

New missal supply arrived!! University of Notre Dame  
Mass Wed. St. Paul the 1st Religious Bulletin  
Hermit. Coll. p. 703 & of St. January 14, 1936  
Maurus, p. 1122.

Ill, grandmother & aunt of  
Tom Doody (Badin); brother  
of John Parrish (Sorin).  
Deceased, Mrs. L. Willson.

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Belief.

Our sun is so large that is some huge genie, greater than any dreamed of in The Arabian Nights, could sit beside it and ladle world upon world from its molten mass, he could pour 3,000 worlds like our own into 8,000-mile molds and still not use up one hundredth of the sun. Yet the sun, in a universe of suns, is a very ordinary, middle-sized star.

The seeming drift of mist in our sky, which we call the Milky Way, is a galaxy composed of hundreds of millions, perhaps a billion, of stars, many of them larger than this colossal sun. And beyond our vision are other galaxies, swarming in new heavens, on and on. Our great telescopes reveal more than 50,000,000 galaxies. Our deepest soundings of space find no bottom. We have not reached the limit--and there is more beyond. What a challenge to him who is tired of his sky!

There was a time when man could count the stars in the sky. He made patterns of them--patterns of fate. He forecast his destiny by them. Then the man of thought and faith looked beyond his narrow sky, and, lo, he stood upon the threshold of a wider heaven.

It is so strange that this immensity we have discovered has shaken the faith of man. We have merely looked deeply and have found that there is more than our old sky, that heaven is too vast for us to sound. If we look aright, we may find new depths, too, in the very beliefs we question.

Once, after I had spoken of the galaxies in a public lecture, a woman came and asked, "If our world is so little, and the universe so great, can we believe that God pays any attention to us?" "That depends, madam, entirely on how big a God you believe in," I said. She went away sadly, for she had hoped for encouragement in some sort of disbelief.

In all earnestness, let me grasp this opportunity to beg all of you who have any religion at all to believe in a great God, and not in a middle-sized one. So many of us worry over childish questions such as whether God "has time enough" to be concerned with our race or ourselves. Our ideas of the universe have grown as we learned, even superficially, something of its grandeur; but our religious conceptions have remained almost on the kindergarten level, where, more likely than not, we left off studying the subject.

We need not change our religion--only understand it a little better. Religious authorities--Protestant, Catholic, Jewish (and, for that matter, Mohammedan)--agree, and have agreed for centuries, in believing in a God who infinitely transcends the things that He has made. If we begin to understand, as spiritual adults, what this means, we shall no longer be disturbed because these things are magnificent. We say, instead, come nearer to understanding what one of the most deeply religious of English poets (Mrs. Browning) meant when she wrote:

Thou Supreme Artist, who, as sole return  
For all the cosmic wonder of Thy work,  
Demandest of us just a word, a name--  
My Father.

(--A guest editorial in American Magazine for September, 1935,  
by Dr. Henry Russell, noted astronomer of Princeton University.)

Science (when it means knowledge) cannot lead men away from God. But "science" when it means theory, or hunch, or guess, can help give face to mental and moral degenerates. --Remember to make out your list of non-Catholic relatives and friends for the Church Unity Octave. Every year there have been conversions attributed to the prayers of students at Notre Dame. (Ill, K. C. Lattimer (O.G.).)