

Scared Out?

The attendance at the Freshman Mission dropped about 100 Tuesday night. This was to be expected. After Monday night's sermon there were sure to be those who would rather skive than sit there and blush.

Eight O'clock Tonight.

The pep meeting scheduled for tonight will delay the Mission sermon until eight o'clock.

Jimmy Crowley's Friend is Dead.

Last winter when Jimmy Crowley was so sick in St. Francis Hospital, San Francisco, one of his most devoted friends was Mr. John O'Connor, Superintendent of the hospital. The San Francisco papers bring the sad news that he died last week. Every student at Notre Dame owes him a Holy Communion. He never saw Notre Dame, but the courtesies he extended to its representatives made him a loyal Notre Dame man.

Prayers.

Father Mooney has received word that a brother-in-law of his is dying.

Friday and Saturday Belong to the Team.

By right of custom, your Holy Communions on Friday and Saturday before each game belong to the football team. By request of an alumnus, St. Theresa, "The Little Flower," has been chosen patroness of the opening game. (She was canonized on May 17 last, and her feast is next Wednesday, September 30.) When we pray for the team we pray that there be no injuries, that the game bring out the manly virtues it is accustomed to cultivate, and that the best team will win. Only once last year were you asked to pray for victory; that was for the Stanford game. The reason was this: victory for Our Lady's school meant that Our Lady would be crowned Queen of the Tournament of Roses. And when the team came back from the Rose Bowl, it did not swagger into the hotel with swelled chests and heads; it took its way to the scene of the morning Communion, and there burned candles and recited the Litany of the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for its share in enthroning the Queen of Heaven on an earthly throne that day.

Books on the Index.

A mother with a mother's heart will give her child matches as playthings. If a son of Holy Mother Church insists on playing with matches, against all threats and prohibitions, she disowns him. She has pondered deeply the words of Her Divine Founder: "Fear not those who destroy the body, but rather fear those who can destroy both body and soul into hell." She knows that "he who loveth danger shall perish in it." And when, with all her wisdom and her ages of experience, she warns you that this or that book will destroy your soul, she is fulfilling her duty as mother.

Superior intellects mean nothing to her. By the thousand she has seen them thrown into the discard, shipwrecked in faith. Priests and bishops have fallen from grace; doctors of philosophy and theology have babbled the nonsense of forgotten heresies when they have disobeyed. The Church has outlived generation after generation of "superior intellects." A fisherman was the corner-stone of God's work. God chooses the foolish things of the earth to confound the wise. Shall we risk rebellion?

Don't be a dog in the manger. If you must read books on the Index, please go somewhere else to do it, and don't be taking up good room that should go to an honest-to-goodness Catholic boy who wants to save his soul. Go to hell from Harvard, if you like, but not from Notre Dame.