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The Ministry of Scholarship.*

By the Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, LL. D.

And I heard the voice of the Lord saying: Whom shall I send? and who shall go for us? And I said: Lo, here am I, send me.—Is. vi, 18.

THERE is something glorious in the idea of consecration, in the vision of the prophet coming out of Ramah to empty the horn of oil on the head of David; of the Redeemer of the world in the Garden of Olives bowing to the will of His Father and drinking the chalice of suffering; of the religious at the threshold of life, like the discoverer of continents, emptying her treasures at the feet of her Lord even before she knows the value of them; of the young levite on his face before the altar of supreme sacrifice, dedicating himself to God, his portion forever.

Whether it be the son of Jesse or the last born of the order of Melchisedec, wherever there is consecration there is always conquest. Just in so far as life is constrained to some high purpose, harnessed to some divine ideal, does it become rich beyond the impoverishment of wealth, holy beyond the contamination of the world, victorious beyond any chance of earthly defeat. By consecration every man becomes a priest, not perhaps of the Holy of Holies, but of that outer court which is still a sanctuary, in which he must lift up daily the offering of his example, and daily preach the gospel he believes in living words no man can contradict.

Some such consecration should take place in the sanctuary of your hearts to-day. A conviction of power and eager sense of duty should lift you up to the mountain of immolation and fill you like Isaias with the

* Baccalaureate Sermon delivered at the University of Notre Dame, June 14, 1908.

enthusiasm of those who have seen the face of God and in the glory of that ineffable vision are ready for any labor and any sacrifice.

The world follows leaders; and those whom nature and the advantages of education have endowed with superior wisdom and experience are the logical guides of their fellowmen. They are ordained by their opportunities to a ministry of help and enlightenment that lifts them to the place of power and authority. The world looks to them for direction and counsel, and seeks the law at their lips. In the face of this obvious and natural condition it is significant and ominous to know that the great majority of those who are qualifying for the arduous and responsible duties of leadership and who will inevitably take their places at the head of every social, intellectual and religious movement, are being trained in institutions in which the sources of inspiration are poisoned and the chair of truth usurped by the teachers of scepticism and unbelief.

Never in the history of the world has there been such a deification of human reason. God and prophecy and miracle are put on trial and condemned. Never has there been a baser sensuality, more laxity of the marriage laws, a wider slaughter of the innocents, more denial of the criteria of belief, more buffoonery in the name of religion. The wealth of the world, the scholarship of the world, the theatres of the world, the universities of the world—all are pouring themselves out to swell the ranks of the deniers of God,

If the leaders of the people deny God and disregard His laws their followers will despise authority and serve iniquity. Whatever leaders believe and teach and do, the millions come to accept. No society can long endure that abandons God. Sooner or later, the state ruled by godless leaders will be torn from its moorings and

carried swiftly and helplessly to anarchy and ruin.

But even though the fires are still burning upon the altars of paganism and are fed by the priests of doubt and despair who go forth annually from these breeding places of scepticism and unbelief, it must ever remain true that "the earth is the Lord's," and now as of old the champions of unbelief challenge the sons of God to their own confusion. Shall the enemies of God hope to live and prosper in our day when the prophecy of destruction is fulfilled in Damascus, which has ceased to be a city and is become "a ruinous heap of stones"; when of the temple built on divine plans there is not left a stone upon a stone; when Babylon is fallen and all the graven gods therein broken and ground to powder; when Egypt is delivered to cruel masters and her spirit crushed; brother pitted against brother, friend against friend and city against city?

The salvation of the world is with the apostles of truth. And that is why those doubly endowed by education and the safeguards of a divinely established religion, men in whom study, like the rod of Aaron, has opened the springs of life and thought; men whose companions are the wise and holy and whose meal is the fruitage of the race; men whose hearts are anchored in God, who wear justice as a helmet and modesty as a shield, owe it to themselves and to their fellowmen to take the place of leadership against the deniers of God who in this world-temple of the Most High are calling upon his creatures to abjure Him. Now as when David championed the cause of Israel, they shall return with the heads of their enemies who go to battle in the name of God.

Every great movement for social and political reform has been conceived in the minds and hearts of men who in the schools learned the logic of principles as well as

events. It must be ever so. Even when the actual physical leadership is taken by others, the educated have always been necessary to crystallize and formulate the ideas and grievances of the multitude.

Where are the great leaders of to-day--the champions of the cause of God? The ages of faith generated martyrs, confessors, doctors, soldiers and statesmen. Is our vaunted progress so poor in the fruits of genius that we are compelled to boast of the past if we boast at all? Why is it that, with so many additional advantages, the champions of truth and charity are not multiplied a hundredfold?

Is it because our Christian scholars are convinced that a little learning is a dangerous thing that they can look on unmoved at the mistaken and futile efforts of those who try to sing and drum their way to the conquest of souls divinely committed to themselves? Is it for the same reason that the educated clergy and laity abandon the field of journalism and leave the daily press and the more pretentious periodicals to the folly and vagaries of every prophet of evil, while the cause of truth is left without advocates or defenders? Is it the same reason that surrenders every species of civic and social activity to those who substitute philanthropy and humanitarianism for the charity extolled by the Son of God? Is this the reason that every legal aid society, every social centre, the regulation of the liquor traffic, and almost every other reform, is left to influences which, if not directly and purposely anti-Catholic, are dominated by a spirit of pagan altruism and religious indifferentism? Is this the reason that the methods of the wardheeler and the haunts of the cheap politician are more attractive than the pursuits of honorable labor? Is this why the great legal talent of the country is so often at the service of lawlessness in high places, and why the priceless

harvest of years of study and self-denial is sold in the market to the highest bidder?

The nobility and service of Christian scholarship should not be forsworn for reasons so empty or so base. Here is a place for consecrated leadership, for men who have had the inspiration, companionship and example of thousands of ambitious youths struggling to the summit of knowledge; who are the heirs of the Peters and Johns, the Pauls and Gregories, the Augustines and Loyolas, the Godfreys, O'Connells and Mores—the glory as well as the fruit of their common mother. This legacy of example and inspiration of a saintly ancestry the Catholic scholar carries with him into the warfare which began in Him whose guerdon was to be not peace but the sword.

Ideas and principles are pregnant as motherhood. Those who espouse them and advocate them rule the world. There is no such thing as public opinion; if there seems to be, it is only because the public clamors for what it has been taught to believe. The race is swayed and controlled by the few who think, by the men who, with the power of originality superendowed by education, see great things where others see only little things, think strong thoughts and hold to them, say what every one wants to say but lacks the ability to say, do what everyone knows should be done but lacks the courage to do.

You must be these men. You are trained for leadership. The world needs you. It has a right to the knowledge and experience and wisdom which you have had the time and means and perseverance to acquire and with which like strong wine you have regaled yourselves while the multitudes trod the winepresses in poverty and patience. "Bless the Lord, ye mountains and hills," was not spoken of the physical world alone, but of the *fili hominum*—the sons of men—who by their natural

endowments, magnified a thousandfold by the advantages of education, tower above their fellows. And if the mountains and hills vie with one another in voiceless but eloquent rivalry for the kiss of divine love and approval, how much more should not these giants of the race crowd the altars of praise and sacrifice to lay the first fruits of all their labors at the feet of their Master.

How majestic is the figure of the Christian leader, filling the eyes of a world with the glory of his presence, thrilling its ears with the charm and compulsion of his words, firing its soul with noble enthusiasms, freeing its heart from the ache of unbelief. He brings the dead to life and fills them with his own courage. Not everyone can bend the bow of Ulysses. A Paul or a Bernard or a Sorin is generated but once in an age, but each of them has spurred into life thousands who but for them would be unknown. One man established a knighthood which epitomized its principles in the shibboleth, "Loyalty to Christ and the Church"; but the sentiment invoked by Henry the Fowler has inspired legions to throng the ranks of chivalry for a thousand years.

And when we know that this pervading, multiplied power of leadership is the fruit of scholarship, what is the matter with so many of our university graduates, that experienced and successful business men preach the superiority of self-made men over college men? The fault is certainly not in the rich opportunity and superior equipment of the college men. Hardship and poverty, while they have their advantages, are not in themselves passports to success. The trouble lies in the lack of enthusiasm and energy. The ignorant succeed not because they are ignorant but because they are filled with enthusiasm. Enthusiasm without knowledge rises higher than knowledge without enthusiasm. Coldness is the great malady of the world. The man without enthusi-

asm, without ambitions, without some noble purpose in life is dead. Whether he is buried now or twenty years from now, as far as the world is concerned makes little difference. No one can roll back the stone that imprisons the captive spirit "housed in walls of flesh," but man himself. The guardians of knowledge may call upon the dead to rise, but until the buried spirit itself throws off the lethargy of sloth and indifference, it shall stay forever shut in by doors of sense.

We are largely the arbiters of our own destiny. We can not, it is true, go deeper than the foundations upon which our faith and principles rest, or higher than the call of the Infinite. But between these two, temptations from without and selfishness from within lure us to mean purposes. This is the rock upon which the resolves of Christian manhood must not be broken. Like the Son of Man we are upborne to the Mountain of Decision and shown the world. The fault is our own, and the consequences too, if we do not put Satan and all the allurements of pleasure and sin behind us, and go resolutely to our appointed work.

It is not the fault of institutions like this that their products are not taken at their face value. So many have proved recreant to duty, insensible to the requirements of their high estate, and in the mask of scholarship vied in trickery and deceit with knaves and degenerates that every true man must vindicate his title to a place in the ranks of those who deserve the respect and praise of the world. No university can make you more than your own sterling manhood will permit you to be made. The real and vital benefits and promotions in life are those which every man confers upon himself. Wherever educated men have impressed themselves on others it was because they were fundamentally manly men—honest, sincere and earnest.

Too many of our potential leaders are chained to the car of Moloch—their splendid talents and the fruit of all their advantages wasted in the pursuit of material wealth and success. They bend to their task with merciless self-action, whipping and goading themselves in the race with unknown rivals who are with equal cruelty mercilessly lashing themselves to out-distance them. It is when we see this that we realize that material edifices are not the only temples from which the money changers should be driven out. Souls are primarily the tabernacles of the Most High, and their desecration is not more pardonable because the despoilers are also the despoiled.

He who consecrates himself to higher ideals than those of the world may be called a visionary, but he can afford to be called a visionary by those who have never heard the voice that calls him or never seen the light that leads him on. Things of the spirit are immeasurably greater and more desirable than things of matter and sense. He who cultivates the nobler things of mind and heart is rich. Only the wicked and the ignorant are poor. If you only knew it, your fortune is made now. The scholar hangs the walls of memory with the riches of the world, and this palimpsest gives back its treasures without measure and without number. Whether a Greek slave like Epictetus, or on the throne of the Cæsars like Marcus Aurelius, or in the cell of the recluse like the Angel of the Schools, the wise and holy alone are rich.

And inalienably rich because their riches are in themselves. Nor are they impoverished when they lavish all they have upon others. They give to others only to enrich themselves the more. No artist ever put on canvas the wealth of imagery that flooded his own soul. No musician ever expressed all the enchanting harmony that ravished himself. The Bourdaloues and Massillons conceived a wealth of meaning and strength of conviction

which even their matchless oratory failed to awaken in others. So the wise and holy who live for others conceive a joy and satisfaction which, with all their generosity, they can not give away. Sacrifice is the fulness of life, and they who give most receive most. He who gives nothing till he dies, gives nothing at all.

While for you this day of service is just the beginning, and while your opportunities for giving are more and larger now than they ever will be again, you also will come to realize, as we realize, that the verdict of our lives at the end of every day obliges us to confess that we have not lived yet. We are still far from the goal of our hopes and our duty. The more we labor the more we grow. Only when man shall "roll up the sky like a hide" shall there be an end to labor and the aching of desire. If any day could find us satisfied, there could be no to-morrow. Onward and upward to death. Our best to-day is our stepping-stone for our best to-morrow.

And when all our ships come in, and you know how you dream of the things you hope to carry with you when the port is reached—wealth, honors, friends—there will be one thing that will enrich you without all the rest, and all the rest without it will leave you poor: unsullied Christian manhood, the friendship and approval of God.

In the meantime be not so enrapt in the glow and hope of the future, "filling cups with yellow sunset dreaming it is wine," nor dwell so complacently on the past, that poor despised to-day—the day of opportunity—passes unheeded and unharvested.

How your *Alma Mater*—this miracle of educational achievement—like the proud mother of many children, must lift her pure face to God to-day and out of her heart of hearts praise and glorify Him for the saintly lives that builded themselves into the very fibre of her

being, who humbled themselves that she might be exalted, who were hungry that she might feast in the richness of this day, naked that she might put on splendor and magnificence like a garment !

You are the fruit of her womb, the last born in the line of Christian scholarship. To-day she comes with you to the altar of consecration. She has a right to expect, and the world has a right to expect, that you will go forth from this sanctuary as the representatives not only of her wisdom and inspiration, but of the sacrifices and travail of those apostolic spirits who spent their lives gladly that you might inherit the glory of this day. To you we look for that dedicated service, that conscious Christian leadership, that glorious representation of the highest Catholic ideals for which I have been pleading, and for which the whole world is waiting. It is true now as in the days of Eliah the son of Jesse—the Lord regards not the countenance of the man nor the height of his stature, but what he is in himself. Like the last born of the sons of Jesse, the Spirit of God may pass Eliah and Abinadab, and all your elders, to lift you, the youngest born, to the place of destiny. So that when the prophet comes with the horn of oil he shall say: “This is He!”

And in that day when the Master of all men shall need the clean of heart and tongue to speak His message to a perverse and impenitent people, when He shall seek the man worthy to wear the crown of consecrated leadership, and when, like Isaias, with lips touched and purified by the coal from the altar of love and sacrifice, you hear the voice of the Lord saying: “Whom shall I send? and who shall go for us?” and you shall say: “Lo, here am I, send me!”

The Young Man in Public Life.*

By the Hon. Charles P. Neill.

I CAN not and I would not venture to try to express to you the feelings that move me to-night as I stand upon this platform. But I say truthfully and sincerely that I feel embarrassed and altogether unworthy of the praise that Father Cavanaugh has just bestowed upon me in his introductory remarks. He has spoken to you of my study of Greek; but I not only learned Greek from Father Cavanaugh: I learned other things—better even than Greek; and his eulogy simply reflects that splendid type of friendship which sees in large perspective the modest virtues of the friends he loves.

I am not to be introduced as a Commencement Orator; I am no orator; but after nearly a quarter of a century's absence I come back to the students of this University from that field of activity in which the storm and stress of modern social life finds its most violent expression, to say a few practical words to these young men about to go forth into that same field to bear the heat and burden and conflict of the world.

I wish to impress on them, first of all, some things that they already know. I want to repeat to them that they live under the most advanced form of government, and under the most advanced development of social institutions that the world has ever known. These represent the results of the fresh, unceasing, bitter and costly struggle of century after century and generation on generation of men. They represent the ideal about which the hopes and aspirations and dreams of men have

* Baccalaureate Address delivered at the University of Notre Dame, June 17, 1908.

always centred; they represent, in other words, conditions of society in which the ideal is that all privilege, with its corollary of oppression, should be swept aside, and that there should be equal opportunity for every man born into the world to develop within himself all the traits of character, and all the qualities of mind and heart and soul with which his Creator has endowed him.

It is true that in the concrete we are very far from having attained the realization of that ideal. Perhaps, like the ideal of Christian perfection, we may never attain it in this life. Yet, I think, it is within the bounds of conservatism to say that we are nearer to it than the world has ever been before.

But what, in our country, does quality of opportunity mean? It means, first of all, the opportunity for education. It does not mean that every man shall have the opportunity to attain wealth or place or power. The best and truest and finest opportunity is the opportunity for education, for the development of the mind and the soul of man.

Now, consider this ideal for which we strive: and realizing that we are nearer to it to-day than the world has ever been, ask yourselves; to how many of us has the real equality of opportunity come? To how many of us has the opportunity for a full and rich and deep education been presented?

Our land is dotted with educational institutions, from the simplest and humblest school house to the best equipped university. Every year millions of little children start out with that education apparently open to them; but how many hundreds of thousands of them, in this land of opportunity, have never been able to see inside the door of the school house? Read the statistics of the various grades of the public or of the parochial schools, and see how greatly the number of those who

did enter is decreased. At the ages of eleven, or twelve, or thirteen, or fourteen, grim necessity plucks them out from the ranks of schoolboys and schoolgirls, and puts upon them the burden of the bread winners; and to them the opportunity of further education is denied. Few indeed of those who enter the grammar school ever enter the high school: fewer still of those that reach the high school ever enter college. And so it comes, young men of Notre Dame, that you who are at college, represent an exceptional fulness of opportunity; you are among the few to whom has been given that real equality of opportunity for which our government and our institutions stand, and toward which the world has struggled and fought for ages.

Now, how do you receive that opportunity; how do you get it? I suppose none of you fails to realize the fact that you are here as the debtors of your parents. Dull indeed and ungrateful would be the heart that would fail to appreciate that. And I suppose that in every college in the United States the number of those students who are there through some sacrifice—painful sacrifices in some cases it may be—on the part of their parents, is larger than the number of those whose parents can well afford the expense.

But beyond all that, there is no college, there is no institution of collegiate or higher rank in the United States, which could be supported or maintained solely by the fees of the students. Our colleges and universities are of three classes: there are those that are State endowed, or State supported; to these the humblest citizen contributes his mite for the support of such institutions—the citizen whose own children may never see inside its walls. Then we have richly endowed private institutions. Such endowments run into the millions, and represent the donations, larger or smaller,

of men who from a sense of loyalty and love have given that which they can afford to spare for so noble a purpose. And we have a third class of institutions—the institutions represented by Notre Dame, and, practically, by every other Catholic college of the United States. These institutions, like the others, could not begin to maintain themselves upon what our parents are able to pay them for what they offer to us. And these institutions, too, are endowed; and their endowments too continue for year after year; but their endowments consist of the daily sacrifice of the men who are giving their life and their toil, and sacrificing their all in order that we may have this priceless opportunity for education under Catholic auspices. As a matter of plain fact, if the colleges of the United States were dependent for support on the fees of their students alone, education would be the privilege only of the very rich. And I venture to say that the majority of you—and certainly I—would never have known any education above that of the common grammar school.

You start out therefore in life, young men, social debtors; debtors not only to your parents, as I have said, but heavy social debtors to the society and to the men that have made the opportunity possible for you to acquire this education of the highest kind.

What are you going to do with this opportunity? Of course, the first fundamental—the first thing you must do—is to make of yourselves decent, self-respecting, God-fearing men. Go out into the world; and live up to the ideals and standards you have learned here; make your individual lives correspond with the opportunities that have been given you; see to it that you become splendid types of the Catholic man.

But I venture to say that even when you have attended to this,—when your private life and your family

life are all that the ideal Catholic man's personal and family life should be, you are yet far from the ideal man.

- You are yet a good way from repaying the debt of heavy obligation that you owe to society at large.

You have another duty—not a private or family duty, but a civic one. The government and the institution under which you live, under which you have had these opportunities, did not come by accident, nor did they come easily: they came after long centuries of fighting, in which much treasure and much blood was spent that they might be attained. And your first civic duty is to see that you do your part toward maintaining the purity and the stability of that government and those institutions; that you stand for a decent, honest, civic life; that you go out and take off your coats, so to speak, to help your fellow-men, and not so as to have them feel or say of you that you are an exclusive set; that the college men, and the men of opportunity can not mix in politics; that they can not get out into the hurly-burly, and the undignified role of politics. Undignified role of politics!—is the right of governing yourself—for which generations of men have gladly laid down their lives—to be called undignified! Is it too much to ask that you get out into the thick of the fight that your free government and institutions be preserved, that your civic life should be decent and honest?

This is not easy; for let me say to you that to do that will require, if not quite the same kind of heroism that would be required to go out and fight for those institutions, at least a distinct type of heroism; it will require a firmness that unfortunately few of us possess. For mere physical courage is one of the most common virtues of humanity. Many of our Catholic men, for example, would go out and lay down their lives rather than deny their faith. But they will not always be as devoted as

they should be to the performance of their civic duties. When you go out into your civic life, and fight for the principles of decent and honest government, you must be prepared, if necessary, to stand up against your friends, to break friendships of long standing, and to sacrifice the opportunity for power and profit, in order that you may do what is right and honorable and upright in your public and civic life; and the number of men who can do this is even less than the number of men who are willing to go out and face the cannon's mouth in defence of the institutions of their country. For, as a matter of fact, governments and countries and free institutions have not been destroyed and lost through violence and through war: they have been lost through corruption, and because those to whom those privileges had been transmitted were unworthy to maintain and to enjoy them. Now, to continue practically, we might ask ourselves, where does this duty begin? It begins in your own ward. Attend the ward caucus and see that you are represented by decent men; see that your city government is clean and decent, that your state government is clean and decent; and see, gentlemen, as a last duty, that your national government is also clean and decent.

Now just let us consider for a moment what this matter of maintaining decent government means. Remember that after all, our institutions, and all that we are proud of in this country, are but an experiment; and, historically speaking, a new experiment, of a comparatively short time. Democratic government is very old. The Greek cities and states, for example, were splendid specimens of democracy—modified indeed by the fact that a large proportion of the residents were slaves; but in so far as they had the rights of citizenship, they governed themselves directly. The Greek states were governed by a democracy in which every man had a voice

to determine how that government should be conducted and expressed his view directly. This of course is impossible in a larger state; and government by the people must have perished from the earth, if we had not devised the system of representation. We therefore govern ourselves to-day, not directly, not by expressing our individual views as to what shall or shall not obtain, but by selecting our representative in government. And so you have one who represents a hundred thousand, or a hundred and fifty thousand, or two hundred thousand, or two hundred and fifty thousand men, one who represents their will, and the sentiment for which they stand. And when through cowardice or corruption, or for personal ends, he fails to do that for which he is sent there, he attacks the very foundation of popular government. You no longer govern yourselves; but you are governed by the man who bought him, or the interests he may represent. And he is a greater and more dangerous traitor to your institutions, to your country and to his country than is the man who sold out your army; and he is a more dangerous man—and I say this deliberately—than the anarchist who goes out with the torch and dagger, and attempts to overturn the society in which he lives: for the anarchist can not overturn it. We will never lose the form of free government in that way: the attempt to so overturn it outright and to destroy its form, would bring out a million defenders in a moment. The danger lies in the fact that the form may be preserved when the spirit is gone; and that we may go on believing that we still have self-government and free institutions when we have a dead form.

It is true that we live in an age of unrest. It is probable that in the lifetime of most of us we may see considerable changes: we see them already. No one can fail to note that everywhere to-day there is deep social

unrest. We see it in Russia, for example, expressing itself in fierce and savage outbreaks, in Germany in the bitter struggle against socialism, in England in another form in the shape of the Labor movement. We see it in the United States to-day—in a state not eighty miles from here—a bitter struggle between representatives of two entirely different shades of thought, with different ambitions, and different views as to what constitutes the correct and model form of government for the progress of our society.

Now you all appreciate and realize at once that the unrest and struggle going on is world-wide. We can not read the daily papers without realizing that. But you also realize that the world is old; that the struggle which you are seeing to-day differs very slightly—far less than at first thought you might believe—from the struggle of centuries ago. And you may see to-day that, after all, it is a working class struggle; it is sordid; it is material; it is really a struggle of the “have nots” against the “haves.” Let it be so; so every struggle from the beginning has been. And howsoever we may disguise or try to disguise it, short of the possession of a certain modicum of material comfort, there is neither chance nor opportunity of spiritual and mental developement. There must first be some degree of material comfort.

A gentleman said to me a few days ago: “Oh, after all, it is easy to preach discontent; we want this uproar stopped; we want peace in this country.” Well and good; but I can only speak from the experience I have of the life that I know and see around me; and so long as you have little children of tender years forced to bear the burden of bread-winners, and so long as mothers, with the cares of home, are forced into the factories, the mines and the mills, and men compelled to toil for unnaturally long periods of labor in the heat and the

grime and the burden of the industrial shops that represent our industrial prosperity—so long as these things go on, life means to these classes merely the elements of an animal existence, and so long will the seed of discontent be sown, and the agitator find a ready response in the hearts of the audience he addresses.

But is this struggle as sordid as it seems? You may say it is a far cry from the slave of antiquity, or the serf of medieval life, to the modern wage-earner conducting a strike for a higher wage, or a shorter working day. But, young men, these are both simply the aspects of one and the same struggle, world-wide and always continued. At bottom, that struggle for personal freedom of which you have read in history, and which has thrilled and inspired you, was a struggle for better conditions of living—for more material comfort, as a right.

Now that whole struggle, that probably seemed to you political, was at bottom a struggle to get control of the government, that the government might be made to bring about a condition of society in which there should be a wider and a better distribution of the products of the toil of society; in which there might be a real equality of opportunity, and in which every man might in return for his toil secure such material recompense as would enable him and his family to live a life of comfort befitting human beings.

Again, you may say, the doctrine of materialism! Not at all, not for a moment! The fact that we are brought here to-night—the fact that I have gone out from this institution, and that you are going out from it, the fact that education has been yours and mine, the fact that to us has been assigned the proud possibility of developing every faculty of mind and heart and soul with which God has endowed us—all this has been possible by the combined efforts of your parents and mine, and the efforts of

the good Fathers and Brothers who have sacrificed themselves here daily in order that we might be enabled to go without earning our living until the present time.

Now, one word in conclusion. I speak to you, young men, as one that comes not from academic groves, but from that part of the world in which the struggle is fiercest—from that thick field of activity in which the social struggle shows itself most keenly, and perhaps most sordidly. But I have had the opportunity to judge the various systems of education that are being tried in this country. I have been out, and I know something of what you young men must meet.

A few years ago a distinguished New York millionaire, who prided himself on the fact that he is a self-made man, made it a point never to take a college-bred man into his establishment, on the ground that colleges do not equip men for success. The best reply that was made to him was by a distinguished man who represented success in every sense. He said that, "The college has done something better than that: it teaches the young man to realize that what this man considered success is not success at all." If there is one thing that the last few years of exposures in the United States have done it is this: they have made mere wealth vulgar. And never again in your lifetime will the mere millionaire be held up before the American youth as the ideal of success. When you go out realize that whether you acquire power or wealth or position, or not, if you stand true to what you have been taught here, if you stand by the ideals that have been set up for you here in your later days, you will say that you have success, whatever the world may say.

One more thought from the alumni meeting this morning. It was well suggested there that our reunion meetings might have a double purpose. We might come

back for old fellowship's sake to mingle with the friends we have known before, and keep up that spirit of fellowship and brotherhood which ought to prevail among all the sons of *Alma Mater*. Let every student of the University come back to it one day; and as he sees the old boys and the teachers, and feels the inspiration of the old surroundings, let him go apart and ask himself the question: Have I lived and acted true to the ideals and teachings that I got here years ago? And if he has, let him go out refreshed and inspired to continue in the same line of life. If he has not, let him draw fresh inspiration from that sacred fount; and let him go out with the old unsullied ideals again and with those high purposes which all the young men who leave here to-morrow will carry with them.

Religious Instruction the Basis of Morality.*

THE address of the learned and eloquent rector of the Catholic University was profoundly impressive.

His historical review of this question has shown us the fathers of the Republic affirming out of their wisdom and their experience the same principles that the Church, through her theologians and her pastors has affirmed with uninterrupted persistence from the beginning. The whole thesis of this evening may be summed up in the words of the Father of our Country: "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." What is this declaration of Washington but another way of stating the position we take to-day, that the heart of culture is culture of the heart; that the soul of improvement is improvement of the soul; that the making of a life is incomparably more important than the making of a living; that great epochs, creative epochs have invariably been epochs of strong religious belief; that faith watches over the cradles of nations while unbelief doubts and argues above their graves.

The most powerful force in the world is religion. The mainspring of all lofty action in every age of the world has been religion. The great civilizer has been religion, which first fastened on the scattered families of men and wrought them into the primitive social unity. The great educator has been religion, which took hold of savage tribes, strong in the strength of the earth, and bent their stubborn necks to the yoke of obedience and restraint.

* Address delivered by the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame, at the public meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, July, 1908.

The primary function of the Church, of course, is to make men holy rather than cultured, but because in the accomplishment of her high mission she has felt constrained to invoke all the aids and instrumentalities by which men may be influenced for their betterment, the Church is found in history to have been a school of music and poetry and eloquence and painting and architecture. A famous art critic has made a list of the twelve greatest pictures, and every picture of these supreme twelve portrays a religious subject. The most beautiful structures ever reared by the genius of man are the cathedrals of Europe. The most exquisite music has been woven around the words of the Mass, and so the great educator from the beginning has been religion. The great colonizer has been religion, which has done over the whole earth what it did over our own America—gathered up little groups of men, torn them away from their homes, planted them in fresh soil under alien skies where they might find the liberty denied them at home to worship God according to conscience, “to build their own altars, to light their own sacrificial fires, to utter in fuller freedom those petitions for help and strength and consolation that in a hundred tongues and in temples of a thousand shapes men every day send up to God.”

Is it any wonder, therefore, that religion, which enters into every aspect of human life, should be so large an element in the training of youth? Is it any wonder that in this new country, where so many of the problems of life must be solved anew, there has gone up from men of faith a cry for religious education?

Religion alone can furnish a motive strong enough to make and to keep men moral. There never was since the beginning of time a wholesome condition of morality in any country that did not owe its existence to some

sort of religious belief. The profound conviction that acts have consequences in the next world as well as in this, the firm faith that every man is accountable to a higher power for all that he does or omits to do, this it is that little by little, in the course of centuries, refined away the savagery of men and brought them within the pale of restraint and civilization. But all these centuries of discipline have not eradicated the master passions of men, and without the restraining influence of religion men would inevitably fall back into a condition of moral chaos. No substitute that philosophers have yet devised can take the place of religion. The expedient that has been most widely accepted by the men, if not the women, of our day is naturalism. Look about you and see the vast herds of men who are living purely natural lives; who go through weeks and months and years with no thought of prayer; who resort to their temples only when self-interest, or society, or curiosity, or custom summons them thither; whose norm of conduct, to state it at its highest, is only the natural conscience, and, to state it at its truest, is a more or less shadowy sense of respectability. What we Catholics understand by the grace of God—of all this the natural man has no conception. He does not believe in a personal devil, and he has only a vague notion of an offended God. He has no sense of sin. He realizes that he has strong passions, but these, he says, are natural, and he will follow the way of the world; he will gratify them to his heart's content so that only his health be not seriously impaired, so that only he be not killed or imprisoned, so that only he escapes public disgrace or social ostracism by his friends. He prides himself, and, in rare instances, when the elements are happily mixed in him, he may lead a life at least outwardly respectable. But more often this man who

talked so bravely of self-control and will-power is swept away on the whirlwind of passion. It is avarice, and he is cast into prison as a forger; or he goes through life wearing the shame of the defaulter and hearing even in his dreams the curse of the poor man whom his avarice has beggared. It is lust, and his pathway is strewn with evil memories and broken hearts, and public and private scandal. Death claims his wife, or a beloved child as a victim, and he sits by the open coffin dumb with grief or gasping incoherent pleadings into the ear of the dead. Business ventures fail him and, left to struggle hopelessly with a strain which tortures his mind and fills him with despair, he leaps into the river at midnight or sends a bullet crashing through his brain. He dies an evil death, and leaves a tainted and dishonored name as a heritage to his family. Such, then, is naturalism as it works itself out to its logical result in the conduct of men. It is the philosophy of death, not life; the philosophy of failure, not of success. It holds no joy for humanity in this life, and no hope for humanity in the next.

There are other gentle philosophers who would ask men to cultivate morals because in the long run it will be for the good of the race. Live wholesome lives, say the Positivists, because a thousand years from to-day humanity will be better for your self-restraint. We are expected to believe that when the rush and tumult of passion comes upon a man he will pause in his purpose to remember that in the ages to come, a generation of which he knows nothing, and in which he has only a speculative interest, will profit by his abstinence; but every student who knows the heart of man is aware that in the hour of temptation humanity is likely to ask, with Sir Boyle Roche: "What has posterity done for us?" Let the pale-faced and anemic philosopher who

has never felt the rush of red blood in his veins remind himself of the generations whose welfare depend upon his present action; let him retire virtuously to some quiet spot and regale his soul with that thin delight, but for the great living masses of humanity you want a more vital influence, a stronger motive, a more compelling restraint.

Still other gentle philosophers will tell us that virtue is its own reward, that moral conduct needs only to be seen in order to be loved; that culture and the refinements of life will make men love the good and practice it. A few years ago there stood before the world a brilliant young man, whose genius, had it been properly directed, might have shed light and strength upon the race of men. He was truly a lord of language. He played upon the resources of our English tongue as a master charms forth undreamed-of melodies from the heart of a great organ. He was the apostle of æstheticism, and, while his eccentricities excited some derision, his genius, his exquisite refinement of speech and manner, were such as to bear down the ridicule and to win for him the admiration of men. He believed in salvation through the gospel of culture, he chanted in glorious language the dirge of dead religions; he summoned humanity to lift its face to the new Sun that was to usher in the great day of emancipation from the ancient and worn-out creeds. The day of emancipation never came, but instead came a day when that man of genius stood in prison stripes behind the prison bars, flung there by an outraged world because of unspeakable crimes against morality. The people who would save humanity through the gospel of culture, who would induce men to be sober and chaste, who would lift men out of the gutter by giving them social ambitions and teaching them the habits of educated people, ought to bear in mind that neither amuse-

ments nor social ambitions ever kept a man from the grog-shop or the brothel when he wanted to go there. You can not fight liquor or lust in the soul with magic lanterns, or even by clean clothes and nice table manners.

On the other hand, religion has from the beginning inspired men to virtue and restrained them from vice. It was she who, in the morning of history, developed the human conscience by pointing with flaming sword beyond the skies, by reminding man perpetually of the unknown and mysterious, by warning him of the sleepless eye of God that sees man's acts and man's heart, and by announcing justice and judgment in the day of final accounting. Not all the laws of civilization could prevent robbery and urge men to patient labor, without the power of religion behind them; not all the literatures of the world could cheer the heart of sorrow or charm away despair from those who suffer. Look upon the poor woman dying in pain and poverty; whisper words of faith and hope into her ear, and observe how her face lights up and her heart is cheered and strengthened. Now, suppose we repeated for her all that is to be found in the Greek poets and philosophers; all the wonderful things we have found in the tangled mazes of human thought; what consolation would we have brought her? Philosophy and culture are good enough for the easy chair and the day of health and prosperity, but for the sorrowing and afflicted, for the vast heaving masses of humanity with all the cark and care of life upon them, one act of faith, one whisper of hope, one smoldering spark of divine love is incomparably better than all the subtle speculations of drawing-room philosophers. What do they know of life in its redness? From the depths of their easy chairs they do not see the battleground of the world—the millions of men and women who bear their heavy burdens with patience, almost with gladness,

“weaving beautiful tapestries of virtue on the looms of sorrow and with the white hands of pain;” young people standing on slippery ground, compelled to choose daily between virtuous suffering on the one hand and some alluring form of sin on the other; feeling the pangs of poverty, trembling in the clutch of disease, conscious always that by turning away to a career of sin they might escape these horrors; but conscious, too, of the dignity and the destiny of their immortal souls, turning steadfastly away from evil, never dreaming of surrendering their soul to the demands of the body. And the man of discernment, as he looks on these scenes, recognizes in them a heroism as worthy of eternal remembrance as the martyrs of any age of the Church, and the angels of God, as they lean over the battlements of Heaven, see nothing in all the earth or sky one-half so beautiful as the patient lives of the poor, and now they understand why to the poor in spirit is promised the Kingdom of Heaven, for Christ lives on eternally in these Christ-like lives.

This, then, is the explanation of the cry that men of faith have sent up for religious education. And if ever a cry had the ring of sincerity in it, it is this cry. The test of sincerity is sacrifice. Now, there are a million children in the parish schools of this country, and the annual cost of educating them can not fall short of fifteen millions of dollars. Do you realize what these figures mean? They mean that our people, out of their poverty and their faith have, in obedience to a conscientious scruple, upreared a system of schools at a cost which staggers the imagination. If we could make use of the public schools and divert these millions into colleges and universities, we should be able to establish each year a university as richly endowed as the University of Chicago, and in half a

century we should have such schools in every State of the Union. And, while we in America are carrying on this mighty struggle, we find comfort and encouragement in the noble fight that the Father of the faithful on the banks of the Tiber is making for this same cause. Let no one mistake the meaning of the contest in France that has forced her best sons and daughters from home and driven them to seek refuge in the ends of the earth. The petty statesmen who are busying themselves in the destruction of a great nation began with unerring instinct by attacking the religious schools, and the Holy Father, guided by the grace of God and the traditions of the Christian ages, rests in hope for the regeneration and the life of that nation on the work of the Catholic schools. When the petty politicians turned away from their drugs and their cosmetics long enough to exercise their wrath on pious priests and consecrated Sisters, the Holy Father looked beyond concordats and past parliaments to a new French people, instructed in their faith, and politely declined to be terror stricken. When they said to him, "We will take away the salaries from your priests and your teachers and reduce them to the level of stable-boys and lackeys," he answered: "You can not quench the star of Catholic truth; you can not starve the God of the Eucharist." When they said: "We will seize your great churches and your exquisite cathedrals and turn them into restaurants and theaters," he said, "Let the priests of France go out into the mountains and die with their people, as the priests of Ireland did; let the blue canopy be their school and the rough rock their pulpit, but so long as time shall endure the children of the Church shall be fed and strengthened by Catholic teaching." When they said to him, "It is time to banish the Christian faith and to get rid of the Christian idea," when with horrible blasphemy, they

said, "We have driven Jesus Christ out of the army, and the hospitals, and the courts of justice, and now we must drive Him out of the country altogether," he said, "Why so hot, little men? Why so hot? When your fury will have spent its force, like many another gust of wind in her history, the everlasting Church of God will be teaching your children and supplying an anti-toxin to the poison you have injected into their veins. When your miserable imitation republic shall have gone its way to the Limbo where languish the persecuting bigotries and tyrannies of all time; when for your sins against liberty La Belle France, the eldest daughter of the Church, shall be in bondage to Germany, or, perhaps, Japan, the Bride of Christ, immortal with divine immortality, shall be singing perpetual requiems around your grave." With Pius X. we rest our hope in the Christian schools. Let us sprinkle them bounteously over our glorious country, whose charter of perpetuity is in the intelligence and morality of her people. When the stranger asks us what we are doing to solve the problems that torment our nation—problems of atheism, and socialism, and public morality—let us point to the ranks of the school children, passing in quiet and orderly file under the kindly eye of our consecrated teachers, and let us say to the stranger: "We are answering these problems in flesh and blood." Let us upbuild our Christian colleges. Let their domes and spires rear their cross-crowned heads high over the dwelling places of men, and over their portals let us write in letters of gold these words, which interpret their mission and give the keynote of their meaning to the world: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

