

Thanksgiving Day
Breakfast at 8:00
Hall Masses: 7:25

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 25, 1942

Late Mass: 8:30 Dillon
Confession and Comm.
in Dillon till 9:30

1842 VII. From Vincennes to Notre Dame. 1942

November 26, 1842.

Another Saturday!

Another day dedicated to the Mother of God!

To one who was called "Our Lady of the Snows!"

For as Father Sorin and his seven Brothers (the ones with the oxen had finally caught up to them) left the Coquillard home, accompanied by Alexis the younger who was to guide them to the "Lakes", everything--trees, houses and roads--was covered with the pure white of snow.

From the clearing in front of the Coquillard home, they inched down the steep road that led to St. Joseph's river. It was a firm, frozen mass, so severe was that winter of 1842. They crept warily across the solid stream, everyone dismounting.

On the opposite shore, the road was steep and all had to put their shoulders to the wagons. Once on top, they were immediately enveloped in deep forest. Over the crude road as they drove on quiet snow dropped from the shaken branches.

After about two miles, the sky opened abruptly over them. They came upon a clearing. Below them, lay a lake, white and frozen. In the foreground was a log chapel, and to the left, a log cabin. As they entered this clearing, Alexis gave voice:

"M. Charron!"

In answer to his shout, Charron came from the cabin.

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Let us omit the rest of the conversation until the moment that Charron shoved open the creaking door of the chapel and stepped aside for Father Sorin to enter. It was very cold inside. When they were all in, Charron pointed to a spot in the center and said:

"Priest die. Buried here!"

"Ah", breathed Father Sorin with comprehension. "Father Deseille!" Yes, this was the grave of Father Deseille, the missionary who had administered Viaticum to himself, and whom the Indians had buried here in the chapel. Father Sorin nodded to the Brothers and they all knelt on the ground, their heads very close together. Charron retired to the door where young Alexis was standing. The boy watched the priest and Brothers, and from their whispering caught now and then a phrase: "Mere de Dieu", "La Tres Sainte Vierge", "Notre Dame du Lac!" They were praying, thought Alexis, and he took off his cap and went down on one respectful knee.

That morning, November 26th, at ten o'clock, Father Sorin was laying the corner-stone of the University of Notre Dame. It was not a corner-stone that was ponderable, nor one that needed cement or trowel. The corner-stone that Edward Sorin used that day was his boundless confidence in the Mother of God.

"From that moment I remember not a single instance of a serious doubt in my own mind as to the final result of our exertions; and upon this consecration, which I thought accepted, I have rested ever since, firm and unshaken, as one surrounded on all sides by the furious waves of a stormy sea, but who feels himself planted immovably upon the moveless rock."

That was one hundred years ago.

TONIGHT 10:30 NBC "STORY OF NOTRE DAME". THURS.: MASS AT 10:00: SHEEN BROADCAST 10:30 LIMITED NUMBER OF SEATS FOR STUDENTS AT CENTENARY MASS. (NO BENEDICTION TONIGHT.)