

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN.

May 13, 1925.

Announcements.

Third Order Meeting - 7:00 P. m. In the church.

May devotions - 7:30 Sermon by Father Irving. Subject, Purit.

Thursday, 5:00 p. m. - Lectures on meditation begin in corin chapel.

Advertisement.

The May devotions in the Varsity Store will be postponed until Summer School. The Prefect of Discipline will preach from Hebrews 12:7 on the Miles Road tonight. Corby Ballers will find it convenient to visit the Grotto on the way out.

Now Are You Ashamed of Yourself?

If you have failed to return your questionnaire you may have cheated someone out of a higher place in heaven. This is not applesauce. The world is made up of all kinds of people. Your experience with religion may be the only one that would strike a responsive chord in some heart. The following letter, from a Jesuit priest in St. Louis, may touch you:

Dear Father; Some days ago I received a copy of the latest edition of your Religious Survey. I have read every word of it, some of it twice, and now one of my neighbors is devouring it. As spiritual reading I don't know of anything more stimulating. This business of Catholic education is often a desperate struggle for the educators, but a thing like your survey gives a fresh vision and a new courage. What a fascinating thing it must be to be "on the grounds" at Notre Dame and to watch at close range this---shall I call it this huge laboratory experiment in Catholicity?

I had an interesting experience last Christmas. On Christmas eve I went 150 miles southwest of St. Louis into the heart of the Ozark backwoods. The train was jammed with "hillbillies" going home for Christmas. People were standing packed in the aisles just like in a crowded street-car. I gave my seat to a woman with a baby in her arms. Then I went forward to the smoker. I was hardly inside the door when a voice said, "Hello, chaplain! How are the Notre Dame boys getting along on the coast?"

"How do you know that I know anything about Notre Dame?"

"Well, you are a Catholic priest, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"That's what I thought, so I figured that you would be connected with them some way. That you taught them or knew them."

"For heaven's sakes; do you think that the priests at Notre are the only Catholic Priests in the United States?"

"Oh, no, I suppose not, but then I didn't know but what---"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did teach two of them at one time, Collins and Cerney, and I am intensely interested in their trip west."

He grinned in triumph. He turned out to be an ex-sailor on his way home from the Speedway Hospital in Chicago. He was not a Catholic but gave me his address and asked me to send him a catechism and some Catholic literature. With the introduction just described he and others then began to ply me with questions on everything under the sun---miracles, spiritism, Lourdes, Limboas, etc, etc. With my back to the door I stood there lecturing two or three hours to that horrid of ignorant, prejudiced people. (I know them well.) Little by little I raised my voice as I noticed group after group "tuning in." At least a dozen left the train before I did and shook hands warmly when they left, some taking my hand in both of theirs. Finally I got off myself. They must have had a headache for a week.

That is one little by-product of Notre Dame football.

Prayers.

Three students ask prayers for sick relatives

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