During the thirty years of his prefecting Father Farley carried out the family ideal of the Founder of Holy Cross. In war-torn France, a century ago, Father Moreau based his religious community on the Holy Family. Priests would represent Christ, Brothers St. Joseph, the Sisters our Blessed Mother. The family spirit permeated every college Holy Cross founded.

Take Sorin Hall.

The whole world knows how that system has worked out at Notre Dame. This is said in the face of your pet peeves and gripes. Her sons are brothers wherever they meet. During the War grads of other colleges used to remark that the clock stopped if ever two Notre Dame men should meet. And it made no difference if they had been years apart at the school.

They had a common father who said Mass for them in the morning, who checked them in at night, who threw them their mail, who razzed them and sometimes made them do things they didn't like. They had been jollied along by the same paternal rules, perhaps been kicked out by the same paternal foot. Fraternity brothers from other schools might find a community of interests for three minutes or so, but when two Notre Damers met, there was the Trace of God.

He Did The Priesthood A Favor.

By his jolly, kidding, happy-go-lucky way; by that quick, horizontal hand-wave and his "Hiya, boy!"; by his inability to distinguish between persons—all were the same; Father Farley made the students look up to him as a priest. He brought the priesthood with all its humanness as well as the divine into their everyday lives. Though he kept it sacred, he never made it aloof. And the priesthood in him was athletic and manly. After all, till the operation last year he stood like a West Point cadet. And he was the one who had, as a student, run around ends, bucked the line, heaved the baseball, chased the puck. He never lost touch with these things. He could quote you the Yankee's averages even last year. He could tell what was wrong with "Dizzy" Dean. After he was ordained it was nothing to rake the diamond, warm up a pitcher, yell and encourage an interhall team. He couldn't be "Pop" and not do these things. And he was a priest! Well, said the boys, that makes the priesthood okay. Anything Father Farley was, was all right!

Thanks From The Heart.

Monogram Men stood by the bier through the night. S. A. C. Men ran through their beads beside the still, black coffin. The tribute of sons. No tears. No regrets. What is a good priest gone if not a saint? Father Farley laid down his life for you. Your devotion to him was heart-warming as well as deserved. Still—pray.