

Flowers for Your Mother.

Without wishing to knock the florists, the flowers that will please your mother most are the kind that are not grown in greenhouses. Spiritual flowers -- Masses, Holy Communion, rosaries, visits -- do not fade; and they bring delight and consolation to the heart of the mother who sent you here in the hope that she would get back a God-fearing son who would comfort her fast-approaching old age. Gather flowers for her these spring mornings; gather them in rain and frost as well as in summer sunshine; gather them in the gloaming as well as at dawn.

It is not a weakness to be proud of your mother. You should esteem your mother as highly as your neighbor esteems his; do as much as he does -- or more. Pure motherhood gives high inspiration to noble manhood; the Golden Lady on the dome reminds us night and day that God gave us his own Mother as the highest type of pure motherhood. Thrill your own mother's heart by showing her that Notre Dame has taught you a lesson.

A Buck for a Russian.

The circulars placed in your hands yesterday inform you that the Holy Father wants to establish in American Catholic colleges and universities one hundred scholarships for Russian students, and that he is counting on you to do this for him -- to share with some fellow less fortunate than yourself your inestimable privilege of Catholic education. It is a beautiful idea, and it should have the fullest cooperation. The Holy Father -- who is an enthusiastic admirer of Notre Dame, and well informed of our activities -- wants to save young Russia from itself by giving it American Catholic ideals. Get out your dollar and give it cheerfully.

The Novena Begins Saturday.....

but that doesn't mean that you can't get in a few extra Masses and Communion for your mother before the formal Novena starts. The bigger your spiritual bouquet, the warmer the thrill your mother will have.

The Social Season.

Study the graph. The social season is upon us. Religion quits. The Notre Dame man meets the modern girl -- without difficulty. Golf at six draws crowds that could barely make the Sorin chapel at ten during Lent. Copious draughts of tea strengthen the constitution for the mad social whirl. Here's just one word of warning: if you are a monogram man, echew nickers, or you may get arrested for impersonating a tea hound.

The Case of R.

"No -- No -- None -- No -- None...." that's the way his questionnaire reads. He is a freshman who has received Holy Communion four times this year. He is not conscious of any love of God, though he would like to be; his better sense tells him that he should. Notre Dame has kept him out of mortal sin. He asks a question about perfect contrition.

This is the old, familiar case of the unemotional individual who feels that he is not religious because he does not feel religious. He should know that religion is primarily a matter of the intellect and the will. The intellect is that "better sense" he speaks about; his will has kept him out of mortal sin. "He that keepeth My commandments, he it is that loveth Me." He needs an interview at the Ostrich Roost -- right away; if he puts it off he will let it slide again.

The Case of S.

He doesn't know any priest to whom he can go for advice. His answer is: any priest.