

Keep at the Novena for
Purity. Remember, this
is Advent!

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Ill, brother of Father
McAvoy; friend of Bill
Bayer (Walsh).

Irish Te Deum.

Some people choose grumbling as their virtue of predilection.

Contradiction or failure crosses their path. They do not seek the cause in their own shortcomings. Someone else is always to blame, some ambitious schemer, or cruel despot, has put one over. They are sad, gloomy creatures, the grumblers.

Their religion is a forbidding, tight-lipped affair of don'ts and can'ts and shalt-nots. They "firmly" believe in God and in observance of the moral law when faith and good morals are pleasant and advantageous. But in the face of pain or personal loss they lean to "mercy" killings and "mercy" suicide and "mercy" birth control and "mercy" abortion.

The Irish have their faults, but shaky faith and gloomy lack of courage are happily not among them. Through their long and trying history the Irish have become intimately wedded to suffering of almost every kind. And, curiously, their faith and good humor have prospered on the union; in fact, often, when the Irish come into money prosperity, their best qualities vanish.

Last week, day before Thanksgiving, Father O'Hara read over WGN, on the Midday Service Program, a poem that comes close to expressing the cheerful Irish spirit of constant gratitude to God. Here it is, in print, for the large number who have asked for it:

Thanks be to God for the light and the darkness;
Thanks be to God for the hail and the snow;
Thanks be to God for shower and sunshine;
Thanks be to God for all things that grow;
Thanks be to God for lightning and tempest;
Thanks be to God for weal and for woe;
Thanks be to God for His own great goodness;
Thanks be to God that what is, is so;
Thanks be to God when the harvest is plenty;
Thanks be to God when the barn is low;
Thanks be to God when our pockets are empty;
Thanks be to God when again they o'er flow;
Thanks be to God that the Mass-bell and steeple;
Are heard and seen throughout Erin's green isle;
Thanks be to God that the priest and the people
Are ever united in danger and trial;
Thanks be to God that the brave sons of Erin
Have the faith of their fathers as lively as aye;
Thanks be to God that Erin's fair daughters
Press close after Mary on heaven's highway.

Football Victories and Prayer.

A Catholic lady in Pittsburgh objects to the prayers people offer for Notre Dame football victories. And here's how a Boston reader of the Bulletin answers the objection--not knowing, of course, about the lady's misgivings.

"A football victory seems a silly thing to pray for. But it is not merely that for which we pray. It is something far greater. We pray for victory of the Notre Dame spirit--that indefinable something that has won for Notre Dame her host of friends in all ranks and conditions of life--the victory of a clean life, of a splendid young courage, of lofty ideals, of a genuine love for Our Lady and a never-say-die spirit. May Notre Dame teams continue to symbolize these fine things!"