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The Thirteenth Leo.

Belief to the soul is so wholly germane—
The evidence none can deny—
That those who the true revelation disdain
Must even believe in a lie.
And most childish of lies from that region of hell
Where black superstition is queen,
Is the popular error that some fatal spell
Lurks under the number thirteen.

And what refutation can better be found
This delusion so rank to oppose,
Than the glorious names of this number renowned
Which pontifical annals disclose?
Under John the Thirteenth the fair kingdom so vast
Of Poland confesses her Lord;
Fierce Attila's tribe seek the Gospel at last;
And Ravenna to Rome is restored.

Upon Gregory, too, the Thirteenth of the name
A splendor undying shall rest,
All civilized nations his praises proclaim,
And Science his worth has confessed:
As long as the seasons in order return,
And annual cycles be rolled,
His calendar's merits our children shall learn,
And his name write in letters of gold.

Two number thirteens in succession to show,
After Innocent, Benedict reigns:
The bulwarks against the Mahometan foe,
Pope Innocent nobly sustains;
Pope Benedict seeks to quell discord at home,
And peace-making kindness employ;
He ends the contentious assaults upon Rome
By the turbulent House of Savoy.

The Thirteenth Pope Clement, how firm is his hand!
While Bourbons in plotting engage;
The Order of Jesus they seek to disband,
He shields it in spite of their rage.
When subtle Febronius' gall-dripping pen
The Chair Apostolic assails,
Pope Clement asserts before angels and men
His right; and his firmness prevails.

Once more this illustrious number thirteen
In the Vatican halls we behold;
And the tale, in his smile who now sits there serene,
Of his great predecessors is told.
Like Gregory learned, like Benedict kind,
Like Innocent prompt to defend,
Like Clement, in him will the true teacher find,
When slandered and banished, a friend.

And like unto John's, may his reign be renowned
For nations brought home to the fold;
May the missionary's labors with triumph be crowned
And multitudes vast be enrolled;
May tribe after tribe still receive the Good Word—
The truth ever old—ever young;
And wherever the name of Our Savior is heard,
May POPE LEO'S be next on the tongue!

ARTHUR J. STACE.

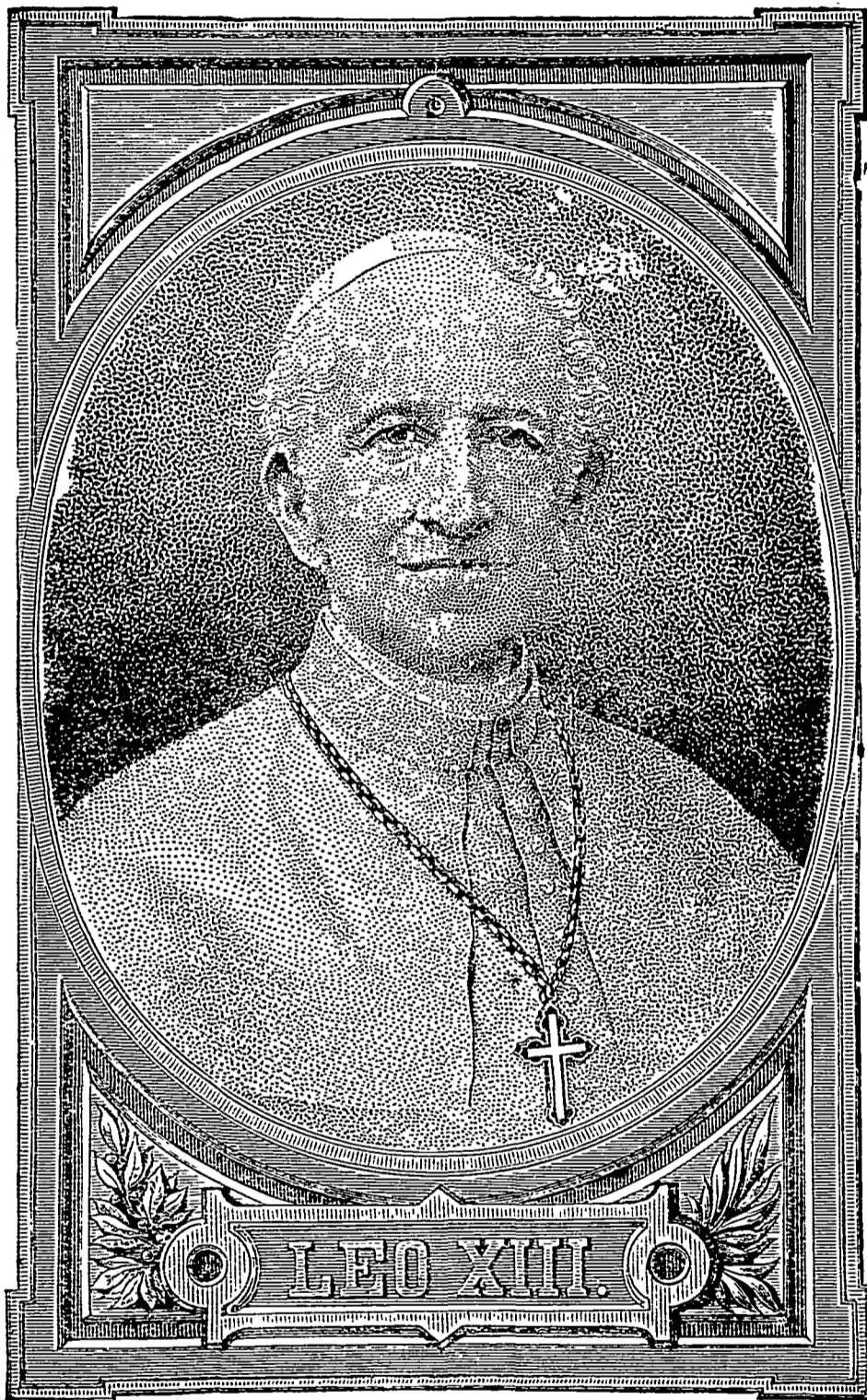
Pope Leo XIII.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Of all the biographies of great men, few can be more interesting than that of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, from his throne in the Eternal City, rules millions of most devout and loyal subjects in an empire over which the sun in its endless orbit never sets. Especially does the life of LEO XIII claim our attention. For, wonderful, indeed, must be the one who, succeeding to the Papacy during those dark and threatening times which followed the death of Pius IX, disarmed prejudice and hostility, and disappointed those dismal prophets who predicted so confidently, so hopefully the downfall of the Holy See. It cannot be otherwise than beneficial to study the life and character of one so pure, so gentle, who has been a true man in every position he has assumed in life.

The subject of our sketch was born at Carpineto,

near Gignia, March 2, 1810. His father was the Count Dominico Pecci, and his mother was known in her maiden days as Anna Prosperri of Cori; both descended from the ancient nobility of Italy. The young Pecci was given the baptismal names of Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis. But he was most generally known in his younger days by the name of Vincent which was preferred by his pious mother on account of her devotion to Saint Vincent Ferrer. The first eight years of Joachim's life were spent at home under the benign influence and gentle care of his pious Christian parents. At the age of eight, in the autumn of 1818, in company with his brother Joseph, he was sent to Rome, to receive his education. Eventually they entered the college of the Jesuits at Viterbo, where the Fathers instilled into them an ardent desire for learning and moral goodness. In 1824 the brothers received a severe blow by the death of their most excellent mother, with whom her sons were always objects of unceasing prayer. In the meantime, having finished his course of studies at Viterbo, the future Pope entered the Roman College, and passed in due time into the Academy of Ecclesiastical Nobles. It was in this institution that he prepared for the priesthood, towards which he seems to have been drawn in his youthful days by the reverence and love for the sons of St. Francis of Assisi infused into him by his loving mother. His collegiate career abounded in the most brilliant of scholastic triumphs. He was foremost in science, literature and philosophy, and he took



several prizes for excellence in these branches.

The Pope exercises a watchful care over the students in the academy, and Gregory XVI was not slow in observing the genius and talent of Joachim Pecci; while still in minor orders he was appointed Prelate of the Papal Household, and on the 31st of December, 1837, he was raised to the priesthood

by the Cardinal Prince Odescalchi. He said his first Mass in the Chapel of Saint Stanislaus in St. Andrea on the Quirinal, assisted by his brother Joseph, afterwards a Cardinal.

In 1838, Pope Gregory XVI appointed Monsignor Pecci to the governorship of the Province of Benevento where evils and abuses existed that required the presence of a shrewd, courageous, energetic statesman. But, young as he was, the governor was found equal to the task, and, soon, Benevento became a model state.

In 1841, Monsignor Pecci was nominated Papal Delegate to Spoleto. But before the appointment went into effect, he was called to the governorship of Perugia where he accomplished a reform similar to that which had been effected in Benevento.

When thirty-three years old, the Delegate was preconized Archbishop of Damietta, and was dispatched to Brussels as Apostolic Nuncio. At the court of King Leopold I, the Nuncio created a most favorable impression, and the Protestant king was as quick as the Pope to recognize his great abilities. But the climate and overwork impaired his health, and his physicians advised him to solicit

his recall. The king was much affected by these tidings, and before departing he conferred upon him the Grand Cordon of his Order, and gave him an important missive for the Pontiff. Before returning to Rome, the prelate visited London. He was the second future Pontiff to be seen upon British soil. Arriving in a few months at Rome, he delivered King Leopold's letter to Gregory, who informed him that the king wished the Nuncio to receive the purple. On the 19th of January, 1846, Monsignor Pecci was proclaimed Archbishop of Perugia, but was reserved *in petto*. Gregory died the same year, and his successor, Pius IX, did not create him Cardinal until 1853. Meanwhile he was zealously attending to his duties in his See, where he remained until July, 1877, when he accepted the office of *Camerlengo* to Pius IX, a post which involved the Presidency of the Apostolic chamber and the chief charge of the temporalities of the Holy See. Until the following winter Cardinal Pecci performed the ordinary functions of his office, when there came a still greater trust.

On the 7th of February, 1878, Pope Pius IX, worn out by his years of labor, expired. The scenes that followed the death of the Holy Father were memorable and impressive. On the 18th of February the conclave of Cardinals met in the Sistine Chapel to elect a successor to Pius IX. In the afternoon the oaths were administered. Three ballots were necessary to elect, and on the third, cast Feb. 20, Cardinal Pecci was chosen to occupy the Chair of St. Peter by forty-four votes out of a total of sixty-two. The dean of the Roman College asked the Cardinal if he would accept the Supreme Pontificate, and was answered in the affirmative. When it was inquired how he would be known as Pope, he replied: "By the name of LEO XIII." The new Pope was invested with the Pontifical robes, blessed the Cardinals, received their obedience, and the election was proclaimed to the crowd assembled at St. Peter's. At 4.30 p. m. His Holiness appeared before the multitude and was greeted with cries of *Viva Papa Leone!* After giving the benediction, the Pontiff retired amidst great acclamations. On the 3d of the following March, LEO XIII was crowned with the tiara with imposing ceremonies in the Sistine Chapel. Then began a reign which, in a short time, has been productive of much good to the Church.

In person, LEO XIII is described as a man of stately bearing, though slight in figure. Years of care and toil have driven the color from his face and left it white as alabaster. The countenance is intellectual, genial and winning. The eyes beam with holy piety and fatherly kindness. The voice

is sonorous in singing Mass, soft and gentle in conversation. The head is long and sharp in its outlines, while the forehead betokens great strength of intellect. A front view displays remarkable will-power and noble qualities. The Pope is simple almost to frugality in his habits, and does an immense amount of work for one of his age and strength. A writer of the present day—one who holds a prominent position in the literary world—Christian Reid, in her exquisite novel "Heart of Steel," causes her characters thus to speak of the Sovereign Pontiff:

"If ever a human countenance was expressive of intellectual and moral force, that of LEO XIII is. And in his shadowy thinness—in that look which he has of being more spirit than matter—with the courage of a lion in his calm glance, and the sweetness of a saint on his lips, his is just the type a great painter would select if this epoch were thrown back a thousand years, and he wanted to embody a helmsman fit to steer the bark of Peter through raging seas.

"It is impossible to imagine anything more majestic than the voice and the utterances of LEO XIII. In listening to him one feels elevated into a region as far above the mad cries of revolutionaries and the vague dreams of theorists as the eternal heaven is above the earth. And in the ability of a great ruler, in diplomatic sagacity and profound wisdom, no one, in all the long line of illustrious pontiffs, has surpassed him."

God called him to rule the Church in troublous times; he has been tried and not found wanting. His reign has been prosperous and conducive to the propagation of Christianity and the amelioration of society. We hope it will be thus for many years to come. Let the millions of the true and holy Catholic Faith pray for the health and happiness of our Holy Father, POPE LEO XIII: *Dominus conservet Eum et vivificet Eum!*

G. H. CRAIG.

Le Pape.

Voyez-vous sur la croix où Simon, le pêcheur,
Immortel, souriant de joie et d'espérance,
Vainquit Rome et l'enfer, son digne successeur
Entouré de respects au sein de la souffrance?

Pendant que des passions la sauvage fureur
Aiguise contre Dieu les traits de leur vengeance,
Pendant que l'Etat tremble, et, glacé de terreur,
Entend gronder l'orage—un homme sans défense,

Léon calme les flots, parle, et d'autorité
Enseigne à l'univers justice et charité:
Oh! d'un Père et Pontife éternisons la gloire!

Rome sera toujours l'amour, la vérité:
Oh! du Prêtre et du Roi saluons la victoire:
IL RÈGNE SUR NOS CŒURS ET VIVRA DANS L'HISTOIRE!

S. F.

Leo XIII, Philosopher and Theologian.

BY JAMES A. BURNS.

A momentary peace has come upon the ever-battling world of philosophic thought. The hostile men-of-war, equipped with the most destructive weapons modern philosophic sceptics have been able to devise, and which, but a moment ago, rode triumphantly, and with many a taunting challenge, past the very harbor of apostolic teaching, wherein awaited the white-winged fleet of Peter, have been scattered to the winds, and now, dismantled and abandoned, lie stranded on many a rock-begirt shore; or, if a few are still afloat, their helpless aspect and mad pitching in the ocean billows tell that the hour of their submersion must soon be struck. And now the victorious barks, one and all, cluster around the immortal ship of the master whose superior wisdom it was, no less than his indomitable courage, that proved chiefly instrumental in effecting so glorious a victory; and a sublime hymn, telling of his many and heroic deeds in the boundless realms of intellectual thought, rises heavenwards in grateful, majestic unison, from the lips of the sages. It is but meet that we, too, should mingle our voices feeble though they be, in that triumphal chant. It is meet that we, too, should glance, hastily though it must be, at the labors and accomplishments, in this field of science, of a master whose lore would seem all-comprehensive, and who now, sitting on the summit of the eternal hill of God's Church, beams with inspired countenance upon a world below, assembled to pay respectful homage.

LEO XIII seems to have had a natural taste for philosophical pursuits. When quite young, he took up and successfully completed the course of philosophy in the Roman Jesuit college. Then, for four years, he applied himself earnestly to the study of theology under the most eminent teachers of the science who were in Rome. At graduation he sustained in a very brilliant manner two public examinations, winning the warmest applause, and, by his keenness of judgment, combined with a graceful flow of expression, attracted the attention of the dignitaries of the Church. Next he studied law and diplomacy. In these pursuits also the young patrician showed such remarkable zeal and intelligence that Gregory XVI, whose eagle eye already beheld in him the rock against which the mountain-breakers of modern infidelity would dash in vain, attached him to himself, assigning him an office in the Papal household.

But it was not until after he had become Bishop of Perugia that Mgr. Pecci began to manifest to the world, in applying to the wants of his flock, the stores of golden wisdom he had gleaned from the ambrosial fields of philosophic studies. With characteristic vigor and earnestness, he straightway bent his intellect to the task of disproving the erroneous theories of life, science, and civilization which were being so zealously propagated throughout Christendom. The world rang with the cry of "progress," and science, of course,—science, in the narrow, limited, materialistic signification modern curio-hunters have sought to give the word, could be the only thoroughfare wide enough for the triumphal host of humankind to wend its glorious way! Civilization was but the result of the discovery and adaptation to the use of man of the latent physical forces of the universe. The telegraph, the steam-engine, the ironclad,—these were the grand works that wreathed the human race with glory. The mist-shrouded productions of an Aristotle, a Plato, a St. Augustine, a St. Thomas, which obtained in the ages of ignorance and folly, when, groping in the darkness of superstition, their minds forsooth not illumined by the knowledge that the world is a sphere, flattened at the poles; that protoplasm is the most primitive form of life; that all matter is made up of molecules, and these, again, of atoms; and that the human eye is nothing more than a convex lens, men gave themselves up to high, airy thought and bodily castigation,—these works had outlived their fame, and should henceforth be ignominiously consigned to the shelf of eternal oblivion.

Such theories as these stalked through every land, made earthy every mind. Mgr. Pecci, in all the pastoral letters of his two and thirty years' episcopate, had in view the confutation of these errors, and the infusion into the minds of his people of the only balm for the manifold grievances brought by materialistic science upon our age, namely, the truths embodied in the Angelic Doctor's teachings—the embodiment of all philosophic knowledge. The future Pontiff had himself drunk long and deeply from the crystal fountains that gush from the immortal *Summa*. It had been his constant study for years. It was still the resort to which he betook himself for counsel. From the neglect of intellectual and moral culture, he saw, arose the mistakes and evils of the time; and in words which, even if he had never become Pope, would still have placed him in the foremost rank of Christian philosophers and theologians, he strove to revive the study of St. Thomas, and to convince all of its importance. Civilization, he showed, is but

the different degrees of man's successive perfecting of himself in his physical comfort, his moral relations with his fellows, and his political condition. True science, accordingly,—science which will enable man to thus develop and perfect the physical, moral and political benefits he enjoys, must ever be the handmaid of civilization. But a science which, closing its eyes to the phenomena and laws of the nobler half of man's nature, confines itself solely to the dwarfed and sombre world of sensible objects; a civilization in the make-up of which the moral element has no share or place, which would "supplant Christianity, and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched us,"—such a science and such a civilization are not worthy of the names.

He demonstrated conclusively, moreover, that the Church has and can have nothing whatever to fear from any advances, however great, which science can make in the fields of discovery; but that, on the contrary, she both desires and encourages the progress of all true science. Wherefore, if the Church is "afraid of the ruin that might be wrought by the vain ones who think they understand everything because they have a slight smattering of everything, she has full confidence in those who apply seriously and profoundly to the study of nature, for she knows that at the bottom of their researches they will find God."

LEO XIII continued zealously the task so bravely undertaken by the Bishop of Perugia. In the Encyclical which he published a few weeks after becoming Head of the Church, the Pope reviews the widespread subversion of the supreme truths upon which human government rests; the headlong ruin in which "modern ideas" threaten to engulf authority; the disordered and well-nigh chaotic state of society, perpetually tossed about in the throes or on the verge of turmoil and revolution,—"Tantalus-like," in constant terror lest the dreaded rock its own perversity had placed overhead might fall and crush its victim. He asserted, moreover, and proved by the most convincing arguments that the cause of all these evils lies principally in the rejection of the august authority of the Church, which "presides over the human race in the name of God, and is the safeguard of all legitimate authority."

Probably the most remarkable of the Pope's Encyclical letters is the one which was issued towards the close of his first year's Pontificate. Upon the anti-Christian and anti-social portion of society it fell like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. The gaudy-colored robing of fanciful Utopian

felicity, which was to attend the realization of the wild social theories of such societies as the communists, socialists, and nihilists, was torn away, exposing to view the dark, bloody, inhuman, atrocious means and ends which, in their hatred for all that is, they propose to themselves. Our age is prone to an abuse of freedom. All restraint has become irksome. The toddling school-boy begins to think and prate of liberty, and equality is manhood's panacea for every ill. The word "king" is odious to the spirit of the age. All authority comes from the people, and hence they may change or destroy it at will. Even the most honest-minded are apt to consider rebellion and revolution, on any pretext, as not unlawful. We forget that respect and obedience are due to all forms of government that rest on the natural principles of truth and justice. Hence it happened that this Encyclical of the Sovereign Pontiff—levelled, as it was, against those false though flattering principles of liberty and equality, which had leaped from mind to mind, as in a mighty conflagration flames leap from house to house, until the whole of Europe seemed one vast sea of blazing revolution—created an immense ferment in the political circles as well as among the humbler classes on the continent. It roused against the newly-elected Head of Christendom all the latent though undying hatred of the enemies of the Church. There was not a misanthropist, robber, socialist, assassin, nihilist, anarchist, or villainous character of any other phase in all Europe, who read or heard of that Encyclical, and did not fear and hate the heroic Pontiff who penned it. But, on the other hand, every lover of truth and justice; every friend of genuine liberty and equality; every man in whose heart flickered a spark of sympathy or good will for the human race, and whose good sense was not blinded or extinguished by bigotry, saw and recognized the eternal principles of truth and justice pointed out as the pillars which alone are able to support the edifice of authority, and, in spite of sectional prejudices, a flame of admiration, which still burns brightly, was kindled in their hearts for the grand old man who, in face of the foreseen hurricane of abusive hate and rage, was yet fearless enough to launch that immortal document.

During the ten years of his Pontificate, LEO has made the most strenuous and successful efforts to promote the development and perfection of intellectual thought. He has raised the standard of ecclesiastical studies by enjoining a return to the teachings and method of St. Thomas. Numerous academies and colleges for the study of the works of the Angelic Doctor have been founded. By audiences—private

and public—by allocutions, consistories, and Encyclicals, he has sought to stimulate in the minds of the whole Christian world a healthy spirit of rational inquiry and advancement, and has labored earnestly to make the experimentalism of science, so called, subordinate to the ethical and the intellectual; nor have his efforts been in vain. Men have begun to think. The world begins to recognize that our vaunted civilization and scientific discoveries do not, of themselves, tend to elevate, or make more happy, humanity. The darkness arising from the eclipse of the soul's sun by the thick mists of sensible and material study is already pierced by a few though bright rays, which fall from the disc of the emerging luminary. Soon, let us hope, the world will again be bathed in the light of his noonday effulgence. Then, and then only, will the services of those who stood as beacons of light for the darkened world be fully appreciated; and in the galaxy of halo-crowned names round which the human tongue will then and forever love to linger with gratitude and reverence, the name of our LEO will blossom, as a flower among verdant leaves, will tower, as the Alps above their smiling hills.

Lumen in Cœlo.

Was ist's, das von des Erdballes Enden
Rauschet und braust wie mit Zaubergewalt?
Wem gilt der Völker vielsprachiges Grüßen
Das doch harmonisch die Länder durchhallt?

Gilt's dem Beherrscher der Völker zu jubeln,
Der mit des Schlachtschwert's blutigem Sieb
Lorbeeren sich schnitt, oder gilt's jenem Weisen,
Der seinen Namen den Sternen einschrieb?

Er, dem sie jubeln, ist wahrlich ein König—
König der Herzen; durch Liebe, sein Schwert,
Zwingt er sie all' ihm entgegen zu jauchzen,
Nie war noch Sterblicher je so gechrt.

Er, dem sie jubeln, ist wahrlich ein Lehrer,
Der von der ewigen Weisheit bestellt,
Lehrt alle Völker, wehret dem Irrthum
Wie's Gott verhieß bis zum Ende der Welt.

Priester auch ist er, der Höchste auf Erden;
Zwischen dem diesseits und Jenseits er steht—
Gnade zu üben an sündiger Menschheit,
Er von dem ewigen Richter ersieht!

Und wie die dunkeln Wolken am Himmel
Milde doch siegreich die Sonne durchbricht,
So, als des graußigen Krieges Getümmel
Drohete, verschucht' es vom Himmel ein Licht.

S. B. G.

Leo the Thirteenth as a Litterateur.

BY P. BROWNSON.

In our days, when we hear re-echoing all around us the watchwords—Science!—Progress!—the Church is a myth of the Middle Ages, a mighty superstition, hostile to true knowledge—methinks it is peculiarly fitting that the Lion who guards the faith of over two hundred million Catholics should be himself a man of letters. For, who that considers that the exemplar for his subjects, that the grandest of all dignitaries has still a niche in his heart for the worth of literary taste, amid anxieties to which all other anxieties are nought, and amid cares to which all other cares are as a relief, can say that it is the policy of the Church to retard learning, to keep the minds of men always in the same groove and, above all, to discountenance the worship of Beauty and turn men away from its expression? But it is my intention to speak briefly and humbly, in proportion to my knowledge of the subject, upon LEO merely as a literary, and not at all as a religious, character. For though, indeed, only the man of deep, religious feeling, however disguised this may be from himself, can produce any true work of art or even appreciate any production of genius, yet we must remember that art is not subservient to religion. Art may aid religion by softening men's hearts and awakening therein noble emotions as they accustom themselves to gaze long and rapturously in the face of the beautiful; but to make art a slave, a tool of external religion, if I may so speak, is not only debasing art, but positively injuring religion.

Not only has the present Pope ever extended his protection to men of letters and artists in general, and advanced the cause of learning with princely generosity, but he is himself an author of high note, having written charming verses which hold no mean rank among "Italia's peerless compositions." He is an ardent admirer of Dante, of his soul-touching melody and pathos. But, stay: "admirer" is too cold, too tame. With the same burning feelings of respect, of love, of fear, of devotion with which Dante regarded Virgil, does LEO regard the Florentine Colossus in literature,—that man of sorrows, of mysteries, of beauties, so full of pity, of infinite severity, of infinite tenderness, of universal love, of unflinching animadversion; whose heart is now struggling with wrath deeper than the Arno's flow and the next moment breaks forth into a great, tearless sob over the sufferings of his fellow-men,

They who have entered within the immediate circle around the Pope say that he knows all Dante by heart, and can quote therefrom any line, and at will can recall any gem from that exhaustless and wonderfully rich treasure-mine.

As might be expected, the subjects of his compositions relate to what he has most at heart. His style is a sterling one, simple, intelligible, embodying thought and melody. I wish to give an instance of the Pope's writings which may be understood by those not acquainted with the language of *Italia*, old or new. And I do not think I could do better than quote the last two verses of his hymn to St. Herculanus. The hymn in question, a sweet and charming one, has been beautifully translated by Arthur J. Stace, Professor in the University of Notre Dame, himself a poet. He has preserved for us the familiar metre of the original.

The author describes, in quaint, graceful lines, how

"Fierce Totila with Gothic horde
Besieged Pérugia's walls and towers,"

of which the courageous saint, to whose memory he sings, was the Bishop. We are told how for seven years, or more, the Perugians, inspired by their heroic leader, resisted the barbaric rage, and how at last the town fell, not by force, but by treachery, and the warrior Bishop met his fate at the headsman's hand. Then LEO concludes with these stanzas:

"Etruscan city fair, rejoice!
The glory of this land of flowers;
In exultation lift thy voice;
Lift up on high thy hundred towers!

New hostile forces still beset;
Against thy faith they still combine;
Repel them manfully, and let
The faith of Herculanus shine."

I will not speak of the Pope's letters and decrees, which are all models in their line, but conclude by briefly glancing at what he has done in an objective way to gain this title of *littérateur* which, for a crowned head, is so glorious. Along with our English Alfred, the French Charlemagne, several of the great and good Caliphs of Bagdad and Cordova and a few other renowned princes, posterity will reckon with applause the thirteenth LEO. Needless is it to tell of his graciousness to America. We all know how readily he has given his sanction and co-operation to the grand scheme of the New University. In fact, his thoughts seem to have been with us for years past. For, whenever, branching off from other topics, he would speak of the New World, and the fruits that are to be gathered in a hundredfold from the future University,

says Bishop Kane, "he was like a prophet glorying in the vision of the better things to come." Needless is it also to tell of the grand college which he founded at Rome. One deed alone, indicative of generosity, of Catholicity, is sufficient to place his name in the immortal category of princes beneficent to letters. What an invaluable service has he not done for historical research, and the discovering of past truth in throwing open to all nations, irrespective of physical or moral distinctions, the archives of the Vatican, the richest depository of priceless manuscripts and documents of utmost authority and antiquity. He does not want the truth, with respect to ages past, to lie darkling in a well; he wants to see no historical figure preserve an unmerited glory; nor any deed, however much decried, to remain in a false light if truth decreed it worthy of applause. In a word, he fears not truth, and is afraid of no discovery.

Truly, here is a *littérateur*, a protector of learning, in the glory of whose star adown the dim vista of the future I can see pale the bright halo of the Eastern monarch Haroun-al-Raschid. And as time flows silently on, and men cast their prejudices upon its dark waters speeding by, they will look up and view with love and wonder, among a cluster of brilliant constellations, the blazing LION.

Leo XIII, Statesman.

BY C. P. NEILL.

When, in 1878, it pleased Almighty God to relieve our venerated Father, Pius IX, from his accumulated burden of care and trouble, the Papacy was, indeed, shrouded in deep, impenetrable gloom. Ruthlessly despoiled of all his possessions, Pius IX had died a prisoner in the palace of the Vatican—the only remnant of all his temporal possessions, and even that held by a precarious tenure. The enemies of the Papacy were victorious, and had multiplied in proportion to its misfortunes and disasters, whilst its defenders were few and powerless. Friendless and alone it stood without power, without territory, without treasure, without an army, without an ally amongst the governments of Christendom, and without even a recognized representative to utter his protest in the council of the nations. Those who had reduced it to this state were jubilant and, forgetting the lessons of history, they thought the power of Rome was crushed forever.

But the Founder of the Papacy, who had prom-

ised to abide with it as a protector-until time had ceased to be, was as powerful to rescue it from the dangers that threatened to engulf it as He was to deliver His people from the bondage of Egypt; and the power that raised up a Moses to lead his people to the Land of Promise now raised up LEO to rescue the Papacy from its impending peril.

Never before had the See of Rome more need of an occupant of statesmanlike ability. During past ages when Europe was Catholic the Holy See had been a power in civil affairs, and warring states had listened to its voice as that of a common father. In all times it had been the defender and champion of the weak against the strong; and had raised its voice of censure when tyrants sought to oppress their people. And it was the influence of the Papacy in civil society that upheld and protected the principles of civil liberty and free will. But a change had come over the face of Europe, and now the Papacy must watch over the interests of its children and demand for them equity and justice from powers that no longer respected its voice, but who oppressed its followers and despised its very self; and now the Pope must raise his voice from an imprisonment to which he himself had been consigned by a power that respected no rights and set at defiance all principles of equity and common justice.

Such was the difficult and delicate position in which LEO XIII found himself at the beginning of his pontificate. The task before him was one requiring in an extraordinary degree the exercise of prudence, and one that called for firmness, tact, wisdom and diplomatic skill. How well he has filled his position let results declare.

Nine years have passed since LEO first began his pontificate. In this short space he has, by his wisdom and prudence, won the confidence and respect of the governments of Europe; he has brought the Papacy into harmonious relations with nearly every sovereign of Christendom; he has brought the bitterest enemies of Rome to his feet there to acknowledge his greatness; he has restored amicable relations with governments which, having fallen away from the Catholic Church, became her bitterest enemies, oppressing her followers, persecuting her clergy and preventing them from the performance of their functions; he has secured freedom and the royal protection for missionaries in those distant eastern lands where fanaticism had for so many centuries made sufferings, torments and death the price to be paid by those holy souls that sought to spread the light of the Catholic faith. He has made the Papacy great and respected, until the Iron Chancellor of Prussia and the emperor of Spain

bear testimony to the wisdom and statesmanship of this modern Solomon, this prince of peace, and look upon him as the arbiter of nations; until the Czar of all the Russias lays aside his ancient hostility to the See of Rome, and seeks its aid and friendship; until the words of the Bishop of Rome can move the emperors of China and Japan to extend protection to their Catholic subjects; until the Shaw of Persia is proud to wear amongst his decorations the gold cross of the order of Pius IX. These are a few of the results flowing from the wise and prudent policy adopted by the Vatican in its diplomatic intercourse with the nations of the world. These happy results which LEO has achieved for the Papacy and its followers are alone sufficient to entitle him to rank amongst the foremost statesmen of any age.

But, as the Father of Christendom, the prince of peace and the Head of a Church that has ever been the director and protector of true progress and real civilization, LEO has gone further and sought to avert the dangers that are menacing all civil society and every form of civil government.

The children of men grew wise in their generation, and, rejecting the restraining influence of religion in the government of civil society as being incompatible with civil liberty, they, in their enlightenment, introduced a godless system of government that was not only independent of, but even hostile to religion. And when, at last, the crowned heads were congratulating themselves that they were well rid of Papal interference and religious arrogance, a monster hydra, begotten of their new system, reared aloft its hundred heads of socialism, communism, nihilism and all their kindred "isms," and threatened to crush in its hideous folds the governments of Europe. The ablest statesmen of the age stood aghast at the state of anarchy and chaos towards which society was drifting. They were making futile efforts to arrest this awful drift, when LEO the Thirteenth was raised to the Papal throne; and when soon afterwards his voice rang out above the mutterings and rumblings of the coming storm, the trembling sovereigns of Europe, recognizing his wisdom, began to feel that, in destroying the influence of the Papacy, they had removed a bulwark of impenetrable strength.

During his career in the diplomatic service of the Vatican, LEO had displayed such ability as a political economist, such a profound knowledge of those occult influences that direct the current of human thought, and had made such a careful and diligent study of the social problem that was confronting the people of Europe, that he seemed as one prov-

identially sent to restore to civil society that equilibrium which was so sadly wanting. In his Encyclical on Socialism, and in all his letters on this subject, he has displayed such a depth of reasoning, such a grasp of the elements of the social problem, such a keen insight into the tendencies of the age that the statesmen of Europe recognize in him a mind capable of grappling with the questions of the day. He has secured their admiration by wisdom and knowledge born of a life study of the social and political relations of men, and he has won their respect and esteem by his noble efforts to aid in the advancement of human progress. His statesmanship scorns the narrow bounds of territorial limits, and, like a citizen of the world, he labors to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-man without distinction, and to advance in every high and noble way the common cause of humanity. His success as a statesman has been secured, not by chicanery, trickery or deceit, but by consummate prudence, adherence to the principles of justice, and a mildness and gentleness of manner that disarms prejudice and commands respect and honor. And only when respect for honesty, purity, kindness and unselfish devotion to a high and noble aim has departed from the breast of man will the fame of LEO XIII suffer diminution.

To LEO XIII,

POPE AND POET.

I.

'Tis a delight for little birds,
Whose songs are only written words,
To know that harmony is dear,
To songsters of a nobler sphere:
Thus, Holy Father, thy grand song,
Prophetic, gentle, clear and strong,
Blends and exalts the simple notes,
That through our western woodland floats.

II.

The cadences that fall and rise
Are like the changing, tinted skies.
The mingled lights, the varying shades
That sunshine through the landscape braids,
Are symbols of the touching measure
The poets weave to suit their pleasure;
But thought in song is like the soul
In man. It vivifies the whole.

III.

Art, Music, Poesy! Fair trio,
Beloved and honored by Pope LEO!
Ye are the vivifying breath
Of lofty aims and genial faith;
Your impress the exterior sign,
Of something deeper, more divine,
For God and Heaven,—the only real,—
Reach generous hearts through the ideal.

IV.

The flowers of mind, Your Holiness,
Your august hand does well to bless.
From flowers the fruits must be perfected;
Fruits fail, if blossoms be neglected;
Let excellence of thought and pen
Be slighted, what becomes of men?
The heart, the soul cease to aspire
When faintly burns promethean fire.

V.

Our Lady came of David's line.
—His songs were melody divine—
In her *Magnificat* we read
The measure that high Heaven must heed,
While earth through every generation
Shall tremble with its exultation.
The eagle-plume in St. John's hand
Speaks of our Lord, and His command,

VI.

"Write thou, therefore!" Do we presume
When we exalt the eagle's plume?
Your Holiness, we know to-day
That poets oft their trust betray,
And genius, grovelling and debased,
Is oft unholy, oft unchaste;
Her laurels trampled and bemoiled,
She is of every grace despoiled.

VII.

But now, behold! The Light of Heaven
Shines o'er the Hills—the ancient seven!
Now, all the world, once more at home,
Finds its true Fatherland in Rome;
Sees the fulfilment of its hope
In LEO Thirteenth, our loved Pope,
What may not literature now gain
In your benign, illustrious reign!

VIII.

The Holy Rosary, whose deep rhyme
God wove in mysteries so sublime,
Dear LEO XIII, you have wound
In our meek, daily prayers profound;
And lo! Loreto's epic high,
—Our Lady's heavenly Litany,—
You close with the majestic verse
That quelled, of old, the Moslem curse?

IX.

A month of Benedictions holy,
With this dear poem, rare yet lowly,
You granted to the Church. No wonder
That heresy is rent asunder!
No wonder that all nations pay
Their homage at your feet to-day;
That round you from all climes they gather,
As children round one common Father.

X.

This anniversary, the golden
Memento of a day dawn olden
When first you proffered to the skies
The All-Atoning Sacrifice,
Is one on which 'twere well to bless
The *Song World of Your Holiness*.
This grace we beg from o'er the sea
In honor of your Jubilee.

A WOOD-BIRD OF THE WEST,

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

*Published every Saturday during Term Time at
Notre Dame University.*

Notre Dame, December 17, 1887.

HOC DOCUMENTUM

OCCURRENTE FAUSTISSIMO AURÆI JUBILÆI ANNO

LEONI XIII. P. M.

NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ UNIVERSITATIS

PRÆSES, PROFESSORES ET ALUMNI

DUCE ILLIUS CONDITORE

E. SORIN C. S. C.

ADMIRATIONIS, VENERATIONIS ATQUE AMORIS

PIGNUS EXIMIUM

GRATISSIMO CORDE HUMILIQUE ANIMO

OBTULERUNT.



Lumen in Cœlo!

BEATISSIME PATER:

Cur trepidant gentes totoque moventur in orbe
Christicolæ? Quare reges amplissima mittunt
Munera? Quidve oculi Romam vertuntur in unam?
—Festa dies agitur Romæ, sacraque fideles
Lætitia impavidum gaudent cantare LEONEM.
Dum celebrat talem tantumque Ecclesia Papam,
Dumque pio resonat concentu mundus uterque,
Nos pudeat timidam tandem conjungere vocem,
Qui Nostræ Dominæ merito dicamur alumni?

Fregit armorum strepitu feroces
Hostium turmas, positaque victis
Lege, victorem decorare palma
Roma solebat.

At nova antiquæ reparans ruinas
Roma consurgit, titubant caduntque
Imperatores: etiam catenis
Papa triumphat.

Quid, Nero, mortem minitaris? Ecce,
Ecce crux saxo Capitolii stat:
Conteris Petrum, subitoquæ regnat
Petrus in Urbe.

Inferi frustra fremuere, frustra
Impiæ in cymbam fragilem procellæ
Mugiunt: nunquam poterunt LEONIS
Corda movere.

Lumen in terris oritur supremus
Pontifex, reges patiens retundit,
Victor et Sanctæ Fidei superbos
Obruit hostes.

Quid quod humanæ rationis usum
Vindicat, leges hominum Deique
Jura defendit, solidæ probando
Munera pacis?

Quid quod ætatem superat LEONIS
Alta mens, constans animus, benigna
Caritas? Quid quod facies serena
Pectora mulcet,

Eminet vultu genius, nitescit
Fronte majestas, oriens sicut sol
Ridet, os lucem roseam, supernum
Spargit et ignem?

Quum gregem Pastor vigilans ubique
Conspicis, Christique ovium saluti
Consulens nusquam teneros ineptus
Negligis agnos.

Te, Pater, quanquam venerantur omnes,
Hic tuam vocem dociles sequuntur
Filii, et castæ capiunt alumni
Gaudia vitæ.

Hic Athenarum veterisque Romæ
Literæ florent, Ratio magistram
Hic Fidem agnoscit, studiisque nostris
Spirat Aquinas.

Hic, gubernator Fidei, O perite
Pontifex Romæ, colimus LEONEM,
Quos Sanctæ Crucis socios tuetur
Virgo Maria.

BEATISSIME PATER:

O dulces longosque dies perducere possis!
Hæc exspectat amor, mundus uterque rogat.
Justitiæ videas O tandem, Roma, triumphum,
Ut liber valeat vivere Papa domi! . . .

Golden Jubilee of Our Holy Father.

As we draw nigh to the close of the year, great is the rejoicing everywhere throughout the world. For the completion of this milestone in the pathway of Time marks the fiftieth, the Golden anniversary of the accession to the Ministry of the Lord of him who now happily rules, guides and directs, in the name of Him whom he was called to serve, the laborers in Christ's vineyard upon earth.

When we reflect on the lives of great men, the question naturally arises as to how they acquired their renown. Hence we propose the same query regarding the great beacon light, LEO XIII, especially when we consider the remarkable achievements of his long life as priest and Pope. The reply to this query leads us half a century back to the happy days of his youth.

We may, then, cast a glance at the youthful period of the future Pontiff's life when, leaving the limited sphere of an industrious student's college-days, he steps forth into the broad world, conscious of being now his own master in pursuing his destined career. Hitherto he had studied and obeyed; now he was to teach and command. This really forms the most important step, the actual turning point in the life of man.

The providential advantages LEO XIII enjoyed during his collegiate course were well calculated to prepare head and heart for the sublime office to which his destiny led. The best years of his youth were spent at Rome, the foster-mother of all science. This historical city—the city of art, science and faith—has certainly a tendency to make strong impressions upon the susceptible mind of youth and form vivid recollections, to beget a deep insight into the history of the past and a keen penetration into the future. The ancient historian Livy asserts that there never was a greater nor a more sacred city. What noble thoughts must not fill the mind of a Catholic youth who aspires to the sublime office of the priesthood and whose highest ambition is to cast his lot in the Eternal City, the home of martyrs, the capital of the Catholic world.

It is interesting to note that LEO XIII, in the early days of his collegiate life, delivered a Latin oration in which he compared pagan with Christian Rome. We may obtain an idea of the contents of this address if we go back some fifty years and accompany the young student on his walks through the city of the Cæsars. There we see him as he saunters along, critically viewing the ruins of ancient Rome. We are astonished to find such

excellence in classical knowledge in one who has scarcely passed from boyhood, but who is proud, withal, to call old Latium his native land. He stops in sight of the old capitol. He beholds the triumphal procession formed to honor the conquerors of the most distant nations. He mingles with the masses in the forum and listens to the eloquence of a Cicero. Directing his steps onward, he visits the palaces of the emperors and gazes at the golden residence of a Nero. At this sight, however, he shudders, for here the beautiful and the grand cease before the brutal horror of paganism. With a holy awe he enters the Colosseum, the terrible memorial of Rome's ancient power, but, at the same time, the most ancient and the most triumphant monument of Christianity.

There he stands, as if on a battlefield, among the monuments of the hostile elements awaiting the decisive issue of the final struggle. On one side, a powerful nation governing the then known world amid all the splendor that wealth and power could command, compelling its weaker rival to seek refuge in the Catacombs; on the other, in the bowels of the earth, the weak, despised and oppressed, who during three centuries prayed and labored most assiduously in the undermining of paganism. At length the mine is exploded, and the entire idolatrous magnificence, with all the power and pomp of its emperors, perishes forever. From beneath the earth Christianity triumphantly rises, and with it new laws and a new civilization. On the ruins of the ancient temples of worship were erected the grand domes of the Christians, and the palaces of their august rulers, the popes. For here you now behold the imposing basilica of Constantine; farther on, the Lateran, the mother of all the churches in Christendom. From this centre no less than one hundred and sixty-two popes governed the Christian world during a thousand years.

Deeply affected and moved by holy sentiments the youth directs his steps towards the capitol. His glance rests on the Mamertine prison—this horrible tomb within which, 1800 years ago, St. Peter was lying in chains.

These reflections on the past were now happily changed into the more encouraging prospects for the future. In the distant horizon the mighty cupola of St. Peter's looms up in splendor. Hither he directs his attention and hastens his steps. He walks along the same avenue over which so many mighty ones of the earth and such multitudes of pious pilgrims had passed. Now he stands on St. Peter's mighty square, in the centre of which is located the towering obelisk—the only one in Rome on which

time has not inflicted some injury—proclaiming the triumphant conquest of mankind's Redeemer. He gazes with reverential awe upon the Vatican, that incomparable treasury of art and science, and the residence of the spiritual father of over two hundred millions of Catholics. A few more steps bring him to the grand mausoleum of the first Pope, to St. Peter's Cathedral, the largest and most magnificent temple of worship on earth. With a holy awe he treads the thresholds of the Apostles, passes by the tombs of so many kings and emperors, and the resting-places of innumerable saints of God. Overwhelmed with holy emotions, he kneels at St. Peter's tomb, the truly royal mausoleum of the poor, despised fisherman of Galilee, to whom Christ spoke the memorable words which, written in immense letters of gold, reflect their splendor from the cupola of the dome: *Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*

On this hallowed spot, amid the trophies of Christian and the ruins of ancient Rome, lies open before us the history of the world. On its pages are recorded, by the hand of divine Providence, the wonderful events, the lofty ideas and teachings as also earnest remonstrances to succeeding generations. From it you learn and admire the supernatural power and glory of Christianity; the indefectibility of the Church; the marvellous activity of the popes in securing the welfare of human society. And the more earnestly this book is studied, the more vivid become the sentiments of the truly catholic heart, the stronger the fidelity to, and the more ardent the love for, Mother Church.

Therefore, it may well be said that it was the guiding hand of Providence that enabled the future Pope to receive under those favorable circumstances such an extensive education. The fermenting state of society, and of Rome in particular, at that period offered the best school in which to prepare for his future vocation. Here, under the guidance of the ablest instructors, he acquired that universal knowledge for which he deservedly became famous. Here he drank in, not, indeed, from troubled waters, but from the purest streams, large draughts of theological knowledge and wisdom. Here he read the history of the Church, its teachings, its traditions, its vicissitudes, the lives and deaths of its heroes and the wise and beneficent ruling of its popes. Here, too, he beheld the living model in the person of the excellent Pius IX who had become especially dear to his heart. A better school than this LEO XIII could not have had to prepare him for the sublime

office of the representative of Christ upon earth.

To these few reflections on the occasion of his glorious Jubilee celebration, soon to take place, we may add an especial remembrance of his having been raised to the holy priesthood on December 31, 1837. That was a day of purest joy. Fifty years have rolled by; the young priest has become the supreme visible Head of the Christian world. Time has not effaced, however, the recollections of that happy period in the memory of the venerable Pontiff. With a grateful heart he thanks God for those the happiest moments of his life. But his faithful children throughout the world now gather around their beloved father and tender him their most cordial greetings, offering the most fervent prayers to the Father of all that He may mercifully grant to our sovereign Pontiff LEO XIII, an increased number of years for the welfare of the Church and that of the whole human family. *Ad multos annos!* L.

Local Items.

- Retreat is over.
- Christmas next.
- A dress parade will be held on 18th inst.
- A raid will have to be made on the "tin-horns."
- J. Burns read in the Seniors' refectory during retreat.
- Old "'79" has turned out to be no slouch at Rugby.
- The football is a valuable adjunct to the infirmary.
- The college chapel is much improved in appearance.
- Bro. Leopold has on hand a complete line of nice skates.
- A new floor has been laid in the Seniors' smoking-room.
- Several new pictures adorn the walls of the Senior study-hall.
- The Exhibition Hall spire will be, evidently, a thing of beauty.
- Some one has been slandering our nobility in a St. Paul newspaper.
- The "tin horns" have suspended active operations until after Xmas.
- The beautiful snow will soon drive the football fiend off the campus.
- M. O'Kane and W. McPhee read in the Junior refectory during retreat.
- The "gang" has been increased by the admission of two new members.
- We hope the members of the Band will provide themselves with uniforms.
- The *Volunteer* lies on the beach of St. Mary's lake a much weather beaten vessel.

—Programmes of the daily exercises were posted in prominent places during the retreat.

—Carpenters are still making improvements in the buildings of the Minim department.

—The walls of the burned Novitiate still stand, notwithstanding the recent wind storms.

—Mr. Ackerman will probably finish the decorations in the Junior refectory next week.

—Everyone should have a chance on the Boat Club watch before leaving for the holidays.

—Republicans among the Seniors are, with few exceptions, in favor of Blaine's renomination and election.

—The Inter-State law was apparently not made for the pleasure of college students who will pay full fare for holiday travel.

—The survivors of the ill-starred *Minnehaha* are more than gratified to note the success attending their No. 4 in his new crusade.

—The celebration in honor of the Papal Jubilee will take place this evening and to-morrow. A full report will appear next week.

—Col. Hoynes' Staff served as pall-bearers at the funeral of Mrs. Phelan last Monday. The services were held in the new church at St. Mary's.

—The football teams are taking advantage of the pleasant weather to keep up the enthusiasm. Liniments and soothing ointments will be acceptable for Xmas donations.

—The members of the military organizations would undoubtedly be pleased to hear an address on the war or some kindred subject by their commander, Col. Wm. Hoynes.

—The competitions of this week are the last for the present session, and the boys will have to try to endure life until the February examinations come to gladden their hearts.

—The Law Class promised us a public debate before the holidays, but as yet it has failed to materialize. However, the bashfulness of lawyers is proverbial, and, we presume, this explains our disappointment.

—A copy of this number of the SCHOLASTIC has been printed on parchment, and beautifully illuminated for presentation to the Holy Father. The cover is an exquisite production by a gifted artist of St. Mary's.

—A premium has been offered for the youth who devises the most plausible excuse for his leaving for the holidays before the regular time. A large number of competitors have announced their intention of working for the prize.

—This year's retreat was as successful as the most earnest could wish. Father Cook's touching and impressive sermons awakened a responsive echo in every heart, and it is safe to predict that the retreat and its reverend conductor will not soon be forgotten.

—Dress parade by Company "A" Hoynes' Light Guards, to-morrow afternoon. It is hoped that all the company members will be present. Company "B" will "come out" later on. The Sorin

Cadets will hold a parade some evening before the holidays.

—The preparations for the celebration of the Jubilee Festival of our Holy Father, obliged us to forego the publication of the SCHOLASTIC last week. An extra Christmas number will be issued next week in which much, now crowded out, will appear. Notices of the lamented deaths of the Rev. M. M. Hallinan, D. D., formerly Professor in the University, and Mr. J. Kendall, a former student, will also be given.

—The old students are pleased to notice the pleasant smile of Rev. Father Toohey again illuminating the corridors of Notre Dame. Father Toohey has been engaged in parochial duties during the past fifteen months in far-off Texas, but his winning smile and persuasive eloquence have not changed since the days when, as Prefect of Discipline at Notre Dame, he used to convince the boys that going to town was "only vanity and vexation of spirit."

—The sale of tickets for the boat club raffle has thus far surpassed all anticipation. This is principally due to the energy displayed by a few of the club members, and the kindness of a few outside friends. If every member only works with a vim during the holidays, the club will shortly be in a condition to order the new boats, and make arrangements for the erection of the new boat-house. The success of the affair now depends entirely on the spirit shown by the boys. Nothing can be accomplished without labor; and we hope all the boys fully realize this fact.

—Mr. Frank Oakes Rose lectured in Washington Hall last Friday evening before a large and appreciative audience. His lecture was entitled "Through London with Dickens," and was illustrated with a triple lighted stereopticon. The views were of London, and the entertainment was greatly enjoyed by those familiar with Dickens' scenes and characters. The lecturer possesses a remarkable knowledge of London and Dickens, while his expression is finished and eloquent. Mr. Rose was assisted in his entertainment by Dr. Sheardown, of Chicago, who manipulated the stereopticon. He is evidently no novice in such matters.

—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C., Director of the Greek Classes, was agreeably surprised by a number of the Hellenists last Sunday evening and invited to attend a turkey lunch gotten up in honor of his feast-day. After the inner man had been refreshed, and a befitting sacrifice, in accordance with Grecian custom, had been made, adjournment was had to Father Stoffel's quarters where the balance of the evening was spent in the discussion of choice cigars and social topics. As the boys dispersed, Father Stoffel thanked them kindly for their entertainment and promised them the customary "rec" consequent upon such occasions. The Hellenists wished their genial director many pleasant feast-days for the future, and departed well pleased with their surprise. Rev. Father Fitte was present and contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

Address to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII from
the Pupils of St. Mary's Academy.

MOST HOLY FATHER:

We thank God that we have lived to see this day so dear to Catholic souls; this day so great in the annals of the Church! With one mighty throb of joy the heart of Christendom is moved, and as from one grand censer, do prayers and good wishes ascend to the throne of Him whose vicegerent we honor. In far distant Asia, 'mid oriental splendor; in the sea-laved provinces of Africa; in every city and hamlet of Europe and America; 'mid the tropical beauties of the South, as well as the glaciers of the North, the Church is celebrating the praises of our Holy Father, LEO XIII.

While the very air seems instinct with joy and gladness, let us take a retrospective glance. Willingly does memory dwell on the past, as, day by day, the years are lived over. Written on the hearts of men, as well as on the pages of history, do we find the story of a life golden in its wealth of good, golden in its work for God.

Seventy-seven years have passed since, at baptism's holy font, to SS. Joachim and Vincent was consecrated a soul destined by Providence to be indeed *Lumen in Cælo*. Swiftly did the days glide into eternity, until twenty-seven years had placed their record in the Book of Life. Then, with the divine seal of ordination did Carpineto's son go forth to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. What has transpired during this golden cycle, let the annals of the Church declare.

Ever animated with zeal for God's honor, we find the holy prelate laboring everywhere to promote his Master's interests. At Perugia, in Belgium, or at Rome, it mattered not; Christ and His Church were ever nearest and dearest to his heart. Wild as was the storm that raged around the Church, he who now guides her, was a veritable *Leo* in his might of justice. Dark as were the days that came upon fair Italy, the light of faith burned on undimmed; for he who held the torch of truth as a beacon, held it fearlessly, until its rays penetrated the innermost recesses of men's hearts and minds, and brought to light the springs of action used against the Church.

Education, that most christianizing of influences,

has had, in this enlightened century, no warmer advocate, no stauncher friend than he whom we are so proud to call our Holy Father; and in the literature of that sunny land so productive in all ages of highest genius, are gems worthy of the ruler to whom all peoples and nations do homage.

France has beheld bitter days of strife; sin and misery, crime and bloodshed have left their traces on that once pious race; and yet, 'mid the ashes of their seared hearts, still glows the spark of devotion to the Holy See, as has been evidenced in this the year of Jubilee. So with all the countries of the Old World. Wide may be the gulf of dissension that separates politically their governments, but at the foot of Peter's throne, the Shamrock of that ever faithful Isle of Saints, the Rose, the Thistle and the *Fleur-de-lis* exhale their sweetest perfume, and are united in the bonds of charity. From every land there is wafted to America the echo of the acclamations, and the breezes take up the cry, and *Viva il Papa!* is heard in the home of the free.

It is to join in this universal pæan that we, from our far-off St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception, presume to offer our congratulations and protestations of allegiance and filial devotion. Kneeling in spirit at the feet of Christ's Vicar on earth, we present the expression of our warmest gratitude for the manifest proofs of paternal interest the Church in our beloved America has received during the present Pontificate. More especially do we appreciate the spiritual favors bestowed on our *Alma Mater*, St. Mary's, and on our esteemed teachers, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, under whose loving guidance that tender flower of the soul—devotion to the Holy See—has been nurtured and trained. It was with deep joy that we received a message from the venerated founder of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, informing us that we were so highly privileged as to have been accorded a special blessing by His Holiness. Treasured up are these graces of our youth, that when we shall have joined the active workers in life's duties, we may be worthy children of so noble a Father.

Enthusiasm carries one's heart away when one is vouchsafed so grand a vision as that which the Catholic Church presents to-day; in every country and clime she has vanquished with the saving Sign of man's redemption—the sacred Sign of the Cross. Her head has been thorn-crowned, but, triumphant, she stands; and, with LEO XIII as Pope, well may it be said: "The Lion of the tribe of Juda hath conquered."

With gratitude to God that He has blessed the

Church with so noble, so saintly, so great a Shepherd, and with renewed assurances of filial devotion to the Holy See, we humbly offer our prayers and felicitations, asking a blessing on our Institution, our teachers, our labors, and on our beloved parents. That the honors bestowed on our Holy Father may be the prelude to infinitely greater ones in heaven, is the prayer of

His devoted children,

THE PUPILS OF ST. MARY'S.

Leo XIII.

LUMEN IN CÆLO.

Since first the flight of years began,
All high achievements win from man
Their meed of praise; and deep within
The soul, which is to angels kin,
Dwells love of beauty, lost by sin.
Each masterpiece of art enralls,
And not in vain for tribute calls;
But, far above all human art,
The Church fulfils its noble part;
Before its beauty words are faint
In fitting hues its worth to paint.
In long succession comes the line
Of Pontiffs, sent by words divine;
But they from earthly scenes have fled,
And, while we mourn our worthy dead,
We turn us to the living Head.
Lumen in cælo! well may be
Thy motto, LEO, for with thee
Has come a time of liberty.
Great scion of a noble line,
From thy frank countenance benign,
Beam forth a wisdom, prudence, worth,
That well proclaim thy noble birth.
Deep draughts, imbibed at learning's fount,
Sustain thy strength, nor dost account
Thy foes' keen onset cause for fear;
Thine arms of prayer do still appear
The mightiest weapons man can wield
For victory in life's battlefield.

From foeman's lips the charge now fell
That Church and science cannot dwell
In bonds of friendship; to repel
This thrust of malice was thy task;—
From Error's face thou tor'st the mask;
With burning words thou prov'st the truth,
That Nature's book, so dear to youth,
Contains on every beauteous page
The name of God;—that this proud age
Must nearer draw to Him, the more
They con its storied pages o'er;—
That science ever hand in hand
With Faith walks onward in the grand
And stately march that progress makes—
That each of love divine partakes.

Yes, Pontiff, poet, prophet, sage,
Thy fearless words and deeds presage
A glorious dawn, a radiant day,
When souls, bowed low 'neath Error's sway,
Shall upward rise on freedom's wings,
And at God's footstool offerings
Of love, and faith and virtue bring
To Him who sits enthronéd king.
When *Pio Nono's* lofty soul
Its swift flight winged to Heaven's high goal,
His mantle fell on shoulders brave—
The weight of cares, of duties grave
On them exert their power in vain;
'Tis Christ the burden doth sustain.
A sleepless watchman, LEO thou,
Whom powers divine with grace endow
To guard earth's mightiest citadel
From all the dire attacks of hell;
Or with a shepherd's tender care
The perils of thy flock to share,
Reject'st the comforts earth calls fair.

Although thy lofty throne and grand
Outranks the proudest in the land,
Yet well hast thou the lesson read,
The burning flax before thee spread:
That earthly glory flits away
Like mists before the king of day.
Not so the joy which many a year
Of service in life's holiest sphere
To thy heart brings, O poet-priest.
Look onward; see the rosy east
Proclaims the advent of thy feast.
See over all the Christian world
The Papal banner now unfurled,
And 'neath its folds, with bended knee,
We hail thy Golden Jubilee:
As mountain rills unite to bring
To ocean's breast their offering
Of myriad drops, until the sea
Rises and falls in melody,
So do thy children's earnest hearts
Yield to the power that love imparts,
And place, great LEO, at thy feet
This simple lay. Would it were meet,
In fitting words thy worth to greet!
Though far from Rome St. Mary's lies,
Each pupil's voice in prayer shall rise,
Whose fervent words shall pierce the skies,
To ask for thee great length of days.
The world now wreathes thy brow with bays,
And at thy feet its homage lays;
Though this shall vanish as a dream,
From realms immortal comes the gleam
Of starry crown reserved for thee,
When from earth's turmoil thou art free
To join the choir whose pæan rings
Before the mighty King of kings.



Obituary.

On Saturday, the 10th inst., the soul of one dear to God, Mrs. M. M. Phelan, departed this life at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. For years intimately connected with St. Mary's, and beloved by all its inmates, her loss is one that will be long and keenly felt. For months her health had been failing, so her death was not unexpected, and her last hours were soothed by the loving ministrations of those nearest and dearest on earth. Volumes might be written on the subject, and yet but a poor idea be conveyed of the unobtrusive virtues of her long life. The touching sermon delivered at her obsequies by Rev. Father Hudson, C. S. C., is a tribute containing all that words can express to one who lived in God and for God. The funeral took place Monday, Dec. 12, at 9 a. m. A solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Corby, assisted by Rev. Fathers French and Coleman as deacon and subdeacon, and Rev. Mr. Thillman as Master of Ceremonies. The funeral procession, formed of the pupils of St. Mary's, the members of the Community, the clergy and the relatives of the deceased, followed the remains to their last resting-place in the little cemetery of the Community. Profound is the sympathy extended to the members of her family, who in the death of Mrs. Phelan have suffered the loss of one in whom the warm affection of their hearts had so long centred. But great must be their consolation to know, as was so beautifully said in the sermon, that "her light went not out in the darkness." The sermon by Rev. Father Hudson was in substance as follows:

I would prefer to be present here to-day as a mourner, rather than as a speaker. There are times when the very fulness and force of one's feelings are an obstacle to their expressions. I may say that this is to me one of those occasions; but there are those among you whose wish at such a time has the force of a command: therefore I stand here willingly to say a few words in memory of the departed. . . . But if no voice were heard, if no word of eulogy were spoken, this beautiful temple itself would speak in praise of her whose spirit has departed. And not this church alone, but everything at Notre Dame and St. Mary's can, in some way or other, recall the memory of Mrs. Phelan. She was a constant and generous benefactor of both institutions almost from their very foundation. She gave liberally of her means, nor did she refuse the treasures of her heart. To Notre Dame she gave a son in Father Gillespie, and to St. Mary's a daughter in Mother Angela—two whose work and whose worth are known to you as well as to me. To her relatives and friends, to generations of pupils here, to all who knew her she gave something above price, something which we should all treasure as I trust we shall all profit by it, the example of a perfect Christian life, a life illustrated by lively faith, firm hope, and ardent charity. Her faith was shown in her deep reverence for the teachings of the Church, in her devotion to its Sacraments, in her love for its festivals and its Saints. . . .

So firm was her hope, so intimate were her communications with the other world, so highly cultivated was her spiritual sense that in her last illness, in her simple faith, she wondered why her dear ones in the other world did not come to her. God grant that that meeting has taken place ere this. . . . Her ardent charity was shown in her care to keep all God's Commandments. For this end she retired from the world, that here she might serve God with greater fervor and lead a higher Christian life. "If you love Me," says our

Divine Lord, "keep My Commandments!" But she gave another proof of her love for God in her last hours. Here was a woman, enfeebled by age, worn out by suffering, and when the shadows of death were gathering round her, what was her thought? To a priest who visited her from Notre Dame, she said: "I do not think I suffer enough." My friends, I tell you, here is a note of the highest sanctity. We have seen people die; we have noted their weak faith, their little resignation, their terror at death, and here was one who thought she was not suffering enough. It recalls the saying of one of the most illustrious saints of the Church: "To suffer or to die!"

Her arms were always extended to the needy. You do not know, I do not know a tithe of her generous benefactions. She was always giving, constantly, generously, silently. And we have seen already strikingly fulfilled that promise of Scripture: "Her light shall not be put out in the night." When the terrors of death were surrounding her; when she felt her hold on everything in this world leaving her; when she was sinking deeper and deeper into the darkness, her trembling, but trusting soul was cheered by the light of hope. So bright was that star, that she looked into eternity and was reassured.

There are beautiful and touching coincidences in her life. To-day, for the first time, the voice of mourning is heard within these sacred walls; to-day, for the first time, they resound with these solemn chants and those plaintive notes. And most appropriately are they offered for her who contributed so generously to its erection. . . . She died on a Saturday, consecrated to the Mother of God, to whom she was so devoted. She died when the whole Christian world is preparing to celebrate the coming of the Messiah; and God found her worthy and called her to Himself.

But on these points I must not dwell. Knowing the faith of the deceased, her piety and her zeal for souls, I am sure that if she could communicate her wish to me at this moment, she would request that I should say something to you of your own—in reminding you of death, and of that dreadful scrutiny to which you shall be subjected when you meet your Judge in another world. You see that narrow casket soon to be borne to the little graveyard and laid in a corner. Everything that she did and that she was, except the memory of her virtues, goes with her. She tasted the pangs of death: her body must know the corruption of the grave; and her soul must undergo that awful judgment from which God's holiest Saints have shrunk in terror; men and women who served God in prayer and vigils, in austerities and all kinds of penances—St. Hilarion passed fifty years in the desert—trembled as the leaves in autumn, at the thought of the judgments of God.

Oh, my friends, look at this and try to impress on your careless hearts the message of death. This is the way of death. This is the way of corruption. This precedes that awful scrutiny of which I have spoken, and you and I must pass that way. Oh! then pray fervently on this solemn occasion; pray for yourselves and our departed friend. Your prayers, your mortifications, anything that you will do for her will profit her or some one in a better world. They will be as stairs, golden stairs, by which the souls redeemed shall ascend into everlasting life. And pray fervently that your own end may be like hers; that when death comes to you, whether in the bright morning of youth, in the maturity of manhood, or in the evening of old age, you may be well prepared and found worthy to enjoy the presence of your Redeemer in the world to come.

Oh! then, let us say in conclusion, with all the fervor of our hearts: "Eternal rest give unto her, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon her. May she rest in peace!" May we die the death of the just, and may our last end be like hers.

—A letter from Very Rev. Father General to the young ladies at St. Mary's was the cause of unbounded joy last week. The thought of being remembered at the cherished shrine of Bethlehem cannot fail to awaken new fervor in the hearts of all on the great festival of Christmas now so near.