
One Week Gone.

The new semester is one week old -- and one-third of you haven't moved in your tracks spiritually! Two hundred and forty-six off-campus students have received Holy Communion at least once since the new semester began. One week gone -- and you will have an account of that week to give at the Last Judgment -- and also at the particular judgment, which takes place when you die.

Who knows when this will be? A year ago today the Bulletin gave a warning on the use of automobiles over the week-end of the Junior Prom; early Sunday morning a girl was killed on her way home from one of the post-prom festivities. There was great consolation for her parents and friends in the knowledge that she was an excellent girl, and that the last week of her life had been as they would have had it. She had lived it well not because it was the last week of her life, but because a thorough Catholic spirit dominated her life.

One week gone. Has it gone for heaven or for hell? Has it been devoted to the service of God or the service of God's greatest enemy? Has it advanced your character or has it pulled it down? Has it been worthy of your mother? God gives us our days one at a time, and seven of them make a week. Give this one week a thorough going-over; it will help you to make good use of other weeks to come -- if they come. No one knows.

Leave Wednesday For Juniors.

A confession problem arises. Tonight and tomorrow night give you the last opportunities for confession in your hall chapel before the beginning of Lent. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday nights you will be in the church for Benediction.

Between now and next Wednesday mornings, hundreds of confessions -- perhaps more than a thousand -- will have to be heard.

Let's be decent about the matter. So far as the priests are concerned, you could not ask for greater consideration. They make themselves your slaves. In order to be on hand for your convenience, they turn down everything but imperative duties to hear confessions at night prayer; and they go to your hall through rain and snow and sleet, because they know that most of you would not put yourselves to that inconvenience to get to confession. They are willing to do everything in their power to hear your confessions -- but their power has its limits.

The point is this: Your Mass next Wednesday morning, at which the Ashes will be distributed, will last less than an hour. You can't get enough confessors into the church to hear one thousand confessions during that hour. Leave Wednesday morning for the Junior Prommers, who will have the dance wiped out of their eyes by that time; the Ashes on their foreheads will remind them that there is something in life besides a jig. Go to confession tonight or tomorrow night, and stay in the state of grace. It won't hurt.

Sunday Missals.

The Macmillan Company has brought out a new Sunday Missal. You will find it at the

Prayers.

Robert Streb's father is reported in critical condition; Harold Simpson's father is ill; Wm. Sheehan, formerly of Sophomore Hall, and now a student at Wisconsin, has just lost his father. A cousin of George Wolters was killed a few days ago in an accident.

FLOWERS: The check reported on yesterday's Bulletin will cover about ten per cent of cost of decorating the altar for Forty Hours. Contributions are still welcome.