

Religious Bulletin.
November 5, 1923.

Who Killed Homecoming?

It looks pretty dead. The hicks had there way.

The Third Commandment.

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day."

Those Who Got By.

If you didn't get caught, don't break your arm patting yourself on the back. Read what a thoroughly modern psychologist has to say about you.

"Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's place, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time!' Well, he may not count it and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering it and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do, is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out."

Millstones.

An extra crop of millstones will be needed for those who induced the little ones to drink Friday and Saturday nights. This applies to the half-witted Lady bar-tenders as well as to the men.

They Are on the Books.

Not many of the drunken old students who desecrated Sunday are on the books in the Endowment Office, but you will find plenty of them registered in the Secretary's Office -- with large ballances due.

The Silver Lining.

It was edifying to see six hundred students at Holy Communion Sunday morning. Catholic education bears some fruit.

Patching things Up with God.

The Novena for examinations began this morning. Make it an act of reparation for the mortal sins committed in the name of Notre Dame -- Our Lady. Tell God you didn't know any better. That's the easiest way of acknowledging that you were a goose -- and followed the goose-step.

Prayers.

A student asks prayers for his father who died very recently and another for his mother who is very sick.

Prayers are also requested for an urgent special intention -- the return of an old student to the Faith.

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