

Mass tomorrow morning
at 6:25 in Main Church
for Terry Austin.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 14, 1935.

Ill, aunt of Bill Lynch
(Corby). Six special
intentions.

Well Done.

About a month ago Father Massart asked for \$400 with which to educate four catechists whom he regarded as indispensable to the progress of his mission. It is a pleasure to announce today that, thanks to your generous charity, Father Massart shall have the \$400, and considerably more.

Until a few days ago it seemed that his fund would be fixed at \$170.80. Then the Monogram Club held a meeting and voted \$10. It was the new life necessary. An alumnus (who, by the way, asks prayers for a special intention) sent in a full \$50. Then the Sophomore Class, through its officers, contributed \$189.04 of the proceeds of the Cotillion to Father Massart. An additional \$200 they gave to the mission in Bengal.

We would not attempt to express Father Massart's thrill when he receives your check for \$419.84 in his Christmas mail.

Long after you are dead the fruits of your charity will keep on multiplying. Your four catechists will have their influence for the cause of Christ in Bengal. Their converts will make other converts, and it will go on and on.

How many souls will be saved through your generosity only God can tell. This much, know for certain: the reward you reap will be out of all proportion to your gift. And your gift is a handsome one. Thanks on our own behalf for your splendid spirit of cooperation.

Learn From The Moth.

The moth has peculiar habits and the oddest stomach in the world. Flies like apple pie, and bees prefer honey, but to the moth a dirty old vest, a dusty rug, or an old fur cap tastes best.

And the moth is a creature with a natural inferiority complex. The butterfly holds her pennants upright to the clean breeze. The moth drags its standard in the dirt.

Some men are like moths. They fill their minds and their moral stomachs with filth. And they complain that their lives are dull, that their standards are low, and that they have inferiority complexes. Funny thing!

Everybody's Research.

I have been asked times not a few what research is. I can think of no more adequate answer than that it is just thinking applied to the solution of a problem.

There are perhaps three forms of research. You may find them even among janitors. One will be able to sweep a room in three or four broom strokes less than the others. If you study his work, you will find that he does not do it quicker because his brush or broom is broader, but because his mind is. Another will do the work better in a given time, and he too must use more brains to obtain results. A third will be too lazy to handle a broom and will invent a machine to do the work.

One must then do something quicker or better than someone else, or do something fundamentally new. In any case, brains are needed for the result. In fact, I should have said, rather, the use of the brains one has, for too many people assume they have none, and fail to use what they have. This is mental laziness and is most unforgivable in a human being who is as normally constituted to think as he is to eat and sleep. (—from an address by Father Nieuwland, C.S.C.)

PRAYERS: (deceased) anniversary of aunt of Tom and Frank Quinlan. Ill, Norman Duke; John Singler; Fred Weidner; Jack Reed; Leona Weidner; friend of Jack Loritsch (Sorin); friend of Frank Campbell; friend of Tom Quinlan; fathers of Ed Solon and John McKenna.