

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

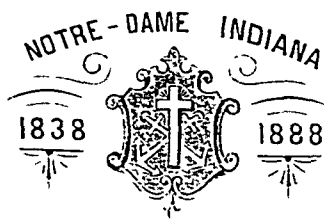
DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 26, 1888.

No. 36.



A Patriarch's Feast.

GREETING TO A KNIGHT OF MARY, AND A RECORD OF
HIS FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS.

Come forth, Notre Dame, in thy beauty to-day!
The month is thine own; all in festive array
Thy meadows, thy woodlands; thy twin lakelets vie
Reflecting the charms of the earth and the sky;
Saint Joseph's glad waves rise in chorus to say:
"Come forth, Notre Dame, in thy beauty to-day!"

A voice from Le Mans, and a vision I see:
Young hands, fresh anointed, stretched forth unto thee,
Notre Dame of the wilderness that is to be.

The cry of sea gulls and the dash of salt waves;
The top sail close reefed as the autumn wind raves;
O stormy Atlantic! withhold the weird blast
Which lashes the billow and bends the strong mast:
Remember the hands fresh anointed, that bear
A treasure of joy to a land that is fair;
A land that is waiting, a people that sigh,
Though fertile the uplands and sunny the sky;
A dream of the angels is there unfulfilled;
White harvests to reap and wide leagues to be tilled;
Such harvests as God in His garner will store,
When cities and nations and time are no more;
Then curb thy strong waves and thy breezes restrain,
That God, in the beauty of justice, may reign
In lands that are waiting, far over the main.

All pain, all loss.
We sink in thy sweet mystery, Holy Cross!
Sign of the Crucified,
For whom the martyrs died,
Sword, arrow, flame,
Defeat and shame,
Were only so in name:
Forth came a bannered host

On every land and coast;
Their battle cry:
"Hail, Holy Cross!"
In thee we conquer, or in thee we die!"
While every pennon's toss
Was like a challenge from the ranks on high,
And yet more wondrous still
The victories gained o'er human will,
Perverse through sin;
To Christian men it is more joy to save
A soul from death—a joy the angels crave
Than realm on realm to win;
The risk is bravely run, the peril faced,
If so benighted ones by faith are graced.

True son of Holy Cross, true Priest!
Thy willing feet,
Shod with the Gospel's preparation meet,
Have only touched the New World's longed-for shore,
When, joy! the Feast
Of Holy Cross, Exalted, comes once more,
The young anointed hands are lifting high
The clean Oblation, offered with the sigh—
"In thee to conquer, or in thee to die!"
When o'er his soul is breathed a sudden strength:
"Behold thy cause revealed!
Behold thy mission sealed!
At length,
Thy time has come the Christ to glorify,
Christ, whom the world still clamors, 'crucify!'"

Badin, De Seille, Petit! their stories read
Like those on which we feed
Our souls for long enduring deed:
And now we see a track
Like theirs—
Like theirs impelled by countless prayers—
On thy fresh snows, O Notre Dame du Lac!
Our Lady's spotless white
Clothes lake and shore and cedar; every spray
Tilts 'neath its glittering load; delight
Fills one warm heart, as by the sun's last ray
Dull clouds are swept away,
Till all the scene in wondrous beauty lies:
While, swift as praise can rise
From man to God, a *Deo gratias* flies,
Like a true arrow, to the Heart supreme
In goodness as in power—

The angels' dream
Seems half fulfilled this hour!

But see these eager bands
That flock around our priest from far Le Mans!
They kiss the young, anointed hands
Laid frankly into theirs:
"In answer to our prayers

The Black-robe comes; we have not prayed in vain;
Good Père Petit, we knew, our wish would gain;"
And heads are bowed, and beads are softly told
In this poor cabin, where the Lord will hold
His Pottawatomies unto His Heart.
And to their needs the Bread of Life impart.

The stories of our midway ages tell
Of wildernesses opened, marshes drained,
Where souls heroic other athletes trained;
Of homes monastic, where in cloistered cell
The bees of learning stored their honey well;
Of monk and friar who from the lettered page
Have turned to work such deeds in youth or age
As made the marvels of their time—diverse,
Yet still the same in spirit. Simple, terse,
Their records; but the world to-day
Bows to their mastership; the mighty sway
Of spirit over matter; faith and prayer
Urging to all that man can do or dare.

On such a spot we stand. The wonder grows.
Whence, how? we see, but who the secret knows,
Save One who heard the silent consecration
Made fifty years ago—the full oblation
Of self, by three grand vows? The priestly unction
Distilling through each act, each holy function
Performed in fifty years; the one intention
Crowned by kind Heaven as if by intervention.

How dear the names that with our Sorin's stand—
Fathers and Brothers, one unbroken band—
Through years of doubtful issue, labor, care;
Each helping each the heavy load to bear!
And still to-day, although affection swells
To almost tearful reverence every heart,
He claims no Patriarch's, but the Father's part.
No Abbot's mitre, ring or crozier, tells
Of rule or honors; with his sons he dwells
As wholly of them, not an outward sign
To mark him as the General of a line
That kings might envy, dynasties revere;
And we, who meet to do him homage here
Reserve its full expression for—*his bier!*

Jerusalem and Calvary! Bethlehem's song—
The *Gloria in excelsis*—you prolong,
But in a minor key; your blended ray,
Gleams round our Father's snow-white head to-day;
And never can his faithful children make—
For our sad Lady's and her dear Son's sake—
Their *Via Crucis*, but the knees will take
The way more humbly, as they each recall
The one *he* made as penance for us all!

Come forth, then, O Mary, Our Lady most dear!
Stand forth on thy Dome, 'neath the welkin so clear!
Stand forth, crowned with stars, the whole world at
thy feet;

Thyself must to-day, thy leal champion greet;
Thyself, as his Mother, his Lady away—
Come forth, Notre Dame, in thy glory to-day!

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Notre Dame of the Past.

BY PHILIP VD. BROWNSON, '88.

Amid the woods of Indiana, hill-embowered,
nestled the twin lakes that hold a place forever—
and a fond one—in the memory of thousands
who have dwelt near by ere life became reality.
As by enchantment, the deep still water now
discloses tower and dome, like marble villas by
the sea in fairy-land, which half a century ago
reflected but a poor log cabin or the white, lonely
stars. What mighty magic wrought this marvel
and breathed its spell upon the mirror?—Aye,
the Spirit of Religion touched it with Holy Cross,
and, like a dream, the fair cluster of Notre Dame's
halls and colleges sprang from its emerald set-
ting and gleams by the waterside where had
fallen and wavered the shadow of a single hut.

Long ago the spot bore the name "St. Mary of
the Lakes," and the solitary cabin of the French
missionary was the centre whence light and love
sped far and wide over hill and through dark
forests to scattered settlers and hamlets and
tribes of roving savages. Long ago the place
was hallowed by the voice of prayer. No organ
woke in music to the master's touch, nor bell
spoke solemnly, in deep vibrations, of myste-
ries, of life, of death; but the humble priest read
his breviary beneath the oak-tree's shade, or,
returning from a far-off Indian mission in the
latish vesper time, when

"the hills are growing brown,"

and a sweet sadness falls with the dew, knelt by
the bank in thanksgiving, and with full heart
begged that he might be saved along with the
sinner. In truth, the very scene was a prayer,
and to look was to say it.

In these days a grand University stands where
once stood the little log cabin, and one cannot
but wonder at the strangeness and completeness
and rapidity of the change. In explanation, I
will but advert to the main facts.

In 1830, St. Mary of the Lakes was purchased
from the Government by the Rev. Theodore
Badin, the first priest ordained in the United
States. Here dwelt the zealous missionary and
his successors, one of whom died all alone in the
night, near the altar of his log church. A lonely
death, you might say, with no one by to wish
him God-speed upon that path which never is
retraced; but though "man was distant, God was
near." After a while, however, as large numbers
of the Pottawattamies had gone elsewhere out of
this region, the mission was abandoned. Then
the Bishop of Vincennes offered the grounds to

the Congregation of Holy Cross, on condition that they would erect and maintain a college building. "Thus Ste. Marie des Lacs became Notre Dame du Lac; and the log church, with a little frame house adjoining, has been transformed into the present establishment of Notre Dame."

The guiding spirit of this transformation was the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, now the venerable Superior-General of the Congregation. A French gentleman of culture, deeply imbued with the religious sentiment, and possessing an ardent temperament and great breadth of purpose, it would appear as if an all-wise Providence had selected him for the founding of an university in America, destined to be an honor to the land and the hope of the people. But I leave it to more favored pens than mine to dwell upon his virtues and merits: they are, moreover, well known and recognized, and the name of this University's Founder is fast becoming a household word at every hearth.

Taking with him seven Brothers, Father Sorin arrived upon the scene of his future labors and successes, November 26, 1842. Having called for aid upon the farmers of the vicinity, he first proceeded to build a church, 46x20, which was used until 1848, and eight years later

was unfortunately destroyed by fire. Father Cointet soon arrived with a second colony from France, and until his death the reverend gentleman rendered to his Superior most valuable service. He was generally regarded as a saint, and when he died, they made his last resting-place beneath the church. On August 28, 1843, the corner-stone of the old college was laid. Next year it was chartered; and in the month of Aug., 1844, was held the first of what will prove, no doubt, a long and brilliant line of commencements.

It is not intended to dwell at any length upon the growth of the establishment. It is an easy

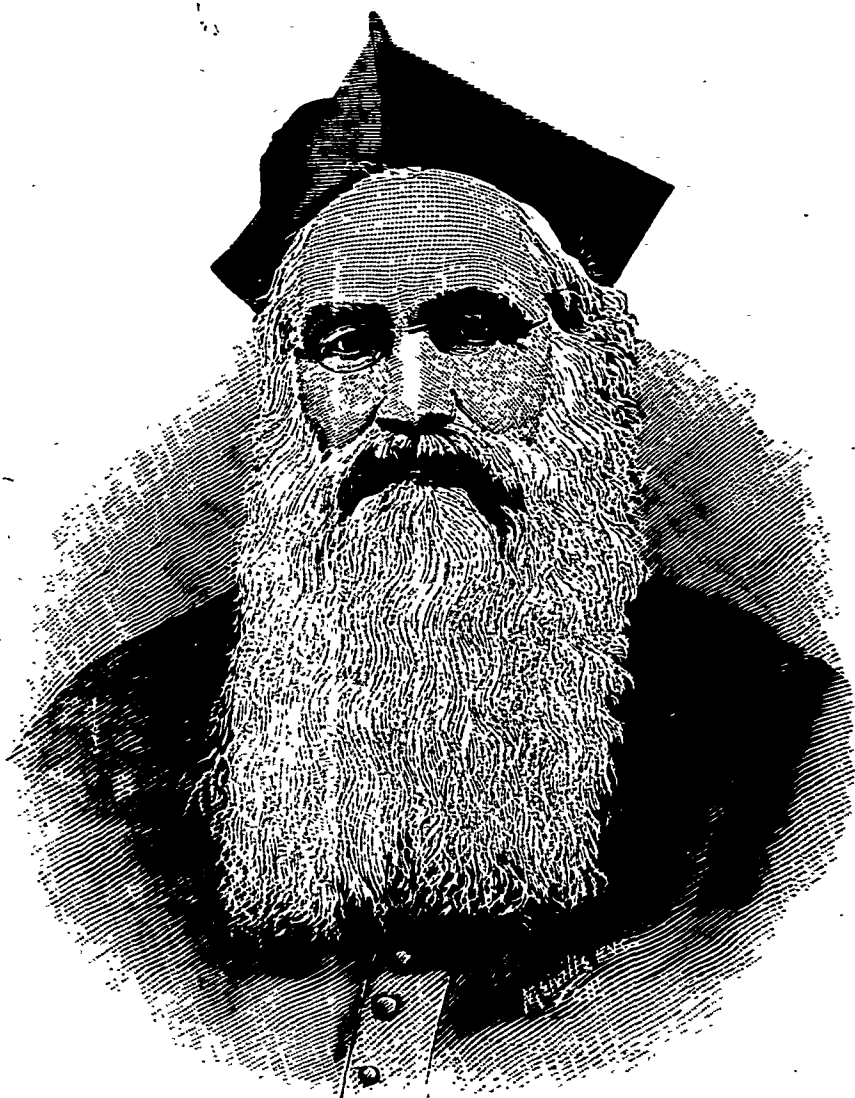
task to picture to oneself the interval, given the present and a glimpse of the beginning. We will but say that the labor was herculean. Fire frequently destroyed, in a day or night, the work of long, long years; and in 1854 the cholera threatened to exterminate the Community. But through poverty and misfortune, Father Sorin undeterred pursued his way. Obstacles to his enthusiasm were as oil to the flame, and where one hope perished, a fairer one arose and bloomed in its place.

Although the first college building was roofed in December, 1843, yet the students were unable

to occupy it till the following summer. In the mean while, they had been staying at the farm-house as it is now called, a small brick establishment near the lower lake. The original college was not a very magnificent pile; but, as it became necessary to enlarge the college, wings and extensions were accordingly put up around and about it and improvements generally made to the value of some hundred thousand dollars. Thus it stood crowded with students who flocked thither after the war, until '79, when practically all of Notre Dame was destroyed by fire. Dreary and heart-sickening must have been the sight of the blackened *debris* which covered the grounds. A val-

uable library of over 20,000 volumes and precious historical and scientific collections, much of which it would be impossible to replace, were also consumed by the fire.

This was the test of Notre Dame's durability. If she could right herself once more and weather this sea, the next plunge would carry her safe into still water. And nobly did she bear herself. The friends of the University—and they are legion—came forward with generous and large-hearted assistance. The grounds were immediately swarming with workmen, and the walls of the present University building were going up with wonderful rapidity. All connected with



VERY REV. E. SORIN, SUPERIOR-GENERAL C.S.C.,
AND FOUNDER OF NOTRE DAME.

the rebuilding worked so hard and so wisely that the returning students in September found everything in readiness for their reception. Large wings were added a few years ago to the Senior and Junior study-halls to accommodate the increasing number of students, and when the dome is opened, the University building will be completed, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever" to our land.

In the olden times, the students held their literary and dramatic exercises above the Seniors' reading-room in a rather small and unpretentious building which stood near the present Science Hall; after the fire, they attended speeches and literary and musical *soirées* in the Rotunda.

to pray there. And we can easily conceive how this should be, since all of us have passed hours in some "dim cathedral aisle," whose memory shall weirdly haunt us through happiness and disaster, nay even, perhaps, when

"distant lies

Poor earth where we were wont to live and grieve."

Much would we like to dwell upon the early stages of growth of the young University, upon her societies literary and dramatic, her bells and churches and grounds and athletic institutions, but we have already exceeded our allotted space. With apologies to the reader for the imperfections of this little sketch, we drop the curtain on the past of Notre Dame.



ARRIVAL OF FATHER SORIN AT NOTRE DAME, NOV. 21, 1842.

each issuing forth with his chair from the study-room. But now Washington Hall, with its little gem of a stage, is the theatre of their *debuts* and youthful efforts. No doubt, many an old student looks back with pleasure upon the entertainments in the old hall, long before the fire, and wonders if there ever were at college such speakers, and such plays as he saw or took part in.

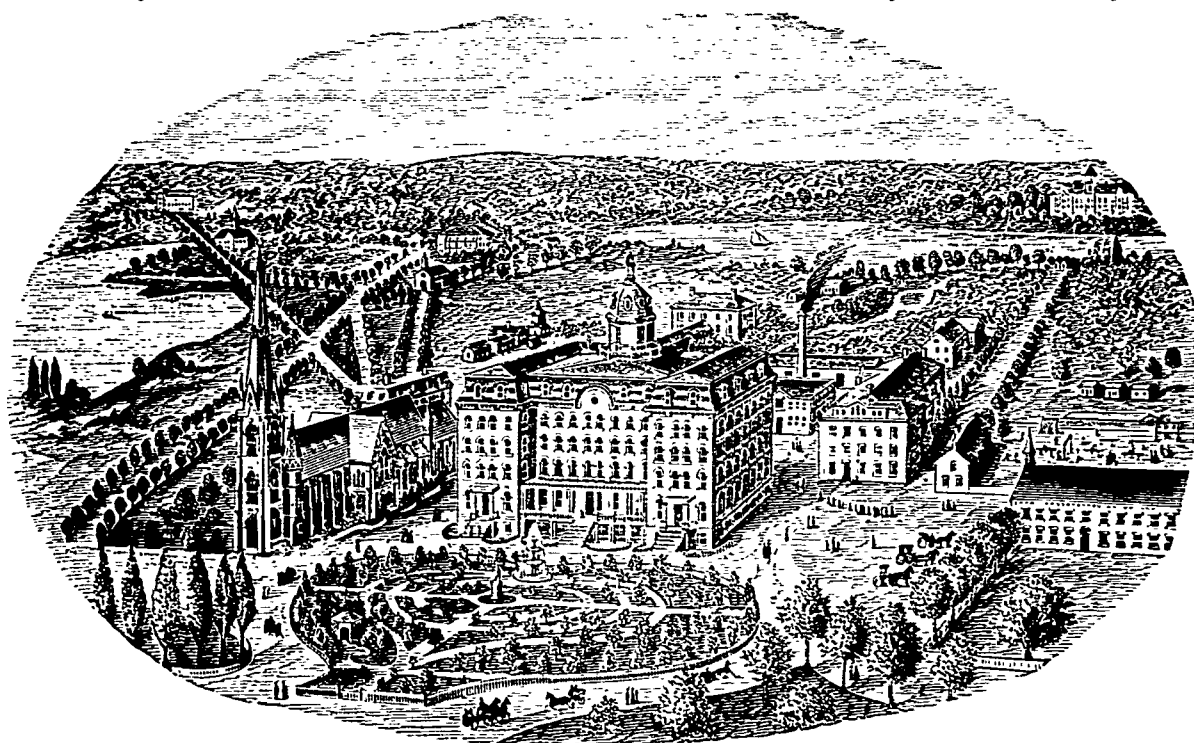
But of all the old buildings that impressed sweet memories on the heart, the little chapel (since destroyed) upon the mound between the lakes, seems to have cast the deepest spell on the affections of those who long ago were wont

Notre Dame of To-Day.

BY JAMES A. BURNS, '88.

A half century has not yet sped since Notre Dame was founded, and already she has attained an honorable rank among the prime educational institutions of the Union. Ever true to the traditions of her Founder, she has prospered in the face of adversity; she has progressed when to ordinary minds progress meant only insolvency and ruin. The spirit that to-day gives life and energy to every member of her massive frame is the same as that which lured to the rude log-

cabin, buried in primeval groves, the dusky, lore-contemning sons of the Pottawatomies. The aim of her teaching now is essentially what it was then; the zeal not born of earth, which to-day sustains her, panting, with ever quickening pace, in the van of civilization, is identical with that which animated her Founder and his little band of assistants in their long and arduous struggle against the trials with which every worthy undertaking is beleaguered. But her capabilities have been deepening and broadening with the years and with the hours; her ardor has been quickened by continued triumphs; her influence has been little by little extending its sphere over the length and breadth of our State, and throughout all the land,—nay, has made itself felt even among adjoining nations, and in lands beyond the seas.



NOTRE DAME BEFORE THE FIRE, APRIL 23, 1870.

As the Mother-House of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame not undeservedly enjoys the reputation of being one of the great religious centres of the country. This Congregation, whose prime object is the education of youth, is composed of priests and brothers. Of these, the greater portion are engaged in missionary work throughout the country,—conducting the various schools and colleges of the Order, and return to Notre Dame only at the close of the scholastic year. A large number of religious, however, remain constantly at home. Some of them are employed as members of the University Faculty, but the greater portion of the brothers are engaged in tending to the various manual requirements incident to the University and the minor institutions at Notre Dame.

Among the minor establishments conducted at Notre Dame by the Brothers of the Holy Cross, I will mention but the Manual Labor Schools and the *Ave Maria* Printing Office. In the former are taught the various trades—carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, etc. From the latter is issued every week the neat and attractive periodical devoted to the honor of the Mother of God, and known the world over as the *Ave Maria*. The SCHOLASTIC, besides books and pamphlets without number, likewise emanates from the same office.

The general Novitiate of the Order is located just on the top of a wooded slope with which lovely St. Joseph's Lake is environed, like an encased pearl; and near the bank of St. Mary's Lake, on a site scarcely less picturesque, stands St. Aloysius' Seminary. In these calm retreats,

whither no echo from the noisy world may penetrate, the sweetness of that "peace which the world cannot give" distils into the souls of God's newly-called ones, fructifying in them the seeds of a life of virtue.

But let us turn to the grand central object at Notre Dame, the University. This institution counts at present upwards of five hundred resident students. They are classified according to age as Seniors, Juniors, and Minims. The students

of these several departments have no direct intercourse with one another, save in the case of Juniors and Seniors in a few of the higher Collegiate classes. The Minims enjoy, together with a building of their own, an entire isolation from the other students of the University. Recognizing the fact that the earlier the age of the subject, the deeper and stronger will the principles inculcated take root in the mind, the authorities have spared no pains or expense to make this department, equally with the others, as perfect as possible in facilities for due moral, mental, and physical culture.

The discipline which obtains at Notre Dame is mild, without being lax. Ever watchful to ward off distracting influences, it seeks to aid in the attainment of the end of college life by honorable inducement rather than by coercion.

The students of the different departments are under the supervision of their respective prefects. An exception, however, is made in the case of members of the graduating and Junior classes, who enjoy the privilege of a private room. The prefects are religious of the Holy Cross who have devoted their lives to the education of youth, and under their parental sway the students enjoy all the freedom compatible with good order, health, and mental application.

Thoroughness of training in all the branches of the classics and sciences receives, as is meet, the utmost attention on the part of the University Faculty. It would seem, indeed, to have become the fashion, in these days of utilitarianism, to decry the ancient tongues, particularly the Greek and the Latin, as "dead languages"—languages which served well enough the purposes of semi-civilized nations who flourished in still less civilized times, but as altogether worthless, or, at least, not "practical" in this age of fancied wisdom. But it is those, mainly, who have never drank from these founts of ancient lore who thus speak. Men of genuine classic attainments cannot fail to recognize the inestimable benefits which a study of the ancient authors must confer upon everyone, be his caste or avocation what it may. Wherefore, far from heeding the popular clamor in this respect, the University Faculty aim at making still more severe, if anything, the tests required from the classical students as to their proficiency in the tongues of ancient Greece and Rome.

More than ordinary efforts have of late been put forth with a view to making the course of physical and natural science as perfect as that of any other university in the country. A large and handsome structure, known as Science Hall, has been erected and stocked with the very best of specimens and most complete apparatus that may be had. Special stress is laid upon practical work in all the branches of Science, and a student's proficiency judged by his record of observation and experiment rather than by mere aptitude for memorizing or recitation. More particularly is this the case in the courses of Civil and Mechanical Engineering.

Among the special courses of the University I must mention those of English and Law. The former covers a period of four years' study in diction, belles-lettres, literature and philosophy, respectively. The Law department is rapidly coming to the front as one of the largest and most important of the University schools. The course requires three years for graduation. The method of instruction is by means of daily lectures with accompanying examinations. Moot-courts are

held on an average of twice a week, and the order of procedure in cases is practically the same as that followed in the regular courts of Law and Equity. Indeed, so eminently practical is the legal training of this school that the diploma admits its recipient without further examination to the Bar of Indiana. The Commercial School has also a large attendance, and, under a corps of teachers of long and extensive experience, may justly claim for its graduates as complete a business education as can be obtained in any purely commercial college in the land.

While the University is distinctly a Catholic one, persons of all religious denominations are, nevertheless, welcomed within her pale. All are admitted to equal participation in the privileges of the institution. It need not be inferred from this, however, that the University is conducted, as regards religion, on the plan of our public schools. Far from it! The moral training of the Catholic students is as assiduously cared for as the mental. Nothing is left undone to inculcate in the hearts of all the students a deep-seated love and respect for the sublime truths of Revelation. The mists of doubt in which our leading scientific "thinkers" seek to shroud and obscure Religion's beauty, are here pierced and scattered by the rays of irrefragable argument. Nowhere is the majestic ceremonial of the Catholic Church performed with greater splendor. Indeed, one cannot witness, on Corpus Christi or on the 15th of August, the processions winding with gentle and measured tread around Sylvan St. Joseph's Lake, see the rich coloring of the sacerdotal robes reflected on the placid surface of the water, and hear, together with the songs of birds and strains of bands of music, the sacred melodies that arise from a thousand overflowing hearts, without a feeling of being transported, in some inexplicable way, to a Catholic land, and that the Ages of Faith still linger.

Notre Dame; Her Destiny.

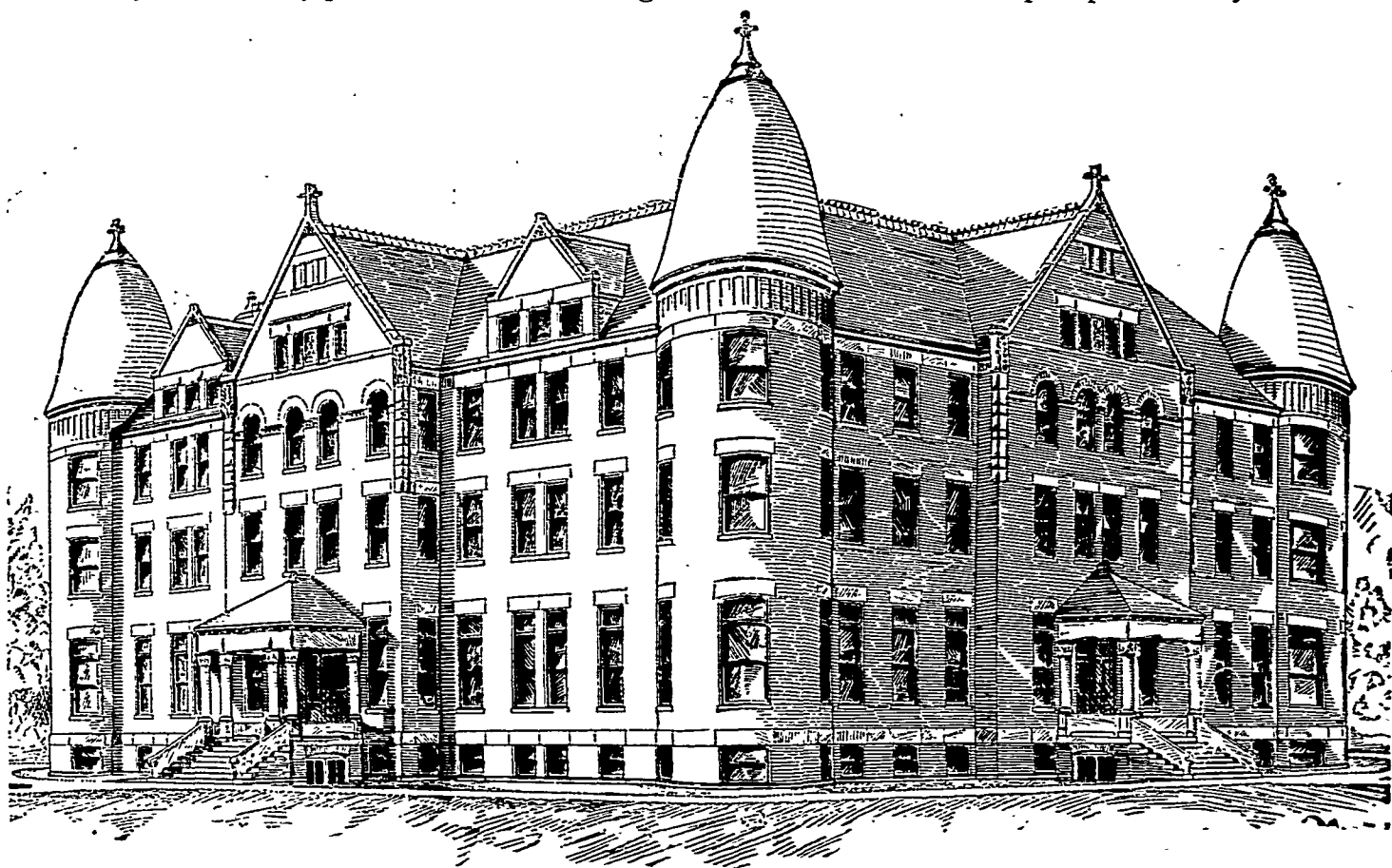
BY CHARLES P. NEILL, '89.

Standing on the narrow, ever changing point that forms the present, man is constantly gazing back over the fathomless chasm of the past into which the years have fallen and faded from view, or looking forward in an endeavor to penetrate the overhanging mists that shroud the unknown future. Reflecting on the past, judging from its successes and profiting by its failures, we can predict with some assurance of certainty

the events of coming years. This desire to know the future is strongest when the phantoms from the shadowy past flit by; and hence it is only natural that to-day we of the present, as we lovingly linger over the memories of Notre Dame of the past, as we look with pride upon her trials and triumphs, as we feel drawn to the noble, generous souls that have made the Notre Dame of the present—it is only natural that we should picture to ourselves the Notre Dame that is to be when we have passed away, and the years that are to us the mysterious future are numbered amongst those of the irrevocable past.

A university is not the outgrowth of any temporary need of society; its usefulness is not confined to any time or any place; its aim is amongst

dynasties, have stood unshaken amidst the crash of falling thrones, and to-day, like the immutable granite cliffs, they rear aloft their storm-scarred battlements and bid defiance to the surging billows from the sea of time. It is, then, no mere flight of fancy to predict that such institutions will live for ages yet unnumbered. We can picture to ourselves no state of society that can dispense with schools of the higher class, for the influences that moulded and built up our civilization are needed to maintain it, and guide it on to its proper destiny. The work of the school is never done; and as long as man progresses, as long as he cherishes and fosters in his heart the noble longings of his better nature, so long shall universities live and prosper. They are not the



SORIN HALL.

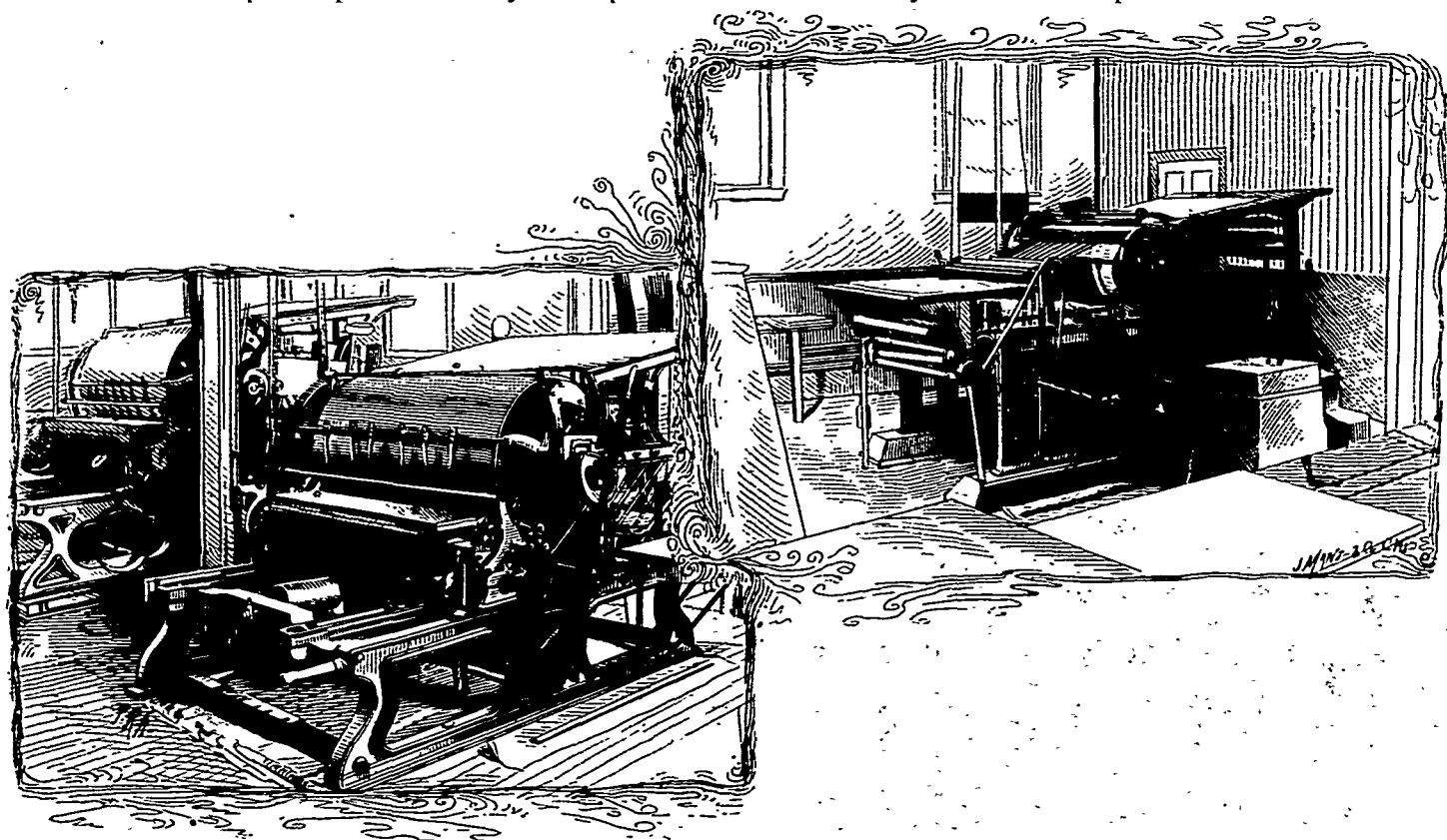
the highest and the noblest aims for which man can strive. And of all the institutions of man we can point to none that gives us such assurances of permanency. When the rude barbarian hosts swept down like a winter's blast from their northern homes on the tottering empire of the Cæsars, every vestige of its ancient civilization gave way before their resistless advance, and the schools of Europe withered away beneath their blighting touch. But with the dawn of a new civilization we see the beginning of new schools that have ever since been the nurseries of civilization and refinement, and the most powerful engines in ennobling and elevating mankind. The great schools of those ages have outlived

outgrowth of a day, to be nourished for a time by a passing breeze and left to fade, to wither and to pass away. Since, then, her sources of support will never be withdrawn, we have only to assure ourselves that our *Alma Mater* was founded with a noble motive, and is guided by the proper spirit, to feel that centuries, not years, shall mark the term of her existence.

Notre Dame was begotten of no sordid spirit of greed or gain, but, like some fabled goddess of mythology, she was born of Love and Duty. The virgin snows of winter and the leafless monarchs of a primeval forest stood as sponsors when she was placed under the protection of her blessed patron, and consecrated to her noble

calling. To be reared and nurtured, she was, and and will ever be, intrusted to those only whose minds and hearts are devoted to her cause, and whose work is to uplift their fellow-man—to make him happier, nobler, better. No priest from Mammon's shrine shall ever defile her with his earthy touch. Can she, sprung from such a source, controlled by minds and hearts devoted to such an end, and watched over by such a tender, zealous patron, look forward to any but a future bright and fair? The rocks of selfishness, dissension, greed and envy shall be always wanting in her course, and the storms of human prejudice and passion shall never darken her horizon. About her shall always be gathered many minds devoted to her service; and all, from the greatest to the least, pervaded by the same spirit which acts as a principle of unity, "dispersed

The sphere of her usefulness shall extend as years roll on. She shall grow and flourish until, gathered in this garden spot so blessed by nature, so adapted to this purpose, there shall be students from every quarter of our continent; until buildings not yet dreamt of shall cover acres and acres of ground, and shelter countless throngs of students; until her faculties of classics, of science, of law, of medicine, of theology and of art shall be numbered by the score and contain the foremost minds in each department. Yearly there shall go forth from these halls a host of disciplined minds to engage in the battle of life; to bear the heat and burden of the struggle with manly, Christian fortitude; to urge on the work of progress and advancement, and to fight back the foes that may menace religion and society. We can picture Notre Dame to



PRESS ROOM.

and diversified in various bodies; guiding many hands, uniting many hearts, and directing, sanctifying and governing the various gifts as the many members of a single body."

Do these things foretell a short-lived existence? Girt round with such defenses, shall she not calmly face the storms of ages?

Notre Dame, conservative, prudent, yet energetic, shall always be found abreast of the times, always ready to conform to the needs of her surroundings and to the spirit of the age. As times may change so shall she. And the indefatigable spirit of enterprise and usefulness that controls her, that hesitates at no expense, shrinks from no labor, and gladly welcomes every sacrifice that will aid on her work, must one day see the completion of all these years of toil.

ourselves, a centre of art, a stronghold of learning and a home where her countless children shall learn to love the Good, to admire the Beautiful, and to honor and to labor for the True.

Close and tender are the ties that bind us to our *Alma Mater*. We glance back upon her early struggles with pride and joy, and we look upon her in her green old age with reverential tenderness. The prospect of her old age brings to us no tinge of sadness or of melancholy, for, peer as far as we may into the purple mists that shroud the distant future, we yet can see old Notre Dame venerable with the lapse of years, but fresh and vigorous with the constant infusion of new life and strength. We look beyond to years long after we have left her walls—still farther on when the Faculty of to-day has passed

from the scenes of its labor to eternal rest—aye, farther yet we look, when faculties have superseded faculties, when the walls that sheltered us and them, in sympathy with the departed ones, are crumbling into dust, and still we see Notre Dame, the same old Notre Dame, changed in all except the mysterious principle of identity, but still engaged in the same pursuit, still striving for the self-same end, still influenced by the same true spirit, and filled with the same lofty aspirations.

Fifty Years a Priest!

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL SORIN, C. S. C.
1838—1888.

The Golden cycle rounds itself to-day!
Come, let us weave a crown of golden flowers—
(Crocus, and buttercup, and buds from bowers
Of xanthine roses, dewy with the May).
Our Father's noble front to wreath and grace.
—While round his feet the yellow cowslips nod,
NERI,* the gentle, reverently gives place
To the grand gala of the Triune God!

Father and Son and Spirit—Three in One.—
Shed down, O Lord, Thy glory on this feast!
Let loose the splendors of Thy radiant Sun
On NOTRE DAME's great patriarch and priest.
These fifty golden years *his* foretaste be
Of Love's eternal Golden Jubilee!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

* Feast of St. Philip Neri, May 26.

The University Buildings.

BY GEO. H. CRAIG, '88.

From the time of its founding, in 1842, Notre Dame had kept pace with the rapid progress of the Northwest, and buildings had been enlarged and others erected as circumstances required until, in 1879, the University consisted of a main building six stories high, 160 feet in length, and 80 feet in width, around which were grouped appropriate ancillary structures. On the 23d of April of that year fire broke out, and five buildings, including the main one, fell before the attacks of the element, while their contents—museums, libraries, laboratories, etc.—were almost entirely destroyed. Owing to the meagre insurance, the college sustained a loss of a quarter of a million dollars. Notwithstanding this, while fire still smouldered in the ruins, new buildings were decided upon and measures taken accordingly. As a result, the following September found upon the site of the fire of four months

before one of the handsomest college edifices in the country, to which additions have since been made, and around which other buildings have been erected.

The new Main Building, of the modern Gothic style of architecture, is five stories high, with dimensions of 320x155 feet. The statue of the Blessed Virgin, which surmounts the Dome, is 200 feet from the ground. On the first floor are lavatories, refectories, with their mural paintings, trunk rooms, and the armory of the Senior military organization; on the second or main floor are the offices of the College authorities, parlors, students' office, study-halls, telegraph office, recitation and commercial rooms. The main corridor is beautified by the mural paintings representing scenes in the life of Columbus. They are the work of Signor Luigi Gregori, the distinguished Italian artist, and are much admired by those who see them. On the next floor are two large dormitories, society halls, law library and lecture rooms, class rooms, rooms occupied by members of the Faculty, and Bishops' Gallery, containing portraits of the most distinguished Catholic prelates in America. On the floor above are two dormitories corresponding to the two below, rooms for professors and upper classmen, the College chapel and Lemonnier Library containing 30,000 volumes and a valuable collection of curiosities. Two dormitories, private apartments and the large drawing room are on the next floor. The different floors are connected by several large stairways, and these, together with every means of a safe descent, preclude the possibility of personal injury in case of fire. There is, however, no danger of a conflagration as the building is heated entirely by steam; a watchman patrols the halls constantly, and water and hose are everywhere available. The gilded dome, which adds so much of beauty and grandeur to the general appearance of the main building, will be opened this coming summer.

The new Washington Hall is situated just east of the main building. On the ground floor are the Junior and Senior reading-rooms which are provided with the daily and weekly newspapers and other periodicals. Off of these are the apartments of the football and baseball associations. On the second and third floors are the band and music rooms, and the exhibition hall with a seating capacity of over 1200. The stage is large, and all the scenery necessary for the production of dramas, etc., is at hand.

The corner-stone of Science Hall was laid in 1883. The building is used exclusively for scientific purposes. The laboratories and lecture

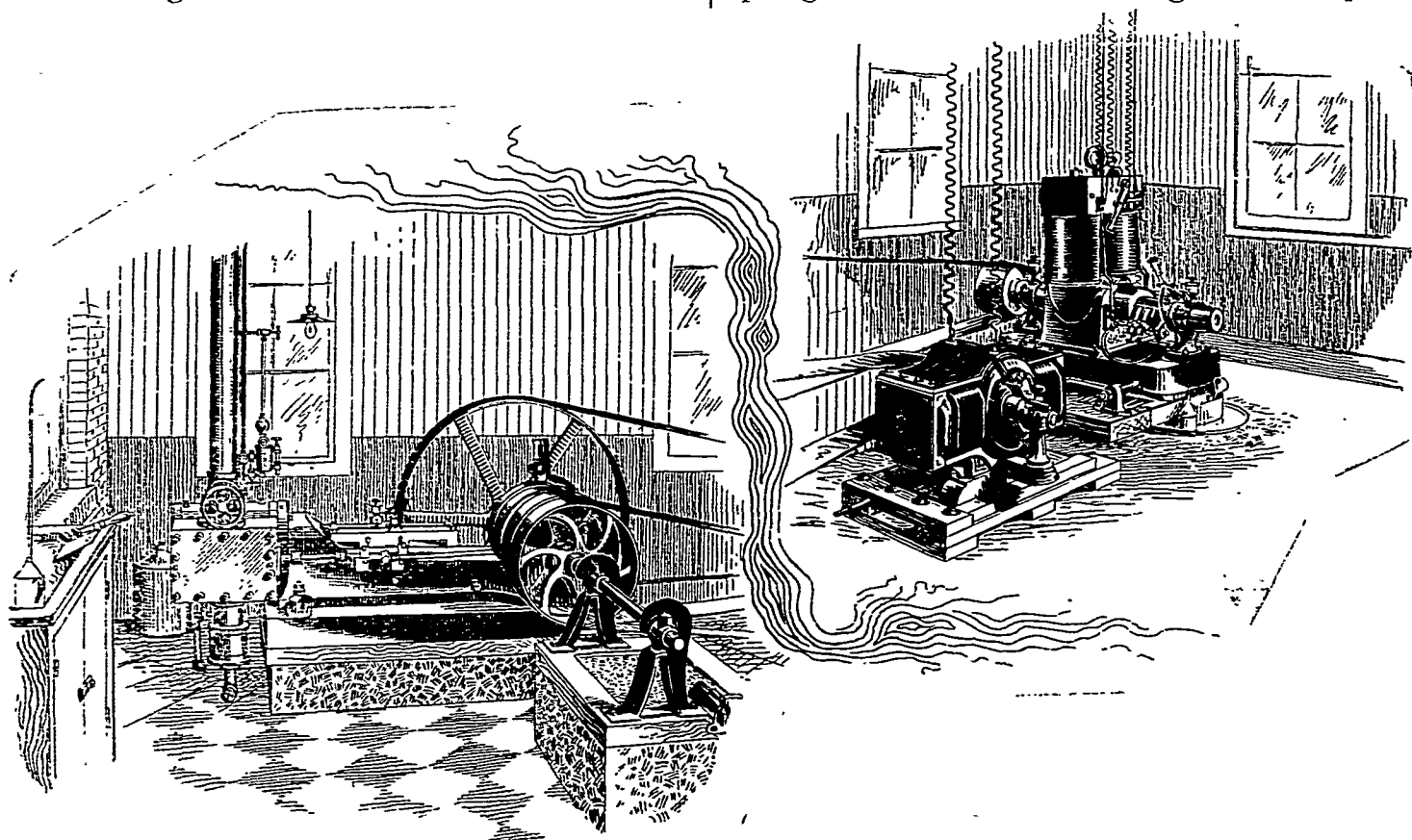
rooms are large and well arranged. The apparatus and instruments—many of them recently imported—are new and of the best quality. The mechanical department, electric light plant, special laboratories, etc., are on the first floor. The remaining laboratories, lecture rooms, and museum occupy the two upper floors. Near by are the Gymnasium, where regular classes in calisthenics are taught by a competent instructor, and the armory of Company B, Hoynes' Light Guards.

St. Edward's Hall is a four story building, occupied by the members of the Minim department. The addition made to the hall last summer gives it ample accommodation for over 150 students. On account of its elegant furnishings and charming location St. Edward's Hall is often

tion of 20,000 copies a week, and the SCHOLASTIC, which has the largest circulation of any weekly college journal in America.

West and south of the main building is the College Church, rich in its valuable paintings, statues, altars, etc. Signor Gregori has devoted years to the beautifying of the interior of this edifice, and he has adorned it with the richest gems of his art. The beautiful windows of stained glass, and the main altar plated with the heaviest gold, were imported specially from Europe. The tower contains the chimes of Notre Dame and the second largest bell on the continent.

Owing to the rapidly increasing number of law and collegiate students, it was decided this spring to erect a new building for the especial



DYNAMO ROOM.

styled the "Palace." At present it is the neatest, cosiest, and most conveniently arranged building at Notre Dame, having been designed especially for its class of occupants.

Adjoining St. Edward's Hall is the Infirmary, under the immediate supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Cross who are always in readiness to administer to any of the students who perchance become too ill to discharge their duties. A regular physician is always in attendance.

Notre Dame is one of the very few American colleges possessing their own printing outfit. The *Ave Maria* Steam Printing Office is provided with mailing and composing rooms, folding machines, power presses, paper and job type, etc. Here is printed the *Ave Maria*, with its circula-

accommodation of those following the collegiate and law courses. SORIN HALL, for which ground has already been broken, is to be four stories in height with ground dimensions of 135x106 feet. When finished, it will be by all odds the finest of the University buildings. In the front of the structure there will be three gables, at each corner an ornate round turret, and a gable in the centre of the other three sides. The court in the centre will be 60x30 feet. The Hall will be built with the latest of modern improvements. In addition to private apartments, it will contain lecture and recitation rooms.

The above buildings are heated with steam, and lighted with gas and the Edison incandescent light. The Science Hall has its own heat-

ing apparatus and electric light plant. Steam is sent to the other buildings from the steam-house, where the large dynamo is situated.

A new two story brick Boat House is in course of erection on the eastern shore of St. Joseph's Lake. The house will be a large one when finished, the ground dimensions being 45 x 60 feet. The tower in the front facing the lake will be 9 x 12 feet above the rest of the building. This structure is being put up by the Lemonnier Boat Club.

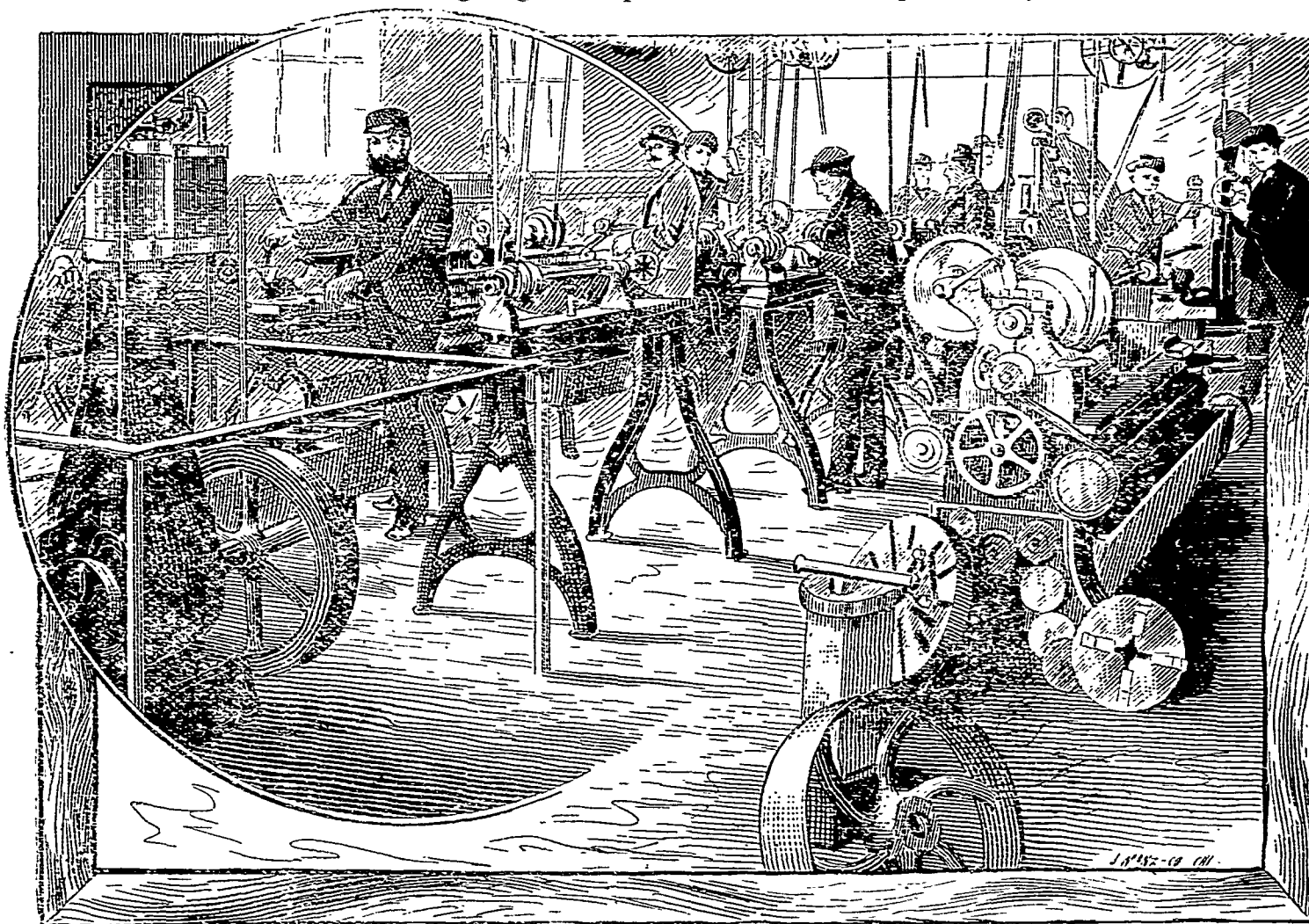
There are other buildings at Notre Dame, but lack of space prevents us from speaking of them in the present article. The foregoing descrip-

which will form a most tender tie binding us to our *Alma Mater* when we have gone forth from the college world to battle with the stern realities of life.

Societies.

BY SIMON J. CRAFT.

Of the societies established at Notre Dame, none is more attractive than the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was established in 1845, and has exerted a wide and lasting influence. Composed only of Catholic students,



PRACTICAL MECHANICS IN SCIENCE HALL.

tion, we must confess, is short and incomplete. However, it will serve to give an idea of the growth and greatness of the present Notre Dame. Situated in a most charming spot in Northern Indiana on the banks of two picturesque lakes near St. Joseph's River, the effect of surroundings and magnificent buildings is certainly pleasing. Without boasting at all, we might venture to say that, taken as a whole, our group of college buildings is surpassed by none on this side of the waters for beauty and utility. Under the present administration, which enjoys the confidence and esteem of community, students and patrons, we may hope to see, as time goes on, still further additions to our college buildings—the remembrance of

it has for its object the propagation of the faith, and the cultivation of a religious spirit among the members. That the heart should be educated as well as the mind is an evident truth, and one may be assured that whatever profession is chosen, no education is more necessary to success than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. These are the universal and unvarying preparations for every character and every station in life.

The next two societies in order of foundation, are the St. Aloysius Philodemic and the Thespians, the objects of which are, respectively, literary and dramatic. The former was established in 1851, and the latter in 1861. Both have

included as members a large number of students, some of whom are now among the most distinguished alumni of the college. Essays are read by the members, and debates on various subjects are held at weekly and monthly meetings. Many of the alumni now look back from their eminent position in the country to early days when they received their first lessons in Composition, Declamation, Oratory, and the Dramatic Art, as the corner-stone of their later career.

The Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas was organized early in the year 1882, for the purpose of stimulating students to devote special attention to the study of philosophy. The association holds monthly meetings at which the leading topics of the day are discussed. The debates are carried on by the students of the senior classes; the subjects chosen are those recognized and

The Law Society was founded in 1885 and has for its object to give the members of the law classes an opportunity to improve in composition, oratory, elocution, public debating, extemporaneous speaking, and especially to become acquainted with the rules and usages of parliamentary assemblies. The meetings are presided over by the Professor of law or some member appointed by him; these meetings are held weekly and at such times as the Professor shall direct without interfering with other regular college duties.

This era has also the pleasure of witnessing at Notre Dame two of the foremost Military Companies in the State, one composed of Seniors and one of Juniors, who are instructed in the science of war by officers appointed by the Faculty. It is the intention of the authorities that this



NOVITIATE AND ST. MARY'S LAKE.

appreciated by all, and inculcate clear views of the right of the state and the general government, as well as those principles which underlie personal prosperity.

The Columbian Society, founded in 1870, is composed of those students who are following the commercial course. At the present time, meetings are held weekly, and the influence of the different members in their regular exercises of essays and declamations count much in their favor.

In the line of musical, dramatic, and debating societies, the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association and St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association take a leading part, and are two of the oldest and best societies at Notre Dame. Each society numbers about forty members—the *elite* of the Junior department. Many of the entertainments during the year are given by them,

theory and practice shall in no wise infringe upon the regular course of study, and it is solely used to develop the strength and add to the physical grace of the young men. The students are required to choose between this form of exercise and the regular gymnastic course, unless it appear to the Faculty that they are unable to subject themselves to severe degrees of exercise. The gymnasium is supplied with facilities for an elaborate physical culture, and the direction insures a judicious use of the means afforded for bodily vigor and growth.

In this connection it may be said that the boating enthusiasm, which has its tidal wave, reached the University in her infancy, and it is found that in muscle, endurance and patient bearing of the ills of "training" the men of the college, are equal to the contemporaries of any institution. If it has not been theirs to win any

notable success, it has been theirs to deserve it. The experiment has demonstrated that the moderate use of such stimulants as boating and baseball are better than any other, and that it would be an ill-omened day when these, the boats and bats of our college, were consigned to flames or decay.

With all these advantages within our reach we may be justly proud of our *Alma Mater*, and grateful in its possession. The aim has always been to place at our disposal facilities equal to any found in the land. It has been the special endeavor on the part of the authorities to make the College worthy our gratification and pride. In our societies we have spent many hours of enjoyment; we have made our plans and resolutions for the future. Whatever they may be, depends, in a great measure, on the way we have spent these years; for let us remember, "What we sow in the spring-time of life will ripen in the summer and autumn."

The Law Department.

In Sorin Hall, now in course of erection, the law lecture and moot-court room, library, etc., will be arranged with due reference to utility and convenience. They will be on the main floor and have an east and a south exposure. The lecture and moot-court room will be well lighted, duly provided with desks, supplied with all needful accessories, and spacious enough to accommodate a class of 100 students. Besides, it will be so arranged with reference to adjoining rooms as to render it comparatively easy to double its seating capacity whenever exigencies may require. In this room the law students will meet for class exercises three times daily, and for one or two evenings each week it may be used by them in connection with their debates, society gatherings and literary exercises. It will also be made available for use as a moot-court room. In it will be tried most of the cases brought before that court for adjudication. Next to it on the west will be the law library, which will have a south exposure. Each is to communicate directly with the other by one or two door-ways. Of ample size, well lighted, with books appropriately arranged, etc., the library will be peculiarly attractive, cosy and comfortable. The work to be done by the students in this room is to consist in reading the decisions referred to in the lectures, preparing moot-court cases for trial, searching for cases pertinent to questions arising in connection with the motions and ar-

guments to be made in court, finding for citation in briefs authorities relevant to the points involved in their appeals, etc. Cases set for trial in the moot-court will duly alternate in subject and nature so as to familiarize the student with the usual procedure under the common law, equity, admiralty and code systems of practice. These cases must be tried weekly or oftener. Pleadings are to be filed, issue tendered and joined, and trials conducted with due reference to the regular order of procedure in the State and Federal courts. Trials will take place in the evening or during recreation days, so as not to interfere with the regular class work of the students.

In these new quarters everything practicable will be done to raise the law course even to a higher standard of thoroughness than that now existing, although at present Notre Dame need not hesitate to invite comparison as to its work and methods of teaching with any other law school in the country. It is perfectly safe to assert that some of the graduates of the current year are not surpassed in point of standing and qualifications for admission to the bar by the graduates of the law department of any other university in the United States.

In the Law Department several lawyers and judges, more or less prominent in the profession, will from time to time supplement the work of the regular Faculty by delivering lectures on appropriate topics of a legal nature. Moreover, the time and attention of the students will be more uninterruptedly given to that great and profound study—the study of law—than at present. Notre Dame will then be in a position confidently to declare the promise of her past experience in counting upon the success of all her graduates to undergo any and every examination that may be prescribed as a test of their qualifications for admission to the bar. In the new quarters there will be more room, the facilities for imparting instruction will be better, and there must in the very nature of things be a marked improvement in the work of the students.

1838



1888.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Notre Dame, May 26, 1888.

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S. J. CRAFT (Lit.), '88.

HOC DOCUMENTUM
OCCURRENTE FAUSTISSIMO ANNO

AUREI JUBILÆI

SACERDOTIIQUE

Edwardo Sorin, C. S. C.

CONGREGATIONIS A S. CRUCE SUP.-GEN.
NEC NON
NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ UNIVERSITATIS CONDITORI
EJUSDEM INSTITUTIONIS

PRÆSES, PROFESSORES ET ALUMNI
ADMIRATIONIS, VENERATIONIS ATQUE AMORIS
Dignus Eximium
GRATISSIMO CORDE ANIMOQUE VOLENTI
OBTULERUNT.

CARISSIME PATER:

Gestit hoc anno MAGNUM celebrare LEONEM
Atque piis Papam concentibus orbis uterque
Extulit: en clarum nomen cantare Parentis
Hoc anno Nostræ Dominæ lætantur alumni,
Aurea FELICIS memorando gesta SORINI.

I, sacerdos, I, Domino jubente,
Junior dulcem patriam relinque,
Et novam terram sociisque dignos
Quære labores.

Quid times? Crucem sequeris, Deique
Verba paganis reserans MARIAM
Invoca, et certos referes eadem
CRUCE triumphos.

Nunc adest tempus, venerande PRÆSUL,
Quo tibi laudem juvenes coronam
Offerunt: tandem senior laboris
Præmia gustes.

Non pium dicam Domini ministrum,
Nec sacerdotis genium peritis
Artibus clarum—Volitat per omnem
Gloria mundum.

Pastor ut semper vigilans, gregisque
Anxius, curas ovium salutem,
Nec tamen Christi MINIMOS ineptus
Negligis agnos.

Hic domus nostræ viridis triumphat
Conditor, risu refovet juventam
Vultus, et mitis facies renidet
Blanda Sorini.

Serus in cœlum redeas precamur:
Hic diu natos doceas honestum,
Hic diu exemplar vigeas decori,
MAGNE SACERDOS!

Nec mora: perge tuos aliis cumulare labores:
Quid timeas, victor, prælia adire nova?
Ignea lux per te cœlo splendescit in alto.
Et nostra radiat VIRGO MARIA domo.
Artibus ingenuis Legique palatia surgant,
Quæ gestis fiant digna corona tuis;
Quumque bonis studiis præclarum nomen AQUINAS
Floreat, Edwardi fama perennis erit.
MATER ut ALMA decus patriæ SANCTÆque triumphos
Diffundat CRUCIS, perge, juvante Deo!

From the Holy Father.

We publish herewith a letter received during the week from the Cardinal Secretary of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, informing us of the reception, by the Holy Father, of the specially prepared copy of the SCHOLASTIC forwarded to him in January last in honor of his Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee. His Holiness has been graciously pleased to bestow his Apostolic Benediction upon the Editors, and all who co-operated in the preparation of the number. The illuminated parchment copy was received by his Holiness through the kind offices of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dufal, Procurator-General, C. S. C. Accompanying the presentation was the following letter:

BEATISSIME PATER:

Editor Generalis et omnes collaboratores ephemeridis, quæ sub nomine SCHOLASTIC imprimitur in Gymnasio dicto Notre Dame, diocæsi Wayne Castrensis, in America, et cujus numerus primæ diei Januarii nuper elapsi, specialiter impressus fuit ad laudem Sanctissimi Patris, occasione sui jubilei sacerdotalis, ad pedes Sanctitatis Vestræ humiliter provoluti, enixe implorant Benedictionem Apostolicam. Pro qua gratia, etc.

To which the following reply was made:

• Ex audientia SSmi die 20 Februarii, 1888.

SSmus D. N. Leo PP. XIII referente me infrascripto S. C. de Prop. fide Secretario precibus oratorum benigne adnuat.

✠ D., ARCHIEP. TYREN.

—We are happy to present this Jubilee number in the new dress of type lately received, and now used for the first time. We hope that our readers will find an improvement in the appearance of our little paper, and enjoy a corresponding increase of pleasure in its weekly visits.

Our Father's Golden Jubilee.

To-morrow (Trinity Sunday) the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the day upon which, for the first time, he stood before the altar as a priest of the Most High, and offered up the Great Sacrifice of the New Law. It is indeed a memorable event. The completion of a half century spent in the exalted work of the sacred ministry must ever present an occasion of the sincerest joy and thanksgiving with those among whom the one thus signally favored has lived and labored. But

how much greater and more universal is this rejoicing when this golden anniversary comes to one who has passed this brilliant period of a lifetime in the furtherance of the grandest and noblest of causes—Religion and Education—and whose glorious mission has been crowned with a success that is Providential and world-wide in its happy results. Such an one is our venerable Father Founder, whose great work in the establishment, development and perfection of world-renowned Notre Dame, this grand home of Religion and Science, will form the century-enduring monument to the worth and greatness of his noble life; while by reason of his exalted position as Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross he leaves, throughout

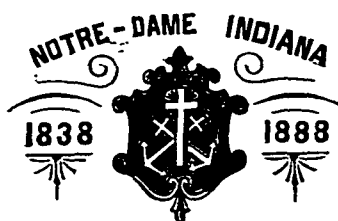
the extent of the Old and New World, the impress of the grand qualities of mind and heart with which he is gifted.

In the preceding pages we have endeavored, as well as our limited space would permit, to trace the life-work of Very Rev. Father General, the marked success with which Heaven has blessed it, and the still more blessed and far-reaching results with which, we may well hope, it will be further attended. What we have said is but the feeble expression of thoughts that are uppermost in the minds of all at Notre Dame, who, with these grand results surrounding them on every side, realize that there is indeed abun-

dant cause for jubilation on this golden anniversary; that they may well express their gratitude to Heaven that a life so noble and so effective for good has been spared so long, and offer many a heartfelt prayer that health and strength for many years to come, may be his to continue the good already accomplished.

It is true that, as announced some months ago, the great celebration of this day of Jubilee, has been deferred until the 15th of August—the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom Notre Dame from its inception has been dedicated. But the students of the University, realizing that in a few weeks they will disperse, and would therefore be unable to attend the commemoration in August, have de-

cid-ed to anticipate for themselves the celebration of this golden event, and have happily chosen the very day upon which the memorable anniversary falls. Accordingly, this (Saturday) evening, appropriate exercises will be held in Washington Hall, followed later by a brilliant illumination of the University buildings and a magnificent pyrotechnic display. To-morrow (Sunday) solemn High Mass will be celebrated by the venerable Father Founder, and a sermon befitting the occasion will be delivered by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby. In the afternoon a grand banquet will be served in the Senior dining-hall, and appropriate toasts responded to. A full description of all these exercises will ap-



A Memento of the Golden Jubilee

OF THE

VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN

Superior General
Congregation of the Holy Cross

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 9, 1888

BORN, FEBRUARY 6, 1814

FIRST MASS, JUNE 9, 1838

FOUNDING OF NOTRE DAME, NOV. 20, 1842

ELECTED PROVINCIAL, AUGUST 15, 1865

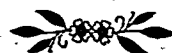
DEDICATION OF NOTRE DAME, MAY 31, 1866

ELECTED SUPERIOR GENERAL, JULY 22, 1868

DOMINUS CONSERVET EUM ET VIVIFICET EUM.

pear in our next number.

We, of the SCHOLASTIC, in union with the rest of the student body, respectfully present our heartfelt congratulations to Very Rev. Father General upon the occurrence of this happy anniversary. We beg leave to inscribe to him this Jubilee number of our little paper, with our best wishes and sincere prayers that the brilliant setting of a DIAMOND JUBILEE may be placed in the GOLDEN CROWN which now adorns his priestly brow. *Vive le Perc Sorin, noble fondateur de Notre Dame!*



Sorin Hall.

One of the principal features of the celebration of the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame will be the laying of the corner-stone of the new Collegiate building upon which work was recently begun. This edifice will be known as SORIN HALL, and, being designed to form not only the completion of the new Notre Dame, but also to be the most artistic and most striking of the beautiful group of buildings that constitute our University, it will be a fitting memorial of the golden anniversary which marks the inauguration of its foundation stone. The purposes of its erection, with a detailed description of the plan and a view of the building as it will appear when completed, are given elsewhere in this number. We may briefly state that it is intended for the accommodation of the advanced students in the courses of Classics, Science, Literature, Civil and Mechanical Engineering and Law. Such being its object, the new building is appropriately dedicated to our venerable Father Founder, whose half century spent in the work of the Sacred Ministry presents a golden record of a life marked by signal services rendered in the cause of education, and particularly in the advancement of higher education among the youth of the land. May the happy auspices under which work has begun on this structure—the memorial of this Golden Jubilee—be the bright harbinger of its speedy and successful completion, and the indication of a long continued career in the accomplishment of the mission for which it is established!

Address from the Seniors.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

We have assembled this evening to congratulate you upon the celebration of your Golden Jubilee. This high honor, this rare mark of Divine favor, which it has pleased Almighty God to confer upon you is a fitting temporal reward of your long and useful life, and devoted and self-sacrificing labors. This expression of regard, though it sound the depth and sincerity of our affections, cannot be measured by the standard of mere rhetorical figures; cannot be illustrated by the pleasure manifest upon the faces of your many ardent friends here assembled; cannot be adequately shown even by the cordial welcome with which they receive you among them. They

are satisfied, one and all, that they honor themselves in honoring one so eminently deserving of honor, respect and love. There is something in the human heart that finds a pleasure almost ineffable in testifying to appreciation of noble deeds and a worthy life. In all ages men have extolled the benefactors of their race. They have sought to carve their admiration upon marble bust, and statue, and towering monument; they have depicted it upon canvas; they have expressed it upon the luminous records over which the Muse of History keeps guard and watch. Too often, indeed, have those whose deeds and lives became the heritage of the human race passed away before they could witness their reward in the good wrought by them, and in the appreciative acknowledgment and enduring affection of their fellow-men. But with you, beloved Father General, it is otherwise. The good you have done exists on every side. Its evidence is found in the establishment and growth of this great Institution, and in the useful lives of the hundreds and thousands whom you have been instrumental in qualifying to enter the lists of active life as upright, honorable men. Its evidence is found also in the many branch institutions established throughout this country by your zeal and energy. And in the world beyond the seas your work is known, and your name is honored.

With active life and useful services you link the generation of the past to the generation of the present. The whole face of the world has been changed since, more than fifty years ago, you began your active labors, and yet you labor on with energy as unflagging, and heart as light, and motive as exalted as in those early days when, with missionary zeal, you first crossed the stormy ocean, passed over the boundless prairies, and plunged into the pathless forests of this great Northwest.

As students of Notre Dame, we feel that we share and participate in some of the associations and triumphs of your achievements. In this spirit, may we not be permitted to say—

"We front the sun, and on the purple ridges
The future lifts her veil of snow;
Look backward, and an arch of splendor bridges
The gulf of long ago."

In closing, let me thank our Heavenly Father that His favor is thus extended to one so near and dear to us, let me rejoice that it will be our privilege to cherish during our whole lives the memory of this happy occasion, and let me hope, dear Father General, that on and on, for years and years to come, your life will continue in unison with all that is good and holy, still closely

identified with Notre Dame, still inspiring and vigorous, healthful and happy, honored and blessed.

Your devoted

SENIORS OF NOTRE DAME.

Address from the Juniors.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

A century's moiety now rolled away
Reminds you how far in the past
You have left the bright sunshine of that happy day
When the lot of your life-time was cast:

When you knelt at the foot of the altar and vowed
To be God's faithful servant and priest,
And with heavenly joy sang His praises aloud
As your early devotion increased:

When hands Apostolic were laid on your head
To make you a priest evermore,
And you echoed mysterious words that were said,
Never heard but in whispers before:

When vestments were placed on your shoulders in
sign
Of virtues the soul to adorn,
And the cup to be filled with the ransom Divine
In your hand for the first time was borne.

Where are those who stood with you on that happy day?
Your friends and associates true?
Have they passed, one by one, from God's footstool
away?
Are they lost, for awhile, to the view?

And those, too, who shared your vocation and aims.
Who shared in your exile from France.
How few now are with you to share in your claims
As the annual cycles advance.

Even others, still younger, who gathered around
This shrine you have built in the West,
The blessed reward of their labors have found
And rejoice in their heavenly rest.

Yet still there are hearts in devotion as true
As those that have gone on before;
And they offer this day a glad greeting to you,
With prayers for blessings in store.

May continued success on your efforts attend;
May your heart by God's favor be cheered,
And many more years may He spare you to spend
In the home by your energy reared.

For while age sets her seal on your reverend brow
There's a fountain of youth in your heart,
And the joys that surround you, dear Father, just now,
Are such as will never depart.

Your affectionate children,

THE JUNIORS OF NOTRE DAME.

Address from the Minims.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL:

I.

The culminating feast-day of the year,
That of the ever-Blessed Trinity, is here.
'Tis fifty years, dear Father, on this feast
Since at the sacred shrine you knelt, a priest,
Therefore your Princes of Saint Edward's Hall,
Rally exultant at the festal call,
And wish you warmly, from hearts light and free,
A joy-abounding Golden Jubilee!

II.

Perchance, dear Father, you may be astounded,
To find yourself this evening so surrounded,
The fifteenth of next August, we are told,
Your friends will keep your Jubilee of Gold:
That feast will stand with an undying fame,
The great red-letter day of Notre Dame.
Therefore, dear Father, we anticipate,
And choose this day instead to celebrate.

III.

We come in strength of numbers and of youth,
To give expression to the honest truth,
To tell you that we understand the reason
Wherefore we signalize this happy season.
Up to the Dome we point, to indicate
The source of your achievements good and great,
For praise to Mary, when bestowed upon her,
You will accept as your own highest honor.

IV.

From "Mary's kingdom," France—her old domain—
You came, dear Father, here to found her reign.
Your gentleness, urbanity and zeal,
Of your fair fatherland the precious seal,—
Your heart the lodestone drawing, as it were,
Hearts to yourself to be transferred to her.
A lengthening chain that years on years unfold;
Your tender love for her the clasp of gold.

V.

The Blessed Virgin, all along your track
Has guarded well your Notre Dame du Lac.
And you, with love unparalleled and deep,
The grateful memory of her guidance keep:
You have exalted her in countless ways;
Made everything around you speak her praise—
The woods, the waves, the flowers, the very air,
Are sounding forth her glories everywhere.

VI.

The mammoth bell chants a majestic part
Named for "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,"
"Our Lady of the Angels" and of "Lourdes,"
What love for her has each of these secured!
Beneath the College ramparts high and shady
Comes the SCHOLASTIC issued for "Our Lady."
From hence, too, journalized, the salutation,
Ave Maria, speeds to many a nation.

VII.

High over all, Our Lady of the Light,
Glowing by day, yet glowing more by night,
Stands as a beacon to the country round,
Transforming vale and mead to holy ground;
And fondly from her lofty throne serene,
She turns our thoughts to "eighteen and fourteen."

Backward she looks with grace immaculate
On your career. She smiles on every date.

VIII.

Sunday, the sixth of February, there
Shines as a picture most serenely fair.
Mary appears the patron of your worth—
The sponsor of her champion at his birth.
God, who had planned your destiny sublime,
Portioned the needed gifts, each in due time.
In France what germs of joy that birthday blest
Unfolded for the far-off waiting West!

IX.

Once more the radiant curtain, bright with hope,
Upon your life career is seen to ope.
The seal of holy Priesthood is impressed
Upon your soul, for evermore to rest.
The Sacred Heart embalmed the month of flowers,
Ennobling, consecrating all the hours.
'Twas fifty years ago! With joy elate,
Those mystic moments we now celebrate.

X.

Next in the drama of advancing years
Grand eighteen hundred thirty-nine appears.
You longed completely to devote to Heaven
The precious gifts which God Himself had given,
And entered then the gracious youthful Order,
But lately founded in the Gallic border.
"The Holy Cross," strong magnet of your heart,
Attracted, held you, never more to part.

XI.

Two years rolled on. The sacerdotal fire
Burned with new force. The ardent flames rose higher.
Across the wide Atlantic, vast and drear,
Outspread the desert Western Hemisphere;
The Christian law unrecognized or hated;
The tyranny of nature unabated.
A call for missionaries rang through France:
Fearless you launched upon the sea's expanse.

XII.

We see your gallant ship as forth she goes
Upon "Our Lady's Festival of Snows."
Onward she bounds where giant sea waves toss,
Landing upon the eve of "Holy Cross."
Dear Father, you will ever more remember
That mystic day—that fourteenth of September—
When for the first time, as it came to pass,
You offered, on these shores, your holy Mass.

XIII.

You left New York, as westward lay your call,
And settled shortly at Vincennes found all.
"St. Peter's" claimed you but a single year.
Another autumn, Father, found you here.
A poor log hut, a landscape bleak and white,
Composed the heritage that met your sight;
But you, of Holy Cross the proto-priest,
First offered Mass here on St. Andrew's Feast.

XIV.

"Apostle of the Cross," most glorious name!
That Mass, dear Father, founded Notre Dame.
Another year saw the first College rise.
A twelvemonth passed. Decrees divine, all-wise,
Formed this a province in the Order new
Of Holy Cross, imposing upon you
The office of Provincial. From that hour
These western lands began to bud and flower.

XV.

In sixty-six upon the College Dome,
Our Blessed Lady's statue found a home.
The tree of Holy Cross waved far and wide,
Your influence spreading a life-giving tide,
From North to South, from East to West extending,
And with the nation's heart-beat interblending.
Now, twenty years have flown since God directed
That you, Superior-General be elected.

XVI.

The mellow aureole, Father, all can see
Now shining round your Golden Jubilee.
Concentred favors prove this current year,
The most auspicious of your blest career.
Fresh life and vigor seem now to imbue
Foundations in the Old World and the New;
And something better than poor human fame
Completes renown of grand old Notre Dame.

XVII.

These halls have ne'er till now beheld in truth
So large a concourse of ingenuous youth;
Never before did all kind forces meet
As now, to render harmony complete.
In short, this place—bequeathed by Father Badin—
Would put to blush the wonders of Aladdin,
And justice turns to France, your fatherland,
To thank her for this monument so grand.

XVIII.

Proud of your vast achievements, we to-day
For your continued health and vigor pray,
That your untiring energy may still
Lead the strong force that works God's holy will;
That higher education shall control
All hearts from East to West, from pole to pole.
Heaven grant, dear Father, that you live to see
And celebrate your Diamond Jubilee!

Your affectionate children,

THE PRINCES OF ST. EDWARD'S HALL.



NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

LONG here shall science dwell,
Long here shall Heaven's praises swell,
Still honored thou; for holy writings tell,
God giveth more to those who use their talents well.
When little time, and less of gold
Have wrought so much, through faith and love,
What may we hope when years have rolled,
With added blessings from above?
What hope the ardent toiler cheers,
What mighty hopes the future bears!

Local Items.

- Our Father's Feast!
- Get ready for the triples.
- How do you like our type?
- The new pleasure boats have all been christened.
- The straw hat and linen duster are abroad in the land.
- A new folding machine has been added to one of our large presses.
- New earth has been scattered around the various baseball diamonds to level them.
- A new cement walk is to be laid from the side entrance of the church to the Presbytery.
- On last Saturday evening, Mr. W. B. Aikin read a carefully prepared and very creditable thesis on "Habeas Corpus" before the law class.
- Prof. Albert Zahm's lecture on Wednesday afternoon, the subject of which was "Aerial Navigation," was most interesting and well delivered.
- A new pulpit has been placed near the main altar in the college church. It is a very artistic piece of work, and presents a new ornamental feature of the sanctuary.
- Members of the boat club using the pleasure boats during the hours of practice for the crews, are requested to keep out of the courses in the middle of the lake.
- Last Sunday morning members of the Senior Archconfraternity gathered in front of the College in vehicles that were to bring them to St. Joseph's Farm. At 9 o'clock the signal was given to start, and with waving banners and floating stars and stripes, the procession of eleven carriages rolled along with one hundred and thirty happy boys. At the head of the procession was the University Band, under the direction of Prof. E. Gallagher, which played its finest selections along the route. At eleven o'clock the farm was reached, and ten minutes after, all were gathered before the altar in the chapel which looked its best for the occasion. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Regan, the esteemed Prefect of Discipline, assisted by Rev. Father Stoffel, the Director of the Archconfraternity, and Rev. N. Børres; Father Demers, the chaplain of the farm, acting as Master of Ceremonies. All the students joined in the singing and thus contributed to make the ceremony grand and imposing. An appropriate sermon was preached by the Reverend director.
- At one o'clock the tables were spread under the trees in the open air, and all enjoyed the generous hospitality of the farm. After dinner they dispersed to take a look at the extensive lands connected with the farm, and 3 o'clock found all again before the altar of our Lady. The hymn of the Archconfraternity was sung, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. After Benediction the Band

gave an open air concert, and serenaded the good people of the farm who had provided for all so abundantly. At 5 o'clock all were *en route* for home, and towards 7 o'clock the Band struck up "Home Again!" as the carriages bowled through the gate into the College grounds. All were satisfied that it was one of the pleasantest days of the session; and no doubt they feel thankful to those that organized the excursion and contributed so liberally to the enjoyment of all that took part in the excursion of the Archconfraternity.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Albright, Armstead, Bowles, Brannick, Beckman, P. Burke, J. Burke, Barnes, Bombeck, Bronson, G. Ball, Barnard, Blessington, J. Burns, Brownson, Brewer, Britt, Boland, Brelsford, Craft, Chacon, Cusack, Crane, Craig, Cartier, Chute, T. Coady, E. Coady, Cosgrove, M. Dore, Eyanson, Ewing, Fitzharris, Finckh, Fehr, Goebel, Gallardo, Gibbs, Griffin, Henderson, H. Higgins, Heine-mann, Hummer, E. Howard, Houck, Hepburn, M. Howard, Hughes, Inderrieden, Jennings, Jacobs, Jackson, J. Keating, Kehoe, J. Kelly, L. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lappin, Leonard, Langin, Louisell, McGuirk, McCune, F. Mattes, W. McDermott, Mulkern, McWilliams, Mackey, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Maloney, McAllister, McCart, Neill, P. Nelson, C. O'Hara, J. O'Shea, J. O'Donnell, O'Brien, A. Plato, Pares, Rochford, Rothert, Reedy, Read, Rosenthal, Stubbs, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, Suing W. Silver, R. Silver, D. Sullivan, Tiernan, Tivnen, Tarrant, Tewksbury, M. White, Wilkin, Webb, Wall, Welch, Wagoner.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Allen, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Beaudry, Bolderick, Blake, Burger, Brady, Brannick, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Cooney, Crotty, J. Connors, Carney, Chute, Delaney, Duffield, Daniels, Davis, Devine, Darragh, Falvey, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, Freeman, J. Flynn, Flynn, Grossman, Goodman, Gray, T. Greene, J. Greene, Grever, Garrity, Houlihan, Henry, R. Healy, Hoffman, Howard, P. Healy, Hall, Hampton, Hoerr, Hughes, Hake, Hayes, Hill, Johnson, Josselyn, Kinsella, Kutsche, Lane, Lahey, Moncada, Martin, John McIntosh, McIvers, McPhee, Miner, McGrath, McNulty, McCartney, Monarch, Mooney, Neef, W. O'Brien, W. P. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, Paquette, Powers, Prichard, J. Peck, Pecheux, Pfau, Roth, Rierdon, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Rowsey, Riedinger, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Spalding, Senn, Shenk, R. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, Simpson, Talbot, Wile, Wageman, Wade, Walsh, Weldon, Wright, Wilbanks, Wood, McMahon.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, Andrews, H. Bachrach, S. Bachrach, A. Bachrach, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Bates, Burns, Bradley, Boettcher, C. Connor, W. Connor, E. Connors, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, Cornell, Conn, Carpenter, Campbell, Durand, J. Dunn, F. Dunn, Jesse Dungan, Doss, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dorsey, Des Gerannes, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Ferkel, Grant, Griffin, Greene, Gerber, Goodwillie, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Halthusen, Haddican, Jaramillo, H. Johns, Kerwin, Kutsche, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Lansing, Mooney, H. Marx, Morgenweck, Murphy, McDonnell, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, C. McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, Nester, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Quill, F. Rogers, Ricksecker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Spier, Stephens, Storey, Taft, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, W. Williamson, J. Walsh, W. Walsh, A. Witkowsky, S. Witkowsky, Willien, Wilson, Young, Zieman, Zeigler, Hamilton.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

Address from the Pupils.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

No past, no future, in the mind of God
Is ever recognized. All time is one;
An unbeginning, undeclining present.
A single revolution of the globe
Is wide duration; weeks and months to Him
Are as the centuries—"a thousand years
But as a single day."

We who count time,
Deplore its brevity; or grieve, perchance,
That moments wear so wearily away.
Have no conception of Omniscience; yet
All partial vision must mislead the heart.
Dear Father, in a golden time like this,
It is our consolation to regard
The cycles vast we celebrate to-day,
Wherein, from morn to morn, from year to year,
You offered up the Saving Sacrifice.
As they are graven in the mind of God.

Full eighteen thousand and two hundred times
Have you, dear Father—even more perchance—
Spoken the awful words of Consecration:
Brought to the Tabernacle, there to dwell,
The Eucharistic Sovereign of all space.
O what a wealth of boundless grace has flowed,
Our own beloved Father, from your hands
In all these fifty years: aye, from each Mass!

Has not your life been one long sacrifice?
Our dearest Lord has laid His holy Cross
On your meek shoulders, bearing it with you;
His sorrowing Mother ever at your side
As once she stood beside the loved St. John.
Thus, has the Fountain of the Precious Blood
By priestly ministration, overflowed.
On countless souls who, else, were lost to faith.
Could we say more? Impertinent indeed
Were idle compliments on joys supreme
Whose source, whose rest is in the Sacred Heart.

As Blessed Mary; as Saint Magdalen;
As the beloved disciple, dear Saint John,
Would have congratulated,—we this hour
Do so congratulate,—standing in awe,—
Thanking Our Lord, and begging that long years
May still be yours, that to the hearts of men,
The grace of Calvary you shall yet dispense,
By ministration at the sacred shrine.
Joining the sweet acclaim of highest Heaven,
We wish you a thrice blissful Jubilee.

Your devoted children,

THE PUPILS OF ST. MARYS.

Les Noces d'Or

DU TRES REVEREND-PERE EDOUARD SORIN.

Superieur-General de La Congregation de Sainte-Croix.

A l'autel du vrai Dieu pour la première fois
Un jeune homme, un Français, célébrait, et sa voix
Tressaillant de terreur, d'amour et d'allégresse,
Redisait lentement les secrets de la Messe.

Et cinquante ans plus tard, saint prêtre à cheveux blancs,
Son doux nom murmuré par des milliers d'enfants,
Résonne dans le vieux et dans le nouveau monde,
Excitant dans les cœurs une émotion profonde.

Vos Noces d'Or, au sein de la grâce et des ris,
Embaumant la saison des roses et des lys,
Répandront leur parfum sur notre Académie,
Et verseront sur nous les faveurs de Marie.

Notre Dame et le ciel sont vos seules amours.
Dès le jour où, quittant les rivages de France,
Et la Sainte Vierge invoquant le secours,
Dans la Croix vous plantiez votre unique espérance.

Oh! de vos longs travaux quels consolants retours!
Unic au sang d'un Dieu votre calme souffrance
A triomphé! . . . Moïse, au sommet de ses jours,
Recueille enfin le fruit de sa persévérance.

Dieu, la Croix, et Marie, ô vénérable Père,
Sont les trésors pieux de votre noble cœur:
O Prêtre! ô Général! Salut, victoire, honneur!

Régnez et chérissez vos filles sur la terre:
Immortel protecteur de notre tendre Mère,
Ne cessez même au ciel de faire leur bonheur!

Address from the Children of Mary.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Mary, the guardian of your life career,
Has brought you to your fiftieth priestly year.
In the rich compass of that life we see
What to the world appears as mystery,
While to the eyes of Faith we but detect
The cause revealed in the divine effect.

Figs are not culled from thistles, grapes from thorn,
Nor is celestial grace of nature born.
Mary's dominion could not spread so far
Were you, dear Father, other than you are.
At your behest her glory through the world
Is spread on countless banners, wide unfurled.

*Ave Maria** in its azure vest
Waves to the Eastward; waves unto the West
The palm, the Heavenly Dove, St. Gabriel, Mary,†
Make countless homes, each one a sanctuary:
Religious, too, who bear our Lady's name—†
Your household—Ah! how wide they spread her fame.

* In allusion to the weekly journal instituted by Very Rev. Father General.

† These figures form the design on the cover of the *Ave Maria*.

† The Sisters of the Holy Cross have always the name of Mary prefixed to the Saint's name given them in religion.

Children of Mary—likewise yours, dear Father,—
On this your Golden Jubilee we gather.
And in our Mother's name thank your devotion,
Which makes her virtues loved this side the ocean.
We wish you joy: pay warm congratulation
On this your Jubilee of Ordination.

Our loving, reverential greetings blend
With gladsome May hymns that to Heaven ascend.
And lo! dear Father, as the strains arise,
Borne on sweet incense to the bending skies.
We hear, as 'twere, the echoes clear and sweet.
Of all the May days kept in this retreat.

Up to our Blessed Lady's throne on high,
Like floods of gratitude they reach the sky;
And all this gratitude is turned to prayer
That God for years your precious life will spare:
That you shall verify what we behold,
That Mary's faithful clients ne'er grow old.

Your devoted pupils of the Academy,

CHILDREN OF MARY OF 1888.

Address from the Holy Angels' Sodality.

OUR VENERATED FATHER:

"Suffer the children to come unto me,"
Was spoken by Jesus of old,
And ever the little ones were to His Heart
The dearest of all in His fold.

Taking the semblance of childhood on earth,
He came to His own in that guise;
His love for the children who came at His call
Bids tender emotions arise.

Christmas, the feast of Bethchem's King,
Brought joy to the Spirits of light;
They hovered around the crib of the Babe,
That starlit and wonderful night.

Sweet to their eyes was Nazareth's home,
Obedience reigning o'er all;
There, innocence, piety, sweet love of God,
And freedom from Satan's dark thrall.

Came, then, the days of Passion's dread scenes,
When angels their faces did hide,
And Jesus hung lifeless on thrice blessed tree
All crimsoned in lifes' saving tide.

Crowned now, in mansions of heavenly bliss,
Surrounded by numbers untold
Of beautiful spirits, our Guardians bright,
His graces to men they unfold.

Knowing the subject is like to the king,
We hasten to-day without fears
To offer our tribute with heart's fondest love
In this, the most glorious of years.

Angels are we, but angels of earth,
Who welcome with joy this bright hour,
To lay at thy feet our wishes and prayers,
That Heaven's best gifts be thy dower;

Wishes that God may bless each new day,
Banishing sadness and fears;
That the white wings of peace may sweetly extend
O'er the opening cycle of years.

Golden the joys, dear Father, we wish
On this your bright Jubilee day.
Happy we Angels to offer our love
And from our hearts now to say:

We are, your devoted children of the
HOLY ANGELS' SODALITY.

Address from the German Class.

Hochwürdiger Vater General!

Geehrter Vater:

Fünfzig Jahre sind verschwunden,
Theu'rer Jubelkreis Dir heut;
Alle seh'n wir sie bekunden
Deines Amtes Thätigkeit.

Wie die Gärtner sorgsam warten
Blumen in der Erde Schooß,
Zogst Du in der Menschheit Garten
Viele garten Keime groß.

Und zum Lohn für Deine Mühen,
Deine Sorgen, Deinen Fleiß,
Siehst Du viele herrlich blühen,
Stark ward manches Glaubenskreiß.

Frommer Segen Dir ertönet
Im Gefühl der Dankbarkeit,
Sieh, wie unser Herz Dich frönet,
Daß Dir diese Wünsche weicht.

Lebe lang noch im Frieden,
Frei von Sorgen, Gram und Schmerz!
Bilde lang noch hienieden
Für den Himmel unser Herz.

Hochachtungsvoll,

Die Schülerinnen der deutschen Klasse.

Jubilees.

In this the remarkable era of jubilees, silver and golden, it may not be out of place or pedantic to call attention to the origin of these stated seasons of festivity. They are as ancient as the Mosaic Law. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus we read on the subject as follows: "The law of the seventh and of the fiftieth year of jubilee;" and we find that at the close of the "seven times seven years, which together make forty-nine years," a trumpet was to be sounded, "in the seventh month, the tenth day of the month, in the time of the expiation in all the land," the command being given, "and thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year, and shalt proclaim re-

mission to all the inhabitants of thy land; for it is the year of jubilee."

To a discursive mind the history of this ancient custom of the people of God must be full of interest; but at present we are so absorbed in the thought of a certain anniversary and its attendant benefits, also the propriety of its celebration which needs no argument, that we will resist our inclination to speak of modern jubilees, and will confine ourselves to reflections upon the fiftieth anniversary of ordination, the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, which falls on the eve of Trinity Sunday.

Joy is so heavenly an attribute of the human soul, and so necessary to the healthful play of the faculties, that we find the Church, the mistress of all wisdom, and the divinely appointed teacher of the nations, has, in her maternal solicitude for her children, studded the calendar with festivals as the midnight sky is adorned with stars; and her penitential seasons are but the preludes to gladness and exultation in the tender mercy of Heaven. Advent is the sombre foil which throws Christmas into more brilliant relief. Lent, the *Tenebræ*, which heightens the glory of Easter—the dark eclipse of the Crucifixion which is to bring out the resplendent rainbow of the Resurrection.

There are no "Blue Laws" to check the flow of innocent merriment, and the expression of devotedness in a faith whose end is to lead mankind to eternal happiness; therefore the jubilee problem is easily solved.

The late outburst of universal homage which found expression in the number as well as in the almost fabulous value of many gifts presented to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee, vindicates the Christian sentiments which now prevail over the skepticism marking the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The conservative principles of order, justice and Christian charity were honored in the person of the Pope, and hence the spontaneous expressions of personal affection for him.

In the same way, the jubilee honors paid to the beloved Founder of Notre Dame and St. Mary's spring from a source deeper than at first appears. Friends, admirers, pupils of the present year, and pupils of the past, embrace the occasion to manifest their gratitude, not only for the interest taken by Very Rev. Father General in their personal welfare, but they esteem the occasion far more on account of the

opportunity afforded to show their appreciation of his life-long and heroic devotion to the cause of Christian education; that cause which involves the integrity of society, and, as a natural consequence, the perpetuity of our noble Republic.

To formulate our sentiments gives them force and clearness; to manifest, in a tangible way, the esteem and veneration we entertain for those who have been benefactors to ourselves or to the commonwealth proves the sincerity of our regard, besides setting an example praiseworthy in every way. Will not Leo XIII and the "Barque of St. Peter," which it is the divine prerogative of his Holiness to guide, be better understood and more tenderly loved the world over because all the nations took it to heart to pay homage to his Heaven-appointed authority in the late unprecedented occasion of his Golden Jubilee of ordination? No one can for an instant doubt it.

In the external beauty of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, and in the visible prosperity of the noble institutions which have been founded and maintained under the benign supervision and the minute attention given to the details of each place by Very Rev. Father General, we have but a surface knowledge of his exceptional, his gigantic labors, and the humility of spirit which has ever accompanied them. Eternity alone will reveal to us the real depth, the intricate wisdom, the ardent faith and zeal, which have been his inspiration from first to last in his wonderful career. The hidden grandeur of his character we can feel. From this intuitive perception we rejoice in the spontaneous and loving devotion which actuates so many filial hearts in celebrating his Golden Jubilee of ordination.

M.

Sacerdos in Æternum.

The dread scenes of Calvary are ever before the Christian, and with burning tears is the recital of its sufferings attended. Oh! to have been present at the Crucifixion; to have touched those bleeding feet with our lips; to have kissed the ground stained with His Sacred Blood! But have we not the same Sacrifice on our altars? Yes, each day, in countless churches, is the tragedy of Calvary enacted; the same offering, the precious Body and Blood of the Son of God, is made to the Eternal Father, as was offered when Christ said *consummatum est*.

What a power is that of the priest! Man speaks, and God obeys; the creature holds in his trembling hand the Body of his Creator! Can he not feel the love of God pulsating in the Host? Does not his heart burn as he holds that same Babe who put His tiny arms around the neck of His Mother? He feels it and lives, for the same power that brought the Redeemer upon the altar sustains the hand of him who touches that Holy Host. Beautifully does Father Faber tell us of the emotion experienced by him who offers the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The sunlight creeps in and steals up to the altar, sending a timid ray into the chalice; the Sacred Blood seems caressed by that beam as it touches its surface and, bathed in ruby red, shines back upon the priest's face, sending a shrill to his very soul. Every day may this joy be his; and with what happiness must not the priest raise his heart to God each morning in gratitude that once again may he hold in his consecrated hands the Life of the world! But what can be said of the unspeakable privilege of offering that Sacramental Victim daily for fifty years! Glorious is the record of such a life! Insignificant are the deeds recounted in history; weak the power shown by kings, in the light of so wonderful a prerogative. Golden, indeed, is the Jubilee that marks the fiftieth anniversary of the sacred ordination of our Very Rev. Father General. Who can tell the graces and blessings that have come upon us through the offering of that Holy Sacrifice for all these fifty years? No true child of Mary will ever forget the happy days when, in dear Loreto, she assisted at the greatest act of homage possible for man to offer; and, in after years, when weary of the world and its trials, perhaps sin-laden, and surely sorrow-laden, will the memory of St. Mary's, and the many precious Masses offered there, come to mind, and the peaceful, innocent recollections will raise our hearts to Him who giveth that peace which the world cannot give. Filled may be that world with the music of a poet or a singer, but—

The songs of the poets pass,
Chanted in many keys,
They may or may not please;
But when the priest says Mass,
('Tis the poem of Christ's love)
The very Heavens above
Bends listening to each tone,
E'en angels from their throne
Look down and listen
To the Sacramental word,
While the tear drops often glisten,
That music is unheard.

The words of the priest, and the tears of the priest,

These are the poems of the altar's feast.

These remain,

When e'en the poet's grandest strain

Passes from hearts away;

These remain, not an echo vain

That is born and dies in a day;

The poet's songs pass, but the priest's poems stay."

The Master's Vineyard.

On the sunlit hills of California and on the plains and slopes of France and Spain are hundreds of acres devoted to the cultivation of the vine; great clusters of luscious grapes hang in profusion, and each grape reflects the light from its depths in rich and varied hues. The keepers of the vineyards are unremitting in their labors; early and late, they move among the vines, binding up the tender shoots, pruning the redundant branches, turning aside the leaf that shades the fruit, and, in fine, giving their time and energies to the cultivation of their vines.

In storm, as in fair weather, must the keeper of the vineyard be prepared to protect the interests of his charge until the matured fruit is ready to give up its store of summer warmth and sunshine. Weary may be the steps he must take among vines that seem fruitless; many the disappointments awaiting his efforts; and yet the golden vintage banishes all thoughts, save joy, when the harvest is over.

Where could be found a more striking figure of the great vineyard of our Lord—this wonderful world of ours? All of us are vines, and all are called upon to produce fruits worthy of the Master. Among us are the priests of God, animated with zeal in our behalf.

In time of storm, when tempests sweep over us, is it not the priest who sustains the soul by his wise counsels? In days of anguish when every pulsation of the heart is a prayer; days of mourning, when before us in death's sleep lies a father, a mother or, mayhap, a cherished sister or brother, is it not God's priest who comes and ministers unto us?

In the brightness of prosperity, he comes to us and turns our hearts to the Sun of Justice; again, he comes to prune the branches of pride and self-love, to remove the leaves of human respect and to offer to the soul means of grace which serve the spirit as sunlight does the grape. Ah! weary, indeed, is the work of the keeper; and, struggle as he may, many a vine is at last only fit to be burned.

Wide and great is the vineyard of the Lord, and noble the work of its keepers. Ever since

the coming of Him who created the earth and its laws has He been a model to all, and in every nation do we find holy priests walking in His footsteps, leading lives of unselfish devotion; but nowhere may a nobler illustration be found than we recognize in our own loved Founder, Very Rev. E. Sorin, C.S.C., who for fifty years has watched over a vineyard fruitful in good works. Fifty winters have brought their sorrows to him—vines have withered and died; blossoms have come, only to be blighted, and yet the grand keeper of the vineyard of Holy Cross is at his post, and with an eager heart follows the fate of his vines.

May each one cling closer than ever to God for support, that when the great Harvest Day shall come we may not hear the dread sentence that we as the worthless vines must be burned, but rather that with all those entrusted with God's work upon earth we may receive a welcome into the eternal Vineyards of Heaven!

PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN IN HONOR
OF THE SACERDOTAL GOLDEN JUBILEE OF VERY
REV. FATHER GENERAL.

Jubilee March.....	Nicodi
Pianos.....	Misses Horn, Rend, Guise, Murphy
Harps.....	Misses Dillon, Snowhook
Presentation.....	Miss E. Kearns
Hallelujah Chorus—"Messiah".....	Handel Vocal Class.
Address.....	Miss Snowhook
Harp Solo... Fourth Barcarolle adapted from <i>Rubenstein</i>	Miss Dillon.
"L'Usignolo".....	Muzio Miss Guise.
"Une gerbe de fleurs".....	Miss Murphy
Aria from the "Creation".....	Hayden Miss Gavan.
"Blumen der Dankbarkeit".....	Miss Horn
Celebrated Sextette, from "Trovatore".....	Verdi Misses Murphy, Gavan, Guise, Moran, N. Dempsey, C. Dempsey.
Jubilee Reminiscences.....	"A Rosary of Years" Juniors and Minims.
"Che pur aspro al amore".....	Mozart Miss Murphy.
Concerto in G. Moll (two pianos).....	Mendelssohn Misses Horn, Guise.
Gipsy Chorus.....	Schumann Vocal Class.
Retiring March.....	A. Schwarzenke
Pianos... Misses Van Horn, Reidinger, Desmond, Horner	
Harps.....	Misses Dillon, Hillas

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Mary Allen, Mary Andree, Mary Arpin, Blanche Arnold, Ola Boyer, Mary Burton, Julia Bloom, Sylvia Brewer, Alice Bourne, Mabel Barry, Nellie Barth, Erna Balch, Catherine Bray, Ida Bub, Mary Bates, Alletta Blacklock, Anna Beschameng, Ellen Brady, Margaret Beck, Dawn Butler, Clara Belfield, Jeannette Bogner, Margaret Clore, Marie Chase, Blanche Claggett, Catharine Connors, Maud Clifford, Ella Coll, Mary Coll, Frank Carmien, Sadie Campeau, Louise Compagne, Catherine Calkins, Mary Desmond, Catherine Desmond,

Julia Daube, Laura Ducey, Mary Davis, Henrietta Dempsey, Cecilia Dempsey, Ellen Dunkin, Mary Dillon, Jeanette Dority, Catherine Early, Jessie English, Letitia Fravel, Mary Fitzpatrick, Blanche Fenton, Etta Flannery, Margaret Geer, Hannah Guise, Adelaide Gordon, Kathleen Gavan, Frances Hertzog, Catherine Heffron, Blanche Hellman, Mary Horner, Irene Horner, Lillian Hyland, Estella Horn, Lena Henke, Teresa Hinz, Caroline Hurley, Catherine Hurley, Lillian Hillas, Olga Hoffmann, Catherine Hughes, Mary Hummer, Eva Harlend, Margaret Hutchinson, Isabelle Hepburn, Mary Hooker, Annie Johnson, Martha Jungblut, Ellen Kearns, Emma Kohler, Celeste Kron, Mabel Kennedy, Agnes Keyes, Louise Koester, Alice Karnes, Blanche Kingsbury, Jeanette Latta, Estella La Berge, Catherine Loonie, Lora Lilley, Laura Leonard, Ellen McCarthy, Florence Moore, Elizabeth Morse, Mary F. Murphy, Mary McCormick, Cecilia Moran, Louise McNamara, Catherine McCarthy, Mary McEwen, Letitia Meehan, Nora Meehan, Nora Marsh, Clare McFadden, Gracia Murphy, Margaret Mitchel, Felicia Marley, Josephine McFadden, Clare McFadden, Mary Neff, Louisa Nicholas, Eda Nicholas, Olivia O'Brien, Virginia Orr, Mary Orr, Cora Prudhomme, Ella Palmer, Mary Piper, Marie Papin, Grace Pomeroy, Catherine Quealey, Ellen Quill, Grace Regan, Mary Richardson, Jessie Robinson, Gertrude Rowsey, Catherine Reen, Mary Rannells, Mary Rend, Ella Regan, Adelaide Riedinger, Pauline Sloman, Grace Stadtler, Beulah Smith, Estella Saviers, Mary Sheean, Mary Sullivan, Isabelle Snowhook, Alice Schmauss, Catherine Shields, Louise Sear, Helen Studebaker, Margaret Smith, Elizabeth Spier, Lillian Trask, Maude Thompson, Idella Terhune, Rose Van Mourick, Lilly Van Horn, Bertha Voechting, Mary Voechting, Lena Wiesenbach, Frances Waterbury, Emma Wright, Bertha Wagner, Isabelle Webb, Gretchen Wehr, Jennie Young, Ida Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ella Blaine, Thede Balch, Frances Burdick, Orma Butler, Emma Burns, Margaret Burns, Emma Churchill, Minnie Campbell, Anastasia Crane, Lottie Dreyer, Nellie Davis, Lulu Dolan, Estella Dempsey, Irva Eby, Essie Foster, Elizabeth Fritz, Linnie Farwell, Helen Hake, Alicia Harman, Margaret Hull, Margaret Hughes, Elizabeth Hagus, Mary Hensford, Clara Kloth, Ottilia Knauer, Margaret Lauth, Minnie Longmire, Emma Lewis, Mary Morse, Mary Miller, Lola Mercer, Nellie Morse, Blanche McCormick, Mary McCune, Minnie Newman, Hazel Pugsley, Grace Papin, Eva Quealey, Mary Rinchart, Margaret Reed, Minnie Rose, Cordelia Rogers, Mary Simons, Irene Stapleton, Edith Smith, Alma Thirds, Agnes Wyatt, Annie Wurzburg, Nettie Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ella Burns, Katie Moore, Annie O'Mara, Adèle Papin, Fannie Palmer, Leona Reeves, Susie Smith, Edith Tremper.



ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

O, still 'neath thy veils, Sovereign Beauty, abide!
O, still from each sense thy chaste loveliness hide!
Enough, when the Word which could never deceive
Has told the fond heart still to trust and believe
My heart, like the lamp of Loreto, shall keep
Its watch, though my eyes may be heavy with sleep;
And still, with each throb, shall adoringly turn,
Unconsumed, in Thy presence to worship and burn.