

University of Notre Dame
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THE MASTER IS GONE!



Father Cavanaugh is dead.

No one ever loved Notre Dame more passionately than Father Cavanaugh loved her; no one was prouder of her honors, more jealous of her fame.

No one ever contributed more splendid talents to her growth.

As the most brilliant Catholic orator of his day, he brought Notre Dame into greater national prominence. For fifteen years his strong personality spread her glory.

For fifteen years he brought to the campus the high and mighty, Catholic and non-Catholic, from every department of life.

As the cultured president, his commanding figure completely dominated the University. He was ideal of professor and student alike. All who came under his refining influence carried away much of him in their minds and hearts.

Today he is dead, and thousands of Notre Dame homes are grieving.

The Church and nation have lost a man of power. North and South, East and West, he made patriots and won staunch admirers to the Catholic Church.

Those who ever heard him will recall him standing on the lecture platform, his whole being on fire, his silver voice ringing, his graceful body swaying, as he scourged bigotry and littleness and cowardice towards the Church or state.

Again they will hear him tenderly, reverently, saying, that nuns are more necessary to our schools than angels, because angels are not human.

The poor, the aged, the forgotten, knew and loved Father Cavanaugh. It would be Christmas day, with everyone else at dinner, and he would slip away with food and gifts to the unfortunate home. It would be a broken-hearted mother that would find Father Cavanaugh at her side.

He was friend of the great, but to him every man was great. There were no *ordinary* people among his friends. Every man was a king to this princely priest. All will mourn him as their friend.

In Heaven "upon the unforgetting intelligences of the angels" he met yesterday the long record of his good deeds. It was the first time he had looked into that record.

May a bountiful God out of the riches of Heaven reward his unselfishness! May the hearts that he has gladdened spring to him now in fervent prayer!