WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XXIV., No. 2.

AN APOSTOLIC EXCURSION FROM SAN REMO INTO IRELAND.

A Letter from Father Moore.

Oratoire Catholique pour les Etrangers,
San Remo, Italy,
January 1, 1895.

My dear Father Gleeson,

P. C.

I read with great pleasure in the October issue of the Woodstock Letters the letter of a California brother about the Alaska Mission, and I thought that one from another Californian, toiling in a far distant portion of the Lord's vineyard, might not be altogether uninteresting. In some late numbers of the Roehampton "Letters and Notices" I tried to give an idea of the work Ours are doing on the Riviera from Cannes to Genoa. As you have no doubt seen what appeared there, I need not go over the same ground, but merely report progress in a few particulars. Here in San Remo we have had the satisfaction of seeing a beautiful new Oratory opened, where we can exercise our ministry on behalf of the strangers as well as the natives. It is, I assure you, a thing of beauty, but whether it will be a joy forever, I am not prophet enough to say. It is an enlargement of a votive chapel that stood in the grounds of the Villa d'Anvers, which had been left unused for a long time. The Gothic style of the original chapel was retained, and the architect showed a good deal of genius in harmonizing the old part with the new so as to avoid the appearance of patchwork. The altar of white marble, with an altarpiece of
bronze gilt representing the Last Supper—Leonardo da Vin-
ci's—is one of the prettiest in San Remo. There are seven
stained glass windows in already, which were made in the
same establishment that furnished the windows for the new
German Reichstag in Berlin. Four of them are storied, the
subjects being, the First Communion of St. Aloysius, the
Holy Family, the Annunciation, and the Raising of Lazarus
from the Dead. You may be surprised at this last, so I rise
to explain that it was selected as an appropriate subject on
account of the tradition, current from time immemorial, that
St. Mary Magdalene and St. Lazarus, when on their way to
Marseilles, landed here where the little brook that flows by
the grounds falls into the sea.

According to the last returns there were 17,000 visitors
in San Remo during the six winter months of 1893-94, an
increase of 5000 on the preceding year. This shows that
San Remo is rising in favor, in spite of the assertion we hear
repeated, that the day of the Rivera is gone, now that Eng-
lish enterprise is opening up Egypt and Cyprus as health
resorts. During the past year considerable addition was
made to the hotel accommodation, and work was pushed
forward on a large sea wall to enlarge the harbor in prepa-
ration for a revival of the commerce of the town. A century
ago San Remo had a fair trade, which was completely de-
stroyed when Napoleon took away its eighty-four vessels for
his Egyptian expedition. After the battle of the Nile they
remained in the hands of the British, who held them as
tenaciously as they held their own. Prospects are bright-
ening now that a new line of railway is nearing completion
that will put us in direct communication with the fertile
plains of Piedmont. The engineers are at present striving
to overcome the difficulties they are encountering at Col di
Tenda, between this and Cuneo, where the veins of water
they tap under the mountain seriously interfere with the
tunnelling. When that railway is open, we can reach Turin
in about three hours and a half, or half the time it takes by
the present route by Savona and Bra. San Remo will then
be one of the most accessible places for all the houses in the
province of Turin, and perhaps will be made the seat of
government.

You probably know that we had a fine church and col-
lege here in the town up to the time of the Suppression, and
afterwards for ten years preceding the troublous times of
1848. Ours in the former period were well provided with
this world’s goods, if we may judge from the grand country-
house and olive-yards belonging to the college, which are
still to be seen on the hills between Ospidaletti and Colle di
Rodi, about two miles away. The names of those two places, one down on the sea shore and the other up on the crown of the hill, recall the memory of the Knights of Rhodes who had a station there. I visited our old property some time ago and found everything in a very dilapidated state. There are twenty-four rooms in the house, and attached to it is a neat little chapel with an altar of colored marbles, the gift of a benefactor. Some old paintings of Jesuit saints are still to be seen on its walls, as well as a handsome one of the Immaculate Conception over the altar. This last is the work of our famous lay brother artist, Andrea Pozzo, whose Studies in Perspective, you may be interested to learn, was purchased by Santa Clara College. It is protected from the damp by a glass door. Two pearl necklaces are hanging about the neck of the picture, the history of which I failed to learn. The people who own the property at present are of the same family as that into whose hands it passed at the time of the Suppression. Although very valuable it does not seem to have brought prosperity to its new proprietors, for on every side you witness nothing but the marks of ruin and decay. A few garden flowers run wild, broken walls looked down upon by some tall, sombre cypresses which seem to mourn over the days that are gone, where many a spirited game of boccie was played about them when they were mere striplings, are all that remain of the once well kept pleasure grounds. By a little stretch of your imagination, you can accompany in spirit the fathers and scholastics of those days on their excursions over the olive-clad hills, up amid the oaks, the chestnuts and the pines, to the rock that guarded the relics of San Romolo till their removal to Genoa, and on farther still to the summit of Monte Bignone, said to afford one of the finest sights in Europe. It is one that has to be seen to be appreciated. The summit can be reached from San Remo by a fine bridle-way in about four hours on foot, and certainly it repays the fatigue of climbing more than four thousand feet up the steep mountain side, to behold the panorama that stretches out in every direction. You have the snow-capped Alps to the north, among which you can discern here and there the fortifications upon which United Italy is spending vast sums of money to protect itself from France. To the south you see the mountains of Corsica and the two small islands of Elba and Caprica. Looking up the coast your eye rests in turn upon Mentone, Monte Carlo, Monaco, the Isles of Lerins, Cannes, Hyeres, Toulon, and Marseille far away in the distance. Looking in the opposite direction you have spread out before you all the earth-
AN APOSTOLIC EXCURSION

quake-riven coast of Liguria, where the terrible visita-
tion of 1887 played such havoc. The town of Bussana,
neat at hand, was so ruined that it was totally abandoned,
and now presents the aspect of another Pompeii. The new
town is built about a mile away, where a grand new votive
church of the Sacred Heart is nearing completion. The
people of another little town called Baiardo, just at the foot
of Monte Bignone, had just left the church to accompany a
funeral on that fateful Ash Wednesday morning, when the
vaulted roof came down with a crash; thus they escaped the
death that overtook forty poor people from the same cause
in the church of Castellaro on the hill yonder, near the shrine
of the Madonna of Lampedusa and overlooking the valley
of Saggia. Was it more than a mere coincidence that the
burning of the opera house at Nice, the collision of the
two passenger trains between Monte Carlo and Mentone,
and the great earthquake of '87, all attended with such loss
of life, occurred during the time that is so desecrated in
those parts by the carnival orgies? Before leaving Monte
Bignone I wish to point out to your scientific gaze the pic-
turesque little town of Perinaldo, the birthplace of the famous
Cassini, who traced the meridians in the church of San Pe-
tronio in Bologna, and whose family supplied astronomers
for three generations to the observatory of Paris. There
are many other points of interest, which I must hold over
for a more favorable occasion, and pass on to tell you of my
trip to Ireland to help in giving retreats during the months
of July and August.

I gladly accepted the offer to go on this apostolic excur-
sion, as otherwise I should have had to stay grating on rusty
hinges in San Remo, enduring a sweltering heat and other
inconveniences needless to mention. It gave me, moreover,
an opportunity to renew the acquaintance of my California
brothers at Chieri and to see the noble city of Turin, from
which Chieri is distant about an hour by rail. Chieri is
a compact, well built little place, with many fine mansions
that were once inhabited by the nobility when the court was
held in Turin. Although such a small place, there are many
fine churches and places of historic note which deserve a
passing mention. The house where Venerable Cottolengo
died, where St. Aloysius' mother lived, and the font in the
cathedral where Father Perrone was baptized, were pointed
out to me in turn; but I missed seeing one of the most re-
markable things to be seen in the town, to wit, the cineture
preserved in the church of the Dominicans, with which the
angels bound St. Thomas Aquinas. It is said that when a
portion of it was submitted to a chemical analysis, it was
found to be composed of a substance different from any we have knowledge of. It is very difficult to get into the house sanctified by St. Aloysius, since it is now tenanted by nuns of the strictest enclosure. There is a little chapel there formed out of a cellar beneath the staircase, whither the young saint used to retire to take the discipline. Our house at San Antonio belonged to us in the Old Society, and is singular in this that it shelters the largest community of Ours in Italy, one hundred and twenty all told, and has under its roof all the machinery, if I may so call it, of the Society, from the novitiate to the tertianship. Chieri is well furnished with religious houses still, but it was much better off before successive revolutions upturned things. At one time there were as many as seventeen novitiates of religious orders and congregations in it. How long we are destined to remain in peaceful possession of our old home we cannot foresee. It may be for a year and it may be forever. The house is at present nominally owned by the two American Fathers, Conway and Brett, of the Maryland–New York Province. We may live to see the day when Uncle Sam's protection will be as a broken reed, if you let the A. P. A. get the upper hand. Should that come to pass, you may see yourself put on a par with Ours in many parts of Europe, and see yourself expelled from house and home once or twice in a lifetime. That experiment has hitherto been wanting to our training in the United States. Like many other things, it is nothing when one is used to it. Nothing shows so well the recuperative power of the Society, that enables it to pull itself together again after even the greatest smash up, whereas some other religious orders become, as it were, paralyzed by the ordeal.

After a pleasant day at Chieri I went on to Turin, where I saw much that interested me. You may be aware that we had two fine establishments there prior to '48. One was the church and college dei Martiri, and the other the Regio Collegio Convitto del Carmine. Both are gone from us, but our fathers of the residence in the Via Stampatori exercise their ministry still in our beautiful old church, where our friend Count de Maistre lies buried. Not far from it is another handsome church that formerly belonged to the Oratorians, which has an interest for us on account of a prediction made by Blessed Sebastian Valfre, who, it is said, ordered the architect who was drawing up the plans for it, to build it on large lines, since it would one day pass into the hands of the Jesuits who have need of large churches. We have at present in the city a fine college for boarders and day-scholars, with about three hundred pupils, passing
under the name of the Instituto Sociale. Turin is somewhat like an American city in as much as nearly all its streets are at right angles. It has an improvement that might well be adopted elsewhere in having the sidewalks under arcades, and, moreover, some of the streets are roofed over with glass, somewhat after the style pictured in *Looking Backward*. So you see that Europeans are not altogether so much behind the age as some would have you fondly believe. While I was in Turin the news came that President Carnot had been assassinated by an Italian at Lyons, and naturally it caused a great sensation. I was advised therefore to continue my journey by the St. Gothard route so as to avoid passing through France, but as I had already taken my Cook's ticket I boarded the train for Paris, via Mont Cenis. There were very few passengers bound for France, and when we arrived at Modane, the frontier station, I heard a lady repeatedly expressing aloud her surprise that the French customs officers were not "nawsty," as she had feared. When we went a little farther, several trains passed us bound for Italy, crowded with Italian peasants who were seeking the safety of their native soil. After a seventeen hours' journey from Turin, I arrived in Paris in time to say Mass in our church in the Rue de Sèvres. The sacristan selected for me the altar of the Japanese Martyrs, before which our five Martyrs of the Commune lie buried. When the Masses are over for the day the slabs covering their remains are strewn with palms, but no ex-votos are allowed. If you want to see them you have but to ascend to Père Olivant's room where you will find a most interesting collection of memorials. A very elegant monument has been lately erected to the memory of the same saintly father in the church near his tomb. While in the sacristy I noticed an ingeniously constructed trophy made of the shells the Prussians fired into our premises during the night of January 8–9, 1871. A little statue of St. Joseph is enshrined in a niche on top, formed by the half section of a conical shell that broke exactly in two. Having a few hours to wait before starting for London, I paid a visit to the Madeleine to see where the Anarchist got hoisted by his own petard a few months before. The shattered woodwork and glass about the doorway yet remained to indicate the spot. Returning I passed by the Champs Elysées where a most orderly crowd of Parisians were patiently awaiting their turn to pass into the chapelle ardente to see the body of the president lying in state.

I travelled to London by the Dieppe-Newhaven route, and on the way I fell in with a lot of young Americans re-
turning after “doing” Europe. Their esteem for American institutions evidently was not a whit lessened by the experience. One of them kindly took me into his confidence and gave me the benefit of his opinions, but he became considerably less demonstrative when, after a while, I let him know I had spent fifteen golden years in the United States, and had seen a good deal more of Uncle Sam’s domain than he had.

In London I stopped to say Mass and afterwards was glad to make the acquaintance of the Rector of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., with whom I visited our new college at Wimbledon. Our fathers have secured there one of the most eligible sites about London for a college. It is only in its infancy as yet, with an attendance of about fifty, but it bids fair in time to become the centre of a Catholic population. With a view to this the fine new church, in which Father Morris met his untimely death a year ago, was begun. In the evening I boarded the Irish Mail at Euston, and arrived in Dublin in the morning, well tired out with three nights’ continuous travel from Turin. After a few days’ rest I got my programme of five retreats of eight days each to be given, with the intermission of a day or two between each, within the months of July and August. The demand for retreats last year exceeded that of preceding years, a proof that the Spiritual Exercises are not losing their popularity, and, as all could not be satisfied, a selection was made of the larger communities. One hundred and seventy were given in all during the two months, which, taking into account that the number of fathers available for the work is considerably less than a hundred, involved pretty heavy work and the sacrifice by many of a well deserved vacation. At Lyons they managed things a little differently for the last few years. Last summer, for instance, they got together nine hundred nuns of the same congregation, and one father preached to them while it took eighteen to hear the confessions. There is not, perhaps, as much economy of labor in that plan as may appear at first sight, while it is not without its disadvantages.

The first place on my list was Enniskillen, a prosperous town of twelve thousand inhabitants about one hundred miles northwest of Dublin. It is built on an island in Lough Erne in the midst of charming scenery and many places of historical interest. There is the island of Devenish close by, where there are the ruins of an old monastery and a perfect round tower of cut stone seventy-two feet high. Should you ever go to Milford, Massachusetts, you will see a reproduction of this tower, which an old Irish priest from
Tipperary is building there. Within easy reach is Lough Derg, where you can go through St. Patrick’s Purgatory. Another little island, not so far away, was pointed out to me as the seat of one of the ancient Irish schools where Alfred, King of the West Saxons, received his education. He was quite a different personage from his great namesake the founder of Oxford. Enniskillen being in the Black North, as it is called, I made my first acquaintance there with Orangemen, and was in for the celebration of the twelfth of July and the commemoration of “the glorious and pious memory of the great and good King William.” It was a very tame affair, quite unworthy of the stirring past.

From Enniskillen I went down to the counties drained by the Suir and the Nore. Kilkenny you have probably heard of in connection with black marble, sea coal and quarrelsome cats, but it has many other things to interest one. It is and ever has been a very Catholic place, abounding with religious communities. We had a residence there in the Old Society, which you may yet see near the railway station. Not far from it is Kilkenny College, a Protestant grammar school, where Swift, Congreve, Bishop Berkeley, and many other distinguished men received their education. There is a fine old cathedral, now in the hands of the Protestants, where the stone chair of St. Canice, brought from his monastery of Aghavoe, is preserved. In the churchyard about it, is a magnificent round tower, which I was assured has no foundation, and still it stands erect though very narrow at its base and very high. Perhaps people now-a-days waste a good deal of energy and money in digging deep foundations that could be as well done without. Callan, eight miles away, is another place that would interest you. There seems to be scarcely a family there that has not some of its members in America, which is nothing extraordinary considering that one of the chief exports of Ireland are emigrants. Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Manogue of Sacramento, California, were born near it. Before the parish church there stands a stone cross commemorative of a mission conducted there in 1861 by some of our fathers. It evidently made a profound impression, for people talk of it yet and of the crowds that attended it. An old citizen of the place assured me that he came at midnight and pried up a window of the church to get in to make sure of hearing the sermon in the morning, and what was his astonishment to find the place already full. The closing night of the mission the father refused to preach and dismissed the congregation, he was so afraid of a catastrophe from the overcrowding. In the morning it was found that
his fears were not vain, for the gallery had sunk two inches under the superimposed weight of humanity. You probably remember how Father Bernard Maguire was troubled with the same fear the closing night of the great mission in the church of St. Ignatius, San Francisco, in 1881.

When I had time for a little outing there were the two Abbeys of Kells and Jerpoint in the neighborhood to be visited. They were magnificent places in their day, as their ruins plainly tell. Cromwell was the one who wrecked them. There seemed to me to be some truth in the remark I heard from a man at Jerpoint to the effect that “the Irish were a queer set in those days to let that scoundrel go through the country with a mere handful of men doing what he liked.” I noticed at both places a peculiar piece of masonry, resembling the flue of a fireplace, jutting out over the doorways, and I was told upon inquiry that they were for pouring down molten lead upon unwelcome visitors of the Cromwell stamp. At the scene of my next labors, at Cahir and Clonmel, there were other abbeys likewise ruined by him. There is no dearth of local historians who are ready at the slightest provocation to unfold the history of those beautiful old places, but some of their statements staggered my faith in the reliability of human testimony. You have in *Cromwell in Ireland*, by Rev. Dennis Murphy, S. J., a reliable account of the devastation wrought by that scourge during his nine months’ stay there. A few hours that I had between trains at Waterford, gave me an opportunity to take a look at the urbs intacta, as it was called. One who wants a good sample of the operativeness of Catholic faith and charity to-day in Ireland has but to visit Waterford and its numerous religious establishments. I visited with interest an old chapel in a by-street that was served by our fathers before the Suppression. The Jesuit emblems are there still, just as Father Power, S. J. left them a century ago, but the old paintings of our saints now adorn the parlor of the residence of the clergy of the cathedral. You see what an attractive country Ireland is after all. Father Edmund Hogan and Father Dennis Murphy have won great credit for themselves and the Society by the work they have done in bringing to light so much of its civil and religious history since the Reformation and before it. I see that Father Hogan has been nominated recently by the Lord Lieutenant to the Commission for the Publication of the Ancient Laws of Ireland. Who knows but that they may be turned to some practical use again before long?

I think you will agree with me by this time that this letter is in all conscience long enough, but you must let me
add a word about the success our colleges and students achieved again last year in the Intermediate and Royal University Examinations. Our premier college, Clongowes, although heavily handicapped during the year by sickness among the boys, came out at the head of the list above all the other colleges, properly so called, whether Catholic or Protestant. The credit of this repeated success I heard attributed to the prefect of studies, showing that after all it is not men so much as a man you need to manage a college or an army. Our other colleges forged well ahead during the year, as you may see from the published returns. The success of our scholastics at the Royal University has also been signal. No second rate business is tolerated there, so that when the time comes for the distribution of fellowships and posts of honor in the university, no invidiousness may be attached to Ours being appointed to them. Of course all this competition involves an amount of self-sacrifice and the hard and uncongenial work of endless “crams and exams” that modern education is resolving itself into. It weighs heaviest on the scholastics, who, after devoting several years to the drudgery, have to turn around and follow the ordinary course of studies afterwards. You may remember the moving terms in which our late Father General spoke, in one of his letters, of those of Ours who are working so hard in this way to win credit for the Society.

My visit to Ireland was brought to an end by making my own retreat with the community at Milltown Park, under the guidance of Father Cullen, the editor of the Irish Messenger. A few days afterwards, just as I was on the point of starting back to San Remo, I received a telegram from Father Provincial at Turin to go to Liverpool to meet Messrs. Bell and Foote arriving by the Lucania from New York. I went by the night boat and found our two Californians quite jubilant over the fact that they had crossed the Atlantic in the shortest time ever made by any Jesuit. At Paris we were joined by Mr. Brown from Woodstock, who was on his way to Ucles, and we had the pleasure of his company till our roads parted at Marseilles. We stayed a day at our college at Monaco, which we found almost deserted, since the faculty and students were away in vacation at Como, and only two old fathers and three or four young refractories remained at home to keep house. It may interest you to learn that henceforth the college boys are to be sent to these houses during the long vacations, which will be a mutual satisfaction to both teachers and boys. We were sorry we missed seeing Father Ferretti, who was out at Grasse with the Apostolic School boys at their villa.
When I was at the frontier station at Ventimiglia I received a compliment from an American Protestant minister which I had not expected. I volunteered my service to help him out of some difficulty he was in about his "baggage," and in return he assured me, in the kindest manner, that I spoke English very well for an Italian. When I entered a disclaimer, he pressed the compliment home by saying I looked very like one.

As I began with San Remo, I am going to end there and send you from it many good wishes for the New Year.

I am yours in Xt,

John Moore, S. J.

---

CHINA—THE PORTUGUESE MISSION OF MACAO.

A Letter from Mr. Hornsby.

Mission Catholique, Shanghai,
Dec. 14, 1894.

Rev. and Dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

Fr. Graça of the Macao mission has just published a neat little map of the different stations which our mission includes. I send a copy to R. Fr. Provincial, and I shall send copies also to Woodstock and to St. Louis and to other houses of America. The map is published under the title, "Mappa da Diocese de Macau," for our mission of Macao is territorially coextensive with the diocese. It includes four parts, but not all of equal importance. Two parts are in China, one in Indo-China, and the fourth, at the extremity of the Polynesian Archipelago. It is needless to add that for numbers, as well as for other reasons, the Chinese portions of the mission offer many more attractions to missionary zeal than do the remote provinces of the southern seas.

The missions of China cannot but appeal to a member of the Society, as well for their prosperity before the Suppression, as for the memory of the Society's great apostle, who died on a Chinese island, just when his zeal would have carried him to the evangelization of the empire. The Chinese missions of the old Society did not, it is true, demand the same heroism as did those of North America, nor had they the romance attached to the Utopian reductions of
South America, nor yet did they give to the Church and to
the Society such numbers of glorious martyrs as did the
missions of Japan and India. But the missions of China
had a glory of their own in the fact that it was by their
learning, that the missionaries established themselves in the
heart of the pagan empire, and proceeded thence to spread
the life-giving word of the gospel to the most distant prov-
inces. From the time of Fr. Schall, before the Tartar con-
quest, to Fr. Hallerstein, who died suddenly upon hearing
of the Society's suppression, a Jesuit presided over the board
of mathematics at Pekin, and during all that period of a
hundred and fifty years, the powerful influence of the Jesuit
astronomer never ceased to be exerted in favor of mission-
ary interests.

There are at present two Jesuit missions established in
China: one of the province of France, which comprises the
vicariate-apostolic of Nankin, and is the largest and most
flourishing mission in China; the other of the province of
Champagne, which has a district in the North, not far from
Pekin. Our mission of Macao, which is still only a "missio
inchoata," has in China the districts around the Portuguese
colony, comprising a population of nearly a million, and the
large island of Hainam with a population of over two mil-
lions. If that should not seem enough to satisfy the zeal
of the numerous missionaries who are to cross the Pacific,
let me hasten to add that the Portuguese bishop of Macao,
and consequently our mission, has the right to the whole
province of Canton, which has a population of about forty
millions, rather than twenty as I stated erroneously in a for-
mer letter. Canton is now administered by a vicar-apostolic
of the Paris Foreign Missions, for the bishop of Macao
could not supply the province with missionaries.

On Fr. Graça's map the districts immediately around
Macao, which were reserved by our bishop, are colored dif-
ferently from the rest of the province of Canton. The por-
tion that is left uncolored constitutes the vicariate-apostolic
of Hong-Kong.

In the corner of the map of Timor, the plan of the little
peninsula of Macao is given. Macao is such a quaint little
old city and is so full of sacred memories for a Jesuit, that
it is worth coming to China just to see it. The site of old
S. Paulo is indicated. I think it may be questioned whether
any house of the old Society produced more martyrs, or
was the home of more illustrious missionaries, than the
college of S. Paulo. Father Alexander de Rhodes wrote
from Macao in 1623, that up to that time S. Paulo had been
the home of ninety-seven glorious martyrs. Léon Pagés,
the French editor of St. Francis Xavier's letters, calls S. Paulo "that academy where martyrs were trained." It was the headquarters of the province of Japan, and most of the martyrs of Japan and of Cochin China had resided at S. Paulo. The beautiful church, which represents such a sad spectacle in its ruins, was designed by Blessed Charles Spinola, who resided there about two years. The old doorway of the college still remains, near the foot of the magnificent granite steps leading up to the church, and inside the door the stone stairway of the college is still used to mount to the level of the little houses, which occupy the site of the old college. What was once the college yard, beneath the ramparts of Monte Fort, is now used as a secluded tennis court.

In our seminary of S. José, which was the headquarters of the vice-province of China, we have the relics of numerous martyrs. The fathers of S. Paulo used to preserve the relics of those who died for the faith in Japan and Cochin China, and after the Suppression, when the church was burnt, the relics, together with the silver ornaments of the altars, were taken to the cathedral. The bishop very kindly gave us back the relics last summer, on the occasion when he restored to our mission what is, I believe, the largest and most precious relic of St. Francis Xavier outside of Goa and Rome. We have also, beneath the altar of our domestic chapel at S. José, the authentic remains of Frs. Anthony Henriquez and Tristam d'Atemis, who were martyred together at Soo-Chow, China, in 1748.

We must not leave Macao without casting a glance at Ilha Verde. It is not strictly an island now, for there is a dyke and a beautiful road, as seen in the plan, connecting it with the city. Green Island was the villa of old S. Paulo, and it was in the possession of the fathers as early as 1600. It was described by the old missionaries as a charming spot, with its huge bowlders, its refreshing spring, its verdure and its shady trees. The bowlders and the spring still remain, but many of the trees, it seems, have disappeared, and the island does not appear quite so charming as the descriptions might lead one to anticipate. It is now in the possession of the seminary, and the boys go there often to spend the day and dine under the trees.

The island of Sancian, or San-chão as the Portuguese write it, may be seen on the map of Canton. It is only about sixty miles down the coast from Macao. As may be seen in "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," and in other writings of our old missionaries, Sancian has always been a place of touching and enthusiastic devotion for Jesuits who
come to these parts. The last Jesuit who visited it was Fr. Rondina, a missionary in Macao about thirty years ago, and at present on the staff of the Civiltà Cattolica. An interesting account of his visit may be seen in the Lettres de Laval, Oct. 1866, and an illustrated description of the island is given in the Missions Catholiques of 1886.

As I have mentioned Fr. Rondina, I may add that the mission which he and his companions were to have founded in Macao did not succeed, owing to the hostility of a certain vicar-general who administered the diocese in the vacancy of the see. Our fathers, however, during the few years that they were there, endeared themselves much to the people of Macao, and Rev. Fr. Superior assured me, that we are now enjoying the fruits of their reputation and of the edification which they gave in the city. One of Fr. Rondina's companions was a certain Fr. Cahill of the Irish Province, who is now I believe in the mission of Australia. He is particularly remembered by the Macaese for having preached in Portuguese before he had been in the city one year.

Our principal mission is to be in Hainam. Before saying anything about Hainam, I must do what everybody who writes on China does, quote from Fr. Duhalde. All travellers, and even consuls in their reports, English as well as French, quote from Fr. Duhalde, and when they do not quote from him, they frequently give what he says without quoting. For Fr. Duhalde's "China" is one of those monumental works of the old Society, which seem to have been written with the special purpose of leaving nothing to be said after them. "This island," says Fr. Duhalde, "besides all the fruits found in China, produces large quantities of sugar, tobacco, and cotton. Indigo is abundant there. If to these be added the produce of areca nuts, of rattan and of different kinds of fish caught on that coast, and dried and salted for transport, it will not be surprising that the trade of Canton brings to the island every year twenty or thirty junks of considerable size; and it will not be difficult to admit Hainam, for its size and its wealth, among the most important islands of Asia." Fr. Duhalde also states that the vessels of the English East India Company frequently touched at the ports of the island. At present, besides the large junk traffic, there is a regular line of steamers connecting Hainam with Hong-Kong, an important port of Cochín China.

In area Hainam is a trifle more than three times as large as Jamaica, while its population is a little over four times

(1) Father Cahill is now superior of the residence Manresa House, Hawthorn, Melbourne.—Ed. W. Letters.
that of the western island. There are two missionaries in Hainam at present,—a Portuguese and a Chinaman, both secular priests of the diocese of Macao. About twenty years ago the island was under the vicar-apostolic of Canton. I think a few sentences from an English consul's report of an exploring visit to the island will be of interest in this connection. At a village called Lingshanshe, "I found," he says, "the Rev. Michel Chagot in a small one-roomed cottage on the side of a farm. The little orphans that he had collected together read Chinese before me and I heard them reciting responses in the chapel. His district was the western half of the north of the island, while the eastern half was under the control of a second French missionary. The two met only once every three months. The Roman Catholic mission to Hainam dates so far back as A. D. 1630, when a Portuguese Jesuit of the name Benoit de Mathos established a church in Kiung-Chow city. He was succeeded by other Jesuits, Portuguese, French, Italian, and German. After the Suppression of the Jesuits the Christians were for a long time deprived of missionaries. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the bishop of Macao sent some Chinese priests. In 1849 these priests were replaced by French missionaries, the first of whom was so badly beaten by the people that he died of his wounds. I stayed the night with the worthy priest, and partook of his humble fare. "Humble it was indeed, and great must be the faith that impels a man to desert the comforts of civilized life for such a state of wretchedness!"

The consul's sketch of the island's missionary history was most probably supplied him by his host. I have a valuable manuscript of Fr. Pfister, which gives an accurate account of every missionary of the old Society who labored in China. The researches of the same Fr. Pfister were recently commended in a circular of Very Rev. Fr. General, requesting material for the history of the Society. The details of the opening of the mission of Hainam, as given by Fr. Pfister, are not without interest.

In 1631 a Chinese Christian, named Paul Wong, passed through Macao on his way to Hainam, his native island. He was the son of the mandarin who first introduced Fr. Ricci to the court of Pekin. As Paul was a person of importance in his island, he desired to use his influence to spread the gospel among the islanders, who had not as yet had a missionary amongst them. He applied for a missionary to Fr. Pameiro, then visitor of the province of Japan and of the vice-province of China. His request could not be granted at once, but in the following year Fr. Peter Mar-
quez and Brother Dominic Mendez were sent to open the mission. There seems to be some doubt as to the identity of Fr. Marquez, but Fr. Pfister says that he was a native of Nangasaki, and the son of a Portuguese merchant and a Japanese lady of a noble Christian family. He entered the Society in Macao, as did also his brother, Fr. Francis Marquez, who was afterwards martyred in Japan. Brother Mendez, a Chinaman, was given to Fr. Marquez as a companion, because the father himself, having been a missionary in Japan and Cochin China, did not know the Chinese language. A number of Chinese were admitted into the Society by the old missionaries, but their nationality is masked by the Portuguese names given them in the catalogues.

The missionaries were received in Hainam and established at the capital by the zealous Paul, and the good work began with his own household. At Easter he had all of his family, including a large number of servants and dependents, solemnly baptized. As Fr. Marquez was ignorant of the language, the mission did not make much progress until Fr. Mathos, mentioned above in the consul's sketch, was sent to the island. He was a missionary of much zeal and activity; he gained the friendship and esteem of the mandarins, and opened missions in three towns besides the capital. In one place nearly all of the inhabitants of the town were converted. When the empire was thrown into confusion by the Tartar invasion, Fr. Mathos was forced by a persecution to retire to Macao. He left a zealous native catechist in the island, who, after accomplishing much good among the abandoned Christians, was poisoned by some bonzes in hatred of the faith. So great had been the results of the good missionary's zeal, that when the mission was reopened in 1655, three thousand Christians were found in the island.

In the interior of Hainam, besides the tigers which occasionally attack Hong-Kong sportsmen, and the monkeys described by Fr. Duhalde and by recent travellers, there is a race of uncivilized but harmless aborigines. They sometimes come down the mountains to trade with the Chinese, but the English consul quoted above, who visited the island in 1872, says that the "Lee," as the Chinese call them, are very shy and shun intercourse with strangers. No missionary, as far as I know, has ever penetrated among the "Lee." They are not numerous as compared with the Chinese population, and their mountain houses are not easy of access.

Such is the island which, we hope, is to be the scene of our labors. As Fr. Graça says, we need not expect to extend our mission to the province of Canton. We may leave
that great field to the good French fathers, who are established there already. If we can succeed in founding a good mission in Hainam, it will be as much as can be expected of the first fathers of the present mission of Macao. Even to accomplish that in a manner at all satisfactory, the Lord of the harvest must be prayed to send laborers into his harvest. Where are the laborers to come from? Fr. Graça says that we who are here need not be solicitous about those who are to come, but I do not agree with him entirely; for if we do not make known the needs of the mission, we cannot expect that many will double the peninsula of India or cross the broad Pacific, to come to the succor of the poor pagans of Hainam. The province of Portugal is not large, and besides Macao, it has a part of the Zambesi and a mission in India. Zambesi has many vocations from various provinces, because it is well known. Is it too much to hope the same for Hainam, if once its needs be known?

Singapore and Malacca form one part of the map, for the bishop of Macao has one or two parishes in each of these cities. It is not probable, however, that Ours will be engaged there, as the missions are entrusted to the Paris Foreign Missions. The Polynesian isle of Timor, or rather the Portuguese part of the island, is also included in the diocese, though from Macao to Timor it is a nine days voyage on the Hong-Kong and Australian steamers. The portion of the island which is not Portuguese is a Dutch colony, and our fathers of the Holland province have there a missionary station. The Portuguese portion is not materially developed and the whole population does not exceed eighty thousand. The bishop has a number of missionaries there, and it is not probable that our sphere of action will extend so far away from China. Hainam is for us,—Hainam with its Chinese and its aborigines, and its memories of once flourishing missions!

I recommend to Your Reverence's holy sacrifices and prayers the future mission of Hainam and

Your Reverence's humbly in Christ,

W. Hornsby, S. J.
CHINA.—OUR MISSION AT SHANGHAI.

(Extracts from a letter of Fr. Celestin D. Frin.)

Yang-King-Pang,
St. Joseph's Church, Shanghai, China,
January 24, 1895.

Rev. and dear Father P. C.

We (that is, five Jesuit fathers) embarked at Marseilles for Shanghai on the 28th of last October. During our voyage we encountered many novel and interesting scenes. At Alexandria, we saw the beautiful college belonging to our fathers; between Port Said and Aden lay a tract of desolate country; further on, our attention was drawn to the luxuriant vegetation of Ceylon and Singapore with their varied and unsightly specimens of humanity; at Saigon, we found a town entirely French, together with a solid and substantial church built among the Annamites; an immense counting-house and the arrival and departure of the ships of every nation of the globe excited our interest at Hong-Kong. At length, after a most prosperous trip during which only two little incidents occurred to cause alarm, namely, the forcing of a connecting rod in the machinery, and our encounter in the Suez Canal with a large wreck which delayed us a day, we landed at Shanghai on the 4th of December, having been on sea thirty-six days. The Reverend Superior General of the mission together with about forty fathers awaited us on the quay in the midst of a vast surging crowd of Chinese, interspersed with a handful of Europeans, who were wholly lost in the general mass.

On the day of our arrival and during the following three days, each one of our houses wished to have its day to feast us, and, between times, to metamorphose us into Chinese. But, on the night of our first day in China, our Reverend Father Superior took me aside to inform me that I had been expected, that I should have to preach in English on the following Sunday, that he had appointed me to give retreats to two communities (this being a pressing affair, as the date fixed for these retreats had already passed), and, finally, that
while discharging the ministry in the Church for the European portion of the congregation, I should have to attend a convent near the residence in which there are 300 inmates, comprising boarders and orphan girls. Such, in general terms, is effectively my portion here, which, as you see, is by no means a sinecure. Not being fatigued by the voyage, I set to work immediately after arriving, and I have been so wholly absorbed up to the present that every other care had to be laid aside.

Out here I found a well established Mission, such a one as, no doubt, has few equals in Pagan countries. But first, about Shanghai. I regret my not having at hand a small map to send you, for it is a city of some 400,000 or 500,000 souls, and although it is five leagues from the sea, it is a port of the first order, the fourth or fifth of the world, it is said, in commercial importance. It is situated on the Wang-Pau, a small stream which flows into the Yang-Tse-Kiang at the very mouth of that great river. Ascending this tributary, we find on our right along a stretch of two leagues the European Settlements or "Concessions," as they are called. These form an Anglo-American city in front of and on the side of the Chinese city. There more than 100,000 Chinese live under the rule of 5000 or 6000 foreigners, who have their own administration, police, laws, etc. One would almost imagine himself in an American city. The American Concession is the first that we meet and the one where the least traffic is done, owing to its distance from the commercial centre. Then comes the English Concession which is fairly well laid out; finally, there is the French Concession, the most lively of all, not on account of the Frenchmen, who number only a few hundred at the most, but on account of its proximity to the Chinese section, and also because it has the best wharves for shipping. Along these Concessions extends the real port for international commerce. Here there is ceaseless bustle and motion and packets and merchantmen, forming all together one fleet carrying all the flags of the world, and ever loading or unloading, coming in or going out.

A little further up the Wang-Pau, we meet with a veritable forest of masts. These are fishing craft and transportation vessels floating about the waters, together with a goodly number of government men-of-war bristling with cannon. All these are typically Chinese in appearance and importance and are ranged alongside the Chinese section of the city. This occupies an area which is by no means in proportion to the numerous population, owing to the fact that the streets
are very narrow and that, in general, each family lives and multiplies in a single room. In this manner, large numbers require but small space for habitation.

Our establishments here are summed up in the following order: (1) In the English Concession, where the greater number of Catholics are natives of Macao, the church of the Sacred Heart and St. Francis Xavier's College with a commercial course. (2) In the French Concession, the residence of Shanghai (Yang-King-Pang) with a sufficiently handsome church and a Chinese school. (3) In the Chinese city, but outside of the fortified circuit, the cathedral and the Little Seminary (Tong-Koi-Dou). (4) Within the walls, the church of the Immaculate Conception and a Chinese school. (5) Lastly, two leagues beyond the city, and joined to the port by a fine road constructed by the French during the Tonkin war, is the large village of Zi-Ka-Wei, where we have the Great Seminary, the scholasticate, the novitiate and tertianship, a good college, an observatory, a museum of natural history, and an orphanage with an excellent printing-house. It is the most important establishment of the whole mission and the usual residence of the Bishop and of the Superior General, as also of 57 fathers and brothers of the Society. If you add to this number the 27 fathers and brothers occupied in the other houses above mentioned, you will find altogether 88 of Ours at Shanghai alone.

The Province of France has 183 members actually engaged out here. Of these, 121 are fathers, 34 scholastics and 28 brothers. Besides, there are 18 Chinese secular priests and 9 ordinandi; Brothers of Christian Instruction at the College of Hong-Keu; a large number of catechists and Presentation Sisters, who aid our fathers in the districts by instructing catechumens and taking charge of schools, orphanages and pharmacies; a convent of Carmelites at Shanghai; and two important establishments kept by the Helpers of the Holy Souls, numbering respectively 300 and 550 pupils (or “mouths,” as the Chinese express it). Besides there is a whole world of Presentandines in formation, of orphan girls, etc., who learn here all the trades, even the weaving of silken and golden cloth, the knitting of fine embroidery and the fabrication of ornaments. Such in detail are the resources at the disposal of the mission for the conversion of the Chinese and the conservation of Christianity in Kiang-Nan.

The province of this name, divided to-day into two provinces and constituting our field of labor, contains no less
than 60,000,000 souls. Here are the official figures for the last year (July 1893-'94):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Figures</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Christian Communities</td>
<td>739</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christians</td>
<td>106273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catechumens</td>
<td>9642</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baptized (In articulo mortis)</td>
<td>653</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baptized (Adults)</td>
<td>949</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baptized (Dying Pagan children)</td>
<td>32153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confessions (Easter season)</td>
<td>70851</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schools for boys</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schools for girls</td>
<td>414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pupils (Chris'n boys and girls)</td>
<td>9800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pupils (Pagan boys and girls)</td>
<td>2844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teachers (male)</td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teachers (female)</td>
<td>521</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pupils (Chris'n boys and girls)</td>
<td>9800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pupils (Pagan boys and girls)</td>
<td>2844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teachers (male)</td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teachers (female)</td>
<td>521</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

You will perhaps find that the progress made is very slow, considering the means at hand. Such, however, as it stands, it is, comparatively speaking, very satisfactory, when we remember that we are dealing with China.

According to the report of our fathers, and as I already knew, the real China is a body without a soul, a sort of mummy, a broken down machine, the springs of which are worn out and which will no longer go except by motion acquired from without. From a religious standpoint, without concerning ourselves much about Buddha or Confucius, the Chinese are shut out from Christianity, and this, because it comes from the outside world, because they themselves are essentially a people of routine, above all because their Emperor, Mandarins, the Literati and all those who possess influence among them, instead of giving them the example or leaving them free, bear us a most satanic hatred. Everywhere I find the deep-seated conviction that China will never receive any serious damage as long as it retains its actual organization, that is to say, as long as it remains China. This organization rests essentially on the Literati, from whom the Mandarins and magistrates, from the highest to the lowest, must of necessity be chosen. Now these Literati are corrupt, venal, stupidly proud, unfit for anything, and withal rabidly opposed to everything foreign, and especially to our religion. This class is the bane of the country. Having secured their positions by the outlay of money, they see in them but the means of making money. Everything is seized upon as a pretext for grinding down the poor people. In all contests for office, victory is in favor of the highest bidder; proper qualifications count for nothing. From the highest to the lowest, each one thinks of how to swell his purse, and nobody has the slightest idea about patriotism. Besides this, old fashioned methods are in vogue, there is not a man to come to the rescue, and disorder prevails everywhere. The Japanese understand the situation; seeing that the pear is ripe they
have come to pluck it. Nothing in China will put a check to their success.

And the fathers? how do they view the present happenings? Holding it for certain that China, as long as it remains as it is, will never be converted, they see in the events now transpiring a stroke of Divine Providence which can give this huge body a shock that will annihilate these Literati, turn the popular sentiment into another channel, and thus prepare the way for a most fruitful apostolate. It is obvious that these people must some day open their eyes to the incompetency of the dominant class, and bring them into discredit forever. These in turn will have to submit to the conditions of the victors, and the latter, watched over by European fleets, must needs show themselves favorable to western civilization. In brief, we are anticipating a terrible time in the event of a decisive defeat of these tyrannical Literati; but, to my knowledge there is no one among us who does not expect a great deal from the final result.

In the meantime we have nothing to fear here at Shanghai, being under the protection of the French, and even of the European ships. In the interior there has been some commotion, and night attacks have occurred, sometimes attended by pillage and incendiarism; but nothing very serious has come out of it except that the Mandarins, under the wholesome influence of fear, have shown themselves more than ordinarily well disposed.

I remain, in union with your holy sacrifices,
Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

C. D. FRIN, S. J.
Rule 27.—*In prælectionibus veteres solum aucores, nullo modo recentiores explicentur.*

*Multum autem proderit, si Magister non tumultuario ac subito dicat, sed quæ domi cogitasse scripserit, totumque librum vel orationem quam pra manibus habet ante perlegerit.*

*Forma autem prælectionis haec ferme erit:*

*Primum, totam continentem pronunciet, 1592. nisi aliquando in 1832.—nisi longior esse debeat.*

*Secundo, brevissime argumentum exponat et connexionem, ubi erit opus, cum iis quæ antecesserant.*

*Tertio, unamquamque periodum prælegens, siquidem Latine interpretetur, obscuriores explanet, unam alteri neclat, ac sententiam non quidem inepta metaphrasi, unicuque verbo Latino alterum verbum Latinum reddendo, sed eandem sententiam (1832 addit: siquidem sit obscurior) apertioribus phrasibus declarando, apertiat. Si vero vulgi sermonе, servet, quoad fieri potest, collocationem verborum: sic enim numero assuescunt aures.*

*1599. — Quod si vulgare idiomа non patitur, prius ad verbum fere omnia, postea ad vulga consuetudinem explicet. 1832.—Quod si sermo patrii us non patitur, prius ad verbum fere omnia, postea lingua vernaculа explicet.*

*Quarto, a capite recurrens, nisi malit ipsi explicatione inserere, observationes tradat cuique scholarе accommodatas. Quas vero excipiendas censuerit, quæ multæ esse non deberent, vel interrumpite inter explicandum, vel seorsim, prælectione jam habita, dícet. Utile autem solet esse, ut grammatici nihil scribant nisi jussi.*

The word prælection occurs very frequently in the Ratio and is applied to the Professor's teaching in the higher as well as in the lower Faculties. A synonym which is often
met with is lection: indeed, of the two terms this is, possibly, the one more often employed. Still other names are explicatio and interpretatio. They all indicate an item of our system which forms a pervading principle in it and is cardinal in the Ratio;—the explanation beforehand of every lesson which the pupil has to study. As the matter is technical, it may be permitted to imitate Father Hughes (Loyola, p. 233) and employ the Latin word in an English dress. The three rules, then, which are discussed in this paper treat of prelections.

The first sentence of Rule 27 is one of quite a large number of ordinations in the Society about the kind of author to be used. It prescribes that such author shall be of the ancient, by no means of the modern. The Renaissance and later writers are therefore excluded from our prelections. Why is this? Our holy Father St. Ignatius had written in his Constitutions (4. 5. 4.): “Sequantur in quavis facultate securiores et magis approbatam doctrinam et eos autores qui eam docent.” This is the origin of the Rule here laid down. Every Latin scholar admits that the ancients are safer guides to correct Latinity than their modern imitators could possibly be considered: it is taken for a thing evident on the face of it. Hence the ancient classics only are presented for study, as affording the more secure and approved matter of education.

Which of the ancient authors are meant by this general description? In the first Rule of the several classes we find the following names catalogued; Cicero, first and foremost and in every class in both Ratios; then, as secondary authors, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, Sallust, Caesar, Curtius, Livy; The New Ratio adds Nepos and Phaedrus. These for Latin. In Greek there are no fewer than nineteen writers mentioned: Demosthenes, Plato, Thucydides, Isocrates, Plutarch, Xenophon, Lucian, Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Phocylides, Theognis, Synesius, Æsop, Agapetus, Cebes, Lucian, along with Nazianzen, Basil and Chrysostom. Neither are these absolutely all, for we read at the end of the list of historians for Humanities: “Et si qui sunt similes.” A like phrase is found after the list of Greek authors for Suprema: hints which Juvencius (de Ratione Docendi, c. 2, art. 7) has made use of by adding some authors not named in the Ratio. See also Duhr, p. 2; Wagner, in Duhr, p. 76; Duhr, p. 435.

The principle laid down by St. Ignatius excluded the Latin Fathers also, as they are not mentioned in the Old Ratio for the lower schools, neither were their names inserted by the Committee on the New. This last added to the
whole list only the following authors: Nepos (Reg. Prof. Inf. 1), Phædrus (Reg. Prof. Inf. 1), Xenophon (Reg. Prof. Sup. 1), and Lucian (Reg. Prof. Med. 1). It, however, put quite a number of authors a grade lower in the course (compare the Old and New Ratios in Reg. Prof. Sup. 1, Med. 1, Inf. 1).

It was impossible, of course, to make any general list of classics in the vernacular: this work is enjoined on the Provincial for each Province (New Ratio, Reg. Prov. 34. 2). What could be done, however, was done; namely, it was ordered that the authors read in class should be of the same standing in their literature as the Latin and Greek writers set down (New Ratio, Reg. Com. Prof. Inf. 28. 2). Whatever language is taught, then, the texts explained should be the best that can be chosen from the literature, and these only.

It must be admitted that the exclusion of the moderns from the teaching in Latin and Greek has not had the effect of narrowing our studies to any one line or style of composition, for the above goodly array of names is not only amply sufficient to consume all the time devoted to our six years course, but is evidently fully capable of affording models for all kinds of writing.

The question which naturally arises next is, in what class do these authors come? Cicero, as has been said, is found prescribed first and prominently for every grade, beginning with his easiest letters in Infima, going on to harder and harder ones in Media and Suprema, passing on to the philosophical treatises and simpler orations in Humanities, ending in the orations unqualifiedly in Rhetoric. Cicero is consequently the main element of our preferences, taking up at least twice the class time and more than twice the home study that is given to the historians and poets together. After him, beginning, however, only in Media in the Old Ratio, come the poets, and, later still, the historians named.

The reason why Cicero is given such attention in our system is thus clearly stated by Fr. Couplet in a chapter every line of which is well worth study (Memoire, p. 49): "La raison et l'expérience nous montrent que le langage se ressent toujours de la source où il a été puisé: l'étude d'une langue n'est rien autre chose qu'une imitation... Il suit de là que le moyen le plus sûr et le plus prompt pour arriver à la perfection dans la science pratique d'une langue c'est de ne fréquenter que les personnes qui la parlent le mieux... Appuyés sur ces mêmes observations, nos Pères n'hésitèrent pas à donner pour modèle à leurs écoliers celui de tous les auteurs qui avait incomparablement mieux écrit et parlé la
This excellent commentator on the Ratio then proceeds to show why Cicero is insisted on in the very lowest class, adducing arguments in defence of the Jesuit plan which may be summed up in the clear and simple words of Sacchini (Parænesis, c. 7. 4): "Interest etiam a primis initis praecavere ne cui errori, neve locutioni barbaræ incultæque assuescant... Est providendum ut quidquid tum ediscant puræ sit candidæque Latinitatis." Read the similar recommendation in Quintilian (l. 2, c. 5). See also Wagner, in Duhr, p. 76, and notes on the Ratio Studiorum, p. 12.

Were all the books set down for each class supposed to be read every year? The answer is very simple: the Ratio believes in thoroughness; now, it is utterly impossible, in its system, to give in one year any correct idea of so many authors. The reasons for the extra names are the following.

They give scope for private home work by the boys. Thus Rochemonteix (La Flèche, vol. 3, p. 8) reports that not all the authors named in the college catalogue were used in class: some were meant for extra reading privately done by the students. The volumes were prepared, be it remarked in passing, for this purpose, having such aid in the way of notes and, in the case of Greek, a Latin translation, etc., as would render the task not disagreeably laborious.

Again, from so many authors now one, now another, or now one part, now another of the same author, can be chosen by the Professor, under the direction, of course, of the Prefect. In some Provinces, the choice was and is made a matter of Provincial regulation, it being determined that so many lines, or, better still, such an oration of Cicero, or such a book of Virgil, and so on, is to be seen each year. Still a better plan was that adopted very early in their history by some of the German Provinces. They framed for themselves a Catalogus Perpetuus, sketching exactly what was to be done in this regard in each of five or six years. What was seen the first year was different from the matter read the next, and the same author, wholly or in part, was never taken up again until the whole cycle of five or six years was run through. We have to thank Father Duhr for two specimens of these catalogues, one of 1604 (p. 1) and another of 1622 (p. 19).

The advantage of such a catalogue is threefold.

It forces the Professor to study continually, never allowing him to rely on last year's preparation. Classical scholars and literary men are thus constantly in process of formation and improvement.

Again, Professors are, after all, human and are exposed
to the danger of tiring of their work, if it always brings the same old pages to be plodded through over and over again year after year (Duhr, p. 20). The catalogue affords a relief by its variety.

Thirdly, wicked pupils cannot hand on to successors on the bench carefully prepared translations of the authors with the notes of the Professor all set down ahead of his explanation. In boarding schools especially this evil is likely to gain ground and prove a nuisance. Father Kingdon bore testimony to the practice at Stonyhurst (Schools Inquiry Commission, 1865, vol. 5, his words), and the same is feared by the Committee on the Course of Studies for the Colleges of the Missouri Province (their report, 1893, p. 2).

The 1622 Catalogus Perpetuus given in Duhr affords us another hint. The preface leaves us no doubt that its framers had an eye to the style of printing and binding, as well as to the matter published. The volumes which contain the authors we read in class ought to be gotten up in something of an artistic shape. Some of our larger publishing houses are looking to this now-a-days. It is well they should and that we should insist on its being always done. After all, there is considerable educative power in the color, the form, the plates, in a word, in the general make up of a book. Put a volume into a boy's hands which is printed and bound evidently with a view only to durability, and he is deprived of all that silent but strong influence which the artistic, the refined never fails to exercise upon him. Everyone recognizes that a great deal, sometimes all, of the refinement we rejoice to find at times in our pupils is referrible to their elegant surroundings at home. Let our school texts lend their aid in education and by their very external and internal appearance forward the work of raising and cultivating the taste of their impressionable owners.

It has ever been and is a custom very common in the Society, and now more necessary than ever before, to have our own editions of the authors. Texts of the classics in our day gotten out by externs labor under two serious evils. They are often wholly unexpurgated, and they are loaded with notes.

As to the first of these defects there can be no doubt in the Society; it is an evil beyond all question and one which we are obliged to prevent wherever we can. This obligation is unmistakably and forcibly impressed in the Provincial's 34th Rule: "Omni vigilantia caveat, maximi momenti id esse ducendo, ut omnino in scholis nostris abistineatur a libris poetaurum aut quibuscunque qui honestati bonisque moribus nocere queant, nisi prius a rebus et verbis inho-
nestis purgati sint.” This Provincial’s Rule had a section added in the New Ratio which it may not be amiss to copy out, though not now under discussion. “Major etiam cautio adhibenda est circa auctores vernaculos, ubi est usus ut in scholis praefragatur. Sint hi lectionissimi, neque ullo modo legantur neque laudentur scriptores ad quos affici adolescentes absque periculo fidei aut morum non possint.” Wise regulations these, which no zealous teacher will neglect to follow out; daily experience shows us only too plainly their importance. All this danger is avoided by our colleges having their own text-books. Much excellent work has been done in the line of expurgation by our fathers; witness Juvencius’ Horace, Juvenal and Persius, as examples. On this head the words of Quick (Educational Reformers, p. 507) are worthy of remark: “It is much to the credit of the fathers that, though Plautus and Terence were considered very valuable for giving a knowledge of colloquial Latin and were studied and learnt by heart in the Protestant schools, the Jesuits rejected them on account of their impurity.” Cf. Trial Ratio of 1586, Pachtler, 2. 178.

Another sad blot on our modern texts is the presence of multitudinous, or of ill-assorted notes. This practice is an outcome of Port Royalism. It was the object of these teachers, the enemies of the Jesuits in theology and hence in other matters, to banish the good old custom of teaching Latin and Greek as living languages and to introduce that of studying them as dead. Hence with them the languages were not spoken by the pupils: the chief endeavor of these latter was not, as it would have been in the Jesuit plan, to write and speak, but to read, Latin. To read much and rapidly was considered the acme of ambition. In order to attain this end, the books put into the boys’ hands were remodelled. Instead of Grammars in Latin, came Grammars in French: instead of plain texts of the authors, came texts with translations, notes, vocabularies. From Port Royal the infection spread over the world and is now triumphant in our non-Catholic schools. For them modern texts are chiefly printed; hence most of our Catholic colleges were for a long time more or less forced, having no editions of their own, to have recourse to the common ones issued by externs.

To appreciate the extent of this evil, take as a well known instance Anthon’s Homer. How impossible it is for the Professor to make anything of his prelection, to keep the attention of his boys, if they are armed with this storehouse of materials! He lectures in Latin; they disregard his words, save themselves the trouble of following him and
rely on their English notes; or if they pay attention, it is only to see how his explanations tally with their book. It is for this reason that Professors who are desirous of teaching according to the Ratio are anxious to have in their boys' hands texts without notes, or make sure, if they admit a few, that these shall be of a nature to help and not to hinder them in their work. Better no notes at all than such as would take the Professor's place and render his labor useless.

Still another hint we get from the Catalogus Perpetuus is the list of authorities it affords for the Professor's use. Thus in Duhr (p. 12) we find no fewer than twenty-five commentators on Cicero's Orations suggested as aids in Rhetoric. A similar list, though not so extensive, of books recommended to Professors is found on the last page of the "Modus Explicandae Praelectionis." The Professor may not have all the volumes put down in these lists, but our Public Libraries usually furnish advantages of which he can easily avail himself. To know what books will help him is already a great deal in itself.

The next section of the Rule strongly recommends careful preparation on the part of the Professor. He is not to give the prelection ex tempore, but after careful thought and even writing. What a splendid thing it would be if every Professor could so thoroughly make himself ready as to go to class without even the text of the author and give his prelection, reading, argument, explanation, version, notes, dictation and all without so much as looking on his book before the boys! This would be the perfection of preparation and has been attained in the Society, Old and New, but would possibly require too much time of Professors of but a few years teaching. At any rate, the one who wishes to be successful in his work and to do it faithfully, will not only have taken the pains to have read beforehand the book or oration which he is to explain, but will never come to class without having prepared, at the very least, some notes put in order as he designs to give them to the pupils.

These notes may be more or less in extenso: if the Professor has sufficient fluency in expressing himself, they can be mere jottings, hints what to say and in what place. He will also have carefully distinguished such points as he means to dictate. It will seldom be necessary for one to write out the entire prelection word for word. Such a practice would be good at times, no doubt, by way of exercising oneself in neatness and accuracy and in style; but ordinarily mere notes will suffice. What will they consist of? That will depend largely on the passage under discussion. Now they will include a bit of History the narration of which is called for by the
passage for prelection; now Geography; oftener grammatical or rhetorical precepts will enter. Always, at least always when possible, these notes should embrace such moral hints as may be brought in naturally (Cf. R. 1). The Professor will depend to a great extent on such hints for his religious influence on his boys.

A prelection written one year will rarely do, unchanged, another. The circumstances of the class will have changed. A prelection has this in common with an oration, that it must suit the present audience. One year the class will have reached a certain place in their precepts; the next they will by that time not be so far on in the author. Contemporary events, to which reference is at times in order, will differ. The class will not be as well prepared. These and other circumstances will naturally make the prelection matter different, even on the same passage. Each lesson should, therefore, be prepared for each class specially. This is the chief work which a Professor has to attend to during his free hours each day. It is rarely good to make this preparation a week ahead of time; unless the Professor reviews and adapts his notes shortly before delivering them.

It is evident that to prepare a prelection is a serious thing, a work by no means of the lightest; but easy or not, it must be gone through. It supposes that the Professor spends his hours free from class in honest preparation. The “Ordo Domesticus” is explicit enough on this head, for we read (p. 3): “Magistri solidæ eruditioni comparandæ incumbant, cum silentio, in suis cubiculis; neque mutua studia interpellent. Eorum cubicula subinde visitentur et auferantur libri ipsis non necessarii aut inutiles”—an idea, this last, which Juvenicius has also insisted on (de Ratione Discendi, c. 1, a. 3): “The younger Master should be on his guard against indulging too much in the reading of vernacular authors, especially the poets, to the loss of time and perhaps to the prejudice of virtue” (quoted in Hughes, Loyola, p. 164). The Professor, says Juvenicius in another place (de Ratione Docendi, c. 3, a. 1), must by his learning gain the esteem of his pupils. How can he acquire this? “Talem se praebat ut idoneus merito existimetur quem audiant; apprime neat que docere debet; paratus in scholam et meditatus sempem veniat. Nihil non elaboratum et elimatum afferat.” And further on he adds (a. 3): “Peccant graviter qui aliena quaedam et disjuncta studia sic domi colunt ut nullam aut perlevem scholæ sibi commissæ curam gerant. Alius superlectilem ad habendas olim conciones comparabit; alius vernaculos panget versus, Latinæ ut plurimum et Grææ poëseos ignarus” (Cf. Sacchini, Parænesis, c. 4. 2 and Judde,
Another point of preparation is set down in Sacchini (Parænesis, c. 3): “nec vero satis est res tenere ipsas, nisi etiam docendi modus teneatur.”

The preparation for giving a prelection is, therefore, two-fold.

The Professor must know how to teach. This he learns in the Juniorate and before going out to college at all. He studies the Ratio (Reg. Rect. 9) under an able and experienced guide and is well drilled in the working of a class. Then, the boys actually under his eyes, he studies himself and them, adapts himself to their needs and deficiencies and watches every opportunity and gladly accepts any suggestion from the Prefect or others to improve his way of explaining. He will never be so perfect as not to find it well to devote some thought before each class as to how to give the prelections of that day. So much for method.

The other preparation is of the matter taught. The Professor does not come to college without being master of this already (Perpiñan, in Woodstock Letters, 22. 261).

He has kept up and improved on his knowledge of class matters in the Juniorate and Philosophy: he has especially worked away at his grammar and knows it thoroughly; he has diligently kept up the reading of the classics (Reg. Praef. Stud. 30), and has been careful to continue practising his pen in compositions (Reg. Scholast. 9). With this remote preparation he comes to college and is assigned a class below that which he has the ability to teach (Reg. Prov. 29). What he has to do now is to prepare each day’s lesson. This will cost time, of course, and labor—every work done for God costs time and labor. Is there any Jesuit who will shirk the preparation because it is not easy? (Cf. Couplet, Memoire, p. 85, and About Teaching, Woodstock Letters, 21. 164.) The Professor gives the time and takes the trouble to get ready each lesson as it comes; his labor will surely bear fruit. It may be that, as far as he can see, no progress will result, but he has the consolation, the solid assurance that he is doing his duty and God’s Will (Cf. Delbrel, Bonifacio, p. 15; Kropf, in Duhr, p. 78; Wagner, in Duhr, p. 82; Duhr, 179, 196; Trial Ratio of 1586, Pachtler, 2. 154).

The reason for having read before the entire oration or book is to make sure of catching the gist of each part and of not suggesting a point now which would come better later, or especially of not saying anything about the author which will have to be contradicted farther on.

So far general directions. We now come to the form of the prelection in detail.

The first thing the Professor is told to do is to read the
whole passage through, unless it be too long. There is a very good reason for this. It makes an impression on the ear of the pupils and accustoms them to the rhythm of the language. Again, the reading is calculated, better than the rules of Prosody, to impress on them the correct quantity of Latin syllables. Remember that our boys are understood to be employing Latin words a year, two years, before they learn the Prosody; they are surely not supposed to be pronouncing incorrectly all that time. How, then, do they acquire accuracy in this important detail? Simply by imitating their Professor. He reads every lesson for them before explaining. They read every lesson before explaining when they repeat next day. The rules of Prosody only crown this work.

This reading is not merely intended for correctness of pronunciation; the passage should be so read that the sense may fully appear and that the sentiment may be rendered expressively. Inflection, tone, quality of voice, all the elements of elocution applicable to reading should be carefully worked out and represented faithfully. One Professor even went so far as to employ gesture in this part of his prelection. What is easier in an oration than to put that spirit into the reading which shows the boys they are not examining a dead series of words, but a living organism with life and feeling in it, that they are studying the actual expression of real human feelings? It would not be too venturesous to assert that the reading of the passage well done is the very best introduction to the matter studied. Of course, the repetition of this excellent reading should be exacted, immediately as often as possible; the next day at all events. It will prove the easiest and surest means of teaching elocution. On good reading very much depends in the speaker. Remark that the Rule does not say "legat," nor "recitetur," but "pronunciet:" "legat" or "recitetur" would be satisfied by any reading, monotonous or not: "pronunciet" necessarily implies delivery, the attempt at elocutionary perfection (Cf. Judde Instruc. pour les Jeunes Prof., Thes. p. 258, 289; Notes on the Ratio Studiorum, p. 51).

The delivery of the passage well done and, when possible, exacted immediately, the Professor proceeds to sketch out the argumentum, or gist, of the passage. This he does briefly. Fr. Juvencius, in his Odes of Horace, gives us examples of argumenta which are all that could be desired; other instances are found in the "De Ratione Docendi." Of course, the Professor gives the argument mostly from his notes, and he usually or often dictates it, another reason for his writing it out "domi cogitate." Brief, pithy, striking
and clear express the qualities it should have, and it should be in Latin in Rhetoric and Humanities, in Latin and the vernacular in Suprema, only in the vernacular below the last named class.

Then, when the passage is connected with the preceding, the Professor has to set forth the points of connection; this refers especially to historical and, in general, to such references as come under the head of eruditio. It will seldom be necessary when, as often occurs in the lower grades, the passage for prelection is the whole of a short letter. On the contrary, in Rhetoric, it may require some minutes to explain this connection, especially when two passages are closely related by reason of both containing an example of some common topic, for instance, or of being the continuation, as in the Catilinarians, of one burst of passion.

The Professor next passes on to consider each sentence by itself. He explains each one, shows the grammatical or rhetorical connection of its successive members and phrases and in general throws light on the passage to clear up any obscurities or especially to overcome any difficulties which the words contain (Notes on the Ratio Studiorum, p. 51; Wagner, in Duhr, p. 76; Kestens, l'Education IntelleCtuelle, 1869, p. 75). This if the explanation is made in Latin: if in the vernacular, he does the same, but is also careful to keep the order of the Latin words, to accustom the ear to the numerus of that language. If this cannot be done, then he first, and let this be remarked, translates nearly word for word, regardless, or almost regardless, of vernacular excellence (Kropf, in Duhr, p. 78), then afterwards returns and gives a version ad vulgi consuetudinem, with all attention to the elegancies of diction. This last translation must be a model of the vernacular, the very best the Professor can do. Should he take it from published translations? Father Juveneius (quoted in Hughes, Loyola, p. 164) says: "Let the master elaborate his version for himself, or, if he draws on any writer in the vernacular, let him compare first the Latin text with the version before him; thus he will find it easy to perceive what is peculiar to either tongue and what is the respective force and beauty of each" (de Ratione Discendi, c. 1, a. 3). The better way, by all odds the better way, for the Professor is to write out his own version: there will be no difficulty against his reading it off his paper; by which means he will be ensured against slips and sins against idiom such as can hardly be avoided else. If he chooses, after his own version, he may read a printed translation, which is
especially useful in the case of such works as Lang’s Homer and Prout’s Horace.

Notes and remarks are now to be given. Many Professors prefer the alternative suggested in the Rule, of putting these in here and there where they belong during the explanation. This plan and the other of presenting them all together at the end have each its own advantages. The former is more in keeping with unity, the latter affords a good opportunity of going over the passage again and gives the boys an occasion to make a little review of what has been done so far. Repetition is always good: it impresses and enforces. It is for this reason that the second Rule of the several classes orders that immediately after the prelection it be “exacted” of the boys. While the matter is still fresh, this can be done more easily and will have a more lasting effect.

Two regulations on dictation close this important Rule. Do not dictate much each time, is the first; the other, the Grammar classes are not to write at all unless bidden. From the first, we deduce the necessity of brevity. The notes thus given should be made striking and should be carefully worded. “Littera scripta manet.”

The second regulation evidently supposes that the two higher classes may write when they choose. They are considered to have learned discretion enough to guide them in their choice of what to excerpt from the Professor’s explanation. The lower grades are forbidden to do this for themselves because, as Father Hughes (Loyola, p. 239) says, “It happens now and then that, with much labor, waste of time and to no good purpose whatever, the boys take down and preserve with diligence a set of notes which have not been thought out very judiciously nor been arranged very carefully, notes simply trivial, common, badly patched together, sometimes worse than worthless, and these notes they commit to paper in wretched handwriting, full of mistakes and errors. Therefore let the dictation be only of a few points and those extremely select.”

The Trial Ratio of 1586 (Pachtler, 2. 165) bids the Professor and the Prefect look over the boys’ note-book occasionally, “Tum ad illorum diligentiam explorandam, tum ad emendandum orthographiam, qua nihil vitiosius in iis quae scribuntur a puero!” This care also ensures the notes being written neatly and in order. It must not be forgotten that one great advantage of notes in general is the habit of system which they tend to foster; hence they must be diligently seen to. The Professor leads the way, as in every other detail of class, by being orderly himself; he exacts the same
care of his pupils. Father Juvencius (de Ratione Discendi, c. 3, a. 1) gives the Professor directions as to the taking of notes: "Primo, pauca scribantur et cum delectu: deinde, quodcumque scribetur pingatur accurate nec ita minutis characteribus ut oculos fugiant et urant. Sint igitur in promptu varii libelli puri in quos excerpta referantur, nisi malit quispiam certos majoris codicis assignare partes quae vicem librorum totidem obtineant." He adds that a reference to the passage is often enough, especially when the volume is easily reached.

Let the boys, therefore, have their liber papyraceus, neat and clean and as elegantly bound as may be. As each argument and note is dictated, as each theme is given, let them insert these in the book; even, as Father Perpihan well suggests (Woodstock Letters, 22. 269), "Pueri, quaecumque explicanda erunt, ea in commentariis, elegantibus litterarum notis, curiosa orthographiae observatione, latioribus versuum intervallis atque marginibus, diligentissime domi describant."

**Rule 28 (1832 sect. 1).**—Historici et poetae præleclio illud habet peculiare, quod historicus celerius fere excurrendus, in poeta sepe oratoria paraphrasis accurate facienda plurimum decet; faciendumque ut discipuli poetae oratorisque stylum inter-noscere consuescant.

As to the historians, it will be remarked that a prelection is to be given in them also. This Rule does not, therefore, warrant the conclusion that here there is question of sight-reading, at least of that kind which is often understood by that term. But if by sight-reading is meant rapid reading, always with the Professor's explanation coming before the pupil's study, then here the practice is not only permitted, but ordained. What would be considered celerius? The word is not celeriter, neither is it celerrime; neither rapidly "simpliciter," nor very rapidly, but rather rapidly. This is a relative expression and must be interpreted by the rapidity of reading in other kinds of authors. Now Cicero is by no means, according to the Ratio, to be read rapidly, as will be seen later. Certainly, therefore, celerius can hardly mean 300 lines a lesson; on the other hand, it evidently means more than 8. Just how many lines can be gone over in a prelection of the historian will depend largely on the character of the passage. One will require more side explanation than another. In all cases the Professor must not undertake more than he can do well; he is not to endeavor to give a prelection on so many lines that he must explain them poorly and so hurriedly as to make his explanation useless.
But a prelection he must give; the Ratio prescribes no class lesson, allows of none, without a prelection.

The manner of giving the prelection in the historian is sketched in a passage from the Trial Ratio of 1586 which Fr. Hughes has translated thus in his Loyola (p. 236): “The style of history is plainer and more lucid, so as not to need great study and it would be enough to explain the course of events, as they are narrated by the author, so that he (the Professor) need not consult other authors who have written on the same matter. The prelection of the historian ought to be easy; after rendering a sentence of the author, the words may be lightly commented upon and only such as have some obscurity hanging about them” (Pachtler, 2. 195).

As to the poet, two points are mentioned. Turn the poetry into prose, is the first. This does not mean simply break up the verse by transposition of words, etc.; it means, turn the poetry into prose by changing the dress of the thought. Convert figures peculiar to poetry into such as find their place naturally in prose; omit such as cannot be made natural to prose; change the rhythm into prose rhythm, etc. This is by no means the easiest thing in the world to do, but it has a wonderful efficacy in setting forth clearly the difference that exists between the two kinds of style.

This difference, the second point goes on to say, must be made plain to the pupils. Our boys are trained to write both prose and verse; they study both prose and verse; it is therefore essential that they understand in what they differ. Of course, there is no place for this hint in Infima; there the poet either exists not at all, as in the Old Ratio, or to a very small extent, as in the New. It obtains, however, more and more every year after Infima.

Rule 29.—In prelegenda tum Cypriani Rhetorica, tum arte metrica, tum Latina (vernacula) Graece grammatica et horum similibus ad praecpta spectantibus, res ipsae potius quam verba perpendenda sunt. Locutiones vero brevissimae ab optimis scriptoribus proponendae et statim reddendae. In grammatica vero praesertim inferioribus classibus, cum incidit aliquid difficilius, illud ipsum uno aut pluribus diebus recolatur, aut faciliora quaedam ex aliis grammaticae partibus interponantur repetantur.

This Rule is the general one for all precepts whatever. Rhetoric, Versification and Grammar are named explicitly, but the rest, as History, Geography, Erudito, are included in the “et horum similibus” (Cf. Course of Studies for the Colleges of the Missouri Province, 1893, p. 6; Duhr, p. 107; Kropf, Wagner, in Duhr, p. 116, 122).
The New Ratio omits the name of Cyprian from the text. The celebrated Rhetoric of Father Cyprian Soarez held its own for a very long time in the Old Society and was well worthy of its eminence. Its place was afterwards taken in various countries by the excellent works of Juvencius, de Colonia and others; by the time the New Ratio was written, the name of Cyprian was not often found on the title-page of a newly published Rhetoric.

The New Ratio includes vernacular Grammar in the Rule; but, as in other cases, makes no special regulation for the mode of treatment. It is to be taught as Latin and Greek are. The same remark applies to all languages studied; anyhow, it would be impossible for the Professor to follow two different systems.

The sentence beginning "Locutiones," about phrases and sentences from the best authors, is found in the Prague edition of the Old Ratio, but not in the first German edition.

It refers, of course, to examples of the precepts. We have a familiar instance of provision for the observance of this Rule in the many examples in Kleutgen’s Rhetoric and, to come nearer home, in our own Alvarez, vol. 2.

There are, then, two details in this Rule; the first bids the Professor attend to things rather than words. This is, of course, said in distinction to the prelection on the authors described in the last two Rules. In them, the words were chiefly regarded; here the precept itself is explained and the words are not of so much importance.

The second point is another application of that principle which so often comes up in the Ratio, "Non multa sed multum." Give a very little each day; be absolutely sure not to overtax your pupils’ powers of comprehension and of memory. One precept, then, at a time, especially in the lower grammar grades, and when that is somewhat difficult, dwell on it several days in succession, or at least interpose, or by way of repetition, go over some easier parts of the volume.

This is a precious regulation. It secures the class against half study of things that are essential to their success in the later years of the course. Let the grammar precepts sink deeply, give them time to take a hold, a lasting hold, one by one, on the mind, and they will soon become an instinct. Have them learned hurriedly, and they will be as so many bothersome, because unassimilated, rules which will serve to worry, not to direct. There are few teachers who have not, at some time in their career, had to complain of an opposite course followed in earlier stages by themselves, or by
their predecessors (Cf. Perpiñan, Woodstock Letters 22. 264).

The three Rules on prelection discussed in the above pages are unquestionably the most essential for method in the entire Ratio Studiorum. They are distinctive of our method, "the typical form," as Father Hughes says (Loyola, p. 232), "of Jesuit instruction," and cut us off sharply from those teachers who are content with assigning so many lines of an author, or so many pages of precepts, and bidding the pupils get them up by themselves. The Society's plan is entirely at war with this. We are bidden on every page of the Ratio to give no lesson without first explaining it, and explaining it thoroughly, bringing it down to the pupil's mind, smoothing its difficulties, making the road plain for him, so that when he comes to study his lesson at home, he will find it attractive from being made easy and interesting from his being made to see what it contains. With this start, a mighty help on his way, he can set to work on his imitation theme with a zest heighted by the consciousness of having within his grasp the aids he requires to do it well. He can discard dictionary and grammar; they contain with regard to this theme nothing that he has not already fully mastered. Later on, in the Academies, or in Humanities and Rhetoric, he writes his own occasional prelections on the model given by his Professor and studies for himself in the passages assigned for them the precepts exemplified and the beauties of style and the literary worth of all. Then again in his private reading of extra authors his eye is continually under the influence of the light shed on the authors of class by the Professor. The Professor's correct views mould his mind to a true shape and enable him finally to judge for himself with accuracy and taste. Such is the end aimed at by the Ratio; it attains it by insisting on the Professor daily explaining and explaining, until the pupil drinks in the very essence of good taste, if from nothing else, at least from constantly witnessing the employment of the aesthetic faculty by the Professor. Oral teaching is the Society's great motto and is certainly a fundamental principle of the Ratio.

But not for the pupil only is the system of prelection a precious institution. It is invaluable to the Professor as well. The prelection will develop in him any kind of ability he has. Take preaching as an example. What possible preparation could be better than to be obliged to explain daily class matters simply and directly and interestingly enough to reach the minds of youth, and to make them love
their work? This is not true of preaching only. The ever recurring necessity of serious and constant practical thought cannot fail to train any man for whatever position in after life. How much time is given the prelection? Omitting that spent in repetition before and after the Professor's explanation, this last varies somewhat in duration in the different classes. About three-fourths of an hour are given to the prelection on the author in Rhetoric, something less than a half in Infima. For the precepts also the time varies a little, and is nearly the same in length as for the author.

The last detail left to dwell upon is a very important one, the amount of matter to be given in each prelection. How many lines of the author, how much of the precepts is to be explained in each day's prelection? As to the precepts, this question has been answered already. But what of the author?

On this head, commentators on the Ratio are at one with the result of universal experience. "Multum non multa," a few lines thoroughly done, a few lines explained to perfection, learned by heart, employed for the imitation theme; this, in brief, is the sum and substance of the Ratio plan.

But let us be more definite. How many lines of Cicero are to be given daily? The Old Ratio (Reg. Prof. Inf. 6) says that the prelection in the lowest class is not to exceed four lines; in Media (Reg. Prof. Med. 6), it must not go beyond seven. These numbers are, of course, to be taken morally; a line or two in excess occasionally, or a line or two under the number assigned would be within the scope of the Rule. In other words, it certainly is not the intention that the Professor shall stop short in the middle of a phrase!

But what of the higher grades? The Ratio does not state the exact number of lines for these classes. We are certain, however, of one thing, that it will not have a large number, such as forty or fifty, explained. This is a thesis which can easily be proved. Remember that the Professor has to give his prelection on every part of the passage in about a half hour. Read the rules for prelection (Reg. Com. Prof. Inf. 27, Rhet. 8, Hum. 5, Sup. 5, Med. 6, Inf. 6) and it appears evident he cannot do this for a long passage. Remember, secondly, that the boys are to learn these lines by heart (Reg. Com. Prof. Inf. 19, Reg. 2 of the several classes). How could they get forty or fifty by heart? The Ratio, unless in Rhetoric, does not allow the Professor to assign for memory a portion of the prelection; the pupils are to learn it all by heart. Again, the model prelections drawn out in Juvencius
(de Ratione Docendi, c. 2., a. 4) are in every case brief, not exceeding fifteen lines in Rhetoric.

The amount of matter is, therefore, in authors as well as in precepts, each time small. "Stude," says Father Sacchini (Parænesis, c. 7. 3), "potius ut pauciora clare distincte-que percipiant quam obscure atque confusae pluribus imbu-antur." Why? "When we know a little thoroughly, though our actual possession is small, we know potentially a great deal more," said an educator (Quick, p. 424), a principle which the Society of Jesus probably taught him and certainly holds to firmly. "Pauca," says Father Juvencius (de Ratione Docendi, c. 2. a. 3), "singulis scholis pueri doceantur, sed accurate et ita ut haerent in mentibus: memine-rit præceptor ingenia puerorum esse veluti vascula angusti oris, quæ superfusam liquoris copiam respuant, sensim in-stillatam recipiant," and Wagner (in Duhr, p. 77) "Cavendum item magistro ne nimium ingerat; ne in infimis scholis super ternos aut quinos versus explicet; una periodus rite enucle-ata et a pueris plene intellecta plus lucis affert ac multæ leviter ac propere decursæ."

Cf. Perpinan, Woodstock Letters, 22. 266 ff.—Ordo Domesticus, pp. 3, 20, 38—Wagner, in Duhr, p. 82—Kropf, in Duhr, p. 75—Sacchini, Parænesis, passim.—Judee, Instruction pour les Jeunes Professeurs, Partie 1, c. 2, Partie 2, c. 1.—Juvencius, passim, etc.
A NEW METHOD OF GIVING RETREATS TO THE CLERGY.

From the “Lettres d’Ucles.”

The following article is by Père Antoine Giroux, a father of the province of Toulouse who has had much experience in giving retreats to the clergy, and who is now devoted to that work. His new method has been translated and put before our readers, in the hope that it may be of service to those of Ours in this country who are called upon to conduct such retreats, which are, doubtless, the most important that can be entrusted to us.—Editor Woodstock Letters.

For a long time many of our bishops, and the more thoughtful and earnest among the priests, have not been satisfied with the way in which the Retreats to the Clergy are usually given, nor with the little fruit they almost always produce. Whatever might be the cause of this, it seemed to some that an efficacious remedy would be found, if the system of “Private Retreats” (retraites fermées), which had been found so successful with the laity, should be adopted for the pastoral retreats. Père Giroux being desirous to try this system with the clergy, sent to several bishops a plan for such a retreat and asked for their opinion. The bishops whom he consulted, in their replies, approved in general his idea, but feared much that its success was hardly possible at present. While admitting that one of the principal causes of the want of fruit had been the absence of serious meditation, they feared that some priests would find so much private meditation very hard, and that silence, especially in the time usually given to recreation, would be difficult to obtain, all the more as separate rooms were often lacking. Père Giroux’s method was, indeed, the ideal. It was to be hoped that it could one day be realized; the outlines of meditation were very solid—better than the most brilliant sermons—yet there was need of the living word, of personal magnetism, of general enthusiasm; the very assembling of so many priests would be followed by a communicated impression, which is wanting in private. Cardinal Bourret, Bishop of Rodez, and Monseigneur Bonnet, Bishop of Vi-
iers, proposed that the two methods be united; i.e., that an instruction should be given for half an hour, and that the priests should return to their rooms to meditate on what they had heard, being helped thereto by printed sheets, which would contain the principal points of the sermon. Monseigneur Rougerie, Bishop of Pamiers, not satisfied with merely approving the new method, determined to make trial of it at once for his two pastoral retreats. Having secured the services of Père Giroux, he announced the new plan to his clergy as follows:—

The principal agent of the sacerdotal retreat is the priest himself, the office of the preacher, no matter how eloquent he may be, being only to help the exercitant, upon whom the grace of God descends when in solitude he begs it by his own meditation and fervent prayer. Hence the exercitant is not a passive subject, dispensed from all personal effort and having only to abandon himself to the word of the preacher and the action of grace, but a necessary actor in the different changes which take place in his soul. If it is the preacher who exhorts, it is assuredly the hearer who is to act; in a like manner, if it is grace which sanctifies and strengthens, it is for the priest to solicit it and co-operate with its action. Thus we venture to apply the words of Scripture, sine me nihil potestis facere, and say to the exercitant, "Without yourself, without your generous efforts, neither the preacher nor grace itself will do anything for you. It is really a personal work where, under the favoring influence of solitude and urged on by the preacher, the priest by his own efforts acts on himself." To make a retreat, then, means to give up for a time our social relations and daily occupations, to remove all matters which may draw the soul to earth and separate it from God; in a word, to diligently put aside every other care and listen to the appeal of the Heart of Jesus to the heart of his priest.

Then passing from theory to practice, Monseigneur Rougerie announced the new plan in these words:—

"In order to profit by the precious aids to be found in a retreat, during the time of the Exercises the doors of the Seminary will be closed to all visitors. Instead of the usual sermons, the subjects of the meditations will be printed, and the preacher will give an explanation of each subject for half an hour. During this time some seminarians will place in each room a copy of the printed sheet which is being then explained. The priests, on returning to their room, will meditate during a half-hour on the subject explained, using the printed sheets to recall to their minds the more important points. They will also note down what may have made an
impression on them as also the practical resolutions. During the time between the meditations they will read other printed sheets, which will be distributed to them, treating of the spiritual exercises, the administration of the sacraments, etc.

Having been notified by this circular the priests came expecting a serious retreat. They did not, however, arrive without some fear and misgivings, so that Monseigneur and the Directors of the Seminary were not without anxiety as to the result. In fact, the change proposed was great,—how great, a glance at the method of conducting former retreats will show. In all former retreats the priests had been divided into two classes, boarders and externs. The externs lodged with their friends, at the college, the Apostolic School, or even at the hotels in the city—places neither favorable to silence nor to recollection. After each instruction the priests went to the city and were to be seen in the public thoroughfares everywhere. Again during the noon recreation nearly all left the Seminary, to take a cup of coffee here and there, some to make up a smoking party and even to play a game of cards. The consequence was that quite a number did not return for the two o'clock instruction. Silence, too, was hardly observed and conversation was carried on everywhere, especially in the rooms, while ecclesiastics, who were not making the retreat, came freely to visit their friends and were thus a cause of no little distraction. Besides, tradesmen of all sorts came to the parlors and the halls to sell church ornaments, objects of piety, and even household utensils. In this way the retreat was reduced to hearing a number of sermons, more or less practical, but which had to be prepared with great care, as they were listened to, and afterwards spoken about, to criticize them rather than to draw profit from them.

Monseigneur Rougerie determined to do away at one blow with all these abuses, though they were sanctioned by a long standing custom. "No half measures," he said to the father appointed to give the retreat, "since we have done so much to introduce private retreats we must have them with all their restrictions." Consequently no externs were admitted to make the retreat. The priests of the city, though they lived near the Seminary, were obliged during these days to stop with the others; they were not allowed to go home even to sleep. The bishop, who had the preceding years received the priests at his residence near by, this time occupied a room in the Seminary. All having arrived, the doors of the Seminary were locked and the key carried
to the superior, so that no one could either enter or leave the house without an express permission. The tradesmen, of course, remained at home with their merchandise.

All communication being thus cut off with people outside, it became much easier for the priests to follow the exercises of the retreat and to conform to the regulations which Monseigneur had approved. Care was taken in the disposition of the time so to arrange and multiply the exercises, that very little free time should be left to the exercitants; thus there was never more than three-quarters of an hour between the different exercises. The priests were left free to go to confession at any time, except when they were assembled in the chapel, or were meditating in their rooms. The whole of the divine office was said in Choir, the bishop always presiding.

Each meditation lasted a full hour. The preacher spoke during the first half hour, and he spoke oratorio modo, as the bishops had suggested in their letters. During this time three seminarians distributed to each room a printed sheet, which contained a resumé of the exercise in the form of a meditation, with preludes, points, and colloquies. With the help of these sheets the exercitants, on returning to their rooms, made a half-hour of meditation, being forbidden to leave their rooms during this time without a real necessity.

The priests submitted to these regulations with a good will which was really edifying. They felt that nothing natural, but rather a supernatural spirit was animating everything. What especially astonished and edified everyone was that the most rigorous silence was kept. The father who gave the retreat thought that it would be sufficient, the first time, to exact silence only out of the time assigned for recreation; but Monseigneur and the Superior of the Seminary recommended him to ask for more. He did so and was fully successful. It was, indeed, a most edifying sight to see all the priests, their beads in their hands, walking up and down in silence during the time of the noon and the night recreation; it was itself an eloquent sermon at which even those who were the least in earnest could not assist without profit.

Two ceremonies took place during the retreat, and they contributed much to its success. One was a requiem Mass for those of the clergy who had died since the last retreat; the other, the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament during the night before the retreat closed. The requiem Mass was said on the day on which the meditation on death was made.
The bishop was the celebrant and gave the absolution, the names of the deceased being announced before the Mass. This ceremony, which produced an excellent impression, especially on account of its taking place on the day assigned for the meditation on death, did not at all disturb the order of the exercises, as it took only a quarter of an hour more than the usual time of Mass. The nightly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was no less edifying and consoling. The adorers, all priests, replaced one another at the end of each hour, there being twelve or fifteen in each band. To pass this hour of prayer with more profit, it was divided into four parts, devoted to adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and impetration. At the commencement of each quarter of an hour, some reflexions appropriate to the end proposed were read; this reading was followed by several minutes of meditation, and closed with a suitable hymn. Thus after the adoration, Adoremus in æternum and the Tantum ergo; after the thanksgiving, the Magnificat or the Te Deum; after the reparation, the Miserere and Parce Domine; after the impetration, the Pater of the Mass. At the end of the hour five Paters and Aves were recited to gain the plenary indulgence. When the hour had been thus passed, a new band of twelve or fifteen relieved the others and made their adoration in the same manner. Thus was the whole night passed,—a night of thanksgiving and blessings for all these priests, who were to leave the next day to carry to their flocks the good odor of Christ. After such a holy night and after a retreat made in such recollection, as an excellent priest remarked, one says willingly and earnestly, on renewing his priestly promises, Dominus pars hæreditatis meæ et calicis mei, tu es qui restitues hæreditatem meam mihi.

Thus the first retreat closed to the satisfaction and the edification of all. It was followed by a second, which was for those who could not make the first on account of want of room. This retreat was still easier to conduct after the experience of the first. In both retreats the priests were delighted with the new plan. “It is thus we ought to have always made our retreats,” many said. “For forty years,” said an excellent curé, “I have been making retreats and this is really the first serious one.” Another venerable pastor, eighty-two years of age, remarked, “I have been wearied at all my former retreats, but not during this; I did not have time, for I had not a minute to myself.” A third exclaimed, “I am less fatigued after this retreat than any other which I have made, though in those I listened to only three sermons a day.” Finally, a fourth was heard to say, “Among
other advantages of this way of making a retreat, there is this, and it is not a little one, it keeps you from failing in charity towards your neighbor and from speaking against the administration.”

The less serious among priests, who at the beginning had some fear, were at the end astonished at themselves. “We did not think” they said, “that it would be so easy and so consoling. This was a true retreat.” Those, finally, who needed to reform their lives, incited by the numbers and the good examples before them, entered seriously upon the retreat and found in recollection and in silence good will and courage enough to co-operate generously with the grace which drew them on. The bishop was more than delighted and expressed his gratification to his priests in words of feeling and gratitude. He announced that the plan adopted this year had more than fulfilled his expectations, and that it would be followed in all pastoral retreats for the future. He gave his warmest thanks to Père Giroux, who had conducted the retreat, and wrote a letter to the Father Provincial of Toulouse, concluding that he could not recommend too highly the new method and the way it had been carried out. Père Giroux himself considers that the results of these retreats prove, that pastoral retreats can be given with all the restrictions, as regards solitude, silence, and meditation, of the private retreats, and that they can easily be so conducted, if the order and discipline adopted at Pamiers, as described above, be demanded. The fruit for the sanctification of the clergy and that of the souls entrusted to them is, of course, immeasurable.
A Letter from Father Mulry to his Brother.

Kingston, Jamaica,
Feb. 14, 1895.

Dear Brother,

P. C.

This is to be a Spanish Town letter; I've spent the greater part of two days at that place and have only just returned to Kingston. First, however, thanks,—and any amount of them,—for your kind congratulations received on the Feast of Our Lady's Purification. Fr. Collins and I took our last vows at the half past six Mass in Holy Trinity Church and with holy Simeon sang then our "Nunc dimittis." Fr. Spillman was the celebrant. Nothing now remains but death and the prospect, if health lasts and grace be given, of some years of good solid work in the grand cause to earn an enduring crown. And yet, I can't say that I feel any older for the event. Seventeen years and a half of waiting may seem long, but in the Society they pass quickly and happily; and it is a reward, which only a Jesuit can understand, to be allowed at the final vows to drive in still further the nails that bind him to the cross.

Wednesday is my regular day every week for Spanish Town. I set out generally at midday and return the next morning after having said Mass and given Communion to the sisters. St. Catharine's School there is under the charge of the Sisters of St. Francis, two of whom leave the convent in Kingston on Mondays for Spanish Town and do not return till Friday evening. As the priest doesn't reside in Spanish Town, they have a lonesome time of it and it is principally for their consolation that Mass is said there every Thursday. Sister Catharine and Sister Clotilde are most devoted to their work, and thoroughly capable teachers. The school is rated on the government list as first class, with 69 as its mark. There are only two other schools in the Island which are ahead of it, the convent school in Kingston, which, under Sister Isabel, has 71 marks, the highest of any, and a Protestant school called Wolmer's school for boys which has, I think, 70. Of course it's clear, then, that our school is the best in Spanish Town.
is an examination each year by the School Inspector, and as ours is to come off in a month or so, it's important, for more reasons than one, that we should not lose rank. Hence, for the present, I take the 8 o'clock train on Wednesday and spend most of the day in the classes with the children. Yesterday I examined in arithmetic,—mental as well as the ordinary arithmetic,—heard reading, and gave composition and dictation. Next week I'm to brush up my geography and,—please don't be surprised!—examine the "pickneys" in physiology. The education code is a wonderful production and perhaps, the less said about it, the better. We have to follow it, however, or give up the substantial grant of money which is the reward of obedience. This grant in the case of the Spanish Town school is not enough to cover expenses but goes a great way, and without it the school would be impossible. The attendance, since the school entertainment in the town hall, has greatly increased. There were 167 children present yesterday and there are over 170 on the list. Nearly two-thirds of these are not Catholic; but, bigoted as many of them are, they say the Catholic prayers and sing the Catholic hymns which the sisters teach them. They are also much attached to the sisters and in time it is to be hoped that some of them at least will be brought to the faith. So much for St. Catharine's school. But no! I musn't forget to mention that the 41 boys of the school—brownies and blacks—are put through the exercises of the drill twice a week, by a most important looking officer of constabulary, whom I have engaged at the munificent salary of a shilling (25 cents) an hour. If you weren't told of it, you might mistake Sergeant Barnes for King Lobengula's Minister of War, dressed up as a British constable. With all his importance, Sister Catharine has to be called in sometimes to awe the youthful military.

On every Wednesday evening I give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which is preceded by an instruction. As a rule the attendance is not very large, about forty or fifty on an average. Still this number is worth talking to, as ignorance of the faith is the strongest obstacle to its progress in Spanish Town. On Sunday evenings, however, the little church is quite full and many Protestants come to listen to what is after all only a simple explanation of the Apostles' Creed.

Yesterday morning I gave Communion to the lepers at the institution just outside Spanish Town. For four of them, it was their first Communion. Three of these had been received into the Church shortly before; the fourth
was a boy, Raphael Hackett by name, who before the leprosy had broken out on him, was studying at one of the sisters’ schools in Kingston. One of the converts was a heathen Coolie, who would be called Kangalle in Calcutta, but who has changed his name here to Harry Westmoreland. He knows hardly any English; but the porter of the “Lepers’ Home,” a Catholic and also an East Indian, instructed him for his first Communion. The seven Catholic inmates were present, of course; and all but one received Communion. Sisters Catharine and Clotilde were also there and a Catholic lady of the town, Miss Corella Lopez. After Communion, I recited the prayers of thanksgiving and we closed with a hymn to the Sacred Heart. Choir-master, of course, was none other than myself. It doesn’t require a conservatory training to direct the musical efforts of the lepers. Peter Simon Brown manipulated, with his maimed fingers, an accompaniment on the accordion, and if the singers were disgusting and loathsome to the sight, I’m sure that this was no obstacle to the beauty of the strain that found its way from their hearts to the Heart of God. The hymn was one of those published by the American “Messenger:” “Like a strong and raging fire.” It has become very popular since its introduction, and has really a most catching as well as devout air. Pictures were distributed at the close and these poor unfortunates had at least one bright incident in their sad lives. The sisters went through the institution afterwards and, though the Catholics are such a small portion of the whole number (75), the kindness and interest manifested by the sisters, even in the case of Protestant patients, cannot but surely have its effect. Of course it requires a strong act of the will to repress the natural disgust that one feels here. I suppose that human misery has touched its very depth in this awful disease. One sees hands maimed, feet covered with running sores, the human countenance completely disfigured. With many, one or another limb has been eaten away. Often too, the leprosy attacks the eyesight and total blindness results. Sometimes the corruption is so great that the poor fellow has to carry a brush to drive away the insects that annoy him. In advanced stages of the disease, the little children who have contracted it look like hideous little old men and women and it is hard to believe that youthful faces can be so transformed.

The old comparison of mortal sin with leprosy is certainly a most appropriate one. The pity is that the sight of such foulness and suffering does not make Jamaica a more moral
island than it is. Three of the Catholics of the "Lepers' Home" have died within a month; the last one being the best instructed of all, in fact a kind of catechist for the rest. Sisters Catharine and Clotilde will visit here occasionally and also at the Spanish Town Alms House; and I'm sure that it will not be long before their influence will be seen in the increase of the number of Catholics. There is no danger of contagion with moderate precautions, if one does not live with the lepers. Dr. Donovan, who has charge of the place, has been going in and about it daily for a number of years, and hasn't the least fear of the result. In Jamaica there is no compulsory law, forcing lepers to go to the institution; the inmates not infrequently return to their friends, and we meet cases on our sick calls in Kingston. A Protestant Deaconess, Miss Campbell, has been very constant in visiting the Home, and it would be a shame for the true Church to be surpassed in devotion to the unfortunate by that mongrel thing they call the Establishment. Miss Campbell's allowance of £5 ($25.00) a month has been withdrawn lately and she herself is also about to withdraw. In consequence, perhaps, of the financial aspect of the case, she has decided to accept the "higher call," and give up her deaconship and single blessedness to become the wife of an Englishman, now on his way to Jamaica to claim her. Spanish Town is the strong centre of Protestantism in the Island. The Episcopal Cathedral right opposite our school and church is on the site of the old Dominican church of Spanish days and even possesses the cross shape of the original building. It makes one feel bad to see the crowds that stream in on Sundays to its heretical service, and to compare the number with the couple of hundred that belong to the real Catholic Church. Pray that the Sacred Heart may again claim its own even in this stronghold of Anglicanism.

I must finish my letter to-day or never. After dinner, or, as they call it here, breakfast, my steps must again be turned towards Spanish Town. I would have had time yesterday to put an end to my scrawl, only that Fr. Beauclerk's "Children of Mary" had a half-day picnic at "Nuns' Pen," and for an hour or two I had to give assistance. Then, too, at 5 P. M., I had to be on hand for the drill exercise of the Catholic Cadets. There's no time here for "grass to grow under your feet." Even as regards preaching, it's a matter of necessity to go into the pulpit, not, of course, without preparation,—for that would be absurd,—but without having written the sermon before hand. So get ready and store up ideas while you may. "Make hay while the sun shines,"
otherwise when you come to Jamaica, if come you shall, you'll run short after a while and then there'll be nothing to do but repeat yourself over and over again. In my own case, one of the most advantageous things for me has been the fact that for some time when at Woodstock, I explained catechism to the brothers. Instruction and not "spread-eagleism" is what is needed here, as well as elsewhere. I must confess, also, to a liberal use of a vellum-covered catechism by an old Franciscan (Lipsin, by name) of the past century, which Fr. Kelly discovered for me at Spanish Town. It contains a wonderfully clear and complete explanation of the Apostles' Creed, and the best of it is, that it's in Latin; so that I can load up my gun from it, and off it goes in English, with no danger of discovery as to the source of my ideas.

Fr. Rapp was down last week to see us. The railway has been pushed through to Montego Bay, at the other end of the island, and in consequence his exile from us may be interrupted more frequently. He certainly has a hard life. I don't know how or where he manages to get the means of subsistence. As he says himself: "I pray for the man that Fr. Provincial sends to help me. He must be a strong fellow." Fr. Rapp, however, is happy and cheerful and doing much good. On his previous trip to Kingston, he failed to make connection at Ipswich with the train and slept all night, stretched on the floor of the open station, with a dozen others, country people waiting like himself. You should hear him tell the story of it and how, when they had all settled themselves for sleep, he sat up and said: "My friends, I think it's a good idea to say some prayers." And every one of them, men and women, none of them Catholic, joined with him as he made the sign of the cross and recited the usual prayers of the Church.

A little incident to close. The other day on my way to bury a child at Up Park Camp, I met on the outskirts of Swallowfield a young lay-preacher of some denomination or other, who was busy trying to pervert one of our new Catholics. My appearance on the scene, was the signal for the beginning of some theological discussion. The young fellow, a black man by the way, impressed me as being religiously crazy. When I took a tract from my parishioner and remarked in a joking way, that I didn't think anyone would get much harm from it, my opponent remarked, "True for you, sir," and then asked me, "Are you saved sir?" I said that so far I had no assurance of my salvation. "But I have such an assurance." "Must have had a private revelation,
I suppose "was my rejoinder. "Oh, no," he replied, "I find it all in the Bible." I then asked him to explain the text, "No one knows whether he is worthy of love or hatred," and the injunction to work out our salvation in fear and trembling. Poor fellow! I'm afraid he made a bad fist of the attempt. At any rate, when I left he followed me some few steps with the open Bible in his hand, saying that he had some part of the Scripture to show for his belief, and begging to know where he could find me so as to continue the controversy later. His previous victim was evidently glad of the chance to get away and accompanied me to the house from which the funeral was to start. The country is overrun with ignorant men of just the stamp of this exhorter, whose brains have been addled and whose conceit has been fanned by Baptist preachers and the like. With them it is religion run mad.

Your brother in Christ,

Patrick Mulry, S. J.

TO ROME AND THE VATICAN ARCHIVES.

A letter from Fr. Hughes to the Fr. Provincial of Missouri.

Collegio Pio-Latino-Americano,
Prati di Castello, Roma.

Feb. 22, 1895.

Rev. Dear Father Provincial,

P. C.

As I mentioned in a letter which I wrote from Queenstown, it is evident that eyes are on us wherever we go. The incident I noted then regarded other ecclesiastics, in some out-of-the-way spot on the continent. As to myself, I had considered that there were four or five Catholics among the 38 saloon passengers; and I came to learn about them only gradually. Thus, when we were four days at sea, the lady aside of me at table asked: "Shall we have Mass to-morrow?" She was one of a party of three from Vermont, all Catholics. I did not know whether I was going to be asked by the Captain to give an address, at least, on the next day, Sunday. I learnt afterwards that, on the ships of all British lines, service is always conducted according to the Established Church, the Purser acting as chaplain when an established clergyman is wanting.
The rest were utter strangers at first, except my two South American friends, one of them having three daughters with him. When our relations thawed all round, and everyone came to know everything about the others, I found most of them to be Canadian or English-Canadian merchants or bankers, making a usual business trip across the ocean. For one of them this was the 156th voyage across the Atlantic.

There was one whom I considered to be the most absolute stranger of all, he had scarcely a nod of salutation for the priest. I am afraid, I had put him down mentally as an out-an-out Orangeman of Ontario. We were nearing the port of Liverpool, when for the first time we had a long walk together on deck. He spoke to me about Stonyhurst, about a friend of his, a Jesuit scholastic whom he had visited there a few years before. His father, he said, was one in whom the hostile elements of Canada had rooted the faith deep; and how delighted he had been to find his son entering the Society! I inquired: "Yourself—are you a Catholic?"—"Oh, yes!" he replied.

My South American Catholic friends impressed me. One of them was my room-mate, and his hours were about as different from mine, as day from night—in a very strictly literal sense. He told me that, one night, he had gone to rest at two in the morning—just about two or three hours before I rose. He always took breakfast at ten in the morning. I had daily talks with him; and the first morning, after a two-hours’ talk, he said as we parted for the moment: "Now, since I have told you so much about myself, I must tell you all." He was a man of wide practical experience; in fact, he had been born in London and brought up there in his earliest years; he spoke with great fluency and extremely well on all kinds of matters and things. Soon afterwards, he brought me a New York paper of two or three days before, in which his marriage on the previous Sunday evening was recorded. Seeing the head-lines, I paid the proper compliments; and then read at my ease. What do you think? My devout Catholic friend had been married to a Protestant lady (possibly a Jewess, to judge by the name), before a Protestant preacher, in a Protestant Church!

As to my other South American friend, whose three daughters were pupils of the convents in New York, I could never elicit any response of practical Catholicity from him. He spoke with fervor of being a Catholic; all South America was thoroughly Catholic; they would never have anything to do with anything but the Catholic Church—all Catholic, nothing but Catholic! But to the notion that practical life required practice of some sort he was quite unre-
sponsible. He was fluent on the subject of education—that the convents were not doing what they should. Knowing I was a Jesuit, perhaps he did not like to touch on the colleges. All his ideas ran in the way of materialism, that of a man who was rich, had begun with affluence, had continued improving his resources, and ended with affluence. For the rest, his gentlemanliness and cordiality were charming.

I have found identical mental conditions in my limited experience on the continent. Leaving Paris at 2 p.m. one day bound for Turin, I had as fellow-traveller in my compartment a young soldier, finely uniformed, though not a higher officer. He travelled with me for five or six hours, as far as Dijon. I was desirous of knowing the temper of military people with respect to all this religious persecution that is going on. He spoke well and freely. I was unable to gauge the breadth of his observation. It seemed to me that it was limited to one line of reading and to a uniform set of surroundings. His theory was simply this, that military men paid no attention to the course of those events, which are so dear to us; that they had no animus against religion, etc. When I came down to the question of practice, his tone changed favorably. He said, not more than three in every hundred soldiers ever went to Church; and everything else was in keeping. I observed how, in England, in former times I had seen the Catholics of English regiments marching to Mass of a Sunday in full military style. My young friend showed a degree of attention and reverence which was gratifying. He had not been to his duties for a long time; and had lost the habit of daily prayers. I gathered that he was going to get married; and I had a new string to my bow. We parted at Dijon. His card described him as Sergeant F., Ecole Normale de Gymnastique et d’Escrime.

A similar idea of Catholicity is to be found elsewhere than on the sea or in a French train. By the way, though I could say something about English soldiers, I felt, when I left Paris, that I had seen more soldiers there in a day and a half than in ten years—perhaps thirty—of my life before. In France and here, while impressions were still fresh, I could not help putting myself the question: What on earth were they doing? Why were they not at their ploughs or trades? They are busy enough at their profession—Bene currunt sed extra cursum. I got a glimpse at their functions, and their cleverness therein, the moment I alighted at Turin. I was stared at, measured, by their restless eyes; and, though my grip-sack had the custom-house mark on it from Modane on the Italian frontier, I was asked sharply at the gate,
what had I in it. In the consciousness of my guileless innocence, the situation was absurd enough to make me laugh; and, either in French or in the first bit of Italian I had the honor of practising on the unfortunate natives, I replied, that "it contained my things!" This profound answer, and perhaps the laugh, completely disarmed His Italian Majesty's troops, and I passed on. However, I must add that no one, in France or Italy, ever seemed to take me for a priest, dressed as I was in secular clothes, and muffled up to the ears. In America, my honest face was always enough to betray me; but it was not honest enough for Frenchmen or Italians.

Well, but I am running away from my subject. We had started from New York in a fresh wintry air, and with water remarkably smooth for such a time of the year. A splendid gale came on us after passing Newfoundland, and the decks for a couple of days were absolutely bare of everything except the breaking seas, and a sailor now and then dodging the waves to get from one point to another. The temperature was very moderate, the sky clear; and then a sun like that of spring made the decks suddenly become alive with passengers, as soon as the gale abated, and their second spell of sickness had passed away. I took a turn along the sunny side of the main deck, where all the second class passengers were basking in the sun. They were about 120 in number; and, for a sum of ten dollars, they were being carried across the ocean, were fed with three substantial meals a day, and were yet to be provided with tickets free, as far as Edinburgh North, or London South. A certain portion were Catholics, English and Irish; many were intelligent men, returning for want of work in the winter; some were foreigners of unknown tongues; and others were Jews, all and everywhere by themselves and left alone. If any of these last noticed me, they gave no sign of recognition.

As I noted in a former letter, I was rewarded for my pains on this occasion in quite another direction. One of the officials took me down through all the second-class quarters, divided off among men, married people and single women. And then the chief engineer took me through every part of the engine department to the boiler-room, and even along the tunnel to the extreme point where the revolving shaft of the screw passed out astern. The various accidents which had happened to Atlantic liners were minutely explained by the courteous gentleman. And the Captain too, at a later date, when I was telling him about my experience, took me to the stern, and explained some points
which had escaped my notice, or which I had not understood. Among them was that marvellous appliance, the steam steering gear, by means of which the helmsman forward with a touch of his hand upon the wheel could work the rudder. In default of that appliance, the huge rudder would require the strength of as many men as could get their hands on two rigidly bound wheels, provided astern for emergencies. And, if anything happened to this mechanism also, there remained a heavy steel hawser rolled on a capstan, to do the same work, but very imperfectly.

At Liverpool I learnt that the lines were not paying expenses. No dividends are being paid. There is a cut-rate war going on. It is only a question of which is the richest—the Liverpool lines, the new American one to Southampton, or the German-Lloyd. But the war has introduced some agreeable modifications for passengers. Thus from Liverpool, at the landing-stage, I could check my trunk straight through to London, on paying a trifle. The checking system availed me also from London to Paris, and from Paris to Rome. American ideas are spreading. And, on the continent, American and English wealth is idolized.

My experiences in England were all too personal to delay me here. There was Stonyhurst with its memories and its splendid live personality. At Manchester, I observed in an old friend the same trait which I found at every turn in my own condition of mind, recognizing persons and things, not by what I had learnt of them in later years, but by the vivid realization of something twenty-eight years ago, as if all that intervened had not been. At London, Roehampton and Wimbledon too, all that was new seemed to stand out but as a few features on the background of recollections, more than quarter of a century old. Yet that quarter-century, and more, meant that the whole generation, not only of students at Stonyhurst, but of novices and juniors at Roehampton had simply not been born, when life thronged about us then; and so much of that life, I understood, had long since ceased to be, and with such tragic terminations in particular instances. It did seem to me that life had a right to seem tragic, and death more so, except in the religious institute, which fixes every moment of it more faithfully, than our compass that never varied had set the course of the ship, though she never rested.

I had not been on the continent before. And, to speak only of the Catholic life, as reflected in our own customs and ways, everything was new except its spirit and, in particular, this charity and courtesy everywhere. With the fathers of the Rue de Sèvres, and with Fathers de Scor-
raille, Cornut and other friends at the Rue Monsieur, I was as much at home, as I felt strange, yet gratified, at so much Catholic faith in all the surroundings at large—a faith that was all around in the air, even though to so large an extent it was sleeping or dead. My half-day with Father Sasia at Turin was like a little spell at St. Louis or New York (where last I had met his Reverence), not as if everything were not Italian, but because his cordiality was enough to throw a whole atmosphere about one; and, if I had needed any of that warmth in my moral environment, which I sadly felt the warmth of in my shivering members after so much night-travel, I might have forgotten actualities in the pleasure of that half-day.

My eye was struck with the first revelation of continental education, and its ideals—I mean its social ideals—belonging as they do, to the whole construction of things, and dating as much from the far-off centuries, as these houses in Rome, every one of which, this newest one in which I live as well as the oldest, seems to be built for eternity. However, those educational features, with their lessons and bearings, belong to a more studied sketch than I can pretend to give here.

I merely took note, in connection with them, that the sky and the clime and the mountains and vineyards are the smallest part of the novelties. The newest thing to me, especially in Rome, is that which is impalpable and everywhere—the old Christian life of eighteen centuries pulsating in the social manners; antiquity both Christian and pagan throwing its gauze-like mist from fountains that displayed this identical rainbow in their spray before the commencement of our era; these shadows of arches, palaces and churches, that convey the suggestions of deeper and wider scenes to the eye of history, than one could see from the top of the Alps. And the catacombs and their devotions, which, with a company headed by Father Grisar, I attended for the first time on St. Valentine’s day—pious, dim, crowded, suffocating—how intensely religious, in the light of what other minds had thought there in times worse than ours, and what other hearts had bled there, in a sense more literal than now!

So I found myself speeding under the walls of Rome, on the grey morning of a rainy day. I did not feel curious about anything in particular, though, as the morning was trying to break, I was trying to note when I should first see for certain the Eternal City. I did not feel specially curious, when I entered for the first time a Roman building, the German College. The one dominant sentiment, these
weeks, has been that of the luxury of being in Rome. It reminds me of what Fr. Coosemans said, when I was on the ocean with him, so many years ago, that he had been at Rome now, and there was only one other place he aspired to see, and that was heaven. I believe, if all the monuments were razed to the ground, it would be eloquent to the Christian sense in the midst of the waste, and speak to the mind with far more force than the fiction of those two wolves, that doze their lives away in a corner of the Capitoline Rock.

I had expected to rank St. Peter's more or less among its antiquities. Yes, more or less it belongs to them. But I was greatly surprised to find that structure as fresh and new inside in every square inch of its marbles, as if it had first been opened yesterday.

Our way to our work every day lies either by the carriage road round St. Peter's, or by a specially short cut through the Vatican. On the road, called the Via dei Fundamenti of St. Peter's, you have a sight worth enjoying. The immensity of the perfectly proportioned Church grows on you externally, as is so well known to be the process of waking consciousness inside the great temple, the longer you stay and look at it—with St. Ignatius, by the way, in a principal niche of the nave, just where the original Greek cross stops, and that prolongation begins, which has made the Church the Latin cross it is. Our short cut is up the new stairs, made by Pius IX., into the courts of the Vatican, saving a longer turn by the Scala Regia. That is to say, as you look at any front view of St. Peter's, the bronze gate admitting to the Vatican, and guarded by the Swiss sentinels, is at the right extremity of the colonnade; immediately beyond are the new stairs into the Cortile di San Damaso. The upper galleries round this court are visible in every front view of St. Peter's; they are called the Loggie di Raffaelo, and contain the painter's frescoes. Then, passing on through three or four more courts, we go out, meeting the carriage road behind. There the Swiss Guard at the gate stand facing the Italian guard at the mint. Finally, half the length of the Library buildings, the gardens being on our left, brings us to our door in the basement, just beneath the observatory, and we enter the consultation room of the secret archives. It has taken something like ten minutes of business-like walking to get from the bronze gate to our room.

Here a spectacle of diligence greets you. There are some sixty men, say—ecclesiastics, friars, monks, and about three-fourths non-Catholic laymen, representing the learned historical institutes of Europe, or perhaps pursuing their private studies. Each one has had to make a special application to
the Card. Prefect of the archives; and, being admitted, has received the number of the desk he is to occupy. Several numbers are duplicated, and some triplicated. But, though I received a duplicate, I have never had occasion to notice that the other applicant has appeared since I came. Of course, there are always places actually vacant.

Not to lose a moment, there is a hurry to be in time, at half-past eight. The folio which you left the day before, with your desk-mark so placed as to indicate that you will want it on the morrow, is waiting for you; you scribble a name for the day's record; and you take up where you left off. A book-stand supports the folio; there is a flat writing drawer, ink, and sufficient elbow room; a Monsignore, Sotto-Archivista, enthroned at one end, a younger ecclesiastic at the other, one or two custodians present, probably pursuing their own studies; the porters are diving in and out of the archives, taking in and bringing out folios as called for—but only one at a time is allowed; some consultation in whispers is going on round about; there is a reference library; and it is all work. For our purposes, the three and one-quarter hours are golden; we cannot spare a minute; and everyone looks as if he felt the same. This is the more so as library vacations are frequent and long. Two days ago, we began the carnival vacation, which lasts nine days. Every Thursday vacat. And there are three solid months of vacation in summer.

I will not delay you with particulars of our special work. I have indited a communication to the Editor of the Woodstock Letters, conveying what I thought to be suggestive matter of reflection for the writers S. J., whom it may concern—particularly the writers in Reviews. And, if you wanted an idea of the rules that govern this consultation in the Vatican archives, they are to be found in the volumes of the Acta Leonis XIII., under a date of about ten years ago. I have learnt from Fr. Bollig that the credit of getting these treasures originally opened is largely due to our director, Fr. Ehrle.

But I must not take up more room now with so many other things which I should like to have mentioned. Fr. Bollig, who is very ill here, has added an interesting point. He says that, as Prefect of the Vatican Library, he had felt it much, that so many Protestants and infidels were there from the world at large—not to mention our worthy Catholic savants—all of them extracting from these unexplored treasures what would suit their own purposes; but that now, at last, he felt happy, when he saw the Society too

(1) He has died since the letter was written.—Ed. W. L.
availing itself of the opportunity. He remarked also that the position which this new party of Ours occupies is absolutely the one most desirable, in connection with the Vatican Library; we are free to attend to our own work. He considers his own life of usefulness for the Society and for the Church to have been cut off, very many years ago, by having to accept of charges in the Library—all his best time being taken up by others, by students and visitors. Yet such posts—again threatening in another quarter—are just what others are aspiring to and living for; and any construction, except that of disinterestedness, is sure to be placed upon the incumbency of one of Ours.

I may add that, as it has been a part of Roman culture for centuries, to gather splendid libraries, particularly of manuscripts and archives, there is a whole round of them here demanding investigation. Take, for instance, the fact that, in the Corsini palace, we have laid out before us the private papers of Fr. Angioli (of notoriety at the revival of the Society). That mass of private papers would fill a little cart. Generally the contents of the palatial libraries are catalogued some way or other. Angioli's are an exception, and we are empowered by the librarian to get them in order first; then Fr. Ehrle will determine what is to be done afterwards. But, in the Vatican archives, nothing is catalogued; the letters in the folios have no pagination, which however the students are allowed to supply in pencil. It is simply an investigation of inedited and unrevealed documents.

I mentioned to your Reverence the dear old friends of all of us in America, Card. Mazzella, Fr. de Augustinis Rector of the Gregorian University, Fr. Brandi in the midst of my friends at the Civiltà. As you know, the theological students of the Gregorian University number 588; of whom only 36 follow the short course. Fr. de Augustinis and his colleague, Fr. Billot, lecture to a class of between 300 and 400 students. These simply fill the large lecture hall; and yet they belong to only the 2nd, 3rd and 4th years of theology. The theologians of the 1st year are now treated apart, with three dogmatical lectures a day. So that everyone in theology will henceforth have a beginning to begin with, instead of striking in upon the quadriennial course wherever, it might happen to be when he entered. The third dogmatical lecture for this first year provides a place for the loci theologici. All the four years together sum up 552 students. Add to these such as attend special courses, as well as 350 philosophers, and you have the sum total, for the present year, of 985 students belonging to 38 religious
orders and 17 colleges, besides others outside of these two categories. There are only about 30 Scholastics S. J., three of these being from California. The Professors are 23 in number. To the practical American mind it must be a subject of wonderment, how so large a community can subsist, having neither remuneration for its work, nor a foundation of revenues on which to rest.

I have learnt that, before the recent suppression of our Roman College, and its expropriation, there was no such attendance at our courses; nor is there anything like it now at the other Catholic universities of Rome. The only explanation of this prosperity in such disastrous times seems to be the eminence of the Professors, while the favor of His Holiness and his exalted apostolate in behalf of sacred science goes far in the same direction.

At the German College, our Germanici—the "cardinals," as I have heard them called by an outsider, because of their brilliant red soutanes—are special favorites of the Pope. Their life and manners are altogether those of scholastics of the Society. Their daily meditation, examen of conscience, night litanies, eight days' annual retreat; their deportment and simple devotion so manifest everywhere, seem the live impress of St. Ignatius' hand, 350 years after his establishing them for the work of the great field of battle in Germany. The more one sees of the many ways in which our holy Founder's all-powerful influence has operated and still evolves itself for the benefit of the Church, the deeper one's devotion when kneeling before his altar in the Gesù—pronounced to be the most beautiful in all Rome. And, if it is so as a work of fine art, it is more so as a shrine consecrated to a master of the most divine art in seeking the salvation and perfection of all.

I have also understood that, for these German students, coming as they do from a colder climate, a life according to southern ways is particularly hard. From what I have experienced myself, I believe that people from colder climes are less inured to cold than the inhabitants of sunny Italy. The signs of much severer cold we look at through our windows; but we scarcely ever feel it, even in its most moderate degrees. I do not doubt but that the health and vigor of students are fostered more in these natural conditions than in the hot-house system, which prevails elsewhere. But, none the less, it is a daily sacrifice demanded of their young constitutions. And, besides, there is that arrangement in the matter of daily sustenance, which, however abundant, still in its manner may well feel like a regime of fasting with us. But, again, all this enhances the vigor of
their spiritual constitutions, when in the glow of youth they know how to offer a daily fioretto of virtue and abnegation, in controlling the merely natural man.—I use the term fioretto or "little flower," because I heard it in another connection. Seeing some South American alumni in this college girded with aprons one day, I asked for an explanation. I was told that it was fioretto, which they offered the Blessed Virgin of a Saturday, by serving their fellow-seminarians at table.

Indeed, living in the same college with some eighty South American seminarians, who are under our direction, I observe very much the same condition of things as I have heard about the Germanici. Naturally, with the same guidance, the same effects. Judging them by the ordinary course of their daily life, their devotions and spiritual exercises, their religiousness and joyousness, I might have taken them for novices or scholastics of the Society. A great formation this, in the early bloom of youth to be immersed in perfect Christian ecclesiasticism; and that with the reflection of so many varied traits in the cosmopolitan life of Rome. And I notice in this wide field of the highest apostolic work, where the laborers themselves are trained for the work in the vineyard, a very special development of our domestic resources; it is that of the mission, carried on so long after their short day upon earth, by the three youths given us through the mercy of God, Saints Aloysius, Stanislaus and Berchmans. Their evangelical ministry, though they were not even priests, grows upon you more and more in its proportions, when you see it insinuating itself, with its ever fresh beauty, into the imaginations and thoughts of the flower of the young Catholic clergy, from shrines and paintings and mosaics; and energetic in reproducing itself, with its modesty, devotion and love. Nor, indeed, is it only among ecclesiastics that I have noticed our characteristics asserting themselves. At Stonyhurst, I saw the boys coming in a throng from meals; recreation had already begun; and, as they came about Our Lady's statue, well known to many a Stonyhurst generation, individuals dropped down on their knees anywhere among the throng, to pay their salutation to her; and they were passing in and out of the chapel adjoining, to pay their visit; and so they mingled in the general recreation.

And now I must close, with one little incident more. Yesterday, as I was accompanying R. Fr. Kenny (of Ireland) through St. Peter's, we cast a glance at a train of young clerics who were entering the church. He remarked, a propos of them, how much edified he had been in the Gesù that
morning by a party of Barnabites, who came in and performed their devotions at one altar or another, with such religious decorum and recollection, that the eyes of many were fixed on them. I was interested; it agreed with so much that I had already seen. At the same time, I was a little piqued, remembering what Fr. Mutius Vitelleschi tells us in a certain letter, about the way he came by his vocation through watching the religious decorum of our own young men. After a pause I went on to inquire, what was the dress of the Barnabites like? For there are so many tints and shades, in borders, cinctories and mantles, that it will be a long while before I can pretend to know or remember the different institutes. He said, they were dressed in brilliant red. "Why," I told him, "those are our own Germanici!"

I beg to commend myself to your Reverend's holy Sacrifices and prayers, with a remembrance to our fathers and brethren.

Yours very humbly in Christ,

Thomas Hughes, S. J.

THE VATICAN ARCHIVES.

A letter from Father Hughes to the Editor.

Our readers will be glad to know what our fathers are doing in the Vatican Archives; all the more as no account has appeared anywhere of this important enterprise, so prudently and amply set on foot and organized by Rev. Father General. There is, in fact, so much interest and inquiry about the work being done there, that we feel under special obligations to Father Hughes for sending us so promptly the following letter.—Editor Woodstock Letters.

Rome, March 9, 1895.

Rev. Dear Father,

P. C.

You expressed a desire to hear something about the Vatican Archives, that might be of interest to the readers of the Letters. I undertook to comply with your request, as soon as a little experience should put me in a condition to do so. I have been engaged now, in our work of research, during five weeks, with however an intermission of nine days at Carnival time. Possibly, some points of my
personal experience will convey best, at so early a date, the results of my own limited observation.

My colleagues, Fathers Pizzolari, Rivière, Astrain and Kroess, were already for several months on lines of research, which had been assigned them. The purpose of the investigation is to unearth such documents as will serve the historians of the Society. When these resources shall have been fully examined by the archivists, it will remain then for each to select what appertains to his own assistancy. The copyists, who are employed, write out the documents designated by the archivists, under the superintendence of Father Ehrle. The copies are kept in such form as to be available for sending off to the historians, who will treat integral portions of the Society's history. Naturally, such integral portions will not always coincide with the histories of assistancies; since the component parts of a single assistancy have oftentimes grown in conditions very diverse, and have developed histories quite their own. I may call such portions historical units, or integral portions of the general history.

The fathers were engaged on the lines of the Letters of Nunciatures, of Bishops, of Princes, or of the Papal Registers. It would please you much, I know, if I paused to sketch the results of their labors so far; and also if I described the method of procedure. But I must pause first to become more versed, not merely in the method which is clear enough, but in the cumulative results of their labors, which have certainly been ample. I prefer at present to confine myself to humble personalities.

The Letters of private individuals were assigned to me—Lettere de Particolari. With the unskilful hand of a novice, I have been able to examine so far only six volumes of the long series ahead. I observe much matter there which pertains to the Society directly; and much again of what bears on it indirectly. It would take too long to speak about both. The former class of material, which is directly on our affairs, will go into service, when the historians of the different integral parts of our history address themselves to the matter in hand. The latter class, it strikes me, would suit your purposes at present—that material which comes in sideways on our history, matter which belongs to the department of our writers in Reviews, and which writers on history at large prize exceedingly.

There are illustrations of what I mean in the issue of the Moniteur Bibliographique, which has just come to hand, that for 1893. Under the head of History, I see such entries as (No. 1531) Fr. Ehrle's Archives for the history of literature
and the Church in the Middle Ages; (No. 1560) Fr. Brucker on the Religious History of the 17th and 18th centuries; (No. 1571) A list of dignitaries in the Church who were taken by apostolic authority from the Society; (No. 1682) Biographical notices of Ours in Wetzer and Welte's Kirchenlexicon, new edition; (No. 1757) Fr. Edmund Hogan's articles on Irish Worthies of the 16th century; in particular, on Fr. Christopher Holywood, S. J.; (No. 1918) Fr. Pierling on Leo X and projects of an anti-Ottoman league; (No. 2617) Fr. Balbinus on the extirpation of heresy, effected in the kingdom of Bohemia, in Moravia and the duchies of Silesia, through the instrumentality of the Jesuit Fathers from 1661 to 1678.

This kind of matter is of general interest to the world at large. In the present condition of historical studies, and with the taste which governs them, there is nothing, however personal it may be, and special even to an Order in the Church, which is not prized as a sterling article, if only it be authentic. The guiding principle is professed to be that of getting at the facts. And the prevalence of utter indifferentism, in the whole field of religious likes and dislikes, furthers the same end. In this way, the esteem which is entertained for inedited documents, for those which have never yet seen the light, has become almost a cult in the institutes, academies and reviews devoted to historical studies. There are special institutions founded here in Rome by different nations to avail themselves of the privilege accorded by Leo XIII., in opening the Vatican archives.

The Church and the Society are gainers by this fashion; and it is a fashion not likely to go soon out of vogue. Here again I may cite the last Moniteur, for instances of original research on our behalf done by outsiders: (No. 2307) Jansen, Akademische Thätigkeit der Jesuiten; (No. 2309) Haupt, Hexe und Jesuit: Erzählung aus der Zeit des dreissigjährigen Krieges; (No. 2360) Berthier O. P., on J. E. Bonomio, Nuncio Apostolic in Switzerland, 1579-1586.

Our examination of the folios is intended to be such, that there should never be any need of the same inquiry being set on foot again. To this end, the system of notes and records has been so conceived as to put within easy reach, for reference, whatever falls within our scope, directly or indirectly; and also to leave it on record, what else has been examined without finding anything to the purpose. The copyists are directed what to transcribe—such matter as will be of direct use to our historians. The rest stands indi-
cated; and it is of this material that I wish to furnish you with a specimen or two.

One remark more. The earliest point at which we take up the examination of the archives is naturally at a later date than the foundation of the Society. This, you may well imagine, is a consideration of a somewhat soothing nature to men who have dipped into the archives, and have learnt what they mean. I do not allude merely to the agony caused by the handwriting, or the absorption of ink through bibulous paper, or the discoloration by damp, or the stray charm of a cipher in an important passage, or even by whole thickets of ciphers, through which no Egyptologist could scramble with his life. I refer simply to the extent of the archives. Let me transcribe for you a note of Fr. Rivière's:

Regesta Supplicationum and Expeditionum: 7,700 vol. (Clement VI. to Gregory XVI; 1342–1846).
Regesta Brevium: ... vol. (Martin V. to Clement X; 1417–1676).
Concilio di Trento: 140 vol.
Varia Politicorum: 172 vol.
Archivio di Segretaria di Stato: 7,000 vol.
   " Nuntiature e Legazioni: 6,000 vol.
   " Lettere de' Cardinali: 158 vol.
   " Lettere de' Vescovi e Prelati: 230 vol.
   " Lettere de' Principi: 210 vol.
   " Lettere de' Particolari: 223 vol.
   " Lettere de' Soldati: 179 vol.
   " Miscellanea di Segretaria di Stato: 250 vol.
Archivio Borghese: Corrispondencia diplomatica del tiempo de Clemente VIII, Leon X et Paul V: 2,100 vol.
Liste dressée par un érudit espagnol, M. Hinojosa, assez exacte.

To this I may add that the dominant language, as far as I have seen, is Italian; then come Spanish, Latin, French; and to-day a Greek letter loomed up, of which I could make out no more than that most probably it did not concern me; and the Cardinal, to whom it was addressed, seems to have thought the same in his own regard; for he did not honor it with an endorsement, a summary, a date, or anything else.

In the first six volumes of Letters from private individuals, made up of letters or documents in large folio form which vary in length from two to forty pages each, and number from about 200 to 500 in a tome, I have found in the first place that a couple of the tomes have nothing what-
ever about the Society. The letters of General Guicciardini, written for the most part in ciphers uninterpreted, date from before our origin. Those written to Cardinal Borghese, about the Abbeys and domestic interests pertaining to his Eminence, include no documents extraneous to these subjects; and Ours do not come in even accidentally. In fact, it seems highly worthy of note, how utterly absent we are from all that contentious matter, applications for preferments, proffers of humble service, etc., which seem to have made up a large part of the epistolary life of so many, who, you would think, might have found something more useful to attend to.

But in four of the volumes the story is quite different. Besides material directly pertaining to the Society, there are three or four epochs of history treated with a great amplitude of correspondence; either by Ours, or in connection with them. They are such epochs as that of the War against the Turks in Transylvania; that of the expedition to Ireland conducted by Don John d’Aguila, in command of the Spanish troops; and again that of the crusade prepared against Africa, in which a brigade of Irish or English soldiers under Captain Clyborne take part with the other Papal auxiliaries, under the general command of Thomas Stuckley, Marquis of Leinster.

Vol. IV.: A. D. 1595. Sixteen letters of Fr. Alfonso Carrillo from different places in Transylvania, etc., addressed to Card. Zinthio Aldobrandini, to Mgr. de Cremona, Papal Nuncio at Prague, and to others. They describe the progress of the war against the Turks; the movements in the courts and the armies; the trouble between Cardinal Bathori and the Prince of Transylvania, relative to the marriage of the latter; and the series ends with the bright prospects of our colleges at Claudiopolis and Alba Julia being restored to us. There are a couple of letters to the Father from Stephen Josita, Chancellor of Transylvania, besides other documents or memorials.

1596. There follows the long series of letters from J. B. Aldobrandini, General of His Holiness in those parts, to his uncle, Card. Aldobrandini; and frequent mention is made of the two Jesuits, Carrillo and Cicada, and of their missions to and from Rome. A letter of Rudolph the Emperor informs the Pope that Cigala is the only person admitted to a knowledge of the secrets, which the Emperor has commissioned him to convey to His Holiness, Clement VIII.

date from Madrid, Toledo, Graz, Prague, etc. They end, when he settles down as Rector of the Hungarian College of Sellia and Thuroz. He has been engaged in obtaining the effective assistance of the Spanish king for the war against the Turks. In one of the final letters to Card. Aldobrandini, there is an interesting glimpse afforded us of our whilom relations as landlords with the "parish priests in our possessions." Carrillio begs for himself and his successors, who shall be in charge of the College just mentioned, that they be empowered to give faculties "to the parish priests in our possessions, to absolve from heresy in foro interiori;" and that he and his successors may without scruple confer ecclesiastical jurisdiction on the said parish priests, "because so it has been done up to this." There is no indication whether he obtained his request.

Vol. V.: A. D. 1603-4. Four letters of Fr. Caraillio's, from Ratisbon and elsewhere, in which he seems to be speaking of the negotiations for a house of the Society. But, whether he was premature in accepting at Oberendorff the temporalities handed over to him by certain commissioners, or committed some other mistake, one of the letters certainly contains a most humble apology to the Cardinal and His Holiness, with promises of all kinds of amendment.—These missions evidently placed no wreath of roses on the heads of our devoted delegates. This is particularly conspicuous in the following case, that of Mansoni, the Nuncio to Ireland.

Vol. I.: A. D. 1601-2. Fifty-one letters of Fr. Louis Mansoni to Card. Aldobrandini, chiefly from Valladolid. He had been appointed Papal Nuncio to assist the Irish Catholics in their struggle against Elizabeth. A most ample history is furnished of all doings in connexion with the Spanish expedition which took Kinsale, but which ultimately left things worse than they were before.

There are besides eleven memorials, or budgets of news taken from other correspondence, and transmitted to the Cardinal. The first of the memorials is from Henry O'Neil son of Prince O'Neil, who being in Spain at the time is made a tool of by some one, to enter a protest against "a Jesuit of the Italian nation" being appointed Nuncio; the Nuncio should be—in short "fray Matteo de Oviedo." Mansoni excuses the boy, and sends on a copy of the document to Rome.

Folio 209 contains a very grave account of the difficulties which have arisen in Ireland from the contracting of matrimony within the forbidden degrees; and he begs that adequate faculties be granted for the irregularities existing.

Folio 215 is a military memorial from the "Princes Onel
y Odonel," with the answers to each point added. Similarly, F. 217, Donel Osullivan Biarr presents a memorial to the king, 20 Feb. 1602, begging for new supplies of men. To which may be added FF. 219, 220, in the latter of which Don Dermicio Odrisol submits his complaints, in the name of the three lords of Castlehauen, Baltimore and Bearhaven.

Frs. James Archer and Thomas Vicus, S. J., are prominent in the correspondence. The former is made the subject of calumnies, which are afterwards refuted by himself at the Spanish court.

Vol. IV.: A. D. 1603. Twenty-nine letters and two budgets of extracts from Fr. Louis Mansoni to Card. Aldobrandini, all from Vallodolid, until at length he is on his way back to Rome. They contain a pathetic exhibition of the difficulties, without utility or fruit of any kind, attending the negotiations with ministers at court. They furnish also an inside history of the pecuniary difficulties to which a Nuncio may be subject, when he is simply a religious priest, and is quietly assumed to be living with his attendants on the charity of a professed house.

In all this voluminous correspondence, it might be an historical treat for a scholar like the writer of "Irish Worthies of the 16th century," to decipher the identity of persons and places under the Italian, Spanish or Latin phonetic spelling. And an English writer might enjoy a similar luxury in the instance which follows, where the rolls of English (or Irish?) soldiers present a funny spectacle.

Vol. III.: 1577-8. A very peculiar bit of history is contained in this third tome, amid the correspondence of the military Commissioner of His Holiness at Cività Vecchia, Capt. Žani, and that of his collateral at Lisbon, Capt. Sebastian di San Giuseppe. The forces of the Pope have gone to assist in an African expedition. To judge by the complaints of Capt. Sebastian, some strange complications must have taken place to the discomfiture of the Pope's plans; and all the blame is laid at the door of Leinster and "his Clyborne." Both of them are defunct, before the correspondence has gone far in the same year. Father David and three Irish priests, who have been sent from Rome, are mentioned in the correspondence. The three latter appear as recipients of some bounty, seemingly in connection with Clyborne's will. There is a gentle stricture put by some one on the judgment of Fr. David, as if he were too easily imposed upon. I take it that this priest is the same Jesuit, who did such good work in Ireland; but who, as Sacchini or perhaps Cordara remarks, was too busy with his apostolic
ministrations in the service of others to attend to himself; and particularly was all the while, notes the historian, lamentably alone. The consequence was that his connection with the Society had to be severed by Father General. This perhaps was at a later date.—The names that figure in the list of Clyborne’s Guard (98 in number) are such as these: Bexton, Giovanni inghilese d’irlanda, Port, riston, medort, battan, davis, danci, mandert, ugho quett, Leitar, picfort, braieh, Alton, mattin, bronter, olman.

Two of the epochs I have mentioned deserve a commentary from the general history of the Society.

In Transylvania, the two colleges of Claudiopolis and Alba Julia were founded in 1579 by Stephen Bathorius and his brother Christopher. Nine years later, the Society was expelled. Three years later, Ours were driven out of Alba Julia, and were called back after two years. Three more years, and they were turned out of Claudiopolis, to be brought back the next year; and finally to be expelled again in less than a year. They were not fairly re-established, till the Catholic faith itself was secure some eighty-three years later. I do not know whether the latter half of the nineteenth century itself can exhibit a more striking exhibition than this of the migratory habits of Ours.

The question regarding Ireland arose when Hugh, Count of Tyrone, undertook to make a stand, in 1595, against the Protestant domination. Encouraged by his success, the chieftains of the country besought Card. Matthæi their protector, as well as the General of the Society, to send some Jesuits over, for the spiritual reconstruction of things. Fr. Archer, Rector of the Irish College at Salamanca, and Fr. Henry Fitzsimmons, professor of philosophy at Douay, were appointed to the mission. Fr. Acquaviva gave them special instructions in 1597; and, two years later, Fr. Christopher Helivodius (Holywood) was named their superior. But he was rendered inactive at once, by being taken prisoner and sent to Wisbeach. He was succeeded by Fr. Richard Field. Soon afterwards, Fr. Archer was summoned to Rome by the Pope; and the effect of the information he gave was that Fr. Louis Manson received an appointment as Nuncio. But the progress of the expedition fitted out by the Spanish king was not such as to warrant his actually landing in Ireland.

But enough of these matters, concerning general history. And I do not intend to dwell on the rest, which appertains directly to our own history. There are various letters of
Fr. Joseph Creswell about the English mission, and other matters from the same pen about the English College at Valladolid. There are the accounts of Fr. Valentine Gerard and Fr. Anthony Marchesi, concerning perils to the faith in the Valley of Lucerne. There is a document of the pious Henry of Lorraine, who founds a novitiate in his diocese, St. Nicholas' near Nancy. Dominic Bannes writes to his superior, Fra De Lemos, and also through him to the Pope, about Suarez and Vasquez and the Fathers of the Company generally, and not a little too about himself, with his years declining now in the midst of so many dangers that threaten the Church from this ominous quarter. And other similar documents.

And now, having spoken of various matters as they presented themselves to my mind and limited experience, I should not close without a word on the general object in view. For certainly the enterprise is large and vast; and the purpose intended must be of equal proportions.

The general object then is to provide narratives, on the plan of history which is most approved to-day, of the special work of our Society in the Church and in the world. That work, so far accomplished by Ours, in all the lines of action and of thought, by men of the apostolic ministry and by those who have administered affairs, by men of the school and by men of the pen, has been as special in its scope and as characteristic in its features, as the Society itself is distinct from any other moral personality that exists. Now, on the one hand, history will do justice to the subject, when it catches those precise traits and reproduces them, in its portraiture of the Society. On the other hand, our rising generations will do justice to such characteristic traits and features, and reproduce them in life and action, when our communities have the means of always keeping steadily under the light of our traditions, antecedents and examples. Hence the annals are to be written in the different languages which correspond to the respective subjects of the partial histories. So written and presented in the ordinary reading of our refectories, they will bring home the Jesuit life as seen in action, our principles as embodied in practice, the Constitutions of the Society as seen at work in the apostolic ministries of the Sacraments and of preaching, in the ministries of teaching and of writing, and in the administration of affairs.

Such, I understand, was the mind of the late General Congregation; which laid stress upon the undertaking for another reason also. This was that the influences so ad-
verse to us in the literature spread about us, and in the atmosphere created by a press which we cannot control, might be met and counteracted by a literature, a current of thought, and a fund of fact and antecedent, which are altogether our own. His Paternity is carrying out this design of the last General Congregation. And his first step has been to commence with the most absolute methods of modern research.

Since the general history of the Society, as a whole, has been at a standstill, at the point where our last eminent historian, Father Cordara, left it, that too can be continued with greater ease and efficiency, when the partial histories shall have been completed by their respective writers.

Commending myself etc.

THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

MEXICO—EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS LETTERS.

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE COLLEGE AT PUEBLA.

This year the College of the Sacred Heart at Puebla celebrated in befitting style the 25th anniversary of its foundation, having been opened for students on the 15th of January, 1870. The building, which constituted the original college, was donated and the college endowed by Don Dionysio de Velasco, who was throughout his life a kind and generous patron. After passing through periods of uncertainty and distress, owing to the hostile attitude of the government towards Ours, the college has at last become firmly established, and can look forward with confidence to the enjoyment of an honorable and useful, perhaps even a glorious future. During the last few years it has acquired considerable importance, and is becoming well known throughout the whole Republic, thanks to the energy and superior work of its alumni, who are steadily coming into prominence in the various learned professions, positions of public trust, and, what would seem perhaps even more notable in the world of to-day, a goodly number have become quite conspicuous for successful enterprise in business.

The celebrations, which were religious, literary and social, were spread out over several days. The interior of the college buildings was beautifully decorated with flags, hangings, wreaths, floral devices, etc. The 15th of January,
memorial day, was kept as a family feast by the faculty and students. On the morning of the 20th a solemn high Mass of Requiem was sung in the large chapel for the repose of the souls of all the rectors, benefactors, professors, and pupils of the college, who had passed from this life during the last 25 years. On the evening of the same day the boys gave an entertainment. It was a notable affair, and, as one of the daily papers expressed it, might be called a "reunion of the aristocratic classes of the city," so numerous was the brilliant gathering of Puebla's best people. The program presented a drama entitled "El Banquero," interspersed with music and literary pieces. The play was acted with excellent taste and effect, and was enthusiastically received. It was given in the largest of the "patios," or courts within the college walls, which had been transformed for the occasion into an ample theatre. An immense awning was swung across the open space above and what with the glare of electric light, the broad low browed arches of the verandas with their deep shadow, the gaily draped balustrades, the profusion of banners, festoons, wreaths and masses of flowers, the patio, under the bending roof of canvas, was an ideal hall for a festal entertainment.

In the middle of the court stood a large statue of the Sacred Heart, around the base and pedestal of which was heaped a trophy made up of various emblems of the arts and sciences; above the stage were displayed, under rich drapings of red silk, oil portraits of the first Rector, Rev. Fructuoso Pontón y Ponce, the founder Don D. I. de Velasco, and Fr. Amando Brissach, one of the greatest benefactors of the Society in Mexico, and distinguished among the Rectors of Puebla, having successfully piloted the college through very troublous days. Two of the old Rectors were present, Fr. Antonio Espinosa de los Monteros and Fr. Enrique M. Cappelletti.

On the 22nd a grand banquet was given to the friends and benefactors of the college. A number of the prominent men of the city were present, and many of the alumni who have attained high posts in the magistracy and the administration. Toasts were proposed and eloquently responded to, and poems read; among the subjects being: The Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Guadalupe, Leo XIII., the sciences, Puebla, the College, the Rectors, Professors and Students.

Solemn religious services were held in the church of the Society on the 27th. The decorations in the body of the church were simple but rich. The wide cornices beneath the arches of the nave were curtained with heavy hangings of carmine plush, having a deep border of gold, while great
folds of the same rich material swept gracefully down from the capitals of the lofty columns to the pavement. This was all, but the effect was magnificent. The music was in keeping with the occasion; Gounod’s “St. Cecilia” mass being sung by the best talent from the capital. Service began with the customary singing of Tierce. Fr. Espinosa de los Monteros, oldest of the living Rectors, was celebrant of the Mass, Fr. Enrique M. Cappelletti, deacon, and Fr. Pedro Spina, the present Rector, subdeacon. An eloquent sermon was preached by Fr. Pedro Arróyave of the Residence of Morelia, Michoacán. The expenses of all these celebrations were paid by a club of the Alumni presided over by the Hon. Francisco de Uriarte, second judge of Puebla, one of the most active among the old students. The round of festivities was most pleasantly terminated by an excursion to the hacienda "Molino de Guadalupe," a property of Don Marcelino Presno’s, famed for its picturesque beauty. The party, consisting of the faculty and the students numbered about 300. A special train was chartered on the Interoceanic railway. At the station of Atotonilco they were met by a brass band and carriages gaily decorated with the interwoven colors of Spain and Mexico, to convey them to the hacienda, where they sat down to a sumptuous repast provided by their generous host, Don Marcelino. The rest of the day was spent in various amusements and in enjoying the beauty of this charming country place. The excursionists returned home in the evening and the jubilee festival was over.

There have been seven Rectors of Puebla up to the present. Rev. Fructuoso Pontón, Frs. Mario Cavalieri, Amando Brissach, Luis Mónaco, Antonio Espinosa, Enrique M. Cappelletti and Pedro Spina.

HOW A MISSION IS CONDUCTED IN MEXICO.

An account of the mission given not long ago in the church of the Society at Puebla de los Angeles, Mexico, will not fail to interest Ours, as it shows the method adopted by our fathers in giving missions in that country. As is the custom, an introductory meeting was held on the evening before to explain the purpose and method of the mission. The order of the exercises was as follows: Every day Mass was said at five o’clock by one of the missionaries, and as he proceeded, another explained from the pulpit each ceremony and part of the holy sacrifice to the congregation. After the Mass was over, the same priest gave an exhortation for half an hour on the commandments. Many people
came to this early exercise, though the mornings were very
cold, as indeed they are here at Puebla throughout the whole
year, on account of its proximity to the lofty peaks Ixtla-
cihuatl and Popocatepetl covered with perpetual snow. At
nine o’clock a second Mass was said with explanation of the
mysteries as before. The doctrinal instruction was espec-
ially directed to the young people for whom this exercise
was intended. The attendance at this Mass was also very
great. In the evening the mission service began at 6.30 p. m.
with a hymn, which Fr. A. Mir, S. J., entoned in a strong
and clear voice from the altar rail, facing the people, who
accompanied him in the singing. Then followed the holy
rosary, at the end of which one of the missionaries wearing
his cloak mounted the pulpit and gave a doctrinal instruc-
tion on the Sacrament of Penance, after which Fr. Mir en-
toned from the altar rail a hymn to our Lord, and, putting
on his surplice, preached from the pulpit the moral sermon
which generally lasted even for a whole hour, since he
spoke with such fire and enthusiasm that the audience
did not show any fatigue, but rather great attention and in-
terest. When the sermon was finished the same father en-
toned from the pulpit the hymn Perdón. The attendance at
the evening exercise was so numerous that there was no
room for all in the large church. During the time of the
mission there were three general communions, one of which
was for boys and girls. The number of communicants at
each was not less than 2000. Two of the evening exer-
cises were worthy of special remembrance; first, that in
which was preached the sermon of the reconciliation or del
perdón, as it is called in Spanish, and second, the feast of
banners for the little children. In the former, Fr. Mir ex-
pounded the parable of the Prodigal Son, and exhorted the
congregation to forgive generously and entirely all the of-
fences which they had received, begging them to do so the
more readily, as this favor was asked of them not merely
by a representative, but by Jesus Christ himself, living, real,
personal. At this moment everything having been prepared
before hand, the most Blessed Sacrament appeared solemnly
exposed on the altar, and the missionary himself asking
pardon from the congregation for whatever offence he might
have given in the course of the mission, descended from the
pulpit and embraced the men of the Catholic Club, who oc-
cupied places within the sanctuary; an act which excited
great emotion amongst the people, who broke out into tears
and sobs. Then the Blessed Sacrament was carried in sol-
lemn procession through the church and at the end Bene-
diction was given. The second event referred to above,
which may be called the feast of the flags, took place on the evening of the day on which the children made their general Communion. Their parents had been told beforehand to prepare for them flags of moderate size with this or a similar motto inscribed or embroidered upon them in silver, gold, silk or any other convenient material: Obedience, Respect, Submission. The children were all arranged in order in the central nave to the number of more than 2000. On such an occasion no ornament could be more befitting the great nave than this well ordered multitude of innocent little ones, who bore on their many colored flags the watchwords of Catholic childhood. Father Mir ascended the pulpit, and explained to them the duties of children towards their parents in a familiar manner, and made them promise that they would observe them, telling them that these flags carefully kept at their homes would be eloquent witnesses of the solemn promises which they had made. He also asked them to promise never to give their names to any sect or society forbidden by the Church, and this they did. The last day of the mission was solemnized by the presence of his Eminence Francis Militón Vargas, the bishop of the diocese, who preached the sermon on perseverance and gave the papal benediction. The mission was notable for the great number of conversions to better life, and the return to the observance of their duties of many, who for a number of years did not practise their religion. Many also who had been living in a state of sin were reunited in the lawful bonds of holy matrimony. The initiation and promotion of the mission was due to the members of the Catholic Club of the city.

A VISIT TO THE CAVE OF CACAHUAMILPA.

From a Letter of Father De La Cerda.

I mentioned in my last letter that perhaps I should make a visit to the cave of Cacahuamilpa and at last I have done so. Still, if I could have foreseen all the hardships which I had to undergo in order to see this famous cave, and the rivers to which it owes its formation, I would scarcely have undertaken the task. We went and returned on the same day, making altogether a journey of sixteen leagues. As there was question of carrying 250 pounds of humanity, I required the help of two mules. Besides, I had to plod around on foot for a good while to explore the caverns, and to reach the mouths of the rivers, which seem to issue from the heart of the mountain, through vast caves opened in its
side. My activity occasioned no little surprise to the "Mayordomo" and an English engineer who accompanied us, not to mention myself, for I hardly believed that I was capable of doing what would have tired a young man, and for a fat and sickly old fellow like myself seemed simply out of the question.

Now my visit to Cacahuamilpa, being but a short excursion between times during our missionary work, was not that of a scientific explorer, but rather of one who goes to refresh the soul in admiration of the wonders of God's power and providence even in this land of our exile. So you must not expect of me any nice measurements or calculations. But let us see the cave, that is, what we can of it, for I have not the time to give any adequate or extended account. Here, is the entrance then, not very large to be sure, looking rather like the burrow of some great beast than the natural portal of such gigantic works of nature. We enter, descend a rapid incline of about forty yards, and, still illuminated by the light of day, find ourselves in the Sala del Chivo or the goat, the first of a long series of magnificent halls. It gets its name from a conspicuous stalagmite that looks very much like a petrified specimen of the animal above mentioned. This dainty little antechamber can easily accommodate more than 5000 persons, and here, they tell us, was improvised a grand hotel when President Diaz came to pay a visit to the place. Since I cannot describe for you all that I have seen, I must at least let you know that I have seen it all, for the man who accompanied us as guide is better acquainted with the cave than any other in the whole Republic. He has actually lived in the cave for the last five months, and thus has had an excellent opportunity of thoroughly examining everything, especially as the electric lights used at the President's visit, and besides, a considerable quantity of magnesium, which he plentifully used on the present occasion, were at his disposal. He lives at Coatlán del Rio and his name is Iturbide. For him the caverns have no secret, and there remain to be explored only the tunnels through which pass those copious rivers that leap forth from the openings in the mountain side to join and form the Amacusac. He was very kind to us and at his own expense furnished the magnesium, which enabled us to admire the indescribable beauties which lie buried here in continual darkness. So, gratefully remembering our good friend Iturlide, let us pass on to other halls. Of course I do not intend to speak of them in their order, nor of all, but merely to suggest some feature of those which chiefly attracted my attention. Among the first was the great hall of Thrones,
an immense chamber, whose fantastic ribbed and vaulted ceilings offer a natural pattern for the gothic style of architecture. Ranged about its walls are the numerous thrones to which it owes its name. To give you some idea of their appearance, I may liken them to the crystal tabernacle in which we expose the most Blessed Sacrament. Opposite the entrance there stands one which is truly colossal. It is indeed a royal seat. Beneath an enormous canopy of crystal towering aloft in true gothic style, there is an ample chair of state, if you please to call it so, in perfect harmony with its splendid covering. Here Fr. Mir humbly seated himself, for the moment more gloriously enthroned amidst all this chaste splendor than was ever king or emperor.

El salón de las Fuentes, or holy water fonts, gives this particular shape to a multitude of quadrangular little vessels on the floor, though a great number have more capricious shapes. They catch the water which drops from the domes sixty yards above them. Next I might mention the cave of the tombs, or Pantheon, which presents a marvellously symmetrical aspect. In the middle of the hall there stands what appears to be a great catafalque or funeral pile fully twenty feet in height. Its base covers an area of about twenty feet square and at each corner rises a pyramidal shaft to the height of about sixty feet. All these things were beautiful indeed, but what I liked best was the Hall of Reliquaries,—a sort of sanctuary hidden away from the profane by a screen of crystal, which on account of the open web-like tracery in all manners of fanciful design, seems like a piece of exquisite lace-work. Into this "sancta sanctorum" only persons of a certain limited size can enter, and even these after the manner of rats. Not being graced with the proper conditions, I was obliged to remain at a respectable distance; yet when the precious camarín was illuminated by the magnesium light, I could enjoy from without a most charming vision, for the chancel veil was as transparent as the richest lace.

And so on through one hall after another, each with its beautiful surprises for the sight-seer. A word about the rivers and I will be done. I went to see their mouths, which are other caves in process of formation, and which will be admired, when the rivers which are shaping them shall go elsewhere with their music, as did the San Geronimo after having formed those which we came to see. It was very hard for me to make the descent to the bottom of the great pit, but down I went, and I had the pleasure of looking out under those colossal arches, whose span seemed to measure fully 200 feet. Beneath them an ocean steamer might sail
with ease, if indeed the river be deep enough. There are
two of these rivers and two mouths from which they now
issue, about three quarters of a mile apart. Iturbide told
us that the rivers make their entrance on the other side of
the mountain, one five and the other seven leagues distant
from the place whence they emerge, but as they by no
means follow a straight line in coming through, we must
count many more leagues in the course which they make
beneath the earth. He is determined to explore the tunnels
through which they make their way, though I think that
he will find the enterprise far more difficult than he imag-
ines. It would require one of the improbable explorers of
Jules Verne. The only thing that remains to be said is that
the cave is in the State of Guerrero, where the vegetation is
superb in its tropical luxuriance. One walks here in the
shade of leafy sirandá, the great green fronds of banana
trees and lofty palms, while darting to and fro through the
air are seen innumerable bright plumaged birds, among
which are conspicuous the gay colors of the parrots. After
all this you will ask; what about the missions? Well! we
are now in a little village called Tlaltizapán, where the peo-
ple are very well disposed and I think that the mission will
do a great deal of good. We have dedicated it to our
Blessed Mother of Guadalupe and hope for the best success.

THE INDIANS OF SONORA, SINALOA, AND LOWER CALIFORNIA.

From a Letter of Hermano C. M. Heredia, S. J.

PUEBLA, February 1, 1895.

The extreme need of missionaries in the Mexican Re-
public not only seems to be unknown outside of the country,
but even among ourselves it is not sufficiently appreciated.
Chance or rather a special providence of God brought to
our ears some information about the lamentable condition
of things in the states on the U. S. frontier. Take for in-
stance the territory of Lower California with an area of
62,000 square miles and a population of 60,000 souls, and
the State of Sonora which has an area of about 80,000
square miles and 250,000 inhabitants. This large extent of
country falls within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Sono-
ra, and for the service of such an immense diocese there are
only nineteen priests. Three are stationed in the capital,
Hermosillo, a city of 8000 inhabitants. They are the bish-
op, the pastor and a young priest, who, besides acting as
rector of the diocesan seminary, is assistant to the pastor,
whose parish stretches out for over 200 miles. The bishop is his own secretary, vicar-general, administrator of the See, professor of theology in the seminary, confessor, preacher in ordinary, the choir and chapter of the cathedral, and vicar-apostolic of Lower California besides, where he has, or rather had, a clergy still more notable than that of his diocese. Over this large peninsula ruled, spiritually, three priests; the pastor of the capital, La Paz, who is paralyzed from the waist down, his assistant, who is insane, and another in a far distant village, who but a short while ago suffered the loss of one of his legs. These poor priests were of course obliged to leave their charges, and thus the poor souls of the vicariate have been abandoned.

I do not get this sad news from the papers, but from the pastor of Hermosillo himself. He is Don Angel Barceló, a man of forty-seven years, extremely robust in frame, with sympathetic features, though somewhat roughened by his life of hardship and exposure. He was born in the village of Guákbabas, Sonora, and the blood which courses through his veins is of Old Spain, with a tinge of Opata, which is the name of a gentle and amiable tribe in his native state. At the age of sixteen he entered the army and soon attained the rank of captain, but, dissuaded by his father, he abandoned the profession of arms, and later on, feeling himself called to the priesthood, went to Culiacán, Sinaloa, where he made his studies.

Throughout Sonora, Chihuahua, and Sinaloa, many happy traditions and recollections of the old Society are religiously preserved, and the present people have actually a warm and living affection for the Jesuit, though they have not seen a single one since the expulsion of our fathers under Carlos III. One of these, then, is our good Father Barceló, who most ardently longed to know Ours and converse with them, but could not, because the Bishop of Sonora needed him so badly, where one man is ill spared from the gleaning. And Padre Barceló is such a practical man for those regions, knowing every village and road, even the foot-paths of nearly all the wilderness, since he traversed and retraversed the state many times, both in boyhood and in manhood, first as a soldier and then as a priest, "I used never to return," he said "by the same way I went in making a journey, but would take a new path, although it often necessitated a great roundabout before I reached the journey's end. It was on this account I once fell into the midst of a tribe of the Pápagos, who surrounded me with horrid yellings, and threatening gestures, so that I was thankful enough, when I escaped scathless from such amiable com-
pany." Now, as I said, this good pastor was most desirous of knowing and conversing with the fathers of the Society, and he wished moreover to make the Exercises under their direction. At last, but with great trouble, he obtained from his bishop the coveted permission to visit the city of Mexico, whence Fr. Larra sent him to Orizaba, and here he made the retreat with Fr. Labrador and Fr. C. Martinez. To accomplish this desire he had travelled 3000 miles. Fr. Labrador gave him an introduction to the college people here at Puebla. He spent two pleasant days with us, and I learned from him what I have told you above, besides a number of other very interesting things about the North. He had a commission to entrust to Ours the vicariate apostolic of Lower California, and to bring back with him, if possible, some fathers to do the work of the Lord among the Yaquis, Opatas, Pápagos, Mayos, Jovas, Apaches and Seris, which are the principal tribes of Sonora.

The Yaquis, against whom the Government wages constant and cruel war, live, for the most part, on the banks of the river which bears their name. It empties its waters into the Gulf of California. These poor people had the gospel preached to them by our fathers of the old Society, and have preserved to this day all the practices and customs taught them by Ours. Their faith has remained unshaken, and they are fervent Christians. "The Yaqui," said the pastor to me, "is the best Christian in my parish, he it is who feeds me and keeps me, while the Spaniards and Mexicans of the white race are tepid and remiss in their duty as Catholics." The Yaquis, as the early fathers taught them, marry very young. In this matter of matrimony as well as in other religious ceremonies, they insist on using no other language than Yaqui, though they speak Spanish very well. So when their confessor remonstrates and tells them that they should use Spanish, their answer is: "Tata padre, but it is you who must learn our language."

These Indians, who in the past were a peaceful and quiet tribe, of late have become very warlike because of the persecutions they undergo from the Government; and as they are of remarkable courage, well armed with first class rifles, and are splendid marksmen, whenever they have an encounter with the Federal troops they leave scarcely one out of five of them alive. "The only way to subdue the Yaquis," said Padre Barceló, "is to wheel away the cannon, and bring on the Jesuit; give me three fathers of the Society, and after a month's time the people will be at peace."

The Opatas are few in number and their language is fast
going out of use. They are the most peaceful, docile and civilized of the tribes of Sonora. El Señor Barceló was brought up amongst them, and as he merrily remarked to me, is at least one-eighth Opata himself, since his great grandmother on his mother's side was an Opata pure and simple. Our fathers married her to a last century Spaniard. She used to make cassocks for the fathers, and preserved as a keepsake from them a crucifix which has come from parent to child, down to Barceló, who keeps it enshrined over his bed at his home in the North, and would as soon part with his life, as with this dear relic of our good fathers who brought the Faith to his people.

In the village of Guazosas, there stands a large house, where Ours used to pass the winter during their mission labors, or perhaps make their annual retreats. This spacious dwelling is to-day the pastoral residence. There remained here many MSS. in Opata, written by our fathers, but some few years ago a priest went there, and not comprehending their value, burned them all.

The Pápagos, who live on the frontier as far up as the Colorado river, is a tribe of true savages; they are docile, however. They are very much given to drunkenness and are exceedingly fond of Chicote, a very potent sort of Aguardiente. About the Mayos, Jovas and Apaches, the pastor told me very little. The latter, now almost extinct, occupied the northern side of the U. S. frontier. He mentioned an item of interest concerning the Seris, the tribe of Cannibals, who live on the Island of Tiburón in the Gulf of California. It is estimated that they number about 6000, but it has so far been impossible to enter that island owing to their great predilection for human flesh. Not long ago some enterprising Yankees, attracted by the coal mines which exist in the island, were bold enough to enter, but were obliged to stay since they were tranquilly devoured by the natives.

R. Fr. Provincial was unable to send any missionaries, owing to the scarcity of men. He had also to refuse men for the once famous Mission of Tarahumares in Chihuahua, where our fathers of old did such grand work for the glory of God. May our Lord move the hearts of many to come and save these numerous souls who are so well disposed, and yet under the sad necessity of dying abandoned, and deprived of the helps which our holy religion offers at the last moments of this life. Pray for them.

Your brother in Christ,

CARLOS M. HEREDIA, S. J.
In a former letter I gave you a description of a marriage ceremony, and of a native funeral, allow me now to describe a rural baptism. Mr. Aligario Romero is one of our influential men here. He is a wealthy merchant and is the owner of a large rencho eight miles across the bay (a rencho means a sugar cane plantation). As it requires from fifty to one hundred persons to run a rencho, there is always a little village and a church attached to it. We have about a dozen renchos around Corozal; and we manage to visit them once a month. Though these people are not very fervent—they cannot or will not understand the obligation of going to Mass on Sundays— they are, however, generous in supporting the church. They have a strong faith, and will always call the priest at the hour of death.

A baptism with our good people is also a grand affair. With them it is always a fiesta. It is the true old Catholic spirit. So, when the wife of the overseer of the rencho gave birth to a fine girl baby, Mr. Romero asked me to come to his rencho to baptize the child. He was to be the godfather, and many distinguished visitors were also invited to the fiesta. Mr. Romero added, "Padre, bring el fusil de usted, on mi rencho, muchos, muchos deer." Monday morning, April 4, at a quarter to seven, the captain of the sailing boat blew his shell horn as a signal for departure. Then the passengers, mostly ladies, rushed into the boat. We were twenty-nine in all, counting the sailors, but the boat could easily hold forty. Mr. Romero offered me a cigar, himself taking a cigarette; a gentleman, imitating our good example, struck a match to light his pipe. But Mr. Romero is a man of authority and the owner of the boat; he said: "put away that pipe, the padre and myself are the only ones allowed to smoke in this boat," and the pipe returned to a convenient pocket. In less than an hour we had crossed the bay, which is four miles wide.

(1) Feast of the Sacred Heart only eleven Communions. First Sunday of the month, a general Communion day, only fifteen, counting the brother.
We then entered a river the same that goes to Orange Walk. Now oars had to be used instead of sails, and it required the brawny arms of strong men to pull so heavy a boat. We soon left the river to enter a narrow creek. Here the long oars became useless, and they were exchanged for long poles; thus within the space of two hours we had made use of three different means of locomotion. The creek is a beautiful spot; the vegetation is exuberant; the air is perfumed with the sweet scent of an abundance of wild flowers, which the boys snatched as the boat was slowly moving, and gallantly presented to the ladies. Then the ladies sang their pretty Spanish songs. The tall trees almost arched over; so that once or twice the mast of the sailing boat got entangled in the branches. It became exceedingly hot, for no breeze can penetrate the thick forest. The mosquitos swarmed around us, and they were so voracious that their stings destroyed all the poetry of this romantic scene. Soon, however, we entered a large lagoon a mile long, covered with water lilies. The sky was cloudy, the mosquitos vanished and a little breeze refreshed us. We passed near an island, which was alive with the music of forest songsters. We saw flocks of small parrots and many birds of beautiful plumage. Finally we entered another creek and shortly after at 10 o'clock, we were at our landing place. The rencho was half a mile farther. We found two large carts drawn by oxen, ready to take the ladies and the provisions. I remarked to Mr. Romero: "This is what we call in the States Rapid Transit." But my joke fell flat, and was entirely lost in the bush; I would have attempted to translate it into Spanish, but I found "rapid transit" a stunner. We finally arrived at the rencho. The inhabitants were dressed in their gayest. A chime of bells, sweetly tuned, announced the arrival of the padre and the baptism to follow. It may surprise you to hear of a chime of bells on a rencho; let me tell you that no church here can be called a church unless it has its bells. I have said Mass in some of our mission churches where the flooring was the bare ground, where chickens and goats moved about undisturbed, where the altar was a table, and the candlesticks empty bottles; but the bells were there. So far, so well! but the rest of my story I am slow to tell. O Muse! give me courage to put down my humiliation; but the truth must come out. You will hear it anyhow, sooner or later. Whilst grand preparations were being made for the baptism a cold perspiration ran through me. I had forgotten the holy oils. How could I tell that to the people assembled? I did not know how to say it in English, much less in Span-
ish; finally I whispered it to Romero. A brave Carib boy proposed to go to Corozal in a dorey.\(^1\) Romero promised him a dollar if he were back before half-past two in the afternoon. Meanwhile another baby was born and I was to have two baptisms instead of one. At two o'clock, a horseman at full gallop announced the arrival of the Indian boy. Again the bells began to chime, the candles were lighted and a procession formed to go to the church. The little church built by Mr. Romero, which is one of the neatest of our mission churches, was decorated with flowers and it was soon overcrowded. The niñas, the padrinos and madrinas were all ready; I was about to begin the solemn baptism. This is a world of disappointments. Fr. Gillet by mistake had sent me the oleum infirmorum. What was I to do? "Tell the vision to no man." This is a missionary country. I had the essentials, . . . the two babies were baptized. At six o'clock we were back in Corozal.

OUR RESIDENCE—THE SCorpIONS.

A short description of our residence here may be of some interest to you. It is built of solid concrete, the walls are two feet thick. There is no plastering in this country. The flooring boards are dressed on both sides; one side is the floor the other side forms the ceiling. The joists are also dressed and painted. They are 3 inches by 4, and placed two feet apart: when one walks in his room, everything around him dances. The partitions are simply boards; and all partitions stop two feet from the ceiling. In going to confession we have to speak in a low voice, as a whisper is heard in the next room. Our confessionals in the church have neither doors nor curtains but are entirely open. Every room has a window with blinds opening in the corridor, so that we have plenty of ventilation, without being seen. Large windows and porticos allow the breeze to play through the house. There is not a fly nor a mosquito in the house though they are plentiful in the bush. We have no rats here; Fr. Gillet tells me that in Stann Creek they are plentiful and that they keep snakes in the garret to destroy them. Now and then you hear a squeak; it is the funeral knell of the rat entering the snake's belly. The scorpions and centipedes are numerous here; there are not many now in our rooms, but in the wet season, they come up in abundance. I have seen several, but they were too quick for me; I could not catch them. I have a small mi-

\(^1\) A dorey is a boat, made from the large trunk of a tree; one solid piece,
croscope, which I brought from the states and I was anxious to examine the scorpion sting. I mentioned the fact to our Indian boy-servant, a fine looking lad of thirteen, for the Maya Indians are well built and have a fine physique. The boy laughed and scampared away. In twenty minutes he brought me three large specimens. They have been dissected and thoroughly examined under the microscope. The little pouch containing the venom is between the abdomen and the spinal cord; a long tiny duct carries the poison to the sting. The sting, they say, is very painful. The bishop a few years ago, whilst putting on his panta-loons on rising, was stung in the thigh by a scorpion, which had taken possession of his trousers during the night. At once his tongue began to swell and he could not articulate for several hours. The swelling of the tongue is one of the effects of the scorpion's bite. We never go to bed without examining our beds thoroughly. We fold up our panta-loons and our drawers, and in the morning no shoe is put on without a preliminary examination. With a little care, accidents seldom happen.

THE VISIT OF FATHER PROVINCIAL.

On February 4, Rev. Father Thomas Fitzgerald, Provincial of the Missouri Province, landed in Belize. It was the first time that this colony had the honor of a provincial visit, and this honor was highly appreciated by all. Fr. Provincial's big American heart made many conquests. One of the fathers remarked to me, "Are these the kind of men you have in the States?" I replied, "Yes; but they are like the Angels' visits, few and far between."

On the 12th of February, Fr. Provincial came to Corozal. He could give us only two hours of his precious time; however, he took me along with him to Orange Walk. The small steamer soon crossed the bay and entered New River (Why is this river called new? no one knows; for it is probably as old as the continent). The exuberant tropical vegetation, the mangroves that line the banks and send their roots from their branches into the river, the lazy alligator basking in the sunshine on some old log, were scenes entirely new to our good superior. At 4.30 P. M., we reached Orange Walk, a hamlet of eight hundred souls, to which more than fifteen smaller missions are attached. Every little mission has its own church, and some of them schools. The following morning we returned to Corozal. We arrived there at 5 P. M., and at 2 o'clock the following morning the steamer returned to Belize, carrying away our dear provin-
cial. I had made arrangements and I had procured some good horses to bring Fr. Provincial and my good old professor, Fr. Garesché, to see some of our little missions and to have a view of the interior of the colony; but their visit was so short, that this part of the programme had to be omitted. Going to Orange Walk, the river being very narrow in some parts, and as crooked as a squirming snake, some heavy branches struck forcibly our little steamer; the sudden rattling of broken branches caused a momentary alarm, especially among the women passengers. Fr. Provincial being near me, I could not help exclaiming, *Quid times, Cæsarem vehis et fortunam ejus.*

Father Provincial enjoyed very much his trip North; going South to Stann Creek and Punta Gorda, I do not think that he was so fortunate. But he liked the experience and it gave him an idea of our manner of travelling. He made the journey from Stann Creek to Punta Gorda in a small dorey paddled by two Caribs. It took him pretty much the whole day to travel through a distance of twenty miles; he was already fairly splashed by the waves, when a squall came and a heavy rain, that drenched him completely. From Punta Gorda a schooner was sent by Mr. Melhado to take his Reverence to All Pines and Regalia. To return to Belize, Fr. Provincial declined to take the Pullman cars. He trusted himself to a sailing boat hoping to reach Belize in a few hours. But a calm struck the boat and the journey lasted twenty-four hours.

Fr. Provincial’s visit was a God-send, and the untold good accomplished is recorded in the unwritten book. One of the visible effects is, that British Honduras, has now become a part of an American province, with all the dear old Missouri customs.

Shortly after the visit was over a ship-load of Anglican ministers and teachers landed in Belize. The Anglican bishop published his pastoral, claiming jurisdiction over all Central America and asking more money to convert the poor ignorant Catholics. This Anglican bishop has sent his ministers to every hamlet, to establish Protestant schools and to deceive our unlettered Catholics. They are wolves in sheep’s clothing; for they announce themselves as Catholic clergymen and they tell parents, that they will teach their children true Catholic doctrine. But our good Maya Indians are not easily deceived. The first question they ask is, “Donde está el Santo de Usted, donde la Santa Crux? (Where is your saint, where is your cross?). You have no saint, no cross; then you are of no account; pack up and leave us, we will call for you when we want you.”
Every Indian family possesses a large wooden cross resting on a pedestal. The cross is painted with all the colors of the rainbow, the green however predominates; it is also ornamented with lace and silk; they will carry that cross nine or ten miles to have Mass said in honor of the cross. But the cross must be on the altar, whilst the holy sacrifice is going on. A few weeks ago, an old woman came to me with what I took to be a big doll, in a fine red silk dress. She wanted a Mass in honor of her saint. I asked her, what saint? but I ought to have known better, because the doll had a black face and a little brass umbrella sticking on the top of its head. Now, this is the mark of St. Antony. Well, I promised to say the Mass on the morrow; but I forgot to place the relic on the altar. The scene that followed in the parlor after the Mass is beyond all description. The old woman was indignant, when she found the saint exactly where she had left it the day before. She first covered the saint with kisses; then came a pathetic apostrophe to her saint; then turning to me, with theatrical gestures and a tone of reproach. “Yes,” she said, “you are the priest of God; and you took my money (it was forty cents) and promised to say Mass for my saint, and here, here, all alone, desolate, I find him on this wind bag” (She meant a small melodion we have in the parlor). After the first burst of passion, I endeavored to pacify her; but to no purpose. I invited her to sit down—“Siete usted, Señora;” but she would not; finally a bright thought struck me. I remembered that I had said Mass in white. I asked her, “are you an obedient child of the Church?” “Si padre, si.” “Would you want the padre to disobey the laws of the Church?” “Moda, moda.” “Did you not see, Señora, that I said Mass in a white vestment? Do you not know that the Church prescribes white on this day? now look at the dress of your saint. It is red; how could I put a red dress on the altar, when white is prescribed? but to-morrow, my good lady, I will say Mass in red and your santo will be on the altar.” And the good woman went away perfectly satisfied; wiser and with an acquired knowledge of the rubrics. I am pretty sure in future before dressing her saint, she will enquire about the color of the day.

This army of Anglican ministers who, like devouring cormorants, have come to settle here with their wives and children, will no doubt do us harm; especially as they bring with them plenty of money to establish schools; and our poverty is so great, that we have hardly means to pay our teachers and to keep the rain from our school-rooms. However, our good and wise bishop is not going to be outgen-
eraled. Like a skillful commander, he saw at once the necessity of dividing his forces. Fr. Henry Gillet is sent to San Esteban, to watch the river; Fr. Sylvin Gillet goes to San Antonio to arrest the progress of the enemy. Fr. Smith will hold the fort in Orange Walk; Fr. Molina, an old veteran, will belong to the flying artillery, going from place to place wherever the battle is the thickest. Your humble servant is left alone in Corozal to attend to this parish and the surrounding missions. But news has just arrived from England, which has upset all of our good bishop’s plans. Fr. Henry Gillet is called to Africa by his provincial, and Fr. Smith is under marching order to Demerara, British Guiana. "The harvest is ripe; but the laborers are few."

The faith in the people here is strong. The English fathers have done good work; but they were too few for the great task before them. It frequently happens that young couples come from the bush to be married, and their first confession, first Communion and marriage are all on the same day. Those that are married (for there are a great many that live in sin, nearly half of our baptisms being of illegitimate children) are always married by the priest. In the whole colony, last year, there were but two civil marriages before the magistrate. The people are devoted to their church and have a great love for religious ceremonies. Every little village has its church and a chime of bells, not only the villages and hamlets, but even the renchos; every family has his saint hanging up under the thatched roof. The lenten devotions are going on in all our little missions. Either the schoolmaster or the head man in the village officiates. Let me describe to you, how the via crucis is conducted in our villages. The schoolmaster goes into the brush early in the morning and cuts fourteen twigs or branches, in the form of a cross; then he walks through the village, and wherever he plants a cross, the master of the house must have at night an altar before his house. The altar is a large box covered with rags or the wife’s skirt; two candles, having bottles for pedestals are the chief ornaments. Then comes in a prominent position the saint of the family. The whole village assemble at the ringing of the bells; a procession is formed and at each station they kneel down on the grass, in the street, and the school-teacher reads the prayers for each station. In one of our small missions, called Consejo (pronounced Consekho, h aspirate), a rather ludicrous station was put up. The schoolmaster, who, though a negro, is the theologian of the place, thought that the saint of that station was not orthodox. But the
lady of the house insisted that it was a great American saint, much revered in the States. She had bought it from a Yankee peddler and the saint was very good for curing the sting of scorpions. She was determined not to part with it: "Está bueno, señora," the master replied, speaking as a man of authority; "there shall be no more station before your house until the padre decides this important question of orthodoxy." When the saint was presented to the padre, he easily recognized the picture of general Ulysses S. Grant and his staff. The slouched hat was there; but the typical cigar was wanting.

Recommending myself and my flock to your prayers and sacrifices I remain your humble servant in Christ,

C. M. Charroppin, S. J.

OUR TRIP TO BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS.

A Letter from Father Eugene H. Brady to the Editor.

St. Xavier's Church,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
April 22, 1895.

Rev. Dear Father,

P. C.

Our Father Provincial on the occasion of his first visit to our new mission, having offered to take me along with him to Belize, I accepted. It is worth a trial trip. Belize is the capital of British Honduras. It is an accepted fact that Belize was founded by the buccaneers who flourished in the southern seas, during the long and frequent wars between Spain and England. A privateer in those days, possessed of letters of marque, might, if he could, overhaul and confiscate the ship of an enemy. Several daring fellows like Jean Lafitte, with or without letters of marque, seized on vessels of friends and enemies. One of these named Wallace, or Wallis, gave his own name to Belize. The Spaniards had no v so they substituted a u, and as u is convertible in Spanish with b, the rendezvous of the pirate became eventually Balize. Another account states that "balise" was the French name of a stake driven into the ground to hold a lantern to direct the incoming boats of buccaneers. The Gulf of Mexico is the highway to Belize and British Honduras. In three days we had crossed the Gulf, and
entered the Straits of Yucatan. From the entrance into the straits, down to Belize, scarcely was one island or Key left in the rear, when another loomed up ahead. The purser of the ship is a high officer. He sits at the right hand of the captain at meals. None greater under the captain. Our purser, innocent-like but with the courage of conviction, pointed out to the passengers Mujeres Island (the island of women), and stated that the Government of Cuba had loaded a vessel with women, and had deposited them destitute and defenceless on that island, and had abandoned them to their fate. All of our cabin passengers, except a Spanish gentleman who knew no English, and four Jesuits (Father Fitzgerald, the provincial, Father Frederick Garesché, Brother Curran, and myself) were Protestants, and some were intensely English. They were not slow in expressing their deep disgust and horror at the inhuman conduct of the Spanish Government. Anything Spanish (possibly anything Catholic) was distasteful to them. When one of us gently remonstrated, that the circumstances were unknown, they answered that the Spaniards were notoriously cruel.

In a back number of the Letters, Fr. Charroppin has given the true story of this island, and I had occasion to verify it. In 1502, one Christopher Columbus discovered this famous island. But at the approach of the caravels, the men of the island took to their boats and escaped to the mainland. The women alone remained on the island, and therefore Christopher called it an "island of women." Just at the present time, on the occasion of the Cuban revolution, the daily papers contain highly colored reports of Spanish atrocities. It would be safe to reject fifty per cent of the said reports, and take the remainder under advisement. I myself had resolved to set the purser straight in this matter, if I ever met him again. But alas! On the night before we reached New Orleans on the return trip, this same communicative officer had fatally shot his wife in a fit of passion; and he was lying in the New Orleans jail, and his wife was dying at home. Inhumanity to women is not always Cuban.

We did not steer in a straight line for Belize, but went some distance below it; and only when daylight broke did we venture into the narrow and perilous channel that leads to the capital of British Honduras. Though the Gulf of Honduras, through which we passed, is several miles in width, yet the vessel twice described a capital S in the waters, to avoid the hidden reefs and dangerous rocks. Surely the buccaneers who built Belize wished to make pursuit impossible. A mile and a half from the town we dropped anchor. The ship can come no nearer. But a multitude
of big and little sail boats surrounded us; and the wrangling managers thereof threatened to tear each other and to tear us to pieces, if we didn't let them carry us ashore for any sum from fifty cents down to a dime. Fortunately Bishop di Pietro and Fr. Leib, with four sturdy oarsmen, came to our relief and landed us. We pulled, or were pulled, up into the Belize River, and stopped a few feet from the cathedral door. And what a motly assemblage greeted us at the landing! On the average every face had a brown-stone front. Not so the buildings.

The market house is made of iron. The Catholic church or cathedral is built of brick and it is really pretty. So are two or three of the non-Catholic churches, and a few of the stores. But bricks are not of native growth in Belize. When a skipper takes a load of mahogany or logwood over to London, he wants ballast in returning, and is glad to secure a cargo of brick. Thus a few pretentious buildings are erected of baked clay. The inhabitants are mainly made of copper or yellow clay. The blackest of the black (negroes from Barbadoes), are however almost as frequently seen as the rusty colored Caribs and Yucatecans. If not as numerous as these latter, they are more to the front; they are intermarried with the Caribs and the Yucatecan Indians, and their progeny are of all colors except white. I am informed that the Caribs are the lowest type of human intelligence; but the Coolies, who are not rare in this region, are the lowest in the social scale. The North Americans are very rare hereabouts.

The offices in this colonial government are mainly held by the fair complected Englishmen. A few minor positions are occupied by a negro from Barbadoes, or a Creole. Not an office is known to be held by a Carib. Nearly all of the merchants are Spanish or English; there are a few German or Dutch; and even the Chinaman is there. The market stands are kept notably by Europeans; or by such of the Indians as have the energy to dig up ginger roots, or gather miscellaneous herbs, or cultivate the yam, or make Casava bread, or drag the fish from the sea.

There are in Belize three or four general stores that contain dry goods and wet goods, hardware, queensware, and every other sort of ware, running in value up into the thousands. They are owned by landed proprietors, who work large estates of mahogany and logwood, and do a large amount of exporting and importing. But since storekeeping is apparently an easier way of living, I saw twenty times as many stores or shops, whose stock in trade would not be
appraised at two dollars. Yet the owners thereof hang out their crude shingle and wait for the customer to come.

The Creoles descend from French or Spanish parents. The Mulattoes from white and negro blood. The Mestizo from European and Indian stock. Yet they conglomerate wonderfully with the Carib and the Yucatecan, in church, in school, in their houses, on the street, and in their places of business—if they have any business on this earth—a point which it is sometimes difficult to make out. Of the working classes (that is of those who ought to work), the men wear a cotton blouse and cotton trousers, with a considerable portion of a slouch or straw hat; the women wear no bonnet, but keep a shawl wrapped around their head, the rest of the figure is poorly but modestly clothed. The clothing of the children is not much to speak of. If they go to school they are decently covered; if not, all depends upon the length of the one garment which they wear. As for foot-gear, no matter what the age or sex of the native, they have none; and considering the expansion of the feet that came within my view, and the footprints on the mud roads that I traversed, I think that it is a great saving of leather.

The houses in Belize are mostly frame; one or two stories in height, and frequently built on posts to keep them out of the swamp. In other towns of the colony the rude hut greatly predominates. The roof is thatched with grass; the walls are sometimes similarly thatched, sometimes built of strips of wood with mud between; the floor is the solid earth, very rarely is a chimney seen in British Honduras. The fire is built in an elevated basin of brick or stone; and the door or window, if there be one, gives exit to the smoke, if the smoke cares to go. It is doubtful if the smoke could tarnish those swarthy faces, and it is equally doubtful if those faces are ever washed when tarnished. There are no sidewalks or pavements. Perhaps it is better for Belize. There are so many ditches of fetid, sluggish waters to be crossed, and so many edges of swampland to be avoided, that one feels safer in the hardened middle of the road.

What do they eat down there? The affluent enjoy many of the luxuries of England; but the mass of the people are abundantly satisfied with their home products, such as yams, casava bread, breadfruit, fish, the multitudinous poultry, and the plantain. The hard-shell almond grows in many of the backyards. The banana is very common, and the cocoanut is ubiquitous. The yam is a species of coarse sweet potato. The root of the casava tree is grated to the condition of pulp, it is inserted into a gut, just as mince-
meat in the make up of a sausage, and is then suspended until the poisonous sap is exuded. Finally it is baked in a form large and circular, like the top of a big drum, but thin as a soda cracker. It is a little tougher than parchment. The breadfruit grows like an immense pear on a tree similar to our pear tree. Boiled in a pot, the breadfruit is very palatable. As to fish, the Carib is at home in the water. If he has a dugout, he is rich indeed, as without a dugout he is poor indeed. It is common to see a man, woman, or child paddling alone in a boisterous sea. Sometimes, yet rarely, the boat upsets. That does not matter. The Carib is at home in the water or out of it. If he goes to the bottom, he rises quickly, and swims around in search of the remnant of that hat. It is the only hat that he ever owned, and he can’t spare it. The sharks are very abundant in those waters, but they never trouble the Carib. To get back into the boat is difficult. The little shell whirls over and over. Now it is right side up. Now it is wrong side up. At one moment the Carib is on top; but no Carib will ride on a boat bottom up. Next the boat is uppermost, and the Carib is somewhere underneath. Eventually he masters the situation, bales out his dory, and paddles away caroling. It is no wonder that the Carib, who is passionately fond of the water, should delight in fishing and subsist to a great extent on fish. Many of the polite people of Honduras admire and praise the flesh of the iguana, a species of large lizard, and the flesh of the conch, whose beautiful shells adorn our fireplaces and front yards. Others of the polite people abhor both of these dishes. All the same. The natives without discussion or comment feed on them, and on everything else that comes handy. There are two exceptions. The buzzard is the scavenger of the streets and backyards. There is a penalty of $500 fine for killing the buzzard. The river Belize, and the canals connected with it, are the open sewers of the town. The catfish is the scavenger of these streams. Even the Carib lets the buzzard and the catfish alone.

But men are not the only beings that feed in British Honduras. The chigre or, as the English call it, the jigger, is a species of flea, unlike most fleas. It goes straight to a man’s toe nails and burrows beneath them. It may leave there a nest of eggs, and if so, so much the worse. If not removed, it and its progeny will remove the toe to the utterable torture of the victim. A stranger in these parts, not expecting such an enemy, is at a loss what to do. The ordinary housewife (down there they are all very ordinary), if questioned, will find a needle somewhere, puncture the
afflicted spot, draw out the bag of eggs and remedy the evil. Multitudes of negroes have been carried from the States down to Guatemala (next door) to work on a railroad, and they have suffered fearfully from this dread pest. Some of them have not a quarter of an inch stub left, to show where the ten toes had grown. The red bug thrives in multitudes on a blade of grass. He is almost too small to be seen by the naked eye, but if he seizes on you, you would prefer to have the itch. The tick is a little insect; but powerful for its size. It sinks its head under the skin. You may tear off the body, but the head will remain, to keep you in torture. A small rising of the flesh, and a wonderful itching indicates the spot where the head of the tick lies buried. The sand-fly by day and the mosquito by night add to your diversions. The former, a tiny mite or midge, eats up your provisions and bothers your eyes a great deal. The latter gets under your barred cot, and runs his proboscis up to the desired point. The scorpion looks like a small lobster, he carries his sting in his tail to paralyze but not to kill. The only venomous serpent deadly in its bite is the tomagoff.

Taking all in all, the conditions favorable to peace are much better in British Honduras than in the States. The police here are called constables, and their authority is generally respected. The courts of justice are more summary in their processes. In the States a case of murder is first submitted to the coroner, and the coroner refers the matter to the police court, and the police judge sends the prisoner to the grand jury, and the grand jury, if it finds a true bill of indictment, relegates the case to the criminal court, and the criminal court carefully does nothing for a long while. E contra, a Spaniard in Toledo, British Honduras, shot another on Feb. 2, a neighboring magistrate took the depositions the same day, and ordered all the witnesses off to the supreme court in Belize. This was a long journey. But the trial in Belize lasted only three days, and before the mourning for the victim was over, the murderer was sentenced to be hanged. All the officers of the court dress in long silk robes of office, which give a picturesque effect. The jail in Belize differs from jails in the States, in this, that nobody is idle there. There were many prisoners, when we passed through it, but all, save one, who was in the dungeon, and two, who were sick, were at work. The prisoner who is waiting for his trial has to earn his bread, as well as the man who is condemned for life. It is the same in the jails of the other towns in the colony. I may add that convict labor does not interfere with the general prosperity, for
the reason that the prisoners are engaged in lines of industry not adopted by the citizens at large.

Education has been backward in this colony; but of late, it has vastly improved. There are several select schools in Belize. Particularly a fine academy for boys directed by the Jesuit Fathers; and an excellent convent school for girls under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. There are, besides, denominational schools to suit every class and creed. The Baptists, the Methodists the Episcopalians, the Lutherans, and the Catholics have schools to suit them, and teachers to suit them; and they receive from the government a stipend of twenty-five cents a month for each small child, and fifty cents a month for those more advanced in years or in studies. If the denominations need more funds, they must send the hat around. I heard not a single complaint regarding the system over all of British Honduras.

What do the natives work at, when they work? Wood cutting is their special industry; for the forests, not far from the sea, are filled with mahogany and logwood. Mahogany formerly brought $100 per ton. But the trade is declining. The discovery of forests of mahogany in Africa, make the Honduranians now glad to get $16.00 per ton. There are sugar plantations in the colony, which employ many of the natives. There are also plantations of coffee, and fields of rice, and patches of yams, and other pursuits of minor importance. But the Carib loves best to sell bananas and coconuts. The mail steamer from New Orleans goes down to Guatemala, and then returning coasts along the extent of British Honduras buying fruit for the North American market. Scarcely is the steamer sighted on the southern horizon, than a multitude of boats shoot out from every port and creek and river laden with fruit for sale. The ship has an immense hold, and will receive as many as 20,000 bunches of bananas. But the master of the ship fixes the price, and if the Carib does not like it, he can throw his fruit to the pigs and poultry. Many hearts are broken at the side of that ship. The price paid for a coconut is 1 cent. It sells in Cincinnati for five or even ten cents. A bunch of bananas containing eight or ten hands or clusters, which brings in Cincinnati $1.25, is purchased by the ship officers for 25 cents. A bunch of seven hands brings 20 cents. A bunch of six hands secures only 15 cents. And four bunches of five hands each bring only 25 cents, very much depends upon the humor of the ship's officers. A rival line of steamers is now gathering fruit on that coast; and if a Carib is suspected of dealing with the rival line, his fruit is rejected,
and the labor of a week is lost and the fruit perishes, for he can do nothing with unsold bananas.

The sicknesses in the colony are not different from those of the States. The yellow fever appears at rare intervals; as it does also in North America. Unwittingly I shook hands with one victim of leprosy, perhaps the only representative of the evil in the land.

Travelling in British Honduras is uncertain and tiresome. There is no railroad in the country save a six or eight mile tramway at Stann Creek. Nor is there a stage coach. The roads by land are very few, and the roads are very bad whether by land or water. The solitary horseman is occasionally seen; the pedestrian often. Practically the water way is the only way out of Belize. If you are in a hurry or go north or south, you will prefer the steamer, and you must wait a week for the steamer. If not in a hurry, you may charter a sail boat, and ten to one you will wish that you had been in a great hurry and had waited for the steamer. Listen to our experience. At 2 p.m. we left All Pines to go to Belize. Were the wind favorable we would reach there by 7 p.m. It was not far; but the northern wind was dead against it. Therefore we would not reach Belize before 5 o'clock the next day. So said the old tars. We sailed close to the wind, and the vessel scudded across the gulf. Then we tacked about and it scudded back. All the afternoon, and all through the night, we kept tacking and scudding east and west on the way to the North. At 5 in the morning Belize was in sight; and it remained in sight; and we remained tacking and scudding back and forth in sight of the promised land until 1:30 in the afternoon, nearly twenty-four hours making a distance of five hours. Yet it was a splendid schooner, with all sails set, and seven sailors to man it and a captain to command. The fact is, you cannot trust the winds on those Central American waters.

But it ought to be easy to sail south, for the northern wind was so frequent when we were there. Well, we had to go from Belize to Punta Gorda, which is almost directly south. We waited for the steamship. It took us to a point called Monkey River. There we had to secure another conveyance, as our vessel was bound in a different direction. We heard what was reputed to be the barking of the wild monkeys in the neighboring forest, and we were told that flocks of wild parrots could be seen a little distance away; also that the Carib loved the flesh of the monkey and the parrot. But we were in too great a hurry just then to look after or taste the monkey or the parrot. We wakened up...
the schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster wakened up the church bell; and we said Mass in a small frame building, much to the delight of a small group of mixed Indians and negroes. Meanwhile a friend secured for us a conveyance. All the sloops and schooners and larger boats were at the time stacked high up with bananas waiting for the north-bound steamer to pick them up. All that was left for us to cross the Caribbean sea was a small dory, nineteen feet long and three and a half feet wide. Our little dory, or dug-out, had a main sail and a jib. A boy took care of the jib and a man cared for the main sail and the rudder. The man managed the sail or paddled the boat with his hands and steered the boat with his feet. Of course he was disinclined, and he had good sized feet, and a prominent great toe on each foot. A rope was fastened to each end of the tiller. The other end of the rope was wrapped around each great toe; so that when he kicked he guided the boat with his big toe. We left Monkey River at 8 a.m. We were promised if the wind would rise to sail into Punta Gorda in four hours. But alas, there was a dead calm; and the man and the boy had to paddle for seven hours. Meanwhile the pastor of Punta Gorda (Father Piemonte) and all his flock were preparing for the arrival of the provincial. Triumphal arches were erected along the pier up to the door of the church. The people donned their best duds, which were also the worst and their only ones, and the bay was alive with dories and Caribs paddling around in expectation of the coming chief. But the provincial, "qui venturus est," was out in the Caribbean sea trying to keep cool in a very generous sun-bath. Suddenly a great coolness sprung up between the clerk of the weather and ourselves. A little cloud something "larger than a man's hand," appeared in the east; and it grew until it shrouded us in darkness. A strong blast of wind struck the squeaky little boat, which trembled violently under the pressure, and threatened to feed us to the sharks. The little boat three and a half feet broad, was far out at sea in the midst of a tropical storm. Of course we felt uncomfortable and wished that we were at home. The sails were dropped, and none too soon. The tiny vessel righted itself slightly; but the force of the wind and the waves kept it careened unpleasantly close to the water's edge. When the first great blast had gone by, what was our horror to see the master of the boat, hoisting the sails again, right in the face of the tempest. It was in vain that we protested; he knew his business better than we did; anyhow the sharks would not eat him. The little craft seemed to be as badly scared as we were. It fled before the
Our trip to Belize, British Honduras. 283

... storm with terrific speed. It tried to jump from wave to wave. It sometimes ran its nose into a high roller and shipped a sea. Anon, it dipped down on the port side and scooped up a little flood. And whilst the waves dashed violently against the starboard side, and splashed our laps, with a stream of brine, the rain came down in torrents, to drench our shoulders with fresh water. One piece of calabash or gourd was at hand, and that was vigorously applied to bale out the dory. Meanwhile our captain, mate, purser and pilot all in one, stood erect on the stern of the boat, as if by leaning to give it the proper poise, and whilst he shouted his orders to the cabin boy, he held by a rope in each hand the sails that were trying to break away, and with a rope around each great toe, he guided the boat through the angry waters.

It seemed long, very long, before the storm abated, but it did abate; and it was with a feeling of relief that we descried far off in the distance the red lantern fastened to a masthead which indicated that there was Punta Gorda. I cannot say whether or how far, owing to the darkness or the violence of the sea, we had veered away from a direct course, but certainly notwithstanding our wild riding of the waves, it took us twenty-three hours to traverse a distance, which with a fair wind could have been made in four hours' time. We climbed up on to the long wooden pier which stretched out into the sea, and wended our way hungry and sore under the shattered and forlorn triumphal arches to the land, and found the town dark and silent. The Caribs had lost heart, waiting for the great chief, and the storm had driven them back to their huts. We asked an Indian whom we met, where might be the priest's house. His gestures we understood; his language not. The idea immediately struck him that one of us was the long-expected. He ran from door to door along the thatched cottages; and in four or five minutes we had a tail end procession of Indians which continued to grow, until we reached the church. Here we were not expected at that hour, but were no less welcome. Father Piemonte, S. J., our host, scurried away to help get supper. Meanwhile the natives came straggling in, all sizes, all ages, and both sexes. Just then Father Provincial was ransacking his valise and throwing off his wet clothes. My valise contained no change and therefore I was left to receive the visitors. They came, as children approach the railing for first Communion, with hands joined, faces beaming and step slightly faltering. Still they came with evidently an important message which they delivered in their own language. I answered more or less appropriately in my own
tongue. Both parties were more or less satisfied, for neither understood the other. They evidently for a few moments took me for the great chief, and for the above reason I could not disabuse them. But only for a few moments; for at my repeated entreaties over the transom, Father Provincial hurried up and came to my relief. Then Fr. Piemonte came to the relief of both of us. He introduced some, said "de mañana" to many, explained the position, hopes and tribulations of others, and hurried us into the next room to supper.

The following morning the little frame church was crowded with natives. We were greatly edified by their pious deportment. Then came a visit to the Catholic school, where the provincial received an ovation. The school building was crowded: 1st, because it is the only school in the town; 2d, no babies are left at home—the girl who is old enough to go to school is old enough to take the baby along, and leave the mother to make casava bread; 3d, the great chief was to be present, and therefore the doors and windows and surrounding porches were filled with the wrinkles of age anxious to get a peep and to hear. Between the hymns sung, of which we gathered an average idea, the provincial catechized the children. They seemed to catch a sufficient idea of the questions; and they answered satisfactorily "according to their lights." Then came a reception out in the yard. It was evidently a "donation day." One woman brought three eggs; another a yam; another a pullet; then three eggs; a hand of bananas; three more eggs; a piece or two of Indian cloth; some more yams, and some more eggs; all for the Father Provincial. Speeches were profuse; so were eggs and yams. We next visited the hospital. It was a crude, thatched hut, with the ground for a floor, and one bed for a possible patient. The natives of British Honduras are too clannish to approve of hospitals and orphan asylums. They care for their own sick, and for sick relatives, and though destitute of most of the comforts of life, they personally care for the sick neighbor. If parents die, the children are assimilated in some neighboring family; and the orphan simply changes its home. However, for the benefit of the stranded wayfarer, Fr. Piemonte leased from the Government a few feet of ground. The thatched house went with the ground; and a respectable old lady of the tribe offered to go with the thatched house as matron. I think that I detected a slight blanching of the cheek of Father Provincial, when this very respectable Concierge commissioned him most solemnly to take these twelve hens' eggs with him to Belize, and in her name, present
them to Bishop di Pietro. Her liberality was as startling
as it was appreciable; but the provincial had many miles
to travel and many villages to visit, before he would reach
Belize. Moreover, his little gripsack was already tightly
packed, and as for his coat pockets and trouser pockets—in
view of the late tribulation on the Caribbean, which we
would be obliged now to recross—the risk seemed too great.
However, he gave her a reassuring smile, and as quickly as
possible we backed out of the Punta Gorda Hospital.

But this was Wednesday; and on every Wednesday of
the year wherever in British Honduras there is a Catholic
church, the people gather to say the beads; and if a priest
be near, to receive the Benediction of the Most Blessed
Sacrament. In Belize and in Punta Gorda where I was a
witness, the churches were well filled with a devout congre-
gation. The Sacred Heart is also greatly honored in the
colony and on the first Fridays the confessions and Com-
munions are numerous. On the following morning the
steamer stood out in the bay to receive us and a cargo of
bananas. We steamed down to Livingston, a pretty town
of Guatemala, but did not land, mindful of the ungentle
treatment received by Father Henry Gillet from that repub-
lic for the reason that he was a Jesuit. We went north as
far as Stann Creek, where the Rev. Fathers Antillach and
Baldwin, S. J., came forth to meet us at night in a choppy
and disagreeable sea. The church at Stann Creek is well
attended; and our experience in the school was similar to
that of Punta Gorda. The same grouping of thatched huts
is found here in the district of the natives as elsewhere
throughout the colony. Every yard is everybody's yard,
and so are the surroundings. Between the sea and the
mangrove jungle there is only a narrow strip north of the
busy part of the town, and this strip is spotted like a checker
board with the leaf or blade-covered cottages of the natives.
The cocoa-nut tree shades this part of the town; and it
would be a pleasure to promenade there, were it not for the
sensation that a stranger's presence creates. I entered a
hut and sat down to see how casava bread is made. The
good woman promised me a supply for the morrow. More-
over, the manager of the tramway sent a message to Fr.
Provincial that a special car would be at his disposal on the
morrow. But, alas! who can depend on the morrow. Mr.
Melhado, a merchant of Belize, arrived early on the morn-
ing of the morrow in his own schooner to take us to his
estates in Regalia; and unless we started immediately the
wind just then favorable might turn. Much to our regret,
we lost both the special car and the casava bread. Regalia
has a pretty little chapel but no pastor. Like Mullins Creek and Monkey River and Sarstoon River and thirty or more other places, it depends upon an occasional itinerant. Of course they were glad to be present at the holy Mass. Father Hopkins, the diocesan vicar-general, who accompanied us from Stann Creek, went up the Sittee River on which Regalia stands to say Mass in another needy mission. From Regalia we returned to All Pines; the provincial in a buggy, I on saddle. When we compared notes he complained of the road, I of the beast. The road was undoubtedly bad; but I am persuaded that I was mounted on a Texan bronco, at least whilst I was mounted, and the bronco paid no attention to the road. From All Pines we returned to Belize.

Altogether British Honduras is or ought to be a very Catholic country. Out of a population of possibly 27,000, there are probably 20,000 Catholics; but not priests enough. Along a coast line of 160 miles, there are no less than sixteen streams navigable for small boats. There are one or several missions on each of these streams; and in each of these missions a small church stands ready for the priest, and the natives anxiously await him. But the priests cannot be supplied just now. Father Smith, assistant to Father Molina at Orange Walk, has been ordered to Demerara, and Father Henry Gillet, first pastor at Corozal, to Africa. This last event will be severely felt in the Colony. Father Henry was the eldest of four brothers who devoted their lives to the Church in British Honduras. Father Anselm Gillet was long since buried in the field of his labors. Father Cassian Gillet has charge of the boys' academy in Belize. Father Silvinus Gillet does considerable missionary labor wherever most wanted. Father Henry was the best known of the four; but he is now on the way to another continent. Every priest in the diocese, including Father Hopkins the vicar-general and Father Caspar Leib the procurator, has one or more missions to take care of besides the parish to which he is attached. Yet so scattered are the tribes, so divergent their languages, and travel so difficult, that 20,000 Catholics who could be handled with comparative ease by six priests in a New York or Chicago parish, can hardly be handled by twelve priests in the swampland and forest of British Honduras.

Your servant in Christ,

EUGENE H. BRADY, S. J.
A Correction.—Before beginning the account of the second term of this year's missions, a correction is to be made in the figures of the first. The Letters put us down erroneously for 31 conversions to the faith. We had fifty more than that; for between Sept. and January we count on our own list 81 adults baptized. Some one mistook the 8 for a 3. Also we should not fail to call attention to the most valuable help afforded us by Fr. Cardella in the Mission of Springfield. He came all the way from New York in his cassock, and had little else but his breviary and his car ticket. His amiability, eloquence, and zeal wrought wonders with the Italian derelicts he succeeded in drawing together. They met in the mortuary chapel and most of them buried their sins there. At one time a little trouble was imminent. One unregenerate Carbonaro sat with his hat on during the services. It came to the ears of the Celts in the church above, and the sky was dark. Fortunately Fr. Cardella's authority anticipated anything coercive. The results on the whole were gratifying, his services in the confession were great, and we bid Fr. Cardella welcome to the next mission.

Norfolk, Va.—The January work began with a feeble attempt at a mission in Norfolk, Va. The weather was cold and so was the congregation. Two or three people, who must have thought themselves distraught, strayed into the church for the early Mass. It was really too much to ask of these easy going people to come out at 5½ in the morning, and the eloquence of the two missionaries could not rouse them appreciably, even at the other more comfortable services, and so, after a week of much effort on the part of the preachers and a limitless amount of unintentional apathy on the part of this congregation, the work was voted a failure. Possibly the congregation was well satisfied with its week's growth in holiness. The missioners were not.
Georgetown, D. C. — On the 13th of January Fathers Himmel, Campbell, and O'Kane began a two weeks' mission in Holy Trinity, Georgetown. A two weeks' mission was an unheard of event there, and the pastor considered himself temerarious in attempting it. He had a congregation mostly of widows, he thought; for many of the women dressed in black, and the men were not usually in evidence at the Sunday services. He had his doubts, too, about the 5 o'clock Mass, for it was winter time and the people had no reason to be early risers. But that amiable congregation responded satisfactorily from the beginning. When the opening day of the men's mission came, the pastor, for all his courage, was disheartened. He had made a mistake, he thought, in announcing it. To his amazement, they did better than the women. Where had they come from? They had been in the neighborhood all the time, but only in the neighborhood. Of course there was nothing like the great crowds which throng the city churches, for Trinity Church is small and at the end of the town; the results, however, were not only gratifying but surprising. As an example of the way history and English are written, the "Washington Star" told its readers, that "to even up the crowd it was thought wise to have special services for men and special ones for women. At 4 o'clock was held the last woman's service. [Her name wasn't given.] On the conclusion of the mission," it continued, "Fathers O'Kane, Himmel, and Campbell will go to Africa in the cause of Christianity." This, perhaps, because we were so popular with the people in the gallery. The result was 170 confirmed, 24 converts, and about 3000 confessions.

St. Peter's, Jersey City.—Simultaneously Fathers Smith, Goeding, and Wallace gave a mission in our church in Jersey City. They had 6000 confessions, 90 adults confirmed, and 21 baptized. Besides the more comfortable classes, which form the main body of the congregation, there is a large number of very poor people, who live along the riverfront. The vile character of the Jersey City water is responsible for some of the trouble there. The parish is flourishing, the parochial school has 800 children; while the well frequented church services, and the large, fervent sodalities show the usual success of a church of the Society.

During this mission Fr. Wallace subdued an incipient panic by one of those strokes of genius that sometimes make an epoch. He was preaching on the General Judgment. A woman fainted, and there was imminent danger of disaster. In the midst of the tumult the preacher shouted,
"Sit still, it's only a woman fainted. There will be no fainting on the day of Judgment." The congregation had never thought of that before, and sat down to consider it.

St. Aloysius's, Washington, D. C.—On Feb. 3, St. Aloysius's Church in Washington had its turn. Fathers Himmel, Campbell, O'Kane, and Wallace undertook the mission. The church was crowded from the beginning, and, out of deference for the colored people, a second mission was begun in the basement, but colors commingled while it lasted there. This overflow mission is usually undesirable. It diminishes the intensity or cohesion of the work. It is a distinction. It is usually hard to convince a pastor of that; but, in this instance, a blizzard opportunely came out of the West and contracted the congregation to such proportions, that there was sitting room enough during the rest of the week. The first morning of the storm saw seven brave women in the church; so bitter was the cold and so impassible the drifts. The snow spoiled that week of the mission, for Washington is not New England where people are prepared for such emergencies. The enforced leisure gave an opportunity for a study in statesmanship, and some of the missionaries absorbed all the sapiency they could get at a sitting of the senate. It was amazing how much time they gave to discuss a small-pox hospital for Washington, while the country at large was in the acute period of tariff reform. The snow lay in piles around the president's house, and Capital Hill looked like Canada; but the legislators voted the poor relief, not work. It was a great time for the colored folk, who are averse to labor but would be better if they had more of it. Nor is the lingering of the legislators any help to the spiritual growth of the city. Washington is not by any means a city of the soul, and Martin Luther must rejoice, if that be possible, to see his statue in one of the most beautiful circles of the Capital.

The women's week went off with the drifts and the men had seven days of fine weather and they availed themselves of the opportunity. There was nothing beyond the usual hard routine of mission work. Fathers O'Kane and Wallace were particularly attractive to the colored folk; both their amiability and the corners their confessional occupied serving as lures to these black fish. The most noteworthy thing of the mission was the solemn baptism at the end. Mgr. Sbaretti, the Secretary of the Apostolic Delegate, was invited to perform the ceremony. He accepted with pleasure. It was the first baptism he had ever performed, and the splendid but of course protracted rite of the public bap-
tism of 35 converts by such a dignitary was almost an event in Church History. It will be long remembered, especially by Fr. O'Kane, who contemplated with serene satisfaction the culmination of his labor, most graciously yielding his place to the Monsignor. The Cardinal came next day to confirm the 158 adults who had also been gathered up in the course of the two weeks. The confessions amounted to nearly 6000.

**High Bridge, New York.**—Fathers Smith and Goeding were detailed to the hard and small mission of High Bridge, in N. Y., during this time. The pastor is fond of missions, but the work there is far from attractive, though always undertaken with as much zeal as if in the largest cathedral of the land. The results are not yet in.

**Holy Name, New York.**—On the first Sunday of Lent Fathers Campbell, Goeding, and Prendergast began a mission at Holy Name in New York. There was a homelike feeling in that church for us, for the pastor is a very devoted friend of the Society as was his predecessor. The title "Holy Name" is a reminiscence of our old college in Third Avenue, where Fr. Brennan, the former pastor, was one of the first pupils. Some years ago he offered the church to our fathers, but they were unable to take it. It is to be regretted, for the West Side just near the Riverside Park is the most beautiful part of the city, while our present location may be ultimately absorbed by business houses. Missions are frequent at the Holy Name, and this one was characterized by the usual fervor. During the women's week it was impossible to move in the chapel when once the service had begun. The men are not so numerous, for the servant girl contingent predominates; but every available spot was taken when the men came in their turn. It is a basement as yet, but large and elegant. There were 3727 confessions, with 7 converts and 50 confirmations of adults.

**Waltham, Mass.**—Waltham is about twelve miles from Boston. It is a section of Galway transplanted to New England. Everybody is from Galway, mostly from two families, and the mention of Galway electrifies the audience. It was consequently an easy prey for the missionaries, and when Fr. Brosnan dwelt upon the glories of St. Patrick, for St. Patrick's day ended the mission, the effect was like Home Rule. To the glory of Galway be it said, that there is no church property in the Boston diocese like Waltham. The
schools are superb with their 1300 pupils and their thirty teachers. Tuition, books, all things are free and Catholic. It is all due to the splendid zeal of the pastor who spends himself and his money for his people. They respond with much affection, and during the mission went to confession to him as readily as to the missionaries. Unlike Galway Waltham has no poverty; but they still have to suffer for the faith which drove them from home. The A. P. A's prevail in the factories, and, though Catholics may wear the watches, they cannot make them. One little pain in the heart of the pastor is that, in spite of his admittedly superior schools, some of his shabby-genteel folk will persist in patronizing the public institutions. That is not like Galway. The results were 6500 confessions, 14 baptisms, and 150 confirmed.

St. Joseph's, Newark, N. J.—At the same time Father Wallace, with Fathers Stanton and Galligan were at St. Joseph's in Newark. It was the model parish of the diocese, but the bishop was in consternation when he was presented with 230 adults of the congregation who had not yet been confirmed. His usual reserve relented into enthusiasm. There were 28 converts and 5000 Communions. The work must have been crushing; for the pastor was unwell and there was little help from the assistant clergy.

One of the assistant missionaries distinguished himself at this mission by dislocating his thumb in the fervor with which he drove it against the pulpit, whilst enforcing a horror for sin. It was a case of pollice verso. Like the mission at Waltham this one ended in tears of joy over the glories of St. Patrick. Fr. Wallace's patriotism, and the coincidence of the 17th of March with the end of the mission, touched the well-springs and the enthusiasm was profuse.

St. Ann's, Albany, N. Y.—Fr. Smith directed the mission at St. Ann's in Albany with unwearied zeal and with the success that always follows his labors. Fathers McQuillan and Mullan assisted him.

St. Ann's, New York City.—A very sudden call was made on us for a mission in Mgr. Preston's old church of St. Ann's in New York. Since the death of the Monsignor the congregation has decreased considerably, and the new pastor, depressed by his debt and his diminished flock, appealed to us for a mission. Fathers O'Kane and Sullivan responded and began at the opening of Lent without even
the help of a previous announcement; their appearance was the first proclamation of the mission. It was undertaken in a spirit of fraternal charity, actuated by faith, and was rewarded far beyond all expectations.

**Star of the Sea, Brooklyn, N. Y.**—During the last weeks of Lent Fathers Hirnmel, Noel, McQuillan, and Stanton were in Brooklyn at the Star of the Sea. This was a sort of compensation mission, as the previous one had been given under difficulties, most of the missionaries being disabled from sickness or previous hard work. The compensation was entire. In the adjoining church of St. Agnes, the Dominicans were working with some of their ablest preachers. It was understood to be a sort of friendly rivalry. St. Agnes' is a small church, ours was much larger but was so crowded that, even at the 5 o'clock Mass, it was extremely difficult to reach the altar to receive holy Communion; the aisles were blockaded. At night hundreds of men were literally turned away. Confessions began on Tuesday, and day and night the confessionals were constantly besieged; 275 adults were presented for confirmation; there were 42 candidates for baptism, but only 37 were accepted. There were nearly 7000 confessions. One gratifying result was the spiritual upheaval of the section of the parish near the Erie Basin.

**Sacred Heart, New York City.**—Every year there is a mission in Vicar General Mooney's Church of the Sacred Heart in New York. He doesn't call it a Mission but a Retreat. A Retreat differs from a Mission in not having the Stations of the Cross. There are about 15,000 people in the parish, and all Irish. It has the credit with the priests of being an annex of Castle Garden, profiting by each arrival. The population is dense, and, though there are several churches in the vicinity, the strain is not lessened. The edifice was lengthened by sixty feet since last year, but, although the Masses begin at 5½ and continue every half hour till eleven with two Masses for the children in the basement, the church is continually crowded. It was an awful multitude for three men to wrestle with. It was attempted by FF. Campbell, Goeding, and Brosnan, with a result of 5816 confessions, 16 converts, and 78 adults confirmed. The priests of the parish of course assisted us. There is to be a four weeks' mission there next year. Six fathers would scarcely suffice for the work.
Mt. Carmel, New York City.—Fathers Wallace, O'Sullivan, and Mullan were at the same time in the Church of Mt. Carmel in N. Y., where Fr. Wallace had labored the year before. This year he reaped an additional harvest of 4,250 confessions, 160 confirmations of adults, and 14 baptisms of converts. A very noteworthy feature in this mission was the enthusiastic singing of the congregation, especially the men. A little energy on the part of the priests would ensure the same success everywhere. It would help attendance at Mass considerably.

FF. O'Kane and Galligan were engaged in the usual Lenten retreat of two weeks in St. Mary's, New York, and FF. Smith and Prendergast in St. Bridget's, Pittsburgh.

Summary.—Since September we have baptized just 300 converts, have presented 2,298 adults for confirmation, and have heard 86,967 confessions. We omit the marriages revalidated, as well the number of adults prepared for first Communion.

THE LATIN PLAY AT LOYOLA COLLEGE.

Loyola College, Baltimore, April 25, 1895.

Reverend and Dear Father,

P. C.

On Monday evening, April 22, an interesting college entertainment was given in the aula of Loyola College, Baltimore. It was furnished by the Class of Rhetoric. The programme, of which I inclose a copy, was carried out as follows:

First part: Discourse on Demosthenes. The students had, from time to time, in connection with the study of the oration "on the Crown," written essays on the characteristics of Demosthenes' eloquence. The essays were corrected, boiled down, and cast into the form of speeches.—This discourse was carefully composed, well delivered and received with hearty applause by the audience.


Unfortunately we know next to nothing about the author,
though many letters of inquiry were written to various places. We could only learn this: The Play is said to be the work of a South Italian bishop of this century who wrote it for his Seminarians. The manuscript copy (we could not get a printed copy of it) came from Frederick, where years ago, Fr. Ward, I believe, abridged it and had a faithful literal translation of it made by Mr. Elder Mullan. In its present shape it is so short that the recitation of it without interruption takes barely half an hour. The author, whoever he was, was a man of taste, a fine Latin scholar, thoroughly familiar with the Classical Comedy of Plautus and Terence. Both in conception and in style (including the archaic language) it is a close imitation of the old Roman Comedy. We find the pert and forward little house-servant; the old family slave, trusted by everyone; the miserly father with his treasure-pot; the spendthrift son, etc.—For the convenience of our guests a synopsis of the Play was made in English, and was printed on the fourth page of the programme. By means of this synopsis, and the realistic acting of the boys, even those of the spectators whose Latin had grown rusty from disuse, were enabled to follow the progress of the Play intelligently. The boys had learned their parts so well, threw themselves so thoroughly into their respective characters and gave such intelligent support to one another; the details of stage business had been so carefully foreseen and prepared, that everything worked smoothly and the Play came off without a hitch.

As far as we have learned, all those who were present spoke kindly, some even warmly of the performance. Rev. Father Richards, who had been present, wrote these flattering words on the day after the performance: “The clearness and ease with which the boys spoke and the vivacity and naturalness of their acting were worthy of high praise.” This very kind appreciation will probably be endorsed by most of those who were present at the Play.\(^{(1)}\)

The presence of so many of Ours from neighboring houses was particularly gratifying to us, all the more that most of them came at no small personal inconvenience.

From Georgetown had come Fathers Richards, Daugherty, Powers, Fulton, Mulvaney, and Messrs Raymond and

\(^{(1)}\) Fathers Sabetti and Barrett, who went from Woodstock to witness the Play, were warm in their praise. Father Sabetti said that the representation of the Play would have done credit to our Juniors, the pronunciation being exact and the acting remarkably intelligent. Father Barret, who has had much experience in putting plays on the stage, was delighted to find the acting wholly natural, and that the students spoke Latin as if it were their mother tongue, and thus they could be followed without any effort. In fact, all we have heard speak of the Play were astonished that a Latin Play could be made so intelligible by college students.—Editor W. L.
Raley; from Gonzaga Father Conway; from Woodstock Fathers Sabetti and Barrett; from Frederick Fathers Casey and Weber; from Conewago Fr. O’Leary.—From the city we had Dr. Magnien and several Professors of the Seminary; Fr. Slattery and some Josephites; several Benedictines, Redemptorists, Passionists, Christian Brothers, and a goodly number of secular priests. His Eminence the Cardinal was out of town.

A word of grateful acknowledgment is certainly due to Father Holaind. It is the simple truth that without his resourceful ingenuity and experience, so generously, nay enthusiastically, placed at our service, the Latin Play would have been a poor affair.

Your servant in Christ,

BENEDICT GULDNER, S. J.

WHO WROTE “DECEPTORES DECEPTI?”

In the hope that some of our readers, in this country or Europe, may be able to give us some information that may lead to the identification of the author of the Play, we subjoin the cast of the characters and the Synopsis.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIMO—Senex, ................. AUGUST M. MARK
CHARINUS—Filius Simonis, ............ JOSEPH C. JUDGE
TYNDARUS—Puer Simonis, ............ JAMES L. KEARNEY
SIMIA—Servus Simonis, ............... JAMES I. CONWAY
PHILTO—Senex, Amicus Simonis, .... MARK J. SMITH
STRATIPPOCLES—Filius Philtonis, MARTIN A. O’NEILL
SABELLA—Saga Edentula, .......... EDWARD P. MCADAMS

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

Simo and Philto, two Roman citizens. Both have spendthrift sons, Charinus and Stratippocles. Philto, who is a miser, comes to his friend Simo, with a pot of gold, which he asks the latter to take care of. Simo promises to hide it in an old vault where his own treasure is concealed. To keep robbers away, he has spread the report that the vault is haunted. They carry the gold into the vault.
Scene 2.
Tyndarus, Simo's house-servant, by putting two and two together, discovers the whole business.

Scene 3.
Stratippocles, Philto's son, suspecting his father of having carried off the treasure, follows him to Simo's house, where he meets the boy Tyndarus, from whom he learns that the money has been concealed in the old vault.

Scene 4.
Charinus, Simo's son, being in want of money, goes to Simia, as he has often done before, and asks him to get it. Simia, Simo's trusted factotum, promises, though he does not know how to procure it.

ACT II.—Scene 1.
Simia, happening to meet the talkative Tyndarus, learns from him the secret of the vault.

Scene 2.
Hence, when Charinus comes for the promised money, Simia tells him he can get it from the vault. Charinus objects that the vault is haunted, but Simia replies that he has a witch in readiness who will lay the ghosts.

Scene 3.
Philto is perfectly restless. He fears for his treasure and wants to remove it from the vault. Simo and he agree to wait till night and then take it away.

ACT III.—Scene 1.
The witch performs her hocus-pocus and withdraws, then Simia goes down into the vault, while Charinus watches outside.

Scene 2.
While Simia is in the vault, Philto arrives according to agreement with Simo, and catches his son Stratippocles, who has also been prowling around the vault intent upon robbery.

Scene 3.
Now Simo comes upon the scene. Simia is discovered in the vault and at first taken for a hobgoblin, even by Simo. He comes forth from the vault, tells a cock-and-bull story, which they all swallow, the money is safe, and thus ends the Comedy.
THE HOUSE OF REFUGE,
RANDALL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

A Letter from the Chaplain, Father Hart.

House of Refuge,
Randall's Island, New York,
April 25, 1895.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

Randall's Island, situated in the East River, New York, is one of the string of islands in that neighborhood weighed down with the misery and crime of New York. It extends from about opposite 115th St., as far north as 129th St., and, at its widest part, measures about one-half its length. A common stone wall, running across the centre of the island, plays the important part of a boundary between city and state property. The upper end of the island is covered with buildings of all shapes and sizes, for the most part of a style of architecture not taught in the schools, but suitable for the wants of the inhabitants, who are the sick, the simple-minded, and the hopeless idiots of the city. The lower portion is state property, given more than half a century ago to the "Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents," and here is to be found the House of Refuge. Two immense brick buildings, of pretentious architecture, front on the river and are separated from each other by a space of some thirty feet. Back from the line of the south building, along Little Hell Gate for 200 feet or more, then north and west again to meet the upper line of the north building and forming a hollow square, runs a solid wall of granite twenty-five feet high; its smooth masonry and perpendicular lines defy the climbing ambition of the New York boy when once safely put within. The larger of the two buildings, so striking to a visitor on the New York side of the river, is occupied by boys exclusively; the smaller, by girls and by a new division of boys, called the Primary Department.

The number of inmates constantly changes,—some arriving and others leaving,—but taking the average census for the past year as a criterion, it will be near the exact number
to say that there are always about 575 boys and about 85 girls "at home." Of these some 225 boys and about 16 girls are Catholics. Let me tell you here how the children are divided as regards religion. As soon as a child enters, he is asked to which church he belongs. If he says "the Catholic," his entrance card is marked with a big "C" and he comes to me; if he has no religion, then he must follow that of his parents; but if this be unknown, then a large letter "P" is written on his card and he goes to the Protestant Minister. To the latter's congregation belongs everybody not a Catholic, be he Jew or Gentile, Christian or Pagan. The boys are divided into three Divisions: to the largest belong all those over sixteen years of age and here some are found nineteen or twenty years old; the middle division is made up of youths ranging from twelve to sixteen; the Primary Department takes all those between seven and eleven. Up to a few months ago only two divisions existed here, but the wisdom of the managers placed the little fellows apart, much to the satisfaction of everybody. The boys are uniformed. Heretofore the military cadet uniform prevailed,—dark blue blouse and trousers, with blue stripes for the larger, and red stripe for the smaller boys,—but now the navy is in favor, and the boys are gradually changing, outwardly at least, from soldiers to sailors. The new uniform is a decided improvement and gives the boys a fine, manly appearance.

The day is spent in work and play and school. The children rise at 6 o'clock, work at the different trades taught in the shops until noon, and have drill and school in the afternoon. The school is taught by lady teachers who live in the city. Classes begin at 2.30 p.m. and, including interruptions, end at 7.45. Then the boys are tired enough to enjoy a good sleep. Everything is performed as in a modern military school with all the precision of soldiers.

I had an idea of the House of Refuge before I went there, but I was really surprised at the appearance of the boys. I expected to find youthful candidates for Sing Sing, with vice stamped on their features, and without a single redeeming trait; but I was agreeably disappointed. The children are all committed by the courts, 'tis true, but they are not all criminals nor are all sent to the refuge for punishment. Many of them are rather the victims of circumstances than creatures of malice; while others are repairing in this house the sins and crimes of depraved parents. Here are to be found children who have no parents and those whose parents are worse than none; children destitute of
home; boys who run away from home, or are charged with fighting, petty-larceny, and malicious mischief. They are bright, intelligent, quick-witted boys, with all the love of fun, and all the dislike for anything savoring of work or study that boys usually have, but with the same good heads and hearts that you will find in boys outside. I was surprised several times at the affection displayed by both boys and girls. On one occasion I was called to attend the deathbed of a little fellow from Yonkers; when I returned from the comfortable infirmary, a number of the boys crowded round me to ask after the sufferer. One, who had said nothing for some time, finally asked me if I thought the patient would die, and when I said that it was very probable, down went the little fellow's head and the tears began to flow at once. The same affection is shown when one leaves the House; and not envious tears are shed but friendly ones; for while the children are here they become greatly attached to one another. Of course I do not pretend that there are not some here for whose detention the world at large ought to be thankful, but I wish to correct an impression that one might receive, when the name of The House of Refuge is mentioned.

It may be well to call to mind that from the year 1824—when this institution was founded where Madison Square now is—up to within three or four years ago, no priest was allowed to look after the welfare of the Catholic children, except to attend an occasional sick call and then only when the sick child requested it. For the last twenty-five years attempts had been made to obtain entrance, but all in vain. Sometimes the work was put off from political motives, sometimes friends betrayed their trust, and once or twice over zealous priests did more harm than good by trying to use force where tact would have been the most powerful help. So when the priest was admitted a few years ago, he was naturally looked upon as an intruder; and if his first reception was not a friendly one, who can wonder? Father Gaffney should tell you about those first troublous days, when he had but a single friend among all the teachers and officers of that institution and that friend was the organist; but so well did he use his persuasive tongue and so quietly did he creep into the hearts of the people there, that when he left it was with the regret of all, and even now, if his Refuge friends could bring him back, the people of Frederick Valley would soon miss his familiar figure. I put these lines here because the father would not say so much about his work, and yet I have not exaggerated. So when I took
charge of the Refuge children last September, I found that they had Mass every Sunday and confessions every Sunday afternoon. The way had been paved for me and I found everybody ready to give what help they could. I soon found that the children needed instruction; for their former surroundings had not been such as to develop their religious instincts, so that in some cases children of Catholic name and parentage were hardly able to make the sign of the cross. A Sunday School of some kind had to be established, but in that wonderful house of law and order nothing is done without a formal application to one of the numerous committees, formed of the twenty-four members of the Board of Managers. Of these gentlemen I shall speak later.

On inquiry I was informed that all my boys, with the exception of the forty who came to the chapel every Sunday afternoon for confession, were obliged to attend the Sunday School conducted by the minister. To get all the Catholic children and start my own Sunday School was my first endeavor. So on advice I sent an application to the School Committee, which meets every Friday. Friday came and the School Committee referred the petition to the Executive Committee, which was to meet one week later. When their day came, they referred my poor appeal to the General Board of Managers, whose meeting day is the first Friday of every month. When that day came, back my letter went to the School Committee, and was by them referred for a second reading to the General Board, and I was left in suspense for another month. The whole performance seemed to me to savor of an attempt to shirk the responsibility of favoring a change that to some minds seemed radical. I had opportunities to speak, in the meantime, to some of the managers, and, while trying to get personal opinions on the matter, I discovered that some were decidedly opposed to the desired change. I saw that all the influence that could be brought to bear would now be necessary to get the children their Sunday School. Some one suggested that I should see the archbishop and have his approval sent to the Board. This I did, and his Grace even sent a letter to the managers asking that my petition be granted. Finally, the first Friday came and went and on the following Sunday I was informed in the most polite way, that my petition was refused, but that the archbishop's was granted. The explanation was simple. When I asked for the school, I also asked to have teachers come from the city to take charge of the classes. I did not know then, as I do now, how strict the regulation is about visitors coming to see the children,
or I should never have put such a thing in my letter. His Grace's letter had contained nothing of the sort. Soon I received another note telling me, that after Jan. 1, 1895, I could have all the Catholic children in the chapel every Sunday afternoon. So something had been gained, but much still remained. How was I to conduct the classes? In the Protestant school, I was told that some time was given to singing hymns, then an instruction by the minister, and then library books were read till the bell freed the boys from the class-room. I wanted more than that, but this became the basis of my plan. The following Sunday all the children came just as for Mass; their names were taken, the children of each division kept by themselves and divided into two classes; viz, those who had, and those who had not received their first Communion; then I took charge of the largest class, Father De Wolf of the next, a Mr. Gerrity, a druggist at Bellevue Hospital, of a third, the Major of the Batallion of a fourth, a lady teacher looked after the Primary Dep't, and a Protestant lady offered her services to hear the girls their lessons, but not to explain them. And so the school runs at present; the plan is far from perfect, and I must admit that it is not a wonderful success so far as regards the studying of the catechism, still it is a good start; the perfecting of the details may come later. We open the school with the usual Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory said with a precision that would surprise a casual visitor, then we sing a hymn or two,—for we have the use of the organ and the cheerful voluntary services of the organist, a Protestant lady,—then an instruction for ten or fifteen minutes, followed by formation of classes and recitation, a hymn, and prayer at the end, and the boys and girls leave the chapel, as they enter it, marching to the music of the organ.

Some time before Christmas it was proposed to have a high Mass on the Sunday after the feast, as on Christmas day itself there are no religious services of any kind; but on account of the amount of work necessary for an entertainment given by the children at that time, the matter was dropped, as I thought, forever. Easter, however, had been mentioned as a possible day for it. When Palm Sunday came I had enough palms for every child in the house Catholic and Protestant. The censor, holy water pot, etc., were brought from the upper end of the island and the palms were blessed with a ceremonial never before seen in the institution. The incense was a novelty, and its heavy odor hung around the chapel for the rest of the day. What made the ceremony more noticeable was the fact that on
Sunday the minister's service begins half an hour after Mass ends, and his Palm Sunday was like every other Sunday.

Two weeks before Easter one of the managers, not a Catholic, came to me after Mass and asked if I could not have something more than ordinary for Easter. I told him we were preparing hymns specially suited for the day, and that we would do what we could towards celebrating it properly. "But couldn't we have a high Mass on that day?" he asked. "I am ready to do my share of it," I answered, "if the organist can teach the children to do theirs;" and then, after a few moments conversation with the organist, and a short consultation between the Superintendent and myself, this manager settled the matter by saying that we should have a high Mass on Easter. By way of helping the singing the Superintendent added, that any Protestant boy or girl with a remarkably good voice would have to sing the Mass with the Catholic children. I protested against force being used, but was willing to take all the good voices that offered themselves, thinking at the same time that the bitterest upholders of the famous "Freedom of Worship Bill" could scarcely have dreamed of such a thing as a Protestant Superintendent forcing Protestant children in the House of Refuge to sing the Catholic Mass.

Then the work of rehearsal began. Day after day, and night after night, teacher and children were constantly practising. All the children were to sing the ordinary parts, but a choir of seventy voices, girls and boys, was formed to support and carry the others along. Solos, duets, trios, grand choruses, all were practised, and, far from being obliged to look for voices, we had more than were needed and the difficulty was to keep the Protestant boys and girls out of the choir. On Holy Saturday afternoon, by special permission, a grand rehearsal was held in the chapel. The organist had everything well prepared and the children were only too eager to show how well they could sing even Latin hymns; but neither organist nor children knew where the Kyrie, or the Gloria or the Credo was to be sung; hence the last practice of the entire Mass. The altar boys too were trained and now nothing remained but to extend an invitation to all the Protestant officials and wait in patience for a morrow of triumph. But I must go back a step or two.

On Palm Sunday the manager, a Mr. March, who had spoken to me about having the high Mass, took me aside and said that he had taken the liberty of buying me some altar furniture, that the box containing it would come in my name in a day or two, and that he wished me to open the box and
see that the contents were in good condition. During Holy Week the box was received, and I found to my astonishment a set of six large brass candle-sticks, six smaller ones of the same pattern, two beautiful brass vases for cut flowers, and a handsomely designed crucifix of the same material. Along with these came twelve solid wax candles three and a half feet in length. The gift was an Easter offering to the Catholic service, and was paid for by the gentleman himself. Not satisfied with this, he had the choice plants of the large hot-houses brought to the chapel, and, as there were not lilies enough, he went to the city and sent over a supply that gave to the chapel the characteristic appearance of Easter. The Superintendent's wife undertook the work of arranging the flowers, and her exquisite taste lent not a little warmth to the cold bare chapel of ordinary Sundays.

On Easter morning the altar, and the platform on which it rests, looked very beautiful. A bank of flowers five feet high rose from the floor of the chapel to the top of the platform; above it stood the little white altar adorned with the gifts of Mr. March in all their un tarnished beauty, the lights with the piled up plants on either side reaching from the floor to the largest candles; and then high over everything, and made more striking by its back ground of maroon, hung a beautiful cross of white roses the product of the Refuge hot-houses. Cut flowers too were there in abundance, and these and the modest Bermuda lilies filled the chapel with a sweetness to which it had long been a stranger. The children sang the Mass in a manner incredible, when one considers the short time in which it was prepared and the great difficulty that such children have in singing anything in a foreign tongue. A number of Protestants were present and it was evident that they were witnessing for the first time the solemn ceremonial of the Church. Who knows but later some seed fallen into their hearts on last Easter may spring up and bring its hundred fold?

The ten o'clock bell interrupted my sermon and then began the removal of those things that belong to the Catholic service. I should have mentioned before, that my altar is carried into the chapel by the boys on Saturday afternoon, and carried out again just as soon as Mass is over Sunday morning. And so on Easter, when the altar and lights and the real beauty of the chapel were removed, it is no wonder that a Protestant remarked to me, as soon as the necessary changes were made, that the Protestant service would not amount to much that morning. My only regret of the day
is that I could not have the altar and its surroundings photographed.

Some weeks ago I sent another application to the School Board, this time asking for more confession time. Besides what I had, I wanted the hour from 8 to 9 every Sunday morning, but no one but the board could grant such a privilege. The Sunday after the School Board meeting, one of its members met me, and while profusely apologizing for the apparent tardiness of the Board in taking up my petition, assured me that what I asked would be granted. Later on I met another manager and he too spoke of my petition and said about it: "If we cannot grant you, father, just what you ask, I will tell you how to go about getting it." This certainly was encouraging from a man who had opposed me in the beginning of my work. A few days after, my request was referred to the Executive Board and by them granted, as far as I know, without any opposition. One manager, in speaking to me afterwards, informed me that the same request was made and refused just a year ago. The readiness with which this last permission was granted and the seeming desire to put no obstacles in the way of the priest, force me to conclude that those in charge of the Institution see the benefit of having the priest look after the Catholic children.

And now prudence suggests that I trouble the managers no more at least for some time. Some advance has been made, and it needs no prophet to say that as great liberty will be given the priest here in a short time as is allowed in any public institution. To be always asking for some new permission is only to cause alarm—for they have not yet lost all fear of the wily Jesuit—and to confirm all in the opinion expressed by one, that "when once the priest is admitted, he is so aggressive!"

I have many other things I should like to speak of here, but my time forbids. Perhaps I may have something for your next issue.

Yours in Christ,

J. C. Hart, S. J.

Catholic Chaplain.
BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.


No one who has at heart the works and doings of the Society, can be indifferent to Fr. Palladino’s book. Truthful and interesting as the famous “Relations,” it is likewise an impartial history and by no means an overdrawn picture of the heroic labors of Ours in Montana. One has to read between the lines to fully grasp the untold sufferings our fathers had to undergo, and the difficulties they have still to overcome, in order to bring and keep those restless and wayward tribes under the regenerating influence of our religion. The author has devoted some pages to expose the absurd and godless system which the enemies of religious education are about to enforce in all the Indian reservations, and which, if put into practice, must needs overthrow and undo the now peaceful and thriving missions reared with such loving care and self-sacrificing devotion. De Smet’s one ambition was to revive at the foot of our Rocky Mountains the reductions of Paraguay; when St. Ignatius’, St. Xavier’s, St. Peter’s, St. Labre’s and the Holy Family missions will be things of the past, the reader of Fr. Palladino’s history will admit that the followers of De Smet came very near realizing the fond hopes of their large-hearted leader.

The second part of “Indian and White” deals with the development and present condition of the diocese of Helena, and ably sets forth the good work done in the past and the bright hopes of the future.

The book is well written; the style is free, easy and sustained, and the anecdotes, judiciously interwoven in the text, are full of charm and good humor. We regret that the price of the book is such that it will prevent its having as wide a circulation as it deserves.

This pamphlet of 140 pages contains a clear, short and, what may be called, popular proof for the credibility of our gospels. We need not here delay over the opportuneness, not to say the need, of such a work. The reader will feel convinced of this by a perusal of the modern views concerning the genesis and the character of our gospels as given in the first section of the little work (pp. 7-20). In the second section (pp. 20-106) the author gives the historical proof for the antiquity and the apostolic origin of the gospels. St. Irenæus, St. Justin, Tatian, the Muratorian canon, St. Clement of Rome, the catacomb of St. Priscilla, St. Polycarp, Papias, St. Ignatius, Barnabas, Basilides, Valentinus, and the churches of Greece are the principal witnesses. Without exceeding in scientific technicalities, the proofs are presented in their concrete historical setting, and copious references to modern researches on the various texts are added. In the last chapter of the second section, the author gives the general result of his disquisition, considering our gospels at the early date of about 90 A.D. In the third section (pp. 106-136), we find a study, first, of the reliability of the gospels that may have been written between A.D. 80 and 100; secondly, of the gospels written before 80 A.D.; and lastly, the reliability of the gospels as apostolic writings. The last few pages contain a fitting "Schlusswort." The pamphlet will be found a handy treatise on both the orthodox and the unorthodox views of the subject.

Andrea Ferrario, Cardinali Archiep. Mediolanensium. Ode, P. Octavius Cagnacci, S. J.

Father Cagnacci needs no introduction to our readers for, besides the fact that one of his poems appeared in the Letters, the father's success and deserved celebrity in Latin poetry and the words of praise and encouragement given him by our Holy Father, the Pope, have brought him prominently before us all, as a worthy successor of that long line of Latin verse-writers who have gained world-wide renown for the Society. With great delight, therefore, we welcome this latest production of Father Cagnacci's pen, sustaining, as it so well does, his former great reputation, confirming our Holy Father's golden opinion, and giving us all assurance that the inherited glory of the Society entrusted to him will be handed on undimmed to his successors.

When we recollect that the instinct for good Latin is bequeathed to our brethren of Italy almost by right of birth, it would be presumption in us, where our inferior knowledge would make us unfit judges of even imagined faults, to speak in any but terms of greatest praise of the composition of the ode before us. With regard, however, to the rhythm and poetic style we might be permitted to mention some things which occurred to us in the pleasant reading given by Father Cagnacci. The father has shown a marked predilection for
the Alcaic measure, and knowing the capabilities which Horace showed that measure to possess, we cannot but be pleased with his choice. We have noticed, however, both in this as well as other odes that in the Iambic dimeter hypercatalectic or third line of the strophe, use is frequently made of the less common and less musical arrangement of accents. Horace's "Hunc Lesbio" (1, xxii.) and "Ab insolentia temperatam" (2, iii.) though the latter is a beautiful example of his favorite antithesis, are not of such frequent occurrence as to warrant us in concluding that the Roman poet held a monosyllable and a Cretic to be a musical beginning or a quadrisyllabic word, a musical ending to this third line. The ear too attuned to the harmony of the Alcaic stanza will not fail to note that the disposition of accents, consequent upon the use of such combinations, mars not a little the onward march of this noble measure. These remarks apply to "Tum charitas, Quo transfugas, imago purpurati," and "heroum auspiciatum" of the ode. Yet, the motive inspiring us aside, it is almost a sacrilege to disturb such beautiful lines, especially the grace and suggestiveness of "Jam nova Caroli Spirans imago purpurati," with any of the fine technique of verse.

We seem, moreover, to miss here and there that familiarity with nature, that warmth and color of thought that is needed to keep Latin verse lifted out of the confines of Rhetoric whither it tends at times. But the "Contaminatis fert medicamina" reminding us in amplitude of tone and pleasing antithesis of Horace's "Insanientis dum sapientiae" (1, xxvii.), and "Jaëtante fulgorem Leone," and the exquisite feeling and melody of "Vos cupidis manet ille palmis" are evidences enough that the trifles dwelt on are lost in the lustre of the whole, and that Father Cagnacci has richly merited the honors bestowed on him and has abilities both from nature and from the study of the masters of Latin song (compare "insignes et imos" of the ode and Horace's 3. i.) which will sustain the reputation of the Society in the field of Latin poetry. We look forward to many another treat from our modern Casimir, and earnestly hope that he find a host of imitators in the good work of Latin versification in an age whose mania for dollars and cents threatens to deal a death blow to the Latin muses.

Breve Ragguaglio Intorno alla Vita del P. Ferdinando Puntscher, D. C. D. G.

In the LETTERS for April 1894, we acknowledged the receipt of the "Odae Octavii Cagnacci e Soc. Jesu."

The brief sketch of the life of Fr. Puntscher, from the pen of the same author, contains much that will incite the reader to imitation as well as to admiration. The account of the vicissitudes of the Novitiate of Verona, during the troublous times of the revolution of 1848, disappointed us only by its brevity. The little anecdotes of the repairing of the "par-
occo’s” dusty old clock by Fr. Puntscher, to prove that he was really a professor of physics and mathematics, and of the appointment of Fr. Puntscher to the Chinese missions, because of his skill in making sun-dials, are amusingly told. In the remaining chapters, we read the story of Fr. Puntscher’s life in China from his own letters. And it is because the author has opened to us so many of Fr. Puntscher’s letters, that we are enabled to realize vividly for ourselves, the meekness and amiability of the character of this holy missionary.

Marie et la Compagnie de Jésus.—Par un père de la même compagnie. Ucles, Imprimerie du Scolasticat, 1895, 1 vol. in 12, 400 pages. Price 2 francs.

This little book is by Père Drive, who has just been appointed sub-Director of the Apostleship of Prayer in the place of the late Père De Martial. It is a work for Ours only, as the titles of the eleven chapters which compose it show. Thus we have “Marie et le Fondateur de la Compagnie,” “Marie et l’Institut de la Compagnie,” “Marie et la vocation à la Compagnie,” etc. It is not for sale by the trade but application should be made to “Colegio de Ucés, por Tarancón (Cuenca) Spain.


It gives us the greatest pleasure to recommend to our readers this beautiful “Month of the Sacred Heart. It has been long and well known in France, and it surely deserves its wide circulation, as nothing could be better for a book of devotion to the Sacred Heart than extracts from the letters and writings of her to whom the devotion was revealed and who has been placed by Holy Church on our altars. Let our readers not expect to find here an easy going sentimental piety, as is too often the case in our books of devotion. The little book breathes love, indeed, and fervor, but it does not cease to remind us that it is by sacrifice and the cross we are to get nearer the divine Heart. It is rare that a book of devotion is so well and faithfully translated. Canon Mackey, well known for his excellent translation of the “Works of St. Francis De Sales,” has brought his learning and experience to put into the best of English this beautiful work drawn from the writings of the Blessed daughter of the holy Doctor. We may confidently recommend this book as a little gem and the very best “Month of the Sacred Heart” for Religious and interior souls. Copies may be obtained from Benziger Bros.
BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS.

New Edition of the Institute.—Father Rodeles has finished his work in preparing the new edition of the Institute; and he has already left Fiesole. The previous excellent edition was exhausted; and there was nothing on hand wherewith to meet the demands of Ours for copies. The editor has availed himself of the opportunity to introduce some important modifications in the arrangement of the volumes. The Bulls have been set in the first place; and such documents as could not take their proper rank before now fall into line. So too with the Decrees of the latest Congregations. Divers critical readings of the Institute have been attended to. And, finally, the Index has been recast on the most complete and manageable plan for consultation.

Father Coloma.—A short account of Father Coloma and his work appears in the April number of the "Globe" by Mary Elizabeth Springer, entitled "Father Coloma's Trifles," for thus she translates "Pequeneces." This rendering of the word "pequeneces," is not happy, nor is the sketch given of Father Coloma's life such as would be written by a Catholic. She has translated "Pequeneces" but has not yet found a publisher. Father Coloma's new story is entitled "Boy," an English title, and is being published in the Spanish Messenger.

Upon another of our Spanish Fathers, Padre Antonio Vincent, Our Holy Father has recently conferred a great honor, in sending him a papal brief, in recommendation of his books on the condition of the workmen and the social question. Though all of Padre Vicent's works are praised by His Holiness, the one entitled "La Encíclica de Nuestro Santisima Padre Leon XIII. De Conditione Opificum y los Círculos de Obreros Católicos," which has just reached a second edition, is singled out as a proof of the devotedness of the author to the wishes of the Holy See, as made known in the encyclical "Rerum Novarum."

Father J. V. Baniel, formerly professor of the Juniors of the province of France, but now at Angers in his tertianship, has published this past year in the different numbers of the "Revue de l'Enseignement Chrétien" of Paris, a series of articles touching the "Ratio Studiorum." They are entitled "Causeries Pédagogiques," are very practical, and are not written in a narrow spirit but are broad and catholic. They are soon to be issued in book form.

Father Watrigant is working with his usual energy on the Exercises. He writes us that he is preparing an historical work on the "Origin, the Authority, and the Inspiration of the Exercises of St. Ignatius." He will begin with a sketch of the history, and the philosophy of the history, of asceticism
up to the time of St. Ignatius, then he will show from what sources, under the direction of the Holy Ghost, he has drawn. He has made, he tells us, very valuable discoveries on this point.—Another work, which is well advanced but is not yet ready, is a "Treatise on the Scientific Study of the Exercises." The analysis of this work shows that it will consist of a number of letters. The first letter, for example, is a "Letter of Questions," and introduces a young scholastic to us who knows, as he says, sufficiently well the teaching and the practical economy of the Exercises, but desires a scientific knowledge of the work, which will be more interior and elevated. This is given in the following letter entitled "Letter of Answers." We trust that the author will be able to bring out these works, which are so useful to Ours, without delay.

We have been requested to inform our readers that the "Galerie de la Compagnie" by Père Hamy, the price of which is 400 francs (§80), can be obtained complete for §43, being sent by registered mail post paid, by application by letter to, "Colegio de San Juan, Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico." Our readers will recollect that this work, which is now complete in eight volumes, consists of 400 portraits reproduced in photogravure of the most distinguished members of the Society. An explanatory biographical and historical text accompanies the portraits.

In the Province Catalogues of the current year there exists a notable discrepancy in the number of the augmentum. We cannot here enter into a thorough investigation of the causes of this discrepancy; but the figures are considerable enough to merit attention: The augmentum is 220 in the catalogues of Anglia, Campania, Germania, Neapolitana, Veneta; 221 in the catalogues of Aragonia, Austriaco-Hungar., Galicana, Lusitana, Marylandia, Mexicana, Romana, Sicula, Toletana, Neo-Aurelian.; 222 in the catalogues of Missouriana, Neerlandia, Canadensis; 235 in those of Francia, Tolosana; 259 in those of Bigica, Castellana, Lugdunensis, Taurinensis; 268 in the catalogue of Hibernia. Perhaps the time at which the various catalogues are issued accounts for some difference in the number of the augmentum, but this cause is hardly sufficient to explain the difference of 48. Since these figures may become important in future statistics, it would be well to take notice of the fact, that in the next catalogue it may be accounted for satisfactorily.

The author of the "Manuel des Exercices" reviewed in our last number is Father Victor Mercier, spiritual father at Poitiers and author of "Concordance de l'imitation et des Exercises."

Acknowledgments.—From Manila. "El Magnetismo Terrestre en Filipinas;" "Relacion de las Islas Filipinas;"
"Cartas de China y Japón," with a number of books and pamphlets on the native languages.

From Padre E. M. Cappelletti, Colegio del Sagrado Corazón en Puebla, Mexico, "Observaciones Meteorologicas."

From Padre Pedro Estpina, "Meteoroqogical Observations" of Puebla, Satillo, Mexico, "Nociones de Calculo Superior."

From St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, Calendar for 1895.

From Fr. Watrigant, "Retraite et Retraitants" by A. de Veyssier, a number of books on retreats, etc.

From Fr. F. H. Daly, Mungret, The Ignatian Album.


Province Catalogues from England, Lyons, Turin, Toledo, Sicily.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

XXVIII. Father Watrigant sends us the following items about this Query: It seems certain that in the time of St. Ignatius in some churches retreats were given to a body of people together, and even to a large body. See the curious letter of Fr. Polanco of June 18, 1554, in the "Cartas de San Ignacio." Were these collective retreats closed (retraites fermées), i.e. in solitude, and with meditation? It is sure that a house was hired in Siena for retreats (Diertins, Historia Exercitiorum, lib. 4, no. 5, and especially "De Origine et Progressu S. J." Auctore Simon Rodriguez). It is also sure that when the Exercises were given to monasteries they had to be given to a body collectively (Diertins, passim). Thus Diertins, lib. 4, no. 11, "Pannæ centum simul excebantur." Diertins, lib. 5, no. 16, "Oviedus apud Franciscum Gandiae Duceem quatuordecim simul exercet." Diertins, lib. 4, no. 28, "Barcinone tanta erat Exercitia petentium multitudo ut decem institutores non sufficerent." From this last phrase it seems fair to conclude, that, at Barcelona at least, the retreat in such a case was not given to a body together.

The whole of this Query appears to be pervaded by the following general principle. As there has been a progression in Catholic dogma, just so has there been a sort of progress in the application of the Exercises: the giving of collective retreats was not attempted in the beginning. St. Ignatius himself encouraged new applications discovered; for example, when Fr. Sylvester Landinus (Diertins, lib. 6, no. 19) applied the First Week to a sort of public retreat or mission, St. Ignatius was very much pleased (Cf. Cartas de San Ignacio, vol. 2, p. 226).

Fr. Francis Villanueva ought to be studied, see Diertins,
lib. 4, no. 35, "in augusto tugurio quosdam exercet"—here is the House of Retreats. See, above all, the Letters of Fr. Denys, "Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu," pp. 618, 619, 620 (1895).

St. Francis Borgia's House of Retreats was the Hermitage of the Magdalene (Monumenta, pp. 491, 557)—but not for collective retreats. In the Monumenta, p. 613, we are told a priest gives the Exercises to some orphans, probably all together. Fr. Pelletier (Monumenta, p. 514) gave a retreat to nine ladies at one of their houses, no doubt collectively. St. Charles Borromeo established an ascetery for retreats; we are not told whether they were collective.

Luzzago, a friend of St. Charles, opened one of the first Houses of Retreats; it was near Brescia and was intended for laymen and ecclesiastics (Life of Luzzago by Fr. de Balmighem, and Rosignoli, Notizie Memorabili, book 2, chap. 3, par. 1). From the beginning of the seventeenth century there were collective retreats for the sodalities. Fr. Pavone of Naples issued a sort of Directory for collective retreats of school-teachers, priests, etc. There were retreats in France and elsewhere given to schools in a body.

But Houses of Retreats organized on a large scale began especially with Fr. Huby. St. Vincent de Paul indeed had a large House of Retreats in Paris before Fr. Huby, but I do not know whether collective retreats were often given in it, unless to students about to be ordained. At any rate, the example of St. Vincent did good.

Houses of Retreats vary according to the kind of exercitants. Fr. Huby received 300 or 400. I have all his regulations, as I wrote in my Library of the Exercises. Other regulations for collective retreats, of sodalites and of other bodies, are also in my possession. In Part 5 of Hectoreus, "Solitudo Sacra" will be found directions for a sodality retreat as it was made formerly.

I propose to publish a volume with all the rules and various methods followed in different places. Treasures in this line are in my possession. I have no regulations, however, for retreats of the time of St. Ignatius, though I discovered last year a kind of Directory sent by Fr. Hofaens, Provincial of Germany, who entered the Society in 1554. I hope to publish it soon.—Finally, did St. Ignatius give the Exercises to many together? I do not think so, unless one calls retreats the explanations given to groups by St. Francis Xavier of the Methods of Prayer. St. Ignatius may have given the Exercises thus at the Hospital of St. Lucy at Manresa.

XXIX. On the question of the first American Jesuit, if "American" be taken in the restricted sense, to signify one born within the present territory of the United States, I think he is pointed out by the following extract from Shea, "History of the Catholic Church, Vol. 1. p. 454.
"A famous native of Florida, baptized in all probability in the parish church of St. Augustine, died in Mexico about 1695. This was the Jesuit Father Francis de Florencia, born in Florida in 1620, who took the habit of the Society of Jesus at the age of twenty-three, and who, after being professor of philosophy and theology in the College of St. Peter and St. Paul, and having rendered great services to the bishops whose confidence he enjoyed, was sent as procurator of the Mexican province to Madrid and then to Rome. He was subsequently appointed procurator at Seville of all the provinces of his Order in the Indies, but finally returned to Mexico, where he died at the age of 75. He acquired a high reputation as an author, having published a Menology of the illustrious members of the Society in New Spain, a work on the Shrine of Our Lady de los Remedios, a still more important work on the Apparition and Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, a History of the Society of Jesus in New Spain, and other works."

If "American" be taken in a still more restricted sense, to signify a native of the English colonies, then the first American Jesuit was Fr. Robert Brooke. "He was born in Maryland in 1668, and entering the Society of Jesus at Watten in 1684, was apparently the first priest of the order ordained from Lord Baltimore's province, and he is the first of five priests his family gave to the Society of Jesus." Shea, i. 84.

The name of Fr. Robert Brooke appears continuously on the records of the Maryland Mission from 1696, until 1714, when the note is appended: *Obit in Maryl. 18 July, 1714 (ita Oliver) et. 51, Soc. 30.*—There is a Coadjutor Brother, William Burley (Marylandus) on the Catalogue for 1690.—John Royall, born in Pennsylvania, Sept. 22, 1729, was probably the first native of Pennsylvania ordained to the priesthood. He seems never to have returned to America. The Record says: *1770, P. Joan. Royall (American), obit in Anglia, 17 Apr.*—Shea, speaking of the expulsion of the Society from the French Missions in America, has this note: "The only priest of Louisiana birth I trace in this period is Father Stephen Bernard Alexander Viel, S. J., a poet and scholar, born at New Orleans, Oct. 31, 1786, died in France in 1821."

1. 591.—There are, undoubtedly, earlier Jesuits of Mexico, Peru and Brazil, and, perhaps, of Canada.—*E. I. Devitt, S. J.*
XXX. Père Watrigant asks information about the attitude of Protestants in regard to the Spiritual Exercises. — What has been their criticism of the book? their praise of it? What books have they published on the Exercises, or on retreats, such as are given by some Anglican Ministers? How can the Exercises be best used to effect conversions to the faith?

XXXI. Has the method of prelection advocated by the Ratio, especially the plan of translating the author for the student, been used in any of our American colleges not belonging to the Society? If so, with what success?

XXXII. Where is the authority in the "Relations" for the statement of Monnitte, etc., that the Jesuits established a college at Kaskaskia, Illinois?

XXXIII. Who is the author of the Latin Play "Deceptores Decepti"? See page 293 of this number.
OBITUARY.

FATHER WILLIAM H. DUNCAN.

William Harris Duncan was born in Alabama, October 19, 1835, and died at Georgetown College, fortified with all the rites of the Church, on Friday, November 2, 1894. His father was a landed proprietor, engaged extensively in the raising of cotton, and the family lived on a large plantation, in the neighborhood of Montgomery, the capital of the State. His character and mode of acting bore the impress of the surroundings amid which his early years were spent. There was a freedom and openness of manner which spoke of life in the open air, with horse and rod and gun. He had little of the athletic spirit, as understood at the present day, nor was he inclined in after years to vigorous exercise, but, at the mention of old-time field-sports, he quickly kindled into enthusiasm, and recalled his boyish experience and adventures with graphic description.

The opportunities for instruction and for Catholic life and practices were very limited in Alabama, at the time of his birth. Catholics were few, and there were only five priests in his native State. Montgomery was one of the first places, outside of the episcopal city of Mobile, to be supplied with a church and resident pastor. It used to be visited at irregular intervals by the missionary from Columbus, Ga., and the Duncan family is mentioned with respect by Rev. J. J. O'Connell, in his work, "Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia." Speaking of his visits to Montgomery, he says: "The congregation was small, but the Duncans and other Catholics of influence and social eminence, and the piety of all, made Catholicity respectable" (p. 589).

He entered Georgetown College when quite young. His name is inscribed in the first printed catalogue, that of 1850-51. In that year he was in the class of poetry, and he received the degree of A. B. in 1853. Georgetown was then a distinctively southern college; of the whole number of 214 students, only seven were from the northern States. One sign of the changes wrought by the intervening years is furnished by the statistics of the last annual report, which show that more than half the boarders come from the north of Mason and Dixon's line. It was not a soil or atmosphere favorable to the development of religious vocations. Aspirants to the ecclesiastical state were rare, and the few, who aspired to the priesthood, naturally turned to the Society. Among the scholars of 1853, we find the names of six who entered the novitiate, of whom two persevered to the end, whilst the subject of our sketch seems to have been the only candidate for the ranks of the secular clergy. Even he must have shown signs of what was ultimately to come, for his teachers and prefects expected it, and rejoiced when it came.
After graduation, he studied law privately in the office of a relative, who was winning a high reputation at Montgomery, and in due time he was admitted to the bar of his native State. But it was not a congenial profession, and he entered the theological seminary of Mt. St. Mary's Emmittsburg, August 15, 1860. At the breaking out of the Civil War, he went South, and having completed his ecclesiastical studies at Spring Hill College, where, during those troubled times, the Bishop of Mobile had placed his seminarians under the direction of our fathers, he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Quinlan of Mobile, at Montgomery, his home, May 4, 1862. For the next seven years he was assigned to duty at the cathedral of Mobile, for he and the bishop were closely united by mutual esteem and friendship. His ministry began when the war was at its height, and although Alabama was for a time remote from the scenes of active hostility, yet the tide of conflict rolled into Mobile under Farragut, and when the city was captured, and the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy waned, the inhabitants of Mobile were subjected to many hardships, and the labors of the clergy were trying and arduous. A virulent epidemic of yellow fever aggravated the situation, and the young priest responded heroically to the demands of duty and charity. The esteem in which he was held may be judged by this, that years afterwards, when the See of Mobile became vacant, and he had long severed all connections with its people, the unanimous voice of the clergy who knew him best designated him as the most worthy to fill the difficult position. The burden would have been intolerable to one of his disposition, but he was spared this trial to his humility, and when the efforts to elevate him to the dreaded honor was baffled, his thanksgiving was sincere. It was a great sacrifice for Bishop Quinlan to part with his friend, a good and active priest, in the flower of his promising usefulness, and a native too of the State, in which ecclesiastical vocations are phenomenally rare; but he was persuaded that it was a divine call, and, on January 13, 1869, Fr. Duncan attained the object of his desires, when he was received into the novitiate, at Frederick. During the second year of his probation, he helped to give some missions, and spent a short time at Woodstock in rapid review of studies, and having taken the vows, he was transferred to St. Mary's Residence, in Boston, where he was destined to remain until near the end of his earthly course. He was assistant to Fr. Robert Brady, until May, 1877, succeeding to him as superior, and retained this office until October, 1891. He still continued at St. Mary's as assistant in charge of the schools, until his appointment as procurator of Georgetown College, in 1893, in which occupation and place, he died. The surroundings of the North End of Boston were in marked contrast with those of his life hitherto. It was a crowded tenement district, with an immense population, almost exclusively Irish and Catholic. The people were gen-
eraly of the laboring class, and the administration of such a parish made large and incessant demands upon the time and charity of those in charge of it. The work was hard, but it had its compensation in abundant fruit. Rarely has there been seen the intensity of practical faith, such generous correspondence with the broad plans of the pastors, such grateful recognition of their efforts, as characterized the old congregation of St. Mary's.

Father Duncan was for many years the Director of the Sunday school, and also of the parochial schools. He was always an earnest promoter of Catholic education, and the schools grew and flourished under his fostering care. There was much indifference and opposition, and for a long time, St. Mary's possessed the only parish school for boys, in the city of Boston.

It was during this period, that the old Armory was purchased; remodelled and enlarged, it furnished accommodations for all the children, when the insufficient buildings, which had hitherto served for school purposes, were demolished or sold. A new and spacious residence arose on the site of the old church, taking the place of the cramped quarters, in a house at an inconvenient distance, and outside of the parish limits. The beautiful new church was completed, and finally freed from debt, by the heroic efforts of the pastors, and the unstinted generosity of the people. In all the works of those busy years for the glory of God and the salvation of souls Fr. Duncan had a memorable share.

He was prudent in the administration of affairs, and as a superior his kindness and charity endeared him to all. His cheerful disposition and considerate regard for others made him beloved by those with whom he lived. His cordial address and hearty manners attracted people, and those who knew him were unwilling to lose his friendship. His fund of interesting and edifying anecdotes was inexhaustible, and with him a story never suffered in the telling. He was exact as a religious, scrupulous in obedience and observance of the rule. He was open-minded himself, and hated dissimulation and underhanded practices. He was prompt to help the deserving poor, but imposters excited his righteous indignation.

The last year of his life was spent at Georgetown College. It was a great change from the active life among the people, to the monotonous occupation of the treasurer's office in a boarding-school. Although his health was seriously impaired, he fulfilled the duties of the position with efficiency, and preserved a calm and cheerfulness of temper which won the admiration even of thoughtless youth.

He had gone to Alexandria, Va., on Thursday, September 20, to hear confessions at the convent, and on his way home in the evening, he had a stroke of paralysis, whilst waiting for the train at the station. The railroad officials would not permit him to be put on the car, and as he was helpless and almost speechless, it was some time before he could get any-
one to communicate with the college. A despatch conveyed information of his state, and a carriage was sent with the doctor and Spiritual Father; but, meantime, a cab had been procured, and he was driven in this inconvenient vehicle, over the rough Virginia roads, and reached home during Litanies. The case seemed hopeless from the beginning, and the last sacraments were administered without delay. At one time, after two or three weeks of uncertainty, there seemed to be a hope of recovery, and he remarked that he had resigned himself to die, and after the preparation, it would be much harder to look forward to years of helpless inactivity. He lingered on until Friday, November 2, cheerful and resigned, and conscious until within twenty-four hours of death, which occurred at an hour after midnight, when the Church commemorates all the Faithful Departed.—R. I. P.

**FATHER JULIUS POTTGEISER.**

Father Pottgeiser was born at Coblentz on the Rhine, March 10, 1813, entered the Society at Ertavayais, Switzerland, September 29, 1831, was ordained priest at Fribourg, April 8, 1846, and was sent to America in May, 1848. Having spent three years as professor and preacher at Fordham, N. Y., he returned to Germany in 1851, where he became well known as a most efficient missionary; together with other fathers of the Society he gave missions in the principal cities of Germany. When the Society was expelled from Germany he came, in November 1871, again to this country and spent ten more years in missionary labors among the Germans in the Buffalo Mission, and was for a number of years preacher in St. Michael’s church, Buffalo. When he became too feeble for this work he prepared a German edition of his sermons for Sundays and festivals, which was soon followed by an English translation. Comforted by the consolations of Holy Church, Father Pottgeiser died peacefully and without pain, at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., December 2, 1894.—R. I. P. —Fordham Monthly.

**LIST OF OUR DEAD IN NORTH AMERICA**

*From Feb. 15 to May 15, 1895.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Place</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fr. Anselm Ussanaz........... 76</td>
<td>Mar. 7</td>
<td>Grand Coteau, La.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fr. Andrew P. Keating...... 52</td>
<td>&quot; 22</td>
<td>Jersey City, N. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fr. Stanislaus P. Lalumière 73</td>
<td>&quot; 23</td>
<td>Cincinnati, Ohio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fr. Henry B. Tarr............. 49</td>
<td>Apr. 3</td>
<td>Tampa, Florida.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Br. Nicholas Curtius......... 50</td>
<td>&quot; 25</td>
<td>Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fr. James A. Ward.......... 82</td>
<td>&quot; 29</td>
<td>Georgetown Coll., Wash’n, D. C.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Requiescant in Pace.*
VARIA.

Alaska.—The "Messenger" and some newspapers led us into a mistake in the last number in regard to the appointment of Father Tosi. He has not been appointed Vicar-Apostolic, but Prefect-Apostolic, of the Jesuit Missions in Alaska. He will, therefore, not be consecrated bishop, as was at first stated, but will continue to have the power of giving confirmation, though remaining a priest. The Jesuit Missions in Alaska were erected into a Prefecture Apostolic by a brief dated July 26 or 27, 1894. The official documents were received too late last year for the San Francisco steamers, and hence they will not reach Father Tosi till some time next June, as the steamer leaves at the beginning of May. There is no news from Alaska and no letters are expected from there till the latter part of next July.

Austro-Hungarian Province, Innsbruck.—During Lent, Fr. Volbert gave a very successful series of conferences to the men of the city. The attendance was most gratifying. The church was literally packed from chancel to door. All classes of society were represented. One night two army Generals were seen paying the closest attention. The papers say, also, that the leaders of the Socialists attended to hear what the Jesuit had to propose for the solving of the Social problems. The Archduke Ferdinand Karl, who is in garrison here, a brother of the future emperor, Franz Ferdinand, called during the course of the conferences to congratulate Fr. Volbert, and announce his desire of attending. A place was reserved for him within the sanctuary. The number of men who followed the sermons is estimated at 1500, quite a fair showing for Innsbruck. This is all the more gratifying as our church here is known as a frauen-Kirche. At the Communion which closed the conferences, two priests were occupied for over half an hour distributing the Bread of Life.

University Notes—The number of students of the University shows a steady increase. In the semester just closed, we had in Divinity 295, Law 249, Medicine 323, Arts and Sciences 141, total, 1008. Natives of the Empire numbered 790, foreigners 218. In the beginning of October, the theologians were 289, of whom 200 were seculars, representing 66 dioceses, and 89 were regulars, including 43 Jesuits.

The Rectorate.—For some years past no Jesuit has been elected to the office of Rector Magnificus. The reason given by the other faculties is, that a theologian could not represent the University politically in the Tyrolese Legislature, where the Rector has a seat, ex-officio. Within the last week, several papers have been stirring up the question of the exclusion of the theological
professors, pointing out that Innsbruck is the only university in the Empire that ostracizes the Divinity Faculty. It was also remarked that the office has lost much of its prestige since the exclusion of the Jesuits. Finally, wrote one editor, we expect to see a representative of higher education, not a wire-puller of partisan politics, in the person of a Rector Magnificus. The articles have created some sensation.

Mission in Vienna.—An event of historical importance was the mission given by our fathers in St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna. It is the first time since the disastrous reign of Joseph II. (Frederick the Great's "My brother, the sacristan") that Jesuits have appeared in the pulpit of the Dom-Kirche. The mission was a decided success. Cardinal Grascha, Archbishop of Vienna, and the Papal Nuncio attended, as well as some members of the Imperial House. The papers stated that when, towards the end of his sermon, Fr. Kolb called on the vast audience present to proclaim anew their allegiance to the Church of their ancestors, a shout of acquiescence rose from some twenty thousand throats that seemed to make the ancient cathedral rock to its foundations. It is hoped that great good will result from the mission.—From Fr. Fanning.

Baltimore, Loyola College.—The members of the class of '99, Second Grammar, gave here a dramatic entertainment so successfully that they were requested to repeat it in the Concert Hall, Academy of Music, for the St. Vincent de Paul's Society. At the repetition of this play, the "Critic," the regular dramatic club of the college presented by request the trial scene from the Merchant of Venice. In the same hall the dramatic club gave, a week later to a crowded audience, Henry IV., and won great praise. The class of '97 gave a fine rendition of the "Ancient Mariner" with Dore's illustrations.

—The lower classes are large; in rhetoric there are eleven students; poetry, 14; first grammar, 22; philosophy, 4. In the extraordinary classes of Latin, French, German, and philosophy, which are held at night, there are about 70. —The church was better attended than ever during Lent. The Novena in honor of St. Francis Xavier was remarkable for the attendance; the holy Communions were 2000. —A Latin play was given April 22, by the class of '96, and most successfully.

Belgium, Consecration of Father Van Reeth.—On the feast of St. Joseph, his patron, Fr. Joseph Van Reeth was consecrated bishop at Antwerp by Cardinal Goosmans. The new bishop chose Antwerp as the place of his consecration and our college church there, because Antwerp is his native city and our college of Notre Dame the place where he received his education. Four Belgian Jesuits, Frs. Cooreman, Koch, and Neut, with the coadjutor brother Verbrugge, will accompany the new bishop to his see, at Point de Galle in the island of Ceylon. Fr. Cooreman is the brother of senator Cooreman of Ghent, and is well known to our readers from his valuable communications to the
Letters. It was the intention of superiors to have Fr. Cooreman assist the venerable Father Sommervogel, and he had made special studies for this purpose, but on hearing the great need of missionaries for the new diocese of Point de Galle, he offered himself, and after some hesitation was accepted. His familiarity with the English language was, it is believed, one of the reasons which led to his choice. Father Theodolphe Neut follows the example of his two brothers, Father Alfred Neut, rector of the college at Darjiling, Bengal and Fr. Edmond Neut, who is professor in the seminary for the whole of India, at Kandy, Ceylon. Three fathers from the province of Champagne will also go with Bishop Van Reeth to Ceylon. Father Cooreman, who has our best wishes and prayers, has promised not to forget to write to the Letters about this new mission and diocese of the Society.

Fr. Assenmacher of Verviers has recently received a distinction rarely accorded to a member of the Society. His Mass in honor of St. Ignatius has been awarded the highest honor by the international jury of Hainaut, Belgium. The Mass, which is very devotional, well deserves the high praise it has received wherever it has been executed, and should be in the repertoire of all our choirs.

Boston College.—The Inter-Collegiate Debate in our hall on May 1, between Georgetown and Boston Colleges, proved such a success, that no reasonable stand can now be taken against like intercollegiate contests in the future. A large and distinguished audience listened to the speakers of the evening. Georgetown's friends, with the blue and gray conspicuously displayed, were seated on the right, facing the stage. The friends of Boston College, of course, were greatly in the majority, but they gave a hearty welcome to the visitors who were not slow to appreciate it. The hall was profusely yet tastefully decorated. Boston's best professional decorators, under the supervision of Brother Feely, had worked hard for two days with gratifying results. The three Georgetown debaters, accompanied by Fr. Devitt, arrived in the city on Tuesday April 30, at 8.30 P. M. They were met at the station by a delegation from our college and driven in carriages to the residence, where quarters had been prepared for them. The cordial reception extended them by Rev. Fr. Rector and the rest of the community at once put them at their ease. Wednesday morning was spent in sightseeing. The afternoon was passed quietly at home. Fr. Richards arrived at 4 P. M. from Buffalo, where he had been to attend the silver jubilee of Canisius College. At 7 o'clock the ushers, all in evening dress, wearing the maroon and gold entwined with the blue and gray, were in their places. About 350 seats were reserved for the alumni of both colleges and distinguished guests. The centre of the hall, where the judges, the faculty, and the reporters were to sit, was heavily carpeted and richly furnished. Tickets of admission were in great demand, but the supply was limited by the capacity of the hall. The people began to arrive at a very early
hour. At a quarter past seven the doors were opened. Shortly before 8 o'clock the Boston College Alumni, who had met in the library, filed in and took the seats reserved for them. The long line of men, including many priests, doctors, and lawyers told of the interest in the event by those whose very presence was sufficient return for all the labor of preparing the debate. At 8 o'clock the hall was filled with an audience equal, if not superior, to any that had ever been there before. Long continued applause greeted the six debaters as they marched down the centre aisle headed by the presiding officer and took their places on the stage. All were in evening dress and wore the colors of their respective colleges. Then Bishop Brady, followed by the judges, the faculty of Boston College and several of Ours, among them Rev. Frs. Richards, McGurk, Devitt, Shandelle, and Buckley, took the places assigned them. Vicar-General Byrne entered a few minutes later. The programme was opened with a selection by the Boston College orchestra. James T. Connolly, '95, of Holy Cross College, who acted as presiding officer, after a few remarks, on intercollegiate debates, warned the audience against interrupting the speakers by applause, as it would be counted in the fifteen minutes allotted to each; he then introduced the first speaker of the evening. It would take too long to rehearse here the arguments advanced on both sides. Suffice it to say that there were no waste words, nothing weak or hazy about their reasoning. Michael J. Scanlan, '95, Michael J. Splaine, '97, and John J. Kirby, '95, brought credit and honor to Boston College by their able defense of the equity of the Income Tax Law as passed by the last Congress, whilst Georgetown has every reason to feel proud of James W. Burk, '95, Chas. E. Roach, '95, and J. Neal Power, '95, for their skilful attack on their opponents' position. The wrapt attention given each speech and the enthusiastic plaudits that followed spoke volumes of praise for the effectiveness of the speakers. Three of the six finished their debate just as the chairman's gavel came down on the table; the other three were nearing the end when time was called. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, DD., Messrs Richard H. Dana, John P. Leahy, George F. Babbitt, and Charles E. Gorman, men of recognized merit, were the judges. At the close of the sixth speaker's remarks they retired for consultation. For more than twenty minutes they weighed the arguments brought forward on either side. In the meanwhile the orchestra was entertaining the audience and calming their impatience. At last the judges returned. Dr. Conaty, escorted by Rev. Fr. Rector, mounted the stage and was introduced by him to the now eager multitude. The debaters who had been enjoying a friendly chat together again took their places. After paying a well-deserved tribute to the ability of the young debaters, and another to the Society of Jesus for the excellent intellectual training it gave those under its care, Dr. Conaty declared that the students of our Jesuit Colleges stood ready to meet all comers on the field of intellectual prowess. "We challenge competition," he said, "no matter whence it comes." His remarks were received with unstinted applause. Finally, he told how the other judges stood evenly divided on the
question of supremacy. As they were unable to agree he had cast the deciding vote in Georgetown's favor. A generous round of applause followed and the audience dispersed; Georgetown's friends jubilant, Boston's friends consoled by the thought that victory still remained in the Society. After seeing Cambridge and other places of interest the next day, the Georgetown representatives went to Holy Cross to attend the B. J. F. debate. Thus ended the first intercollegiate debate. The newspapers of this and other cities took notice of the event. Some gave a great deal of space to it. The "Boston Advertiser" gave about the clearest and most correct, though not the longest account. Unfortunately, no one had secured for the reporters the names of the prominent people present, so that men like ex-congressman O'Neill and others, lay and clerical, equally well known were not mentioned. The debate was the talk of the city before it came off; it has been the common topic of conversation ever since. No end of praise has been given it everywhere. People who never heard of us before now know us and respect us. One word more. There was no friction before the debate, none during the debate, and none after the debate. The Georgetown boys will bear willing testimony to the courtesy and generosity of their Boston College friends. Our boys retain the pleasantest recollections of the three modest yet able young men who had journeyed so far from home in the interests of the college they love so well. The victory was not awarded us, but we are ready to try again. Will not some of our sister colleges follow our example? They will not regret it. In the language of the day, "it is a good thing, push it along."

Buffalo Mission.—Canisius College celebrated its Silver Jubilee on Tuesday, April 30, and Wednesday, May 1. Tuesday at 10 A.M. the celebration was opened with Pontifical high Mass by the Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, of Buffalo, in St. Michael's church, which is connected with the college. The assistant priest was Fr. Wm. Becker, of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, who was superior of the mission and the residence when the college was started in 1870. The preacher of the day and the clergy attending the bishop at the altar were all former students of the college. Besides the numerous gathering of alumni, there was a large number of clergy present from the city and from many distant places. Among the visitors were Rev. J. H. Richards, Rector of Georgetown College, Rev. T. E. Murphy, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, Rev. J. Le Halle, Rector of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, and Rev. J. G. Hagen, of Georgetown College. The middle aisle of the church was occupied by the alumni and the students, the side aisles by the people. The church was beautifully decorated; between festoons hanging from the ceiling of the sanctuary the following inscriptions were suspended: "Jubilate Deo in voce exultationis"—"1870 Collegium B. Petri Canissii, 1895"—"Laudate pueri Domini!"—"Laudate nomen Domini!"—On a side altar, erected for the purpose, a large relic of B. Peter Canisius, one of his smaller ribs, enshrined in a beautiful new reliquary, was exposed to the veneration of the
faithful. The music was rendered by the combined choirs of St. Ann's and St. Michael's, both of which parishes are in charge of our fathers. After high Mass dinner was served in the tastefully adorned college hall to the visiting clergy, the faculty and the officers of the alumni association. In the afternoon the alumni had their business meeting, and at 8 P. M. a banquet in the college hall, attended by about 100 members.—On Wednesday the alumni favored by beautiful weather went to see the many charming sites of the Queen City of the Lakes, in the afternoon they drove to the college villa where they enjoyed themselves.—Wednesday evening was reserved for the jubilee exercises at Music Hall. The large and beautiful hall, with a seating capacity for over 2000 people, was filled. The first number of the programme was a composition of Fr. Bonvin rendered by an orchestra of 47 members, 12 of whom were engaged for the occasion, the rest, partly students partly outsiders, forming the regular orchestra presided over by Fr. Bonvin. Then followed an address on Blessed Canisius, delivered by James Hughes of the philosophy class. Next came the jubilee march, composed by Fr. Bonvin. After this magnificent piece was played by the orchestra, Rev. Fr. Rector introduced the orator of the evening, Dr. Simon J. O'Neill, of New York, '93, who dwelt at some length on the practical usefulness of classical studies. After the oration came "The College," a poem with a series of 7 tableaux representing the seven fine arts. The poem composed for the feast by Fr. Guggenberger, professor of rhetoric, was delivered by Lawrence Collins of the first grammar class. Every stanza was first declaimed, then sung by a chorus of 38 boys, accompanied by a part of the orchestra; afterwards the respective tableaux was shown twice in succession. The first tableau, representing the grammar class, was an original composition of Mr. Henry Schmitt, sculptor and teacher of drawing; the others were free imitations of masterpieces in painting, e.g. of Raphael’s paintings in the Vatican. The dress and position of the various personages, as well as the grouping, were tasteful and artistic. In all, 84 students were engaged in the scenes, some representing different characters in different tableaux. The boys did remarkably well and there was but one opinion that the 7 tableaux were grand and inspiring. After each tableau the applause of the audience continued until the boys were ready for a repetition. But whilst the sight of these groups, some of which consisted of nearly 30 persons, charmed the vast assembly, probably few, if any, thought of the immense pains it had cost to produce such an exquisite treat. The credit of this truly great work is due to the genius of our self-sacrificing professor of rhetoric and to our indefatigable teacher of drawing, Mr. H. Schmitt. After the tableaux the Rt. Rev. Bishop made some kind remarks. He spoke with warmth of the great merits of Bl. Canisius for the education of the young, and paid a high tribute of acknowledgment to the college for the work accomplished in the past 25 years. At the end he announced to the audience that the Holy Father Leo XIII. had sent his special blessing to the fathers, the students and alumni, as also to the parents of the students and
the families of the alumni. The finale of the entertainment was a piece played by the orchestra. The music throughout was fine and all were pleased by the compositions of Fr. Bonvin.

This was the first time that the college made its appearance at Music Hall; and, although some fear had been entertained as to whether we could draw so large an audience as to fill the vast edifice, the fact was that we did. We confidently trust that the beautiful entertainment has made such a deep and lasting impression on the people, that in consequence of it more than one application for the classical course may be expected.—A tastefully executed Souvenir was distributed at Music Hall. It contains 6 pictures: (1) the front of the present college; (2) Canisius College in 1870, a small brick house in which the two first classes, one classical, the other commercial, were taught; (3) Canisius College in 1873, showing the central portion of the present building with the old St. Michael’s church and the new church with steeple unfinished; (4) the college chapel; (5) the college hall, and (6) the rear of the present building with play grounds and St. Michael’s steeple. The Souvenir contains, besides, the programme of the jubilee exercises and the text of the poem on “The College.”

Prairie Du Chien.—A Latin Play by the Juniors. The occasion of the yearly visit of Rev. Father Superior was taken advantage of by our juniors to present a Latin Drama which had been in preparation for some months. It was produced on the morning of May 1, at 8½ o’clock. The Drama, which was entitled “St. John Damascene,” was divided into five acts. It told the story of the Saint’s struggle to obtain religious liberty for the oppressed Christians of Damascus, his controversy with the Iconoclast Leo, Emperor of Greece, and his subsequent retirement from court to embrace the religious life. The interest of the whole play was centered on a plot by which John is accused of treason against his king and friend, the Caliph of Damascus. In the struggle the Saint’s right arm is ordered to be severed from his body; but during a dream it is miraculously restored to him by our Blessed Lady. Here was sufficient play for the tragic element: St. John, Cosmas, the adopted son of his father, and the Christians on the one side; the Caliph, his Vizier Abdalis, and a conniving Jew on the side of the Saracens. The religious tone of course predominated; yet there was enough of the villainous and comic to make the action interesting and lively. The single parts were well sustained, the acting being on the whole natural and free. The language was classical. It requires no little pains-taking to bring about unity in a play to which not one but several had contributed their quota, yet there was unity in the whole; so that the play was not only well rendered, but was also a successful attempt in dramatic composition. One fact is especially noteworthy in this connection; namely, how well adapted the Latin language is to productions of this kind. The long vowels were used to nice advantage in the dignified pleading and invective of the hero; while the harsh consonant sounds served their purpose excellently in the hissing and piercing anger of
the villain, and in the high, shrill tones of the Jew. The articulation was on the whole all that could be expected or desired.

The costumes used on the occasion were ingenious, if not elegant. A piece of gilt paper, a long, white duster, and a belt and sword go a long way with our juniors. At any rate the costumes, which had the advantages of being inexpensive, had an eastern air about them. Indeed the grouping in some of the scenes was not a little picturesque. The scenery and stage equipment were likewise rather home-like than pretentious; so that it became evident the juniors intended to give us a purely literary treat. Not the least feature of the play was the music. Some appropriate Latin verses had been prepared for the occasion, and were set to music by Rev. Fr. Rector and sung by the performers after each act. The first of these suggested how the Blessed Virgin would lead St. John through many trials to final victory and peace in his vocation; the rest gave a summary of the action thus far, or touched the keynote of events to follow. The drama lasted for some two and a half hours.

At the close Rev. Fr. Superior expressed his satisfaction and pleasure at the performance. He was especially pleased, he said, that the language of the Church and of the Society was cherished and cultivated by the juniors. He assured them that such a thorough and careful study of the Latin language as was signified by their performance, would bear fruit not only for the present but for their whole future career in the Society. In conclusion he thanked the juniors most heartily in the name of all present.

Canada, The Scholasticate.—On the 2nd of April Rev. Telesphorus Filiatrault was appointed Rector of our scholasticate. This is the second time that he has been raised to this important post. Notwithstanding the many and varied duties that such an office necessarily entails he still continues to teach morning dogma.—Our parish is in a most flourishing condition. Ten years ago there were but two or three families in the parish; to-day there are about one thousand. This rapid increase has obliged superiors to take into consideration the advisability of building a new church on the site of the old school house, i.e., on the corner of Rachel and Papineau Streets. The old school has been transported in a block about the distance of one hundred yards, and will serve the purpose of a meeting hall for the different wants of the parish. —The Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anne, the Leagues of the men and young men, the Catholic Order of Foresters, and the young men's Catholic Association (which all belong to the parish) contribute in a great measure to keep the piety of the parishioners in a most healthy state.

Quebec.—The chapel of "Notre Dame du Chemin" will be opened during the month of May. Rossini’s Stabat Mater with a chorus of 100 voices and 50 instruments was recently given at the Academy of Music for the benefit of the chapel and realized a handsome sum.

Fort William, Ontario.—Fr. Gagnieur writes: On Wednesday of Holy Week, April 10, our church and convent, which is an orphanage, were re-
duced to ashes, our house and out-buildings were saved with difficulty. The loss, for the sisters especially, is great. We expect the bishop soon to settle what the sisters will do, in the meantime we are occupying the "Council House" for a church and school, having sent home all the children we could to their relatives and friends.

Fordham, St. John's College.—At Fordham there is no Easter Vacation, so the students were with us during all Holy Week and attended the services of the church. They did the singing, chanting, etc., in a body. Though not without its drawbacks and difficulties, yet the keeping of the students during Holy Week carries with it a practical lesson; it enables, and even compels, our boys to witness and take part in the most touching and significant ceremonies of the Church and few young hearts can fail to profit by it. On Good Friday several of the elder students kept a strict silence from noon until three o'clock P.M. in honor of the three hours' agony; they were moved to this little act of devotion through the pious promptings of their love for the Sacred Passion. To understand the full worth of this little act of mortification, it should be remembered that during these hours the students were in recreation and freely moving about their play grounds; moreover, the very fact that boys of themselves thought out and offered this little sacrifice bears testimony to the genuine goodness of their hearts.—The sodalities are flourishing and their beneficent influence is felt throughout the college. The members of the senior sodality, wishing to show in a practical way their affection for the Blessed Virgin, spontaneously collected money from their companions, and, after obtaining the requisite permission, renovated entirely their sodality chapel, painting, papering, etc.

On Wednesday, April 24, the class of philosophy gave its third Public Disputation before the faculty and students. The theses were taken from special metaphysics. Fr. Jouin, who is now rounding off his seventy-seventh year and whose books on philosophy are our text books, came to the disputation to hear how the boys would defend the doctrine of the book. He took a hand himself in the discussion putting several objections. "Things were running so nicely and smoothly," said he, "that I thought there must be a kind of "harmonia prestabilita," a preconcerted arrangement, among them, but after I had myself put a few difficulties I saw that all was regular and straightforward and it was really good." There were two defenders and four objectors, also two essays: one in Latin on the "Immortality of the Soul;" and another in English on "The Study of Philosophy."—The Debating Society, whose membership is confined to the classes of rhetoric and philosophy, has worked earnestly at the weekly debates and an increasing interest has been shown. The annual Public Debate was held in the college hall on Wednesday evening, April 17. The question debated was, "Shall the General Government own our Railroads?" Despite the fact that owing to peculiar circumstances some of the participants were pressed for time in the preparation,
the discussion was animated and the audience seemed pleased.—The Students' Library at Fordham contains over eight thousand choice books, which have been culled year after year by those who had ever in view the needs of the students in their various classes and studies. To this library there are a printed catalogue and a card catalogue for the use of the students. There has been an unusually large amount of reading done this year under the supervision of the respective professors. The reference department of the library has been specially patronized, as the Reverend Librarian has lately finished a complete index of the "Dublin Review," the "Catholic World," and the "Month," thus opening up very valuable matter.

Since the coming of the pleasant weather the drill has given our boys a better chance for open air exercises on the large campus. Some of the distinctive advantages of military drill as found among our students are, that it develops the limbs and muscles, gives the boys a correct, manly bearing, and graceful carriage, teaches attention to details, and promotes in all an almost instinctive inclination to regularity and general good order. Our officer, a Lieutenant of Artillery, is a superior man, and is much admired by the students for the fine lectures which he gives once a week upon military tactics. He is also a refined gentleman. Unfortunately for us the Secretary of War has recognized his merits and has assigned him for duty at West Point Military Academy, next August. This is a very honorable distinction and brings with it the practical consideration of an increase in salary amounting to six or seven hundred dollars per year. In connection with this matter Fr. Rector received a personal note from the Hon. Secretary of War, who assured him that he was giving special attention to the selection of a successor to Lieut. Adams, and would endeavor to send an officer especially fitted for our work.

France.—We have received several letters from our fathers in France in regard to the Varia in the last number about that country. One, who has every opportunity to know the real state of affairs, writes: Your correspondent gives but one side of the picture. While, without doubt, many signs of better times are apparent, and we may hope in the future for happy results from the direction given to the Catholic movement by the Holy Father, at present this direction is far from being universally accepted, and still less has it produced great fruit. The secret societies have still a majority in the Chambers and they pursue with method their work of destroying Christianity. I am not aware that in any city the schools are supported by the state, while it is certain that the secularization of the Christian schools, in the very midst of Catholic districts, goes on with unceasing rigor, the Christian Brothers and Religious being taken from them. The state is spending millions to support Godless institutions, and only a few days ago, the Senate as well as the Chambers passed a law taxing so heavily the religious congregations that many of them will be ruined. This law will affect the Society and diminish our re-
sources. President Faure, it is believed, will not refuse to sign this bill. I only insist on these facts, which are certain, that you may not think we have no need of prayers. The present situation is most trying; so before regaining the liberties we had, and to which we have a right, there will be need of many combats and many sacrifices.

Notwithstanding these difficulties the activity of our fathers is great. A new day school has been opened at Paris, called "Petit Externat du Trocadéro." It is situated on the heights of Passy, in the centre of the healthy and flourishing quarter, which extends along the right hand of the Seine between Auteuil, the Bois de Boulogne, and the avenue of the Champs-Elysées,—one of the finest parts of the city. Other changes and plans are to be executed in the near future, of which we are not allowed to speak at present, which show that the zeal of our fathers seems only to be increased by the opposition they encounter.

Frederick. The Missions.—Six outlying missions are now attended by the novices, one new one at Weaverton having been added since Easter. The two novices who catechise there had the consolation of having 24 pupils on the opening day.—Six novices now drive out every Sunday to the Manor, and the number is none too many, as they count about sixty present at their catechism classes.—The Missions at the houses of Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Wickless, i.e., the two parts of the old "Mountain Mission," are still attended with success. Mass was celebrated at the frame house on April 28, and, though the weather was very unfavorable, some came long distances to be present and receive holy Communion.—Urbana still holds a good average of 24 pupils with three novice catechists.—The numbers at the Point of Rocks Mission have gone on steadily increasing from the start, and the people have shown a great interest in the novices' work, by their regular attendance and attentiveness. In the Mission there are generally about 10 adults present and the rest to the number of 30 are children.

St. John's.—The success attending the lighting of our Domestic Chapel by electricity has induced Father Hann to beautify the church sanctuary in the same manner. The 300 lights and floral shade decorations which have been tastefully arranged in the church and sanctuary, as well as the massive brazen electrical designs which now adorn the altar columns, and reaching nearly from top to bottom, will all present a magnificent appearance when completed. The people collected a distinct fund to pay the expenses of this work.

A Villa.—At last through St. Joseph's intercession we have obtained our long wished for boon, a "Villa" which we can call our own. Fr. Rector had long desired to purchase a beautiful spot on the river bank about a mile from the city, but having failed he turned his steps in another direction and at last his endeavors were blessed with success. About a half hour's walk from the novitiate, and ten minutes from the well known rendezvous "Renovation.
Springs,” the ground rises suddenly to the height of about 150 feet. The summit is crowned by a beautiful grove at the edge of which the hillock stretches level for the distance of about thirty feet and then gently descends into the valley. The house is to be built on the slope facing the valley on the Frederick side. The view is charming and commands the whole of the valley lying between Sugar-loaf Mountain on one side, and Walkersville, or even further, on the other. The house, the dimensions of which are 80 by 60, will be well adapted for the purpose of a villa. There are two floors in the plan; the top is to be used exclusively for a dormitory, on the ground floor there are five rooms devoted to the usages of a chapel, refectory, recreation room, and two small rooms. A porch runs around the house on the ground floor; a large and level field at the foot of the hill will be used for baseball and tennis. We hope to see it completed, at least in rough, in about a month’s time, and trust that, as St. Joseph played so active a part in obtaining it for us, he will continue to lavish his blessings in the future on Mount St. Joseph, as the Villa is to be called. The farmer from whom the ground has been rented for 25 years, at an annual rent, will buy the house at an appraised value, in case we remove from the city, so the new Villa will not be an obstacle to a transfer if such a move were at any time deemed advisable by superiors.

Georgetown University, School of Law.—On March 18, Georgetown was victorious for the fourth time in the series of debates with the Columbian Law School. The hall, with seating capacity of over 1200, was entirely too small. Hundreds, if not thousands, were turned away, for the line of people extended half a square on either side of the entrance when the doors were closed. The subject for discussion was, “Resolved, that the bonds hereafter issued by the United States Government shall be paid principal and interest, specifically in gold.” The debaters for Georgetown were Messrs Thomas F. Brantley, Wm. B. Bankhead, and John S. Leahy, all college men. The latter is a member of the graduate course at Georgetown College. The judges, who were gentlemen from this city, were selected by mutual consent.

School of Arts.—A series of lectures was given during March and April by professors of the university for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D., professor of elocution, gave “Readings from Various Authors,” Dr. Frank Baker, professor of Anatomy, delivered an illustrated lecture on the “Advantages and Uses of Athletics from a Medical Standpoint.” Fr. Devitt, professor of Philosophy, lectured on “The Planting of the Faith in America, Spanish, French and English” (illustrated); and Justice Martin F. Morris, professor of Constitutional Law, spoke on “The Rise and Fall of Mohammedanism.” — The Philodemic Society’s annual debate for the Merrick Medal took place on February 22. The speakers were exceptionally strong in arguments and telling in delivery, while the audience filled every seat in Gaston Hall and overflowed into the aisles. The hall was decorated with the national colors. The collection of portraits of the Jesuit Cardinals
lent richness to the effect, and the new opera chairs gave comfort to that part of the audience fortunate enough to obtain seats. The debaters appeared in cap and gown, which has recently been adopted by the senior class. All agreed that the graceful flowing folds of the gown heightened the effect of the logic. The question was, "Resolved, that Interstate Railways should be owned and operated by the General Government." The Glee and Banjo Clubs were an additional attraction. The excellence of the Glee Club was appreciated by the audience, who insisted upon three recalls, and would have had more, had time permitted.

The students Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society relieved much distress among the poor during the winter. The relief fund was considerably augmented by an illustrated lecture on Joan of Arc by Fr. MacGoldrick. A mission under the auspices of the Society has been established for the cavalry at Fort Meyer, Virginia. Fr. Richley says Mass there every Sunday, and a member of the Conference gives catechism.—An alumni society has been formed in Philadelphia, where the one hundred and seventh anniversary of Georgetown was celebrated by a reunion and banquet.—An alumnus of the college is making negotiations for the purchase of the Stuart portrait of Archbishop Carroll, which he will present to the college.

The Debate between the Philodemic and Fulton Debating Societies.—Intercollegiate athletic contests are common; the liveliest interest is manifested in them, not only by the actual student world, but also by admiring thousands who are devoted to manly sports. The spirit of emulation for superiority between rival colleges is now carried so far, that there is danger of too much attention being devoted to the development of mere brawn and muscle. The abuses and the brutality almost inseparable from the game of football, as it is played at present, demand its suppression. Intellectual concertations are not open to these objections, and they furnish a test of the methods and results of the education, for which primarily colleges are established.—A public intercollegiate debate, on a timely subject, can attract an appreciative audience, it can be conducted on fair terms, the keenest interest may be elicited, without danger of acrimonious feeling or wounded sensibilities, and the attendant advantages compensate for the labor of preparation. The initial debate, between the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College and the Fulton Debating Society of Boston College, demonstrates these assertions; it was interesting and profitable to the participants, to the colleges which they represented, to the large audience assembled in the hall, and to thousands who have read the accounts of it. The circumstances and consequences which characterize the inauguration of our intercollegiate debate are strong arguments for the continuance of a good work happily begun.

The Debate was appointed for the evening of Wednesday, May 1. As Boston College had issued the invitation, the meeting was to be in Boston, and the three Philodemicians, accompanied by Fr. Devitt, the President of the Society, with dress-suit cases carefully kept in hand, boarded "The Colonial
Express," Penn. R. R. Depot, at 7.50 a.m., Tuesday. It rained all the way; this was an advantage, as the dust was kept down. By this train, one can go to Boston without change of cars, or loss of time; at New York, the whole train is run on to a ferryboat, which allows time for a good dinner in the saloon, while one looks out upon the glorious bay of New York, upon the City, the Islands, the Great Bridge, on all the interesting sights between Jersey City and Harlem. We noticed the change in vegetation and climate, as we passed along; at Washington, in the morning, the lilac bushes in the parks were bending under loads of flowers, at Boston, in the evening, even the willows had scarcely begun to show the advancing Spring. The party was so full of the subject to be debated, that the proposition was made to hold a circle on the Origin of Ideas, as it would be a relief from the Income Tax, to change the phantasms and consider how the intellectus agentis hoisted them into the mind's eye. We reached Boston at 8.30 p.m., and were met at the station by Messrs. Quinn and McNiff, and by the chief man of "our friends, the enemy," —the leader of the debate on the other side. The reception at the college was most cordial and courteous; the boarders of long standing in our colleges easily and naturally feel at home with the men and manners of a Jesuit community; and the tired travellers were quartered at a convenient hour in three alcoves of the Library. They said the beads fervently for success on the morrow, but one of them talked Income Tax in his dreams all through the night. Wednesday morning, under the guidance of one of the local Society, they saw the city, visiting the "Cradle of Liberty," and other historical and architectural attractions. In the afternoon, they remained at home. At 8 p.m., the College Hall was crowded, the Georgetown representatives hoped for victory, and thought that their arguments would win it, but they were not disposed to underestimate their opponents, and they were prepared to suppress any external show of feeling, and to accept the decision without a word of reclamation, should it be adverse. Their behavior was manly and modest, and the audience, though naturally predisposed in favor of the other side, gave them most considerate attention and kindly treatment. The result must have been a bitter disappointment to many, but the decision of the Judges was received with generous applause for the visitors. Rev. Dr. Conaty was masterful in announcing the result, and the significance of such a contest, in its bearings upon the standing of Catholic college education in public estimation. He lauded the system pursued in our colleges, three of which were represented on the stage, and he appealed to the audience to say whether we could not challenge comparison with any schools in the land. One lady, who is imbued with erroneous notions that are too common in Boston, was amazed that Catholic colleges could furnish such an exhibition of scholarship and oratory; "she had never seen it equalled at Harvard." Commendation could not go higher than this, for she had sent her three sons to Harvard, and she admitted that she had learned something that night. Another lady, who had sent her three sons to Georgetown, pithily remarked that the education of her
friend had begun too late in life. The next evening we heard the Debate at Holy Cross College, admired the new building, and taking a morning train, we reached home on Friday evening. Rev. Father Rector was with the party on the trip to Worcester and on the return to Georgetown.

To sum up the results, it is a distinct gain for the cause of Catholic education; much ignorance and prejudice has been dispelled; it was made manifest that our students can grasp a public question, and in the discussion of it hold their own against those trained in other schools; it furnishes an opportunity for showing the effects of our teaching in rhetoric and philosophy,—just the points on which we excel, but in which we so seldom have a chance to show our superiority. The gain to the participants is great; one of the boys told me that his study of this question was worth more than months of class work. It brings our colleges together, showing the scholars that their institutions are parts of a vast system, uniform in method and extending over every section of the country. It promotes friendly rivalry in scholastic matters, showing the boys that victories may be won in other fields besides the Campus. It helps to develop public speaking and elocution, the victors will strive to hold the position they have won, and immense leverage will be given to the director of the other party, to make them endeavor higher things. Both contesting Societies will learn that merit is not confined to one locality. There is no danger of abuse. The Georgetown boys won golden praise for their modest, yet manly bearing and behavior; they are eloquent in proclaiming the cordial and courteous treatment which they received at Boston; they were accompanied throughout the trip by one of Ours, the Director of the Society, who is convinced that the success and advantages of this inaugural Intercollegiate Debate warrant the repetition and continuance of such scholastic concertations, to counterbalance the excessive prominence of mere athleticism in the present curriculum of American Colleges.

The German Province.—While this number is going through the press we learn of the sudden death of Father Rathgeb, late provincial of this province, and this present year Father Instructor of the new tertianship at Wyndsrade, Holland. Fr. Rathgeb is known to many of Ours in this country, as only two years ago he came here for the visitation of the Buffalo Mission. —R. I. P.

Ireland, The Apostolic School at Mungret.—The many kind friends who have contributed towards the establishment of the Apostolic School of Mungret, near Limerick, will be glad to learn that its students have without exception won for themselves high distinctions in the recent examinations at the Propaganda. In logic and metaphysics a first place was taken by a former student of Mungret; second places were won by Mungret students in canon law and archaeology respectively. In dogmatic theology one got the distinction of Proxime accessit, and two others were Laudati amplissimis ver-
bis, or rewarded with the highest praise. In other subjects their names stand equally high; one got a silver medal. Two others were entitled to “cut” for the same distinction. Of those ordained last year from Mungret two were made Doctors of Theology. Where, as happens at the Propaganda, representatives of six or seven colleges compete, such distinctions are a proof of the solidity of the early intellectual training given to these young men.

Mexico.—Since last March a new residence has been opened at Parras de la Fuente, Coahuila, where the old Society had a house. There were sent there two fathers and two lay brothers. A wealthy lady of that place gave to Ours the church of the old Society, for the restoration of which she spent $15,000. She also endeavored to buy the building annexed to the church and formerly used as the residence, but being unable to secure it, she bought instead a better one not far from the church. She supports our fathers there and most generously provides them with whatever they may need.—The repairs of the buildings intended for the new college at the capital have already begun. Among the distinguished people of the city, who take an interest in it the Archbishop, Monseignor Alarcón is prominent. Near the church of San Francisco they are also building a residence for Ours.

Missouri Province.—On Saturday morning, March 9, exactly six weeks after his setting out for a visitation of the Mission of British Honduras, Rev. Fr. Provincial was welcomed back home by the community of the St. Louis University. His trip out from New Orleans had been exceptionally delightful because of the prevailing favorable weather, and his sojourn of a month in that region of perpetual summer, while attended occasionally by the unnerving inconveniences and imminent dangers of travel in a small, frail dory, under a broiling sun, on the storm-swept waters of the Caribbean Sea, had been pleasant and beneficial. The return voyage, in which he was accompanied by Fr. Eugene Brady, had been partly rough, but fraught with no serious consequence. Fr. F. Gareshé, another of Fr. Provincial’s companions on the trip to Belize, had returned to New Orleans a week previous to fulfill a Lenten engagement. Later advices assure us that Br. John Curran, who had gone out at the same time to labor in the Mission, has already proved himself a valuable auxiliary.

St. Louis, Scholasticate.—Disputations were held on Monday, April 29, the following philosophers being the participants: Ex Theologia Naturali, Mr. F. O’Boyle, defender, Messrs M. Stritch and A. Valentino, objectors; Ex Psychologia, Mr. G. Garraghan, defender, Messrs E. Coony and J. Monaghan, objectors; Ex Ontologia, Mr. J. Furay, defender, Messrs L. Fusz and J. Weiands, objectors. In the afternoon, an interesting illustrated lecture on Radiant Heat was delivered by Mr. W. Quinlan.

The College.—The enthusiasm aroused in the study and practice of elocution and oratory about three years ago, and then for the first time, it may be said,
communicated to every student of this college, has been steadily growing since that time until it has reached during the present year what may be regarded as its highest degree, so universal in all the grades has been the eagerness of the students to be chosen in the preliminary trials as contestants in the coming public exhibitions, which are to take place in the Entertainment Hall of the Exposition Building on the evenings of May 8 and May 15. The large number of aspirants and the very excellence displayed in these preliminary contests, rendered it no easy matter for the local judges to select the competitors for appearance in the struggle before the public.

In the afternoon of April 27, the relatives of the students and the patrons of the college enjoyed a rare treat, one quite novel in the history of this institution. The occasion was the presentation of a beautiful silk national flag to the University Cadets; and, most appropriately, the ceremonies connected with the event were altogether military. As the donor of the flag was, through modesty, unwilling to become known as such, and was designated on the printed programme simply as "an old student," the honor of making the speech of presentation devolved upon a member of the class of '95, Mr. Patrick Dowling; and right worthily did the young gentleman acquit himself of his trust and win for himself the commendation of every one of his hearers for the literary excellence of his composition and the faultlessness of his elocution. His address was followed by a brief speech of grateful acceptance and of pledged devotion to our country's flag and her interests by the chief officer and spokesman of the cadets, Major Francis X. Green. In all this ceremony of presentation and of acceptance of the flag, becoming military solemnity and etiquette were observed. The four companies composing the cadets were then formed in order of battalion, and during the space of half an hour gave the delighted spectators an exhibition of the admirable proficiency they had attained in drilling according to the present army code. Among these spectators were two, whose presence was most flattering as well as encouraging to the young soldiers, viz., His Grace, the Coadjutor Archbishop of St. Louis, Most Rev. John J. Kain, and Mr. Charles P. Chouteau, the first student of the college, as witnessed to by his enrollment in the year 1827.

*St. Francis Xavier's Church.*—It afforded no small satisfaction to the good people of this parish, and to the other well-wishers of Jesuit advancement, to witness at the opening of April resumption of work towards the completion of this magnificent church. The work has been going on steadily but, we regret to be obliged to add, slowly, owing to a strike inaugurated in the latter part of April by the hod carriers throughout the city. Occurring at this season, when the weather is most favorable for building, this strike is doubly to be regretted.

*Chicago, Sacred Heart Church.*—A most successful mission, commencing on Quinquagesima Sunday and closing on the 2d Sunday of Lent, was preached
in this church by Fr. P. Mulconry of St. Ignatius College and Fr. Thomas E. Sherman, a tertian this year at Frederick.

St. Ignatius College.—So great has been the increase of students in this college, as the number in actual attendance, about 450, bears witness, that the present accommodations have proved entirely inadequate, and they will be still more so in view of future needs. It has, accordingly, been decided to put up an additional class-room building, amply sufficient for the accommodation of the steady growth in numbers, which is confidently expected to keep pace with that of the city. Ground has been broken, and work on the building will be pushed so as to have it ready for use at the opening of the next session.

Cincinnati.—Fr. E. Brady, one of Rev. Fr. Provincial's companions on his visit to British Honduras, after his return was requested by a committee of the St. Vincent de Paul's Conference to lecture under their auspices on the subject of that new field of missionary labor. He acceded to their wishes, and on Wednesday of Easter week delivered the lecture in one of the largest halls of the city before a large audience, his effort resulting in the addition of a considerable sum to the funds of the Conference for the benefit of the poor.

On Saturday morning, March 23, Fr. Stanislaus P. Lalumière after the patient endurance of violent pains passed to his eternal reward. As a sketch of his life will duly appear in the pages of the LETTERS, we note here only the fact that the vast crowd present at his obsequies, many of whom by their dress and, especially, by the hard lines of their countenances showed their past manner of life, was evidence of the impression made and the hold taken on their hearts by the kindly and unwearied ministrations of good Fr. Lalumière among the wretched or unfortunate inmates of the Hamilton County jail for over five years.—Fr. Thomas O'Neil, late of Detroit College, has succeeded the deceased father as Spiritual Father of the community.

Detroit, Sts. Peter and Paul's Church.—A very successful retreat for the Married Ladies' Sodality was conducted in mid-Lent by Fr. Janies Foley of the Gesu, Milwaukee, and one for the Married Men's Sodality during the 2d week after Easter by Fr. J. R. Rosswinkel of St. Charles, Mo.

On March 27, this church was the scene of the last honors, both civic and religious, paid to the remains of one of Detroit's noblest citizens. In presence of a vast concourse, including a large delegation of his "men," a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of Mr. James Battle, for 43 years a member of the Fire Department and its faithful, Christian Chief from the year '02 up to within a month of his death. In the funeral discourse which he delivered at the conclusion of the Mass the pastor, Fr. M. J. Boorman, fully rose to the occasion; and, in the opinion of the present writer, no sermon more fervent, more replete with unction and more impressive has ever been listened to by the audience assembled on that occasion.

Florissant.—The tertian fathers, who ably performed the work assigned them of conducting retreats or of assisting in missions during Lent, are again
occupied in the study of the spiritual life amid the peaceful and retired surroundings of the novitiate.

Br. Jos. Schamoni left for the Mission of British Honduras in the beginning of April.

Milwaukee.—The new church of the Gesù has been found by no means too large for the congregations wont to assist at the religious services; the evening services may be cited in proof, as the average attendance has been 1500 at least. In fact, had not the present capacious basement been provided as prudence had suggested, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to accommodate the overflow from the main church on Sunday mornings.—A two weeks’ mission commencing on Low Sunday was preached in this church by FF. H. Moeller and Finnegan; at the present writing we have not been informed of the result; but the ripeness of the field and the energy and earnestness of the laborers leave no room for doubt that a rich harvest has been reaped.

Omaha, Creighton University.—On Monday evening, February 25, a reception was given by the faculty in the College Hall to the Count John A. Creighton. Omaha’s best families assembled on this occasion to testify their heartfelt appreciation of the new dignity and honors conferred on her noblest citizen by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., and so richly merited by one whose generous benefactions in the cause of charity and Christian education have won for him national renown; while a feeling of most earnest gratitude, on the part of the college faculty and students, made their reception tendered to their distinguished guest a testimonial of abiding love for Count Creighton, who has ever proved himself their father not less than their magnanimous friend and benefactor.

A public discussion of twelve theses was held before a select audience on April 7, by the class of philosophy. The Church Calendar reports that the young disputants gave a creditable display of their proficiency, and adds that “His Grace, Rt. Rev. R. Scannell pressed the objection of scepticism and tested the acumen of the young gentlemen.”—Fr. A. Averbeck left about April 1, for the Mission of British Honduras, where he replaces Fr. H. Gillet, now on his way to South Africa.

St. John’s Collegiate Church.—During Holy Week Fr. A. Lambert preached a mission, the object of which was to increase the number of fervent Easter Communions. That the end was attained, the unprecedented number of Communions on Easter Sunday in this church, and a notable increase of those in the adjoining churches, amply testified.

Posen, Neb.—Fr. L. Sebastyauski, the pastor of the Polish Congregation in this place, who has a well established reputation among his countrymen for extraordinary eloquence and effectiveness as a missioner, was pressingly invited about two months ago by Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland, Ohio, to preach a mission to the congregation of the refractory and disobedient Rev. Kolasiewski. Rev. Fr. Provincial having given his ready assent to the
proposal, Fr. Sebastianski set out about the middle of April for his perilous field of labor. Under date of April 20, he writes to Rev. Fr. Provincial, announcing his safe arrival in Cleveland and his intention to open the mission that evening. He states that the enemies of the Church are moving every stone to thwart the success of the mission, by heaping insult upon him and charging him with being a Greek married priest; these efforts, however, which proceed from the excommunicated, refractory pastor and his assistant, an apostate married priest, named Stroelke, backed by the secret societies, are made little of by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, the Rev. Rector of our college, and the Catholics of Cleveland, all of whom, on the contrary, look forward to immense good to be accomplished as the fruit of this mission.

St. Mary's College, Kansas.—A visitor to this college, who takes a good look at the students while in ranks or on the campus, cannot but be impressed by the great preponderance in numbers of the large boys over the small ones. Even in the junior division the majority would be ranked among the larger boys in other colleges, and, it may be said, the real "small boys" can be counted on one's fingers.—The traditional assiduity of application to study is noticeable or, rather, is even more marked this year.—The improvement of the college grounds is going on constantly, so that their beauty and attractiveness are equal to that of almost any of the most famous institutions of learning in the land. It is, however, to be regretted that the new lake, from which so much enjoyment has been expected, threatens to disappoint the hopes entertained, as in spite of a constant, abundant supply of water pouring into it a still greater quantity somehow finds its way out.

New Orleans Mission, Grand Coteau.—The Winter Disputations took place February 16; In Cosmology, Mr. E. Mattern, defender, Messrs. T. Stritch and F. X. Twellmeyer, objectors; in Logic, Mr. J. McCreary, defender, Messrs. A. Fields and P. Cronin, objectors; in Analytic Geometry, Mr. A. Otis, lecturer on "The Æsthetics of an Equation;" in General Chemistry, Mr. L. Dowling, lecturer on "Carbon."—The Spring Disputations were held April 27: In Ethics, Mr. H. Devine, defender, Messrs. E. Mattern and W. Cox, objectors; in Cosmology, Mr. L. Dowling, defender, Messrs. W. Salentin and J. Oberholzer, objectors; in Ontology, Mr. E. Cummings, defender, Messrs. A. McLaughlin and E. Fazakerly, objectors; in Astronomy, Mr. F. Stritch, lecturer on "The Tides; in Physics, Mr. J. Stritch, lecturer on "Electrodynamic Machinery."—We had a severe winter this year, such a one as is seldom experienced in this part of the world. On the night of the 7th of February, the cold reached its maximum. The preceding day was an echo of summer with the mercury up in the seventies. Next morning it fell to 17° Fah.; at about 8.45 p.m., it registered 12°. A week after this, there was a heavy snow storm, which beginning on the night of the 13th, continued until 11 a.m. of Friday the 15th. The ground was white with snow, the average depth of which was between fifteen and eighteen inches. In some
places it could be seen for nearly ten days. The oldest inhabitants declared that they had never witnessed anything like it before in Grand Coteau. The roofs of our houses were covered with a thick layer of snow, and, when it began to thaw, it slid down in large masses and with a roaring noise. In its downward progress it broke down two chimneys and a platform between the kitchen and refectory, and caused great excitement, as all happened to be taking dinner at the time. The scholastics did not fail to avail themselves of the pleasure afforded by the snowfall. For some time, the air was alive with white-winged missiles, and it was dangerous to come within their line of action. Besides, a vigorous snowballing match of an hour's duration gave amusement to all the patrons of warlike athletics. Some also indulged in sleigh-riding. They hitched up one of our horses to one of Br. De Volder's Belgian sleds and drove about the grounds on the thickly piled snow.—During Holy Week, several of the fathers went to assist the parish priests of the neighborhood in the ceremonies.—Fr. Whitney gave a mission at Washington, La., beginning on Palm Sunday and ending on Holy Thursday. It was well attended.—From Easter Sunday to Low Sunday, Fr. De Stockalper went on a mission tour through some of the hamlets in the vicinity.—On Holy Thursday, Fr. Porta, professor of first year philosophy, paid a visit to Spring Hill College, Mobile, for the purpose of securing medical advice and treatment from Dr. Maston of the city. He was already on his way back here when he fell ill in New Orleans, and it was judged advisable for him to discontinue his work and take a rest. He has returned to Spring Hill. The prefect of studies has taken charge of his class.

New York, St. Francis Xavier's.—We cannot but deplore the fact that illness has hampered considerably the labors of Ours both in the college and church. The prostration of Fr. Halpin was a great loss not only to the college, but also to the various societies that were influenced by his guiding hand. The evening lectures to the young men had to be discontinued and the dates for sermons and conferences had to be cancelled. We also have to chronicle the complete breaking down of two of our young scholastics, Messrs. Lamb and O'Lalor. Then Fr. Stadelman had to give up class twice for a spell of two weeks. So you may judge from this that our Rector had his hands and head principally occupied, providing teachers, preachers, etc. Even the Rector himself has been ailing some two months but manages to keep up and about, encouraging by his kindly ways all his community. Notwithstanding all the sickness and consequent trouble, the college is flourishing and no one, unless he were an intimate and familiar friend, could notice that there was anything wrong.—During Holy Week the services were most impressive and the usual large number from all parts sought admission to the Three Hours' Agony. The people were much impressed both by Fr. Doonan of Boston, who preached the Three Hours', as by Fr. Francis Smith, who gave the Good Friday night sermon. On Easter the altar, sermon, and the music could not, it
seemed to us, be easily surpassed. In the evening solemn vespers, a sermon by Fr. James Smith of Woodstock, and full illumination of the church made an appropriate closing of the day.—The College Cadet Battalion had a public drill at the 71st Regiment Armory, the newest in the city, and considered by many the finest. The national flag, together with a battalion standard, a blue flag bearing the arms of the United States and the name of the college, were formally presented by the president of the Alumni Association. There were about 3000 people present and the skill of the youthful soldiers in executing difficult movements, with their manly carriage and bright, intelligent faces, won for them round after round of applause and most favorable comments. To Captain Drum the credit is due, though the captain himself thinks that Mr. Buel, who is the prefect of the battalion, deserves much if not all of the praise.—During the month of May class specimens will keep boys and professors busy. The beautiful custom of erecting in the different classrooms shrines to our Lady is still kept up among the boys. Some of the altars have been prettily decorated especially in the upper classes, and it is gratifying to see the philosophers, rhetoricians and others take such active interest in this outward token of respect for our Lady.

Rome, Ven. Fr. Realini.—On Sunday March 24, the Decree allowing the Beatification of Venerable Father Realini was read at the Vatican in presence of the Pope, of several cardinals, and of a large number of dignitaries of the Papal court. Very Rev. Father General was also present, and was welcomed by His Holiness with special marks of affection. The Sovereign Pontiff in his address to the assembled Cardinals and Prelates, took occasion to speak in most affectionate terms of the Society, letting it be publicly known how much he cherishes it. He has never before in public expressed such praise and such warm esteem for the Society. It is not known when the Beatification of Ven. Realini will take place, probably in the autumn.

Fr. Colombiere.—After having congratulated the Society on this honor rendered to one of her sons "so eminent by his apostolic zeal and other virtues," the Sovereign Pontiff added these words:—

"There remains Claude La Colombiere, who is so very dear to us; his cause is already well advanced and almost assured (fere in tuto positam). We recommend it earnestly (magnopere) to the diligence and prompt attention of the Cardinal Prefect of Rites."

The Vatican Archives.—Thus far the labors of Fr. Astrain, who represents the Spanish Assistance in the work which Ours are doing at the Vatican Archives, have been devoted to the Acts of the Council of Trent, the Records of the Nunciature of Spain, and the Regesta Vaticana. This work is one of

---

(1) Our readers will find on page 247 of this number a valuable contribution from Fr. Hughes about his work in these Archives. The following, for which we are indebted to Hermano Vilariño of Oña, has been received later and gives us some of the results obtained by the father who represents the Spanish assistance.—Editor W. Letters.
minute research and involves an immense deal of care and patience. In examining the Acta Concilii Tridentini, for instance, Fr. Astrain will have to run over, leaf by leaf, the 140 huge folios in script which contain the sayings and doings of that great council with its decade and a half of eventful discussion. He says that the investigation will be abundantly fruitful, and will yield much of exceeding interest on the part taken by our fathers in the deliberations.

One bit of news, however, is a little disappointing. Fr. Astrain has not found anything about the speech said to have been delivered by Fr. Laynez in defence of the Immaculate Conception when it was brought up for consideration in the Fifth Session. It is true that our fathers were in Trent when this point was discussed in the beginning of June 1546, but the Acts of those preliminary meetings were written with so much brevity that in dealing with this question, at least in its beginnings, they pass on without detail, and note only the general ideas agitated among the theologians present, without mentioning the names of the disputants. The Acts become more extended and particular in the reports of the debates had afterwards on the subject by the Fathers of the Council, and make quite detailed mention of what was said by Card. Pacheco, Bishop of Taen, who was one of the strongest upholders of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Perhaps Fr. Laynez did speak on the question but it does not appear from the Acts.

Fr. Astrain has also searched the first forty-five volumes of the Records of the Spanish Nunciature, and though the letters and reports are not disposed in the best of order, almost all relate to the first thirty years after the Nunciature began to work with regularity, that is, from 1566 on. There is nothing, therefore, about the times of St. Ignatius and Fr. Laynez. Some occasional notices are found belonging to the period of St. Francis Borgia, still more about the Society during the time of Fr. Mercurian, but copious and precious material begins to appear with the generalship of Fr. Acquaviva, although Fr. Astrain has not yet got down as far as the question "De Auxiliis."

Each father engaged in this work looks particularly for matter having special relation to his own Assistancy, at the same time noting points of connection with the others.

In these archives some hoped to find certain volumes taken from the archives of the Society at the time of the Suppression but they were not discoverable. Perhaps there is something of the kind in that part of the archives which has been reserved; for, although the Vatican archives have been thrown open to the public, many things, as we might naturally expect, were withdrawn and are not allowed to be seen.

Besides attending to the work now going on in the Archives of the Vatican, the fathers intend to examine the principal public libraries of Rome, all of which possess precious MSS. Something has already been done in this line. In the Barberini Library Fr. Astrain found nineteen autograph letters of Fr.
Salmeron, and seven from the pen of Fr. Ribadeneira, all hitherto unknown. Other fathers are searching the Chigi and Corsini Libraries. May God guide their labors, so that they may accomplish Fr. General's wishes, which are to bequeath to the Society solid and truthful histories, from which her sons may better learn the spirit of their vocation; that seeing the noble examples our fathers have set us in the past, we can take heart for great works, and, undismayed by persecutions or opposition, may closely follow the path marked out by our Institute, without stumbling into the pitfalls, into which even the great men of bygone years have sometimes fallen.

The Collegio Germanico.—You asked me for a few additional notes about the Collegio Germanico. Cardinal Steinhuber has written a very interesting history of the college in 2 vols., and Fr. Walsh gives a brief sketch of its history in his life of Card. Franzelin. Its recent history, as far as I recollect, is as follows. During the Suppression the college shared the fate of the Society and was suppressed, and with the Society it was restored in 1814, and found a home at the Gesù till 1848. All the solemn functions at the Gesù are still performed by the Germanici. In 1848 Pius IX. presented to them the Palazzo Borromeo, that is, the Collegio dei Nobili of the old Society. Some nine years ago Very Rev. Fr. General purchased from them the Palazzo Borromeo to give more room to the Gregorian University, which, since it had been robbed of its old home in 1870, had found shelter with the Germanici. Thus the Palazzo Borromeo has become the present Gregorian University. In 1886 the Germanici bought the Hotel Costanzi, in Via di S. Niccolò da Tolentino, which is their present home. Very Rev. Fr. Beckx came to live with them, and died at the Germanico in 1887. The students are most devout to St. Ignatius, their founder, and never pass his statue without uncovering their heads. A large marble statue of the Saint occupies a conspicuous place near the chapel, and has accompanied the college in all its wanderings and vicissitudes. The college counts a long list of bishops and archbishops among former students, and three or four cardinals.

Various Items.—The grand house of the Gesù, where the General formerly lived and which for a long period was the home of the Collegio Germanico, is now used as a state paper office, where the state archives are kept, and a barracks. Fortunately the three rooms of our holy Father have been spared. I believe the Government has offered to sell this house for three million francs.—I saw the other day the fountain at S. Andrea al Quirinale where St. Stanislaus used to cool his burning breast. Till 1870 it was in the garden of the novitiate; now, alas! it is at the end of a public street, and, if the street is prolonged, it will disappear altogether.—The Society is doing glorious work at Rome, and the Pope often speaks of the zeal and activity of its members. There are nearly 1000 students at the Gregorian University, and some 500 boys at the Collegio Massimo. The German, South American, and Greek Colleges are also under the management of the Society, the students going to the University for lectures.
South America, Argentine Republic.—In our college at Buenos Ayres the number of students this year is five hundred and sixty. Among them are the sons of the richest and noblest families of all the provinces. The President's son is one of our pupils, as is also the son of the ex-president of Paraguay. More than six hundred applicants to the college were refused last year for want of room, and this year more than seven hundred. These boys are not very pious nor are they devoted to study, as their parents, in almost every family, give in to them, and permit them to do as they wish. On this account when they enter the college they find it difficult to submit to study and discipline to which they have never been accustomed. However, the spiritual profit, although not always visible, is great. Many of these students become missionaries in their families. Some preserve themselves from corruption in a city where no sport nor public diversion can be witnessed without sin. There is a sodality for the best boys of the college, another for the young men who have finished their courses, and also a literary society, the only Spanish one that exists in the city, as all associations die a slow death, owing to the natural indolence of the South American character. Many sodalities are also established in our church, which is one of the most beautiful of the city. The principal ones are the Sacred Heart, the Children of Mary, and the Bona Mors. The last numbers nearly four thousand. But the association that most edifies and produces the greatest good is the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul. Its members call upon the poor in their homes or huts, and administer spiritual as well as corporal alms; they labor that the poor be married by the priest, have their children baptized and receive the holy sacraments. They also teach the Christian doctrine, distribute many good books, and help with their money many good and Christian works, such as hospitals, asylums for penitent women, Catholic schools, etc. There are altogether in the Republic two hundred conferences; those of a city or a department are ruled by a particular council and all particular councils by a general council. One of our fathers, Father Jordan, is the general director of all these conferences, and is also director of the particular council of this province and city, and has lately been made director of the conference established at our church. He can thus urge on all these conferences to constant and united action. This is the more edifying as all the conferences are made up of the noblest ladies, amongst them being the wife of the President of the Republic.—In this college, we are building a new and spacious hall which will be able to contain more than two thousand persons, the plan being the same as a large concert hall in Paris.—One of our most useful ministries is that of the prisons. Every Sunday three fathers go to the prison, which is, it is said, the second of the world, its plan having been taken from one of the New York prisons. There are one thousand people, from every tribe people, and nation. Every year for some days a mission is preached here, and the fruit is very abundant; confessions of men of twenty, fifty, and even
eighty years are then usual; Masonic documents are often collected, and edifying acts of penance are performed by the fervent penitents.—From Mr. Homa.

Colombia.—Mr. Errandonea writing from Cartagena, U. S. of Colombia, which country is a mission of the province of Castile, tells that he lately paid a visit to the tomb of St. Peter Claver. The church in which the Saint is buried, first bore the title of St. Ignatius, then that of St. John of God, and finally the present bishop, Don Eugenio Biffi, asked permission from the Religious of the Order of Charity to change its name to that of St. Peter Claver, which request was cheerfully granted. The old convent attached to the church is uninhabited, and in a corner of it the bishop has prepared for himself a poor dwelling place, leaving the rest of the building for the future coming of Ours, whom he is continually begging Fr. Provincial and Rev. Fr. General to send there. He has spent in adorning the church more than $20,000, which he collected throughout the diocese when the Saint was canonized. The altar is built of pure white marble, and through a small door in the back of it can be seen the remains of the Apostle of the Negroes. The skull is visible, but the rest of the body is covered by a rich chasuble. Fr. Lecocq said Mass there while the good bishop took the place of the sacristan. He is extremely kind to Ours.

Spain, Aragon.—Our Sodality of St. Aloysius in Barcelona is rapidly increasing. Its members now number more than one thousand, divided into many sections such as that of the physicians, the lawyers, etc. All are of the noblest youth of the city and amongst them are also several university professors. Several of the students on more than one occasion have protested against the university professors who taught evil doctrines, others have been imprisoned because when the Nuncio of the Pope went to Barcelona, some months ago, they cried, "Long life to the Pope, King of Rome." But after two or three hours they were set free. The Nuncio was very kindly received by our college students and by the gentlemen of the sodality; on his part he was so pleased that he inscribed his name as a member of the St. Aloysius Sodality. The young men followed him to the railway station crying out more in his praise than before. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception 1400 sodalists received holy Communion. In Valencia and in the other chief cities are established similar sodalities of young gentlemen, who teach catechism at the church doors and visit the prisons. The new minister of worship and public instruction (Groissac) has put all our colleges in confusion by several new and absurd laws; besides, he demands certain titles for teaching. The Freemasons, vexed by the many and visible fruits of our apostolic works, are ready to commit any criminal act against us. At different times, in Barcelona and Valencia, dynamite cartridges have been found in our church or corridors, even in the confessionals. Some years ago a decree was presented to the Queen for exiling the Society from the kingdom; but, as she is a de-
voted Catholic, she vetoed it. She herself solicited a father of the Society to be her confessor and that of her children. She also asked the celebrated Fr. Coloma to be the teacher of the little king; but it seemed better to our Superiors to refuse both. Finally, to show her attachment to the Society she visited the Father Rector of our Madrid College in his sickness.

Manila.—Relating to our celebrated astronomical observatory at Manila I say nothing because one of its chief overseers, Father Algué, has been studying in your country and, of course, he will have written to you. I only add that on account of the reputation of this observatory the Spanish government although very liberal, favors our missions in the great Mindanao Island, and lately, on account of the several attempts of revolt against the mother country which occurred at Manila, the Government itself has asked the Society to establish missions on the same plan as that of the celebrated missions of Paraguay. But the Rev. Fr. General thinks that it is not time yet for this step. Fr. Michael Saderra, one of the astronomers, has been very kindly treated everywhere during his scientific voyage to Japan. Also the chief Australian astronomical observatory has asked Ours of Manila for daily observations by telegraph at their expense; as has also that of Hong Kong.—From Mr. Homs.

Castile.—On the 21st of March fire broke out in the house at Oña; it threatened to prove disastrous, but thank God only the roof of the mill and bakery was destroyed. The fire began at half-past eight P.M., and was extinguished at half-past eleven.—On account of the serious illness of Fr. Casado, master of novices at Carrión de los Condes, Fr. Cid goes thither to take his place, leaving the class of short course dogma to Fr. Martinez Marcos.

Toledo.—Fr. Provincial goes from Granada to Puerto de Sta. María, to take part in celebrating the completion of the new façade of the church, which is said to be a magnificent piece of architecture. He will then go to Villafranca de los Barros to lay the corner stone of the new college, whose plans are yet in Rome. Father Provincial gave us a description of the plan proposed, and everyone was delighted with it. It is extremely simple. The building will have only two stories above the ground floor. On the first story there will be the class rooms, study halls, etc., as in El Puerto; on the second, and principal story, will be the dormitories, cabinets, halls, etc. The building will be of great extent, having a frontage of 540 feet, and a depth of 480. There will be four dining halls, two reception rooms, and separate chapels for the sodalities of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus. The Duchess of Pastrana is foundress of this college which when completed will possess the finest college building in Spain.—The church which is being built near the residence of Isabel the Catholic in Madrid, is progressing finely.—The new novitiate at Granada is going on prosperously. There seems to be a beautiful spirit there. All is cheerfulness, charity and energy. There are 56 novices, fervent and healthy—very healthy, so much so that they have no need of lemons as in Murcia, to create an appetite for meals. The scholastics go out to visit the peniten-
tiary, and the hospitals, where they do a great deal of good. They explain the catechism in two parishes, singing the rosary and hymns to the Blessed Virgin, as they go through the streets on their way to their stations. In one of these parishes the catechists take their stand at the doors of the church, whither the curious gather to see what is going on, but stay with pleasure to hear the catechism. During Lent they went out to the villages which lie scattered about the plain of Granada, to encourage the country folk to make a good confession and perform their Easter duties. In these little ministries, professors, philosophers, juniors, and even the novices take part.

Deaths.—On the 16th of April at 8 A. M., Rev. Fr. Francisco de Sales Muruzábal died piously in the Lord at the University of Deusto, Bilbao. He had remarkable talent for government, was provincial of Castile for six years, 1880-6, provincial of Toledo in 1887, and rector of Deusto in 1890 up to the time of his death. At the last general congregation he received twenty-nine votes for general. His funeral was attended by the various religious of Bilbao and the neighborhood, a great number of the secular clergy, and many notable people of the laity. After the Mass in the college chapel solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated in the parish church by the Rev. Fr. Provincial of Castile. When the body was exposed the people crowded around to touch it, for his reputation for holiness was real.

On April 18, two days after the death of Fr. Muruzábal, Fr. Eugenio Labarta, another of Spain's most distinguished Jesuits, died at Madrid. He was born on Sept. 6, 1807, at Artajona in Navarra, which is also the native province of Fr. Muruzábal. Fr. Labarta was perhaps the oldest member of the Society at the time of his death, having entered in 1826. He had made his profession before V. Rev. Fr. Martin was born, yet he lived to take part in the general congregation which elected him. He was provincial of Castile during the early years of the Carlist war, and was one of the few survivors of the horrible massacre of Ours in the imperial college of San Isidro at Madrid in 1834. He was regarded as one of the ablest theologians in Spain.

Washington, D. C., Gonzaga College.—There has been a change in the faculty here since the last edition of the Letters. Fr. E. Ryan has been sent to New York to take the place left vacant by the death of Fr. De Wolf, and Mr. Rose has come from Woodstock to take his place.—During the visitation of this house the class of rudiments gave a class specimen before Fr. Provincial, the faculty and the students of the college. At this specimen and at the one given in April by the class of third grammar, the Latin and Greek texts of the authors used at the specimen were printed on the programme, thus enabling everyone present to follow the translation and parsing with ease. At the end Fr. Provincial made a short address to the college boys, congratulating them on the showing they had made both in numbers and proficiency. The foundations of their classic house were well laid, being broad and deep. He very strongly urged the necessity of the classes holding together from year
to year so as to have large graduating classes. The trouble in our colleges is, that many, after spending one or two years in going through the drudgery of laying the foundations of a classic training, leave college just when they are about to reap the fruits of their hard work, and so the foundations have little value as the house is never built up. Fr. Provincial promised on his part to do everything necessary for the graduating classes if the boys would support him by returning in full numbers each year. The singing on this occasion was rendered by the College Glee Club. They well merited the high praise Fr. Provincial bestowed on them.—A new departure has been made in the Sunday School by having a written examination in catechism for the first division, and an oral examination for the other divisions. The lists of averages were published, and those who made over 95 per cent in the examination received tickets of merit.—The children of the Sunday School recently gave five performances of an operetta called "The Tyrolien Queen." One of the performances was given for colored people alone, and was well attended. A matinée was given to the children of the orphan asylums, at which many of the pupils of the Visitation academies and Georgetown College were present. Many sisters of the various religious congregations in the city were also present.

Worcester, Holy Cross College.—The following is from our college paper, "The Purple": "We felt very much disappointed on the evening of March 10, after having listened to the Right Rev. Bishop Gordon, S. J., on the Jamaica of fact and fiction; so disappointed that we sent a committee to the Rev. Prefect to give expression to our sentiments. And all this for no earthly reason but to satisfy our spirit of dissatisfaction. We liked so much what the bishop told us, that we tried our best to have him tell us more." Indeed the bishop won the hearts of all by his gentle manner and entertaining conversation; his visit was the subject of talk among the students for several days after his departure.—The past few months have been eventful ones in the history of our college. The new wing has been at last completed and formally opened. The initial ceremony of the inauguration of the building may be said to have begun on Patriots' Day, April 19, when Fr. Rector unfurled the American flag from the observation tower. The students gathered around and sang the national hymn.—Fr. Dufour's Glee Club had the honor of formally opening Fenwick Hall on April 24. The entire building was open for the inspection of visitors a few hours before the concert began. A large number availed themselves of the opportunity to examine the scientific department, class rooms, etc.—The gymnasium, said to be one of the largest college gymnasiums in this section of the country, has been partially equipped by the students. It is well patronized even during the present fine weather. The running track is one of the most attractive features.—A few days after the concert of the glee club, an illustrated lecture in Geology was delivered by Mr. McGrail, '95. The views for the lecture were prepared by Mr. Rousseau.
A distinguished audience listened to the B. J. F. prize debate on May 2. Our hall was crowded, so that many had to content themselves with seats in the corridor. Contrary to the old custom the medal was awarded at the close of the debate. The class of philosophy will hold a public disputation during the month of May.—The exercises of the year will be aptly concluded by a Greek play written by Mr. Shealy. It will be produced on the feast of St. Aloysius. It will be memorable both as the first Greek play given in the college, and as the first play produced upon the new stage.—The morning session of special class is now taught by Mr. Collins, while the afternoon and evening sessions are taught by Mr. McCabe, a Junior from Frederick.


---

**OFFICE OF THE LETTERS.**

A number of communications have had to be held over till our next number through want of space or from not coming in time. As our next number will be issued before October 15, articles for the body of the Letters should be sent to us, to ensure their insertion, before the first week in September, and for the Varia before October 1.