

MISCELLANEOUS.

I.

THE PERPETUAL DAILY MASS.

When, on the 6th of February, 1879, we founded here, for our Religious and benefactors, a perpetual daily Mass—probably the first ever established in this country—we little thought we were creating, two months and a half in advance, a means of rebuilding an educational Institution which, though then in a prosperous state under its glorious patronage, was doomed soon to fall a prey to the flames. God permitted, or likely inspired, the spontaneous foundation for a wise purpose. The history of this foundation is briefly as follows: Two days before the date above mentioned, a good Irish lady, mother of a large family, visited me to thank me for a slight service. She looked fatigued, but happy. “To-morrow,” she said, when leaving, “I shall have another Mass for myself and mine; for, by walking to and from church this morning instead of riding on the cars, I saved enough to have a Mass celebrated.” She said this simply as an ordinary remark, and closed the door. I had not been two minutes alone when my heart began to swell in my breast, tears came to my eyes, and for at least a quarter of an hour I could not compose myself. The following morning brought anew the same emotion, in which I recognized a God-sent warning finally to carry into effect an intention for some time entertained, namely, to found a daily Mass to be said forever for myself and my Community. The next day the arrangements were completed, and on the following morning the first Holy Sacrifice of the series was offered by a saintly Religious. No act of my life has given me such satisfaction; and when my children of the Community learned what had been done they were even more rejoiced. We should have been satisfied with the joyous and happy results then intended, and realized for ourselves and our well-wishers, and should not mention it again, were it not for inquiries daily received from pious friends desiring to participate in the benefit of this perpetual daily Mass; especially since the destruction of the University of Notre Dame by fire, many friends who wish to help us, but are not rich in this world’s goods, have asked whether their small contributions would entitle them to this extraordinary blessing. We would therefore say to all pious souls inquiring on this subject that the original intention first suggested

by the self-denial of the pious Catholic mother and which led to the foundation of the perpetual daily Mass remains unchanged; whatever constitutes a donation, even of one dollar, entitles *each individual donor* to share in the benefit of said holy Mass *forever*. Every such benefactor's name is recorded on receipt of the message, and thereby the benefit is secured.

If we judge from the many and warm thanks we have received for this foundation, we confess we had not dreamed at first of any such result. We now see that numbers of the pious faithful are anxious to improve the opportunity of aiding in the immediate rebuilding of Our Lady's University and securing to themselves, living or dead, the precious boon of a share in the perpetual daily Mass. Our Blessed Lady's University is not likely to be rebuilt by the millionaires of the land—no great Catholic undertaking ever was, not even the grand Cathedral in New York. The millions of this world go in a very different direction. God's ways are not man's ways. Here, as everywhere else, God's work will be done chiefly with the help of His own chosen ones—the poor. The surplus of the rich will be received; but the widow's mite and the fraction taken from the necessities of life will secure the blessing which raises a house and without which men who work would find they had worked in vain: *Nisi Dominus edificaverit domum in vanum laboraverunt qui edificaverunt eam*. As a rule, the rich think only of increasing their wealth; while the blessed poor, with a better instinct, look after and secure a more lasting reward. Hence our intention from the beginning to place the benefit of this perpetual daily Mass within the reach of all, even of those who could spare but little. Of course, any one having the means of doing better, will be entitled before God, as before men, to a greater reward, if the intention is equally pure. *The saving of one dollar*, at the cost of comfort, or rather at a real sacrifice, having in God's design given the first suggestion of the foundation of the perpetual daily Mass at Notre Dame, we accept it as a precious direction for the future; we delight in it, and look on it as a solid basis on which to rest all hopes of success in this contingency among the friends and children of our Blessed Mother. Hence we say: as the saving of one dollar with a sacrifice of personal comfort for a Mass was the occasion of the foundation, so will the same offering of one dollar be taken as a basis for future donations.

Such is the kind of insurance in which we would wish to see every Christian soul insured in a land so particularly consecrated to Our Blessed Lady, where trials, dangers, and sufferings are, perhaps, more numerous than anywhere else, but where these could be so quickly remedied by the remembrance of a trifling sacrifice so nobly justified.

Is it not a wonder! we insure everything at a considerable cost

yearly; but when the question comes up to benefit the eternal interests of a deceased parent, or those of a living and beloved child, no action is taken. To gratify little or imaginary needs, we lavish money freely and joyously; but when the real wants of the soul are concerned, we delay until it is too late. Who will not gladly accept the refreshing habitual thought of a share in a daily Mass while he lives, the day he dies, and until, through the mercy of God, his soul is admitted into heaven? Contributors desiring to participate in the benefit of the perpetual daily Mass will remember that the Mass is for each individual, living or dead, for whom at least one dollar has been contributed, and whose name is inscribed in a book kept at Notre Dame for that purpose.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

II.

IN HONOREM

B. V. Mariæ, et Sti. Joseph, Ejusdem Gloriosi Sponsi.

(A. D. 1879, Die 6 Mensis Februarii.)

Nemo scit, nisi Deus quem nihil latet, quantum, a quadraginta annis, Benefactoribus, dignis quidem et merentibus, ut Religiosi, debemus.

Ne tot et tantorum memoria beneficiorum inter nos, unquam pereat aut minuat; ne ingratitude, sicut ventus urens, fluenta gratiæ insensibili lapsu temporum siccet; Ego, infra scriptus, qui a primo die, propria manu, ut ita dicam, tot et tantos favores accipi; quam læte, die ista 6a mensis Februarii, 65a Baptismi mei anniversaria, gratissimo corde statui perpetuam fundare Missam, quotidie hic, in Capella B. Mariæ a 7 Doloribus, pie celebrandam, ad intentiones sequentes:

1°. Pro cunctis SS. Crucis Religiosis utriusque sexus, sive vivis aut defunctis, eorumque Parentibus et cognatis.

2°. Pro omnibus, cujuscumque generis, Benefactoribus nostræ Congregationis, ab initio, etiam ignotis, necnon et aliis quibus, coram Deo, quacumque causa, debitores equidem fuimus aut sumus.

3°. Pro piis Congregationis Scholarum Benefactoribus, in utroque Continente.

4°. Pro Summo Pontifice, atque Sacra Hierarchia, et quacumque Religiosa Familia hisce temporibus tam injuste persecuta.

5°. Denique, pro piis scriptoribus et subscriptoribus ad *Ave Maria*, juxta promissionem.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.,
Sup.-Gen.

III.

'A FEW WORDS TO OUR FRIENDS.

NOTRE DAME, IND.,

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, 1879.

Last Monday, less than a week ago, I left our beautiful home in a prosperous condition. I had never seen its beloved inmates—Religious and students—in such glowing and promising dispositions. I was in duty bound to part with them in obedience to the Holy See calling me to our Mother-House in Paris; and they were all determined, as I had never seen them before, to secure for the end of June a Commencement such as our friends and patrons had never seen at Notre Dame. I left all, for the eighteenth time, in the hands and under the eyes of our Blessed Mother's towering statue on the lofty dome of the University. I left, fully sharing in the joyous anticipations of all, of a rich treat of the Exhibition so near at hand.

Alas! what a sad and unexpected change was to come and disturb our happy dreams! Forty-six hours had scarcely passed, and our dear and noble *Alma Mater* was doomed to lie a vast smouldering mass of ruins; and this morning, having returned in all speed from Montreal, I find a crowd of visitors looking with amazement upon the heart-sickening scene of the complete annihilation of thirty-seven years' hard labor—an immense bed of ashes and *débris* burying, as they say, a quarter of a million of dollars, with a multitude of treasures which gold itself can never replace.

My return home among my precious little flock had always before filled my soul with delight! But to-day—the Sunday of the Good Shepherd—my beloved lambs, with a few exceptions, are gone, and my desolate sheep meet me in silence and in tears! Fortunately, I have not come to add to their affliction, but to console them, if I can, knowing, as I do, how purely accidental this dire calamity has been, and how heroically everyone present, from within and without, tried to save the buildings and their contents from the destructive element. My first and greatest consolation is derived from the fact that no blame attaches to any one, that no life has been lost, and no personal injury received, though the many daring acts of devotedness from our own inmates and neighbors, and the citizens of South Bend, often caused the greatest alarm.

But is there no ray of light and of hope in this dark hour? From a human point of view, I confess the trial is terrible. As everyone knows, since a few years the country has passed through an unprecedented crisis; literary institutions have felt it more

severely than any other, and our own here has been no exception to the rule. Our first resource is the insurance money—\$45,000. All I can command myself from personal resources is one thousand dollars, which I cheerfully offer as the first donation on the list now open among my old and devoted parishioners of Notre Dame—a feeble tribute, indeed, but God knows it is all I or the Community can find available.

But, again, is there no other means, no grounded hope of meeting this sudden calamity? There is, thank God; there is, I daresay, more than enough to fill my soul with a perfect confidence that, before four months have elapsed, this dreadful affliction will be changed into a blessing and a joy: "In the evening weeping, and in the morning gladness." The testimonies already received from the Episcopacy and Clergy, from the press, from friends and acquaintances, leave no room for despondency. No calamity could be met, and perhaps never was met, with such gratifying assurances of substantial assistance. No words can express the boundless gratitude with which we receive such consoling evidences of the esteem and affection in which Notre Dame was held in this Union. Our loss is immense; but it has revealed our numerous friends much more clearly than our successes had ever done.

Hence I may assure them already that Notre Dame will be rebuilt at once, and more beautifully and more splendidly than ever. From the first of May to the first of September we have all the time we need to complete the work. Such is my confidence that I feel perfectly justified in inviting our friends, patrons and benefactors to assist at the next opening of our classes, on the usual first Tuesday in September, which we promise to make a memorable epoch, the most solemn ever witnessed at Notre Dame.

From all appearances, the New Notre Dame will far exceed the first in beauty of design as well as in capacity and convenience, without speaking of the additional improvements of the day. Our friends may well rest assured that nothing will be spared to justify among them a natural feeling of gratification for any share they may have taken in raising again, *from smouldering ruins*, such a monument to science and Christian morality on the beloved domain of the Mother of God.

I need not add here that a magnificent *tableau*, recording every benefactor's name and donation, will transmit both, gloriously, to a grateful and admiring posterity. But it will not be amiss to mention, for the sake of those who love our sacred faith, that, as *benefactors*, they will all share in the benefit of a *daily Mass to be offered here forever*.

One word more, and I close. Many gentlemen of the press, of all creeds and parties, have, with a kindness I will never forget, made a strong appeal to the public at large to come to our help and

raise again our far-famed University from its ruins; most of them have expressed, not only their best wishes for its glorious and speedy resurrection, but also their firm conviction that within a few months Notre Dame would reappear, more magnificent than ever. To such gratifying assurances I joyously and confidently subscribe. But I must be clearly understood: I make no appeal whatever to anyone. It will soon be forty years I am here before the public. Long before I came I loved America and her institutions. I never regretted having left my beautiful native land. I always felt more at home here, and made no secret of it. How far I have been successful, since my first arrival in 1841, it is not for me to say. Thank God, I did not remain exactly idle: forty-one Houses founded since in this New World speak more clearly than any words on this subject. Our Blessed Lord Himself authorizes me to use a simple and irrefutable argument: "If you believe not My words," He said to the Jews, "believe My works." It is with a blush I dare repeat the same words; but, instead of appealing to anyone, I beg to say for all that our works, not our words, must plead in our behalf. If our cause, if our exertions to serve it, create any claim to public sympathy, then let our friends follow the impulse of their hearts; otherwise, we ask nothing.

Some may feel indifferent; but I know too well the universal affection of the thousands of noble young men who once called Notre Dame their *Alma Mater*, and take a pride in her fair name, to even doubt for a moment the generous part they will take in rebuilding her scientific halls. It is no longer a local interest, to be discussed among a few: Notre Dame has now a legion of friends throughout the States; they will not suffer her to remain in ashes. On the 1st of May, *D. v.*, I will bless the corner-stone of the new University building.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.,
Superior-General.

IV.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

NOTRE DAME, IND., June 9, 1880.

On my return home, after an absence of seven months, I find our beloved New Notre Dame further advanced towards completion, and even more beautiful, than I had expected. I now begin to realize the comprehensiveness of its magnificent design, and congratulate the administration upon the intelligence and vigor with which the work has been conducted. It is now evident that the New Notre Dame will soon rank among the first buildings of the State.

But while I thank God and our many friends with my whole heart for having so promptly and marvellously raised Notre Dame from her bed of ashes, I cannot help saying that my joy is, and must remain, incomplete until I behold what all seem to call for, as I do myself, namely, the crown on our glorious Queen's noble brow, 190 feet above the ground, reflecting through the day from her golden mantle the rays of the sun, and at night spreading around a new splendor from twelve stars of electric light. The monumental statue, 16 feet in height, is now ready, but its lofty pedestal is yet untouched. For my part, I will not conceal that I share in the public sentiment; namely, that the New Notre Dame will inspire less of admiration than regret until the Dome, originally designed as the chief feature of the edifice, rises up to receive its precious crowning. Without its dome, St. Peter's itself would be but an unsightly structure; the same is true of Notre Dame. I therefore readily yield to the universal demand; for, on all sides and from all parts, I hear the same: "Let us have the Dome and the statue and the crown with its electric light." More than many others, perhaps, I wish to see and contemplate that new glory in the sky.

Our friends in the immediate vicinity and in the city of South Bend will naturally feel more interested in the erection of this majestic Dome than strangers at a distance; but our true friends, who sincerely love Notre Dame and wish to see it a monument in the land, will prove their good will, even at a distance, as one did a few days since—the Hon. James Forrester, of Laporte—donating one thousand dollars for the immediate erection of the Dome, without which, he knows from the engraving, Notre Dame is but a common building. No time should be lost: the season will be none too long to complete the plan. It will take \$25,000 more at least; but it has to be done, although the expenses since the 23d of April, 1879, exceed to-day the receipts from insurance companies and donations by \$37,000. Last year money was very scarce; many of our best friends regretted exceedingly their inability to help us, as they wished. Chicago, for instance, did not sum up \$4,000. I know personally half a dozen of highly esteemed well-wishers, whose names will soon show that they have only waited for better times in order to prove more efficiently their generous sentiments towards Notre Dame.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

V.

THE DOME.

In 1879, the foundation and substructure of the Dome of our University were laid, deep and strong, and raised 78 feet high,

in the centre, and as the heart, of the New Notre Dame. Then it became necessary to wait until means could be provided to carry out the grand original design. For more than three years all work on the beautiful Dome has unavoidably been suspended; the finishing of the main building, 320 feet in front, absorbing all available means, and more.

At length, yielding to entreaties, censures and reproaches from all sides, it was resolved, a few weeks ago, to go to work again. No sooner was this resolution made known than our friends hastened to show, substantially, their grateful appreciation of our determination to wait no longer to crown, to the best of our power, the monument so recently and marvellously raised from a hot bed of ashes. On the 21st of November—Feast of the Presentation—our resolution was carried into effect, and the work on the Dome was again taken up. It was a fitting day upon which to inaugurate the erection of the monument to her under whose protection our country, as well as our home, is placed, and we are sure that this beautiful coincidence will have its effects upon the generous hearts of all true lovers of Mary.

This long delay of three years has inflicted upon us many a mortification and regret. But, at the same time, while our desires have been intensified, we have had placed at our disposal, in the continual advances made in electric lighting, precious means of making our monument such a wonder as the New World has never seen, as our great artist, Signor Luigi Gregori, so positively affirms.

The present buildings, including the Church on one side and the College of Music on the other, form a regular frontage of 550 feet, to which is to be added, shortly, 160 feet more, by the erection of Science Hall on the west and the Library on the east, with a projection of 300 feet on each side. On the centre, fronting an avenue 100 feet wide and over a mile in length, will stand the Dome, 200 feet from the ground, gilded, after the model of the Dome of the *Invalides* in Paris. On the summit will rest the statue of the Blessed Virgin, 16 feet in height, all gilt, and at night wholly bathed in light from a dozen of electric stars, starting from its feet, and forming an elliptic cincture, 20 feet wide, and reaching a point 15 feet above the head of the statue. Will not this be a sight? . . . Will any of our generous donors, from a few cents to thousands of dollars, ever regret having contributed to this grand and glorious crowning, the pride of the land? May God grant every loving soul who may have a hand in the noble task to live long enough to see it complete! May our Blessed Mother crown with success here below, and everlasting glory hereafter, everyone who shall have taken an interest in this new monumental achievement, now the absorbing thought of so many superior minds and generous hearts!

Let it be well understood that anyone subscribing to this new glorious task is expected to do it freely and cheerfully, through love of religion, science or country, and not otherwise.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

VI.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

The exterior of the beautiful Dome of Notre Dame is now finished, thank God! and not a dollar expended on it will ever be regretted. It is the grand feature of the place—one of the chief ornaments of the West. But, beautiful as it looks, it is scarcely anything compared to what it will soon be, when covered, as originally intended, with the heavy and imperishable gilding of the purest gold, which will reflect magically through the day the rays of the sun, and at night turn darkness into a bright light, from the electric crown of twelve stars with which the whole figure of the Blessed Virgin is to be clothed, according to the prophecy: *And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars* (Apoc., xii., i). What a beautiful sight!—one that has never been seen in this country. And yet, we trust, it will be seen at Notre Dame by thousands on the 14th of Sept. next—the double Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and of the Holy Name of Mary—and the 43d anniversary of the first Mass celebrated in this New World by a priest of the Holy Cross. Truly, the designs of Providence are inscrutable! On the first arrival in the primitive forest here of seven poor foreign Religious, without any human means of success, who could have foreseen such a change! But the spot was already dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God. To clear the ground, she called the Brothers of St. Joseph from beyond the Atlantic, rich only faith and confidence in her protection. But let no one imagine the solemnity of the 14th of September is intended to celebrate their success in Indiana. It would be an insult to their real feelings! To Our Blessed Lady they return due thanks; to her, after God, they give all the glory.

Yes, a grand festival will mark this year, *D. v.*, the 14th of September—the Sunday within the Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. If nothing happens to prevent the accomplishment of our designs, the main building of the University shall be completed and ready for a solemn blessing, of which the most conspicuous part will be the Dome and its golden statue, 16 feet in height, and 200 feet from the ground. We have reason to hope that a number of Most Reverend and Right Reverend Prelates and of the Reverend Clergy, with a concourse of friends such as Notre

Dame never saw together before, will grace the occasion, and make it an event never to be forgotten by those who witness it. It is to be the *crowning of Notre Dame*, not only in a religious sense of the word, but also in the material reality *d'un fait accompli*.

But, to come to the point: The Dome is up,—majestic in grandeur and in form; the sacred image rests upon it in celestial splendor and beauty; but this majestic cupola must shine out all around, like a diamond in the sky, from the purest gilding; and its crowning statue must find in its twelve radiant electric stars a new source of light to replace the sun setting beneath the western horizon. Then we shall have a *monument* such as the world has probably never seen, owing to the comparative novelty of electricity, to be applied here for the first time, around such a statue, at such an elevation from the ground.

To secure this light with its illuminating rays extending for miles around, no expenses, if at all reasonable, should stand in the way. We wonder, indeed, at the modest figure, but we are assured that \$5,000 will cover all the cost. Let us say \$10,000, and thus feel doubly sure. How many generous souls would vie with each other to secure and monopolize the merit and honor of this glorious act? That such noble souls still exist was amply proved last week by the donation of \$50,000 by a lady of Chicago for a new chair in a Protestant university; and who has not heard of even much larger sums freely given for the same purpose in our own State? But, alas! here in the Catholic Church, which should, as of old, and as a proof of firm faith, lead all others in munificence and heroic generosity, how few such admirable examples we meet! How long will our separated brethren look in vain among us for some imitation of their liberality? How long will the Blessed Virgin herself be treated thus indifferently by those who daily call upon her as their Mother? By what name would the world itself qualify a son who would scarcely ever do anything for his own mother? Indeed, he would soon be looked upon as a man unworthy of esteem and consideration anywhere. Should our modest appeal remain unanswered, we will turn with full confidence to our young Princes, whose loving parents will delight in the Christian thought of insuring their precious sons' lives *for time and eternity*, in the inexhaustible treasury of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and who will feel only too happy to show, substantially, to what degree they wish to secure her maternal and all-powerful protection upon those they hold dearest upon earth. Who has ever done anything for the Mother of Jesus and regretted it? My experience has taught me a very practical lesson, indeed; and if I have an advice to offer to my worthy friends, it is to try their best to place our Blessed Mother under some obligations to themselves and families, and leave them examples all must

admire, and which in their last moments will prove their sweetest consolation.

Levate signum!—"Lift up the standard," said the Prophet; "proclaim and conceal it not!" There it stands on high; "raise your eyes and see; raise your heads and your hands, your hearts on high—*Sursum corda!*" See how grand and beautiful the noble Queen stands on her throne,—for I already fancy I behold the scheme accomplished! How fast all attention and all eyes are centring upon the glorious sign! I have raised my eyes and seen, and from the abundance of my heart an expression springs to my lips—*Bonum est nos hic esse*—"It is good for us to be here!"

We write this on the eve of our glorious St. Joseph's Feast. Who ever felt more interested in the Blessed Virgin than he, her faithful and devoted Spouse? Can we suppose for a moment that he will feel unconcerned in the new triumph we are now preparing for our heavenly Queen—especially when we take into consideration the fact that this glorious crowning is the work of his own hands from the beginning? Yes, he will truly rejoice at her glory; and, in the words of the heavenly messenger Gabriel—whose Feast we commemorate to-day—methinks I hear him address her, with unbounded joy: *Thou art, indeed, blessed among all women!* while we ourselves repeat with the Archangel: "Hail, full of grace! *Ave! Ave! Ave, Maria!*"

VII.

A WORD TO OUR BOARDING SCHOOLS.

In this progressive age, a teaching order must progress from year to year; any stagnation would be a drawback; an incipient loss of ground, ending in ruin. What might have secured success ten years ago is now quite inadequate. More than anything else, a literary institution must keep up with the requirements of the day.

(1) A boarding house must make, not extravagant but ample provisions for the health and comfort of its inmates; on this point, no excuse can be admitted, no more than a poor table, or an absence of culinary knowledge as to quality and quantity. Cleanliness, order, taste and intelligence should not only be found everywhere, from bottom to top, and all around, but should *strike* any one's attention. Here is a field for a steward's genius and activity and actual omnipresence.

(2) Next in importance, in point of pleasing, healthy and attractive appearance are—even if it surprises anyone—the looks and manners of the teachers and prefects, and of everybody connected

with the institution. It is not enough, by any means, to fill up every chair with the necessary talent and ability. A learned professor, or prefect, is no acquisition anywhere, unless refined manners reveal a sociable and higher training; yes, polite manners, which every youth is forced to admire, and easily drawn to copy. But what refinement can we expect from one who has not yet learned how to walk, or sit, or eat, or move, and still less how to speak? What a painful contrast! Money lavished on building up a splendid, palace-like house, and sometimes a common, rude uncivilized person to move in it, in some capacity or other; add to this—in some of them—an irritable temper, too strong to keep any control of looks, or tongue, or hands, and you have the reverse of an ornament, an edification, or of a model for youth. Oh! what a sad mistake, to permit such an uncouth intruder to spoil the appearance of a place publicly advertised for the social and refined training of young people!

(3) We now come to the real object of the school—the education of youth. This comprises *discipline* and *teaching*. Which of the two is the more important it is not necessary to state. Discipline, as we understand it, in a Catholic college or academy, is, properly speaking, the order or the rule by which the inmates are governed. This rule is perfect when it secures completely the object for which pupils have come or been received. Here, again, success supposes or requires two things absolutely indispensable: harmony among the officers in command, and prompt obedience from the pupils. Said harmony is totally out of the question (and the students will be the first to notice it) unless the order of grading offices is acknowledged and acted upon by all concerned in such a clear manner that everyone may know how to take orders from the next superior officer. When all—teachers, prefects, etc.—have been duly appointed to an office, with full instructions to fulfil it, let them move in it freely until a blunder or neglect is noticed.

One of the most powerful means to bring students of a *superior mind* (not half idiots, of course,) to decent behavior everywhere is to remind them, if they seem at times to forget themselves, of what they owe their parents at home. The honor of a whole family frequently rests on the conduct of a child at a boarding school. The tree is judged from its fruits. *By their fruits you shall know them.* A good, upright, sensible youth can never forget what honor and joy honorable parents receive from their children's successes and praiseworthy conduct at school. Children, caring nothing for parents on such a delicate point, and debasing themselves by disgraceful ways and manners and habits, not only grieve their parents' hearts at home, but in reality insinuate, nay, foolishly publish to the world that their parents are, like themselves, deserving of no great respect.

Good nature, a loving heart, will always have a magic restraint, even on the worst inclinations; the fear of paining and dishonoring a father or mother will bring a child to a sense of duty when nothing else would do it. Children at school should not be permitted to forget their parents at home; absence should increase their love, and never weaken it. The more children will love their homes, the more easily they will be induced to spare nothing to prove themselves a real honor to them, from beginning to end. An able educator has no means equal to this to bring a child to the highest degree of satisfaction; a pupil deaf, insensible and dead to it, is gone beyond recovery. Wonderful changes are often due to this alone.

(4) Whatever importance may attach to good behavior in recreations, study-room, or any public exercises, the chief place where a student is formed is the class-room. Thither a limited number regularly repair under the eye of their teacher, than whom no one in the house knows them better, feels more responsible for their conduct at large and personal improvements during their stay in the institution. From such a one, at the opening of the classes, they should all learn respectively that not another soul in the house feels more concerned in their daily improvements; that the teacher is first and last to be praised or blamed for each pupil of the class: that it is the teacher's duty to spare no pains for the progress of the class; that a single pupil's misconduct or indolence would be a dishonor for the one in charge, and a mortification to the whole class; that every teacher aspires after the honor of having the best class in the establishment; that on this important point the interests of the teacher and pupils are identically the same; that they must all be a help to each other, and never a hindrance or a cause of pain to any. Every one should be *refined in manners, diligent in preparing for class duties*, noiseless in moving, clear in answering questions or reciting lessons, reading with such accuracy and perfection as to captivate and surprise or delight the entire class; continually aiming in everything at what is perfect.

(5) A serious mistake is often committed in crediting the success and general satisfaction of a student to the higher officers of the institution, or blaming the same administration for troubles or abuses, or even scandals, that should not have existed under a wiser and better government. First of all, we must be just. God will rectify many human judgments. The class-room is, above all others, the place where a pupil will be formed, not only in adorning the mind, but in forming, in shaping the heart; an able, a superior teacher will soon improve both in a sensible manner—very soon his personal merits will be felt and appreciated by the whole class. They will all be proud of their professor; esteem will soon generate respect and love. Then he is the master of the situ-

ation. He governs all, and everyone obeys his wishes promptly, cheerfully. He soon returns all he receives. Hence a general family feeling animating all to the best fulfilment of duty. Not only is punishment rare or even unknown, but advices are gratefully received to avoid blame anywhere else, and free the entire class from even a suspicion of transgression. Here is a model class. To whom shall we give credit for the happy state of such a class, whose students are admired above all others? To the personal merit of its Professor, most undoubtedly.

But look on the other side. Whose pupils are those, so common and wild-looking, so coarse and void of all interest; ever in penance and never amended? Who is their teacher? who trains them? Compare both, and the contrast will classify them better than words.

Here, as in a regular army, reporting is the rule, except for insignificant little punishments. When grave delinquencies are reported, the superior officers meet to examine the case. Experience shows that expulsion might often be avoided by preventive care and attention, and a greater general zeal for discipline, or a little more respect for the honor of families. Let it be never resorted to before every possible means to avoid it be exhausted. No teacher or prefect should ever take upon themselves to threaten it or insist on it, directly or even indirectly. It must come, when indispensable, from the council of the President.

While all look up to the President as to the genius, inspiring, from a higher sphere, every movement and every thought, they turn to the Prefect of Discipline as to the first inspired, to shape everything in perfect order, to prevent all disorder, and to appear a living embodiment of order everywhere. The very sight of these two officers will inspire the rest with energetic zeal and devotedness. Then harmony permeates everything.

To sum up:

1st.—Every member of the Faculty must obey superior orders without murmur or complaint.

2d.—Teachers must know thoroughly what they have to teach, and teach it *masterly*.

3d.—All must be models of regularity, of polite and refined habits and manners and devotedness to duty.

4th.—All teachers should glory, above all, in bringing up the best scholars in the Institution, and save them all from punishment and blame everywhere.

5th.—It is in the class-room, and from their own teachers students must learn how to join in every grand movement and moral appeal, and to avoid what is known as public disorders, namely, secret correspondence, absence from the premises, dangerous indulgences, etc.

6th.—Those who will succeed best in their classes and turn out

the most accomplished scholars, in any department or course, will lose nothing by it, but soon acquire an enviable name.

7th.—Of course, every Professor shall be expected to show due respect, not only to the Commandments of the Church, but also to the regulations of the House—as, keeping no light after the hour marked for rest. With model educators only, we may hope to form model scholars. *Cœpit facere et docere.*

E. SORIN, C. S. C.,
Superior-General.

VIII.

RULES OF CONDUCT.

BY ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

Years ago, I sent, confidentially, to all the Heads of our Establishments a copy of the admirable "Rules of Conduct," published by St. Francis de Sales for the Superiors of his convents. I now send them again, with a deeper conviction that our Houses will succeed but in proportion as they will be governed in the spirit of our great Saint. Whether they were an inspiration from God, or the work of a superior mind, these wise Rules are daily confirmed by universal experience everywhere. Oh! the difficulty to find a Head for a House! Alas! Some will be blind enough not to see their own incompetency! Everything will go to ruin around them, and they will blame everybody but themselves. Let all concerned read attentively, and see how far they are qualified; and everyone will soon acknowledge that a worthy Superior is a treasure beyond value:

"St. Francis, seeing his monasteries multiplying, composed for the use of the Sisters nominated to be Superiors, certain 'Rules of Conduct.' These Rules would prove eminently useful to all those who govern, in whatever degree of the social scale they may be placed. In them it is laid down as a principle that Superiors should excel in humility and meekness—the two virtues which our Lord required from His Apostles on whom He intended to confer the superiority of the universe. 'Annihilate yourselves in the depth of your nothingness,' he says to them, 'when you consider that God vouchsafes to use your littleness in the ministry of such importance as the conduct of others and the care of souls.' In fulfilling this ministry in regard to your Sisters be neither haughty nor caressing; but affable, sweet and amiable—loving them with a cordial love, maternal and pastoral,—the mother of all, the help of all, and the joy of all; with these conditions all will go well, without them nothing suffices.

"His second principle is that Superiors should have a confidence in God greater even than their diffidence of themselves, and, according to him, this sentiment will render them humbly courageous, the great stroke of whose

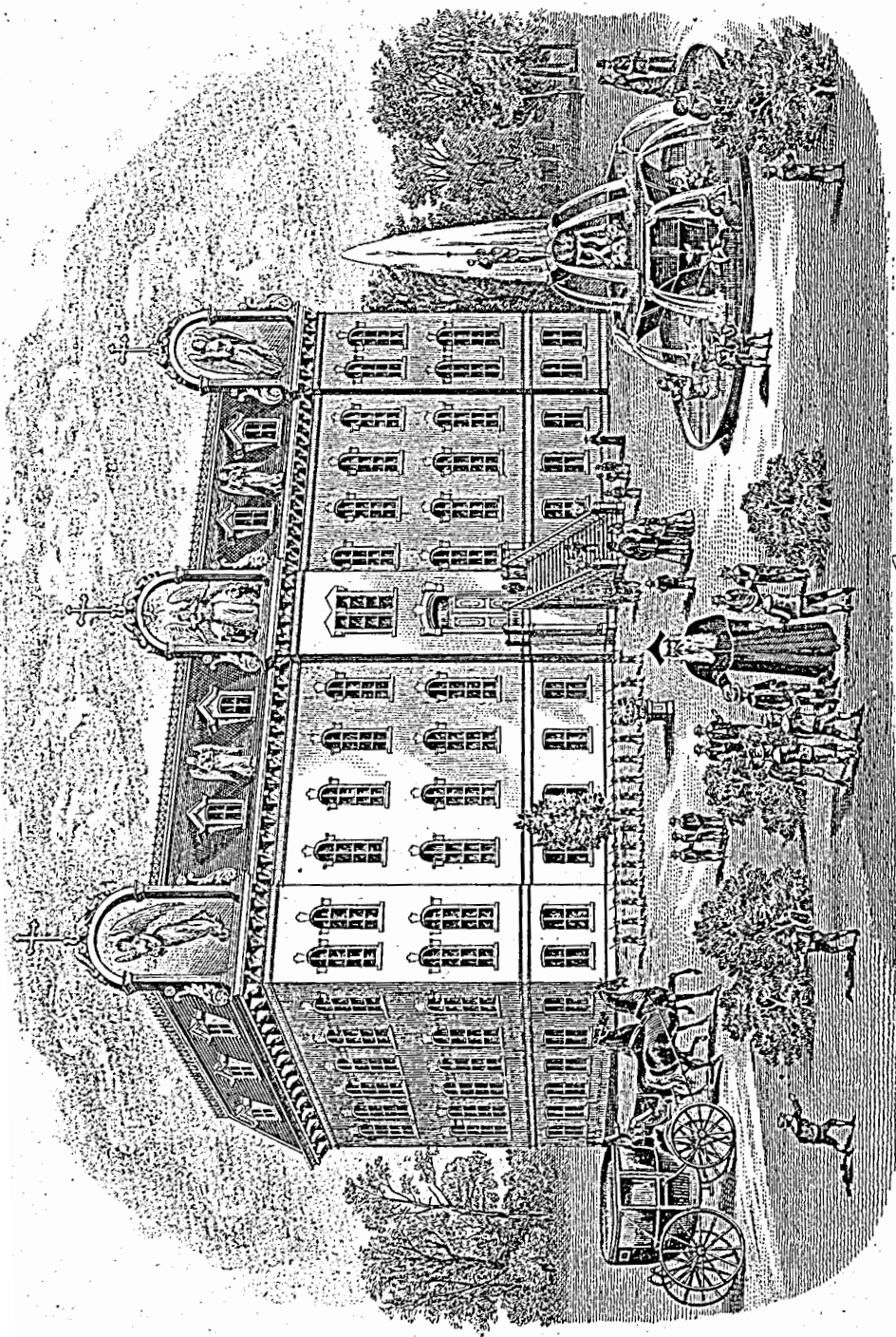
omnipotence is seen in the humility of the cross. The Divine Master, in allotting to you this employment, is obliged to render you the assistance of His holy hand. Do you think that so good a Father as God would appoint you as a nurse to His children without supplying you with milk, butter, and honey? If the Lord places these souls in your charge that you may render them worthy of Him, He will strengthen you by His all-powerful arm in proportion to the work He imposes upon you.

"These two principles established, the holy Founder treats of the duties of Superiors in detail. 'Take care,' says he, 'to manifest in your exterior a holy equanimity; whatever trouble weighs upon you, appear not sad and sombre, neither let your countenance be light, but always grave, and, at the same time, sweet and humble; let your laugh be moderate, your eyes ordinarily cast down, and let not affability weaken authority and respect; follow the Community in all things, without doing anything more or less. Each expects from you good example, but united with a charitable condescension, because this virtue, like the oil of the lamp, maintains the flame of good example, since there is nothing more edifying than the rarity of an equalized heart—a charitable condescension.'

"As to the government of the Sisters, the holy institutor prescribes that they should not be too much restrained, nor too little under rule; show no want of confidence in them; sustain them sweetly; serve them lovingly, preserving your authority as Superior with a holy humility; holding a just balance with all, without partiality or aversion to any, remembering that the Superior is not so much for the strong as for the weak, though she must oversee all, suffering not the more advanced to fall back; she must be very tender towards the imperfect, aiding them to become better. Never be astonished at whatever misery they confide to you. Have always a firm intention of doing all for God, and for God alone, and after that be not disconcerted at being controlled in your government; listen to all with mildness, propose it to God, confer in council with your coadjutors, and do that which is esteemed best, having a holy confidence that God will turn it to His greater glory, and, at the same time, act with such suavity and calmness that inferiors may find no occasion either of losing respect for their Superior, or of thinking they are needed in the government. 'Maintain further,' says the holy Founder, 'the strict observance of the Rules, the decorum of your persons, and of your Houses. Teach your Sisters that their hearts are created only to love, to bless, to serve faithfully the good God, and that He has united them together only that they may be extraordinarily brave, constant and courageous in His service; that they may apply themselves to acquire great and perfect virtues, with a vigorous, strong and generous devotion—as the abnegation of self-love, the love of their own abjection, the mortification of their senses, sincere charity, and that their Superiors shall command neither more nor less, without any other pretence than to serve the Divine Majesty. It is a very hard thing for them,' adds he, 'to feel the necessity of disregarding and mortifying themselves on all occasions; nevertheless, the address of a sweet and charitable Mother smothers these pills with the milk of holy friendship, showing herself continually joyous, and gracious of access to her daughters, that they may gladly run in their appointed path, and suffer themselves to be moulded like wax, thus assuredly softened in the fire of this ardent charity.'

The above counsels of a most amiable Saint I have deemed perfectly suited to our own Religious having the charge of others; I therefore direct them to read them attentively and to meditate on them.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.,
Superior-General.



St. Edwards' Hall 1884.
(NOTRE-DAME, IND.)

IX.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO OUR YOUNG PRINCES.

(The Minims of Notre Dame.)

NOTRE DAME, Dec. 14, 1883.

MY DEAR YOUNG PRINCES:

On this day week, one half of our students will leave for home by special train, and yourselves with them, to spend Christmas vacation with your beloved parents. We will miss you; but they will enjoy what we miss, especially when they see with their own eyes the great improvement you have made those four months, in your studies and manners. Let me remind you, before you start, of one important thing you might otherwise forget—the great expectations of your dear friends at home. So much has been said and written and published through the land concerning our young princes and their new palace, that it will require no small attention on your part to meet fully the fond hopes of those who love you best. Remember the motto: “Nobility obliges.” Each one of you must appear, everywhere, the growing embodiment of refined and exquisite manners—politeness itself; a real little prince in the family; otherwise, they would all feel sadly disappointed. What would they think of you? What would they think of me? But, I trust, our mutual and best anticipations will all be more than fully realized. When you return, a few lines from your respected parents, showing that they were pleased with you, or perhaps even proud of you, through the holidays spent with them at home, would increase, if possible, my own esteem and love of you. I scarcely need to add here that to prove your real love to your dear father and mother, you must obey their every wish, in everything, and try your very best to make them happy and happier, day after day. Bear in mind that in this, as in anything else, your elder companions will use their best efforts to equal and even outdo the princes.

Were I a poet, I would draw some inspiration from this beautiful snow just now storming from all sides over the Dome, and playing all sorts of antics around its crowning monument—our Blessed Mother’s golden statue—never yet visited but by the rays of light, the dew and the cooling rain from the sky. How delightfully this first snow reminds me of our first departure from France! It was on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, the 5th of August, 1841. Had the day been chosen by us, we might have congratulated ourselves upon our wisdom, starting as we were for Northern America. But at that time, when almost each diocese followed its own liturgy, the Feast of *Sancta Maria ad Nivem* was scarcely known in France. It was only when I opened my new

Roman Breviary to say Vespers in the coach that I discovered the Feast the Church was celebrating. My surprise was soon even surpassed by my admiration. I never believed in chance, but on this occasion I understood at once and realized that the Blessed Virgin herself, for whom we were actually and joyfully sacrificing all—little as it was,—had accepted the modest homage of our honest hearts, and had herself chosen this beautiful Feast for the day of our adoption among her own missionaries, and wished to assure us from the start that she would be our Star on the sea, and our Guide and Protectress through the snows of the Northwest of the New World. To me it was a revelation. I accepted it in full confidence, and now, after an experience of forty-two years, I confess, with an unspeakable sense of gratitude, that our fondest hopes have been, from day to day, realized beyond all expression.

When we reached here, towards the end of November, the snow covered everything; and such a snow as we had never seen in sunny France. For full five months this rich and spotless mantle of the Virgin Mother was lifted only two days. Indeed, it was the domain of the Queen of Snows. Like the ground, the trees of the forest, the ice on the lakes, all was white with snow; not a solitary movement was possible but through a deep snow. When at night we retired into our little log cabin, the snow followed us, often even to our quaint, cold sleeping-quarters; but the invisible Hand *that giveth the snow like wool* supported our trusting hearts, and we never spent a happier season. Many times through that memorable winter we lost our way in the forest, in daylight and at night, but we always reappeared, rejoicing and happy.

Such a winter has never been seen here since, and yet we remember none we enjoyed as much, in mind, in soul, and body. It inured us for future trials, unavoidable through life. Remember this, it may serve you. Hence my joy at the first fall of snow, reminding me so forcibly of the most pleasant periods in my missionary life. May all praise be given to the glorious Queen of the Snows, who took me, forty-two years ago, as it were, by the hand on her own Feast of the Snows, giving me to understand that she would shield me from all storms and dangers! Has she not fulfilled her promise? Indeed, when I will cease to praise and thank our glorious Mother, the Queen of Heaven who has done so much for me, I consent to be called an idiot or a brute. Were it not for her, I would not have to-day a palace with 100 princes showing her respect and love. I give you this little sketch of Notre Dame—years before you were born—that you may, when you return, enjoy the more your new quarters, so providentially changed from a forest into a charming oasis, in the midst of which every one can see, from miles around, on a high throne, the sacred image of our heavenly Queen and Mother, telling the sky, not a lie, but the true love of

our hearts. What a sweet reminder for a loving child of what he loves best on earth and in heaven!

Present to your beloved parents my most sincere good wishes of the season, and believe me, my dear young princes,

Your devoted friend,

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

X.

AN EVIL OF THE TIMES.—BAD READING.

I have never sided with pessimists; on the contrary, I always felt inclined to follow the apostolic counsel, and hope even against all odds—*Spes contra spem*. But warnings from Divine Providence must be heeded, for they come as saving messages from on high. *Hodie, si vocem ejus audieritis, nolite obdurare corda vestra*.

I doubt if society has ever known anything like its present state. Such seems to be the conviction of every serious Christian mind, from the very head of the Church in Rome, to the humblest missionary, who has eyes to see and ears to hear. At no time, since the beginning of Christianity, has the "peace of men of good will" been more profoundly disturbed. The great calamities we hear of from fires, earthquakes, floods, and pestilence, are indeed dreadful reminders of Divine Justice, visiting the iniquities of the impious, who in their heart say that "there is no God"—*Non est Deus!* But, frequent and awful as they are, they do not compare with an evil which seems now, more than ever, to deluge the world; and, what is worse yet, the waters of this terrible flood are daily and hourly rising higher and higher, with such force as to create dismay in every thoughtful soul. Atheism is spreading in all directions, carried wide and high by two powerful wings—the school and the press—in such a manner as was never seen before. This new enemy has come upon us gradually: hence the apathetic insensibility of the multitude, who feel no particular alarm *to-day*, because *yesterday* it was well nigh the same. But a stranger who lands on our shores and scans our atmosphere attentively, as the clear and far-seeing Rev. Father Clarke, S. J., from London, did, a few months ago, cannot help noticing the unmistakable signs of a storm threatening the complete destruction of our grand Republic and its admirable institutions.

The first element of life and vitality is a pure atmosphere. Nothing can make up for the loss of it. When, a few months ago, the cholera was raging in Marseilles, not only the people fled from the city, but the very birds were the first to feel the danger and disappear from the vitiated streets: instinctively they sought

other regions where they could breathe pure air and escape death. What a lesson for man! Again, a loving father, a tender mother, who yesterday felt so happy with their darling children at a dinner, unusually enjoyed by all, are simply horror-stricken when, on leaving the table, a servant, pale and haggard, comes in and tells them that a dish of which all had eaten with delight was poisoned! Not one in the house had suspected it; the cooks had just discovered the fact, when too late, and were themselves in the pangs of death! This horror has been seen and reported all over the land. Fortunately, such accidents are rare.

But similar catastrophes, even more appalling, because of their reaching a higher and wider sphere, daily and hourly happen in our midst. Need I say when and where? Excellent, affectionate, and honorable parents, as we have seen, will, after enjoying a repast in the company of their loved ones, leave the table, brimful of happiness; the mother herself opens the door of the parlor, and all are happily gathered together. What is then presented before them for their intellectual entertainment? On the reading-table one large daily, perhaps two; an illustrated magazine; a new romance of lively interest; a large quarto of new fresh caricatures; a new, captivating, blue-covered "Young Hero!" "Men and Women of our Time!" etc. Then, advertising representations of theatrical scenes, etc., and in the centre of the table, a Bible—the only article uncared for and untouched; the rest are seized upon and *devoured*. How many will retire *healthy, uncontaminated* in mind, in heart, in soul? A look, a paragraph, a page contained enough of virus or deadly poison to kill any young, innocent, unsuspecting and stainless soul. The poison so copiously spread on this second table has ascended to that noble, impressionable young brain; has moved that pure, sensitive and warm heart; a new seed of a most dangerous nature has been planted in that heaven-born soul; the fruit it will bring is—death itself! The child may have entered the room as pure as an angel; when he leaves it, Satan is his master. The change may not appear at once; but the seed, I say, is sown—it will grow. The soul which, like a crystal, reflected so clearly the image of God, has now lost its brightness with its baptismal innocence and purity. A sad wreck has brought to grief the guardian angels of the place. An immortal soul has just been destroyed! And that from an eager and attentive look—from a line, or a page, that has created a new sensation—a desire to know more; a knowledge of *good* and *evil*, such as was created in the soul of Eve.

Oh! what a change suddenly took place in the hearts of our first parents in an instant! How many a new Eve will deplore the same results, repeating, but also too late and in vain: "The serpent hath deceived me!" They loved their children even more

than themselves. They lived almost only to see them happy. But, strange to say, they seemed to ignore the fact that *they had souls!* Satan did not forget it, and suggested, as a means of increasing their enjoyment, some interesting pictures and magazines, and illustrated monthlies and romances. A little, timid hesitation held at first the mother's mind, as in Eden of old; but the simple thought of making her darling boy happier very soon did away with all apprehensions of any penalty; and the beloved son was at once, if not directly advised, at least permitted to enjoy something hitherto unknown. Here is what happens every day, not in a solitary family, but in a hundred, a thousand family-circles of our land, killing souls without the least alarm or sensation. Who will approach the father or mother to inform them of the direful work that is being done under their own eyes? They would smile at what they think an exaggerated, nonsensical scrupulousness!

No danger is feared from associations at school, or sights in the street; the child is moving, running, playing—all is right; but what of the soul? Nobody knows or seems to care. Wait! see that child returning home, slowly, with a look of distraction and preoccupation, dreaming of something he has seen, or heard, or read. What a change! Only a short time before, even strangers visiting the house, and seeing him so happy with his loving mother, leaving her but to rush into the arms of his dear father, admired, and really looked upon that mother as the angel guardian of a heavenly little circle—the happiest woman on earth. And so it was. The soul then was pure, stainless: it was Eden before sin had entered it. But, as we have said, the morning will find the children all bright and ready to go to school, where, alas! in eight out of ten cases, they will soon learn how to disregard and stifle all remorse of conscience, and to sharpen a new appetite for sensual enjoyments. How long will it take, with such surroundings, to bring this contagious seed to full bloom and maturity? Such has been the planting, such the luxurious growth, and the rich harvest of infidelity, in the tender souls of thousands of promising youths, now apparently dead to any sense of religion,—premature wrecks, giving a death-blow to the fond expectations of loving but unwise parents, now doomed to reap the fruit of the noxious seed they have sown in the tender and rich hearts that otherwise would have repaid them an hundredfold with an abundant harvest of joys and consolations and honors in their declining years. What a loss! Where is the compensation?

How different from the views of such parents were the views and sentiments of the saintly mother of St. Louis, King of France: "I would rather see you dead, my son, dead and buried, than defiled by one mortal sin!"

The very same remark was heard, but a few years ago, from the Holy Man of Tours. He had one only child, an accomplished

young lady. One afternoon, riding with her beloved father, they passed before a theatre; she expressed a desire to be taken to that famous resort. Mr. Dupont noticed the request, and felt grieved. After supper, while on his knees before the Holy Face, he begged of our Blessed Lord to call to Himself that dear child of his ere she had lost her baptismal innocence. A few months after she was taken ill, and died in the arms of her most affectionate father. No sooner had she breathed her last than the heroic Christian arose and recited the *Te Deum*. "Now," said he to the Bishop-elect of Le Mans, then present, "my child sees God forever!" The father has since rejoined her, never to be separated from her again.

How long will Christian mothers concentrate all their attention and care upon the bodies, the material features of their dear children, and forget that they have a soul to guard from eternal ruin—a soul to which nothing can compare in importance, for time and for eternity? Oh, mothers! far from finding fault with your desire to make your dear young ones happy, I praise you for it; I myself delight in remembering the solicitude of which I was the object, long years ago. I admire your inexhaustible love for your precious offspring. But until a mother knows how to discriminate between the temporal and the eternal interests of her child she will not do him justice. She will lovingly fatigue herself to multiply his momentary enjoyments, but will scarcely think of securing him an endless happiness.

You weary yourself in feeding and adorning his body, while you let his immortal soul starve—nay, you seem unconcerned as to what deadly poison he may inhale or become inoculated with under your own eyes! Should you hear of any one threatening your child with harm, or attempting his life, you would tremble; while by your side he is imbibing, unchecked, death to his soul, no alarm is felt. A touch of fever, a fall, a trifling accident, startles a mother's heart. This is all of the body, and will greatly impress a mother's heart. But she knows also that in that son she loves so tenderly there is a soul, the very life of that body—a soul which must some day depart, and leave that body a piece of clay. All will soon know where the body lies; but that priceless soul—will it go to heaven or to hell? As a rule, this all-important question is reserved to mothers for a solution. They do not decide, but make the case. They are, above all others, responsible for the fate of the child they have brought forth. An immortal soul has been entrusted to their care. Can they feel justified in doing less for the glorious destiny of that soul than for its frail envelope of a day? Through that envelope, life or death may reach it at any moment—through the eyes, through the ears, through its every sense.

To-day the danger that surrounds the young soul on every side comes from poisonous books. Here is the enemy. Children will

read. To parents belongs the inalienable right to select what should be granted or denied admittance within the family-circle with the same vigilance, at least, as they exercise in procuring wholesome food or removing dangerous poisons. Not a sample of vicious novels or romances, etc., should ever be found on the table or within the walls of their homes. There are enough of excellent Catholic works, of interesting Catholic papers and edifying magazines to satisfy all the wants, and abundantly supply every honest desire of the heart. Let the entire household be made to feel interested in exclusively Catholic literature. If a variety cannot be procured, at least one interesting, edifying and enlightened weekly should be regularly secured, as the angel guardian of each family. If such a messenger does good to those you love best, propagate it, as a saving antidote against the deadly wounds desolating your neighborhood, and thus you will prove real benefactors to your friends and acquaintances.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

X.

LETTERS TO THE "SCHOLASTIC."

I.

ON BOARD THE "AURANIA," March 4 (12 m.), 1885.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

It is only four hours since we left New York, and scarcely two full days since I parted with our beloved Notre Dame and her precious inmates, young and old. But it seems to me like two full weeks. I never realized before, to the same extent, what an attachment my residence of forty-three years and a half has created in the depth of my heart for so many loving souls, not only at Notre Dame, but in our neighboring city, where I have so many worthy friends that I would not exchange my happy home for the rest of the world. I cannot express the joy I felt on taking the train, after the few parting visits I made, and where I received the cheering assurance that our late little troubles were all over, and that the immediate consequence of the recent trials would undoubtedly prove, as I thought, a blessing in disguise,—promising a better state of things than ever before, and making of South Bend, what I always so much desired it to be, a model city, whose uncommon prosperity and general contentment would draw multitudes of new enterprises and countless additional inhabitants;—a city in which capitalists and laborers, animated alike by true Christian principles, would find their mutual advantage in supporting each other, even in the

trying state of a general stagnation of commerce; and never harboring the influence of any socialistic theories, which God never blesses, but always punishes severely. The first blessing with which our risen Saviour repeatedly greeted His apostles, as the most precious of all, was peace—*Pax vobis!* To insure its preservation, no reasonable sacrifice is too great; for no investment brings better interest. I speak from experience, and know what I write on this vital question.

But to judge intelligently of what happens in our age we must rise to a higher standpoint. What we have seen at our doors is a small affair compared to what is daily reported from various other parts of the world. It is the continuation of the endless struggle between good and evil—the reign of God and that of Satan—or, in other words, the fight of infidelity against the Church of Christ. It commenced with the world, and shall end only with it.

Infidelity is spreading everywhere. Our age, as all men of sound mind must admit, is becoming, more and more sensibly, an age of incredulity. Incredulity was the first weapon Satan employed against mankind. Had our first mother firmly adhered to the Divine word that “the day they would eat of the forbidden fruit they should die,” she would have saved herself and all her posterity. The same deadly weapon has been resorted to with increasing vigor ever since. It begins, as at first in Eden, with a doubt. And when the word of God has been once the subject of a *doubt*, faith, as a saving element, is *destroyed*; it is a wreck with all its fatal consequences. Whoever has read the sacred Book has learned, first of all, the plain and most serious truth: *Sine fide impossibile est placere Deo*. And again: “He who will not believe is already judged.” Indispensable as it is to salvation, faith must be entire and without any mental reservation; no partial faith can ever save.

Here is the evil of the day,—the contagious pestilence now spreading over the earth, as it never did before. We live in an age of progress and invention; no one denies it: but the noticeable feature of our times is incredulity, the increasing denegation of Divine revelation,—as if Divine revelation could not stand the test of science,—the new and untenable boast of our faithless scientists. To this undeniable fact is to be assigned the actual disturbance of society, not only in our United States, but all over Europe. The absurd atheism of Ingersoll, *et al.*, may create disgust in Christian souls; but, for the world at large, who will deny the deleterious effects of a doctrine so directly favoring, sanctioning and flattering the worst passions of the heart? But Ingersoll is only one among the countless legion of sworn enemies of Christian Faith.

This is nothing new to one who has read history. Sixteen hundred years ago, one of the most cruel persecutors among the Roman emperors publicly announced his long wished-for triumph over

Christianity—*Christiano nomine deleto!* But the date of the proud announcement proved to be an unprecedented humiliation to the blind enemies of the Crucified; on the morrow appeared in the skies the glorious *labarum*—*In hoc Signo vinces!* Constantine saw it, understood it; routed his enemies, and declared himself the staunch protector of the Cross. Thus came, after three centuries of merciless persecutions, the first triumph of the Church, at the very moment Satan had apparently marked out for its ruin.

Outside of the Catholic Church, what do we see? Mr. Charles Bonaparte has admirably described it in his beautiful address to the members of the Plenary Council of Baltimore, on the 20th of November, 1884:

"In our day and country, two classes of thinking men contemplate the phases of life and thought portrayed in the manners of the times with ever-increasing anxiety. Many see, with alarm and distress fast deepening into silent despair, religious faith in themselves and others fading into a dim uncertainty as to everything beyond the world of sense. These men are involuntary skeptics. They would believe in God, but they find only a possibility of His existence in physical science, and His alleged revelation as doubtful for critics as Himself; they would believe in their own immortality, but they can only hope it is real. They feel, too clearly for their happiness, that, with the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, they give up the quickening spirit of modern civilization; but the light which shows the abyss, at the brink of which they stand, reveals no way of escape. They have seen the religions they still formally profess, qualify and make meaningless one tenet after another, concede this point, silently abandon that, try vainly to compromise over and over again with a constantly advancing spirit of materialism and negation until the very idea that there can be any fixed, immutable religious truth has become strange to them; and while they have lost so much, they have gained nothing. The followers of Luther or Calvin could believe in a reformed Church; the disciples of Voltaire or Rousseau could believe in a regenerated society; but modern Agnostics can believe nothing, not even that they were wrong before.

"Others look less below the surface of things; they are troubled by phenomena in which the first class recognize outward symptoms of the same deep-seated evil. On all sides, they note in the American people a blunting of the sense of justice; a growing dimness of our moral sight; an inability to distinguish clearly between right and wrong; in short, a distortion and maiming of the national conscience.

"To both classes we declare that which they elsewhere vainly seek. The creed of the Catholic Church is founded on no theory in physics or psychology. She has no fear of the future. As all speculations of the idealistic metaphysicians have never made one doubt for one moment the reality of his own existence, or that of the universe, so no proof, however conclusive in seeming, that our spiritual life is a dream, eternity a blank, the Gospel a myth, can touch her who lives, breathes, and has her being in the reality of Divine Truth. Her religion is no abstraction; it is a practical rule of life, founded on the indestructible rock which no wave or storm of human passion can ever shake."

To-day, the existence of God, Divine Providence, revelation, the soul, with its immortal destinies for heaven or for hell, all, absolutely all, have become a matter of doubt outside of the Church of Christ. But, weakened as she appears by the withdrawal of all secular powers and the furious assaults of multiplying legions, who

are united only in one universal and blind hatred, the Church remains a centre of peace and calm even amid the fiercest tempests the world has ever known. She feels she will outlive this new test of her Divine foundation as she did all others. Jesus Christ is with her, and all her true children repeat, undisturbed: "If God is with us, who is against us?" Happy the clear-sighted and honest minds; and among these, happy the young students of Christian institutions whom the love of truth will turn away from the evident fallacies of such deceiving, hollow systems, and bear them, rejoicing, into the saving arms of the Mother Church whose ultimate triumph will, this time as ever, prove to be the lasting glory of pure and loving hearts, and the new confusion of the impious, who say, *Non est Deus!*

2.

MARCH 9, 1885.

In five days we have made 2007 miles, and in less than forty-eight hours we expect to reach Queenstown, and seventeen hours later Liverpool—if the same fervent prayers of so many loving hearts continue to smooth the waves of the sea before us. This heading will probably be the most interesting portion of this second article. But, of course, you are not obliged to print a single line of it, nor of the one that preceded it. But, to return to my first subject. Of late years, atheism has spread to such an extent and proved so ruinous in our own generation that, the more I ponder over the subject in my own heart, the more I fear its deleterious and poisonous influence even on those honest young hearts entrusted to our care.

Nowadays, we may say infidelity is, almost everywhere, *à la mode*. The great Bossuet, in one of his model sermons, was once heard to say: "The earth carries but few such idiots who, on the face of the globe, among the works of His hands and the blessings of His Providence, dare say 'there is no God,' and deny existence itself to Him by whom alone all nature subsists. Infidels and idolators themselves hold in horror such monsters; but when the light of the Gospel has been spread abroad, the meeting with such an one must inspire horror and trembling." What would the immortal orator say to our present generation? Infidelity has developed itself so widely and rapidly that those who, directly or indirectly, deny God's own existence are without number.

In our days, from every part of the earth, the voice of infidelity is heard and re-echoed in all directions. "God," says one of the *coryphées* of the age, "is but an old word, something meaningless!" "The world was formed by chance," says another, "or is the fortuitous result of some combination of natural forces;" unless one prefers to call all he sees by the more general and honorable term

of *pantheism*. The world is God! The most abject paganism of antiquity never fell so low! The voice of the successor of Peter tells us the origin from which such absurd new doctrines daily spring,—*i.e.*, secret lodges command that God be ignored; that He must not interfere either at a man's birth or marriage, or death, or in the school-room where instruction is imparted. These secret lodges, jointly and energetically, strive to guide the direction of the education of youth. Secret societies, says Leo XIII, trust they will easily succeed in forming, after their own views, this tender age, and in its flexibility train it up to anything they wish; this being the surest and speediest way to launch on society a race of citizens such as they desire, to shape its inspirations and movements. Hence, their common intolerance of any element in public schools. Hence, already, in more than one country, their gain of this capital point—to *remove from the mind of the child at school even the idea of God* and every thought of the fundamental duties uniting man to his Creator. Alas! confess it or not, we have reached, in our own age of progress, this dangerous bourn at which in our midst the *idea of God is in danger*. They will tolerate the teaching that man is the offspring of a monkey, but will not permit him to learn that God Himself made him after His own image and likeness, to know Him and serve Him, and be forever happy with Him in heaven.

Prevalent as it is, infidelity is none the less absurd. Common sense tells us that everything comes from a first cause. The bread we eat is made of wheat. Does that wheat come from an ear or from a grain? Admitting the latter, where did this grain come from? If nature produced it, why is it that nature, whose laws are unchanged, has, since the beginning, never given us another similar production? How much more consonant to human reason to say that either the one or the other came from the hand of God! Infidelity is even more repulsive to the instinct of the soul—which, as we all know, in moments of surprise or danger naturally turns to God. "Listen to the testimony of your soul," says Tertullian: "'My God!' 'Good God!' 'O God!' and when she pours out her own instinctive sigh, she does not look up to the capitol, but to heaven."

Infidelity offends as directly against common sense which dictates, beyond even the shadow of a doubt, that the admirable order of creation clearly reveals the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful Creator. What nation, however degraded, ever denied the existence of a Creator? No man, says Plato, no human being will ever persuade us that "God" is a meaningless name. It would be the height of absurdity. "No nation," says Cicero, "however savage, has ever denied God's existence." Another pagan philosopher, —Plutarch—speaks most eloquently on this subject: "You may

find," he says, "cities without walls, without houses, gymnasia, or codes of law, or schools, or letters; but a people without God, without prayer, religious rites and sacrifices has never been known or heard of." Sheer folly! A man who wants an effect without a cause, or who, with his eyes opened, at mid-day sees and denies the light of the sun is a fool! Plato affirmed that a citizen who ignores God is as a danger and pestilence in any city. Aristotle thought that an atheist should never be honored with a discussion, a stick was the only argument that should be applied. Cicero, and with him St. Augustine and St. Jerome, did not hesitate in declaring atheism an evidence of an unsettled, softened, abnormal brain.

The celebrated Cuvier was once heard solemnly declaring before the whole academy that atheists can be reckoned only among crazy or dishonest people—*des fous ou des frippons!* Therefore it must be said that, in the judgment of moralists and naturalists alike, atheism is a monstrosity; and yet, in our own age of invention and undeniable progress and discoveries, the world is filling with such enormous intellects; not all atheistic to the same degree, but all unbelievers in some one or other essential tenet of Divine Revelation.

Where shall we seek for the reason or the cause of this deplorable blindness? As a rule, we find it in the perverseness of the heart: no one denies the existence of God before finding his interest in the denial. No one is an infidel but through the corruption of the heart. Pride and ambition will often lend their aid; but, as a rule, a vitiated heart is the spring of infidelity or atheism. The worst feature of it, however, must yet be drawn or described; it is simply disastrous, as it opens a wide door to all vices. With atheism, no more laws, or justice, or equity; no fidelity in social transactions. It is the ruin of all order or peace;—a just punishment of the insult offered to God! In the train of infidelity follows a frightful series of evils—as, thirst after gold and honors, enjoyments, envy, disorders, revolutions,—leaving no security, no peace, as the general rule is to respect none. Voltaire himself has left on this subject a declaration worthy our attention:

"I would not wish to have anything to do with an atheistic prince who would find his interest in brewing me in a mortar; for I would surely be brewed. If I were a king, I would not wish to see at my court any atheistic courtiers whose interest would be to poison me; for I should have to take an antidote every day to save my life. Most assuredly, it is equally necessary for princes and people that all firmly believe the existence of God, Creator, Governor, the remunerator or avenger of all human deeds."

I close with a remarkable declaration from a celebrated writer of our times—Victor Hugo:

"Religious teaching, in my opinion, is more necessary than ever. The higher man rises, the deeper his faith must grow. There is in our age a seri-

ous evil, I would almost say the only evil,—a general tendency to call everything into doubt. To give man, as an end, this material life, is to aggravate immensely the weight of innumerable sufferings by the denegation of a future; on a tried heart nothing is more crushing than the thought of annihilation. What was a trial made bearable by hope, becomes sheer despair, ending in self-destruction. Hence the profound convulsions of society in our age. Most certainly I desire to better the lot of sufferers: but I can never forget that the best and most soothing remedy is a firm hope, grounded on undoubting faith. I therefore sincerely wish,—I go further—I ardently *desire* religious teaching in the school-room."

What a subject for reflection! I find the same avowal, with the same apprehensions, wherever I meet with a superior mind. The cloud of incredulity is spreading, darkening the serene interior of countless hearts. Never in my life did I understand, as I do now, the importance, the immense value, the blessing for youth of a pure religious atmosphere. For more than forty years, I may truly say, this has been my first, my absorbing thought and ultimate end in the foundation of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. When my earthly career is over, I shall have the consolation to know that my efforts and those of my devoted associates have been blessed, and that a number of precious young souls, in search of a healthy atmosphere for mind and heart, have found, and actually enjoy, all they looked for in those faithful twin Institutions. What a delightful oasis they will soon appear to the weary traveller through the burning sand of the desert! From the beginning I was satisfied to be buried in the foundations of the work. My successors will see better days than we could anticipate for ourselves. The SCHOLASTIC, already so deserving of public esteem, will grow yearly in real importance, and contribute its share towards developing the cheering and glorious future of Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

May Heaven continue to bless abundantly your fruitful labors as Editor of a periodical sheet which, I trust, will long remain second to none in the country!

Your devoted

E. SORIN, C.S. C.

XI.

A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE TO OUR YOUNG SCHOLARS AT THE HOLY TABLE.

One of the most serious and important acts in a Christian's life is, undoubtedly, that of Holy Communion, when he presents himself to the King of kings to receive Him into his own heart, in presence of the whole court of heaven. Faith alone can fully reveal the grandeur of the sublime act.

As a rule, the honor of an audience or reception at the court of

a king or emperor is but rarely granted, and is everywhere considered a singular favor never to be forgotten. When obtained, the court etiquette must be learned and minutely complied with. Even at the Vatican, the same rule for an *audience* is strictly observed, and never dispensed with. And yet, what are such receptions when compared to a reception at the Holy Table? At a king's court, a name, a title of some high office or of a noble ancestry, a brilliant apparel, precious jewels, entitle a gentleman or lady to special consideration before the court and the king. Here the courtiers (the angels) and the King Himself look only to the heart of the friend admitted—*Deus autem intuetur cor*—and the humblest child, in plain but decent clothes, when modestly approaching the Holy Table is as welcome—to say no more—to the heavenly Banquet as a king. Look at the radiant countenance of the ministering priest: how happy he feels! Indeed, he seems to hear again the Divine voice repeating: *Sinite parvulos venire ad Me*—"Suffer little children to come to Me, for of such is the kingdom of God." "Amen, amen, I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter into it. And, embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." (St. Mark, xiv, xv, xvi.) Oh, the heavenly invitation! The dear child has heard it; see how joyfully, noiselessly and sweetly he comes and ascends the steps of the Holy Table! He kneels with an angelic modesty; he covers his pure little hands with the white cloth of the Divine Banquet, and, when the priest reaches him, he raises his serene head; with his eyes fixed on the hands of the minister, opens his lips, with his tongue resting on the lower one, until the Sacred Body of Jesus is deposited upon it; then he reverently closes his mouth and bows in rapture. Rising again, he attentively descends the steps, turns again to kneel, and, with unspeakable recollection, his hands joined on his heart, he slowly regains his seat, accompanied by adoring angels. In their midst he kneels and adores. Oh, the solemn moment! The Sacred Host, before melting in the mouth, has descended to the breast and taken possession of the heart. Ah! now that blessed child lives—no: it is Christ who lives in him! Let no one disturb him. Let him realize his Treasure! Slightly inclined, with his eyes closed, wholly permeated, as it were, with God's own presence, he adores, he thanks, he wonders and humbles himself at the feet of his Divine Guest; he prays, as he never prayed, for himself, his dear parents, his pastor and teachers, and his best friends. Jesus listens lovingly to every word and whisper and breathing of his heart. Oh, fortunate mother! what a joy for you to see your child thus honored among the children of men!

From the highest heavens the blessed spirits look in wonder on such a privileged heart, now the living tabernacle of God. See

that white angelic little form just returned, likewise, from the Sacred Table. In her they recognize a sister, and share in the delights of her loving soul. . . . Is there a spot on earth where the pure joys of heaven are better reflected than in these stainless young hearts on a Communion morning? Could they themselves ever forget such an undying impression? Ah! they will remember it with delight to their last breath; and through life they will be admired by all each time they appear at the Holy Table. Alas! they may, as they come in contact with a wicked world, fall victims to its dangerous illusions; but the misery that will follow will soon bring them to deplore their loss: the memory of the Holy Table will soon fill their souls with sorrow; they will find no peace until they confess their blind ingratitude and recover, in the Sacrament of Penance, the white robe of innocence with which to approach again the Holy Table, where they were once made so happy. Once more, they will say, with their whole soul: *Quid retribuam Domino*—"What return shall I make to the Lord for all He has done unto me?" Remember then

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

