

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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Sackcloth and Satin Slippers.

A Catholic once complained that his pastor rebuked him for coming to early Mass in golf knickers. We asked him why he did it. "Why," he replied, "I was going to play golf the rest of the morning, and naturally I had to dress for golf." He could dress for golf, but not for Mass.

A missionary in Bengal once found his Mass server awaiting him clad only in a Hindu grin. He hadn't on even a scapular. The missionary sent him home to put something on, and he returned wearing a hat.

A priest was called to the bedside of a woman who was dying. She told him that she hadn't gone to church for years because the pastor had enforced the Bishop's rule requiring decent attire. "I was coming from a dance," she said, "and naturally I was wearing an evening gown." She could dress for a dance, but not for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; she had a sense of fitness of things when society dictated, but she had no sense of propriety in attending the Unbloody Crucifixion of Christ.

A student will attend Mass on Sunday morning disguised as a rag-picker; that night he will go to town attired as the Duke of Apoplexy.

As Socrates once said: "There is no accounting for tastes."

Which brings us to our subject:

A Catholic who can see no lack of harmony between Lent and dancing is the sort of citizen who would wear a red necktie with a soup-and-fish if it weren't for Emily Post. A Catholic who seeks his Sunday recreation in a public dance hall is half-brother to the aborigines of the Southwest who dance their way into the favors of their deity.

A Prodigal Son in a Stray-Sheep Skin.

"Dear Father: I have been waiting six months for one of those 'Please call' cards you used to send me last year. What's the matter? Don't you want my business? -- X."

Dear X: Holy Scripture records two kinds of backsliders who came back, stray sheep and prodigal sons. Our Lord went out to look for the stray sheep, but He let the prodigal come home by himself; the stray sheep had simply lost his way, but the prodigal had gone out deliberately, and knew the way home. He took the road back, and came in as a beggar, when he grew tired of the husks of swine.

If you used to be sent for, you must know the way home. Too much attention may ruin a prodigal by supplying him with a wheel chair which he won't have after graduation. In the old saloon days there was a powerful ballad entitled, "Father, dear father, come home with me now." It was bad stuff. As long as father could be sure that little Annie would come for him he could get drunk as a lord and still be sure of a comfortable bed. If little Annie had let him sleep in the gutter a few nights, rheumatism would have kept him home the rest of the season.

We have counted on the depression this year to furnish the husks that would bring in the prodigals. Perhaps we are too optimistic, but we are still hoping.

PRAYERS: 111 - Maurice Garland's grandmother (dying); Andrew McMahon's uncle (bullet wound); three friends. Four special intentions.

ALMS: \$20 ("Lenten offering from the boys"). Bengal - \$11 (M. McN, Paterson); \$3; \$2; \$2; \$1; \$1; \$1. The poor - \$1; \$1; \$2; \$1.

Books Wanted: Our copies of Msgr. D'Hulst's "Life of Mother Mary Theresa;" "The Masterful Monk;" "Pageant of Life."