

Is anyone ill at ease?
Let him seek out a
priest . . . this night.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 16, 1940

Hymns at the Grotto...
May Adoration.....
MASTER DUTY BY SUNDAY!!

One Last Touch.

Boys, the old "Poor Fund" is on the rocks. But it has helped so many destitute human beings during the year, locally, in the jungles of Bengal, in the Mexican missions of the South, in Harlem, in South Chicago and elsewhere, that we're asking the "haves" to come through for the "have-nots" again. This letter from Friendship House (Baroness Catherine de Hueck's hostel for Negroes at 48 West 138th Street, New York) is but one of a dozen letters of thanks received in response to your Penny-A-Day contributions:-

The sky was very gray today in New York. Rain has been threatening for quite a while. It seemed as if the grayness of the weather was reflected in our souls as we started the day under an avalanche of bills, and with the prospect of running and equipping our latest unit of the CYO for the age-group, 18-25.

We tackled our various needs: linoleum to cover the old floor that won't take any paint; wood to make tables and benches for the young people to sit upon and argue around; shelves for the future library; a radio for the Friday socials that keep our youngsters from other socials at which Christ is not present; carpentry tools and various needs for our various hobbies.

We did not have enough fingers to count everything on! The bills stared us in the face, so did the needs! Funny isn't it that so much is needed in our big city, one of the richest in the world? But here in forty-blocks called Harlem three hundred and fifty thousand people live, all Negroes. Ten percent of them only are Catholics. Four out of five are on relief. Eight to ten live in three rooms. Everyone is poor. Conditions are terrible! And amidst them, twenty-nine Communist Centers do their deadly work with people on the brink of despair!!

Yes, the sky was gray and so were our souls. So we went to the only place where souls can become white again, white with hope—to the Church. And before the Blessed Sacrament we talked to the Holy Ghost, whose season it is and to whom we have a special devotion. We did not ask Him for money nor did we ask Him for gifts—only for courage, only for hope. Courage to fight against all human odds. Hope to lift that courage high. We finished our prayer with a petition for love because love contains both courage and hope, and then we came back.

There on the table was your little mimeographed sheet and twenty-five dollars! Thank you, father, if one can express thanks for courage, hope, understanding and love. Words seem such futile things in the face of your charity to us. It wasn't really twenty-five dollars, it was more.

It was all we prayed for, for it showed us that your students love their fellow-men enough to collect so much money out of pennies through Lent. It brought us courage because someone in far-off Indiana understood and helped. It brought us hope because if things like that happen, there is hope.

God has been very good to us. We are going back to the Church to pray for you and for all the students who shared in the gift because we feel we are unable to express our thanks. God will be, though, and we pray that He might. — Yours with profound gratitude in Him, Catherine de Hueck.

There are many other good causes you will want to help. Leave your contributions in person (or in an envelope) with the Prefect of Religion and his assistants. They will be totalled and their distribution reported in one of the last Bulletins of the year.

But, of vastly more importance, GIVE YOURSELVES (not merely your extra coat and cash) to the Poor, who are CHRIST'S, or rather to CHRIST-IN-HIS-POOR. Give yourselves, in your own local communities, when you get home again, always and everywhere. To do that is to live Christianity; it is to do your part in restoring ALL THINGS TO CHRIST!