

Open Season For Ingrates.

And now they are through with God -- those who prayed to Him so earnestly the first of the week. From Monday to Friday in the Sorin chapel Holy Communions dropped steadily: 345 - 338 - 316 - 286 - 260; in the basement chapel they fell off 50 from Thursday to Friday. That's a rotten attitude. Even a dog will come back and lick your hand for the bone you gave him -- but "Gimme" Catholics are in a class by themselves.

"Beati Qui Lugent Nunc."

There was a bit of a protest over so much Latin on Thursday's Bulletin. It's true that since President Eliot electified American education a man is suspect of romantic retrogression if his knowledge of Latin goes beyond ipso facto, e pluribus unum, and mercibeaucoup. But when you find something so well put you would prefer to have the boys get out their dictionaries and peek away at it, rather than translate it for them.

But dictionaries are also passe, so we must break it up for you. Beati qui lugent -- blessed those who mourn now. Why this week? The mourners bench is crowded after exams. Why are they blessed? How can they be happy? This is a very good month for a flunk, the month of the Poor Souls; if you were doing nothing for them, you can at least offer now willingly, and without any more crabbing, the unwilling sacrifice of a passing grade.

A good, round flunk has saved many a soul. It's hard, very hard, discouraging, to pound any spirituality into a cocky lad who is perfectly satisfied with himself. He gives himself the worship he denies God; he sees no reason in the world why God is entitled to any service from him. Poverty, sickness, disaster -- lots of afflictions may come to show that we depend upon God for every moment of our existence, for every breath we take. And one of the most effective disasters in such cases is a flunk, because it is humiliating to the man who thinks he knows it all.

Take your medicine like a man. Every professor who flunks anybody or catches a man cribbing, and every disciplinarian who enforces rules hears heart-rending pleas to spare the invalid mother, or the over-wrought father, the shock of low grades or dismissal. Doesn't it strike you as funny that you should ask a total stranger to think of them when you don't think of them yourself?

Tonight is a good night to practice thinking of your mother and father. It is the first Saturday night after exams; and it wouldn't be surprising to find three or four freshmen or sophomores in jail before morning -- and on the way home tomorrow night -- that is, if precedent is to be followed. (Juniors and seniors have either shot their wad already or they are waiting till the next week-end.) "Beati qui lugent nunc;" they may call you a kill-joy if you insist in remembering that you have a father and mother; but you will rejoice while the world laments if that thought keeps you out of trouble.

Giving the Poor Souls The Go-By.

No one seems to know about it; but there is a Novena for the Poor Souls going on. Public prayers for this Novena are said daily in the church at 5:00 p.m., and the service closes with Benediction. About a dozen students have responded to the invitation to hand in the names of the relatives and friends for whom they want the prayers of the Novena.

Another Anniversary.

Monday is the first anniversary of Jack Gleason's death. Five special intentions.