

St. Edward the Confessor.

The custom of patron saints is a beautiful one, dating early Christian times. It is now a rule of the Church that at Baptism one must choose the name of some saint who is thus elected a patron, to be imitated in the practice of virtue, and to be invoked in trials and troubles.

St. Edward, patron saint of Father Sorin, was the last of the Anglo-Saxon kings of England. He built Westminster Abbey, in commutation of a vow to visit the tombs of the Apostles. He loved peace, to the extent of refusing to fight to save his own crown; he loved learning, and fostered it throughout his kingdom; he loved chastity, and practiced it in married life.

On this feast we honor St. Edward and we honor his protege, Father Sorin. Like his heavenly patron, Father Sorin was a builder, a lover of manly chastity, and a messenger of peace.

Blasphemy and Obscenity.

Within the past week, blasphemy and obscenity have disported themselves on the boards of the Oliver Theatre in South Bend. This is the spirit of the day. The blasphemy which this theatre presented for the delectation of its patrons was the blasphemy of Julian the Apostate; the obscenity was that of the incestuous daughter of a twice-incestuous and adulterous mother whose name among women is infamous -- an unnatural mother, of an unnatural father and grandfather, the obscenity of Salome and Herodias.

The faith of Notre Dame men is of the fibre of wax when they will pay money to hear God blasphemed in the language of hell; their consciences are gangrened and their hearts full of corruption when they can shout "More, more," at a putrid spectacle of the degradation of womanhood. And that is what happened during the past week: we have it on the word of a pagan who was shocked at the manners of Notre Dame students. They sat silent through blasphemy; they applauded obscenity uproariously.

Haven't Notre Dame students mothers any more? Or do the mothers of Notre Dame men no longer train their sons to honor chastity, to revere womanhood, to cherish purity more than life itself? Do not blame the Bulletin for stigmatizing your mothers; you have stigmatized your mother if you paid money for what you know to be an immoral show, if you sat through scene after scene of mockery of God and religion. You told the world when you walked through the door of the theatre that your mother didn't count.

A few years ago a self-appointed entertainment committee took a Notre Dame football team to an immoral show. When the character of the piece became apparent one of the players, who had emphatic feet, rose and stalked to the door. Every step he took was heard, or felt, by the audience. Several members of the team reported later that they admired him for his moral courage and only wished that they had as much fight as he had. He had real Notre Dame spirit -- and he still has it.

But what can you do about it? Where there's no sense there's no feeling, and a kick isn't felt; where there's no brains there's no hope of an education. At least you can do this much if you have offended: read the first chapter of "Credentials of Christianity" and find out what lies ahead of you when you succeed in making womanhood the ribald jest you are paying money to make it. Hell collects premiums.

Prayers.

Jack Bulfin was called home yesterday by the serious illness of his father.