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Religious Bulletin
September 21, 1925

The Turning of the Season.

The leaves turn in the autumn; the death of winter approaches. The Mission reminds us that "all flesh is as grass, which withers and is cast into the oven."

Pity the Poor Fish.

A noble tradition has been vulgarized. The lake has done good work in the past; it has served a beautiful purpose in the character training of unstable minds. It used to be that when the fish were called upon to associate with an outcast freshman (or senior) there was some class to him; he was a major offender against decorum or good sense. Now the poor fish are bothered to death with a nondescript bunch of hoodlums who seek notoriety. Pity the poor fish!

\$108.00

The collection for the Bengal Mission amounted yesterday to \$108.00. It will be applied to building a residence for Father Brooks, of the class of 1912, whose present residence (which also serves as class room and chapel) cost twenty dollars. In his latest letter he describes his home as follows: "The house has two bamboo doors, which also serve as windows. Its furniture consists of two crude tables, one of which serves as an altar, and the other as dining table, writing desk, pantry, etc.; one wooden platform on which to rest my weary bones; and a wooden chair with a broken leg."

But with the cheerfulness of the born missionary he adds: "On the spiritual side we are somewhat richer. During the past two months 130 have received Baptism. Another group will be baptized soon. In fact, the spiritual returns would be much greater had we the means to provide more catechists and teachers!"

Van Wallace

The note on Van Wallace has been delayed because for the first two weeks (at times for a year) the Freshmen don't know there is a Religious Bulletin.

On July 4, 1924, Van Wallace, who had just finished his freshman year at Notre Dame, had his neck broken in a shallow dive. Three vertebrae were broken in the fall, and the doctors gave absolutely no hope of recovery. The Summer School made a Novena in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. During the Novena his vitality seemed to ebb, and on the last day the doctors gave him twenty-four hours to live. He took a sudden turn that day. He fell asleep for eight hours, the first natural sleep he had had since the accident, and awoke much refreshed.

For fourteen months Van has been paralyzed from the neck down. Countless prayers have been offered for him, and after each outburst of prayer he has shown some improvement -- slight, to be sure, but hopeful. Gradually too he came to some use of his arms and hands; the chest muscles that were dormant for a year have lately come to function, though with difficulty; signs of life have appeared in the legs.

During these fourteen months no one has ever heard a word of complaint from Van. He was always cheerful; his living death has made him more so. His mind has been very active all the time, and he has advanced his knowledge of mathematics and literature very much during his sickness. He is an example of Christian patience that we would do well to imitate.

Van is our charge. We must start off again now to pray him back to health.