

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

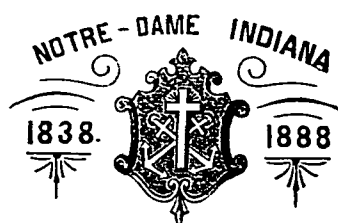
DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

No. 2.



To Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C.

BY MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Ring out, ring out, oh bells! in joyous chorus,
Fling far and wide your golden showers of sound,
Till angels answer from the blue skies o'er us,
And all the thousand echoes slumbering 'round

In rock, or cave, or river bank, repeating
Love's message sweet, shall speed it o'er the wild,
And the foul demons to their haunts retreating
Flee from the praises of the Undeified.

For 'tis Our Lady's Feast, O day of splendor!
Which saw each seraph haste on shining wing
His loyal love and homage sweet to render
To the dear Mother of our Lord and King.

Our Lady's Feast with heavenly joys o'erflowing,
The Feast to France, and France's children dear,
Fit day on which to pay love's tribute glowing
To Mary's chosen standard-bearer here.

For fifty years a Priest, his hands have lifted
Each morn the mystic Host in awe and love.
While from the opened Heavens around him drifted
The rare refulgence of God's home above.

For fifty years a Priest! O loftiest Mission
Given by the Saviour to His sons below!
Lo! Patriarch's dream, or Prophet's holy vision
Ne'er shone illumined by such radiant glow.

Not Moses' self, on Sinai's cloud-wrapt mountain,
Hearing God's voice His deathless laws impart,
For the Priest quaffs each day Love's own pure fountain,
And clasps his Saviour to his throbbing heart.

Oh! not for one brief moment this blest union
Of God with creatures, but while life will last;
And then in heaven's bright courts, what glad communion,
What joy o'er trials vanquished, dangers past!

A foregleam of these hours of peace eternal,
A vision of the realms of bliss untold,
Our Lady's Kingdom, glories all supernal
Seem lent to light his Jubilee of Gold.

True son of France, Knight of our Queen and Mother,
Champion of Right through all these shining years,
Laboring for God, and for each human brother,
Facing undaunted hardships, toils and fears;

Daring the dangers of the heaving billow,
Treading the desert waste of moor and moss,
His couch the earth, a stone his downy pillow,
His arms through all, the never vanquished Cross.

The Indian's lodge, the settler's humble dwelling,
The little log church by St. Mary's Lake,
Heard his glad voice God's praise in rapture swelling,
Beheld hearts thrill with fervor, and awake

To Love's sweet inspiration, burning, glowing;
As the young Levite spoke to them of God.
Of all His boundless mercies overflowing
Refreshing souls, as dew-drops the dry sod.

The lofty duties of his state fulfilling,
Sowing the seed of Faith with tireless hand,
What wonder that his deeds, as flowers distilling
Celestial fragrance, blossom o'er the land.

Lover of Truth, he in the wilds erected
A home where Science and Religion find
The light of their united love reflected,
In the pure mirror of the youthful mind.

And flung Our Lady's banner to the breezes,
Waking a song of praise that thrills o'er earth,
From where the blood of trembling Nature freezes,
To scenes where flowers of tropic climes have birth,—

The Angel's "Hail," in Mary's colors shining,
"Ave Maria" wings from sea to sea,
And grateful hearts thy honored name enshrining,
Father and Founder turn in joy to thee.

Here where her name enwreathes each scene of beauty,
 Here where star-crowned she watches o'er the land,
 Guarding thy life of loyal love and duty,
 Blessing the labors of thy faithful hand.

Father, the rosary of thy years is golden,
 Each consecrated bead a gem of light,
 Their glories dropping from Time's fingers told in
 The Angel's record of each moment's flight.

Founder, the good accomplished by thy teaching.
 The treasures drawn from mines of Christian lore,
 The lofty influence of thy zeal outreaching,
 For man's best welfare, spreads from shore to shore.

General, the call to Duty's battle sounding,
 Beholds thy followers the Cross advance,
 Sons of all climes, but through their stout hearts bounding,
 The martial fervor of thy birthland—France.

The martial fervor, and the martyr spirit,
 The deathless glow of missionary zeal,
 These in full measure did thy heart inherit,
 These gifts of power thy valiant children feel.

And while the joy bells of the day in chorus
 Fling their glad messages o'er lake and lea,
 And angels answer from the blue vault o'er us,
 We hail in joy thy Golden Jubilee!

Praying the Saviour's love, a crown of splendor
 Brighten thy future with unclouded ray,
 And His dear Mother gentle, pure and tender,
 Safe from all sorrow keep thy homeward way.

Making thy sunset hours a vision glorious,
 Flooding them with a holy peace and calm.
 Still over earthly ills and woes victorious,
 In thy new Eden—happy Notre Dame!

Echoes from the Jubilee.

(Editorial Correspondence of the "Michigan Catholic.")

The train—we mean the train that carried us—arrived in South Bend, Indiana, at (or about) four o'clock, Detroit time, on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption. Although a carriage was at the depot to take us to Notre Dame, we declined the friendly offer and went up town to a hotel—the Reynolds House, we think it was named—and the sleep-tired night clerk gave us the last vacant room, away up in the roof. As elevator boys must sleep, the stairs were our means of ascent; and the clerk stopped twice on his way up to apologize for the number of steps in the ascent, and to remark: "We'll get there after a while, if we keep on." We did get there, and told the good man, between our efforts to recover breath, to give us two hours' sleep, to call us at six o'clock, as we were *en route* for Notre Dame, to witness Father Sorin's Golden Jubilee. He promised, and added: "that's what's the matter; that's why you have to climb all those stairs. That Jubilee business has filled the house, leaving only this one room in the attic."

But when one is awful tired and must sleep, what does he care whether his bed is in the attic or in the cellar? Those two hours were filled with sleep, which even the pattering of a brisk rain on a neighboring roof could not interfere with.

A fair ablution, and a fairer breakfast refreshed us, and the expectancy of realizing the dream of many years, that of seeing Notre Dame, built us up the same as if we had gone to bed contemporaneously with the Hoosier chickens. The Notre Dame carriage was at the door, and we "boarded" it, and so did as many others as could find room, and we got there—to Notre Dame, we mean. We do not know, just now, in which direction or at which of the cardinal points of the compass Notre Dame lies from South Bend. We did not trouble ourselves much about that, for we had scarcely passed the big Coquillard wagon works when there arose upon our left a great golden dome surmounted by—what?—a golden statue of the Blessed Virgin! There, sure enough, is Notre Dame.

Now, from the moment when you get your first glance at that dome and that statue, your eye will not leave them—even if your eye be not a Catholic eye—until you draw up under the great outreaching portico which closes them out from your vision. But if your eye is a Catholic eye, one brightened and strengthened by a Catholic heart, *then* the gilded dome and the golden statue capture you, and you care not to which point of the compass you are going; you think only of Notre Dame, Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God. We must confess that that gilded dome and the surmounting statue created in us a forgetfulness of all things else but the desire to get there; to be near, to see the place where, and the people by whom, that gilded dome and that golden statue of the Blessed Virgin were erected. And while our eye, and the heart which guides the eye, were dwelling on the dome and the statue of the Blessed Virgin, we ascended the hill and turned to the left into the broad embowered avenue which leads to Notre Dame. A drive over a freshly-gravelled road brings us to the domain of Notre Dame, and then the way becomes beautiful indeed. The overhanging foliage shuts out from view the great dome and its surmounting statue of Our Lady, until we arrive at the post office (Notre Dame has its own post office), and then the great main building comes to view and we trace its stories and architectural beauties upward until the eye rests again on that great gilded dome and the gigantic golden statue. Along past fountains and flower beds which send forth their sprays and their odors as we drive and at last we stop in front of the great portico. But, besides the beauties of nature, the overhanging trees and the flowers and the sprays of crystal water, to-day art has conspired with nature to make Notre Dame more beautiful. Over and around the fountains are spread

drappings of immaculate lace, and on the front of the great main building are streamers of bright colors from the ground below clear up to the dome. And in large golden letters above the great portico are verses from the psalms expressive of the thoughts which were uppermost at Notre Dame on this Feast of the Assumption.

What were those thoughts? Why,—that this was the great University of Notre Dame, the grandest educational establishment on the continent of America; that Father Sorin, the founder of this great institution, was to-day celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the high and holy order of priesthood; and that the day was the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God.

As we drove along from South Bend, we passed crowds wending their way on foot to the shrine of Mary; but when we arrived at the great garden plaza in front of the Main Building, the assembly astonished us. The space that is large enough to contain an army, seemed filled with groups of happy talkers, and processions and bands of music. But of this, for a moment, we got but little time to think, as a long-cassocked Brother came to take our "grip" and show us to our quarters. In anticipation of this we said in these columns a few weeks ago, that Notre Dame's hospitality is noted over the full length and breadth of this continent. We did not overstate it. There were men and women there from all quarters of America, and all were taken care of. We had hoped to find friends at Notre Dame, but we did not expect to find so many. They seemed to come from all directions, and they acted as though they had all conspired to make us happy, comfortable and *at home*. The first to meet and greet us was the genial Professor Edwards, whom none could escape, even if they wished to. Then, as we moved a few steps through the corridor, appeared the good and kind Father Corby, the Provincial, and a native of Detroit, the priest who sent the Irish Brigade into the battle of Gettysburg with a prayer on their lips. Next appeared the veteran Father Cooney, the chaplain of the 105th Indiana, who knelt under the enemy's fire in many battles as he prepared our dying soldiers for the painful passage to eternity. Brother Urban also met us—he of the young and gentle face, crowned with silver hair, who is sought for as a teacher of boys in all the states from New Jersey to Iowa. All these we had met many times, and in meeting them we simply renewed the joys of old friendships; but there was one whom we had never met, and whom we much longed to meet,—for he is the editor of Mary's journal, the *Ave Maria*,—Father Hudson. And as we were thinking of him there stood beside us the man himself; the very same man who, week after week, sends into tens of thousands of American homes the journal of the Blessed Virgin. We had heard and read of him—we almost *knew* him,—and now he stood beside us,

with outstretched hand to greet us and welcome us to Notre Dame. Really all this made us think of the sensation on Mount Thabor; and we felt, if we did not say, "it is good for us to be here."

But personal feelings and personal friendships must give way to the purpose of our visit to Notre Dame and the occasion which brought so many people there from all parts of this continent. While we were receiving the greetings of the many old and new friends, Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, the ordinary of the diocese, in which the great University is located, was engaged in consecrating the church, which, having been recently completed, is now honored with the dignity of a basilica. Bishop Dwenger had been engaged in this ceremony from six o'clock in the morning, and it closed about nine, the hour announced for the anniversary Mass by the Father General, the silver-bearded Patriarch of the West. We cannot attempt to describe, or even record, the scene in the great edifice when the venerable priest issued from the sacristy and entered the sanctuary: It was a low Mass, and he was accompanied by no deacons of honor, or acolytes, or censer-bearers; but we have never been present at a Mass that seemed to us so solemn. It seemed as if Moses had come down from heaven and been made a priest of the New Law, and was there at that Christian altar offering up to the Father the Sacrifice of the Lamb that was foretold by the Prophets and had been longed for by the Patriarchs. When the Mass was finished, the great assembly kept their places on their knees, until the old priest made his last genuflection at the altar, and passed out of the great sanctuary. It was, indeed, a very solemn and impressive scene.

At half-past ten the Solemn Pontifical High Mass commenced. Cardinal Gibbons was the celebrant, with Fathers Hagerty and Boerres, C. S. C., deacon and subdeacon of the Mass; Fathers Broyderick and Foley, of Baltimore, deacons of honor; Father Cleary, the great temperance lecturer, as assistant priest, and Father Spillard, C. S. C., as master of ceremonies. The throne on which the Cardinal sat was a glory of crimson draping. The robing of the Cardinal was presided over by Bishop Dwenger, the ordinary of the diocese, and this contained a beautiful and touching lesson on the order that prevails in the Church of God. In a semicircle within the sanctuary railing were seated the Archbishops and Bishops. There were two Archbishops—Elder, of Cincinnati, and Ireland, of St. Paul. There were eleven Bishops, namely, Dwenger, of Ft. Wayne; Richter, of Grand Rapids; Burke, of Cheyenne; Ryan, of Buffalo; Spalding, of Peoria; Ryan, of Alton; Jansen, of Belleville; Watterson, of Columbus; Gilmour, of Cleveland; Keane, of Richmond, and Phelan, Coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburg and Allegheny. Each knelt at a *priv-dieu*, the work of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and dressed in the purple of his holy office. It was a notable gathering of Amer-

ican apostles, even considered apart from the occasion for which they had assembled. At the first Gospel, Father Spillard moved from his place near the Cardinal's chair and crossed the sanctuary to Archbishop Ireland: After kneeling before the altar and bowing to the Cardinal and the semicircle of Bishops, the Archbishop of St. Paul ascended the high pulpit and, taking his text from the 25th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew—the parable of the talents—he preached one of the grandest sermons it has ever been our pleasure and good fortune to hear. Although we made copious notes of this great discourse, we have decided to make no use of them here. Anything less than a full and verbatim report would destroy it and do injustice to the great Archbishop who spoke it. Suffice it to say that the parable of the text was aptly applied to the case of the white-haired old priest who sat near the Bishops in the sanctuary. He was the servant to whom the Master had given the five talents and who had gained other five, and to whom the Lord said: "Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Archbishop Ireland told, in brief but eloquent words, the history of the founding and the founder of Notre Dame. A young man in France, in 1841, three years ordained to the priesthood, and looking towards heaven for the call to the work of his life. He joined the Congregation of the Holy Cross, then recently founded and blessed by the Pope. The great Republic of the West is the place to which he is called, and he comes, bringing with him six brothers of the Congregation. He meets the sainted Bishop de la Hailandière, who transfers to him the ownership of a piece of land in northern Indiana, the site of the present Notre Dame; and he moves there, and with his companions occupies the log house found there, and begins his work by instructing and baptizing the Indians. To trace the history of the work since then would need more than a sermon or a newspaper sketch. The talent has produced more than the Gospel maximum,—it has produced fifty times five. The great institution that is visible to the eye of the visitor is not all that has been done in the management of the talents given to Father Sorin. The forty-six years of work as a priest, as an educator, as a spiritual father, have to be added. The souls that he has saved, conversions wrought, the messages from God that he has borne to thousands,—all these must be counted to his credit in the management of the talents given to him when he received on his hands, fifty years ago, the holy unction that made him a priest forever.

At the close of Archbishop Ireland's great sermon the Mass proceeded. The scene in and near the sanctuary was a peculiarly grand and beautiful one. The Cardinal standing at the grandest altar in the United States, which is a triumph of the jeweller's art; the many priests

in golden vestments near him; the priests and religious in white alb or black cassock within and without the sanctuary railing; the hundreds of black-robed and white-capped Sisters kneeling beyond the altar and turned to the Sacrifice that was in progress. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

When the Mass was over and the Cardinal's vestments of the Mass had been removed and the robes of his great office had again been placed upon him, he moved out of the sanctuary and down the nave, preceded by all the prelates, and giving blessing as he went. Then the great fifteen thousand-pound bell in the tower rang out and the bands outside struck up their best music. The music selected for the Mass was the Imperial, or Third Mass of Haydn, and it was gloriously rendered by a choir from Chicago. The leading soprano was Mrs. Maguire; the leading contralto was Miss Coffee; Mr. Corby was the leading tenor, and Mr. Langlois the basso. Did time and space permit we would dwell more at length on the work of this uncommonly fine choir.

But now comes the question, how will this vast multitude be fed? That question is easily answered at Notre Dame. The two immense refectories were filled many times. The dinner commenced about two o'clock, and the feeding of the multitude gave the people of Notre Dame no trouble. It seemed to be a very ordinary affair for them. The Cardinal sat at the table which stood at the head of the immense room which is known as the Senior refectory, and around him were Archbishops Elder and Ireland and several Bishops, also the venerable Father Granger who is next in seniority to Father Sorin. Applause is heard at the door, and the aged Father General is seen approaching. Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops arise at his appearance, and he is prevailed upon to take the seat of honor as the host of Notre Dame. The banquet was one that much pleased Archbishop Ireland. Wines or liquors were not to be found there, but in all things else it was perfect. The toasts were announced by Father Spillard, and they were as follows: "Our Holy Father, Leo XIII," which was responded to by Bishop Dwenger; "The Hierarchy of the United States," responded to by Archbishop Elder; and "The Founder of Notre Dame," responded to by Bishop Gilmour, who closed his very eloquent speech as follows:

"Father Sorin, in the name of this most reverend and distinguished audience, I congratulate you to-day upon this eventful celebration. We to-day can all feel a profound joy that you have so stood at the altar and so ministered to the people that we can say that there is no blemish upon your fame. It is therefore with a feeling of profoundest joy that I say to you, *Ad multos annos!*"

Before the dinner was concluded, Father Sorin arose and proposed the Cardinal's health, and all arose and drank it—in water or good coffee.

The Cardinal bowed his thanks, and then, after thanksgiving was said, the company arose, and all dispersed themselves throughout the grounds, in the numerous buildings, or went off to see the great Academy and Convent of the Holy Cross at St. Mary's. The decorations of the dining hall, particularly of the table at which the honored host and the Cardinal sat, were very fine, symbolizing at once the great occasion and the fact that the American Cardinal was present.

During the afternoon most of the Bishops had something to do,—blessing a stained glass portrait of Father Sorin, in St. Edward's Hall, blessing the new Science Hall, or dedicating the main University building. This latter duty fell to Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and at its close he arose and addressed the vast assembly in the grounds from the steps of the great portico. The theme he selected was the one most germane to the occasion which called so many prelates and people to Notre Dame from all parts of this vast country, namely, Christian education. It is needless to say that this great subject was treated beautifully and learnedly by the eloquent Bishop Spalding. His speech was entirely impromptu, yet it was one fit to be spoken at the dedication of a great American University and in the presence of a Cardinal surrounded by America's wisest and most learned prelates.

In the afternoon the many points of interest furnished objects for the attention of the thousands of visitors. There was the great basilica itself, with its glorious and costly main altar, erected in the middle of the great sanctuary like the main altar in St. Peter's at Rome; the numerous chapels and altars and statues around the sanctuary; the beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, surmounted by the costly crowns of gold and jewels, donated by the Empress Eugenie of France; and the wonderful fresco paintings by Signor Gregori, equalling in sublimity of subject and story, and surpassing in harmony of coloring, the works of the masters of the Renaissance. One could profitably spend weeks in the study of these paintings; and if you are facile in the Italian or French tongue, the painter himself will courteously explain them. But if you speak only English, then you must take his instructions at second hand.

But before we leave the church, let us go down to the chapel beneath the sanctuary and pray for the soul of the great Catholic writer and philosopher, Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, beside his temporary tomb beneath the main altar. Brownson's remains are to permanently rest in a chapel which is to be erected for them in the great sanctuary above.

We cannot refer in detail to the numerous buildings of this great institution. Each one is like a University in itself. Science Hall, for instance, would furnish interest to the visitor for each day in a whole month. Through this building we were guided by President Walsh and the courteous and scientific Father Kirsch,

who with the aid of a \$650 microscope enabled us to see an object covering a space only the 1,300,000th part of an inch. The Minims' department, now called St. Edward's Hall, a new building, is a beauty of light, cleanliness and convenience. It is in charge of Sisters of the Holy Cross, and is for the care and training of little boys between the ages of six and thirteen. Then there is the Infirmary, also in charge of the Sisters, a model of perfection. We were sorry to learn that two of the rooms in this building are at present occupied by Professors Lyons and Stace, who, we hope, will soon recover. Prof. Lyons told us this was the first celebration at Notre Dame in more than twenty-five years in which he did not take part.

The visitor to Notre Dame should not neglect to walk or drive through the extensive grounds around the lakes, St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, and look down the bluffs which form the bank of the beautiful St. Joseph's River on the Notre Dame side. Then there are the numerous buildings, some completed and others in course of erection, which serve as houses for the professed, novitiate, and those used for workshops, laundry, etc.

St. Mary's, the Convent and Academy of the Holy Cross, lies a good mile distant from Notre Dame; but no visitor neglects to go there. The beautiful chapel—it is a large church—is worth a journey from a distance of a thousand miles. Near it is the Chapel of Loreto, a copy of the Holy House, the Santa Casa of the Blessed Virgin, which was miraculously transported from Palestine to Loreto, Italy. This beautiful little oratory is never without one or more of the Sisters at prayer. The Academy building is very large, very beautiful, very convenient and comfortable. A bright little Sister, a native of Texas, showed us through the class-rooms and music-rooms and great halls filled with books and such things as are seen in a well-equipped museum. We saw there a printed Bible which came off a German press forty years before Luther was born. The grounds—about 400 acres—which form the domain of this great convent and Academy, are a veritable Garden of Paradise. The walks and drives are wide and long, and kept in the best condition. We could not help thinking that the young ladies who receive their education at St. Mary's are indeed highly privileged. We had the honor of taking supper on Thursday evening with Father L'Etourneau, and Father Saulnier, the chaplain and assistant chaplain of St. Mary's. Father L'Etourneau, being a native of Detroit, has a hearty welcome for all who come from the City of the Straits.

In the evening of the great feast, while at supper, an incident occurred which gave the greatest pleasure to the gathering. As the meal was nearly closed, the Cardinal arose and, knocking gently for attention, informed the company that at that moment the pallium for Archbishop Ireland had arrived from Rome, and that he had

just placed it in the hands of the Archbishop of St. Paul. The announcement gave occasion for the most enthusiastic applause, in response to which Archbishop Ireland arose and made a speech which few who heard it will forget. When Archbishop Ireland had resumed his seat, Bishop Keane, of Richmond, and Rector of the Catholic University, was called for and made a very eloquent address, referring to the important subject with which he has linked his life.

After supper, the choir from Chicago improvised a very fine concert in the large parlor, and then followed such a display of fireworks as is but seldom seen on the nation's holiday. Besides the fireworks, the great buildings were illuminated from foundation to dome, and the grounds were ablaze with colored lights and Chinese lanterns. The gigantic statue of the Blessed Virgin was lighted by electricity, and the scene was made an ever memorable one. The Cardinal and the archbishops and bishops sat in the great balcony in the midst of their lay friends until a late hour enjoying the scene and the music of the three bands which discoursed in turn.

This closed the great day; but few considered the festivities ended until the afternoon of the next day, when the company began to leave for home. The Cardinal and most of the prelates left on Thursday, though some stayed after that to rest and see Notre Dame in quiet.

We had the pleasure of spending much of our time in the company of Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, and his estimable wife and talented daughter. Mr. Onahan is an old acquaintance at Notre Dame, and is an LL. D. of the University. Although we have given much space to this subject, we feel that we have but touched it.—*Michigan Catholic*.

Address from the Minims to Very Rev. Father General.

Our celebration in the gladsome spring
Fled swiftly by on Time's aerial wing,
While wit and song and genial converse free
Paid tribute to your Golden Jubilee.

The students of grand Notre Dame were here,
Eager to honor this auspicious year;
While we, your loving Minims, did our best
To prove affection, vying with the rest.

But now has dawned the prime, the crowning day;
A festal time more brilliant than in May;
And we—"the children of your heart"—shall we
Keep silence while the world holds jubilee?

We cannot do it, Father. Speak we must,
Your kind approval taking upon trust;
It matters not how sumptuous be the feast,
Your princes would be missed by you, at least.

Therefore, though scattered both anear and far,—
Sure you will take us, Father, as we are,—
In spirit here united, see us stand,
Clustering around you from all o'er the land.

Here, on the spot by each one loved so well,
We come in due humility to tell
That of the friends here met to celebrate
The grand event of eighteen thirty-eight,

None else can bring more loving hearts than ours;
None can rejoice with more exultant powers.
Our Memory, Will and Understanding blend
And all proclaim you as our truest friend;
Hence, our dear Father, we by right should bless,
More than all others, your sublime success;
For to your princes falls the recompense
In cultured minds and Christian innocence.

Our souvenir of the past grand fifty years,
Dear Father, in St. Edward's Hall appears:
Five stained-glass windows of Parisian make;
Accept them, Father, for your Minims' sake.

The first presents your portrait at full length;
Tall and alert, in conscious, upright strength,
And Notre Dame, the dome, the statue rare,
Are represented stately and all fair.

On either side two landscapes we behold:
The old log hut, and the first College old;
The cabin where you dwelt, and offered Mass,
And prayed for that which came at length to pass.
The College, too, the nucleus, soon to draw
This classic pile, dear Father, as by law.
Blest relics these to you and your six Brothers;
Precious to you, no doubt, above all others.

There let this window stand—mirror sublime
Of faith and courage—to the end of time.

Aye! let it stand a monument of truth
To generations of God-fearing youth:
A rich memorial of what has been wrought
By zealous labor and exalted thought;
And, above all, by spreading wide abroad
Love for the Mother of the Son of God.

The other windows you may gaze upon,
Dear Father, in the Chapel of St. John:
One shows St. Edward, dear to you by right;
Another brings St. Andrew's form to sight;
Lo! the Beloved Disciple—your own choice—
Looks from one window; speaks, though with no voice;
And dear St. Louis, King, with kindly glance,
Smiles down from one, reminding you of France.

Accept these tokens of devotion true,
Our slight return for all we owe to you;
A fond reminder, Father, as you see,
Perpetuating this bright Jubilee.

It was a happy, a delightful thought,
That on this day your celebration brought:
When Heaven itself gives all that Heaven can render
To crown Our Lady's triumph in full splendor;
When sky and sea proclaim her exaltation,
And God Himself performs her coronation;
A happy thought that life's sublime estate
You should anew to Mary dedicate.

She has been with you in her azure cope
Through all your toils, "your sweetness and your hope."
With you she shared the lonely desert place;
To-day she makes the feast all "full of grace."
This festival, made glorious and grand
By visits from the chosen of the land,—
Even by the presence of the Cardinal,
Prince of the Church, by you beloved so well.

Long may you live, dear Father, still to bless
The place you changed from a dark wilderness,—
Changed to a home of beauty and of truth,
A shrine to draw and hold the hearts of youth.
Oh, may this happy hour a prelude be
Of an eternal Golden Jubilee
Awaiting you at last to crown in heaven
The noble gifts to God so freely given!
Your affectionate

MINIMS OF ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

NOTRE DAME, FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION, 1888.

(From the "American Catholic News.")

The Patronage of Mary.

On Wednesday the 15th, Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., was celebrated at Notre Dame, and was one of the grandest Catholic events this country has ever witnessed. Never before has any ecclesiastic in the land seen around him so many prominent prelates, priests and laymen—and ladies of the world and of the cloister—to congratulate him on the attainment of years and labors so fruitful in results. Yet Father Sorin would have been offended had anyone of the many gathered at Notre Dame expressed any other intention than honor to the Blessed Virgin, Mary Immaculate.

What a sublime sight it was to see this saintly man, with the reverence, humility and gratitude characteristic of him, accept the congratulations attendant on his Golden Jubilee only to offer them as a tribute to Mary, whose kind intercession and loving guardianship have raised Notre Dame from humble beginnings to greatness; carried it safely through vicissitudes sent to test him—even as Abraham was tested—and made its name and fame synonyms of piety and learning wherever around the world they may be uttered.

That great assemblage of August 15 was composed of earnest souls who had gathered together, they thought, to show how, as Catholics, the labors of Father Sorin had impressed them; but the venerable founder of Notre Dame dispelled that illusion, and made his Golden Jubilee serve not simply as a glory to him, but as an illustration of the bounteous manner in which the honors paid the Mother are requited by the Son. The University of Notre Dame and its ancillary institutions speak of a progress impossible save under some special patronage, and the contemplation of that progress and its patron carries us—as it must have carried that assemblage—back to the days of our early Catholic explorers and missionaries who placed their mission and its results under the patronage of Mary.

This mental survey explains the remarkable growth of this new land, and suggests the debt that Americans owe the Blessed Virgin. The destiny of this New World was placed by its first discoverers under the Immaculate Conception, and the continuance of the invocation's guide has been emphasized by Father Sorin in the exhibit of his own and his Congregation's industry—an exhibit that in its own sphere indicates that the prosperity we enjoy in this, the greatest country of the world—where science, art and invention have the greatest development and their grandest sphere—comes through her whose feast was celebrated on the day of Father Sorin's Jubilee.

The name of Mary is inseparably interwoven with American history. The oldest of the towns now in the United States—St. Augustine—was founded on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and the first discovered bays and peaks bear her name, as did the ships that brought the Spanish explorers across the wide Atlantic. The early missionaries, whose work and martyrdom made civilization possible, placed themselves under her protection, and the Declaration of Independence was signed on a day—the Feast of Our Lady of Miracles—that indeed was most auspicious, considering the difficulties that the early Fathers of our Republic had to contend with. Inauguration Day is on the Feast of Our Lady *de la Garde*—or Preservation—a circumstance that promises the preservation of this government for all generations and all times.

Did we enumerate half these incidents, coincidences, or whatever you may call them, our national holidays would have to be changed to please the inconsistent sectarians who act as if they considered Mary, the Mother of Christ—the Saviour of the world—deserving of nothing but obloquy. To mention how often her name occurs in connection with leading events in American Catholic history would require more time and space than are now at our disposal. Suffice it to say that the first American bishop was consecrated on Assumption day, and that that is the patronal feast of the first American diocese. We have written enough to show how indelibly stamped on this continent is the guardianship of Mary, and it only remains for us to tell how to Father Sorin was given the privilege of establishing here a Catholic magazine—*The Ave Maria*—devoted to her honor.

To Father Sorin we send congratulations. His work is as universal as the Church itself, and his life an example that must inspire all that is good, pure and noble in man and woman, to that holy activity which carries with it its own rewards.

—Among the many testimonials of veneration and esteem presented to Very Rev. Father General in the late celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, none were more welcome than that sent him by the distinguished Superioress of the Augustinian nuns at Neuilly near Paris. This convent has been founded for two hundred and fifty-six years. The souvenir is a tablet on parchment with the following inscription, in the most finished and beautiful style of illuminated lettering: "The English Canonesses of Saint Augustine beg to offer their respectful congratulations to Father Sorin on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee. Honor and gratitude to the illustrious Founder of the Congregation of Holy Cross in North America."

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, September 1, 1888.

Prof. Joseph A. Lyons.

DIED AT NOTRE DAME, AUGUST 22, 1888.

Notre Dame has been called upon to mourn the loss of one of her best sons; one who, through a period covering more than a quarter of a century, was most devoted to her interests, and actively associated with her progress. Prof. Joseph A. Lyons departed this life on the night of the 22d ult., after a lingering illness borne with the most Christian patience and cheerfulness. His death, though not unexpected, brought a shock and pain to the hearts of all who were near him, as it gave sorrow to the thousands of friends everywhere to whom the sad tidings were quickly borne.

His last moments were calm and peaceful, and he retained his consciousness to the last. As the agonies of death came upon him, there were kneeling around his bedside representatives of the Religious, the Faculty, and the students, answering with him the prayers for the departing soul which were recited by two of the old students of Prof. Lyons—the Rev. Fathers Dinnen and Campion. At half-past nine o'clock the end had come, and his kind soul had gone forth into the presence of his Creator.

The body remained in state in the college parlors, and was visited by friends and relatives until nine o'clock on Saturday morning, when the funeral services began in the college church. The Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, who was assisted by Rev. President Walsh as deacon, and Rev. Father Morrissey, Director of Studies, as subdeacon. Rev. Father Regan, Prefect of Discipline, acted as master of ceremonies. After the last absolution an appropriate and touching sermon was delivered by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, a synopsis of which we give further on.

The body was then taken up by the pallbearers—Profs. Howard, Tong, Edwards, Grogory, Ewing and Paul—and borne in solemn procession to its last resting-place in the cemetery of the Community at Notre Dame. It was fitting, indeed, that a place should be set apart to receive his precious remains near by those with whom in life he had been so long associated, and whose Community he had served so faithfully and well. There many a prayer will be offered for the repose of his soul that it may enjoy light and peace in the realms of eternal bliss.

The following is a synopsis of the sermon delivered by Father Cooney:

THE SERMON.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow them." (Apoc., xiv, 13.)

DEAR BRETHREN:—It is very difficult for us to realize the fact that Prof. J. A. Lyons is dead; for his life at Notre Dame spans nearly the entire history of the University, and the title "Prof. Lyons, of Notre Dame," has become a household word throughout the United States. But Prof. Lyons has gone to his reward; and we who knew him during his life at Notre Dame must feel that my text is literally fulfilled in his useful life and happy death; for he faithfully followed the grace of his vocation, and hence he was "blessed" in his life and death—called by Him whose voice he cheerfully obeyed, "to rest from his labors, and now his works follow him."

Prof. Lyons was born at Utica, New York, Nov. 7, 1834. He came to Notre Dame in 1848, in his fifteenth year, and entered the shoemaker's shop as an apprentice. He was then an orphan, his father having died a few years before. The apprentices were given between three and four hours each day to study. In 1851 he had acquired a full knowledge of his trade, and a good, practical education. He discharged his duty so well, that Very Rev. Father Sorin made him a present of one year's tuition in the University. At the end of that year it was thought that he had a vocation to the priesthood, and he entered our Scholasticate to study for the ministry.

After about five years studying and teaching, he showed a decided inclination to teach, and he expressed great fear to undertake the onerous duties of the priesthood. This was taken as a mark of God's will by those who directed him, and his success as a professor clearly proved the correctness of their decision. He again entered the University as a student, and graduated with the highest honors in 1862.

He then entered upon the duties of his chosen profession, and became one of the most efficient and popular professors Notre Dame ever had. For twenty-six years he has been the soul and leading member of the Faculty. Prof. Lyons seemed to have been born to govern students. He had a perfect control over every class he taught, and his success as a teacher was commensurate with his power of government, especially in the classics and elocution which had a special attraction for him. He was the very life of the students' societies, both religious and literary. In giving the students the necessary preparation for our public exhibitions, Professor Lyons seemed to be indispensable.

His popularity as a professor has frequently been proved by the many and costly presents which the students gave him at various times as tokens of their appreciation of his services. The high esteem in which he was held was not confined to the students. It was deeply rooted

in the breast of every member of the Faculty and every member of our Community; and no professed member of our Community had more zeal for the welfare and honor of Notre Dame than Professor Lyons.

The same sentiments of esteem were in the hearts of all who came in contact with him—whether they met him here on their visits, or on his journeys to the various cities of the Union, on business in the interest of Notre Dame. “Do you know Prof. Lyons?” a man was asked, not long ago, in Chicago. He replied: “I rejoice that I do know Prof. Lyons, for he is one of nature’s noblemen.”

Although he possessed only his salary, his money, as well as his time, was at the service of Notre Dame. Notre Dame, therefore, stands first among the mourners at his bier; for hers is the loss of a most faithful son. The life of Prof. Lyons is a bright example of energy and perseverance to every young man; for he was truly, by the grace of God, “architect of his own fortune.” By study, energy and perseverance, he raised himself from the humble, though honorable position of a shoemaker, to the dignity of a most accomplished Professor in the University.

For more than a quarter of a century he has been thoroughly identified with the best interests of Notre Dame. Therefore, not only the members of our Congregation, but also his fellow-members of the Faculty and all the students of Notre Dame will bitterly lament the death of Prof. Lyons. As he was firmly convinced that Notre Dame was doing God’s work in the cause of religion and education in its true sense, Prof. Lyons made himself all to all that he might gain all to Notre Dame—and this was done through a religious motive, for he gloried in the success and honor of our holy religion whose precepts he faithfully obeyed. Hence his habit of self-denial and self-control which made him friends everywhere. Hence no one ever heard of an enemy of Prof. Lyons, for he had none. He had a good word for every one; and if he had nothing good to say of others, he said nothing. Imbued with this spirit, peace and good-will for all were stamped upon his ever-smiling countenance, and, like the sun, he gave light and joy to all who came within his influence. In a word, he lived a truly Christian life.

After an acquaintance of thirty-seven years, I never witnessed, nor have I ever heard of Prof. Lyons’ anger; and I believe this is the experience of all those who knew him. This is no small praise of one who had lived in the midst of an active Community for more than a third of a century, and most of the time in a very prominent position. He led a pure and celibate life that he might be more free to labor for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men. In the midst of his other duties, he found time to compile and edit several useful works bearing his name. Among them he published a most useful work on Elocution, which is used as a text-

book at the University. He published also an annual, called the *Scholastic Annual*, filled with good reading, of a thoroughly Christian character, for the use of families. The thirteenth number appeared this year.

In the midst of the festivities of the “Golden Jubilee” of the Very Rev. Father Sorin’s priesthood, on the 15th inst., I went to see him. I said: “Prof. Lyons, were it God’s will that you could witness the grand ceremonies of this festival, it would be a source of great pleasure to you.” He replied: “Father, it is the first festival of the Assumption, in forty years, that I have not been able to celebrate at Notre Dame, and my sorrow is greater on account of the Golden Jubilee of Father General. But God wills it otherwise, and I am satisfied.” While he spoke, tears filled his eyes, indicative of his sincerity.

He bore his sickness with the most wonderful Christian patience—not a word of complaint. He thought only of gratitude to the Sisters and others who waited on him. He said to me last Sunday: “I am treated with excellent care.” He thought not of himself, but only of those to whom he gave any trouble.

He was so quiet and patient that I feared he did not appreciate his danger and the nearness of death. For this reason I went to his room last Monday expressly to tell him that he had but a few days to live. I said: “Professor Lyons, do not allow yourself to be deceived: you have but a few days to live; remember the truth expressed by St. Liguori: ‘All that we shall have at the moment of death is all that we shall have for eternity!’ Pray, then, and make the best use of the short time you have to live.” “Do you wear the Scapular?” I continued. He looked calmly at me while I spoke, and he said: “Father, I have always worn the Scapular, and I shall try to be ready when God calls me; please pray for me; say Mass for me.” It was evident to me that he was disposed to say with St. Paul: *By the grace of God I am what I am; and His grace in me hath not been void.* (I Cor., xv.) Such a “death is swallowed up in victory.” The true Christian can taunt death, in the words of St. Paul: *O death, where is thy victory? O grave, where is thy sting?* And again: “Thanks be to God, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Here we are prompted to exclaim: How useful and happy were the life and death of Prof. Lyons in the sphere which he occupied, compared to what they would have been were he to have lived in the outside world, battling with its difficulties and conquered by its temptations! In that event, nobody would think of him to-day; his life was useless, and what would become of his soul! How foolish it is, then, to say that there is no need of care in searching out one’s vocation by the grace of which alone we can be useful to ourselves and our fellow-men. But, although Prof. Lyons’ life and death were almost blameless before men, we know

not what they may have been before God who, with infinite knowledge, searches and examines our very thoughts and motives, which, for the most part, are hidden from the eye of man. Hence we bring the remains of our dead to the church that we may pray more effectually for their souls; believing with the great and valiant leader of the Jews that *It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins.* (II Mach., xii.)

Hence the Jews believed in a state of suffering for sin in the next life, which was temporary, and which was not heaven nor hell. For in hell no sins can be "loosed," for "out of hell there is no redemption." It cannot be heaven, for "into heaven nothing defiled shall enter." It must then be what the Catholic Church of all ages has called Purgatory. There is a purgatory for the same reason that there is a hell or a heaven, namely, because God is just; and He has declared that He "will render to every man according to his works." Christ declares (Matth., xii, 36) that *for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account for it in the day of judgment.* It is very possible that a person may die guilty of some "idle word" or some other slight fault—a little impatience in sickness, a little murmuring at God's providence. Now who could say, without accusing God of injustice, that He would send a soul forever to hell among the blasphemers and murderers for all eternity for these slight faults? Yet he cannot go to heaven, for nothing "defiled" shall enter there. The same truth is proved from many other texts of the Old and New Testaments. Hence the religion of the true God in all ages, from Adam to the present time, believed in, and taught the existence of a place of temporal punishment, where the soul is purified before it is permitted to enter heaven if it be guilty of venial faults. And as this rests on the truth and veracity of God, which are eternal truths, the same doctrine must be believed and taught by God's Church to the end of time.

Hence we pray for the dead. Hence there is a meaning in bringing the bodies of our dead to the church to remind us of our duty and of the work of death. Hence you come here to-day mainly to pray for the repose of the soul of our dear friend, Prof. Lyons, and to ask God to admit his soul to the joys of eternal bliss, in His infinite mercy. May he rest eternally in the bliss of heaven!

Press Notices.

[*South Bend Times.*]

All over the country where may be discovered a student of Notre Dame University may also be found a sincere mourner when comes the sad tidings to his ears of the death of that Christian teacher, ripe scholar and noble gentleman, Professor Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., which took place this morning, after a gradual sink-

ing away from that remorseless destroyer—consumption. Nor is this grief restricted to those limits, for student or acquaintance, priest, brother or prelate, will alike drop a silent tear for that man with whom an association in friendship meant a life-long endearment.

Professor Joseph A. Lyons was taken sick several months ago with a complication of diseases, and gradually failed, despite the best of care and skilled medical attention. Various health resorts were vainly visited by him in a search for vigor and recuperation, and yet he declined in health until he was but a shadow of his former robust self. Visitors at the St. Cecilia Philomathean banquet, an occasion always under the personal supervision of Prof. Lyons, were startled at his altered appearance; his friends who came from all over the country to attend the annual commencement exercises at Notre Dame felt their hearts ache as they gazed upon those sunken cheeks and the emaciated form. He was still energetic, but was not himself; he still attended to many of the commencement details as of yore, but how changed! The students, as they came to bid him farewell, looked upon that kindly, open face and could scarcely repress the tears, for they realized that but a few more weeks were allotted to that good man's existence.

"Be a good boy, Charley; keep up your studies, and come back and see me again in September," were the kind words he addressed to one bright young fellow on last June's commencement day, when the time for parting came. "I'll come back in September," was the boy's reply, as he grasped the hand of his loved teacher and looked yearningly up in that teacher's face, and his eyes seemed to grow misty. That student realized that there was an almost certainty that he would never greet that loved instructor again in this life.

In all this time, during all this progress of his disease, the most cheerful one, the most hopeful for health, was the victim of Death's stealthy approach. He could not realize that his ailment was more than temporary; that it should so soon clog the wheels of life and stop that warm heart's beat. A life of ceaseless activity for loved Notre Dame; an existence for the interest of that institution and its pupils, whom he universally loved, seemed to leave no time for him to die—to rest. Importunities of his friends that he would cease his hard work and go to some far-off health resort to rest and recuperate did not avail, until the close of the year's work. "I'll be all right again when vacation is over," were the words with which he reassured himself, but could convince no one else. All who saw him realized that even then Death's icy clutch was closing slowly but surely upon him.

Only one week ago as the writer of this, with Professor Lyons' warm friend and earnest co-laborer, Father Maher, was sitting in the room in the south end of the Infirmary where Prof.

Lyons' emaciated body reclined near the window on an invalid's chair, he heard from that sufferer's lips the hopeful expression that he was getting much stronger, and would soon be out again. He then talked of the past, though it was evidently a great effort. Turning to the window, and looking out upon the thronged lawns and brilliantly illuminated buildings, he exclaimed: "This is the first celebration at Notre Dame that I have missed in over forty years." Yes, he had missed that Golden Jubilee celebration (that being the occasion referred to); but how sadly *he* was missed from that great assembly where in health he would have been so familiar a figure! When the parting time came, we left him full of hope; for ourselves we carried with us hearts of sadness, for we saw how near was the end.

In his duties as teacher, as president of societies, or in attending to his many other duties, Prof. Lyons was the soul of energy, promptness and dispatch. Courteous to all with whom he came in contact, he made every acquaintance a friend. Into his ears the student poured forth the story of his trials or disappointments, and that good man's sympathy and assistance were cheerfully and earnestly extended. Their joys were his joys; their sorrows his griefs.

Do we wonder that they loved that genial, energetic, sympathetic and ever true teacher and friend whose lips gave utterance to no harsh words, whose efforts were ever cheerfully extended for their welfare? When others slept, he labored; when they labored, he was at the front, a cheerful worker for the good of all. . . .

Dead, noble friend! Are those kindly features no more to light the old familiar halls? Are those tireless footsteps no longer to echo along those corridors that so long have known their familiar tread? Deeply bereft are our hearts. The gloom of affliction hangs heavily over the grand University, whose glory those glazed eyes have been privileged to witness. A tear for that good man gone; a sigh from the very soul that Death's behests were so stern, his required sacrifice so great. Worry and trial are no more for him; his sleep is endless; those tireless feet are at rest. Notre Dame has lost one of her truest friends; the instructors one of their ablest and most genial associates; her students one of their most loving teachers. Fall lightly upon that emaciated form, that death-frozen heart, oh, clods of earth, for our hearts are with those cold ashes in that narrow house of death. Forever rest in peace!

[*South Bend Tribune.*]

No more regretful news will be received by the old students of Notre Dame University than "Prof. Lyons is dead." He was always, to old and young, Minims and Seniors, so companionable, so genial that his friendship was as much sought after as it was freely given. No student ever saw a scowl on Prof. Lyons' face. He

never found it necessary to be rigid or severe. He won every student's friendship, made a companion of him, and, if he was stubborn or unruly, conquered by love. It is rarely we meet with such sunny-tempered men as Prof. Lyons. Mr. Colfax was an example in political life as Archbishop Ireland is in religious life. But in a college professorship such tempers are put to greater tests than in any other place, and it is to the credit of Prof. Lyons that he passed the ordeal of a member of the Faculty of Notre Dame University for nearly twenty-eight years, and passed down through the Valley of the Shadow of Death with loving words for all who were ever students of Notre Dame. His sacrifices for their sakes, that they might become better men, useful members of the business or professional world, will always be a monument to his memory in these students' hearts; but as one of them, at our elbow says, as we write: "We students should outwardly honor his memory with a monument in the cemetery, that students of future years who come and go may know of one who gave all the best years of his life, with untiring zeal, to the cause of education." The suggestion is one that should by all means be carried out.

Prof. Lyons' health began to fail nearly two years ago. It was a failing so gradual that it was scarcely perceptible to those who met him day by day. Those who saw him occasionally noticed it, but he laughed and said he never felt better. A year ago he grew suddenly worse. Physicians told him that he had a cancerous affection of the stomach. He visited Hot Springs and took a thorough course of medical treatment, and came back much improved. It was easy to see, though, that he had lost much of the fire and energy for which he was noted. The students who visited the dear old room at the head of Bishops' Hall, where they were always sure of a warm welcome, found that the host loved his easy chair more than ever. There was the old congeniality, the talk of old times, and the talk of what he would do in the future when he grew stronger. But of the present the professor said nothing, except it might be, "I feel a little weaker to-day, and Stubbs is helping me."

Prof. Lyons thought when he got up to Waukesha Springs he would get well, but each day he grew weaker and was at last forced to go to the infirmary, where through the long July and August days he rested, cared for by loving hands, and hoping that he might live long enough to see the students gather in September. It was the same hope that the students carried home with them when they bade him "good bye." They should have said "farewell," as they will say it with tearful eyes next month when they return and stand at the door of their dear friend's old room, or assemble in the St. Cecilia study-hall. . . .

Prof. Lyons was eminently successful in literature, and was the author and publisher of

several books of national reputation. Among these is "The American Elocutionist," a standard work; "Questions on Grammar," etc. He was also editor of "Ryder's Household Book of Catholic Poetry," "Scholastic Annual," "Household Library," etc. He found time to do all this work outside of his regular duties as a member of the Faculty. He also organized several literary societies, among them the famous St. Cecilia Philomathean Society. Few men crowded more into their life work, or did more good in the world than Prof. J. A. Lyons.

Prof. Lyons in '65.

[The following, from a daily paper of April 1856, is a report of a presentation made to Prof. Lyons by the students of the University on the 31st of March, 1865. We reprint it as it shows the popularity of the kindly Professor among the students and the influence for good which he ever exercised over them:]

It is consoling at all times to behold noble and generous actions; but when those actions are expressive of gratitude for the public benefit, and of esteem for real worth, our admiration is aroused, not so much by the magnitude of the acts themselves, as by the magnanimous sentiments which prompted them, and our hearts irresistibly attach themselves to the noble-minded one who forgets self for a time to join in the general manifestation of appreciative gratitude towards a public benefactor.

Such a demonstration we witnessed with real pleasure on the 31st ult., at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., where a splendid gold watch was presented by the students to Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., whose untiring zeal in the cause of education, and whose self-sacrificing devotion to the interests and comfort of all (himself excepted) has won for him the undying affection of hundreds, nay thousands, who will hereafter dwell with delight upon the many recollections of the "Students' Friend," which a grateful memory will keep forever present to their minds, and which a mature judgment will enable them more fully to appreciate.

In order not to impose too much upon your kindness, I am forced to omit many interesting circumstances connected with this presentation, which the feelings of an old student would otherwise prompt me to insert. The important movements on the occasion were as follows:

As soon as the President tapped the dinner bell to inform the reader that the meal was ended, the college band, which was stationed for the purpose in a remote part of the refectory, struck up a lively tune, inspiring their musical instruments, in a manner, with a portion of their own enthusiastic feelings, to usher in the manifestation of esteem for Prof. Lyons that was to follow. When the music had ceased, Mr. E. M. Brown, of Sandusky City, Ohio, ascended the reader's stand and delivered the following

PRESENTATION ADDRESS:

"PROF. LYONS:—The Senior students, with joyful hearts, and souls enlivened by many happy recollections, unite with all the inmates of Notre Dame in greeting you with words of esteem and friendship. We know, kind Sir, how little you covet the praises of men, or seek from them reward; since for his reward the good man is not dependent on others, but finds it within himself. The supreme and peaceful happiness which hovers ever round his heart on the golden wings of true benevolence; the pure, unsullied joy, which, like the balmy fragrance of the morning, emanates from his own noble soul, and the Christian consolation attending those who 'go about doing good,' afford him all the reward he seeks on earth. Yet however he may disregard the praises or approval of men, the voice of gratitude and esteem will always proclaim the worth of the truly good. Did we need an example to confirm this truth, we would find it, kind Sir, in you; for few of the hundreds who have sojourned for a time at Notre Dame have left without bearing with them some pleasing recollections of favors received at your hands, and now in every city in the land where resides one who was once a student at Notre Dame, there the name of Prof. Lyons has become a household word, and, star-like, sheds a soothing light upon the silent reflections of the student, who has already embarked upon the stormy sea of life.

"No one knows better than the student how to appreciate the worth of a good and noble friend; and such a friend have the students of Notre Dame ever found in you. Have they in contemplation some innocent amusement, in you they always find one who will readily and cheerfully concur in their plans and further them as none other can. Is any one depressed by sorrow and trouble, to you he instinctively turns; for experience has taught him that he will meet with warm sympathy, and soon his depression is dispelled. Regardless of your own ease and comfort, you are ever anxious to secure that of others, and contribute in some way to their happiness. You are 'everybody's friend,' and your presence casts a halo around the brow of *Alma Mater*, which makes her dear to us all, and will render forever bright and pleasant the memory of our college days.

"Led by these considerations, we come to-day, dear Sir, with a slight offering which, we trust, will be pleasing to you, for it is the prompting of pure affection and sincere regard for noble and superior merit—a small token of the sentiments of fond attachment which we have ever cherished, and often wished to manifest, and which memory's sweet recallings will forever keep alive within our bosoms.

"It is not as a return for your many good and noble actions we make our little offering; as such it would be worthless, for such deeds as yours cannot be recompensed in this world; but, knowing that we would soon be obliged to part, yet feeling that however great the distance that may separate us, the fond ties of affection will forever bind our hearts in friendship to you, we wished to leave you some pledge of our esteem for your noble generosity and unchangeable kindness.

"The deep interest we feel in the prosperity of Notre Dame leads us to hope that it may long enjoy the advantage of your presence. But should it be otherwise, we hope and trust that, wherever you go, many true and noble friends may greet you, and that your heart be made forever glad by friendship's smiles and words of sincere affection and applause, and believe that your name shall be ever cherished among the dearest of their college recollections by the

"SENIOR STUDENTS OF 1865."

Next came the following witty address from the Juniors, which was admirably delivered by Master M. E. Williams, of Baltimore, Md., a youth of much promise, and who, I trust, will ere long rank high among his "big brothers," the Seniors:

"DEAR PROFESSOR:—We consider ourselves very happy in being permitted to unite with our big brothers of the Senior department in offering you this little testi-

monial of our regard. We hope it may constantly remind you of the ever warm love which the boys of the Junior department feel towards one from whom they have received so many acts of kindness. The different parts of the watch are well adapted to bring to your mind, whenever you view it, the various circumstances of your connection with Notre Dame University. The charm symbolizes our sincere attachment to yourself. The case may put you in mind of many other hard cases with whom you have had to do in the course of your professional career, and who have profited so much by your fatherly admonitions. The key represents our Annual Exhibition, because it winds up the scholastic year. The face will remind you, particularly of this presentation, because there are *numbers* all around. The crystal, we hope, will be like Brother Benoit, always on the watch. The balance, we trust, will be constantly in your favor. In fine, the mainspring, the centre of life and motion, admirably expresses your own relation to the University.

"Believe us, dear Professor, sincere in this expression of our obligations to you, and keep a warm place in your heart for your most attached and faithful friends,

"THE JUNIORS OF NOTRE DAME."

At the conclusion of the addresses, Professor Lyons, who up to this time, under the influence of his complete surprise, had several times changed from red to pale, and from pale to red again, arose, and after expressing in feeling terms his thanks for so splendid a gift, and the complete surprise which so unlooked-for an event caused him, and which threw him into a state of astonishment similar to that of a certain foreigner on first beholding the Crystal Palace of New York, he dwelt at considerable length upon the scenes of rapid change and advancement which he had witnessed during his long connection with the institution. He had seen Notre Dame in its cradle; had witnessed the infant University grow into youthful vigor; he had contemplated the herculean labors of its worthy President; the heroic exertions of the priests, and the self-sacrificing devotedness and unfeigned piety of the Brothers of the Holy Cross. He had beheld its struggles not only for advancement, but for bare existence, and now he sees its classic halls expanding into ampler proportions, in order to afford to a still greater number than heretofore, the inestimable advantages of a truly Christian education.

He then alluded, in touching terms, to his own relations with the students. He had sometimes been in positions where duty required him to be determined and perhaps severe, though it always caused him more pain to act with severity towards a student than it did the one who might naturally be supposed to suffer most. He had indeed spent the sunniest days of his existence among the students of Notre Dame; the spring-time of his life was passed with them in the broad fields, the play grounds, and the class room; the summer was fast passing away in the endeavor to perform his duty in the sacred cause to which he had consecrated his life.

He then exhorted the students to persevere in the same course of industry and gentlemanly deportment which had characterized them from the beginning of the year and rendered them the noblest band of college boys of which any

institution in the land could boast. He hoped they would continue, and in their onward course through life keep good time. He hoped to see every Junior grow up into a stalwart Senior, and every noble Senior accomplish his course in honor, and go forth into life well prepared to fill the important position which awaited him.

Again he thanked them for their splendid present, but still more for the expressions of friendship and attachment with which they had that day greeted him, although the flattering compliment paid him in the addresses just read, were, if not entirely, at least in part unmerited, yet that they would be for him an eloquent and ever remembered sermon, and remind him of what he ought to be, and what any one of them would be if placed in his circumstances. The watch, he said, by some unlucky accident might be destroyed, but the sentiments of affection which existed between them could never be destroyed; and till the cold touch of death should freeze the vital stream within him, he would ever cherish a most grateful remembrance of the students of 1865.

He then took his seat amid thunders of applause which after some time subsided, only to be renewed on the announcement of the Very Rev. President that they might have the afternoon for recreation. Then all retired, and three hundred and eighty hearts beat warm with pleasure and delight.

The following inscription was beautifully engraved on the inner case of the watch:

"Presented to Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., by the students of the University of Notre Dame, as a testimonial of their esteem and affection. Feast of St. Joseph.

"LARROBALOUS."

[From an Exchange.]

Fifty Years a Priest!

Fifty years a priest! What an intervening span of the eternity of the past is represented to humanity in half a century! How great progress has been made, how much history has been written in those half hundred years of the priestly career of Very Rev. Father Sorin, founder of Notre Dame University and Father General of the Order of the Holy Cross! Fifty years a priest, a half century of service for the Master, and spent in doing good to his fellow-men! What a glorious record! What a shining crown! Well is it that a cardinal, prelates and priests should gather here at Notre Dame University to assist in commemorating the anniversary of a life work so well begun and so nobly carried out by this ever faithful servant of the great Catholic Church. Fifty years have wrought many changes in that grand man and his surroundings. Then in the prime of early manhood, flushed with manly vigor; now in the glory of a silver-crowned old age, with the fire of energy unquenched and with an intellect ripened by experience. Then soon to be the spiritual father of a little flock that gathered

in the rude log church in the noble forest near the shores of gem-like St. Mary's Lake; now the spiritual head of one of the most powerful Catholic orders in America. Then soon to lay the foundation of a Catholic college as an educational experiment; now the animating spirit of that experiment's realization in the greatest Catholic University on the Western Hemisphere, whose students hail from almost every nation and clime of the civilized world. Then about to enter upon a great plan for religious and educational work in Northern Indiana; now a beholder of a consummation of results of those plans that his wildest dreams could scarcely have conceived. In spite of hardship and toil, in the face of discouragements and trials, despite ruin wrought by the elements, Notre Dame University has steadily advanced in every respect; its buildings have grown grander and more commodious each year; its educational facilities have been constantly and rapidly growing better; its grand church has become one of the finest in the country—all under the guidance of that master spirit. In 1879, on that hot April day as the venerable Father Sorin stood before the heap of smoking ruins that alone remained of the then great University with its extensive library and splendid museum, his words to those faithful fellow laborers who had gathered about him were: "We are young yet." In the great work of rebuilding Notre Dame University on an infinitely grander scale than before, the leading, animating spirit in the stupendous enterprise was the venerable Father Sorin. In that magnificent pile is a monument to a half of a century of the conquests of peace, before which the pyramids sink into obscurity. Those walls that tower story on story, that gilded dome that reaches heavenward, are unitedly eloquent in eulogy of the life work of that noble and revered priest. Very Rev. Father Sorin, the best wishes and highest hopes of your best friends are echoed in our own hearts. May success crown success; may years be added unto the years of your noble, useful existence until ready to lay down the burdens and trials of life, you welcome an eternal rest!

The Pilgrimage.

The annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame is looked forward to with pleasure by the members of St. Augustine's Parish, Kalamazoo, Mich., as the red-letter day of the year.

It occurred this year on the 13th ult. The Holy Sacrifice was celebrated in the parish church for the pilgrims at six o'clock. They then boarded the special train of fifteen coaches which was in readiness to receive them, and the run to Notre Dame was made in two hours. On the arrival of the train a grand procession was formed. The cross was at its head, and the banners of the various societies were in their

proper place. Each division was headed by a priest. The rosary was recited aloud, with such a vim as bespoke not merely a lip worship. Holy canticles were sung between each round of the beads, the voices of the many pilgrims making the beautiful groves resound with hymns of praise to "Holy Mary, ever blest." When the procession reached the "Grotto of Lourdes" it massed itself in front of the Grotto and on the hills about it. The good people were on their knees in a very short time, and with lighted tapers in their hands they asked for favors wanted, and renewed their promises of former years. The customary prayers were then recited. The sight of the faithful at this time would live long in the memory of a beholder. The vast crowd bowed in prayer, the large number of burning tapers, the earnestness of the countenances, bespoke the lively faith and tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which prompted pious hearts to render this sweet tribute to their Mother.

After the exercises at the Grotto, solemn High Mass was chanted in the grand basilica. Father Fitte, C. S. C., spoke words of welcome in behalf of the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and then delivered a beautiful discourse, which was highly appreciated by his hearers, on "Mary, Our Mother." After services at the church, the entire congregation gathered in front of the main entrance of the University to meet and render their share of homage to the venerable "Patriarch of the West," the great Father Sorin.

In addition to the Feast of the pilgrimage this year, the parishioners of Kalamazoo gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of participating in the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the ordination of this venerable man of God. In days gone by Father Sorin attended to the spiritual wants of the Catholics of Kalamazoo. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren in Christ were proud to render to the Lord's faithful servant their grateful thanks for favors rendered their forefathers. Many who stood before Father Sorin on this occasion he had baptized; others he had befriended as only God's priest can. A few of the venerable gray-haired pioneers before him he had united in the holy bonds of matrimony. They were all united in rendering their tribute to a former pastor. The priest, when gone, is not always forgotten, as it is usually said. The world is not always ungrateful. This incident proves that "their works do follow them," and that the laity have and cherish a sweet and holy remembrance of saintly, zealous pastors who have left them for other fields of labor. The good seed sown by Father Sorin had taken root and yielded abundantly, and the spiritual children of the grand old pastor had prospered, and were blessed even to the third and fourth generation. They were honored to be allowed to do honor to their Father and friend.

When the applause, caused by the appearance

of Father Sorin, had ceased, Dean O'Brien stepped forward and, in behalf of his parish, read a congratulatory address to the Very Rev. Father, and presented in the name of the Catholics of Kalamazoo a magnificent golden chalice, studded with gems. The address was as follows:

"We are pleased to come to you, Very Rev. dear Father, as your grandchildren and great-grandchildren in Christ, on this festive occasion, and offer you our hearty congratulations and best wishes, with an assurance of our prayers for many years of happiness and blessings in continuing your grand work. When you planted the good seed in the wilds of Kalamazoo, you hardly expected to live to see it yield four hundredfold; yet such is the case. The younger ones of us have learned from the lips of our elders of your noble and heroic work among our fathers, and while we live we will ever cherish your memory; and dying we will not fail to hand down to our children's children the story of your trials and labors for God and holy Church. To you, Very Rev. dear Father, after God, do we owe our present happiness, and the prosperity of our parish.

"To prove to you that the priest's work is not forgot by all, and to show you that we have a speck of that virtue which you implanted in the hearts of our fathers, allow us to present you this chalice as a token of our grateful remembrance. Please, accept it. We know you have a soft spot in your heart still for old Kalamazoo, for you have proven it on many occasions. May we ask you to remember us while standing at God's altar and using this sacred vessel. May we ask a still further remembrance: when you stand before God's throne to receive your rewards, may we beg of you at that time not to forget dear old Kalamazoo.

"Asking your prayers and blessing, we beg to be always called

"Your children in Christ,

"THE PASTORS AND MEMBERS OF

"ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, KALAMAZOO, MICH."

Father Sorin, taken by surprise at this manifestation of love of his children of long ago, responded feelingly; it was a Father again talking to his children. The Father's heart welled up to overflow; the children's filled with grateful emotions which can find expression only in tears. There was that stillness and quiet which made the scene a solemn one. Breaking the intense quiet each whisper of the venerable patriarch could be heard. "He never forgot, or never would forget Kalamazoo. It was, of all his missions, the one he loved best. He thanked them for their beautiful gift, it would revive still stronger in his mind old memories. He would never forget to pray for his faithful children."

The crowd came to themselves when the venerable priest had ceased to speak, and the outburst of applause and cheers which gave vent to their feelings of joy can be better imagined than described. At four o'clock the great bells called the pilgrims to the grand church again. God in the Blessed Eucharist solemnly blessed His people, and they returned home, feeling that one day at least was not spent in vain. Rev. Fathers O'Brien, Sadlier, John and Thomas Ryan accompanied the pilgrimage. The arrangements were controlled by Messrs. Fay, Lamb, Tucker and Redmond. The good people of St. Augustine's Parish are not a little vain over the fact that they "fired the first gun" of the grand celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the illustrious Pioneer of the West.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Rumor says that Rev. Father Zahm will leave Colorado with a large number of pupils for St. Mary's on the 8th inst. A warm welcome awaits them.

—The many friends of Rev. Father L'Etourneau will regret to hear of the death of his mother, which took place at Mount Clemens, Mich., on the 29th ult. Gratitude to St. Mary's chaplain will prompt warm prayers in her behalf.

—All the letters received from the old pupils show a grateful affection in the hearts of the writers for their *Alma Mater*, and give promise of a large attendance next year, as many are to bring new pupils with them on their return.

—The number of pupils remaining during vacation is unusually large this year. There is no lack of enjoyment, as music, croquet playing, tricycle-riding, and reading occupy the afternoon hours, while the morning is occupied in study and practice.

—Many improvements have been made at St. Mary's during the vacation. The study-hall has been papered and repainted; new floors have been laid in the dormitories; the porches extended, and the front hall made brighter by the insertion of glass panels in the doors opening into it.

—The Church of Our Lady of Loreto has been enriched by the addition of a handsome altar of white marble. The front panel is ornamented by a Lamb in brass brought from France, and presented by Very Rev. Father General, and around it is carved a border of grapes and vineleaves. The canopy is upheld by four polished pillars and the whole is surmounted by a marble cross. The altar was consecrated on the 29th ult. with imposing ceremonies by Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Connell, Franciscus, Coleman, Fitté, Boerres, L'Etourneau, Saulnier, and others. To the eye of faith, there was a deep significance in the minutest parts of the ceremony, and the rites ordained by holy Church for the consecration of an altar to God show forth, in an eloquent manner, the infinite dignity of the Sacrifice offered thereon.

—The annual retreat of the Sisters closed on the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, when ten young ladies received the white veil, and thirty novices made their Profession as Sisters of the Holy Cross. The impressive ceremony was conducted by Very Rev. Father General, assisted by Revs. L. J. L'Etourneau and A. Saulnier, C.S.C., and Rev. F. Ryan, S. J., who preached the exercises of the retreat, delivered a most touching and appropriate sermon. Those who received the Holy Habit were as follows: Miss Nesburg (Sister M. Christina), Miss Even (Sr. Anita), Miss Dwan (Sr. M. Ivo), Miss Brennan (Sr. M. Hildetta), Miss Walter, (Sr. M. Marcos), Miss

McLoughlin (Sr. M. Lybia), Miss Granfield (Sr. M. Ethel), Miss Devine (Sr. M. Lewine), Miss Roberts (Sr. M. Diego), Miss McKenna (Sr. M. Marie). Those who made final vows were: Sisters Mary Tarsilla, Beatrice, Anselm, Scholastica, Rosa, Leontia, Marietta, Eleanora, Mathurin, Myra, Clarissa, Irmia, Josephine, Clarence, Verena, Solemne, Blanche, Romaine, Antonine, Adolphine, Leonidas, Jude, and Ger-vase.

—Among the many visitors of the past few weeks may be mentioned: His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Elder, Archbishop Ireland; Bishops Dwenger, Burke, Spalding, Ryan of Alton, Jansen, Ryan of Buffalo, Wat-terson, Gilmour, Phelan, Richter, Keane, of Rich-mond; Rev. Fathers Ryan, S. J., Gemper, Hayes, Hagerty, Dunne, J. Abbott, Bonfield, Cleary, Albrinck, Lambert, Dion, Beaudet, Godfroi, Le Blanc, Hartmann, Weichmann, Bohn, C. S. R., Quinlan, Moench, Niehaus, F. Ege, Lordeman, Duehmig, Kroeger, Koenig, Mollinger, Cleary, Guendling, Bleckmann, Shuntz, Clancy, Kelly, Broyderick, Foley, Smith, Dinnen, and Campion; Miss K. Cunnea, Miss McCambridge, Morris, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Wilson, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. P. Smith, Miss G. McMahon, Hon. P. B. Ewing, Mr. J. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio; Miss M. Condon, Mr. W. J. Power, E. M. Burke, Miss A. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Onahan, Mr. M. T. Corby, Mr. J. Elder, M. F. Langlois, Mr. and Mrs. J. Moffit, Prof. J. Rohner, Mrs. P. Nacey, Mrs. C. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fitzpatrick, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. Wile, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. J. Howley, Cairo, Ill.; Mrs. E. Kingfield, Owego, N. Y.; Mr. J. Burns, Miss E. Hannon, Mr. and Mrs. P. McHugh, Misses J. Butts, S. Campeau, A. Gordon, H. Pugsley, H. Stude-baker, E. Blaine.

The Niobe of Nations.

The third beatitude declares "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted"; and well may Ireland, the martyr nation, consider this as prophetic in her regard. The dense cloud which for three centuries has hung over her emerald shores is illuminated by the rainbow of God's covenant with his chosen people.

The Niobe of Nations, her tears have watered the soil whereon has sprung up the faith of many lands. Her steadfastness has been the edification of the world, while her wrongs have called forth the sympathy of mankind. Her struggles, while meeting with universal and enthusiastic approval, have kindled over the whole world a stronger love of liberty in every honest heart.

As a key to the virtues, as well as the foibles, of her people, we may take the assertion that "while an Englishman suspects a stranger to be a villain till he finds him out to be an honest man, the Irishman conceives every person to be an honest man till he finds him out to be a

villain." Eminently social and fond of pleasure, sunshine seems to be the atmosphere in which the true Irishman thrives; and yet who endures poverty and affliction more cheerfully? It is in these extremes that we find the real merit of the Niobe of Nations. It is as if a bond of charity unites prosperity and adversity in one fair, fragrant garland to make the world beau-tiful in both. It is as if in the most oppressed of nations we are to behold the greatest sublimity of human character, the power to rise superior to circumstances, to defy the enmity of malice, and stand forth upright.

But for what offence does Ireland weep? Why is she the Niobe of Nations? Why is she down-trodden and oppressed? Her offence is that she has loved God and His holy Church more than she has loved prosperity and the honors that accompany worldly success. She is the Niobe of Nations because her children will not give up their birthright for a mess of pottage; because she is ever true to the univer-sal fatherland, the Church—that home of saints and martyrs, not for a few fleeting years, but for all eternity. She is the Niobe of Nations, as Mary at the foot of the cross was the Mother of Sorrows; and well it befits her to go forth to spread the spirit of the Sacred Heart which was pierced for our sakes on Calvary. Her shamrock, while it speaks of the Triune God, also exhorts to these triple duties of every Chris-tian heart—fealty to home, to fatherland and to the Church of God.

Proud Pharaoh followed the children of Israel to the brink of the Red Sea. He saw nothing supernatural in the wonder wrought by the rod of Moses stretched over the deep, obedient waters. He saw his serfs pass on dry shod. Why should he not venture?—He the master of the world, a deity, enshrined in the imperish-able porphyry of the Nile, and in the abject homage of the most learned and polished na-tion in the world, would the waters dare to engulf him and his cohorts? Fearless he fol-lows in the path that God had opened for the oppressed. But when Moses and the children of Israel were safe upon the opposite shore; when the proud Pharaoh and his haughty army were marching with glittering chariots and magnifi-cent equipage shining against the miraculous wall of uplifted waves, the hand of God that had suspended the law of nature, and had su-perseded that law by His Almighty power, re-stored the equilibrium of the waters, and the audacious cohorts were submerged.

However certain the triumph of the oppressor may seem, the hour will surely arrive when his pride will be humbled. The fair Green Isle of the ocean, now weeping for her children who are crushed beneath the heel of the tyrant, looks fondly onward to the hour when the Red Sea of her sorrow shall part, and when she shall pass dry shod beyond the reach of his cruel sceptre.

ELLEN KEARNS (*Class '88*).