PRAYERS: Ill, mother of Mike Clouse (Al.); cousin of Phil Lucier (Zahn); mother of Phil Bucier (Al.); R. Pivout; Pat Vecchiare (Niles, Ohio).

Tomorrow's Sermon Is On Duty.

And the reason of that particular subject right now is to remind you that your folks sent you here to study. The semester exams, pink slips, possible failure are just around the corner. Don't lay down on the job and then expect the Novena for Exams to pull the wool over anyone's eyes. Thing to do: stop wool-gathering; work and pray. In one word, do your duty.

Tomorrow's Feast.

It is that of the Holy Family. Revere those three names, "Jesus," "Mary," and "Joseph." Frequently use them in ejaculations, those short, crisp yet powerful prayers you can say anytime, anywhere—as you plow through the mud (or skid on the ice and snow) on your way to class. That is a much more intelligent way of breaking up lonesomeness or monotony than whistling "K-K-Katy" or humming some swing-song.

Aim to model your family, that is, the one you hope to raise up some day, on the Holy Family. Let Joseph be yours to follow, a worker, faithful to his spouse. Mary can take your girl-friend in hand and make her, for you, the First Lady: first, like Mary herself, in purity; first in deep love; thoughtful, reserved, your own "Mary." If you and the "little lady" take Joseph and Mary for models, don't worry about your son. Our Lord was "subject" to Joseph and Mary. Your child will be "subject" to you: docile, obedient, respectful. You three will make up a holy family.

Tomorrow at Mass ask for those good things. And offer reparation to the Sacred Heart for the sins of husbands and wives (too many of them, unhappily, Catholics) who break up homes, who destroy what once was a "happy family." Men who run off, on the sly, with other men's wives or unmarried girls. Women, those modern, faithless women whose last interest is the home and a family. Pray during that Mass, that the Holy Family may return erring husbands and wives to their senses, quicken once more the happy love they knew on their wedding day. Sometimes, deep down, a husband, who has made this mistake, yearns to "patch" things up. Your prayer may restore his courage and humble his pride and put him over the top. Your prayer may make a nagging wife more tactful and lovable and win for her that night of extra patience which will restore balance and perspective to a broken home and aid to the world another happy and holy family.

Bishop Lillis.

In the passing of the Most Reverend Bishop of Kansas City, Missouri, the University loses a true friend. In one of the Kansas City dailies this editorial praised him:

"(Bishop Lillis) genuinely liked people. He loved the give and take of conversation, and he loved his friends. So he had more friends, perhaps, in all walks of life than any man in Kansas City. With his wide variety of interests he had something in common with every visitor, something they could talk about. He sprang from the soil, from the log cabin of a Lafayette county farm. His father was a successful contractor. The bishop thus had a rural and business background, on which was imposed the background of a college and divinity education and wide travel experience. He could discuss with equal facility and interest current affairs, the Civil War, Shakespeare and business problems. In short, as the old Latin poet said, nothing human was alien to him. . . with his extensive acquaintance, his influence among Jews and Protestants was far-reaching. . . . The honors that came to him never affected his simple friendliness. All mankind to him was a neighbor. He was so much a part of the life of Kansas City that it is so difficult to think of the city without him. If it can advance tolerantly with the love of God and of men in its heart, it will be fulfilling the deepest desires of the great bishop, the great gentleman, who died yesterday."

Notre Dame was fortunate to have him as a friend. Notre Dame hopes to turn out cultured Catholic gentlemen like him. That is something else for you to pray and strive for.