

Religious Bulletin

March 26, 1929

Before You Go...

When you go to confession at home next Saturday don't tell the priest it's nine months since your last confession. He'll ask you if you have been in jail, and you'll have to say, "Oh, no; only at Notre Dame." Go home with the slate clean. You'll really enjoy your vacation if you do.

The Alphabet.

The number of ostriches has diminished considerably since the report last Saturday. Only 13% of the off-campus students are still ostriches. Alphabetically, they line up as follows, reading from left to right:

A - 1	G - 1	M - 10	S - 11
B - 4	H - 3	Mc - 4	T - 1
C - 2	I - 1	N - 2	V - 1
D - 7	J - 2	O - 4	W - 5
E - 1	K - 5	P - 3	
F - 1	L - 1	R - 5	

One M and two S's will improve the looks of the columns above, but there doesn't seem to be much hope for either group, since those letters don't seem to carry with them much sense of humor.

The Heel.

Suppose your father set you up in business with a full equipment and an unlimited line of credit; and then suppose that when you had a big order to throw to some one you handed it to one of his three competitors, who were implacable personal enemies as well as competitors.

That's what you do to God when you turn your orders for happiness over to the World, the Flesh and the Devil. God has given you everything you've got -- except sin -- even your capacity for happiness. Doesn't it make you feel like a heel when you turn Him down for one of these three rookers?

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Suppose a benevolent rich man adopted you and made you his heir, not because of any merit on your part, but because he wanted to help the helpless; and then suppose you lived in his house but high-hatted him, ignoring his presence, limiting your relations with him to one brief visit at Easter, and that through fear lest he cast you off?

Is that the way you act towards God in His City of the Blessed Sacrament?

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Suppose you had a son away at college who wrote home only when he wanted money, or when he was thrown in jail or sued for breach of promise, or something like that.

Write your own moral.

Don't Go Home Mad.

If your fasting this Lent has worn you away to a shadow, and your study has been so intense that your nerves are all ragged and you have balled up your exams, or your devotion to duty has made you the pest of the hall, ask some kind friend to take you out behind the woodshed and apply the remedy that will do you most good. Don't pack your grouch home with you and ruin the vacation for the folks.

PRAYERS: Larry Kelly, old student, of Cairo, Illinois, is very low with tuberculosis.