

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN.  
Mar. 5, 1925.

The Poor Fool.

Yesterday the Perfect Fool turned out to be a Poor Fool. Penniless and starving, he did not know his catechism well enough to appropriate the food that would hold body and soul together. And he doesn't know a thing about the laws of the drama. He was due for the denouement in Act V yesterday, and in two epistles he introduced a counterplot instead. He has talent, more's the pity, and if he only had sense with it he could get a job with Jack Scallon's weekly---or weakly, as Jim Smith called it in the old prep days. With this prologue, the audience will pardon a digression in the form of a personal note to the Fool.

Dear Fool: For the past three days Fr. Steiner has been on the job from 7:30 on. Tomorrow he will have charge of the basement chapel between six and seven. Tomorrow is the First Friday, and we keep the First Friday in honor of the Sacred Heart, the great Lover of sinners. This offers you a loop-hole if you want to do your duty anonymously. But you should bear in mind that the real Notre Dame man never flinches.

First Friday.

Some of you besides the Fool will be interested in the First Friday. We keep the day because of a private revelation of Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary in which He promised that those who receive Holy Communion on nine consecutive First Fridays would not die without the grace of the Last Sacraments. The Church has approved this devotion, which means that we are permitted to believe it, but are not required to do so under pain of heresy. This is true of all private revelations approved by the Church.

Adoration Tomorrow.

Commentators tell us that what caused the bloody sweat which Our Lord suffered in the Garden of Olives the night before His passion was not only the thought of the sufferings of the morrow, but the sight of so many souls damned eternally in spite of His sufferings, rejecting willfully the infinite price He was to pay for their souls. And they tell us further that the comfort which the angels supplied after that terrible hour was over was the sight of the souls that would be saved by cooperation with His Sacrifice, and the acts of reparation that would be made in ages to come. We were present to Our Lord that night: did we cause the bloody sweat, or were we there for His consolation? Spend an hour with Him tomorrow and ask most earnestly that His Blood will not have been shed in vain for you.

Prayers.

Charles and James Maguire, who were called home suddenly Saturday night, have wired that their father has passed away, and ask earnest prayers for the repose of his soul. Jack Scallan asks prayers for the health of his father. Tom Lieb asks a continuance of prayers for his brother, who has been in very poor health as the result of an accident during a football game last fall. Three other students ask prayers for sick relatives, and two for deceased persons.

Ivan Kepner.

Mrs. Kepner wishes to thank those whose prayers were offered so generously during the sickness and after the death of Ivan. His death was most edifying. For two weeks preceding it, he lost interest in everything except the consolations of religion. This was the natural fruit of the steady growth which marked his religious life during his four years at Notre Dame, and of the daily Communion which marked a good part of his senior year. After all, there is a supreme moment in which you see everything in its proper proportion.

Confessions.

Please make it a point to go tonight, either in the basement chapel after supper or in the hall chapel after night prayer. There will be a record crowd tomorrow.