

Is YOUR mother
worth a novena?

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
April 26, 1932

Mother's Day Novena
began today

The Hosting of the King.
(Ireland: 1932)

Let us up and go to Ireland,
For the day is with us soon,
Bless a morning and be ready
At the rising of the moon:
Tell your beads across the ocean,
Stand to greet the Irish coast
With a hundred thousand welcomes
Hail the lifting of the Host.

From the east and west we gather,
From old races north and south,
Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Is the song in every mouth:
And the flags of all the nations
Come a-waving hand in hand;
Now and that is how's Old Ireland,
And true did she stand.

Dear Shan Ehan Bocht is younger
Than all hopes that used to be,
When Spanish ale was rising,
And the French were on the sea:
And the royal Pope sent blessings
(Better wine ne'er cheered a queen)
While the March winds were cruel
On the Dark Rosaleen.

Homeward high are Wild Geese flying,
Spirits out of every clime,
Innisfail that nursed their valor
Calls them in this blessed time:
And the Faith's unnumbered outposts,
That her saints and scholars fed,
Bring as Irish as the Irish
Praise of God and Ireland's dead.

Have no grief along the Shannon
When you kiss the Treaty Stone,
All the Galway roads to Dublin
Want no heart to make a moan:
Bless the milestones of old sorrows,
Like the martyrs gallantly;
Sure they knew would God save Ireland,
High upon His gallows Tree.

Kneel about the Hill of Tara
With the hymn was Padraic's prayer;
Count the shawls of blessed Brigid
On the meadows of Kildare;
And across the exile waters
When the stars of night are still,
You must see the love-light gleaming
From grey eyes of Columcille.

Midnight moors and caves of Christmas,
Hedge-schools all remembering
Send their heroes for the Hosting
Round the white Throne of the King:
Every troop has priest and poet,
Valiant guards of ancient scenes,
With their great Archangel Michael
And his clans of Michaelleens.

So then up and come to Ireland
Where the King is home today.
The White Christ -- God save us kindly! --
Is our truth and life and way;
And His Muire, our Avourneen,
Will be welcoming you, aroon,
At the matin hours in Ireland,
And the vespers of the moon.

-- Michael Earls, S.J. (in The Pilot)

The Bulletin Is Not In Politics: A Statement.

The Bulletin has not the slightest interest in class or club politics. The editor does not know, and does not care to know, the identity of the "mystery man" who is running for office on a "profits for Bengal" platform. The editor is interested in your spiritual welfare, and calls the attention of all candidates and all officers to the Bulletin of September 29, 1931, "The Campus Racketeer," in which it is made clear that racketeering is stealing and calls for restitution. Beyond the matter of your spiritual welfare the editor has no interest in your elections or your class activities. He does not want to see any of you go to hell for failure to make restitution if you have stolen.

PRAYERS: Deceased - Tom Gateley's father; Leo Beaulaurier's brother; a relative of Fr. Irving, C.S.C.; a sister of Fr. McElhone, C.S.C.; a friend of another priest; Sister Gabriel, C.S.C.; a relative of a benefactor of the University. Ill - Louis Hruby's grandmother; the mother of Ray Cunningham, an alumnus; Wm. McCormick and Chas. Bragg (in the hospital). Mass for Leo Beaulaurier's brother in the Sorin chapel Wed., 6:25 a.m. (Montana Club). A thanksgiving for a recovery. Five special intentions.