

Religious Bulletin
November 24, 1928.

One Hundred Thousand.

The number of Holy Communions received since the opening of school passed the 100,000 mark this morning. Last year that mark was reached on December 4.

The Beads and the Memorare.

You wouldn't be forgetting the team? Each and every one of you who is in union with the Apostolic See is pledged to ten rosaries and nine Memorares for the team, to be said before the game next Saturday. You will find rosaries at the pamphlet rack, all blessed and ready to use. The Memorare is on your morning prayer card. Christie Managan had it put there a few years ago; it was his favorite prayer.

Edmund Hogan is Very Sick.

Edmund Hogan, of Brownson Hall, is very seriously ill. He had an operation yesterday for mastoiditis, and there is danger of further complications. He can use all the prayers you have to spare. Frank Murray is also at the Hospital, threatened with an appendicitis operation, but his condition seems to be clearing. -- Jack Chevigny got a bad gash in practice yesterday.

Prayers.

John Lisicki's father died yesterday. Word has been received of the death of the father of Jimmie Powers, who was killed in a football accident here three years ago. Two deceased persons, three who are ill, and two special intentions are recommended.

Don't Worry.

Every few days a boy comes in with a worry that has been bothering him for weeks or months. That's foolish -- not the coming in, but the waiting that long to come in. You have been told time and again that you should not have a worry that lasts more than twenty-four hours; that if it doesn't settle itself within that time you should tell some one about it, get it off your chest.

The Tin Roof -- and Plaster.

At this time last year we were just getting a tin roof on a house for Father Jules Molinie, the pastor at Willard, New Mexico. He got his hundred dollars, and the work advanced just about that far. A letter came from him the other day stating that he is still living in the "chicken coop" he has inhabited for the past few years, unable to move into the new house because he has not plaster for it, inside or out, and no heating plant.

His case is an interesting one, and should touch you. He has labored in the Southwest for the past twenty-four years, a voluntary exile from France. During that time he has built some fifteen churches, and a couple of parish houses, but the station he has now is so bare of convenience that he really leads a miserable existence. He can get no help from the poor Mexican laborers and Polish farmers in his 300-square mile parish, because they have no money to give him; they mean well, and do all they can, which is nothing. The temperature in the Estancois Valley, where his parish lies, varies between 36 below and 110 in the non-existent shade; it burns up their crops in the summer and freezes the stock in the winter; the elevation is 6200 feet.

If you can drop in a dollar now and then for plaster for Fr. Molinie's house, you will be doing a work very pleasing to God, and will get very grateful and efficacious prayers in return. It took longer than it should last year to raise the tin roof; but the roof even when raised is no good without solid walls. Let's see what we can do.