbed, and he
offers no comfort to your mother when your body is lying on a cold slab in
the morgue. . . Who will be with you when you die? Men have died in jail, bars,
in theaters, in houses of shame. Who will pack your trunk, and search your
clothes, and go through your papers? Is there nothing that would bring a blush
of shame to your mother? Is your life an open book?

Will you continue the senseless flight from grace until it is too late? Will you die
before your sins are forgiven? Will your last judgment go something like this: "When
did you put your followers to the sword? When you circulated a rotten book that rob-
bed hundreds of their purity. . . When did you shed your brother's blood? When you
made a drunkard out of your pal, when you scandalized non-Catholics by your foul
language and your disrespect for the Blessed Sacrament. . . When did you slaughter
innocents? There are women waiting in hell to tell you that--yours is the greater
guilt because you have sinned against the light. You were a Catholic, and you missed
Mass on Sunday; you were a Notre Dame student and you made a mockery of your Heav-
enly Patroness; you were within the portals of heaven, and you chose hell. For graces
rejected--the good confessions you could have made, the daily Communions you could
have received--yours is the greater torment. . . Thou fool!"

Prayers: operation, aunt of Bern Caughey; ill Mrs. Victor Duras; Father Laskowski, CSC.