

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

No. 3.

Hopes.

There is a hope that soothes the fear—
The dread that we must die;
Must leave, ah! leave all we love here,
For sable pall and narrow bier;—
'Tis hope of LIFE on high.

There is a hope that peace imparts,
Though want may cloud our sky,
Though rugged be our path of life,
And each step gained with toil and strife,
'Tis hope of REST on high.

There is a hope—a heavenly hope,
That makes each sorrow fly,
That wipes away each falling tear—
And says, though grief be ours while here,
'Tis ENDLESS JOY on high.

Early Days of Notre Dame.*

As originally admitted into the Union, the north line of Indiana was continuous with that of Ohio. Shortly after the admission of the State, however, it was suggested that if the line were placed ten miles further north, Indiana would have the advantage of a port on Lake Michigan, to gain which advantage what was called the ten-mile purchase was effected. Whether the present value of the lake port, Michigan City, would justify the price paid for it, we will not now inquire; but Indiana gained unlooked-for advantages besides. Besides the site of the widely known and very successful college whose early history this paper chron-

icles, a noble river, the St. Joseph (sometimes called "Big St. Joseph" to distinguish it from a branch of the Maumee named after the same saint), which would otherwise belong wholly to Michigan, now has its most important "Bend" in the Hoosier State—a bend which has given its name to a municipality mentioned by Parkman in his carefully written work, "The Discovery of the Great West" as "the present village of South Bend," although at the date of the edition before us that village was already a city of 20,000 inhabitants, and has since probably doubled its figure. A peculiarity of the location is that it is on the water-shed of the continent. A shower of rain falling here may send some of its waters to one extremity of the United States and some to the other. Drained into the St. Joseph, it would pass into Lake Michigan and through the romantic Mackinaw Strait into Lake Huron; by St. Clair River and lake, and the Detroit River, into storm-lashed Erie and over roaring Niagara; and then by Ontario and the Thousand Isles, by historic Montreal and Quebec, into the mist-covered North Atlantic. But, falling on the opposite side of a roof-ridge, the drops might be carried into the Kankakee, which rises just west of the city limits, and thus pass into the adjacent Prairie State, into the Illinois River, and so to swell the surging flood that carries fertility and commerce through the great valley of the South and West, by St. Louis and New Orleans, so into the tropical billows of the Gulf.

Here, then, as we might have inferred, is one of the principal "portages" over which the aboriginal canoes were carried when it was desired to transfer them from the waters of the Great Lake basin to those of the Mississippi valley. The country to the north of South Bend still bears the name of Portage Prairie—a well-

* Written by ARTHUR J. STACE, A. M., of the University Faculty and published in the *Catholic World* magazine of June, 1888.

known rendezvous to the hardy and adventurous *coureurs des bois* at a time when France claimed all the territory necessary to connect Canada with Louisiana, and had even established lines of trading-posts, forts, and Indian mission churches in various directions throughout its forests and prairies. The river St. Joseph well deserves its Catholic name. More than two hundred years ago, in the autumn of 1686, a tract of land on this river was granted to the Jesuit missions on condition of their erecting a chapel and residence there within three years. This is the earliest grant of land on record within the limits of the present State of Indiana. The portage and the sources of the Kankakee were deemed of sufficient interest to afford material for a graphic description written by Charlevoix in 1721. Within the present century it was an important centre for the fur-traders, before the settlement of the country drove the beaver from his dam and the buffalo from his range. The buffalo, indeed, is still to be found in Indiana—on the State seal.

About three miles north of the extreme southern point of this elbow of St. Joseph River, and on the concave side of the curve, lies the site of Notre Dame, the subject of the present sketch. Here two little lakes, fed by never-failing springs, discharge their crystal waters into the river by a westerly-flowing rivulet. These lakes were originally surveyed and mapped as one; but the land between them, now dry, was never covered by any great depth of water, and in after-years its marshy exhalations causing ill health, it was deemed advisable to introduce a system of drainage which converted the original single lake into two, of which the larger covers about twenty-five acres, the smaller seventeen. A rising ground between the lakes is still known as the "Island." The once submerged flat lands are planted with shade-trees, or form stretches of open meadow. The original oak groves are preserved on the north and east of the lakes, and the scene retains much of its native wildness, forming a delightful contrast in the immediate vicinage of the culture and classic taste of a large institution of learning.

In 1830 the tract adjoining these lakes was conveyed by purchase to Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the proto-priest of the United States, being the first ordained within the limits of our country. *Ste.-Marie des Lacs*, as the locality was then called, was the centre of an extensive range of missions. The resident priest here attended to the spiritual wants of all settlers and sojourners, white and red, between Coldwater, Michigan, and the Illinois line, east and west, and

from Kalamazoo to Rochester, north and south—a parish as large as an average diocese. A little log church of the period is still preserved here as a venerable relic of more unworldly days.

And now let us take a retrospective glance and dwell for a moment on our wild predecessors occupying this place. The Indian tribes that claimed the neighboring hunting-grounds were Pottawatomies and Miamis, and in evangelizing them the missionaries had to contend with the usual obstacle—the incongruity of observed Christian practice, as manifested in the lives of the white settlers, with Christian principle. The Jesuits, most successful of all who have introduced Christianity among the Indian tribes, achieved their success mainly by banishing the white settler from their "reductions" and treating his influence as veritable contamination. It has been said that the Indian learns nothing from the white man but his vices. May it not also be true that the very virtues of the white man are a stumbling-block to the Indian? The most conspicuous virtue of the American farmer is his industry. Rising before sunrise to begin his labor—labor only intermitted by the "bolting" of three hasty, unwholesome, and ill-cooked meals, with perhaps a "noon spell" if the welfare of his horses requires it—he continues these labors until after sunset of the long summer's day; he plies them often in solitude and silence, uncheered even by the sight of a fellow-laborer. How can the Indian, seeing this illustration of the Gospel maxims which he has lately learned—the maxims that tell him to consider the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin—how can he fail to reflect that his own previous life, depending on Providence for what game might be brought down by his arrows, was more in accordance with the Gospel spirit than this slavery is? It has been customary of late years to sneer at the sketches of Indian character found in the novels of Fenimore Cooper as mere freaks of a poetic imagination, having no substratum of fact as a basis. The testimony of those missionaries who have devoted their life-work to the evangelization of the red races will, however, go a long way to prove the existence of estimable qualities beneath the unattractive exterior. Simplicity of purpose, fidelity to promise, and even, in spite of the harrowing tales of ferocity and cruelty related of them, true kindness of heart, have been manifested to the Black-Robe, whose faith and charity have been sufficiently powerful to enable him to bid farewell to the niceties of civilized life. Beloved and venerated by his

spiritual children, he has returned their affection with unfeigned warmth.

The list of missionaries among the Pottawatomies and Miamis in the region to which we now refer begins with the celebrated Marquette, who, on his return from the village of the Kaskaskias, descended the St. Joseph on the trail by which it is reached from the Kankakee by "portage." Whether he resided here for any length of time is uncertain, but his successor, Father Allouez, is known to have been a resident. Under the grant of land already spoken of as made to the Jesuits in 1686, at such point as they might select on the river, he chose a locality twenty-five leagues from its mouth, and there built a chapel and mission-house, which was the scene of his labors until his death in August, 1689, after a missionary career of thirty years. He may be considered the founder of the Church in Indiana, concerning which he writes: "It is said that the first who found churches are generally saints. This thought so touches my heart that, although I am good for nothing, I desire to expend myself more and more for the salvation of souls." A saint, indeed—St. John Francis Regis—had been his own preceptor.

After him Father Claude Aveneau had charge of the mission, and for a long time perpetuated the salutary influence exercised by his predecessor. An unwise policy on the part of those who wielded the executive, however, drove the Miamis upon the war-path, and the mission was suspended. It was restored under Father James Gravier in 1706. In 1711 Father Peter F. X. Chardon was in charge here. In 1721 Charlevoix found it deserted; but a new pastor, Father John de St. Pé, was sent here and remained until 1734. In 1738 the pastor was Father Peter Luke Du Jaunay. Missions were now opened at Vincennes and where Fort Wayne now stands, and these soon became the centres of activity, so that the mission on the "Big St. Joseph" was thenceforth obscured by their fame.

The abandonment of French claims upon Indiana, and the Declaration of Independence on the part of the United States, put a new face upon public affairs, and Indiana was admitted as a State before we hear of another resident missionary on the banks of the St. Joseph. Father Badin, whose purchase in 1830 we have already noticed, fixed his abode in Michigan, so that Father Louis De Séille is usually regarded as the first pastor of *Ste.-Marie des Lacs*. His sojourn here probably began in 1832. His house was a log cabin, divided into two apartments—one for a chapel, the other for his dwelling. A rude bed, a table, some books, and a few chairs

were his only furniture. A little wooden altar in his chapel had for its sole ornament a beautiful picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*. Here he lived, died, and was buried. A simple cross now marks the site. The body of the sainted dead has been laid in a vault beneath the altar of the new church at Notre Dame.

His death was marked by interesting and affecting incidents. He had visited Pokagon, an Indian village—now a railway station on the Michigan Central—about seven miles from Niles, and hence seventeen from his home. When he took leave of his Indian congregation there he told them they would probably never see him again. He seemed to have an intimation of approaching death, although in the prime of life and to all appearance full of vigor. "I have a great journey to perform," he said; "pray for me, and do not forget to say your beads for me." His hearers were afflicted at the prospect of losing their beloved Black-Robe, and the warmth of their protestations of attachment touched his heart. The farewell taken, he left them on foot, making his return journey by the woodland trail. He had a horse for distant sick-calls—sixty or eighty miles sometimes,—but the footpaths were more direct than such bridle-roads as they had then.

He reached *Ste.-Marie des Lacs* that same day, apparently in good health; but the next morning was taken sick. Priests were sent for, the nearest points being Logansport and Chicago. Sickness, however, in one case, and absence from home in the other, prevented aid from coming. Finally Bishop Bruté sent Rev. Louis Neyron from the southern extremity of Indiana, but he came too late to afford him those consolations with which he had so often fortified the last hours of others. When it became evident that death was at hand, he dragged himself to the altar of his little chapel, assisted by two of his good friends, Coquillard and Bertrand—early French settlers, whose names will never disappear from this neighborhood. Arrived there, he opened the door of the tabernacle, exerting his remaining strength in a final effort to receive his Saviour as the guide of his departing soul; and thus he passed away, exactly half a century ago. His books and chalice are still treasured at Notre Dame.

His successor, Father Petit, seems to have completed the conversion of the tribe. During the short time of his residence at *Ste.-Marie des Lacs* he baptized three hundred Indians, and presented at one time two hundred for confirmation in the log church by the side of the lake. The deportation of the Indians under Governor

Cass began in 1840. Father Petit accompanied his beloved spiritual children to their new home—if the name of home could be given to the uncongenial climate and soil of the new reservation. Fraudulent representations were made to induce the red man to leave his native land to the encroaching Caucasian. Many of the Indians had accepted civilization, such as it was, were living in settled homes, and had even become attached to their white neighbors. One white lady of wealth and influence was looked upon with the reverence due to a mother by the Indian women. She treacherously lent herself to the deportation scheme, telling her red friends that she would accompany them to the new reservation, which was represented as a land flowing with milk and honey. She did indeed accompany them thither; but, having acted as a decoy, returned.

Father Petit died beyond the Mississippi, but his remains were brought back to the scene of his missionary triumphs, and they repose, with those of Father De Seille, beneath the altar at Notre Dame.

Active as these men had been in spiritual architecture—in the building of those edifices, “not made by hands,” which redound beyond all others to the divine glory—little, if anything, had yet been done for material splendor or even comfort. A ten-acre clearing supplied the bare necessities of life. Log walls screened the sanctuary from the wintry blast and summer blaze. The natural beauty of the crystal lakes was the only—and sufficient—charm that the landscape afforded. Dense woods lay between the mission and the nearest white settlement. Where the whistle of the locomotive now wakes the echoes, the occasional creaking of an emigrant wagon making its uncertain way through the forest was the only sound indicative of land-travel. The river was the chief highway of such commerce as existed. By this the early settlers received their supplies in exchange for peltries and other products of the chase and farm. Such was the condition of affairs when Father Edward Sorin arrived here in 1842.

The Indians, even, were here still in large numbers, for the deportation, begun in 1840, was not completed in less than three years. A remnant, in fact, is still among us; and Indian blood has rarely been altogether absent from the veins of the youthful throng that assemble to receive Catholic instruction at Notre Dame.

Father Sorin, at that time in the prime of youth and energy, had united himself to a community—the Congregation of Holy Cross—whose aim was the education of boys; and, in obe-

dience to his superiors, had left his native France to extend the blessed influence of religion in a new world. Making his first resting-place in the neighborhood of Vincennes, Bishop de la Hailandière, who then filled the episcopal chair at that mission, spoke to him of the lovely spot in the northern part of the State—a spot already sanctified by the lives of so many holy men whose benedictions, lavished upon it, were doubtless destined to bear noble fruit—and encouraged him to go thither, giving him possession of the land on condition that a college building should be put up and maintained there. Accordingly, in November 1842, Father Sorin, accompanied by seven brothers of his congregation, started for *Stc.-Marie des Lacs*, to encounter for the first time the rigors of a Northern winter. Of his companions but one, Brother Francis Xavier, now survives. A writer in the “Silver Jubilee” book, published in 1869, describes this Brother as one “who has made the coffins of all who have died at Notre Dame, and most likely will do the same kind office for many more yet before he drives the last nail into his own.”

The words were prophetic. The writer was laid in his grave by the good Brother in November 1874, while Brother Francis is still as hale, vigorous, and kind as when those lines were written.

The college was begun on the 28th of August, 1843, and made habitable the following spring. Pupils had already been received, however, and accommodated in a brick building now known as the farm house, and which is consequently honored as the original seat of learning at Notre Dame. Three churches and three college buildings have occupied the first sites. The first church and second college were destroyed by fire. The first college and second church were ruthlessly pulled down to make way for nobler structures.

The Know-Nothing excitement against Catholics was felt to some extent here in early times; but Father Sorin’s address and exquisite tact soon made the most influential Protestants of the neighborhood his friends. Children of all denominations were entrusted to his care to be educated, and soon it was suggested to him that a college charter enabling him to confer the usual degrees and hold the buildings tax-free could be procured from the State of Indiana. This was done in 1844, and thenceforward the University of Notre Dame became a power in the land. A post-office was also obtained through the instrumentality of Henry Clay.

Every building connected with the University

has its history and vicissitudes, to present all of which would transcend the limits of the present article. In 1860, when the writer of these pages first arrived here, much of the original quaintness and poetry still appeared in the surroundings—features gradually swept away in the march of “modern improvements.” Few men have witnessed such vast developments from small beginnings as the venerable Father Sorin, still energetic and enthusiastic as when he first planted the seed from which the towering tree arose. To his spirit of prayer and constant devotion to the Blessed Virgin, even more than to his active exertion, these gratifying results are undoubtedly due. In the old records many interesting notes afford glimpses of life in those pioneer days—a healthy as well as a holy life, the life of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. In the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac* for 1843 we find that a “School for Young Men” has been lately opened at Southbend (*sic*), near Washington, Ind., directed by Rev. E. Sorin. “The location is on an eminence, and is one of the most healthy in the State, situated six miles from the town of Washington, Indiana.”

The oldest inhabitants cannot remember any “town” bearing the name of “Washington” within six miles of South Bend. Could it have been one of the numerous names which the village Mishawaka took unto itself before it finally settled upon the old Indian appellation signifying “swift-running water,” which so well describes its location? Mishawaka, however, is named in the same almanac, with the spelling “Mishiwakie,” as one of the places attended by Rev. E. Sorin. The terms per quarter for board and tuition, including washing and mending, at that time were *eighteen dollars!* How could it be done? We find, also, that no extra charge is made, except for books and stationery, which are furnished at store prices, and for the services of an eminent physician who attends the institution. Before the Crimean war opened a market for American produce the necessities of life were far in excess of the demand.

Five years later we have a miniature catalogue of the University, giving an account of a solemn distribution of premiums on the Fourth of July, 1848, the commencement exercises being made to coincide with the celebration of the national festival. Here we notice premiums awarded in the English course to Thomas Lafontaine, of Huntington, Indiana, the son of the chief of the Miami Nation. Other names found here have since attained local celebrity. The States furnishing most students are Indiana and Michigan. A few scattering names appear from

Missouri, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, but none from Illinois, the State now affording the largest contingent. No list of teachers is given, no details of the collegiate course. This catalogue was printed in Detroit.

In 1850 we find a catalogue printed in South Bend by “S. Colfax,” the gentleman who afterwards sat as Vice-President of these United States during the second term of Grant. Mr. Colfax was always a staunch friend to the University and invariably met Father Sorin with the most genial of his well-known smiles. This catalogue contains a Prospectus dated January 1, 1850. Here we find mention of the Philharmonic and Debating Societies. The commencement exercises have receded to the 3d of July, and there are the names of nine teachers for the various branches taught. The students’ names number fifty-six, and there is mention of thirteen students in theology not included in the list. Of the fifty-six, Indiana sends thirty-three, Michigan fifteen, Illinois and Ohio two each, New York and Massachusetts one each, and of the remaining two we find no address. Various events conspired to spread the fame of the University in subsequent years. As Chicago grew in wealth and extent, her merchants sought a safe rural retreat in which their children might be secured against the dangers and temptations of city life. After the civil war broke out the Catholic colleges of the Southern States were used as military hospitals, and the students from those regions flocked to Notre Dame. The circle of friends continually widened. Spaniards from New and Old Mexico found it a convenient place to learn English, Europeans to learn “American,” as our language is now called on the Eastern continent; and with each revolving year the distances from which students arrive continually increase.

The number attending is now tenfold what it was in 1850. But as we walk beneath the gilded dome, through spacious halls, adorned with costly historical paintings, or kneel beneath the loftily vaulted aisles of the church, where the light streams in floods of purple, amber, crimson, and azure through the translucent imagery of the panes, soothed by the melting strains of the organ, amid the perfumes “of Ormuz and of Ind” rising in clouds from swinging censers, the memory of the old days of privation and struggle returns as a pleasing reverie. The simple faith of upturned Indian faces from which the savage war-paint has been lately washed by the baptismal wave, the sun-browned features of hardy pioneers and brave *coueurs des bois*, surrounding the phantom shapes of devoted Black-

Robes, still haunt us, and imbue us with a sense that this, in view of its past even more than of its present, is indeed hallowed ground.

Ad R. P. Sorin.

Pollet exemplum mage quam potestas,
 Inde divina juvenes ad aras
 Sorte mandatos operum Satoris
 Luce coruscans
 Visus impellit stimulis viarum
 Consequi signum, decies quod annos
 Gressus es quinos—hominum Minister,
 Numen adorans.
 Per tot annos huic fuerat facultas
 Pingue libamen celebrare Sacri
 Corporis, mentesque pios fovere
 Sanguine Divo.
 Terrens jam quis valeat avere,
 Vel Supernorum, monumentum honoris
 Grandius? nil hoc superemicabit
 Munus in ævum.
 Sufficit:—non vis fragilem coronam,
 Sed fide motus tumidam capis spem
 Judicem Justum decorare festo
 Tempora serto.

Our Country.

The human heart, unlimited in its aspirations and boundless in its desires, echoing but the voice of nature, which is the voice of God, cries out aloud: Equality, thou art the birthright of all nations and the solitary hope of posterity! Nations rise and fall, but the principles of eternal justice are unchangeable, universal and immortal. Dominion was given to man over all things; but at the threshold of creation disobedience consigned the sons of mother Eve to eternal and everlasting strife.

Since then time has rolled onward in its accustomed course, bringing forth the momentous events of history. Nations have risen and fallen; dialects and languages have been forgotten; art has been lost; islands have sunk into the sea; new continents have been discovered, and "revolutions have swept o'er earth like troubled visions o'er the breast." Yet surveying all these ages we can confidently assert that America now stands forth the grandest combination of power, unity, equality and happiness the world has ever seen.

Man turned his solicitous eyes towards the past, and from History, that mirror which has reflected the long lapse of ages, the nations of antiquity pass before us. Your governments were built upon the shoulders of slaves, and your constitutions written in the blood of the op-

pressed. Rome, mightiest of all, that sat upon seven hills, saw the day when her slaves outnumbered her freemen, and from that hour her star began to fade away, and she soon sank below the horizon of nations.

Westward the course of empire now wended its way. The spread of Christianity taught man his equality by nature, and ultimately awakened in his breast the thought that he should also be equal before earthly power. Progressive civilization building up the social system, and national government clearly pointed out the relationship that the one necessarily bore towards the other. The poor and the rich, the king and the peasant, soon realized that society was only formed for the protection of individuals, and nations for the protection of society. Although coming events may cast their shadows before, long years may roll by ere hopes expectant and plans secretly laid and cherished are realized and ripen into maturity. The spirit of opposition to unequal power is well illustrated in the closing years of the 17th century. The face of Europe was convulsed in the throes of political revolutions, social dissensions and civil disorders. The fires of political intolerance and religious bigotry never burned more briskly, but far across the ocean to the westward the gates of destiny opened a new shrine, and to this Mecca came the downtrodden of every land and the oppressed of every nation.

Far from scenes of political strife, and in the solitude of the American forests, a new life began, a new people flourished; and through their common struggles and common sacrifices they reared aloft an august and splendid temple into which the thirteen colonies entered, and hung up along its walls their battered shields, inscribed with the memorials of valor and the blazonry of fame. They laid broad and deep the foundations of a government that is to-day honored and revered in every land, respected by every nation, the envy of kings, from whose bosom oppression is spurned, and under whose protecting wings peace and security to all is assured now and forevermore. Years of toil and hardship were required in clearing the forests and erecting the humble homes of our revolutionary fathers; but amidst their cares and troubles they more immediately developed the great idea of liberty and equality before the law. Those ideas of freedom and equality are attached to the divinest sentiments of the soul, are expressive of its aspirations, and of its response to the great needs of humanity. Those ideas, so early developed, sped calmly and silently on their way, extending their influence to every

class and condition of society. They dissipated the prejudices of man, and shed a divine lustre over the world.

Our forefathers' love of freedom was not the result of a morbid and selfish desire for personal aggrandizement, but a profound regard for the rights of justice and humanity. Trusting in God, they made their pledges in the sight of heaven; in the presence of man, faithfully and strictly to be redeemed.

Abiding the course of time, they lingered on that hour when the immortal Henry, in the Virginia House of Burgesses, uttered those soul-inspiring, courage-infusing and patriot-creating words that aroused the people in their might; and, animated by the sacred blood of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, with one grand, powerful and reverberating blow, they struck the death-knell of English dominion, and, wafting away the clouds of oppression, revealed to the light of heaven that priceless gem of freedom and equality whose effulgent rays will pierce the vista of ages and be blessed by "millions yet unborn."

On that ever memorable 4th of July, 1776, the friends of freedom in Congress assembled, signed the Declaration of Independence, which gave birth to our Republic, and immortalized the memory of that day. They declared solemn facts that we should not forget: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable rights; that amongst these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Proclaim Liberty throughout the land and to every inhabitant thereof! was the motto of our fathers. All men are created free and equal." Glorious, self-inspiring language! Ideas grand, magnificent, and majestic, born in heaven and written on the heart of man by the finger of his Maker; they were co-eval and co-extensive with the human race. From the dawn of creation, when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy, they were the heritage of man and will endure as his possession until the "stars shall fade away; the sun grow dim with age, and nature sink in years."

Happily has prosperity smiled upon us. As I look back over the history of my country to-day, in the 113th year, what a shifting panorama passes before my eyes! From 13 colonies we are 38 States and 8 Territories. From the shores of Mexico, stretching across the continent in a semicircle and touching upon our most northern boundary, is the motto: "All men are equal." Drawn thither, to our shores have come the ex-

ile and the outcast, the meek and the lowly of every land and of every nation. They have settled our territories, increased our riches, strengthened the bonds of our union, and on the altar of Liberty they have shed their blood in defence of our flag.

In our midst we recognize but one nobility—the nobility of nature; and but one peerage—the peerage of intellect adorned by the crown of virtue. In free America, the wood-chopper and tanner may become President; the poor newsboy, the leader at the bar, the dispenser of justice and the ornament and jewel of the ermine. The Abraham Lincolns and the U. S. Grants pass before the mind's eye; they live, and move, rise and shed lustre in our midst. Such examples we hail; they send rays of hope, and faith and joy into the humble homes of the poor; they fortify the father in his self-sacrifice; they stimulate the son in resoluteness to acquire an education, and they raise, as if by magic hand, the brave youth over the hard blocks in his path at the entrance of life.

This nation is freighted with the fondest hopes of humanity, and is the last stake in the great experiment of self-government. Twenty years and more are now passed since the first blow was struck at our foundation, but happily to-day, we know no North, no South, no East nor West. We are bound together by one mighty tie which, like the Gordian knot, cannot be unloosed, and to cut it would be treason. The hand that would dare strike the blow should palsy in the attempt; and the tongue that would dare proclaim the separation of our States should cleave to the roof of the traitor's mouth. We are bound together by rivers and mountains, by cities connected in great commercial enterprises, by the graves of the Northern and Southern soldiers, by the Declaration of Independence, and, shedding a talismanic influence over all, waves the banner of freedom, beautiful as the flower of the field to those that love it; terrible as a flaming messenger from the blue empyrean to those that hate the emblem of power, honor and unity of 50,000,000 American freemen.

C. N., '90.

ROLL on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control

Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined and unknown.

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 8, 1888.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Kindly read our prospectus at the head of this column.

—Classes were begun on Tuesday, and the work of the scholastic year fully inaugurated. The attendance, which increases with each succeeding day, promises to surpass that of last year, which was the best on record. The formal opening will take place on to-morrow (Sunday) with solemn services in the college church, when the students will have the privilege of hearing an appropriate sermon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the new American Catholic University at Washington, who has been staying with us since the Jubilee. The well-known eloquence and learning of the distinguished prelate, together with his devotion to the cause of education, give the assurance of a discourse that will long be remembered.

—A valuable souvenir of the Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Father General Sorin on the 15th of August is a group picture of the distinguished prelates who attended on the occasion of the solemnity. The Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops, surrounding the venerable subject of the celebration, are most artistically photographed, with a view of the church and the college in the background. The artist has succeeded in taking a perfect picture, the likeness being true to life, and the whole furnishing a

most pleasing memento of an occasion which called together the most notable gathering of prelates in the history of the Church in the West. Besides the venerable Superior General, the picture represents his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Elder of Cincinnati, and Ireland of St. Paul; Bishops Dwenger of Fort Wayne; Gilmour of Cleveland; Watterson of Columbus; Keane of Richmond; Spalding of Peoria; Ryan of Alton; Ryan of Buffalo; Burke of Cheyenne; Richter of Grand Rapids; Jansen of Belleville, and Phelan of Pittsburg. The pictures were taken by Mr. A. McDonald, of South Bend, and are sold at the low price of \$1.00 each.

—The classes are now in good working order for the coming term, and the next step will be the organization of the College societies, religious and literary. This, no doubt, will be effected within the next few days, and great numbers of the students will not fail to profit by the opportunities thereby offered for perfecting the work of education. We hope, however, that an equal amount of interest will be manifested in the organization of the vocal societies, especially of the college choir.

As is well known, music, vocal and instrumental, forms no mean portion of the lateral studies which the admirably arranged system at Notre Dame presents to such students as wish to take them up in connection with their regular studies. The musical department is supplied with a corps of skilful teachers for the various instruments, and if students do not become proficient musicians it must be either because they have not sufficient talent, or because they do not apply themselves as they should. Now, as may be supposed, among so many youths attending the University there must be considerable vocal talent, more or less developed, and if this were utilized as it might be, how greatly the efforts thus made would tend to enhance the solemnity of ecclesiastical services, not to speak of the additional interest imparted to the various college entertainments that form the spice of college life.

We hear much of days gone by—the days of Prof. Girac—when the interest in music, vocal and instrumental, was all-pervading through the college halls, and imparted a life and zest to the quickly gliding days, rarely met with since that time. We are sure that but little effort would be needed at the present time to rival and even surpass those “musical days of yore,” and we sincerely trust that the effort will speedily be made.

A Little Advice.

We know that those who are nowise stingy in giving advice are not apt to make themselves popular with those on whom they inflict it; yet at the risk of losing what popularity the SCHOLASTIC has heretofore enjoyed among the students, we will venture on giving a little counsel to those who begin their college life this year.

A young man entering college begins a course of study which every day becomes more and more serious. He is moreover placed in the midst of comrades hailing from all parts of the country. With them he must live and learn. They have good and bad qualities, both of which may exercise some influence on his conduct in life. Hence it is of the utmost importance that he be on his guard; that he be not influenced by the bad example which may be given him by any of his companions, and that he endeavor to cultivate the friendship of such as may be distinguished for their virtue and intelligence.

Prior to his entrance into college, a young man has been surrounded by home influences which made life pleasant and agreeable; but when he enters college he loses this influence to a certain extent, and is obliged to work his way along under a regular course of discipline. In doing this it is necessary for him to obey the rules of the institution and follow the dictates of a well-formed conscience. There are in every one two inclinations struggling for the mastery: the good and the bad, and it depends on himself as to which shall gain the victory. If he would become an estimable and accomplished man, faithful to the duties of life, he must follow faithfully the promptings of his good inclinations and banish at once those of the bad.

Not unfrequently a student may hear his defects mentioned. He ought not to close his ears to them, but should endeavor to profit by what he has heard. These defects may be remedied now, before his working life begins. If he does not heed the advice given, they may cling to him to the grave.

There is a disposition among young men of our day to slight authority—a disposition which every intelligent person should endeavor to check. We would not have a student cease to be manly; on the contrary, we would have him cultivate this spirit of manliness; but we would have him be manly in every respect. He should not forget the politeness of which he had an excellent example in his family, but should show to the regularly constituted authorities that re-

spect and obedience which has characterized him at home. Obedience is required of man in all walks of life, and its spirit should be cultivated in youth. Obedience does not take away one's manliness; on the contrary, it builds it up and strengthens it. It teaches us how to rule, for it is an axiom that he who never learned to obey can never learn to rule. A faithful observance of the rules, and due respect to one's teachers will, then, not only ensure to the student here a happy and successful year, but will be of importance to him in his after-life, enabling him to exercise the authority he has learned in his youth to respect and obey.

*

Prof. Joseph A. Lyons.

The Rev. President of the University and the Rev. Secretary of the Alumni Association have received many letters from former students expressive of the pain with which they learned the sad news of the death of Prof. Lyons. The sentiments contained in these missives give proof of the universality and depth of the affection entertained by the students towards their departed Professor whose memory will long endure in their hearts. We have no doubt that the design of erecting a suitable monument already alluded to in these columns and feelingly spoken of in the letters received will be carried into execution at the proper time. We cannot, of course, publish all the letters, but we select a few from among those first received:

"FARIBAULT, MINN., August 27, 1888.

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"I am in receipt of your communication of the 23d inst. relative to the death of Prof. J. A. Lyons. I had read of that very, very sad event in the daily press of the 23d inst. My pen absolutely refuses to transcribe my feelings of personal bereavement in meditating the decease of my old and honored tutor. It seems to me as if a part of my very life had gone out in his death, so sweetly and strongly had Prof. Lyons bound his own tender and guileless heart with my own during my student days at Notre Dame. I recall me well how his was a nature that was always steeped in the glory of a warm summer sunshine. His was a heart that ever throbbed with the noblest passion for the happiness of the students of other times, hundreds of whom to-day offer his memory the tribute of sorrow's sacred tear, and utter a profound prayer for the repose of his stainless soul. There are to me a thousand recollections of peculiar endearment closely twined around *Alma Mater*. Of them all there is scarcely one that does not suggest something of Prof. Lyons,—some beautiful trait in his character, some self-sacrificing action in his intercourse with others, some one of those incessant offices of disinterested kindness to the happy performance of which he seemed to have consecrated his entire being.

"His death leaves an aching void in the Alumni association of which there was no more lovable or manly member. In his loss *Alma Mater* is called upon to mourn one whose life work is inseparably bound up with, and has become a part of, her brightest and most pro-

gressive history. For the Alumni and Faculty of Notre Dame, as well as for the student body of the University, there is this consoling thought to assuage their grief that there is a welcome future wherein we will all become reunited with our departed brother, when that heavenly day beyond the skies will break upon us, the glory of whose dawn has already dazzled with its splendor him who has gone before. I remain, dear Father,

"Fraternally yours,

"M. H. KEELEY."

"CALEDONIA, MINN., August 29, 1888.

"REV. FATHER:

"Absence from home prevented me from receiving your letter of the 23d inst., conveying the sad news of the demise of our old friend and fellow-alumnus, Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, before my arrival on the 28th inst. It is a hopeful consolation that the end, like the whole course of his earthly life, was surrounded and haloed by the divine ministrations of our holy religion. In the days of his early manhood he was my friend and companion, true, sincere and generous; in his death, apparently premature, God has claimed and appropriated for a higher sphere of usefulness, one of the many grand characters vouchsafed to enlarge and ennoble our beloved *Alma Mater*. In life, love marked him as an especial favorite; in death, the affection and gratitude of surviving friends shed tears of sorrow on his grave. Our pastor here will offer up the Sacrifice of Atonement for the repose of his soul; may not we that tarry a few days in life be permitted to erect a suitable monument commemorative of his services to education, religion and our God? *Non omnes mortuus sum*, should be the simple epitaph inscribed by loving hands upon his tablet.

"May the pure, simple soul of Joseph A. Lyons rest forever in the bosom of his Divine Redeemer, is the sincere prayer of his friend, and

"Your devoted servant,

"JAMES O'BRIEN."

"LEADVILLE, COL., August 27, 1888.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:

"I am just in receipt of the sad announcement which you were so kind as to send me of the death of Prof. J. A. Lyons. The distance of about fifteen hundred miles which separates me from Notre Dame will deprive me of the melancholy privilege of assisting at the obsequies of our dear departed friend and associate. You will allow me, therefore, to convey in this manner an expression of my sympathy and sorrow. For many years Professor Lyons had been identified with the history of Notre Dame, and his death cannot but be a serious loss to the Institution; while to the old students who are scattered here and there all over the continent it comes with all the force of a personal bereavement. Those beautiful lines from Shakspeare are peculiarly applicable to Prof. Lyons:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"

"I most heartily unite with you in the prayer 'That his precious soul may forever rest in peace.'

"Fraternally yours,

"THOS. F. O'MAHONY."

"ELKHART, IND., August 25, 1888.

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER AND FRIEND:

"Your very kind notice of the death of our dear friend, Prof. J. A. Lyons, has reached me. It is needless for me to say that I most heartily appreciate his worth, and that I deeply and sincerely deplore his death. The memory of his many kindnesses, and of his worth as a man, will remain bright in my mind while memory lasts with me. Since he has gone, I hope, as I believe, that he has gone to receive the reward of a life well spent. All his friends have my heartfelt sympathy.

"Yours truly,

"ORVILLE T. CHAMBERLAIN."

Books and Periodicals.

—*The Art Amateur* for September contains a particularly charming colored study of "Birds of Paradise" by Ellen Welby, china painting designs for a fish-plate and a tray (Japanese lilies), sacred emblems for church decoration, various designs for embroidery, and a profusion of models for wood-carving with special reference to doors and their casings. The timely subjects of landscape and flower painting receive much attention, the directions for painting both wild and cultivated September flowers being especially useful. There is an interesting and richly illustrated "talk" with Henri de Morgan on "Greek vases;" another, particularly practical and suggestive, with E. W. Blashfield on the "Arrangement of Rooms;" and a third, with Mrs. Wheeler, on embroidered bed linen and coverlets. Walter Saterlee writes pleasantly of a French sketching ground (Etretat), and "Montezuma" in "My Note Book" is as pungent and independent as ever. Whether student or connoisseur, no lover of art can afford to dispense with this excellent magazine.

—*St. Nicholas* for September has a dainty summery frontispiece, the original of which may be found in almost every country place, showing that "More near than we think,—very close at hand, lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land," as Miss Edith M. Thomas tells us in the poem which opens the number. Then come the "Two Little Confederates," who by this time have won their way to the affection of all young readers, North and South. The late Mr. E. P. Roe collected "Some Stories about 'the California Lion,'" during his recent sojourn in Southern California and these stories are related in this number. Estelle Thompson relates a charming story about "Knot-Holes," and "What Dora Did" is a true story of a Dakota blizzard. There are several articles about birds: Ernest E. Thompson describes the "Pintail"; Henry Tyrrel writes a charming poem, "The Water-Ousels' Address"; and Charles Frederick Holder reports "How Some Birds are Cared For." "Dick's Farm Hand," by Anna S. Reed, touches upon the labor question, and shows how a small boy found one solution of the problem. Richard Malcolm Johnston continues his record of the oddities of "Little Ike Templin"; and Thomas Stevens describes the haunts and habits of the "Wild Pea-Fowls in British India." Charles Barnard tells an excellent story of the cruise of Captain Eliza, in command of the errant canal-boat "Betsey Jane." "The Mischievous Knix," by Langdon E. Mitchell, is a quaint sort of fairy story, well illustrated by Birch.

—Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have issued a very pretty edition of a treatise on Humility, written by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII when Cardinal Bishop of Perugia. The little work in itself possesses a value above price for all desirous of leading

a truly Christian life. The work of the publishers is done in the most attractive style, making it serve as a desirable souvenir of the Pontifical Golden Jubilee. Price, 50 cents.

The same publishers have also issued "The New Sunday-School Companion," an excellent manual of instruction and piety for the use of children. It contains the Catechism, ordered by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; Devotions and Prayers for Church, School and Home; Hymns and simple music for Mass and other solemnities. It is well printed and solidly and neatly bound. Price, 25 cents.

Personal.

—We shall be glad to publish in this column any items of interest concerning "old boys."

—W. J. McCarthy, '73, of Booneville, Mo., made a very pleasant visit to his *Alma Mater* during the week. He was warmly greeted by many old friends.

—Mr. G. Webb, '68, of Peru, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the College a few days ago. He entered his son in the Minim department. Many changes have taken place since the days of his college life, but Mr. Webb met with a few old friends by whom he was heartily received.

—We are pleased to state that Dr. J. Berteling, '80, of Cincinnati, has accepted a position in the University Faculty. He will be our resident physician, and, at the same time, teach the classes of medicine in the University. It is needless to say that *Alma Mater* is proud to secure the services of one of her distinguished sons.

—Among recent visitors to the University were Very Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, Rector of St. Charles' Theological Seminary, Overbrook, Penn.; Rev. Daniel O'Connor, Rector of St. Agatha's, and Rev. J. Noone, of St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia. The reverend gentlemen expressed their surprise and delight at all they saw at Notre Dame.

—Prof. William J. Hoynes, of the University, has accepted the Republican nomination for Congressional Representative from the 13th Indiana District. Though we would be loath to part with the society and services of a professor so genial, devoted and efficient, yet we, in common with his numerous friends, proffer our best wishes for his success in the present campaign.

—Among the welcome visitors on the occasion of the late Jubilee celebration was the Rev. F. Ryan, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore. Father Ryan had, a few weeks previously, preached to the Community at Notre Dame one of the most beautiful retreats it had ever been the happiness of the members to experience, and he had endeared himself to them as also to the numerous friends he made during his sojourn here. He received, as indeed he deserved, expressions of

welcome on all sides from grateful, loving hearts, and we sincerely trust that the occasion will soon present itself for a return visit from the learned priest and devoted friend.

—Mr. Maurice F. Egan arrived at Notre Dame on Monday evening to enter upon his new duties in connection with the University Faculty. His many friends and admirers were pleased to meet him—a pleasure immeasurably increased by the knowledge that he is to take up his permanent residence here. An editorial writer in a late number of the *Baltimore Catholic Mirror* admirably expresses all that we would say of the valued relations which Mr. Egan has formed with Notre Dame, and we take the liberty of reproducing his words. The *Mirror* says:

"A WISE MOVE."

"The University of Notre Dame is one of the most, if not indeed *the* most, progressive Catholic educational institutions in America. Its growth within the last decade has been marvelous. Not only in respect to the number of scholars upon its rolls is this true, but chiefly in the means adopted to meet the requirements arising from this increase. The high standard of studies in each department of the University has been steadfastly maintained, and the tendency is to raise it still higher by the introduction of the newest features of the best educational systems of the world. Thoroughness in each course is aimed at; and to achieve this, approved methods are tried and new names added to its already brilliant galaxy of educators.

"The latest acquisition which the Faculty has had is Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, who becomes Professor of English literature and belles-lettres—a position that has been specially created for him. Too much cannot be said in praise of the honest effort which this move on the part of the Notre Dame managers indicates, to secure careful teaching in this branch of polite learning. It is needless here to enlarge upon the many qualifications which Mr. Egan brings to the position. To those who are familiar with the best Catholic literature of to-day, Mr. Egan's name is a household word. His productions in prose and verse rank with the highest, and some of his poems have elicited the highest encomiums from the best minds of the English-speaking world. In addition to his character as a well-read and accomplished worker in this field, Mr. Egan has acquired a wide reputation in the world of letters for the intelligence, discrimination and rare analytical power evinced in his critical writings.

"His careful work in this department, which has found its way to the reading public through the leading magazines and in a volume recently issued, has attracted the most favorable attention. Of Mr. Egan's work on the *Freeman's Journal* it is scarcely necessary to speak. The prestige which James A. McMaster's honest and fearless course won for the paper, and the distinctive character which his strong individ-

uality impressed upon it, have been admirably sustained by Mr. Egan, who was for many years closely associated with the brave old champion of Catholic faith and Catholic thought. The University's gain is Catholic journalism's loss. With Mr. Egan's personality gone, the last vestige of this prestige, which has ever kept the old *Freeman* in the van of American Catholic newspapers, disappears also. Notre Dame is to be congratulated upon its efforts to provide for the careful teaching of so important a branch as English literature, and is to be especially felicitated upon securing the services of one so admirably equipped for the position upon which Mr. Egan will enter at the beginning of the scholastic year."

Local Items.

- Here we are again.
- Now settle down to work.
- Write for the SCHOLASTIC.
- Subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.
- Rally around the SCHOLASTIC.
- Be sure you write and go ahead.
- All are invited to contribute to the "Local" columns.
- Subscriptions for the SCHOLASTIC will be received at the students' office.
- Do not forget the SCHOLASTIC box in the students' office. Drop your local items therein.
- We expect soon to publish a description of the many ecclesiastical and art treasures of the completed extension of the church.
- The electric crown and crescent illuminating every night the statue of Our Lady on the dome, forms the delight and admiration of every visitor.
- Let the college choir be organized before many days. All students gifted with voices should consider it an honor to belong to such a society.
- An addition is being made to the steam house on Mt. St. Vincent. It will receive the new boiler ordered for the service of the Professed House.
- Work on Sorin Hall is progressing very rapidly. The building is now under roof, and will, it is expected, be ready for occupancy before the end of next month.
- In our report of the Jubilee celebration the sum in the purse of gold coin presented to Very Rev. Father General Sorin should have been stated as \$3600 instead of \$3000.
- Our weather prophet is considerably nonplussed by this long spell of dry weather. It has upset all his calculations. He says, however: "If it rains heavy, we shall have it *wet*."
- The room of the late lamented Prof. Lyons has been draped in mourning since his demise, and will so remain until the end of the month—

a tribute to the memory of one who will not soon be forgotten.

—The eloquent sermon delivered by Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Father General has been neatly printed in pamphlet form at the SCHOLASTIC Office.

—"The Souvenir of the Golden Jubilee," by McDonald of South Bend, is an excellent photograph of the distinguished prelates who took part in the celebration of Father General's Golden Jubilee. Everybody should have a copy.

—Rev. Father Zahm arrived from Colorado last evening with a large contingent of students for Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Prof. Zahm and Bro. Marcellinus were in the party, and all look fresh and vigorous after their Rocky Mountain sojourn.

—No. I., Vol. XXII, of that excellent college journal, THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, is on our table. We missed its bright companionship during vacation, and now that "school's took up" again, we extend it a hearty welcome, and hope that the ensuing year may be one of brightness unclouded.—*New Record* (Indianapolis).

—Professor Gregori is painting life-size portraits of Archbishop Corrigan of New York, and Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. The portrait of the distinguished metropolitan of New York will be presented to him on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee or the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, which will take place on the 18th inst.

—During his stay at Notre Dame, Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane has written, in Latin and English, all the statutes, rules and regulations for the new Catholic University of America. These will be printed at the *Ave Maria* Office, and copies sent to the different prelates of the United States. Later in the fall, Bishop Keane will leave for Rome, where he will submit his work to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.

—During the week Professor Gregori painted a life-size portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America. The Bishop gave Gregori three sittings for the picture, and the artist has succeeded in catching a most pleasing likeness of the great prelate whom our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII has, with excellent judgment, selected for the important position he now holds.

—The vacation Minims had the rare privilege of assisting at the Masses of Most Rev. Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, Rt. Rev. Bishop Jansen of Belleville, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke of Cheyenne in the beautiful new Chapel of St. John the Evangelist. They received Holy Communion from Most Rev. Archbishop Elder on the Jubilee day for their beloved Father General's intention.

—THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC of August 25 is Very Rev. Father Sorin's Golden Jubilee number. It contains a cluster of poems by

Maurice F. Egan in honor of the event, the address of Notre Dame to Cardinal Gibbons, the full text of Archbishop Ireland's magnificent sermon, and full details of the religious ceremonies and subsequent festivities. This number of the SCHOLASTIC is of historical value, and reflects great credit on Notre Dame.—*Boston Pilot*.

—One of the events of the great celebration was the blessing of the mammoth bell, the largest in the United States, by his Lordship Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, of Cheyenne, who was a student at Notre Dame twenty-two years ago. It was especially appropriate that Bishop Burke should perform this ceremony because he was present as a student at the celebration of May 31, 1866, when the predecessor of our great *Bourdon* was accidentally broken. Rev. Father Mollinger, a student of 1854, and now a distinguished priest of the diocese of Pittsburg, stood sponsor for the bell.

—The last work of the late Prof. Lyons in the line of book-making was the publication of Christian Reid's fascinating story entitled "Philip's Restitution," which originally appeared as a serial in the pages of the *Ave Maria*. It is one of the most powerfully wrought novels of the gifted author, and will, no doubt, meet with as extended a circulation as any of the other beautiful productions of her pen. Prof. Lyons had the pleasure of seeing it placed before the public a few days before his death, and the thought of another good work done for others must have brought him great consolation. "Philip's Restitution" is published at the *Ave Maria* Office.

—The Forty-Fourth Annual Catalogue of Notre Dame University, for the academic year of '87 and '88 has been received. It is an excellent specimen of printing from the SCHOLASTIC Press. The Faculty now numbers seventeen, which, in addition to the thirty or more assistant professors and instructors, make it one of the strongest educational institutions in the United States. The last year was the most successful in the history of Notre Dame, and the indications are that the coming academic year will surpass the last one in the number of students. Under the presidency of Father Walsh, the University of Notre Dame has, indeed, become an institution of world-wide fame.—*Tribune* (South Bend).

—Probably the largest representation of the apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes that exists anywhere was lately finished by Signor Gregori in a Gothic angle of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, over an altar dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. The work is in every way worthy of the distinguished artist. It represents the fifth apparition. The Blessed Virgin stands over a cleft of the rock; the Rosary is suspended on her wrist, and she is about to make the Sign of the Cross. Bernadette kneels at her feet, gazing upward, and holding a lighted taper. The stream in the foreground,

the rocks and foliage are skilfully painted, and so true to nature as to deceive those entering the church at the main door. The painting is 12 feet wide below and twice as high.—*Ave Maria*.

—NOTRE DAME.—We are indebted to some friend at Notre Dame for a copy of the Forty-Fourth Annual Catalogue of that celebrated University. Notre Dame is interesting to citizens of this State, as it is situated on the border, only six miles from Niles, as it was founded about the time the Michigan University was started, as it is the creation of private enterprise, and is a strictly religious institution. It contributes also to education by its literary, moral and social influence, in a neighboring college for the other sex, St. Mary's Academy, not by a mingling of sexes in classes and at lectures. It is, in all respects, therefore, exactly the opposite of the University of Michigan, and doubtless many parents, of any and all religions would prefer it for the education of their sons and daughters. While opposite in its mode of life and discipline, however, it is in nothing inferior in its courses of study, while in some points its facilities are greater, and it is constantly improving. The increasing number of its students has made a new building necessary the present season. This is named, after the founder, "Sorin Hall." This catalogue is a full outline, not overloaded with details as many catalogues that we receive, are, and is interesting to any person desirous of posting himself on our various institutions of learning, among which Notre Dame is "facile princeps."—*Ypsilanti* (Mich.) *Sentinel*.

Echoes from the Jubilee.

The Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* had a long and kind editorial notice of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Father General Sorin. Speaking of the gifts connected with the solemnity, it said:

But richest of all the gifts is that which Father Sorin has given himself to Religion—his own life. And this gift, like the grain of mustard, has grown, flourished, and sent forth leaf, bud, blossom and fruit, until Notre Dame today is among the fairest of all the beautiful gardens planted in the wilderness of America. It is to men like Father Sorin that the United States owes her prosperity—men who have toiled, suffered, sacrificed all for religion and the education of youth; silently but surely they do their work, asking no reward but the salvation of souls and the approval of their Divine Master. Self is left out entirely, and in its place Jesus, and Him Crucified, reigns. To plant the cross, to instruct the ignorant, to preach the Gospel to the poor, these have been the objects of such men as Father Sorin, in this country; and it is due to them that the forests have been cut down to make place for the grains and fruits; for city, town and village; for the

church and school; for the arts and manufactures. Everywhere the cross was planted, and from it was reflected rich blessings on those who settled under its shadow, and looked up to it morning, noon and evening.

We wish Father Sorin many years of usefulness in the beautiful temple he has built. The priests who have labored with him and the students who have had the benefit of his counsels and example will speak of him in tones of love and veneration to those who shall come after them. Thus the good he has done will live after him, and serve to fructify other wildernesses. May God reward him and all the Pioneers of the West—those who sleep, and those who still work and weep.

* * *

To the Editor of the Catholic Review:

There have been many red-letter days in the history of Notre Dame, but none more memorable than the Golden Jubilee of the priest who founded and still directs it. A great day, truly! South Bend, as well as Notre Dame, was in its gala dress; no cottage so small that it might not let fly its flag, and words of welcome in more than one language greeted the guests who came from all parts to congratulate the hero of the day.

The stately avenue lined with trees that leads to the college had become a sort of Appian Way; triumphal arches in the papal and national colors stretched over the roadway; lanterns and streamers swayed in the breeze, while above all shone the gilded dome of the University like a miniature St. Peter's, crowned by the figure of the Madonna, radiant in the sunshine.

The train bearing Cardinal Gibbons was several hours late, so that he did not arrive until eight o'clock in the evening; but the delay was in one respect an advantage. The night was beautiful, the great electric lights encircling the figure of Our Lady on the dome seemed like a rosary of stars in the sky; the myriad lanterns swinging among the trees, the expectant throng on the porches and the grounds, the sound of distant music, all formed a picture which had about it, to the imaginative, something of the gleen of fairyland. There were false alarms, of course—first it was Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul—again it was the genial Bishop Gilmour, who seemed to enjoy the mistake of being taken for the Cardinal, but who was evidently welcome for his own sake, too, judging from the round of applause given him. But at last it was he. The lights came nearer; it was the escort of his Eminence.

Along the great avenue of trees they came; now they had passed under the last arch, the air was soft with the dear old Irish Melodies. First was the band, then the societies of South Bend, then the Polish Lancers, reminding one of the knights of old returning from the Crusades. All this we saw as the procession wound out from the avenue, around the green lawn, up

to the broad steps of the college. Everybody was watching for the Cardinal. A delicate, gentle-faced prelate came up the steps, of medium height, but seeming smaller, clad all in black save for the odd, flat little scarlet cap, which we saw as he bowed to the people. It was Cardinal Gibbons. He looked very kind and humble, pleased at the affection shown him, but evidently fatigued from his journey. His face lighted up as he saw the many bishops awaiting him; he embraced Archbishop Ireland warmly and the others who were near him. Then came a Latin address of welcome read by Father Walsh, the President of the College. It was rather long, but the Cardinal listened attentively, and at its conclusion bowed his thanks and disappeared to his room. Everything was over for the night.

In the morning of the feast day, bright and early, Bishop Dwenger began the long ceremony of consecrating the church. From five until eight the consecration went on with closed doors. At nine the church was opened, and the people thronged in to assist at the Mass said by the Very Rev. Father Sorin, to the hearing of which the Holy Father has attached a special indulgence. The venerable priest seemed all unconscious of the signs of festivity and rejoicing. At ten o'clock everyone went back for the solemn celebration of the day. The beautiful Gothic church was a blaze of color and light, streaming out from the high bronze altar and the rich stained glass of the windows, from the faces of the angels and the prophets and the saints that thronged the walls. Flowers everywhere, their many hues scarce richer than the tints of Gregori's palette; votive lamps swinging before the tabernacle, one of solid gold studded with gems, the great gold crown, the gift of the Empress Eugenie, the cross presented by Napoleon III. It was almost too distracting, this church with its twelve altars; architecture vying with sculpture, the painter scarce outdoing the goldsmith. Meanwhile the ceremony was beginning.

In the sanctuary were the Cardinal, clad in all his princely robes, Archbishops Elder and Ireland, Bishops Gilmour, Keane, Watterson, Spalding, Dwenger, Jansen, Burke, Ryan of Buffalo, Phelan, Richter, and Ryan of Alton. Opposite the Cardinal sat Father Sorin. In the chapel back of the main altar were 600 Sisters, on the sides the Brothers and guests, and in the body of the church the societies and congregation. Outside the altar rail were ranged the Polish Lancers with drawn swords as a sort of military guard, their scarlet uniforms and nodding shakoes giving a dash of color to the whole which enraptures the painter, but passes beyond the penman.

The music was Haydn's third Mass, Mr. Rohner at the organ, assisted by the choir from the Jesuit Church of Chicago, and the sweet-voiced soprano, Mrs. Maguire. The Cardinal pontificated, and after the Gospel Archbishop Ireland

ascended the pulpit to deliver the sermon.

At the conclusion of the sermon the Cardinal descended from his throne, and the organ sounded the solemn tones of the *Credo*. At the Elevation the Polish Lancers presented arms. The High Mass over, there was a great banquet which was served without wine. The toasts were: "Our Holy Father," responded to by Bishop Dwenger; "The Hierarchy of the United States," by Archbishop Elder; and "The Founder of Notre Dame," by Bishop Gilmour. In the afternoon the entire University building was solemnly blessed by Bishop Watterson. At 5 o'clock Bishop Spalding delivered a speech from the porch of the college in his usual eloquent manner. He spoke of the beauties of Notre Dame; it was a place where poets could dream, where philosophers could hold high discourse. He spoke of its work, which lay not in bricks and mortar; in colleges, however stately; in churches, however beautiful; but in the young souls that had been nurtured within its walls. This was the work—the highest work of man—to educate to perfection. To make the perfect man, perfect physically, intellectually and morally, this was the dream of the greatest in the world from the days of Attica, when Christianity was but a promise, to the present, when it had become so great a power for the elevation and enlightenment of man. "God was beauty as well as truth; man was like Him by his intellect as well as by his conscience. Add the influence of Christianity to the old love of knowledge of the Greeks, then we shall have perfect education." The Bishop was attentively listened to, and often applauded, as the position afforded more freedom than could be taken in a church. The Rev. clergy evidently enjoyed his sallies of wit, especially when, alluding to the disposition to hero-worship among the young, he said that to a boy even a tinsel hero was to be revered; "put a bit of purple on a man, he is a hero," said he, this with a gleam of saturnine humor. The theology and the wit were equally appreciated.

At the conclusion of Bishop Spalding's remarks the Cardinal said a few words relative to the subject of the day. His manners were simple and dignified, his voice clear, though not loud. Father Sorin had been compared to Moses, he said, but God had favored him more than the prophet of old, for to Moses it had been given only to look over into the Promised Land, but the modern Moses had passed within its bounds. The respect and love shown the Cardinal by the people was very touching; one old grey-headed Irishman knelt on the steps, hands and eyes uplifted, and a look of such rapt devotion on his face as was beautiful to see. The Cardinal then gave the people his blessing, after which was solemn Benediction in the church.

In the evening the college and all the buildings were illuminated, the lanterns were lighted, and a grand display of fireworks took place. With this Father Sorin's Jubilee was over.

MARY J. ONAHAN.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—There have been several valuable additions to the library lately, chief among them being five volumes of the *Scientific American* richly bound.

—The sitting-room at the Infirmary has been newly carpeted and painted; it is so cosy now that some may be tempted to spend a day there in preference to the class-rooms.

—Miss Teresa Hinz, a promising and amiable student, a member of last year's Second Senior Class, sailed for Europe August 16. Word of her safe arrival was received on Monday last.

—In the list of Jubilee offerings given in the first number of the SCHOLASTIC mention should have been made of a sofa pillow, the gift of the colored children of Alexandria, Va. The omission was through mistake.

—St. Mary's was honored lately by a visit from Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, who assisted at High Mass and delivered a beautiful sermon on "Divine Providence." He was present also at Vespers, and gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—Pupils should bear in mind that now is the time to think of the honors conferred in June. Many never think of them until late in the year, when with regret they wish that they had been more careful during the first months of the scholastic year.

—Homesickness is a very trying malady, and is quite prevalent among school-girls this month. It is to be hoped that the old pupils who have "suffered and survived," will show kindness and sympathy towards their schoolmates, whose every thought is of home and the dear ones.

Book Reviews.

[Extracts from *St. Mary's Chimes*, edited by the Second and Third Seniors.]

All first-class magazines have a column devoted to book reviews, so the *Chimes* must not be behind the times. The first volume we take up is entitled "Harvey's English Grammar." We tried to read it with interest, and we think we succeeded. It is printed in various sized type and has a dark brown cover; it has three fly-leaves in front and two in the back (readers will find these convenient to use for notes); the paging is very distinct, and one has no trouble in finding the chapters. The first part, we noticed, was a kind of introduction to what was to follow, and by the time we reached the section, headed "Nouns," we began to think the plot was deep. Amongst the verbs, pronouns and adverbs a person cannot but think what an original man Mr. Harvey "was," "is," or "am," he hardly knows which. The interest deepens as

one progresses, and by the time one is half through he is so absorbed that he does not know whether he is "I," "thou," "he," "she," or "it." There is not a page in the book that is not teeming with knowledge, and no book is more read by school children than the one now under consideration. The general tone is good, and there is nothing sentimental about it; the parts are not exaggerated, and, taking it all in all, the *Chimes* recommends most heartily the highly-interesting book, Harvey's English Grammar.

Dante's "Divine Comedy."

The "Divina Comedia," the greatest work of imagination the world has ever produced, will always be regarded as one of the masterpieces of language. There is no other poem in the range of human composition which, for importance of subject, elevation of thought, earnestness of conviction, or corresponding perfection of execution, can bear comparison with Dante's grand epic.

The author styled his poem a Comedy—the title of "Divine" being added by posterity. The work is a visionary pilgrimage through the kingdoms of the other world, from the dwelling of Lucifer to the throne of the Most High, and forms a trilogy consisting of the "Inferno," "Purgatorio," and "Paradiso," each of which contains a series of cantos.

There are but few to whom Dante's "Inferno" is entirely unknown, or who have failed to be impressed with the terrible, yet sublime, pictures therein portrayed. In accordance with the subject, it abounds in striking and forcible passages. The verses sound like a wail of lamentation, now wild and rude, anon stern and terrible. Hell is the city of woe, created by a Triune God to deal justice to rebellious man as well as to the fallen angels. Here are punished those who died without repentance; they are subjected to torments of every kind: extreme heat and intense cold, and what is worse than all, the anguish of a broken heart. For the sake of things that perish they have forfeited the divine love, and their torments are deservedly eternal. The poet in his wanderings through this domain of suffering is guided by Virgil who personifies reason. Dante shows us in his images the hideousness of sin and its chastisement.

The images of torment are the poet's own creation; but the idea of the retributive justice of God eternally rejecting the impenitent sinner, and the notion of the punishment varying with the sin, are necessarily bound up in his belief in God, and constitutes the greatness of the Comedia. Conducted by Virgil, he enters pur-

gatory, which he represents not only as a place of suffering, but also as a sanctuary of humble, contrite prayer. Here, having arrived at the limit of reason's domain, and entered the kingdom of faith, Dante parts with Virgil; while Beatrice, to him the personification of all that is lovely and good, becomes his gentle guide to heaven.

The Paradiso is comparatively little known. The subject, heaven and its happiness, forms a theme so sublime that it transcends our comprehension. As there are gradations of punishment in purgatory and hell, so has heaven its degrees of happiness varying with the individual merit. Conducted by his guide, the poet reaches the third circle from which he is led by St. Bernard to the "Throne of thrones," the "Heaven of heavens." In vain does the writer strive to express in words the mysteries sublime, when suddenly they are revealed to him; and now that his will is perfected by union with that of God, all his yearnings are stilled, his longings satisfied.

The grandeur of the whole work lies in its perfect harmony. The heavens contain many spheres, each of which has its separate existence, its definite laws, forms, and powers; yet the higher and the lower are in no ways opposed, but unite to form one grand whole; so too with Dante, everything finds its fitting place, and reveals at a glance not only the poet, but the artist. His heaven and hell stand before us in outlines bold and incisive. He possessed creative genius of the highest order, a retentive memory and a penetrating intellect. In richness and force of imagery he stands alone. He portrays at once all that is most sublime, most brave, most beautiful, and most revolting—love and the most exalted virtues; hate and the darkest crimes; perfect sanctity and the vilest sin; the rapture of the blessed in heaven as well as every gradation of torment in hell. With this master mind the sublime never becomes pompous, nor the tender and lovely, insipid. Dante sat at the feet of both mystics and schoolmen, and his poem bears their twofold impress. Philosophy and astronomy; politics, mythology, and history are all interwoven in his many-colored web. He presents to us the whole Christian mediæval world when it had attained perfection and its epoch was to close. Theology gives to all this varied wealth of material, order and unity. Dante speaks but the truth when he calls his work

"The sacred poem that hath made
Both heaven and earth co-partners in its toil."

CATHERINE HUGHES (Class '88).