

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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SHORT MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF FATHER NICHOLAS PORTER, S. J.

*Written by the Knight Jno. Baptist Rasi, Consul-General of
his Sardinian Majesty at the Court of Rome.*⁽¹⁾

No more grateful request could be made me than that of not burying with me in the tomb the recollection, which gratitude keeps alive within me, of my kind and principal instructor and governor, Father Nicholas Porter, who afterwards held the same offices in regard to my children: whose precious conversation I consequently enjoyed for the space of about thirty years; that is, from September of 1773, a short while after the suppression of the Society, which happened upon the 16th of August of that year, until the 25th of August 1802, when he died and was buried in the Church of the Gesù.

Fr. N. Porter was born at Porto San Maria near Cadiz on the 10th of September 1724, as may be seen from the catalogue of the Roman Province printed at Rome by Salomoni in the beginning of the year 1773, which was the last of the first stage of the Society's existence. His father was an English Catholic: he was a merchant by profession, and traded with Spanish America.⁽²⁾ His mother was a Span-

⁽¹⁾ This memoir, which has been found among the archives of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, is put in print chiefly on account of the picture it presents of the life of an ex-Jesuit in the days of the suppression.

⁽²⁾ In the Records of the English Province S. J., General Statistics and Collectanea, etc., Part the First, his parents are said to be Irish; but the Records S. J. vol. v, p. 552, note, agree with our memoir in making his father English and his mother Spanish.

iard of Porto San Maria, of whose Christian virtues Fr. Porter frequently made mention. He had also a brother who followed the mercantile and commercial profession of his father, and who after the suppression of the Society, frequently and kindly sent him supplies.

Having completed his 17th year, he entered the Society of Jesus, in the College of Porto San Maria, as may be seen from the catalogue cited above; and being connected with the English Province, he was sent to make his studies in the Colleges of Flanders, and was successively in Bruges, St. Omers, Liége etc.: and was finally stationed in the mission of London, where he lived for several years, employed principally in the Catholic Chapel of his Excellency Lord Arundell. He went afterwards, by order of his superiors, to Porto San Maria in 1757; but he found upon his arrival, that the Society in Spain had just been suppressed, and consequently he was obliged, without having an opportunity of seeing his mother or even of landing, to set sail in another vessel for London. ⁽¹⁾

From the catalogue cited above, it appears that he made his solemn profession, Feb. 2nd 1759; but I know not whether it was made in London, or in one of the Colleges of Flanders. I have a confused recollection, that he was also at Cologne and at some other Rhenish cities of Germany.

In 1766 he was called to Rome and appointed Spiritual Father, Repeater [Repetitor] and Confessor in the English College, where he remained till the suppression of the 16th of Aug., 1773. At this time he retired to a house situated between the new church and the palace of Cesarini in company with Fr. Wm. Hothersall, Rector of the College, Fr. Jno. Mattingly, a native of Maryland in the United States, Minister, Prefect of Studies and Lecturer upon controversy, Fr. John Thorpe, English Penitentiary in the Basilick of St. Peter in the Vatican (subsequently an active and

⁽¹⁾ This date is certainly incorrect, for his most Catholic Majesty Charles III of Spain expelled the Jesuits from his kingdom in the year 1767. The dates of the events of Fr. Porter's life as compiled from Dr. Oliver and Bro. Foley are the following:—In 1754 Fr. Porter was born at Porto San Maria in Spain; in 1741 he entered the Society; in 1757 he was professed of four vows; in 1754, seq. he was a missionary in the College of the Holy Apostles in Suffolk and Chaplain at Gifford's Hall; in 1763 seq. he was at the English College, Valladolid, and for a short time previously at the English College, Rome; in 1771, seq., he was again at the English College, Rome, as Spiritual Father. Subsequently, this good natured little man, as Dr. Oliver styles him, accepted the situation of tutor to the sons of Mr. Denham, bankers in the Strada Rossella. Upon the failure of Mr. Denham Fr. Porter retired to St. Carlo, and enrolled himself as a tertiary in the third order of St. Francis. He soon afterwards left Rome for Naples, and entered the family of Palomba, a wealthy merchant in that city. In 1779 he returned and was admitted into the Gesù where he remained until his death, August 25, 1802.

zealous agent of the English Missions at the Holy See under Pius VI), and Fr. Ignatius Rhombery, assistant of Germany, together with a Lay Brother by name George Simner.

My beloved and Christian Father, anxious that I should enjoy above all others the benefit of more than an ordinary education, took advantage of the leisure which the suppression of the Society gave to several of her most distinguished members, and selected, as my instructor, Fr. Mattingly of whom I have already spoken, and who commenced to give me lessons in the English Language in the beginning of that year. But he being yet young, about twenty-eight (he was born Jan. 25th 1745, and entered the Society 7th Sept. 1766, as we learn from the catalogue already cited), and of a strong constitution, he accepted the invitation of going to the English Missions in Maryland, his native country,⁽¹⁾ and setting out soon after in the December following, left me to care of Fr. Porter who had been his Professor in the English College; I being then in my 10th year, and having already commenced the second Scholastic year in the Class of Poetry in the Public Schools of the College of Calasanzio of the Pious Schools, which were then in a flourishing condition at Cesarini, and which unfortunately our own calamitous times have destroyed.

Fr. Porter having taken upon himself the care of my education, began immediately with the most studied industry to promote it in every respect. Being in his character reserved without affectation, mild and kind without weakness, equal and unalterable without deviating even by one of those first impulses of nature from his uniform line of conduct, patient so as never to give the least sign of change in his temper, affectionate without ever committing the least fault against gravity—in a word, enriched by nature and by studied virtuous habits with all those qualities calculated to inspire affection and respect without debasing their possessor by anything like too confidential an expression of affection, or too great an outpouring of the heart, he excited in me an affectionate respect and a respectful attachment to his person, so that I was always ready to listen to his instructions with breathless silence and eager curiosity, unmixed with anything like wearisomeness or pain.

⁽¹⁾ After the suppression Fr. Mattingly did not return to the Mission of Maryland, but became travelling tutor to Sir William Gerard, Bart., and other Catholic gentry. In 1802–3 he was with Sir Thomas Stanley, at Hooton, Cheshire and died at Causetown Ireland whilst visiting the Grainger family, Nov. 23, 1807. He does not appear to have renewed his vows in the restored Society.

He did not confine himself to the custom which had been introduced, and which he had adopted, of giving me lessons in English and French when I had returned from evening School, from 5 o'clock till the Ave Maria; but also instructed me on the evenings of recreation and feast-days, conducting me in his walks to places which were at once pleasing and instructive. And here he found a wide field for his industrious care, which busied itself in imparting to me instruction under its most pleasing form. In our walks, which were certainly never short, we spent our time in examining leisurely and minutely the most famous Churches, the old edifices and palaces, and the most celebrated antiquities, not excepting however the less important; and by this industry he succeeded in enriching me, in a manner most acceptable, with a competent stock of historical and scientific knowledge of every kind, thus enticing me to have recourse, of my own accord, to works which treated of those subjects, and with which he himself frequently supplied me, by which I might with method perfect those studies which I had thus begun.

He afforded me another source of improvement, in visiting with me, some learned and classical English gentlemen residing here, the religious moreover of the Convents of St. Clement, St. Isidore, St. Matthew in Merulana, a Church afterwards suppressed, and in particular the learned ex-Jesuit Fr. Jno. Thorpe, of whom I have already made honorable mention (his other worthy Brethren of the English College mentioned above having already left Rome). Thus he exercised me in the English language and in instructive conversation of every kind, even in polemics and controversy, in which he was profoundly versed. Upon these subjects however he never touched unless when the circumstances required it, so ingenious was he in concealing his knowledge under an admirable simplicity, so that his worth and virtue were known only to those who were intimately acquainted with him; and I always considered, and still consider him in this respect unequalled, or at least unsurpassed, and such was the opinion formed of him by those old religious, his former Brethren and acquaintances.

By such qualities and by so anxious a care in my regard did this remarkable man—of whom it may truly be said "*omnibus omnia factus*"—win any affection and esteem, that upon Festivals when my good Father, in order to please me, and for his own pleasure also, and for that of my virtuous mother, prevailed upon him to dine with the family, I preferred to go walking after dinner with my good Master

Porter, rather than to go riding with my parents to the most delightful part of the country: unless perhaps my Teacher, from whom I could not be separated, went by some accident with them. This was the case particularly, when they went to spend a day in the country during the month of October.

On Festivals he came to our house unalterably at 12 o'clock precisely: and even after such a number of years, he preserved whilst among us that same respectful and modest simplicity, as if it had been the first time that he had visited us, and as if all, myself and even the servants included, were his superiors, and were then for the first time seen by him; and this without any change for the space of about thirty years.

Before dinner, and also after dinner when it was very warm, before going on our accustomed walk, he engaged with me, and sometimes with my Father, in a game of chess, at which he was perfect, and sometimes at piquet. And even during the game his solicitude for my advantage was not inactive, but was however as usual studiously concealed. He sometimes omitted making a move which would have put me in check; sometimes he seemed about to do it, in order that I might be warned of my mistake, and then withdrew his hand dissembling his knowledge of the advantage and made some other move; at others he notified me of my error by a benevolent smile. And thus, merely to moderate my vivacity, without speaking to me of it, under pretence of taking a pinch of snuff, or of blowing his nose, or by putting to me some questions to distract me, or by pretending to study an advantageous move, he prolonged what would have otherwise been a speedily ended game. He had recourse to such industrious means for the purpose of teaching me to restrain myself, and to accustom myself to act with reflection; thus moderating my passions without having recourse to the tedious and troublesome method of preaching to me, if I may be allowed the expression, or of contradicting me—and this too during our walks, our studies, our conversation, or other action whatsoever.

In conversing with my parents, myself, or with some friend who might be dining with us, he was very reserved, but at the same time cheerful with modesty and simplicity, without affectation and without even a shadow of anything that was unbecoming or of a dubious signification. On disputed points, whatsoever they might be, he never became the least excited, but seemed to reflect, and said in the mildest and most modest manner possible, as if with difficulty

and to render his opinion more palatable, "it seems to me," "I should think," whenever he was of a contrary opinion to him whom he addressed; and this he did with such precision and exactness and in so pleasing a manner as to decide the controversy to the satisfaction of all parties. Or if any of the disputants were any ways warm, he would by a joke, which on account of the manner in which it was said, never failed to have its effect, which was a laugh, terminate the conversation—his unalterably aimable and modest appearance and naturally composed exterior helping him in this; for such was his modesty that he never looked anyone steadily and composedly in the face; but his manners were always respectful and unalterably sweet and easy without degenerating either into inordinate seriousness which cannot please, or into a forbidding severity which always disgusts.

To this his physiognomy also contributed. He was rather small of stature, but of a fine and noble appearance; his features were well marked; his nose and chin regular; his eyes were rather bright which with light eye-brows set off his modesty to greater advantage; his complexion was fair; his forehead which was pretty high, was well formed and always serene and free from wrinkles even in his old age. He was well formed, brisk and active, having preserved his agility to an advanced age. His constitution was good, the only malady by which he was afflicted being a running of the eyes.

He was very frugal and careful of his health, and in all his actions he observed great order and simplicity without however being too nice; and this regularity was observable, even in the modest and religious arrangement of the furniture of his room. He was modest in his dress: he wore in the house a morning gown, to which, as he was very sensible to the cold, he added his cloak when he went out in winter. In summer his clothes were black or of some other modest color, and in walking out he carried a cane of Indian reed. Such was the man whom, through the goodness of God and of my Christian parents, I had for instructor from my 10th to my 17th year, in 1778; when having terminated my course of studies in the public schools of Calasanzio under other learned, pious and zealous teachers, Fr. Porter himself suggested that it would be expedient to separate me from him, that I might without distraction assist my Father in his avocation of merchant. This being resolved upon, Fr. Porter left Rome for Civita Vecchia to take charge of the two young sons of an English convert. He came to Rome,

however, on business for the family in which he was employed, about the year 1781, where, as Catechist for the English and French, he was employed in the Convert Hospital in company with another who had been his companion and fellow member of the Society of Jesus, Fr. Peter Frambuchs, formerly Belgian Penitentiary in the Vatican Basilick.

I was delighted at this as I had again an opportunity of enjoying his instructive conversation, at least during the dinner and the evenings of Festivals. And the more consoling was it to me, as having completed my twentieth year, and my parents having proposed to me to commence house-keeping for myself, I wished that my good Fr. Porter should come with them to a garden selected for the purpose, where they might see my intended spouse, that so I might with his approbation resolve upon the choice, as in fact I did.

Shortly afterwards he had to yield to the entreaties of another family in Naples, and take charge of two other youths. He went but with an express promise that, when God should have blessed me with children and they should have reached their sixth year, he would return to take charge of their education.

This promise he fulfilled about the year 1794, when God had blessed me with four daughters and two sons, of whom the elder, Antonio, was already seven years of age. He dwelt in the Hospital of St. Charles al Corso; where he remained till 1767, when he succeeded in getting a place in the Gesù, which for many years he had in vain desired. I had however the consolation of seeing not only my dear and eldest son, of whom I had the highest expectations, profit by the services of such an instructor, but all the others in succession, the girls included, until the year 1802, in which (whilst I was absent with my eldest son on a voyage to the Levant) this my great benefactor and father passed on the 25th of August to the realms of eternal rest, dying in the room which when in health he occupied, and which was on the first story of the Professed House of the Gesù, to the left of the little corridor leading from the large one to that room of the Church which was opposite the pulpit, and where was held the meetings of the Congregation under the title of the Annunciation.

Upon my return I was called by the very pious and zealous old Jesuit, Father Don Cajetan N., who was sacristan, and had been Fr. Porter's Confessor, who told me, that the deceased had commissioned him to tell me to select from amongst his books, and keep as a memento of him, such as

I should please. The rest he bequeathed to the Library of the house, as he was firmly persuaded the restoration of the Society was not far distant.

I profited by so kind a legacy, taking four books which were dear to me, because they had been employed by my beloved Father to instruct me in the languages: they were, the life of St. Francis Xavier, a classical French production of Fr. Dominick Bouhours S. J., the same elegantly translated into English by the famous poet Jno. Dryden; the life of Theodosius the Great, written in a nervous style in French, by the famous Abbé Flechier; the History of the Church in Japan (written in English by I know not whom, as the title page was wanting), which was a continuation of the history of Fr. Solier S. J. as appeared from the preface.

I and my children profited by this precious inheritance. With the assistance of my son Antonio, I translated and had published by Linus Contedini in 1824, the Life of St. Francis Xavier in 2 vols. octavo; and in some notes to the preface, I acknowledged the debt of gratitude under which I lay to the donor, publishing some anecdotes concerning him.

That of Theodosius was handsomely translated into Italian by my second daughter Maria Teresa, and I carefully and religiously preserved the manuscript of it. As my pious wife and children, who were ten in number, participated in the benefits, the fruit of them has already left the world, and gone I hope whither it had been directed, that is, to heaven, whither I hope also to go, there to join those who have been benefited with me and our common benefactor in rendering to whom this written and lasting testimony of my gratitude for the public imitation and edification, I am filled with the most pleasing and grateful sensations.

GIO. BATTISTA RASI.

Rome, 21 Sept. 1833.

MEMOIRS OF MANRESA, N. Y.

Manresa, West Park, N. Y., was opened by the Fathers of the New York-Canada Mission as their southern Novitiate on July 27, 1876, a little more than ten years ago, when Rev. Father Daubresse arrived there from Montreal with four scholastic and one coadjutor novice. The property had been secured in the spring of the same year by Fathers Treanor and Shea, through the kind offices of a Catholic friend, Mr. Donovan, of Kingston. The grand well-water, we traditionally held, had decided their choice. The sublime prospect, bracing atmosphere and delightful retirement might have been equalled by other villas which they had visited, but the ice-cold water with its delicate flavor of sulphur was unsurpassed.

It is a narrow strip of land about four hundred feet in width, standing on the western bank of the Hudson River, on the line of the West Shore Railroad, about seventy-eight miles from New York, being six miles from Highland on the south and one mile from West Park on the north. It stretches up over the hills and into the woods for about two miles to the shores of Black Creek, and was first, after its Indian tenure, one of the colonial grants of the British government to, probably, the Pells, whose descendants still own and cultivate large tracts in the surrounding country. They in turn sold it to an old Huguenot farmer who lived thereabouts in isolation amid a Dutch neighborhood. He transferred it quite recently to a Col. Dodge, a Wall Street broker, from whom, finally, it came into the hands of Ours.

The first scholastic postulant arrived from New York on July 28th. On the following day seven others joined him and the first piece of *manualia* was performed, which, as it certainly deserves recording, was the weeding of the path that led up from what afterwards became "the Grotto." Regular common life began on the first of August. The first sod for the new building, or Novitiate proper, was cut September 2nd, and on next Christmas eve formal possession was taken of refectory, chapel and common room. Meantime, Sept. 27th, the *Aloysia Maria*, the famous bell of the house, about three hundred lbs. weight, presented by a lady friend, arrived from Troy, and on Nov. 20th was placed in the cupola of the new building, while three days later the great

crystal cross was raised. We were proud of both for many a day in their lofty position. The bell used to ring with a clear, cold stroke that was borne high over Mt. Ignatius in the rear, and for fully three miles across Black Lake, and into the wild retreats of Penn-Yann; and the cross used to flash with dazzling brilliancy far up and down the river and over the blue Taconic hills away to the east. Bell and cross, however, soon began to prove a source of danger to the house, which used to tremble underneath them in every high wind, and in 1882 both were removed, the bell descending to a humbler position at the side of the building.

A grand display of fireworks and Japanese lanterns was given on the grounds to a large number of Catholic and Protestant friends, July 31st, 1877. It was intended both as a formal opening of "Manresa Institute" and as a sort of proof to our neighbors that we were not altogether as dark as we were painted. The latter intention was by no means uncalled-for. At least one gentle lady living near had been known to say that in passing the house in the evening, she really feared she might see one of us. The next month, August, 1877, the eleven senior novices having taken their vows, were formed into the first class of the new Juniorate, and in 1878 a second class was added. Our shapely little dock was completed October 30th, 1877, and has stood the wear of rain and ice very creditably. The coadjutor brothers had first constructed crates of heavy timber, hewn from the monarchs of Quinn's Woods near Esopus, and had towed them into position, where the novices filled them with stones from their wheel-barrows, till they settled down solidly. The late venerable Cardinal McCloskey visited Manresa in the summer of 1878, and was so much charmed with the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes that he granted an Indulgence of forty days for every *Hail Mary* recited there. His Eminence also attached the same Indulgence to the Grotto of Mt. Serrat (less properly known as Our Lady of the Forest), which lies, as a former writer in the *LETTERS* expressed it, "under the beetling crags in one of the wildest ravines" of the forest (Vol. 8, p. 152).

After this, nothing more notable occurred except the two or three royal picnics a year and the famous evergreen displays in the chapel and refectory at Christmas, Easter and Assumption-tide, until, shortly after the formation of the New York Maryland Province in 1880, the change of Master of Novices occurred, when the Rev. Father Gleason succeeded Rev. Father Daubresse, and the Juniorate closed. His Grace, the present Archbishop of New York, paid us

a very pleasant informal visit, in August, 1883, and spent half an hour in the midst of the novices. In September, 1884, Rev. Father Butler, the Superior of the New Orleans Mission, added to our community nine of his novices from the Apostolic Schools of Europe with one chubby novice from Manchester. This, we may say, was the last important event in our nine years' history.

In August, 1885, the closing day arrived. The four seniors had just completed their term, and six young postulants had just arrived, when, on the 17th, the seniors were sweeping away on the *Albany*. They requested the pilot to blow a salute in passing the house, which he did with three prolonged whistles. Some of the novices were on the balcony with Fr. Master, while the *Admonitor* and an ex-*Substitute* on the roof above hoisted and dipped the flag in graceful response. The following Thursday, our New Orleans brothers took their departure for Florissant, by way of Niagara Falls, and on the morrow, August 21, 1885, the Novitiate of St. Ignatius at West Park closed. Nine novices and six postulants took an early train for Jersey City, to make immediate connection there for Frederick, Md. As they passed the house, all crowded to the car windows. Fr. Gleason was on the balcony waving his berretta; and many, in parting from their first novitiate home, felt their eyes grow dim.

Last July, Villa Manresa, as some have since styled it, served as a summer villa for the professors and teachers of St. Francis Xavier's, Fordham, St. Peter's, Loyola, Gonzaga and Georgetown Colleges.

Such was Manresa's history in broad outline. Let us enter now on the "composition of place." There are sacred scenes, of course, which few historians would venture to describe, from very reverence, and yet there are many, we think, of a lighter tone which deserve the monumental honors of the LETTERS.

The chief buildings are the Residence and the Novitiate. The former is a modest little house, which soon becomes hidden from boat or railroad passenger by a grand old walnut tree shading it in front, and the pines and horse-chestnuts gathering about it on the sides; the latter, with which it is connected by a bridge, stands boldly out on the crest of a hill, with no leaf to obscure it except the red rose vines clambering up its brick colonnade. This it is which attracts the attention of so many travellers: not a house from New York to Albany, except, perhaps, the Convent of Mt. St. Vincent, confronts one so unexpectedly and refuses so

persistently to be concealed. It is a narrow frame building, five stories in height, with two broad balconies running across its face, and, since the cross was removed, has often been taken for some flourishing country hotel. Vineyards, apple orchards and wheat fields cover the slope before it, down which a wagon-road leads zig-zag to the dock. The railroad runs through the property at a distance of about three hundred feet from the river, but can hardly be said to have done us much injury, as the embankment is high and solidly arched at the road.

To the south of the building, St. Joseph's walk, our old evening promenade, conducts us to the cemetery, where, of twenty-five beloved inmates, Manresa has laid away three of its own children — Mr. Tourtelot, Mr. Fenton and Br. Purcell. Mr. Tourtelot's memory is still fresh in the minds of us all. He was one of the pioneers of the house. He had come to Manresa in July, 1885 to spend his vacation there, when he was almost immediately taken ill, and, after several days of great but heroic suffering, breathed his last on the eve of the feast of Blessed Azevedo. Mr. Fenton was born in Ireland. He came to this country at an early age and entered the Society on graduating at Fordham. He had come, he said, through no human attachment, but solely from the conviction that God had called him, and his whole life in religion was marked by the same determination to seek his perfection at any sacrifice. What he understood by this is well illustrated by a remark which he made on closing his long retreat: "No more venial sins, brother, no more imperfections"; and it is the common persuasion of all who beheld his uniform charity, humility, patience and recollection, that, as far as it is given to sinful man, he had faithfully striven to keep his word. He died in our new residence at St. Lawrence O'Toole's in New York, whither he had been removed shortly after his illness began, and where he enjoyed his last pleasure on earth, that of pronouncing the vows of the Society. Br. Purcell also went to his death well prepared. He had just closed an exemplary Lent, and a few days before his death had been heard singing cheerily that none in the world was as happy as he. His love of common life was shown in an edifying manner one evening during his first sickness when, though suffering violent pain, he begged to be excused from retiring before being present at Litanies. Rev. Fathers Treanor and Shea have likewise found a resting-place here under the roses of Sharon, in the land which they purchased but a few years before.

Returning the way we came, and bowing, with prayerful lips, as the novices were wont to do, before the statue of St. Joseph, we come next to the great hot-house and vinery, where the dear old brother in charge used to warm his many vines into luscious maturity for the feast of St. Ignatius. The trees beyond, between the residence and the road, are planted with much taste and skill, completely screening the building from the gaze of passers by, and used to form a shady "grand circle" for our noonday recreations. The Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes lies hidden on the banks of a purling brooklet, in the north-west angle of the grounds, surrounded by a cluster of evergreens and overgrown with moss and myrtle. It is reached through an avenue of gigantic Scotch firs, and over a rustic quince-embowered bridge. It had acquired a double interest of late from being the scene of some unique civil engineering. One of our invalid Fathers, who was a frequent visitor at Manresa, used daily to superintend the labors of two or three of us in setting out rows of flowers and in building a stone embankment along the brook, so as to convert it into a miniature lake — which scheme, after a year's unflagging toil, against unheard of obstacles, had hardly been realized at the close of the Novitiate. Across the road lies the reservoir and piggery, and the famous hill with its fossil-abounding fields, its broad, square pond on the summit, and the steep and stony road leading off into woodland. To Col. Dodge belongs the credit of the many and commodious farm buildings, besides the semicircular terrace in front of the residence, and the truly magnificent cedar-hedge along the highway, while his line of out-houses on the farm is a real architectural study. He was a great bird fancier, and to protect his costly and numerous favorites had had their houses constructed with such labyrinthian skill that an ordinary thief would soon have been hopelessly lost in their mazes or have abandoned his evil designs in despair.

Some of our number, self-styled explorers, sappers and miners and geographers, had prepared a MAP of all the region around for thirty-two square miles, and we may safely say that in our rambles every point of interest within that compass was thoroughly explored. The nature of our resorts may be gathered from most of the names, though we made it a point to give no name where another had a prescriptive right. The first four to attract our attention are grouped near home: "Stanislaus Rock" or "The View," most befittingly situated on the summit of Mt. Ignatius, and below it, in the heart of the hills, "Aloysius Rock," "the

René Goupil" and "Berchmans Rock," all of which command so many unrivalled prospects of the western country—down over the forest ocean, across Black Lake, through the uplands of Penn-Yann and away to the mountains of Lake Mohonk. The large side of Berchmans Rock darkens all the wood as one approaches it, while its base is honeycombed with a dozen chambers of the "Caves of St. Ignatius." Some of these Caves admit of a man standing upright within them, and show in various cases the first stages of stalactite formation. In the rear of the Rock is "Chaos," an amphitheatre piled high with tremendous boulders and shrouded in perpetual twilight. A rustic cross on the main road points us in to the Grotto of Mt. Serrat. A fortress-like line of rocks here rises up from beside a tiny stream, and in a niche near its summit, which is reached by a winding flight of stone steps roughly placed by the novices, formerly enshrined a statuette of Our Lady. A spring gushes forth at its base, and hard by is "St. Antony's Cavern," a hollow under one of the crags. Legend has it that one morning the novices found the statuette shattered as if by bird shot, and that on the same day a poor hunter was discovered further on in the woods with one of his hands blown off.

We may return hence to the main road and enjoy a romantic walk to Black Lake; or, following the stream, if we are hardy enough to attempt what we know of only one band accomplishing, we may penetrate "Poison Ivy Jungle," a rank morass that stretches for at least a mile to the wild-rose borders of Black Creek, the exit from which is across a "corduroy" bridge into a rocky hollow at the northern limit of the Penn-Yann country. This is a beautiful farming district that figures in many a wild story. It comprises within its area the cool and charming Black Lake (otherwise known as *Black Pond* and *Chataka Lake*), the secluded Bear-Fly Pond, and, to the south-east, under several hills, Penn-Yann (*Binne* or *Sherwood's*) Pond. Looking south from the cliff east of Black Lake, it presents the appearance of some royal park, with its silver stream, rolling meadows, scattered groves, and the enormous side of Mt. Illinois shutting it in on the south-west. It was originally settled by a number of people from the other side of the Hudson, who, starting west with the intention of locating themselves near Penn-Yann in Pennsylvania, and getting no farther than here when their funds ran out, remained here, and called the place in their own vernacular "Pang Yang."

Formerly, nothing was too outlandish for belief concern-

ing these people ; and even now in Poughkeepsie, they are almost proverbial for general oddity. The older immigrants seem to be dying out, however, and only an occasional relic may be found of the primitive stock. One of these, a shaggy, villainous looking creature, used to fish from the shores of Manresa, and boasted once to a band of young and fervent but susceptible novices, that he had shot four men, denied the existence of God, and held in contempt the ties of human kindred, and that he ate raw meat and walked barefooted in the snow. In spite of his "immeasurable falsehoods," he certainly revealed a sad state of things in himself and a few of his neighbors. We ourselves have met children there, ten years of age, who never heard of heaven or God. Wherever we went, however, the people always treated us with marked cordiality. In early days—*gigantes fuerunt in diebus illis*, we of the younger generation used to say—the novices had a mission there in the house of the only Catholic resident, and even yet the people recall their presence with much affection ; but though many freely acknowledged the claims of the Catholic Church, none could be induced to embrace it. Amongst other strange stories, they told us that a certain old hag of evil odor in the neighborhood had, two years before Manresa opened, foretold the arrival of strange people in black who answered our description exactly — much as our dear old colored friend Aunt Mary foretold of us at Woodstock, a prophecy to which she claims she owes her conversion.⁽¹⁾ Below Penn-Yann we find a number of villages, Centreville, Ireland's Corners and New Paltz, to the west, and Pancake Hollow, Blue Point, Mackerelville and Crum Elbow, to the east, all of which from time to time have been the scenes of novice Sunday schools. We deeply regret that we have not the materials at hand for a history of these schools. It would abound in touching and edifying stories of prodigious labors on the part of the novices, and strange conversions on the part of the people. One class was composed almost exclusively of Protestants. At New Paltz the novices were so successful in hunting up old negligent Catholics, that a chapel has lately been erected there for their convenience.

To the north our map is replete with points of interest. Running our eye along Black Creek, we first meet "The Haunt," a shady lagoon, washing the base of a ruined and mortarless mill, which, as far as we could discover,

⁽¹⁾ A short account of this region was lately given in a letter to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, August, 1886, p. 374.

must be some hundred years old, since its history antedates the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Then follow in close succession "The Mystic Valley," a long and picturesque rupture in the mountains, unapproachable on the east, because of its precipitous sides, except over the ice for a month or two; "The Falls of St. Xavier," at its outlet, twenty feet in height; "Paradise Pool," lately so named, a lovely circular and amber-colored sheet of water sweetly sequestered amid tall trees, thick bushes and scarlet flags, and adorned with a tiny cascade, where the disciples of Isaac Walton used to come and catch with the greatest facility, fish and turtle alike, and where they manned an antique skiff now and then; "The Falls of St. Regis," roaring loudly from amongst the brambles, and never frequented except by our stoutest explorers; "The Poppletown Bridge and Lagoon," a celebrated halting-place in the woods, half an hour's walk from the house, and hence the terminus of our summer *Academies*; the three "Falls of St. Michael," enlivening a long ravine, which is dark even at noon-day; "Godoi Gulch," famed for its thundering *Tones*; "The Falls of St. Joseph"; the beautiful "Black Creek Valley"; and, finally, near the mouth of the Creek, Camp Startle, where wood, rock and gentle surf, combine to form an alluring picnic ground. Opposite, however, in the midst of the Hudson, Pell's thickly wooded Island, three quarters of a mile in length, is visible, the scene of our most extensive picnicing; though during our last year, the honors were divided between Mt. Kilpatrick, of the Shaupeneaks, towering over Esopus, Ocmoody's Pond, away in the woods to the west, the Cataract of Dashville, and the sister lakes, Binne and Repose, near Kingston.

Not far from West Park station, on our return south, we meet "The Enchanted Meadow," a spot very appropriately named, spread out in attractive retirement between Brookman's and Frothingham's Hills and the foot-hills below them, where evergreen trees, velvet lawn and shady woods are disposed by nature with exquisite taste; and near by, in striking contrast, "The Horrible Hut," a ghastly and desolate cabin at the entrance to the gorge between these two great hills, and which the novice who named it protested he could easily conceive as the abode of some fierce *wehr-wolf* or some unhallowed charcoal-burner of the Hartz. The Horrible Hut and Paradise Pool are names upon which the last generation of novices dwell, perhaps, with greatest fondness. Lastly, on the southern line of the map, we meet the huge mountain, Illinois. It derives its name, somewhat as

Ohioville did, from an old settler who had formerly lived in Illinois and sought in this way to perpetuate the memory of early days. It has two chief summits, at least a thousand feet in height, which are reached only through the briars and brush of unbroken forests and up the faces of jagged precipices, but which amply repay the fatigue of the ascent by the magnificent prospect they afford. One of our sturdier novices planted here a colossal cross in a cleft of one of the loftiest rocks, while another blazed a tree with the legend, "A. M. D. G., Manresa, 1884," in the fair hope of yet awakening a holy thought or kind remembrance in the heart of some future mountaineer. "Old Mr. Lundy" was a venerable solitary, "an old lion in the forest," who lived on the Poppletown Road, and had become such an integral feature of our life at Manresa that no history can at all be complete which fails to record our mutual friendship. We visited his house well nigh weekly, and more than once, marching up the hill in a phalanx of eighteen or twenty, serenaded him with our choicest melodies. He lavished the most demonstrative affection upon us, and we in turn loved to listen to him telling how he fairly flamed with devotion to Our Lady and how he was wont to sit in the fields for hours in meditation on the goodness and glory of God. He is now eighty-five years of age, and we fear that few of us will ever behold his kindly face again.

Our walks, however, were not productive of merely physical good or gentle recreation. Every rock, for example, which stood in seclusion, every ravine and forest glade, every noisy cataract provoked us to make an impromptu pulpit for the *Tones*, and scarcely a band returned at eventide without having scattered some pious seed along its paths. All of the woodmen—and strange, grizzled fellows some of them were—all of the railroad men, and most of the farmers were glad to see us. We were thus sometimes the means of securing the performance of an Easter duty, or of brushing the clouds from some old Catholic's mind, and in every case of softening much of the prejudice with which we were formerly received. For the first few years, the novices wore their cassocks on all of their walks, except in the various villages, but the good people never seemed thoroughly pleased with the custom and after a time it was abandoned. But our greatest "Missionary Epoch" was when the West Shore Road was building, and the novices used to visit the laborers' shanties and by little instructions and sermons stir them up to their religious duties. Among the

special features of this work were a class of Greeks, for whom one of us used to prepare short exhortations during the week, and a class of Bohemians, to whom the same novice preached by means of a young Jewish interpreter. In addition to these visits, novices were appointed to preach at a late Mass in the chapel every Sunday, and the men thronged to hear them with edifying regularity. ⁽¹⁾

The other fields which were open to us for what we called our apostolic work, were the giving of retreats and the teaching in Sunday school. As to the former, those who were given this employment generally explained the points and spent the recreations with the exercitant, and found their work a mine of spiritual learning and an intensely practical method of acquiring their first greater relish for the *Exercises*. About twenty such retreats were given yearly. There were seldom more than two fathers in active service in the community, and hence arose the necessity as well as the advantage of allowing us these golden opportunities.

Our regular Sunday schools were four in number: Hyde Park, the oldest, held in the church of Regina Cœli, just across the Hudson, with an attendance of forty pupils; Esopus, in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception at Esopus, one of the missions of the pastor at Rondout, also with forty pupils; Highland, in the parlor of a private house six miles to the south, with, toward its close, an attendance of about six children and three or four elderly maidens; and our own little class of the Holy Innocents, or Parlor Class, held latterly in one of the parlors of the residence and attended by some ten ingenuous children of the neighborhood. Dear Mr. Tourtelot was an associate founder of the Hyde Park Sunday school, having gone thither on Aug. 13th, 1876, with another of our Canadian pioneers, to make arrangements with Father Parker, the parish priest. Father Parker and his successors always allowed us complete control of the school. The number of teachers varied from two to five, according to circumstances. We taught in our cassocks, which we carried over in a valise, and delivered our exhortation within the altar-rail. Two sodalities of the Immaculate Conception, under the patronage of St. Barbara for the girls and of St. Aloysius for the boys, met after class on the first and second Sundays respectively. We were about to affiliate them to the *Prima Primaria* when Manresa closed. This school was always very well behaved and well attended.

⁽¹⁾ This "Epoch" is described at length in the *Letters* of July, 1885, and the *Messenger* of September, 1886.

It was reached by a row in the *Xavier* across the Hudson and a path winding up to it through a quiet village and past the gorge and cataract of Crum Elbow Creek. This village also had its often-told and seemingly well-authenticated ghost-story, and is famous in its own little way for its sturgeon fisheries, its salubrious *Pines*, the ice-yacht racing in winter, the mournful wreck of the *Sunnyside* thirteen years ago at midnight in the floating ice, and for having been once the haunt of Captain Kidd, who is said to have scuttled his vessel near by. This last tale is firmly believed by many, and only a few months before we left, a Mr. Travers, while pursuing a fox in the woods near the Falls of St. Xavier, came upon what he believed to be the entrance to a subterranean vault of the pirate. His young son was able to crawl on his hands and knees for twenty feet through a passageway lined with white stone. Some sceptical novices referred it to a freak of nature, but he had begun extensive blasting operations when we last visited the spot, and was sanguine of making a rich discovery.

Esopus Sunday school was opened just one month later than Hyde Park, and, except for its being of a sturdier character, and that for two years we had ceased to teach in our cassocks, the same methods of instruction were employed as at the former school. A grand new catalogue of the library, containing over a hundred volumes, had just been hung up by the musical director three weeks before closing. Esopus probably derived its name from the Dutch settlers thereabouts, and was known at first as *Klein Esopus* as opposed to *Gross Esopus*, the former name of Rondout. Dr. Wheeler, the venerable postmaster, since dead, and a legendary veteran of the battle of Sackett's Harbor in the war of 1812, was responsible for this assertion, adding that Esopus itself was an old Indian epithet, meaning *close to the river*. The special features of this school were the long walk to and fro, with always a charitable halt for refreshment at Lundy's Lane fountain, and the missionary work on Thursdays, when the teachers went abroad to hill-top and road-side and forest to seek out the delinquent pupils. Ocmoody's Pond and Terpenning's Pond, the latter glistening through the breezy heights of Poppletown, were first located by us on one of these excursions. — Hyde Park and Esopus, we must not fail to record, were the respective termini of our two annual pilgrimages. On these occasions we used to rise at four o'clock, and make our meditation as we went along in the pure morning air. We heard Mass and received Communion in the chapels and after singing

several hymns, we each received a sandwich at the door and returned home, as we went, in bands of three and four.

Highland Sunday school was the last opened; dear Mr. Mugan, whose happy death occurred the year before last at Las Vegas, was one of its early apostles. It was held at different times in different private houses of the village, according as the owner had fewer or more children in need of instruction. Of these Mr. Lanigan's was, perhaps, the most famous. His "True for you, brother" as he heard the young preacher discoursing, has since become a celebrated commentary. It had lately been closed for about two years, and had just been reopened in May, 1885. Several bands of veteran catechists had gone down to the village in succession to secure accommodations, and, after divers disappointments and considering the propriety of using the loft of a blacksmith's shop, they finally succeeded in obtaining a sunny front room in the house of a Mrs. Flanagan. When all due arrangements were made, two of our brethren from Esopus were commissioned to teach the half dozen young catechumens and the various matrons who dropped in for occasional visits.

Amidst such scenes and employments as these, we spent our days at Manresa. We might recall a thousand others, but time and space forbid. When the sappers and miners, geographers and young apostles have grown gray in the harness of Christ, these *Memoirs* will not, perhaps, be ungrateful to their venerable eyes. They may awaken sweetest souvenirs, and, may we add the hope?—will yet be of service to the loving chronicler who will carry out Père Gautier's scheme of a History of our Novitiates. The antiquarian who would search for further details, either of our Sunday school labors or of common life at home, must thumb the pages of the old house Diary as well as the various diaries of the schools themselves; all of these are still faithfully kept in the Admonitor's box at the Villa, and it were no pride to say that they are deeply interesting.

BRAZIL.

Letter from Father Galanti.

ITU, July 15th, 1886.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

At length, I come again to occupy my little space in your interesting publication; and lest your readers should think that the advancement of literature is our only occupation here, I shall say very little about the College; but shall confine my letter to the spiritual ministrations of our Fathers in this town.

Itu is a very small town: there are scarcely seven or eight thousand souls; but religion is pretty well practised in it. Nearly the whole work is left to us, since the two secular priests who are here do only what is strictly connected with the parish rights, as baptizing, marrying and burying. We therefore preach, hear confessions, and go on sick-calls at any hour of the day, and even of the night. We celebrate Mass daily in five of the twelve churches of the town. One Father is in charge of the hospital, another, of a college of girls directed by some French sisters, a third is the spiritual director of a small convent of some Brazilian nuns, a fourth promotes the Apostleship of Prayer, while a fifth goes every Sunday to say Mass in a chapel that is at a league's distance from the town, where he preaches, hears confessions, and teaches the catechism. During the month of May we preach every day in four churches at different hours for the convenience of the people, who respond quite well to our efforts. The month of June is preached in two churches, and the people attend equally well. Besides this, novenas, triduums, assistance at the feasts of the parish, and the like are not rare.

The fruits of these our labors are various. First of all, the Protestants who have almost wholly invaded this empire, and especially this province have not, as yet, dared fix a dwelling in Itu. They and other sectarians have made several efforts to withdraw the people from our influence, but in vain. Once even, they were pleased to show how weak and wicked they are, by placing at the door of the church two men who distributed tracts to the people as they

were leaving after a sermon. The tracts were supposed to be gifts of the preacher, and were joyfully accepted; but the fraud was soon discovered, and the Protestant booklet met with the fate it deserved.

Another fruit of our labors, certainly no less interesting, is the fact, that some sixty four thousand persons communicate yearly; a great number of these, it is true, are people of the neighboring towns, who sometimes come to Itu in order to perform their Christian duties: moreover, the communions outnumber the confessions in a rather large measure, owing to the frequent communions of pious persons.

Catechism is taught every Sunday to poor children by one of our Fathers, and every year there is a solemn distribution of prizes to the most assiduous and diligent. These instructions in catechism are frequented by upwards of two hundred children of various conditions, who but for us would grow up with very little knowledge of our holy religion.

At home, besides the spiritual work which of course we do with our boarders and servants, we train up as Christianly as possible about forty poor children, who are learning carpentry and joinery.

The people generally show a marked confidence, and I should say even devotion and veneration towards us. Both in the town and in the neighboring country not a few devout souls pray every day for us, offering up to Almighty God beads, holy communions and even penances. Whenever any of us is sick, or the college is in any distress, many good souls double their prayers. I know even of some who offered up their own lives to have the health of a Father restored. A few years ago in a small village it was falsely reported, that the Fathers were going to shut up the College, and to leave the country; thereupon the people, who have no priest among them, assembled of themselves in the church, and made a fervent novena with the intention that God would stay our departure.

Both in the town and in the neighborhood incidents have several times happened, in which God's supernatural hand is clearly manifest. I shall relate only two facts for which I am able to vouch with certainty. These regard the water blessed with the medal of our holy Father St. Ignatius, which is here pretty frequently asked for by the people. Seven or eight years ago the nuns of the small convent, that I have mentioned above, were frightened by an invasion of evil spirits, which during the night made a fearful noise throughout the corridors and rooms. At first in their astonishment they knew not what to do, not understanding

the cause of the disturbance. Finally, having consulted one of our Fathers, they were directed to sprinkle the house with St. Ignatius' holy water, and in a few days peace was restored to the convent. In order to ascertain whether the noise was really due to evil spirits the water was first spread only in some parts of the house, and afterwards by degrees in others. Now the nuns unanimously affirmed, that the noise was heard no more wherever the blessed water had been sprinkled, but that it was far more fearful in the other parts of the house. When all the rooms and corridors had been sprinkled, the noise grew horrible upon the roof, on the outside of the windows, and in the garden. Nor did it cease until the holy water had been spread everywhere. The other incident happened in a neighboring village, where a Father had been preaching a three days' mission. A few days after the departure of the Father, a poor woman, who had been prevented from going to confession by her husband, saw one night, or thought she saw, the devil. She was so affected that she became crazy, and, from her actions and words, her people judged her to be possessed by the evil one. As she, or rather the devil through her, said he did not fear any one but the Father of Itu, by whom alone he might be turned out, the Father was called again, and had to stay there for six days. He, of course, availed himself of the opportunity to convert all those upon whom he had not prevailed on the preceding occasion. In short, four hundred confessions were heard; a great deal of water blessed with the medal of St. Ignatius was distributed; the frightened people were calmed, and the poor woman was soon restored to her senses. The Father, however, refused to make the exorcisms, as the presence of the devil was not clear enough.

I am told also of some extraordinary things happening on the death of several pious persons; of one or two very curious but salutary apparitions of the devil; of several extraordinary conversions; of some people, who having delayed their confession died in a sudden and unaccountable manner without it; of many persons who recovered their health by prayers. Still I prefer not to dwell on these facts, because I do not wish to relate but what I am personally able to answer for. At present we are suffering from a visitation of the small-pox. This plague in these hot climates is truly fearful, as it is very contagious, and those who recover from it are very few. The fact, that for the last twenty years this town has been kept free from it, is by pious persons attributed to a particular providence of God manifested on account

of the presence of the Jesuits. Last month however, this scourge was imported from a neighboring town, though the cases were few. All, and we more than others, on account of the College were in great uneasiness. However we redoubled our prayers and took greater measures of precaution, and are now nearly safe. Reverend Father Rector appointed one of the Fathers to assist the plague-stricken; but bade him reside, for the time being, out of the College. This act of devotion was praised by every one, even in the newspapers, and gained for us the sympathy even of our enemies. The municipality formally tendered its thanks in a beautiful letter. I hope I shall soon be able to tell you something about the missions usually given every year during the vacations, and of some tilts of our Fathers with the Protestants.

As for the College, thanks to God, we are still doing very well. The average of our boys is about the same as last year; the sanitary state is excellent: our boys took a very prominent part in the last examinations, and we are now striving to make them take a like one in the examinations of next November. The celebration of the feast of St. Aloysius was more brilliant than ever; the Bishop of St. Paul was present, and ten priests and several gentlemen came from Rio Janeiro. There were ninety-five guests at dinner. All were much pleased, but chiefly with the marked satisfaction shown by our boys with regard to the College. These people cannot understand how a rigorous discipline can consist with entire contentment, and therefore admire it. We are at present laying the foundations of a new church, or rather chapel for the use of the College. It is ninety-six feet by thirty-six.

The College of Novo Friburgo was opened finally on the twelfth of last April. A large concourse of boys was expected, but owing to several circumstances only twenty-nine presented themselves. The name of the College is, however, spreading quite favorably, and there is good ground to expect a larger number the next year.

I remain yours in Christ,

R. M. GALANTI, S. J.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

AMONG THE KOOTENAI.

SPOKANE FALLS, June 4, 1886.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.

From our good Fathers Jacquet and Tosi, who just returned from a missionary tour to the Kootenais, I picked up some items which I thought might interest you.

The Kootenais are divided into three smaller tribes called respectively Upper and Lower Kootenais and Flat Bows. The Upper Kootenais are attended by Oblate Fathers. The Lower are visited from time to time by Fathers from St. Ignatius' Mission. The Flat Bows, though all baptized and very anxious to have a Black gown among them, are almost entirely abandoned. Before the Fathers visited them for the first time, they were firm believers in dreams, worshipped wild animals and were all ardently addicted to gambling. When they first saw the whites they thought they were the spirits from the sun (about whom their medicine men had so often spoken) come to them in flesh and blood to help them against their enemies. This idea was soon confirmed as one of the spirits took up a gun—a magic stick as they thought—and pointing it towards a flock of geese that were flying over their heads, the stick spoke and two geese fell dead! This power they believed came from the body of the white man and going through the stick killed the geese.

They hunt the deer and elk occasionally and depend for a part of the year on fishing. The fish they cook in baskets! These are constructed out of strips of wood plaited, and by the aid of a little wax are rendered perfectly watertight.

They are first filled with water, fish is then thrown in, and after that hot stones are put in until the water begins to boil—and the fish is declared cooked. Their main subsistence however is upon roots, especially the Camosh. The women dig it up in great quantities, steam it on heated stones and deposit it in bags made of skins for winter provisions. Some are clad in blankets, leggings and moccasins—others are decked in fine cocked hat and white man's overcoat, in contrast to breech-clout and deer-skin leggings:

being "Tyee Boston man"⁽¹⁾ at top, and ragged "Siwash"⁽²⁾ at bottom.

Little children were seen by the Fathers running about with an air of self satisfaction with nothing on but a flour sack; a slit being cut in the top through which they thrust their head they strut about like those walking advertisements that we see in large cities. Having naturally a strong devotional feeling and a childlike candor, they were easily converted and baptized by Fr. Tosi in the years of 1868-'69-'70 and '71. From 1872 until last fall they have not been visited by a priest, and as a consequence have taken again to gambling and horse-racing.

To visit these Indians, then, started Fr. F. Tosi and Fr. Jacquet the latter part of last May. A ride of several days over vast prairies brought them to a dense forest, which had to be penetrated oftentimes axe in hand before they could arrive at the Kootenais River, along and in the vicinity of which live the Flat Bow Indians.

Arrived at the ferry they met some Catholic Indians whom they sent ahead to give notice of their visit. The Blackrobes' coming spread like wild fire through the different Indian villages. For the red man is by no means afflicted with that taciturnity generally charged upon him. He will travel forty or fifty miles to disburden himself of the least bit of news. In every village too, there are town-criers who go about proclaiming the news of the day; while at St. Michael's during Holy Week, I frequently heard by day as well as by night these walking newspapers publishing the regulations of the tribe, the commands of the chief, and giving notice of the services to be held in the church. The Fathers having designated the spot where they would pitch their tent-chapel, the Indians flocked thither in great numbers and set up their wigwams. In fact where but a few hours before was a solitude, was now a large and busy village. An Indian mounted on his "Kiuatan,"⁽³⁾ his squaw and papoose on another, is ready at a minute's notice to move his domicile to any part of the country. Here then the mission began in true Indian style; the bell rang for prayers and Mass at 5 A. M. Catechism was explained about four times a day; infants were baptized, marriages blessed and confessions heard all day. Seventy-two little children made their first confession; brave warriors and old hunters made the mission like men, and sobbed over their sins like tender hearted "Klootchman;"⁽⁴⁾ and the Fathers

⁽¹⁾ Great American man. ⁽²⁾ A corruption of *sauvage*. ⁽³⁾ Horse. ⁽⁴⁾ Woman.

preached and sang and prayed. And at night the Indians would come and seat themselves cross-legged in Turkish fashion, and would throng or rather pile into the Blackrobes' wigwam, one leaning over another until there was no further room, all listening with greedy ears to the "wauwau"⁽¹⁾ of their "good Fathers," as they call the Priests. The long talk was accompanied with the customary fragrant cloud from "Stellame's" pipe, which passed from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth.

Meal time presented a busy scene—groups were cooking, some were repeating to one another their catechism lessons, some were practising the *Laudate* which the Fathers had translated into their language for them. In the blazing fire made of branches roasted the luckless elk that before had sported in their shade. Fr. Jacquet officiated as cook for the Blackrobes, and, if we are to believe Fr. Tosi, right well did he succeed.

During his culinary reign however, the Indian dogs, those veritable kill-drops, threatened devastation to the flesh pots. The red man's Chesterfield prescribes that nothing must be left of what is put before you in the shape of "Muckamuck;"⁽²⁾ the canine guest, therefore, usually comes in for a minus quantity of the feast. As a consequence the poor brutes have been driven to the practice of the light-fingered art, and like all professional thieves they do their pilfering by night. With what dexterity did they transfer the bread which Fr. Jacquet had so nicely stored away in the hot ashes for breakfast into their gastronomic stomachs! What a feast they had on a whole ham! Never had they tasted elk so savory! But if they dared to hang around the fire by day eyeing in silence, but with wishful intensity of gaze, the savory morsels that were preparing, an old beldam squaw would come and give them such a beating that the less cruel pale face could not help calling them "Les dignes de pitié."

Venerable patriarchs came, and young maidens and old ones, and the healthy and the sick, and received Communion on the last day of the mission.

The Indians were unbounded in their expressions of gratitude for the visit of the Fathers. They would fain have detained the Blackrobes to live with them, but the time for departure had arrived. When the missionaries were in the saddle and about to start, the whole Indian population surrounded them. The chiefs, etc., etc., then came forward and

⁽¹⁾ Sermon.⁽²⁾ Food.

offered their hand; each filing off when he had shaken hands to make way for another, until all had given the pledge of love and friendship. Then came the firing of the salute, and the Fathers set out on their return.

The good Indians could scarce restrain their tears, and placing themselves on a little elevation they watched the Fathers as long as they could see them, when they returned sorrowfully to their homes.

Do you, my dear Brother, pray the Lord to send some Blackrobes to live with these fervent but abandoned Neophytes.

Your Brother in Xt,

ROBT. SMITH, S. J.

CANADA.

THE NEW VILLA AT LA BROQUERIE.

This is the name of the old Boucherville manor-house that has been given to the Canadian scholasticate for a villa. It is the generous gift of His Grace, Archbishop Taché, of Manitoba. Besides being an acquisition eminently suited for the use for which it is intended, La Broquerie is teeming with historical souvenirs. The old manor-house sheltered within its walls many Fathers of the old Society. We might mention the names of Marquette, Vaillant de Guelis, Nouvel, Beschefer and others. It is therefore no ordinary freak of destiny that has thrown this relic of two hundred years ago into the hands of the Society.

A monument in the garden bears the following inscription:

ON THIS SPOT

1668

PIERRE BOUCHER

BUILT THE FIRST CHAPEL

FR. MARQUETTE

ADM. THE FIRST BAPTISM

MARG. BOURGEOIS

OPENED THE FIRST SCHOOL

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Peter Boucher was one of the prominent men of the seventeenth century in Canada, and perhaps the most welcome figure of that epoch met with by historians. He was named in 1653, to replace for a few months Le Neuf de la Potherie as Governor of Three Rivers. During the short period of his Governorship, six hundred Iroquois made their appearance in the neighborhood of the fort. They planned a general massacre, to avenge the death of their great chief, Agontarisati, who had been taken the previous year at Three Rivers, and burned.

Boucher had under his command only forty or fifty men, but thanks to the engineering skill of Father Le Mercier,—though chroniclers of the event ignore the fact—the little post of Three Rivers was placed in a position to defend itself. Boucher succeeded in driving away the savages; and the bravery he displayed on the occasion gained for him a title from Louis XIV, while De Lauzon added another laurel by making his Governorship of Three Rivers permanent.

In 1668 Boucher resigned his position, and received the Seigneury of the *Iles Percées*—a cluster of islands six or seven miles below Montreal—with the large tract of land that lay on the neighboring south shore of the St. Lawrence. This estate he called Boucherville. The motives that induced him to retire from public life reveal the character of the man, while they let us take a glimpse at one of his favorite devotions. In a MS. that is still carefully preserved in the Boucherville family, he says: "I am moved to make this change, first, by the desire I have to see in this country a place consecrated to God, where people desirous of living well may do so in peace; secondly, that I may live more retired, and free from the noisy world, which only helps to turn one away from God." After enumerating several other motives, he continues: "To succeed in this affair I ask God, through the merits and intercession of his faithful servant, John Brebeuf, to help on my enterprise, if it be for his glory and my salvation."

The martyred Jesuit's protection was not sought for in vain. The name and fame of the Boucherville family are untarnished and honored in Canada. What the elder Boucher did for his age, the present representative of the family—Senator De Boucherville—is doing for his: giving the rare example of a statesman pious and fearless when corruption is well-nigh general around him; resolute when a sound principle is at stake; respected because he is resolute.

This was one result—and a happy one—gained by invoking the martyr's intercession for success in an enterprise;

but had not Brebeuf another end in view for furthering the glory of God when Peter Boucher was following his inspirations? Perhaps what we, a moment ago, called a freak of destiny is only the accomplishment of the wish of the martyred Jesuit to see his posterity "in a place retired and free from the noisy world" enjoying the quiet and needed repose that old Grandpapa Boucher so ardently longed for.

Be this as it may, the old patriarch chose the loveliest spot in his whole estate to build his home. There is a small river—the Sabrevois—flowing down through the woods into the St. Lawrence, and forming a point that must have been, in Boucher's time, surpassingly wild and picturesque. The virgin forest that lay along its banks had never heard the sound of the woodman's axe. The tall trees, bending forward and meeting at their topmost branches over the middle of the little river, thickened the gloom year after year, until the mouth of the Sabrevois looked rather like the opening of a cave than the outlet of a stream. Here Boucher began to fell trees and clear the ground for his house and chapel. His first care, however, was to build a fort, and protect himself against the cruel and sudden attacks of the savages. He planted pickets in the ground, endwise, and formed a palisade high and strong around his future home. Within this enclosure—called by him Fort St. Louis—he built the manor-house, which is still standing. The chapel he built close to the monument that was raised in 1879 to tell passers-by the history of the spot. But the twelve-foot pillar does not point out the exact spot where the chapel stood. It was probably located a little closer to the river—perhaps where the highroad passes now. The bank of the St. Lawrence extended out much further then than it does at the present time. The constant flow of the water during two hundred years has washed away many feet of sand and stone, eating away slowly, and consequently narrowing the strip of land that one would naturally expect to find in front of a church. There is nothing strange in this: the site of the chapel of the Old Society at Three Rivers was washed away in like manner.

While the chapel was building, or shortly after, Father Marquette appeared on the scene. He signalizes his presence by the baptism of a little Indian child, May 15, 1668. This act is registered by himself in a clear legible hand, probably the only specimen of Fr. Marquette's handwriting in Canada.

Margaret Bourgeois, the venerable Foundress of the Nuns of the Congregation, established a school here for the chil-

dren of the new settlers shortly after the building of the chapel, but there is some controversy with regard to the precise time of her arrival, and how long she remained.

When M. de Caumont was sent by the Bishop of Quebec in 1670 to take charge of the rising parish, the present site—a mile further down the bank—was chosen for the new church, while the little chapel was abandoned. The house remained in Boucher's possession during the remainder of his life. In 1717, death overtook the patriarch at the venerable age of eighty-five. He had spent his long life doing good to his country and to his fellow-men.

Some years before his death he made his Will, which is still cherished as well for the noble sentiments it contains as for its pleasing simplicity. In it he names each of his children, and for each he has a word of wisdom. The "*Derniers Adieux*" of the old patriarch are sad and touching; they read like a letter from one who is about to make a long journey. The good counsels written in their pages are the most precious relic that Boucher could leave to his descendants, and the one they have most jealously guarded. In one place addressing his daughter Jeanne, he says: "Farewell, my dear child De Sabrevois. Tell M. De Sabrevois that I also say farewell to him and to his child. I give you my blessing. Live always in the fear of God and horror of sin. Pray to God for me and I shall do the same for you."

We quote this passage of the Will because it introduces us to the occupant of the manor-house next after Boucher. Sabrevois de Bleury was his son-in-law. He was the Lieutenant of M. Daneau de Muy, Governor of Louisiana. Beyond this little is known of him. According to Tanguay he died in 1727, leaving four children. Which of these succeeded to the manor-house it is hard to say. The De Boucherville family cannot trace this branch after it left the parent stem. They cannot tell us, either, when the property passed from the hands of the Sabrevois into those of La Broquerie, but it was probably at the end of the last century. At all events, Sabrevois de Bleury gave the first half of his name to the little river that flows down through the fief, while the second half inclines one to find a strong resemblance with the name of the street in Montreal most familiar to Jesuits.

These two names once centred in one man and now attached so closely to two places that are dear to Ours in Canada, furnish a coincidence that one cannot fail to remark. If a pious reflection were permitted, one would be half tempted to ask which of the two—Sabrevois River or Bleury

Street—will, years hence, bring back the most pleasant souvenirs.

We are not able yet to give the detailed history of the old manor-house after the year 1727. Suffice it to say, for the present, that seven generations of one branch of the Boucherville family appeared and vanished within its walls. The last of this branch, M. de la Broquerie, was a holy man, remarkable for his devotion to the saints and martyrs of our Society. Like his worthy ancestor, Peter Boucher, he had frequent recourse to the martyrs of New France, and he was often heard asking Fathers Jogues, Brebeuf, and others to help him in his undertakings.

When he died eight or ten years ago, the manor-house became the property of Archbishop Taché. This illustrious prelate was the nephew of M. de la Broquerie, and he spent the years of his childhood there. Rather than see the spot rendered sacred by so many memories fall into the hands of those who perhaps would not appreciate it, His Grace gave it, a few months ago, to the Society for a villa, where, he told us one day, the Scholastics may gambol to their hearts' content, as he did when he was young. This kind favor of Mgr. Taché is only one of many that the Society has lately received from his hands.

The manor-house as it stands now is well suited for a villa. Nestled on the little point formed by the Sabrevois and the St. Lawrence, and shaded by a few large trees that have seen their centennial, the old pile is still very inviting; though the old bridge across the little river, the thick brushwood covering its banks, the moss-covered fence and trees, the monument that speaks only of past glories standing in the garden, the perfect stillness that reigns, give the house such an air of loneliness and abandonment that only the diversified harmony of all the Theologians and Philosophers of Rachel Street can infuse a spark of life into its walls.

A few reparations and interior changes were needed to render it habitable. A partition here and there had to be removed to form a chapel, refectory and dormitories. Everything is arranged now to make villa-time for future generations a pleasant one.

This year the two weeks spent at La Broquerie were exceedingly agreeable—there are such facilities there for boating, bathing, fishing and the other minor luxuries. And the cool breezes that almost continually licked the surface of the river made sailing a treat even for the elders who came to pass the time with us. Excursions up and down the river were in order every day in the six boats that had

been placed at our disposal by a kind Father Minister, and what with picnics, rowing and the hundred other ways that amusement may be had, we came home at night tired and happy. But with us the day did not end at night. The most agreeable part of the programme came after nightfall. Every evening after supper, the six boats were manned; sturdy arms wielded the oars against the current for a couple of miles; the boats were then brought together and allowed to float side by side down the stream. There was no hurry; the only condition being that all should be in the refectory for *haustus* at 9 P. M. Hardly one failed. Nothing could be pleasanter for those who remained at home than to sit outside under the trees and listen to twenty or thirty Scholastics a mile away, singing while they floated down. The voices made themselves heard easily; no noisy oars to distress the ears, while the effect was charming. During the first few days of villa, the Sabrevois bull-frogs started an opposition chorus; but they were a most unmusical set, and they received no encouragement.

Some days, not satisfied with ordinary feats, we tried extraordinary ones. Early one morning the six boats were manned by muscular Jesuits; the little squadron, joyous and eager for a day's sport, rowed up to Hochelaga Villa, a distance of six or seven miles. The Community of St. Mary's College was there; and the reception given us was so enthusiastic, the shouting so lustily indulged in that, for a time, the men aboard the approaching boats began to look serious and ask one another: "Is this friendly or does it mean war?" A couple of powerful field-glasses were placed in position, and brought to bear directly on the enemy. At that moment a friendly salute from a flagstaff dispelled our fears. We landed only to find that smiles of joy—not war-paint—had changed the figures of the College Scholastics.

The two Communities spent a very pleasant day together. The prospect of the delightful return home with the stream at sundown added a relish to the other joys. But a stiff wind springing up when the time came to raise the anchors delayed our departure until nearly nine o'clock. The wind blew; the night was pitch dark—still we had to return. At a given signal, the oarsmen jumped to their oars, and in a few moments we were skimming over the surface of the water like sea-birds—our hosts on shore wishing us God speed and a *bon soir*. While we rowed out into the darkness, a voice strong and loud enough to be heard by all, intoned the "*Ave Maris Stella*." The moving strains were

taken up by all the crews; and the effect, heightened by the black night and the dancing waters, was weird and grand. A gust of wind blew out our only guiding light; and we separated rather than risk a collision. Happily, the wind blew with the current, and the waves did not run high. An occasional "*All's well*" from the lookouts that had been placed in the bows to pierce the darkness for breakers, infused new courage into the oarsmen, and we literally flew with the wind and wave. Whitecaps now and then moistened the crews, but we laughed them to scorn, and entered the mouth of the Sabrevois triumphantly, after an exciting run of seven miles in the dark. This is the history of one day at La Broquerie; the rest were more or less like it.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

FIESOLE.

Letter from Fr. Robt. W. Brady.

FIESOLE, Sept. 11th, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,
P. C.

I write to let you see I have not forgotten your request, and as I know that anything I may write from Fiesole will be acceptable, I don't intend to make any excuse for what would otherwise be a very uninteresting letter.

Fr. Higgins and I started on Thursday, Aug. 26th, from London, arrived at Brussels the same evening and were kindly received by the Provincial and the Fathers. On the Saturday following we arrived at Cologne in the evening, and said Mass in the Grand Cathedral next morning. We spent nearly the whole morning in the Cathedral—but I do not intend to describe it to you, as you can get a much better description in twenty different books in your library. What pleased us most was the edifying deportment of the people—good, simple, earnest Catholics that they are. At 9 o'clock there was High Mass with most charming singing by a choir of boys; after that came a low Mass which was best attended of all; and at which there was congregational singing swelling out grandly from hundreds of German throats evidently used to the work. I suppose it was the Parish Mass. We went to Bonn by rail on Sunday evening,

said Mass in the church which used to be ours on Monday morning, and at 11 o'clock A. M. we got on board the steamer which was to take us up the Rhine. Everybody knows that from Bonn to Mayence the Rhine is at its prettiest. Well we untutored Americans must give our votes according to the universal sentiment. The scenery is certainly magnificent. Nature has done much to make it grand, I suppose we should say even sublime; but poetry and history, the myths of tradition and the actual facts connected with the Rhine, from Cæsar down to our own time, have done more to give celebrity to the beautiful river. The Hudson is a greater river, and the scenery, from New York to the Catskill, bolder and perhaps more impressive; but the Hudson has had a peaceful career and we are not likely to have any thing weird or ghostly about it, unless some of these days the spirit of old Van Corlear awakes its echoes with his trumpet.

We arrived at Mayence in the evening, said Mass in the Cathedral next morning, and were much edified by the piety of the people. At 12.54 P. M. we left for Basle where we arrived at 7 P. M. We left Basle at 1 A. M. next morning (Wednesday), and arrived at Milan at 5 P. M. after a disagreeable ride, notwithstanding the sublime scenery presented to us by the Alps and the St. Gothard's Pass. It was very warm, notwithstanding the fact that we were just beneath peaks which are covered with perpetual snow. We finally reached Florence at 9.40 P. M. on Thursday and said Mass on Friday morning in our little church. Here we learned from our Fathers the good news that they were about transferring their residence to a Parish Church, the care of which had been given them. They were very glad over it, as now their sphere of usefulness was enlarged. After breakfast we secured a carriage, and made our way to Fiesole. Our driver was a good natured Italian and evidently a good Catholic. He tried to make us appreciate all the points of interest, pointing out to us, with great efforts to make us understand his language, the Duomo, San Marco, etc., and on our way after leaving the city, the College of the Scolopii, or Scholæ Piæ (perhaps the very one where Fr. Sestini got his early education), the Dominican Convent where are still to be seen some of the frescoes of Fra Angelico, the Episcopal Seminary, the Franciscan Monastery, etc., etc. We were very much amused at the good understanding between the old driver and his horse. The ascent in places was steep and the load was not a light one—you know Fr. Higgins is a pretty heavy man; whenever we would come to one of these

steep places the old man would get off the carriage and walk alongside of his horse talking to him to encourage him, and now and then hitting him, not with a whip or a club as I have seen these folk do elsewhere, but with his handkerchief! The horse seemed to understand the gentle hint and would pluck up new courage to please his master. But what am I about? I did not know when I commenced this letter that it would take so long to get to Fiesole; if I had known it I would have plunged at once "in medias res." Authors new to the business are apt to write long prefaces, so as to bring themselves, if not their subject, prominently before their readers. Well, on Friday at about 11 A. M. we entered the Villa San Girolamo, and right glad were we to get here and still more so when we received the most cordial welcome of Fr. Vicar and all this delightful community. We were immediately at home with everybody, and have been so ever since. It looks as though they had made a business of selecting all the best-natured people of the Provinces just to make a model community of this. But don't think that I am falling in love with the place and would like to be one of the fortunate few who dwell here. This is a solitude, and none but those to whom supernatural grace has been given with no shortened hand, may hope to remain in it and be happy. It is beautiful—no place more so—but it is a solitude. The best means of getting an idea of it is to place yourself in imagination on High Knob, near Frederick, when you look down upon Middletown Valley. Now imagine you see Florence about a mile away from you in an air line; bring the Monocacy in from Frederick Valley, and let it take the place of the Arno. Now terrace all the seemingly inaccessible places from High Knob down to the valley in which the City lies, and do the same with the slopes of all the hills as far as the eye can reach. Now fancy all this an immense olive orchard interspersed here and there with villas having gardens with beautifully laid out walks lined with grapevines, fig, peach and other fruit trees and here and there large oleanders to give variety to the scene. You must not forget to put in the cypress trees which rear their tall, slim, ghost-like forms to do duty here as mourners over departed glory. They must have a very sombre look and must seem to have stood there from time immemorial linking the great past with the dull present. The villa just above and adjoining ours is the property of the Franciscans and in your plot may be supposed to occupy High Knob itself. It has a great history; for it used to be the fortress of Fiesole and once was distinguished by having no less a personage as its

occupant than Cataline. Our own Villa has a history too ; it used to belong to Cosmo de Medici, lately however it belonged to the family of one of our Fathers, Ricasoli by name, and is now legally held in the name of Fr. Weld. The Villa next below us, and separated by a wall, is now owned by an Englishman named Spence. This place, according to old tradition, is the spot where Cataline buried his treasures, and in fact in the year 1829 coins of the time just preceding his conspiracy to the value of about three thousand lire were dug up. About two hundred yards below the villa of Mr. Spence on the road to Florence is the famous Dominican Convent in which are still to be seen the frescoes of Fra Angelico—but enough of description.

I mentioned that on the day we arrived our Fathers in Florence were congratulating themselves on their good fortune in getting a Parish Church in which to labor. I must now tell you that on that very day they got notice from a Government Official to evacuate the premises in twenty-four hours. They have done so, but will sue for their rights, not as Jesuits but as individual citizens ; with what success remains to be seen. The Congregation commenced its sessions on the 8th of September. To-day the 11th the last session has taken place and all is over, much to the gratification of all concerned. The last acts were a vote of thanks to Fr. Vicar for the favors obtained from the Pope ; a letter of thanks from the Congregation, in the name of the whole Society, to our Holy Father the Pope ; and a letter of thanks to Fr. General, who had sent to the Congregation a letter, in which he told us that though absent in body he would be present at our deliberations in spirit, and would offer up his earnest prayers to obtain the blessing of God on us. Having said something of the good people of this Community I must give you the personnel of the house ; you know the names of all the assistants. The Secretary is Fr. Rota, a Spaniard. The Substitute of Italy is Fr. Baldi, of France Fr. Terrien, of Spain Fr. D'Arios, of England Fr. Charnley, of Germany Fr. Delplace. The cook is a Frenchman, the other Brothers are Italians and Spaniards. All seem to be very cheerful and are always ready to oblige. You may imagine what a pleasure it was to meet among the Procurators so many whom we met three years ago, and among the new ones to find Fr. Velez. He has not forgotten America nor his American friends, and takes delight in questioning me about his old acquaintances and the places he knew. He wants us to go back to America through Spain, and I am sure if we could do so, he would do all in his power to make

the trip pleasant. I send you a list of the members of the Congregation.⁽¹⁾ I must not keep this letter any longer; so asking your prayers for our safe return,

I am your brother in Christ,

R. W. BRADY, S. J.

ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION.

SHOSHONE RESERVATION, WYOMING TER.

Sept. 20th, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

About the middle of last June an unexpected letter from Rev. Fr. Provincial directed me to be in the city of Omaha, with Brother John D. Kilcullin, by the 25th of the same month; there we should receive from the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, the Bishop of that diocese, all needful information concerning our destination — St. Stephen's Mission, among the northern Arapahoes in Wyoming Territory. In obedience to this order I left Osage Mission for Kansas City at 1 A. M., June 22nd, was joined at Kansas City by Brother Kilcullin, and left that evening for Omaha, which we reached at 8.45 next morning. The Bishop received us kindly, and expressed a desire that we should begin our missionary labors by the 1st of July, if possible, that being the first day of the fiscal year. So towards evening we started on the Union Pacific for Rawling, seven hundred miles farther west. During our monotonous ride good Brother K. would now and then ask me what we should do after reaching Rawling, what chances there were of being safely guided through the mountains to the mission. "God will provide," was the only answer I could give. And so He did; for shortly before reaching Rawling we met on the train Rev. Father Cassidy, pastor of the church in that town, and an old acquaintance of mine. The surprise and pleasure of the meeting was mutual. We arrived at Rawling at 3 A. M. of the 25th, and after a short rest at the pastor's house we started at 8 A. M., on the regular daily stage, for Lander.

Ah! what a stage that was! Fancy one hundred and fifty long rough miles in a miserable, uncovered express

⁽¹⁾ See *Varia*.

wagon. Well, bad as it was, the country could offer us no better, so in it we crossed the Sweet-Water Mountains in a northerly direction on our way to Lander, the principal settlement in Fremont County, Wyoming Ter. A very corpulent Methodist elder, who was addressed as "Judge" took up a large share of our crowded vehicle. He was just returning from Salt Lake City, and seemed to have been wonderfully pleased with the Mormons. He could not of course advocate their principles, but he lauded many of their institutions to the skies and said that, in his opinion, the Mormons were not so bad as they were represented to be.

Our stage kept up an almost perpetual motion; our only halts were to change horses every fifteen miles or so. The day was clear; the air pure and bracing. But at noon a change took place. Large black clouds began to gather over us, and about two in the afternoon a terrific rain storm burst upon us. Since leaving my native Alps I had seen nothing so magnificent as that storm among the mountains; the lightning was incessant, and the thunder echoed peal after peal. You may be sure that we kept very quiet, and that the fat Judge had nothing more to say about Salt Lake City.

We could scarcely hold our umbrellas in the high wind, and they afforded us no protection; we were thoroughly drenched. We were certainly in great danger; we ran along at full speed—God's angels shielded us from the lightnings which were striking the mountain-peaks around us. In an hour or so the storm subsided, our cheerfulness returned and we kept on our way as merry as birds seem to be after a storm. A strong west wind helped to dry our clothes; the sky was cleared of clouds; and the sun shone on us for about four hours to our great content. As evening drew nigh, the mountain shadows grew longer and longer, and at last night came. Up, up we ascended, the air becoming steadily cooler; we were soon forced to put on our overcoats, and when at midnight we reached the top of the Sweet-Water mountains, the Sweet-Water—in the last days of June, remember—was frozen! Here we changed horses and conveyance; so while the baggage was being moved, we all jumped out and took some welcome exercise, for our limbs were stiff with cold.

Our dear Judge, in spite of his big fleshy cover, felt as bad as we did; and trying to get out, missed his footing and was thrown headlong to the ground, landing between the wheels of the stage. In the darkness of the night the summersault he must have executed was hidden from us; but

his cries for assistance soon brought us all to the spot. By the flickering light of lanterns the poor fellow was extricated from his dangerous position. You may imagine the expressions of sympathy: "Judge, O Judge, how do you feel? Are you hurt?" With long drawn groans he answered: "My back is broken! O Lord! my bones! If I were only home!" We cheered him and advised a little gentle exercise. His first steps were tottering; but as no bone was broken, he soon felt better. And now all was ready for a new start. We helped the Judge up, told him to think no more of his fall, but to try to sleep. Soon we were dashing down the steep, winding road as fast as four horses could pull us, while the good Judge was snoring as calmly as if he were reposing on a bed of down. At five o'clock, on the morning of the 26th we were at the foot of the mountain whose summit we had left at midnight. Here we crossed Beaver Creek, made a fire, warmed ourselves with a cup of strong coffee, started on at six, and about three in the afternoon reached Lander. Here we called on Mr. Ch. W. Crowley, with whom we took dinner. He then showed us to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where we took up our lodging. For many months the church had been without a pastor. We sent out word to the Catholics around that there would be a late Mass the next day, Sunday. Next morning, in spite of the short notice, we had a fair attendance.

On the 28th we went to the Shoshone Agency, some sixteen miles west, to make our official call upon the U. S. Agent. He received us politely, gave us all necessary information concerning our Mission, and warned us to be careful in crossing the streams, now very high on account of the melting snow. A day was spent in buying provisions and house furniture, and at last, on the 30th, we started for the Mission. Two wagons carried our household goods. We were obliged to go out of our way to avoid deep crossings, and thus a drive, usually of about twenty-five miles and rapidly done, was much lengthened, and only by dint of hard work did we reach the mission at 9 P. M. after a long day's drive. So here we were at last at St. Stephen's Mission after a journey of over twelve hundred and forty-five miles.

The Mission is beautifully situated two miles from the spot where the Little Wind flows into the Big Wind River. It consists of a two-story frame building, and some thirty acres of land. In the summer of 1884 Fr. John Futz, of the German Province, came from Buffalo, with a coadjutor

Brother, to start this mission. For some time they lived in a tent and suffered many privations. In September he put up the house. But the troubles and vexations incident to the opening of a mission among savage tribes were too great for him to bear, and he was compelled in November, 1885, to give up the work. Selling what movable property he possessed, he left the house in the hands of Black Coal, chief of the Arapahoes, who was to take care of it until told what to do with it. The old chief promised to take care of the house; and he did so by moving into it with his family. Six months of uninterrupted occupancy had given him, he thought, full title to the house and premises, and he could scarcely persuade himself that we were come at that time of night, with our loaded wagons, to evict him. He showed no hostility, but he let us see clearly that he was not pleased. We compensated him liberally for his services, and he gave us full possession.

In accordance with the Bishop's instructions we are building an addition to our residence, large enough to accommodate about twenty-five Indian boys, as boarders. We are also preparing to build a comfortable brick house as a school for Indian girls.

Some one may ask, how is St. Stephen's Mission supported? What are its resources? What its prospects? Resources we have none, save the loving charity of our good Bishop, Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, and the offerings of the faithful. Should we succeed in starting a boarding school for Indian children the U. S. Government will assist us. The future of this mission is in the hands of God; more I know not. Our Indians, the Shoshones, as well as the Arapahoes, are to-day no less pagan than were their ancestors. They seem to have no special religious worship. Now and then they kill and eat a dog in the midst of carousing and war dances. Their greatest act of worship is the Sun-dance, which they hold in the fall of every other year: it consists of barbarous orgies, which are often accompanied by the death of some of the principal participants.

They dwell in tents, or lodges, which, in their nomadic life, they move at pleasure. A few cultivate small patches of vegetables; most do nothing, varying it at times with a little hunting. As a rule the women do all the work. In their social life they practise polygamy; its accompanying vices are common among them. The children are moral and obedient while under their parents' control. Their dress is, as a rule, scanty. Some few will at times put on the garments of the white man, but the Indian costume is generally

preferred. It is certainly the cheaper, consisting frequently of a blanket and breech cloth. They wear their hair long, like women; were you to see one of the braves on horse-back going at full speed, with the wind in his face, and his long hair streaming behind, it would bring to your mind the terrible fate of Absalom.

Their carelessness about religion is really surprising; they seem quite unconcerned about a future life and the salvation of their souls. Some few have studied at the Episcopalian school, attached to the Agency; but they are as bad as the rest. Unlike many of these mountain Indians, ours have no Canadians intermarried with them. A few can be used as interpreters, and do well enough so long as you speak of temporal affairs; but when you speak of religion they are silent, and say they do not understand. So our only hope is the education of the children; the salvation of the two nations depends on these little ones. We need a good school for boys and one for girls. Shall we succeed in getting these? The matter is not so easy as, at first sight, one would think.

Our Indian chief, Black Coal, told the U. S. Agent in my presence that he did not care about our school; he added that he had never called for it, and, as they already had one school, the Episcopalian, he saw no need of another. The reason of his hostility is, of course, the loss of the house, which he had come to look upon as his own. Another great obstacle to the success of this Mission is the Episcopalian school which was opened a few years ago at the Agency, thirty miles west of us. Things are kept "booming" there; and why not? The Indian Department supplies all they wish; the superintendent is able even to make presents to parents and children, in order to gain a large number of pupils. Hence you see that we labor under many disadvantages, and the outlook for St. Stephen's Mission is by no means bright. However, we do not feel discouraged; on the contrary, we trust in God the more, for we know that the hearts of men are in His hands and that by means unknown to us He can change our worst enemies into our best friends.

Now I have shown you plainly, without any rose-coloring, what kind of field is open here to a man who is willing to sacrifice comfort, talents, life, if need be, for the salvation of these poor Indians, of whom so many go to eternal perdition. Some good and fervent souls are anxious to be sent to the far Missions of Asia and Africa to convert infidels and pagans to God, and to gain perhaps a martyr's crown.

Still these good and fervent souls feel no interest in the salvation of hundreds and thousands of people who are living in the same condition at their very doors! What an illusion! Would to God that these, my simple words, might enkindle in the hearts of our young students a spark of that noble zeal which burned in the heart of the great Xavier, of Anchieta, of many other heroes of our Society who bedewed with their sweat, and hallowed with their blood the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific. They labored in earnest without any hope of earthly reward, and history has scarcely transmitted to us their names. Truly did they sow in tears, thinking that perhaps all their labors were lost. But no, they were not lost. Slowly, but with Divine certainty, came the ample harvest which this day our Society is gathering with joy all over this country in her colleges, universities, and churches.

A word about our *modus vivendi*. Our community so far consists of two persons; the brother and myself, and between us we fill up the offices of the house. The order of the day is rather irregular with us, and depends in great part on the number of Indians who from breakfast to supper time visit us, now to get something to eat, now to beg a few yards of cloth. Besides these our daily customers, there come at times stragglers travelling through these mountains, cowboys, too, and Rancheros, all very hungry. So you see we pass most of our time in performing works of mercy. Our fare thus far has been most simple. For two months we kept what might be called a black fast, for we lived on bacon and Indian bread, and poor at that! For our consolation we had some coffee and tea; but milk, butter, eggs, vegetables were not seen on our table. Now and then we caught some fish in the river near by, but somehow or other they seldom bit on Friday, when we needed them most. Of late, however, we have fared better. This change has been brought about by a party of men to whom I gave a contract to make three hundred thousand bricks for us. These men came to start a brick-yard on our premises, and of course market followed them; so now we can obtain beef, vegetables, etc.

What are we going to do with so many bricks? Build a convent for the Sisters who are expected next spring to take care of the Indian girls of this Mission. On the 16th of September we began to break ground for the building which will be forty-nine by sixty-two feet; the walls will be thirty feet high. It will have a good basement, two stories, and a large attic. The house is intended to accommodate five

sisters and thirty girls; it is being put up with funds supplied by a charitable lady living far away in the eastern states. One hundred and fifty thousand bricks will be needed and have already been made; an equal number will soon be ready and will be kept to build a similar house for boys, as soon as the money comes. For the present we shall try to take care of the boys in our old house and in the addition we are erecting. The contract for building the Convent was given a few days ago to the lowest bidder for \$8,890. The building is to be completed by the 1st of March, 1887.

You see what we are trying to do for St. Stephen's Mission. Pray that God may bless our labors, and recompense the liberality of our benefactors, especially of our good Bishop whose kindly charity never fails us.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

CARDINAL MAZZELLA.

Father Mazzella's elevation to the rank of Cardinal Deacon, aside from its general consequence to the whole Society, possesses a very special interest for us at Woodstock. It was here that the new Cardinal spent many of the best, and, we believe we are not presumptuous in saying, the pleasantest years of his life in the Society. Among us he laid the foundations of a reputation now world-wide; and the theological works that constitute the public pledge of his fitness for his new dignity, were first written for our classes, and issued from our press. For this reason, it is natural that we should share more fully than others in the mingled, and to some extent opposing, feelings that such events must always excite in every member of the Society. Gratification at the honor conferred by the Holy Father on one of our own brethren, almost one of our own community, rejoicing for the increased power for good coming with such honors—these were the first emotions excited by the news of Father Mazzella's promotion. But mingling with these and perhaps outlasting them, was a sense of grief, for our loss in the separation, more or less complete, but inevitable, of a deeply loved associate and efficient member from the body of the Society. For many of us, this sense of loss was the renewal of an old wound; for we still recall vividly the con-



CARDINAL MAZZELLA.

sternation with which we learned, eight years ago, that Fr. Mazzella was to leave us, and assume more important duties at Rome. Nor could we avoid a certain regret, instinctive to every son of St. Ignatius, at seeing ecclesiastical honors, so carefully guarded against by our Holy Father, forced upon one of his children.

We have thought it well to print here whatever documents and details have fallen in our way concerning the appointment of our new Cardinal, together with some recollections of his life among us. Moreover, as several inaccuracies regarding Father Mazzella's earlier life have crept into the accounts that have gone the rounds of the newspapers, we take the opportunity to give a correct sketch of his whole career.

Camillo Mazzella was born on the 10th of February, 1833, at Vitulano, a town of several thousand inhabitants, lying in the kingdom of Naples, about thirty-two miles to the east of the city of that name. When raised to the cardinalate, therefore, last June, he was fifty-three years old.

There were several children in the family. Of the boys, three gave themselves to the service of the Church, Camillo, Ernesto and Pietro. Camillo and Ernesto were twins, while Pietro was some six years younger. Ernesto is now a Prelate and Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Benevento, the importance of which position may be gathered from the fact that under its jurisdiction are comprised no less than two thousand parishes. Pietro will be remembered by Woodstock students of about ten years ago as "Father Peter," by which title he was familiarly known to distinguish him from "Father Camillus." After teaching Philosophy in Woodstock from 1872 to 1875, he was recalled to Europe.

According to the custom prevailing among the wealthier families of Italy, the three boys received the first elements of their education from a tutor in their own home. At the age of about ten or eleven years, Camillo and Ernesto were sent to the Seminary of Benevento. This ancient city, though possessed by the Popes with little interruption from the year 1077, when it was given to them by Robert Guiscard, was entirely enclosed in the territory of the kingdom of Naples; and, being only about eleven miles distant from Vitulano, it comprised the latter with many other Neapolitan towns under its archiepiscopal jurisdiction. Our Fathers had at this time a flourishing college in Benevento, numbering between four and five hundred students. To their classes the seminarians came every day, thus adding about two hundred more to the number. On their entrance

into the seminary, the future Cardinal and Prelate took a very high position among their fellow-students. They were precisely similar in appearance and disposition, amiable, earnest and hardworking. Both in study and in piety they were reckoned the models of the school. In the class of Rhetoric, our present Prefect of Studies at Woodstock, Fr. Charles Piccirillo, was the boys' Professor, and he still relates how he made Camillo wear a ribbon in his button-hole during the whole year, as the only means of distinguishing him from his brother. This likeness extended also to their mental endowments, and they were counted of precisely equal talent. Though standing at the head of the class, their proficiency seemed to be due not so much to brilliant literary talent, as to a clear, logical, and exact cast of mind, joined to untiring diligence. After finishing the classical course of the Seminary, Fr. Mazzella and his brother made three years of Philosophy and four years of Theology, completing these studies in the year 1855, at the remarkably early age of twenty-two years and seven months. This being nearly two years less than the canonical age for ordination to the priesthood, the Archbishop procured a special dispensation from the Holy Father, Pius IX, and ordained Camillo and Ernesto sometime in the month of September of the same year.

Even before their ordination to the priesthood, the brothers had held canonries in their native town, two of these having been founded by their ancestors, and being consequently at the disposal of the Mazzella family. Accordingly, for the first two years after ordination, Father Mazzella remained at home, attending to his duties as Canon in the parish church of Vitulano. But on the 4th of September, 1857, he entered the Society, to which he was admitted by Fr. De Cæsare, then Provincial of Naples.

He immediately began his two years of probation at the novitiate of La Conocchia. This house has probably one of the loveliest situations to be found in the world. Seated on one of the hills that, to the north of Naples, extend in long promontories into the Mediterranean, it overlooks the city and bay, and has Vesuvius in full view to the south-east. The elevation on which the house stands is honeycombed with the excavations of an ancient Christian catacomb, from which it takes its name. After serving as novitiate for several years, La Conocchia was seized by the government of United Italy soon after the revolution of 1860, and transformed into a military hospital. Here King Humbert visited the cholera patients, during the scourge of 1884. Re-

cently the house and ground have been bought back by our Fathers from the government, and fitted up for use as a college. The splendid opening of this large establishment a few months ago, with our late professor, Fr. De Augustinis as Rector, is still fresh in the minds of all.

In this lovely and sacred retreat, Fr. Mazzella spent a year in the usual exercises of prayer, meditation and the various trials prescribed by the Institute. At the end of this year, and while still a novice, he was sent to the Seminary of Andria, in Apulia, to teach Philosophy. He remained there, however, only one year, 1858-59, being sent by his superiors at the end of that time to fill the same chair in the College of Cosenza, in Calabria, the southernmost division of Italy. It was probably in this college that he pronounced the first vows of the Society. How long his professorship might have continued, or what his subsequent career might have been, had his stay in Cosenza and Italy not met with a rude and abrupt termination from the revolution, we have no means of judging. But in the spring of 1860, Garibaldi, at the head of his red-shirted "liberators," crossed from the Island of Sicily to Calabria, landing not far from Reggio. Treachery had prepared the way, and not a gun was fired in resistance. From this point, he directed his march northward along the coast, until he reached the city of Naples. Wherever Jesuits were met with, they were driven out, and all their property confiscated; for in common with all anti-Christian conspirators, the hero of the red shirt honored the Society with his especial hatred. Cosenza, lying within ten miles of the sea-coast, came in the line of Garibaldi's march, and consequently the community there was obliged to take flight. Fr. Mazzella, with other priests and scholastics, was sent to Lyons, in France. Here, at the scholasticate of Fourvières, just outside the city, he spent the year 1860-61 in reviewing his Theology and preparing for his examination "ad gradum." So brilliant did his examination prove, that although he had not made his course of studies in the Society, but only as a secular student under Jesuit professors, he was chosen to make the public defence *de Universa Theologia*. One incident of this disputation is interesting, as showing to what an extent the secular power had at that time influenced the opinions of certain theologians in France. One of the professors of the Seminary of Lyons, a pupil of the celebrated Carrières, argued seriously against Fr. Mazzella in favor of the power of the State to create invalidating impediments to the sacrament of matrimony. As had been expected, Father Mazzella's disputation was a very brilliant

success, and was immediately followed by his appointment as Professor of the Short Course of Theology at Fourvières. This position he held for three years, after which he taught Moral Theology for two years more. At the end of this period, he was ordered to Rome to make the third year of probation, which he passed in the house of San Eusebio, an ancient monastery. His Tertian-master was the saintly and experienced Father Pellico, a brother of the famous writer, Silvio Pellico.

The causes that led to Father Mazzella's coming to this country had begun to work even before he left Lyons. Fr. Paresce, whose name is a household word, never to be uttered without affection and reverence in the Province of Maryland, having matured his plans for the foundation of Woodstock, and bought the property on which it now stands, began to look about for capable professors for his future scholasticate. With this view he applied to the Provincial of Naples, who granted him Fr. Mazzella, then at Lyons, and several other members of that province.

Immediately on finishing his third year of probation in August, 1867, Fr. Mazzella set out for this country, in company with Fr. Pantanella. The scholasticate was still at Georgetown, whither it had been removed from Boston in 1864. For the next two years, while waiting for the completion of Woodstock, Fr. Mazzella taught Dogmatic Theology in Georgetown. On the feast of St. Matthew, September 21st, 1869, Woodstock was solemnly opened and Fr. Mazzella installed as Prefect of Studies and Professor of Morning Dogma. The Latin oration that he delivered on this occasion was considered an extremely able production, but owing, perhaps, to our isolated position, away from all immediate intercourse with the outside world, the custom of beginning the scholastic year with such an oration has not been continued.

The printing of the works that have brought our Cardinal his great fame and led to his elevation, was begun in a very small way, almost immediately after the opening of Woodstock. Some of the scholastics, using a rude hand-press, began to put the lectures in type and strike them off for the use of the class. In 1872, a half medium treadle-press was obtained, and the publication began in real earnest. This important step was due in great part to the suggestions and advice of our present Father Provincial and our lamented Rector and Assistant, Fr. Joseph Keller, at that time Provincial of Maryland. It was pointed out by the former that a method of studying theology little in conformity with the

traditions of the Society had become more or less prevalent in our province, as well as in others where Ours are exposed to frequent contact and discussion with Protestant controversialists. Instead of the exposition of a complete system of dogmatic Theology, most of the labor of the course seemed to be devoted to the refutation of errors, positive demonstration and explanation of truth becoming rather a side-issue, introduced chiefly on account of its denial. Of course such a method, though it might produce tolerable controversialists, could give no really solid and profound theological training. It was therefore judged of the highest importance that from the new scholasticate of Woodstock there should go forth a complete course of Scholastic Theology, based on the great writers of the Church, especially St. Thomas and the noted theologians of the Society in the past, but dealing also with all modern questions, and refuting incidentally all the errors advanced by heretics down to our own day and country. The task was a gigantic one, and Fr. Mazzella was several times on the point of intermitting, if not relinquishing it entirely, but the persistent urging and encouragement of Fr. Keller kept him unflaggingly at work. The constant interruptions consequent on the duties of Prefect of Studies in so large an establishment as Woodstock left little leisure for thought and writing during the day, and accordingly most of the work on these volumes was done at night. Midnight almost invariably found Fr. Mazzella with pen in hand.

By untiring work of this kind, the four volumes corresponding to Father Mazzella's class of morning dogma were completed in 1876, and in the following year a second and revised edition was begun. But this was to be finished at Rome. The other four volumes necessary to make up a full course were to be written and published by Father De Augustinis, but only the treatises "*De Re Sacramentaria*" and "*De Deo Uno*" have thus far appeared, the author being apparently destined, like his former colleague, to finish his publication in Rome.

In the theological works of Fr. Mazzella, there are some characteristics that give them very great value as text-books for those students who wish to pursue a thorough and comprehensive course of studies. One of these is his remarkably luminous and exhaustive presentation of the state of the question, in the preliminary notes to each thesis. Originality cannot be claimed for the author, nor did he aim at it. In no case does he seek to make a reputation by destroying

the systems of those who have gone before, and substituting one of his own. But by a clear and methodical statement of the opinions of opposing schools, and a full exposition of the philosophical principles involved, he clears the ground, anticipates objections, and renders the work of demonstration easy.

A second characteristic of Father Mazzella's theological method is the exceptional skill with which he uses extracts from all the great scholastic theologians, more especially of St. Thomas, Suarez and De Lugo. His motive for introducing these more abundantly than is usual in text-books, is to accustom his students to the style of these Princes of Theology, and so to lead them to study their works for themselves.

In the year 1878, copies of the second edition of Father Mazzella's works "*De Deo Creante*" and "*De Gratia Christi*," as well as of Fr. De Augustinis' treatise "*De Re Sacramentaria*" were presented to the Holy Father, Leo XIII. So favorable was the impression made upon his mind, that a special brief was transmitted to the authors.⁽¹⁾

It was without doubt owing in great measure to the esteem inspired in the mind of the Holy Father by the perusal of these volumes, that shortly afterward, when a chair of Theology in the Roman College had been left vacant by the elevation of Father Franzelin to the cardinalate, Leo XIII himself requested that Fr. Mazzella should be summoned to fill it. But before detailing this event, we must mention a charge entrusted to Fr. Mazzella during his stay with us, that was an evidence of the confidence placed in him by his superiors, and a proof that his ability was not limited to the regions of theoretical science. This was the Visitation of the Mission of New Mexico. Established by our Fathers of the Neapolitan province in 1867, at the request of the excellent and zealous Bishop J. B. Lamy, this mission had already effected a vast amount of good among the neglected but faithful Spanish-American Catholics and Indians of that territory; but it was judged that the appointment of a Visitor would tend to consolidate and facilitate the work. Fr. Mazzella was therefore commissioned for the purpose, and twice traversed the vast region embraced by the Mission, once in the vacations of 1875, and a second time in the summer of 1878. In the interval between the two visits, he empowered the Superior of the Mission, Father Baldassare, to build a college at Las Vegas.

(1) As this brief has been printed in the *WOODSTOCK LETTERS*, vol. viii, p. 44, it has been thought unnecessary to reprint it here.

In the discharge of his office as Visitor, as in all other details of his life in America, Fr. Mazzella showed not only the energy, zeal and firmness, that constitute a strong character, but also the moderation, prudence and tenderness that must be added to make up the complement of true greatness. His direction of the studies of Woodstock was always energetic, but never impetuous or inconsiderate. While his ability and erudition commanded the profound respect of all who came in any way under his direction, his unassuming modesty and charity gained their warm affection; so that when obedience called him away from us, it was not merely the learned Professor and capable Prefect of Studies that we regretted, but still more the simple, unaffected, humble religious and beloved companion. Another trait that may have contributed to this result was the facility with which Fr. Mazzella adopted not only the language, but also the customs, manners, and indefinable characteristics of thought and speech prevalent in our country. He seemed to make himself intrinsically, as well as exteriorly, all things to all men; and fell into American ways so naturally that when he took out his papers of citizenship, we felt the word "naturalized" to be, in his case at least, no misnomer. The impression made by his simple and frank piety on the secular persons with whom he came in contact, may be gathered from the following extract taken from a recent number of the New York "Catholic Review":

"The spirit of his Eminence Cardinal Mazzella, S. J., is strikingly indicated by a little incident which occurred when he was in this country. He usually visited Boston during the summer vacation to recreate at the Jesuit villa near New Bedford. The trip from Woodstock to Boston was made by rail rather than the much pleasanter sail by water from Baltimore. On being asked by a friend why he did not prefer the latter, he replied: 'Why, my dear friend, in that case I should lose two or three Masses.'"

Shortly after the beginning of the scholastic year, 1878-79, Father Brady, then Provincial of Maryland and New York, received a letter from Father General, directing him to send Fr. Mazzella immediately to Rome, to fill Cardinal Franzelin's vacated chair. The order was so unexpected, and the impossibility of at once replacing Fr. Mazzella so evident, that Fr. Provincial thought of sending a cable-despatch, asking for at least a postponement; but on consulting Fr. Mazzella he found that the latter had also received a letter, in which were these words: "For your greater consolation, I command you in virtue of holy obedience to leave for

Rome at once." In the face of such an order expostulation and delay were of course out of the question, and our Prefect of Studies was soon lecturing to a class of more than three hundred students in the Roman College.

This institution, since the seizure of its buildings by the Italian Government in November, 1870, has been generally known as the Gregorian University, a title which was given it in honor of Pope Gregory XIII, its second founder. The Government officials retained the name Roman College for the institution established by themselves in our buildings. Before the robbery our Fathers counted fourteen hundred scholars in the lower classes, while the schools of Philosophy and Theology added four hundred more to the number. Many of these were students from various seminaries of the city, who came to the Roman College for lectures. When Fr. Mazzella arrived in Rome in the fall of 1878, the classes had been carried on for some years in the building devoted to the German College, which being under the protection of the Prussian flag, was safe from Piedmontese avarice. The celebrated Fr. Kleutgen was then Prefect of Studies, but after a short period, his health having been seriously impaired, he had to be relieved from all scholastic duties, and control of the studies was given to Fr. Mazzella.

Leo XIII was not disappointed in the result of his choice. Yet neither Father Vicar nor Fr. Mazzella himself had any warning of the manner in which the Holy Father's satisfaction was to be shown, until a few weeks before the appointment of the new cardinal was actually published. As soon as the news reached them, they went together to see the Pope and endeavored to persuade him to spare the Society this little-coveted honor. The reply of the Holy Father is contained in the Circular letter written by Father Vicar to the whole Society, which though already known to our readers, we have thought it well to print here, in order that it may be preserved in the most accessible form.

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,

PAX CHRISTI.

Die 7 hujus mensis Sanctissimus Dominus Noster, Leo PP. XIII, plaudente Eminentissimo Cardinalium Senatu, R. P. Camillo Mazzella, Provinciæ Neapolitanæ, in Pontificia Universitate Gregoriana Scholasticæ Theologiæ Lectori, amplissimam Sacræ Purpuræ dignitatem decretam voluit.

Accepto hoc nuntio, aliis sane faustissimo, dolebit profecto Ra. Va., dolebunt Nostri omnes, quod decennio vix elapso iterum patuerit in hac minima Societate Jesu ad summos honores aditus, quem firmissimis Instituti nostri præsidiis numquam nobis non penitus interclusum velimus. Jam vero neque a me, cui legum nostrarum custodia commissa est, neque a R. P. Mazzella, voti religione gravissime obstricto, prætermissum quidquam puto, quod in re sibi sanctissima desiderare Societas possit. *Quidquid uterque, aiebat Nobis Sua Sanctitas, mihi opponere ex officio debetis, id ego optime perspectum habeo. Equidem non ignoro Societatem vestram ea mente comparatam esse, visque*

legibus constitutam, ut nihil ipsa magis abhorreat, quam suis Sodalibus delatos id genus honores; verum etiam probe intelligo Societati nihil magis inditum divinitus fuisse, legibusque præscriptum, quam paratissimum erga Romanos Pontifices obsequium. Ego vero ita jubeo, ac tibi, P. Camillo Mazzella, coram R. P. Vicario, Societatis Præposito, in nomine Domini præcipio, ut Sacramenti, quo teneris, vinculo a me solutus, in Cardinalium Ordinem cooptari velis. Adversus hoc Summi Pontificis imperium, quum nihil conari amplius liceret, reliquum nobis erat, ut Sanctæ Obedientiæ præsidio freti, ad Romani Pontificis vocem, tamquam ad Christi vocem, quam promptissimi essemus, nosque ab eo, qui locum Dei tenet, ferri ac gubernari, perinde ut senis baculum, sineremus; in quo, uti monet S. P. N. Ignatius, præcipuum Societatis nostræ bonum ac salus universa consistit.

At vero Beatissimus Pater impositum Societati Novoque Cardinali honoris tantum onus pluribus verbis benignitate plenis levare curavit, unde nobis non parum accedat consolationis. “Velle se studium erga nos suum honore hoc mandando significare: studium vero ejusmodi a puero in scholis nostris susceptum adeo cum ætate crevisse, tamque firmo optimi de Societate judicii fundamento constitui, ut nulla prorsus vi labefactari posse videretur.” Ne autem hæc tam benevolentis animi significatio intra parietes lateret, mox coram Purpuratis Patribus, adstante optimatum frequentio, Sanctissimus Dominus verbis amplissimis professus est, quanti Societatem Jesu semper fecerit, qua benevolentia prosequatur.

Sed mihi multam præterea attulit consolationem insolitus Novi Cardinalis mœror, quo se præter omnem expectationem vidit e communi Societatis usu, veluti e carissimæ Matris complexu, in peregrinum quoddam cœlum traduci, quod Nostris jucundum reddere honoris splendor valuit nullus. Malebat sane Eminentia Sua, Toleti nostri exemplo, *in umbra Societatis delitescere, quam in Sacri Senatus luce conspici*: itemque nostro cum Bellarmino, *dulces Societatis latebras tanto dolentius requirebat, quanto altius velut in Solem Romanæ Curiae productum se intuebatur*. Atque is religiosi viri animus spem mihi certissimam facit fore ut qui ingenio, doctrina, virtute, rei Catholicæ studio, magno Societatis amore diu apud nos floruit, Nostrorum, quos Sacra Purpura onerabat magis quam honorabat, præclare facta æmulatus, Ecclesiæ ac Societati fructus deinceps ferat tanto uberiores ac præstantiores, quanto altior ipse atque illustrior. Quod ut dilectissimo Societatis Filio, in Sacra Purpura nobis minime amisso, Paraclitus ille Spiritus, qui bonorum omnium largitor est, plenissime concedere dignetur, curet Ra. Va., ut in sua Provincia omnes Nostri Sacerdotes semel Sacrum faciant, cæteri vero coronam unam recitent.

Commendo me SS. SS.

Reverentiæ Vestræ

Servus in Xto.

Fesulis die 16 Junii, 1886.

ANT. M. ANDERLEDY, S. J.

On the 7th of June, 1886, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, held a secret Consistory in the Vatican Palace, in which he created Fr. Mazzella a Cardinal Deacon, together with one other raised to the same rank, and five to that of Cardinal Priest. For the text of his allocution on this occasion we are indebted to the *Civiltà Cattolica* of the 19th of June.

“VENERABILES FRATRES:

In sacrum Concistorium hodierna die Vos advocandos censuimus non ea solum de caussa ut viduatas pastoribus christiani orbis Ecclesias novis Episcopis donaremus, verum etiam ut de Cardinalium creatione ageremus, quam Collegii vestri decus et splendor, atque ipsa temporum conditio postulare a nobis videbantur. Non paucos enim e vestro numero postremis hisce annis vita excessisse Nobiscum doletis, in quorum locum alios modo sufficere de-crevimus.

Quoniam vero Apostolica nostra sollicitudo ad cunctos se porrigit diversarum gentium Catholicos quos paterna ex animo caritate complectimur; ac summopere lætamur cum aliqua potior se Nobis offert occasio propensæ in eos voluntatis argumenta exhibendi, opportunum hac vice putavimus ex diversis veteris ac novi orbis regionibus insignes quosdam Episcopos deligere in ordinem vestrum cooptandos.

Ac primo quidem oculos in Galliam intendimus, ubi lectissimi sacrorum

Antistites incenso studio et constanti mentis proposito Apostolicæ Sedi mire devincti, magnum et omni commendatione dignissimum unitatis cum Ecclesiæ capite in seipsis exemplum præferunt; ac fideles eorum curæ concrediti innumeris pœne caritatis et pietatis operibus suum in Ecclesiam amorem et immotam erga Jesu Christi Vicarium fidem, plures inter gravesque difficultates, splendide profiteri non cessant; ac rei Catholicæ tuendæ vires suas et facultates libenter impendunt. Hac igitur purpuratorum Patrum renunciatione, tum sacro eorum ordini qui Galliæ ecclesiis præsent, tum universæ Gallorum genti publicum et singulare dilectionis Nostræ pignus dare constituimus, atque ea amoris et observantiæ vincula arctius adstringere, quæ generosam nationem cum Romana Ecclesia Romanoque Pontificatu conjungunt.

Mentem deinceps Nostram ad se vocant Fœderati Americæ Status et Canadensis regio. Florens in ea confœderatione catholicæ religionis conditio quæ latius se in dies explicat, novisque augetur incrementis; ipsa etiam constitutio et forma, ad quam, secundum sacrorum Canonum leges, Ecclesiæ illæ quotidie magis se componunt; monent quodammodo Nos ac pœne flagitant ut alium aliquem ex præcipuis earundem regionum Episcopis in Patrum Cardinalium sedes recipiamus.

Quod ad Canadenses attinet, omnibus exploratum est, quanta animi firmitudine Catholicæ fidei adhæreant, quam sincero in Ecclesiam amore ferantur, quam luculenter pietatem et fidem suam erga Romanum Pontificem difficillimo tempore probarint. Qua de caussa minime dubitamus, quin unius ex Canadensibus Archiepiscopis ad tantam dignitatem evectio, in Catholicæ religionis decus cessura sit, bene ac feliciter vertat populo Canadensi, et ejus promptam erectamque in Romanam Ecclesiam voluntatem augeat atque confirmet.

Igitur hi sunt quos hodie ex variis orbis regionibus in Collegium vestrum referendos statuimus, nimirum:

VICTOR FELIX BERNADOU, Archiepiscopus Senonensis et Antissiodorensis:—ALEXANDER TASCHEREAU, Archiepiscopus Quebecensis—BENEDICTUS MARIA LANGÉNIEUX, Archiepiscopus Rhemensis—JACOBUS GIBBONS, Archiepiscopus Baltimorensis—CAROLUS PHILIPPUS PLACE, Archiepiscopus Rhedonensis.

Quos omnes ardens religionis Catholicæ amplificandæ et salutis animarum procurandæ studium, singulare in hanc Apostolicam Sedem obsequium rerumque gerendarum prudentia maxime commendat.

Nec vero Italiam prætermisimus, ex qua eodem honore augendos existimavimus AUGUSTUM THEODOLI, spectatissimum e clero romano urbanum antistitem, qui variis jam officiis et curationibus naviter perfunctus, domus Nostræ Pontificalis Præfecturam multa cum fide ac diligentia postremo hoc tempore gessit; et CAMILLUM MAZZELLA Societatis Jesu alumnum, insigni doctrinæ fama ac pari virtutis laude præclarum.

Quid vobis videtur?

Auctoritate itaque omnipotentis Dei, sanctorumque Apostolorum Petri et Pauli ac Nostra creamus et publicamus S. R. E. Presbyteros Cardinales: VICTOREM FELICEM BERNADOU; ALEXANDRUM TASCHEREAU; BENEDICTUM MARIAM LANGÉNIEUX; JACOBUM GIBBONS; CAROLUM PHILIPPUM PLACE; et Diaconos Cardinales: AUGUSTUM THEODOLI; CAMILLUM MAZZELLA.

Cum dispensationibus, derogationibus, et clausulis necessariis et opportunis. In nomine Patris✠ et Filii✠ et Spiritus✠ Sancti. Amen."

Two days later, on the 9th of June, the conferring of the cape and biretta upon the two Roman Cardinals, Theodoli and Mazzella, was performed by the Pope himself in the Vatican. At six o'clock in the evening, the two newly appointed prelates met His Eminence Cardinal Pecci, brother of the Pope, and were conducted by him to the Pontifical apartments. Meanwhile, the Holy Father proceeded to the throne-room, where he seated himself, surrounded by the members of his household. A master of ceremonies then announced and introduced the new Cardinals, who, after mak-

ing the three usual genuflections, knelt and kissed the Pope's foot. His Holiness then placed upon each of them the cape and red cap worn by Cardinals. Whereupon they immediately uncovered their heads, kissed the hand of His Holiness, and received his embrace. Cardinal Theodoli, speaking in the name of his colleague as well as his own, returned thanks to the Pope in an address full of dignity and feeling. To this discourse, the Holy Father responded in words of fatherly affection, and finished by giving the Apostolic blessing.

After all the other persons present had left the hall, in obedience to the *extra omnes* of the Master of Ceremonies, the new Cardinals remained, together with Cardinal Pecci, for a private audience with the Holy Father. Finally having taken leave of the Pope and received the *zucchetto*, or skull-cap from the hands of the Sub-keeper of the Robes, they retired to the apartments of Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State.

The *Civiltà* remarks that by this last creation of Cardinals, the number is raised to sixty-six, of whom twenty-six were appointed by Pius IX, and the remaining forty by the present Pope. The dean of the Sacred College in age is Cardinal Newman, while the youngest is the Patriarch of Lisbon. There are still wanting four Cardinal Priests to make up the full number of seventy.

On the 18th of July, Cardinal Mazzella solemnly took possession of his titular diaconal church of St. Adrian in the Roman Forum. This is one of the most ancient churches of the city, and belongs to the Order of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives. In his discourse the Cardinal referred to the historical memories of St. Adrian, dating back as far as the sixth century.

As soon as the announcement of the new Cardinal's elevation reached Woodstock, the scholastics addressed to him a letter of which the following is a copy :

SODALES S. J. IN COLLEGIO WOODSTOCHIANO
EMINENTISSIMO CAMILLO CARDINALI MAZZELLA
S. P. D.

Quod te nihil ejusmodi expectantem, in purpuratum Romanæ Ecclesiæ Collegium Leo XIII P. M. sponte sua cooptaverit, id maximis nos gaudiis cumulavit. Tantam enim tibi apud nos in divinis scientiis sagacitatis et in negotiis prudentiæ existimationem nactus es; tot nobis religionis virtutumque exempla, tot pro nostris emolumentis acerrimi studii tui monumenta discedendo reliquisti; ut te semper, tanquam si præsens adfueris, et cogitatione et eloquio recoluerimus, et adhuc usque recolamus, licet jam longus fluxerit annorum decursus, et immenso Oceani dissidio sejungamur.

Mirum igitur tibi esse non debet, si pro nostro erga te obsequio et beneficiorum memoria tam ardentem tibi gratulemur, quod apud Pontificem, æquissimum nobilium ingeniorum judicem, meritis fueris tanta dignitate cohones-

tari; quod campus solertiæ tuæ tam fuerit amplificatus, ut longe major doctrinæ, virtutumque tuarum seges et proventus sit expectandus; tandem quod altissimo loco situs fueris unde non solum ipse magis fias conspicuus, sed insueta tuæ ipsius prudentiæ rerum maximarum accedat experimenta.

Sed præter hanc, qua tui causa exultamus, lætitiâ, aliud quoque capimus gaudium, quod claritas honorum tibi collatorum radiolos quosdam in hoc nostrum Collegium reverberet, illudque splendore repentino perfundat. Tu enim Sacræ Theologiæ interpretationem heic primus auspicatus es: hæc tuorum laborum decem continenter annos fuit palæstra: exinde tuæ eruditionis fama, libris editis, crebuit, et ita fuit diffusa, ut dignus fueris ab ipso Romano Pontifice inventus, qui ad Cathedram Theologiæ in Gregoriana Universitate designaveris. Jure igitur nonnihil amplitudinis ex tua evectione nobis accessisse existimamus. Qua de re dum nos mirum in modum hilaramur, tibi hoc etiam acceptum ferimus, et gratias ex animo persolvimus sincerissimas.

Has enixe petimus ut tu æqui bonique facias, nosque sinas sperare fore ut, quemadmodum te nostri profectus studiosissimum quondam auctorem habuimus, ita deinceps te simus experturi Woodstochiani Collegii auspiciem et patronum validissimum. Vale.

WOODSTOCHII VII IDUS JUN. MDCCCLXXXVI.

To this letter Father Mazzella replied as follows:

CAMILLUS MAZZELLA S. R. E. CARDINALIS
SODALIBUS S. J. IN COLLEGIO WOODSTOCHIANO
S. P. D.

Jucundissimæ mihi vestræ litteræ fuerunt, quibus novam hanc dignitatem mihi gratulamini, qua me nec merentem nec opinantem Leo XIII Summus Pontifex pro sua benignitate auctum voluit. Neque vero tantum gratulationes vestras libentissime excepi; sed illud me maxime permovet, quod adeo gratam mei memoriam teneatis, et si quid forte in vestrum commodum contuli, id honesta recordatione commendetis. Atque hæc eadem sensa erga vos, Patres Fratresque dilectissimi, animo meo assidue obversantur, cumque in memoriam redeo illius temporis, quo versatus sum vobiscum, grata quadam delectatione recreari me sentio. Vestram enim in me benevolentiam, humanitatemque, vestra studia atque officia repeto, quorum adeo præclaras significationes exhibuistis, ut neque ullo amplius Europæ desiderio tenerer, quin immo nihil mihi potius esset quam ut reliquum vitæ cursum apud vos exigere. At Deo aliter visum fuit. Cæterum hæc sensa, quæ assidue erga vos confovi ex quo tanto terrarum marisque intervallo distracti fuimus, tantum abest ut in nova hac vitæ conditione, qua me Deus esse voluit excidant mihi ex animo aut obliterentur, ut si quid in vestrum usum utilitatemque potero, id ultro impendere paratus sim. Gratias etiam vobis quam maximas habeo, quod mea dignitate ornari Collegium vestrum et accessione quadam honoris illustrari arbitremini. Id etsi non omnino inficior, quandoquidem in vestram civitatem jure fuerim adscriptus, tamen urbanitati vestræ potius quam meis laudibus virtutibusquetribuendum existimo. Verum hæc fluxa sunt atque externa. Tunc enim vero amplissimum huic Collegio decus accedet, si quod hactenus præstitistis, virtutis studium apud vos, et ea disciplina in scientiis theologicis et philosophicis ex purissimis S. Thomæ Aquinatis fontibus expressa efflorescat, quam S. P. Leo XIII iterato et gravissimis commendavit verbis et quæ societati nostræ vehementer cordi est. Unum superest, Patres Fratresque dilectissimi, ut vestram in me voluntatem potiore beneficio cumuletis; assiduis, inquam, precibus, quibus me commendatum impense cupio, ut gravissima illa munia quæ meæ sunt conditionis obire pro dignitate valeam. Valete in Christo.

Romæ die 18 Julii, 1886.

CAMILLUS CARD. MAZZELLA.

The appointment of Fr. Mazzella as Cardinal was received with universal approbation both in this country and in Europe. Even the secular journals in America referred with marked satisfaction to his citizenship of the Great Republic and to his sojourn in our midst. It is also a testimony to the general esteem in which the new Cardinal's personal

character is held, that even in Italy and France, where the Society has so many open and secret enemies, not a single voice, so far as we have heard, has been raised in unfavorable comment upon the honor conferred upon him. From his native town of Vitulano, and from Lyons, where he was so well known a number of years ago, delegations were sent to Rome to thank the Holy Father for his choice.

With regard to the Cardinal's future mode of life little can be said at present. In its private details, it probably will not differ greatly from the simple routine that he has been wont to follow as a religious. In all public affairs, however, he must, of course, conform himself, both in dress and ceremony, to what custom requires of a Prince of the Church. In addition to the work of the various Roman Congregations of which he is a member, he will continue to direct the Gregorian University, as Prefect of Studies, and will reside there. The Roman municipal Government having lately purchased and torn down one half of the German College, with the view of widening the street, the remaining portion continues to be devoted to class purposes, while for the dwelling-place of the seminarians and faculty, the Hotel Costanzo has been bought. In this latter building, a suite of rooms has been set aside for Cardinal Mazzella, who will therefore continue to be almost a member of the community. To this fact, perhaps, is due the rumor lately printed in one of the daily newspapers of New York to the effect that the Pope is preparing for the foundation of a new institution intended for the higher education of the clergy, to be called the Leonine University, and having the Jesuit Cardinal Mazzella as Prefect of Studies.

But whatever may be the future occupations of Cardinal Mazzella, and whether circumstances permit him or not to keep up his connection with the Society, all the children of St. Ignatius, and none more than the community of Woodstock, will continue to regard him as their brother in religion, and will not cease to offer for him the prayers which he will need so greatly in his arduous position, and which Father Vicar has so earnestly requested for him.

MEXICO.

THE MISSIONS OF FR. LABRADOR.

SALTILLO, June 24th, 1886.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

* * * * *

I presume you can dispose of very little time to read this letter, so I shall make it short. I hardly need say anything about the *status* of our College, as of course you must have seen the catalogue. Nevertheless do not believe everything it says, for it has many innocent and involuntary mistakes; for instance, Fr. Labrador remains in this college, and is not in Mexico, where the catalogue places him. The reason for this is that there has been of late a great call for him, and circumstances are such that in this matter we can by no means perform what is required of us.

Fr. Labrador alone gave the Missions in Patos and Parras, besides the one in Matehuala, where there were about twelve thousand communions. It was indeed owing to the special care of providence over him, that he did not die under the weight of so many arduous labors. Fr. Rector of this college lent him his aid on the last days. As might be expected, thousands of people were unable to make their confessions, for want of priests, as the missionaries had to come back so that Fr. Labrador might give the retreat to the boys of our college. As this Father cannot allow himself to be at rest, he invented reasons for preaching in this city, and gave *triduos*, *quinos* and *novenarios*. The best of all was the mission that he gave together with Fr. Alzola in the two parishes of this city. After Fr. Alzola had left him, he alone continued this mission in the Church of St. Francis and in the prison. The whole lasted about a month. There were more than two hundred marriages. One person, a child of forty years, received baptism kneeling down. There are other things of like nature which give great glory to God.

You can hardly imagine the extreme want to which these people of the borders are reduced. The country thereabouts is a real pigsty. Things occur there that could not be mentioned. As regards religious instruction, one cannot tell

how evident is the want of clergy. May God our Lord look down upon them, and may He send zealous missionaries to labor for their spiritual welfare. We Fathers, who reside at the college, did what we could here in the city to aid the mission, but outside the town who shall help Fr. Labrador unless the missionary of Poza de la Sal should come?

At present Fr. Labrador is giving a mission at a farm of this parish, which was preceded by another in a similar place. Big sharks are caught of as wretched a character as that one in Oña. Two more missions were given before these; and as at least two more are asked for, who will give them God knows. Fr. Provincial is expected in a few days,—will he take away with him Father Labrador? God will dispose. The Protestants have just finished a church up here on the same site, and, if I mistake not, with the materials of the old convent of San Francisco. I will not tell you anything else, lest you may be grieved. But, believe me, our dear Mexico has great need of God's merciful care.

* * * * *

Your humble servant in the Sacred Heart,

F. RIVERO, S. J.

SALTILLO, Sept. 29th, 1886.

DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

While my scholars are hard at work on a prize composition, I steal a few moments to answer your kind letter. Let me tell you something of our missions. As soon as Fr. Labrador had recovered from his severe illness, he set out from this city for Palos, the cradle of Protestantism in these parts. When the Protestants learned that a priest was in their midst, their hearts were troubled and they left no stone unturned to hinder his work. However, the magistrates of the town treated the good father with all courtesy; and the people, led captive by sound doctrine, flocked to the church. The poor parson, confused and discouraged, left the town, and carried his wares over the border. After his departure all went smoothly: many confessions were heard, marriages set right, and bad books without number burned.

In the mission given soon after at Parras de la Fuente there were fewer obstacles to grace. The people were deeply moved, and filled the church at all the services. Almost all the simple country folk received the sacraments; few, however, among the wealthier residents. Our Fr. Rector

helped during the last days of the mission. He found Fr. Labrador with work enough for ten.

After preaching the word through all the country side, it would have been strange if the missionary had left us, in Saltillo, out in the cold. The time chosen for our mission was the month of our Blessed Lady; the field of labor, the parish of St. James. Fr. Labrador was aided throughout by Fr. Lorenzo Alzola, and during the closing exercises by the other fathers of this college. Over five thousand confessions were heard; nearly two hundred and fifty illicit unions were put right; and, according to his custom, the missionary prepared a large number of children for Holy Communion. They received the morning before the general communion of the mission.

Now let me change the scene to Santa Rosa, the residence of the present governor of Coahuila. Fr. Labrador told me that the first settlement was made here by our old fathers. Including those who dwell in the ranches and country houses in the vicinity, the inhabitants number about eight thousand. The fathers found the poor people in a God-forsaken state; many seemed ignorant of the first principles of a Christian life. About five hundred confessions were heard—a small number, indeed, yet most encouraging if we bear in mind the strength of Free-Masonry in Santa Rosa. The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, the children of Mary, and a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul were established, and placed under the direction of the parish priest.

Some leagues from Santa Rosa not a few Indians are found, for whom civilized life seems to offer little attraction. From time to time they come into the town to buy of the whites. Both men and women are mounted on good horses. They have made attacks on Santa Rosa, and the present Governor of Coahuila has more than once been forced to cool their martial ardor with a little cold lead.

About five years ago, three or four of these Indians came to Saltillo, to settle some business with the Governor. They were accompanied by the pastor of Santa Rosa, and during their sojourn, paid our college a visit. How happy should I be to devote my life to the work of their conversion!

On the 27th of September, Fr. Labrador, after passing a few days in this college, departed for the city of Mexico, where he was anxiously expected.

I have much more to tell, which you shall hear in some future letter; I have tried your patience enough for the present.

Pray for the progress of the good work in your native land, and for us.

Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

PEDRO LOPEZ DE ARROYAVE, S. J.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

September 26th, 1886.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN XT.

I am sure it will please you to hear an account of the devotion of the Mexicans to Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The history of the apparition of the Patroness of the Mexican people, is too well known to refer to it here at length; I shall, therefore, without saying anything of the history, pass at once to the devotion.

Ten years after Cortez had conquered the empire of the Aztecs, the apparition took place. From that time the devotion has increased in proportion as the Faith spread among the natives who formed the empire of Anahuac, and the other independent states of that great monarchy, which afterwards formed what is called the Kingdom of New Spain. It has always been considered a special blessing of these neophytes that they received together with their Faith in Jesus Christ, a tender and ardent devotion to His holy Mother. They easily understood that she came to visit them in order to become in a special manner their protectress; for the Mother of God had the delicate condescension of appearing to them with bronzed features like themselves, and thus completely won their hearts, and obliged them, as it were, to receive Jesus Christ as their Lord.

There can be no doubt, indeed, that this apparition had a wonderful influence in the rapid and peaceful conversion of the Aztec Indians. The touching history of the apparition spread immediately among them. Their poets made it the subject of a religious drama, which they enacted and still play with indescribable joy. Their painters took it as the subject of their pencil. Their sacred orators pictured it in all its details from pulpits of the churches.

So great was the enthusiasm, and so immense became the devotion to the Virgin who appeared in Tepeyac that from the very beginning an appeal was made to Rome to obtain from the Holy See the favor of proclaiming her the patroness of the Mexican nation. This desire, however, was granted only in 1754, when Fr. John Francis Lopez, S. J.

was sent to Rome especially for this purpose by the Mexicans. Then came a glorious day, celebrated with ineffable rejoicing, by the whole nation—the day when the Bull of Benedict establishing her as Patron, and granting a Mass for the Feast of the Apparition with rite of first class and Octave was brought from Rome by Fr. Lopez, and published to the happy children of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Neither time, nor the short space of a letter will allow me to give you more details of the history of this devotion. Wherefore, I must pass over in silence the part which two kings of Spain and that whole nation had in it, and confine myself to the actual state of the devotion in our own time. It is something wonderful that among a people where everything is change and revolution, the devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe remains unchangeable like the religion that inspired it. It is not the work of man. Everything that was present at its origin has disappeared. Kings have passed away; empires have fallen asunder, and their broken fragments have tossed unceasingly like the waves of the sea. And yet devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe and the tender love of the people towards her not only still survives, but goes on increasing in fervor from day to day.

Surprising it is indeed, to see the number of shrines erected in her honor throughout the Republic, from the humble hermitage on the same site, where to-day stands the splendid *Colegiata*, to the magnificent sanctuary just completed in the city of Cabadas. There is no place of importance that has not a chapel in her honor; and in the cathedrals, churches, and even in the smallest oratories she has an altar. Everywhere one meets magnificent paintings; and there is no cottage, however poor, where you will not find at least a simple print representing Our Lady of Guadalupe. The chieftains of the independence bore her image on their standards, and rich and poor wear it on their necks in reliquaries, or engraved on medals of gold or silver. Men and women of all classes of society are named after her, and many persons, places, mountains and rivers bear the name of Guadalupe.

At dawn when the bands of workmen begin their labors for the day, they salute her with songs, simple indeed, but full of faith and devotion; and as they return from the fatigues they have borne, they salute her once more before retiring to rest. These songs, it is true, are generally devoid of poetic inspiration, for they are but earnest prayers springing from faithful and simple hearts. The following stanza will serve as a specimen:

Oh! dearest Lady of Guadalupe,
Patroness of our Kingdom,
From death and hell deliver us,
Dearest Virgin Mother.

I have often heard these simple hymns, and I can assure you the devotion and fervor with which they were sung excited my envy.

The clergy has done its part to foster this devotion among the faithful, although, in truth, there was no need of any stimulus. Our Fathers, as well as those of other religious orders, have always taken an active part in it. As to the Fathers of the Society, I may say that the Jesuits of the old Mexican Province made the devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe so peculiarly their own that in the Collegium Maximum of Tepotzotlan, I saw magnificent paintings of Our Lady of Guadalupe bordered by pictures of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia, St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus. The Bull of Benedict XIV is due to the zeal and activity of Fr. Lopez: and many formerly and recently have written about this devotion. But to be brief, I shall say that the last history of Our Lady of Guadalupe that has seen the light during these two years is from one of our Fathers, who writes constantly against certain Protestants who have been striving to eradicate from the hearts of the Mexicans their love for their powerful protectress. Whatever the literary merit of the history referred to may be, one thing is certain, it has produced splendid results.

One instance is, that the Canon of the Puebla of Los Angeles on reading it conceived the project which existed last century, of crowning this sovereign image. He communicated his idea to the Archbishop of Mexico, who immediately undertook the crowning of Our Lady as his own work and has proposed to carry it out to the end. He then wrote to the other Archbishops of the Republic, and these to their suffragans. The result has been the co-operation of all for the realizing of the pious project of Mgr. Labastida. At present there is question of a petition to His Holiness Leo XIII, from the Mexican Church, that in his name and by his apostolic authority the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe may be crowned with a crown of gold in December of the coming year.

The project is indeed a grand and sublime one, and worthy of that ever faithful piety of the Mexicans. It is said that a shrine of pure gold, with two golden angels supporting a crown encrusted with a thousand precious stones, will be the offering in proof of the filial and affectionate devotion

of the Mexicans to their national patroness a devotion which far from dying out is growing more and more ardent every day.

Very affectionately yours in Xt.

Y.

IRELAND.

MUNGRET COLLEGE.

BRUSSELS, Sept. 30th, 1886.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN XT.,

P. C.

This letter will prove of itself that I have not forgotten my promise, howsoever dilatory I may have been in executing it. Filled with enthusiasm I really did intend to dash you off a long letter from our first halting place; but there were so many things to be seen, and consequently so much travelling to be done throughout the day, that in the evening I was unfit for anything except rest, and sometimes even too tired for that. As I have a little time on my hands at present, after having seen all I care to see in Brussels, I shall give you the first fruits of my tranquillity, as in duty bound after the solemn promise made to you.

Let me begin then with the first house of ours we visited after leaving America. I shall say nothing of our seven days' trip across, which was as dull as all fine trips are—I shall pass over our delightful sail "on the pleasant waters of the river Lee" from Queenstown to Cork famed for Shandon and its sweet sounding bells—and we shall go at once to the south-west corner of Ireland where the people are entirely Catholic, and of that strong devoted texture so peculiarly characteristic of the ever faithful Isle.

Through the zealous efforts of Fr. Ronan last year in its behalf, Mungret College is well known, at least in name, to Ours in the United States. Am I wrong in supposing that little more is known of it than its name? Since it has just sent forth its first little band of future missionaries, a fair quota of whom selected the United States and the Society as their portion, it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to see Mungret and its surroundings as they appear to the passing visitor.

Mungret is a township about three miles south of Limerick, a city famous for the faith and devotion of its people,

and notorious in English History as the City of the Broken Treaty. The stone on which the violated Treaty was signed is still to be seen on the top of a large granite pedestal near one of the bridges of the city on the western bank of the Shannon. The drive from Limerick to Mungret, in a jaunting-car, of course, is over a fine hard road, through a well-cultivated and fertile country, encircled by the not distant and sombre hills of Clare and Tipperary, which are a fitting frame to the beautiful green picture. Notwithstanding all the prose and verse that have been written in praise of the Irish jaunting-car, I cannot look upon it as an unmixed good—indeed, I think there is a goodly admixture of evil in it, whether it be considered potentially or actually. More pleasant ways of locomotion are certainly conceivable. It is doubtless very romantic, but so are the lumbering old stage-coaches of our forefathers; on it you get a splendid view of the country through which you pass, but the same end could be attained on the back of an elephant or dromedary. It dashes along at such a break-neck rate, your hold upon the seat, and consequently upon life (for on the car these two are as identical as subject and predicate), is so frail, the bumping is so terrific, for a car with springs would be a veritable solecism, and to crown all, the chances of a good chilling shower at any hour of the day, and without a moment's warning, so numerous that, all things being considered, it requires pluck and resignation of spirit to mount one. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, there is a fascination about the car that has forced all competing vehicles to retire from the field bankrupt. It must be a fascination like unto that which comes over a man to throw himself from some lofty eminence; and both impulses might be explained psychologically on the same principle. However, it cannot be denied that there is another element to be considered in favor of the popularity of the car—in many places it is the only vehicle in use; though in some large towns, as Dublin for example, cabs and hacks can be found for the less daring. I think too the driver of a car has much to do with its popularity; for in him usually are combined all that is racy, witty and good-natured in the Irish character. Like the wonderful vegetation of his country, though by no means so green as the unwary or the sharper will soon learn, his genius seems to thrive and luxuriate under open air influences; and the friction of intimate and continual intercourse with tourists and visitors has concentrated on the surface all the latent wit and humor of his race, ready to shine and

sparkle, and shock too, at the slightest contact. Not long since an English gentleman was being driven around the city by one of these "jarveys." They came to a large handsome Protestant church about which the Englishman made some inquiries. "It must have a good number of worshippers on Sunday," he said to the driver. "Well sir," the driver replied, "it does hold the divil's own lot of a Sunday"—an answer that reminds us forcibly of the *Romanos te vincere posse* of our Latin grammar days, and is quite as good as any of the Delphic oracles that are given to youths as models of intellectual acuteness.

But all this is a digression, during which we have been flying along from Limerick to Mungret, every moment in peril of our lives, and holding on manfully to the back of the seat. The College, though small, is a fine building, situated in a pleasant valley full of historic interest. A short distance away the glittering Shannon can be seen sweeping down from Limerick to the ocean. What is now the only Apostolic School in Ireland was originally built for an agricultural college, either by the State, or by some wealthy corporation whose supply was far in excess of the demand. After a few years of vain philanthropic attempts to educate the Irish husbandman in all the mysteries of farming, as it is carried on across the Channel, both the idea and the premises had to be abandoned; and the benevolent promoters of the scheme had to move farther north for a less benighted and a more docile people to profit by their instructions. As may well be imagined from the purpose for which it was first selected, it is in a very fertile region. Under the control of the Agricultural College it was well cultivated, and very perfectly supplied with all modern improvements. Fr. Ronan's quick eye soon perceived what an admirable place this would be for his College, and with the indomitable courage, characteristic of him, never rested until he had gained his point. I forget now the history of the transaction in detail, but I believe it was accomplished through the instrumentality of Lord Emly, who lives close by, and has ever shown himself a devoted patron of the College and of the great work that is done there. The result of it all was that our Fathers got the place virtually for nothing, having a small yearly sum to pay, which is merely nominal. The number of students in it at present is somewhere in the neighborhood of sixty, and this is as many as its limited dimensions can just now accommodate. For want of space, many applicants have to be turned away yearly. The training is somewhat analogous to that of a

novitiate, except the study and class. Daily meditation, examen of conscience, spiritual reading, instructions, etc., fill up the order of the day. The age for admission is between fourteen and eighteen. The students—or apostolics as they are called—of Mungret seem a fine healthy set of boys. We were quite surprised to see them playing baseball on their very extensive playgrounds. It seems that among the other good things Fr. Ronan brought back from America with him, the national game is to be reckoned. Of course, I do not mean to say that he mastered all the intricacies of the game, in flying visits from one city to another in quest of alms—that would require a life study; but he saw quite enough of it to appreciate it, and to see its usefulness in broadening men's ideas: and so, with the aid of some few American students, he started it in good working order. Unless they keep well acquainted with baseball literature in the meantime, I am afraid it will be scarcely recognizable in a year or two. Some of the older students who have been tried and found true are allowed to wear the ecclesiastical dress. There are only a few, however, who have this privilege. They act as guides or leaders for the younger ones. There are no prefects, nor is there any system of prefectship. They have all the academic classes including philosophy, and the training appears to be very solid and satisfactory. As is ever the case in a new enterprise, Fr. Ronan had vast difficulties to contend with, but he faced them like a brave man, and the marvellous success which has crowned his labors seems to indicate evidently that Providence was working in his behalf, and that the finger of God was in his undertaking. I have said that the building is far too small for present needs; but a new one is in course of construction, which will afford ample room for many more candidates. The new chapel is already roofed in. It is a very magnificent gothic building, more like a church than a chapel, and will easily hold, I should imagine, between three and four hundred.

All the country around Mungret is historic ground. It carries us back to a christianity and a monasticism that existed in Ireland long before St. Patrick set foot upon its shores to preach that wondrous faith, that neither time, nor persecution, nor invasion, nor deceit has been able in the least degree to undermine. All the fields are said to have been teeming with monastic cells, and beautified with handsome churches; and even yet everywhere traces can be found of ancient foundations. At the very gate of the College stand the ruins of two churches, one said to belong to

the seventh or eighth century, and the other, in a more perfect state of preservation, to the twelfth at the latest. Near the latter, some twenty or thirty years ago, the Anglicans built a parish church for the benefit of the minister and his household; for there was nobody else to occupy it, since the whole country is as Catholic as Spain itself. They were then in the hey-day of their greatness. Their church was the established church, which meant a good round sum for doing nothing. But Mr. Gladstone's bill came, the church was disestablished, the poor minister lost—not his business, for he had no business there at all—but his income, something far more precious. So he and his household—that is, pastor and people—had to depart, and to-day the modern Anglican temple is quite as much of a ruin as the old ivy-clad church by its side, in which Latin hymns were chanted, and the unbloody sacrifice daily offered up ages before Protestantism was a possibility even in imagination. Fr. Ronan wanted to buy out the old concern, in order to use the stone for his new building at the College, but the trustees, like the dog in the manger, refused to sell it; and there it stands crumbling and battered, a silent but eloquent witness of what Protestantism would be in Ireland without State patronage or a fat income of some kind. St. Patrick himself is said to have visited the monks of Mungret, and it is historically true that the first Bishops of Limerick were chosen from some of its celebrated monasteries.

About a mile from the College, stands all that is left of one of the most famous strongholds of Southern Ireland—the Castle of the Candle, as it is called. It is an enormous pile of stone, of very great extent, situated on the top of a rocky eminence. It has great lofty towers and vast thick walls. The old legend runs that on the last day of the year at night, a candle shot up heavenwards from the spot where the castle now stands and whoever was unfortunate enough to see it would die during the coming year. Hence the name Castle of the Candle. When St. Patrick visited Mungret he exorcised this unhallowed spot, and nothing but the name is left to perpetuate the tradition. Here the O'Brien, the last native lord of all this country, made his valiant, though ineffectual defense against Cromwell; and the breach is still plainly visible through which the Protector's fanatic followers entered to plunder and to massacre. From the top of one of the ruined towers is obtained a magnificent view of the lordly Shannon and of the whole country around for miles. It is indeed a magnificent spectacle, and all the history of Clare, Tipperary and Limerick rise up before you,

as you gaze upon their mountains towering up to the clouds. Fr. Renè is the present Rector of Mungret. He had a life time of experience in the Apostolic schools, and Father Ronan was fortunate in being able to avail himself of his efficient co-operation. He was exceedingly kind to us during our stay at Mungret, and frequently expressed his gratitude for the generous way in which Fr. Ronan was everywhere received in America. Fr. Ronan, the Founder of the Apostolic School, and its first Rector, is now Spiritual Director of the students. Unfortunately he was absent when we visited Mungret, but it was easy for us to see the filial affection which all had for him who has given his mind and his heart so devotedly to this noble work. We have most pleasant memories of our brief stay in the Irish Apostolic School.

Limerick is a thoroughly Catholic city. We went from Mungret to our college in the town, where our Fathers, with true Irish hospitality, gave us a most cordial welcome and made our stay with them most agreeable. Several of the churches are strikingly handsome. The new cathedral is a fine building with one of the most beautiful sanctuaries I have seen. Its steeple too is said to be a marvel of architectural skill. The Redemptorists have a very imposing church and residence, and are doing a great work in the city. They have a Confraternity of the Sacred Heart numbering thousands of members, all men; and last Corpus Christi they had a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament from their church in the city to the college at Mungret. The whole city turned out, and they who witnessed it said it was a spectacle never to be forgotten. But I must say, the thing that struck me most in Ireland—and it is a thing that must be seen in order to be appreciated—was the vast crowds that go to daily Mass and Communion. Of course I only saw our churches, but I am assured that it is the same everywhere. I really could see no difference between Sundays and week days. The churches seemed crowded at all the Masses. It is not to be imagined that they are women only, as is the case in some Catholic countries on the continent, where men are in a very striking minority at divine service even on Sunday; but in Ireland the men seem quite as numerous at the daily Masses in the churches. This is indeed a consoling and encouraging sight. In all her trials and troubles and revolutions, Ireland has clung tenaciously to the faith. Indeed, as sorrows press upon its people, they seem to become more and more devout; and it is hard to believe that God has not yet some high destiny in store for

a people who have served Him so faithfully and so lovingly, when all the powers of earth and hell seemed to have combined to separate them from Him. All the old churches are of course in the hands of the Protestants; though what earthly use they can make of them as churches would puzzle a wiser head than mine to divine. The old cathedral of Limerick, like the rest, is in the hands of the stranger. It is a quaint old building of a peculiar and indefinable style of architecture. Although massive, it is not a very large church, yet four times too large for the handful of people who assemble there to worship on the Sunday. A small portion is divided off for service, while the rest is simply a museum and nothing more. The Disestablishment of the Episcopal Church in Ireland was indeed a great blessing, as its continuance had been a silly injustice, but it was not far-reaching enough. It should have given back to their rightful owners the churches that had been stolen from them three hundred years before; whose every window and image, and carved stall, and memorial tablet tells of another rite, and another worship, and another faith which alone they had been erected to honor. I can see why the old Catholic churches in England were seized; it might at least be said in palliation that the nation had apostatized; and therefore, that it had a right to these buildings which it had erected and endowed. But in Ireland no such plea could be urged. The nation kept the faith, and keeps it still, as well as she ever kept it; and yet, she remains despoiled of the churches which her treasures and her sweat erected to the glory of God.

A good story is related in connection with the Limerick Cathedral. On the occasion of the Jubilee of the late Pope Pius IX, Limerick was illuminated. Permission had been asked to have a light on top of the tower of the cathedral, which was peremptorily refused. The Catholics were determined to have the bonfire there at every cost, and so the sleek old fellow (by the way all the church officials are sleek and well kept—the Church takes good care of the body anyhow while she starves the soul) who had charge of the entrance to the tower was inveigled into a rum shop, where he soon forgot all his cares and troubles and his duties too, his companions of course *mere passive se habentes*. What was the horror of the Protestant small portion of the population to see the tower of their principal church one blaze of light in honor of the Pope of Rome. The Protestant Bishop went to the Catholic Bishop to complain, but he had no difficulty in proving an *alibi*.

From Limerick we went to Dublin, where the same marvellous faith and devotion of the people continued to excite my wonder. Indeed there is nothing in Ireland that impressed me more than this. Its churches and monuments are the dead emblems of a faith that was, but the morning Mass and the daily Communion are the palpable living faith that can be seen and felt. It pervades all classes of society, the rich and the poor, the tradesman and the merchant, the lawyer and the statesman. All are proud of their faith, and no attempt is made to conceal it. In Ireland at least human respect will never keep a man from being a devout Catholic. So much for our short stay in Ireland. I may be able at some future time to tell you something more of other lands.

Yours in Xt.,

J. A. CONWAY, S. J.

MALTA.

BROTHER POLIZZI.

In the LETTERS for July an account was given of the wonderful restoration of sight to Albert Polizzi, a novice of the Society. From a letter of Fr. Ippolito Marchetti, S. J. to one of the Fathers of the Province of Turin the following interesting account of the wonderful favors bestowed by God on the young novice has been gathered.

After the restoration of his sight by the Infant Jesus, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, the fervor of Brother Polizzi in God's service became remarkable. It was a pleasure to see him at prayer or meditation. After partaking of Holy Communion, he seemed more angelic than human. One day blood began to ooze gently from his left side moistening his under linen. This bloody sweat began henceforth to be the constant effect of his Holy Communion.

In these dispositions he entered in the month of March on his long retreat; but as soon as he began to meditate, he fell senseless on the ground, so that two men were sent to assist him. After the hour of meditation was over, they called him and shook him, but in vain; all absorbed in God he remained in that state for a long time. When he came to, he told Fr. Angileri, socius of the Provincial, who was giving the Exercises, most extraordinary things, which,

owing to his tender age, he could not have known naturally. At the beginning of the third week of the Exercises, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and gently asked him if he was willing to participate in the sufferings of the Passion of her Divine Son, ordering him at the same time to take counsel of his Superiors on this matter. The novice at once informed Father Angileri of what had happened to him. Though incredulous as to the reality of such visions, the Father counseled him nevertheless to accept the offer. Our Blessed Lady appearing to him again, he willingly offered himself to suffer whatever God might be pleased to send him. Here is the result of the offer. The novice began to feel in himself the most cruel sufferings of our Divine Saviour, and in proportion as he went on meditating on the various mysteries of Christ's Passion, he began likewise to grow sorrowful and to be sad with Christ in the garden of Olives. With Christ too he was bound, and dragged through the various tribunals, where he had to endure all the injuries, buffeting and villanies that Christ suffered. To Christ the Jews said, "hail King of the Jews" and to him "hail follower of the Nazarene." During such contemplations, with the exception of a very slight breathing, the novice hardly gave a sign of life. The following day he had to endure the scourging at the Pillar, and his body became so affected with pain that no one could touch him. Towards evening he bore the crowning with thorns, which caused him such cruel sufferings that on coming to himself after the contemplation, he burst into a flood of tears, and neither he himself could touch, nor could he permit others to touch even a single hair on his head. The Master of Novices and Fr. Angileri tried to comfort him. On April the 11th a few moments after he had knelt down to contemplate the Crucifixion of our Lord, he became as it were powerless, and would have fallen to the ground, if those who assisted him had not borne him up, and placed him on a bench of the chapel where he was wont to pray. In this position though apparently senseless, he gave at times signs of great pain. But imagine the wonder, when the bystanders perceived that he had the stigmata in his hands and side! The Master of Novices, ordered that the novice should be brought at once to the room of Fr. Angileri, where taking off his shoes and stockings, to their great surprise they saw that the novice had the stigmata also on his feet. At such a sight all, novices as well as Fathers, burst into tears. When Brother Polizzi awoke, he began to cry as if in great pain. On Father Angileri asking him what had happened

him, in all simplicity he answered: "I ascended Mount Calvary with Jesus Christ, I carried my cross on my shoulders, and helped Jesus to carry His. I was nailed to the cross, and a soldier pierced my side with a lance, the wound of which gives me now intense pain. Ah! my Saviour," he exclaimed, "both of us were nailed to the cross, but *you* died and now you suffer no more, but *I* live in the midst of such dreadful pains; take me away, take me away my dear Saviour." Fr. Angileri, his uncle, summoning up his courage approached the novice and said to him: "Brother Polizzi, pray." At this command the novice at once stopped crying, and in less than a minute he became so absorbed in God as not to give the least sign of pain. When he is in this state his body becomes almost as insensible and inflexible as a log, so that no single man, however strong he may be, is able to raise him with ease. When he arose from his contemplation he suffered intensely from the wounds in his hands, feet and side and from his shoulders on which he had carried the cross. Every day, however, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him to comfort him and at times revealed to him secret things.

When the novice perceived that he had the stigmata, he begged Fr. Angileri to keep the thing secret from strangers; this the Father readily promised to do. A short time after, however, the novice went to the Master of Novices, to announce to him, that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him expressing her wish, that all should know the graces which God had conferred on him; "not for your honor" continued our Blessed Lady to him, "but for the honor and glory of my Divine Son, that His goodness may be made manifest to all." * * * *

When he entered on the meditations of the fourth week of Spiritual Exercises, all his sufferings were changed into heavenly joys. On the very first day, however, of Holy Week, he began once more to grow sad and sorrowful. He again underwent all the pains connected with the mysteries of the Passion of our Lord. On Good Friday at 2.30 P. M., corresponding to 3 o'clock in Jerusalem, the wounds of his hands, feet and side reopened. A few hours afterwards seven physicians arrived, and on seeing the wounds, reopened at such an hour, they looked at one another in amazement without being able to account for it. On Easter Sunday his acute sufferings abated, and on receiving Holy Communion the usual bloody sweat did not come over him, nor did the blood flow from his side. However, the wound in his hands, feet and side continued to pain him consider-

ably, so that he was unable to close his hands or walk unless he was supported.

His ecstasies continued, and as soon as he began to pray he became so absorbed in God that unless supported he would fall to the ground. On such occasions he is usually placed on a bed, where he remains motionless for a considerable time. On the third Sunday after Easter, after receiving Holy Communion, a most beautiful heart trickling with blood, and surmounted by a cross was imprinted in blood on the piece of linen which he usually keeps on the wound of his side. The same thing happened again on the first of May, with this difference, however, that instead of the cross flames issued from it just as the Sacred Heart of our Saviour is commonly represented. On both occasions, when asked what he experienced after Holy Communion, he answered that as soon as he had received the body of our Lord, he felt as though his heart was cut asunder, and then cast out of his side.

Various trials and experiments have been made, both by Superiors and physicians, but all seem to confirm more and more the supernatural character of the stigmata. The Bishop has given orders to watch him closely. One day, when the Bishop was present and Brother Polizzi had fallen into one of his usual ecstasies, they tried all means to awake him, but in vain. The Superior then addressing the novice, commanded him in virtue of holy obedience to arise. No sooner was the command given than the novice arose, to the great astonishment of the Bishop.

On Friday, the fourteenth of March, the stigmata reopened, and his severe pains returned. These wonders have produced in Malta all the good effects of a great Mission. Every Friday at 2.30 P. M. the stigmata reopen and blood as usual flows from them, but especially from the wound in his side, which is considerable. During this time he suffers exceedingly, but with meekness, cheerfulness and heavenly joy. Twice a day he falls into ecstasy, during which, either our Lord or the Blessed Virgin appears to him. Sometimes during Mass, instead of the Host, he sees the Infant Jesus blessing him from the hands of the priest. At night the little room in which he lives appears resplendent with light, owing as it is believed to the heavenly visits he receives. His existence in a word is but a series of prodigies. On the Feast of Corpus Christi, the Heart of Jesus was again imprinted in blood on the piece of linen he placed on his side.

Of all the persons who are said to have been similarly

avored in later times after St. Francis of Assisi, at least twenty of them have been men ; all saintly indeed, but their virtue perhaps, fell short of that high standard, by which we measure the highest triumphs of divine grace. A rather singular incident happened of late to our novice. An officer, with permission of Father Provincial, put his beads on the arm of the novice whilst he was in ecstasy. The novice clasped the beads and held them in his hands till he came to himself again, when turning to the Father he said, "Tell the officer that the Blessed Virgin has just appeared to me, and told me, that I am not a saint, and consequently honors paid to saints should not be given to me."

Dear Father, this is the substance of the many wonders communicated to us by Ours in Malta. What strikes me most, however, is the profound humility of the novice who in the midst of so many favors and occasions of becoming vain, has such a low opinion of himself, that he considers himself one of the greatest of sinners. He has even gone so far as to beg of his Superiors not to dismiss him from the Society, and to receive him among the Lay Brothers. Let us thank God for giving us such a token of his love for us. We are requested by our Superiors not to communicate the letters of Ours on this subject to any secular, but may by word of mouth relate to them whatever may concern him. Some annoyance has already been given to the Society on account of this fact having been made public in Malta. Our Rev. Father Vicar, to whom was sent one of the hearts printed in blood, has been already called to Rome twice by the Pope. Rev. Fr. Ciravegna, Assistant of Italy, was to go to Malta, but it seems that the Holy Father has decided that a committee of Fathers should be organized in Malta for the purpose of drawing up an authentic process of all that has taken place so far. It is the opinion of wise and prudent persons that God wishes by these wonders to confound the spirit of unbelief so prevalent in our days.

DAKOTA.

ST. FRANCIS' MISSION.

ROSEBUD AGENCY, Oct. 25th, 1886.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

At last I am able to answer your welcome letter of Aug. 23rd, 1886, and send you some account of this mission, which belongs to the great family of the Sioux. It had already been started before these Indians were transferred hither from their old abode on the Missouri River. It had been decided to confide the Brulé Indians (as our red skins are called) to an Episcopalian minister. Their chief, Spotted Tail, objected to this and demanded a Black-robe. His request was acceded to, and a certain Fr. Frederick, an ex-Jesuit, accompanied the Brulés to their present site called the Rosebud Reservation. This Reservation is about forty miles wide and eighty miles in length. It is bounded on the south by the State of Nebraska, on the west by the Pine Ridge Reservation, on the north by the Great White River and the Cheyenne Reservation, and on the east by the lower Brulé Reservation. It is not known exactly how long Fr. Frederick remained with these Indians. Fr. Brassard succeeded him, then Fr. McCarthy. Next came Fr. Craft, who was banished from the mission by the Agent, next Fr. Bushman and finally Fr. Hospenthal. The latter was in charge when on the 1st of January of this year Fr. John Jutz took possession of this mission in the name of the Society. The mission was confided to the German Province by the Very Rev. Vicar Apostolic, Martin Marty. This prelate considered that it was only by means of a religious order that there could be any hopes of prosperous missionary work. A wealthy lady erected a school house here capable of accommodating one hundred Indian boys as boarders. On the Feast of the Annunciation I arrived here with a Brother and three Franciscan Sisters of the Heidhuisen congregation. It soon became clear that the school building far from being large enough to hold one hundred, was only capable of accommodating seventy, or, at the utmost, eighty children. The situation was lovely but inconvenient, and we were occupied for a long time in removing

the disadvantages resulting from this bad selection of a building site. First of all it was absolutely necessary to procure water, for as matters stood all the water for the house and stock had to be brought from a distance of five miles. We therefore set about sinking a well, and for months we worked without rest; finally on reaching a depth of one hundred and ninety-five feet we struck a vein of water. At present this water is brought to the surface by means of a windmill pump.

However, enough of these details. Our Indians are a harmless, friendly set; beyond a certain propensity to steal and lie, they are reliable enough. They prize the Blackrobes most highly. There is a report that they got rid of their last Agent on this account. For years they have desired a Blackrobe school, and would not hear of a public school which the Agent wished to open. The murder of Spotted Tail by his rival Crow Dog had no bad effect upon this desire, although Spotted Tail was the soul of the movement in favor of Catholicity. At present we have sixty-nine children inscribed on the school register, but alas! all are not present; for these Indians are so fond of their offspring that they indulge their every caprice. For instance, if a child has been corrected, or if we have thwarted his will in anything, he invariably runs away, and his parents are silly enough to wait till he is pleased to return. This is our greatest impediment for efficient teaching.

Regarding conversions among the adults, so far we have been able to do but little, as we have not yet learned the language well enough to give instructions, and our interpreters are not reliable, particularly in religious matters. In our school we have a young girl who acts as interpreter; she was several years in a convent in Minnesota. However, we cannot make use of her to interpret the sermons in the chapel, so we must wait till we learn the Sioux language. This is certainly a labor which requires much time, as these Indian languages have so little analogy with any other known tongues, and in their construction they drive all logic out of one's head. Still we have won some souls for Heaven; we have baptized fourteen children and three adults *in articulo mortis*. Several who had been already baptized we fortified with the sacraments in their last struggle. Now, Rev. Father, you have some items about our dear mission; if you can find anything worthy of insertion in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS you are welcome to it. I have so much to write that I have jotted down the notes at random without follow-

ing any order. Later on I may be able to send you a fuller account. I recommend myself and dear mission to your prayers and the prayers of others.

Yours in Christ,

E. PERRIG, S. J.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MONTANA.

ST. PETER'S MISSION, Sept. 15th, 1886.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

To get information from other quarters, I ought to have written about the Rocky Mountain Missions; so, to-day, I pen you a few lines, and let you know the chief events which have happened at St. Peter's since my last letter. The work is slow and uphill, but not devoid of success. On the 16th of May, solemn pontifical Mass was sung for the first time in our little church, and Confirmation administered by Bishop Brondel to fifty-three persons—whites, half-breeds and Indians. If the half-breeds were not so much addicted to roaming, the number would have been largely increased. Some three weeks before the coming of the Bishop, they had abandoned their village, named Chicago.

The part of Montana in which we live is the country for cowboys. These are a rough, bold set of fellows fond of the most daring feats of horsemanship. Every year they spend a considerable time in bringing together their cattle straying at large. The technical word for it is *round-up*. When this work is going on, one might well say that they are day and night in the saddle. The scene of their exploits extends in a radius of forty or fifty miles. They stay out all the time until they have driven the cattle into their respective corrals. When this is done they proceed to the task of branding them. Our mission owns a pretty extensive farm, thirty horses and four hundred horned cattle under the charge of cowboys.

During this summer I had a day of vacation. Being wholly free from the worry of the school, I started on horseback early in the morning with two companions. We cantered up hill most of the time towards the Missouri which flows fifteen miles south-east from St. Peter's. The scenery viewed from the summit of the mountain is gorgeous. All

along the way there are steep acclivities, rocky and woody hills, the brows of which are covered with fir and pine trees. From the loftiest heights the eye can wander at ease over ridges of mountains; it is the imposing range of the Rockies looming up at a distance of about one hundred miles. In less than three hours we had reached the banks of the Missouri. At present they are building on that spot a railroad from Helena to Fort Benton. Here and there the scenery is enlivened by clusters of cabins and very busy people. The rails run all along the banks of the river, and without doubt crowds of visitors will flock to this branch of the railroad to admire the beauties of the country. We alighted at one o'clock to take a hasty dinner in a deep valley, where the river glides at the foot of rocky walls rising perpendicularly one hundred and twenty feet in the air. In the afternoon we dived into a very wild cañon. We were in a virgin forest. Some tracks could be perceived on the ground; but they had been printed by bears, the unmolested lords of the place. After we had wandered for one hour or so, we found out that there was no egress; so dismounting, we had to climb up the mountain. The ascent was painful, but it enabled us to reach the mission at night.

Last year ninety children were educated at St. Peter's. The lack of accommodations had been an impediment to a larger number, which we expect to obtain pretty soon. We have four boarding schools; two for the children of the whites and two for those of the Indians. I teach the school for Indian boys; the others are taught by the Sisters. Until the close of last June, Catechism was taught in the vernacular, since all the Indian children, but a few, were Blackfeet. At present it is not so. Many have abandoned the mission, or left it with the consent of the Fathers, and their place has been taken by Indians or half-breeds of many tribes. In my school, for instance, there are boys of five different nations; Crees, Gros Ventres, Blackfeet, Assiniboines and Snakes. The Gros Ventres will soon outnumber all the others. In August their parents and relatives made a visit to the mission. The first time I saw them, they were at the table, where they showed that no other name could suit them better. With the half-breeds of the neighborhood I have in my school not less than thirty boys. To teach them English and prepare them for their first Communion will be my chief work for the opening year. The winter, according to indications, will be very severe; we have already had signs of it in heavy snow storms. I am your devoted servant and brother in Christ,

P. BOUGIS, S. J.

OBITUARY.

FR. JOHN CLARKE.

On the 23rd of last February was laid away, in St. Louis Cemetery, New Orleans, all that was mortal of Fr. J. Clarke. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, on December 25th, 1853. On the death of his father, who was killed in the Crimean war, his mother took him to England, where a better opportunity offered of rearing her only child. But Providence had other designs, and at the age of six Fr. Clarke was without father and mother. How he passed what remained of his childhood we do not know, but as a boy we find him in the service of our Fathers at Stonyhurst. The bright, energetic lad attracted the attention of the Superior, who, seeing in the friendless boy the makings of a worthy member of society, determined to place at his command all the resources of a good education, and with this intention sent him to our College at Beaumont. While here Father Clarke showed signs of a vocation to the Society, and finally asked to be received into it. His request was granted, and he entered the novitiate at Lons-le-Saulnier, France, on December 13th, 1869. That he was a fervent, and pious novice we gather from those who were with him, and from the same source we learn, that the consequence of his severe self-discipline in those days, was that lingering disease, which worked silently on his system for many years, and at the close of his life manifested itself in such a painful form.

In 1873 he came to America, and spent four years at Grand Coteau, one at New Orleans, and one at Spring Hill, displaying wherever he was, zeal and tact in the management of those committed to his care. At the close of his College work he was sent to Woodstock, but, owing to ill health, was obliged to come South before completing his third year of philosophy. He spent another year and a half in the colleges with his wonted success, and was then sent to England to read theology. After his ordination he spent some time at the Apostolic School at Mungret, Ireland. In the summer of '85 he received a letter summoning him home for the opening of classes. But the school-room was to know him no more. On the return voyage he had several severe hemorrhages, and it was with difficulty that he reached his cherished southern home. When he arrived at New Orleans he rallied somewhat, and we began to hope; but as winter approached he sank so low that it was with difficulty that he could say Mass. Christmas day, the day of his birth into the world and religion, came round, and he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice once more, it was his last offering, for after a few days he was obliged to take to his bed, never more to leave it. The proverbial easiness of death by consumption had no place in his case, and in consequence great was the edification he gave by his fortitude and patience to those who knew how hasty and sanguine was his natural temperament; his only complaint was, that he did not deserve the kindness and charity shown him by the community. To one of his energetic character it was hard to die, but he made the sacrifice, and when death came on the evening of the 22nd of February it found him ready, and fortified with all the consolations of religion. He lay on his side, with his head bowed, so as to see the crucifix that lay near him, for he had not strength to hold it, and while looking at the emblem of salvation he fell asleep, and awoke in the presence of his God.—R. I. P.

BR. JOSEPH WELLNER.

At Osage Mission, on Thursday, April 8th, Br. Joseph Wellner fell a victim to pneumonia in the prime of manhood, after a short illness of five days. He had just completed the 33rd year of his life, having been born on the 4th day of April, in the year 1853.

A German by birth, he came to this country in 1874 to avoid military service. Not long after, on November 24th, 1875, he enlisted under the standard of Christ in the Company of Jesus, in the humble rank of a Lay Brother. Naturally of a lively, genial disposition, he gave himself with cheerfulness and ready obedience to the service of our Lord by an exact observance of his rules and a faithful discharge of his duties.

At the novitiate he was employed as tailor and porter. The same duties, with those of Infirmarian superadded, he fulfilled several years in Chicago. After having been sent back to the novitiate for a few years, he was finally transferred to Osage Mission in 1884, to take charge of the students' clothes-room and dormitory.

All who knew him, especially his Superiors, praise him highly as a steady and willing worker, who never shirked any labor, but always did his work promptly and well. As he had learned well the fundamental lesson of spirituality, to be always actuated by higher and supernatural motives, we may hope that he is now enjoying the reward of his humble and hidden life, having heard the consoling words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, . . . enter into the joy of thy Lord."—R. I. P.

BR. THEODORE LOHMANN.

Over twenty years ago Br. Lohmann was sent by Rev. Fr. Provincial to the novitiate at Florissant, to rest from long and faithful labors, and to prepare in retirement for his final reward, which appeared to be nigh at hand. Generation after generation of novices were edified by his spirit of cheerful obedience; young men came and went, grew up to manhood and died, and Br. Lohmann lived on, bent down with age, but with heart as light as that of the youngest novice. Frequently he received Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum; but each time death which seemed so imminent, was cheated of its victim. His mind had gradually become enfeebled; but habits of piety and obedience made his life edifying to the end. He prayed daily for the conversion of Bismarck, and his warm heart beat in sympathy with that of the Supreme Pontiff, of our Society and of the Universal Church. Death came at last; it gained slowly upon him, and he looked it bravely in the face. Calm in spirit, and blessing the holy will of God, he expired during the night before Easter, April 24th, 1886.

Born at Westkirchen, in Westphalia, January 13th, 1797, Theodore Lohmann was for ten years foreman in a liquor distillery at Schiedam, Holland. He came to the United States with Rev. Fr. Oakley, and entered the novitiate at Florissant, on February 3rd, 1835. There were then only two graves at the house of probation, at a spot which is now the centre of the garden; the mound which at present holds the sacred relics of so many of Ours was then a vacant grassy knoll. For twelve years he was the buyer at the St. Louis University, for four years at Cincinnati, for eleven more at Bardstown College. He was ever as indefatigable as he was judicious and edifying in the performance of his duties.—R. I. P.

FR. CAMILLUS IMODA.

The sudden death of Fr. Camillus Imoda on the 18th of June, has deprived the Mission of the Rocky Mountains of one of her most valuable and zealous missionaries. He was born in Turin, Piedmont, on November 29th, 1829, and entered the Society of Jesus, April 22nd, 1854. He had already received Holy Orders and had acted as parish priest in a town near Naples. Perhaps the example of his brother in choosing the religious life influenced his own choice, and the elder in age followed, after a lapse of four years, his brother to the novitiate. Fr. Henry Imoda was for many years minister of the College at Santa Clara, Cal., but is at present minister of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco. A third brother was for a time a temporal coadjutor of the Society. Their mother became a nun. Fr. Camillus, after two years of noviceship at Massa Carrara, in Italy, was made procurator of that College. In May, 1858, he arrived with eight companions at Frederick, Md., en route for California, for which mission he was then destined. A trip across the continent was in those days an arduous undertaking, and so they went by sea *via* Panama, the journey lasting twenty-five days. One of his companions had been intended for the Mission of the Rocky Mountains, but Providence sent Fr. Camillus in his place, and he accordingly set forth in May 1859 for the mountains. His first mission was among the Blackfoot Indians in what is now Montana Territory, and he had for a companion Fr. Hoecken. They spent that winter at the old Mission of St. Peter. From the first day of their arrival among the Blackfeet Fr. Imoda began to learn their language, and give his whole attention to their conversion. He followed them for weeks on their hunting expeditions, living on their food, sleeping in their wigwams and sharing their privations. Sometimes his whereabouts would be unknown for weeks. In the spring of 1860 Fr. Hoecken returned to Missouri and Fr. Imoda was ordered to St. Ignatius' Mission. There he remained until June 1861, when he went back to St. Peter's in company with Fr. Giorda. To his great grief in 1866 this mission was ordered to be closed for want of missionaries, and because the locality was not adapted to farming, owing to the want of proper means of irrigation. Fr. Imoda was accordingly sent to Missoula (then called Hell Gate) with the stock and effects belonging to the mission. On the 8th of September of this year he took his last vows. He was too deeply interested in the welfare of his first neophytes not to take his forced abandonment of them very much to heart. And so he prayed and entreated the Superior of the mission again and again to allow him to return to the Blackfeet. He even had recourse to the General of the Society. His prayers were granted and in 1867 the mission of St. Peter was reopened, but on a new and more favorable site. Thus it is to Fr. Imoda that the mission among the Blackfeet owes its existence. He thought nothing of privations and sufferings when there was question of saving souls, and in his frequent solitude he devoted himself to the study of the language, and with such success that he knew Blackfoot better than any other Father in the mission. He even composed a small grammar and dictionary, which unfortunately are almost unintelligible owing to the handwriting.

In 1880 he was sent to live permanently in Helena, Montana Ter., where the Society had a church and a residence, which became respectively the cathedral and palace of Bishop Brondel, when raised to the See of Helena. For the last three years he has acted as Vicar General. While attending to the duties of his office, to quote an obituary notice in the *Catholic Sentinel* of Portland, Oregon, "his characteristic zeal, kind and affable manner, and his many and most admirable qualities of mind and heart have won for him the highest respect and warmest love of a large

congregation, who to-day (June 18) with all tearful eyes and sad hearts, mourn his unexpected death."

He had been troubled for some time with rheumatic pains in the back; but no apprehensions were entertained either by himself or his friends as to the seriousness of the complaint. On Thursday morning he said Mass at 8 o'clock, and in the afternoon paid several visits and attended to some business as usual. In the evening not feeling so well, he called in the Doctor, who prescribed a simple remedy. About ten o'clock, Fr. Pannelyn, a secular priest attached to the cathedral, went into Fr. Imoda's room and, preparatory to a missionary trip on which he was to start the following morning, made his own confession and received that of Fr. Imoda, who then bade him good night, and wished him a pleasant and successful journey. These were the last words heard from his lips.

The next morning Br. Megazzini, hearing no answer when he went to call the Father to say the 8 o'clock Mass, did not ring the church bell, thinking him to be asleep and unwilling to disturb him. About 11 o'clock a gentleman having called to see Father Imoda on business, the Brother again knocked at the door which was locked. Being now alarmed he entered the room through the window and found the Father lying on his simple cot, pale and cold in death. The Doctor pronounced the cause to be most probably rheumatism of the heart. The sad news soon spread, and cast a gloom over the whole town where Fr. Imoda was universally beloved. The Bishop, then absent on a missionary tour, returned at once to Helena, and, on the day of the funeral, celebrated the solemn high Mass and preached in the presence of a very large and deeply moved congregation. The remains of Fr. Imoda were placed in the crypt under the cathedral. The people of Helena defrayed all the expenses of the funeral.—R. I. P.

FR. WILLIAM NIEDERKORN.

A long and painful sickness, by which he was almost constantly confined to his bed during a whole year, completed the preparation of Father William Niederkorn for his holy death. Born on the 18th of February, 1823, at Cessingen, in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, he acquired the rudiments of a classical education by the devoted labors of his elder brother Dominic, then a secular priest stationed close by, who had taken his education upon himself. After finishing his course in our College of Namur, Belgium, in 1848 he came with Fr. De Smet to the novitiate at Florissant. Eleven years later his brother Dominic followed his example, who is now the Spiritual Father of our College at Detroit, Mich. With the latter, their sister came to the United States to join the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, of whose western vicariate she is now the Provincial Superior. After a few years of teaching at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, and of study at the St. Louis University, Fr. William was ordained in 1855, and stationed at our residence of St. Joseph's, in St. Louis.

A devoted laborer in the vineyard of our dear Lord, he was remarkable besides for his simple and sincere piety, his tender charity, and his strong common sense. For ten years, from 1871 to 1881, he was the Superior of our residence at Washington, Mo., where he finished the church begun by his predecessor. He also built a church at Loose Creek, where he lived as Superior from 1881 to 1883. For a considerable time before, he had been suffering from a painful hernia, which at last rendered him totally incapable of performing the labors of the spiritual ministry. A spinal affection supervened, accompanied by severe pains in his legs, so that he could find no rest night or day. The best doctors of St. Louis gave him no hope of ever recovering the use of his limbs. Still he trusted in the power of prayer. Transported last autumn in an ambulance to the novitiate at Florissant, he lay helpless on his bed for many weeks; but he kept on praying, and made about twenty novenas one after an-

other. After a while he began to walk a few steps. His eager prayer was that he might recover sufficiently to say holy Mass every day.

He was heard at last. On the patronage of St. Joseph, he said his first Mass after an interval of thirteen months, and he continued to celebrate almost daily till a few days before his death. His sufferings too were much diminished. With the last days of June however there came a change for the worse. On the 6th of July he was struck with apoplexy, and he died a short time after receiving Extreme Unction.—R. I. P.

FR. LOUIS MONACO.

On July 29th Almighty God was pleased to call to himself Rev. Father Louis Monaco. Those who saw him last year and were every day witnesses of his untiring energy and activity, could never have imagined that he would leave us so soon. He contracted a cold on June 21st while hearing confessions, and on the following day was prostrated by a violent pain in the side, with an acute fever. On June 27th he seemed on the sure way to a full recovery; but unfortunately, an old affection of the heart returned. Despite the solicitous care of Fr. Minister and the attendance of our best physicians, he grew weaker and weaker, undergoing intolerable sufferings. He could hardly sleep a wink at night. Ours and strangers who saw him in so painful a trial, could but be edified by his resignation to the will of God, and by his fervor in preparing himself for eternity. So far was he from fearing death, that he esteemed himself very happy. For years past his only happiness had been to live and to die for Christ. Being conscious till within the few last moments before he expired, he renewed his vows, asked us to pray for him, and surrounded by his brethren, surrendered his holy soul into the hands of his beloved Jesus. Solemn Mass of requiem was sung by the professors of the Palafoxian Seminary, and many acquaintances and friends followed his remains to the grave.

Rev. Fr. Monaco came to Puebla for two years, after having spent some time at Guanajuato and Jalapa, and attended many missions. In all things were his labors successful, but chiefly while accompanying the Bishop of Vera Cruz on his pastoral visits. In Puebla he soon became beloved. His great learning, his solid virtues, his plainness of manner, simplicity of character and largeness of heart won for him the esteem and friendship of clergy and people. He made everywhere so favorable an impression, that in the deep and lasting misunderstanding between the Society and the Palafoxians, he became an instrument of reconciliation and peace. As he was an eminent divine, he was made one of the first doctors of the new university established in Puebla by letters apostolic of December 10th, 1885.

When appointed Superior of the Colegio Catolico, he had the good fortune to make in it great improvements, and to give it lustre. A few months after his arrival, piety received a new impulse among the pupils, and the studies made steady progress. No detail in the management of schools could ever escape him. To form some idea of his labors, I may say that he himself filled the offices of Rector, Procurator, Professor of English, Confessor and Preacher. God alone can bestow on him a reward worthy of all the good he has done us. The secret of his constant success was in the inspirations he drew from the Sacred Heart of Jesus; in him were fulfilled the promises made in favor of all those who devote themselves to the spread of this devotion.—R. I. P.

FR. PETER CHASSOT.

In the death of Fr. Chassot on July 31st, St. Ignatius demanded from us a sacrifice which we could but ill afford to make, and one which those who knew him would be reluctant to make, even as a sacrifice. His post was a difficult one to fill, and he was eminently fitted to fill it. As Professor of Hebrew he gave such an impetus to the study of oriental languages that the province must ever stand indebted to him.

Pierre Fortuné Chassot was born on the 28th of November, 1851, at Treyvaux, in Fribourg, Switzerland. He was educated at St. Michael's College in the city of Fribourg amid scenes well calculated to develop all his faculties of mind and body. When in after years he halted for breath on the easy stair-ways of Woodstock, he loved to recall the facility with which he was wont to climb, on the run, the steep hill on which St. Michael's is built. Though a born linguist, he gave no signs during his college career, of his peculiar talent. Besides the ordinary knowledge of Latin and Greek which students possess, he knew no other language than his native French. At the age of eighteen he entered the novitiate of the German Province at Gorheim. In a short time he mastered German so as to speak it like a native. During his noviceship the Franco-German war broke out, and he was sent to serve in the hospitals. The hardships which he had to endure, whilst undergoing this practical experiment, developed the disease which ultimately put an end to his life. The sight of blood, the sufferings of the wounded, loss of sleep and irregularity of meals, were difficult enough to a boy of nineteen, but the impossibility of keeping clean or of avoiding vermin was repulsive.

After taking his vows in 1871 he was sent to Marialaach to study Philosophy. On the completion of his course, he was ordered to the Juniorate to study German literature preparatory to teaching. After his literary labors were completed, he went to teach at Feldkirch, but owing to his failing health, it was found necessary to transfer him to easier work in a milder climate. In 1877 he began the study of Theology in Louvain. Being unable to pursue the regular course, he studied the compendium, and took up Hebrew, more, perhaps, as a pastime, than with any hope of becoming eminent in that branch. In a short while he made so much progress, that he was emboldened to commence the cognate tongues of Arabic and Syriac. He began, too, to study Sanscrit, but wisely determined, after a short experiment, to confine himself to the Semitic languages. He had now found his vocation, and determined to labor at it, as long as his Superiors should allow. After his ordination in 1880 he was ordered to Tronchiennes for his Tertianship. Here he met some of the missionaries from Syria, and learned much to help him in his study of Arabic. His Superiors resolved to devote him to his favorite studies, and accordingly after his third year of probation he prepared to teach Hebrew in Woodstock.

When Fr. Chassot arrived amongst us in September 1882, he saw the difficulties he had to overcome and despite temptations to despondency, he determined to do his duty bravely. In his explanations he was clear, and showed, as far as his pupils could judge, a perfect mastery of his subject. He made it evident to all that Hebrew could be learned, that a knowledge of the language would greatly contribute towards a proper understanding of Scripture. He was, moreover, so very modest in his demands for time to be devoted to private study, that what he asked, and much more, was given to preparation for class. With his second class he was even more successful than with his first; for success had been achieved. To his patience, tact and ability must be attributed, in a great measure, what progress was made in the study of the Oriental languages in Woodstock. For not only did he teach Hebrew, but he inaugurated also the study of Syriac and Arabic, and gave all the encouragement in

his power, and set an example to such as dared to undertake the study of Assyrian and Æthiopic. In his efforts to promote his favorite studies, he was materially assisted by the example of Protestants in the United States. Much attention has been bestowed, within the past few years, upon the study of Oriental tongues. In the seminaries the chair of Hebrew is becoming daily more prominent. Amongst those who cannot attend college lectures, circles are formed for the study of Hebrew, and the same instruction is conveyed by mail, the same exercises performed, as in the class-room. Summer schools also have been established in various cities for the study of Hebrew and kindred languages. The ever-increasing numbers in attendance at these schools made it evident that, at no distant date, we shall have to solve many theological questions by an appeal to sacred philology.

In the summer of 1884, after a hard year's work, Fr. Chassot determined to take up the study of Assyrian. He resolved to attend the summer school held in Worcester that year. After finishing his own labors in May, he made whatever preparations he could make, in order to derive the fullest benefits from the public lectures. Such was the favorable impression made by his talents and attainments that he was invited to conduct a class of Syriac during the next season. Of course, he declined; though not without the hope that, sooner or later, he might be able to inaugurate something of the same kind for Catholics. His failing health obliged him to abandon the hope, as well as to resign his chair in Woodstock.

When he returned from Worcester, it was evident to all that the strain had been too much for his strength, and that the cold and moist climate of New England disagreed with him. He complained of never having been able to keep warm. The cold settled upon his chest; his breathing which was always difficult, now became more so, and finally, he became subject to distressing fits of coughing. The best doctors of Baltimore were consulted, but with very slight hope of a radical cure. During the next year he remained under medical treatment, going frequently to the city, though he did not discontinue his classes. He never lost his courage, even when his health seemed poorest, hoping for a complete cure on the return of spring. Spring came and summer, too, but no permanent improvement followed. The doctor pronounced the weakness of his lungs and throat chronic, and stated that the only hope of prolonging life was residence in a dry climate. It was determined, accordingly, to send him to New Mexico. It was with sincere regrets, and cordial wishes for a speedy return, that he left us in August 1885. Little did we imagine that within one short year we would have to offer the suffrages of the Society for the repose of his soul.

For three years he labored amongst us, never relaxing any of the enthusiasm which enabled him to overcome first obstacles. He succeeded in endearing himself to all who had an opportunity of knowing him outside of his class. Towards others he was remarkably kind and considerate. Though he was passionately fond of the water and of boating, it was with the greatest difficulty he could be persuaded to go to St. Inigoes, lest his presence there and the consideration shown him should be, in any way, a restraint upon the scholastics. Not to be a burden upon others, he insisted upon doing his share of rowing on the excursions, and even took part in the impromptu races which usually ended the day's outing. These were often a severe tax upon his strength, as, carried away by the excitement of the moment, he was liable to exert himself too much, and would not cause delay by giving up his place to another. No one, however, suspected this trouble the first year, as his malady had not fully declared itself, and his condition was unknown. He often contrasted our facilities for boating and excursions with the difficulties which he, and others equally fond of adventure, had to contend against when they crossed the waters of Marialaach in a scow, using as an oar a piece

of board clumsily nailed to a young pine tree fresh from the mountain side.

In stature he was tall, his shoulders were high and broad, his chest weak and ill-developed. His features retained to the last their deep, European flush. In appearance he was grave and even reserved. Sickness and years had deprived him of the animal spirits which were said to have characterized his youth. Yet the spirit of his younger days was manifested by the keen relish and the laugh, half-apologetic, with which he heard of such harmless dissipation as may take place in a well regulated community. One can easily imagine how he chuckled inwardly, as with countenance as impassive as that of a Sioux chief he witnessed the scene which he describes in the following words: "One day the parish priest of one of the Indian pueblos near by, came to my room with two Indians. . . . I was much amused at the remark of one of the worthy men, who, on being shown various specimens of Arabic handwriting, told us without flinching, that, when his boy was attending the school he used to write exactly in the same way."

While he was not a man of one idea, his favorite subject of conversation was the language, literature, history and customs of Oriental nations. He had read everything within his reach that could in any way throw light on his linguistic studies. If it had pleased God to preserve his life he would assuredly have become an eminent linguist. At the end of his first year amongst us he could converse without difficulty, and when he left us after three years he had mastered our idiom and pronunciation so well that he might have been taken for one who was using his native language. He spoke Italian with ease, and, after three months' of Spanish, progressed so far as to be able to hear confessions in that language. This was no easy task, as his penitents took liberties with their language which would be resented in Castile. "The Mexicans," he says, "have sometimes loose notions about the propriety of words, as you may judge from the following fair specimen, one out of a thousand. Imagine to yourself a good old pious woman coming to you with most contrite disposition and telling you: *Padre, me acuso de todos mis pecados, presentes, ausentes y contemporaneos.*" It is not known how far he had advanced in speaking Arabic, though it is certain that he was able to question an Arab and obtain from him the proper pronunciation of the various letters. On his arrival in New Mexico he was sent to Albuquerque where he improved for a time. He caught a cold in the beginning of January from which he suffered for a few weeks but "recovered again," as he says, "quite fairly, and I feel now, I may say, better than ever." The summer heat began to prey on his exhausted vitality. The following letter gives an account of his last days:

"I would like to write you a long account of the last days of Fr. Chassot; but my occupations do not permit me to do so. I must be satisfied with a few words. He died, as he lived, a good son of the Society. In the beginning of July the heat here [Albuquerque] was scarcely endurable. The doctor advised Fr. Chassot to spend a few weeks at Santa Fe. He consented, and, accompanied by another Father he set off. But before leaving, having a presentiment of death, he told me many things; amongst others, that the Doctor of Baltimore had told him that his malady was chronic and must run its course. Afterwards he made his will in these words: 'Father, I have left some books in my room, some of them belong to Woodstock, and the rest to Buffalo.' That was all. At Santa Fe he was placed under the charge of the Sisters of Charity who took excellent care of him. He had a Doctor whom he liked, and we Fathers visited him frequently. But his disease made rapid strides. During the last week of his life I received from his uncle the information that his only brother was dying, and after a few days that he was dead. His sickness was precisely the same as that of Father Chassot. I did not

dare to communicate the news to him. He used to recall his sister who died too of the same malady.

He made his last confession to one of our Fathers. On the evening of the 26th he received Extreme Unction, and from that day forward he was confined to his bed; for he was extremely weak. During his last days he suffered much, but with great patience and resignation. Here is what the Sister Superioress wrote to me on July 27th: 'Father is truly very edifying and patient. He knows that he is in a very critical condition and may die at any moment. He is, I think, anxious now to receive his reward. He made the remark to the Sister that he hoped his Father, St. Ignatius, would soon take him.'

In fact St. Ignatius did summon him to his feast in heaven, as the Father's holy life gives us reason to hope. His death was very calm and he retained consciousness up to within a half hour of his end."—R. I. P.

FR. JOHN F. BERGIN.

Fr. John F. Bergin died at the novitiate, Florissant, on Tuesday night, August 10th, shortly before 11 P. M. Though taken away in the prime of life, within little more than a year after his ordination; just when he seemed prepared to do much for the glory of God, he bore his sickness with great resignation and through many days of pain calmly looked forward to the moment when he should go to meet his God.

The illness which terminated fatally was consumption, the result of a severe cold which the reverend Father contracted last April. As Father Bergin was by no means a strong man, the disease gained headway rapidly and in five months had completed its work. Shortly before the end, he was compelled to give up his office of vice-president of St. Louis University, an office which he occupied but one year, but during which short time by his too great solicitude to have things in perfect order, he did much to injure his already weak constitution. He retired to the novitiate, in hopes of building up his shattered health, but it was too late. He declined day by day and was soon brought to death's door. During his illness, he edified all by the perfect resignation with which he bore his sufferings and though in acute pain, never uttered a word of complaint, but would rather look to the comfort of others than to his own, questioning them minutely, to be sure that he was giving as little trouble as possible. He prepared himself quietly for death and was fully aware of its speedy approach, remarking to a Father attending him in his last illness, "if there is no change soon, I will not last two hours"—and in fact, not long after, he expired.

Fr. Bergin at the time of his death was but 32 years of age, having been born at Cincinnati, August the 24th, 1854. He studied for six years at our College in St. Louis and entered the Society immediately after, July 2nd, 1873. After the usual time spent in the novitiate and juniorate, he passed to Woodstock where he gave three years to the study of philosophy. Towards the end of his third year at Woodstock, his health gave way, and he was obliged to return West before passing his examination in philosophy. He taught a few months at Cincinnati; two years at Omaha and almost three years at St. Louis. As during all this time his health had not notably improved, his Superiors deemed it best that he should study theology privately. Shortly after his ordination, which took place in February 1885, he was appointed vice-president of St. Louis University and at once set to work with zeal to make the College as successful as possible. He proved very efficient in his new position, and though an exact disciplinarian, merited the respect and love of the pupils. Ever kind and courteous and willing to help along the students falling behind their classes, he established a reputation which will always be remembered by those attending the College at that time.—R. I. P.

BR. PRISCUS CASO.

The residence of Isleta, Texas, belonging to the Mission of New Mexico, was saddened by the unexpected death of Br. P. Caso. He was taken sick on the 10th of August last, and in twenty hours or so the disease made such rapid progress as to put an end to his life. This Brother was the last of the three Neapolitan Jesuits, who, in the year 1866, founded that mission, the other two being Frs. Gasparri and Bianchi. Their first entrance into the field of their labors was contested by a band of three hundred well-armed Indians, against whom they had to fight for life. In 1871 Br. Caso, while accompanying Father P. Tomassini in an expedition to Socorro, was suddenly surrounded by an overflow of the Rio Grande, whose alarming progress he was barely able to escape. At Conejos, Colo., where he was afterwards stationed, he had to face the inclemency of two winter seasons, destitute of almost any means but his tried patience. In another poor and solitary residence he even endured the pains of starvation, and, what is at times still worse, the gloominess of a perfect seclusion, especially when Fr. Carrozzini, his Superior, went out on missionary excursions. Many other trials like these, which we omit for want of space put to test Br. Caso's virtue, and largely contributed, we trust in writing his name with golden letters in the book of life.—R. I. P.

FR. PATRICK KENNELY.

Father Patrick Kennely was born in Listowel, County Kerry, Ireland, of devout Catholic parents, on the 11th of February, 1853. Indeed, such was the influence of their piety over the hearts of their children, that no less than five dedicated their lives to the service of the Almighty. Three of them, Fr. Patrick Kennely being of the number, entered the Society. His early years were spent in attending the school of his native town.

But meanwhile, God, who had destined him to labor in America as a member of the Society of Jesus, spoke to his heart. Faithful to the divine call, Fr. Kennely generously offered the sacrifices it demanded of him, and applied for admission among the children of St. Ignatius. His request being granted, he proceeded to Milltown Park and entered the novitiate on the 10th of May, 1872. After remaining there one year he was sent to Clermont, where he had the happiness of pronouncing the first vows of religion. The piety and fervor which had caused him to be loved and admired by his fellow-novices, did not cease to edify his brothers during the studies of the juniorate and scholasticate. The former were made at Lons-le-Saulnier, the latter, partly at Vals and partly at Laval.

Having now completed his philosophy, Fr. Kennely set out for the Mission of New Orleans. On his arrival, he was sent to Spring Hill, where for three years, he fulfilled the arduous offices of prefect and teacher. Considerate and kind, he won the affections of those, whose minds he improved by his knowledge, and whose hearts he turned to God by his zeal and piety. From these same qualities, no doubt, came the influence he exercised over outsiders, and which, combined with his zeal gave expectation of much fruit in the future, had his life been spared.

But his health naturally weak and delicate, had now become completely undermined by consumption. Perceiving that his condition rapidly grew worse and desiring, before the close of his life to hold in his hands the Bread of the Strong, he sought and obtained permission to be ordained before the usual time. He then applied himself to the study of theology, and on completing a short course, was raised to the priesthood in New Orleans, during the ember days, preceding the Christmas of '83.

Sometime after his ordination, Father Kennely went to Grand Coteau,

performing there what offices the weak state of his health permitted. But the inclemencies of the weather during the winter of 1885 proved too severe for his already shattered constitution and his condition became worse. In hopes that a change of climate might bring the sufferer some relief, he was sent to Spring Hill, where he arrived in the beginning of June. The illness, however, could no longer be stayed. The sufferings increased; still, they were borne with great and edifying patience to the end. On the evening of the 22nd of September a change came over him, and feeling that the hour of his death had come, he asked for the last sacraments, which were immediately administered to him. After having received the last consolation of the Church, he addressed those assembled in his room, asking their pardon for any disedification he might have given and begging their prayers to assist his soul in her last struggle. Two hours after, Fr. Kennely had quietly breathed his last.—R. I. P.

MR. JOHN B. O'LEARY.

Religion, when she restores to God the son she received from God, forbids a tear, and our mother the Society regards such days as days of triumph. Such a day and such a triumph did the brethren at Frederick witness on the twenty-second of September last, when our much-loved brother, Mr. John B. O'Leary, went to his reward. Born at Georgetown, D. C., on the twenty-fourth of June, 1864, he had hardly completed the first quarter of his twenty-third year when God called him away. He received his early education at the school of the Christian Brothers. In 1877 he entered Gonzaga College, where he remained until his departure for the novitiate at Frederick, in 1879. At college his quiet, unassuming ways gained unto him many a friend, and his uniform conduct wrought that untold good, which the example of the docile and diligent scholar must ever work among school fellows. But it was at Frederick that the full beauty of his character developed itself. As a novice, he was truly remarkable for his childlike piety and unfeigned humility. Of how many other virtues he became master in this school of holiness only God and he himself know. He seemed to bury his own little troubles and his own feelings, the more completely to give himself to the service and the solace of his companions. The two years of noviceship, full of victories over self and full of the good things born of charity at length drew to a close. Then came that fairest of all mornings, when he knelt at the altar, and there in the presence of the Saviour, whose divine countenance had for years been drawing him on, he sealed with heaven a solemn contract, the heroism of which was to clothe with its own splendor every little act of the coming five years. In the juniorate he put forth all his energies to fit himself for the arduous, but consoling and fruitful duty of teaching, which he was destined to perform only in will and purpose. In every little undertaking, that promised to increase his store of knowledge, and so widen the prospective sphere of his usefulness, he took a deep interest. His companions cannot but remember the active zeal he displayed in furthering the progress of clubs, formed at intervals for the cultivation of literature and elocution. Indeed, this ardor of his, coupled with the graceful figure of which he was possessed in those early days, with his nice perception of oratorical proprieties and with numerous other excellencies, more than once elicited the remark that he would one day be an ornament to the pulpit. Neither did he, whilst thus improving his mind and inspiring his friends with high hopes for his future, allow his fervor of heart to grow cold. In 1883 he bade farewell to the home of his religious childhood, to journey to Woodstock. Arrived here he threw himself with his wonted earnestness into the study of philosophy, and success seemed to attend his efforts. But at this juncture God interposed, and,

for reasons best known to Himself, unexpectedly cut short the long career that seemed to open out before our brother. During his sojourn at Frederick, his health had been exceptionally good, nor did it lose any of its vigor during the early part of his first year's stay at Woodstock. Towards its close, however, a scrofulous swelling appeared upon his neck, and gave the first indications of coming trouble. Long and tedious as was his trial, he, nevertheless, with the help of that grace which always attends chastening, proved equal to and bore up manfully under the burden imposed. During his second year his disease so sapped his strength, that from sheer weakness he, who was before a leader in all kinds of recreation, was forced to become an idle spectator of our games and sports. Indeed, so feeble was he as examinations drew near that Superiors thought it best to allow him to spend his vacations at Frederick, and forego the trip to St. Inigo's. At the opening of classes in '85 he returned to Woodstock with the intention of finishing his course of philosophy. The seemingly improved condition of his health led many to believe that he would compass his intention. But they soon perceived their mistake. At the very beginning of the year he was forced to abstain from study. After a little space, he was confined to his room. Later, his lungs became affected, and day by day it grew painfully apparent that he was not to move long among us. Last June, when all hope of recovery had been given up, he was again sent to Frederick. There he lingered through the months of July and August, and there, finally, on the twenty-second of September, he yielded up his pure soul to its Maker. Such was the life, such the enviable death of a young brother. He sowed on earth to reap in heaven and his harvest will therefore be fuller.—R. I. P.

FR. FREDERICK BRAMBRING.

Father Frederick Brambring was a native of that part of Westphalia, which is called Sauerland, being born in the town of Brilon, April 6th, 1837. Both his outward features and his character betokened the Saxon. He was, indeed, a true son of the red soil of Westphalia (*ein æchter Sohn der rothen Erde*). He began his classical studies at the *Progymnasium* of his native town, passing successively through all of its six classes. Here he lived amid scenes fraught with sacred memories, which may, even then, have turned his thoughts toward his future vocation: for this school occupied the buildings of the College of the Society of Jesus before the suppression. In the last official report we find that Fritz Brambring, on leaving this school for the *Gymnasium* of Münster, merited the highest mark not only in conduct and application, but also in all the important branches of study. And in a special certificate, written by the Rector of the school, we read that "he was always distinguished by good moral deportment, and an honorable, firm character, which had gained for him the confidence of his teachers." The boy is father of the man. The next two years he spent, I believe, at Münster, finishing his classical studies in the fall of 1856. In the capital of Westphalia he was not only surrounded by monuments of the past glories of the Society of Jesus, but became acquainted with live Jesuits; for the novitiate was at the outskirts of the town. He heard their eloquent sermons in the cathedral and other churches, he probably went to confession to a Jesuit. From the *Gymnasium* it was an easy step to the novitiate. We find him there in October, 1856. He remained four years at the *Friedrichsburg*, studying Humanities and Rhetoric the last two years. In 1860 he began his philosophy in the scholasticate of Aachen (*Aix-la-chapelle*). In the first year he had severe hemorrhages, which, for a time, endangered his life. He was, however, able to finish the *triennium*, standing at the head of

his class. In the meantime Rev. Fr. Anderledy, then Provincial of Germany, had purchased the wonderful old Benedictine abbey of Maria-Laach (S. Mariæ ad lacum). Thither he brought the scholastics from Aachen, establishing his own residence in the midst of his well-beloved scholastics. From Laach *Frater* Brambring returns to the *Friedrichsburg* for the next three years as professor of the juniors—a significant proof of the esteem in which he was held by his Superiors both as a religious and a scholar. From 1866–70 we find him again in the classic retreat of Maria-Laach studying Theology. Those were the palmy days of Laach. It was then the abode of a group of men who have helped to shape the character and thought of contemporary Catholic Germany. Fr. Roh, the celebrated preacher, was Professor of Theology, with Fr. Wilmers, a distinguished Theologian and author of several excellent works. The latter, more than any other left the impress of his mind upon Fr. Brambring. Fr. Cornely, now professor in the Roman College, taught scripture, Fr. Schneemann canon law, Fr. Riess ecclesiastical history. Rev. Fr. Anderledy was Rector and Professor of Moral Theology. I have often heard Fr. Brambring speak with admiration of him as Professor of Moral Theology, and quote his solutions of knotty cases. In 1869 our young theologian was ordained priest by Bishop Meurin, S. J., Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, who had come to Europe to attend the Vatican Council. From 1870–72 he is professor in the College of Feldkirch. The following year he made his Tertianship at Tronchiennes. From 1873–75 we find him as teacher in the then struggling little Canisius College, Buffalo, where he pronounced his last vows. Next we find him at Feldkirch once more, chiefly as Professor of History and College preacher. In 1877 he was sent to Laval, where he taught Ethics and Theodicy for two years. In 1879, at the instance, I believe, of his revered Professor Fr. Wilmers, he was called to a chair of Theology in the Catholic University which the Bishop of Portiers, Cardinal Pie, had established in his episcopal city. The disaster which overtook the French Provinces of the Society in the following year, cut short his career as a University Professor. He continued, however, to teach Theology at Mold, in England, a gloomy old prison which the scholastics of Lyons converted into a cheerful home. In 1882–83 Fr. Brambring is back again in his own province, as Professor of the third year of Philosophy at Blyenbeck. At the end of that year he came to Woodstock.

Fr. Ming, to whom I am indebted for many of these details, writes as follows about our departed Father: "Fr. Brambring was without doubt an extraordinarily gifted man. He distinguished himself in nearly all the branches which he studied: in literature, in the classical languages, in history; he was conversant with the natural sciences and mathematics; was a pretty good preacher; in Philosophy and Theology he was deep, solid and clear, his conception was grand and lofty, his judgment independent." This, I think, will be generally accepted as a pretty correct estimate of Father Brambring's intellectual calibre. What with his splendid mind, his retentive memory, the rare opportunities he enjoyed for cultivating his talents, and his indomitable energy, it is no wonder that he came to be a thoroughly equipped man. His printed lectures, which, of course, he had no time to polish, give no idea whatever of the idiomatic elegance which he was capable of imparting to his Latin style. But his predilection was for Greek. His knowledge of the language and literature of ancient Greece was very great. Among his papers there was a carefully written commentary on Goethe's *Faust*, which I have heard spoken of with praise, and a good deal of other literary work, also a good many papers on historical questions and a vast number of well-planned sermons.

Fr. Ming continues: "He was a religious of great earnestness and practical piety, made great sacrifices for the sake of obedience, and strove sincerely to be helpful to others; in all his undertakings he showed great

energy and perseverance, and was capable of overcoming even the greatest obstacles. Hence his early death is a real loss to the Society." Father Brambring always took great interest in his scholars, liked to talk to them on literary or scientific subjects, endeavored to widen their intellectual horizon. In his intercourse with them, and in fact with everybody, while wholly free from anything like affectation, he was exceedingly affable and polite, always welcomed visitors with a smile, never seemed annoyed at being interrupted in his studies, ever eager to give help and render service. For quite a number of years he befriended a German nobleman who was "down," at very great personal inconvenience. But nobility of pedigree and nobility of soul do not always go together. This person finally turned upon his benefactor, sneered at his *Jesuitical* conscience, at his vows and his rules. Fr. Brambring felt deeply hurt, his indignation was great. "You sneer at my rules," he writes, "but to me they are sacred. And let me tell you, when there is question of a rule, the Superior can, in certain contingencies, grant a dispensation, but if he does not, I will suffer death, before I break one of them." This was an emphatic statement of his reverence for our rules, and we have been the witnesses of the quiet regularity of his life in our midst. His love for his scholars at Woodstock was very great, as most of them, I think, had good reason to know. It was his wont, for it lay in his kindly nature, always to encourage them, to lift them up, cheer them on. To crush any one with harshness, to quench the dying spark of hope in any one's breast, was not in his nature. Had there been any doubt as to this mutual affection between Fr. Brambring and his scholars, the scenes which we witnessed during his illness, would have effectually removed it. Indeed their devotion to him was most admirable, and no less touching was the heartfelt gratitude and affection he showed them in return. How often did we see him burst into tears when he witnessed or was told of some fresh token of their kindness to him. This man of modest mien, of shrinking disposition, of halting speech (he had not very well mastered the English language) edified and attracted toward him persons whom he met outside of our houses. An occasional visit to Washington was a great recreation. He used to return to his work quite refreshed after such a visit. Whenever he went there, he was sure to be called upon for a sermon. And his scholarly, yet popular discourses, were very much appreciated. He became acquainted with a few gentlemen in Washington. One of them writes during his sickness: "I feel so grateful to our good God that He made me known to him (Fr. Brambring); and I sometimes wonder for what wise purpose it may have been,—for there is a motive, of course, for all things that happen. If I can discern nothing else in it, I can sincerely say that I am edified and elevated by the sight of a man of giant intellect, freely devoting himself to the service of the King of kings,—why, therefore, should we ordinarily weak mortals begrudge Him the *little* service that is ours! Father Brambring has stimulated me, by my little association with him, to purer thoughts and holier aspirations than I had before. This he has done, not by direct word, but by the elevating influence of his company and presence The feeling with me, since I have known him, is why so unworthy a being as myself, should come to know one of the mighty chosen ones of God."

Idleness he did not know. And by his devotion to his work he shortened his days. We all used to say to one another: "Fr. Brambring will kill himself." Already in the winter the first symptoms of Bright's disease began to appear. In the spring he broke down and had to go away. In August he came back from the north and went to the hospital in Washington, where he remained about ten days. He said to me afterwards: "No one has any idea of what I suffered there." But he was anxious to come back to Woodstock, where he remained till his end, surrounded with all the tender care that our Holy Father bids us give to our sick. He rallied a little at first. But the day came when the Doctor had to speak the decisive word. From that moment, he was as eager to

die as he had been till then eager to live, recover and resume his work. How often we heard him cry out: "Come, O Jesus, come, my dear, dear Saviour, and take me away!" However, he had the strangest ups and downs, so that we were all puzzled, and the Doctor, as Brother Infirmary said, was, at one time, at his wits' end. Our sick Father himself once said with a smile: "I have seen many wonderful things in my life: the majestic Alps covered with everlasting snow, the fury of the storm upon the ocean; I have spoken to my students of the wonderful attributes of God, but the most wonderful and inexplicable thing is—that I cannot die." His cross was heavy, and he felt it, and he told us frankly, and with tears, that he felt it. But his thoughts constantly turned to sacred things: the Blessed Sacrament, which he was always eager to receive, Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, his vows, which he renewed time and again. One day he requested a scholastic to look in the Breviary for the Office of St. Andrew, and read the beautiful words with which the Apostle salutes the cross. He had to read them twice and three times—and then the Father continued murmuring: *O bona crux, O bona crux!*

As the sickness wore on, the crust of Westphalian reserve melted away completely, and he unfolded all the depth of feeling, that had been hidden in his soul. Again and again he asked the blessing of his Superiors and of other Fathers, kissed their hands, begged their pardon for his faults, and requested them to beg pardon for him of the community. One day, while speaking of his shortcomings, he said to me: "How different things appear to us, when viewed in the light of eternity." What scenes of leave-taking from his dear Scholastics! And that dear venerable Father, 'the man of gold,' as he called him, his most assiduous visitor, the sight of whose cheerful countenance he liked to see at his bed-side more than any other, whose gentle speech always comforted him, with what affection he embraced him one day and then burst into tears! At times, as his weakness grew, he lost control of his will-power, and would become a little querulous, but afterwards excuse himself, saying that these were *actus primo primi*; and be effusive with words of gratitude: "They are doing too much for me, too much!"

At last the deliverance came. Toward nine o'clock on the evening of October 19th his agony seemed to be at hand. Father Schleuter said the prayers for the agonizing, then said some aspirations in German which the dying Father repeated distinctly and with great fervor. Shortly afterwards he lost consciousness, and expired Wednesday, October 20th, 1.45 A. M., having a few days before completed his thirtieth year in the Society. On Thursday morning his mortal remains were laid to rest in in our little cemetery, *in spem resurrectionis*.—R. I. P.

V A R I A .

ADVERTISEMENT.—We have been obliged to omit from the present number two continued articles, one on the Chaplains of the Mexican War and the other on Louisiana; we hope to continue them in our next numbers. Interesting accounts of the labors of Ours are solicited, and items for the **V A R I A**. Our thanks are due several contributors for their promptness in responding to our request for articles.

Açores.—The people of Villa Franca lately celebrated with great solemnity the memory of their illustrious compatriot, Benedict de Goes, S. J., missionary and explorer of Asia at the beginning of the 17th century. The name of "Bento de Goes" has been given to the largest square in the town, wherein it is proposed to erect shortly a monument in honor of the intrepid Jesuit.—*Letters of Jersey*.

Alexandria, Egypt.—The Rev. Fr. Provincial of Lyons assisted at the laying of the first stone of the Church attached to the College, at Alexandria. The Gov. Pasha represented the Khedive; the compliments addressed to his Highness, by Fr. Besson, were immediately telegraphed to the Khedive, at Cairo. The number of scholars at the College is 140. At the last distribution of prizes, the French Consul announced that diplomas given by our Fathers would have the same value as those coming from Universities in France.

An Old Calumny.—In a book lately published under the title of *Portland in the Past*, and written by Mr. Wm. Goold, the following occurs:—

"Rasle was a 'Jesuit of the four vows,' the fourth of which is to undertake any mission to which they may be ordered. A part of the Jesuit creed is that the end justifies the means; hence the encouragement of the Indians to drive off the settlers."

To this the Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, Bishop of Portland, replied in a letter given to the public press.—Among other things he said:—

"As a pupil and friend of the Jesuits for forty years, although not one myself, and being passably conversant with their writings, I have found them all concordant with St. Paul: 'and not rather (as we are slandered, and as some affirm that we say) let us do evil that good may come, whose damnation is just.' Romans iii, 8. I am told that in Europe there has long been a standing offer of reward to any one who would produce the phrase, *The end justifies the means*, or its equivalent, from any approved Jesuit writer. Now, therefore, for the vindication of their good name, or for their condemnation, if they deserve it, I hereby offer to pay for 100 copies of your work, above named, if you produce to the satisfaction of any Protestant gentleman, acceptable to both of us, from any Jesuit author, known as such, a thesis or declaration that 'the end justifies the means.' You may begin with the hand book of Father Rasle, namely Father Busenbaum's *Medulla Theologiæ Moralis*."

Mr. Goold replied by saying that there are at least fourteen Jesuit authors who wrote in support of the rightfulness of tyrannicide, "which I hold" Mr. Goold naively proceeds, "is equivalent to the maxim that 'the end justifies the means.'"

"A strange answer" the Bishop replies, "from an American, who certainly would not maintain that William Tell for the killing of Gesler, or Brutus for the killing of Julius Cæsar were assassins." He then commends again to the perusal of Mr. Goold Father Rasle's well-thumbed copy of Busenbaum, which is preserved in the Library of the Historical Society of Portland. Up to date the desired citation has not been found.

Aragon.—At Verdu (Lerida), the house where Blessed Peter Claver was born, has been added to the possessions of the Province.—This is a source of great joy to the people.

Auriesville, New York.—The second annual pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville, took place on August 15th. The little village is a picturesque place. Situated in the valley of the Mohawk and nestling at the foot of an extensive slope, whereon stands the dedicated shrine, its position is engaging and secluded. The beauty of water and woodland, field and meadow would of itself repay the pilgrim's journey thither, but sunlight and clear sky gave an expression of holy peace to a scene which once witnessed the heroic toil, and tragic death of Father Jogues. The pilgrims numbered upward of 4000. When Auriesville was reached the various sodalities formed a long procession, and moving slowly up the hill sang the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The shrine is situated east of the village. It stands within an enclosure of about five acres of ground, which has become the property of Ours. The enclosure is on a side hill and is reached from the winding roadway, leading from the village, by a rustic flight of wooden steps. Just at the head of these steps and directly in a line with the shrine stands a white wooden cross twelve feet high, and set on a pedestal which is three feet square. This, in turn, is raised upon a little mound so that the aggregate elevation of the cross is about eighteen feet. On each of the four sides of the pedestal is an inscription; that in front reads:

"On this Indian village site the mission of the martyrs was founded in his blood by Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., slain October 18, 1646. In this, the first chief Iroquois mission, fourteen priests, S. J., suffered and toiled till its destruction in 1684. Erected for the two hundredth anniversary."

On the opposite side are the words:

"The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church."

On the side facing east is the inscription:

"In memory of the native converts of the missionaries, Hurons, Algonquins and Iroquois, whose virtues like those of the primitive christians, shone in captivity and persecution, especially of the Lily of the Mohawks, Catherine Tegakwita, the Iroquois virgin, born here in 1656; baptized in the mission church, Easter Sunday, 1676; died in Canada, 1680."

And on the side facing west:

"Near this site, Rene Goupil, novice, S. J., was slain for the sign of the cross, September 29, 1642; and before and after, in different years, many other christians, men and women, companions and disciples of the missionaries, of French and various Indian races, offered up their lives."

The front of the cross-tree bears the inscription: "To the most Holy Trinity, June 1646." and on the back: "St. Mary's 1667—St. Peter's 1673." The shrine itself stands back a few feet further from the road; for the present it is a little chapel of wood only ten feet wide by twenty long, with stained glass windows and covered by an octagonal dome. Within there is a statue of "Our Lady of Pity" supporting the prostrate form of the suffering martyr. Stretching on the east side of the shrine and fronting it tents were arranged which would accommodate about 5000 people while hearing Mass.

Four low Masses were said, and at 10.30 o'clock a high Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Fives of Troy. Communion was then administered to about 2600 persons. Instructive addresses were delivered. In the afternoon receptions into the sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary took place, and about 100 were received. During the reception the choir rendered appropriate music. The sodalists were addressed by the Rev. Father Scully, S. J. The services at the shrine were very impressive and solemn. The shrine was covered with flowers arranged in symbols emblematic of the services. When the hour arrived for the return to Troy a procession was formed of the sodalities similar to the one in the morning and they marched to the trains.

Besides Fr. Casey, under whose guidance the pilgrimage was conducted, there were present: Rev. Father Loyzance, S. J., pastor of St. Joseph's; Fathers Ryan, S. J., of Baltimore; Scully, S. J., of Jersey City; Hudon, S. J., and Turgeon, S. J., of Montreal; and Fives, of Troy; also Brother Fabian and many other Brothers of Troy and vicinity.

Beyrouth.—"The University is succeeding very well. About 550 students, boarders and day-scholars, follow the classes. The Seminary counts 65 students, and the Faculty of Medicine 40. You know, Dear Father, how the ministry is exercised in our residences. At Beyrouth especially the concourse of the faithful is very great. On Sundays and Feast days our large church is

filled to overflowing. The greater number are poor, so that our church is called the church of the poor, a title very honorable to us. The Sodality of the gentlemen is directed by Fr. Barnier, that of the European ladies, by R. Fr. Superior; Fr. Zelle is Director of the Sodality of the old students, the flower of the young men of Beyrouth. Our residences are so many centres of perpetual missions; from all parts there come to us souls who wish to make their peace with God. But how much there remains to be done! We see around us a multitude of men, whom we know to be on the road to perdition. For these we can only pray. The Mahometans do not oppose us, but woe to him who should try to make proselytes of them. He would by the very fact compromise all the Christians. Happy are you, Rev. Father, not to be hampered in your ministry!—Our printing-presses are no longer so busy. The demand for books has greatly decreased. The reason of it is clear:—the Oriental clergy took many books from us, which they paid for in stipends taken for Masses. At present these stipends are wanting, and hence fewer sales of books.—Fr. Belot is still Director of the printing office, and has a great deal of work on hand, as he takes upon himself the correcting of all the proof-sheets.—Br. Elias does the printing and Br. Antoine directs the casting of type, the photo-engraving, etc.” *Extract from a letter of Fr. Cormean, S. J.* At the distribution of prizes on July 19th, 1886, Fr. Lefebvre, Superior General of the mission of Syria, gave a discourse recapitulating the work done by the University since its foundation. “Eleven years ago” he said, “the college-seminary of Ghazir, for many reasons which need not be recalled, was transferred to Beyrouth, and thanks to the generosity of the faithful in noble and opulent America and the resolute spirit of a father well known to most of you, this large establishment has been brought to completion. From its foundation the University of St. Joseph has steadily progressed; its pupils have each year increased in numbers, until at present they number upwards of four hundred and fifty.”

Boston College.—*The True Religion and its Dogmas* is a new book by Fr. Russo. The work is concise, clear and convincing in thought, and in style is bright and vigorous. The San Francisco Monitor justly says: “The old-fashioned dry-as-dust method of explaining Catholic doctrine is happily avoided. Catholics and non-Catholics alike will find the principal doctrines of the Church presented lucidly and interestingly.” Thomas B. Noonan of Boston is publisher.

Canisius College, Buffalo.—The college continues to prosper. There are now 120 boarders and 170 day-scholars.

China.—Fr. Couvier is earnestly at work revising and getting ready for print his Chinese-Latin-French dictionary. Instead of 12,000 characters it will have 40,000 illustrated by examples taken from classical authors.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Our Fathers of the Buffalo mission have this fall opened a new College in the city of Cleveland, O. It is called St. Ignatius' College, situated on the corner of Jersey and Carroll Streets, opposite St. Mary's church. Bishop Gilmour and the clergy of the city are well disposed towards the Fathers, and bespeak success for the new College. The students are recruited from nearly all the parishes of the city. The Fathers resolved to start with only one class of either course, and to receive Catholic boys only. There are at present seventy boys in the school: thirty-five in the Latin class, and as many in the Commercial.

Corea.—M. Cogardan has signed a treaty with Corea. He did not obtain all that he desired on account of the influence exercised by China over the king of Corea, who was kept ignorant of everything that was going on. The Prime Minister was replaced during these negotiations; and for twenty days, M. Cogardan often saw his attempts just upon the point of being frustrated. He did not obtain a special clause for religious liberty; but after some slight changes made in the text of other articles, the missionaries, with passports, have the right of going and coming, of going about without assigning a reason for their travels; they can instruct, teach and open schools: they are amenable only to their Consuls. Besides, a verbal promise has been made to cease

persecuting the Christians. In fine, Mgr. Blanc and his missionaries are truly satisfied with the result.—*Chinese Letters*.

Creighton College.—In the Interstate Exposition at Omaha, Nebraska, Creighton College had on exhibition Philosophical and Chemical apparatus, minerals, rare books, specimens of class work, coins and other curiosities. During the course of the exposition students of the College were in attendance to explain the utility of the apparatus, and to illustrate by experiment when feasible. A public exhibition of the Malden Triple Lantern with Chadwick-Steward dissolving system, of recent electrical appliances and other scientific apparatus from the college collection was given at night during Fair-week in front of the Exposition Building.—During the present year an astronomical observatory was built on the grounds of the College at the cost of \$3000. The telescope is equatorial and has attached a driving clock to guide its motions; moreover, the observatory has an astronomical clock and regulator with chronograph and electrical contacts for the purpose of distributing central time to merchants and others, who will make electrical connections with the college observatory.

England.—On July 29th, Fr. Perry, of Stonyhurst, in company with Mr. Lockyer, Messrs Maunder and Turner, of the Greenwich observatory and other English scientists set sail on the steamer Nile for Granada, one of the Windward Islands, for the purpose of observing the total eclipse of the sun. They reached Granada on the 19th of August. It will be Fr. Perry's duty to study the inner corona.

Father Barbelin, S. J.—The life of this venerable and beloved pioneer of Catholicity is being written by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. The work is a gift of that distinguished lady to the Renovation Fund of old St. Joseph's Church, Willing's Alley. This donation, we understand, is a most exhaustive account not only of Father Barbelin's times, but also of the early history of the Jesuit missions in and around the Quaker City. It is dedicated by special permission to Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, and bears His Grace's *Imprimatur*. An admirable preface has been contributed to the work by Rev. Dr. Horstman, Chancellor of the Archdiocese. The book is now in press and will appear at an early date.—*Catholic Standard*.

Father De Smet.—A bust of Father Peter John De Smet is to be presented to the Chicago Historical Society. The bust is of marble and of heroic size.

Father Farmer.—August 17th was the centennial anniversary of the death of Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, S. J., of St. Joseph's Church, Willing's Alley, below Fourth street, Philadelphia. Father Farmer was born in Suabia, Germany, in 1720, and entered the Jesuit Order at Landersperg, in September, 1743. He arrived in America in June, 1752, and after serving on the mission in Lancaster, Berks, Chester, and Cumberland counties, came to Philadelphia in 1758. In 1779 he became a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and after the Revolutionary war founded the Church of St. Peter, in New York. He continued to officiate at St. Joseph's until his death, August 17th, 1786. It is stated that the American Catholic Historical Society intend to publicly commemorate his memory by a memorial service in the fall.

Fordham, N. Y.—A magnificent new building has just been erected at St. John's College, Fordham, at a cost of nearly \$60,000. It is intended mainly for the Scientific Department of the College. Its extensive laboratory, with auditorium built in ascending galleries, and its elaborate apparatus room are well worthy of a visit. There are, besides, recitation rooms for the four senior classes, and a spacious hall for the new library.—St. John's Hall, which hitherto had been partly given over to laboratory purposes, becomes, in consequence of this, quite a distinct department for the younger students. They have now their own playgrounds, recreation-rooms, study-halls, class-rooms, and chapel exclusively for themselves in the beautiful old seminary building adjoining the church on the western end of the college grounds.—Extensive

changes have also been made in the middle divisions—some of the old landmarks disappearing in the work of improvement.—*N. Y. Paper.*

France.—A new diploma for special secondary teaching has been introduced, and is destined to ruin classical and literary studies. An immense amount of mathematics will be exacted, likewise physics . . . political economy, some elements of natural and civil law, history and geography; but no Latin, no Greek. However, those that wish to continue their classical studies, will be enabled to do so. This diploma will serve for S. Cyr, the Polytechnic, and nearly all the professions, excepting those of Public Instruction and the Diplomatic school.—*Chinese Letters.*

Galicia.—From the *Wahrheitsfreund* of July 28th, we are sorry to learn that the Novitiate of the Province of Galicia was destroyed by fire on July 3rd. The farm-houses, barns and stables with their contents, the roof and part of the upper story of the College, as also the roof and the two steeples of the adjoining beautiful church were consumed by the devouring flames. The interior of the church, thanks to the strength of the vaulted ceiling, was spared, though the ceiling itself was partly damaged.—The Novitiate was situated at Starawies, and at the time of the sad accident the community numbered one hundred and fifteen.

Georgetown.—The Villa near Tennallytown which will be remembered by the scholastics of former years, was sold last month. It was bought for the Province and College in 1851. —The venerable Father James Curley, so long director of the astronomical observatory and professor of botany at Georgetown College, celebrated his ninetieth birthday on Monday, October 25th, having been born in 1796. His health and activity at this advanced age are remarkable, and his mental faculties unimpaired. He has been at Georgetown College since 1827, and was a valued friend of Joseph Henry and other eminent scientific men in their day. He now bids fair to rival the years of the centenarian Professor Chevreul in Paris, and a host of friends join in the wish that he may do so.

Geronimo.—Fr. P. Tomassini and Fr. L. Fede, who were giving a mission in the Cathedral of San Antonio, Texas, went the other day to pay a visit to the terrible Geronimo, who at the time was detained at San Antonio by the U. S. Government. Accompanied by Col. Otis they betook themselves to the camp of the famous chief of the Apaches, and immediately began the conversation by announcing themselves as Catholic missionaries and by showing him an image of our Redeemer. Geronimo grasped the crucifix and took it to his camp, giving unequivocal signs of religious feeling. Fr. Tomassini called him again and presented him with a large medal of the Blessed Virgin. The Apache chief looked at it with surprise, then pressed it against his breast and hung it around his neck. The Father then asked him if he prayed to God, the Great Spirit. Geronimo without saying a word, holding the crucifix in his hand, made the sign of the cross in the presence of all. Finally, the Father asked him if he had been baptized; and he, taking off his hat, put his hand on his head in the place where he had received the regenerating waters. All this Geronimo did without once speaking a word, and so the Father could get no further proofs of his Christianity. But if he is a Christian, how badly has he shown in deed what his name and creed require of him!—*Revista Catolica.*

Grecian Archipelago, Tinos.—(*From a letter to Fr. Socius*) . . . "God only knows the good the Jesuits do in this poor Island, rich in faith but poor in everything else. Their coming here dates three hundred years ago. Even during the suppression of the Society, they lingered on as secular priests, till the last old decrepit Father crawled out to die of joy in his young superior's arms, when the company was restored. They are adored by the Islanders and through persecutions and calumnies innumerable, have maintained the Catholic faith, which is almost extinct in the Cyclades, except in Tinos and Syra, where they have Residences."

Life of V. R. Fr. Roothaan.—On November 23rd, 1885, the centennial anniversary of the birth of John Philip Roothaan, twenty-first General of the So-

ciety of Jesus, appeared a new biography of this distinguished man, written in Dutch by Fr. J. Alberdingk Thym, S. J., like Fr. Roothaan, a citizen of Amsterdam. The sources from which the author draws his material are mainly an historical sketch by Fr. E. Termecoren, S. J., published in the *Précis Historiques* in 1853, a series of letters of Fr. Roothaan to his family extending over his whole life, and his writings, preserved as precious documents by Messrs. Hermann Van Lennep and W. J. Hofdyk. By means of these Fr. Thym can furnish many interesting facts before unknown to the public. The author graphically portrays the beautiful character of his hero, as novice, scholastic, priest and Superior; his fidelity in observing the rules, his love for the Institute and especially for the Spiritual Exercises, his faithfulness in every religious duty—his characteristic virtue according to his secretary, Fr. Pierling. Fr. Roothaan was remarkable all through his life for his tender devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and he used every effort to make them better known and loved.

His Protestant teacher, Dr. David J. Van Lennep, had the highest esteem for his young pupil, as we may see by the following extract from one of his letters. "*Jam vero is est J. P. Roothaan, ut si ad præclaras illas animi ingenique dotes quibus jam nunc eminet, talis, qualem vestram esse audivimus, institutio accedat, nihil non egregium ab eo sperari expectarique possit. Etenim literas Græcas et Latinas non, ut multi solent, leviter attigit, sed in eas prorsus se insinuavit; nullum non intelligit Scriptorem, ad nullius vim ac stylum non assurgit. In Cicerone, Demosthene, Platone, Græcis etiam tragicis ita versatus est, ut accuratius fieri non possit. Auctores etiam veteres, non ad animi tantum oblectationem, sed ad usum etiam fructumque vitæ legere nihilque non eo conferre solet. Porro, quum per se acri judicio valeret, illud etiam Logicæ, Dialecticesque et omnis omnino Philosophiæ scholis frequentandis acuit in dies atque exercuit. Animi vero dotes habet eas, ut plenior officii, probitatis, humanitatis, mansuetudinis adolescentem, non modo nullum unquam viderim, sed nec cogitare quidem possim.*"

Fr. Roothaan had an extraordinary talent for preaching, and it is related by Fr. Boone, his companion when giving missions, that he so moved the hearts of his audience, that one heard nothing but sobbing and crying. Although deprived of the possibility of being an apostle by the burden of the Generalship, he labored earnestly to produce apostolic men. As a scholastic, he was a living image of Blessed Berchmans; as a General, he reproduced the characteristics of St. Ignatius, and like our Holy Father, he saw a whole world to be conquered. To prepare his army nine Provinces were established by him: the Venetian, Turin, Lyons, Toulouse, Austrian, Belgian, German, Dutch, and Maryland, as well as two vice-Provinces: Ireland and Missouri. He restored the mission in the Archipelago, founded that in the Madura, that of Kiang-Nan in China, one in Algeria, in the island of Bourbon, in Madagascar, in Jamaica, in Canada, in the Rocky Mountains and those in different parts of South America. Fr. Minimi, in his panegyric of V. R. Fr. Roothaan, says that to appreciate fully the apostolic spirit of the great General "one had to see him in the solemn moment when he bade farewell to his generous sons setting out to conquer error, and extend the empire of Jesus Christ. Then the very depths of his heart were stirred with emotion; then his eyes burned brightly with holy ardor; then inflaming words fell from his lips, and expressions of sorrow that he himself might not go whither he sent others. Once a prelate expressed his surprise to Fr. Roothaan, that religious of great intellect and talent should be sent among unknown and savage nations, where men of moderate ability could work with equal fruit: "This is not my opinion," was the answer; "on the contrary, I will devote the best part to evangelizing—that most sublime of works." True to this conviction, he wrote regarding this point to Rectors and Provincials: "*Date et dabitur vobis.*"

It is to be hoped that this well written life of one so dear to every member of the Society of Jesus will soon be translated into English. The study of the eminent virtues of this truly representative Jesuit could not fail to be profitable. Fr. Thym publishes many valuable documents, many of Father Roothaan's own writings, and a carefully compiled chronological table of all the memorable facts connected with the life from 1785 to 1853. The volume numbers 304 pages. A. S., S. J.

Littlehampton, England.—The apostolic school at Littlehampton sent out fourteen apostolics (as they are called) this year. Of these nine entered

the Society, and the remaining five went to various other religious orders. The school is at present in a most flourishing condition and numbers in all sixty-seven students.

Los Angeles, California.— Since last January Fathers Tomassini and Montenarelli, have been giving Spanish missions in the land made dear to Jesuits by the labors of Fr. Kino and Fr. Salvatierri, Southern California. The first mission was given on January 27th, in the Church of our Lady of Angeles in the city of Los Angeles. In no place were their efforts crowned with greater success than at Monterey. While giving the mission at Bakerfield, Fr. Montenarelli became so seriously ill with a severe cold as to necessitate his immediate return to Colorado. His place on the mission was filled by Fr. D'Aponte. In all about 28 different missions were given in as many different places, and as a rule were eminently successful, being especially remarkable for the number of men who attended them.

Loyola, Spain.— The works at Loyola are going on prosperously ; everything is covered now ; the main stair-case and the furniture are yet unfinished. Enough, however, of the new building is completed to accommodate the Juniors and the novices of the second year. The people of Guipuzcoa have shown unparalleled devotion to St. Ignatius. They voluntarily gave their labor in the erection of most of the buildings. These same people felled the trees, squared the trunks and made beams of them ; and carried on everything with great pomp and affection, the parish priests themselves being foremost in the work. At present (Sept. 12th, 1886), they are having solemn celebrations to thank God, for having, through the intercession of our Holy Father, St. Ignatius, almost wholly preserved from the ravages of cholera the cities of those provinces. The Bishop of the diocese celebrated pontifically on three successive days. The sermons of the morning were in Spanish and those in the evening in Basque ; and were delivered by orators of distinguished eloquence. The lighting of the temple and the grandeur of the worship have been extraordinary. The people of the different districts of the province of Guipuzcoa presented themselves at the Holy House during the three days.

Louvain.— *A public defence by a former student of Woodstock. (From the Bien Public, July 1st, 1886) :* "This year again at the theological seminary of the Jesuits, there was a public defence of theses embracing all the most important questions in Theology. The honor devolved upon Rev. Joseph Grimmelsman, of the Province of Missouri, America. The occasion was honored by the presence of Mgr. Paul de Goethals, Archbishop of Hieropolis, and Vicar Apostolic of Western Bengal. As on other similar occasions the *élite* of the University world here, as well as many of the clergy, both secular and regular, flocked to the exercises. Among others, there were present the Rev. Fr. Provincial of the Jesuits, Fr. Baudavyn, O. P., formerly Provincial of the Dominicans, M. Canon Jansens, the professors of theology at the University, and the professors and clergy of the American College. Before this distinguished gathering, Fr. Grimmelsman defended for five hours, the seventy-three theses which he had chosen. His adversaries were M. Professor Ledoux, Professor M. Lamy, Professor Jungmann, Professor Dupont and Dr. Torget, men well versed in theology, and masters of all the subtleties of dialectics."

Mangalore.— (*Extract from a letter of Father Zanetti*) . . . "This little Novitiate of Ours does not contain over six members counting both Novices and Scholastics, as your Reverence may see from the *Status Missionis* which I have sent you along with this letter. Not a few more have lately applied, and some of them probably will be received. We are rather slow in receiving any, and one of the conditions for admittance is that they shall have passed certain examinations. The College is in quite a prosperous condition, and owing to its success in its various examinations, ranks among the best in the Presidency of Madras. By the report which I send you along with the *Status*, you will be better able to pass a correct judgment on the state of the College. The work of our ministry among Christians and Pagans likewise carries with it the blessing of God. In the free exercise of our missionary labors the number of languages spoken, is not the least among the many difficulties to be overcome. That the work of the missionary may be useful at

large, he should possess a knowledge of the English, Konkane, Tulu, Canarese, Malayalam and Tamel languages. Thanks be to God we have every reason to hope for a brighter future considering the good spirit that reigns among our native seminarians and Scholastics, and the fair knowledge they possess of the above named languages."

In the missions of Mangalore, the number of Jesuits is 38: 1 Bishop, 23 priests, 8 Scholastics and 6 lay Brothers. There are 21 secular priests, over 20 Goanese priests, 25 catechists and 66 Carmelites of the third order. The Catholics number 43,679. There is one seminary having 18 students, one College with 322 pupils and 28 schools which 2520 pupils attend. During the past year 100 Pagan adults were baptized and 21 Protestants converted; there were 1008 Confirmations, 71,088 Confessions, 134,453 Communions, 421 marriages.

Manitoba.—St. Boniface. "On the 7th of September at 8 o'clock in the morning, His Grace, the Archbishop, said the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and afterwards preached to the assembled masters and mistresses and boys and girls of the different educational institutions of *St. Boniface*. This he does every year. The ceremony is a very simple one; a few hymns sung with great zest by half a thousand young people, during low Mass, and then the sermon. So much and no more is what a careless observer might have to say of this yearly blessing at the opening of schools. But to any one that knows our Manitoba past and can reflect upon the present, every additional year invests the beautiful simplicity of this archiepiscopal act with fresh and fresh charms. Here is a man of marvellously varied gifts and still more varied experience, one in whom the heart is as tender as the head is strong, with thirty-five years of episcopate behind him, with the record of an apostle among the Indians, of a peace-maker among conflicting civilized races, of a high-bred, nobly born gentleman in society, of a fascinating writer and an eloquent speaker, and—last and crowning merit—of a whole-souled man of God. We listened with undivided attention, because we felt that we have before us a Prelate who would have shed lustre on the noblest sees in Christendom, and whose bright mind gilds whatever it touches. We are warmed by the heat of his language, because we know that what he exhorts us to with such deep conviction he has practised for half a century with a fervor that has often been heroic.

On this last occasion His Grace was particularly persuasive. With a view to filling the young minds of his hearers with a great esteem for the Catholic education they receive, he told them what the prize had cost him. For ten years he struggled against prejudice and bigotry, in order to win and keep for the children whom he so dearly loved the priceless privilege of being educated in thoroughly Catholic schools. Their teachers might remember what the pupils were too young to have witnessed, the harrowing anxieties of that fight for the faith of future generations. The rising generation are now enjoying the peace that has followed upon the triumph of so righteous a cause. Let them pray earnestly for its continuance. Let them recall with gratitude the noble work done by the singularly able and devoted priests who directed the students of *St. Boniface College*, especially amidst the vicissitudes of the last twenty-five years, and, while proud of the past, let all be full of reverent love for the members of that great teaching Order that were now entrusted with its management. Let them also think with filial fondness of those wise and gentle Sisters of Charity who, during nearly forty-two years of brave and earnest labor here, have identified themselves with our beloved North-western country. Heaven had blessed the children of *St. Boniface* with unusual bounty. 'Yesterday,' His Grace said, 'Bishop McIntyre told me, with tears in his eyes, that he had not a single Catholic school in his diocese, not one school in which the children could publicly make the sign of the cross, or be taught the necessary truths of our holy religion.' Here, on the contrary, we have five hundred youths of both sexes brought up in the life-giving shadow of the cross. Religion was the golden thread woven through and through their young lives. How grateful they should be for so inestimable a boon!" *Northwestern Review*.

Necrology of the Society, 1885.—In the whole Society, during the year 1885, 228 died; of these 125 were Fathers; 36, Scholastics; and 67, Brothers. The average age was 52.35. The percentage of those over 60 years was 40.4. Out of 228 there were 25 over 50 years in the Society. The percentage out of each Province was:—

Venice.....	0.89	per ct.	Ireland.....	1.67	per ct.	Paris	2.16	per ct.
Rome.....	0.96	"	Mexico	1.69	"	Belgium	2.50	"
Toledo.....	1.04	"	Champagne..	1.72	"	N. Y. Maryl....	2.65	"
Holland.....	1.18	"	Aragon.....	1.78	"	Missouri	2.73	"
Germany	1.22	"	Lyons	1.79	"	Toulouse.....	3.00	"
Castile	1.30	"	Naples	1.83	"	Portugal	3.01	"
England.....	1.35	"	Turin.....	1.90	"	Galicla..	3.14	"
New Orleans	1.41	"	Aust. Hung..	1.94	"	Sicily.....	3.40	"

The percentage of the whole Society was 1.92.

New York.—*St. Francis Xavier's College.*—The College reassembled on Monday the 13th of September in the 15th Street half of the building, which remains standing. The new building containing a large hall above, which is to be used as a lecture and assembly hall, and that below, to be devoted to the gymnastic exercises of the boys, is almost ready for use. The upper room is beautifully decorated, the whole of the ceiling being frescoed in an elaborate geometrical design in blue, gold and various half tints of brown and green. There is a small stage at the upper end and the whole is lighted by bronze pendant chandeliers and brass sconces on the walls. The walls themselves are wainscotted half way up in ash and Virginia pine, above which they are colored in deep brown and olive green. The upper part of the windows is filled with stained glass in neutral tints.

The hall below is for recreation and contains various contrivances for athletic purposes, adapted to all ages and strength. The old college and church of the Jesuit Fathers on 16th Street, has disappeared, and the ground (quite a large site) is being prepared for the erection of a new college, which is about to be put up immediately. The new building will be constructed of stone and red brick, and will be of a massive and extremely artistic appearance. In style it will conform to the clerical architecture employed in the church next to it. The interior will contain the reception rooms and living rooms of the community, a fair sized theatre and class rooms, etc., for the College. Of the eighteen students accepted for the ecclesiastical seminary of the archdiocese of New York, seven were graduates of *St. Francis Xavier's College* and four from Fordham.—*New York Paper.*

Oña.—*The Cartas de Poyanne*, which, owing to the expulsion of our Fathers from French soil, were discontinued for the last six years, have been resumed under the new title of *Cartas de Oña*. We have received the first number, from which we extract the following items.—*Collegium Maximum of Oña.* The building of this scholasticate was an old Benedictine Abbey so very famous in the eleventh century under St. Iñigo, its second abbot. The relics of this saint are still kept on the major altar of the church in a beautiful and costly urn; while less precious urns, placed on both sides of the altar, contain those of some old Castilian kings and princes, either founders or patrons of the Abbey. When our Fathers took possession of the place, the rooms and corridors were in a deteriorated state, as they had for a long time given refuge to poor country families, who adapted them to their household needs and purposes. The cabinet of Physics although as yet young and unprovided with the latest improvements, is wantless as to what is necessary for the class-room. The zoological museum is well furnished. Its rarest curiosity is the head of a celebrated Indian criminal, reduced to its smallest proportions by the savages themselves. The museum of mineralogy contains 4000 specimens, and the library, many thousand volumes. Oña has also a meteorological observatory. One of the features of the community is, besides its perfect religious discipline and thorough scientific training, the variety of nationalities of its members.—*Consillas.* A seminary is being built at Consillas, near Santander, for the gratuitous education of such young men as the lack of sufficient means might withhold from the priesthood. Don Antonio Lopez, a Spanish nobleman, is the founder of this highly religious institution, and our Fathers are intrusted with the direction.

Orientalia.—Assyriology has been lately enriched by the completion of the valuable work of Fr. Strassmaier, S. J. It consists of a complete vocabulary of Assyrian and Akkadian words in six parts, entitled "*Woerterverzeichnis der Assyrische und Akkadische Woerter.*" For the last four years Fr. Strassmaier has been at work in the British Museum collating the origi-

nal tablets, and has thus provided for the future Assyriologist an invaluable storehouse, for the time when the present clay and stone records shall have crumbled away; which event, if we judge by the present progressing obliteration, is not very far distant. The work of Fr. Strassmaier embraces a vocabulary of 9012 words, each word giving the cuneiform text, the context, and sometimes pages of texts from other inscriptions when the word occurs, together with many transcriptions, in Roman letters. In the appendix is a table of the usual Assyrian signs together with a syllabus of Assyrian, of Ancient and of later Babylonian characters, thus supplying a want long felt by the students of the latter texts. There is also a glossary of the Liverpool Babylonian texts which were published previously in cuneiform, giving the contract tablets from the time of Nebuchadnezzar to Darius. The text was edited with the publications of the sixth Oriental Congress at Leiden.—Another work of patient and laborious research, not only in Assyrian and Babylonian history, but in comparative study of the texts of scripture as parallel with Assyrian records, has been given to us by Fr. Joseph Brunengo, S. J., in his splendid series on the Empire of Babylon and Niniveh, from the beginning to the conquest of Cyrus, according to the cuneiform records and compared with the Bible. The historical research and reading, and the patient toil exhibited in this monument of early history, make it an invaluable work for reference. The translation in English of this work would be a valuable aid to the English students of Bible History. The history of each Assyrian monarch is recorded in turn, with reference step by step to every known Assyrian inscription, and to every cognate citation in the Bible, a perfect network of references, thus showing that the history is built upon the most solid groundwork of the earliest documents. In a similar masterly style the History of Babylon is treated, with an interweaving of theological knowledge, that leaves the book not only a record but a well balanced history shining forth in the light of revealed truth. The two volumes are supplemented by a laborious, painstaking, and excellent chronology—a task in itself as difficult and as important as can well be imagined.

Another new work is from the gifted pen of Fr. De Cara, S. J., who has achieved a marked success in his treatise entitled: "A critical examination of Philology and Language as applied to Mythology and the Science of Religion." Vigouroux, as well as other competent judges, praises unqualifiedly the successful completion of a task that hitherto has met with but indifferent success. A fuller account of the merit of this new work may be given in another number. His review of Italian writers on Egyptology is full of interest and will help much to arouse and sustain the energy of those who are pursuing these studies. In Sanscrit, Fr. Joseph Van den Gheyn, R. A. S. continues his indefatigable labors.—In 1886, besides his treatise on the "Populations Danubiennes" we find his "New researches on the eighth class of Sanscrit Verbs." This is his third paper on this question, and was referred to in discussion by Whitney at the meeting of the American Oriental Society at Boston, May, 1885.

Philadelphia.—*Old St. Joseph's.* The old St. Joseph's College, north of the Church, has been fitted up and turned into a parochial school for boys, and a similar institution for girls has been opened at 417 Locust Street. Books are supplied free to both. A special Latin class for young men desiring to enter the priesthood in the Society of Jesus, has been started in St. Joseph's pastoral residence. Those who attend school during the day can follow their studies there in the evening.

The Gesù. The free reading room and gymnasium, under the charge of St. Stanislaus Conference of the Gesù, opened for the season on Monday evening, September 20th, with an address by the pastor, Rev. Father Villiger, S. J. The rooms, have undergone great improvements since the close of last season. The Reading-Room has been painted and refurnished, and the Gymnasium entirely refitted. Besides the Reading-Room and Gymnasium, a series of lectures and entertainments for the benefit of the young men will be given every Monday evening, commencing Oct. 4th, at 8 P. M.

Philippines.—On account of the cholera the opening of our College at Manilla, was delayed until November. The Minister of Public Instruction has lately issued some decrees which do not augur very favorably for the future of our schools, or our religion. In our chapel at Manilla on the 8th

of December, there were 1000 communions.—Our missions at Mindanao continue to prosper. Fr. Gerbert baptized in one of his monthly tours over 100 infidels. Ours have commenced several new “reductions,” so that after a few years, with God’s blessing on the work, there will be few pagans around Mindanao.—At Tamontoca, our Fathers lately met with a serious loss. About two o’clock the Moors from Dato Uto, set fire to the orphan asylum, the residence, the old church, and the new one in course of erection. Nearly everything was reduced to ashes. Even our provisions of rice did not escape. Happily no lives were lost. The good will manifested on all sides consoled the Fathers in their affliction. Troops were immediately sent out for the protection of Ours. And the Commandant came forward and gave what money and provisions we needed. A rich Chinaman and, in fact, all the inhabitants of the missions contributed most liberally. Ours feel confident that this manifestation of hostility will only serve to bind the people closer to them, and enable them to do more good in the future.

Propagation of the Faith.—Reverend Father Croonenbergh of the Zambese mission, as an introduction to a lecture delivered by him at St. Francis Xavier’s, New York, gave a brief, though striking synopsis of Catholic charity towards the support of mission work. The two vital sources of support to the 400 Catholic missions, are the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*, founded at Lyons, in France, about 63 years ago, and the *Holy Childhood*, for the last 43 years centred at Paris. By trifling contributions from adult Catholics for the “*Propagation of the Faith*,” and by contributions more trifling still from school children for the “*Holy Childhood*” (viz., 12 cents a year), the Catholic missions dispose yearly of nearly \$2,000,000.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith yearly receives from Europe \$1,332,000; and bestows—			
“	“	America	24,000
“	“	Asia	1,000
“	“	Africa	5,500
“	“	Oceanica	2,000
		on European Missions	\$ 202,000
		“ American Missions	145,000
		“ Asiatic Missions	605,000
		“ African Missions	266,000
		“ Oceanic Missions	109,000

The Holy Childhood (exclusively for pagan children) yearly receives from Europe \$576,673; and bestows—			
“	“	America	27,515
“	“	Asia	3,714
“	“	Africa	520
“	“	Oceanica	615
		on European Missions	—
		“ American Missions	\$28,000
		“ Asiatic Missions	320,000
		“ African Missions	200,000
		“ Oceanic Missions	60,000

The yearly total resources from both sources is \$1,993,000 and the total expenditure in missionary work is \$1,955,000; the surplus is for the expenses of administration.

A comparison of the alms given by various countries to the *Holy Childhood*, is interesting

Europe, France.....	\$225,000	number of Catholics ⁽¹⁾	35,000,000
German Empire.....	120,000	“ “ “	25,000,000
Belgium	61,000	“ “ “	5,500,000
Italy.....	46,000	“ “ “	20,000,000
Austria	32,000	“ “ “	33,000,000
Holland	31,000	“ “ “	1,500,000
Alsace-Lorraine.....	18,000	“ “ “	1,000,000
Switzerland.....	12,000	“ “ “	1,000,000
Spain.....	9,500	“ “ “	10,000,000
Ireland	9,000	“ “ “	4,000,000
England and Scotland.....	5,000	“ “ “	2,000,000
Portugal.....	3,000	“ “ “	3,000,000
Turkey (Jesuit College, Constantinople)	146	“ “ “	2,000
Denmark (Jesuit schools)	116	“ “ “	3,000

⁽¹⁾ The number of Catholics is only approximate.

Greece.....	40	number of Catholics	6,000
Sweden.....	9	" " "	1,000
Russia.....	5	" " "	?
America, United States.....	15,000	" " "	8,000,000
Canada.....	9,000	" " "	1,500,000
Remainder of America.....	4,000	" " "	?

Of course in France, Belgium, Austria, Spain and Portugal not all nominally Catholics join in Catholic works; those who are Liberals naturally refrain from liberality to the Church. The resources of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith* would give statistics as remarkable as those already given. The conclusion drawn by Fr. Croonenbergh, then, is that by organization and without any burden on Catholic communities, Europe alone can bear nearly the whole weight of Catholic *Propaganda*; furthermore, that by a further extension of these simple means of obtaining resources to other states of Europe and to America, missionaries would not in future be obliged to solicit special help to carry on the noble work for which their present resources are only half adequate. The number of missionaries throughout the world is generally estimated at 7000, but in reality it would reach 8000. To this number should be added about 4000 Brothers and Sisters of various Orders. The humble and active Franciscans on the missions, according to the English *Catholic Missions*, number 3500; the Jesuit Fathers, according to official statistics, number 2560, including Canada and the United States where not more than 100 members are engaged in mission work, properly so called; The Dominicans number 800; the secular Priests of the Missions Etrangères (Paris), 700; the Lyons Society, 400; the Oblates, 150; and several other associations fill up the number of 8000.

Rome.—Cardinal Mazzella is to continue Prefect of Studies in the Roman College. Fr. de Maria will be assistant Prefect of Studies and Father de Mandato will lecture on Dogma. Fr. De Augustinis will also lecture on Dogma. Fr. Lugari replaces Fr. Anselmi as Rector. Fr. Bucceroni is occupied at present in revising the *Compendium of the Privileges of the Society*, which will be printed with the Bulls of the Popes in the 3rd vol. of the Institute.—The Propaganda has published a decree full of the praise of our Fathers of the old Society and of their works in China. It recommends the Bishops to urge their missionaries to the study of Chinese literature, in order that they may be able, as formerly, to gain influence over the upper classes.

St. Louis University.—The Post-Graduate course of Lectures for 1886-87 was resumed on Monday, October 12th, and will continue till the middle of April, with a recess of four weeks at Christmas. The subjects for the Private series and the Lecturers are as follows:—Fr. James Hoeffler will give four lectures on Psychology; Fr. H. Moeller, four on Ethics; Fr. T. Hughes, ten on Anthropology; Fr. H. J. Votel, four on Physical Science; and Fr. T. Hughes, ten on Biology.—The property of the University has been sold to be put up in business blocks, the price being \$463,000 or a little over \$950 a front foot. The University was founded in 1826 before the city had 6000 inhabitants. The new St. Xavier Church is situated on the south-west corner of Grand and Linden Avenues. The excavations for the new College have been completed and the University will occupy the central position of the block on Grand Avenue, directly south of the church,—thus commanding a clear view of Pine Street and of the city below. Until the buildings are completed classes etc. will be held in the old University.

Father Coppens' second work entitled, *A Practical Introduction to English Rhetoric*, of which we printed the Preface in our last issue is now published. It is clear, thorough, and, what it professes to be, practical. It will fully answer the purpose for which it was intended and "guide the steps of the young through the pleasant paths of literature, without exposing them to the danger of losing what is far more precious than all the literature of the world—the purity of their faith and the innocence of their heart."

Spain.—One of our Fathers while preaching a mission in *Valencia* during the rage of the cholera, in one of his sermons offered his life to God, if He would spare the people who were dying on all sides. Fifteen days later the

cholera ceased entirely in the city, and the preacher's offer seems to have been accepted, for he was called to receive the reward of his labors, at the time that the epidemic disappeared. During the scourge, water blessed with the medal of St. Ignatius was in great demand. There was a stream of people constantly coming to our College for a supply. One of Ours writes that many miracles have taken place through the intercession of St. Ignatius. In one village the disease ceased as soon as all the inhabitants had gone to confession and been blessed with the water of St. Ignatius.—*Fr. Miguel Mir* has been admitted a member of the Spanish Academy at Madrid; this is the first instance of the reception into that body of a Jesuit since the expulsion of the Society from Spain in 1767. *Fr. Mir's* chief work is entitled *Harmony of Science and Faith*.

St. Mary's Co., Maryland.—On the 26th of September, 1886, Rev. J. M. Giraud opened a jubilee mission at St. Inigo's with a very good attendance and attention. The exercises continued with fervor till the close on Wednesday, when the Papal Benediction was given at 10 A. M. There were 247 confessions and, in the words of an old resident, "some hard-crabs shedded off." The Rev. Father arrived at St. Nicholas, fifteen miles from St. Inigo's on Wednesday, P. M. Here the attendance was very limited at the 9 o'clock Mass on Thursday, on account of insufficient notice to the people. But in the afternoon of Thursday the crowd became larger, and throughout the Friday and Saturday exercises, the church was too small. The people were very attentive and kept the confessor busy. There were 306 altogether. The close was at 10 A. M. on Saturday. After resting that night in the hospitable house of W. W. Cecil, at the old Clifton factory, the mission was opened at St. George's, some nine miles from St. Nicholas. The first Mass at 7.30 was well attended and there was a crowd at the 10.30 Mass. The music at this church as well as at St. Nicholas added to the interest of the exercises. From late Mass on Sunday, until the close at 3.30 on Tuesday, the mission was all that could be desired. A discourse on the reasons why people do not go to confession seemed to produce a great effect. Many non-Catholics were present. Though the congregation is much smaller than the others, there were 282 confessions. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given daily in all the churches except St. Michael's. A beginning was made in this last church on Thursday, at 9 A. M. Attendance was straggling in the beginning but they still kept coming in so as to keep the priest busy. The mission was a success, and the beautiful little church was overcrowded at the principal exercises. The number of confessions heard was 205. The Rosary was recited in all the missions daily. The total number of confessions in the jubilee Missions given by Fr. Giraud was 1040.

Tchang-Kiang.—There are 32 scholars in the boys' school, and 20 in the girls' school. Col. Denby, the U. S. Minister paid them a visit. He is a former pupil of Georgetown College, and holds his former teachers in high esteem. He is anxious to show his affection towards their brothers in China. He and his secretary, Mr. Fleming, on every opportunity praise all the works of Ours.

Trinity Church, Boston.—Father Nopper has published an interesting sketch of the History of Holy Trinity Church, Boston, which is about to celebrate the golden Jubilee of its foundation. He tells in simple words the history of the many trials and painful vicissitudes through which this church passed, before it arrived at the prosperity and peace, which it now enjoys. In our next issue we hope to give an abstract of this interesting history. Till a few years ago Holy Trinity was the only German Catholic Church in New England. Fr. Nopper states also, with pride, that Holy Trinity school was the first Catholic school in the six New England States.

Washington, D. C.—St. Joseph's unfinished German church, Washington, D. C., heretofore in charge of our Fathers, has been given up to the Archbishop, and will be hereafter an English and German parish church, with regular parish limits. Fr. Schleuter, S. J., has been succeeded as pastor by Fr. Schmitt transferred from Frostburg, Md.

West Indies.—In the *Meteorologische Zeitschrift* for June, mention is made of the more important meteorologic stations of the West Indies, fitted with good instruments and in charge of good observers. Among these are: Havana, Cuba, at the Jesuit College, in charge of Padre Benito Viñez; Port au Prince, Hayti, directed by Jesuits; two in San Juan, Porto Rico, one controlled by the government, the other in a Jesuit residence.

Zambese Mission.—The following account of the labors of our Fathers in South Africa, is taken from the "Letters of Jersey" and may prove of interest to our readers.

Father Weld, as is generally known, left Europe in Feb. 1883, to succeed Fr. Depelchin in the government of the mission. The sad experience of less than three years in which numbers of Ours fell victims to the fatigues and privations of their noble work, and to the fever so prevalent in the missionary districts, determined Fr. Weld to build a house of studies. Here the Scholastics attached to the mission could be educated, learn the language of the natives, and accustom themselves to the requirements of the climate. Here also the Fathers weakened and tired by their labors in the interior could come and recruit their feeble strength, make their yearly retreat and taste from time to time the sweetness of community life. This plan Fr. Weld soon carried into effect, and at present there is at Drumbrody a flourishing scholasticate occupied by four Fathers, eighteen Scholastics studying Philosophy and eight Brothers. But the idea of Fr. Weld included more than the building of a Scholasticate at Drumbrody; he intended to found there a large Catholic village of natives. In this also he has so far been successful. Eight Catholic negro families, numbering in all sixty souls, are already settled upon the banks of a small stream not far from our house. Some of them are employed in working upon the farms belonging to the Scholasticate, while the others gain a fair livelihood by cultivating the land on which they dwell. With the consent of their parents baptized boys and girls from the Catholic school at Grahamstown are adopted and educated by us, on condition that when they become of age, they will settle permanently in the new-born village. The boys are taught their catechism daily by Ours; and the girls by two ladies of the neighborhood, who await the early arrival of the Sisters, in order to become novices. Mass is said every Sunday for the small congregation, and already the Caffirs have learned a number of hymns which they sing during the Holy Sacrifice. So far the outlook for the success of the Drumbrody experiment is very encouraging, and at no distant day the South of Africa, with the blessing of God, will present the same scene of prosperity and virtue, which flourished in Paraguay in the early days of the Society.

Reports from other points of the missions are equally gratifying. At *Grahamstown* in addition to the College of St. Aidan, there is a school for the colored children with an attendance of about a hundred. The negroes have already noticed the different spirit which underlies the activity of the Protestant ministers and that which prompts the zeal of our Fathers, and they have not been slow to manifest their preference for the latter. There is every hope of successful labor among the three thousand Negroes residing at Grahamstown, and already Ours have a good hold upon the affections of a large number.

Home News.—*Ordinations.* Cardinal Gibbons, who was to confer Holy Orders, arrived on the evening of August 25th. Occasion was taken of this his first coming to Woodstock since his elevation to the Cardinalate, to give him a reception. He was met at the depot by Fr. Provincial and Fr. Rector and other Fathers of the college faculty, while the Scholastics bearing torches awaited his arrival on the bridge which spans the Patapsco. When the Cardinal reached the bridge, rockets were fired from both sides of the structure giving momentarily a fairy-like illumination to the river and woods. The choir then sang a four-part chorus, Clari's Cantate; and the procession moved slowly up the new wooden path, which was gracefully outlined by Chinese lanterns. On reaching the summit of the hill the Cardinal was conducted to a pavilion, situated on the broad lawn that fronts the College, while around were seated the Scholastics and Fathers. The lawn was a coronal of light within the circle of which blazed pyramidal masses of light in cardinal colors and symbols. Rockets, Bengal lights and brilliant red balloons put the sky in keeping with the earth. The college windows were illumined, and the

mellowness of the light against the grey granite, gave a delightful contrast to the cardinal hues that prevailed on the lawn. When the Cardinal was seated, the following programme was presented :

FEST MARCH, ORCHESTRA, *Michaelis.*

Address of Congratulation, Fr. Piccirillo; *Ordination*, Mr. Connell; *Pastor*, Mr. Mulry; *Vicar-Apostolic*, Mr. Mc Namara.

EXULTEMUS, CHORUS & ORCHESTRA, *Clari.*

Bishop, Mr. R. O'Connell; *Archbishop*, Mr. P. Walshe; *Apostolic Delegate*, Mr. J. H. Smith; *Cardinal*, Mr. Fagan.

FINALE, ORCHESTRA.

The reply of his Eminence to all these expressions of good-will and affection was in kind. He regretted most sincerely, he said, that his health and strength would not permit him to answer as he would wish. He was grateful from his heart for the princely reception that had been tendered him—a reception, indeed, which he had been led to look for; but which far surpassed his expectations in its scale of magnificence. But it was not so much to this outward splendor that he looked, as, to quote Father Piccirillo's beautiful words, to the smiles of greeting and welcome and love which beamed towards him from all sides. It was indeed ever a happiness for him to come among the sons of Loyola. His love for Woodstock was ever fresh. Great has been the record of that young but illustrious seat of learning; and its name has already gone forth. To bring learning to Rome was like carrying coals to Newcastle. And yet two of the Fathers from Woodstock had been called to that city, to take professorial chairs in its highest seat of learning. And there they had gained additional lustre. One was to day listened to with respect and attention by the learned of Rome; the other (and he thanked God for it) had been meritedly raised to the princely rank of the Cardinalate.

Among the addresses none had touched him more nearly than that which dealt with his life as Vicar-Apostolic; for it had brought back to his mind many tender memories of the past. He himself could vouch for the truth of the description of the ignorance with regard to the faith which, at the time referred to, prevailed in North Carolina. That Catholic pictures and statues were commonly to be found in the parlors of Protestant families (sold to them by pedlars, and bought in entire ignorance of their meaning) was, as the speaker had stated, quite true. Indeed, it recalled to his mind a little incident, connected with his stay in the region of his labors as Vicar-Apostolic. Whilst he was once casting about to obtain a statue of our Lady, a Protestant offered to show him the "statue of some woman or other which had fallen into his hands." It proved to be a fine statue of the Immaculate Conception. "There it is," said the owner; "it's a fine statue of a woman, but that darned snake under her feet spoils it all."

For years he had come regularly to Woodstock to raise its students to the dignity of the priesthood; and these occasions had been happy moments; for he knew well what were the studies and training that went to the making of a Jesuit priest: he knew what zealous laborers he was admitting into the Lord's vineyard. Why, the Jesuit priests were a part of the history of Maryland in whatever was most glorious. With the noble colony that first put foot upon the shore of Maryland were two Jesuit priests; the first Bishop to take charge of its Catholic children was a Jesuit; the priest who erected Woodstock, the great college of the United States, was a Jesuit.

Then his Eminence in words that "added praise to praise" dilated upon his love for Woodstock and the Society; and concluded with again and again tendering his heart-felt thanks to those who had so kindly and lovingly received him. The gracious and consoling words of his Eminence, recalled to the minds of many the words of Rev. Fr. Vicar in his late letter.—"In tantis autem laudibus decet omnes nos diligentissime nobiscum ipsis reputare, quot quantæque sint, non dicam gloriandi, sed permodeste de nobis sentiendi causæ."

The ordinations to the priesthood took place on Saturday, August 28th. Twenty-eight were ordained. Of the Province of Maryland New York. — Francis B. Goeding, John A. Chester, William J. Tynan, William F. Gre-

gory, John C. Keveney, Thomas J. Gannon, Michael H. O'Brien, Francis W. Gunn, Francis X. Brady, Charles C. Jones, James T. Gardiner, William H. Walsh, William H. Judge, Daniel M. Mc Elhinney, Patrick S. Murphy, John T. Hedrick, Thomas W. Wallace.

Of the Province of Missouri—Marshall I. Boarman, James J. Conway, Eugene A. Magevney, Alexander J. Burrowes, Henry W. Otting.

Of the Mission of California—John D. Walshe, Jerome Ricard, Vincent Chiappa.

Of the Mission of New Orleans—Alexis de Stockalper, Patrick J. O'Leary, and René Motte, of the Mission of New Mexico. Fr. John P. Mc Donnell was ordained in Galveston, on the 2nd of July, by Bishop Gallagher.

Carmina Leonis XIII.—The Scholastics have brought out in English verse the poems of our Holy Father. They have been very favorably received even by Protestant critics. The New York *Independent* says: "The volume has made its appearance in good form with neat red-ruled margins, the Latin originals on the left hand page and the English translations on the right. The poems are ecclesiastical in subject and Italian in color composed in simple metrical Latinity They are illustrated with numerous notes which are helpful in their way The translations are done with great pains and on the whole well done, though they depart widely from the original in metrical form. They are musical and poetic and faithful enough to be above criticism."—Murphy and Co. of Baltimore, are the publishers.

Old Books.—Father Piccirillo is making a collection of Catholic books printed in this country before the year 1825. Contributions of old books and pamphlets, and information concerning them, will be gratefully received.

Why am I a Catholic?—At the request of the Editor of the *North American Review*, Father Brandi, our matin Professor of Dogma, contributed an article to that periodical on the subject, "Why am I a Catholic?" With a sort of tacit acknowledgement, probably, of the claim of the Catholic Church to priority of time in existence, Father Brandi's article was given the precedence in order of publication, in a series of similar articles by ministers of various denominations. The article was remarkably well received, having been copied into almost every Catholic paper of the United States. At the request of friends and with the authorization of the Editors of the *Review*, it has been republished at Woodstock in pamphlet form, and with some additions.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.—On the 27th of July last, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which for the last sixteen years, was issued monthly from this house, changed its offices to the Gesù, Philadelphia. The first number of the Messenger in the United States appeared in April 1865, under the editorship of Fr. Sestini, S. J., who continued in that capacity until November 1885, when the infirmities of old age made it necessary to transfer the burden of his office, to younger and stronger shoulders. He is now at the Novitiate in Frederick under the care of the infirmarian, and enjoyed the celebration of his Golden Jubilee or Fiftieth Anniversary of his entrance into religion, on the 30th of October. Meanwhile, the *Messenger*, under its new Editor Fr. R. S. Dewey, and his assistant Fr. F. X. Brady, is growing so rapidly in circulation that one thousand additional copies of the October number had to be ordered, to meet the demands of its widening circle of subscribers.

The following changes have taken place in our Faculty: Fr. Grimmelsman teaches the 2nd year of Philosophy; Fr. Romano teaches the short course of Theology; Fr. Jovene succeeded our lamented Fr. Brambring, as Professor of evening Dogma, but was obliged to discontinue teaching about the beginning of November. He was replaced by Fr. Devitt, lately Professor in Georgetown, and formerly Professor of Philosophy in Woodstock.

Fr. J. A. Conway, who has taught Philosophy for the last three years in Woodstock, and Fr. Brett, who has just finished his course, reached Rome about the middle of October to begin their *biennium*. Their address is: Collegio Gregoriano, 102 via del Seminario, Roma, Italia.

CONGREGATIO PROCURATORUM

HABITA FESULIS DIE 8 SEP. 1886.

R. P. ANTONIUS MARIA ANDERLEDY

VICARIUS GENERALIS

NOMEN ET COGNOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESS.	GRADUS
ASSISTENTES			
P. Matthæus Ciravegna..... <i>Assistens Italia</i>	19 Mar. 1825	18 Nov. 1842	25 Mar. 1860
P. Franciscus Grandidier..... <i>Subst. Assist. Gallia</i>	18 Jul. 1823	22 Aug. 1845	2 Feb. 1862
P. Joan. Jos. de la Torre..... <i>Assistens Hispania</i>	19 Mar. 1830	9 Oct. 1852	15 Aug. 1865
P. Robertus Whitty..... <i>Assistens Anglia</i>	7 Jan. 1817	8 Apr. 1857	2 Feb. 1868
P. Gaspar Hoevel..... <i>Assistens Germania</i>	15 Sep. 1831	14 Oct. 1856	2 Feb. 1874
PROCURATORES			
P. Secundus Franco..... <i>Prov. Taurinensis</i>	22 Jan. 1817	5 Feb. 1832	25 Mar. 1850
P. Augustinus Henriet..... <i>Prov. Neerlandia</i>	4 Mar. 1817	10 Oct. 1835	19 Mar. 1853
P. Antonius Caradonna..... <i>Prov. Sicilia</i>	18 Nov. 1821	2 Dec. 1837	2 Feb. 1855
P. Cajetanus Tedeschi..... <i>Prov. Venetia</i>	13 Sep. 1820	16 Sep. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Franciscus Ferrante..... <i>Prov. Neapolitana</i>	2 Mar. 1818	3 Nov. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Hugo Molza..... <i>Prov. Romana</i>	8 Mar. 1821	17 Oct. 1840	2 Feb. 1856
P. Gaspar Szczepkowski..... <i>Prov. Galicianæ</i>	1 Jan. 1823	12 Sep. 1840	2 Feb. 1858
P. Georgius Porter..... <i>Prov. Anglia</i>	27 Aug. 1825	7 Sep. 1841	2 Feb. 1860
P. Eduardus Kelly..... <i>Prov. Hibernia</i>	3 Dec. 1824	23 Oct. 1842	2 Feb. 1860
P. Josephus Janssens..... <i>Prov. Belgica</i>	4 Sep. 1826	24 Sep. 1845	2 Feb. 1863
P. Ambrosius Monnot..... <i>Prov. Lugdunensis</i>	4 Apr. 1831	8 Nov. 1846	15 Aug. 1864
P. Mauritius Meschler..... <i>Prov. Germania</i>	16 Sep. 1830	8 Nov. 1850	2 Feb. 1867
P. Paulus Fristot..... <i>Prov. Campania</i>	29 Jun. 1833	31 Aug. 1851	2 Feb. 1870
P. Emmanuel Mourier..... <i>Prov. Francia</i>	7 Jan. 1835	29 Nov. 1855	15 Aug. 1872
P. Eduardus Higgins..... <i>Prov. Missouriianæ</i>	23 Dec. 1838	15 Jul. 1854	2 Feb. 1873
P. Franciscus Schwærzler..... <i>Prov. Austria</i>	30 Aug. 1840	14 Sep. 1858	2 Feb. 1876
P. Josephus Castellá..... <i>Prov. Aragonia</i>	4 Apr. 1843	12 Oct. 1859	2 Feb. 1877
P. Radulphus de Scorraille..... <i>Prov. Tolosana</i>	24 Jan. 1842	14 Jul. 1860	2 Feb. 1877
P. Robertus Brady..... <i>Prov. Maryl. Neo-Ebor.</i>	6 Oct. 1825	31 Aug. 1843	8 Mai. 1877
P. Josephus Velez..... <i>Prov. Toletana</i>	19 Apr. 1843	31 Jul. 1860	15 Aug. 1877
P. Josephus Da Cruz..... <i>Prov. Lusitana</i>	9 Dec. 1847	20 Apr. 1861	2 Feb. 1881
P. Ludovicus Martin..... <i>Prov. Castellana</i>	19 Aug. 1846	13 Oct. 1864	2 Feb. 1881

COLLEGES OF THE SOCIETY

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	1885-86		1884-85	
			STUDENTS	GRAD. A.B.	STUDENTS	GRAD. A.B.
Baltimore, Md.....	Loyola College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	148	3	134	...
Boston, Mass.....	Boston College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	297	9	264	19
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Canisius College.....	German.....	278	7	289	11
Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius College*....	Missouri.....	274	8	306	3
Cincinnati, O.....	St. Xavier College*.....	".....	293	11	263	7
Detroit, Mich.....	Detroit College*.....	".....	243	...	227	...
Fordham, N. Y.....	St. John's College.....	Md. N. Y.....	230	12	283	9
Galveston, Tex.....	St. Mary's Univ*.....	N. O. Miss.....	100	...
Georgetown, D. C.....	Georgetown College.....	Md. N. Y.....	207	10	216	14
Grand Coteau, La.....	St. Charles' College.....	N. O. Miss.....	94	...	102	...
Jersey City, N. J.....	St. Peter's College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	104	...	127	...
Las Vegas, N. M.....	Las Vegas College.....	Naples.....	215	...	249	...
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Marquette College*.....	Missouri.....	162	...	151	...
Montreal, Can.....	College Ste. Marie.....	Miss. of Can..	351
Morrison, Colo.....	Sacred Heart College*..	Naples.....	31	...	24	...
New York, N. Y.....	St. Francis X. College*..	Md. N. Y.....	398	15	382	11
New Orleans, La.....	Im. Concept. College*...	N. O. Miss.....	363	6	364	5
Omaha, Neb.....	Creighton College*.....	Missouri.....	178	...	199	...
Prairie du Chien, Wis..	College of S. Heart.....	German.....	103	...	115	...
St. Boniface, Manitoba.	College of St. Joseph ...	Miss. of Can..	105	4
Santa Clara, Cal.....	Sta. Clara College.....	Turin.....	254	...	259	...
San Francisco, Cal.....	St. Ignatius' College*...	".....	841	2	757	2
San Jose, Cal.....	St. Joseph's College* ...	".....	97
St. Louis, Mo.....	St. Louis Univ.*.....	Missouri.....	344	5	337	1
St. Mary's, Kan.....	St. Mary's College.....	".....	288	4	285	4
Spring Hill, Ala.....	St. Joseph's College.....	N. O. Miss.....	119	13	141	10
Washington, D. C.....	Gonzaga College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	118	...	138	...
Worcester, Mass.....	Holy Cross College.....	".....	151	15	163	25
TOTAL.....			6287	124	5915	121

* Day Schools.

Ministeria Spiritualia Provinciæ Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1^a Julii 1885 ad diem 1^{am} Julii 1886.

DOMICILIA		Baptizati	Hæret. Convers.	Confess. partic.	Confess. gen.	Comm. extra T.	Comm. in T.	Matrim. benedic.	Matrim. revalid.	Extremæ Uction.	Catecheses	Parati ad 1am Comm.	Parati ad Confirm.	Exhortationes	Conciones	Exerc. Spirit. Sacerd.	Exerc. Spirit. Relig.	Exerc. Spirit. Stud.	Exerc. Spirit. priv.	Mission. (per hebdom.)	Novenæ	Tridua	Visit. Xenod.	Visit. Carcer.	Visit. Infirm.	Sodalitates	Sodales	Pueri in schol. paroch.	Puellæ in schol. paroch.	Schol. Domin.
ALEXANDRIA	67	10	11678	93	178	9652	14	44	150	104	136	209	92	4	3	2	2	4	18	275	2	242	95	160	217	
DARTMOUTH	28	7	41000	380	753	18000	21	2	63	144	186	110	164	3	10	6	4	9	99	35	1102	4	1388	17	13	543	
BOHEMIA	33	8	1500	7	20	1200	5	2	4	100	20	100	200	1	150	
BOSTON COLLEGE	41	70	77044	1196	3145	67300	8	7	1189	596	308	237	248	121	3	4	8	2	6	3	1293	6	866	10	3828	1400
St. Mary's	294	19	95722	580	270	96000	111	3	296	62	845	324	18	366	2	3	322	134	1250	6	4000	800	750	300
Holy Trinity	264	7	20740	219	593	19800	48	1	76	755	60	142	162	63	1	30	8	638	4	1690	210	216
Missionaries	120	11	89842	6977	20	6	22	200	423	1805	127	721	2	6	39	8	1	49	8	1065	380	294	233
CONNEWAGO	74	28855	74	7693	28927	29	60	233	54	81	242	7	8	8	1	108	6	1065	92	108	233
FORDHAM	90	9	14825	92	6233	10340	15	32	155	185	87	75	109	1	4	33	21	384	2	165	45	20	200
FREDERICK	8	2	13786	309	6235	7347	11	4	83	54	31	17	119	3	3	2	3	63	262	1	50	50
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE	116	12	8646	21	13890	1	8	82	74	149	4	1	6	2	2157	2	672	298	366	664
Holy Trinity	63	5	22700	27	208	24000	24	3	43	181	143	255	118	87	136	1	170	407	435	1000
GOSHENHOPPEN	368	16	6250	15	83	6200	12	38	160	37	207	30	155	2	3	15	2	1108	8	1130	407	435	1000
JERSEY CITY	335	19	57500	407	363	40035	100	354	140	400	200	66	94	1	551	4	200	595	510	370
LEONARDTOWN	250	45	13852	30	503	11534	67	239	203	275	145	145	160	3	6	5	4	5	8	177	30	895	11	1861	595	510	1605
St. Francis Xavier's	380	16	108956	930	1500	109480	150	2	294	588	876	358	315	274	16	1	6	800	4	289	200	220	440
St. Joseph's	297	11	39849	324	51050	16200	34	5	139	184	74	209	82	146	1	800	4	1000	300	300	600
St. Lawrence's	989	59	55000	1200	500	48700	104	320	200	170	250	2
Islands	154	28	18195	1852	4	9	2245	150	173	130	844
PHILADELPHIA. Gesu	111	32	76748	337	10342	69895	36	8	266	104	124	501	62	135	3	320	3	401	3	400	220	240	800
St. Joseph's	177	18	64386	472	369	44381	38	14	79	317	208	198	72	139	101	17	3154	7	2820	55	200	1200
PROVIDENCE	128	4548	351	281	17500	57	11	116	159	144	13	180	29	1503	5	930	130	480	650
St. Inigo's	108	3	3200	210	1320	4000	22	42	76	20	36	150	8	2	220	2	70	100
St. Thomas's	325	6	54125	500	1400	2500	19	225	90	60	315	135	275	15	50	500	650	1250
TROY	213	14	28000	185	300	48176	31	110	50	309	225	87	104	1	104	1300	5	2500	500	650	1000
WASHINGTON, St. Aloysius's	72	19	9920	74	2300	46000	39	230	110	225	219	35	70	2	177	2	1100	145	450	1100
St. Joseph's	93	10	2280	62	76	1850	9	45	352	65	19	67	1	4	78	172	62	48	82
WHITEMARSH	35	21	5054	87	734	8	6	44	164	40	32	90	11	38	1	32	94
WOODSTOCK	12	9509	260	5675	6	6	18	305	32	2	93	24	3
WORCESTER	5245	554	1007738	17277	102775	771016	1019	120	6635	6094	5213	5065	2722	5510	18	78	22	9	58	62	43	4891	1181	18747	120	42766	4551	5360	13028