Cheating.

Every offense against justice carries with it a corresponding obligation to make reparation for that injustice. The truth of this statement is too evident to require proof. Men whose moral sense has not been blinded, readily assent to it, even though they may not live up to it.

When you are subjected to examinations in your classes, you may work an injustice in a variety of ways.

There is the essential injustice, first of all, in all cheating—appropriating to yourself a measure of intellectuality, a degree of knowledge, to which you are not entitled; you pretend to scholarship or to industry, to which you have no right; you live a lie about your comprehension of a subject. Nothing can change the intrinsic malice of that.

That malice may not be grave, surely. Not every lie, not every injustice, is a mortal sin. But certain circumstances may change that malice into something grievous.

If, by cheating in examinations, you should pass a subject—chemistry, anatomy, law, or philosophy—and should thereby become qualified to practice your profession, a profession in which your crass ignorance places the safety of your clients in jeopardy, you commit a mortal sin.

And again, where the penalties for cheating in examinations expose you to the loss of credit in a course, and therefore, to a serious monetary loss on the part of whoever is supporting you in college, cheating is a mortal sin—just as much a mortal sin as taking money that doesn't belong to you. Not even the world's best cribber can ever be sure that he won't be caught. He deliberately exposes himself to the possibility of being caught, no matter what precautions he may take. And therein lies the mortal sin.

If you want to take a chance, nobody can prevent you—nobody but yourself. But if you do, don't be too cowardly to take the penalty. The responsibility is yours. Some day you will have to face it. But don't try to convince yourself that cheating has no moral aspects. You might convince yourself. And that would be too bad.

Prepare Well!

An ordinarily pious girl once received Holy Communion from the hands of the saintly Cure d'Ars. She had been distracted—laughing, talking on the way to church, and at Mass had not been too devout.

When the saintly Cure reached her at the Communion rail he stopped abruptly, stood before her motionless, holding the Host between his fingers. The young lady looked up and saw a stern face. Then she began to say to herself fervent acts of faith, hope, and love. Only then did the Cure give her Holy Communion.

Troubled, the young lady went in the afternoon to the Cure for an explanation.

"When one hasn't said any morning prayers," he began, "and when one has been making merry, instead of praying, there hasn't been much preparation for Holy Communion."

How did he know? She never found out either. But that lesson on preparation for Holy Communion she never forgot.

Prayers: Deceased, grandmother of George Wilson (Lyons); uncle of Frank Quackenbush (Dillon); Ill, Joe Sullivan (St. Ed's); John Hackett (St. Ed's); Bill Rankin (Morrissey). Nine special intentions.