
You Need A Partner.

"Aha," you say, "you don't know me, if you think I need a partner. I have all the friends I need. I get a big kick out of action, out of going places, meeting people, doing things. There's nothing of the lone wolf about me!"

Oh no. But for all your front, you need a Partner, badly. Every man does.

Look. The world that supplies your amusement doesn't care for you. Your coming didn't affect it profoundly. Your life-struggle makes little difference to it. It will soon give you a scant six feet of dirt to cover your coffin, and forget all about you. Its seasons went on before you came. They will continue when you are dead and forgotten. The world as a partner is cold, selfish, and relentless. It takes you at your best and throws you, at your worst, back upon your own resources.

And people! Outside of your own family and a few close friends, who really cares about your success or failure? Who? Human gaiety will continue around the corner from your home the very moment of your death. And even your own family and close friends, how much can they do to ease that inmost life of duty, of struggle and danger, of personal sorrow and depression that you must daily face alone?

The springs of your real being lie far beneath the surface. In those depths, you, with the help of only One, will succeed or fail.

You cling to material comforts, to superficial pleasures, to "friends" and acquaintances; to men and women, good and bad. You look to them for help, for amusement, for consolation, in times of stress. Frankly now, from experience, do you get what you are after?

You must save your own soul, yourself. No one will do it for you. Preachers will plead and argue. Conveniences will be thrown all about you. But you yourself will utter the final Yes or No.

You have excellent powers and high aspirations. The best part of your nature is neglected, lost sight of, little developed, rarely understood. You often sense the need of inner strength and guidance.

Where will you get it? Where will you find unfailing counsel and help? Where, a partner who knows you and your possibilities to the core, who senses your slightest anxiety, who has power to carry you triumphantly over every obstacle, who will take you at your worst and make the best of you? Where?

A God-man is eager, too, for just the partnership you crave. He takes the first step: "Come to Me, you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." That is His personal invitation, to you.

October adoration starts this year on Monday, October 5, and runs to the end of the month. Volunteer student-canvassers will soon visit your room and ask you to sign a card, for each half-hour that you wish to be present before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, during the month of October.

There will be no urging. You know now the meaning of the invitation. It is an opportunity to talk things over silently, intimately with your God, to form that heart-to-heart partnership that surpasses life itself. How many half-hours will you give to it?

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of Edward L. McDermott; mother of Charles F. Rodgers, student last year; Monsignor Bradley of St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. Ill, Alfred R. Borgman; father of Charles F. Rodgers; aunt of Frank Burke (Sorin); mother of Bob Weaver (Sorin); Packey MacFarland (Head, Illinois Boxing Commission).