
Memorial Day.

Why not, after hymns at the Grotto tonight, stroll up the shady lane that leads to the knoll on the way to St. Mary's? Quietly enter the little Community Cemetery. Leave a tiny bouquet of prayers at the graves of Notre Dame's priestly heroes of war. You will read, among other names, Father Corby's. He gave the general absolution at Gettysburg. Walk around: it will be a pleasant, yet pensive relaxation from exams. In that little green plot of simple, white iron crosses you will come upon Father O'Donnell's. He was Notre Dame's Poet-Priest-President. Not far away lies his intimate, lovable friend, Bishop George Finnegan. Both served as chaplains in the last Great War.

Pray, while you're there, for peace. Yet be not cowards: pray too for valor like theirs, for a faithful love of your great and free country. Through ten long decades of peace and war, Notre Dame has always believed it her role in the life of this nation to make men who will fight for the love of God and the peace of their country.

Before you turn back toward your hall, think not only of the priests and brothers and lay professors under the pines. Think of all the Poor Souls: Memorial Day is like another All Souls'. And remember yourselves, life and death, your coming Ash-Wednesday. It is a wholesome thought to meditate in spirit at one's own grave. But you will want to mosey back to your studies. You are worried over tomorrow's exams. Reflect, however; their outcome is trivial compared to the grade God will give in the one last Final Exam.

On Cheating.

It is dangerous business. For a paltry gain, the cribber sells his honor short. No one, including God, likes the cheater. He is too small a man, not willing to stand on the feet God gave him. By cheating he acknowledges failure. Worst of all, he hangs out a sign that is bad for the future. If in college, in small things, he cannot live up to principle, what can he hope for in later life? In business and marriage, stiffer issues will face him, and he is liable to crumble in complete collapse.

To Grippers.

"Why," they ask, "do you treat us as babies instead of as men?" Christ answers their question Himself: "Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted and become as little children you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Last Call.

The very few students who have put off their Easter Communion to the last minute of the schoolyear will find any priest they prefer ready to help them. They should not take the chance of travelling without first reconciling themselves, if need be, with God. For though God is patient, in His Wisdom He sometimes sees fit to take men from the cares and struggles of this mortal life very quickly. Heed his warnings: "Watch and pray." "The Son of Man shall come as a thief in the night." "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." "Blessed is that man whom, when the Lord cometh, He findeth watching."

Christ's call is a call of mercy and love. "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." If it is spurned, it may be changed to the bitter, loveless, damning word: "Depart".

PRAYERS: (deceased) Helen Daly (New York City); aunt of John Kerrigan (Brownson); Mrs. Laxman, friend of Walt Brennan (Cav.); anniversary of Gerald DuWan; Mrs. Chas. Deibel (Youngstown, Ohio); mother of Bro. Philbert, C.S.C.; father of Bro. Hyacinth, C.S.C., Ill, brother-in-law of Joe Zuercher (Mor.); Mrs. Ralph W. Kelly (Denver, Colo.). aunt of J. Webster (Lyons). Six special intentions.