

Wonder What a Prefect of Religion Thinks About.

One O six... Father Doremus has been pretty busy these mornings.... exams... two more than 7:00 yesterday..... it's funny how they run the same day after day under the same conditions..... but lots of new faces.... they'll probably hit 202 at 8:00 better let this crowd out for breakfast... a little late but they'll make it... move the marker up four points.... ought to get a psalm in now.... no; three more... better give these fellows a chance for confession if they want it..... no? all right; five more.... better sneak out now for that cough medicine and heat up some gargle... two more.... let the gargle go; we'll catch up with that at eight.... better take time out for the eighth lesson now; that will give the next car contingent a chance for confession....

"Beati qui lugent nunc...." that's a good line for the Bulletin this week.... "Beati qui esurient....." better get something on about mortification; these freshmen are putting on their fourteen pounds and don't know what self-denial is..... "Beati qui esurient and sitient justitiam....." let's see how St. Augustine puts that again: "laborant enim desiderantes gaudium de veris bonis, et amorem a terrenis et corporalibus avertere cupientes....." take St. Augustine for contrasts and liquid Latin -- he sets off the world and the spirit nicely.... "Beati misericordes..." there's a whole crowd in the chapel now; better have mercy on them and let them get a cup of coffee before class....

Twenty men... and not a server among them... have to have a Bulletin on that.... maybe a Sunday announcement would be better... how do these birds get by the grades without learning to serve Mass?... most of them know how but chicken out in front of a crowd... who was that third fellow in the second row?... he was next to McNoodle... that may not mean anything.... the only fellow in McNoodle's house who hasn't found the Sorin chapel yet has an Italian name... but this fellow looks like a Swede... or maybe a County Down Irishman.... couldn't be a Toscano.... name sounds more like Napoli... can't tell so much any more; they're getting mixed up in this country..... keep your eye on that list in the back....

Eleven more that time.... three of them came at nine yesterday.... must have an eight o'clock exam today... no, it wasn't so cold this morning; they got up earlier and made the chapel before class..... there's a boy who should be here every day.... he's made it five days in a row now.... a beautiful spirit if he'll let it grow... welcome, stranger; exams do some good spiritually.... what got into this fellow? Oh, yes; a friend of his died back home; let's see if he makes a novena for him... or was it her?

This ought to be a good time to get that cough medicine.... wait... here's another; let him say a couple of prayers..... it won't be long..... a couple more want medals back in a minute..... gone? you can wait six months for him, and he can't wait six minutes for you.... oh, well; he may come back after the next class.... or he may not be back till Trinity Sunday.... but you can't move the typewriter into the chapel, and the boys have to have their Bulletin.... "Alienati sunt peccatores locuti sunt falsa.... Deus conteret dentes eorum in ore ipsorum; molas leonum confringet Dominus." Lord, have mercy on us poor sinners. How did they ever make out in the Old Testament, before they knew the mercy of God as we know it?..... But David sang beautifully of the Mercy of God....

If these stray sheep could only get a little confidence in themselves; they've got lots of religion in them if they would only give it a chance.... better write a Bulletin on cowardice.... they hate to be called yellow.... and if you once get hold of them you can keep them going.... "In Deo speravi, non timebo quid faciat mihi homo."

Anniversary Mass.

An anniversary Mass, the second, will be said for Frank Gallagher in the Sorin chapel at 5:15 tomorrow morning.