

Religious Bulletin.
March 17, 1923.

Prize Contest.

The two letters appended demand answer. The answer should come from the students. For the best answer a prayer book will be given. Initials or some sign for later identification should be used.

A Puzzled Protestant.

My parents are Protestants. I am supposed to be but since coming to Notre Dame I have been strongly drawn to the Catholic religion. I like the teachings of the Catholic Church. I like the men of Notre Dame. There is one thing, however, that puzzles me. It is this. If the Catholic Church is the church of Christ why do so many Catholic boys have so little respect for the name of Jesus Christ? In the year I spent at a state university I did not hear nearly as much abuse of the names of God and Jesus Christ as I have heard since coming to Notre Dame. I know that this would scandalize, and I believe rightly, many good Protestants who are not so friendly to the Catholic Church as I am. Please explain.

A Seeker for the Truth.

A Puzzled Catholic

I read the question of a puzzled Protestant the other day and thought you would have room for another from a puzzled Catholic. Please do not think that I am a pessimist or a knocker. Please do not think that I make any pretense of holiness. I don't. I have a tremendous lot of to do in taking care of my own soul but I have got to give vent to the following: Why are so many Notre Dame men so terribly disrespectful when in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament? During the last Forty Hours even during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament many were talking and laughing as if in a pool-room or the "gym". Were a soldier guilty of such conduct in the presence of a superior officer he would be chased to the guard house. How can any man say that he really believes that God, the King of Kings, is present in the Blessed Sacrament and then show him less respect than he would give to the lowest officer in the American Army?

Anon.

The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'T was St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eyes often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, and the
mireland;
And its name is the dear little shamrock of Ireland --
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.,
Prefect of Religion.