

Religious Bulletin.
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Now Watch Their Heads Swell Up.

The Sophomores are pretty good sports. Out of the first 80 of their questionnaires only 14 stated that they had received no spiritual benefit from the Religious Bulletin -- and not one got catty about it. (There were only 7 Engineers in the group, however.)

"It is a year since my last Confession."

You certainly want to receive Holy Communion with your family on Easter Sunday. Get ready for it before you go home. If you tell your confessor that it is a year since your last confession he is sure to ask if you have been in jail ever since. How will it sound to tell him that you have only been at Notre Dame?

On Profanity.

Radical treatment is suggested for incurables. One suggestion is that students hand in the names of their wayward friends to the prefect of Religion, who will send them mite boxes for self-imposed fines. The suggestion has its merits. The old colonial statutes in this country provided ducking stools. We have a lake -- two of them in fact.

Iipse Dixit.

This item will shock somebody's vanity; it will arouse round resentment that will seek subterfuges; and it will end by causing the person interested to read St. Francis de Sales' "Introduction to a devout Life" and awaken to a beautiful spiritual development -- all the more effective because he takes himself seriously even now.

His name is Isboseth, and he belongs to the same set as Achitophel. He asks for broadminded Professors of Religion and of the four magazines he reads two are salacious (though he doesn't realize it); he crabs the preachers for not preparing their sermons; he is fearful of abuse in the confession; he wants no advice on Holy Communion; he brought himself to the practice of frequent Communion; he proposes for the next survey a question which he overlooked on this one; he shouts for optional this and optional that -- and passes up such optional practices as First Friday adoration, the beads, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, etc.

Is boseth, much reading hath made thee mad. Remember the sorry figure of Conde Nast in the tail-less cutaway and no pants at the Last Judgment. Think how unimportant Vanity Fair will appear in heaven. Study the Book of Wisdom; read Ecclesiasticus and Ecclesiastes; and you won't worry so much the next time when they spill coffee on you at the "Calf".

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