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The Mirror.

The natives of a certain village in a far off country had never seen a mirror. Passing through this country-side, a tourist happened to drop a small hard glass at a turn in the road. And an old farmer, returning from his work in the fields, found the mirror and gazed into it, exclaiming, "A picture of my old daddy, and none of us knew 'Pappy' ever had his picture took." He slipped it into his pocket.

That same night the farmer's wife discovered the glass while mending her husband's coat. The first glance made her furious. "He's carrying around with him the picture of a woman, and a terrible-looking witch at that."

You have a mirror, too. Look into your conscience. Do you recognize your own face? Are you just what others think you are?

Or have you one face for your buddy and another for God? You seem a friend of humanity. What do you seem to God?

God knows you for what you really are. No make-up, no facial can hide from Him the unhealed scars of your sins. The face your companions love may be innocent and clean. But beauty is only skin deep.

God looks from the inside out, not from the outside in. He judges you as you are, not from what others think you to be. True friend, He compassionates you, never pities you. He is unafraid to tell you your failings, but He won't reveal them to others.

He is always ready to forgive, to heal the leprosy of sin. But only after you crawl, leper-like, to the Tribunal of Penance crying out in sorrow, "Lord, make me clean!"

"We Want Culture."

The vast majority of you want to spend this year well, doing your appointed tasks with a fair amount of precision, being dutiful to your parents, loyal to your school, faithful to supererogatory religious practices self-imposed, learning each day a little more about God and your relations to Him. In this way most of you will absorb some Christian culture-- some more, some less, of course-- a culture which will bring forth fruit in due season.

In the meantime we have already heard, from raucous throats, the cry, "We want culture."

Occasionally this request comes from a man who is getting culture and doesn't know it; more often it is the wail of the lost soul who will never absorb an ounce of culture, because he hasn't the capacity for it. Culture is the refinement of civilization; these men are hardly yet ready for civilization:

1. Those who mistake table manners for culture;
2. Those whose language is primitive and uncouth, if not obscene;
3. Those who lack the fundamentals of respect for womanhood;
4. Those who confuse money with greatness or genius or respectability;
5. Those whose religion is only of the fire-escape type;
6. Those who mistake publicity for fame.

The next time you hear a man asking for culture, size him up according to this formula.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Mother of Bro. Justin, C.S.C.; grandmother of John Dunphy (Al.); great-uncle of Bill McJunkin (Rad.) and Tad Harvey (Dil.); mother of W. Maleszewski (Ser.). Ill, Sr. Francis Paula, C.S.C., sister of Fr. J. Ryan; Dick Meier '37. 2 sp. ints.