

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XIX, No. 2.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.

(Letter from Fr. Hughes.)

CHICAGO.

COLLEGE OF ST. IGNATIUS,
Christmas, 1889.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

On Grand Avenue in Milwaukee there is pointed out a high and imposing pile of buildings, full of stores and offices, all of which are given rent-free at present to the occupants. The purpose in view is to draw more and more business in the direction of that fine property and along the line of the avenue. Perhaps it was management such as this, certainly it was enterprise of some kind or other, which brought into prominence, and that so rapidly, the little Fort Dearborn, and made of it the present city of Chicago. If there is any form of enterprise that can be devised, we may take it for granted that it was used—a peculiar claim of our times to distinction, this “enterprise,” as it is called, which is not precisely the merit of a marketable article, nor is it even opportuneness for use. It is rather making the opportunity, and getting the article used just then. And who will distinguish that from genuine merit?

If this was not Chicago's original claim fifty years ago, it has evidently presided over the city's destinies ever since. With all the present wealth and commercial splendor of the

place, the chief commodity visible everywhere is still the indomitable spirit of pushing ahead. A man catches it in the streets without bargaining for it. Unconsciously, the most serious of pedestrians will find himself first stalking, then hurrying, then rushing, without jostling others or being jostled. New senses seem to grow, or old ones to grow acute. And this may be a reason why older heads in other cities suggest that, if a young man wants to try life and get along, he had better try it in Chicago or New York.

It was a mixed body of men, totally regardless of one another's religion or irreligion, some of them good Catholics, who are on the scene to-day, others at the opposite pole of things, who, following the lead of some far-seeing guidance, laid out the city almost indefinitely, before yet it had expanded beyond the limits of a nucleus. The capital which they had not they engaged elsewhere, and had invested here. The railroad interest promised to be large, for the place lay on the line from the East to the great Northwest. The shipping interest too of the great lakes found the Chicago River with a double fork at the head of lake navigation. Thus it was, so I remember a captain on the Chesapeake philosophized, Baltimore a couple of centuries ago threw St. Mary's and other good ports lower down quite into the background, because it stood at the head of navigation, and the ships passed by the other places to go as far as they could inland. Other outside interests centred in Chicago, particularly at the time of the war, which made and unmade so many fortunes on this continent. And the general result was that when the great fire of 1871 laid the city in ruins, the foreign investors to save themselves rushed in with more capital to rebuild it; and the rebuilding has been the real making of the city, as we see it not only structurally, but commercially and financially.

A mind open to the live issues of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will find it a sight worthy of contemplating—the heart of the city with its range of edifices, and the life which throbs in that heart, and beats with a feverish heat in all its arteries. The avenues are open, broad, and symmetrical. The buildings are of a plan so bold and massive, that one thinks of a central imperial power having imposed one idea upon a city, as we know it has done elsewhere. It was a power which gave the occasion here, that of a great conflagration; and there has evidently been a power and one idea behind the whole plan and execution since. But it was not one man, they must have been five hundred or a thousand men or firms that chose to follow the lead of the one idea, and make the city what we see it.

By the heart of the city I mean an extent of what appears to be about a square mile; it may be more. The buildings rise in elevation from any ordinary height, from six and seven stories, to twelve and fourteen. If any fine houses, though erected all of them since the fire, are now falling behind the age, they are being eliminated, as cumbering no doubt such precious ground. The commercial grandeur of the place shows itself off, not merely while the crowded life is circulating through the streets, as in New York or London, but in the silence too of the late evening, or of a Sunday afternoon. Then, as at all other times, there are some avenues with their hotels, cafés, haberdasheries, theatres, shows, which never know a respite for repose. But the remainder just then is magnificence in silence—great squares covered by three or four houses, or a whole block by a single house.

Here is a corner. As one stands here, he notices that the building adjacent rises on courses of stone which might well suit a fortification. The single stone at his shoulder measures some nine feet in length, its height three feet, its width to match. The next stone is some fourteen feet long. Courses of this kind run round the whole building, some 250 feet by 150, commensurate with that separate section of the square. It is red Wisconsin sandstone, rising eight stories high into smaller and lighter work in the upper elevation; and the many windows are gathered into a series of massive arches, that marshal the details of three or four stories at a time into a few ample features. Within, from basement to roof, a single business is being carried on by one firm, with such a degree of despatch, smoothness, and silence—telephone and telegraph connecting it with city, country, and the world—that you might take it for a Government bureau. It is as much under control, as if under the pressure of a button.

One asks, What is this spirit that is here? The same appearance of things is repeated over the square mile. Nor is it monotonous in its repetition. Whatever the spirit is which dominates here, it is one which need fear no contrast, either domestic with the Metropolis, or international with the old world, or even moral—and it is this I am coming to—as compared with the spirit of organization in the Church. Here is organization, system, practical intelligence. And if the Church is to cope with the nineteenth century still, and to control the twentieth, this is the spirit of the age which faces her.

Touching one of these massive rocks with your cane, you may well ask, What are these men building for? It cannot

be for a fancy, nor to fill the span of their own short lives. Shortness of life! I do not know where you could learn a more emphatic lesson on the shortness of life, than in the deep consciousness which these very men seem to exhibit upon the subject, while they are operating in their Board of Trade.

Gathered in a pit—take their grain pit—a little round amphitheatre, and ranged on the successive steps, a crowd of men are standing huddled shoulder to shoulder, or over and under one another, each person within easy reach by voice, or by sign with finger, pencil, book, of every other man. We are in the region that corresponds commercially to the hand-to-hand fight of the field, whereupon hangs the fate of empires. There is plenty to hear going on; but not a word that a rational man can understand. The noise, clatter, confusion, or uproar is appalling. Was it for this mad jabbering and scramble for a hearing or intelligence that men were ever created?

I am told that the most extensive transactions of the world, in the matter of grain, are there being intelligently performed. That finger elevated, that nod over yonder by way of answer, accompanied perhaps with a shriek or a yell, is a transaction by which ever so much money passes from hand to hand; and the Board of Trade will recognize it as standing good in contract. And it is already very good, as the dealer clearly shows by his yell or whoop, accentuating thus as a gentleman of feeling the correctness of his performance as a broker of Chicago.

But, I was saying, these men seem to have realized that life is not long, time is short. They do not waste the little they have in talking matters over with one another around sample tables, as the slow-coaches of ancestral days did, giving one another line and time. They concentrate into the smallest possible space, and into the shortest possible time, themselves and their transactions, which govern the market of the world. Meanwhile, the electric dial over their heads and the blackboard before their eyes, are telling them what bargains are being struck at the same time in the exchanges of New York, London, Paris, everywhere. Time is too short to waste any of it. The wonder is that, under such pressure, so many full-blooded, full-faced men should be met with in the streets, handsome, active and large as Texan rangers. But, under such a pressure for life and time, the question returns, What are they building those edifices for, so enduring that their sea-wall against the waves of Lake Michigan is not more massive than the courses of their counting-houses?

These reflections, I believe, are so much in place, that they are even suggested by the point I am coming to, the hold of the Church upon the life of such a centre as this, and the supreme interests which she finds invested here. In this place her history reveals the ominous fact, that forty years ago her bishops found the place well nigh untenable. Yet now that Chicago has grown to be what it is, some statements will show that the Church's condition is different. Indeed, whatever that condition were, when you look round upon all this magnificence—I had almost said, commercial majesty—no pains or labor could be considered too much, no foresight excessive, which should enable her to understand practically the spirit of the age, and learn, if necessary, how to follow it, if so she may lead it unto God. It is worth capturing.

The Chancellor of the Diocese reckons that there are 32,000 Catholic school children in Cook county, of which the city is the greater part. Now, in the books of the public schools, there are enrolled some 89,000 children. Of these latter, he says, 20,000 are Catholic. Hence we have, according to his reckoning, 52,000 Catholic school children against 69,000 non-Catholic. In the city alone, he computes, there is a Catholic population of 350,000. The church room provided for them is more nearly adequate to their necessities than in the much larger city population of New York.

Among the churches, not least in consequence is our own larger and elaborately ornamented one of the Holy Family. Next door neighbor to it, about a mile away, is another church of ours, that of the Sacred Heart, which was originally a chapel of ease, but is now a fine handsome church, taking a portion of the original parochial territory for a parish of its own. The Holy Family parish was instituted some thirty-four years ago out on the vacant western prairie, by the late Father Damen. The church erected there created its own surroundings, making of that neighborhood one of the greatest of parishes, but also determining other characteristics which now are prominent in the question of carrying on our collegiate education there.

In May of this year, 1889, the families of the actual Holy Family parish, having been visited by the pastors for the purpose of taking a census, reached the number of 4830. The adjoining parish of the Sacred Heart Church contains 1150 families. The sum total of school children in the former is somewhere between 4200 and 4300; in the latter it is 960, actually attending school. Within the same general district there are several other nationalities, German,

Bohemian, Polish, each very numerous, and referred to churches of their own. So that I have heard it said, the district contains 60,000 Catholics. The population of the entire West Side of Chicago is about half a million. This district in particular is filled with the humbler classes. It is cut off from the great business centre eastward and from the South Side of the city, by the south branch of the river; and it is bounded westward by a new fine territory of boulevards and residences, which carry West Chicago some six or eight miles beyond. Ours is a southwestern district, which our church partly made, and the character of which it originally and, they say, permanently determined.

The meaning of this with regard to our collegiate work may be gathered from a few facts. The city has three parts, divided by the river into North, South, and West. It extends along the Lake twenty miles, and from the Lake westward between eight and twelve miles. Hence it covers two hundred square miles. The freedom with which it expands over the prairie minimizes the effects of poverty. Every one can get a house somewhere—buy, for instance, a rejected frame mansion, roll it along the streets, and plant it somewhere on the plain of Illinois. Chicago will take him in. At all events, no one need pay for the fresh air, or the lake breeze, or perch up in tenement rookeries, or swelter in horrible gullies. There are neither hills nor hollows here. They say the city had to import a mound to adorn one of its many boundless parks with—however, I think it was an evil-minded St. Louis man that made the remark. But the fact is, its streets have to back up from the Lake, in order to give the drainage a fall, and the town has to follow its streets upwards. Anywhere in the western city you can still see indications of the original level, six or eight feet below the grade of the streets. So there are no hills or hollows—elbow-room for every one. But in consequence the distances between parts of the city become as great as in New York taken longitudinally, without the unique advantage which the eastern metropolis has of having only longitude for fifteen miles, without any latitude to speak of, and therefore accommodating half-a-million of passengers daily on a straightforward system up and down of four elevated railroads. A religious community opened a second house in Chicago a little while ago; it is ten miles from the first. So that the West Side with its half million inhabitants, the North and South Sides, with their seven hundred thousand between them, are going to be for social purposes three distinct towns. There are positive barriers also. Take the street on which we live, Twelfth Street, west. It runs east-

ward to the river, and across towards the business centre. As it approaches the river, it becomes a series of bridges, five of which are over innumerable railroad tracks, and the sixth a swinging one over the river itself. It is a line of half-a-mile of bridges. And though there is no danger to life and limb, except from runaway horses, they are a moral barrier to intercourse, such as can readily be understood. The freedom then to expand, which reduces tenement penury to a minimum, also puts fusion at a minimum.

This state of things suggests a striking comparison with the situation of our college in Cincinnati, as I have elsewhere described. There, from the two subordinate cities across the river, Covington and Newport in Kentucky, there come to our college 56 and 30 students respectively. From the hills or localities round about the city, numbering ten, there come down to us 60 boys. By train from the surrounding country, 35. In the city itself, from its West Side, 95. From its East Side, where we are, 104. Our situation there is within short reach of the whole country round. In Chicago, the topographical conditions are altogether different.

To meet the exigencies of the case, a branch academic institute has been opened by us on the North Side. Already, in its second year, it has three classes with about 60 boys. The college on the West Side has about 200. They are all in the classical course, making about 260 sum total.

There are many things to say about the college, and the questions that arise with regard to its work and influence. But since I have not finished with the church and school, I shall state what occurs with regard to them, and leave to a separate heading the points about the college.

The main church of the Holy Family has 1200 seats, with plenty of room besides, where hundreds are often standing. There are two galleries in the rear, one over the other; but the great organ appropriates one. Five Masses are said here on Sunday. Down stairs in the basement three more are said. In three of the school-houses likewise, over 2000 children are gathered for a Mass in each. As might be expected, the district is all alive on a Sunday morning with the flux and reflux of humanity, backwards and forwards, filling church and basement eight times over. With such an amount of work going on, the regulation of giving a short instruction at every Mass is met by preaching at the four principal Masses. At Detroit and elsewhere, I believe, we give an instruction at every Mass. But when announcements for the coming week become so numerous, as they are for a large parish, and the work is so dense and over-

powering, four sermons are provided. Besides, I saw the Church quite filled for the Vespers and lecture on Sunday nights.

Instructions are given at the three children's Masses. Similarly at every sodality meeting. Now the sodalities are numerous, and they meet every Sunday. There are the young men, 593; the married men, 892; working boys in two sections, each meeting by itself, 487; school boys who have made their First Communion, 256; married ladies, 1156; young ladies, 816; girls in two different school-houses, 512 and 230 respectively. And while the boys and girls are at their sodality meetings, the other children who have not made their First Communion are being instructed in their Sunday schools.

The *Fructus Ministerii*, 1888 to 1889, July to July, records for this church, 9 sodalities, and 5327 sodalists; 216,053 confessions; 184,848 Communions; 73 baptisms of adults. A proportionate table of statistics will easily be credited to the Sacred Heart Church, without my transcribing them.

Before leaving the sodalities, I must mention their building, which was erected by those sodalities which use it, and is remarkable in its kind. Upstairs there are two very fine chapels, which seat 800 apiece. Each has a gallery. They are very satisfactory for speakers, all the hearers being within easy reach. In the basement, there is a neat chapel for the working boys, who meet there in two sections, at different hours, under the one director. In the body of the house, there are three libraries, a meeting room for the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and another room arranged in semicircular fashion, with separate desks, like a hall of representatives, such as would delight the eyes of a post-graduate lecturer. This is the meeting hall on week nights for the societies of Foresters, Temperance men, Hibernians.

This Sodality Building stands at a remote corner of our square. Across the side street from it, is a boarding-house for working girls, such as I described in Cincinnati. Between one and two hundred women live there. Besides, a house of education for deaf-mutes is conducted on the same ground. The whole of this establishment is under the same management as the Fordham, West Chester, and Brooklyn houses of the same or similar kind.

And now to finish the sketch of parochial organization with a few words about the schools. It was about thirty-four years ago, as I said, that the parish was started, church and school together receiving an impress from the first, and showing the marks of executive ability in the venerable Father who initiated things, such as strike the eye of a

stranger at once, and are so singularly in keeping with the greatness of the place, for which in its littleness he was then building. But there is nothing about the institution which suggests a suspicion that he was building better than he knew. He knew perfectly well what he was about. Twenty-five years ago, the principal school-house of those now existing was erected. The Father who was then called to supervise it has remained at the same post, with his religious Brother, up to the present day. A few months ago, his twenty-fifth year of jubilee at the school work was celebrated by the children, to many of whose parents he had given First Communion, as well as nuptial benediction. The number of boys in his school has generally been about 1200. Here he has secular teachers employed, both men and women. Sisters could not assume the charge of the larger boys, so many of whom remain for years after their First Communion, and then go out qualified for business.

The spirit of the people is partly shown in this very point that he finds so many devoted secular teachers, some of them as long at work as himself. The young women engaged receive but a small salary, yet they like the position, because, not only have they definite hours and work, but also "they know their company." Teaching the smaller boys, they are, he says, mothers to them. And many of the young women who go out into business carry with them the fragrance of Christian edification and piety. Thereby they carry on a ministry in the heart of this Babylon, which may indeed cost us much in many directions, for not all survive the breath of contamination, yet which in so many other cases, as the records of the sodalities show, results in the multiplied fruits of personal virtue tried in the fire, and not only not found wanting, but bringing other souls into the Church and to God.

There are two schools of girls, under the charge of two different communities of sisters; about 800 or 900 in the school of the sisters from Dubuque, and 1000 in that of the religious of the Sacred Heart. Three other schools, making six in all, and conducted by the Dubuque sisters, are placed at certain intervals in the parish, for the benefit of the very young children; in two of them the minors are of either sex. Thus with the same clearness of plan and executive skill which has stamped everything, the organization of the vast parish has reduced the number of straying Catholic children who still frequent the public schools to not much more than 500.

It will illustrate Chicago enterprise, if I mention that the St. Agnes School, which is for little girls alone, is a sub-

stantial brick building of three stories, having six large class rooms, each lighted with windows on three sides. Now this house was built some years ago in one month, October; and two months later, at the new year, finished and furnished, it was occupied by the classes.

Christmas was near when we made a tour through the schools. The Father took occasion to remind the children that the Feast of Holy Innocents was coming, and the orphans were coming too. He called to their minds the duty of charity, and, I may add, of self-denial. For he signifies that the pennies which they get at Christmas, they should keep for the orphans, and I really think he laid a mulct on their candies too. The children took the reminder cheerfully and brightly. I have learnt since that some of them have kept little savings banks at home all the year through, to make cheery the Christmastide of the orphans.

It appears that on the morning of Holy Innocents, though it is still in the holidays, the children gather, and the orphans come. Some of the latter deliver a few little speeches from the stage—the motherless children addressing the children that have mothers. Then the latter, the more fortunate children, have the privilege of filing up to the stage, and with their own hands dropping their savings into the baskets of the Sisters. The clothes, etc., they deposit on a table at one side. Meanwhile the candies and cakes have been laid out in a room down stairs, to treat the orphans before they go. The ceremony begins at 9 A. M.; it is noon before the whole of it is over.

What instincts of charity are thus called out! And, in the thoughtless years of childhood, unselfishness is made pleasant to them in its most tender form. Everywhere, too, I see reverence and love for the priestly character. Thus a richness of supernatural grace for all the purposes of future edification and self-guidance is stored up in those tender years, against the dangers and the darkness and doubts of other days in the future. At the very worst, we may be sure that the hold which such an education takes upon the mind and heart is not wholly lost. Unless too sudden a death allows of no time whatever, the Church's control upon erring youth can always be recovered; and the sacraments will be imparted again unto salvation when the early formation has been of this kind. The influence playing upon the beautiful instincts of first innocence leave the soul susceptible for ever.

This middle-class district in which our lot has been cast is always losing not a few of its families, as they advance in ease and competence, and move out into better parts beyond

our limits. But their migration does not change their formation. Their ways go with them through the city and State, and they mingle in other surroundings, as sweet waters welling from a spring. It is not to form and then keep the faithful that our duty calls. It is to form them and let them go where they will; yes, and oftentimes to form places, parishes, cities, and ourselves then to go where we would not.

I have not yet spoken of the college. I will touch on it under a separate head.

THE COLLEGE OF ST. IGNATIUS.

I do not mean to describe the college, a gigantic pile, quite in keeping with the great church alongside, and both considerably beyond all the proportions of structure visible in the neighborhood. As I intimated before, it would take three colleges to command the three portions of the city. Now the Christian Brothers are well established, they say, on the South Side. We have opened an academic branch on the North Side. And in the western portion there is this institution, exclusively a classical college.

To speak first of some of the material equipment of the house, I must mention the cabinet and museum, stocked with specimens which the zeal of our Polish missionary has collected during so many years. They have been reconstructed and fitted up quite recently in better style than ever before. The taste of the accomplished mineralogist has allowed nothing to escape him in the course of his never ending travels, as far as his resources would carry. The result is visible in the two wings of the fourth floor. Occupying the whole of the west wing, a museum of zoological specimens is furnished with a complete arrangement of polished white oak cases, on the floor and in a gallery which runs all round. The architectural design and carving of the hard-finished woodwork are a subject of general admiration. The broad panels above the glass doors of the lower row of cases are set off with types of native flora, carved designs of typical stems and leaves. The exhibition of North American mammals and ornithology may be pronounced complete. One of the latest specimens is a huge buffalo sent down from the mountains by Fr. Van Gorp.

Taking up the other wing of the same fourth story is the older museum, with its appointments completed by the same father. Its cases are distributed over the floor. They contain the exhibits in geology, mineralogy, conchology, entomology. These three last named departments may be con-

sidered especially complete and rich. In the array of gold and silver ores there is nothing to desire; while there is simply a redundance in the overwhelming exhibition of splendid amethysts and agates. The beetle department of entomology mounts into many thousands of modifications—the *coleoptera*. From the beds of Idaho he has procured some of the finest fossil fishes of the cretaceous period, petrified in broad laminæ of shale. The Silurian limestone which crops up in several parts of this city, and no doubt immediately underlies the whole, supplies some two hundred specimens of *orthoceras*; of these he has divers kinds.

The cabinet is too little known. It is not known at all. Of itself it were enough to make an educational institution conspicuous. It is like our system of studies generally, excellent and unknown—a specimen in the educational order of precisely the opposite course of things to that enterprise which I described before as the making of Chicago.

The recommendation has come from some of Ours that, wherever the World's Fair of 1892 is held, we should have specimens of our work, or the character of its results, put forward under some shape or other. It is urged that universities like Harvard and Johns Hopkins could send in exhibits to the Paris Exhibition this year, and receive gold medals in return. To prepare the exhibits they had not to go out of their way. A thesis in chemistry, a commentary on a difficult passage of classical history, a monograph on some scientific topic, are specimens that would not strain any of our complete colleges to prepare. So too the examination results of a class, just as they come from the pens of the students. The official examiners are required to inspect whatever is sent in, and to pass a judgment upon it. These are conditions in which we generally feel most at home.

Glancing only at the Congresses or Conferences which are, or may be, held on such an occasion, we can observe the spirit that is abroad in the air! If at other times enterprise is wanting to make our opportunity, it is scarcely needed to use the opportunities of an international exhibition. To illustrate—on Christmas Eve, the Comptroller of Chicago, who is secretary to the World's Fair Commission in this city, presented the president of the college with a copy of the report just sent in by the special envoy of Chicago to Paris and its recent exhibition. On page 12, there is a list of the Congresses or Conferences that were proposed by the commissioners to be held during the season. The mere enumeration is instructive: 1. Belles-Lettres; 2. Beaux-Arts; 3. Mathematical Science; 4. History and Arch-

æology; 5. Physical and Chemical Science; 6. Natural Science; 7. Geographical Science; 8. Political Economy and Legislation; 9. Hygiene; 10. Social Economy; 11. Instruction; 12. Engineering; 13. Agriculture; 14. Industry; 15. Commerce.

Now, in almost all of the first eleven divisions there is room to come forward; room, too, for inter-collegiate contests, to have the best representative papers prepared, whether for use in the Congresses, or as specimens to compete in prize contests. Whatever it is we discuss, we have the freedom of all our family antecedents in the United States, from Marquette's Map of his travels, and Father White's Relation, to Father De Smet's Reports sent in to the Government or preserved in his valuable album and other manuscripts. Writers add point and adornment to their pages by descriptions of our achievements, or allusions to the reports of ancient Jesuits. We do not assert ourselves too much, when we move about with conscious liberty in our own family circle.

In the centennial exhibition of the Ohio valley, held last year in Cincinnati, the Marian Brothers of Dayton, O., and the convents generally, did themselves great honor in those lines of specimen work which suited them and the occasion. The parochial schools showed off to more advantage than the public schools. From Chicago, this very season, Mr. Poole, well known as an accomplished librarian, sent to the Paris Exposition an accurate statement of his system of librarian management; though his library here, for want of appropriations, is far from being of the best. He got a gold medal for his pains. I dare say that either the Woodstock library, or that of the St. Louis University, might get an acknowledgment for merely a description of its treasures, so unlike are they to the common cast of material of American libraries in general.

Finally, as an argument in the same vein, it is urged—but we shall have to wait for its verification—that in answer to the respectful appeal just sent out by the Commissioner of the Census for 1891, asking for information regarding the Catholic body, there will be offered in reply a most respectful silence and neglect; to be followed subsequently by a degree of astonishment and complaint on the part of Catholics, that they are not known, or are ignored. Not known indeed they are: but it is not true that they are ignored. It is they who ignore the census and many principles of modern life, which do not require any self-obtrusion upon the public, but the simple use of opportunities. This is only taking the idea of modern enterprise at its very low-

est expression. For, as at its best it makes the opportunity to use it, so at its lowest expression it just uses the occasion which is made; while the total want of it ignores all opportunity, and lives in the backwoods, as if that were necessarily virtue. So, there is no enterprise needed for an institution or system to remain unknown; because, say the advocates of this theory, it has only to be out of sight, in order to be out of mind.

THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR
OF 1861.

(*Eleventh Letter.*)

CAMP LINCOLN,
SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.,
February 12, 1862.

DEAR M——.

On my return from Key West, I found your welcome letter and valuable packages awaiting me. How can I convey to you in becoming language the heart-felt thanks of the soldiers? When I presented to the soldiers and sailors, regulars and volunteers, after Mass last Sunday, the medals beads, Agnus Deis, prayer books, etc., sent me by you and my other friends, these sun-burnt, weather-beaten, bravest of men were moved to their heart of hearts by this proof that they had not been forgotten. Kneeling down they offered fervent prayers for the pious souls who had sent them these esteemed objects. Oh! if you were to know the earnestness of soldiers' and sailors' prayers, you would highly value the blessing of having these roughly treated men to direct their fervent petitions to God in your behalf. As one of them expressed it, "God who knows the purity of your motive, will not allow such charity to poor soldiers to pass with mere human thanks as a reward."

* * * * *

Allow me to give you a sketch of camp life, something, no doubt, very new to you. Santa Rosa has, indeed, a sweet name given to it by the Spaniards; but owing to the hostile attitude of the inhabitants on the mainland, and a few other reasons unnecessary to specify, this at first seemed to be the only attractive feature which our isle possessed,

It is composed of sand as white as snow—beautiful emblem of the sanctity, purity, and innocence of the sweet saint whose name it bears. By the way, this reminds me of a coincidence which made a deep impression upon me. Just as the *Vanderbilt* was about weighing anchor to carry us to the war, you remember that a friend placed in my breviary an exquisite little picture of Santa Rosa? I venerate the dear image as a present suggested by the holy Patroness herself of our sea-girt limits. Our destination was a perfect mystery. I had not, nor had any one on board, the slightest suspicion that our station would be Santa Rosa.

The regulars appreciate more keenly than the volunteers do the advantage of having a priest with them. The almost forgotten sight of one of God's ministers arrayed in his sacerdotal robes produces a wonderful effect on their hearts and minds. During their long years of military service, they have seen many of their companions snatched from this life by a bullet, an arrow, or sickness, without being able to receive the consolation which a priest could alone bring them. They dreaded a similar end for themselves. After having made their confession, some of them say to me: "O Father, battle has no terrors for me now. My sins have been forgiven, and I am sure of a Christian burial." Several, both regulars and volunteers, approach the Holy Table every Sunday.

I must try to give some account of the little drummers, in whom you and your friends and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart take such a lively interest. There are for every regiment eleven drummers and ten fifers—a drummer and fifer for each company—all under a drum-major; in all, twenty-two little musicians, who in the Zouaves are, with one exception, all Catholics. Each boy has his medal and *Agnus Dei*. The labor of these little fellows, if not arduous, is exact and constant. During battle the musicians armed with stretchers are, according to army regulations, to scour the field, pick up the wounded, and bring them to a place designated at the beginning of the engagement, where surgeons and chaplains are to attend to them. As an admitted sign that they are non-combatants, and therefore not to be made prisoners, they wear during battle a white band around the arm. This is the theory; I have never seen it faithfully practised. As the contest begins the little fellows, two or more to a stretcher, start off in search of the wounded, but the youngsters appear to be making the search where no wounded are to be found. If the chaplains wish to bring spiritual succor to the fallen, they must go into the thick of the fight; there they are sure to find them. Some have but

a few moments to live after having received a ball; and if the priest is not at hand, the poor soldier dies without confession. During the engagement, bugles not drums direct the movements.

The occupation assigned to the drummers in camp is more onerous though less dangerous than that of managing stretchers. The programme strictly enforced of their daily routine is as follows: Every morning, a short time before daybreak, the officer of the guard has them awakened and conducted to the flagstaff, where at first streak of dawn the flag is hoisted, and drummers and fifers under the drum-major commence the reveille as a salute to the Nation's emblem just given to the breeze, and as an order to the slumbering camp to arise. After a delay of five minutes, again taking up their drums and fifes, they play "morning roll," when all men off duty during the night have to "fall in"—stand in a line—and answer to their names. You will ask how can the soldiers be ready in five minutes to present themselves in line brushed and polished for roll-call? It requires very little time for them to rise and be ready. They have no beds; they are always dressed. Five minutes are amply sufficient for them to wash their faces and give a hasty brush to their clothes. If they appear untidy, they are sure to receive a stiff reprimand; and should the neglect be repeated, a punishment more or less severe is inflicted. After morning roll, the drummers are taken by the drum-major outside the camp—here to the beach—where they are exercised in the various "calls" and "beats" till seven o'clock, when they are marched back to camp where they beat altogether "sick-call." All men suffering or complaining fall into line before a surgeon or a doctor who decides their cases by ordering some to report back for duty, others to rest in quarters, and the remainder to report at the hospital. After sick-call, the drummers have breakfast, and at eight they are again at the flagstaff, beating "guard-mounting."

Guard-mounting is the most interesting and thrilling part of daily camp duty; consequently, it is always witnessed by all the officers and men at that moment unoccupied. The object and mode of this exercise are as follows: The advanced guard is a body of men sent forward to watch the enemy, and give timely notice of any hostile movement. Their number varies according to the danger of the position or the extent of the encampment. Every morning a new band is detailed to replace those who have been out during the preceding twenty-four hours. These sentinels are stationed one by one at every exposed point whence the enemy can be easily observed, and where a secret or overt attack

would most likely be made. They are the first to meet the shock of battle; and consequently have to act like an independent little army till the camp is thoroughly aroused. They are divided into two and sometimes into three "reliefs" or changes. At a location central for the lines, they have what is termed a "rallying point," where those off post are resting, ready to bring aid to any part of the line attacked. They are without any protection whatever against wind or weather, rain or shine. They are considered as on the battle-field, and are as much exposed to be shot down as if in actual engagement.

The part our drummer boys have in this peculiar exercise is this: At 8 o'clock every morning they beat at the flagstaff "guard-call," when the new guard armed for battle fall into line. On the arrival of the adjutant, whose office it is to inspect the guard, and if found ready in every respect, to "turn them over" to the officer of the day, the drummers beat the various manoeuvres through which the guard is put before starting for their solitary and distant posts—such as, review, inspection of uniform, of arms, of ammunition, of rations, of everything required for immediate action. Finding all in order, the adjutant turns the battalion over to the officer of the day, who after an interchange of salutes, gives the command, "forward," when the drummers who hold the right of line, strike a lively march which they continue till they reach camp limits, where they wheel out of line and return in silence to quarters; whilst the guard with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets march off to their dangerous stations, whence some never return. Hence knowing it is the last time we shall ever see some of these brave men, we make it a point to be present at guard-mounting, and wish the poor fellows God speed.

The guard sent out yesterday, and whom those detailed to-day are to relieve, return to camp about eleven o'clock, when they must brush their uniform, and burnish their arms and other accoutrements—a task more or less difficult according to the nature of the ground around their beats, or the state of the weather. Besides the guards there are (at night only) two other lines of men called the pickets and videttes sent forward to watch the enemy's movements. These are detailed as the ordinary guard, but their "make-up" and departure are performed in strict silence. The pickets form a line far beyond that of the guard, and the videttes another far beyond that of the pickets. In case of an attack the videttes first meeting the foe, defend themselves whilst slowly falling back on the pickets, who, whilst

waiting the arrival of the videttes, are rallying and massing for a stout resistance. When a junction is formed, they are pretty well able to give an idea of the strength and intentions of the enemy, and resolve to repel the attack, or whilst fighting, slowly fall back on the guard line, which, by this time, is strongly reenforced by troops from camp. Batteries of artillery shell the advancing foe, and the line of battle is formed. During this exciting time the drummers are beating the "long-roll," which seems to inspire friends, and discourage the opposing forces. All, however, are delighted when the long-roll has ceased—it has a terrible effect on the nervous system. Sometimes the battle goes no farther, the movement ending in a skirmish. If permitted, the enemy retire, either because they have found us on the alert, or because they have secured the information they were anxious to acquire. Our opponents are supposed to have no idea of the location of our vidette or picket lines. To guard against the possibility of their ascertaining the situation, the lines are frequently changed.

But to return to our drummer boys. At 9 A. M., they call the soldiers to drill, and continue to practise their beats till eleven, when they have free time, during which they can bathe, brush up their uniform, wash their linen, etc. At 11.30 A. M. they beat "roast beef"—get ready for the dinner at 12 M. At 3.30 P. M. they are undergoing their own drill under the drum-major till 5 P. M. Free time again—during which supper is served—till sunset, when all our little musicians under the drum-major, assembled near the flagstaff, beat "retreat." This means to salute the flag, haul it down for safe-keeping during the night, and call all stragglers back to camp.

The heat of the day is now over; a delightful breeze sets in from the gulf; boys, men, and officers begin a round of all possible amusements till nine o'clock, when our drummers and fifers are once more at the flagstaff beating "tattoo," a signal for the cessation of all amusements and noise, and for the men to fall into line and answer roll-call. At this late hour the videttes and pickets spoken of above, in charge of the officer of the day, are sent to their secret posts. At a quarter past nine our little fellows are at their post and beat "taps"—an order to extinguish all lights for the night; the countersign is given to the staff and other officers entitled to have it, and strict silence is rigidly enforced. If any one presumes to keep in his tent a light or a visitor any time between taps and reveille, he is reported to the proper authority by the sentry, and is called to strict account next morning. The challenges of the sentries, and

the answers given, are the only words heard during the night, unless of course an attack be made. We may walk up and down the camp streets, meditate, study the stars, salute the moon, to which we entrust many messages for our friends at home as she passes over them, but silence we must keep.

You can thus see that our little boys have enough to keep them occupied. The youngest (nine years old) and the best of them all is John Farrell. Amongst his companions he goes by the name of "Chicken," on account of his delicate build, too delicate for the rough life of a soldier. At my request the Commander of the Department is to send him home by the next transport. The leader of the evening fun amongst the drummers has the name of another great Brooklyn friend of mine. Johnny Sullivan, "Mouse" the boys call him, starts all kinds of fun, hunts the *blues* out of camp, preaches to the cooks, and loiters around the company kitchens, having a jovial word for every one.

The accidental breaking of a drum-head, and the consequent free time of the owner of the drum, gave the little fellows not long ago a new idea of fun which they were not slow to reduce to practice. One fine day all drums had their heads knocked in, of course *accidentally*. The fifers had to make all the calls. But presently the fifes too were *accidentally* broken, and no one was found to play the beats. The adjutant, whose business it is to see to such things, met the musicians squarely, and, as they said, "knocked in the head of their fun," by ordering from the Fort, a new supply of drums and fifes at the youngsters' own expense.

We had here a few days ago, a solemn, unique, and very interesting ceremony—the First Communion of some drummer boys, and some soldiers, who, perhaps, owing to their own fault, had up to this time, never approached the holy Table. The event created quite a sensation in camp. Protestants and Catholics, file and officers, navy and army, turned out to witness the scene. Some could not understand it; others saw in it a revival of a day long since passed in their own lives. The little musicians took a pride in celebrating the day to the best of their ability. When the hour for Mass had arrived, the boys arrayed in full regulation uniform, with buckles and belts and buttons glistening in the sun's clear rays, marched through the camp streets, beating a rousing "church-call." Among the men of the fleet who had come ashore to witness the edifying display, was a veteran sailor who, seeing the drum-corps coming down the street towards him, knelt down and

sobbed aloud. Controlling his feelings as the little fellows were passing him, he said :

“Boys, when I was a chap like you, I made my First Communion, and a good one it was too.” Again he applied his handkerchief to his eyes. Rising and earnestly turning towards his companions he asked :

“Can’t we find among the boys aboard a’ship, some who have never been to Communion, and rig up a day like this?”

The day as usual was clear and warm, the throng large, and the singing of the sailors, marines, and soldiers more than satisfactory. The altar was humble, the ornamentation being, under the circumstances, the best that could be done. It was useless to attempt to preach; my voice could not reach any distance. I said a few words to the new communicants, and dismissed the gathering. Some old men of the army and fleet lingered about the altar after Mass; and when the crowd had dwindled, one of them said :

“Father, is there any objection to our kneeling where the boys have been praying?”

Receiving the answer, they devoutly knelt and prayed for their own boys far, far away, whom they may never again behold. Catholic officers and men chatted together a little while, telling of the day and place of their First Communion. None of them had made it in time of war, in an open camp within view of the hostile forces, almost within reach of their rifles, certainly within range of their cannons.

“And when are you going, Father, to give us Confirmation?” asked one of the drummers.

“Yes,” said a man-of-war’s-man, “Confirmation must take place aboard a’ship. You chaps have had enough on shore.”

It was truly a memorable day. Dinner, coarse but wholesome, with strong black coffee, was most acceptable to the boys and myself. How refreshing a drink of cool clear water would be—but it cannot be had. Will those boys persevere? is a question asked by many; indeed it might be asked on occasions far more favorable than the present. Who can answer it? Temptations are met with in every walk of life. You would say that the evident danger of death to which soldiers at all times, but particularly in actual war, are exposed, would be a strong incentive to practise virtue. Such indeed should be the case. But armies are composed of every kind of people, and in the United States more than anywhere else, of every nationality and religion. Some are like fiends from whom no good can be hoped, who seem to delight in spreading evil; others are invincibly good; others again good but weak. They fear God and his judgments principally before battle; but with the battle

pass away all thoughts of eternity, till danger again looms up in the gleam of the hostile camp-fires, whose reflection is visible in the distant overhanging clouds. Yet divine grace is powerful. Almighty God will no doubt give poor soldiers assistance proportioned to the dangers and temptations which they have to encounter. Let us hope and pray that those boys will use the means at hand to ensure their fidelity in the service of God. In closing my remarks to them after Mass, I called their attention to the unutterable odium attached in our day to traitors to their flag, and asked: "Will you be traitors to God and your Church?" "Never, Never!" was the immediate and soul-inspiring answer.

Santa Rosa is not so desolate a place as we at first sight were induced to believe. Throughout the seasons called up North, fall and winter, our Island was thoroughly stocked with wild fowl of almost every description. To avoid the severity of cold climates, wild geese and ducks, all varieties of aquatic birds, even game that avoid the water, such as what appear to us to be wild turkeys and partridges, swarm all around us. Owing, however, to the strict enforcement of the article of regulations, which prohibits under severe penalties the firing of guns or pistols outside a specified time, these ducks, geese, etc., come and go with impunity amongst thousands, who would willingly give their bounty for a piece of fresh meat. These winged visitors, meeting with little hostility, become so tame and confiding as to forage to the very edge of camp, where they find refuse on which they like to feed. Of course, occasionally some of the men yield to the temptation, and, regardless of all consequences, open fire on a flock of geese or ducks. The law-breakers are instantly seized by the guard, and condemned to the loss of a month's pay or more. A friend, however, expecting this result, secures the ducks, and prepares a grand repast for himself and the mulcted prisoners. Others more acute, instead of firearms, employ the silent snare or trap to provide this coveted material of a savory dish.

Of the many means resorted to in order to catch some of these aquatic nomads, the following contrivance seems to be the most successful: An empty barrel—a flour barrel preferred—is obtained at the quartermaster's department by a party of boys, who take it to one of those lakes or ponds dotting our Island. Soldiers' ingenuity soon changes what had been a discarded, useless vessel into an effective and capacious trap, by closing permanently one end, and adjusting to the other a door movable on hinges, to which is attached a piece of twine, by which the door is closed. When completed, the barrel is placed on its side in the water. The

enticing bait is so fastened that it floats within the trap. The movable end is opened, and the barrel, managed by a string from shore, is floated off towards the centre of the lake. In a very short time the game notices the oats, or whatever it is with which the trap is baited. In goes one through the open door; another and another follow in quick succession. Soon the mouth of the barrel is blocked by a throng of fowl, with dozens around flapping and cackling in their efforts to reach the bait. Now the fowlers show their dexterity. By means of the twine they gently, gradually, and skilfully close the door, and thus shut in a large number of geese or ducks, or both. Without alarming the flock still anxious to reach the food and following the barrel, the trappers keeping the door well fastened, cautiously and noiselessly haul their "take" ashore. Thus without having infringed any law the boys have caught a good supply of fresh meat, some of which they keep for themselves; a great part they sell at high prices to the officers' messes. All the trappers of course are not equally successful. Instead of catching any, some scatter the entire flock, to the intense disgust of better fowlers.

Reports brought over to us from the mainland by numerous deserters, refugees, etc., have kept us in a constant state of alarm for some weeks past. According to these accounts, General Bragg is making vigorous preparations to drive us surely this time into the Gulf of Mexico. This rumor is sufficient, in the estimation of the authorities, to keep us every night under arms in the trenches. During day-time we are allowed to sleep, if we can. Some of the officers are of the opinion that Bragg's manœuvres are a preparation for evacuating Pensacola and its defences rather than for attacking Pickens or invading Santa Rosa.

There are here extensive and massive ruins of a structure which refugees tell us is known in Pensacola by the name of "Spanish Fort." The site of the demolished building is quite a resort for men off duty, who are constantly searching and digging for treasures or curiosities. They have already dug up a number of cannons and cannon balls. Some who make a business of delving have discovered many and valuable relics of Spain's former great dominion over America.

Some time ago a few soldiers began to suffer from what our doctors call "moon-blindness." Men who during the day had as perfect sight as any one could have, were unable to distinguish one object from another the moment night set in. The doctors tell us that this is a disease prevalent in certain climates, and caused by the strong reflection of

the sun's rays from snow or white sand. There is nothing visible in the eye to indicate the existence of the trouble. Hence the surgeons have to take the unchallenged word of the soldier that he cannot see. As the disease rapidly spread, the number of men available for night duty became alarmingly small. Old Col. Brown, equal to any emergency, discovered what the army physicians had been unable to do, an effectual remedy for the dread disease. He ordered all those afflicted with moon-blindness, to be employed at severe and constant labor all day long, from early morning till dark. This order immediately checked the spread of what was looked upon as an epidemic, and caused those who had lost their sight for night work, to recover it.

When shall we, or shall we ever, be back in New York? Pray that this scourge of war may soon be at an end. Sincere regards and thanks of soldiers to your family, and to the other friends for whom this letter is intended.

Yours respectfully in Christ,
MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

GONZAGA COLLEGE.

A SKETCH OF SOME OF ITS PRESIDENTS, PROFESSORS,
AND STUDENTS.

(Continued.)

FATHER JEREMIAH KEILY.

Fr. Keily, the superior of the community and prefect of schools during Rev. Wm. Matthews' presidency, was born on Aug. 1, 1798, and entered the Society on June 14, 1818. Having made his philosophy whilst a novice, he began the study of theology in September, 1820, in the newly opened "Seminary," under FF. Anthony Kohlmann and Maximilian Rantzau. Interrupting his studies for a year, to teach the class of first grammar, he resumed them again in the September of 1822, and was besides the professor of poetry. He was ordained probably in the autumn of 1823, since the catalogue issued at the beginning of the year 1824 places him amongst the priests, without, however, noting his employment. In the catalogue of 1825 he is assigned the offices of prefect of schools, professor of rhetoric and po-

etry, and occasional preacher in St. Patrick's Church. When Fr. Adam Marshall departed on his fatal sea voyage, Fr. Keily was appointed, on Dec. 1, 1824, superior of the house, but was not, for reasons elsewhere stated,⁽¹⁾ named the president of the college. He also became about this time the assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, and in this capacity his ability as a preacher soon brought him into prominence. The old boys of those days who are now living—and few, alas! are they—remember with pleasure Fr. Keily's Sunday evening lectures. His subject for a time was an answer to the attacks of Blanco White.⁽²⁾ The eloquence of the preacher always attracted a large congregation, many being Protestants. Among the most frequent listeners were the Unitarian minister, the Rev. Robert Little, and his wife. Many a troubled soul was calmed, and many a wanderer was brought into the fold of Christ by these sermons. One of the many was Mrs. Christopher Cummings, the mother of the afterwards famous Rev. Dr. Cummings.

As Mrs. Cummings had her sons at the college, she frequently had occasion to meet Fr. Keily. One day the conversation happening to turn on religious topics, Fr. Keily invited Mrs. Cummings to attend his course of sermons. She did so. The sermon, which was on "The Real Presence," suggested doubts that her Episcopal training could not satisfy. Wishing to hear the Catholic doctrine and the Episcopalian belief expounded article by article, and thus be able to judge for herself which was the true religion, she invited Fr. Keily to meet her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Hawley, at her house some evenings of the week. He accepted her invitation, and, in presence of Mrs. Cummings and her children, discussed with the minister the religious tenets of the Catholic Church. Her daughter, the venerable Sister Chantal Cummings, of the Connecticut Avenue Convent, Washington, remembers that Fr. Keily always had the better of the argument. The result was that Mrs. Cummings and her children became Catholics.

Fr. Benedict Fenwick, S. J., afterwards Bishop of Boston, used to visit the family. One day he asked Mrs. Cummings what offering she was going to make to our Lord for the grace of conversion.

(1) Vid. LETTERS, vol. xix., p. 11.

(2) The errors and slanders in White's "Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism" and "The Poor Man's Preservative against Popery" furnished the texts for Fr. Keily's Sunday evening lectures. For an exhaustive refutation of White's calumnies, see Bishop England's Works, vol. i., pp. 106 to 334.

"I am going," said she, "to consecrate my youngest son to his service."

Accordingly, she sent her son, who had been named Jeremiah after Fr. Keily, to the College of the Propaganda. It is pleasant to note here that Fr. Kohlmann, the first president of Gonzaga College, was one of her friends at Rome, to whose care she confided her son. Finishing at an early age a remarkably brilliant course with a successful examination for the degree of doctor of divinity, Rev. Jeremiah Cummings on his return to this country was appointed pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York City, and built the present magnificent structure on Twenty-eighth Street.⁽¹⁾

The scholastic year 1826-1827 opened with the following faculty in charge: Rev. William Matthews, president; Fr. Jeremiah Keily, prefect of studies; Messrs. William Grace, professor of rhetoric and poetry; Edward McCarthy, professor of first grammar; Richard Hardey, professor of second and third grammar; Br. Charles Strahan, professor of rudiments; Mr. James Curley, professor of second rudiments and mathematics. There were about one hundred and fifty students in attendance this year. As one reads the old records, still preserved in the college library, he is struck with the large proportion of boys, the lustre of whose virtue and learning in aftertime illumined the legal, clerical, and medical professions.

In the midst of Fr. Keily's renown as a preacher, in the midst of Fr. Matthews' success as president, and in the midst of the popularity of the college, favored as it was with the esteem and patronage of the best families of Washington, the General of the Society of Jesus was obliged to suppress the establishment. This was before any dispensation had been obtained from the Holy Father to receive pay for externs. Therefore the Fr. General was but doing his duty in writing that the taking of money for tuition was not in accordance with the Institute. A boarding-college not endowed could be permitted, but the charge should be for the board of the pupils not for their tuition. Under no consideration could this privilege be extended to a day-college. Hence he commanded that the "Washington Seminary" be closed and its community transferred to Georgetown College.⁽²⁾

⁽¹⁾ Dr. Cummings published a volume of Sunday-school hymns, many of which are still popular. He also wrote "The Silver Stole," a collection of one hundred texts of Scripture and one hundred original epitaphs suitable for the grave of a child.

⁽²⁾ This entry is written in the Georgetown College Diary for September 29, 1827: *Nostris ex Seminario Washingtoniano emigrarunt in Collegium.*

This seems to have been a sacrifice that Fr. Keily was not prepared to make.⁽¹⁾ When the students assembled in September, 1827, for the usual opening day, Fr. Keily announced that henceforward the school would be taught in the old Capitol Building on Capitol Hill, and would be called the Washington City College. So there on the following morning Fr. Keily and his lay professors received those pupils that followed him. Among the boys who climbed the Hill on that memorable day were FF. William Francis Clarké, James A. Ward, the late Daniel Lynch, and John Carroll Brent, Esq.

Fr. Keily had conducted the school for two years or more, when, writes Fr. Wm. Francis Clarke, "disappointed in his application to Congress for a charter for his college, he induced a Mr. Hughes, who had a prosperous classical school in Virginia (perhaps at Lynchburg) to take the school off his hands. Mr. H. vacated the old Capitol some time after and moved to a smaller house in East Capitol Street, about a block and a half distant. Mr. H. had in both places among his teachers an ex-Jesuit from the English Province, Mr. Sherlock, who, I understand, was much esteemed by Jesuits in England and Ireland, and left for causes not blamable. Both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Sherlock were my teachers." It should be noted that Br. Strahan, on leaving the Society, went to Philadelphia. Returning to Washington, he became an assistant teacher for Fr. Keily. He then went West and engaged in some land speculation.

Seminarium Washingtonianum, notes the catalogue of 1829, *ob defectum debitæ Institutoque Societatis conformis sustentationis conformis, anno 1827, 25 Sept., dissolutum est; licet prospero aliunde successu uti videbatur. Ædificium pertinens ad Societatem nunc elocatur.*

(1) There is an ill founded story to the effect (1), that Fr. Keily and his whole community left the Society rather than submit to Fr. General's will, and, (2), the Seminary was closed because its success was ruinous to Georgetown.

1. The truth is that only two, Fr. Keily and Br. Strahan, left the Society at that time. Two others, FF. Hardey and Grace, left some ten years later—the first in 1838, and the latter in 1839. The three others persevered unto the end. Fr. Edward McCarthy died at Whitemarsh, Feb. 13, 1842, in his 48th year of age, and 25th of religion. Br. John Gavin died at Georgetown College, March 13, 1862, in his 85th year, and 42d of religion. Fr. James Curley, entering the Society the day after the closing of the Seminary, died at Georgetown College, July 24, 1889, aged 93 years, of which he had spent 62 years in the Society.

2. Documents in our possession prove that the small number of students at Georgetown was due to other causes. Besides, it is scarcely probable that the managers of that college ever expected in those days a large attendance of day-scholars from Washington. For in such a case many of the boys, especially those unable to pay the stage-fare, would have to walk six miles a day, going and returning, through muddy roads and swampy commons. What we are saying is confirmed by the fact that two years after the suspension of the Seminary, Georgetown College had but *six* day-scholars and twenty-nine boarders, and this was on March 1, 1829, the day on which Fr. Wm. Francis Clarke matriculated.

Fr. Keily, on relinquishing his college to Mr. Hughes, went to Philadelphia, where he served for some time as assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church. Then purchasing what is now Laurel Hill Cemetery, he erected a building thereon, which he intended to give to the Jesuit fathers for a college. But financial embarrassment compelled him to sell it. He then went to St. Louis, and afterwards to New Orleans, where he died.

The closing of the Washington Seminary and the subsequent withdrawal of the Jesuits from Washington was a severe blow to Fr. Matthews. He wrote letter after letter to Rome, begging the General to rescind the order. But all to no purpose. He lived, however, to welcome back his old friends, and to see the college rise again in 1848 with undimmed glory.

But its life as a school was never entirely extinct. During the interval between 1828 and 1848 its work as a classical school was perpetuated by Dr. Philip Smith, Messrs. John Develin, McLaughlin Brothers, and Michael Shyne.

In concluding the first period of Gonzaga's history, we cannot omit a biographical notice of one whose theological studies were made within the college halls, whose catechetical lectures enabled the students to account for the faith that was in them, and whose priestly labors, meriting the praise of Catholics and the censure of Protestants, were prominently connected with wonderful manifestations of the supernatural power which Christ promised should ever abide with his Church—

FR. STEPHEN LARIGAUDELLE DUBUISSON.

This distinguished man and holy priest was born in St. Domingo on the 21st of October, 1786. He spent his early youth at Marseilles and later at Nantes. He was distinguished for his angelic piety at a period when an almost heroic courage was needed to practise Christian duties openly.⁽¹⁾ Finishing his education in a Paris military school, he was at the early age of nineteen appointed to the responsible position of paymaster for a division of the French Army. Though he never personally met the First Consul, he at times received written orders over the signature of him, at whose nod all Europe trembled. Young Dubuisson was not long in discovering that he was upholding an inferior standard, when the sons of Loyola were bearing aloft a nobler banner—the standard

⁽¹⁾ De Courey and Shea's "Catholic Church in the United States," p. 130.

of Christ. So he, on December 15, 1815, enlisted in the Company of Jesus. He took the first vows of the Society at Georgetown College, on the feast of St. Stephen, Friday, Dec. 26, 1817.⁽¹⁾ In 1820 he was at Gonzaga College, completing his theology under Fr. Kohlmann. He was ordained priest by Archbishop Maréchal at Georgetown College, on Aug. 7, 1821. On completing his fourth year of theology, he was appointed in 1822 assistant to Rev. William Matthews. It was while filling this position that he was witness of the miraculous restoration to health of Mrs. Ann Mattingly.

THE MATTINGLY MIRACLE.

Fr. Dubuisson, in his sworn statement before Justice John N. Moulder, thus describes the case :

“ I have had the honor of Mrs. Mattingly’s acquaintance (a sister ⁽²⁾ of Captain Thomas Carbery, the present Mayor of Washington), for more than two years. I habitually visited her, and always found her a prey to an inward illness, with which I was told that she had been taken about six years ago. The symptoms which I witnessed, or frequently heard herself state, were the following :

“ She constantly felt excruciating pains in her chest, on the left side. It seemed as if her inside frame, in that part, was corroded by a cancer. She usually threw up blood and a mixture of corrupt matter in such quantity, that it may well be said to have been by bowlfulls. . . . Oftentimes she spoke to me of a red and hard spot below her left breast, which at intervals threatened to break open. From the violence of the pains in her breast, she had lost the use of her left arm, so far as to have been unable to lift it up or to use it in dressing without assistance for about six years. In her worst paroxysms, which lasted not merely a few days but whole weeks, and returned several times each year, it

⁽¹⁾ The Woodstock Historical Library has the book in which Fr. Dubuisson recorded in his neat handwriting the lights he received during the retreat preparatory to his vows. On the strength of the contents of this book and of other writings of Fr. Dubuisson’s, and on the depth of his piety connoted by the blessings which attended his labors, we have dared to use the epithets “ holy ” and “ saintly ” in describing him.

⁽²⁾ The affidavit of our Fr. Joseph Carbery is as follows :

I hereby certify that my sister, Mrs. Mattingly, has been confined by severe sickness for five or six years. That during this period I have visited Washington four or five times, and always found her extremely ill. That I always left Washington with the impression that I should never see her again, believing, with those who knew her, that her case was incurable, and that she could not long survive ; and that several times during my last visit, I thought she was in the act of expiring. I saw her sixteen days before her cure.

JOSEPH CARBERY.

St. Inigoe’s Manor, March 22, 1824.
St. Mary’s County, Maryland.

was impossible for her to take any substantial food whatever. She has spent as long as four weeks together literally without swallowing anything else than a few cups of tea or coffee. She then used to be reduced to that state of weakness that she could not stir from her bed; and it was a subject of astonishment to all her friends that she lived. Towards the last period she experienced an increase of malady. She was taken about six months ago with a cough, which became worse and worse, and for the last six weeks was such as to place her in imminent danger of expiring in the height of the fits. I do not recollect ever witnessing anything like it both for violence and the puking of blood with which it was attended. Finally she was taken a few weeks since with chills and fevers. In short, so continually was the state of suffering of Mrs. Mattingly, that I remember only one period when she enjoyed some relief, and that but a temporary and very incomplete one; particularly for the few weeks immediately preceding her cure, she was in a sort of agony which, I found, almost every body judged must have been the precursor of her departure from this world.

“The physicians consulted on the case; or who attended, had declared that it was evidently out of the reach of medicine. Mrs. Mattingly has always been remarkably religious in her disposition; some of her friends suggested⁽¹⁾ the step of applying to Prince Hohenlohe for his prayers in her favor, as the power granted him from heaven to cure suddenly diseases beyond the reach of human skill became daily more manifest. She did not ask it; her resignation was as great as her sufferings were acute; she agreed to it, however, as a means of recovery, in which she felt inclined to put great confidence. The Rev. Mr. Anthony Kohlmann was to write to the Prince. Captain Thomas Carbery, on the occasion, in March, 1823, drew up a statement of Mrs. Mattingly's sickness in its origin and progress, which was confirmed, under signature, by Dr. Jones, her attending physician. Mr. Kohlmann was obliged to leave the city, to reside in Prince George's County, without having written to the Prince. He knew that I intended to make application to the Prince for some other persons, and requested me to include Mrs. Mattingly in my list of petitioners. I promised to do so, but my professional duties, numerous and incessant, left me no leisure time, and the very delicate nature of the step caused in me an involuntary tendency to procrastination; so that it was not until November last that

⁽¹⁾ The suggestion was made by Fr. Kohlmann, Vid. LETTERS, vol. xviii., p. 279.

I spent an evening at Captain Carbery's house, for the express purpose of writing there a letter to the priest, Prince Hohenlohe. I then penned a draft of a letter, which draft I now have among my papers; but I still delayed, and finally my letter went only under date of the 2d of January last, inclosed in some other dispatches, in the care of Mr. Petry, formerly the consul-general of France, at Washington. I assuredly could not expect an answer from the Prince by this time.

"In the beginning of February last, Mr. Kohlmann, returning from Baltimore, reported that the Rev. John Tessier, a vicar-general of the diocese of Baltimore, had received a letter from Prince Hohenlohe, stating that His Highness would offer up his prayers on the 10th day of every month, at 9 o'clock A. M., for the benefit of those persons living out of Europe, who wished to unite in prayers with him. It was immediately proposed that Mrs. Mattingly should apply for the efficacy of the Prince's prayers on the 10th of the same month of February last; but the Prince recommended a nine days' devotion in honor of the Name of Jesus. I was of opinion that this religious exercise must have been gone through previously to the day appointed to pray in union with the Prince. I therefore invited Mrs. Mattingly to wait until the 10th of the present month of March. Meanwhile, impressed with a kind of awe by the nature of the proceedings, I determined to act with the utmost circumspection. Accordingly, I wrote to the Rev. Mr. W. Beschter, in Baltimore, to obtain some more positive information. His answer fully satisfied me with regard to the existence of the letter on the part of the Prince received in Baltimore, and likewise respecting several late striking cures in Holland. Not contented with these precautions, I would have the approbation of the head pastor of the diocese, Archbishop Maréchal, before taking upon myself to direct the infirm persons alluded to in their devotions, in such a step as an application for their cure from heaven, through the efficacy of the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe, a Roman Catholic priest, residing upwards of four thousand miles from this place, and at the precise time of prayers in union with him. I consequently wrote to Archbishop Maréchal, whose answer confirmed the information I had already received, communicated various directions on the mode of proceeding, and graciously promised his joining in prayer with us on the appointed day, 10th of March instant.

"I owe it to the truth to say that I then should have been unjustifiable in my own eyes, had I not directed, assisted, countenanced Mrs. Mattingly and a few more persons simi-

larly situated in their call upon heaven; and that if I had delayed so long, it had by no means been from distrust, for I had not the least doubt left on my mind concerning the miraculous cures obtained by Prince Hohenlohe's prayers in Europe, and I entertained a lively hope that heaven would grant us also some favor of that kind.

"We therefore entered upon the preparatory exercises of devotion. According to the directions which I had gathered from various sources, we proceeded as I am going to state.

"The novena, that is, nine days' devotion in honor of the Name of Jesus, began on the 1st day of March, so as to be concluded previously to the 10th. It consisted of the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, with some other prayers, such as the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition, and the short ejaculation, 'Lord Jesus, may thy name be glorified.'

"In order to pray as much as possible in union of hearts at the very same time, it was agreed upon that those religious exercises should be performed every morning of the novena precisely at sunrise. The relations and most intimate acquaintances of the infirm persons joined in the devotion, and I spoke or wrote to many of my co-laborers, and also to several other religious persons, inviting them to join in prayer with us, particularly on the morning of the 10th. I imagine that the number of those who in this country thus implored heaven for the favor alluded to in union with Prince Hohenlohe and his own friends in Germany, was nearly two hundred.

"During the course of the novena Mrs. Mattingly was desperately ill; I saw her on the 20th of February and 7th and 9th of March, always confined to bed, and frequently in those fits of coughing and vomiting of blood, which looked very much like her last struggles with death. When I left her, on the 9th, at about half past ten o'clock at night, she was worse than ever, and there was an expression of gloom upon all the family.

"The essential conditions required by the Prince on the part of the infirm are a lively faith, an unrestricted confidence of being favorably heard, deep sorrow for sins, and an immovable purpose (to use the literal translation of his own words) of leading an exemplary life, a novena in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus, the reception of the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist, and the prayers in union with him at the appointed time.

"The time appointed by the Prince for persons residing

out of Europe is, as above stated, the 10th of each month at 9 o'clock in the morning.

"In consequence of the difference of longitude between this continent and Germany, the difference in the rising of the sun is about six hours, so that here 3 o'clock, after midnight, is about the corresponding hour to 9 in the morning at Bamberg, where the Prince resides.

"I therefore requested the families to be up and at prayers from 2 o'clock, and the Rev. Mr. W. Matthews, the rector of St. Patrick's Church, being Mrs. Mattingly's confessor, heard her confession on the evening of the 9th, that she might be in readiness to receive the Adorable Eucharist early next morning.

"I celebrated Mass at St. Patrick's Church at 2.30 o'clock, and afterwards carried the Blessed Sacrament to Mrs. Mattingly at her brother's (Captain Carbery's) house. On my arrival, she was in the same state of extreme weakness and suffering, and a paroxysm of her cough which came on made me almost apprehensive lest she might be prevented from receiving Communion, but it proved of very short duration. This was the hour of expectation.

"I dispose everything according to the rites of our Church. A small towel was to be put under her chin; she would help to fix it, but finds herself unable to lift up her arm. I address her with a very few words of encouragement, telling her that the best possible exhortation for her was the very letter of Prince Hohenlohe's directions, which I read to her. I then gave her the Holy Communion. There were some consecrated Hosts left in the pix. I shut and wrap up the whole, give the usual blessing to the family (there were six persons in the room, relatives or friends), and kneel down before the Blessed Eucharist previous to taking it with me on retiring; when behold! Mrs. Mattingly fetches a deep sigh, rises slowly to the sitting position, stretches her arms forward, joins her hands, and exclaims with a firm, though somewhat weak voice, 'Lord Jesus! what have I done to deserve so great a favor.' The emotion, the fright of the persons in the room, is betrayed by sobs and tears and half-suppressed shrieks; I rise with a thrill through my whole frame, step to the bedside, she grasps my hand; 'Ghostly Father!' she cries out, 'what can I do to acknowledge such a blessing?' My first, my spontaneous expressions, are: 'Glory be to God!—we may say so! oh! what a day for us!' I then bid her say what she felt: 'Not the least pain left.' 'None there?' said I, pointing to her breast. 'Not the least—only some weakness.' I ask her how she has come to be relieved. She

had felt as if she were dying from excess of pain—had offered up a short prayer of the heart to Jesus Christ — and instantly had found herself freed from all suffering whatever.

“‘I wish to get up,’ she exclaims, ‘and give thanks to God on my knees.’ ‘But,’ I replied, ‘can you!’ ‘I can, if you will give me leave.’ Her sisters immediately look for her stockings (she used to lie in bed nearly dressed), but upon my observing that our very first occupation should be to give thanks, we kneel down, she remains sitting in her bed, and all recite three times the Lord’s Prayer, with the Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as also the short ejaculatory prayer, ‘Lord Jesus may Thy Name be Glorified!’ She joins with continued firmness of voice. I then looked at my watch; it was twenty-two minutes after four. I accordingly estimated that the cure had been effected at about fifteen minutes after four. Directly after her stockings are brought, she is surrounded by her friends, gets up and walks unassisted and with steady deportment to the table, dressed in the shape of an altar, on which the Blessed Eucharist lay, there bends her knees, and remains for a while lost in an act of adoration.

“I confess that the impression upon my soul was so profound at the sight of the whole scene, but particularly of this last circumstance, that I do not think it could have been more so had I seen Mrs. Mattingly dead and raised to life again. In the habit of finding her perpetually in bed or on a sofa, racked with pains, spitting — vomiting blood — when, at once, in the sudden transition of one minute to another, I saw her rise up, stand, walk, kneel down, and speak with words, and in a tone of voice which denoted soundness of mind as well as of body, I underwent, I believe, the very same sensation as if I had seen her rise out of the coffin. There was especially in her look and features something which I shall not undertake to depict; an expression of firmness, and of earnest, awful feeling, the recollection of which it will be my consolation to preserve through life: O faith in Jesus Christ! those are thy effects.

“As I had to hurry on to another sick person’s house, I left Mrs. Mattingly about ten minutes after her cure. I immediately determined upon going on the same day to Baltimore to be myself the bearer of the important news to our venerable prelate, Archbishop Maréchal. But multiplied engagements detained me until 11 o’clock. Then, on the point of leaving Washington, I went down in company

with the Rev. Fr. Matthews to see Mrs. Mattingly again. She came and met us at the door, knelt down to receive her pastor's blessing; in short, looked and acted as one perfectly restored to health, who has only more strength to recover.

"We are now on the 17th of March; seven days therefore have elapsed since her cure. She is daily acquiring strength, as is witnessed, I may say, by the whole city, which flocks to Captain Carbery's house in order to see her. Dr. Jones, her physician, had examined her and found no vestige of the red tumor which she had on her side, nor any sign whatever of ill health. * * *

"Whilst in Baltimore on the 11th, I hastily drew up in French a provisional account of this glorious event for Prince Hohenlohe, and left it with the Rev. W. Beschter, pastor of St. John's Church, to be forwarded by the first opportunity. I deemed that step a duty of gratitude to the blessed man, whom the Almighty thus makes the instrument of his wonders for the benefit of mankind; as I now feel it a sacred part incumbent upon me to procure authenticity and notoriety to this deposition, in order that God may be praised in his works; a deposition to which I swear on the holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, with full certitude of accuracy, and which, I trust, I would subscribe with my own blood.

STEPHEN L. DUBUISSON.

*City of Washington,
March 17, 1824.*

The miracle was described in a pamphlet by Fr. Dubuisson, whose manuscript is now in the Woodstock Historical Library. He also wrote an account in French, which obtained a large circulation abroad. Fr. Dubuisson's writings on this subject were afterwards incorporated into Bishop England's pamphlet on "The Miraculous Restoration of Mrs. Ann Mattingly, of Washington, D. C." (1)

Mrs. Mattingly, who was in 1831 the recipient of another wonderful favor from Almighty God, (2) lived for thirty-three

(1) Bishop England's Works, vol. iii., p. 393.

(2) An accident she met with necessitated the amputation of her foot, which operation the doctor was to perform on Jan. 2, 1831. But Mrs. Mattingly during the preceding night exerting all her faith in Christ and relying upon the powerful influence of the Blessed Mother with her Son, placed a medal of the Blessed Virgin upon the diseased limb, entreating our Lady to come to her assistance, that through her intercession she might obtain either a cure, should it be God's will, or the grace to die a happy death.

The Sisters of the Visitation, whose guest Mrs. Mattingly was, on entering the chapel next morning, found her, whom death was nigh unto the evening before, on her knees pouring forth fervent acts of thanksgiving to God and to the Blessed Virgin for a second complete restoration to health. See *The Church News*, June 9, 1889.

years after her miraculous restoration, a striking refutation of the assertion that the age of miracles had passed. She was buried on March 10, 1857, the anniversary of the first miracle.

On September 9, 1825, Fr. Dubuisson succeeded Fr. Enoch Fenwick as president of Georgetown College. Thence he went to Rome for his third year of probation,⁽¹⁾ and remained there a few years with Fathers Aloysius Young, Francis Vespre, George Fenwick, William McSherry, James Ryder, and Thomas Mulledy—names familiar to every old student

(1) Whilst abroad Fr. Dubuisson received this interesting letter from Capt. Thomas Carbery :

WASHINGTON CITY, 16th May, 1828.

MY DEAR REV. MR. DUBUISSON,

Your esteemed favor of the 10th of March reached us on yesterday while we were at dinner, aunt Carbery with us. When I announced a letter from the Rev. Mr. Dubuisson, every knife and fork was instantly laid down and every countenance lit up with inexpressible joy. We had been expecting you, for sometime, and the first impression was, that you had arrived in the country and that the letter would apprise us of the fact; but how disappointed, at finding that you were yet at Rome. A letter from you or our dear Fr. Kohlmann, gives as much pleasure, nay, joy, to my family, as would the drawing of a prize in a lottery, and even more. All that affectionate regard and attachment, which we had for you both when near us, has been kept inviolable; indeed, your absence placed it on interest and I can say, with truth, that it has been accumulating every day. Although we are under greater obligations to you and Father Kohlmann, than any other family in the District; yet we do not, we cannot give stronger evidence of attachment than is manifested by your Catholick acquaintances, without exception, in Washington and Geo. Town, and indeed, everywhere else. We celebrated the Tenth of March, as when you were with us, and shall continue to do so, as long as we live. It is a day of great glory in the annals of Catholick America; to us particularly and to me especially. Those feelings and appearances which you so justly describe, made too strong an impression upon me, to be forgotten; even the least worthy of notice. I cannot conceive that any exhibition of God's power upon earth, could make a greater impression upon me, than did the instantaneous restoration of my sister, from her bed of sickness, and who, but a moment before, was a mass of the most filthy and sickening corruption. "Nothing is hard or impossible to God." We know this; but some of the works of God strike us with more wonder and astonishment than others, although to him, not more difficult of performance. When indulging in Philosophick speculations, on the power and wonderful works of God, I have placed myself, in imagination, beside the Tomb of Lazarus and saw him raised to life; but his machinery was complete, and he only wanted the invigorating breath of Omnipotence, to enable him to rise and walk. How different was the situation of Mrs. Mattingly. She was not dead, it is true, but she was infinitely beyond restoration, from human skill. In her, all that complicate machinery of the human system was rent asunder, her lungs devoured and her body a heap of putrefaction. She, who could not, for all the kingdoms of the earth, a moment before her cure, raise her hand from the bed, or speak above a whisper, so weak as seldom to be heard, even with the ear to her mouth. She, I say, thus prostrate and devoured, and, according to the philosophy of man, much more difficult to raise, than was Lazarus. But God commanded, as he did with Lazarus, and in the twinkling of an eye, she was restored to the most perfect health and action. You, my dear Sir, who acted so prominent a part, in this grand work, know and feel all about it, and why should I recount to you these things with which you are so familiar. Then let us think and act and praise God, for his great goodness towards us all. More than four years have now elapsed, since the Miracle was performed on my sister. She has continued well, from that time to this, and I can say, with perfect truth, that there are few women, if any, in our city, possessing a more healthful and vigorous constitution, or who

of Georgetown and to many an old resident of the District. It is a coincidence that the three last were destined to occupy the office vacated by Fr. Dubuisson. In 1829 we find him back again in this country giving missions throughout St. Mary's County, Maryland. He was appointed in 1831 *socius* to the Superior of the Mission, spiritual father and prefect of studies of Georgetown College, and pastor of Trinity Church. In 1832 and 1833, still continuing in charge of the church, he was *socius* to the Visitor, Rev. Peter Kenny.

Fr. Dubuisson's connection with astounding favors vouchsafed by the Divine Founder to promote the progress of his Church in America, brought the humble priest unsought for reputation. The archives of the Archdiocese of Baltimore for 1833 show that Archbishop Whitfield nominated him as Bishop of Cincinnati. His being named for such an exalted office was, of course, a proof that his labors in the city of Washington were appreciated, and his learning and holiness acknowledged by the Archbishop.

A work into which Fr. Dubuisson threw heart and soul was the education of the children of the parish. The schooling of the girls had been well attended to by the nuns

take more exercise, in walking, working, &c. &c. Yes, dear Sir, the Tenth of March, has and will be celebrated, in my family, so long as any of us remain; and be assured, that neither yourself nor Father Kohlmann, are forgotten by us, on these joyful occasions. The Miracle was celebrated at St. Patrick's on the 10th of March last, by a seven o'clock Mass.

We are just informed, that our good and highly respected Mr. Matthews has been appointed administrator of the Diocese of Philadelphia, and that he will, probably, soon be appointed Bishop. Although this appointment is wise and judicious, and but a just tribute to the merits of an amiable Pastor, nevertheless, we are thrown into great consternation by it. He has had charge of this congregation for the last 25 years, and has raised us up as his children. His prudence and good sense, the systematic management of his flock, his conciliatory deportment towards all, his kind and generous heart, the love we have for him. But why recount his virtues and our attachment? you know them all; and every member of his church feels as I do at the idea of losing him, from among us. The interests of the Church requires a Bishop for the District of Columbia, and to which Virginia might be attached. Here, where he is so well known, and so much esteemed, he would be most useful, in promoting the honor and glory of God. If you and Father Kohlmann and some other friends, at Rome, were to exert yourselves, this arrangement might probably be made. During the sickness and at the death of our late venerable and estimable Archbishop, it was predicted by the Priests and laymen, of every part of the country, that the Rev. Mr. Matthews would be his successor. It pleased His Holiness to direct otherwise, and I trust that all will be for the best. No man knows Mr. Matthews better than I do, and I am confident, that he desires nothing more than to be the humble Pastor of St. Patrick's Church. Such, however, are the men to be trusted with spiritual authority, and to such alone, can the discipline of the Church be safely confided. If we should be so unfortunate as to lose Mr. Matthews, nothing, my dear Sir, could be more gratifying to him and to us, than to have Father Kohlmann and yourself at St. Patrick's. We are too well trained and value both of you too highly, to rebel against your authority. You would have nothing to do but to lead us on, in the performance of those duties required by the Church, and to that noble inheritance prepared for the faithful and obedient.

of the Visitation, but prior to Fr. Dubuisson's time there had been no provision made for the schooling of the boys. Setting to work with characteristic French confidence of success in spite of innumerable obstacles, Fr. Dubuisson collected in a short time enough money to keep running for some years a "Free Male School." Two of the programmes of the annual exercises of this school are before us as we write. They are, of course, oldtime in quantity, for there were *twenty-five* speakers, whilst in quality, or choice of subject, they compare favorably with the modern annual exhibitions of more pretentious schools.

PASTOR OF OLD ST. JOSEPH'S.

When the historic property in Willing's Alley, Philadelphia, was restored to its original owners, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, Fr. Dubuisson was appointed the pastor of old St. Joseph's, in April, 1833, being the first pastor after its restoration.

To fully appreciate the qualities required for this position, we have but to recollect that the diocese then lay un-

What you have heard of Mr. Keily is too true; he left the Society last fall, since which, he has been keeping school, on the Capitol Hill, and, on Sundays, assisting Mr. Matthews. He has never been to our house, since he left the Society, but once, and then he did not stay 20 minutes. Mr. Cummins and his family live with Mr. Keily. Mr. Baxter left the Society, went to England and returned again, to Philadelphia, where he died. Mr. Levins left the Society and is now stationed at New York. Mr. Schneller left the Society and went to Philadelphia, where he was ordained and is stationed. Mr. Strahan left the Society and went to Philadelphia; he then came back to assist Mr. Keily in teaching; but is now gone to the western country, on some land speculation.

Great improvements have been made, in buildings, pavements, &c. &c. in our city, since you left here, and we are now cheered with an immediate commencement of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Already, a sufficiency of stock has been taken to complete the first section, i. e., from this to Cumberland. The Government have taken one million of dollars of the stock, in this section, and will, no doubt, take stock in the other sections; so that this great work is now to go on, and with every possible dispatch. A Rail Road is to be made from this place to Baltimore, one from Baltimore to the Susquehanna, and one from Baltimore to the Ohio River. A canal of 150 miles, is cutting in Pennsylvania, one of 300, and one of 80 miles, cutting in Ohio, and one round the Falls of the Ohio, in Kentucky; one cutting in Delaware, to connect the Chesapeake and Delaware Rivers, besides a canal cutting in Virginia, one in North Carolina, &c. &c., the extent of which I do not recollect. Added to the above, we have near or quite 2000 miles of canal already finished and in successful operation. Thus, you will perceive, Rev. Sir, how rapidly we are marching onward, to our destined greatness, as a nation. No country, on the face of the globe, presents stronger inducements to the enterprising and industrious, than the United States; as is evidenced by the tide of emigration, which is constantly pouring in from England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, &c. &c. Hence, all find employment, and all are made comfortable and happy. We all join in love to you and Father Kohlmann, and let me entreat you both, not to forget us in your prayers. Old Hanna joins also, and Mary, and Agg.

Yours affectionately,

THO: CARBERY.

der the heavy cloud of schism and scandal gathered by the infamous conduct of the apostate priest Hogan, and the madness of his infuriated followers. But to dispel the darkness there entered in with Fr. Dubuisson, the light of faith, the fire of zeal, and the halo of sanctity. Those who had manfully braved the storm, now strengthened by the example of this new priest's holy life, became more fervent Catholics; those who had for a time weakly succumbed to the storm, humbly acknowledging their faults, craved reconciliation with the Church. True, some left the fold of Christ never to return. Their places were, however, soon occupied by many a wanderer, whom this zealous shepherd had rescued from the devious paths of Protestantism. Sometimes this was effected by a single sermon of Fr. Dubuisson's. Such is the history of the conversion of Mrs. Caroline West Randall, a relative of Benjamin West. Such is, doubtless, the history of some of his numerous conversions among the Quakers.⁽¹⁾

His work, however, was not confined to Philadelphia. He made frequent missionary excursions to Wayne, Luzerne, Susquehanna, and other counties of Pennsylvania.

Here, and especially in Philadelphia, the fragrance of his virtues still lingers. An old resident writing in 1874 says: "It is over forty years since his arrival, and to this day there are those who talk of him as a saint." One of Ours relates that, when a young lad, having been sent about Vesper time to Fr. Dubuisson's room to borrow a Bible for one of the other fathers, he surprised the pious Dubuisson in an ecstasy, "elevated in the air in rapt meditation." The boy withdrew in surprise and fright, and after a few moments' hesitation in the corridor, again approached the room, where he found the father standing by the table, looking confused and dazed, as one well might be, called back to familiar scenes from that far-off land, whose glories "eye hath not seen . . . nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."⁽²⁾

(1) Bap. Reg. St. Joseph's 1833-1836.

(2) LETTERS, vol. iii., p. 96, and Eleanor C. Donnelly's "Life of Father Barbelin," p. 123.

SPAIN.

A Letter from Fr. Friend.

COLLEGIO DEL SAGRADO CORAZON DE JESUS,
BARCELONA, March 15, 1890.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

I really would like to give you a description of Loyola, but how to do it in an interesting way, is the question. It is given in all the lives of St. Ignatius better than I can do it. However, there is one thing which is generally omitted, namely, how to reach the place. Leaving Bayonne, France, we took the railroad line towards Madrid. The first city we came to in Spain was San Sebastian; a fine place, well situated on the seashore, much frequented in summer, and the resort of the Queen Regent the last two summers. From San Sebastian we continued the same line some fifty or sixty miles as far as Zumarraga; here we took the stage and went down a very narrow valley with steep, very steep, mountains on each side. These mountains are nearly bare, a few chesnut and apple trees being seen here and there, and also a few houses with a few green patches. Though I am accustomed to mountains, I cannot see how people can stand and work on the sides of these mountains, so steep are they. After two hours' ride on the stage we came to a little plain, a kind of oval valley about six miles in length and four miles in width. Half a mile further we came to Azcoitia, a village of about 2000 souls, built like an old European city, with the houses close together and streets seven or eight feet wide. Passing through this village, there appeared before us a large and imposing square building of granite and marble; it was Loyola. This building stands alone in the plain. A mile beyond Loyola is Azpeitia, a town of 3000 or 4000 souls. In the old dark, gloomy church they take pride in showing the baptismal font where St. Ignatius was baptized. In both these towns they showed us many places connected with the life of the Saint; where he prayed, where he preached, etc. The whole appearance of the valley looked to me like an immense funnel a little crushed, which gives it the oval like appearance. The surrounding

mountains are very high and very steep, the inclined plane of these mountains seemingly measuring from three to four miles. There are side valleys, but so narrow that they are not seen at a distance.

The building of Loyola measures over three hundred feet on each of the four sides, and is three stories high. The church, with a grand, magnificent, and high stairway, is entirely circular in the interior, and looks like a grand sanctuary with a magnificent dome. There are altars all around the walls. The main altar is of fine inlaid designs in marble, surmounted by a life sized statue of St. Ignatius in pure silver. Although the house has passed into hands of strangers nothing in it nor in the church has been touched. The finest organ I have heard in Europe is to be found in that church. It is new, of German make, and cost about \$16,000. It is a present of a pious person. Inside the main building, close to the church, stands in its original construction the castle of Loyola, with its old rooms, staircases, etc. The rooms are all converted into chapels or sanctuaries, open to the public. We had the happiness of celebrating our first Mass in Spain in the very room in which St. Ignatius was converted. This chapel contains only one personal relic of the saint, a finger; in fact, it is the only relic the fathers have in Loyola. But the whole castle is a relic. Loyola is used as a novitiate and juniorate. The corridors and staircases are grand.

We found a party of gentlemen and ladies making the spiritual exercises, separately of course. The exercises are given twice a month during the year by two fathers appointed for that work. The gentlemen board in our house; the ladies in a house close by belonging to us, but in charge of externs. We were told that several hundreds from all parts of Spain made thus the exercises every year. During the past two years our fathers have been giving lessons in Latin *gratis* to the young boys of the neighborhood. They had seventy when we were there.

Oh! I forgot. The most interesting news about Loyola is that it is now finished. The building had been so long in an unfinished state that it had become a by-word in the country. People used to say of any strange event: "Oh! it will happen when Loyola will be finished." In fact, only one side of the church was finished till last year. From Loyola we went to Manresa, passing by Pampeluna and Zaragoza, without stopping however, for want of time, to our great regret.

Manresa is a city of about 26,000 souls, built, like all the old towns of the south of France and of the whole of Spain,

in a very irregular and shapeless way, without any of the modern improvements, with streets as irregular as caprice can imagine them, so narrow that those who stay in their rooms on one side of the street can shake hands with their neighbors in their rooms on the other side of the street. To give you an idea of the location of Manresa, it seems to me I cannot do better than to tell you that it is located just like Woodstock College. A river called Cardener, of the size of the Patapsco, in a valley of the same size, hills of the same height, railroad and station on the same side. Take away the trees surrounding Woodstock, and you have an exact idea of the grounds of Manresa. Locate houses all around the hills in a circuit of about half a mile; place on the top of the hill across the creek where McGinney's Bridge is (quondam Rigge's), a large imposing cathedral, as old looking interiorly and exteriorly as the rocks themselves, and you will have the Basilica. Put a large ugly quadrangular building in the skating or ice pond, and you will have the college. Below the philosophers' recreating place, about midway down the hill, imagine layers of rocks horizontally superimposed, with points projecting here and there, like the foreroof of a flat topped shed, of different sizes, some overhanging from three to fifteen feet, others less, with a width of about fifteen feet; one of these will be the Santa Cueva, in which St. Ignatius passed his days and nights in communication with God, and where he wrote the Book of the Exercises. This hill is steeper than Woodstock hill, and over the projecting rocks are flat places converted into vegetable gardens. The Santa Cueva is now enclosed by walls forming one side of the church and house, where all the tertian fathers of the three provinces of Spain and of the province of Portugal regularly come every year, ever since the fathers dared reenter Spain (I do not say allowed, for they never were allowed since their last expulsion in 1868) to imbibe the spirit of their Father. The church is so located that from the main door on the east side, the one who wishes to go to the Santa Cueva, has to pass all along the side isle, beyond the main altar, into a long narrow chapel, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, at the end of which he finds a low door which, if he passes, he finds himself in the Cueva. There is nothing remarkable here save that it is the Santa Cueva, with an altar at the end, where the Saint is represented, in a marble bas-relief of bad taste, as receiving an apparition of the Blessed Virgin. No ornaments, no riches, only a few oval marble slabs on which in bas-relief are depicted a few scenes of the Saint's life in Manresa. The rest is pure shapeless stone on the right hand side and over head, the very

way it was in the Saint's time. There are no relics here of the Saint, no parts of his body nor garments, but there are all over the city shrines, marble slabs, with inscriptions recording some of the events of his life whilst in Manresa. The Santa Cueva and the Extasis, in the very spot where the college is, are the two most renowned and illustrious. These souvenirs are the things that endear Manresa to our fathers.

The Cueva and the church were intended to be a rich monument. They were begun by the princes of the realm in about the year 1663 and suspended in about 1767, over a century being taken to construct the little that was done. These two dates are seen on the building, the first at the Cueva, the second on the front of the church. I suppose the work stopped on account of the troubles of the fathers in Spain in 1767. After the expulsion of the fathers and during the suppression of the Society, the Santa Cueva was preserved as a place of worship kept up by the people of Manresa, who have a great devotion to St. Ignatius. The church did not share the same fate, and in its unfinished state served as a shelter to animals till our fathers came again into possession of the place. It is now being put into decent shape, and has been used as a place of worship for the past eighteen years.

Near the church was a little house, which was increased as necessity required, till it became what it is now, a shapeless, uncomfortable building used by the tertian fathers. There is question of putting up a better building, part of which is already up, but this part is intended for externs that come here to make the exercises. Last year about three hundred and fifty priests made their retreats at Manresa. The Exercises are given to priests and lay-men in all our Spanish houses. Some bishops, I do not know whether all do it or not, exact that their priests perform the spiritual exercises at least once in three years in a religious house, and require a certificate of their having done so.

About forty miles southeast of Manresa, on the Mediterranean Sea is Barcelona, the best seaport of Spain, the greatest commercial city, and perhaps the largest in population, counting about 400,000 inhabitants. Some forty years ago, getting new life, it increased five or six times its size and doubled or tripled its population. There are about 30,000 French, and some English and German residents. The new part of the city is quite well laid out, with fine streets and good houses. It aspires to become a city like New York. It will, however, have to wait a while yet. This improvement brought no new churches, and though the old ones are many and fine, they are not sufficient to accom-

moderate the faithful. In the convents that have been erected in the new part there are chapels, but people do not seem to frequent them, and plead their inability to hear Mass on account of living too far from the churches. Our fathers, however, have built a fine church in the centre of their grand new building, a side of which is the college, the other the residence. The church is in the Byzantine style, and can hold over fifteen hundred persons. The college counts about three hundred and fifty students, of whom about a hundred are half-boarders, the others externs.

The law of expulsion against the Fathers of the Society which still exists in the *Codex Pœnalis*, is overlooked both by us and by the Government. The fathers coming into Spain quietly, in 1870, two years after the enactment of the unjust law, opened little residences, then built churches, colleges, larger residences. Setting to work more and more boldly, they are at present in all the larger cities, and have several new colleges in course of construction. Their courage, energy, and zeal are certainly to be very much admired. They have eighteen colleges at present in the peninsula, mostly all new buildings. Most of these colleges have from one hundred and fifty to two hundred boarders and as many externs. The *Ratio Studiorum* is faithfully followed. In the province of Aragon they teach a course of philosophy of three years; in the other provinces they teach philosophy one year only. I have assisted at several monthly exercises, and was agreeably surprised, and even astonished, at the knowledge of the students of both the lower and higher classes. The standard of studies is higher than in our American colleges. Latin is spoken in all the classes; in the superior classes with the greatest facility. The full course comprises Latin, Greek, French or German or English, logic, ethics, mathematics, sciences, history, agriculture, and natural history. (The collection of natural history in the college of Barcelona is quite rich in kind and variety.) This is for all the colleges, and it is the programme on which the students are examined by the state examiners to obtain the degree A. B. Ours cannot give any degrees. The students of this Aragonian Province continue their course and go further, even after receiving their A. B. The college of Bilbao, in the province of Castile, is a kind of university where the students can prepare for higher degrees.

Of course many spiritual works are performed by our fathers; such as missions, confessions in hospitals and in our churches. I have not the data of the different houses. In Barcelona there are over 100,000 communions a year; in our church in Valencia, the number reaches to 130,000

each year. All the provinces have missions in foreign countries. The great mission of the province of Aragon is in the Philippine Islands, where one hundred and thirty-four fathers and lay-brothers work with great success at the civilization and conversion of the natives. They are protected, assisted, and even officially recognized by the Spanish government, to which the islands belong. Each father receives a salary of six hundred dollars, and each lay-brother one of four hundred. The government pays their voyage thither and helps them otherwise in their works, such as in the erecting of schools, churches, etc. In the Philippine Islands the same system of civilization is adopted as was formerly employed by our fathers in Paraguay. They gather the natives that wander about the interior mountains into groups, build towns or villages, in which a chapel and a school are always the prominent buildings, teach them the true religion, and baptize them when they are willing and ready. There are not enough fathers to have one in each village, yet in each there is a school-master, always a native, formed in our normal school at Manilla, who supplies in a way the part of the priest. The official observatories of the government in the islands are in care of Ours. Observations are made on all the phenomenons of nature. I would have much to say about these missions, but I will allege the common excuse, want of time and space. I will likely write later on.

Now, a few words about Spain itself. It is a Catholic country, as every body knows, and the mass of the people are good and practical Catholics; yet there are a good number of what they call here "liberal Catholics," who wish to serve God and the world at the same time; There are, also, more than one would imagine at first, many who do not deserve the name of Catholic. The masonic bodies are growing stronger and stronger every year, and have many followers among the higher classes, and even among the tradesmen and mechanics. In larger cities one can see men hauling freight and doing other servile work on Sundays, without being molested by the authorities. The liberty of *Cultus* is allowed; yet I doubt whether Protestants are permitted to construct houses of service. There are many cotton factories, in this part of Spain, namely, in Catalonia, which work twelve hours a day and even more. The worst feature of this is that mere children, especially girls from ten to twelve years up, work in these factories from early morn, in some factories from five o'clock, to seven P. M. These little girls, who tie the threads and hold the spools, look puny, sickly, and, of course, their

spiritual and intellectual training is altogether neglected. This accounts for the ignorance in religious matters one encounters from time to time, too often alas! The railroad system in Europe is generally far behind the American system, but more so in Spain than anywhere else. The cars are so uncomfortable and the trains run so slowly that it is nearly unbearable to an American. One is tempted to step out of the cars and walk ahead of the engine; the only thing that deters him from doing so is the fear that he may not find a shady or a dry place, when tired from walking, to sit down and wait for the train to catch up. The people here are satisfied with this system, attributing its slowness to the curves and high grades of the tracks. Another strange thing, likely not to be seen elsewhere, is that early in the morning and late in the evening herdsmen drive herds of goats and of she-asses through the streets. These animals announce their presence by bells loud and shrill, which are hung from their necks. When a customer appears, the man stops his drove and milks in the streets one or more of his flock, and thus sells the milk. Ass's milk is used chiefly by consumptives. Cow's milk, which is considered the best, is very scarce. We use it exclusively in our houses. Enough for the present.

Very sincerely yours in Xto.,

A. B. FRIEND, S. J.

THE JESUITS IN BRAZIL.

COLLEGE OF ITU—PROVINCE OF SAO PAULO.
1865-1866.

Memoirs of Fr. J. Razzini.

(Continued.)

When the president of the imperial ministry heard that there was question of opening a college in the province of St. Catherine, he suggested that the attendance in Desterro would be very small, and that I had better build my college in the province of São Paulo, where the people were more inclined to apply their children to study. I discovered before long that his plan was the better one; and so, setting out for the province of São Paulo, I found that the people

were not only well disposed towards us, but also very anxious to have us build a college among them. It was decided to locate the college in the city of Itú. On my arrival in that city I was kindly offered quarters in the residence of the excellent priest Padre Gouel, the spiritual director of the Sisters of St. Joseph from Chambéry, who had charge of a flourishing academy for young ladies. The parish priest of the city was also a most zealous promoter of our interests. Among his other valuable services I may mention that he himself insisted upon defraying the expenses of boarding and lodging the fathers who were to take charge of the college.

My next care was to look around for a suitable building. Father Campos, a member of the old Society and a native of Itú, had returned to his native place after the suppression. He bequeathed his house and a large fund to the city authorities, on condition that the house should be used for the training of children, and that the income of the fund be applied for their support. Frequent attempts had already been made to carry out the conditions of the will, but never with success. The house was now unoccupied; and on my request it was readily granted to me. It may be interesting to remark that three sisters of Fr. Campos were still living on my arrival, one of them being over a hundred years of age. Father Campos had told them that they would not die until they should see the Jesuits again. The prediction was now fulfilled. The little building of Fr. Campos was altogether too small; hence orders were given to raise it a story higher.

While the work was going on, I was offered an opportunity of exercising the sacred ministry. I gave a retreat of three days at the academy of St. Joseph, and preached occasional sermons in the church. The people gave practical proofs of being favorably disposed towards us. They begged to have some of our fathers exclusively assigned to preaching, hearing confessions, and the like; and they undertook, besides, to procure a more spacious building for our college. There was in the city a convent belonging to the Franciscans long before deserted, which was looked upon as the place that would just suit our purpose. They accordingly sent letters to Rio Janeiro, requesting the government to prevail upon the provincial of the Franciscans to give up the convent for the use of the college. As soon as I was informed of these proceedings I hastened to the city of São Paulo to prevent so imprudent a step, but I was too late. The Rev. Fr. Provincial declined to give up the convent, saying that he had an intention of reestablishing a community there.

He intended, no doubt, to show his just displeasure at the unusual interference of the government. I thought I would go to him myself to apologize for the unpleasant affair, and to request him at the same time to rent his convent during a year or so. He most willingly granted my request and directed his agent at Itú to close the contract. The many formalities required by law were gone through, and everything was concluded to the satisfaction of all parties. Nothing was wanted now for the opening of the college but the license from the inspector of public instruction. Meanwhile, there were not wanting those, who, jealous of our success, set up a vigorous opposition against our plans.

The *Mercantil*, the organ of the government, which has perhaps the largest circulation of all Brazilian papers, came out one day saying that a Jesuit, Razzini by name, was carrying on clandestine practices for the opening of a college in Itú. This Jesuit Razzini, the paper went on to say, is the one who has been expelled from Desterro, on account of immorality and cruel dealings with his charge. This calumny called out an article from one of the leading papers of Desterro, in which the charges against the Jesuit Razzini were ably refuted, and full justice done to his character.

Public sentiment also was against us. The word Jesuit among the people was a synonym for a dangerous, haughty person, and the like. A fine old gentleman, for instance, used to come to us regularly for his religious duties, thinking us secular priests. As he was one day talking with a lady, the conversation turned upon "the priests newly established in the convent."

"You mean the Jesuits," replied the lady.

"What?" said the old gentleman, "those the dreaded and proud Jesuits? It cannot be; for the fathers of the convent are good, kind, and well mannered."

The good old gentleman found out later to his thorough conviction, that goodness and kindness are not only compatible with but also characteristic of the Jesuit. He never gave up frequenting our church, nor lost his friendship for Ours.

The exercises of the holy ministry went a great way towards counteracting those unfavorable feelings. We instructed the children in the Christian doctrine, and preached in the different churches. The people in general, and especially the higher classes, were well pleased with us, and used their influence with the inspector, who promised to give prompt attention to the consideration of the requested license. After long and useless waiting it was thought better that I myself should see him and urge the matter. Though

he made me fair promises, he always found an excuse for delaying. I begged him one day to come to a conclusion, because I could not prolong my stay in that city. He promised that he would mail the papers to me within a short time after my departure. It was with regret that I left the city of São Paulo, because, in my last interview with him, the inspector had left the impression that he had no intention of signing the papers. But it was impossible for me to wait any longer in that city, both on account of an important affair which required my presence in Itú, and also because I had to accompany thither FF. Onorato, Galante and Giomini, the two last being then scholastics.

The kind Padre Gouel preceeded us a day's journey to give notice of our approach to some lodging houses along the road. Ours was a three days' journey on horseback. On the road, our guides missed two pack-horses. Sending the guides in search of the stragglers, the rest of the party kept on. The road, bringing us very late in the evening into the midst of a dense forest, now merged into a small trail cut through the woods. It being dark, and we entirely unacquainted with the country, we did not know what to do. A heavy rain also set in, but our water-proof coats protected us from it. At last we concluded to follow the trail, but the horses, being shy, could not be prevailed upon to proceed into the forest. By dint of whipping and spurring I forced my horse, which was comparatively gentle on account of advanced age, to take the lead, and then the others followed after. Emerging from the forest, we came to a road running on both sides of us along the river Teaté; but here we had no clearer idea as to which direction to take than we had at the other end of the forest. Exploring the open country for some shelter or other for the night, we descried a light in the distance. We directed our steps thither, resolving to beg whatever hospitality they would afford us for the night. Great indeed was our joy and astonishment when, on our arrival, we found that we had been most anxiously expected. We were now very kindly received, thanks to the solicitude of our friend Padre Gouel. After a good night's rest we left on the next morning for Itú. When we were within one mile from the city, we saw a band of Brazilian Cavaliers riding towards us. On coming up to us, they offered us, in the name of their fellow-citizens, their escort into town. They had brought fresh horses for us, and thus we rode in state to the convent, amid shouts of welcome from the citizens of Itú. A gentleman had prepared an excellent repast, which we stood greatly in need of, after the fatigue of our journey.

Workmen and mechanics were now busily engaged changing the convent into a boarding college. An answer from the inspector was expected every day. Christmas and Epiphany, however, passed by and no news came.

The feast of the Epiphany is a very extraordinary solemnity in the convent church; so very extraordinary in fact, that it made us quite forget the affair with the inspector. Strange to say the feast of the Epiphany is the greatest in this church; and that not in honor of the incident in our Saviour's life commemorated on that day, but simply in honor of St. Benedict the Moor, patron saint of this church, which belongs to the confraternity of the slaves. The ecclesiastical authorities have thought better so far to permit this strange preference, because a confraternity in Brazil forms a powerful party not only in religious but also in political circles.

After the Epiphany, the question of the license came up again, and we waited long for an answer. It is to be remarked that the formal request for the license had, for particular reasons, been made in the name of the parish priest of Itú. When we at last received the inspector's answer, we saw more clearly his real purpose. He was entirely opposed to our putting up the college. He accordingly refused to grant the license, saying that the direction of a college was incompatible with the duties of a parish priest. This arbitrary decision created general indignation against the inspector, even amongst those unfavorable to us. To remove the pretext, it was resolved that the request should be made in my name. Furnished, therefore, with letters of recommendation from the senator of the empire and several other distinguished gentlemen, I went to São Paulo, and called upon the inspector the day after my arrival. On reading the request for the license made in my name and the credentials, he told me to return on the morrow for a final settlement of the business. Having returned the next day, a clerk handed me the papers I had presented for signature. Anxiously unfolding them, I read the following subscript: "The petitioner should comply with the 18th article of the law of 1851, which prescribes that whosoever would open a house of instruction should give conclusive proofs of his abilities, as also written testimonials of civil and moral integrity." Hence my letters of recommendation from Itú were not considered as such, because, as the inspector said, I was not sufficiently known to the persons from whom I had received them.

As my good behavior and ability for the direction of the

college had been acknowledged and declared by the public assembly of Desberro, the next thing to do was to find, wherever I might in the Brazilian Empire, a public official of the province of St. Catherine, who could furnish me with a copy of the documents drawn up in my behalf in the assembly of his province. No such person could be found in São Paulo or anywhere else near by, so I resolved to take a trip to Rio Janeiro, where I had many acquaintances among the representatives of the province of St. Catherine. I obtained from one of them the required legal certificates, and immediately returned with them to São Paulo. Here I found further testimonials just arrived from all classes of the people of Itú. I made a bundle of all these papers and entrusted them to a friend to be delivered to the inspector, with a request to have the affair brought to a speedy conclusion. Many days went by, but the inspector was not in a hurry. Meanwhile the hostile press came out with a violent article against the intended foundation of the college. In conversation one day with the vicar-general, he said to me :

“ Father, my impression is that all this opposition comes from the fact of your being Jesuits ; and being a Jesuit is considered as a kind of original sin in this country. Our people remember yet, and have always looked in an unfavorable light upon your political interference in the reductions of Paraguay.”

I knew that secret jealousy and distrust were at the bottom of all this underhand work of the state's authorities, and that they were bent upon refusing our request ; but still I kept on insisting. I accordingly represented to the inspector that the documents he required having been brought forward, he should keep his promise. As our Saviour of old, I, too, was sent from Pilate to Herod. Had it depended on him, so said the inspector, to grant the license, he would have already done so ; since, however, such grants depended on higher officials, he would lay the case before the president of the province. I myself called immediately on the president to dispose him in my favor, and to beg of him the ratification of the inspector's promises ; but from Herod I was again sent back to Pilate. He told me that the affair had not as yet been brought to such a stage as to require his interference. To complete the drama, the inspector sent me a note declaring that the government of the province had claimed the case as its own ; moreover, that the professors were to give satisfactory proofs as to their character, and that they would have to undergo an examination on pronunciation, grammar, etc. I was advised by the bishop

to appeal to the government of Rio Janeiro; but secret information had just then been received that the minister of the interior, a native of Itú, was the originator of all this intrigue. As there was no hope at the time of bringing the affair to any conclusion, I returned to Itú to await there for better times to come. We contented ourselves with publishing a protest against the arbitrary proceedings of the inspector. The term of the president was soon to expire; and the overthrow of the liberal party with its ministry was to take place before long.

At about this time we were informed that the president had gone on a visit to Rio Janeiro. Then a lawyer friend of ours urged us to apply to the vice-president to dispense Ours from the required examen, and to grant permission to open the college immediately. The good lawyer offered to conduct the trial himself. He was furnished with a declaration stating that a professor from the city would be engaged to teach the Portuguese language; all our testimonials were given to him, and he left for São Paulo. He came back with good hopes. The inspector had promised him that he would come to an agreement with the vice-president as to the drawing up of our license.

A member, speaking in our favor in the assembly of the province, highly censured the government for refusing, against all law and justice, to sign the license. He held that no fairer proposals could have been made by us to the government, and passed around among the members of the assembly the papers, which in due and legal form testified to our unblemished character. The gentleman had evidently made an impression, when another deputy rose up, and remarked that it would be an impious measure to entrust the education of children to Jesuits who had been condemned as heretics, and as such suppressed by the Holy See. This last speech, however, failed of its purpose. The wrong done us by the government, and our irreproachable lives had struck deep roots into the minds of all alike.

Meanwhile the fathers spent their time in the sacred ministry, thus not only benefiting the souls of their fellow-beings, but also dispelling prejudices, and winning people over to our cause. The good Fr. Onorato acquired a high reputation as a preacher, and was everywhere invited to preach and to give missions. Two more fathers gave a very successful mission in a large village, and performed there the Holy Week ceremonies. The people were so well pleased, that a gentleman from Itú, who had come among them to take the names of those who were favorable to the college, returned with the names of all the leading people.

It was not God's will, however, that I should witness the final triumph of our cause. The Bishop of Olinda, just arrived from Rome, had obtained from our Rev. Fr. General some of Ours of Itú to open a college in Pernambuco. Rev. Fr. General had also written to me to arrange with the bishop the plan of the new college. Negotiations were concluded only after one year, during which time our fathers of Itú had the happiness of receiving the long wished for license decreed to them by the assembly, whereupon they opened schools.

Fr. Ponza, who succeeded me when sickness obliged me to leave Brazil, built a large college on the ground left by Fr. Campos, which had been made over to us; and in a few years the college numbered over 400 boarders.

BOSTON COLLEGE.

THE NEW ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.—IMPROVEMENTS AT THE COLLEGE.—THE RECENT MISSION.

BOSTON COLLEGE,
April 6, 1890.

REV. DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,
P. C.

You ask information regarding our new building. It is proverbial since Horace's day, that a pen-picture, however true its outlines and vivid its colors, never equals the actual seeing of an object; which makes one regret very much that your good WOODSTOCK LETTERS is not capable of profiting by an invitation to come and look for itself. This being impossible, let us see what can be gotten from an imaginary trip through the house.

The building now forms a T, the residence facing Harrison Avenue, the college building running along James Street. The length of the first, from the front to the college building, is perhaps 90 feet, while the latter forms an imposing structure of some 250 feet, with three projecting door-ways; one for the college boys, one to admit its present few and future numerous pupils to the High School, the third forming at once the entrance to the Young Men's Building and the College Hall. There are few people that pass along James Street without stopping to wonder at our school or to admire it. Is the prominence of our building

a pledge of the near future of the college? All the buildings are now of the same height—four stories, not counting the valuable basement, and the attic, also valuable for storage. The middle building wants but 15 feet or so of being as wide as our residence is long, and the college building takes in all the ground from half-way behind the church to the little alley beyond the once famous garden.

The first thing that strikes you as you enter the unchanged front door, is that now our parlors are five against two of old; the entire Harrison Avenue front of the first floor being devoted to our visitors, Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Minister having removed from their corner rooms to the intermediate building. The added convenience and, indeed, the necessity of this new arrangement is evident to any one who knows that, at times, people come in numbers and on private business to see our fathers. In the parlors nothing calls for comment except the lately executed portrait of good Fr. Bapst. Those who knew him in his best days pronounce the likeness perfect. If this is so, Fr. Bapst's name must go down to posterity as that of a remarkably good looking man, and, what is of more interest to us, as that of one in whose very countenance was depicted that benignity which was his constant characteristic.

We pass the second door, I suppose it might be called the cloister-door, and front a wide corridor leading through the intermediate building to the college boys' entrance on James Street. This first room on our right is our new Chapel, of which you must know we are a little proud. Do you not admire the fresco? and what do you think of the new position of our neat little altar there in the bay window, with the stained glass all about it? But these are nothing to that exquisite Madonna of the Thumb which forms the chapel window on our left. Is not that expression of countenance next to perfection? The other window, on our right, is held by St. Joseph, while the walls are lined with paintings of St. Ignatius at Montmartre, and of others of our saints. I will not say anything of the new benches, that boon to poor knees and tired backs.

Come now into Rev. Fr. Rector's room, two doors from the chapel, and still on the right of the first middle corridor. Notice the dimensions, please, and remark how the contrivers of this house have provided for every possible expansion of the rectorial office. Now, from the Minister's room opposite, let us go to the college proper, passing the large door just before us. You see we have something like privacy in the residence, notwithstanding that the boys are close upon our heels. On the right, the first door opens

into the Lecture Hall, which comfortably seats all our boys when they assemble to listen anxiously to the result of their month's work. This hall is also used for catechism and elocution, and was once employed for a concert—a college small boys' venture—at which some twenty-five people were present! The Debating Society has also held two meetings here public to the college. The other door of the hall lets us out on the lower college corridor, which, you see, extends from the High School Building behind the church to the Young Men's Gymnasium. Have we not reason to feel our hearts expand at the thought of living in a house that boasts such inspiring corridors? But do not fancy that all is corridor. Come down to the new class room in the English High School. Was ever room more lightsome? We Latin teachers envy our confrères of the other department that is to come. Opposite this room, which is just behind the church and separated from it by only a narrow alley, is the new Sacristy of the boys. How commodious and what chance for order and neatness within those capacious cases! On this floor, the next above the Gymnasium, are also situated the class rooms of the smaller, or rather of the lower, boys, for the tallest here are often enough in the lowest classes. The prefect's room is at the college entrance.

Let us now climb the old stairs to the next floor. Here we have the second beautiful room of the English High School and the new Music Room. You notice that this last is two stories high and occupies the space next above the boys' sacristy. That projection, to which a door on the third floor gives entrance, is meant for the community to hear sermons and the like, without making themselves particularly conspicuous. During Tenebræ this was used by the choir, while the ordinary chanters had to retain their positions in the sanctuary. The old cabinet is gradually turning into a class room, and itself has been transferred to a large apartment over the Lecture Hall. The new Chemistry Room is to take up the remainder of what would be the Lecture Hall on the second floor. The Museum, now rich with the spoils of the Fair, and hence locked, is above the Cloak Room. On this upper college corridor, on the church side of the old *Stylus* room, now a part of the corridor, we have the class rooms of the rhetoricians, of the first grammarians, and beyond, of the poets and philosophers in the intermediate building.

The Library is on the third floor, filling three rooms along the Newton Street side of the middle building. Opposite the Library are some of the most comfortable bed-

rooms in the whole house. In two rooms on this corridor and two in that below our missionaries lived a few weeks ago; for you must know that this whole building connecting the residence and the college has been completed for a month or more. At the end of the library corridor a door admits us into the new College Hall. Here there have been considerable changes. The stage, now at the end of the hall, opposite where it was last year, is fitted up with new scenery, the great excellence of which is that it is up in the loft, out of sight and out of the way, when you don't want it. That infinitude of ropes is, indeed, puzzling to the uninitiated, but the master-mind of our scene-manager finds their unravelling as easy as a sum in addition. The scenery was hurriedly put up for the boys' play in February. This is the only play we have had this year, the hall not having been in a sufficiently finished state before. Standing on the stage, you can get a good idea of the dimensions of our hall and of its beautiful frescoes, scarcely a month old. The seats, you see, are arranged somewhat amphitheatrically, and the gallery is not, after all, to prove such an eyesore as we feared. The hall will seat 1600. Rev. Fr. Rector hopes to have new seats in before long, and then we may boast of possessing, for so I have heard already, the best amateur hall in the city of Boston.

Let us now betake ourselves to the topmost room in the Young Men's Building. This is to be their Senate Chamber, and the Director of the Debating Society hopes to secure it for his meetings also. The room is perhaps 60 feet square. Below this the Library is to be placed, which Rev. Fr. Rector intends should be managed by the young men, and be open to the college boys, and to any outsiders who may wish to avail themselves of the chance of reading Catholic books. Should this plan be as successful as we hope, it will secure to all parties a large number of volumes, and furnish a distinctively Catholic library in this city of libraries. The rooms below this are recreation rooms; that on the first floor and that in the basement forming one high apartment for the Gymnasium. As this part of the building is not yet completed, nothing can be said about the accommodations for the various kinds of exercise. But the young men, it seems, are resolved to fit up their rooms in becoming style. From the Young Men's Gymnasium a corridor takes us to the Boys' Gymnasium. Those who remember the old basement will be pleased to learn that the present one is about twice as large as that. The greater part of the surface under the middle building joins with the old grounds and makes, indeed, a grand yard for tag and

knocking harmless people down. Yes, that door opposite will let us into the refectory corridor. The kitchen is much improved in quarters and appointments, while the refectory itself, which now fills the space beneath the chapel, the sacristy, and Rev. Fr. Rector's room, gives one an appetite on entering it. Of course, it is a little large for our small community, but you must remember that the boys come here in force after plays, and so forth, and who knows but the community of Boston College will be much larger twenty-five years from now? After dinner I will tell you what little I learned of our late mission and its outcome.

* * * * *

The mission in our church, March 16th to 30th, was a consolation to all concerned. Whether it was due to the zealous advertising that preceded it, I do not know, but FF. McCarthy, Pardow, Pye Neale, and Barnum found quite as much work as they could attend to. The first evening sermon (all of the sermons were exclusively for women the first week), was listened to by some 4000; the upper church and the basement were both crowded. We scholastics happened to be at the window when this sermon ended, and were wondering when the stream of human beings would cease flowing out of the church. Nor was this the only night for the crowd; every night saw the same numbers. The other services were attended correspondingly, and the Sacred Tribunal was visited by nearly 5000 women in the first week. But women are more or less excitable, and their devotion does not so much impress us. When the men's turn came, it was edifying in the extreme to witness their numbers, probably greater than those of the women, and to run one's eye down the long aisles and note the earnestness on every face as it turned to the preacher. Now again, and every night, the upper church and the basement were filled, and the number of confessions of men alone was something like 3800. More than 9000 confessions in all were heard during the two weeks. We have, indeed, to thank God for so abundant a shower of graces, and to pray Him to make the effect lasting in the souls of all. Many are the tales of self-sacrificing devotion on the part of the people that might be related. One car-conductor thought nothing of foregoing his breakfast all day, in order that he might get to Communion. Many, too, were the sinners brought back to God after many years of wandering. Pray to God that they may not wander again.

Your Reverence's humble servant in Christ,

X.

ALBANO, ITALY.

A Letter from Father Dewey.

ALBANO, April 1st, 1890.

DEAR REV. FATHER,
P. C.

I send you a few hasty notes in answer to your invitation. Remember, however, that a Tertian Father, retired from the world for a year, is not likely to have news of any account; and mere impressions are not worth much.

Albano *Laziale*—for there are Albanos out of *Latium*—is a town of the size of Frederick, and a dozen miles south of Rome along the old Appian Way which runs straight out to it across the Campagna. Like all the towns here where land is so valuable for cultivation, it is compactly built along a hillside. This is the first elevation above the plain east from the Mediterranean Sea, which is also a dozen miles away. It belongs to a range formed around two extinct craters, which are now Lakes Alba and Nemi.

Our house was formerly the villa of a Roman prince, and is more than half-way up the hill. At the summit the hill sinks down abruptly on the other side to the Lago di Alba, where Alba Longa once was and Romulus and Remus and the she-wolf that nursed them are supposed to have been! From the other side of the Lake the hills rise up again to the highest point before reaching the Apennines. This is Monte Cavo, on the summit of which was the sanctuary of the Latin Jupiter. The old Etruscan road of solid blocks of lava stone still remains in part, and was used by the Roman emperors in their ascent to offer triumphal sacrifice. So we are very near to the centre of Latin domination from the days of King Solomon till St. Peter set up the *Sedes Apostolica* of the true God in Rome. The dome of St. Peter's is also visible from our hill—altogether a very pretty composition of place for imaginations that are helped by putting past and present together.

Our house serves as a villa for the scholastics of Rome during the latter part of August, when the tertians are all gone. It does not quite suit our American ideas of comfort, with its brick floors and no means of having a fire in winter. But there is somewhere a Papal Constitution against fires in the cells of religious, and the commodity of the spiritual life certainly does not require them here.

The original villa was L-shaped, the arm running down the street until stopped by a long, low building, parallel with the longer portion of our house. This was a granary, divided in two stories for its whole length by a flooring of lava flags. Here they sell the different floors of a house to different persons; so the fathers were able to buy the upper story, which was turned into very handsome halls for sacristy, chapel, refectory, dispense, and kitchen. Underneath is the other proprietor—a sort of wholesale cooper and not over-pious, for in the press of the wine season he was banging away at his casks day and night and *Sundays* included! A more curious part of the matter is that this granary was built by Clement XIV., as a marble tablet in front still declares. He can scarcely have foreseen the present grain!

Two miles nearer Rome and on the same hills is Castel Gandolfo. This village clusters around what was once the Pope's summer palace. The property is still his and "extra-territorial" by the law of Guarantees of the new government. As the Pope cannot leave the Vatican, he has installed here two communities of nuns dispersed by the confiscation of their houses. At a little distance, in what was once the villa of our Father-Generals, is the novitiate of the Roman Province. Unlike the tertianship, it has a public chapel in which a good bit of ministry is exercised. The novices—some twenty in number—teach catechism in the neighboring villages.

In the other direction from Albano, and about the same distance, is Ariccia—where Horace says he had a villa!—and just beyond, in an old monastery of the order of Val-lombrosa, the sanctuary of Our Lady of Galloro. This is served by two fathers. We use the house as a villa on holidays, leaving room in our own house for the juniors from the Castel. I find this keeping up of traditions under poverty and other difficulties something very edifying.

The Madonna of Galloro is very ancient—a Byzantine painting on the rock, made by the Greek Basilian monks who still have their monastery built by St. Nilus before A. D. 1000 at Grøttaferrata—a little beyond Castel Gandolfo.

These are the three houses I know best. I am in constant edification at the energy of the noble Roman Province which, broken by a persecution which we cannot conceive in the peace of America, keeps up so considerable fragments of its former work. As for the people, a great deal might be said; but it demands a discretion I have not time to exercise just now. Everything conspires to banish the knowledge of Jesus Christ from their minds. Our three houses deserve your prayers,

In Corde Jesu,

R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

SANTA CLARA, CAL.

THE FRANCISCANS AT SANTA CLARA.

I.

The Mission of Santa Clara, California, or Santa Clara de Thamien, as it was styled by the native Indians, was founded on the 12th of January, 1777, by the Franciscan father, Thomas de la Peña, acting under the direction of the pioneer of Christianity in these parts, the illustrious Father Junipero Serra. It was the eighth of the missions of Upper California, being opened just three months after that of the Mission Dolores on the site of the present city of San Francisco. These and their sister missions were all the time under the control of the Apostolic College of San Fernando in the City of Mexico, and remained attached to the same till the early days of their downfall, when, in 1833, they were transferred to the College of Our Lady of Guadalupe de Zacatecas.

The California missions had previously been entrusted to the Jesuits, who had labored upon them for seventy-two years, and had just reached the borders of the present state of California when the news of their suppression in Spanish dominions was brought to them in 1768. The great pillars of these missions were Father Francisco Eusebio Kino (or Kühno), a German, Father Juan Maria Salvatierra, a Milanese, and Father Juan Ugarte, a Spaniard, whom Hittell in his "History of California" styles respectively the projector, the founder, and the preserver of the Lower California missions. When Father Salvatierra began his work on February 5th, 1697, it was only after being distinctly informed that he should ask no aid from the Crown, and should himself support such soldiers as accompanied him. He cheerfully undertook the work, however, and out of the *Pious Fund*, consisting of liberal donations from private individuals, he was enabled to bear up against great difficulties till the missions became self-supporting. Beginning at Cape San Lucas, he inaugurated a chain of missions all the way up the peninsula, until at his death he had founded no less than thirteen. Two more were subsequently added. We cannot forbear from quoting here some words of the Pacific historian, Hubert Howe Bancroft, in relation to the services

of the Jesuits in Mexican dominions at the time of the suppression. "At all hours and seasons," he says, in his "History of Mexico," vol. iii., "they were found performing the offices of religion and charity. The service of God in their churches was reverent and dignified. They spread education among all classes; their libraries were open to all. They incessantly taught the natives religion in its true spirit, as well as the mode of earning an honest living. Their efforts in the conversion of the natives were marked by perseverance and disinterestedness, united with love of humanity and progress."

"The expulsion of the Society from Mexico," he continues, "was felt in various ways. It was a heavy blow to the feelings of the people, because of the affection they bore it. . . . The natives of Spanish descent, being mostly attached to the Jesuits, . . . were indignant at the treatment the Jesuits had met with, and which could be regarded as nothing less than rank despotism." In several places, in fact, the people broke out into open rebellion, but their efforts were so ill-arranged that they were speedily suppressed, and about one hundred of them were hanged after having first been barbarously tortured. The grief of the natives of Lower California was intense. They could hardly realize that they were so suddenly to be deprived of their greatest friends, and their wailings of anguish were heard on every hand. Almighty God, however, would not allow the good work to be discontinued, and raised up worthy successors in the persons of the Franciscans. To them our missions were at once entrusted, and, taking up the chain begun by Salvatierra, they pushed as far North as San Francisco, and by 1834 had started twenty-one new missions.

A detailed history of the Jesuit missions in Lower California would be a valuable as well as an interesting and romantic work, but at present we only allude to them for the better understanding of the position of our Franciscan pioneers at Santa Clara. In reading of the methods pursued by the latter in civilizing their neophytes, we could almost imagine ourselves at home amongst the Jesuits.

The great plain of the Santa Clara Valley, Hittell informs us, was first seen in November, 1769, by Governor Portolá. It was afterwards visited successively by Pedro Fages and Father Juan Crespi in 1772; by Commandante Moneada and Father Palon in 1774; by Fathers Heceta, Palon, and de la Campa in 1775; by Vice-Governor Don José Moraga and Captain Anza and Father Palon in the spring of 1776; and by Moraga and Fathers Palon and Cambon and the San Francisco soldiers and settlers on their way up from Mon-

tery in the summer of the same year. It was not, however, regularly surveyed until November, 1776.

The Commandante Rivera y Moneada had a little before that time started from San Diego to assist at the foundation of San Francisco and Santa Clara, but on his arrival at the former place, the Mission Dolores had already been established. He thereupon returned to examine the Santa Clara Valley with Father Thomas de la Peña, whom Father Serra had appointed for the purpose. The two directed their route toward the Guadalupe River, near where it empties into the San Francisco Bay, and carefully surveyed its course and the surrounding country. The plain was certainly inviting. The soil was of the richest description. Here and there great groves of the live oak were flourishing, and in the open spaces and along the foot-hills grew vast fields of wild plants and herbs. The land swarmed with elks, deer, antelopes, and rabbits, and the streams with salmon; while irrigation could be rendered very simple by using the many rivulets and springs which abounded. The climate was uncommonly mild and salubrious, especially by contrast with the rude winds of San Francisco, and the savages, though degraded and stupid, were apparently gentle and tractable.

Father de la Peña and the Commandante at last decided upon a spot on one of the tiny tributaries of the Guadalupe as a fit location for the mission buildings. It stood about three leagues from the Bay, and was known by the Indians as Socoistika, or the Laurel Trees. Good old Marcello, however, the last of his tribe, who haunted the college till within the last decade, used to call it Tshaitka. It is now included in Mr. Donahue's famous Laurel Grove Ranch, the mission remains being all but obliterated. On reaching this decision, the two explorers returned to San Francisco, whence Moneada set out for Monterey to send up the needed supply of soldiers. The founding of the missions was never free from danger, and the presence of a few soldiers, not more than half a dozen in some cases, was almost indispensable to secure the missionaries and their neophytes from serious molestation; though even then in several instances, the Franciscan Fathers watered their missions with their life's blood.

On their arrival in San Francisco from Monterey, the soldiers destined for Santa Clara set out thither with their families under the command of Moraga and the spiritual direction of Father de la Peña. There, after speedily blessing and planting the never-wanting mission cross and erecting a rough altar, the holy pioneer celebrated on January 12, 1777, the first Mass in the Santa Clara Valley. The

work of building was at once proceeded with, and word was sent to Father José Antonio de Murguia to bring up many needed articles from Monterey and become a co-laborer in the Mission. A square of seventy varas was marked off. On two sides were built the mission church and residence and the different offices and workshops, and on the other two the guard-house, the barracks (for nine soldiers and a poblador or settler), and the store-house. The patroness chosen for the Mission was Saint Clare of Assisi. She is commonly represented bearing the sacred monstrance in her hands, to recall how, when the Saracen army of Frederick II. advanced to assault her convent, she had the Blessed Sacrament publicly exposed above the gates, and thus routed the infidels. Unlike the treatment which Father Salvatierra had experienced, the Franciscan fathers were in the early days very amply provided for by the Crown, their missions being founded at the expense of Charles III. It was not until the Spanish government in Mexico was overthrown that the tide of their prosperity sank to so low an ebb. Extensive grants of land were made to them, and the military were always but too eager to give them every assistance. How they profited by these favors to promote the glory of God, and how criminal and disastrous was the conduct of the Mexican government in robbing them, are family stories in California. The praise of the fathers is on the lips of every one, from Captain Vancouver down to our own Bayard Taylor.

The savages whom Fathers de la Peña and Murguia had come to christianize were the Olhones (or Costanes), a tribe not unlike the Digger Indians of the present day. Their language, or rather gibberish, had as many as twenty-three distinct dialects, and was allied to that of the Mutsuns, lower down at the San Juan Bantista Mission; though the Mutsun lacked the b, d, f, k, r, strong v, x, y, and z, while most of these letters were used in the Olhones. Hall in his "History of San José," to which we are indebted for much of our information, gives the following sample of the language. It is, he says, the Lord's Prayer, though he does not account for the presence in it of the name of our Blessed Redeemer.

Appa macréne mé saura saraahtiga elecpuhmen imragrat, sacan macrene mensaraah assueiy nouman ourun macari pireca muna ban saraahtiga poluma macréne sonhaii naltis anat macréne neena, ia aunanit macréne macrecequetr maccari noumaban macre annam, non maroté jassempet macréne in eckoné tamouniri innan tattahué, icatrarca oniet macréne equets naccaritkoun och á Jesus.

The religion of the Olhones was very rudimentary. They

adored the sun, and believed in the existence of a good as well as an evil spirit, both of whom they made occasional efforts to propitiate. "When a person dies," says Beechy, in his "Voyage to the Pacific," "they adorn the corpse with feathers, flowers, and beads, and place with it a bow and arrows; they then extend it upon a pile of wood and burn it, amid the shouts of the spectators, who wish the soul a pleasant journey in the direction of the setting sun." They had also a vague tradition that their ancestors had come down from the North, a fact which might serve to link them with the Asiatics who crossed over to America along the Aleutian Islands.

"They showed but little ingenuity," says Hall, "except in the making of the bow and arrow, and basket-work. Their bows and arrows were of no mean character, and they used them with great dexterity and effect. They made baskets of various sizes, some of which would hold two or three bushels, and were conical in form. The material was a stout grass, and the baskets were water-proof. They were colored on the exterior darkly, usually black. They used them for cooking purposes and as dishes to hold all their various food. Some were wide and flat, for special purposes. They cooked their broth in their baskets, by placing hot stones in them when half filled with the prepared liquid." Their canoes, or rather rafts, were some ten feet long by three or four wide, and were made of rushes and dried grass, rolled into tapering bundles and lashed together. They were driven by long double-bladed paddles, and were never loaded with more than half a dozen persons, two or three being the usual number.

Their knowledge of medicine was limited to one great panacea, the *temescal*. This was a conical oven made of mud or adobe, with a small opening at the top for the escape of smoke and a large one on the side to be used as an entrance. A number of persons would crowd in here at once, no matter how dissimilar their ailments, and start a roaring fire inside near the entrance. They continued to add fuel to the flames, and to keep up a furious shouting and dancing, as long as they could possibly support the heat. The perspiration rolled off them in streams, during which time they wrung their hair and scraped their skin with some sharp instrument. When well nigh exhausted, they suddenly rushed from the *temescal* and plunged into a body of cold water, near which the oven was always constructed. No serious injury seems to have resulted from the practice, and we are told that even yet some of the mountain Indians

use the *temescal*, often building it fifty feet in diameter at the base.

The raiment and morality of the Olhones were about as rudimentary as their therapeutics. The little clothing they did wear was generally made of rabbit-skins, but when the missionaries were well established amongst them few people could have been prouder, neater, or more irreproachable in their dress. The men were fond of painting themselves red with the cinnabar, and were as happy as children in gazing at the light metallic hue it gave their bodies, in spite of the fact that the process salivated them very disagreeably. Thieving and other very gross vices were common and habitual. They were, in fact, as a race so degraded that even after their conversion to Christianity the fathers, though detesting aught that savored of Jansenism, were unwilling to let many of them approach the Blessed Sacrament more than once or twice a year. Otherwise, however, they were orderly, decent, and hospitable, and made excellent craftsmen and farmers. Wild and stupid as they were, Fathers de la Peña and Murguia had within eight years induced seven hundred of them to embrace a civilized life and to become passably intelligent Christians.

The Santa Clara Mission advanced rapidly in numbers and influence, and at the time of the first troubles with the Mexican government was reputed one of the wealthiest in Alta or Upper California. The daily routine of life was pretty much the same as that which Father Salvatierra had inaugurated in Lower California. The Indians dwelt in clustering adobe houses near the church, and were thus almost constantly under the eye of the missionary. The young, unmarried women, however, lived apart in a separate building, under the care of trustworthy maidens, where they were screened from danger and taught all the useful employments of domestic life till they reached a marriageable age. Unfortunate children were also subjected to a special protection, and where the fathers could not find them places in trustworthy families, they were cared for by the fathers themselves.

It was the invariable custom to have two fathers associated in the work of each mission. One was almost exclusively engaged in spiritual matters, and the other in the education of the natives in trades and farming. At Santa Clara, Father de la Peña seems to have been engaged in the former capacity, and Father Murguia in the latter. The Indians, according to Very Rev. Father Gonzales, writing from Santa Barbara in 1864, "are like boys of one hundred years. It is only with liberality that you can draw them

towards you. Give them plenty to eat and clothes in abundance, and they will soon become your friends, and you can conduct them to religion, form them to good manners, and teach them civilized habits." That the Franciscans exercised this liberality, tenderness, and prudence in the happiest way, is attested by every writer on the missions.

At sunrise daily all arose and went to the church, where they recited their morning prayers and heard Mass. Breakfast immediately followed and then work, each at his specialty, until towards noon, when the time till two o'clock was spent at dinner, recreation, and the siesta. The afternoon labors continued till the sound of the *Angelus*. Evening devotions, family prayers, and the rosary succeeded, after which came supper and various games and athletic sports. The diet was of the healthiest. Beef, mutton, and a variety of vegetables were constantly on the table. Wheaten cakes and puddings were also favorite dishes, as well as a nutritious porridge called *atole* and *pinole*.

II.

Fathers de la Peña and Murguia had not been long established in their new field of labor when a deadly epidemic broke out amongst the children. It was a rare occasion for the fathers to prove their devotion, and to gain many a little patron before the throne of God. They were not slow to seize the opportunity, and baptized a large number of the children, and through the zeal and kindness thus shown were enabled to win the hearts of many of the parents. The first child baptized was a girl whom, of course, they called Clara.

The Santa Clara, like the San Francisco Mission, though the fruit of Father Junipero Serra's zeal, had been actually founded in his absence; but the grand old hero of Christ was not long in reaching both the places. He arrived at Santa Clara in September, 1777, and then made use of the power granted to him for ten years by Clement XIV. to confirm those whom the fathers had prepared. The first to be confirmed was a boy four years old, who was called Barnabas.

It was about the time of this visit that the present town of San Jose, or, as it was then styled, El Pueblo de San José de Guadalupe, was founded. The Governor Felipe de Neve had stopped at the Santa Clara Mission and, being greatly struck with the fertility of the Valley, resolved to establish a pueblo there. The settlers were, for a time at least, to be

under the spiritual direction of the Santa Clara fathers, but their lands were to be wholly distinct from those of the Mission. Later on, as we shall see, a warm dispute arose as to the dividing line between the two sections of land.

The church at Socoistika had but a brief existence. It had not been standing three years when a great flood in the Guadalupe almost swept it away. The fathers saw that they had built it in too low a situation, and, after considerable surveying, set about the erection of a new church at a place about three miles further west and south, called by the natives Gerguensun, or the Valley of the Oaks. Marcello was wont to call it Tshatcapschi. Not a vestige of this second church now remains. The Broad-Gauge Depot at Santa Clara stands upon the very spot, and a public street has been laid out across the graveyard. The old well in the present orchard is said to be coeval with the church.

The architect and builder of the new church was Father Murguia. The corner-stone was laid on November 19th, 1781, but it was not finished and dedicated till May 15th, 1784. Great preparations had been made for the dedication, but just four days previously the devoted architect was called to his eternal reward, amid the most intense grief of his neophytes, whom he had converted in hundreds from roving and stupid savages to skilful husbandmen and artisans and Christians of devout life. He died of a burning fever after only a few days' illness.

Father José Antonio de Murguia was born on the 10th of December, 1715, at Domayguia in Spain, and came to Mexico at an early age in pursuit of business matters. He joined the Franciscans at their College of San Fernando in Mexico on June 29th, 1736, and was ordained priest in 1744. He was first employed as a preacher for four years, and was then sent to labor on the newly-founded mission of Sierra Gordo, where he remained for nineteen years, reaping a rich harvest of souls. Amongst other things, he built a fine stone church there, the first of its kind in Mexico. On the expulsion of the Jesuits, he was sent to the Lower California missions, and remained there till they were turned over to the Dominicans in 1773, when he was sent to Alta California to do missionary work, as we have seen, first at Monterey, and then at Santa Clara, where he died after thirty-six years amongst savage tribes. His body was laid at rest in the sacristy of the church he had just erected. Father Murguia's successor at Santa Clara was Father Diego de Noboa, also from Monterey.

The ceremony of the dedication of the new church took place at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was conducted

according to the Roman ritual, amidst no little pomp and the greatest rejoicing and festivities. Don Pedro Fages, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Troops, and Military Governor of California, was present and was assisted by the Vice-Governor, Don José Joaquin Moraga. All the Christian and large troops of the savage Indians, and most of the population of the Pueblo of San José, were also in attendance. Father Junipero Serra was the celebrant. At the close of the services he handed the key of the church to the Governor Fages, who thereupon opened the door, and thus became the guardian of the Mission.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. IGNATIUS WATER.

[This article has been prepared at the request of several of Ours who thought it might lead to a greater devotion to our Holy Father. All the books at our disposal have been consulted, and much time spent in compiling and reducing what we have found. We would gladly have added some remarkable effects from the use of the water occurring in our own country. In nearly all our churches the water is freely distributed to the people, and many of our fathers have a devotion to it and testify to its beneficial effects. But we have been unable, though we have written to many, to obtain any well-authenticated and remarkable facts for publication. Perhaps this notice will induce some of our readers to furnish us with some such American facts for a future article, or a note in the *Varia*.]

I.—ITS ORIGIN.

As with other widespread devotions in the Church it is difficult to determine the exact time and manner of their origin, so too in regard to St. Ignatius Water. The custom of dipping a relic of the true Cross or of some saint into holy water was a common practice in the first ages of the Church. Cures and miracles wrought by water thus blessed are of frequent occurrence in the lives of the early saints. Probably the use of St. Ignatius Water, now so common among the faithful, blessed and approved by so many favors from heaven, and in all parts of the world, originated with one of our first fathers, who, in his missionary journeys,

sought to give greater virtue to holy water by blessing it with a treasured letter of our Holy Father. Certainly letters and autographs of St. Ignatius were first used in blessing the water. Fr. Virgilio Nolarci in his life of our Holy Father, published in 1670, after dwelling at length on the miraculous cures wrought by the water in Germany and Italy, describes the manner of blessing in use at that time: "The priest with surplice and stole dips a relic of St. Ignatius in a vase of water, which he blesses, invoking St. Ignatius with the prayer prescribed for that purpose by the Church. However great the favor which one may wish to obtain, it is sufficient to take but a drop of the water, or to apply it exteriorly." The devotion, though more defined by proper prayer and ceremony in 1600, goes back to the middle of the preceding century, for, according to Fr. Nolarci, shortly after the death of St. Ignatius, the annual letters from many provinces of the Society make mention of cures and miracles effected by the water. Spanish fathers claim for the devotion a Spanish origin, resting their claim on the authority of Fr. Ribadeneira, who, in his life of our Holy Father, dwells minutely and at length on the wonderful efficacy of the water at Burgos during the terrible plague of 1599. Physicians themselves, recognizing its supernatural virtue, prescribed it to the exclusion of all other medicines. The Spanish claim is strengthened by the fact that the first mention made of the water by the Bollandists is in connection with the Burgos plague. After the wonders wrought at Burgos, the devotion received the approval and recommendation of many Spanish bishops, and travelled thence to France, and even to Germany, of which country our Holy Father had, and doubtless still has, a peculiar love from the time of his memorable journey with his chosen companions from Paris to Rome. The manner of blessing, of which Fr. Nolarci wrote in 1670 as prescribed by the Church, was probably confined to Italy, since we learn from the Bollandists and other sources that the ceremonies and prayers of blessing were as numerous and varied as the countries in which the devotion was known. All, however, agreed in requiring that an image or autograph or relic of our Holy Father be dipped in the water. The manner of blessing now in use was approved by the S. Cong. Rit., Aug. 30th, 1866. The privilege of blessing is reserved by the Holy See to the fathers of the Society. In those places, however, where Ours have no house, other priests may obtain from Fr. General, with the consent of their Ordinary, the faculty of blessing the water, Fr. General having full power from the Holy Father to grant this permission. (*Vide Institutum*

S. J., nova editio, in appendice ad Litt. Apost., de variis rescriptis et indulgentiis, p. 28.)

II.—ITS APOSTLES.

All devotions in the Church rise and flourish through the labors and zeal of holy men. St. Ignatius Water does not want apostles. From Fr. Ribadeneira down to the present time there have been men in the Society of high zeal and sanctity who let no opportunity escape of recommending and spreading this devotion. As early as 1640 it had a champion in Fr. George Gobat, a Swiss, professor of theology for upwards of thirty years, and rector of Freiburg and Hall in their palmiest days. Fr. Gobat had the devotion so much at heart that he made prominent mention of it in his great work *Theol. Moralis-Juridico*: "The devotion of the faithful," he writes, "to this practice has been frequently sanctioned by manifest miracles in Suabia and Switzerland, in the Tyrol and Bavaria." Fr. Nolarci, writing a few years later, and evidently with a view to removing the impression left by Fr. Gobat that Germany had sole right and title to the devotion, says: "The cures wrought by St. Ignatius Water are not confined exclusively to Germany; France rejoices in them, they are of frequent occurrence in Italy, Rome has witnessed them, especially in the plagues of 1656 and 1657; in fine, all Europe knows of them." In 1640 Fr. Joseph Besson, sometime rector of Nimes and afterwards a second apostle of Syria, made the devotion known throughout Asia Minor. In his great work, "La Syrie Sainte," are found detailed accounts of miracles wrought and blessings obtained by the use of the water.

The most touching, if not the most marvellous, incident connected with the history of the devotion and its propagators is thus told by the Bollandists: "Fr. James Antonio Amici, being about to enter on his last agony, had already resigned his soul into the hands of Jesus and Mary, when he heard a voice utter these words: 'Take the water of your Holy Father Ignatius and dip therein my flowers which you blessed on Pentecost Monday, and it will restore you to health, though not completely, for such is the will of God.' Fr. James followed the instructions of the heavenly voice, and immediately after drinking the water felt a new strength in all his limbs; he rose from his bed of death, went to the chapel, and gave thanks to God, Our Lady, and St. Ignatius." What wonder that Fr. Amici wrote a long account of this marvellous cure in classical Latin, and forwarded it to Fr. General Tamburini to be placed in the Society's archives,

where it still remains and where the Bollandists found it, a touching memorial of our Holy Father's power and protection. It is needless to say that Fr. Amici, during the remainder of his life, recommended the devotion earnestly and on all occasions.

Fr. Peter Bernard is a name still held in benediction by the inhabitants of western Belgium, a man of such repute for sanctity that at his death, which occurred in 1866, thirteen thousand people came to get a last look of him, while a double *cordon* of *gendarmes* protected the remains from relic seekers. Reading the wonderful accounts of cures and blessings obtained by Fr. Bernard by means of St. Ignatius Water, we have no hesitation in calling him the apostle of the devotion. The short space allowed this brief notice will permit us to do no more than mention other names that hold a high place in the history of the Society for learning and sanctity, such as Fr. Lancisius, Fr. Terwecoren, Fr. Menacci, Fr. Gautrelet, and others, all of whom, both by word and in writing, propagated this devotion, and ever regarded it as a precious legacy committed to the Society for the greater glory of God and the good of souls.

III.—ITS USE.

Fr. Fiter in his interesting little account written in Spanish classifies the miracles and favors obtained through the use of St. Ignatius Water, giving a special chapter to each class. The miracles and favors are wonderfully varied. In certain parts of Switzerland, for instance, the water is used effectually in imminent danger from fire. In Spain miraculous recoveries of women in labor are recorded without number. In Italy and France it is used as a powerful remedy against terrible temptations. But as St. Ignatius is said to have founded the Society with a view to stopping the progress of terrible moral diseases, so the water has won its chief renown in awful plagues and pestilences. Fr. Ribadeneira writing of the Burgos plague, mentioned above, says: "Very many persons recovered complete health by drinking a little water in which a relic of our Blessed Father had been dipped." He then goes on to record the written testimonies of grateful priests and laymen who were saved from the terrible visitation by the use of the water. In 1839 the Asiatic cholera struck Bruges, in Belgium, with dreadful effect. The second day after its appearance a poor man came running to one of our houses and told the superior that five of his neighbors had already died and that it was feared the whole district would be swept away. The supe-

rior gave him a bottle of St. Ignatius Water, instructing him at the same time to use it with entire faith and confidence. The man hurried back and did as he was told, "and," continues Fr. Terwecoren, "his faith was rewarded." The plague passed, like the angel of old, over his house and spared his family. The news of this heavenly intervention soon spread abroad, and straightway the house of the good fathers was besieged with crowds who came for the wonderful water. Bottles were simply useless and in the way, so great was the number of applicants. Tubs and casks were called into action, and these were emptied as fast as blessed. Three hundred persons, says an eye-witness, came daily for the water, and among them the rich and the noble, and many also who in healthy times had made a boast of their manly infidelity. When the ravages of the pestilence had abated, the fathers started a public novena in thanksgiving to God for the favors bestowed through the intercession of St. Ignatius. Not content with this, some of the wealthier inhabitants had a statue of the saint placed at the entrance of the community chapel; and even to this day, though the old church has long since passed into other hands, the members of St. Walburga's parish celebrate each recurring feast of our Holy Father by giving liberal alms to the poor. In 1855 a mysterious pestilence appeared in the vicinity of Modena. The inhabitants, thoroughly frightened at the progress of the plague, sought every means of staying it, but with no success. At the suggestion of one of our fathers, four hundred prominent citizens procured the water and joined together in holy league, putting themselves and their families under the especial protection of St. Ignatius. "These four hundred families," says a liberal newspaper, "were untouched by the pestilence." In the gratitude of their hearts these good people placed a beautiful marble slab near the altar of St. Ignatius, on the reverse of which is this legend:

IGNATIO · PATRI · SANCTO
 REPVLSORI · ASIATICIÆ · LVIS
 CVLTORES · EIVS · CENTVRIATI
 SOSPITES · CVM · DOMIBVS · SVIS
 VOTVM · SOLVERVNT · LIBENTER
 MERITO
 AN · MDCCCLVII

These are a few instances out of many, with which Spanish and Italian readers are familiar, but of which we have known little.

A few words on the manner of using this blessed water may not be amiss. The person desiring a cure or some grace should be exhorted, first, to a holy *conformity with the will of God*. This is necessary at all times, but especially in case of sickness, since we know not the designs of Providence, and at times wish for what is not for our good. To this conformity must be joined a sincere *confidence in the intercession of St. Ignatius*, and, when possible, the soul should be purified and strengthened by approaching the sacraments. With these dispositions joined to persevering prayer it is sufficient to drink a little of the water every day, or to bathe the affected part with it. No set form of prayer is required. An excellent practice, however, is to recite three Our Fathers, three Hail Marys, and three Glorias in honor of the Holy Trinity, to whom our Holy Father had a great devotion. Others prefer to invoke the assistance of the Saint by the prayers used in blessing the water, and it would add to the devotion if, in distributing the water to the people, these prayers, translated into English, could be given along with the water, and the patient exhorted to say them. A novena to the Saint, accompanied with penance and alms-giving, should also, when practicable, be made, as it seems to be the most effectual way of obtaining his intercession, especially if, at first not successful, it be repeated. Most of the remarkable cures and graces have been obtained by one or more novenas, the water being daily taken or applied during it, and the sacraments received.

We trust, in conclusion, that those of Ours who read this article will have a greater confidence in the wonderful effects of this water, and that they will propagate its use still more among our people. After reading the wonders wrought in times past by it, the suspicion naturally rises that the water has lost something of its ancient efficacy; but the arm of God is not shortened, neither is the solicitude of our Holy Father less loving than of old. When our times become matter of history equally wonderful things, we hope, will be said and written of this devotion. Let us at least do our part in making it known, and making our Holy Father more loved and honored, all to the greater glory of God.

After the preceding pages had been imposed, we received the following interesting account of an American cure wrought by the use of St. Ignatius Water.

“During a mission at Pittsfield, Mass., two years ago, going through the sacristy one day, I was stopped,” says one of our missionary fathers, “by a man who seemed to be in great pain and who begged to be cured. He had been

suffering from sciatica a long time. I told him to be present in the church when the gospel of St. John was being read over the sick. The next day he stopped me again, and so for several days, becoming more importunate each time; at last, partly out of admiration for his faith and partly to be rid of him, I told him that I would bless some water with a medal of St. Ignatius; that he could get some of it on the morrow, when he came to church; and that he should swallow a few drops each day, till he was cured. As I expected other applicants, I blessed a pitcher of the water—about half a gallon—and left it in the sacristy. The next morning I saw in the sacristy waiting to speak to me, a man whom I did not recognize till I heard his voice. It was the quondam sick man. Yesterday he was much bent and so lame he could hardly hobble about with the aid of a stick; now he was upright and walked with the ease of a man in perfect health. In substance, this was his story: Fearful lest others should come before him and deprive him of the precious water, as soon as my back was turned, he seized upon it and took it home, pitcher and all. That evening the pain being intense, in desperation, he thought he would cure himself at once instead of drop by drop, as he said, so he drank the whole pitcherful at one draught. That night he slept well, the first time for many a month, and next morning he awoke entirely cured.

“The cure was noised about and almost everybody got some of the miraculous water. The day after the mission, whilst getting ready to leave, I was called to see a lady waiting in her carriage at the door. She introduced herself by saying she was not a Catholic, but had called to ask about some water one of her servant girls had gotten from me, which had all but cured her of a running sore, when other remedies had entirely failed. She was willing to pay any price for the recipe or a sufficient supply of the water to insure a complete cure. I tried to explain the supernaturalness of the remedy, but she became impatient, saying: ‘You forget, Reverend Sir, I am not a Catholic; it is useless to try to work on my imagination.’ As my time was limited, and she refused to understand any explanation, at length I said: ‘What you ask for I cannot sell you, nor, under the circumstances, do I think it right to give it you. The prayers and faith of your servant have helped you; ask her to continue them that you may be cured both in mind and body.’ So saying, I bowed politely and withdrew; the driver touched up his horses, and the noise of the carriage wheels prevented me from hearing the concluding remarks of the would-be buyer of St. Ignatius Water.”

FATHER ARNOLD DAMEN.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

So much has been written about Fr. Damen since his death, that it might at first seem useless to offer in these pages a further sketch of his life and labors. Scarcely a Catholic paper in the country failed to pay a tribute, in no measured words of praise, to the memory of the deceased missionary; and not a few of the principal secular journals presented their readers with a detailed account of his life. A lengthy and sympathetic sketch of his active career was published in the *Catholic Home* of Chicago, over the name of the City Comptroller, Hon. W. J. Onahan; and the appreciative and even enthusiastic notices which appeared in the *Catholic Review*, the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Western Watchman*; worthily voiced the sentiments of admiration and sorrow entertained by the Catholic population of the whole country.

But there was a peculiar charm in the character of Fr. Damen, and a source of edification in his devoted life, which none but his religious brethren can appreciate at their true value. His exterior works were, indeed, imposing, and the good that he accomplished was of surpassing value; but Fr. Damen was not the man to forget that it is the Jesuit's first duty to apply himself "to the study of solid and perfect virtues and of spiritual things, . . . from which force must flow to the exterior." His whole life, in fact, was a fitting commentary on the Rules of the Summary. *Sis bonus religiosus, et Deus omnia supplebit*, he wrote when entering upon his long career in the sacred ministry; and it is interesting to observe how faithfully he fulfilled the first clause of the pious motto, and how abundantly, in consequence, the truth of the second was verified.

Fr. Arnold Damen was born in De Leur, a little town of North Brabant, near Breda, on March 20th, 1815. His father was a builder, fairly prosperous in his business. Of Fr. Damen's mother little is known; but if we may argue her character from her son's early piety, it is to be regretted that we cannot learn more. We are told that, at an early age, the future missionary manifested an extraordinary devotion to our Lady, whom he frequently honored at her

celebrated shrine of Bois-le-duc; and this tender love for the Blessed Mother of God he cherished, like a worthy disciple of Loyola, to his dying day. Nor did he fail in his tender years to cultivate an ardent devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

As the time approached for the boy to choose some walk in life, the dutiful son would willingly have acceded to the wishes of his practical father by devoting himself to a trade. Divine Providence, however, entertained far other designs, and marked him out as a chosen instrument for the salvation of souls. The pious youth felt the inspiration of grace calling him to something higher, and by the kindness of a worthy gentleman⁽¹⁾ who kept a classical school at Turnhout, he began his studies, with the view of preparing himself for the holy priesthood. His future career was at that time not at all clear to himself, but Providence was watching over him and fitting him for the accomplishment of much good in the fresh fields of labor across the Atlantic.

Fr. P. J. De Smet, the celebrated Indian missionary and one of the founders of the Missouri Province, had returned to his native land in 1832, owing to protracted ill health, little thinking that he would ever again cross the Atlantic to carry the word of God to the wild tribes of America. But four or five years spent in Belgium completely restored his health, and the ardent young missionary found himself once more ready to join the small but devoted band that he had left in Missouri. He had not forgotten his former companions in the years of his absence, as his valuable presents to the St. Louis University amply testified; and now that he was to return to their midst, he was anxious to bring with him what would be of much more value than any material assistance,—young and vigorous workmen for the field which was only too wide for the labor of the first heroic pioneers. He met the young student of Turnhout, Arnold Damen, who was at the time completing his classical studies, and they agreed to sail together for America in the following year. With this definite end before him, the aspiring missionary, who was then just nearing his majority and enjoying all the buoyant vigor and elastic spirit of the first

(1) A few words of information about this excellent person may prove of interest. M. De Nef was a gentleman of ample fortune and high attainments, who devoted his means and even his personal labors to the education of young men in classical learning, his chief ambition being to aid in providing priests for missionary countries. God blessed his efforts, and hundreds of devoted priests have gone forth from the college which he founded. A year or two before his death he secured Jesuit professors. The students in Fr. Damen's day numbered about 100, all day-scholars; since then the Jesuits have made it also a boarding school, and attached to it an apostolic college, the number of their pupils exceeding 300.

flush of manhood, devoted himself with renewed energy to his studies. Fr. De Smet, in the meantime, had secured others for the same distant mission; and when they sailed from Hâvre in October, 1837, there were five in the little band. Besides the leader himself and the subject of this sketch, there were two young secular priests, one of whom, Fr. Gleizal, entered the Missouri Province, and though many years have elapsed since his death, his name is often heard falling reverently from the lips of the older fathers. The other priest was Rev. David Duparque, who became a devoted laborer in the diocese of the saintly Bishop Flaget. The fifth, and the only surviving member of the little party, was Br. Hendrickx, of St. Louis, whose old eyes glisten with mingled emotions of pleasure and sorrow at the recollection of his companions and their happy voyage. He was well acquainted with Fr. Damen in Breda, and waited for him a year in order that they might sail together for America.

After an unusually favorable voyage of only twelve days, they reached New York and proceeded immediately to the West. Fr. Damen arrived at Florissant and began his novitiate on Nov. 21st, 1837. The accommodations at the novitiate were of the most primitive character in those early days, and the inmates were but few, the novices themselves not numbering more than five. But there reigned among them such an admirable spirit of charity and devotion, that quite as much real happiness was experienced under the roof of their rude dwelling, as can be found in the largest and best appointed communities. In this school of virtue, under the experienced direction of Fr. De Theux, was laid the foundation of that rare perfection which we shall see practised by Fr. Damen in the earliest years of his religious life. In his study of English he made rapid progress, and, with the assistance of his more youthful fellow-novices, Frs. John Verdin and Isidore Boudreaux, he acquired considerable fluency in the use of the language before the term of his noviceship had expired.

After pronouncing his first vows, he was sent almost immediately, according to the custom necessitated by the pressing needs of the province, to supply the increasing demand for teachers at the growing college in St. Louis. Providence, however, had designed him for quite a different sphere of action, and his efficiency as a teacher and prefect was not all that had been expected of one who was thought so capable of wielding a vigorous influence for good over those with whom he came in contact. He was in the meantime pursuing, as best he might, his philosophical studies; and in 1842 his duties were lightened, in order to afford him

more time to apply himself to the study of theology. Two years were thus spent, at the end of which he was raised, in 1844, to the holy priesthood.

His ordination was followed by two years of partial inactivity, which must have been peculiarly trying to a person of Fr. Damen's naturally sanguine and energetic disposition. God was proving the virtue of his servant, it would seem, by humiliations and restraint, before accepting him as the instrument through which His Providence had designed to work such incalculable good to the Church throughout the land. During these two years, he was assigned to the duties of assistant pastor in the college church, but was not deemed competent for the office of preaching. His promise of future usefulness at that time must have been to himself, as, indeed, it was to his superiors, anything but encouraging. Painfully conscious of past inefficiency in the college, and debarred from the exercise of the priest's ordinary functions, he had an excellent opportunity of laying a deep foundation of humility before entering upon his remarkable career of usefulness. Nor did he fail to profit by these daily lessons in the solid virtues of the spiritual life. Keeping in view his simple motto *sis bonus religiosus, et Deus omnia supplebit*, he continued his studies and performed his various duties in the ministry with cheerfulness and zeal, and left the future in the hands of God.⁽¹⁾

With regard to his studies, it may be mentioned here that, although scarcely a single year was assigned him exclusively for study, he, nevertheless, by determined perseverance succeeded in completing the entire course of theology. For seven or eight years, immediately preceding and following his ordination, he was accustomed, as he often mentioned to the more fortunate scholastics of the present, to lock himself in his room, with the superior's permission, and devote two hours daily to theology. Accordingly, when the time came for his last vows, he was admitted to the profession on the feast of the Assumption, 1859.

It was in 1846, at short instructions given after Vespers on Sunday afternoons, that Fr. Damen first gave signs of his extraordinary power as a pulpit orator. Those who heard him then declare that it was easy to see, from those first relatively humble efforts, how effective he would be as a preacher to large masses of the people, and that some of his forcible and striking utterances made such an impression upon his hearers as never to be forgotten in after years. His

⁽¹⁾ It is said that he made a vow never to decline any task that superiors might wish him to undertake, asking in return from Our dear Lord the gift of preaching effectively.

effectiveness in the pulpit was soon recognized by superiors, and from that time may be dated his popularity as a preacher.

In the same year, 1846, he organized the Young Men's Sodality in connection with the college church. During the ten years that it was under his prudent and active direction, the sodality increased rapidly in numbers and piety, and extended its gentle but strong influence to all parts of the city. Its members were drawn largely from the principal Catholic families, and through them Fr. Damen was enabled to achieve much good in that class of society. He was thus brought into contact with many non-Catholics, and a cursory glance at the baptismal record of those years leaves no doubt as to the consoling results which followed. On one page, for instance, we gather from the brief entry over the familiar signature, *A. Damen*, that an elderly gentleman, the head of a Catholic family perhaps, is brought into the fold of Christ with all the sacred rites; on the next, a lady receives the saving waters hurriedly and secretly, on what is thought her death-bed; while just below we see that her little servant, a slave, follows her beloved mistress, and is baptized by the same hand. A few pages on, a family, parents and children, are mentioned in one entry; and not far off are the names of two brothers, just on the threshold of manhood, entering the Church together.

Not least among the good works accomplished by Fr. Damen during this early period of his long career in the ministry, was that of furthering the use of the Spiritual Exercises among such as would be benefited by them. In the autumn of 1849, a number of his sodalists came at his suggestion to spend several days at the college, and devote the time exclusively to meditations calculated to assist them in choosing a state of life. At the end of the retreat not fewer than four had determined to consecrate their lives to God in the Society, and two of the number, still active in works of zeal, are *crowning* their long and useful lives with an old age of vigorous and untiring labor. It was the first retreat of the kind given in St. Louis, and to Fr. Damen belongs the honor of having introduced into his province a custom which has ever been productive of such abundant fruit. He had previously given the Exercises to single individuals with no less happy results. In 1847 Fr. Walter Hill, and one year later Fr. James Bouchard, entered the novitiate, after making a retreat under Fr. Damen's direction.⁽¹⁾ The former is well-known for his excellent and

⁽¹⁾ Thus, from 1845 to 1855, was spent the first decade of Fr. Damen's work as a priest. It was characterized by that originality and promptness of action which pointed him out as a leader of men, and commanded universal esteem and admiration in his subsequent career.

popular text-books on philosophy; the latter, for his apostolic life on the Pacific slope. Fr. Bouchard was moreover a convert of Fr. Damen's; he had been a Protestant minister. Foremost in organizing sodalities and furthering the use of the Spiritual Exercises, and instrumental in establishing parochial schools and procuring religious instructors, Fr. Damen clearly showed in those early years, not only the true zeal of a Jesuit, but also unusual executive ability. In 1849, when a violent form of Asiatic cholera visited St. Louis with the most distressing results, Fr. Damen distinguished himself by his irrepressible zeal and self-sacrifice in ministering to the corporal and spiritual wants of the plague's unfortunate victims.

The autumn of 1855 is memorable in the life of Fr. Damen as marking the date of his first mission. At the request of Bishop O'Reagan, of Chicago, he was sent to preach a mission in St. Mary's, the oldest church of the city. The Catholics of Chicago were at that time anything but well affected towards their good bishop and the reverend clergy, and it was due to the strenuous efforts of the zealous missionary, that the proper sentiments of respect and love for their pastors were soon revived in the hearts of the faithful. How immediate were the good results produced, may be gathered from the incidents accompanying the opening of a mission given about that time in the Cathedral. When the Bishop, accompanied by Fr. Damen and Fr. F. Boudreaux, was going from his residence to the Cathedral before High Mass, he was obliged to pass through the crowd of men who were loitering about the door until the services should begin. As he made his way among them, it was noticed that not a hat was raised in reverence to their chief pastor, nor any further notice taken of him than the brazen stare of idle curiosity. During the Mass Fr. Damen addressed the congregation in his most stirring and telling manner, touching incidentally on the respect due to their Bishop and appealing to their simple reverence of former days. The result was as happy as could have been expected; at the end of the Mass the congregation knelt devoutly to receive the Bishop's blessing. Many years later, when on a certain occasion the vast Catholic population of the city, societies, schools, sodalities, congregations, turned out with their banners and their music to welcome the Bishop, Dr. Foley, if I mistake not, few perhaps recalled those early days when the Catholic spirit of Chicago was all but extinct, and fewer still of the younger generation thought of him who had infused into that spirit new life and strength. One venerable priest, however, of all present the most identified with the diocese, Fr. John Wal-

dron, recognized to whose honor primarily the magnificence of the display redounded, and he was heard to remark reflectively, as the procession passed by: "Well, all this is due to Fr. Damen."

But many years of patient and zealous labor had to pass before Fr. Damen made his beneficial influence permanently felt in Chicago. Building up the Catholicity of a large city is not the work of a single mission, nor of one year; to be efficacious and permanent it must be the result of long and devoted labors extending their influence gradually and in diverse ways to the whole Catholic body. That such was Fr. Damen's labor in Chicago cannot be doubted after a review, however hasty, of the years he spent in that city.

Seeing the success of the missions among his people, Bishop O'Reagan was very desirous of having the Jesuits permanently established in the city; but his earnest appeals to the fathers in St. Louis could not then be favorably answered. One or two years later, however, at the instance of Fr. Damen himself, who knew what a splendid field of labor was offered them, the Vice-Provincial, Fr. Druyts, sent Fr. Damen and Fr. Truyens to open a residence in Chicago. The good Bishop, overjoyed at seeing his request granted at last, offered the fathers the most desirable localities of the city, not even excepting his own Cathedral parish on the North Side. But Fr. Damen's preference lay in quite another direction, and his choice caused much surprise, though nothing could have been more characteristic at once of his far-sighted judgment and his love for the poor. He had written almost ten years before: *Quot animas Deo lucrifecissem, si tantam in pauperes quantam in divites operam dedi! Nonne experientia didici operam in divites fere semper perditam fuisse, sed in pauperes fere semper profuisse?* It is not surprising then that he desired his future labor to be among the poor. The present site of the Holy Family Church was at that time far out of town, but Fr. Damen and Fr. Druyts did not fail to foresee something of the city's marvellous growth, and they knew, moreover, that the sanctuary would soon gather around it the cottages of the humbler classes.

A small frame church was immediately erected on the chosen spot, and service was held in it as early as July of the same year, 1857. The congregation grew with remarkable rapidity, so that in two months the little church had to be enlarged to twice its original size; and the autumn of the same year saw the present magnificent structure begun. It is no slight tribute to the ceaseless activity and extraordinary energy of Fr. Damen, that, even in Chicago, he should have been conspicuous for those very qualities which espec-

ially distinguished the inhabitants of the growing metropolis. Yet such was the case, if we may believe an early resident of the city. "Energetic and untiring," said Mr. Onahan, in his jubilee address to Fr. Damen, "as the people of Chicago were in those days—a characteristic which they seem in no way likely to surrender—you, Sir, gave them an example of push and perseverance, of general 'go-ahead.' I speak, of course, of material works, which were at that time the marvel and admiration of the city, rarely before witnessed in the West."

As he had deliberately chosen a site among the poorer classes, he could not rely upon the parish for the means of completing the splendid church which he had designed. It was characteristic of his generous nature to build the church for his "dear people," that, with little strain upon their slender means, they might have a suitable place for divine worship, and an edifice of which they could be justly proud. He accordingly appealed to the charity of his wealthy friends in St. Louis, who came forward generously, as Mr. Onahan testifies, and contributed to the good work in a manner worthy of the old Catholic city. Other sources of income were, however, still necessary to keep pace with the work on the church which Fr. Damen was rapidly pushing forward; nor was his zeal slow to devise a means of adding to his building fund, while satisfying at the same time his burning desire for the salvation of souls. The following spring, 1858, found him in the South working, with much personal fatigue and exertion, but also with manifest good results, among the laborers engaged on the dikes of the Mississippi. From that time may be dated his permanent career as a missionary. His efforts in hastening the completion of the church were not ineffectual. In 1860 the building was solemnly dedicated under the patronage of the Holy Family, on the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the day which had been chosen, three years before, for the laying of the corner-stone. The transept was not yet erected, and still the capacity of the church was deemed by some unnecessarily large. Six years later, however, in 1866, he was obliged to enlarge the church to its present magnificent proportions, by adding the transept, measuring 125 feet from wall to wall, and increasing the entire length of the building to 186 feet.

While devoting his efforts to the erection of the material edifice, Fr. Damen was not neglecting the more important, if less conspicuous, work of building up the parish internally. His attention was first given to the need of providing

suitable accommodations for the rapidly increasing number of school children. The first little school was promptly opened on Morgan Street; others followed year by year, as occasion demanded, and thus the vast system operating in the parish to-day, and easily accommodating the six thousand pupils, was gradually developed from the good work happily begun by Fr. Damen. He was not less assiduous in procuring religious instructors for the children flocking to his schools. First of all, in 1859, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart were established in their house on West Taylor Street, where they immediately opened a school for the girls of the parish. The Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary were introduced in 1867, to supply the further demand for teachers. They had not up to that time been regularly established as a religious community; but Fr. Damen had their rule drawn up, and procured for them the proper confirmation at Rome. In 1874 the Sisters of the Holy Heart of Mary were brought to the city, to conduct the new school rendered necessary by the increasing numbers. These Sisters subsequently, with Fr. Damen's encouragement and assistance, opened a home for unprotected females, as well as an institution for the education of deaf-mutes.

It would be tedious to recount all the buildings and improvements, all the good works of every description, for which the Holy Family Parish is indebted to Fr. Damen. The pastors' residence, the various school buildings, the handsome church windows, the basement chapel, the numerous sodalities, the parish libraries, and, finally, the college itself, all followed one another in quick succession, and are a lasting testimony to the zealous energy of their author, who was the leading and guiding spirit of the parish for fifteen years. How much this progress was due to Fr. Damen's individual efforts, may be gathered from the significant expressions which recur again and again in the brief official record of the residence: "*Ita arduus labor et strenui conatus Patris Superioris; zelus Patris Superioris non potuit quin; nulla difficultate quamvis magna victus; multo flagrans ardore; nulla unquam devictus difficultate,*" and other such changes rung on the phrases indicating his devoted zeal and untiring spirit.

Fr. Damen was superior of the residence in Chicago from its foundation to 1870. In that year St. Ignatius College was opened, and he became vice-rector, leaving, however, the active management of the classes in the experienced hands of Fr. Verdin. Two years later Fr. Coosemans became rector of the college, and Fr. Damen devoted himself exclusively to that other important work, which he had been

carrying on during all these years of activity in Chicago. In 1857 he had entered upon his famous missionary career, which, with but a single interruption, during his visit to Europe in 1868, he continued to the day of his last fatal sickness. In the East as well as in the West, in the cities of Canada, and on the shores of the Gulf, for more than thirty years, Fr. Damen's rich and powerful voice was heard in many a pulpit, touching the hearts of the faithful and leading them to repentance and justice. The good results produced by these missions can scarcely be estimated. The vast number of confessions can, indeed, be recorded; the crowded churches and the devotion of the worshippers can be recalled; the number of adults prepared for their First Communion; the congregations brought back to fervor and reconciled to their pastors; long standing scandals repaired and their evil effects counteracted, can all be cited in testimony of the immense good produced. But who can reckon the wealth of the harvest springing from the good seed sown in the heart of each individual? Who can count the number of souls led to a thorough reformation of life, the happy firesides with domestic peace and love restored, the bitter enmities destroyed forever, the vocations to religion and the priesthood developed and fostered? Fr. Damen was on a certain occasion congratulating the reverend editor of a well-known Catholic paper of the West on the pleasure to be found in reading his editorials.

"Do you know, Father," said the reverend gentleman, "that all my work as a priest is largely due to your Reverence. When a boy I was often obliged, most reluctantly I confess, to accompany my elder sisters to your evening lectures, and there the idea of my vocation was first developed."

One of those sisters is now a highly respected member of the Visitation Order, and her vocation no doubt dates from the same time as that of her brother. These are but instances of what must have happened in the case of numberless individuals. In this connection may be mentioned Fr. Damen's solicitude in fostering vocations to the priesthood, and particularly to the Society. Many a promising young man was educated by him to recruit our own ranks and those of the secular clergy.

The practice in the missions of interrupting the course of the sermons by occasionally introducing a dogmatic lecture, was a distinguishing feature of Fr. Damen's work. The good effects immediately resulting from this amply vindicated the prudence of the departure, and were no insignificant tribute to his practical appreciation of circumstances

and his readiness to profit by them. Such lectures would, of course, have been entirely out of place in a Catholic country; but noticing that Protestants, impelled by curiosity and pressed by their Catholic friends, were not loath to attend some of the mission services; and knowing, moreover, the necessity in a Protestant atmosphere of explaining clearly for Catholics the controverted points of doctrine, he soon recognized the advisability of introducing such discourses as were calculated to impress his Protestant hearers and at the same time to furnish Catholics with a reason for the faith that was in them. These lectures were much appreciated by Protestants and Catholics alike; they seldom failed to attain their twofold end and to break down many gross and ignorant prejudices against the Church. At some missions over 10,000 tickets were sold for the lectures, and Fr. Damen's three printed discourses, *The Catholic Church*, *Confession*, and *Transubstantiation*, reached a sale of 100,000 copies. His converts to the faith are estimated to have approached the astonishing number of 11,000, and most of these were brought into the Church by his impressive lectures. Thus, Gen. Longstreet was converted during a mission given in New Orleans, in February, 1877. In a single autumn, that of 1871, two hundred conversions resulted from his missions given in the three cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City; and in the larger parishes forty or fifty conversions at one mission were not at all unusual. It may be interesting to note that twenty-seven of his converts had been Protestant ministers.

His effectiveness in the pulpit did not lie in any refinement of language or action, in the graces of rhetoric, or the charm of the polished orator; his power came from deeper and more spiritual sources. As an old friend, who knew him from his earliest appearance in the pulpit, writes: "His was an eloquence that carried the multitude with irresistible force. His stately figure, his powerful yet musical and sympathetic voice, and, above all, his heart strong in its affections, and his soul's convictions with deep and inspiring piety, combined nature and grace to make up that characteristic power possessed by Fr. Damen, which made him in all the missions the most successful preacher to the masses of the people." Not a few of his companions were more refined and attractive speakers;⁽¹⁾ but it is safe to say that none were more effective. His plain, straight-forward ut-

(1) The same authority just quoted adds that "due credit is not given to Fr. Smarius, from whose magnificent orations came mainly the reputation which our missionaries acquired in the East. The evening lectures were always given by Fr. Smarius when they were together on missions." Fr. Smarius was a missionary with Fr. Damen from 1861 to the time of his death in 1870.

terances, his apt and familiar illustrations, his forcible repetitions, his practical advice, and his direct appeals to the feelings and the common sense of his hearers, never struck wide of the mark. Almost any passage taken at random from his printed lectures will illustrate these characteristics of his oratory.

“I have said this evening, [he is addressing the Protestant element of his audience in concluding his lecture on the “Catholic Church”] I have said this evening hard things; but if St. Paul were here to night, in this pulpit, he would have said harder things; and if Christ Himself had been here, He would have said harder things still. I have said them, however, not through a spirit of unkindness, but through a spirit of love and a spirit of charity, in the hope of opening your eyes that your souls may be saved. It is love for your salvation, my dearly beloved Protestant brethren,—for which I would gladly give my heart’s blood,—my love for your salvation that has made me preach to you as I have done. ‘Well,’ say my Protestant friends, ‘if a man thinks he is right, would he not be right?’ Let us suppose now a man in Ottawa who wishes to go to Chicago, but takes a car for New York. The conductor asks for his ticket, and at once says: ‘You are in the wrong car; your ticket is for Chicago, but you are going to New York.’ ‘Well, what of that,’ says the passenger, ‘I mean well.’ ‘Your meaning will not go well with you in the end,’ says the conductor, ‘for you will come out at New York instead of Chicago.’ You say you mean well, my dear friends, but let me tell you that meaning well will not take you to heaven; you must do well also. ‘He that doeth the will of my Father,’ says Jesus, ‘he alone shall be saved.’ There are millions in hell that meant well. You must do well, and be sure you are doing well, to be saved. Therefore, my dearly beloved brethren, I would advise you to procure at the mission store on Sussex street, a book called *Points of Controversy*. Read it attentively, and you won’t read it without being thoroughly convinced that the Catholic Church is the only true Church of God.”

Such was his plain forcible style; but from the printed page we can form only a remote idea of his power in the pulpit.

Fr. Damen’s life on the missions was eminently characterized by the apostolic virtues of labor, self-sacrifice, and prayer. Some years before undertaking the work of the missions, he quoted among his resolutions a saying of some one, a revelation perhaps, to the effect that St. Theresa in her cloister had won as many souls to Christ as did St.

Francis Xavier during his remarkable apostolate ; and his spirit of devotion and prayer showed how he relied on these arms of an apostle to obtain the desired success in his missions. When starting out from home, he kept up the pious old custom of saying the Litany of the Blessed Virgin ; and on seating himself in the car, he invariably took out his big beads, to the amazement and curiosity of those around him, and began to recite the Rosary. "What is the old man going to do now," a passenger was overheard asking his neighbor ; "is he counting his money?" He took little interest in purely worldly matters, looked at none but Catholic papers, and devoted his few moments of spare time to spiritual reading, to saying his beads, and to other simple but solid devotions. He was a continual example of zeal and industry to those who assisted him on the missions, and, though exacting in matters of duty, he was ever a most agreeable companion and considerate superior. He rose at four o'clock,—a practice which he never intermitted whether at home or traveling,—and, after waking his companions and performing his morning devotions, began his day's work, at five o'clock, in the confessional. After his own Mass he heard one or two Masses of thanksgiving, and was ready for the sermon in the forenoon about nine o'clock. He preached again at night, and about half past ten, or even later, finished the day, as he had begun it, in the confessional. He seldom failed to win the admiration and love of the secular priests, and many of the bishops entertained for him the highest esteem and reverence. Not a few of them, indeed, felt that they owed him a deep debt of gratitude for the good he had worked in their respective dioceses. Bishop O'Hara of Scranton, Penn., once called for Fr. Damen at St. Ignatius College in Chicago ; and being told that the Father was engaged at the moment : "I'll wait," he answered promptly ; "I must see Fr. Damen ; he made my diocese for me."

Many amusing incidents happened in the course of his various missions, and no one could enjoy them more heartily than Fr. Damen himself. At a certain mission given in Indianapolis, a judge of some prominence in the city, was converted. Seeing that he was a person of much information, Fr. Damen did not deem it necessary to instruct him in the primary doctrines of faith, until, on the point of baptizing him, he said, merely as a matter of form :

"Well, Judge, you know that there is but one God?"

"Yes, Father."

"And how many persons are there in God, Judge?"

"Well, Father," after a long pause, "I suppose there are a good many persons in God."

"No, Judge, there are only three persons in God."

"If that's the case," said the judge, reaching for his hat, "I'm afraid there is no chance for me."

The mystery was soon explained, and the judge duly received into the Church. On the night of the same day a crowded audience was assembled to hear Fr. Damen's lecture. In the course of his remarks, after a particularly forcible assertion, the lecturer was interrupted by a man near the pulpit who demanded in a clear, loud voice: "Substantiate that." Some zealous members of the parish lost no time in getting the offender out of the church, and next morning he was arraigned for disturbing the peace before the judge just spoken of. The latter was evidently anxious to show his zeal for religion, and, accordingly, the culprit was fined five dollars and costs.

Hitherto we have spoken but incidentally of Fr. Damen's deep interior spirit from which flowed the efficacy of his great exterior labors. His religious virtues, however, were such as to deserve a special and detailed account. And, first, to speak of his strict observance of the three religious vows, he retained to the end of his life a charming simplicity of perfect obedience. He never presumed the slightest permission when it could be asked, and, as his superiors assert, it was in those little matters that the perfection of his obedience consisted. With regard to poverty his conscience was exceedingly delicate. When he was directing a charitable organization in St. Louis, he abstained from distributing any money himself, as he thought it would be contrary to the perfection of poverty and make a breach in "the firm wall of religion." His edifying modesty, his spirit of mortification, and his corporal austerities amply testify how sedulously he emulated the saints, and particularly those of the Society, in their love of holy purity. It is interesting to note how, with the advance of years, Fr. Damen's austerities steadily increased in number and severity. When a young priest he bound himself by vow to fast on the vigils of the festivals of the Immaculate Conception, the Sacred Heart, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Francis Regis; and resolved to abstain entirely from the more delicate dishes (*dulciaria*). As years went on he undertook a daily fast, excepting Sundays and feast days, and never relaxed this practice during at least fifteen years of the most fatiguing labor on the missions. Finally, at the age of seventy, he moderated his fasts at the suggestion of Rev. Fr. Provincial, but he adhered scrupulously to his other penances.

Fr. Damen was in practice a master of the secret in the spiritual life of using one's good works to their best advan-

tage; he always had a number of intentions in his prayers and mortifications, but two, of paramount importance in his eyes, were never forgotten, "*Ut felicem mortem in Societate obtineam, et ne unquam voluntarie Deum offendam.*" Whence may be incidentally inferred his intense horror of sin. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin, besides being solid and deep, as were all his devotions, was, moreover, of the tenderest character. At the end of a certain set of resolutions, there is one little prayer to her, so beautiful in its simplicity and so touching in its earnestness, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. How spontaneous it is, and how free from anything like conventionality, may be seen by the verb inadvertently repeated with a different inflection.

"*O Maria, dulcis Mater mea, O amor meus, obtine mihi, obsecro per viscera misericordiæ tuæ, per sanguinem Filii tui, obtineas mihi perseverantiam in his resolutionibus meis.*"

Next to his devotion to our Blessed Lady, was his love for the saints of the Society. Not long after his ordination he took up the practice of reading the lives of our saints during the week preceding their respective feasts, and, when practicable, of making their virtues the subject of his sermon on the following Sunday. He did this for the twofold end of acquiring the particular spirit of the perfection required by the Society, and of meriting the grace of a happy death in religion. The latter intention, indeed, seemed never to be absent from his mind. He realized fully the memorable saying of the *Imitation*, "Blessed is he who has always the hour of his death before his eyes, and every day disposes himself to die." His special patron was St. Francis Regis, whose life and apostolic virtues he sedulously imitated.

In keeping with his devotion to the saints of the Society, was his strict observance of all the rules. Convinced as he was that there is nothing slight in the service of God, and knowing that it is in little things that perfection consists, he never relaxed his novice fervor in the smallest observances. He was never too busy at home or on the missions for the visit to the Blessed Sacrament after meals; and he would not permit any visitor, except in rare cases of necessity, to detain him from the evening Litanies. In fact, his conversations with seculars were always brief and on spiritual subjects, *breves semper*, as he wrote, *et non nisi spirituales. Quot momenta perdita per protractas illas visitationes! Quot animas potuissem Deo lucrifacere, si hoc semper servâssem!* Which, by the way, throws a side light on his truly apostolic longing for the salvation of souls, a subject on which his whole life speaks more eloquently than any words could do,

His confidence in prayer was extraordinary, nor are instances lacking when his confidence merited an extraordinary answer. A certain young lady was afflicted with a severe spinal derangement; two physicians were attending her, and at their suggestion a third, more eminent in his profession, was called in for consultation. Their skill was in vain, however, and they declared her case hopeless. At this juncture Fr. Damen appears on the scene. He approaches the bed of the sufferer, and asks the afflicted parents if they have confidence in prayer. On assuring himself of their good dispositions, he applies a relic to the patient, and retires expressing his confident hope of her recovery. That night, which the physicians thought would be her last, was the beginning of a perfect cure, and Fr. Damen, it is needless to add, is revered in that family as a saint. Other facts of a similar nature might be recalled.

On Nov. 20th, 1887, Fr. Damen had the happiness of celebrating, in the church and college which he had himself founded and built, the Golden Jubilee of his entrance into the Society. It was a happy occasion, and the rejoicing was not confined to the Holy Family Parish and St. Ignatius College. All over the country Catholics spoke of the venerable missionary, and thanked God that his eminently useful life had been spared so long. Most of the Catholic, and not a few of the secular papers, seized the opportunity to pay him a glowing and well-deserved tribute of praise. Fifty years of religious life and thirty devoted to the missions, though they had enfeebled his stalwart frame, had not cooled the ardor of his zeal. He led his band of missionaries for still another year, until finally, in the summer of 1888, he was sent to Creighton College to enjoy the healthful climate of Omaha. Even then, however, his zealous spirit knew no rest. With Rev. Fr. Provincial's consent, he continued to give missions in Nebraska and the neighboring states and territories, and whilst thus actually engaged in the special work of his heroic life, he received the stroke that finally carried him to his grave. There is something pathetic in these last missions of Fr. Damen. The popular preacher, whose voice in his prime had thrilled the vast congregations of our grandest cathedrals, and who, at the head of his zealous band, had made his influence felt throughout the whole land, devoted the last feeble efforts of his old age to little missions, given alone, in the thinly settled districts of the Western territories!

Early last spring (1889), while Fr. Damen was engaged in the diocese of his friend, Bishop Burke of Cheyenne, he received a letter from Rev. Fr. Provincial, expressing solici-

tude that the venerable missionary in his feeble state of health should be alone and so far away from any of our houses. Fr. Damen replied with characteristic humility, professing his entire readiness to start at once for St. Louis or Omaha, if his Superior should desire it, but at the same time requesting permission to continue the good work so dear to his heart. This touching request could not, of course, be denied him, and he had the consolation, which he ever desired, of working until his strength had utterly failed. While he was in the act of giving Holy Communion, at the close of a mission in Evanston, Wyoming Ter., he received the fatal stroke of paralysis, on June 4th, 1889. With the kind assistance of the pastor, Rev. C. Fitzgerald, he reached Cheyenne two days later. There he was met by Fr. Thomas Fitzgerald, rector of Creighton College, and Mr. John A. Creighton, who conveyed him with the kindest attentions to Omaha. For several days after he had reached home, he was cheerful, and firmly believed that he would recover and be ready for work once more. With the assistance of one of the fathers he had the consolation of celebrating Mass daily, with a single exception, up to June 13th, when he offered the Holy Sacrifice for the last time. Meanwhile his firm hope of recovery did not prevent him from asking for Extreme Unction; and on the night of the twelfth the last sacred rites were administered.

How conspicuously the dying missionary's virtues shone in his infirmities, how admirable his patience, his humility, his resignation, cannot be better told than in the words of the Father Superior.

"He was a source of great edification to us all during his long illness. He frequently expressed a desire to get well and work more; but it was in no spirit of complaint or repining over his condition. He suffered very resignedly and patiently, and the amount of suffering he was called upon to endure was at times truly appalling and fearful. I admired Fr. Damen very much in his active missionary life for his many grand traits; but I admired him much more in his sickness, or, rather, our admiration passed into reverence, seeing in him, as we did, the embodiment of the highest religious virtues in the midst of the severest trials. Naturally he feared and dreaded suffering; and before it came he spoke of it with much alarm, humbly protesting his powerlessness to withstand it; but when it did come, all his fears proved groundless, for he bore his trials with the patience of a saint and the endurance of a martyr.

"He was pre-eminently a man of prayer during his illness; his beads were constantly in his hands. He insisted

on being wheeled to the chapel frequently, where he would spend a long time before the Blessed Sacrament. It was touching to hear him beg fathers, scholastics, and brothers to read to him daily, for a brief while, the lives of the saints. His love for the Society and his attachment to his vocation were beyond anything that I have seen. He never tired talking of the work peculiar to and done by the Society. The labors and successes of Ours always interested him.

“ One day last summer an old friend, who had come quite a long distance to visit him, ventured to sympathize with him in his sufferings, and to deplore his forced idleness after a life of such intense activity. This friend, who was yet strong and active, asked Fr. Damen, among other things, if he would not like to exchange places with him,—meaning, of course, if the Father would not like to be, as he was himself, in the prime of life and years again. Fr. Damen answered very abruptly and very decisively :

“ ‘ No, Mr.—, I would not exchange places with you, nor with any prince of the world, nor bishop of the Church, not even with Leo XIII.; my sole ambition and desire is to die a humble but worthy Jesuit.’

“ His was a grand and good and saintly life,” Fr. Fitzgerald concludes, “ and his death was precious in the sight of the Lord. May we have grace to imitate him.”

Thus, crowning the noble virtues of his active life with the rarer virtue of patient suffering, he lingered on during the summer and autumn. The privilege of daily Communion was one of his greatest consolations, and, without a murmur, he would endure extreme thirst from midnight to the five o'clock Mass, at which he assisted with much devotion and partook of the Bread of Life. For a month before his death he could not leave his large wheel-chair, night or day, not being able to lie down, except with intense pain and danger of suffocation. On Christmas day, to his great joy, he was present at the Solemn High Mass in the church. His large chair was wheeled and carried to the sacristy, and placed in such a position as gave him a view of the ministers at the altar. He was sensibly affected by the pleasure thus afforded. On the same holy feast he had the happiness of joining the community in the refectory. Attended by the Brother, who had been unremitting in his attentions for the last three months, he sat at the right of Fr. Rector during dinner, and for the last time was united with his brethren in a community exercise.

During Christmas week his strength failed rapidly. The paralysis, which had hitherto affected his left side, gradually extended to other portions of his body, and it was evident

that the vital organs could not long be spared. As the end drew near his mind wandered from time to time; but he was perfectly conscious on New Year's morning when, shortly after midnight, he received the Holy Viaticum. When daylight approached his strength rallied for the last time, and, as no Mass had been celebrated in the domestic chapel, he thought of assisting again at the solemn services in the church. A relapse quickly followed, however, and with the day's advance, he slowly but steadily declined towards his peaceful dissolution. His whole life had been a constant prayer for a happy death in the Society, and it could not be that such a prayer should go unheeded. He was conscious up to a few moments before the end, and his last intelligible words, uttered about an hour before his death, are significant of his heroic sentiments.

"Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer my life and sufferings."

Shortly after nine o'clock, Rev. Fr. Rector and the community assembled in the room of the dying missionary, and Fr. Minister began the prayers for the agonizing. Fr. Rector took up his position at the bedside and frequently addressed Fr. Damen by name in a clear voice, and suggested pious ejaculations. A slight inclination of the head assured him that his words were understood and appreciated, until, a little before ten o'clock, that last sign of intelligence was watched for in vain; the spirit had peacefully and almost imperceptibly departed for a happier life.

The assurance that his body should be laid beside those of his old companions and the early fathers of the province had been granted to Fr. Damen, by the favor of Rev. Fr. Provincial, and had afforded him no little consolation when he felt his end approaching. His remains were accordingly brought to St. Louis by Fr. Fitzgerald, and were interred in the old graveyard at Florissant. There they repose near those of Fr. De Smet, his early friend, of Frs. Verdin and J. Boudreaux, his fellow-novices, and of the other noble pioneers of the Missouri Province.—R. I. P.

THE MADONNA DELLA STRADA.

A NEW FEAST FOR THE SOCIETY.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has recently granted the fathers of the Society the privilege of celebrating the Feast of Our Lady della Strada, with a proper Mass and office, as a double of the second class, on the second Sunday of June. Our Very Rev. Father General is most desirous that the devotion should spread throughout the Society, as *our special* devotion to our Blessed Lady. He spoke of it to the procurators at the Congregation last September, and gave to each of the fathers a picture of the Madonna della Strada and a little book containing a history of the devotion. From this little book and the lessons of the office appointed for the feast, the following sketch has been compiled.

The Madonna della Strada (*anglice*, of the street) is so called because it was originally placed, not in a church, but in one of the small street-shrines or niches, so common in Rome and the other cities of Italy. It was painted on a wall of cement, from which it has been sawed out to transport it to the church where it now is. The cement is hard and compact, of a nature quite different from that now used, which proves the wall to have belonged to some old Roman construction of ancient date. Exactly how old, it is impossible to say, but as the picture is not of the Greek type of the seventh or the eighth century, but distinctively Latin, it would seem to belong to the fifth century. In fact, it is unlike any of the Madonnas, except those that are found in some of the old Roman basilicas of the time just after Constantine, and resembling in appearance those of the Catacombs. In the Madonna della Strada the Infant Jesus is painted as giving His blessing with the right hand and holding a book with the left. The features of both the Virgin and the Child, as even the photographs and copies show, are decidedly Roman, there being nothing in the profile to indicate a Byzantine origin. This is another proof of the great antiquity of the Madonna, as the pictures of the Byzantine school were only introduced into Italy after the persecution of the iconoclast emperor.

Towards the middle of the twelfth century, Julius de Atallis, a wealthy Roman, as a mark of his devotion, and

not unlikely in thanksgiving for some favor or miraculous cure, built a church to which the Madonna was removed. This new church was named after its founder, Sancta Maria de Astallis; and given parochial rights. Here the Madonna was when St. Ignatius came to Rome with his first companions. The Holy Founder conceived a great devotion to the picture, frequently celebrated Mass at the altar erected in its honor, and finally begged Peter Codacius, the parish priest, to give him the Madonna for the first church the Society should have at Rome. The good parish priest at first refused, but it seems he could not resist the prayers of St. Ignatius, for finally he not only withdrew all opposition but offered the church and himself too to the Society.⁽¹⁾ The family de Astallis being friends of St. Ignatius, also gave their consent, and Paul III., having approved the donation and transferred all parochial rights to the neighboring church of St. Mark, the church with the Madonna was given to the Society in 1540, a few months after its confirmation. Thus, as Orlandini relates, it was no little mark of the Blessed Virgin's love for the Society, that this church was given to it; for being brought forth at Montmarte on the day of her glorious Assumption, and protected by her during its first years, the very year of its confirmation being without a church or house, she received it into her own house and precious shrine della Strada. St. Ignatius and his first companions made an excellent use of their new house. Here the Holy Founder taught catechism and preached sermons burning with the love of God and the Holy Spirit. Here, too, the sacraments were administered with such an effect that, through the help and under the protection of the Virgin Mother, virtue and piety, which had grown cold in the city, rose to a new life. So true was this, that Cardinal Baronius in a public discourse called this church *Anastasia*, alluding to the name given by St. Gregory Nazianzen to the church

⁽¹⁾ The generous parish priest was the first one in Italy to enter the Society, and as he was widely known, and related to the Sovereign Pontiff, he rendered great services to our first fathers. He was so much attached to his vocation that St. Ignatius used to say of him, that Father Codacius could not be driven from the house even by blows. He died suddenly ten years after his admission while about to enter the room of the Holy Founder, and so great was he esteemed for holiness, and so well-known was his great influence in obtaining material aid for the Society, that shortly after his death, the Cardinal Vicar in speaking with Fr. Polancus of the distress of the Professed House, did not hesitate to say, "Your Codacius, as he used to do here on earth, will now obtain help for you in heaven." St. Ignatius decreed that all honors given to founders of colleges be paid to him, viz., the annual candle and a certain number of masses, and that he should have a place before all the Professed Fathers, and at his death, besides the Masses for founders, on his tomb-stone was engraved an inscription testifying his charity. Such was the nobility of our Holy Founder in showing his gratitude not only to externs, but even to Ours—(Orlandini, *Hist. S. J.*, Lib. 9; 8).

of Our Lady at Constantinople in which the orthodox faith was restored.

In the time of St. Francis Borgia, who had a great devotion to the Madonna, the number of the people ever increasing and the church becoming too small, he determined in 1565 to enlarge it. Want of means, however, prevented him from accomplishing it, till Cardinal Farnese came to his aid, and at his own expense began, in 1568, the erection of an entirely new and magnificent church, the present Gesù. During the six years the church was in process of construction, the Madonna was transported to the neighboring church of St. Mark. Finally in 1575, the Gesù being finished, the miraculous picture was brought back to a chapel built especially for it, on the gospel side of the main altar, in the very place occupied by the old church. This is commemorated by the following inscription sculptured in marble on the wall of the chapel.

IMAGINEM

SANCTISSIMAE · DEI · GENITRICIS · MARIAE
 DE · STRATA · NUNCUPATAE
 AD · CUIUS · ARAM
 S. IGNATIUS · ET · S. FRANCISCUS · BORGIA
 IN · VETERI
 ET · PRIMA · SOCIETATIS · IESU · ECCLESIA
 SACRUM · FACIEBANT
 IN · HOC · TEMPLI · FARNESIANI · SACELLUM
 ANNO · IUBILEI · MDLXXV · TRANSLATAM
 ELEGANTIORI · STRUCTURA
 ET · NOVIS · MARMORIBUS · EXORNATAM
 EIUSDEM · BEATISSIMAE · VIRGINIS
 SANCTORUMQUE · RELIQUIIS
 ANNO · MDCXCVI · CONSECRATAM
 VENERARE

From this time devotion to the Madonna increased more and more. In 1638 the number of miracles, the graces obtained, and the votive offerings still increasing, as a mark of

the excellency and antiquity of the devotion, as well as a mark of gratitude to the Blessed Mother, the Madonna was crowned by order of the Canons of the Vatican, it being the first Madonna crowned in the eternal city and the third throughout the world.

Space will not permit us to speak of the favors granted through the intercession of the Madonna. Suffice it to say that the chapel is lined with votive tablets of thanksgiving, and the gratitude of the people is shown in the adornment of the shrine; it being one of the richest in Rome. Both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. have enriched it with indulgences. In 1885 the Madonna was crowned again by the Vatican Chapter, the former crowns having been stolen during the suppression of the Society, probably at the time of the French Revolution, when so many shrines were despoiled.

Many copies of this remarkable picture have been made, and some private chapels have been built in exact imitation of the one in the Gesù. Germany, France, and lately, Ireland, Scotland, and England have erected altars in honor of the Madonna, and our church of St. Francis Xavier at New York has a fine copy of the picture, copied from the Roman picture in 1883 by an excellent artist, under the direction of Fr. Armellini. It is placed in the chapel of St. Ignatius in the lower church.

May this short notice increase the devotion to our Lady della Strada, especially among the children of St. Ignatius, who are under her particular patronage, and to whom our Holy Father was himself so devout.

FR. JAMES MARY CHRYSOSTOM BOUCHARD.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

This renowned missionary and bright ornament of the Society of Jesus in California was born at Muskagola, Indian Territory, in September, 1823. His father was Kistalwa, Chief of the Lenni-Lennapi, a branch of the Delaware tribe. His mother, Marie Elizabeth Bucheur or Beshor, was the daughter of French emigrants from Auvergne, who settled in Texas, A. D. 1800, in a fertile valley through which ran the Rio Frio, a tributary of the Nueces.

Texas, at that time a part of the Spanish province of Mexico, or New Spain, was the home of the fierce Coman-

ches, who roamed at will over its vast plains in quest of food and scalps. The little French family gained the good will of these savages, and were treated by them with uniform kindness and liberality. Thus they had lived several years on terms of the closest amity, when an untoward incident brought about a fatal rupture. A band of roving Comanches had been massacred and robbed by a troop of lawless Spaniards on the Rio Grande. Mad with hate for all "pale faces" and thirsting for blood, a party of Comanches made their way to the little farm in the valley of the Rio Frio, and during the night surrounded the unsuspecting Buteur household. At a given signal they raised the dreadful war-whoop, burst open the doors, seized all the inmates, and burnt everything they could not carry off.

A horrible fate was in store for the captives. After a painful march northwards, they reached the village of the Comanches. There, after a series of frightful tortures, father and mother were burnt to death by a slow fire before the eyes of their two children. Louis the elder, who had been born in France and was then ten years of age, was claimed by a chief whose son and heir had lately fallen in battle, and was taken by him towards Arizona, where he probably succeeded his adoptive father as chief of the tribe. Marie Elizabeth, three years younger, born in the happy little valley by the Rio Frio, was adopted into the family of another chief who lived to the north of Texas, and was brought up as befitted the daughter of a powerful Indian chief.

When she was about fourteen years of age, she accompanied the chief's family on a visit to a French trading post on the upper Red River, and there became acquainted with young Kistalwa, son of the Chief Buchongahela of the Lenni-Lennapi, who demanded her in marriage. After much repining and wrangling her father deemed it more prudent to yield, and two years later Monotawan, or White Antelope, as she was called, became the wife of Kistalwa, and, in due time, the mother of two sons,—the elder, Chiwendotah, or Black Wolf; the younger, Watomika, or Swift Foot, the subject of this sketch.

Watomika was the idol of his parents. His mother taught him whilst a child to love and revere the Great Spirit, to respect the medicine men and the aged, to help the poor and distressed, to be kind and generous towards his friends, to hate the enemies of his nation, and, above all, to detest the pale face stranger. Her religious instructions bore fruit even thus early. Young Watomika, though not more than seven years old, used to gather his youthful comrades around

him, and teach them what he had just learned from his mother about the Great Spirit, or Manitou.

His father took pride in teaching him to wield the bow, the tomahawk, and scalping knife; to ride and wrestle and run foot races, and in all these exercises Watomika excelled most of the Indian lads of his own age. His skill in rope-dancing and his fleetness of foot gained him the name of Watomika, or "Swift Foot." He ardently loved the chase, often accompanied his father Kistalwa on hunting expeditions, and distinguished himself by his hardihood and nerve in the face of danger.

He went with Kistalwa and a band of Lenni-Lennapi on a foray against the Sioux, and beheld him fall mortally wounded during a night attack on the enemy's encampment. The chief survived till his victorious band reached home. On his death Watomika mourned Kistalwa for a month, till in a vision he saw his father enter "the regions of life."

In the following spring he accompanied his uncle Whapagong to a trading post on the upper Missouri, and had the grief of seeing that chief perish in a drunken brawl with a Sioux brave. The disconsolate Watomika was taken by a kind-hearted white man to St. Louis, thence to Fort Leavenworth, where he met a band of his own nation, and with them he returned home.

We come now to the turning point in his career. A few weeks after his return to his mother's arms, the tribe was visited by a certain Mr. Williamson, a Protestant missionary, who wanted to start a mission there. After a short stay he gave up the project, but succeeded in getting Watomika and two other Indian lads to accompany him to Marietta College, Ohio, to be educated as Presbyterians. Watomika alone persevered. He was at the time about twelve years old. A few months sufficed to wean him from his savage ways, and to dry the tears he shed at the thought of the mother he left in his forest home at Muskagola. He soon learned to read and write English correctly, and became a model for regularity and exactness in the discharge of every duty of college life. He was naturally pious and given to the contemplation of heavenly things. He fasted rigorously once a week, to the amazement of his less devout companions who made him the butt of their ridicule.

At the end of his studies, with a mind well formed and stocked with varied learning, he resolved to become a Presbyterian minister. For this momentous step he prepared himself by much prayer and greater austerity of life. He often fasted, in order to get light from on high to dissipate the clouds of doubt that overspread his mind as he studied

more deeply the doctrines of Calvin which he was to teach. His prayers and penances were answered by God in a way he little dreamed of.

Having been sent to St. Louis to supply for a while the place of a fellow-preacher, he happened one afternoon to pass the Jesuit church on Washington Avenue just as the children were flocking thither to hear Fr. Damen's instructions. Urged by curiosity, or rather by the Spirit of God, Watomika, or Mr. Beshor, as he was then called, followed the children into the church, listened to Fr. Damen's⁽¹⁾ explanation of the catechism, which seemed just to hit the doctrinal points about which he had long been in doubt, and he returned home with food for many a thoughtful meditation. The more he thought the more he hungered for further instruction. Overcoming, with God's grace, his Calvinistic prejudices against the Church, he consulted one of our fathers at the University of St. Louis, and after diligent examination, convinced that Calvinism was a hollow sham and that the Catholic Church was the only true Church, he abjured his errors, and was baptized a Catholic in January, 1846. Eighteen months later, July 26, 1848, he entered the novitiate at Florissant. During his noviceship he was sorely tried by a long sickness from which he was restored to health by what might in some manner be called a miracle. After his entrance into the novitiate he wrote these words to Fr. De Smet: "I have generously, though not without a long and fearfully contested battle with the three great enemies of the soul, sacrificed all that was near and dear to my heart, in order to follow Jesus Christ in His holy Society. My only desire is, and it is the daily object of my prayers, to live and die as a true member of the same Society, at the place and in the occupation which the will of God may assign unto me through my superiors." It is probable that at this time also he wrote the following acrostic to Fr. De Smet, "*Remember Watomika.*"

“When friends once linked by ties so dear
 A long and sad farewell must give
 Their former woes as pleasures seem.
 Oft does the heart, when all alone,
 Mindful regard the parted form
 In all that can the soul absorb.
 Kind friend, 'tis thus I'll muse on thee
 And think that thou art always near
 Farewell.”

Having taken the usual vows of the scholastics of the So-

(1) Some say Fr. Carrell, afterwards Bishop of Covington, Ky.

ciety, he reviewed his classics ; after which he was employed as prefect and teacher at St. Louis University for three years. During this time, it is probable that he studied philosophy and theology by himself ; for in 1856 he was ordained priest by Archbishop Kenrick.⁽¹⁾ He then became subminister, and, shortly after, minister and English professor of the juniors at Florissant. He next taught at St. Xavier, Cincinnati. In 1857 he began at Fort Leavenworth with Bishop Miége the work of saving souls which he was to continue till his latest breath.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY LABORS.

MISSOURI PROVINCE.

ST. XAVIER CHURCH, CINCINNATI.

Golden jubilee years are times of rejoicing and thanksgiving, and assuredly we may with reason rejoice and be thankful for the great good our Lord has been pleased to work through our instrumentality during this the golden jubilee year of our church and college. I refer especially to the missions during Lent, which were, without doubt, the most successful ever given in our parish.

The evening exercises of the first week were exclusively for women. On the opening evening, Sunday, Feb. 16th, it was apparent to all that the great St. Xavier Church was entirely inadequate to hold the vast throng that endeavored to enter it. For though, with the seats improvised for the occasion, it had a seating capacity of over fifteen hundred, the aisles were so crowded that not even standing room could be found for those seeking admittance, and hundreds had to be turned away. With some misgivings as to the success of the plan, a division was made. It was proposed to have mission sermons simultaneously and exclusively for women in both St. Xavier Church and St. Thomas' Church, situated one square south of St. Xavier's. On the following evening both churches were opened, and both were crowded.

⁽¹⁾ According to some, Fr. Bouchard was ordained by Rt. Rev. James Van de Velde, S. J., Bishop of Natchez, by whom also he had been received into the Society.

Fr. Van der Eerden conducted the evening services at St. Xavier, Fr. Rosswinkel at St. Thomas Church. Besides the evening sermons there was an instruction after the five o'clock Mass and after the 8.30 o'clock Mass in the morning, both of which were attended by an eager and fervent multitude. During the last four days eleven fathers were engaged almost constantly in their confessionals, and it is estimated that not less than five thousand confessions of women were heard during this first week of the mission. During this same week Fr. Cunningham gave a retreat to the girls of the parish school. Thus the first part of the mission ended, we have reason to hope, in the complete reformation of the female portion of our congregation.

After all, women are "*devotus femineus sexus*," but it is not so easy to bring men to a sense of their duty. Hence there was a great deal of speculation as to whether or not they would follow the good example set them by the women. But before the first sermon on Sunday evening, Feb. 23d, all doubts as to attendance were removed. The church was filled to excess—pews, benches, organ-loft, aisles, the steps of the Communion railing, and even the sanctuary itself—many of the men finding seats on the very steps of the altar. On Monday evening St. Thomas Church was again opened, and both churches were filled to their utmost capacity. Fr. Van der Eerden continued the evening sermons at St. Xavier Church, and Fr. Finnegan took Fr. Rosswinkel's place in St. Thomas Church. On Wednesday evening eleven fathers began to hear the confessions of the men, but, though four others were added on Saturday evening, they were unable to hear all the men who flocked to confession. So the mission was continued in St. Xavier Church till Tuesday night, and confessions were heard on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Seldom was so much religious fervor and enthusiasm displayed at a mission. There seemed to be a spirit of holy rivalry at work in the parish, so fervent were all and so faithful in attendance. And though services usually lasted till 9.30 o'clock at night, thousands of working men were present every morning at the 5 o'clock and the 8.30 o'clock Mass and instruction, and at the end of the mission over 1700 pledged themselves in writing that for half a year they would approach the sacraments at least once a month.

The third week of the mission was devoted to working boys under eighteen years of age. It was given in St. Thomas Church, and was under the direction of Fr. John Poland. Here the same earnestness manifested itself. The boys would not allow themselves to be outdone by their elders,

and every evening St. Thomas Church was filled with an audience not over intellectual or æsthetic, it is true, and apparently unfamiliar with what is expected of an intelligent Christian in the house of God, yet withal thoroughly honest and well meaning. If they were at any time wanting in reverence, it certainly was not owing to malice, but to ignorance. Their zeal for the house of God was shown by an amusing little incident that happened on the second evening of the mission. During Benediction the devout worshippers were startled by the sound of a tin horn—a relic of the recent Democratic victory. It caused a ruffle of excitement for the moment, but nothing was done just then to the offender. After the usual prayer at the end of Benediction had been sung, Fr. Poland turned to the boys and suggested that they say five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys in reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the insult that had been offered Him; adding, moreover, that the guilty one was certainly not a Catholic, but must be a Jew or a pagan. I am sure those young lads never prayed with greater fervor; their whole souls seemed to be in their words. But American boys have their own notions of what constitutes reparation, which, though not strictly in accordance with the Christian code, are certainly most efficacious. Therefore, they inwardly pre-arranged his doom. They would attend to his case when they were outside the church. The culprit happened to be a half-witted urchin, who by some means or other had gained admittance. But his lack of intelligence would have been no safeguard for him, were it not for the united efforts of some of the scholastics who chanced to be present, and who rescued him from his pursuers.

During the third week of the mission Fr. Ricard gave a retreat to the boys of the parish school; and every evening during the three weeks two fathers were kept busy instructing both Protestants and Catholics; the latter for Confirmation, the former for Baptism and Confirmation. On Sunday March 2d, Most Rev. Archbishop Elder confirmed one hundred and thirty-three adults. Fourteen converts from Protestantism were added to the Church, and thousands of Catholics, who for years had been neglecting their duties, were reconciled to God. Such was our Golden Jubilee Mission—a success beyond our most sanguine expectations. Well then may we exclaim with all the fervor of our souls, may the Most Merciful God, Who had deigned to work such wonderful and consoling results amongst us, be thanked, and praised forever!

HOLY FAMILY PARISH, CHICAGO.

We believe your readers can easily realize the fact that a mission in our great Chicago parish entails an unusual amount of labor, even upon our active and devoted missionaries. The Holy Family Parish is said to contain within its boundaries some seventy thousand souls, about one third of whom are Catholics. If, then, none but members of our own parish would attend the mission, the services of the fathers would be greatly taxed. But it must be remembered that numbers come from all parts of the city to benefit by the unusual means of grace opened to them at such a season. As was to be expected, therefore, the spacious church was thronged at all the services.⁽¹⁾

The missionaries who conducted the exercises during the five weeks the mission lasted, were Fr. Henry Moeller, superior, and FF. Prince and Chiappa, with FF. Finnegan and John Poland as assistants during part of the time. Of course, the fathers of the church and college, some twenty in number, were kept very busy lending help to the missionaries. In order that all ages and conditions of the vast parish might be effectually reached, the five weeks of the mission exercises were divided among the young ladies, married ladies, children, i. e. both working boys and the pupils of the parochial schools, the young men, and the married men.

The mission was formally opened on February 2d, and the sacred edifice was thronged with fully three thousand young ladies. Nor did their zeal flag as the exercises proceeded. The following evening was a crucial test. The rain fell in torrents, and a cold, biting wind blew fiercely. So unpropitious was the weather that various secular entertainments had to be postponed. But the young ladies in great numbers braved the storm, and consoled the preacher by this evidence of their earnestness. The order of exercises during the mission was as follows: 5 A. M., Mass and Instruction; 8 A. M., Mass and Instruction; 3 P. M., Way of the Cross; 7.30 P. M., Sermon and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The young men rivalled "the pious female sex" in their attendance at the services. Standing room only was the order of the day. It was an inspiring sight, that throng of men, in the first vigor of manhood, testifying their devotion to the faith of their fathers. It filled one with hope for the future of the Church in the

⁽¹⁾ See *Varia* for an interesting note concerning the improvements made in this church during the year.

West, to behold those reverent thousands approaching the Holy Table to eat the Bread of Life.

Both the married ladies and the married men were conspicuous by their fervor. So great was the press at the mission for the former, that it was impossible for a person to make his way through the closely-packed throng. The mission for the working boys, the first of the kind, was conducted by Fr. John Poland. Between nine hundred and a thousand gathered nightly to hear him in the basement chapel. The bulk of them were members of St. Joseph's Sodality, established especially for this class of boys. To the credit of these boys it must be said that they conducted themselves with thoughtful decorum, and the evidences of piety and sincerity manifested were generally commented upon. At the close of the week, twenty working boys, over sixteen years of age, made their First Holy Communion; and a class of younger ones, numbering seventy, is under instruction for the same purpose.

During the third week of the mission, the children of the six parochial schools attached to the Holy Family Church, and numbering over four thousand, participated in the benefits of this time of grace. A retreat was given to the students of St. Ignatius College by Fr. Prince during the same period. To say that the labors of the zealous missionaries were, by the grace of God, successful, is not to exaggerate. Perhaps some statistics will give a more exact idea than general expressions, to indicate the numbers that flocked to the holy exercises. The Communion of the mission aggregated twenty-six thousand six hundred. At the close of the Young Men's Week at the 7 o'clock Mass, four priests were occupied thirty-five minutes in the church, and an equal number spent twenty-five minutes, at the same time, in the basement chapel, communicating the faithful. On the confession days, nineteen priests were occupied from 7 to 10.30 in the evenings, and the regular pastors, some ten in number, all the afternoon, absolving the throngs of penitents; while the missionaries were in demand at all hours at the tribunal of penance. At the exercises the great church was nearly always crowded to the doors, every available standing space in the aisles up to the railing of the sanctuary being occupied. At the evening exercises an average of three thousand a night for the five weeks would not be too exaggerated a computation. At the close of the mission the already large sodalities received fresh accessions. Fifty new members were admitted to the Married Ladies' Sodality, which already numbers twelve hundred members. Seventy-eight were added to the Married Men's, eighty to the Young

Ladies', and one hundred and fifty to the Young Men's Societies.

Considering all these facts, we have reason to be thankful to Almighty God, that He has been pleased to shed His priceless grace so abundantly upon these souls committed to the care of our fathers, and we have but to hope that these shrunken souls will persevere in their ardent resolutions, that great things may be done through them for the greater honor and glory of the Sacred Heart of our good God.

MARYLAND-NEW YORK PROVINCE.

CATHEDRAL AND OTHER MISSIONS.

Quinquagesima found almost all the fathers of the third probation in Frederick in the field under the leadership of one of the veteran missionaries. Some were in Toronto braving the Orangemen in their stronghold; others at St. Mary's, Boston, breathing the "deliberate valor" not exceeded by Revolutionary patriots at the neighboring "Tea-Wharf." Father Gannon, went out to cope single-handed in the precincts of St. Anne's Parish, N. Y. City. Elizabeth, N. J., Fort Washington, N. Y., Providence, R. I., Newark, N. J., Worcester, Mass., Bridgeport, Conn., Arlington, Mass., Haverhill, Mass., Rochester, N. Y., St. Mary's, Grand St., and Immaculate Conception, N. Y. City, and the Boston churches of the Immaculate Conception and St. Francis de Sales, as well as St. Mary's, were the fields of their fruitful labor. The following fathers took part in the good work: McCarthy, Langcake, Macdonald, McDonald, Forhan, Barnum, Pye Neale, Collins of the "Band," and Pardow (an efficient volunteer), Gannon, O'Rourke, Fargis, O'Connor, McAvoy, Gillespie, Brosnahan, Brownrigg, and lastly Himmel, whose name's etymon shows the citadel, to the assault of which he so successfully urges all that come within hearing of his stirring appeals. Fr. Fagan's health and the arduous nature of the work alike forbade his joining his comrades.

Leaving to others to note what impressed them most in their various fields of labor, I would call attention, Rev. Editor, to the missions given in St. Patrick's, Philadelphia, the Cathedral, N. Y. City, and the Immaculate Conception, Boston,—not because better work was done there than elsewhere, but because I can speak of it with fuller knowledge as a sharer therein. St. Patrick's, Philadelphia, is one of the largest parishes in that city, and the church, with its large

galleries, one of the most capacious. It was, however, crowded to suffocation every evening during the fortnight, and from 500 to 600 more had to be taken to the large school-hall, where a service was held, sermon preached, etc., as in the church. Confessions were heard daily, beginning with 5 A. M. of each Tuesday, and so great was the throng of penitents that nine hours was the daily term for each in the Sacred Tribunal. Fancy the condition of the vocal organs after such incessant exercise and the effort required at the end of it all to speak for from forty-five minutes to an hour in a voice apt to stimulate thought in the slow-witted and compunction in the hearts of the callous and case-hardened. When this mission was brought to a close, amidst the enthusiasm of the people who were so greatly helped by it and the praises of good Dr. Kieran, the devout and zealous parish priest, we hied not to a place of rest, nor to enjoy the holy idleness of contemplation, but to begin again the Exercises in New York's Metropolitan Church.

Six fathers were to do all the work. When one stands for the first time in the pulpit of this superb Cathedral, and casts his eyes over the sea of upturned, expectant faces to the spacious portals, he fears that 'twould require a clarion to send the sound of one's voice to the ears of the furthest removed from him. A pleasant surprise is given him when he hears his words sounded forth with treble the normal volume of his voice. However, as it fell to my lot the first Sunday to test the qualities of the new sounding-board at four Masses and again in the evening, the exercise became a labor by no means light. Five thousand women made their confessions the first weeks. This involved long sessions, but as most of them belonged to the League of the Sacred Heart (thanks to Fr. McCloskey's zeal and piety) and were frequent in the reception of the sacraments we suffered but little from fatigue. How different is the experience with people who seldom confess, are ignorant, stupid, and deaf, whose breath is heavy with unpleasant odors, when supplies of fresh air are shut out by a dense crowd of waiting penitents, whose nearness almost necessitates their sharing with the confessor the confidences being made to him by the penitent in the confessional.

My leisure will not allow me to give you a glimpse of the long aisles, the lofty arches of the York Minster of America, nor even of the rainbow hues of stained windows from which many a Saint looks forth, nor of the massive altar rich in many marbles of many colors. You will find more pleasure, I am sure, in hearing that the rector, Fr. Lavelle, told me but the other day that it was a splendid

success, in spite of the fact that Fr. Murphy, to whom was assigned the closing sermon was unable, through failure of voice, to speak for more than a quarter-hour, a decided and most "splendid success."

The same day the N. Y. Cathedral mission was brought to an end, saw us begin *da Capo* in Boston in the chastely beautiful church of the Immaculate Conception. Our coming had been well-heralded, many fervent prayers had been offered to obtain a copious outpouring of grace, and we began work under the most favorable auspices. Father Fulton did not think it would be necessary to have a "double-decker" (i. e. simultaneous evening services in church and basement). He was agreeably surprised to find the first evening at 7 o'clock that the church was filled, and at 7.30 the basement, also. The Rector, then, said that this would fall off, and one service would suffice for the rest of the time. He was again in error. The attendance during the men's week was even larger. A fair estimate places the average evening attendance during the fortnight at 3300. People came from all the neighboring parishes, the Cathedral, St. Francis de Sales, St. Patrick's, "Tommy's Rock," etc. Having taken part in the mission given in the Immaculate four years ago I am able to compare them and give the assurance that the recent one was greatly more successful, not only because 1300 more confessions were heard, but because a greater number were shriven, who had not received the sacrament for many, many years, and because of the superior excellence of dispositions.

Now, let me give some figures that will tell better than words the richness of the harvest reaped, thanks to God, and the zeal and industry of the fathers.

NUMBER OF CONFESSIONS HEARD.

St. Patrick's, Phila.....	9000
Immaculate Conception, N. Y.....	7000
Immaculate Conception, Boston.....	9300
St. Mary's, Boston.....	8000
St. Francis de Sales, Boston.....	6300
St. Joseph's, Providence, R. I.....	4700
Newark Cathedral.....	6414
Toronto Churches.....	11000
Sacred Heart, Bridgeport, Conn.....	3759
St. Mary's, Grand St., N. Y.....	5000
Elizabeth, N. J. (Fr. Corrigan's).....	1877
Haverhill, Mass.....	4000
Rochester Cathedral.....	1050
Cathedral, Albany (Young Men).....	831
St. Stephen's, Worcester.....	700
St. Elizabeth, Fort Washington, N. Y.....	900
St. Anne's, N. Y.....	375
Arlington, Mass.....	1900

About 140 persons were received into the Church. You will observe in how many cathedral churches we were employed and see in the fact the good will and confidence reposed in us by the Hierarchy. New York, Albany, Rochester, Toronto, Wilmington, Newark, have called us to their cathedrals since the 1st of January, 1890. We have every reason to thank God for his visible blessings on our work, and for the consoling fact that our young men, coming forth with such splendid equipment, need to have their zeal kept within the bounds marked out by prudence. Such are my sentiments in looking back over the Lent of '90. I beg your readers to pray for the increase of our numbers and the preservation of our health and strength, so necessary for them who are regularly engaged in this arduous labor.

F. McC., S. J.

During the mission in the Cathedral of New York, 1500 children made their act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was a spectacle touching beyond expression. The little ones had made their mission, and that morning most of them had received Holy Communion. Before the renewal of their baptismal vows and the reception of the Papal Benediction, they knelt down and recited aloud, alternately with the priest, the *Form of Consecration*. At the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament the *Hymn* was sung by the children.

The children had been prepared for this solemn act by the Rev. Joseph H. McMahan, Director of the League of the Sacred Heart at the Cathedral. His zeal for the little ones has been no less than for the immense numbers who have been drawn to the Sacred Heart in this great Centre. The effect was solemn and beautiful, and as the young voices rose in a chorus of fervent prayer, filling the great Cathedral with the peal of loving consecration, one could realize that here was the fulfilment of those words of our Lord: *Suffer little children to come unto Me, . . . for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

We believe that the Cathedral of New York is the first church in this country to make in this manner the public Consecration of Children to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Countless churches entered with zeal on the work of *Consecration of Families* promoted last year, and in this the Cathedral also took the lead, next to the Local Centre of the Gesù in Philadelphia.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart,*

ST. PATRICK'S PRO-CATHEDRAL, NEWARK.

Probably the most successful mission given in this Cathedral City during the past quarter of a century was that which terminated on Palm Sunday in St. Patrick's Pro-Cathedral, of which Right Rev. Mgr. Doane, Prothonotary-Apostolic, is the rector. The attendance throughout gave joy to the zealous missionaries. This was specially the case during the second week, which was devoted to the men. The exercises were conducted by Father Macdonald, of the Society of Jesus, assisted by his zealous co-workers—Rev. Fathers J. F. X. O'Connor, George Fargis, and John O'Rourke of that Order. This mission, in its attendance and results, recalls the palmy days of the late Fathers Smarius and Damen. The results show that during the two weeks, 6414 confessions were heard; 78 adults confirmed; 14 persons signified their intention to unite with the true Church of the living God—three of whom were baptized and made profession of faith, and the other eleven are receiving instruction. This exhibit in a parish numbering about 10,000 souls is an evidence of the earnest work of the fathers; and should those who have participated persevere in the good resolutions made, what joy will follow.

An incident of the mission recalls the visit of a Methodist preacher to the late Rev. Father Smarius, S. J., during a mission in St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York City, several years ago. The disciple of John Wesley thought it a great pity that so able a preacher should be losing his talents laboring in the interests of the benighted Catholic Church! "What a grand thing would it not be," he exclaimed, "to convert the Jesuit preacher to Wesleyism;" and suiting action to the word, he undertook the task. The result of his labors, however, was that many weeks had not elapsed before the disciple of John Wesley found himself making earnest preparations to abjure his heresy. He had the joy and happiness of being received into the Church, and a most exemplary layman he was. Every Saturday he visited St. Francis Xavier's College to make his confession; and it was during one of these visits in 1866 that the writer made his acquaintance, and learned from his lips the story of what he was pleased to term his "remarkable conversion."

During the mission given recently in Newark Mrs. Lee, a Protestant lady connected with that highest of the "high" branches of the Episcopal church in N. Jersey, the House of Prayer, was one of the most devoted attendants at the exercises in the Pro-Cathedral. She was first prompted through

curiosity to hear the "Scottish Chief," as Father Macdonald was called. She prayed for his conversion to Protestantism, but grace touched her own heart, and she responded to the call. She was baptized and received into the One Fold on Saturday, March 29; and shortly after midnight a messenger was dispatched for one of the fathers to hasten to her house and prepare her for death. Before the dawn on Palm Sunday morning her soul, fortified by the sacraments, was summoned before the Judgment Seat.—*Catholic Review*.

Over 700 children made the Consecration in the Newark Cathedral after their mission. The Reverend Father, who had charge of the children, explained to them the meaning of the consecration, so that all fully understood its object and were eager to join in the Children's Crusade. On the last day of their retreat, they were brought together in the church and immediately before the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the *Form of Consecration* was made by both priest and children. It was inspiring to hear the fresh, fervent voices of so many children offering their love to the Divine Heart.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

TORONTO MISSIONS.

I send you a short account of the missions at Toronto, not that there was anything peculiar about them, but because the circumstances which led to them may be found of interest.

It certainly was no lack of work at home that led some of us to hasten to Canada; for at the beginning of the year Fr. McCarthy had planned about fourteen missions to be given between Quinquagesima and Palm Sunday. Such a formidable amount of work, that one more mission seemed out of the question.

But just then a most urgent entreaty came from Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, asking us to give missions in the city, where a few months before he had earned the title of *Semel lapidatus*.

The "Jesuit question" had just been decided in favor of the Society. Toronto, a chief centre of opposition, had uttered protests and threats in vain. Humbled by defeat, the city was in very bad humor when the new Archbishop came to take possession of his See. The story of the assault is well-known. Animosity towards the Jesuits found vent in the outrage on His Grace. But the blow once struck, reaction set in, and "a blush of shame over the face of the city came."

At once most of the officials and many of the representative men called to express their sympathy for the Archbishop, their protest against the outrage, and their sorrow that their city was disgraced.

He did not delay to take advantage of the turn in the tide, and determined to draw good out of the evil. Calling to us for some practical sympathy in the form of missionary labors, it was impossible to refuse. So Fr. McCarthy and a few others started for Canada. When leaving the States a friend wishing to imply that we were going into danger, said we would be like Daniel in the lions' den. And it came to pass just as he predicted; that is, we walked daily through the city, and Daniel did not seem to care for the lions nor did the lions mind Daniel. So, like him, we came out all right.

The Archbishop wished us to give missions in nearly all the churches. But limited as to time and numbers by other engagements, we gave missions in four churches: the Cathedral, St. Basil's, St. Mary's, and St. Paul's.

With the assistance of the local clergy, we heard 10,200 confessions; prepared for confirmation 300 adults, of whom nearly half made their First Communion during the mission; and received about 20 into the Church.

The Lenten season, the roused feelings of the people, the presence of the much-talked-of Jesuits were some of the elements that prepared the way for the abundant working of the grace of God. And so the missions were, in the opinion of the Archbishop, pastors, and people, very successful.

There were many manifestations of loyal good will on the part of the people towards their venerable prelate during the missions, in the form of addresses, presentations, etc. Thus the assault on the Archbishop by a few rowdies was in many ways the occasion of much, and, I trust, lasting good.

M. McD., S. J.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

A two week's mission was given here by FF. McAvoy, Fargis, Himmel, and Connolly. Though the parish has been much depleted, the large church was crowded every day. About 7000 confessions were heard; 111 adults prepared for Confirmation, and 7 converts instructed for Baptism. Thousands came every afternoon to hear Fr. McA's devout improvisations at the Way of the Cross. The children had a complete mission for themselves, lasting six days; and their fervent prayers and apostolic spirit contributed

much to the success of the entire work. The already large sodalities were increased by several hundred new members, who gave their names as postulants at the close of the mission. These sodalities are models in number and attendance. At least 1500 men go to Communion every month; and the women's sodalities are even larger. Every Sunday of the month is a general Communion day for some one of the sodalities. It was these well-cared-for sodalities that made the mission, though large, comparatively easy for the missionaries.

Haverhill, MASS.

This mission at St. James' Church, March 2d to 16th, was given by FF. Neale, Himmel, and Brosnahan; 3750 confessions were heard; in the class for adults 108 were instructed and at the close of the mission confirmed. Haverhill is a typical New England manufacturing town—the sole industry here being shoemaking. All other occupations are mere adjuncts of the shoe-shops. As skilled labor is always in demand, the people, as a rule, are quick-witted and intelligent, particularly the young men. The labor unions have given rise to all sorts of societies and clubs, some questionable, some clearly anti-Catholic. No distinctively Catholic society could be formed for the young men, as they were wedded to the idea of independent organizations, in the running of which they could take active part. The forming of some sort of church society for young men was one of the objects of the mission. The pastor hoped to get about 30 names as a nucleus; at the close of the mission 180 gave their names. If rightly managed, there is every reason to hope it will soon become a fully organized sodality.

During this mission a woman came to one of the fathers to complain that her husband had not been to church for twelve years. She had with her a little boy about six years old. Instead of advising the woman, the father said to the child: "Tell your father, when he comes home this evening, to get ready and go to the mission. The boy did so, and without a word of remonstrance the father came, and not only attended the mission regularly but brought with him his brother, fifty years of age, who had never been to Communion. He was instructed, received his First Communion, and was confirmed on the last day of the mission.

ST. MARY'S, GRAND ST., N. Y. CITY.

From March 16th to March 30th FF. Forhan and Himmel gave a two week's retreat to this congregation. As the

Forty Hours' Devotion took place during the exercises, it is difficult to estimate the number of confessions—between five and six thousand were heard. The people of this church have had missions or retreats each year for the past ten years, so they are well trained, well disposed, and enter upon the exercises with enthusiasm and magnanimity. A retreat or mission here could not but be successful.

ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

The men's mission, given by FF. Macdonald, Connolly, Barnum, Ryan, and Tynan, closed on Sunday evening, April 20, 1890. The mission was very successful and resulted in enrolling a great many members in the League of the Sacred Heart. The closing sermon on Sunday evening told of the growth of the St. Ignatius Centre of the League, from 600 members a year ago to 3500 members at present, and how they could unitedly offer 20,000,000 prayers, a power strong enough to move the world, and to prevail ever against the powers of hell itself. The large chorus of male voices rendered the stirring "League Hymn." The League intends to establish an employment bureau for its members. About fifty of the members form a Reading Circle under the guidance of Fr. Ryan. They have been discussing in their meetings the "League" and "Education." The latter will be the subject of their grand public debate, to be held in the basement of the church some time in June.

ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ CHURCH, WOODSTOCK.

The first week of March a mission was given at our little church. FF. Francis Ryan and Michael O'Brien conducted the exercises. About three hundred persons approached the Holy Table, and two entered the fold of Christ's Church. The mission lasted five days; it ended on the third Sunday of Lent. As the morning was bright and beautiful the church was crowded. Fr. de la Motte sang High Mass, and Fr. Ryan preached an eloquent sermon. His text was taken from the gospel of the day. "Blessed are they who hear the word of God, and keep it." At the end of Mass the Papal Benediction was given; then followed Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. When everything was over some of the people came to the sacristy, to thank their pastor for the spiritual benefits conferred upon them.

Those whose consolation it is to teach catechism at Woodstock gladly testify to the progress the children are making.

It is extremely edifying to see the little ones, in spite of inclement weather and muddy roads, coming to Sunday-school. They consider it a great privilege, and are disappointed, when on certain feast days it is announced that there will be no Sunday-school. They think that the feast has lost some of its beauty. The average attendance of the white children is thirty-five; of the colored about the same number. Now that the month of May has opened, the attendance is larger. After a hymn to our Blessed Lady, they repeat their lessons. Another hymn, and then one of the catechists puts on a surplice, and, standing in the sanctuary, speaks to the children of Mary's love and power. It is needless to say that they listen with the greatest attention, and feel proud of their medal and ribbon. No wonder that God loves little children. Their faith "shames the faith of the old."

OBITUARY.

FR. JOHN J. STEPHENS.

Father John J. Stephens died at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Friday, April 26th, 1889, at 12.20 A. M. He was born on Nov. 13th, 1842, made his early studies at our college in Cincinnati, became a member of the Society, Aug. 6th, 1860, and pronounced his last vows, Aug. 15th, 1877.

After finishing his studies, Father Stephens was sent to Florissant to teach the juniors; he was thus engaged for eight years, from 1876 till 1884. Those among us who had the pleasure of living with him at Florissant, will remember his charity, humility, and piety.

He showed many of those little refinements of charity that tend to make the religious life a foretaste of heaven. He always had a pleasant word for every one. His sunny disposition was sure to melt the frost that had perchance gathered about your heart. His humility was perhaps the most charming trait in his character. A priest who knew him well at Florissant, says he was much attached to the novitiate, because he had a chance there to live the life of obscurity that he so ardently coveted. For a like reason, Saint Joseph was his favorite saint. He had a kind of horror for any place of honor. Any shadow of praise gave him real displeasure, and every one could see how satisfied he was to be left unnoticed.

He had a particular attraction for the brothers. He wrote to them every year after leaving Florissant, asking to be remembered in their prayers during the novenas made in honor of St. Joseph and St. Stanislas.

His piety was a source of great edification. All the time left to him after preparing for class, he spent in prayer. He had a tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and his desire to offer up the Holy Sacrifice was so great that he could not contain his delight whenever he had an opportunity to say two Masses on the same day. He never understood how a newly-ordained priest could wait for a great feast day to say his first Mass. During his last sickness he would not forego the happiness of celebrating, even when he was so weak that he had to sit down several times before finishing his Mass.

When the failing health of Father Stephens made a change of residence desirable, he was sent to St. Mary's, Kansas, where he taught from 1884 to 1885. His health did not improve, however, and he had a stroke of paralysis there which partially crippled him for the rest of his life. He was then sent to Detroit, where he remained for a short time, and where he was unable to do much work of any kind. He finally went to Cincinnati, where he continued in indifferent health till his last sickness. His last attack was due to some painful heart trouble which forced him to remain for days and nights in a sitting posture, and this caused intolerable weariness, made worse by his inability to sleep. He used to say he had never dreamt it was possible for a human being to suffer so much, and still live. His face was at times a picture of agony, which one could not behold without being moved to compassion. At the same time, it was very edifying to see the way in which he struggled to overcome the temptation to impatience. He would often begin to utter a complaint, but he was sure to check himself, and end with the touching appeal, "Jesus and Mary, patience." He was struggling in this way and uttering pious ejaculations the whole day. Though his suffering was so great, he found it possible to think of others for whom he entertained an affectionate regard. It may be a pleasure to those who were accustomed to write to Father Stephens to learn that on the day on which he died he sent for a certain member of the community, and asked him to say good-bye to those very dear friends of his whom he mentioned by name, and to request them to pray for his soul.

Father Stephens was very much afraid of death. But there was one thing, he said, that gave him a little consolation, and that was, looking back on his past life, he could see now that God had always been so good and loving a Father to him, and had guided him safely through so many dangers and temptations, that He surely would not abandon him at the last, but would permit him to see His face forever.—R. I. P.

FR. LOUIS SACHÉ.

The following obituary of Fr. Saché has been condensed from his life in French by Père Duguay, just published by our fathers at Quebec. Fr. Saché is so well-known to many in the province that we would have prepared a sketch, instead of this short notice, had we not been assured that those who knew him well will prefer to read Père Duguay's life, which they can easily procure from our Canadian fathers.

Louis Césaire Saché was born at Beaumont-la-Ronce, a small village of Touraine, France, December 23, 1813. Among his youthful companions was Père Janvier, who afterwards founded the Congregation of the Holy Face, and wrote the life of M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, these two companions were sent to the *Petit Séminaire* of Tours for their classical studies. Both, feeling a vocation to the ecclesiastical state, entered the *Grand Séminaire*, under the direction of the Picpus Fathers, and, after a brilliant course of philosophy and theology, the young Saché was ordained, and immediately employed in parochial duties.

Being called to a life of perfection, at the end of a retreat, he made his election and determined to ask admission into the Society. "The principal motives which have determined me," he writes, "are a greater certainty for my salvation, and a greater ease to work for the salvation of my neighbor. If I had only consulted my taste and my temporal well-being probably I would remain where I am." The young abbé was received September 18, 1840, at the novitiate of St. Acheul by Fr. Rubillon, and after two years pronounced his first vows. He passed the following year at Brugelette as teacher, and then was sent to Laval to prepare his examen *ad gradum*.

During his novitiate Fr. Saché had felt called to offer himself for the foreign missions. The desire having increased, he could not doubt that such was the will of God, so he asked and obtained to be sent to Canada. He reached Montreal May 18th, 1845, and after a few months there, was sent to Laprairie. Here he spent some three years, till he was entrusted with a most delicate mission by the Bishop of Montreal. The discipline in one of his Lordship's colleges, viz., St. Térèse, had become very lax through a mistaken and too kind government. It was necessary to re-establish order, and to this difficult task was Fr. Saché assigned, and, what is most remarkable, he obtained success without undue severity; for by his order corporal punishment was banished from the college. By his solid and clear discourses he appealed to the reason of the students, while by his frequent prayers before the Blessed Sacrament and by his rigorous penances, he spoke to their hearts, and soon gained their esteem and affection.

Fr. Felix Cicaterri, afterwards for many years tertian instructor at Frederick, was given to him as an assistant, and being an excellent musician set to music the words of a cantata composed by Fr. Saché, the melody of which has been transmitted down to our own days as the college song. Thus they gained the good will of the students and the success was complete. At the end of the scholastic year they were able to give back the college to the bishop in perfect order.

Fr. Saché had scarcely time to finish his year at St. Térèse when he was sent to open a residence at Quebec. The Congregation of Men, which had been founded and directed by the fathers of the old Society, was still flourishing, and Fr. Saché was invited to be their director. Fr. Faleur was sent with him, and they were soon fully occupied. Confessions, retreats, sermons, visits to the hospitals, succeeded one another till they could gladly have increased their numbers. Still they had often to suffer, as they were entirely dependent on alms, and if the good Ursulines and Sisters of Hotel Dieu had not come to their aid, they would have had many more days of fast and abstinence than are given in the calendar. Four years of unwearying labor productive of great fruit were thus passed, when on July 22d, 1853, he was appointed by Fr. General master of novices at Sault-au-Récollet. The house, which had just been completed, was very poor, so everything had to be done. Here he remained for nine years, when in July, 1862, he was appointed rector of St. Mary's College, Montreal. In 1865 he returned for a year to Quebec, and then we find him again in his old post as master of novices at the Sault until 1871. From this time to 1881, he filled various charges: spiritual father at Fordham, minister and then procurator of St. Mary's, Montreal. Finally, in 1881, he was sent as superior to Quebec, where he remained till his death. He was released from his charge as superior in July, 1887, and had the happiness of celebrating in May, 1888, his golden jubilee of priesthood. It was rendered memorable by a cablegram from his Holiness Leo XIII., through Cardinal Mazzella: "*Summus Pontifex jubilans Patri Saché jubilanti benedicit.*" His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, the Premier M. Mercier, with many of the notable persons of Quebec, were present at the solemn *Te Deum* which closed the day. For one year Fr. Saché continued his work; though not strong enough to preach he gave retreats and exhortations to religious communities, taught catechism, and was constantly employed in the confessional. Then came his last painful sickness. It was hard for him to believe his end was near, but on the 23d of October, 1889, he received with the greatest resignation the last sacraments, and on the morrow he slept in the Lord.

As we call to mind this good father and try to put in a few words his characteristic virtues, what strike us the most are his great humility and his victory over self. Sought after by

bishops for the solidity of his advice and the excellence of his retreats, a superior, too, for the greater part of his life, he was ever ready to put himself in the lowest place and to undertake the most menial occupation. His frankness and directness so natural to his character brought him at times insolence from the servants and others, but the good Father showed no surprise, and all that came *par ricochet* to the man and not to the superior, he received as his due. He never kept any grudge, but was always the first to forgive and forget. Naturally of a very tender heart he felt deeply, as he often showed by his tears; on the other hand, severe towards himself he had often to struggle with this tenderness. This conflict made him sometimes appear cold, but the heart was ever there, and it needed but a word to make it appear. This made his character a remarkable combination of vigor and kindness. As Père Duguay well says: "The saintliness of his character showed itself in the solidity and the perfection of his virtues: the humility of a child, the mortification of the anchorite, the zeal of an apostle."—R. I. P.

MR. ALOYSIUS DEBONO.

Born in Malta, Feb. 22, 1865, Aloysius Debono gave evidence in his tender years of the virtues with which his after life was adorned. Thus his entrance into the Society in his fifteenth year was but the addition of new fuel to the furnace of God's love long glowing in his heart. A sickness into which he fell in his second year of noviceship making it probable that he would not be permitted to take his vows, Mr. Debono's fervent prayers obtained from heaven a restoration to health and the happiness of pronouncing the vows.

His strength not equal to the labor of study, he was sent to Gozzo, where he delighted to help in humble offices connected with the Seminary. In the March of 1885, Rev. Fr. Cataldo visited Gozzo. On Mr. Debono offering himself for the Rocky Mountain Mission, he was accepted, and in due time arrived at St. Ignatius' Mission, Montana.

Although physically weakened by a disease which was daily undermining his system, still he courageously bore the severe privations attendant on missionary life amongst the Indians, and spurned all privileges and exemptions which his feeble health would have entitled him to. In his sufferings he was perfectly submissive to God's will, and when later on he himself felt that there was no hope of recovery, he used to speak of getting ready for his last journey in a most quiet and merry way. That Mr. Debono was universally loved and esteemed not only by his fellow-religious, but also by others who came in contact with him, was owing to his genuine piety and charity. Indeed, so apparent were these virtues in him that the people about the house and the school-

boys made them the topic of their conversation. His piety was such as comes from the heart and from the contemplation and love of heavenly things. He had a particular devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to our Blessed Lady. On Communion days, the fervor of his devotion edified his companions and strengthened them in the service of God, and made the school children who did not know his name call him St. Aloysius. Although sent to St. Ignatius' Mission for the sole purpose of recovering his health, and not appointed to any particular office, he begged to place his services at any one's disposal; so there was not one in the house to whom Mr. Debono had not lent a most willing and useful hand. The sick children were in particular the ones who experienced the fullness of his charity. He joyfully took charge of them, becoming a nurse to them, patient with their whims and attentive to their wants.

In April, 1886, his health becoming weaker, he was sent to Spokane Falls, where for a time he grew better. In case of his complete recovery, he was desirous of going to the mission of Alaska. But God was satisfied with his desires. Towards the end of October Mr. Debono felt that his end was near. When the mortal remains of Fr. Barcelo had been placed under the mission chapel of St. Michael's, he anxiously inquired about the position of the tomb, and added that it would soon be his lot to repose on earth and in heaven near his beloved father.

About the middle of November the last sacraments were administered to him. From that time the burden of his thoughts, desires, and expressions was *cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo*. The only medicine he cared for was St. Ignatius' water, which he took, he said, not in hope of a cure but out of devotion to his holy father. Patience and resignation to God's will, virtues always characteristic of him, shone with additional brilliancy during his last illness. On December the 22d, 1889, he asked Fr. Van der Velden if God would call him soon. On being answered in the affirmative, his countenance lighted up with joy. He called for his cassock, and on its being placed upon his shoulders, he said: "Oh, how happy am I in being deemed worthy of dying in the Society." At one o'clock the next morning he had given his pure soul to its Maker.—R. I. P.

FR. BENEDICT SESTINI.⁽¹⁾

Benedict Sestini was born in Florence, Italy, on March 20th, 1816. His early youth was spent in the Scuola Pia

⁽¹⁾ For further details of Fr. Sestini's life we refer our readers to the March, May, and June numbers of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The excellent biography there published has made it unnecessary for us to give a lengthy sketch of this good father; hence we have confined ourselves especially to his life as an astronomer and professor at Woodstock.

near his native city. Here his natural talent for mathematics and astronomy showing itself, he became the active assistant of Fr. Inghirami, who was then in charge of the great observatory founded by Cardinal Ximenes. His religious earnestness and piety were also remarkable in his younger years, so it is not surprising to find him in the twentieth year of his life applying for admission at Rome into the Society of Jesus. He was admitted to the novitiate on the 30th of October, 1836. In 1839 he began his philosophy in the Roman College. Among his professors was one who had a great influence on his studies, and of whom he spoke in after years with the highest respect and gratitude. This was Father Andrea Caraffa, professor of higher mathematics and mathematical physics. His reputation stood very high, and the works he has left us prove it to have been well merited. They are of the highest order, and like those of La Place, require profound study and a mathematical talent to follow them. It is no little to the credit of the young Sestini that he could follow and appreciate Caraffa, and even win praise from him. In fact, he showed himself so apt a pupil, besides having a remarkably quick sight and skill as a draughtsman, that his superiors determined to apply him to astronomy, and he was assigned to be the assistant director of the Observatory of the Roman College, then in charge of the famous Father De Vico. He continued in the Roman Observatory till 1848. He published in Italian at Rome in 1847 a work, the result of his own observations, on the color of the stars, and though we have no other results of his scientific labor at this time, his subsequent work shows he must have spent these years diligently. He was ordained priest in 1845, and was for a time preacher and confessor to the Castle of San Angelo, the Roman prison, and also instructor to a children's sodality.

He had spent one year as professor of mathematics when the revolution of '48 broke out. With Fr. Secchi he was sent to Georgetown, and there he began anew his work in the observatory. He made a very remarkable study of the sun's surface during the year 1850. For more than a whole month, from September 20th to November 6th, he was able to examine the sun every day, and thus watch the change on its surface; using for this the excellent three-inch telescope which has since been mounted equatorially by Fr. Hagen. Having a remarkable sight, and being, as we have seen, a skilful draughtsman, he sketched day by day the changes in the sun spots. This work was published by the government in 1850, as an appendix to the government observations, the drawings being engraved; and it was at the time, photography not yet having been applied for a study of the sun's surface, the best study of the changes in these solar maculæ that had appeared. This, however, was not his only work. He also taught mathematics and the natural sciences to Ours—for the scholasticate was then at Georgetown—and published

a series of text-books. This latter work he was induced to undertake from the want of really thorough works on these subjects. His first work, and perhaps his best, was his "Analytical Geometry," published in 1852. It is to-day an excellent work, and it received at the time high praise from those able to appreciate it. Next followed in 1854, "Elementary Algebra;" in 1857 "A Treatise on Algebra," in 1860 "Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry," and after some years, when he was at Woodstock, in 1871, "Geometrical and Infinitesimal Analysis." This completed the course, and is all that was given to the public. He, however, printed at Woodstock for the use of his students "Theoretical Mechanics," in 1873, and "Principles of Cosmography," in 1878, and "Animal Physics," in 1874. Several smaller treatises on mechanics, astronomy, and natural history were lithographed.

Fr. Sestini's mathematical works were far better than most of the text-books then in use in our colleges, but they never became popular. They were written for European rather than American students, and they seemed to us to be wanting in the practical part, their analytical character often repelling our students and young professors. Besides, the get-up of these works was not attractive, nor could they compete with the many easier and better printed books. Still, it must be admitted, they were far superior as mathematical works to most of those used in our American colleges.

Father Sestini's last scientific work as an astronomer was the observation of the total eclipse of July 29, 1878. He was in charge of the band of our fathers who were stationed at Denver. His skill as a draughtsman was again made use of in making a sketch of the corona as it appeared to him, which was published in the *Catholic Quarterly*. Though photographs were taken by other parties, these did not render useless the drawings, since there is a difference between the actinic rays which produce the photographic image, and the luminous which affect the retina. The author of this sketch remembers calling with Fr. Sestini upon Prof. Henry Draper, one of our leading astronomers at the time. He, too, had been an observer of the eclipse, and Fr. Sestini was desirous of presenting him a copy of his sketch. Prof. Draper was very grateful, spoke of the importance of having a sketch as well as a photograph of the eclipse, and praised highly Fr. Sestini's work.

Fr. Sestini also used his skill as a draughtsman to good effect in drawing the plans for churches and colleges. The drawings of the Georgetown Observatory, as Fr. Curley relates in his preface to the first volume of the "Annals," were made by him, and he also planned and supervised the building of Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown, St. Aloysius, Washington, and the Scholasticate at Woodstock; though in justice to him it should be said that in no case were his plans fully executed. He also designed and painted the ceiling of the

Woodstock Library. This represents on a gigantic scale, the ceiling being 70 by 40, the solar system according to Copernicus. It was fully described in the *LETTERS*, Vol. vi., p. 130.

Nor was this all. As is well-known, he began the publication of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* in 1866. Besides the work of editing, he contributed many articles and wrote several pious stories which were afterwards republished in book form. We may well ask, how could he find time? for the writer can bear witness that the good Father prepared every day his mathematical lectures, even when he had gone over and over again the same matter, so that no one could ever accuse him of neglecting his class for the more agreeable work of the *Messenger*. As astronomer, as professor, as editor, or as architect, he found time for all, and was never hurried. It seems almost impossible; but the solution is found in his great regularity and untiring diligence. He rose every morning at three o'clock, made his meditation most faithfully, then celebrated Mass, so that by the time the community arose he was ready to work. He was confessor to the community for many years, and for some years spiritual father, but his work never interfered with his spiritual duties. He was ever ready to hear a confession or to give advice, and the impression he made upon the scholastics who knew him best, was that he was first a religious and then a man of science.

He remained at Georgetown till 1869, spending all the intervening years there, with the exception of one year at Frederick for his tertianship, three in Boston, when the scholasticate was there, and two in Gonzaga College. With the opening of Woodstock he came with the scholastics, and here he transferred the *Messenger*, and here, too, he finished his teaching in mathematics in the autumn of 1884. He gave up the *Messenger* in 1885, and then went to the Gesù, Philadelphia. Here his health, which had begun to fail, entirely gave way, and in a few months he retired to the novitiate at Frederick, where broken down, partially paralyzed, and much weakened in his mental powers, though at times perfectly conscious, he spent the last five years of his life. In the beginning of last January he had a last and severe stroke of paralysis. He received the sacraments fully conscious, and then sinking slowly day after day he gave up his soul to his Maker on the 17th of January, 1890.

As we look back upon his life, the mere outlines of which we have been able to put before our readers, the forcible impression is that of the exact religious. Astronomer, professor, editor, indeed he was, but good Father Sestini's remembrance is still dearer to us as that of the conscientious, loyal son of St. Ignatius. Though enthusiastic in all his work, he never neglected his duty to God. Like Fr. Perry, his brother in science and religion, he could truly say that astronomy did not dry up his piety. For with the same energy that he had written his mathematical works, or patiently observed and drawn

the sun spots, he wrote and labored to propagate the devotion to the Heart of his Master. But not only did he write, he lived the life dear to the Sacred Heart, that of a true religious. Now that all is over, and he has been added to the growing list of Woodstock's departed professors, his memory remains to incite us who are left, to labor earnestly indeed to improve the talent committed to our care, but to labor faithfully and exactly for the Master's interests, nay, more lovingly and devotedly for His Divine Heart.—R. I. P.

MR. MOSES A. KAVANAGH.

“Mr. Moses A. Kavanagh died piously in the Lord this morning”—such on January 23d last was the brief and scarcely credible despatch from St. Mary's College, Kansas, that announced at Woodstock the death of this our much loved brother. Accustomed as Ours are to the brief words of the frequent death-notice, the sadness on the faces of those who knew Mr. Kavanagh, bore witness to the universal feeling of affection that existed in his regard. We cannot hope to add to the affectionate esteem in which he was held by those with whom he came in contact; but his generous whole-souled nature, his ever cheerful, unassuming manner, his brotherly regard for all, we may recall with pleasure and mention with profit.

As first prefect of the large boys' division at St. Mary's he had overworked himself preparing the extensive series of entertainments that the presence of the boys at the college during the holidays demands, and so at the re-opening of classes he was quite exhausted. Despite his weakness, with characteristic self-sacrifice he persisted in remaining at his post, knowing well that his work, if given over, would devolve upon some of his busy fellow-prefects. But another and a stronger reason prompted him to remain with his boys. A terribly tragic occurrence had taken place some days before, in which one of the students had accidentally taken the life of his own brother. The effect of such an event upon the boys was utterly dispiriting, and who could hope to restore things to their natural state but he, whose presence among them was always diffusive of cheerfulness and home feeling.

Scarcely recovered from an attack of the influenza, he went forth to his duties on the 13th of January, but a severe pain in his side warned him to desist. The dread consequent of influenza—pneumonia—had set in, and by night he was seriously ill. His condition, however, did not cause alarm; his strong constitution and powerful build giving every hope of a speedy recovery from the attack. But fever and delirium, superinduced by his weakened condition, brought on a change for the worse, and when to these was added heart-failure, all knew that the end was not far off. “Mr. Kavanagh is dying!”

passed out through the house into the yard. How few realized it! The students scarce knew that he was seriously ill, and a hush came over the noisy crowd; for not one of these two hundred and forty boys that did not feel that the life of a dear friend hung in the balance.

During an interval of consciousness, the last Viaticum and Extreme Unction were administered. Whilst receiving these, the dying man found strength to pronounce the pious ejaculations suggested to him by the spiritual father. That evening and night, Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Kokenge remained with him until, shortly before 3 A. M., he calmly breathed out his soul into the hands of his Master. On the 24th, the simple services of the society for her departed sons were performed in the students' chapel, and, to the solemn tones of the Benedictus, the funeral cortege wended its way to the little cemetery on the hill, where with heavy hearts the students laid their much loved prefect to rest. A rich floral tribute was placed by them upon his humble coffin, but their tears of genuine sorrow attested far more forcibly the high place he held in their affections. These, in brief are the particulars of his last sickness and death.

Mr. Kavanagh was engaged in his sixth year of teaching and prefecting; and would have returned to Woodstock last summer for theology, but the dearth of scholastics compelled superiors to detain him one year longer. To this arrangement he cheerfully acquiesced and returned in splendid health and spirits to his old office of prefect, a task, he often confessed, to him personally most uncongenial. Mr. Kavanagh was eminently a child of the Society. Born in Alamakee Co., Iowa, Jan. 13th, 1859, his father shortly after removed to Osage Mission, a town of Southern Kansas, where on the occasion of his father's death, which occurred three years later, and the retirement of his mother to the convent at Nazareth, Kentucky, he was placed under the care of our fathers. From that period to the date of his death he was practically a member of the Society. At the age of ten he came to St. Mary's, where he spent seven years, and in 1877 he entered the novitiate at Florissant. Full of life and spirits, generous hearted and open, all who lived with him in those days can remember the heroic efforts he made to restrain his natural buoyancy and conform to that quiet modesty of demeanor that good Fr. Boudreaux delighted to see in his novices. The keen discernment of this saintly father perceived in his boisterous young novice the sterling quality of native goodness of heart; and, if at times his reprimands seemed severe, they served but to divert into higher channels the naturally beautiful trait that remained with his novice to the end. His juniorate finished, he was sent by superiors to the Osage Institution, where his usefulness as an organizer and disciplinarian first came to their notice; and his work there is still spoken of with praise. A year of teaching and prefecting at

St. Louis University, a year at St. Mary's in the same offices, and the summer of 1885 saw him at Woodstock pursuing his philosophical studies. Naturally his disposition was averse to a sedentary life; yet he so far overcame this repugnance that his life of conscientious study here was a source of consolation to superiors and of edification to his companions. He was too diffident of his powers and rested satisfied with having done his duty. His prominent gift as a speaker gave every hope that a future of great promise was in store for him. During his stay amongst us, though many were his occasions of discouragement, his cheerful disposition never deserted him. Under all circumstances he spread good nature and brotherly feeling wherever he went, so that, as one remarked in speaking of him, "To meet him was like getting a new hold on life."

In his dealings with the boys, he was kind and considerate, yet a strict disciplinarian. His influence over them was something marvellous. His kind manner won their hearts, and in the course of his years of teaching not a few non-Catholic students, under God, owed their conversion to his kindly interest. His sympathy and charity extended to all, taking a personal interest in each as though he alone were the object of his special attention. One trait of his character in this juncture is worthy of all honor and imitation. In the intimate association of students and prefect in boarding schools unpleasant phases of character and positive defects, of which neither professors nor confessor can be aware, manifest themselves to him whose every hour of the day is spent in the yard. Yet in all his dealings with the boys Mr. Kavanagh never suffered this knowledge to influence him; as one who knew him intimately wrote, "No one ever heard a disparaging word from his lips about the character of any of the boys; so jealous was he of their good name that he would not even suffer any such remark to pass unrebuked." No wonder that the boys felt his death so keenly!

The fondest hope of his life was the coming of that day on which he might lay consecrated hands upon the head of his much loved mother, the only immediate survivor of his family, herself a pious religious of many years standing in the Loretto Community of Kentucky. God has anticipated his pious desire, in taking him to Himself. From above let us hope the richer blessing, that follows perfect conformity to that Holy Will, that "disposes all things sweetly," shall come to his bereaved mother and sorrowing brethren!—R. I. P.

BR. JOHN FARRELL.

Br. John Farrell was born near Bagnalstown, Co. Carlow, Ireland, March 19, 1807, and died at the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., on Sunday, March 9, 1890. Having

been employed at Clongowes College in his earlier years, he cherished through life fond and exalted remembrance of Castle Browne. The great men of his youth,—Father Kenny and Doctor Doyle,—those columns of the Church and paragons of eloquence, were the frequent theme of his discourses, and, towering above the pygmies of this degenerate age, they remained the lifelong objects of his admiration and unstinted praise.

Father Kenny, who had been Visitor in America, recommended him to apply for admission into the Society, in the Province of Maryland, and, in 1845 he landed at St. John, New Brunswick. After a short time he settled at Milford, Me., and having gone for his Easter duties to Bangor, he heard of Holy Cross College, which had been lately opened by the Society. He worked at his trade in the college of those early days from October, 1846, until June, 1847, when he entered the novitiate at Frederick. After spending six or seven years at Georgetown, in 1858 he came to Worcester, where he remained continuously until his death. He filled the offices of sacristan and tailor in the old buildings; but about ten years ago he was exempted from fixed occupation.

Naturally of a strong constitution, it was expected that his already advanced age would be prolonged for many years, but the summons came suddenly after a few days of confinement to his room. Father Minister had gone to see him on Sunday afternoon, with the intention of administering the last sacraments, if there were any signs of immediate danger. But his voice was so strong and resonant as he dilated upon the glories of Ireland's Patron Saint, that no one could have suspected that the end was nigh. Whilst rehearsing to a scholastic, who visited him a few minutes afterwards, an ideal panegyric for the proximate feast of St. Patrick, a sudden choking ended in two minutes the life of "old Brother John."

His long residence at Holy Cross had made him a familiar figure to all visitors of the college; his memory was very retentive of the names and faces of the old boys, and at the annual commencement, they were sure to inquire about him, and the clergy especially would meet him with kindly greetings. The most edifying characteristic of Br. Farrell was the strong spirit of faith which appeared in his words and actions, and which was manifested more particularly in his reverential and earnest desire for the sacraments, and appreciation of the blessings which they bestow.—R. I. P.

FR. URBAN GRASSI.

Fr. Urban Grassi was born in Piedmont, Italy, Nov. 25th, 1830, entered the Society, Dec. 5th, 1850, and pronounced his last vows on the 25th of July, 1864. His talent for administration, his prudence, foresight, and amiable character

were recognized by superiors when they gave him the general direction of the Rocky Mountain Mission. During his term in office he furthered the interests of each mission by instituting improvements, and extended the kingdom of Christ by establishing new missions. It was he who, in spite of almost insuperable obstacles founded the mission among the Nez Percés, who have ever since been most faithful to their religious practices.

One who lived with Fr. Grassi at the Colville Mission writes that he was in constant admiration of Fr. Grassi's zeal for the salvation of souls, which never abated, no matter what the difficulty nor what the opposition placed in his way. An incident will illustrate this. A small tribe of Indians living on the banks of the Columbia, between the Lempuel and Okanogan rivers, were very angry because he had converted a number of Indians belonging to their tribe, and, not being able to change the minds of the converts, they threatened to take his life. One day Fr. Grassi requested one of these Indians to paddle him across the Columbia River, offering the Indian a trifle in payment. The latter apparently in good humor, accepted the offer, and knowing that Father Grassi did not know how to swim, took this occasion to drown him. While he was near the opposite bank of the river, the Indian, with a jerk, upset the canoe and swam ashore. The poor father, clutching the canoe, was carried by the current into shallow water, and by the providence of God, more than by his skill, his life was preserved. This did not frighten the Father, nor deter him from visiting that hostile tribe; but with great patience and zeal every year he endeavored again and again to convert these poor people to the faith.

Fr. Grassi had great tact in dealing with the Indians, and almost unbounded resources for extricating himself and others from obstacles placed with the intention of injuring the interests of religion. This was so well-known by his missionary co-laborers, that they used to say that Father Grassi was never more at home than when he had some difficulties to meet with, or some obstacle to overcome. The first time he visited the Ceilan Indians, their chief, Ninosize, vigorously opposed his missionary work, telling the Father that he did not wish any of his people to become Christians, because the giving up of the practice of polygamy would be for them the greatest evil. They needed warriors and fishermen, and the only way to have them was to keep the customs of their forefathers; so he ordered him out of his land. The Father invited the chief to dinner, made him many presents, and told him he did not want to preach to those who would not hear. The chief was overcome by the kindness and amiability of Father Grassi, whom he begged to prolong his visit a day or two longer. So it went on from day to day, for a space of three months. At last when Fr. Grassi was called elsewhere, he left behind him more than one half of the tribe converted

to Christianity. This chief held Fr. Grassi in such repute that when another father was sent to the tribe, he would not allow the priest for some time to preach to his people, saying that Father Grassi was his only friend, and that he alone could have done in his land what he pleased.

All this success was the fruit of his continued prayer and union with God. At home he used to spend the greater part of the night in vocal and mental prayer; and when travelling he would not allow any occasion to pass in which he could devote himself to prayer. On his excursions, sometimes of two or three days' journey, when the road was good, he would let the horse travel very slowly, and begin to meditate. When his mind was fatigued he would take his beads and say them over and over again. If a question was asked him during that time he would answer it with very few words, or with a nod of his head, always with a smiling countenance. Such was his union with God that a gentleman of Colville called attention to it as worthy of admiration. He said that many a time he would have liked to speak with the Father when he met him on the road, but when he approached him and saw him so absorbed in God he abstained from even saluting him for fear of disturbing his prayer. Fr. Grassi was also remarkable for his spirit of Christian penance and mortification. Amongst his written resolutions was one by which he bound himself never to avoid the sufferings which the insects that infest every Indian dwelling in abundance, would inflict on him. His fare during his excursions was not only poor, but indeed a very trying one. He used to cook a few pancakes, and while he was eating the cooked one, was cooking the other. It is hard to understand how any one could enjoy good health and stand the work Fr. Grassi was constantly doing, were he to live five or six months at a time on such food. To this ordinary and constant penance he used to join those mortifications and penances that his love for the cross of Christ prompted him to do. Hence one does not wonder at his great purity of mind and body, nor at his admirable obedience which made him in the hands of God a fit instrument for His glory.

He used to say that he did not see any difference either in places or offices, and that it was just the same to do the will of God either in one mission or another, either as a superior or as a subject. It was enough for him to know the will of the superior to do at once what he had been requested to do. He was stationed in nearly all our missions; he was even changed several times during the same year from one place to another, from one duty to another. It seems that God, to give the Indian missionaries a model of patient obedience and readiness to all duties they have to discharge, had so disposed that in most of the needs to be supplied in the different portions of the field of our labors, Father Grassi was the one that flashed to the mind of the superiors to be

called upon; and he answered the call with exceptional readiness.

He had a great talent for languages. The fact that he had been a missionary among the Blackfoot, the Gros-Ventre, the Pen d'Oreille, the Okanogan, the Ceilan, the Yakima, and the Umatilla, shows what a number of languages he had to learn and speak. He did not need more than two or three weeks to learn a language well enough to preach in it. He composed in just about three weeks' time, a little catechism and prayer in the Ceilan language. It is equally true, however, that he forgot the languages with equal facility when he had no occasion to speak them; thus it took him about a week to be able to speak fluently the language of the Sgoielpi, at Colville Mission, every time he came back after four or five months' absence.

His talents and his virtues were crowned by his amiability, kindness, gentlemanly behavior, and obliging manners at all times and under all circumstances, which endeared him equally to the Indians as well as to the whites.

Fr. Grassi had been laboring with "la grippe" for about a month, but as usual he took very little care of himself, and on the Sunday previous to his death he had to go on a sick call after the late Mass. From that time his condition grew worse, the sickness turning into pneumonia. Still, on St. Joseph's Day he succeeded, though with a great deal of difficulty, in celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, in honor of him who is invoked as special patron for a good death. After that he lay down never to rise again.

Fr. Folchi having been summoned from Spokane Falls, Fr. Grassi showed great pleasure at seeing for the last time a brother-priest of the Society. He received the last sacraments on the 20th of March with the most edifying piety and fervor, accompanied by perfect resignation to God's holy will, and gave the responses to the prayers of the Church as well as his enfeebled strength allowed him.

The furniture and appearance of his room bespoke his great love for religious poverty. Nor would he allow himself to be waited upon to any great extent even in his last sickness, for fear of giving trouble. It was with great difficulty, or rather by charitable stratagem, that the brother, his only companion, succeeded on the day previous in introducing more experienced nurses to wait upon him. Great was his patience under pains during his sickness; indeed, it was only a continuation of that admirable forbearance he exhibited during his whole life, especially when on arduous missionary duties.

After receiving the last sacraments he revived considerably, so that we entertained some hope of his recovery. Requesting the father to bless some St. Ignatius' water, he kept on sipping it as long as he was able, with great satisfaction and evident relief of his pains. He was also very fond of pressing

to his lips the image of his Crucified Saviour and of our Blessed Lady. Towards night he began gradually again to grow delirious, and showed other unfavorable signs, so that we sent again for the doctor, who pronounced the case hopeless. When Fr. Folchi entered Fr. Grassi's room the next morning, he found the patient in an attitude of prayer. Turning towards Fr. Folchi, he expressed his gratitude for the father's assistance, and said: "I am tired of this world." Then he lay down and seemed to be wholly absorbed by holy thoughts and prayer. Later on, as the violence of his pains increased, he began to wander in his mind, and his speech became quite indistinct. And later in the day, as signs of approaching death became more evident, the absolution *in articulo mortis* was imparted to him. Towards evening he entered into his agony, if such really it could be called, for it was rather a peaceful and gradual sinking without sensible struggle. At 8.45 P. M., Friday, March the 21st, his spirit left its mortal abode to receive the divine welcome and the eternal crown.

On Sunday at 10.30 A. M., a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Fr. Folchi, assisted by two secular clergymen of Pendleton. At the absolution Rev. Fr. Hagan, parish priest of Pendleton, delivered an appropriate and touching discourse in English. Fr. Morvillo, who speaks the language of the Umatillas, reached the mission just as the ceremony was being concluded. His sudden appearance in the sanctuary was quite consoling to the many Indians who had gathered around the altar to mourn the loss of their father. Fr. Morvillo delivered a discourse in Indian, during which the white portion of the audience could easily notice the impression that his words were making on the minds of the savages. Fr. Grassi's body was laid to rest under the northeast corner of the sanctuary of the church. As he had come to this country to live and labor for the American Indians, so they have the satisfaction of having his mortal remains with them, whilst, we feel confident, his soul is praying for them in heaven.—
R. I. P.

FR. JAMES WELLWORTH.

Father Wellworth was born in Rosscrea, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, on the 22d of April, 1850. His family came to this country when he was about nine years old and settled in Troy. There in our church, St. Joseph's, he made his First Communion. When he was still a mere boy, his father becoming a confirmed invalid, Fr. Wellworth was obliged to leave school. His modesty and his gentle piety, however, had already attracted attention to him, and made many predict that he would be one day numbered among God's priests. Such were his own aspirations, and, though Providence for awhile cast his lines in places not very favorable for the de-

velopment of a religious vocation, he never lost heart, and God finally heard his prayer. In September, 1871, he entered St. John's College, Fordham, where he remained two years. Here he was remarkable, as all through his after life, for his unostentatious piety and his fidelity to duty. In 1873 he entered the novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet, near Montreal, Canada. Those who were with him during the two years he spent there, will not soon forget the gentle, unobtrusive ways, the ever ready charity, the humble silence, which distinguished him among all. He was one of the fortunate few, as they were considered, who were allowed to make the month of pilgrimage, and with many a quiet chuckle he would tell, on the rare occasions when he could be brought to speak of himself, of his adventures with some Canadian curé, who wished to see of what stuff his Jesuit visitors were made.

From the novitiate he was sent with two others to Florissant, to make his juniorate, and the next year he began his philosophy in Woodstock. After his philosophy he taught in St. Peter's College, Jersey City, and in St. John's College, Fordham. His patience was often sorely tried as a teacher, for, though the boys loved and venerated him even, they sometimes mistook his gentle and quiet ways as a sign of weakness. They were not left long in their error. Many will remember him as the sacristan of the Boston Villa, and will recall the zeal and charity with which he performed the duties, not always easy or calculated to improve one's patience, of that office in vacation time.

He began his theology in Woodstock in 1885, and after his ordination was sent to St. Thomas, Charles Co., Md. He spent a year here on the mission, and then made his tertianship. In September last, he was sent to take charge of the hospital work on Blackwell's Island, N. Y. City. He had spent, therefore, not seven months on the laborious mission when God called him to his reward; but in that short time he had given to all on the Island, officials and inmates, an example of Christian and priestly virtues, which will not soon be forgotten. Of him one of the Protestant ministers said: "It will be long before the hospital will see another like him." He did not do great things, but he was absorbed in his work, and wholly forgetful of self; the last one to dream that he was doing anything that should attract attention. One little fact is told of him which gave great edification. A patient in his last illness refused to see him, or have any talk with him. This patient, finally, became unconscious, and for a whole night Fr. Wellworth sat by his bedside, waiting and praying for a moment's consciousness to be granted the unfortunate man, in which to make his peace with God.

Fr. Wellworth was called to Troy a few days before his death to be present at the profession of one of his sisters, a Sister of St. Joseph. He had hardly reached our house, when he was stricken down with typho-pneumonia, and after only

a few days' illness died. In his last moments he was delirious, but the wanderings of his mind were in harmony with his life; he imagined himself assisting at the death-beds of his fever patients, for almost his last act was to pronounce the last absolution for the dying. The body lay in state at St. Joseph's Church on Sunday, and the funeral took place on Tuesday morning, March 25. The Office was chanted at 7 A. M., and immediately followed a Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated by Father McQuaid, assisted by FF. Lynch, as deacon, and Hanrahan, as sub-deacon. The eulogy was pronounced by Father McQuaid. The remains were then taken to Fordham, N. Y., and were escorted there by FF. McQuaid and Carroll. The services at Fordham were conducted by Rev. Father Provincial. Many of Ours belonging to the New York houses, and those from St. Peter's College, Jersey City, were present at the services at Fordham. The remains were interred in the college cemetery, where they lie side by side with that of his Master of Novices, Fr. Perron.—R. I. P.

FR. JAMES PERRON.

We have in preparation a sketch of Fr. James Perron, the first part of which will appear in our next number.

* * * Owing to the press of matter on our columns we are obliged to hold over for the next issue the *Biographical Supplement* and many interesting items for the *Varia*.

VARIA.

Alaska, Letter from Fr. Judge.—"I am going to Alaska on the next steamer, which sails about the first of June. I offered myself when I first came, but as there are so many who would be happy to be sent, I hardly hoped to be selected this year. Fr. Cataldo wishes to send one father and brother every year, if he can. By permission of Fr. General I am to take my last vows on May 15th, Feast of the Ascension. It takes a month from San Francisco to St. Michael's, which is on the coast, about 200 miles beyond the mouth of the Yukon and 2500 miles from San Francisco. From St. Michael's we take another steamer up the Yukon to the Missions.—We have had a very happy tertianship. Fr. Joset our instructor had a severe stroke of paralysis while we were away on our missionary trip. He is better, but not able to continue; Fr. Cocchi has taken his place. The four juniors who came out here with me last year are well. Fr. Cataldo is much pleased with them."—Fr. Judge asks the prayers of all his Woodstock friends. We assure him in their name that he will have them, and our best wishes for his new life. We hope to publish in a future number an account of his voyage and impressions of this far-off missionary country.

Baltimore, Loyola College.—A few weeks ago, at the regular meeting of the the Catholic Association in the college hall the "Temporal Power of the Pope" was discussed. The newspaper report of the lecture failed to convey an adequate idea of the perfectly clear, simple, and thorough way in which Fr. Ryan silenced his vigorous opponents. Under the auspices of this Association, Fr. Hughes delivered another of his interesting scientific lectures, "A Half-Hour with the Microscope," to an appreciative but small audience, on Monday, May 5th.—On May 8th there was a public debate by the students composing the Loyola Literary Society. The subject was, "Resolved, that poetry has exercised greater influence during the last fifty years than during the hundred years preceding." The judges were Dr. McSweeney of Mt. St. Mary's, Prof. Bright of Johns Hopkins, and Col. Johnson.—The subject for the Historical Prize Essay is "Origin and Confirmation of the Temporal Power of the Popes."

Belgium, Holy Week Mission in the Penitentiary, Louvain.—During Holy week over six hundred criminals in the great male penitentiary at Louvain—the largest in Belgium—were after a long life of crime reconciled to their God, and on Easter Sunday, each in his own cell, received the Holy Eucharist. Such was the abundant result of an eight days' retreat preached by three of our fathers in the French, German, and Flemish languages.

The French course of sermons was preached by the well-known Fr. Castelain, formerly professor of dogmatic theology at Louvain, and still attached to the same house as spiritual director of the numerous students of the Catholic University of this city and their learned *conferencier* in the large and flourishing Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. This position has always been considered of great importance, as on it depends in great part the future welfare

of Catholic Belgium, most of the students being of high rank and of the best families. The German course of sermons was preached by Fr. Rinck, who came here from Woodstock, and who, as time permits, exercises his missionary zeal in various charitable institutions. The Flemish course of sermons was preached by Fr. Poppe, one of the great Belgian missionaries, who had already conducted here, as well as elsewhere, several very successful retreats for men only, and those chiefly of the poorer and middle classes.

It was a hard task, that of softening the hearts of these murderers, robbers, thieves, and highway criminals of every description, whose continued crimes had rendered them insensible to any sort of religious feeling. But the difficulty of the labor was more than compensated for by the number of souls won for God. Towards the close of the exercises, however, there were a good number of the worst fellows who refused to make their confession. At this juncture Fr. Rinck began to interview, each in his own cell, some forty or fifty of the stubborn and malicious, and left each one shriven of his sins and happy in his return to God. Fr. Rinck's conversations with the Protestant prisoners resulted in many conversions. One of the most obstinate of these was an Englishman, who had been in prison for a good number of years, and who had constantly refused to hear of any kind of religion. He at last consented to receive instruction from Fr. Rinck, was baptized on Holy Saturday, and on Easter Sunday made his First Communion, bearing on his countenance an expression of happiness and contentment.

On Easter Sunday a grand Solemn High Mass was celebrated by one of the missionaries assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The choir was composed of a number of our theologians and philosophers who, of course, were but too glad to witness the consoling sight of so many converted prisoners. The chief manager of the prison, who is a general of the Belgian army, with several majors, lieutenants, and a large corps of prison guards, all in gorgeous uniform, assisted at this Solemn High Mass. In the evening a Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, after which a last sermon was preached to the prisoners on the means of persevering in their happy state and of practising a truly Christian life. Thus closed this eight days' retreat, pronounced by the Chaplain the most fruitful ever preached.

The retreat preached by Fr. Truck of Paris to the students of the Catholic University was also very successful. There were an immense number of Communion on the closing day.—The retreat preached by Fr. Poppe in our church to over a thousand men of different sodalities was equally fruitful in good results. The same may be said of the other missions and retreats preached by our fathers here at Louvain and elsewhere.

A fact most consoling and worth mentioning was the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament during the night of Holy Thursday by a crowd of more than two thousand men, from 9 o'clock in the evening to 5 o'clock in the morning. From 9 to 10 o'clock there were some six or seven hundred present. At intervals during each hour a meditation was explained by one of our fathers, and so the hour passed without noticing it. From 10 to 11 o'clock another crowd came to take their turn. As the hours advanced to midnight the number of adorers lessened; from 2 to 5 o'clock it increased, and thus our dear Lord was kept company during the whole night.—Such were some of the consoling features of the two or three weeks preceding Easter Sunday. It may be said in general that never was there such a tendency among the negligent and indifferent to a serious return to God, never were our colleges more flourishing, and never was more good effected among the students.—*Extracts from Mr. de Beurme's Letter to the Editor.*

The classical college at Antwerp is flourishing, having 650 students. The *Institut*, or commercial college, is also very well attended.

The *Monthly Retreats to the Clergy*, under the care of Père Petit, are meeting with success in nearly every diocese. The Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin is a regular attendant at these reunions, and in a letter to his clergy recommends this work highly. Our readers may not be aware that Père Petit, who began this work some years ago, to make it more profitable, has recently published a little book, *Sacerdos Rite Instructus Piis Exercitationibus Mensestruæ Recollectionis*. At a stated day each month the neighboring clergy meet at the Seminary or one of our colleges. A meditation and conference is given to them and some time spent in a review of the month. They meet at dinner and for recreation in common, so that these monthly reunions become profitable in every way. So great has been their success that Fr. Petit does not suffice for the work. Fr. Selosse is now constantly engaged with him in this splendid work.

Books.—*The Saints of the Society of Jesus* is an instructive little handbook by Fr. Merrick, rector of St. Francis Xavier's College, giving the faithful short readable sketches of the saints of the Society. Its wholesale price to Ours is seven cents. Very Rev. Fr. General approves of it in these words:

Reverende ac dilectissime P. Rector,

P. X^{ti}

Magna animi voluptate legi libellum cui titulus CALENDAR OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, a Reverentia Vestra exaratum. Quum enim nihil antiquius mihi esse possit quam ut mater nostra Societas cognoscatur atque ametur, et quum nihil ad eius laudem et commendationem conferat magis quam gesta Nostrorum qui in cœlitum Beatorum vel Sanctorum album ab Ecclesia relati sunt, non possum non approbare studium Reverentiæ Vestræ, concisa quæ placeat fidei populo narratione, cultum provehendi eorum quos summopere caros habemus, et in quorum præsidio ac tutela tuto conquiescimus.

Quare opto ex animo ut quæ scripsit Reverentia Vestra innotescant hominibus Americæ catholicæ quam plurimis, quos experientia doctus novi esse optimos, et magis etiam cognoscantur Fratres nostri qui Ecclesia teste gloriam adepti sunt sempiternam.

Quos ego Sanctos precor ut benedicant Reverentiæ Vestræ dilectissimæ Provinciæ Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensi et optimis Statuum Fœderatorum Catholicis.

Commendo me SS. SS. Reverentiæ Vestræ.

Infimus in Christo servus,

Fesulis die festo S. Aloisii 1889.

ANT. MARIA ANDERLEDY, S. J.

R. P. DAV. A. MERRICK, S. J.,

Rect. Coll. S. Franc. Xav., Neo-Eboraci.

Father C. Braun's "Kosmogonie" Reviewed by Dr. W. Foerster.—Father Carl Braun, whose series of articles on cosmogony appeared in *Natur und Offenbarung*, has republished them in book-form, with additions, under the title: *Ueber Kosmogonie vom Standpuncte Christlicher Wissenschaft, mit einer Theorie der Sonne, und einigen daranf bezüglichen Philosophischen Betrachtungen.*

Apart from the intrinsic value of the matter, and popular style in which it is treated, it is interesting to note that the book has worked its way into strictly scientific circles and into their purely critical papers. Ranking highest among these latter is the *Vierteljahrschrift*, the organ of the "Astronomische Gesellschaft." In the Jahrgang 25, I Heft, we find a review of F. Braun's book by Dr. Foerster, Director of the Berlin Observatory, which gives the highest praise, not only to the book itself and its author, but to the members of our Society at large, who have given themselves, he says, to astronomy and to

science in general, with the purest devotion. A letter from the Director of the Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, California, will show our readers the importance and the effect of Dr. Foerster's review.

My Dear Father Hagen :

I have been very much interested in a review of "Karl Braun, S. J.—Ueber" [etc., as above] in the *V. J. S. der Astron. Gesellsch.* 1890, p. 56.—And it has occurred to me that such a book ought to be translated into English and to be printed in America. . . I wish you would look at the book (which I have not seen), and think whether this translation could not be done by you.

With kind regards, faithfully yours,

E. S. Holden.

Such kind and encouraging words from an astronomer of so great reputation could not fail to produce their effect, and hence arrangements have been made with Fr. Braun to procure for this country the benefit of an English, and, as far as possible, an improved edition of this valuable work.—*Fr. J. Hagen, S. J., Georgetown College Observatory.*

Fr. Meschler, well-known to our readers by his explanation of the Spiritual Exercises has just published *The Life of Our Lord in Meditations*. 2 Vols. B. Herder and Co.

Fr. Séjourné has collected all the writings of our venerable Fr. Maunoir, in order to send them on to Rome.—M. Dévérix, professor of Chinese at the Oriental School of Paris, wrote to Fr. Boucher, telling him that his work "La Boussole" was by far the best adapted to the study of Chinese. At the same time the professor gave an order for 24 copies. Fr. Boucher has received 1000 francs as recompense for his book from L'Academie de l'Suscription.

Mr. Duguay, S. J., professor of rhetoric at St. Mary's College, Montreal, has just published the *Life of Father Saché*. 208 pp; 12mo. Quebec, 14 rue Dauphine. Price fifty cents.—Mr. Lalande, S. J., has also published the history of the old parish of Boucherville, near Montreal, under the title of *Une Vieille Seigneurie*. 396 pp., 12mo. Both works have been highly praised by the press.

The second year of the *Sacred Heart Library* will comprise: No. 1 (June, 1890). Father Pinamonti's *The Immaculate Heart of Mary*. No. 2 (Sept., 1890). Father Lyonard's *The Apostleship of Suffering* (part I.). No. 3 (Dec., 1890). Father Lyonard's *The Apostleship of Suffering* (part II.). No. 4 (March, 1891). An equally classical work: announcement later.

Mr. Micheletti, S. J., of the "Istituto Sociale," Turin, has written a *Course of Botany* in two volumes, which so pleased the Minister of Public Instruction that he gave its author permission to teach in our college for two years, without undergoing the usual government examination.

Life of Father Charles Sire, S. J. By his brother Rev. Vital Sire, professor of moral theology at the Théological Seminary, Toulouse.—Rev. Fr. Provincial in his letter of approbation, says: "His boyhood reminds one forcibly of that of St. John Berchmans. His life in the Sulpitian Seminary is very attractive for the amiable but unyielding exactness with which every rule was observed, and the description of his works as a college prefect and teacher of the lower classes sketches a period which, as far as I know, has never been touched in other biographies of the Society. I trust that the book may do much good in many ways."

Boston College.—The painting of the old college building is going rapidly forward. There is much hope of the building for the boys being quite complete by the opening of the next scholastic year.—A beautiful telescope of 4 inches aperture and well mounted has recently been purchased at a cost of \$325. The telescope is now safely ensconced in the cupola over the resi-

dence, and is employed in searching for comets.—The Debating Society is to have a public debate this year, the prize for which, a magnificent gold medal presented by Pierce J. Grace, has excited a deal of emulation among the members. As public debates have been scarce here, traditions were wanting how to proceed. The following plan was settled on: The director chose twelve members to debate publicly before the college at three meetings; of these twelve four are to be elected by the Society to the honors of a public debate. The judges will probably be old members of the Debating Society.—The League of the Sacred Heart is very popular in the various classes. Third Grammar is happy enough to have come into possession of a beautiful little statue of the Sacred Heart, before which a tasty lamp is kept burning by the boys. Several other classes provided themselves early in the year with those perfect photogravures of the Sacred Heart that have justly attracted so much attention. The League hymn is sung by all the boys on the first Friday. The Sodality is also in a very flourishing state.—The retreat for the boys, which took place during the second week of the mission, was much relished by them, and, no doubt, did a vast deal of good. It was given by Fr. Pardow.—The Library, owing to the earnest work of the Librarian, has been gradually assuming an appearance of order; the books are now quite under control. The catalogue had to be doctored up a little, but not to any material extent. One fine feature of the new arrangement is that all the magazines are now gathered in the same room.

Buffalo, Canisius College.—There is little news about our Mission and Province. There is hope for our fathers' return to Germany; but there is no *particular* news in this respect concerning any particular place. Rev. Fr. Provincial, who formerly had been Superior of the Mission of Brazil for several years, wrote to me about a month ago: "In Brazil they imitate, thanks be to God, North America, not France. Ours are very well satisfied with the new state of affairs; we are better off than before."—Fr. Heinzle's lecture on "Private Property in Land" caused quite a sensation in this city. The paper in which the lecture appeared published five columns of criticism and objections. On April 8th, a Protestant minister, Rev. Mr. Towne, lectured in the C. L. U. Hall on "The Ethics of the Single Tax." The Sunday *Truth* thus heralded the lecturer: "Mr. Towne is a ready and forcible speaker, and a master in the science of economics. He will pay special attention to Father Heinzle's lecture and will answer, at the close of his address, all questions bearing on the land and labor problem."—Our residence at Burlington, Ia., has been transferred to the Benedictine Fathers.—At Canisius College we arranged lately a fine museum of scientific objects. Our carpenter made several beautiful cases for a magnificent collection of corals and shells, presented to the college by Mr. Thomas Ashton, an assistant teacher and one of our greatest friends. Mr. Woodman of New York, from whom the collection was purchased, said its value was about \$1000.—Our fathers are building a new college and residence in Cleveland, O.—A. H., S. J.

Cairo, Egypt.—Our fathers have erected a new college at Faggala, outside of Cairo, to take the place of the old college of the Holy Family. The situation is one of the most desirable near the city, and at a short distance from the station of the new railroad.—The number of students is 264, viz., 100 more than the preceding year, and the new arrivals come from the best families of Cairo, but of this number 35 are Mussulmans and Jews. They begin in rhetoric to prepare for the Egyptian degree B. S. Instead of Latin, they study

Arabic; and a strict examination in Egyptian history is required.—We have at last obtained the permission to bury Ours near the pretty chapel, erected by Fr. Jullien, at Matarieh, where the miraculous fountain of our Blessed Lady is located.

California.—The field of fifty-four acres on the top of the hill just back of the novitiate at Los Gatos, has been purchased by our fathers. It is a fine open place and is watered by two copious springs. Part of it will be reserved as a play-ground for the novices and juniors. The view it unfolds is glorious, reaching over the whole Santa Clara Valley and across the San Francisco Bay as far as Oakland.—At San Jose, Father Calzia has already given his plans to the architect for the erection of a new residence and a college building, facing the City Hall from below the church.—The new sacristy at St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco, built at the expense of Mrs. Captain Welsh is almost finished. The same lady has donated fifty thousand dollars for the decoration of the church. The improvements thus made will be something magnificent.—Father Dossola hopes to have a church erected before long at Saratoga, a very promising mountain village, abounding in “hickory” Catholics.—The latest improvement at Santa Clara is the handsome storied-window presented by Mr. Ryland of San Jose to the students’ Memorial Chapel.—The last remains of our old church in San Francisco have disappeared. It had been used successively as a museum and a theatre, and was recently almost completely burned down. Lately what was left was torn down, but by a strange fatality the foreman was killed by a falling beam, just as three poor women lost their lives at the fire.

Canada, Montreal.—The *Mail*-Jesuits’ libel suit came before the courts again, April 15. This time the *Mail’s* lawyers argued that the Society, not being lawfully incorporated, should not be allowed to plead. The Quebec Legislature could not incorporate a Society whose field of action was not limited to the Province of Quebec; any attempt to incorporate a body of men bound together by rules and vows would be an attempt to incorporate the whole Society of Jesus in Rome, Madagascar, Hong Kong, etc. This was evidently beyond the powers of the Quebec Legislature: therefore. . . . The *Mail* took two days to reach this conclusion; but our lawyers quickly demolished the absurdity. After a week’s deliberation, the case was decided for a third time in our favor. The *Mail’s* lawyers have appealed.

Father Arthur Jones has invented and obtained the Canadian patent for a rapid and ready fire-escape, extremely simple in structure. In principle it consists simply in sliding down a burnished metal pole; but a few improvements add to its safety. Sheet-iron galleries are placed outside a column of windows; two metal poles, three inches in diameter, running parallel, three feet apart, from ground to roof, pass through the floors of the galleries; a circular opening is cut in the floor around a pole at each story, but *alternately*; so that the openings on the first, third, and fifth stories are around one pole; the openings on the second, fourth, and sixth stories are around the other. With this arrangement a person descending to the ground uses both poles, thus breaking his dive at each story. St. Mary’s College has already had one put up at each end of the building. At a public exhibition given lately before the newspaper representatives of Montreal, the successful attempt was made to land safely on the ground from the sixth story 160 boys in four minutes.—In the January (1890) number of the *U. S. Catholic Historical Magazine*, Fr. Jones has a sketch of Fr. Louis André, S. J.—The same father wrote

a series of letters to the *Montreal Star* during February and March, in answer to Professor Scrimger's attack on the Jesuit system of moral theology. These letters, which are an able defense of Jesuit teaching, will be republished in a pamphlet.

Sault-au-Récollet.—"It is not precisely a chapel we are now building, but a new wing corresponding to that built by Fr. Saché for the juniorate, although some 20 ft. longer. The new edifice will be 86 in length by 50 ft. in width. It will give us, besides other accommodations, in the basement a refectory of nearly 70 in length by 28 ft., 11 ft. high; on the 1st story, besides parlors, etc., half a dozen rooms for Exercitants; on the 2d and 3d, a chapel, 70 by 36 ft., 20 ft. high; over the sacristy, an infirmary with small windows opening on the sanctuary; over the chapel, a library of 50 by 40 ft. We hope that this new building will be ready for use in November."—*Rev. Fr. T. Charaux, S. J.*

Fort William West, Ontario.—I have just come home from a 370 miles journey through my district; of these, 320 were made by rail, the rest on snowshoes,—a longer distance than from the Sault-au-Récollet to St. Michel of Novitiate fame. Of course, I mean 370 miles going, and as many coming back. I am travelling a good part of the time among the red-skins of the north shore of Lake Superior. Last summer I accompanied Bishop Lorrain to Long Lake, almost 400 miles from here. About one half of the trip had to be made in a birchbark canoe, up the Pic River. As it was the first time a bishop visited that far away Mission of St. John Francis Regis, you may imagine the happiness of the natives at seeing him, and his at seeing them. His Lordship confirmed no less than 73 persons, adults for the most part, and some very old men and women. Many of them never saw a bishop before. His Lordship also blessed the church, which is of poplar logs and measures 29 by 38 ft.,—a big structure for Long Lake, I can assure you. He also blessed a new bell from Meneely, of Troy, N. Y., which weighs 140 lbs, a gift from Mr. Godchere, of Long Lake, one of my spiritual sons, I having brought him back to the Catholic fold in 1882.—Last fall, I accompanied Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, Ont., to several of my missions. There were about 100 confirmations given.—*Extract from a Letter of Fr. Joseph Specht.*

China, *Letter from Fr. Pfister.*—"We are enjoying quiet nearly everywhere, notwithstanding several inevitable annoyances here and there. By dint of patience and perseverance we have succeeded in gaining several new posts. The efforts of the Protestants are very great; with their money they manage to make new recruits everywhere, and this year they number over 1100 ministers of both sexes in all China. Most of them are English and American. They are much in our way, although they have few conversions. Then we are often compromised by their foolish doings, since the simple Chinese people are not able to make a distinction between the Catholics and others, and embrace in their hatred and aversion all foreigners of whatever nationality and religion.—Our little observatory of Zi-ka-wei is held in high esteem. The director sends every morning to Chang-hai the weather forecast for the evening and night, and, as up to this success generally followed, the observatory is respected."

Colombia, S. A.—The rector of Havana, Cuba, Fr. Zamera, went to Colombia as visitor, taking with him 4 fathers, 1 scholastic and 3 lay-brothers. The government is very well disposed towards us, and asks a larger number of fathers to found new colleges.

Denver, Col., College of the Sacred Heart.—The students celebrated on January 20th Fr. Rector's Day, and wished him many returns of the day in Latin, French, Spanish, and English verses and addresses. Amongst those present were Rt. Rev. Bishop Matz and all the clergy of Denver. Fifteen beautiful paintings, representing the different arts and sciences, were presented by the students to Rev. Fr. Rector.—A large consignment of instruments of natural philosophy arrived recently from Paris.—On Washington's Birthday the Dramatic Association performed the beautiful and pathetic drama "Elma; or the Druid Martyr." So powerfully were the passions of the characters portrayed that the audience more than once gave vent to their feelings in an outburst of applause, or in a copious flow of tears. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was present. The play was reproduced for the benefit of the college library in the Tabor Grand Opera House, Denver, on April 10, 1890. Music in keeping with the spirit of the play was composed by Fr. G. Lezzi.

Fordham, St. John's College.—The May devotions here consist in the boys assembling at the end of the evening recreation around our Lady's bronze statue in the quadrangle, singing a couple of hymns, and listening to one of the philosophers or rhetoricians discoursing for five minutes on some one of our Lady's virtues.—A St. John Berchmans' Sodality has been formed for the day-scholars.—Fr. Rector's Feast was kept May 6th. There was a literary and musical entertainment on the eve of the feast. On the day itself there were athletic exercises in the morning; a fine dinner for all at one o'clock, and a public rendition of the *Critic* and scenes from the *Rivals* in the evening. Many friends, lay and clerical, passed the day and evening with us.—The class-room floor in the new building is laid. The masons are now working at the dormitory floor. The builder hopes to have the roof on by July 4th. A friend of Fr. Rector's offers \$15,000 to help pay to complete our buildings. Another friend guarantees \$10,000 for the same purpose. — Fr. Matthew McDonald conducted recently a very successful mission at the parish church.—Our catalogue this year will contain the names of more than 325 students.—Fr. Thomas Hughes lectured, April 23d, on "Christianity not Evolved Out of Paganism," before the Historical Society.

Frederick, The Juniors' Catechism Classes for the Deaf-Mutes.—Out of the ninety-three children now attending the Maryland School for the Deaf, at Frederick, twenty-three are Catholics. So varied are their ages and studies, that, towards the middle of the present scholastic year, we found it necessary to ask permission to form another class. On applying to Mr. Chas. W. Ely, the superintendent, he kindly allowed us to make whatever disposition of time and classes we thought proper. Thursday we had already; on Sundays, too, we were accustomed to hold two sessions; we, therefore, selected Tuesday afternoon from 4.30 to 5.30 o'clock. The Tuesday and Thursday classes are held at the school, and the Sunday classes at the novitiate. The recitations are given by means of the sign-language, dactylology, and writing; the instructions by the first two. We are able to make our classes quite interesting; for our pupils are bright and cheerful, and very attentive to what we have to say. These children are for the most part quite intelligent and learn quickly. They are fond of playing little tricks on one another, and often furnish much amusement to the catechists. It is edifying to know that, although in the midst of children of other denominations, they kneel at their bedside to say morning and evening prayers, and attend Mass on Sundays; and those who are old enough go to confession and Communion regularly. And, be it said to the praise of the school authorities, that our children are now not only per-

mitted to attend to their religious duties, but are even encouraged to do so. At present the children are interested in their coming examination in catechism; they are also preparing a specimen for one of their former and much beloved teachers, who is soon to pay them a visit. Some are receiving instructions for First Communion, which they will receive about June 15th.

Georgetown College.—An unknown friend has contributed, through Fr. John Prendergast, \$5000 to the Observatory. Accordingly a new equatorial has been ordered from Messrs. Alvan Clarke Sons. The mounting will be done by Mr. Saegmuller of Washington. It will be between fifteen and sixteen feet in length, with all the late improvements. Under the contract it will be finished the present year. It will be necessary to elevate the dome of the observatory about three feet. The instrument will be supplied with a photographic corrector as soon as funds are received for that purpose. The cost of the equatorial will be \$7000, the photographic corrector, camera, improvement to dome, etc., about \$3000 additional, making the entire cost \$10,000. When completed Georgetown College will have the only large instrument in the world devoted to the new branch of astronomy known as variable star work, and from which great results are expected regarding our knowledge of those stars which so frequently change their position and their brilliancy. At present much of our information of variable stars is mere speculation. We may hope, however, by the aid of Georgetown soon to have reliable and indisputable facts concerning these distant but interesting bodies.

His Holiness' Appreciation of the Exercises.—The clergy of Carpineto, faithful to the advice, *proprio ore*, of the Holy Father, made the Spiritual Exercises under the direction of Fr. Cardella. They were all so satisfied with their retreat, that they went in a body to thank His Holiness, who addressed them in the following words: "I have accomplished many things during my pontificate. I have erected public fountains, built schools, repaired churches; but nothing gives me such consolation as the thought that I have procured to the priests of Carpineto the blessing of the Spiritual Exercises. I had long been undecided in the mode of spiritual life. I had perused many works on spirituality, but I was as yet unsatisfied, till I opened the book of St. Ignatius. Then I exclaimed: Here is the book. You see, the foundation alone is sufficient to convert the world."

India.—*The Remnants of the Padroado in the Diocese of Mangalore.* [A letter to the Editor from Fr. S. J. Zanetti, Rector of St. Joseph's Episcopal Seminary].—As your readers are doubtless aware of the state of affairs in Ceylon and Bombay since the abolition of the double jurisdiction and the establishment of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in India, we shall attempt to sketch here the effects of the decree in our own diocese of Mangalore.

As soon as the Papal Decree was published, all the churches here but two willingly placed themselves under the jurisdiction of our bishop. One of these two, however, that of Udyavar, soon made its submission. The other—that of Calianpoor, one of the oldest and richest in the diocese—counts over 3000 parishioners, of whom some 2000 still hold out against the lawful authority, goaded on thereto by their co-malcontents of Bombay and Ceylon, with the fond hope that Portugal will soon procure for them from the Pope the peaceful enjoyment of the sweet yoke of the Padroado. One of the Padroadists of Bombay went to Portugal and Rome, to plead the cause of the rebels. But failing to obtain an audience from the Pope, he had his revenge by the publication of

two pamphlets, full of the most bitter invectives against the Holy See and the Propaganda. The rest of the story is familiar to all readers of Indian papers.

Meanwhile, all attempts at a peaceful settlement proving useless, recourse was at last had to the civil courts for possession of the church and its appurtenances. No means were left untried by the opposite party to subvert all our well meaning designs. Hoping to meet with better success at the hands of a Protestant judge, an avowed enemy of the Jesuits, they had the case transferred to his file from the lower court. But in spite of all the calumnious tales told against Ours by the lawyers and endorsed by the judge himself, they could not take the law in their own hands. The Judge issued an injunction putting the priest, for the time being, in possession of the *plaint* church. On appeal, however, to the High Court, this decree was set aside as *ultra vires*. But when the case was resumed, the judge issued a second injunction to the same effect; again they appealed against it, but this time with less success. The High Court judges (one of whom was a pagan), dismissed the appeal with costs. Meanwhile, they applied to the local assistant collector for *joint* possession of the church, but here too they fared no better.

In spite of this triple discomfiture, at the hands of Protestant, Mahomedan, and pagan judges, their obstinacy waxed stronger day by day. The people at large are not much to blame. They are quite an ignorant set of people, and are capable of being drawn to believe whatever their ringleaders represent to them. And even these latter would have ere now yielded, but for the encouragement they have been receiving from an apostate priest, who has put himself at their head. This priest, a subject of the Archbishop of Goa, had for a long time been suspended by His Grace for insubordination. Taking advantage of the disturbances consequent on the settlement of the Padroado question, he went over to the schismatic church in India, offering to extend its sway by enticing into its fold the malcontents, on condition of his being raised to the dignity of a bishop—a dignity to which he had been aspiring for the last ten years. Soon styling himself the “Prefect Apostolic *over Ceylon etc.*,” he caused some disturbance in that island, but, being foiled in his attempts by a decision of the courts against him, he at last came down to Mangalore in the garb of something like a bishop. In Mangalore he received but a very disagreeable welcome. No Catholic would give him hospitality. He was obliged to hire a pagan house for an episcopal residence. He and the German Lutherans, however, soon made friends, as Herod and Pilate of yore. He issued a pastoral, “By the grace of God and the favor of the Holy Apostolic See of Antioch, Prefect Apostolic of Goa, India, Ceylon etc.,” calling upon all the faithful to come over to the jurisdiction of the See of Antioch, whose Patriarch, he declared, was the only true successor of St. Peter, and warning them against “wolves dressed in sheep’s clothing.” After a few days’ stay here, he proceeded to Kalianpore—the field destined for his apostolic labors—in company with a Protestant missionary and his wife. The church there being barred against him, he put up a temporary shed to serve for church purposes. Of course, the bishops of Ceylon and Mangalore took good care to put the faithful on their guard against him, declaring him to have incurred excommunication *ipso facto*, and threatening whomsoever should hold intercourse of a religious nature with him with severe ecclesiastical penalties. But neither the apostate nor his party took any heed of this threat. Intending to perpetuate his mission by providing worthy successors, he now called to his aid three seminarians who had been expelled from the seminary at Goa, and later on an old Goanese priest who had been long under suspension. He remained in the midst of his flock about four months, during which

time he left no means untried to estrange the hearts of the people more and more from their lawful superiors. He administered the sacraments to them, said Mass for them (without a host at times), solemnized marriages without banns and even without confession; nay, this wretched man is said to have gone the length of recommending divorce to discontented parties, professing to have been invested with full powers of binding and loosing. To impress the people with a sense of his dignity, he went about the place with mitre on, blessing the houses, and imparting his episcopal benediction to people right and left, with the dignity of a patriarch.

Notwithstanding all this ostentation, his success was but little. The fact of his having joined hands with the schismatic Jacobites of India, told much against his cause. A great part of the people kept clear of him; others followed him for formality sake only; and the greater number refused to contribute anything towards the erection of a new church, and would by no means commit themselves on paper, as was required of them, binding themselves to adhere to him for good.

But neither these nor other such like disappointments could shake him in his purpose. He had put his hand to the task, and it seemed no longer in his power to withdraw it. Hoping for better success as a true bishop, he resolved to have himself consecrated. He departed, therefore, for Trichoor, the headquarters of the schismatic party, leaving the old priest in his stead, to continue his diabolical work.

On arriving at Trichoor, it was no very difficult task to have the seminarians, innocent as they were of all training, raised to the priesthood. But his own consecration was not a matter of joke. The astute Mar Dyonisius could, without fear of rash judgment, suspect that this man, who had played the traitor in one church, was not incapable of doing so in another. It was not impossible, that once he was consecrated, he might set up a church of his own, and harass his own benefactors. He would not therefore run this risk but at the gain of some thousands of rupees. But the would-be bishop not being able to collect so large an amount from his adherents, offered a smaller sum, but the Patriarch wishing to turn the occasion to his best advantage would not accept it. At last, the ungodly bargain was struck for 2000 rupees, they say, and this ungodly priest was soon an archbishop, with the pompous title of "Mar Julius, Archbishop of Goa, India and Ceylon." Forthwith, he proceeded to Ceylon, where he was accorded "a right royal reception," "a most enthusiastic reception by people of both jurisdictions" and the like; so, at least, did the news, eagerly taken up by several Indian papers, run through the length and breadth of the land. But the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger* was not long in giving them the lie. To quote from its columns, the whole strength of the receiving party was *seventeen*, the number of carriages that formed the "splendid" procession was *four*. So satisfied was Mar Julius, concludes the Messenger, "that he has shut himself up in his episcopal palace, and refuses to grace the streets of the city with his beaming countenance."

To return to my subject, the affairs in Kalianpore are *in statu quo*. The old priest has been joined by one of the newly ordained, and both carry on their destructive work with impunity. One of our fathers is in possession of the old church, and is doing his best to win the hearts of the malcontents. But, though they are said to be better disposed for a compromise, no signs of it are as yet forthcoming. How the matter will turn out God alone knows. That it may not end in a schism, earnest prayers are being offered.

Mangalore Mission.—It is now more than six months since our novitiate has been closed for want of postulants. The introduction of the B. A. Class

in the college has been one of the causes. For students have preferred to go through this course before seeking admission into the Society. May God grant that success in it may not prove a stumbling block to any. The first novices trained in this house have been transferred to the college. Two have been placed on the staff; three fit themselves for the F. A. examination, and two for the B. A.; one is now at the new college for Ours, St. Mary's, Kurseong, Darjeeling, studying theology and preparing himself for the priesthood.—Within a year our mission has lost three fathers. Fr. Stein was laid low by solatim, and in a few days went to heaven. Fr. Gallo, a veteran missionary, was carried off by apoplexy, which attacked him in a railroad train whilst on his way to a sanitarium for a change. Fr. Lazzarini, rendered almost unfit for work by a sunstroke, has been ordered back to Europe for recovery. But the Providence of God never fails to succor the needy. To meet the emergency, the Bombay mission lent us Fr. Altoff. The Province of Naples gave us Fr. de Bonis—cutting short his year of the third probation for the purpose. The English Province has likewise furnished us with two able hands for the college, Fr. Martin and Br. Tomkin, and our own Province has given us an experienced missionary, Fr. Chiarello, who had seen long active service in British Honduras.—St. Aloysius' College has been affiliated to the Madras University in the faculty of arts, to the Bachelor of Arts Standard. This has placed our college at an advantage over the government second grade one existing side by side in Mangalore. All the higher public examinations are now held in our college. The B. A. Class numbering only four students this year, have already gone through their examination in the languages, and two have come out successful. Only the successful candidates will be admitted to the next examination (in January) in the optional branches. They are going to have next year "the Technical Branch," in the Upper Secondary department. This may consist of a three years' course, in which the pupils will be taught practical English and Canarese, i. e., to speak and write correctly; to this will be joined commercial correspondence and the elements of book-keeping, with some lessons in drawing. This was to have been introduced last year, but want of professors and other causes prevented the measure.—The scholastic year was brought to a close by the distribution of prizes, held on the 12th of December, 1889. I send you the report, which speaks for itself, together with the programme of the day. The function was presided over by our new District Judge Mr. Tate. In concluding his short speech, among other things, he said: "Some eleven years ago the place where they stood was a wilderness. Now they had a fine building. Their ears were gladdened with sweet and harmonious tunes. They were made the spectators of a fine performance. To whom did they owe this? To the British Government? or was it the outcome of modern civilization? No! It was all owing to the indefatigable zeal of the Jesuit fathers, whom they had been taught to look upon as terrible people, but when brought face to face with them, they found them to be very amiable and agreeable." It may be added that he asked three of the fathers that night to supper at his house.—Some lay communities have just gone through a three days' retreat. The Christian Mothers in their own chapel; the members of the Sodality, together with some other gentlemen of the town, to the number of over 90, in the college chapel; and our catechumens, together with a few others of our own neighborhood; in all, over 200 people, in the Seminary chapel. This last retreat was preached in Tulu, by the seminarists in turn.

From the Status Missionis Mangalorensis, we subjoin these interesting statistics: One bishop, Rt. Rev. N. M. Pagani, S. J.; number of Ours, 42—22

priests, 13 scholastics, 7 lay-brothers; St. Aloysius' College, 400 pupils; St. Joseph's Episcopal Seminary, 25 seminarists; number of Catholics, 68,798; schools, 40; orphanages, 5; hospitals, 4, two of which are for the lepers, who numbered 18, in December, 1889; baptisms of Protestants, 17; adult pagans, 103; children of Christians, 2830; children of pagans, 52; confirmations, 7762; confessions, 130,864; Communions, 148,361; marriages, 711; funeral services, 1407.

Jesuits as Educators.—M. Rochard in his recent work, "The Education of our Sons," bears testimony to the superiority of Ours as educators. Being a University man and versed in all the intricacies of the education question, his words have weight. He says: "They (the Jesuits) succeed in making themselves beloved by their pupils; and, for the most part, the boys whom they have brought up remain attached to them through life. The University may try to imitate them in its method of education, but it will have its trouble for nothing. It cannot endow its professors with that devotedness which goes to the limits of self-sacrifice. The ineradicable gratitude and affection entertained by former pupils towards their old masters comes not only from the remembrance of the care of which the boys have been the object, but also from that spirit of good-fellowship which seldom fails to spring up between the Jesuits and their scholars, without the former losing anything of their dignity."

Latin Play at St. Francis Xavier's.—The Latin play, *The Two Captives*, about which the New York press had busied itself for some weeks, came off in the beautiful College Hall of St. Francis Xavier's on the evening of Thursday, May 15. The newspapers have given such a fair account—especially the *Catholic Review*—of the success with which each individual character was portrayed, that it would be useless to add anything further here. It was a complete success. The youthful actors entered fully into the spirit of their several parts, and pronounced their lines with a vigor and purity of classical speech that would have delighted old Plautus himself, if his shade could have returned to this world of steam and electricity. The audience was probably the most cultured ever gathered together in New York City, and their expressed enjoyment of the good points of the play proved them to be not unfamiliar with the classic tongue of ancient Rome. For most of them the continental pronunciation was somewhat of a revelation, and they confessed that it gave a mellowness and sweetness to the Latin that were surprising. The music, under the care of the composer, Fr. Holaind, was a marked feature, and was listened to with interest and delight. The costumes and scenery had been cared for by competent artists, and were as faithful a reproduction of the ancient stage as learned research could copy it. This Latin play, and the success with which it was given and received, are for us a matter of congratulation and an encouragement. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Clifford, professor of rhetoric, and to the others who have commenced this new era in our college history. The fame of our colleges will be measured by their scholarship, and it would be difficult to find a higher specimen of scholarship than that given by the students of St. Francis Xavier's. It has taken the lead, and I am quite sure that it will not be jealous if some other college strive to outdo even its splendid success.

Litany of the Blessed Virgin.—The Litany of the Blessed Virgin, at present recited daily by the Society throughout the world, was added to the Litany of the Saints in the dark days that preceded the Suppression of the Society. V. Rev. Father Lawrence Ricci (Epist. "De Causis Solatii," et de "Ferventi in Oratione Perseverantia") in 1761-'62 recommended that the Litany of Loretto should be recited daily to invoke the protection of the B. V. Mary against the impending storm. This custom continued up to the Suppression.—During the Suppression, the 2d Polish Congregation held in the year 1785, in answer to postulates urging the increase of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the B. V. Mary, decreed (Decr. viii.) that the prayer of the Sacred Heart should be added to the Litany of the Saints every day, and that on *Saturdays*, to the accustomed Litany of the Saints, should be prefixed the Litany of Loretto. The 5th Polish Congregation held in 1805, in answer to postulates for a still greater increase of devotion to the B. V. Mary, decreed (Decr. v.) that, to merit for the Society the special protection of the Mother of God, the Litany of Loretto should be recited not only on Saturday, but also on the eves and on the days of the solemn feasts of the B. V. Mary, namely the Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Visitation, Purification, and Assumption.

It is doubtless from this legislation of the two Polish Congregations and the recommendations of V. Rev. Fr. Ricci in the years before the Suppression and the additional motive of gratitude for favors received, that the custom arose in the new Society of reciting the same Litany daily. May we not, in fact, confidently assert that the wonderful preservation of the Society in Poland and its happy restoration throughout the world, was our Blessed Lady's answer to the earnest "Pray for us" coming from the hearts of so many of her children?—The introduction of the "Ave Maris Stella" into our night prayers dates as far back as the time of our V. Rev. Father General Claudius Aquaviva, 1581-1615. We find the 9th General Congregation, held in 1649 (Decr. vii.), praising the custom recommended by him of reciting the "Ave Maris Stella" or "Salve Regina" after the daily Litany of the Saints, and decreeing that, for the sake of uniformity throughout the Society, the "Ave Maris Stella," "Sub tuum præsidium" and "Defende quæsumus" shall be recited every evening.

Thus, our daily prayers in common to the Mother of God remind us of our joys and of our sorrows, and tell us of the tender devotion that every true Jesuit should have to the "Queen of the Society of Jesus."

Madagascar.—The great observatory is nearing completion.—The great organ for the cathedral of Tananarive has arrived and is being put up by Fr. Collin.—Great increase of students at the normal school.—There is a large number of lepers in the lazar-house of Ambohirovaka since the promulgation of the government order to relegate all lepers beyond inhabited districts. Mgr. Cazet, S. J., has lately given an eight days' mission to these unfortunate people.

Mexico.—Fr. Labrador, an account of whose imprisonment was published in our last number, was released on April 3d, after being confined eleven months.

Missouri Province.—The class specimens, which are called for by the lately adopted "Course of Studies," have been generally given of late in the various colleges of the Province. Many of the printed programmes, inviting the public to attend and giving the order of exercises, showed great taste, as well as a high standard of college work. These specimens stirred up emulation among the students, and at the same time brought our colleges favorably before the notice of the public.—Frs. Panken and Ponziglione have 27 Indian children in their mission school at St. Stephen's, Wyoming.

The Holy Family Church, Chicago, has been re-roofed with slate, and a new and satisfactory system of ventilation has been introduced. The interior of the vast edifice has been decorated with artistic elegance. A peculiarly rich and magnificent effect has been obtained by the mingled shades of terra cotta and gold that tinge the walls and ceiling. The lofty High Altar, built up to the Gothic roof, stands out conspicuously in softened white and gold from the darker background. Eleven life-size statues and innumerable smaller images of saints upon the altar diversify the imposing shrine, by the occasional glimpses of flesh color, or the irregular gleam of golden filigree work upon the vestures of the saints. In marked contrast to the delicate colors of the altar and its adornments, are the statues which garnish the pillars of the church. Much splendor is added to the general effect by the flaming gold of the vestments in which these images of the saints of the Society are arrayed. The massive frames have been removed from the Stations of the Cross, and those beautiful paintings, of no mean value from an artistic standpoint, show off to better advantage in the harmoniously colored borders painted around them on the wall. In a word, the Jesuit church in Chicago can now well be called, without fear of exaggeration, a magnificent temple of the living God. We have no doubt that it duly impressed the throngs who filled it during the mission, with a higher reverence for the Holy One to Whose honor it had been erected and adorned.

Creighton College.—Fr. Fitzgerald lectured to a crowded audience at St. John's Collegiate Church, Omaha, April 13, on "The Higher Harmony." The lecture was for the benefit of the Choir and Altar Society.

Detroit.—The handsome new college building will soon be ready for occupancy. We hope to give a description of it in our next number.—At the invitation of the Foley Guild, an association of Catholic students at the University of Ann Arbor, Fr. M. Dowling gave an instructive and popular lecture in the University Hall, on "The Wage-Worker." The lecture was enthusiastically received, and has been printed in pamphlet form.—Fr. Doonan gave a much appreciated course of Lenten sermons in our church.

St. Mary's has 15 students more than on the corresponding day last year. Two numbers of a college paper called the *Dial* have appeared. It is neatly printed, and its literary articles reflect credit upon the students. — Material improvements are constantly going on. The new infirmary has been elegantly furnished and thrown open for use. A new steam pump keeps the natatorium constantly supplied with fresh water; and a grand-stand erected on the ball field now shelters the patrons of the national game.

New Orleans Mission.—The College of the Immaculate Conception has 455 students; and St. Charles, Grand Coteau, 100, many of whom are weekly communicants. A parish school was opened in the latter place on Easter

Monday.—At Spring Hill College the boys number 128, an increase of 15 over last year. A retreat which was given to the students during Holy Week by Fr. Garesché proved an immense success. The commencement will be on the 24th of June. The change from September to October for the opening of schools has proved beneficial.—Fr. Downey, of Mobile, has just completed a Gymnasium for his Young Men's Sodality at the cost of \$2000. The Sodality is very flourishing, being composed of young men from all parts of the city. They approached the Holy Table in a body on Easter Sunday. The League of the Sacred Heart has 700 members.

Order of the German Crown.—The Emperor of Germany has conferred the Order of the German Crown on the illustrious orientalist, Padre Giovanni Bollig, of the Company of Jesus, who is Second Prefect of the Vatican Library. The insignia of the order were sent to Padre Bollig through the Secretary of State. In the letter accompanying the Order, the Emperor says that he confers the Order on the Rev. Padre in recognition of the courteous help which he has shown for many years to the Germans who come to study in the Vatican Library.—*London Tablet*, April 12, 1890.

Philadelphia, St. Joseph's College.—Our boys, seventy in number, are devoting themselves to study in a manner that causes surprise to their parents, and with results that are quite satisfactory to us. In size and appearance they make such a showing as to remove the prejudice apt to be excited by the term "free college." The first distinctive service in the church originating from the college was the solemn *Te Deum* on the last day of the year. His Grace the Archbishop was present. Fr. Murphy made a short address in explanation of the ceremony, tracing its origin back to the original Gesù at Rome, where the Pope, in the days of his freedom, never failed to be present. Fr. Villiger gave the students their retreat with good results. The occasion was made use of to establish the League of the Sacred Heart and the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. If all who presented themselves for admission to the college were accepted we would not have room enough, even in the first year, supposing that it were possible to supply a sufficient number of teachers. About one in every three was accepted on examination. Even when a boy passes that test, he must, by his application and his progress, show that he is willing and able to profit by the pains bestowed upon him. Several have been dropped from our list by failing to give this proof. The moral effect of this on the boys is good, and the teachers are relieved. The boys, as a class, are well disposed to piety, and many come in the expectation of studying for the priesthood. We may, I think, expect many applications for the Society. In point of talent they are not inferior to any students of ours in the Province, as far as we can judge. If the Catholic High School, about to be opened in September, is well conducted, it will withdraw from us a large number of applicants; but, even so, the city is large enough to fill both institutions.—*P. J. D., S. J.*

Ter-Centenary of St. Aloysius.—Fr. De Augustinis writes that great preparations are being made in Rome for a magnificent celebration of the Ter-Centenary Feast of St. Aloysius (1891), and invites the clients of St. Aloysius in the United States to observe this feast with befitting splendor.

Washington, Gonzaga College.—Fr. M. Noel gave the Lenten retreat to the students.—Fr. A. J. McAvoy conducted a fruitful retreat for men, from April 13 to April 20, in St. Aloysius' Church.—The Phocion Society will discuss the race problem at their annual public debate, Wednesday evening, June 11th.

Home News.—*Spring Disputation*, April 28 and 29, 1890.—*Ex Tractatu de Gratia Christi*, Mr. Curran, defender; Messrs. Kelly and Palermo, objectors. *Ex Tractatu de Eucharistia*, Mr. Hanselman, defender; Messrs. Cassilly and Flynn, objectors. *Ex Sacra Scriptura*, Mr. Klocker read a paper entitled "De Die Crucifixionis."

Ex Ethica, Mr. J. B. Smith, defender; Messrs. Singleton and Talbot, objectors. *Ex Psychologia*, Mr. Heitkamp, defender; Messrs. Conwell and M. Scott, objectors. *Ex Ontologia*, Mr. W. Brosnan, defender; Messrs. Neary and Duarte, objectors.—An illustrated lecture on "Coal-Tar Products" was given by Mr. P. O'Gorman, assisted by Messrs. L. Bashnal and J. Chamard.

Academies.—The following papers were read before the Academies during the past scholastic year:

SCIENTIFIC.

Cablegram—Delaney's Improvements.....	David H. Buel
Some Thoughts on Science.....	Terence J. Shealy
Aeronautics.....	Louis G. Bashnal
Science and Navigation.....	Thomas A. O'Malley
A Wonderful River in Microcosmos.....	John H. Lodenkamper

PHILOSOPHICAL.

The Agnostic Theory of Cognition.....	David H. Buel
Kant and his Critique of Pure Reason.....	Hermann J. Goller
The Atomic Envelope Theory.....	Aloysius F. Heitkamp
Is the Heart the Organ of the Sensitive Appetite?..	W. J. Talbot
Was Wordsworth a Pantheist?.....	Francis J. McNiff
A Modern Hierophant—Goethe.....	John H. Lodenkamper
Cardinal Newman's Doctrine of Causation...	Thomas M. Connell
Cicero as a Philosopher and Moralist.....	Michael J. Mahony
A Recent Plea for Synthetic Judgments a Priori.....	J. S. Downs
Idealism—Berkeley.....	T. A. O'Malley
The Dead-Lock in the Syllogism.....	W. J. Brosnan
French School of Pantheism, 1800-1850.....	A. Wenger
Time, a Philosophical Problem.....	M. A. Purtell
Final Causation.....	T. F. Brown
Intellectual Cognition.....	L. Taelman
The Elements of Certitude.....	J. A. Waters
The Genesis of Error.....	L. R. McLaughlin
The Oversoul!—Emerson.....	J. C. Burke
Animal Intelligence.....	M. Scott
The Characteristics of Truth.....	J. J. Nearey

Literary.—Fr. John A. Conway, evening professor of dogma, has a review in the May number of the *Catholic World*, entitled "Cardinal Gibbons' *Our Christian Heritage*," concerning which the editor of that magazine says:

"We call our readers special attention to this article, as well on account of its great intrinsic merit as of the importance of the work which it reviews."

Observatory.—Fr. Hedrick has completed the Observatory by adding a transit room alongside of the dome, and connected with it by a short passage. The room is twelve by sixteen feet. It and the dome are fitted up inside in oiled yellow pine wainscotting, and present a very neat appearance. There are two openings in the roof, one taking in the entire meridian, and the other, about forty-five degrees on either side of the zenith in the prime vertical.

The room is furnished with the usual equipment of transit instrument, sidereal clock, and chronograph. The transit instrument is by Kahler of Washington, and formerly belonged to Fr. Hagen, at Prairie du Chien. It has an aperture of three inches, and a focal length of thirty-four inches. It is fitted with a glass reticle, and a micrometer which may be used either in right ascension or declination. The lens is by Brashear of Allegheny, Pa., and is of the new Jena glass. The sidereal clock is by the Seth Thomas Clock Co., and has the means of breaking or making an electric circuit. The chronograph was made here by Mr. Henry De Laak, S. J. Its performance is excellent, quite as good as that of the chronographs of Saegmuller of Washington, or the other regular instrument makers. Its dimensions are about those usual in such instruments. For work in the meridian, the transit instrument is mounted on two piers after the usual manner of fixed instruments in the large observatories. For prime vertical work, it is mounted on a single pier by a portable iron mounting.

The Observatory is intended for the instruction of our scholastics in practical astronomy, and with the addition of these instruments it would be fully fitted to its purpose, if only the equatorial were of somewhat larger aperture, say, about six inches.

Parish.—Fr. E. A. McGurk, rector of Gonzaga College, gave his illustrated lecture, "Fabiola; or In the Days of the Martyrs," before a large audience, Sunday afternoon, May 18th.—An account of the Lenten mission will be found on page 253.
