

Deceased: two nieces of
Mother Gerald (Adrian,
Mich.); aunt John Walsh,
(Al.); L. Shirley Cuniff;

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
January 6, 1939.

uncle of Robt. Sullivan
(How.); friend of Ray
Schlesier (Mor.); father
of Brother Luke.

They Tell Another Story.

It's about Sister Bernadette. She once made a special vow, hoping that God would be pleased to grant the brothers and sisters she left behind in the world the favor of dying in the state of grace. This was her vow: "I will never ask to re-visit my home." She never did. Neither did God forget the least of her dear ones at the hour of death. They all were consoled by the Sacraments.

This good nun knew what it meant, this state of grace. And often she must have devoutly said the words we address to Mary: "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death." * * * * Would that each of you would value the state of grace as she did and might wisely think, as she did, of the hour of death in the spirit of reverential fear.

The state of grace is heaven on earth. It is the beginning of the possession of God.

Ad Multos Annos.

Two summers ago a celebrated English Catholic author lectured at Notre Dame. David Matthew was also renowned as a priest. Recently he was consecrated a bishop. He is Auxiliary to Cardinal Hinsley of Westminster. To them both, congratulations.

It's Coming Along.

Meaning the Cavanaugh Hall Prefect of Religion Library. From the six halls it is designed primarily to serve, ten-cent contributions mounted to sixty-four dollars. Other gifts from priests and friends, one anonymous, have stepped up the present total to \$91.80 and with this over sixty new books have already been ordered. They are mostly novels. This will be explained. Meantime the fund still is wide open. Drop stray contributions into an envelope. Slide them under the door of 107 Cavanaugh Hall.

Why novels? Why more money begged for? Well, because. These three libraries are yours. You will find the other two in Howard and Dillon. All three are important. Only when you are steeped in the knowledge and love of your holy Faith will you love it. Not till you are interiorly convinced, definitely satisfied that your Faith is your treasure, your key to happiness (not only in heaven but here), will you fight for its preservation, keep it alive at every cost, willingly spread it over the face of the earth, share its indescribable privileges with Others.

You must read. You must have background. You must have facts. Then why novels? These novels are not pure fiction. They are not unreal. They represent Catholic life as it can be lived: tough, hard, yet sweet and consoling-- life dominated by principles that cut against fallen flesh every time; "dominated," here, in the sense of actually lived out and reduced to practice. These are not cheesy novels and they are not slush. They have none of the fake thrills you find in the Sunday supplement stuff. They are built round the thrills that come of living your Faith; novels that are either "Catholic" in substance and tone or novels at least written by Catholics.

They are not propaganda novels in the current, odious sense of the word. These novels, even if fiction, propagate truth. "Propaganda" books are dressed-up lies, bitter pills made easy to swallow with thick coatings of chocolate and sugar.

But you have more than novels. Mosey around. What you can't find in the Cavanaugh branch perhaps you'll discover in Howard or Dillon. There you will find sterner stuff: straight doctrine, pure morals, the beautiful liturgy, wholesome devotion.

640 dimes came in from some of the men in Freshman, Cavanaugh, Zahm, St. Ed's, Brownson and Carroll. These men helped buy sixty good Catholic books now on their way. Will the other men help us order some more? Slip your donation under 107 Cavanaugh.