

Mass Tuesday, St. Paul of
the Cross, p. 795. 2nd
collect: #3 p. 1092.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
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Special Bouquet Cards for
Fathers at both pamphlet
racks!

Tops!

John Moran, editor of the Scholastic, turns over a check for \$423.98, net (Cy Conner's tooth is now restored) proceeds of the Bengal Bouts. It is the largest amount earned in this way within the last several years.

To Messers. Moran, Waldron, Prendergast, Schiavone and all who put over the bouts; to the men who took part in them; to you who patronized them, thanks on behalf of Bengal. You will one day, of course, know and enjoy a reward far more satisfying than human gratitude.

But Notre Dame graduates in the field could tell you in impressive terms of what your gift means. It means perhaps more trained native catechists, or a new chapel in some outlying mission. It means that, without great suffering to yourselves, you have materially advanced the work of Notre Dame men who have journeyed thousands of miles to save pa-an souls in the heat and hunger of India. Congratulations on your important part in this noble, apostolic work!

Helena Thanks You.

Shortly after Easter we mailed your last contribution to Helena for Earthquake Relief. Here is a letter of thanks that you will be happy to read:

"In the absence of the Most Reverend Bishop, permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your check in the amount of \$14 as an additional contribution to our Earthquake Relief Fund. May I take this means of expressing the sincere appreciation and the heartfelt thanks of Bishop Gilmore for this donation and for your previous check in the amount of \$220.63 to your Bulletin readers. You may assure the donors that they will long be remembered in the constant and fervent prayers of the Bishop, the priests and the people of the stricken city of Helena.

"With best wishes and sentiments of deep respect, I remain

Yours very sincerely,

E. P. Gilmore, Chancellor (Diocese of Helena.)"

Comfort For Those Who Mourn.

The great and sad mistake of many people, among them even pious persons, is to imagine that those whom death has taken, leave us. They do not leave us. They remain! Where are they? In darkness? Oh, no! It is we who are in darkness. We do not see them, but they see us. Their eyes, radiant with glory, are fixed upon our eyes full of tears. Oh, infinite consolation! Though invisible to us, our dear dead are not absent.

I have often reflected upon the surest comfort for those who mourn. It is this: a firm faith in the real and continual presence of our loved ones; it is the clear and penetrating conviction that death has not destroyed them, nor carried them away. They are not even absent, but living near us, transfigured; having lost in their glorious change no delicacy of their souls, no tenderness of their hearts, nor especial preference in their affection; on the contrary, having in depth and fervor of devotion, grown larger a hundredfold. Death is for the good a translation into light, into power, into love. Those who on earth were only ordinary Christians, become perfect; those who were beautiful become good; those who were good become sublime. (From the writings of Monsignor Bougaud.)

Hurry in your questionnaires!

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of Max Conrad; Mr. James McPartlin, friend of Bert Smith (Lyons). Ill, Bill Cole (Morrissey) to be operated on at Mayo's, Rochester, Minnesota. Two special intentions.