

THE
WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. L. No. 3

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION OF
THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI
IN SOME INDIAN MISSIONS.

Never in my life has it happened that a month has been spent from beginning to end in glorifying our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament as last month. More good has been accomplished during the month of May than in several months together. The saying "*per Mariam ad Jesum*" has been verified in a very clear way. No doubt our Blessed Mother must have inspired the Indians to go to church either to make peace with God or to increase their union with Him. Considering the great number of people who came not only to church, but also to the sacraments, the number of children who made the first Holy Communion, the number of grown-up people who lived for many years in a sinful union and came to have their marriage made valid, and the number of those who received Baptism: all this could not but give great consolation to the missionary who is in charge of them. Would to God that such an abundance of work would take place more often, for though the priest who alone has to attend to all this work cannot help but feel tired, yet he is most willing to endure any amount of fatigue in view of the glory that is given to God and the good that is procured to many souls.

As all the Indians wished to have the feast of Corpus Christi celebrated in their respective missions, to satisfy as many as I could, I decided to have it celebrated in five missions. Having obtained from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Spokane the permission to anticipate and to postpone the celebration of the feast, and having informed the Indians on what day it would be celebrated in their

mission, all those who were not prevented in any way from going to church, came to all the services and also received the sacraments.

Coming now to the order of their missions in which this feast has been celebrated, the mission of St. Anne, called Pia, was the first to enjoy this feast, together with the feast of the Ascension. The First Communion of some children made the feast still greater. Having gone there two days before, I had time to prepare everything as well as could be done for the great feast. In the meantime the Indians began to come in from Boyds, Bossburg, Orient, Northport and from other places, so that the ground around the church appeared no more as a solitary place as it looks on other days, but rather as a little Indian village. At the sound of the bell calling them to church, they all came in promptly, and having said the holy rosary and the evening prayers, they came to confession. Needless to say that I was kept very busy in the confessional till late. On the next morning others came to confession, so that by the time of Mass almost all had already received the sacrament of Penance. Of course the children who had to make the First Communion attracted more attention than the others. At the appointed hour all the people came to church for Mass. I sang High Mass, and after the gospel I preached to them in Indian on the love of our Lord in the holy sacrament of the Eucharist and on our duties towards Him in this sacrament of love. At the time of Communion all said the prayers in Indian in preparation for it, and then one by one all came devoutly and in good order to the Communion rail, the men on the right side and the women on the left. I have no doubt that our Lord came most willingly to their hearts and favored them with many graces in view of their faith and devotion. While Holy Communion was distributed to them some former pupils of the Sacred Heart Academy, of St. Francis Regis Mission, sang some appropriate hymns in English.

Having all received Holy Communion they said the thanksgiving prayers. In the meantime Mass was finished, and after a little while all went back to their camps to take breakfast. In the afternoon, while the big boys were enjoying a ball game, some men and women fixed some temporary altars at some distance from the church where the Blessed Sacrament would be put during the procession. When everything had been well prepared, all the Indians were called forth for the

procession, and they all responded very promptly. The girls had beautiful white veils, and wreaths of flowers on their heads, and some were given a banner to carry in the procession, and others received many flowers to scatter on the ground before the Blessed Sacrament. Some of the boys were dressed in red or purple cassocks, and each one was given an office to fulfil. Everything being ready, the procession started, the women going first, then the men, and last of all, the Father who was carrying the Blessed Sacrament under a beautiful white canopy carried by four staunch men. From the time that the people started from the church to the time they re-entered it, every moment had been employed in praying or singing at the top of their voices, while all were going slowly and devoutly. Between the two lines were numerous girls scattering abundant flowers on the way that the Blessed Sacrament was carried. On the side of each line were riding several cowboys, with guns and rifles, shooting now and then up in the air without causing any danger to the life of anyone.

Having reached the first altar, all knelt down in the grass, forming a wide circle around the altar. The *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* were sung and benediction given, and at the shooting of the cowboys all bended down in adoration to the Blessed Sacrament. Then all got up and went their way to the second altar, the same thing was done as at the first. All having entered in the church, the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* were sung over again, and benediction given for the fourth time. Then I preached a little, encouraging the people to persevere in their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The service being over, all went back to their camp. But the Father was not left idle, for some came to him to get a rosary and to ask for a scapular, others for a medal, others for a picture, and others for other things. Then in the evening some came to him for confession. On the next morning the Father said Low Mass at an earlier hour than the preceding day, and many Indians came once more to receive Holy Communion. The Father did not tarry much, for he had to make a long trip on that same day. Hence, having prepared everything very hurriedly, he started for another mission two hundred miles away.

On the next morning at eleven A. M., he was among the Kalispel Indians at Cusik, Washington, along the Pend d'Oreille River. The Indians were waiting for him, and were glad to have the feast of Corpus Christi celebrated among them. There again took place the

same service as in the other mission. The fixing the altar, the numerous confessions and Communion, preaching, saying Mass, preparing everything for the procession: everything contributed to keep the Father very busy during the whole day. Here too the feast has been celebrated with as great solemnity as it was possible; and I have no doubt that our Lord was well pleased with these poor but good Indians full of faith and devotion to Him. In the evening of both days that I stayed among those Indians confessions were heard till late. On the next morning some more people came to confession, then during Mass quite a few Indians came to receive Holy Communion again. All those Indians seemed to be well pleased with the feast that had just been celebrated. The services having been finished I got ready and started by the first train for another mission.

The next one was that of St. Joseph, among the Spokane Indians in the Spokane reservation near a little town called Ford. It is needless to repeat what took place there, for the same services have been performed there as in the two other missions. One thing, however, I must not fail to mention, and that is that while formerly some Indians had refused to have their children baptized on that feast, they came to me and asked me to baptize them, which I did very promptly. I must not fail to mention to the credit of those Indians that though they are very much surrounded by Protestants, yet they keep their faith very well and maintain their devotion to our Lord better than other Indians who are not in such surroundings. As soon as all the services were over at the mission of St. Joseph, I hurried up to Springdale, that is the nearest depot, twelve miles distant, where I took the train and went to Addy, then took the stage and went to Inchelium. In the evening I was at that mission to stay for only one night. On the next morning, after Mass, I went to the mission of St. Joakim, commonly called Barnabee. Here again was to be done the same work as in the former missions. There being many more people at this mission than in the others, I have been much more busy in hearing confessions and attending to the Indians who were coming to me for rosaries, scapulars and other things. During the services the church was crowded to its full capacity. The Mass was sung with as great solemnity as it could be done. A sermon was preached in Indian and in English on the Holy Eucharist so that both the Indians and the whites could understand everything that I preached to them.

Almost every Indian who came to church came also to receive the sacraments. The procession with the Blessed Sacrament took place in the afternoon, and it was really grand. Besides the fact that more people took part in the procession, there were more boys with cassocks and surplices, more girls with veils and wreaths, more banners carried in the middle of the two long lines of people. Having prepared three altars at some distance from each other, we stopped at each one of them, and benediction was given. Then one of the prominent men of that tribe spoke to the people about the feast that was celebrated. Several men on horseback, with rifles in hand, escorted the procession all the way, shooting from time to time, as also during benediction. Finally we all entered the church, and benediction was given for the fourth time. Then I spoke again to the people, urging them to persevere in their faith and devotion to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, to come faithfully to Mass on Sunday, to receive the holy sacraments often, and to behave as good Catholics, especially during the fourth of July celebration. The services being over, the people went back to their camp, and some started very soon for home. On the following morning quite a few Indians attended Mass and received Holy Communion.

Right after Mass I prepared everything and started for a trip over a hundred miles long, and late in the evening I reached the mission of St. Rose in the San Poil Valley. On the following day I went to visit all the Indians who had gone there to fish, for that was the season of catching salmon in the San Poil River. I found Indians from Nespelem, Omak, Monse Lincoln, Whitestone, Rogers Bar, Spokane reservation, and from other places. I invited them all to attend the services on the following day, that was Sunday, May 29. Almost all responded to my invitation. The church was crowded to its full capacity; many came to receive the sacraments; some old people asked for Baptism. Some Indian couples, who had lived for a long time in sinful union, came to have their marriage made valid. The sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated in a very solemn way, and a sermon was preached in Indian and in English. In the afternoon, after I had prepared three altars on the ground surrounding the church, the procession took place in the same grand way as at Barnabee. It was really touching to see such a big crowd of Indians forming like a great circle around our Lord, kneeling in the wild grass and there praying and singing at the top of their voices, and

to see three Indian chiefs come up, and hear them speak very forcibly to the people and urge them to be good Catholics, and to be good to the Church and to the priest. After this, benediction was given again. Then I spoke to the people as I had done at Barnabee. The great feast of Corpus Christi was completed, and all went back home very much pleased with it. I was tired, but was very glad of the honor and glory that had been given to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

On the following morning some Indians came again to receive Holy Communion, and one more child was baptized after Mass. I got ready to start again, and in company with an Indian I went to Inchelium, which we reached at midnight, after having traveled for almost twelve hours along a very dangerous mountain road. While we were going down on a slope I fell from the buggy and was on the ground unconscious for a few moments, but after a while I got up and continued the journey, though I was feeling pains in the head and in the shoulders. The buggy was somewhat broken; we were yet far from the town; it was getting late, and there was no place where we could get help. But we managed to keep on and go ahead. But after a few miles we lost the road, for it was so dark that we could not see where we were going. Happily we met a good boy who came with us for a little while, and put us on the right road, and finally we reached the church at Inchelium. I surely was very tired and weak on account of so much traveling and continued work and very little food, but anyhow I got over it. I stayed at Inchelium for three days, and had a tower started in which to hang a big bell which we had received a few days before. On the following Friday, the feast of the Sacred Heart, I heard quite a few confessions, blessed solemnly the bell, and then during Mass I preached on the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and gave benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Thus ended the repeated feast of Corpus Christi. I hope that our Lord has been well pleased with the celebrations that were done in a quiet and devout way, and that a great deal of good has been done to the souls of the Indians of those missions. I would be very glad indeed that I could do the same for good many years yet. May our dear Lord grant me this grace, and may He grant to these Indians to retain forever the good fruit of this feast.

THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE
WOUNDING AND CONVERSION
OF ST. IGNATIUS.

Before going into the details of our celebration, a few words of the geographical setting of Loyola will help you to understand better what we are about to relate. In the center of Guipúzcoa, the most northeasterly province of Spain, in the heart of the Pyrenees Mountains, lies the the small but charming Valley of Yraugui, running east and west along the banks of the here quiet-flowing Urola. At the western extremity of the valley, where the Urola comes pouring down the mountain side, lies Azcoitia, while at the eastern extremity is Azpeitia. Just about midway between these towns, at the foot of towering Mount Yzarraits, with its bare slopes of solid granite rising up till lost in the clouds, stands today, exteriorly at least as it stood in the sixteenth century, the "Casa Solar" or manor-house of the Loyolas. Today the "Santa Casa" does not stand alone, but is enclosed in the right wing of the basilica and college dedicated to our Holy Father, St. Ignatius.

It was on Pentecost Monday, May 20, 1521, that Iñigo fell at Pamplona, struck on the legs by a projectile hurled from a stone mortar, breaking the right leg and badly bruising the left. Some two or three weeks later the litter on which lay the exhausted hero of Pamplona was set down at the door of his native Loyola. The conversion was not the work of a day, but took place during the long months of illness and convalescence of the ensuing year. The commemoration of the wounding and conversion, however, has always been observed on Pentecost Monday by the people of Guipúzcoa, but in a very special manner by the two "pueblos," Azpeitia and Azcoitia, who exhibit the keenest rivalry in their endeavor to do honor to the patron of the Basque provinces.

And so it was that on Pentecost Monday of this year the fourth centenary of that memorable event was celebrated at Loyola. Rev. Father Provincial, of the Province of Castile, wanted very much to have all the Americans at Oña present at the celebration, but on account of the number of prelates and clergy, besides the provincials and rectors of the Spanish provinces, it was impossible

to accommodate all. So he invited a representative from each province. Rev. Father Rector determined the matter by choosing the oldest of those who had not yet seen Loyola. Thus it was that the lot fell on Mr. Preuss of Missouri and your humble servant.

We left Oña at half-past four on Saturday morning, the vigil of Pentecost, in an auto bus sent up from Loyola for the theologians and philosophers who were to take part in the celebration, about sixteen in all, including Mr. Ternus, of the German Province, Mr. Preuss, of Missouri, and myself from the far West. After passing through the beautiful province of Guipúzcoa, I can well understand why the theologians and philosophers here at Oña, most of whom are Basques, long for the day when their exile in this barren part of Spain will come to an end. The Basque provinces are as beautiful as these parts are desolate. Our machine passed along magnificent highways, through pretty, neatly-kept villages; a complete contrast to the "pueblos" of ancient Castile.

We arrived at Azcoitia shortly after twelve o'clock. Flags and banners were draped from every window, streamers of greens festooned the principal streets, while here and there were erected little triumphal arches. At the eastern extremity of the town we encountered such a concourse of people that we were unable to advance any further. A cry went up from the crowd: "*Los Jesuitas!*" which was followed by such an outburst of shouts and clapping as I have never experienced before. Several men came up and told us that they were expecting the the relic of St. Ignatius to arrive any moment, and they would feel honored if we would join the procession. There was nothing left for us to do but to park our machine and "join." We were conducted to the Hospital de la Misericordia, where to our surprise we found the Cardinal Archbishop of Burgos awaiting likewise the advent of the relic. Here also were gathered a number of our Fathers from various parts of Spain, as also our own Rector of Oña, Rev. Father Bianchi. During the half hour interval we had to wait, native dances in the costume of the time were performed by way of entertainment for the Cardinal.

A few words of explanation about this relic of our Holy Father. Very Rev. Father General, unable to come in person because of the express disapprobation of the Fathers Assistant, largely owing to Father General's ill health, wished to do something out of the ordinary

for the occasion. So he asked and received permission of the Holy Father to send the most precious relic of St. Ignatius which the Society has preserved in St. Ignatius Church in Rome, to do honor to the occasion. In charge of the relic, and as his own personal representative, Father General sent the Provincial of the Roman Province, Father Miccinelli, with letters from the Holy Father granting the apostolic blessing to the community at Loyola, and a plenary indulgence to all who should visit the "Santa Casa" on Pentecost Monday. The relic is a piece of the cranium, about three inches square, set in a handsome gold reliquary. Its passage through the towns of Guipúzcoa, on its way to Loyola, was one triumphal march. At San Sebastián, a city of fifty thousand people, every store was closed by order of the mayor during the time the relic remained in the city.

Shortly after one o'clock the procession of automobiles arrived at Azcoitia, in the last of which was the Bishop of the diocese who had gone to the French border to receive the relic from Father Miccinelli in the name of the diocese. He was accompanied by the Bishop of Ancud, Chile. Here the relic was received by the Cardinal of Burgos, who walked through the streets to the church, blessing the people with it as he passed along. In the church *Benedictus* was sung, followed by benediction with the relic. Afterwards the Cardinal entered an automobile in readiness and carried it to Azpeitia, where it was left enthroned for the rest of the afternoon in the very church where St. Ignatius was baptized. Loyola lies within the parish limits of Azpeitia.

I must not omit a few words on the simply marvelous choral singing I heard that first day in Azcoitia. As the procession passed through the streets towards the church, we came upon some thousand people massed in a small square. The moment the relic appeared in sight, they burst forth as with one voice into the beautiful new march of St. Ignatius, written by Father Otaño, S. J., who himself was directing the singing at Azcoitia. Try to imagine the effect of a perfectly organized chorus in six or eight parts, the voices blending most harmoniously, add to this the volume of some seven or eight hundred voices, and you will have but begun to realize what we were privileged to hear. Such voices and such harmony I have never heard the equal of before. The Basques as a people are noted for their marvelous voices, but nowhere more conspicuous than in these two small

towns. The reason is their devotion to St. Ignatius. As I said before, the keenest rivalry exists between them in their attempt to outdo one another in honoring their patron. This rivalry is keenest on the question of their singing. The choir is the town's pride. With this in mind the children are trained from their earliest years not only to sing but to read music as well. It is but natural that in the course of years such wonderful voices have been developed.

Later in the afternoon the relic was carried in procession from Azpeitia to Loyola. Here at the head of the basilica the Cardinal Primate of Spain, Archbishop of Sevilla, received the relic from the Bishop of the diocese. Following the Bishop came the "Alcalde" or mayor of Azpeitia, bearing in a sealed gold case the sword Ignatius consecrated to Our Lady at Monserrat. It was brought from Barcelona for the occasion by the Provincial of Arragon. Afterwards I had an excellent opportunity to see the sword. The initials "Y.Y." are engraved on the blade near the hilt, representing "Yñigo Yañez," the name by which Ignatius went up to the year 1537. The relic was then placed on the throne prepared for it on the right hand side of the altar. A solemn *Te Deum* was beautifully sung by the choir of Azpeitia, followed by benediction with the relic, given by the Cardinal Primate.

Sunday was Azcoitia's day to honor our Holy Father. At nine o'clock in the morning, the long procession of Azcoitians, all in absolute silence, reached the steps of the basilica. Here they again sang their hymns in honor of our Holy Father no less impressively than on the previous day. A few moments later the Solemn High Mass began, the Cardinal of Burgos pontificating, with the Cardinal Primate and several bishops assisting in the sanctuary. The sermon was given by Father Hernandez, S. J., the foremost preacher of the Province of Arragon. The music of the Mass was rendered by the people of Azcoitia. It is hard for us to imagine a whole town's people sing a Mass; not a simple choral Mass, but a masterpiece in at least six different parts. In the afternoon a sermon was preached in their own native Basque—many of these people speak little or no Spanish—followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which they procession was again formed, and they returned to Azcoitia singing over and over again their thrilling marches and hymns in honor of our saint.

Monday, the real commemoration of the wounding,

dawned, at least for me, at five o'clock, with the ringing of the dozen odd bells that line the roof of the basilica and college at Loyola. The ringing was kept up for a good twenty minutes. It was the Azpeitians' day to celebrate, and they did so in an even more imposing manner than their rivals, the Azcoitians. Crowds of people heard Mass and received Communion in the chapel of the conversion in the "Santa Casa" during the early hours. Again the imposing procession of the town's people approached the basilica in absolute silence. Beautiful silk banners recording the dates of the principal events in our saint's life were carried by clerics and acolytes. At the end of the procession came the Duke of Luna and Gandia, the special representative of King Alfonso, accompanied by a military guard of honor, and the civil and military authorities of the Province of Guipúzcoa. The King was unable to attend in person because of having to receive the foreign embassies that day at a general audience. At the head of the steps of the basilica the Duke was received by the two Cardinals and escorted to the throne within the sanctuary. The Cardinal Primate pontificated. Father Torres, s. J., the greatest orator in Spain today, preached the sermon, while the people of Azpeitia sang beautifully one of the Pontifical Masses. At the end of the ceremonies all the people in the church, and I judge there were not less than twenty-five hundred, sang the celebrated "March of St. Ignatius." I have never heard singing to compare with the music this simple people rendered during these four days at Loyola. A sermon in the Basque language and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremonies for the day. The procession was not able to return to Azpeitia because of rain. It rained hard all Monday afternoon, yet this did not prevent some twenty or twenty-five thousand people from visiting the basilica and "Santa Casa." Numbers of people came from Bilbao and San Sebastián.

Tuesday was San Sebastián's day. A pilgrimage of a congregation of gentlemen from the Jesuit Church in that city arrived at eight o'clock for a general Communion of the congregation. There were about three hundred in all, many of whom were officers of rank in the army. I need not explain how edifying it was to see these gentlemen who had come fasting the thirty odd miles that separates Loyola from San Sebastián; and travel in Spain is very slow. At ten o'clock Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Ciudad Real, and

the music rendered by a trained choral society of San Sebastián. With them sang a chorus of thirty boy sopranos, making altogether a choir of about seventy-five voices. This choral society is considered about the best in Spain, and without further comment I can say that they lived up to their reputation.

In the afternoon a literary academy was given, and as such most of it past over my head. I am not quite familiar enough with the language, but I did understand the song language of the "*Orfeón*" of San Sebastián, and I can vouch for it being charming. And thus concluded the program of the fourth centenary of the wounding and conversion of our Holy Father, St. Ignatius. Early the next morning we were on the road again back to Oña, back to hard work on sixty theses of dogma and the first half of the course in moral.

A few words about Azpeitia and I shall conclude. On Tuesday afternoon one of the Fathers at Loyola invited me to go with him to visit this town in which St. Ignatius was baptized, and whither later he returned from Paris in 1535, to see what his native air could do for his shattered physical forces. We visited the church where he was baptized. The original font is still preserved, and here the children of Azpeitia today are baptized. A short distance away are the chapel and the Hospital de la Magdalena, where Ignatius lived during the three months he remained in Azpeitia. We passed along the streets where he used to gather the children to explain to them the catechism, and finally the room in the hospital where he stayed during those last days in his native town. There has been some doubt as to whether Loyola belonged to the town of Azpeitia or Azcoitia, but the parish baptismal register of the former town about settles the question. Besides our Holy Father seems to have taken the matter into his own hands, for Azpeitia has furnished more subjects to the Society of Jesus in proportion to its population than any city or town in Spain, and in actual numbers, Manresa, a city of thirty thousand people, is first, and Azpeitia second.

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OUR COLORADO MISSIONS—MISSOURI PROVINCE.

I. AT TRINIDAD

Holy Trinity Parish comprises the whole of Las Animas County, which is the largest in the State of Colorado, its area being 4,752 square miles. It is situated in the southeastern part of Colorado. Trinidad, the county seat, is the fourth city in the State. It has a population of about sixteen thousand. Trinidad is one of the principal stations on the main line of the Sante Fe from Chicago to Los Angeles. It has three other roads, the Colorado Southern, the Denver and Rio Grande and the Colorado and Wyoming. It is the center of a large coal mining district.

This parish of the Holy Trinity was started by a secular priest, Father Munnecom, in 1865. In 1867, he put up an adobe church; this was the only place of worship in Trinidad until Father Pinto built the new stone church in 1885. In 1870 the Sisters of Charity had come from Cincinnati to open a parochial school. Four years after the arrival of the Sisters, the Jesuit Fathers, Personé and D'Aponte preached a mission at Trinidad, and one year after this mission the Bishop gave the parish of Trinidad to our Fathers, Father Pinto being the first pastor. The corner stone of the present beautiful stone church was laid October 14, 1883, and in 1885 the building was completed. The blessing took place on May 31, 1885. In 1892 Father Personé succeeded Father Pinto as pastor. During his administration, several improvements were made in the church, and the steeple was put up. Father Brunner was the next pastor, entering upon his office in 1902, when Father Personé went to Italy. During Father Brunner's administration Mount Carmel Church was built for the Italians. The predecessor of Father Personé built the new residence, which is one of the finest in the province.

Among the Fathers then working in Trinidad was the well known Father Schiffini, professor at Woodstock in the early days. Father Schiffini died on March 28, 1913. Father William Lonergan, who had been in charge of the English speaking Catholics since 1909, was appointed superior of the residence on January 1, 1913.

Under the administration of this active pastor, the church was greatly improved. Artistic stained glass windows, a new floor, new pews, a new altar railing, the statues of the twelve apostles in the sanctuary, the painting of the walls and ceiling, electric fixtures, are some of the improvements made by Father Lonergan. Over \$10,000 were required for these improvements, and this amount was raised by the pastor at a time when Trinidad was exceptionally dull because of the great strike which paralyzed all the work in the coal camps for over a year. In August, 1915, Father Lonergan was appointed pastor and superior of the Sacred Heart Parish in Denver, and Father Hugh took charge of the parish of the Holy Trinity. The main task facing the present pastor is to erect a suitable school building for the ever increasing number of Catholic children. A goodly sum of money has already been collected for this purpose, but in these days when the dollar has shrunk in value so much, building is no easy undertaking. However, it is the ardent desire and fond hope of all that the new school will soon be a reality.

There are about forty thousand people in the county, and nearly half of them are Catholics. Most of them live in the western part of the county where the coal mining camps are situated. The eastern part is thinly populated by farmers and ranchers. Spanish is the language of at least half of the Catholics. Next comes Italian, which is spoken by approximately twenty-five per cent; and Slavic languages (Slovenian, Croatian, Polish, Bohemian and Slovak) are spoken by about fifteen per cent., which leaves about ten per cent. of English speaking Catholics. In Trinidad and Aguilar, the English speaking Catholics may amount to fifteen per cent., but outside of these places they are very few.

In Trinidad itself the languages most needed are Spanish, Italian and English. In the farming district Spanish is used almost exclusively. In the mining camps you have people *ex omni tribu, lingua, et natione*. One needs Spanish, Italian, Polish, Slovenian, Bohemian, Slovak and English.

The traveling has to be done mostly by auto. The trains run at very inconvenient hours, and many of them do not stop at the small towns where we have our chapels. Thus there are four trains daily going south, but only one of them stops at either Morley or Starkville. The majority of our places, and even some of the largest missions like Aguilar, are not on the railroad at

to them, he offers the best answer he can, and states exactly the logical conclusion that his arguments warrant. The studied moderation and candour of the author go a long way to commend his conclusions to his readers. His very straightforwardness and impartiality make him a peculiarly persuasive writer.”—*Irish Theological Quarterly*, April, 1909,

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LT.-COL. W. H. TURTON, D.S.O., late R.E.

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE :

“I have again carefully revised the whole book. Some additions have been made here and there, especially in Chapter xix. ; but as a rule the alterations have been merely to shorten and condense the arguments, where this could be done without spoiling them, and to simplify the language as much as possible. The book is thus shorter, and I hope simpler than any previous edition. Another slight improvement, which will commend itself to most purchasers is reducing the price to 2/- net.”

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all. The roads, though rough, are passable when the weather is good, but when we have had snow or rain, traveling by auto is accompanied by many hardships.

There are thirty-two churches in the parish, all attended from Trinidad. In Trinidad there are two churches, Holy Trinity and Mount Carmel. Holy Trinity Church is a beautiful stone building, with a seating capacity of nearly five hundred. Mount Carmel was built for the accommodation of the Italians of the city; it has a seating capacity of about two hundred. This church, too, is built of stone. Of the thirty churches outside of Trinidad, one is of stone (Delagua), two of concrete (Morley and Berwind), three are frame buildings (Starkville, Primero and Hastings), and the remaining twenty-four are built of adobe. These adobe buildings are very unpretentious in appearance, and their interior is characterized by primitive simplicity. They would seem perfectly in place anywhere in the Philippine Islands.

This is the largest parish in Colorado, not only in miles, but in the number of baptisms, and therefore in the number of souls. We average between 900 and 1,000 baptisms a year. Funerals and marriages are in proportion. In the districts where an accurate census was taken it was found that there were four families to every baptism, which would mean that four thousand families are attended by our Fathers in Trinidad. Now among the Mexicans, Italians and Slavs, there is no race suicide, and we are very moderate in estimating five to a family. This means that there are twenty thousand souls under our care. Such a number of Catholics, even supposing they lived within a radius of three or four miles from one central church, and that they all spoke the same language, would certainly be enough to keep six priests very busy. But they are scattered over an area of nearly five thousand square miles, and like the builders of the tower of Babel, they speak many languages. Sick calls from distant parts of the parish are not an uncommon occurrence, and if we did not have autos at our disposal, especially in bad weather, we would often arrive too late. Three Fathers care for the people in Trinidad, and three (at present only two) attend the missions outside of Trinidad. The more important churches have Mass every Sunday; some only on week days, but regularly every month, some finally are visited every other month. The churches that have Mass every Sunday are the following (the numbers in parenthesis indicate the distance in

miles from Trinidad): Aguilar (20), Weston (22), Tercio (40), Sopris (5), Primero (17), Segundo (15), Starkville (4), Morley (11), Hoehne (11), Delagua (20), Hastings (17), Trinchera Station (31), Trinchera Plaza (35), Berwind (16). In order to say Mass in all these on Sunday it is necessary to binate in different churches, saying the first Mass in one church and the second in another. On week days, but regularly every month, Mass is said in: Tijeras or Madrid (10), Guadalupe (19), Vigil (28), San José (33), Los Trujillos (27), Apishapa or Las Valdeses (22), Alfalfa (26), Cokedale (9), Model (24). The rest of the chapels and stations are visited from four to six times a year: Troy (80), Chaquaqua or Alcreek (59), Delrose (84), Tobe (72), Branson (43), San Acasio (25), Grey Creek (8), San Miguel (14), Villa Green or Plum Valley (82).

II. AT DEL NORTE

The parish of Del Norte is situated in the northwest corner of the San Luis Valley, its territory embracing long stretches of mountains to the west, along which meanders the line of the Continental Divide. This territory comprises the Counties of Mineral and Rio Grande and most of Saguache County. Its area is nearly 4,000 square miles. Much of this land is almost inaccessible, being inhabited only by scattered sheep-herders.

The residence of the two priests who attend to this territory, Fathers Lebeau and Schimpf, is at Del Norte, a town of about a thousand inhabitants, from which the six chapels of the mission are most accessible. The famous river, Rio Grande Del Norte, forms the northern boundary of the town; at this point it is two or three feet deep and twenty feet wide.

We have at Del Norte one of the few consecrated churches in the diocese of Denver. It was built in 1900 by the heroic efforts of Father Good. This building is of stone, and it has a seating capacity of over two hundred persons. When the roads are not altogether impassible the people come as far as twenty miles for the Sunday Mass. The Catholic population of this district of Del Norte is over 550, but only about 100 live nearby. The vast majority are native born Mexicans, there being only about forty whites. Most of the whites here are Protestants of various denominations, with three churches in Del Norte alone; their attitude towards the Catholics is one of indifference rather than hostility.

Creede is a mining town forty miles west of Del Norte. It has about 800 inhabitants, which is about half the population of Mineral County, of which it is the county

seat. The Catholics number about 100, all whites except four Mexican families. They have a beautiful little church, and it is well attended, with an average of thirty-five Communion on the first Sunday of each month. Creede's altitude is 8,980 feet, and the scenery about it is very picturesque.

Plazza Valdez, seven miles from Del Norte, has a church used only by Mexicans. There are very few houses within a mile of the church, yet about one hundred families consider it their parish church. It has always been the best attended of the churches, although Mass is said there usually only on a week day.

Eight miles beyond Plazza Valdez is the largest town of the territory, Monte Vista, with a population of at least 2,000, of which 150 are Mexicans, all Catholics, with about 40 American Catholics. About 300 from the surrounding country also attend this church. Some of them want Mass oftener than their third Sunday, but at present it is impossible.

Thirteen miles north of Monte Vista is the town of Center. It has about 700 inhabitants, of whom about 20 are American Catholics and 100 Mexicans, with about 70 Catholics in the surrounding country. They have Mass once a month.

Saguache, the county seat of Saguache County, is twenty-six miles north of Center. It has 1,000 inhabitants, about 150 of whom are Mexicans. These, with the exception of one family of Americans, are the only practical Catholics. About 400 Mexican Catholics from the surrounding country look upon Saguache as their parish church.

There is another chapel at a place called La Garita, which is about half way between Del Norte and Saguache. Within a radius of twelve miles there are about 400 Mexican Catholics. They have Mass about fifteen times a year on fixed days, generally week days, and there are usually 150 present.

In three other out-of-the-way localities Mass is said in private houses about three times a year for congregations of from twenty-five to fifty Mexicans.

Most of the people are farmers, and most of them have autos, which make it possible for them to come some distance to Mass, as the roads are fairly good everywhere. The auto is the priest's usual means of reaching his stations, too, with the exception of Creede, to which Father Schimpf goes by train.

Where the irrigation ditches can reach, the land of the valley is very productive, growing some wheat and oats, but chiefly potatoes and alfalfa. The potatoes grown here are the best in the world. As to climate, winter weather obtains from the beginning of October to the end of April; during this time there is comparatively little snow, rarely more than eight or ten inches at a time, and the short summer has few wet days. In the past five years the lowest temperature registered was -29 degrees. When the mercury drops to -15 degrees at night, it climbs to 40 degrees by the following day. In summer it ranges from 50 degrees to 95 degrees. It is more comfortable here at -25 degrees than -5 degrees in St. Louis, and at 95 degrees here than at 80 degrees there. The atmosphere is always clear and sunny. Disease germs do not thrive, though there was a great deal of influenza in the past two years. Are there no deaths? Yes, but most of them are from old age, pneumonia, or accident.

Most of the Catholics are faithful, and attend to their duties as often as their condition and location permit. Some of the Mexicans are fairly well-to-do, though most of them are poor, the natural result of their want of foresight and easily satisfied nature. But they keep the Faith, even while they are ignorant of many points regarding it. They shun anything Protestant as a plague. The white Catholics are generally satisfactory, too, but in many cases they fall away, mixed marriages being a source of much trouble.

Many of the grown-up Mexicans, though born here, do not know English at all. Others have a smattering of English, and are able to transact all their business in that tongue, but they do not seem to grasp the meaning of instructions given in it. Even the children who go to public school, and are in the eighth grade, give evidence of this failure to grasp the truths of Faith when proposed to them in English. When Father Lebeau, in 1915, introduced the custom of giving instructions in both Spanish and English to the congregation at Center, the Americans objected to sitting through the Spanish instruction on the ground that the Mexicans understood English. Father Lebeau compromised by giving the instruction after Mass, allowing the Americans to go as soon as the English instruction was finished, and inviting those who did not understand English to remain for the translation. All the Mexicans remained, and this practice is now the accepted thing.

There is no Catholic school in the parish, and little prospect of establishing one. The support given the churches is barely sufficient for upkeep and necessary improvements. The Mexicans give many Mass stipends, but that is about the extent of their contributions.

"When I go to say Mass at a mission," writes Father Lebeau, "I get there in the early afternoon of the preceding day, in order to get the children together for catechism. This seems to be the only possible way to prepare them decently for First Communion. Most of the parents teach a short catechism to their children, but it is learned only in parrot fashion, and few of the children seem to understand what they are reciting. Many adults, though very loyal to their Faith, do not understand much of it. On account of the difficulties of roads and distances, I do not get many children at these classes, but the dozen or so that are present each time are a sufficient warrant for keeping up the system. This year, thus far we have had twenty-one receive First Communion; last year we had sixty-one. There is great hope that these children will remain faithful."—*The Province News-Letter*.

"LORD" BEDWARD.*

Kingston, Jamaica, in the British West Indies, was decking itself out in gala attire to celebrate the joyous season of Christmas, but like a bolt from the clear, blue sky, the people of Kingston were startled one morning, not by the signs in the heavens that are to tell the Judgment Day is near, but by the prophetic prediction of "Lord" Bedward that the world was going to end on December 31st, 1920. The day of doom was on every lip; the young and old, the rich and poor, the uneducated and learned, spoke trembling of the prophecy, for the judgment day was nigh. Cheerful countenances took on the look of gloom; joyous hearts became saddened; and one and all, instead of welcoming with keen delight and great pleasure the merry season of Christmas, prepared to hear Angel Gabriel sound his trumpet; to see the graves give up their dead, and to feel the avenging

*This bit of history was sent to us by one of our missionaries in Jamaica. The "Lord" Bedward was later declared insane by the court.

flames of fire that were so soon to destroy people and city.

"Lord" Bedward, the prophet of August Town, which is a few miles from Kingston, sounded the warning cry to prepare for the day when the world would be no more. "I am Lord of lords—King of kings. This is the last year; I am going to Judgment. It will be all over by the 31st of December, 1920, when I am with my Maker. Come, the Day of Judgment is at hand—come at once. Everybody try to come". This was the Christmas message that "Lord" Bedward sent to his followers in every nook and corner of Jamaica, over the waters to Colon, Cuba and Panama, and even to the uttermost parts of the world, wherever a Bedwardite lived.

The summons had gone forth and the Bedwardites began to make the holy pilgrimage to August Town. Their homes and farms, their horses and cattle, their jewellery and articles of clothing, were sold for a mere pittance, and the Bedwardites alone and in groups, in hundreds and thousands, turned their steps to the temple at August Town and camped within its sacred precincts, upon which salvation was to come. There was praying—there was singing—there was shrieking, and "Lord" Bedward, with his long, flowing beard, clad in white robes and barefooted, walked through the assembled multitude, chatting with a group here and there, bestowing his lordly benediction on the sick and sprinkling all the faithful with the "kerosene oil of salvation". Mighty Lord that he was, Bedward would now and again forget his dignity. When the "faithful" would crowd too closely around the sacred temple, to catch a glimpse of their "Lord" and "King," Bedward, brandishing his wonderful wand, would rush forth from the sacred place into the midst of the "chosen" and drive them back to their huts. Strangely enough, the "mighty lord" would use a volume of vulgar expressions, and when one of his followers was asked "Why does he use such vulgar language, if he is Lord and King?" the answer was—"Well, that is for our own condemnation. People say him mad, but him not mad at all. Those are the words put in his mouth to scourge us. It is for our sins him is shaming us for."

Day and night for weeks "Lord" Bedward had been preparing for the event of his ascension on Friday, December 31st. The hour of doom was fast approaching, and the many tailoring shops on the grounds that for weeks had been kept busy making white garments,

white turbans and white stockings for the "faithful" were now hushed. Peace and prayer reigned supreme. The Bedwardites were glad and jubilant, for their "Lord" was soon to leave them for the blessed mansions above, but not for long, for he was going to prepare a place for them and would come back on Monday, January the 3rd, 1921, to lead the "faithful" to their home beyond the "skies." Friday, December, the 31st, at 10 A.M., "Lord" Bedward was going to ascend. A quarter of an hour before ten o'clock, Bedward, dressed in his ascension robes, came forth from the sacred temple, gave his last blessing to his followers, sat down in a specially constructed chair, with white cushions (for this was the chariot in which he was to fly through the skies) and waited the sound of the tower bell that was to be the signal for his departure. The fatal moment arrived and "Lord" Bedward, rising up from his seat, went into the chapel to say his farewell prayer. All were silent, and with nervous anxiety waited his appearance. Shortly he came forth and told the "faithful" that the "spirit" had come and told him to postpone his ascension until mid-day. The "faithful" dispersed to their huts, joyful that their "Lord" was going to be with them for two more hours. At eleven-thirty, the followers again assembled at the sacred temple to see their "Lord" ascend. While the town clock was striking twelve, groups of elders went among the "faithful" and said that their "Lord" was still waiting for the word from the Lord calling him above, which had not yet come, but that he expected to go up at ten o'clock that night. The hours of the afternoon wore along—dark night hovered over August Town, and the faithful, weary and disappointed, went to their huts to rest their tired frames. Saturday came and "Lord" Bedward at eight o'clock announced to his followers that Almighty God had sent him word to defer his aerial stunt for some time, most likely until the end of the year, though probably he would fly away in April, or perhaps not till 1937. The Bedwardites, saddened and disappointed, deluded and pauperized, have broken camp. They have been leaving August Town—singly, in groups and in hundreds as they came, to witness their "Lord" and King ascend into the skies, and as they march along the hot and dusty roads, the look of misery, disappointment—and even anger—is seen on their faces. A feeling of pity and sympathy wells up in the human heart for those poor, ignorant "blacks" who went away from their

homes, rich with the money from the sale of their possessions that they gave to Bedward, but are now returning to city and country starving and exhausted, penniless and homeless.

Who is "Lord" Bedward? He is a lunatic who claimed that the spirit of God had come down upon him, and that in him the Prophets were incarnated. God had told him that the Hope River, which flows through August Town, was a healing stream that cleans from sin and diseases. Every week hundreds and hundreds of negroes would gather on the banks of the river, and when "Lord" Bedward, in flowing robes, with wand in hand, blessed the water, men, woman and children would jump into the river and be healed of sin and diseases. It cost one shilling for the privilege of bathing in the sacred stream, and it is readily seen that the "Lord and King" was getting rich on the healing waters of the Hope River. Bedward deals in the primitive stuff of emotionalism, fervid gesticulations, frenzied dances, wild shouts, cries and vague utterances of presumably terrible import.

Bedward is still in August Town. It is a common report that he is a rich man, but his followers, who sold all their earthly goods and gave him the money, are now destitute. But what of Bedwardism? Will it die or still survive? Will his followers flock to August Town in hundreds as before to be washed in the healing stream or will they reject their "Lord and King"? The right-thinking minds of Kingston and Jamaica hope that belief in Bedward is dead forever, but this is to be feared, for if "Lord" Bedward died tomorrow, another Bedward would rise up in his place, would unfurl his banner of salvation, would bid his followers wash in another healing stream, and the hoax would still go on, for the benighted "blacks" would continue to make holy pilgrimages to his temple, and the day would come when the "new" Bedward would predict an ascension and the fiasco of December 31st, 1920, would again be repeated, for the unenlightened negro mind delights in sacred temple, healing stream, and aerial ascension. It is hard to eradicate this inborn superstition from the minds of the ignorant "blacks"—it is part and parcel of their lives. Only a knowledge and love of the true God can clear away the awful darkness of pagan superstition.

CHOLERA IN KHARRY, INDIA.*

Life is not all fun, least of all the life of a missionary; and thus I cannot always keep telling pleasant stories. Here's a sad one:

One Saturday evening, Jacob Paida, the giant of Kharry, and the man with the longest beard in the whole of my district, rushed most unceremoniously into my room. Without honoring me with the usual salutations he said in his peculiarly authoritative manner: "Father, you must by all means come to my village. We are down with cholera, several people are dead already—my wife and one of my children died yesterday. Father, when do you come?" And then the strong man collapsed and began to cry like a little child. When his grief had abated a little, we discussed the situation, and came to the conclusion that it was impossible for me to set out at once. There was the Sunday Mass at Morapai, and it was impossible to find anyone just then to accompany me on the journey. However, it was agreed that I would set out for Kharry early in the week, as soon as I could find men to go with me. If any fresh cases of cholera occurred they would send me a message, and I would start alone if necessary. Thereupon Paida knelt down for my blessing and returned to his village, fifteen miles away.

On Monday and Tuesday I tried in vain to get men to go with me. No message came from Kharry. But at 11 o'clock that night two men came with the sad news that ten people had died within four days. "You must come at once," they said, "even this night. We will carry your chapel box and all things necessary." I was only too anxious to go that I might be among my poor, stricken flock. The packing did not take long. At the last moment, Okhoy, my valiant cook, as fearless and as small as Napoleon, volunteered to go with us, saying that he was ready to pass through fire for the padre. His services were accepted.

Shortly after midnight we were on the march, praying as we went along—God alone knows how many rosaries we said that night. At 6 A. M., we were at Kharry-

*NOTE.—This touching narrative is taken from *The Catholic Herald of India*, March 2, 1921.

Bahmanerchok, and beat the gong to awake the villagers. They understood that the Father had come at last, and soon the little chapel was full. How happy they all looked, and how grateful when they saw the priest in their midst! The catechist sent word that he would come soon and show me around the huts of the cholera stricken, but between hearing confessions, saying Mass and speaking words of solace and encouragement to the people, it had become 8 o'clock, and no catechist turned up. So I went to his hut; it was locked, and not a mouse stirred nor a dog barked. All the other huts were locked, so that everyone in the village seemed to be dead. After much calling, my catechist emerged from his back-door. "Are you perhaps afraid to visit the sick with me?" I asked. "I afraid!" he said in a quivering voice; "for whom do you take me?" "Then let us go around at once," I replied, and off we were on our sad errand. Alas! I have rarely witnessed such a scene of desolation, and I hope never to see such a spectacle again. Death seemed to hover over the village; I saw him sitting at the door of every hut, with his hollow eyes and his fleshless ribs, and his fearful scythe, ready to mow down the first comer. Rakhal, the catechist, pretended not to see him; he saw only microbes (the man has had some schooling, and has heard of microbes); he kept shutting his nose with his fingers, and he spat and squirted like a dozen fountains in a public square. I must say, however, that the man showed a good deal of courage.

In the first hut we entered, two little children lay asleep under a miserable piece of matting—two new orphans. Death has spared them, but close by both of their parents sleep their last sleep under the cold earth.

In the next hut four more orphans lay asleep, Temu, Brisputy, Chonchola and Sunday. I knew Temu's father and mother well; such exemplary Christians! No children in the whole of Bahmanerchok know their prayers so well as Nimay's orphans. And they slept like roses at dawn. "Father," croaked their old grandmother from beside the fire, "now you are their *mabap*, you must take them." "Yes, granny, I will. Generous souls will help me to feed them and bring them up to be as good Christians as their parents."

And thus we went from hut to hut, the whole day long and till far into the night. How sad and yet how consoling, too. I saw the sick and the healthy sleeping under the same roof, nay, under the same covering. They fear no infection, they will never abandon their

suffering relatives. And how welcome I was in all those poor homes. How glad they were to receive Extreme Unction, the remedy for their soul, or the medicines we had brought for their bodies. And how fervently we prayed together by the side of the sufferers that God might spare them, if such was His good pleasure.

Late in the night we came before a lonely hut where all seemed to be asleep. I called that the Father had come, but there was no answer. "Do not call, Father," Rakhai told me, "they all sleep forever." "And who lived here?" "Jacob Paida, the man with the long beard." Jacob Paida, and he the strongest man in the district—and he was with me last Saturday! "And when did he die?" I asked. "This morning shortly before you came." Alas, so I had come too late. It would have been a consolation to me if at least death had spared one of his orphans, but in Jacob's hut not one soul escaped.

It was late, but I had still to visit the house of Phuly, for I was told that she was very bad. The girl was seated by the fire, warming herself, and told me that she was much better and could come to church tomorrow. Phuly's grandmother sat by her side, with a little baby in her lap; the poor infant was in its agony and died that night. Phuly's father lay asleep in a corner on a mat; in another corner lay another person, also seeming fast asleep, close to or rather under the growling dog. "Where's your mother, Phuly?" I asked. "There she lies, Father, near the dog," and tears burst from the child's eyes. "Is your mother also sick?" Phuly rose and without a word uncovered the face of the sleeper, and there lay Phuly's mother—dead.

This was my last visit that night.

Next morning I had a record assistance at Mass and distributed 120 Holy Communions. My sermon was very short, but never have I been listened to with such breathless attention; this time nobody slept, whereas I find that my eloquent homilies generally have a soporific influence on my audience. The classical example of old seemed to go home to their hearts: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Then came the illustration of the cutting of the paddy—thus death stalks about in our midst with a sharp sickle and mows down whomsoever he pleases; the good grain is garnered in, the bad grain is cast into the fire. Lastly, as you build dikes around your fields to prevent the seawater from rushing in and spoiling the crops, thus let us erect a dike of prayer around each home. Meanwhile, be ready—"prostut hauk!"

After Mass I blessed holy water enough for the whole village, a huge earthen vessel, called *gamla*, big enough for the devil to get himself drowned in. As I took of the holy water I had blessed, and solemnly made the sign of the cross, I thought that this was surely the largest holywater stoop on the face of the earth, and that even the Pope at Rome has not such a one under the vast duomo of St. Peter's.

At last the congregation dispersed to their homes, except a few widows, some orphans and three or four men; these formed a silent group of worshippers around the statue of Our Lady, the Mother of Dolours. One of them was Bindumukhi, who had with her four orphaned grandchildren, Chonchola, Temu, Brisputy and Sunday. The poor old woman gazed intently at the statue of Mary and sobbed piteously. All of a sudden the old woman stood erect and loudly gave vent to her grief, whilst she still gazed at the statue, and whilst from her eyes pearls rolled down at Our Lady's feet. Thus sang Bindumukhi; I translate the words, but nothing can give you an idea of the infinitely pathetic tone in which she uttered them:

"O! Mago, O! dear Mother, why did Jesus take away the father and mother of these children? O! Mago, why did he not take me, a useless creature, O! Mago!

"The father of Temu yoked the buffalo and ploughed his field. Who will now yoke the buffalo and plough the field and reap the harvest? O! Mago, who will now give food to these children, O! Mago!

"The mother of Chonchola early in the morning husked the rice, and lit the fire to cook it. Who will now prepare the food for these children, O! Mago! I have no breath left in my body, why did not God take me, O! Mago!

"It was so pleasant in our hut when Brisputy's father unyoked the buffalo. The cocoanut tree cast a long shadow, but in our hearts there were no shadows, for Sunday's mother had boiled the rice, and there was enough for us all. But now, O! Mago, I am old and my eyes are dim and my limbs are stiff, and who will give rice to these children when they are hungry, O! Mago!

"Do not let them die of hunger, O! Mago! Be Thou their Mother, O! Mago! for I am worn out and cannot feed them. Take me away, but let them live, O! Mago!"

Thus spoke Bindumukhi in her grief, and widows and orphans and men that were present, all listened to her lament, and all wept with her. I, too, was overcome with emotion, and had to go and hide my tears in a

corner behind the chapel. At last Bindumukhi left the church with her poor orphans, but as she wended her way across the rice fields to her lonely hut, she still kept singing her beautiful song, O! Mago! You can guess the feelings in my heart as I listened to the plaintive accents, waxing weaker and weaker, and finally dying away in the distance.

This day I spent again in going from hut to hut to my poor stricken people, consoling, encouraging, praying with them and distributing medicines to all. Then on my way back to Morapai, a good five hours' walk, whilst I prayed the heavenly Father to have mercy on these poor people, I cast about in my mind as to how I was to support so many new orphans who have no one but me to look to for assistance. And this made me think of you, dear readers.

P. S.—I have returned to Kharry a second time to console the Catholics. Since I wrote the above letter, one tenth of the village, viz., thirty-five, have laid down their lives, among them eleven fathers of families. What pitiful scenes among those cholera-stricken. What could I do better than lay their sorrows and mine at the foot of Our Lady, and what better could I say than "O! Mago! O! Mother!"

S. VAN HAAREN, S. J.

THE NEW INDIAN MISSIONS IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

The trip to Fort Hope (near Hudson Bay) on the Albany River.

The train brought us to Ombabika, and on June 17, we press on due north to Fort Hope. Father Belanger, who had gone ahead to prepare his flock for the visit of the Chief Black Robe, sent a large canoe, with two excellent guides, to meet Monsignor Hallé. We are, therefore, in good hands. Joseph Gosis, a stalwart, cheerful fellow, turned forty, is at the prow. His eye of marvelous keenness will discover dangerous sunken rocks in good season whether we row over tranquil waters or leap the rapids at breakneck speed. At the stern, Francis Nikanaob, tall, lean and bony, steers our course, cool and sure.

We are to make the trip at the oar, four of us, the two guides, Father Desantels and myself. We are in the middle of the canoe, resting our backs against the baggage. I still ask myself how the Bishop could have made such a trip uncomplainingly; utterly unseasoned to it, he passed five long days, motionless on the bottom of the canoe, huddled up, unable to stretch his legs. Despite a squeamish stomach, he forced himself to take the ordinary food, slices of greasy, boiled pork, with fish, or sometimes elk meat and wheaten bread, prepared by our guides. At times he clearly had his troubles. This remark, made at the end of the trip, is proof. "These Indians, you know, use their fingers for a handkerchief, and then mix the bread without troubling to wash their hands." After morning meditation, he would read to us from the Acts of the Apostles; since his reputation as Bishop would have suffered with the Indians if he had taken an oar like the rest of us, he had to forego this, and instead used to recite the rosary aloud, to which we answered in French and our guides in their own tongue.

Three short portages broke us in to the hardships of the trip, and we rowed until evening on the Ombabika River. At last we halt at a point on Lake Neiabikag. We take supper, the Bishop and Father Desantels read their breviary, while I light a fire of rotten wood to drive from our tent the mosquitoes, which persecute us unceasingly. About half-past nine we turn in, and without a stout mosquito net we should have been poisoned by the clouds which attack us.

Little used to Indian ways of travel, we sleep like logs until six o'clock. When I wake up I hear our men outside moving about, lighting the fire, speaking in whispers, then louder and louder, finally one of them lets out a shout; it is reveille. Joseph Gosis comes up soon to Father Desantels and says: "Father, Fort Hope is a long ways away." "Ah! How far?" "Father, with a load (that is 1,400 pounds, not counting the men, the canoe alone weighing 300) we sleep six times, but unloaded like now, we sleep four times." "Ah! Very well." Yes, but Father, if we always halt so soon and start so late we shall never get there." The Indians themselves on a trip get up *there*, drink a little tea and are off; *there* they eat, then *there* again, there they cook supper and sleep. Each time he indicated with his oar, first the east, then at equal distances the different points in the sun's course. "All right," said the Father, "we shall do the same."

In future, therefore, we rise at five, after a brief bite,

are off, not to halt until sunset. In this latitude, the sun rises now at two o'clock and sets at ten—no need to invoke daylight saving to help the sun. We do, on an average, 40 miles a day, including four or five portages. At each of these our 900 pounds of baggage force us to make two trips, except the Bishop, who makes only one. It's only the portages which matter, but they do matter with a vengeance. If there were no portages to bother us, it would be merely a fair journey, that is all. The Indians reckon by portages, as we do by miles, and indeed this is the whole difficulty. One must first find the right spot, where commonly some small branching trees are stripped of their tips, flung side by side at the water's edge, leading to a narrow path which sinks into the forest and winds about the steeper boulders and trunks. For it has become a proverb that the Indian never cuts a tree at a portage for fear that a pale face following him may have less trouble than himself. So in the third part of a portage of a mile and a half, I have counted sixteen trees less than a foot in diameter, knee high, across our path. Portaging is done by the aid of a collar,—a leather strap the thickness of reins, and 20 feet long, the middle part $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 2 feet long, rests on the head, the two ends of the reins serve to fasten the load on the traveller's back. We used to carry, each of us, about 130 pounds. Don't cry out at this. Professional porters never carry less than 200 pounds, and go at a jog trot all the way. They even pile on top a couple of sacks of flour, different shapes, and nothing falls off, for the pack gradually settles, and no damage occurs despite the unevenness of the ground.

We were, as you see, late in starting on this day. At eight o'clock we entered Lake Neiabikag, then crossed the lake of the Cross and Gapangoshkiagad. At our entrance into the latter, Gosis cast a quick look about, spied an elk. The rest of us sight it a little later, busily feeding on the water lilies which he pulled up and scattered about with much brandishing of his head. The wind was against us, so we could get close to him easily by hugging the shore. When about 300 yards away, he saw us, hesitated, took a few more mouthfuls and shot out for the open water. We easily followed him. Suddenly Father Desantels said to the guide, "put a yoke on him, then he will draw us." We come close and the guide catches him by the ear, passes a running noose about his neck and terrifies him by shouting "Dji . . . ha." The beast struggles to tow us for some minutes, and we en-

joy the experience. Finally the Indian draws him near and strikes him with the hatchet between the eyes. By the way, we may observe that a missionary trip is not a hunting expedition, and our sole weapon is a sharp ax.

We shall run across many cemeteries, Catholic, Protestant and Pagan, but I shall never forget one on the lake of the Cross. We were skirting a big island when the guides told us we were close to a cemetery. The prolonged strokes of the oars showed that he was particularly keen on getting to it. We disembark. There is a clearing, and in a rectangle, surrounded by a fence from whose logs the bark has been removed with care, are four rows of graves, twenty in all, having each its cross, and at times a small cedar palisade. And what neatness, not a clump of weeds, not a dead branch. The savages have a special devotion to their departed, and are in ecstasy when the Bishop gratifies their dearest wishes by blessing the cemetery. Then we are on our way again.

What a difference between this and the Protestant cemeteries. There you see hatchets, snow shoes, goat skins, plates, knives and forks, and even pouches of tobacco wrapped up in birch bark and hanging on the trees. On the mounds, stuck in at random, are crosses with double cross-bars like the cross of Lorraine. The guides tell us that the Protestants copy the Catholics, for the soul of the savage is like a child's, fond of the concrete and of external devotion, and ill at ease amid the chill of Protestantism. Memory recalls another tomb. A lonely hillock where sleeps Wabosowinini, "the hare," a celebrated sorcerer of the Fort Hope tribe. The drum with which he led the sorcerer's dance is still there; nearby a hatchet is stuck in a tree, at the foot of which is a plate of ironware, with knife and fork. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* You can't imagine the dizzy speed with which we leap the rapids, today very numerous; at times we even cross the stream without losing much ground in order to get a path between the rocks, and all is settled and carried out in the twinkling of an eye.

On the road other loaded canoes join us. The Indians who guide them make supper, bake tomorrow's bread, and when we have retired, kneel beside their fire and say their beads and other prayers with evident fervor, with seemingly no distractions, and in perfect stillness, nobody moving. I marvel at it.

At last here we are at the Albany River. I'm disappointed, the river is broad but not at all deep, and so swift

that our men drop the oar to push with the poles. We come next to a brook so narrow that the canoe grazes the grass, then we enter a large and lovely lake and see the church of Fort Hope, snowy white, with tapering belfry. This little church is of very attractive design; the altar, paintings, everything is devotional and charms the Indians. It seems incredible, but all the wood used has been cut with a hand saw. On either side of the church are the buildings of the Hudson Bay Company and Revillon Frères. Their agent, Mr. Spence, accompanies Father Belanger to meet us. Beside the church are the wigwams of the 250 Catholic Indians, at the left and right the 320 Protestants and pagans. They are all Muskegons, a branch of the great Algonquin family, ruder than the Ojibway; their spoken language offers some different dialect forms, and the written language, which they owe to their former missionaries, the Oblates, is of a syllabic character.

We have now finished a canoe journey of 200 miles and 23 portages in five and a half days. The pastoral visit and confirmation will not take place until the Bishop has made a journey to Martin's Falls. After supper there are prayers at the church. Our Christians have an insatiable desire for them. There is a sermon, rosary of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, evening prayers, a succession of Paters and Aves for all their needs, particular and general, interspersed with Indian hymns that never end. During our whole stay it is the same. Besides this, all have been present that morning at Mass and prayers and hymns, and at two catechism classes, at ten and at three o'clock.

On the morrow, the natives hear all three Masses, at all the same exercises, and then for a long time surround us to obtain crucifixes, beads, pictures, medals, holy water and St. Ignatius water. We are staying with Mr. Spence. He was baptized a Catholic and brought up as a Protestant, but speaks openly of his approaching return to the Faith of his baptism.

On June 24, the Bishop and Father Belanger go down stream to Martin's Falls, 115 miles, and we go up stream, Father Desantels and myself, to Lake St. Joseph, 200 miles away; the Albany is literally sown with rapids and the banks are low. We camp on a marshy land, and the mosquitoes bleed us white. On the 26th of June we leave the marshes behind. The country grows picturesque, the forests grow vaster and more verdant, lofty

mountains stand out on the horizon, foaming cataracts plunge into vast basins.

At this stage of our voyage is the portage of the elk, the most laborious I have ever made. We must clamber up a cliff 80 feet high, covered with moss. Our two guides break forth into laughter, which is a sign that things are going badly, for during my trip I have never seen a single Indian grow impatient. After this climb, we march a good mile and a half in moss and water half way to the knee, tortured by thousands of flies of every sort. One guide falls with his pack, on the second trip. Imagine, then, our state, we that are novices at this business. I lose my balance, and the box of provisions placed on my back makes my body sink into the water up to the neck. Father Desantels falls backwards. The heat, the labor, the flies pretty nearly stampede us.

We ascend rapids you would declare insurmountable. One of the guides breaks his pole and we are adrift, and running a big risk of a complete smash on the rocks. But our cool guide rights the canoe with the stump left him and we are saved. A canoe overtakes us and Father Desantels recognizes two Catholics. We chat together, and as they are faster than we, they agree to inform the Christians of Lake St. Joseph of our approach.

We arrive in the afternoon of the 29th. Our thirty-five Christians welcome us with joy. They all carry conspicuously on their breasts the small crucifix received at baptism. The next day, while the Father is holding catechism class, I buy some provisions at the store, where I run into some Indians from Nipissing, old friends from our Indian industrial school at Spanish. They are acting as guides to a wealthy tourist and his wife, and learn from our guides the best route to follow.

In the evening, three babies and four adults are baptized. One of the latter, Moniainini, seventy-five years old, manifests extraordinary joy. At any cost he must learn how to pray, and runs about from one to another to learn how to say his prayers. Next day our twenty-nine Christians attend Mass devoutly. The Father's day is passed in catechism and visits to the savages, who receive him with acclaim. All go to confession that evening, and early the next morning the Father goes from wigwam to wigwam warning the Christians not to eat or drink anything if they wish to go to Holy Communion. They all come to Communion with fervor, and after hymns of thanksgiving, there is reception of the scapular

and a distribution of pious objects. They are happy but a little sad, for we leave today.

After dinner we shake hands with all, then with his great crucifix the Father blesses them. They rise up sad and silent; I have even seen the tears in their eyes. Some certainly will die during the winter in the depths of these forests without religious aid. Happily we know the innocent life they lead after baptism. We should wish to linger, but our guides, like overgrown children, are for setting off at once, and even sulk a little. We raise the sail and make a good start. On the way the Father blesses the graves of old Odjigijig and his granddaughter, Sara, who died last winter.

Reaching a dangerous rapid, the Indians hesitate, and ask our advice. "All's well," we say. They smile and keep a watchful eye on us. We shoot down a mile like mad and come to a drop of nearly ten feet. What's to be done? We keep right on and are only halted by a great boulder, ten feet square, which is squarely in the middle of the fall. Then with a thousand precautions and a short portage beside the rock, we let go again with all speed. During these days, many a time the water leaped into the canoe.

We are back at Fort Hope July 6th. The next day the Indians plead with the Bishop for a resident missionary and a school. There is a Solemn High Mass, at which Mr. Spence, who made his abjuration the evening before, receives Holy Communion.

The solemn entry of the Bishop takes place on Sunday, the 11th of July. The Indians, ranged in two ranks, are waving small flags. The bell is kept ringing constantly. At ten o'clock there is a procession, with sermon by the Bishop, interpreted by Father Belanger. Mr. Spence is confirmed, and then serves as godfather and Mrs. Spence as godmother. Thirty-five Indians receive Confirmation. The mission is drawing to its close. There is a procession in the morning to the cemetery and a sermon by Father Desantels, then after dinner we embark. Some cling to the Bishop's hand in tears, their eyes pleading with him not to forsake them. He blesses them, the sail is given to the wind and we are off. We leap down the Frenchmen's rapids and come into Lake Naminbinne, the River Apitchiwan and the Ogoki River, which Father Hébert had rowed up, nearly forty years ago.

On the way the Bishop discusses at some length the project of a residence at Fort Hope.

The portages are long and very risky; while the savages pole the canoe, we transport the luggage. In one of these portages, I slip and come down sitting. The pack almost drives my head into my shoulders, but despite some acute shooting pains in the neck, I arrive safe and sound.

The trees as usual block our path. But do not lay it to the carelessness of the Indian; it is lack of time. The whites themselves step over the trees and do not cut them. To offset this nuisance, at nearly every portage we find the quarters of an elk left by a band ahead; a plank points out its hiding place. The portagers, who follow one another unceasingly, will profit from it.

Finally, a favorable wind brings us to Ombabika in four and a half days. From there we reach Hearst, the Bishop's residence. I cannot end this account better than by a quotation from the letter of Monsignor Hallé to Cardinal Begin.

"The Catholic Indians at Fort Hope and Martin's Falls are extremely edifying. They not only never blaspheme, but they have not in their language any words to express insult to God. On the contrary, for God and Our Lord they have the deepest reverence. The results obtained here by the Oblate Fathers are altogether wonderful. The Catholic children know how to read, write and to sing the hymns of some Masses. The parents taught by the Oblate Fathers have in turn taught their children. The Jesuits continue the work of the Oblates with a devotedness that challenges admiration. I beg and beseech prayers for the conversion of the pagans and others. There are in this section, north of the Albany River, a thousand conversions to be made. . . . But if the harvest is ripe, the laborers are few, and the struggle in some places will be severe. Your Eminence, pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into this portion of His vineyard, wild and ravaged by the wolves."

Let us in union with the Vicar Apostolic of Northern Ontario, hope that God will raise up zealous young missionaries with courage to face the dangers and privations of this journey, in order to convert these pagans to the true Faith.

JOSEPH M. COUTURE, S. J.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT

When Bishop Résé came to take possession of his newly erected See, in 1833, he brought with him to Detroit from Cincinnati two Oratorian Fathers, De Bruyn and Van den Poel, to establish "a college for ecclesiastical students and young men." The college of Saint Philip Neri was begun, and flourished for a time, but sickness and the death of its founders, added to a scarcity of priests in the diocese, were serious drawbacks, and when the college building was struck by lightning in 1842, St. Philip Neri closed its doors forever.

Three years before this mishap Bishop Résé had sailed for Rome, never to return, and it was during the administration of Bishop Lefèvre, coadjutor of Detroit, that the college was destroyed. Though Bishop Lefèvre took the greatest interest in Catholic education, he found it impossible to reopen the college or to establish another. When the Right Reverend Caspar Borgess succeeded to the See of Detroit in 1871, his first thought was for the education of the young of his flock. In 1873 he issued his famous pastoral on the subject of parochial schools and thenceforward gave his best efforts to the establishment of a college.

In July, 1877, it was announced that "the Fathers of the Society of Jesus are about to open in the city of Detroit an educational institution to be known under the name and title of Detroit College." No wonder that the announcement was a cause of joy to the Bishop, who, in the words of a newspaper writer of the time, saw in it "the realization of one of his dearest projects for the benefit of his people." "It gives me more than ordinary pleasure," said the Bishop at the first public appearance of the students, "to be present at the first academic exercises of the new college." To make the college an accomplished fact Bishop Borgess had indeed done all in his power. On April 5, 1877, an agreement had been entered into between his Lordship and the Provincial of the Jesuits in these parts, by which the Bishop transferred in fee-simple to the Jesuit Fathers the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul and the adjoining residence. The sole condition was that they should establish and maintain in the city

of Detroit a college or school for the education of youth.

Friday, June 1, 1877, saw the advent of four Fathers who were to take charge of the parish and prepare for the future college. They arrived late in the evening and spent Saturday in the confessional, and on Sunday, June 3, held their first public service in the church, where a solemn High Mass was sung. The Superior, Rev. John Miege, S. J., was the celebrant of the Mass, Rev. James Walsh, S. J., was deacon, and Rev. Eugene Brady, S. J. subdeacon. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. E. A. Higgins, S. J., the Rector of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. The post of master of ceremonies was filled by the Rev. M. O'Donovan, the former pastor of the church, a priest of the diocese of Detroit.

Divine Providence was doubly generous in giving to the new college as its founder and first president John Baptist Miege, scholar and administrator. For twenty years before coming to Detroit, he had efficiently ruled, as Bishop, the diocese of Leavenworth when that diocese embraced all the territory between the State of Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. So lightly did the purple dignity rest upon him that he had asked repeatedly to be allowed to lay aside his episcopal robes and once again don the sombre Jesuit habit. But his work was so efficacious that he was required to continue his episcopal duties for more than twenty years. At length, humility prevailed, his prayer was heard, and the Bishop of Leavenworth became plain Father Miege and retired to St. Louis University, whence twenty years previously he had gone forth to build the Western Church. But he was not long to enjoy the quiet of private life. His superiors had accepted Detroit, and an able and experienced man was needed to begin this new work. Father Miege was the choice of all, so despite his years, he assumed the burden. Arriving in Detroit in the early part of June he had all in readiness for the opening of classes in September.

Naturally he would have preferred to purchase the building adjoining the pastoral residence for his first classes, but at the time that was not possible. Very opportunely for the new school, a spacious residence on the opposite side of the avenue was vacant and for sale. It occupied a lot 100 by 200 feet. This was purchased for twenty-three thousand dollars. As it became evident during the second year that this building would soon be too small, an additional story was built which made the building three stories high.

The beginning had been made, but like most beginnings, it was a very modest one. The first year saw eighty-four pupils on the roll; the second, ninety-eight; the third, one hundred and thirty-two. When the number of boys had passed two hundred, the old quarters began to be uncomfortably crowded and new accommodations became an imperative necessity. Providence again favored the school. Opposite the college, and hence on the same side of the street as the church and rectory, but separated from the latter by three intervening residences, a mansion, occupying a lot 53 by 200 feet, was offered for sale at the modest price of thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. An expenditure of some five hundred dollars converted this dwelling into quite a respectable school building, and in May, 1885, the collegiate and scientific departments took possession of their new quarters. This was the first practical step toward the realization of a plan which had been entertained almost from the opening of the college, and which matured as the necessity for more ample accommodations became manifest, and the inconvenience of being separated from the college by an intervening and much frequented street forced itself more and more on superiors and professors.

The hopes of the faculty were constantly taking a more tangible shape; still the end seemed as yet far off. Already a heavy debt weighed on the college. The ordinary income was too scant to justify a further augmentation of the debt, yet something had to be done. And it was done. Rev. John P. Frieden, S. J., represented the needs of the college to some of the wealthy Catholics of the city, and six responded with a donation of five thousand dollars each. Other subscriptions totaled twenty thousand dollars more. The outlook now was more encouraging.

In February, 1889, the third of the three houses mentioned was secured for eighteen thousand dollars. Just at this juncture a change of Rectors took place. Father Frieden was made Provincial of the Jesuits in the Middle West, and was succeeded in the office of President by Rev. Michael P. Dowling, S. J. This was in March, 1889. Father Dowling at once threw himself enthusiastically into the work. Plans were drawn, and ere long approved by higher superiors. Early in August the first stone of the foundation was laid. The work prospered as long as the weather remained favorable. Early in the spring a carpenters' strike made all progress on

the wood-work impossible. It began to look as if the new building would not be finished by the opening of school. But the alarm was ungrounded. The strike was of short duration and the building was ready for occupancy in August, 1890. The new building was open for inspection on August 25, and laudatory descriptions of it appeared in the daily papers. "With the opening of this building in September," said the *Sunday News*, "Detroit will have the finest equipped and best arranged, as well as the handsomest and most substantial edifice for educational purposes in the State. The building will be a valuable acquisition to the architectural beauties of Detroit." The *Tribune* called it "a college building that would compare favorably with any similar institution in the land," and added, "the structure presents a magnificent appearance in its ornamental architecture." The *Free Press* and the *Michigan Catholic* had illustrated articles on the building.

The praise of the new building justifies us in saying a word about the two men to whom its inception and completion were due. It seems to us that scarcely less than to the beloved founder is Detroit College indebted to the two worthy successors of the great John Baptist Miede, namely, John Pierre Frieden and Michael Patrick Dowling. Both were men of generous proportions, physically and intellectually; both were men of immense energy and uncommon capacity for hard work. Father Frieden planned the main building, but before he could execute his plan, was transferred to a wider field. His mantle fell on worthy shoulders when it fell on the shoulders of Father Dowling, for he was a most capable administrator and a scholar of the highest type. No man in the Middle West stood higher as an educator. He had no peer in inspiring his men to make their college equal to any in the land.

To Father Dowling old Detroit College owes much. Pre-eminently a college man who stood for the best in education, he possessed that rare faculty of inspiring professors and students with a love of solid learning, and thus he established a standard of genuine scholarship without which an institution cannot produce efficient educational work.

Until 1907 the building erected by Father Dowling in 1889 sufficed. It was during that year that the Rev. Richard Slevin, S. J., added the commodious gymnasium building on Larned Street. This building contains six recitation rooms and two lecture rooms, and laboratories

for the science department. The gymnasium also served as an auditorium for the various public exhibitions and lectures given by the students.

This material expansion was recognized by many of the distinguished Alumni as necessary to the increasing intellectual development of the institution, and it received the loyal support of the eminent clergymen, physicians, journalists, lawyers and prosperous business men who had received their education in the college and who realized its power and influence.

The growth of the plant, the increasing prominence of the Alumni, and most of all, the almost unprecedented growth of the city in population and industrial supremacy, warranted and indeed, demanded, new development in the educational work of the institution. For this reason, at the expiration of the charter of 1881, in the year 1911, the authorities of the school effected a new organization on a broader basis and incorporated under the title "University of Detroit."

Providence certainly favored the university and the city in appointing as the first president of the newly organized school the Rev. William Dooley, S. J. Father Miede had well founded the school of arts, and his successors had built thereon a noble superstructure. Father Dooley broadened that first foundation and raised an equally imposing superstructure for technical schools, and this work he carried to success in four short years. He came to Detroit in manhood's prime, his mind filled with great plans, and his soul equal to undertaking them. In his vocabulary there was no such word as "fail." With him, to plan was to execute, to resolve was to accomplish, to determine was to do. Hence it is in no way surprising that in four years he not only established a school of engineering and a school of law, but planned, began and almost completed, a beautiful structure in concrete and stone that will serve as a worthy monument to his tireless energy and heroic courage.

In the first year of Father Dooley's incumbency he opened an engineering school. The organization of such a school was imperative, if the demands of the students and the needs of the city were considered. This engineering school is run on the co-operative plan. This plan aims to harmonize the practical and the theoretical in technical educational courses. Its practical operation consists in dividing the classes into two equal sections. One section pursues the usual class-room studies at the University for a two-weeks period, while

the other section is employed in industrial establishments in lines allied to the theoretical courses. At the end of each two-weeks period the sections are interchanged. To each position in the industries one student in each section is assigned; thus, the position is constantly occupied, first by one and then by the other student in bi-weekly periods.

Through the arrangement by the University with the engineering, manufacturing and public service establishments, students taken into their employ have the advantage of the most elaborate and modern equipment known for educational purposes. The employment available and most desirable for engineering students is mutually under the control and direction of the University and employer. By careful supervision the employment of the student is kept parallel with his theoretical studies, and thus becomes an integral part of his education.

Previous to the development of the co-operative plan, employers were constantly complaining of the lack of practical knowledge possessed by the technical graduate fresh from college. Some employers went to the extreme of accusing technical faculties of not being in sympathy with industrial needs. A superficial survey of technical schools may leave the impression that these employers were correct, and that technical schools were at fault. However, the real difficulty was that technical schools, organized and equipped to meet the needs of society at the time of their organization, were unable to revise the traditional curricula to satisfy ever-changing demands of industry. The older members of society have lived to see the development of the modern industrial establishment, the electric railway, the electric lighting system, the universal use of telephone, the steam turbine, the gas engine, steel ships of commerce and war, reinforced concrete building construction, the use of mechanical power in agriculture, and many other creations of the engineer, which we are now accustomed to think of as necessities. With the advent of many highly specialized activities, which have changed numerous intensely rural districts into large industrial centers, have come increasing demands on the technical schools. The old idea of a school shop, where the students acquired an uncertain knowledge of some of the simpler processes of foundry work, wood and iron turning, must be abandoned as inadequate to meet modern requirements. The teaching time that is now devoted

to these subjects should be directed along more practical lines.

The bi-weekly periods of study at the University are devoted to theoretical instruction, which is a progressive arrangement of the fundamental sciences, general education and professional studies. Their purpose is to teach fundamental principles which are the basis of all engineering; to train the mind to make logical deductions and the senses to accurate habits of observation; and to impart a knowledge of good drafting practice, methods of computation, and the use and limitations of instruments.

Four complete courses are offered—chemical, civil, electrical and mechanical, engineering. Each course extends through a period of five years. The bi-weekly employment periods are continuous throughout the course, thus allowing twenty-six weeks of actual experience each year. The bi-weekly study periods at the University are arranged to allow a recess at Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and during the summer. Thus twenty-one weeks are devoted to theoretical study each year. After the satisfactory completion of an engineering course, the degree of chemical engineer, civil engineer, electrical engineer or mechanical engineer, is conferred.

In the fall of 1912, Father Dooley opened a second department, that of law. In the organization of this school, he was greatly helped by many of the city's most prominent jurists. The very first year the faculty was made up of the best legal talent in the city; among others, Judges Hosmer, Connolly, Hally, Murphy, Hulbert, Hanley and Murfin. A splendid library was secured, which at present numbers over 8,000 volumes. Additions are constantly being made to it, and it is the ambition of the faculty to make the law library second to none in Michigan.

By 1915 the University had outgrown the original building erected in 1889 and the addition of 1907. Hence it was determined to erect a building for the engineering and law departments. Plans were drawn on an elaborate scale, and a building costing \$175,000 was erected. There have been few additions to the architecture of Jefferson Avenue, which are of quite as high style as the new school. It is on the south side of the avenue, and it fits well into the group with which it forms the neighborhood, the Art Museum and the Administration Building. The facade of the new structure

is of Bedford stone, highly ornamented. Although the building as a whole is of concrete and stone structure, the front wall is an independent piece of self-supported masonry, resting wholly on its own foundation.

The style of the structure is collegiate Gothic, being the type prevailing in several new structures at Oxford and Cambridge Universities. The cornice level of the first story is ornamented by a number of well modelled studies in Bedford stone, these being grotesques of students, while above the third-story windows are placed a number of shields, these carrying serially symbols representing order, learning, the society of educators who control the institution, and the American national shield.

The structure is wholly fireproof, is 100 by 200 feet in size, and extends from the property line on Jefferson Avenue to that on Woodbridge Street. Some interesting features of the construction are: that there is not a piece of wood in the building outside of the class-room floors and the doors: The corridors and the laboratory are all in masterbuilder cement finish, and the window sashes of steel.

This splendid structure stands a lasting monument to the memory of Father Dooley. He had planned the building and had begun it, but did not live to see it completed. In the midsummer of life, with his work not as yet done, he passed away. Not before in the history of the institution had one of its presidents died in office. But Father Dooley's work neither ceased nor faltered, for the society of which he was an ornament had given him efficient co-workers filled with his spirit, who continued what he had so efficaciously begun.

WM. T. DORAN, S. J.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD INDIAN MISSIONARY.*

When I was still in the novitiate and scholasticate I always listened with great attention and interest to the relations of foreign missions, which were read at table, and I often thought to myself: "How many years must elapse before I can be a missionary!" I was already thinking out all kinds of plans for instructing the negroes

*NOTE.—These interesting recollections are taken from back numbers of *The Canisius Monthly*, Buffalo. Editor W. L.

of Africa. When at length the time came, at the end of the tertianship, for the young Fathers to declare what special vocation they seemed to be inspired with, or what special predilection they wished to pursue, I offered myself for the African Missions. But instead of being sent to the negroes of Africa, I was sent, with eleven other Fathers, to the German Mission in North America. At that time the German Jesuits had several flourishing colleges and parishes in North America. But afterwards this German Mission was dissolved and divided between two English speaking provinces, to the regret of many of the older and younger Fathers.

On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1880, after a prosperous voyage, we landed in the New World, the place of disembarkation being Boston, the home of the fine arts and sciences. We were brought to the German Church of the Holy Trinity, and enjoyed the cordial welcome and hospitality of Father Nopper, of blessed memory, the pastor of the church. On the evening of that same day we continued our journey to Buffalo, under the guidance of Rev. Father Port, who was then Rector of Canisius College. In Buffalo we were received with real, paternal affection by the Rev. Father Lessman, Superior of the German Mission, and we were granted a few days' rest, and the privilege of viewing Buffalo. A detachment of the newcomers was kept at Canisius College as professors and prefects, while the rest were sent to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where the new Sacred Heart College was about to be opened. Among the latter was the writer of this article. The Rev. Father Becker was Rector of the College, and I was to be his Minister. One of the Fathers who went to Prairie with me at that time has since reached a high place of distinction among living astronomers, and is at present the Director of the Papal Observatory in Rome, with his residence at the Papal Villa of Leo XIII, of holy memory. For three years I was engaged as Minister of the College, and I still recall with great satisfaction the wonderful spirit of brotherly affection which existed among the Fathers. In the fourth year I was transferred to the assistancy of the parish church of St. Gabriel's, as I was very anxious to work in the ministry, and was always somewhat jealous of the Fathers of the college, who were called upon to help in the church.

It was here that one day I received a letter from the Superior of the Mission, Father Lessman, in which he informed me that Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha,

had requested the services of one of our Fathers for the Indian Mission of Wyoming, and asked me whether I was willing to undertake the work. He enclosed a beautiful little picture of the Good Shepherd. I replied that he could dispose of me as he saw fit, and that I would be ready at any time. There were two Indian tribes in Wyoming, the Shoshonies and the Arapahoes, and each of these tribes numbered about a thousand souls. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Omaha had collected \$5,000 for these Indian missions, and the money was to be expended in the following way. The government was just then building a boarding school for the Indian children of these reservations, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop had offered the \$5,000 for the fitting up of the interior of the building. It seems the government had accepted the Bishop's offer, and had given him in return permission to take over the school, and to provide it with teachers. I was to take charge of the school, and the Franciscan Sisters of Buffalo were already selected as the teachers. Another Father was soon to follow me, who was to be parish priest at Lander City. Accordingly, I prepared for my departure for the mission, and on the 17th of April, 1884, Rev. Father Lessman accompanied me to Omaha to the residence of Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, under whose jurisdiction Wyoming then stood. The Bishop received us very cordially. I remained in Omaha on the following day to purchase various carpenter's tools, and on the next day, Thursday, the 19th of April, accompanied to the station by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and my Superior, I started my journey to Wyoming. Ralings was the last railway station on my march. There was a Catholic church there in charge of the Rev. Father Cassidy, a very friendly gentleman. I stayed with him over night. He was one of the four priests to whose care the whole of Wyoming was apportioned at that time. Father Cassidy is now stationed at O'Neill, Nebraska, where he has a very flourishing parish. The Sisters of St. Francis have also a well attended academy for young ladies there. From Ralings, the journey proceeded by coach, which ran to the capital of Wyoming, Lander City. This coach was nothing else but a common, open freight wagon, drawn by four horses. It started off well, but scarcely had we put several miles of the road behind us, when it ran into a deep rut, and was held fast. No amount of cursing and unmerciful beating of the horses could extricate us. The poor horses were utterly unable to pull the coach out of the mire,

and so; whether we liked it or not, we had to dismount and unload the wagon in order to release it. Of course, my nice, new clothes were considerably damaged by the operation. At last, the coachman and I, we were the only travellers, got the contraption started again. At noon, two of our horses were utterly exhausted, and could hardly move along. The exertion at the mudhole had been too much for them. They were unharnessed and allowed to run free on the prairies, for there were no settlements around for miles. The other two horses had simply to hold out until the next station was reached, and there they were replaced by others. The hotel where we stopped was a loghouse, and the proprietor, a soldier, who had deserted from the Prussian army. Towards evening another halt was made and refreshments were taken. Four mules were then hitched to the coach, and they had to continue the journey until Lander City was reached. We journeyed all through the night at a rapid pace. The new driver was a young fellow who was without any religion whatsoever. To his mind, the only difference between a man and a horse was this: that a man had a little more sense than a horse. I thought to myself that if he were aware that I was carrying three hundred dollars on my person, my life would not be safe. Early next morning we stopped at another loghouse hotel. It had been snowing every night and it was very cold, and we were glad that we could find a place in which to warm ourselves. Here we found some cowboys sleeping on the floor, wrapped in buffalo skins. After a short rest we continued our journey towards Lander City, which we reached about ten o'clock. I alighted at the hotel, and at once inquired after the Catholic priest. He appeared soon after and greeted me cordially. Then I asked some questions concerning my new mission station, and about the new school. It was then that I received the first and very disappointing information that a Protestant minister had already taken possession of the school. How was it possible that the Bishop had been so poorly informed about the existing conditions? Surely under the circumstances Rev. Father Superior would never have accepted the mission. It came about in this way. A year previously, the Rt. Rev. Bishop had sent a newly ordained priest to the Indian reservation for the ostensible purpose of safeguarding the school and making remote preparations for the missionaries and Sisters. But the young priest could not, so it was said, find a place of residence either at the Agency,

or at Fort Washekee, where there surely were some Catholic soldiers. So he took up his quarters at Lander City instead of among the Indians. At Lander he held a fair, at which he made a couple of thousand dollars, and with the money he had built a chapel and a small annex, which served for his residence and a sacristy. Probably these constructions engaged his thoughts and time to such an extent that he forgot about the Indian mission and school. At all events, he had not informed the Bishop of the real state of affairs. A few weeks after the arrival of the young priest, an Episcopalian minister had come to the Agency. He had found a dwelling place near the new school, and as soon as one of the rooms was habitable, had started class with a few boys, and so had taken possession of the whole school. What was I to do? Turn around and go back home and say I could not effect anything at this mission; I could not and would not. So I stayed around Lander City and tried to seek information concerning the status of the Indians, and the prospects of effecting some good among them. The young priest took me to the agent and introduced me to him, and showed me around Fort Washekee. After a few days I paid a visit myself to the agent, and told him that I had been sent hither by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Omaha for the purpose of taking possession of the new school, and of opening a Catholic school, with the help of the Catholic Sisters, who were awaiting my summons to come on. The agent replied that my purpose could not be executed, since the government had already entrusted the school to the Episcopalians, and they had already taken possession. Then I asked him if it would not be possible for me and the Sisters to take over half of the school. He answered laughingly that such a plan would be impracticable, since we would hardly live in harmony together. Of course, my idea was that if we ever got into the school, we would soon get the upperhand and get rid of the minister. But the minister had settled down so securely that his tenure extends even to the present day, after a lapse of 34 years. The agent thought that I could put up another school somewhere else, wherever I chose, and he offered to help me to the extent of his power. But how could I think of starting a school of my own with only \$5,000 at my disposal, money that had been set aside to start my missionary activities at the government school? It was a difficult situation, but I was not going to lose heart. As I observed before, there were two Indian tribes at the

reservation: the Shoshonies and the Arapahoes. The Shoshonies lived around the Agency, whereas the Arapahoes lived about twenty to twenty-one miles to the south, in the Dela or triangle, between the Big and Little White Rivers, two water courses, which came down from the rocky steeps. The Arapahoes were more inclined, so it was said, to culture than the Shoshonies, and had some of their children at Indian schools in the East. So I determined to begin my missionary activities among them. Two miles from the Agency was Fort Washekee, where there was a garrison of soldiers, among whom there were several Catholics, who were also entrusted to my care for the present. There I purchased from one of the soldiers a little pony and a saddle for twenty-five dollars, and a small tent which I bought from the army surgeon for sixteen dollars. Towards the end of May, the priest from Lander brought me to my mission station. We set out from Lander early in the morning. My belongings and a few boards from some old boxes and cases which I found behind the store were piled up in a wagon. On the way we picked up the pony and tent, and reached the country of the Arapahoes shortly after midday. My chattels were unloaded, and after a respite, the priest went back to Lander by a short cut, leaving me alone with my Indians. I began at once to pitch my tent, and to put up my altar, so that I might say Mass on the following morning. Chief Black Coal was my next door neighbor, so I invited him and his two wives and two children to watch me during the Mass. He and his family sat down on the ground before my tent and witnessed the celebration of the divine mysteries, without, however, any idea of their significance. The Mass was about my only spiritual missionary occupation, since I did not understand the Indian language, and the Indians did not understand mine. I enlarged my habitation by enclosing a space behind about the size of the tent itself, and covering it with the piece of canvas which is usually spread over the tent. My sleeping compartment was in a corner of the tent. There I spread on the ground a mattress of hedge branches covered with a buffalo hide. My kitchen was a small hole in the ground, into which I laid a few stones, on which I could rest a kettle or a coffee can when I wanted to heat water for my coffee. My culinary art and my meals were almost as plain as my kitchen in the beginning, but they improved with time. During my first night of rest I was awakened by the dull sounds of a big bass drum and the

ghostly incantations of the medicine men, who were plying their medical skill at the home of a sick woman. I can hear that incantation to this very day, it left such an indelible impression on my memory.

After a few days, the young priest was recalled from Lander, and so the pastoral care of both Lander and Fort Washekee devolved upon me. On Sundays I read Mass either at Lander or at the Fort. After the first Sunday's service at Lander, I started to return to my mission on Tuesday or Wednesday. I left the Agency about seven o'clock, so as to be able to cross the river by daylight. The ride to my tent was about twenty miles. It was clear moonlight, and there was no danger of losing the way, as the path led along the river, and both the Indian encampment and my tent were at the river's bank. When I got to within a few miles from home, I heard the barking of dogs. I was not a little surprised, as I knew that there were no dwellings in that neighborhood. On approaching a little nearer, I found that the whole encampment of Indians had moved to this spot, and that my tent was the only thing left at the old camp. The sick woman whom the medicine men had attended had died during my absence, and for that reason the encampment had shifted its quarters; for the Indians never want to stay in a place where death occurs. Death, even in a loghouse, means the tearing down of the house and rebuilding elsewhere. So I hitched my pony nearby so that he could not run away, for I had no stable as yet, and then lay down to rest for the night. On the following Sunday I intended to say Mass at the Fort for the soldiers. I started on my way bright and early Saturday morning. There was an abundance of wild pheasants in the neighborhood, and the idea occurred to me to catch a few of them, and present them to the quartermaster's wife, which I knew would please her very much. I had been riding only a few miles, when I saw a bevy of them running along the road, if you can designate a trail by that name. I dismounted, and caught one of them and tied it to my saddle. A little way further I saw others along the road. I got down again, and fired a shot at them. I do not know whether I hit any or not, for they ran into the thicket, where I could not follow them. Then I made a fateful mistake. While I was reloading my gun, I let the pony stand nearby, without throwing the bridle over his head on to the ground, which I should have done if I expected him to stand still. The pony began to move away. I called to him, but he did not heed my

call, but ran off, leaving me standing with my gun in my hand. So I had to continue the journey by foot, and the Agency was fifteen miles away. Luckily my Indians were holding a dance some eight miles this side of the Agency, but on the other side of the river. I could not wade across, for the river was too deep. Just as I got to the ford, I ran into some Indians, who were riding along the road on their ponies. I gave one of them a quarter of a dollar, and he let me ford the river on his pony. The Indians had been holding their dance close by, and they were just about to break up to begin another dance closer to the Agency. I looked up the chief, and he took me in his wagon to the new place of dance. But I had to get to Lander, for my pony had strapped to his back everything that was necessary for saying Mass. The chief was kind enough to let me have a pony, and thus I was enabled to continue my journey. After riding along nicely for several miles, the pony suddenly jumped to the side, and threw me into the road. Now came the task of recapturing my Pegasus, but it was a difficult undertaking, for he would never let me get close to him. Fortunately I just then espied two men on ponies near by, evidently on a hunting expedition. I waved my white hat at them, beckoning them to come nearer. They understood me, and came over. It was the Protestant minister, the same who had taken the school from me, and one of his scholars. I asked the boy to catch my pony for me, and he did so without much trouble. I was very grateful to them for this kindness, and continued my journey, but with great caution lest my pony attempt his circus act again. I arrived at Lander about four o'clock in the afternoon, and lo! as I reached the entrance into my house behind the church, I saw a lay brother standing there, his face lit up with joy and wonder. I forgot that I was astride a tricky pony, while I was extending my hand in cordial greeting, the pony repeated his stunt, threw me in front of my door, and ran away. Now I could extend my welcome without fear of interruption. "O Father," began the brother at once, "so you really are alive, and you are not drowned. I can't tell you what agonies I have endured all this day. When I reached here this morning, and asked for Father Jutz, I was told that you were probably drowned in the river." 'His pony,' they said, 'came here with all your things tied to his back; everything was soaked with

water; the mountain streams are high, and so it is likely that he was drowned.'” Several men set out at once, to the place where the road crosses the river, to find the drowned Father Jutz. One of them said that he would demand at least forty dollars if he found the body.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of the brother when he heard this news. It was a long, long time since he had shed a tear, he said, but he cried today. Of course, it can be readily understood how overjoyed he was to see me standing before him hale and hearty.

I then related to him how it had been my intention to hold services for the soldiers at the fort, and how, in the course of my adventures, I had been compelled to come to Lander. The reader may wonder how my pony found his way to Lander. It happened in this way. The pony in question did not belong to me, but was owned by the brother of the young priest who had been my predecessor. This man was a clerk in a store at Lander. His brother had given him the pony, and I had borrowed it from him, because my own pony was resting up. After a few days, I took the lay brother to my mission. I hired a wagon and a driver to transfer the brother's chattels and different other necessary articles which I wished to take along. My pony also went with us. We took a round about way home, so as to avoid the river as much as possible. Only once were we obliged to ford a stream, at a place directly opposite to my tent. As the circuitous route was a rather long one, we did not reach the ford of the river until after darkness had set in; hence we did not venture to cross, and we spent the night in the open fields. We camped on a level spot near the bank of the river, where there was plenty of grass, and plenty of mosquitoes besides. With one blanket to lie on, and another to cover us over completely against mosquitoes, we lay down to rest; the driver, too, sought as well as he could to protect himself against our unwelcome guests.

After a while brother said to me: “Father, look, I see the heavens open, and the angels.” I looked, but my eyes were not sharp enough to see any angels; but I thought that if the angels were watching over us, our slumbers would be carefree. The next morning we crossed the river with all our belongings, and our coachman went back to Lander.

(To be continued)

THE DIARY OF A PHILIPPINE MISSIONARY.

The date of June 12, 1921, will be one long remembered in the history of our province, since it marks the beginning of a new missionary era. Early in the day, the missionaries, chosen to open the new field of labor in the Philippines, began to assemble in the historic and beloved halls of St. Francis Xavier College, New York, where preparations had been made for them to spend the last night before their departure for the Far East. There were no sad faces in that assembly, but on the contrary, every one seemed to be inspired with a joyous enthusiasm in anticipation of the labors and sacrifices which each one knew would be the inevitable concomitant of the missionary life.

At four o'clock a picture was taken. This was to be strictly a family group for future reference in the province archives, but true to form, the ever vigilant newspaper reporters, having got wind of the event, were there on the spot to snap us as we posed, and even out of pose. For they purposely waited to catch us off our guard in order to obtain a more sensational picture for the pictorial page; and sure enough, next morning's *News* pictorial contained a good-sized photograph of Father Provincial and Father Byrne shaking hands, with the others grouped around in the most "off guard" fashion, and labeled: "The Provincial of the Jesuits takes leave of the Missionaries of the East."

The picture taking was followed by a dinner, at which were present the rectors of the various colleges of the province, and many other priests of the vicinity. True to good old traditions, imbibed at Woodstock, there was music and song in good measure to do honor to the occasion, followed by speeches by Rev. Father Casey, Superior of St. Francis Xavier College, and by Rev. Father Rockwell, Provincial, whose words expressed the sentiments of all present, in stating that the whole province considered it the greatest blessing that could be conferred upon it by God to have been entrusted with such an important mission as that of the Philippines, and that, as a result, the entire province would be fired with a new zeal for the things of Christ.

After the dinner there was very little time left before the exercises in the church were begun. Invitations for

these services had been issued, and consequently, a large gathering was anticipated, but no one had expected such a vast crowd as made its appearance. Indeed, the immense church of St. Francis Xavier was altogether inadequate for the host of people, and long before the appointed time it was crowded to the doors. This made it necessary to conduct an impromptu service in the basement, where five hundred people, or more, attended a sermon delivered by Father Thompkins, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Seats had been reserved in the main church for the friends and relatives of the missionaries, but these proved wholly insufficient for those professing themselves *spiritual* relatives of Ours that night.

The services were unusually impressive. As the organ pealed forth a triumphal march, the procession began, crossing along the front of the church and into the sanctuary; there were fully a hundred priests, including representatives from various religious orders, Monsignori and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. After the other priests, walked the twenty missionaries, who took their places along the altar rail; following them came His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, of New York. The altar was a blaze of light and color. There was but one somber touch in the whole sanctuary: the twenty missionaries, garbed simply in their black robes, without surplice, were the center of all eyes, and the object, too, of many a spontaneous prayer.

The Archbishop having seated himself upon the throne, the services began, with the solemn chanting of the Itinerarium, the ancient prayer of the Church for those about to set out upon a journey, and this was followed by a sermon by Rev. Father Provincial, in which he explained the reason for our taking over the Philippine Mission field, told of the many needs of the Islands, and ended his remarks by begging the earnest co-operation of all the Catholics there present, by offering their prayers and material assistance in behalf of our work. Archbishop Hayes also gave a short sermon of congratulation and exhortation to the missionaries, and at the close of his discourse, imparted to them, and to all the congregation, the Papal Blessing. After this, His Grace officiated at Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, assisted by Father Casey, Deacon, and by Father McGlinchy, director of the Foreign Mission Society at Boston, who acted as Sub-Deacon.

When the services were over, an informal reception for the missionaries was held in the school building. There were many well-wishers, besides the friends and relatives, who desired to shake hands with the fortunate ones, and wish them God-speed on their long journey. The recipients of all this honor and congratulation may well feel blessed if only some of the many prayers are said that have been promised them for the success of their labors. The spirit manifested that night speaks well for the generosity of the American public, and their enthusiasm for the mission cause. America is awakening to the necessity and importance of its support of the work of the foreign missions.

Next day, the usual hustle and bustle attendant upon departure was everywhere in evidence. As is ordinarily the case, some of the baggage went astray, and at the last moment two of our number had to make a flying cross-town journey in a taxi; madly rushing through traffic and violating all speed regulations, they just had time to rescue three belated trunks, leaving themselves only a scant five minutes to make the train. At the train no one had time to feel blue, for there were too many hands to be shaken and a hundred good-byes to be said. At length, the "All Aboard" sounded, and a wild rush was made for the Pullman, where, having counted heads, we said a hearty *Deo Gratias*, because no one had missed the train. Now we had a chance to collect ourselves and to examine the surroundings. An entire Pullman sleeper had been put at our service; it was not a private car, however (we were not that aristocratic), but it was ours privately, due to the fact that we were numerous enough to fill a car. It seemed that everyone had candy, and soon there was a general exchange of sweetmeats; neither was the usual exercise of haustus omitted, which Father Minister, of 16th Street, was kind enough to prepare for us.

At Philadelphia we made our first stop, a very brief wait of five minutes, but, nevertheless, we made the most of that short interval, everyone getting out of the car to greet the St. Joseph delegation of Fathers and scholastics, who had gathered there to bid us good-bye. Amidst the general uproar of a Jesuit fusion, the warning signal for starting was not heard, and several were on the station platform when the train began to move. Of course, there was a frantic scamper to board the moving train, putting to the test the gymnastic ability of everyone concerned, and it made us feel proud to see that the last one to take the daring leap was none other than Father

Byrne. After this, Father Byrne consistently refused to leave the safe confines of the Pullman at stop-overs all the way across the continent. But this was not the end of the incident. Just as the porter closed the door of the train, a voice from the interior cried out: "Wait a minute, let me off!" Too late, however; we had captured another recruit for the missions in the person of Father Bernard Keany. There was nothing else to do but to laugh and make the best of it, for our guest had to ride to Lancaster, the next station, sixty-five miles beyond. Father Keany enjoyed the joke upon himself more than anyone else, and was nothing loath to take a little ride with his brothers, even though he had not anticipated the pleasure.

That night we were to pass through the Great Horseshoe Curve, at about eleven o'clock, and some courageous souls there were, who had determined to wait up and see what could be seen of it, in spite of the advice of our negro porter, who assured them that "dar cannot be much seen of de sight, as de lights of de car hab all been distinguished by dat time." Nevertheless, something could be seen of this wonderful bit of natural scenery, for when the spot was reached, it just happened that a freight train, bound in the opposite direction, was rounding the turn, whose headlight illumined the road for some distance, enabling us to obtain a good view of the curve. It is well called the Horseshoe Curve, for as the rear car of the train first takes the turn, the engine has already completed the loop.

Lest some reader should suspect that the good religious were staying up pretty late, and forgetting their pious habits and customs, mention must be made of our community exercises, which were held at about nine o'clock, according to the custom. Litanies were read by Father Connor, all kneeling down in the aisle to answer the invocations; this was followed by examen and points in private. An interested spectator of all these exercises was the porter, who did not quite know what to make of it all. "What was them prayers you all said last night?" he asked the following morning. When told, he only ventured to remark, "Well, they sure was long!" No one contradicted him.

Next morning all arose, but not with the bell. The fact is, that some had forgotten to turn back their watches, whereas others must have set theirs ahead; at any rate, no two of us had the same time in the morn-

ing. But when all were up and stirring, there seemed to be a general consensus of opinion that it was about seven o'clock. Now it was time for Mass. Father McNulty and Father Connor had decided the night before that the motion of the train would not be a sufficient obstacle to deter them from saying Mass, since in their experience as war chaplains they had learned to overcome much harder difficulties in offering the Holy Sacrifice. Accordingly, a temporary altar was improvised in the stateroom of our Pullman, and Father McNulty, vested in his priestly robes, began the Mass, assisted by Father Connor, who, all the while, held the sacred vessels to keep them steady. The other priests and scholastics, meanwhile, had knelt down in the aisle of the sleeper. and while the train sped on at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with twists and jerks, all, with souls filled with devotion, followed the movements of the priest at the altar. It was an inspiring and soul-stirring moment when the sacred words were pronounced and the Sacred Host raised on high; for the thought struck home to each one that God was too good to deny them Himself, even for one day. Then came Communion time. Never before had the words, *Domine, non sum dignus*, seemed to convey such significance. Could it be that, even amidst these unusual circumstances, flying as we were at a terrific rate through space, the members of this little Society of Jesus were really going to receive their dear Lord? But now the priest is advancing down the swaying aisle, and upon the tongue of each is placed the Saving Bread of Life; the Lord has come to be our strength and consolation upon our journey of love. He is not to be outdone in generosity.

When the Mass had been finished, Father Connor immediately vested and began a second Mass, which everyone attended while making thanksgiving. One might imagine that it would have been very late when this second Mass was over, but what was our surprise on finding that, although we had started (as we thought) at 7 o'clock, nevertheless it was only 5.30 when all was finished. That was truly "going some." What, with daylight-saving time, standard time, and time changing during the night, we had arisen about two hours too early.

After breakfast, some one energetically inclined, proposed the advisability of some exercise. Thereupon an indoor track team was immediately started, the backs of

the seats proving very serviceable for gymnastics, and the aisle of the car was quite wide enough for a setting-up drill. First Father McNulty gave an exhibition of how he keeps at the age of seventeen. Then some others began imitating him, until finally everybody fell in line; and a funny sight it was to see the twenty Jesuits taking their exercise in the aisle of the speeding train.

It was fortunate for us that we did our exercising in the morning, since no one felt at all disposed to exertion of any kind in the afternoon. To say it was hot would be to put it all too mildly. We were passing through Indiana, which had had no rain, apparently, for weeks; the sun was steaming hot, the air stifling, and dust was thick upon everything, so that, as some one aptly put it, we literally *tasted* Indiana. That ride was positively the worst that we experienced all along the route, not excepting the road through Montana; and those unfortunate enough to be afflicted with hay fever suffered a miserable six hours, since the dust filtered into the car, even after all windows had been closed.

Nevertheless, as in the spiritual life, desolation is inevitably followed by consolation; so was Indiana followed by the glad sight of Chicago. At the first station, Father Wilson, of St. Ignatius College, boarded the train and extended to us the greetings of the Chicago Jesuits. Everything had been prepared for our arrival, and when we arrived at Chicago Station, there was Father Furay, Rector of St. Ignatius, and many others, with a half dozen taxies waiting to whisk us off to our destinations, some to the college, others to Loyola Academy, on the north side of the city.

A royal welcome awaited us in both places, and here we experienced the first taste of western hospitality. Father Rector of St. Ignatius was kindness itself, doing everything to make us feel at home, and not only he, but every other Father and scholastic, as well, went out of his way to make our stay as pleasant as possible.

After supper, rooms were assigned to the Fathers, and the scholastics were shown to their quarters in the gymnasium, which had been improvised into a dormitory for the occasion. (Woodstock is not the only place that suffers from lack of space). Yet everyone was perfectly content, the hospitality being of the genuine Jesuit type; we were "at home," and that meant a great deal, after our days of travel. The scholastics were glad to compare notes with their brothers in the West, to talk shop

about teaching, athletics, and about the similarity and differences between the East and the West, etc.; and the general conclusion derived from all this was that the Society is the same everywhere. Many of the Fathers had the great pleasure of renewing acquaintance with former friends of Woodstock days; for they had made their studies in the happy days when the scholastics of all the provinces were educated at Woodstock.

Chicago is called the "Breezy City," and if we missed any of the "breezy," it was certainly not the fault of the Chicago Jesuits, who kept us constantly on the go, speeding through the city and its vicinity in automobiles from early morning till night. On Wednesday morning we visited the University of Chicago, making a detailed inspection of its very remarkable library; and then, after a beautiful ride along Lake Michigan, we came to Loyola Academy in time for lunch. The Academy is situated on the north side of the city, overlooking the lake; it is a spacious structure perfectly adapted to modern school requirements, and such as would make any teacher eager to work there. Here, again, the same brotherly kindness and consideration were meted out to us by all the members of the community. After dinner, machines were again waiting to take us on another sight-seeing excursion, first to visit the Church of the Holy Family, one of "Ours," and then to Techny. The church was, indeed, a thing of beauty; would that space permitted a description of this jewel of architecture, so perfect in every detail, with its magnificent altar, statues, costly windows and its novel lighting effects, but we must hurry on to Techny, the home of the Fathers of the Divine Word, who are well known through their little paper, *Our Missions*; and also by their zealous work among the heathen nations of the Far East. Their home, located thirty miles outside the city, would put many of our Jesuit institutions to shame, so complete is it in structure and equipment. The grounds embrace 680 acres, part of which is taken up by an extensive and well cultivated farm, where all the vegetables used by the community are raised; beautiful lawns and parks also adorn the grounds, and in one secluded nook,—and this especially engaged our attention—was a swimming pool for the novices, where we beheld some of the young hopefuls sporting about in the cool water. The printing press would do credit to a large newspaper establishment; while the stock farm and stables would make any eastern farmer envious. Father Hagerspiel, who acted as our host, informed us that at

present there were about 76 brothers, 17 sisters and 70 externs working about the place, and that the brothers, upon entering, were given the same employment as had been theirs in the world,—a reason, as he thought, for their perseverance and efficiency in the Order.

The tour of inspection having been completed, a slight refreshment was served in the refectory, and after this we took our leave of Techny, feeling well repaid for our visit. Some of our party then rode further on for about ten or fifteen miles, until they reached Area, where Archbishop Mundelein is erecting a seminary for the young men studying for the priesthood in his diocese. This, indeed, will be the last word in the line of seminaries, when finished. As yet, only the superstructure of the house of philosophy has been built, and even this is at a standstill on account of a strike, but from this building one can easily estimate what the completed plant will be like. The philosophy house is about twice the size of Woodstock, arranged in the form of a large E, each wing having a central corridor, with rooms opening off to each side, and in every room there will be running water and a bath. In the center of the grounds is situated a large lake, leading up to which is a vast concrete pier, with steps leading down to the water's edge; while spanning portions of the lake there are five ornamental bridges, which add immensely to the beauty of the grounds. It has been figured that, when completed, the seminary will cost anywhere from ten to fifteen millions of dollars. Without doubt it will be the finest institution of its kind in all America.

The following day held in store another busy program for us. In the morning we visited the stock yards, where we were shown every courtesy; the various departments were shown and explained in detail by the guides, and we omitted nothing that was to be seen. The whole inspection proved as instructive as it was entertaining. At the end we had to pose for a photograph, which was to serve as a memorial of our visit.

Our visit to Chicago was terminated by a banquet given in our honor, at St. Ignatius College that same night, and this ended our very enjoyable stay in Chicago, which will long suggest happy and pleasant thoughts to our memories.

And now off again once more, this time aboard the "Oriental Limited," one of the best trains on the Great Northern Railroad. It being 10.45 P. M., and as all were thoroughly tired after the two very full days of sight-

seeing that we had just been through, no one delayed long before climbing into his little berth; and even before the car had started most of the brethren were in the land of nod.

For two days and three nights the "Oriental Limited" sped along its course. The name of our Pullman car was the Shawa, spelt S-h-a-w-a, which immediately suggested to the oriental language scholars a certain letter in the Hebrew alphabet, whereupon everyone was of one voice in assuring our former Hebrew professor, Father Coffey, that the car had been especially selected in his honor, for the name certainly had a Hebrew sound. What else could it be? As guardian of the destiny of this car, one "Norman Hayes" acted as porter, jokester and general utility man. He was a husky black man, with a smile as wide as himself, always cheerful, even when we again made a mistake in the time and woke him up in the "wee" hours of the morning. His cheerful manner and pleasant outlook upon life in general won him the title of philosopher. When called so by one of the scholastics, he looked puzzled for a moment, and then queried: "How do you all spell dat word?" "Try it yourself," suggested his interlocutor. Then he began, "P-y-s-o—say," he broke off, "I'll spell de rest in the mornin'," giving way to one of his hearty laughs that shook his body from the waist up. Norman was, without doubt, a great asset to our journey, and we all agreed in voting him an honorary member of the Society, giving him a "rusha-shama" cheer before parting from him.

An hour stop at St. Paul gave us an opportunity to stretch our legs and to see something of the city. Something was needed to break the monotony of the long ride ahead of us; for from St. Paul, on through North Dakota, the air was hot and the country uninteresting. Montana was even worse; for miles and miles nothing but prairies to be seen, with not a tree, even, to break the sameness of the view; its vast, unending plains were actually depressing to the spirits. One of the stops of the train along this country, was at a little village called Great Falls. There is no other reason for chronicling this stop except to make mention of a little joke on one of our number. Here a little package of western breeze and freshness, in the person of a barefoot newsboy, boarded the train. "Hey, do any of you guys want a paper?" he flippantly "hollered" into our midst. A Father, wishing to see what kind of a reply he could evoke, said:

"Why, my boy, we cannot read." The little fellow looked at him for a moment in scorn, and then retorted: "But you can spell, can't you?" whereupon the rest of us burst out into a hearty laugh, and from then on we never allowed him to hear the last of the newsboy's retort.

All day long our train had been climbing higher and higher, until about six o'clock in the evening of June 16th, we caught our first glimpse of the foot-hills of the Rockies. It was not till 9.30, however, that we reached Glacier National Park, the entrance of the pass through the Rockies. In order that the passengers might obtain a view of the beautiful glaciers at this spot, the train stopped for about fifteen minutes, while everyone got out and walked up to the beautiful hotel, situated at the foot of the mountains. Up in this high altitude, the daylight still lingered at this late hour, and it was a most picturesque sight to look high up the precipitous mountain side and see far above the snow white summit standing out against the evening sky. The air was brisk and almost frosty, and yet along the path, by our feet, the delicately tinted red and yellow poppies grew in great abundance. A group of redskins, men and women, gave the desired western touch to the picture, and had there been a buffalo roaming about, all the details would have been complete.

Only a few brief moments were afforded us to take in the wild and rugged beauty of this spot, and then we were off once more, climbing through the very heart of the Rockies. On every side the snow-capped peaks looked benignly down upon us, their sides covered with a thick growth of mountain pine; and even though the shades of night obscured much of their solemn grandeur, our eyes were loath to close in sleep until the last of this range had been left behind. The hands of our watches pointed close to midnight before the end of the divide was reached, and only then did we leave the observation car and settle down for a night's slumber.

Next morning, Sunday, found us in Spokane, where one of the scholastics met us at the train and escorted us to Loyola University. Immediately upon reaching there, each priest said Mass at the church adjoining, and afterwards we all breakfasted at home once more. How good it seemed to be in a Jesuit house, and to feel the warm hand of sympathy and brotherly affection. After breakfast, through the kindness of the Knights of Columbus, automobiles were in attendance to take us to Mount St.

Michael, the house of philosophy for the California Province, about six miles outside the city, where the philosophers were awaiting us with open-armed Jesuit hospitality. Here everyone immediately proceeded to make himself at home; we could not but feel at home in the midst of this Woodstock, transplanted to the West; for here were the same spirit, the same customs and the same type of Jesuits as are to be found back in our Maryland home. Yet there were differences, too—great differences. Mt. St. Michael is a modern palace, compared with Woodstock; the climate is brisk and invigorating, ideal for study, while the location, high up upon a hill, overlooking the city, leaves nothing at all to be desired.

Soon after arriving, it was time for dinner. Woodstock once again came into mind, when a band composed of philosophers, started up a lively air, and continued to play throughout the whole meal. Before the grace was said, Rev. Father Rector arose and addressed us with words of cordial welcome and congratulation, and he, in turn, was followed by Mr. Hagemann, president of the philosophers' Mission Society, who greeted us on behalf of the philosophers. A beautiful poem, dedicated in our honor, was then read by Mr. Kearney. In response to all these expressions of fraternal kindness, Father Thompkins arose and gave a brief talk about our mission, and thanked Father Rector and the philosophers for their splendid reception, ending his remarks with an invitation to all present to join our ranks and accompany us to the Philippines.

We spent the rest of the day and that night at Mt. St. Michael's, but returned on the following morning to the University, where a dinner, prepared in our honor, was awaiting us. After dinner, the Knights of Columbus again provided automobiles, and took us on a tour of inspection through the city, which made a most pleasant impression on all of us; its beautiful residences, well-paved streets, and its wonderful mountain scenery, made everyone open his eyes wide in admiration of the grandeur of the West, so little known and appreciated by the people of the East. Leaving Spokane, a night's run through some of the most wonderful scenery in the world brought us into Seattle. Newspaper men had been keen on our trail all along the route, but at Seattle, we were no sooner off the train than we were lined up and snapped by the camera man of one of the evening papers, and that night, in a very conspicuous place in the paper, our picture was exposed for the edification of

the public, along with an extensive account of our missionary enterprise. Father Tompkin, Rector of Seattle College, had automobiles at the station, and we were soon driven to the various houses where we were to be entertained. Mass was said by the priests, some at the college, others at the rectory of St. Joseph's Church. The morning was spent in inspecting the college and in meeting the Fathers of Seattle, among whom was Father Dinand, an old friend of ours, as it seemed, on account of our knowing and loving so well his brother, our own Father Socius. Automobile riding was the order of the afternoon. What a beautiful ride that was—splendid boulevards and parks, full of the most wonderful roses, of hues such as we never see in the East, and in the distance, on every side surrounding the city, gorgeous vistas of fertile valleys, with background of lofty, snow-capped mountains, while far off at a distance of some eighty miles, towering up above all the rest in majestic splendor, the pearl peak of Mt. Ranier, stood out like some giant sentinel of the land.

We were all invited by the Knights of Columbus to be present at a reception in their lodge rooms that night, but owing to various reasons, only some five or six were able to accept their kind invitation. Those present were called upon to speak, scholastics as well as priests, so that some of the philosophers, just fresh from Woodstock, had their first opportunity to shine in public, an opportunity which they made good use of to cover themselves with glory.

Bright and early next morning, the wandering, homeless Jesuits, were on the final lap of their journey, a train ride of seven hours and a half, which by this time seemed nothing of a ride at all, so seasoned had we become to travel. Vancouver, our port of embarkation was reached at last, and there in the harbor lay the good ship "Empress of Asia," which was to set sail on the following day, bearing its precious cargo of missionaries across the Pacific. Vancouver is a pretty city, set at the foot of glacier mountains, and bordering on Puget Sound; it is scarcely over thirty-five years old, and where the fashionable residences are now located, a short while ago stood virginal forests of mighty fir trees. Here English customs prevail throughout—vehicles pass on the left-hand side of the street, the boys may be seen playing cricket on the open lots, the English language is spoken with that peculiar accent, so strange to the ears of a Yankee, and a hundred and one other peculiarities make it wholly

unnecessary to glance at the British flag flying from the masthead to bring home the realization that the land is a colony of Great Britain. We had to remain over night here, as our ship did not sail until nine o'clock next evening, but thanks to the thoughtfulness of Father Tompkin, Rector of Seattle College, all arrangements had been made for our accommodation, so that we found every necessity provided for ahead of time, even to the transportation of our baggage to the boat.

And now it was time to say *au revoir* to terra firma. We boarded the steamship on Thursday afternoon, June 23rd, and were assigned our staterooms, after which we made a thorough inspection of the immense floating palace, to which we were to consign our destinies for the next few weeks. It was indeed a palace. The saloons and dining rooms were furnished in a style that would do justice to the best of our New York hotels, the cabins contained every convenience that the most fastidious tourist could expect; and moreover, everything about the entire ship was immaculately clean. The "Empress of Asia" has the reputation of being the best boat on the Pacific, a reputation which is lived up to, as we were to learn on our journey; for the consideration and courtesy shown our party, both by officers and crew, were in all respects irreproachable.

It was nine o'clock, and the shadows of evening were beginning to close around us, when the signal was given for hoisting the anchor. The departure of the ship was not the exciting affair that it is accustomed to be in New York. There were friends at the dock to wish the passengers God-speed and a safe journey, it is true, but they were very quiet and dignified about it, and as the ship slipped away from the wharf, one wondered whether we were really going far across the Pacific, or merely upon a brief pleasure trip. The band played, the final good-byes were exchanged, and handkerchiefs waved until the last dark outlines of the dock could no longer be made out; then everyone settled down to the voyage in good earnest. We were leaving home and all its fond memories behind, going now to face new circumstances and conditions of life, not knowing exactly what was before us, yet trusting in our dear Lord and Savior to protect and favor our undertaking. We were in His hands, obeying His behests and endeavoring to carry His gospel, yes—*usque ad ultimum terræ*; now He must give us the increase.

HENRY L. IRWIN.

(*To be continued*)

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

"Apologetica." By Rev. John T. Langan, S. J. Published by Loyola University Press, Chicago, Illinois.

Pope was wise, indeed, when he bade his readers "be not the first by whom the new is tried." What the poet said about the art of writing in general may be applied to apologetics in particular, and very aptly. The logical foundations of Christianity, albeit old, are sound; yet there is a tendency, today, even among Catholic authors, to minimize both their value and importance. This tendency is especially marked in the case of those who stress the psychological to the disadvantage of the logical. They discourse at length on the will-dispositions requisite for belief; they accentuate the need of divine grace to see what is naturally visible; they give practical directions for soothing and swaying storm-tost souls, but at one and the same time omit or cloud one great issue, to wit, the establishing by solid and orderly argumentation the truth of the Christian revelation. Of such we may say with the French officer, who witnessed the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, "It is grand, but it is not war."

Father Langan is to be congratulated in this, that he confines himself to a consistent and logical presentation of the motives of credibility, the while he leaves the psychology of conversion to the pastoral theologian or the spiritual director. In brief, he holds fast to the objective and the logical, and refuses to be drawn aside from his purpose by any modern psychological or immanentist tendency.

"Apologetica" comprehends an introduction, three main divisions and an epilogue, the whole supplemented by an exhaustive and detailed bibliography.

The first main division is purely philosophical. It deals with the nature and possibility of divine revelation, to which are added a discussion of physical, intellectual and moral miracles, and a criticism of the subjective criteria so popular in Immanentist and Modernist circles.

The second main division is devoted to an intensive study of the genuineness, integrity and authority of the five historical books of the New Testament. The treatment throughout is very thorough. Not only are positive arguments developed, but also the positions of modern liberals are defined and their objections solved. There are in addition four excursus, namely, on the Synoptic Problem, on textual criticism, on the Gospel of the Infancy, and on religious analogies.

The third main division opens with an investigation of the Messianic prophecies and the apocalyptic literature of the Jews. Then, the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be a divine

legate, Messiah and very God, are put in bold relief, and proved from the character of Christ, from His wondrous wisdom, from His prophecies, from His miracles, from His glorious resurrection, and, finally, from the fulfillment of Messianic prediction. The testimony of primitive Christianity is next examined. That the first Christians, the Apostles and the Ante-Nicene Fathers believed Jesus to be Messiah and Son of God is abundantly proved; that the belief of primitive Christianity responds to the truth is demonstrated by appealing to the miracles of the Apostles, the wonderful propagation of the Christian religion and the testimony of the martyrs. In this connection it may be well to note the author's treatment of the eschatological question, the supposed influence of Philo on St. John, St. Paul and the mystery religions, the Charismata, and the permanence of the gift of miracles.

The epilogue is a supplementary discussion on a modern and popular subject, the history of religions. The exact bearing of the Hebrew religion is defined, and the falsity of Buddhism and Mohammedanism is exposed. This accomplished, there follows an interesting and converging argumentation for the purpose of proving that religion is universal, and primitive man monotheistic.

The book concludes with the teaching of the Vatican on the moral necessity of divine revelation.

From a methodological standpoint the treatment throughout is scholastic, the theses are well arranged, the discussions are thorough, the statements are clear and simple, the objections of the adversaries are honestly met and honestly answered. In a word, Father Langan's "Apologetica," while not the last word on the subject, is all that it is meant to be, a text for the class room and the starting point and inspirer of further studies.

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Arthurus Vermeersch, S. J.—"*Periodica de Canonica et Morali.*" Tomus X, fasc. i, 25 Maji; fasc. ii., 1 Aug. 1921. Bruges, Beyært.

These last two numbers of the well known *Periodica* cover more than one hundred pages each, and, as usual, they recommend themselves by the explanatory notes added to the last decrees of the Holy See and by the articles on canonical questions of importance. Among the latter we should like to mention those on *Monasteries and Higher Superiors*, on the *Changing of Local Superiors*, on the *New Roman Missal*, on *Indulgences*.

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Vermeersch—Creusen, *Epitome Juris Canonici.* Tomus Primus. Malines-Rome, Dessain, 1921.

Students as well as teachers of Canon Law will find in

this work a comprehensive and accurate summary of the legislation contained in the first and second books of the Code. The authors follow the order of the titles. When necessary, the statements which embody the laws are preceded by an explanation of the terms and of some general principle, and are accompanied by the interpretation of the law itself. In interpreting the law, the authors give their opinion modestly but freely, with the object of explaining the difficulties which the text may present.

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"*Guide Marial du Chrétien Militant.*" Wetteren. J. De Meester et Fils, 1921.

This book of 260 pages is divided into four parts: "The Glories of Mary," "Devotion to Mary," "Private Virtues" and "Social Action." Thus the reader gets a good idea of its contents. The work is especially intended for sodalists of the Blessed Virgin Mary. As the title indicates, it is addressed more particularly to the *militant Christian*, because every sodalist must be such. The purpose of the author, Father Paul Debuchy, S. J., in publishing this excellent work, is to furnish all sodalists with a handy and practical text book concerning their every day duties as militant Christians. The directors of sodalities will find this book a store-house for instructions. It is full of splendid suggestions. We hope to see it some day done into English. It is the best book of the kind that has fallen into our hands for a long time. Those who wish to obtain copies of this *Guide* may get them at a reduced price by writing directly to the author, 7 rue des Augustins, Enghien, Belgique.

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"*The Children's Bread. Part I. Holy Mass and Communion.*" By Father W. Roche, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co., Fourth Ave. and 30th Street, N. Y. \$1.20. Cloth.

This booklet is really something new to foster devotion to the Mass and Holy Communion in the hearts of Christ's little ones. All is put in the simplest language. And that the children may the better understand and appreciate Mass and Communion, there is a wealth of pictures and hymns. An excellent book for missions and retreats to children.

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"*Petits Offices du Sacré Coeur de Jésus, de L'Immaculée Conception et de Saint Joseph.*" Explication Sommaire. Texte Latin. Troduction en Vers Français. Tours. Marcel Cattier. Wetteren. J. De Meester et Fils.

This charming devotional work is edited by Father Paul Debuchy. In a short instructive preface the author gives the reasons for the origin and use of these "little offices." All three offices mentioned in the title are included in this booklet which one can carry about with him in his coat pocket.

Collection de la Bibliothèque des Exercices de Saint Ignace.
 No. 68. Mars-Avril, 1921. *Exercitiorum Spiritualium*
Lexicon. Lexique des Exercices. Par le P. Joseph Van
 Gorp, s. J. Bibliothèque des Exercices. 7 rue des
 Augustins. Enghien, Belgique.

Our Spanish Fathers, the editors of the *Monumenta Historica*, s. J., in the volume on the Exercises, published in 1919, call special attention to the various peculiarities of grammar, orthography and style of the author, St. Ignatius. These peculiarities have given rise to many controversies as to the precise meaning of the terms used. It was this fact that suggested to Father Van Gorp the idea of writing a lexicon of the Exercises. In this number of the Collection we have the beginning of such a work. It is the author's intention to perfect it still more in the future.

No. 69. Mai-Juin, 1921. *Retraites Modernes en Chine.*
 Par le P. Louis Van Hee, s. J. The work of retreats has made great progress in China, as our readers may learn from the perusal of this number of the Collection. Father Becker, a veteran missionary of Tche-li, writing to Father Watrigant in 1913, calls China "an excellent field for the Exercises." The proof of this statement is found in this most interesting account of modern retreats in China by Father Van Hee.

No. 70. Juillet-Août, 1921. "*De Tribus Humilitatis Modis.*" *Quæstiones Disputatæ, a Variis Auctoribus*, s. J. In No. 57 of the Collection, there was published a discussion of this consideration *De Tribus Humilitatis Modis*. As our readers may remember, there was, and is, some difference of opinion in regard to its interpretation. The point in controversy was not entirely cleared up. In this present number the question is again taken up. The editor gives the principal place to the essay of Father Henry Pydynkowski. For a clearer understanding of the question in controversy the editor publishes first the opinion of Father Francis de Hummelauer, s. J., with whom, in a very kindly way, Father Pydynkowski had taken issue. This is followed by the latter's answer to Father Hummelauer's letter. Then to give the reader a still further insight into the disputed point, the editor quotes some pages from Father Maurice Meschler, whose interpretation of the *De Tribus Humilitatis Modis*, in its conclusions at least, seems to be very much like that of Father Pydynkowski.

OBITUARY

FATHER PETER CLOVIS BOUGIS

On the morning of March 27th, 1920, at the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, Los Gatos, California, with the community about him, reciting the prayers for the dying, the heroic soul of Father Peter Clovis Bougis went to meet his God.

Father Bougis was a man of great simplicity, singular candor and tender piety. He was of the robust Vendean stock, born of typical Christian parents at Les Sables d'Olonne, La Chaume, Vendée, in the Province of Luçon, France. After a boyhood of striking innocence, he finished the Petite Seminaire, and entered the Society of Jesus at Angers, August 28th, 1879. He was expelled from France, along with Father George de la Motte, Father Stephen de Rouge and Father Paul Arthuis, all destined later for the missions of the Rocky Mountains. He took his first vows at Aberdovey, in Wales, and there made his juniorate. He took his philosophy at Woodstock from 1881 to 1884, and after a year at Holy Cross, in Worcester, teaching French, he was sent to St. Peter's Mission, Montana, where he served an apprenticeship in work for the Indians of the Northwest, which was later to occupy many full years of his life.

He began his theology at Woodstock in 1888, continued it in the Island of Jersey, and finished it at Chieri, in the Province of Turin, receiving sacred orders at the end of his second year of theology.

From 1891 to 1895, we find him at Holy Family Mission, among the Pickans, or Blackfeet Indians. He threw himself into his work with characteristic ardor, and mastered that difficult language, of which he composed both grammar and dictionary. He loved the Indians, and was loved by them in return. Then, as ever afterwards, children were particularly drawn to him, and he used this influence to bring them to know and to love God. No one who has not lived in the Indian missions, in the old days of bad roads and vast territory, can picture what a heroic missionary faced when called to visit the sick in the depths of winter. The writer heard from the lips of Father Bougis relations of many such missionary trips. Caught, time and time again, in fierce blizzards, forced to spend the night in the open, refreshed at length by the rough food of the Indians, we can easily understand how, during those years of incessant labor, the rugged constitution of the missionary was undermined.

At the call of duty, neither then nor ever after, did Father Bougis hesitate. He would laughingly say: "We have to

die sometime." The writer first met Father Bougis when together they made their tertianship under Rev. Father Frieden, of happy memory, in 1895. The opinion then formed was never afterward changed. He was a true Jesuit, deeply pious, devoted to the Society and her works, utterly without guile, solidly learned, but without the least pretence, and the very soul of charity.

Then, as later on, when the writer knew him more intimately, he came to look upon him as an other-world man. His conversation, then, and ever after, was in Heaven. The following twelve years of his life were spent by our zealous missionary in various towns of lower Alaska, Juneau, Douglas Island, Skagway, where he endeared himself to all, and in a quiet way wrought wonders. Those, too, were days of many privations, of long and dangerous trips by land and by water, and of hard and constant labor. All through that northern country his name is still held in veneration.

Broken now in health, he was called to the milder climate of California, and for three years, from 1908 to 1911, he was stationed at St. Ignatius, San Francisco, teaching French in the college and acting as Operarius in the church. He began in those days an apostolate in the confessional, arduous, assiduous and most fruitful, which continued, with one brief interruption, until his mortal sickness forced him to his bed. It is no exaggeration to say that he spent hours daily in the confessional. This work was a positive joy to him.

One year more he was to spend with the Blackfeet Indians, who welcomed him with great joy; but the robust constitution had given way. The altitude made sleep almost impossible, and at the end of the year he was sent to our parish in Missoula, Montana, where he devoted himself to hospital, school, convent, and particularly to the confessional.

Once more, in 1914, he was sent to St. Ignatius, San Francisco, and there he remained until within a few months of his death. More than ever was he devoted to the confessional, almost living in the church. God only knows the harvest of souls gathered in those long hours. This much is certain, that, gifted as he was with rare prudence, indomitable patience and deep piety, people flocked to him. All found in him a father, a counsellor and a friend, and treasured his weekly advice as their sustenance until the coming confession.

Despite the premonition of heart failure, hardening of the arteries and kidney trouble, he still struggled up the hill, twice or thrice a day, to his confessional. He broke at last, and superiors sent him for rest and treatment to St. Mary's Hospital, in care of the Sisters of Mercy. From the beginning the doctor would hold out no hope. During those months of enforced rest, and often of severe pain, he edified all by his patience, resignation and zeal. Toward the end of December, 1919, he was taken to the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart at Los Gatos. He rallied for a while, and constantly spoke,

as he had ever done in the hospital, of returning to his labor of love in the church.

In February he took to bed and never left it, except for a short spell. Here, as in the hospital, his patience was unalterable. In the greatest suffering, all he would say was: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph—courage!" On the 26th of March, the feast of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Mother, to whom he was tenderly devoted, he took a sudden change. He received the Holy Viaticum late that night, but lingered until the morning of Saturday, the 27th.

We all revered and loved Father Bougis. The people look upon him as a saint. His memory is in benediction.—R. I. P.

FATHER JOHN PFISTER

On Friday evening, May 13, 1921, Death's Angel stooped over the ranks of the militant Fathers of the Society in Jamaica, and he who answered the call was not one of the weary and broken, but in the full prime and vigor of his days. Father John Pfister passed from our midst in the forty-seventh year of his life,

In this little appreciation of one whose memory shall long be fragrant among us as the echo of his songs shall long be sweet, it is fitting that we should call attention, first of all, to what in Father Pfister's life was not Father Pfister, or, paradoxically, what in his personality was impersonal. You will understand this better when you recall that every Jesuit is the product of a system—an ancient one laid down by a saint—and that it is every Jesuit's dearest endeavor to reflect that system in his life, in his methods of thought and action. The most salient, and, indeed, all embracing feature of this system, is obedience—the submission of one's will to another, not because of the wisdom of this particular submission, but because of the blessedness of all submission in itself (*obediens usque ad mortem*). So it might well appear to the uninitiate a superstition, the way in which a Jesuit requires (to use an ancient parliamentary expression), "the touch of the sceptre," for all his plans, however carefully considered, for the exercise of all his talents, however sanctified, nay, even inspired by God.

Those who knew the departed priest intimately will clap their hands and say, "Obedient—how that describes him to the letter!" Initiative he had in plenty, and no one was a more ambitious planner. But every plan, every detail of accomplishment, had to feel the breath of approval from him to whom the Jesuits owed obedience. He brought everything first to him like a child, then, with a man's energy he went ahead, and Kingston knows what he did.

Once more, there was another way in which Jesuit rule found an expression in the life, all too short, of him who is gone. No one could be long in Jamaica and doubt what Father

Pfister's taste and inclination were; the memory of them is melodious. Father Pfister's talent for music was early recognized when he became a novice in 1893, but that did not modify the long, rigid course in the sacred and profane sciences, together with the duty of teaching grammar and the rudiments, extending over sixteen years, anything but congenial to a musician. And so in the work in Winchester Park, no one preached more regularly. He had the convert class, with all the drudgery of instruction. He was indefatigable as a confessor, both of the faithful of Holy Trinity and of the large community of Alpha. He took his turn in the missionary trips to outlying points. He visited the poor, and begged for them from door to door. In a word, for being a musician, he was no whit less a devoted and efficient priest.

But if he was, according to the tradition of his Order, a jack of all trades, he was master of one. In him we have lost a musical director that we shall perhaps never replace.

In regard to his music, however, it is noteworthy that he first turned it to account for the immediate service of the Church. No one sang the Mass and the Church's liturgy more accurately than he—and some one well remarked, how sad it was when he lay under the dome of the Cathedral and the chant he loved so well floated past his white, up-turned face, to notice the absence of his sweet, steady tenor in the Benedictus. He also directed and trained the Cathedral choir. What a severe labor this was, is nobly attested by one of the most eminent of local musical directors, who wrote after Father Pfister's death, how he found it impossible to undertake the task in question as being beyond his strength. Father Pfister did this with one hand, as it were, and with the other hand he reached out to other great works.

These other works were his operas. 'Twere folly to attempt to describe them. Young and old can close their eyes now and see the war dance of "Powhattan's Braves" or the serried lines of the musical tars of "H. M. S. Pinafore." But with regard to those triumphs of sound and color and motion, that which is borne in on us most emphatically is not the tireless energy of the Father Director, no, but particular expression of that energy, namely, his passion for detail. Father Pfister did not disdain to wield a needle in order to fit the last costume on the last member of his cast, while swords and breastplates, crowns and catapults, all and more, his ingenuity would supply to make the tale of properties complete to the last item. And as for musical detail, who that sang under him cannot see him now, vibrant with life, his hand raised, his forefinger extended, and then down it came, that forefinger, *one, two—one, two*, like a tireless hammerer beating with all smoothness, until from under that forefinger at last emerged the glittering, perfect production! Then when the curtain rose, there still we saw that

forefinger and felt the steadying of its precise rise and fall.

Father Pfister's end came very simply. Stricken with typhoid, which his nervous energy kept him from realizing, he was finally obliged to go to the hospital, suffering, as everyone thought at the time, from nothing more serious than a fever, intensified by his run-down condition. But it seemed as if God had whispered something to His little priest. The sick man met the house physician at the entrance of the sanitarium, and said pleasantly: "Doctor, I shall have no need of you; I am going to heaven this time." Delirium soon descended on him, but before it came he repeated with Sister Aloysius, his nurse, the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. Through the wanderings of his mind, the love of his heart ever anon flared up, for he kept repeating the names of Jesus and Mary. After the delirium, which lasted several days, came a kind of coma in which he died silently and without a struggle. It was like the ending of one of his operas, the little director, eager, intense, seeking no notice, with his back to the audience, and then disappearing without a word into the dark entrance under the stage. But who that pauses can but cry out—"What of the other side, behind the scenes!"

The writer saw the dying man in the coma from which he never emerged. It was the day of his death. All was really over, his senses were in the grave already, and the soul was struggling to shake off the little body that held it. As I watched him he lifted his hand, stretched out his arm full length, extended the forefinger. It was the old gesture of directing, the talent that he had not hidden but had used and multiplied for the Master.

Father John Pfister was born in Brooklyn, New York, January 31, 1875. He was educated in his native city, and became a Jesuit novice at the age of eighteen. He spent twelve years as student or teacher in the colleges of the Society in Ohio and Wisconsin, then three years in the theologate at Valkenburg, Holland. After receiving the priesthood in Woodstock, Maryland, he labored three years in the United States, coming to Jamaica in August, 1911, almost ten years ago. It will be seen that what are usually reckoned the best years of a man's life, this priest gave to the Island that has received his bones.

We quote in closing, one of the little Father's pet sayings which one who knew him well has kept for us:

"As the river says, 'I am going to the sea' so I must say,
"To God, to God'."

—R. I. P.

VARIA

AUSTRALIA. ADELAIDE—*The Gild of the Sacred Heart.*
—In Adelaide, South Australia, the Gild of the Sacred Heart was established, last year, with the approval of the Apostolic Delegate and the different Archbishops and Bishops. The purpose of the Gild is to reach boys and girls who have just finished school and give them an opportunity to keep up the practice of going to Holy Communion once a month in a body. Rev. J. C. Hartwell, s. j., the promoter of the Gild in South Australia, in the pamphlet that explains the working of the Gild, very aptly remarks:

“These young people leave school with the idea of being always good. But their goodness and piety are laughed at by many, and their religion is ridiculed. They groan in secret; but soon begin to smile at what is in itself bad. They get discouraged, and grow weary, and then allow themselves to be dragged down the precipice and fall. The moment they begin to lead a life that is not good, their faith gets weaker. How many of these young people drop the practice of going to Holy Communion every month? How many go once a year or not at all? Why is it that so many drift and fall away? The reason is because they have lost *the two big helps* they had at school—(1) monthly Communion in a body; (2) the powerful example of a large number of good lads around them. The atmosphere is changed now. They are *isolated*, left to themselves. They require friends to aid them in the struggle against evil, and against human respect. This help will be found in the result of *Holy Communion in a body.*”

The organization of the Gild is simplicity itself. A half dozen boys in a parish are enough for a nucleus. They meet and make out a list of all the boys they know who have left school, and then each one makes himself responsible for six or seven others attending the monthly Communion on a fixed day. There are no expenses or dues, and no meetings but the all-important meeting at the Holy Table.

BALTIMORE. *Our New Archbishop, Most. Rev. Michael Joseph Curley.*—Baltimore, with the broadness that was characteristic of the Maryland colony, has been cosmopolitan in her Archbishops. The founder of the archdiocese was of American birth, as was his immediate successor and also the majority of the prelates who have governed this illustrious see; but Archbishop Maréchal was a Frenchman, Archbishop Whitfield was born in England, Archbishop Kenrick came from Ireland. Irish blood flowed in the veins of John Carroll, Irish blood and Irish education were the privilege of Cardinal

Gibbons, Irish faith and Irish birth, in the very heart of Ireland, are the proud possessions of Archbishop Curley.

The latest incumbent of the diocese that once was commensurate with the entire United States, is a son of the College of Mungret. The names of its alumni are familiar to those acquainted with the great deeds being wrought for God and country in this land of ours; one cannot but recall, however, in connection with the appointment of Archbishop Curley, that the Bishops of Detroit, Buffalo and Springfield, distinguished types of American energy and progress, all drew their inspiration from that same little nursery of apostolic zeal, close to the city of Limerick. Mungret has reason to be proud of what it has done and is doing for the Church in America. Archbishop Curley is young, vigorous, fearless, aggressive and progressive, a man of deep learning and simple piety, a scholar and an eloquent preacher. His many and varied gifts argue well for the future of the illustrious see to which he has been called, and the exalted traditions of his brilliant predecessors are safe in his holy hands.
—*America.*

Michael Joseph Curley was born on October 12, 1879. At the age of four he went to the schools of the Marist Brothers. When but twelve he had taken first grade certificates in mathematics, physiography and elementary chemistry in the South Kensington science and art examining centre of his native town. Having finished the intermediate course in the Brothers' school, young Michael Curley, at the age of sixteen, proceeded to the missionary school at Mungret, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, near the city of Limerick. Here he followed the course prescribed by the Royal Irish University, and at the end of four years graduated in mental and moral sciences in the old Royal College of Dublin.

Whilst the young man yearned for the very difficult mission of the South Sea Islands, he was assigned to the diocese of St. Augustine, Florida, by the superiors of the college. The Right Rev. John Moore, D. D., sent him to the Propaganda University in Rome for his theological studies. He spent four years in the Eternal City. During his course he was awarded many coveted prizes, and gave proof of intellectual brilliancy of a very high order.

He was ordained priest on March 19, 1904, by the then Cardinal Vicar of Rome in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. He finished his course in June of the same year, and returned to spend a vacation with his parents. In November, 1904, he sailed from Queenstown and landed in New York on the ninth of the same month. He proceeded immediately to his diocese, and was appointed by his ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Kenny, to the parish of Deland, twenty-two miles to the west of Daytona. Here he remained four months. Bishop Kenny then made him chancellor of the diocese, in which capacity he remained in the ancient city of St. Augustine for twelve months. In February, 1906, he re-

turned to Deland to take charge of an area of 7,200 square miles of the east coast of Florida. As pastor of the rather wide parish, Father Curley remained until his appointment to the See of St. Augustine, April 3, 1914.

BELGIUM. *St. John Berchmans Celebration.*—On August 13, the Catholic world celebrated the tercentenary of the death of the young Belgian Jesuit scholastic, St. John Berchmans. Louvain, where his religious brethren keep the precious relic of his heart, has witnessed extraordinary manifestations of devotion in his honor. These included a triduum, a procession and an exhibition of the relics, autographs and writings of the saint, together with a display of pictures, poems and compositions in his honor. The two most eloquent preachers of Belgium and Holland, the Jesuit Father Donnet, and the Franciscan Father De Greeve, the former in French and the latter in Flemish, preached the panegyric of the saint before crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

In the procession, all Belgium through its representatives, may be said to have taken part. A group of boys and young men in the costumes of the seventeenth century pictured St. John in the various periods of his life, as Mass server, student and Jesuit scholastic. His devotion to Our Lord and Our Lady was represented by groups of young girls dressed as Faith, Hope and Charity, and as Our Lady in the various mysteries of the rosary. The heart of the saint was carried by four Jesuit scholastics, a Fleming, a Walloon, an Englishman and an American. The exhibition was held in the hall of the Jesuit House of Studies. Many of the visitors were moved to tears at the sight of the relics of the angelic youth. A beautiful wax figure representing St. John on his death bed excited wide comment by its artistic perfection and the heavenly beauty reflected on the face of the dying youth. The walls were decorated with banners from every part of Belgium. Books, in many languages, even Arabic and Chinese, told of Berchmans' life and sanctity. Volumes could be seen which he himself had used, together with a letter sent to his family on his departure for Rome, a Latin composition written by him while a student of rhetoric, and most valuable of all, the document which he signed with his blood, and which comprises, besides the vow always to defend the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, then not yet defined, the three vows of religion, and a profession of faith. Compositions were also displayed, written by the children of his native land, in honor of the saint, among them one by little Princess Marie José of Belgium. Many pictures of the saint were exhibited. Near these a canvas, sixty feet square, painted by Father Tayemans, S. J., represented the street and the house of St. John, at Diest, as they were at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The entire series of celebrations in honor of the young Jesuit saint proved that neither patriotism nor devotion is dead in his native land.

The Catholic young men of other lands must not let the tercentenary of this saintly brother of Aloysius and Stanislaus pass by without some special and widespread celebration in his memory.—*America*.

The Manuscript of the Vow of St. John Berchmans Restored to Belgium.—The vow that St. John Berchmans made to defend the privilege of the Immaculate Conception was signed with his blood. In 1722, this precious document was given to the Bellarmine Museum in the College of Malines. Father Alphonse Huylenbroucq was bringing it from Rome when he died en route at Salzburg, May 31, 1722. The Cardinal of Malines, whom the Father was accompanying to the conclave, recovered the relic and put it in the Bellarmine Museum. In 1747, when the canonical inquiry was being made into the writings of our saint, this paper was sent to Rome, along with other documents from Belgium. Instead of being returned to the Belgian Province, after the process was over, it was sent to our Fathers in Rome, where it was exposed in one of the chapels of the Society. In January, 1921, the Very Reverend Father Visitor, William Power, begged our Very Reverend Father General to restore the relic to the Belgian Province. On February 13, the latter very kindly granted the request. Some days after, Father Edmond Leroy returned from Rome with the precious document, and Reverend Father Visitor decided that it should be placed in the College of St. Michael, now known, since August, as the College of St. John Berchmans.

Oostacker. The Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.—During the month of May the shrine was visited by an enormous crowd of pilgrims. One could count them by the tens of thousands. On the second day of Pentecost there were close to 50,000. Genuine miracles are wrought at this famous Belgian place under the care of our Fathers.

A Complete Collection of the Acta Sanctorum for Sale.—We received lately this note from one of the Bollandists: "We have a complete collection of the *Acta Sanctorum*, beautifully bound and in the best condition. We came upon it only by accident, and it is difficult today to get such a perfect, complete collection. We think that some one would be glad to purchase it. The price is 7,000 francs, not including carriage. Address Société De Bollandistes, 24 Boulevard Saint Michel, Bruxelles, Belgium.

BOHEMIA-SLOVAKIA (CZECHO-SLOVAKIA). *Summer Congresses at the Jesuit Papal Institute at Velehrad.*—Scarcely had we closed the school year when we had to open the doors of the institute for congresses and reunions.

June 29—The third order of the Franciscans celebrated the 700th anniversary of their founding. Rev. Father Provincial welcomed the 10,000 pilgrims that attended this unique celebration. The jubilee arrangements were in the hands of Father Smekal, O. Cap.

July 15—The Catholic tradesmen celebrated the twentieth year of their establishment. The religious services of this congress were conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

August 3—A congress was held to arouse interest in the mission work among the non-Catholic Slavs. Catholic priests from all parts of the Slav countries were present, as well as a number of religious from many orders. Archbishop Stoyan, of Olomouc, the venerable Bohemian patriot and zealous promoter of the reunion, presided at the sessions. Interesting points were given on the possibilities of an amalgamation between the Orthodox and Catholic churches. It was evident, says the *Tablet* for September 3, 1921, that political conditions in Russia and Ukraine were a hindrance to any effective work in these countries, and very fatal to a better feeling between the religiously separated Slavs. The Serbian Orthodox Bishop Desitheus, who was active among the Uniate Ukranians, as well as among the Bohemian apostates, was noted for his gratuitous proselytism. The results of this nefarious propaganda were inconsiderable as regards defections, however, and the Croat Uniate Bishop Neradi stated that his flock had only been strengthened in its loyalty to the Holy See. But in such circumstances it was impossible to fix the minds of the faithful on reunion and exhort them to greater sympathy and tolerance toward their non-Catholic Slav brethren.

Father Steele, a Latin priest from Lubliana, gave a telling address, in which he pointed out that the young republic of Jugo-Slavia seemed designed by providence as a means for the ultimate reunion of the Eastern Orthodox Church to the true fold. A guarantee for the future would be a renewal of zeal and religious activity among the Catholic Croats and Slovenes. It was important to note, he continued, that the incipient attempts at a persecution of the Catholic Church in Jugo-Slavia came not from the Orthodox Serbs of Serbia proper, but from the freethinkers and freemasons of Croatia and Slavonia. He was of opinion that until the class of political differences between the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes had been settled, little could be undertaken in the way of an organized plan of action, but he was confident that the day was not far off when this could be done.

The Redemptorist Father Tercka, C. S. S. R., reported allegations, at this same Catholic Reunion Congress, of Orthodox Ukranians against the Poles, who were Latinizing the people by force. This report and other similar accounts of political and national conditions were discussed by the congress. "The future," declared the congress, "could only pertain to charity and to corporal works of mercy to be performed by Catholics without any religious propaganda and political force." A resolution was adopted begging the Holy Father, whose Pontificate is already marked by special efforts in the cause of religious reunion, to issue an encyclical

making known to the world the objects and the aims of the Apostleship of SS. Cyril and Methodius for the reunion to Rome of all the Slavic people.

July 5—The feast of SS. Cyril and Methodius, apostles of the Slavs, is yearly kept as a holiday of obligation. Every year it is made the occasion of a mass-pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Methodius at Velehrad. Cistercians were at Velehrad from the beginning of the thirteenth century till the dissolution of the monastery by Joseph II, towards the end of the eighteenth century. Church and monastery were handed over to the Jesuits by Cardinal Fuerstenberg, of Olomouc, in the year 1887. The church is built in the baroque style of architecture, and is one of the biggest in the Republic. The interior is truly magnificent. Of course, it is far too small to hold the crowds of pilgrims from Moravia, Bohemia, Slovakia and Austria, who flock in for the feast of SS. Cyril and Methodius. This year nearly 50,000 pilgrims visited Velehrad, and over 30,000 Communions were distributed during the week of July 3. This enormous gathering was honored by the presence of the Apostolic Nuncio of Prague, Archbishop Micara, and by several members of the *corps diplomatique* of Prague, namely, the American Ambassador, Mr. Crane, the Italian Ambassador, Signor Bordonaro, the Greek Chargé d'Affaires, M. Valtis, and many secondary officials of the Republic. During their stay at Velehrad they were guests of Archbishop Stoyan of Olomouc. It had been arranged that the visitors should be introduced to the people present at the celebration. So, after the services in the church, the members of the *corps diplomatique* took their places on a tribune outside the church. The Archbishop introduced them one after another to the people. It goes without saying that each of the distinguished guests was greeted by the people most enthusiastically. At the banquet, which took place in the afternoon, Archbishop Stoyan proposed a toast to President Masaryk, and asked his son, John Masaryk, who was one of the suite of the American Ambassador, to tell the President, his father, what he himself had seen at Velehrad.

To the Czecho-Slovak authorities in Prague and elsewhere in the Republic may be commended the words which the Catholic deputy, Dr. Hruban, expressed on this eventful occasion: "He who sees Velehrad today need not fear for the future of the Christian culture of the nation, which is not possible without religion; and without Christian and Catholic culture and education, neither school nor public life nor State is possible."

The Congress of Catholic Students in Prague and the Idea of Union.—The Congress of Catholic Students and Cultured Men held in Prague, July 9-13, 1921, had, among others, two principal ends: 1) To be a little step toward a rapprochement of all the Slav nations on a religious and cultural basis

—the idea of Slav Union; and 2), to further the acquaintance and collaboration with the Catholic students of other nations —the idea of Christian international solidarity. To this end delegates of students' unions and other representative men of all the European nations and from America were invited to the congress, and in fact, there were represented (besides the over 1500 Czecho-Slovakian students, and about the same number of Czecho-Slovakian men, with higher education present) Jugo-Slavia (90), the Ukraine (5), Lusatia (2), Austria (2), Belgium (1), Canada (1), England (3), France (9), Germany (1), Hungary (1), Italy (1), Portugal (1), the United States of America (1). The numbers of students' delegates, or men active among students of their respective countries, and representing them at the congress, are shown in brackets. The proceedings, in which all the delegates took a part, brought plenty of precious suggestions.

The idea of this union is not new in Czecho-Slovakia. Before the great war, Velehrad, in Moravia, where Sts. Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of the Slavs, had worked, and St. Methodius died, now the see of a budding papal institute for the education of future missionaries for Slav countries, saw five Unionist conferences, at which not only prominent members of the Eastern Uniat churches, but also some remarkable men of the separated churches were present. Even this year, at least a conference on a smaller scale, on account of post-war difficulties, has been arranged for. The printed reports of these gatherings and the review, *Acta Academiae Velehradensis* (formerly *Slavorum Litteræ Theologicæ*) bear witness to this part of the work for the cause of the union of the churches done in Czecho-Slovakia. The soul of the work was and is the present Archbishop of Olomouc, in Moravia, Dr. A. C. Stoyan, also an ardent promoter of the *Apostolate of the Sts. Cyril and Methodius*, whose members help the Slav missions with prayers and alms.

But now the enthusiasm for this cause has spread among the Catholic students of universities and secondary schools; in their *Students' League of the Sts. Cyril and Methodius*, founded in July, 1920, after an agreement as to organization and program had been arrived at in a conference of Czecho-Slovakian and Jugo-Slav students at Maribor, in Jugo-Slavia, they wish to prepare themselves for their share, as educated Catholic and Slav laymen, in the great work, and they made the cause of the Slav Union one of the chief points of the program of this congress. In this they met with the intelligent sympathy of many of the foreign delegates; in Italy (the Papal Oriental Institute and its publication!) and in France these questions are studied, and much is known about the mental attitude of the Russian people. The fulcrum of all endeavors for the cause of union must be—this is the conclusion recommended by the congress to the young men—a) the workers' own loyalty to the Catholic Church

and their personal sanctification, and (b) a deep study of the soul of the Eastern Slav nations, as it manifests itself in the centuries of their history, in their literatures, art, liturgy, forms of piety; on the basis of the results of these studies, ways and means leading to the removal of misunderstandings and distrust, and thus bringing nearer to union can be sought and devised.

All this is the honorable duty of the Catholic Slavs, especially of the Uniat Ukrainians, Poles, Czecho-Slovakians, Croats and Slovenes. Of the two greater Western Slav nations, the Poles and the Czecho-Slovakians, perhaps the latter can be, on account of historical grounds, and because now Uniat Carpathian *Russia* (formerly a part of Hungary) is a part of Czecho-Slovakia, more acceptable to the Russians—the head and most influential part of the body of the separated Slavs, whose movement will be followed by the others. Czecho-Slovakia, therefore, has an immense field thrown open to her by the fall of Cesaropapism in Russia, which she can enter as soon as Russia is free of her present oppressors. Unfortunately Czecho-Slovakia is not ready for this task. In the past, under the pressure of unhappy circumstances, she did almost nothing for the foreign missions; may the activity for the Eastern Slavs be her most natural first step into that sphere.

In order to foster the spark of enthusiasm and of knowledge of the Slav Union question in its members, and to kindle it in others, the *League* arranged, for the duration of the congress, a pretty little unionist exhibition: Art, liturgy, religious life, were well represented, so as to show the points of contact at which the work for a better understanding may best be begun by the Catholic Slavs. They are the devotion to the Sts. Cyril and Methodius, the devotion to Our Lady, and the liturgy, especially now that the old Slav liturgy has been granted, for certain places and feasts, also to Czecho-Slovakia, and thus the esteem in which Rome holds it, has been documented once more. Discovery of other points of contact and of opportunities must be the object of further study and of prayer. The Ukrainians, who were represented at the congress, are fully alive to the new task and ready to exert all their strength for it; so are the Catholic Jugo-Slavs and also the Poles (who were prevented from coming only by the very low rate of exchange of the Polish mark) promise, in their messages to the congress, to work for the Union of the Slavs.

But the great work of reunion, though it may be a task assigned by God especially to the Catholic Slavs, can be accomplished only by the united prayers and efforts of *the* great unity—the whole Church. It was also for this reason that the preparatory committee invited representatives of so many nations belonging to the one flock of Christ. The Czecho-Slovakian students, members of a small nation and a young

State, need, especially in their present difficulties, their help and advice and encouragement, wish to participate, according to their strength, in the common work, and want to see and feel themselves one with the Catholic unity. And it was, no doubt, consoling to them to hear prominent workers among the French Catholic students promise their own and Catholic France's sympathy and help, to listen to Rev. Leslie J. Walker, S. J., of Oxford, the bearer of a paternally kind and encouraging letter of Cardinal Bourne to the congress, welcome the new workers in the field of Christ, to hear the speakers from Italy, Portugal, Germany, etc., all of whom brought love and enthusiasm and manifold suggestions towards the clearing away of misunderstandings and towards union.

From the international standpoint this Prague Congress may have been for many only a small addition to that of Fribourg, in Switzerland, just a step done in order to give moral support to the congress of the Czecho-Slovakian students. And in this spirit, too, the arrival of the foreign guests was appreciated, and the end has been fully attained. The congress has been a great success. May the enthusiasm for God's cause and the greatness and strength of Catholic unity, at present felt so vividly by the Czecho-Slovakian students, be a help in their endeavors for the realization of their Catholic ideals in their own country and outside of it.

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE. *University of Santa Clara—New Students' Library.*—The largest room opposite the office of the prefect of studies is now giving excellent service as the students' library. Many extra copies of books, as well as complete sets, were taken from the Fathers' and from the scholastics' library and placed at the disposal of the students. About 500 new books were purchased, which, in addition to those already mentioned, make a total of over 2500 volumes in the new library. The immediate result has been a marked improvement in the work of the history department and in debating.

New Alumni Lodge.—The bungalow alongside the old Mission Church, formerly used by the editorial staff of the *Redwood*, has been completely remodeled and furnished, and now serves as a comfortable and homelike place where visiting alumni may hang up their hats a while and talk over old times.

Alumni Clubs.—Santa Clara alumni are now able to join hands with each other and with their Alma Mater through the medium of a score of clubs which have been organized recently over all California. A short time ago the San Francisco Club gave a banquet in honor of an old alumnus, Col. Chas. E. Stanton, lately retired from the U. S. A. During the war Col. Stanton served on the staff of General

Pershing at Paris with such distinction that he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. The famous words, "Lafayette, we are here," so often erroneously attributed to General Pershing, were in reality written and delivered by Stanton, and are now inscribed on the tomb of the celebrated French patriot, at Picpus Cemetery, Paris.

Debating.—The first debate ever conducted by the high school department with an outside institution took place on May 3, when the Santa Clara team was awarded a unanimous decision over a team carefully chosen from nineteen hundred students of the San José High School. For the first time in their history the House of Philhistorians, composed of freshmen and sophomores, left the college walls to debate with the Nestoria Debating Society of Stanford University. They brought back a 2-1 decision for Santa Clara. By special request, two other teams, also from the house, presented a debate before the San José Council of the Knights of Columbus. On March 15, teams representing the law department of Santa Clara and the University of Southern California, met in the Santa Clara Auditorium, and again Santa Clara was awarded the decision. The Southern California team had previously traveled throughout the state on a debating tour, without losing a single decision. This was the first intercollegiate debate in the history of Santa Clara, and its successful outcome aroused much enthusiasm.

Dramatics.—Clay M. Greene, class of '69, writer of "Nazareth, the Passion Play of Santa Clara," has recently assigned the copyright of this play to the university in a document which exclusively transfers to Santa Clara the license for the production of this play, either on the stage or in motion pictures.

Dramatic Art Contest.—A prominent San Franciscan was so impressed with the production of the "Bells" here last year that he presented a \$200 gold watch to the university as an incentive to the further development of dramatic talent. Accordingly a dramatic art contest was held in the Auditorium on February 1, and was, as far as is known, the first of its kind to be held at Santa Clara or in any other college of the west. The contestants appeared in costume and make-up and with the full stage setting called for by each act. There were three contestants from the high school and six from the college department. The watch was won by a fourth year high school student. So much interest and enthusiasm followed this contest that not only has the donor of the prize repeated his offer for next year, but another gentleman, a theater owner of San José, came forward with a like prize for the contestants next year from the high school department. Thus high school and college need not again compete for the same premium.

Father Ricard's Jubilee.—The golden jubilee of Father

Jerome Sixtus Ricard was commemorated on Decoration Day at Santa Clara by the Alumni Association. For over thirty years Father Ricard taught mathematics and astronomy at Santa Clara, and has acquired fame throughout the Pacific states for reliable and accurate weather forecasts. The celebration commenced with an open air Mass in the old mission garden, at which Father Ricard was celebrant, and Archbishop Edward A. Hanna preached the sermon. Over 2500 people assisted at the Mass. A very prominent feature was the singing of the St. Patrick's Seminary Choir. After the Mass a reception was held at which the "Padre of the Rains", as Father Ricard is known to all Californians, was the guest of the alumni and the public. Dinner was then served to fifty seminarians and over a hundred visiting priests. In the afternoon a baseball game was played between two nines composed of alumni who were formerly Santa Clara baseball "stars." In the evening Father Ricard was the guest of honor at the annual alumni banquet. Five hundred old Santa Clara boys sat at the tables which were brilliantly lighted and spread out in the old mission garden like the leaves of a fan. A very solemn moment arrived at half-past eight, when the old mission bells tolled slowly, and the president of the Alumni Association read out the names of the Santa Clara boys who were killed during the war. During the speech-making an aviator flew over the campus and wrote a fiery S. C. in the sky. Among the speakers were Archbishop Hanna, Father Murphy, President of Santa Clara, the jubilarian, John J. Barrett, James A. Bacigalupi and ex-senator of California, James D. Phelan. William F. Humphrey, president of the Olympic Club and a park commissioner of San Francisco, acted as toastmaster.

Some years ago Father Ricard gained wide prominence with his sunspot theory of long-range weather forecasting. The usual newspaper forecast is rarely made more than two or three days in advance. Father Ricard makes his forecast five weeks in advance, so that California newspaper may publish on the first of each month his complete thirty-day forecast. This special work of Father Ricard's is of such practical service to farmers throughout California that he has received from them hundreds of letters and tokens still more substantial of their gratitude. He was born near Plaisons, in Southern France, June 1, 1850, where he attended the public schools and mastered Latin and Greek under the venerable Abbe Espouillier. At the age of twenty-one he entered the Society of Jesus, at Turin, Italy.

New Rector.—On July 22, Father Murphy, whose failing health had compelled him to ask for a successor, was succeeded as president by Father Zacheus Maher.

SEATTLE. *Seattle College.*—Last June, 1921, the high school department of Seattle College was officially accredited

by the State Board of Education, at Olympia, Washington. Although we have the unique distinction of being the only strictly classical school in the state, our numbers are steadily increasing. Our faculty is composed entirely of our own Fathers and scholastics.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin had its first regular meeting and election of officers on October 3, and the boys are taking a lively and intelligent interest in the spread of the sodality. The same zeal and interest is manifested by the promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer, who had their first regular meeting on September 30. We are expecting a very successful year, and have every reason to hope that our expectations will be fully realized.

YAKIMA. *Marquette College*.—Marquette College, Yakima, is a boys' school connected with St. Joseph's Parish conducted by our Fathers. The college includes the higher grades and four years high school. The high school of the college gives our boys a classical and a commercial course. The school has just entered upon the most prosperous year in its history. For the first time it will have pupils in the fourth year high. Consequently, next June, we will have our first graduation. We have 120 pupils in the grades and 60 in the high school.

CHINA. *Diamond Jubilee of the College of Zi-Ka-Wei*.—The College of St. Ignatius, of Zi-Ka-Wei, began its existence in 1850. Up to that time only a few children, whose parents could not take care of them, were in residence. In 1850, regular courses of studies were begun, with about 20 students. Today there are 450. The jubilee celebration lasted three days, November 12-14, 1920. At the public reception held on November 13, nearly all the prominent Chinese state and city officials were present.

Flourishing Condition of the South East, Tchely, Mission.—The Jesuit mission of South East, Tchely, China, has doubled the number of its Christians in twenty years. There are now 102,390 Catholics in this mission. Fifteen Chinese Jesuits, 25 Chinese secular priests and 31 Chinese nuns are working with the 46 European Jesuit priests in the Tchely mission.

ENGLAND. *The Jesuit Directory*—Edited by D. H. Thompson, S. J.—(Published by T. Gerald O'Sullivan, London: 1s).—Our Fathers working in parishes in England suffer a severe handicap, which this manual will do much to remove. The secular clergy remain in the same diocese all their lives, and in consequence are well known by the people to whom they minister. Moreover, having no restrictions of rule, they are able to move more freely among their parishioners; we say this, fully aware of the dangers of that freedom, which, however, tends to produce a greater friendliness. Among the people with whom we work, only a few can appreciate the advantages of our longer and more exact training. English people are naturally reserved and do not easily

make friends, and it may take a long time for a priest really to know them. Then it often happens that when at length a priest has become known, and his work and character duly recognized, he is suddenly whisked away, as they say, no one knows whither. And this makes them even more reserved towards his successor, who is often regarded for some time as an intruder. The argument "for the greater good" hardly appeals to parochial minds; and very few indeed understand or can understand that work in a parish, however well we may do it, is, so to say, only incidental in the life of a Jesuit. This *Directory* will help to remove this reproach—the reproach that our superiors think little of the feelings and needs of parishioners; for they will be able to discover whence the "new Father" came, and when he leaves, whither he goes. They may even be able to trace his career, and all this will help towards friendliness and sympathy, without which, we may almost say, little good can be done in a parish. For this reason alone the *Directory* should be widely disseminated. My cynic will say: "We ought not to have parishes"; but that is another story. The truth is that, even in England, wherein we made so "bloody an entrance," we are not sufficiently known; we are too diffident in putting forward our own special works, devotions, and the like. But the compiler of the *Directory* sometimes lapses into the wrong way of doing this, that reminds us of the warning of the inspired writer of the proverbs (xxvii. 2), "Let another praise thee and not thy own mouth; a stranger, and not thy own lips." Nor do we avoid this covert censure by writing about ourselves from the point of view of an outsider. Otherwise we have nothing but praise for this new venture, and congratulate the editor on the great success of his industry. The book is a mine of information, useful not only to the people under our ministration, but to ourselves, and we would single out the calendar for special praise. As regards the style and general "get-up" of the manual, as we may justly call it, we need only say that it could hardly be better done; and the excellence and variety of the printing in such a book of reference makes for clearness and usefulness. We think the time will come when we shall wonder how we did without it. Our Fathers working in parishes should make it known in their districts. There is an admirable account of the inception and growth of the Society written by the Right Rev. Mgr. Howlett, which should be read and re-read by the congregations under our charge, and our Fathers should see that they have an opportunity of doing so. A study of the book itself will make them take a keener interest in our work, which should result even in better attendance both at church and in the many parochial gatherings incident to church work. We wish it, therefore, an ever-increasing circulation; instead of three thousand, may the publisher be able to print thirty thousand copies. It should

also be tactfully introduced into the convents.—*Letters and Notices*, July.

British Guiana. Georgetown Cathedral.—With due ceremonial, on March 13th (Passion Sunday), the New Cathedral, though still unfinished, was opened for worship. On the First Friday of March, in the year 1913, occurred that terrible disaster which deprived the Bishop of his Cathedral and the city of its most beautiful building. In truth, the old Cathedral was the largest and most beautiful structure ever built in wood in British Guiana; but the new building will be larger, more service able, and not at the mercy of a forgotten ember.

Germany.—A Father writes: "The war and its consequences have brought us blessings and trials. Trials, for the low German *valuta* has forced us to close our colleges in Sittard (Holland), which has on a smaller scale been reopened in Godesberg, near Bonn, and Ordrup (Denmark). For the same reason we sold our villa of Exaten, Marienbosch; and our great houses in Holland—Valkenburg, Exaten, s'Heerenberg—are a constant menace to our very poor finances.

"Among the blessings of the war, or rather the revolution, was the practical abolition of the last remnant of the law against Jesuits, so that we are now free to work in Germany as before the expulsion. Upwards of a hundred books were published from 1918-1920; and we have several journals. One of them, the *Weltmission*, has more than half a million subscribers, the two monthlies, *Mænnerapostolat* and *Mütter-sonntag*, about 220,000 each, and this in spite of the enormous cost of paper and printing. Making use of the new liberty, we have opened residences all over the country, and the number of novices is increasing—39 scholastics and 10 lay novices in the Novitiate of Feldkirch, 78 scholastics and 16 lay novices in the Novitiate of s'Heerenberg-Emmerich. A great movement has been started, and is being supported largely by our Fathers, for the guiding and Catholic training of the pupils of our middle schools (gymnasien), called Neu-Deutschland. In many towns we have opened 'circles,' students' halls, a kind of Catholic Y. M. C. A., and the success and enthusiasm among our Catholic youth is beyond description. Besides, we have opened new houses of retreats, at Waldesruh, near Bendorf am Rhein (Coblenz), Biesdorf, near Berlin, and a third one south of Munich. The staff of the *Stimmen der Zeit* (formerly *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*) having been long ago transferred to Munich, the staff of the *Catholische Missionen* left Valkenburg in the autumn of 1919 for Bonn, where we now have the largest residence along the Rhine—17 Fathers, 1 scholastic and 4 brothers. We are living in our old residence we had before the expulsion, with our old Church of the Sacred Heart, and our old men's congregation. In Coblenz we have got the service in our old Jesuit church. From all sides the bishops

are asking for Fathers; *messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci*. Following the Rhine you will now already find Fathers in the following places: Emmerich, Duisburg, Dusseldorf, Cologne (Provincial), Niedercassel, Bonn, Godesberg, Bendorf, Coblenz, Mayence, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe and Fribourg."—*Letters and Notices*, July.

Bombay.—After much delay occasioned by the extraordinary difficulties of the case, this mission has been definitely allocated by the Father General to the Aragon Province of Spain, in lieu of the Philippines. In other words, they will exchange a fully-formed province of some seven million souls for a territory mainly pagan. The work before this province is therefore tremendous, for before anything can be done, the Fathers to be devoted to that task, must learn the English language; and obviously the natural place is England itself. Already arrangements have been made for meeting this demand. Two Fathers are now at Manresa House, two at Wimbledon, and ten will go to the Seminary, and Stonyhurst will accommodate one.

The following decree of His Paternity was recently promulgated in the Province of Aragon: "Ad majorem Dei Gloriam et salutem animarum, quas Christus Dominus suo sanguine redemit auctor sum ut Provincia Aragoniæ Missionem Bombayensem a Provincia Germaniæ separatam suscipiat. Missio autem Philippina Provinciæ Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensi attribuat; sed eam Aragonia, præter Bombayensem tamdiu retinebit, donec Patres Americani eam magna ex parte occupaverint. Qua ratione permutatio missionis Phillipinæ fieri oporteat judicio duorum provincialium relinquatur decernendum, qui, collatis consiliis, præpositi generalis apportioni committent ea quæ statuenda decreverint."

There are at present in the Philippines: 77 Fathers, 16 scholastics and 62 lay brothers belonging to the Province of Aragon.—*Letters and Notices*, July.

FRANCE. *Centenary of Father Ramière*.—Père Henri Ramière, the second founder of the *Apostleship of Prayer*, and the efficient cause of its world-wide expansion, has the whole July number of the French *Messenger* devoted to his memory; last July 10th being the centenary of his birth. The same number puts the present membership at twenty-six millions, and considers that this number is not large enough in view of the words of the Pope's encyclical of November 30, 1919: "We earnestly recommend the *Apostleship of Prayer* to all the faithful without exception, desiring that each and every one should become a member."

GEORGETOWN. THE COLLEGE—*Commencement 1921*.—The exercises opened Saturday evening, June 11th, when the alumni smoker was held, followed by a meeting and election of alumni officers. On Sunday morning, the regents, faculties, alumni and graduating classes formed in procession and

proceeded to Dahlgren Chapel, where the Rev. Francis X. Delaney, s. j., '97, delivered the baccalaureate sermon. A reception to the alumni, members of the senior class and their friends by the President of the University and the faculties took place Sunday evening, followed by a band concert and college songs by the alumni and graduating classes. This event, which is held in the quadrangle, is always among the most interesting of commencement week. Wilton Lackaye, distinguished actor, who was graduated from Georgetown in 1881, furnished the surprise of the program. Murray J. MacElhinny, president of the yard, presided at the exercises.

The annual alumni reunion banquet, in connection with the commencement, was held Monday evening. Following the banquet the class day exercises were held in the quadrangle. The Cohonguroton oration, the name meaning "River of Swans," as applied by the Indians to the Potomac River, is always the feature of class day exercises. B. Meredith Reid, '21, delivered the address. Garbed in Indian regalia, and standing in the light of a wigwam fire, the orator bids his farewell to the Potomac, which flows at the foot of Georgetown's hill. Others taking part in the program were Edward F. Mack, '20, who gave the master's oration, and Leo J. Casey, who recited the class ode.

With the graduation exercises on the college lawn Tuesday afternoon, the exercises came to a close. The Rev. John B. Creeden, s. j., delivered the opening address, after which more than 400 graduates of the college, law, medical, dental and foreign service schools, received their degrees. Besides the degrees in course, honorary degrees were conferred on Gilbert H. Grosvenor, editor of the *National Geographic Magazine*, and Dr. Isaac S. Stone, noted surgeon of Washington, D. C. The Honorable Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy, then addressed the graduates. The exercises closed with the awarding of honors.

Successes of the School of Foreign Service.—Within two years since its establishment, the foreign service school has sent forth students and graduates to every civilized corner of the globe; from the coral strands of India to Siberia's ice floes; from the land of the Incas to distant China and Japan.

When Colonel Haskell, appointed by Secretary of Commerce Hoover to take charge of the feeding of Russia's starved thousands departed, he took with him as private secretary one of the youngest students of the foreign service school. George Townsend, twenty-two years old, of Baltimore, is the lucky youngster. He studied Russian at the Georgetown school, and is thoroughly posted on Russian affairs, so that his selection came as no surprise to the school authorities.

Another Georgetown student left for Bombay, India, as an assistant trade commissioner for the Department of Commerce. Several other Georgetown boys already are in India

for private commercial concerns. Paul Steintorf, of Chase City, Va., is the latest to go from the school. He was sent by Georgetown, with other students, last summer, to make an investigation of economic conditions in Cuba.

Emil Kekich, whose home is in Alton, Ill., another student of the foreign service school, has gone to Vladivostok, for the Department of Commerce.

Now that the German Government has signed the peace treaty with the United States, it is expected that trade channels will be kept constantly open, and for this reason the Department of Commerce has sent Charles E. Herring to Berlin as American Trade Commissioner. Mr. Herring took with him as his assistant, E. J. Eichelberger, a Georgetown foreign service school student. He hails from Worcester, Mass.

It is announced that several Georgetown students have been with the American embassy in Japan since last year, and that commercial concerns have sent others to Russia, China and other sections of the old Continent.

Honor for Georgetown from the United States Government.—An Act of Justice—The recognition of Georgetown University by the United States War Department, as a distinguished college and honor military school for the year 1921, brings merited appreciation to that venerable institution. The dignity conferred on Georgetown by the Secretary of War acknowledges the sterling value of the education given in that college. That such education is professedly a Catholic course of instruction, holding religion as an integral part of the training of the students, should have a quieting effect upon such local patriots as are concerned with the fitness of any education that is not godless.

The Government of the United States, in placing the seal of its approval on the standards of education maintained in this Catholic college, has done the merest act of justice, but the effect, one might hope, may be far-reaching in enlightening certain of our fellow-citizens, despite their apparent preference for the darkness.—Editorial in *Standard and Times*, Philadelphia.

GERMANY. *Division of the Province.*—On February 2, the decree was promulgated dividing the Province of Germany. The Province of Upper Germany comprises the following territories: Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Vorarlberg, Lichtenstein, Thuringia, dependent on the bishops of Bavaria, Saxony, Reuss, Switzerland. The missions of Brazil and of Poona are to belong to this province, provided Ours can get them back.

The Province of Lower Germany takes the rest of Germany, as well as the missions of Denmark, Sweden and the new mission in Japan. The place of Silesia, whose disposition is still disputed since the end of the war, remains undecided. Valkenburg, the scholasticate, and Exaten, belong to both provinces, but under the jurisdiction of the

Province of Lower Germany. The novitiate at s'Heerenberg will belong to this latter province. The *Stimmen, Katholischen Missionen, Weltmission*, will be the common possession of both provinces.

INDIA. POONA—*Resignation of the Bishop*.—The following circular has been sent round to the clergy of Poona diocese:

DEAR REV. FATHER—

By the last mail I received a letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Henry Doering, S. J., in which he directs me to inform our clergy and laity that, not being able to return to his own diocese, he very much to his regret has resigned the Bishopric of Poona into the hands of the Holy Father the Pope, who since then has appointed him to a titular archiepiscopal see.

His Grace Dr. Doering expresses his desire that the clergy and laity of his former diocese should kindly remember him in their prayers, and he wishes them to be assured that he, on his part, will never forget them.

Please add at Mass the prayer to the Holy Ghost during the vacancy, and request the faithful to pray in the same intention: that Almighty God may soon give our diocese a worthy successor of Dr. Doering. This letter is to be read on Sunday next in all the churches and public chapels of the diocese.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

Bishop's House,
Poona, 19th July, 1921.

A. BRUDER, S. J.,
Administrator Apostolic.

Notes.—The Church in Mangalore, India, has made great strides since the days when our Maryland-New York Jesuit, Father Muller, began his labors in the mission in 1879. Then there were but some 54,000 native Catholics. Today the Mangalore Mission numbers 111,557 Catholics and 64 churches and chapels, and numerous schools and charitable institutions.

Important Discovery by Father Hosten.—*Les Nouvelles Religieuses*, Paris, April 15, 1921, states that an important discovery has been made by the Belgian Jesuit missionary, Father Hosten, near Madras in India. Certain ancient inscriptions and sculptures on the Madras coast have been carefully studied by Father Hosten and found to be of Greek and Roman origin, and give great weight to the tradition that India was evangelized by the Apostle St. Thomas.

Note on Catholic and Protestant Forces in India.—An Indian missionary has compiled some very interesting statistics on the relative strength of the Protestant and Catholic missions. There are 136 missionary societies in England and America engaged in supplying India with men and money. They have in their service 5,200 European and American missionaries, men and women, besides 1,665 native ministers and 31,791 teachers and catechists. The Catholic

missions are manned by 1,268 priests, assisted by 638 brothers, 3,592 nuns, with 7,698 native teachers and catechists. That is, there are 43,658 Protestants and 14,426 Catholics engaged in the Mission of India. Needless to say the financial outlay of the Protestant missions is far in excess of the Catholic Indian missionary budget.

CALCUTTA. *Father Ferdinand Perier Appointed Coadjutor Bishop.*—Archbishop Meuleman, s. j., of Calcutta, because of failing health, has returned for a time to Belgium. The *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* for August, 1921, announces that our Holy Father Benedict XV, by a brief dated July 10, has named Rev. Father Ferdinand Perier, Superior of the Bengal Mission, as Bishop Coadjutor with the right of succession to the Archbishop of Calcutta.

Jesuit Aids Exploration.—Members of the expedition which left Darjeeling (Bengal, British India) to scale Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, have found help in the project in the carving of the Himalayas, executed by Brother Anthony Parmentier, s. j., of North Point College, who died only recently.

Brother Parmentier's contribution to the scientific knowledge of the Himalayas was made in moments of time snatched from his labors as infirmarian of the college during thirty years. The infirmary faced the great ridge that traverses that part of Asia, and divides India from Tibet. Day and night he could see the row of peaks that rise skyward thousands of feet, like vast monuments, along the boundary of India. Mount Everest, rearing its head more than five and a half miles into the blue, is the Titan of all these giants.

Brother Parmentier's first sense of awe became reverence and finally love. He studied these mountains till he had fixed in his mind every characteristic of them. Then he sculptured them. On a great piece of teakwood he carved their likenesses; as it were, transferred to this permanent tablet every configuration of the whole range. It was the labor of years.

Many explorers have consulted and studied Brother Parmentier's carving before plunging into the wilds of the Himalayas. Lecturers in Darjeeling have borrowed it for the purpose of demonstration. Now the greatest of all the scientific expeditions that have undertaken the perilous task of reaching the peak of the world has made fruitful use of it.—*C. Leader*, Aug. 1.

CEYLON. GALLE—*The Silver Jubilee of His Lordship the Bishop of Galle, Rt. Rev. J. Van Reeth, S. J., 1895-1920.*—The Catholics of Galle spent a busy week preparing for the silver jubilee celebrations of their venerable and beloved Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. J. Van Reeth, s. j., which were held on Saturday and Sunday, March the 13th and 14th. On Friday evening the outdoor decorations seemed threatened with destruction, for heavy rain began to fall about

4.30 P. M., and continued during the night and the early hours of Saturday morning. However, it cleared up before the train from Colombo was due, and the sun condescended to smile and brightened up the waving banners that decorated the somewhat steep ascent of Mount Calvary leading to the cathedral.

The cadets were waiting in the station to welcome the distinguished visitors—His Grace the Archbishop of Colombo, the Bishop of Kandy, the Bishop of Trincomalie, the Bishop of Jaffna, and a great number of Reverend Fathers who had come long distances to congratulate the Bishop of Galle and to take part in the festivities organized for the occasion.

Dr. Van Reeth welcomed His Grace and his brother bishops at the top of the last flight of stone steps before the Cathedral. They immediately entered the Cathedral, which was charmingly decorated. The *Ecce Sacerdos magnus* was sung, and His Grace addressed a few appropriate words to the crowd, which was so great that the school children had to content themselves with a place on the veranda.

On Saturday afternoon various addresses and offerings were presented to His Lordship, among them a hearty address, together with a purse, from the past and present pupils and teachers of the college.

His Lordship, in his reply, expressed his thanks for the congratulations, good wishes and sentiments expressed in the address, as well as for the valuable present.

When he came, in 1895, he found a school with about 70 pupils. He resolved to establish a Jesuit college in its place. With that object in view he appealed to the Superior-General of the Society. It was objected, however, that there was no room for a new college, as there were already in the town two Protestant colleges and one Buddhist college. He replied that if the college was built boys would be found. Ultimately he succeeded in securing the services of two English-speaking Fathers, Father Murphy and Father Biezer. Soon, very soon after their taking charge of the school, the number of pupils went up from 70 to 100, from 100 to 150, 200, 250, and so on. Those were happy days for the boys, for it was then the custom to give them a full holiday for every additional 50 boys that joined the school. Later on, when the numbers became bigger, the Rector had to give up that practice.

The boys of St. Aloysius' were now to be found all over the Island, in every walk of life; in government departments, in the commercial world, in the professions. Their successes had placed their college among those of the first rank in the Island. He could assure the boys that he rejoiced over their successes; he not only followed their progress at the college, but he followed their careers in the world; and the interest of the boys were and would always be his own.—*The Aloysian*.

IRELAND. *Clongowes College*.—There were up to 300 boys in the house during the year. They fully maintained, both

in the classrooms and the playing fields, the high traditions handed down to them. The tone and bearing of the boys augurs well for the future, and the alumni will soon have a valuable addition to their ranks.

The tone of the house, as we have said, was excellent. The welfare and progress of their religion and their country should be the two guiding ideas of an Irish Catholic school. In the Social Club, the papers read were mainly on Irish subjects. At the request of the boys themselves, a Solemn Requiem Mass was said for Mr. McSweeney, late Lord Mayor of Cork, on October 29th; and the whole house made a novena for the 5th of November, the feast of All the Saints of Ireland, to beg of God peace and prosperity for our country.

JAPAN. *A New Mission.*—A new mission in Japan, different from the University in Tokio, and taken from the diocese of Osaka, under the Missions Etrangères, Hares, has been entrusted to the Fathers of the German Province. Ten Fathers will form the first contingent.

MISSOURI PROVINCE. *British Honduras—The Epidemic in Belize.*—The thoughts of all in the province were lately turned anxiously towards St. John's College, Belize, which was in the throes of an epidemic, the like of which has never been known before in the history of the college. Already two of Ours (Brother Studer on August 29 and Mr. Bachner on September 12,) have succumbed to the scourge, which the doctors pronounced yellow fever. A great many of the community and some of the students were also attacked, but are now on the way to recovery. Father Mitchell, former Superior of the Honduras Mission, and thoroughly conversant with conditions in the colony, was sent to Belize to be of what service he could to our brethren there in their hour of affliction.

The latest word from Belize, October 21, was that the situation was improved. The boys were removed to Searjeant's Caye, and the convalescent sick to the presbytery. Government doctors and nurses have been very kind and helpful during the epidemic.

CHICAGO. *Ours in Charge of the New Unit of the Divinity School of the University of St. Mary of the Lake.*—Three of Ours have charge of the educational department of the divinity school of the University of St. Mary of the Lake, the new Catholic University of the Chicago archdiocese. The appointments were made by Archbishop Mundelein.

The administrative department will be in charge of diocesan priests selected from the faculty of the Quigley Memorial Seminary of Chicago, and the domestic department will be in charge of the Sisters of St. Francis from Joliet, Ill.

Coincident with the announcement of the faculty, the Archbishop announced that the school of philosophy and six

other units of the great university would be completed and opened in September, thus realizing the first materialization of the Archbishop's vision of a complete Catholic university in the west, with the preparatory, high and grade schools leading up to it.

The faculty as announced by the Archbishop includes: Professor of philosophy, the Rev. William L. Hornsby, S. J., now teacher of logic and general metaphysics at the St. Louis University. Prefect of studies, the Rev. John B. Furay, S. J., now president of Loyola University, Chicago. Professor of history, the Rev. William A. Padberg, S. J., of the faculty of Creighton University, Omaha, Neb. Prefect of discipline and rector, the Rev. Gerald A. Kealy, D.D., of the Quigley Preparatory Seminary. Procurator, the Rev. Herman Wolf, of the Quigley Preparatory Seminary.

"This will be the only theological school in the country under diocesan control in which the Jesuits teach," said Archbishop Mundelein, "and their presence is the hall mark of scholarship. We are prepared for a class of fifty students, who have enrolled in the first year of the two year philosophy course, which will be followed by four years of theology. Of these students 31 are the young men who last week completed their preparatory work at the Quigley Seminary.

"Until now we have been compelled to send our young men away to be educated for the priesthood. Beginning with the opening of this first class in September, we will be able to educate our own boys to the priesthood at home."

The faculty, as announced, will conduct the school for the first year, and as the course progresses and new classes are formed, the faculty will be increased until, at the beginning of the sixth year, a complete faculty will have been recruited.

The selection of Father Furay for the new university faculty necessitated the appointment of Father Agnew as the new president for Loyola University, which, while an independent school under Jesuit control, will give its degrees through the University of St. Mary of the Lake, as will DePaul University conducted by the priests of the Congregation of the Mission (Vincentian Fathers)

DENVER. *Regis College Retreats*.—Retreats for laymen were reinaugurated this summer after having been discontinued for some years. About forty men made the exercises under the direction of Father Krenz, and afterwards enrolled themselves in the Regis College Retreat League. This organization gives promise of mighty good to be accomplished in the future. Next year two retreats will be given. Besides the laymen's retreat the annual diocesan retreat was held at Regis again this year, the Right Rev. Bishop Drumm of Des Moines being in charge. Upwards of ninety priests were present.

KANSAS. *St. Mary's College—Retreats for Men*.—The series of retreats given annually at the college during the

summer months began shortly after the departure of the boys, with a three days' retreat given by Father R. Roswinkel to ninety-two priests of the Leavenworth diocese, Right Rev. Bishop Ward presiding. This course was followed July 9th by one attended exclusively by Knights of Columbus of the State of Kansas. Eighty-eight Knights followed the exercises under the direction of Father A. Kuhlman. Father L. A. Falley gave the third course July 24-26, to a class of thirty-eight. There were two more laymen's retreats given in August, one by Father Kuhlman and one by Father Roswinkel.

MILWAUKEE. *Marquette University Examination Record.*—A noteworthy record has been established by the Marquette University professional schools in the examinations that were held at the close of the scholastic year. At the bar examinations which registered a number of failures, the 19 Marquette graduates all passed, and the 28 night-law and special students were successful. The Marquette medical school record is still more striking, as there has not been a failure recorded in the State examinations during the past four years. The 48 dental graduates of Marquette have been 100 per cent. successful. Marquette University had on its rolls last year 3,500 students. The University has reason to be proud of its examination record.

OMAHA. *An Astronomical Jubilee and Father Rigge.*—Creighton University celebrated, on August 28, the twenty-fifth continuous year on its staff of Father William F. Rigge, S. J., prominently known in astronomical circles. From time to time he has attracted the attention of the general public by notable services, one of which in particular was recounted on this occasion:

"One of the most striking instances of such service was the saving of an accused man from sentence to the penitentiary by an accurate calculation of time from the shadow on a photograph. Father Rigge's testimony, which had been contested and ridiculed by the prosecution, was confirmed by the independent calculation of another astronomer and by photographs taken on the anniversary of the picture first made."

Father Rigge is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Astronomical Society, the Nebraska Academy of Science and the Meteorological Society.

The Summer School.—This year's session of the Creighton Summer School even surpassed that of last year in the number of its students and in the breadth of territory from which it drew. So far as has been ascertained at the present writing, Creighton assembled more students than any other Catholic summer school of the country. Loyola University, New Orleans, held second place, with an enrollment of 568. Creighton's total enrollment was 581, and represented

twenty-four states, besides Nova Scotia and the Hawaiian Islands. Of the 581 registrants, 471 were religious women belonging to forty-five communities. Only a few of the sisters were resident in Omaha. The numerous convents and parish schools from which they came were well distributed over an area that stretched from Vancouver to Halifax, and from the Rio Grande to the northern boundary of Minnesota.

One or more courses were given in each of seventeen branches. Father Betten came from Cleveland to teach history, Father Pickel from Prairie du Chien for chemistry, and Father John Stritch from Spring Hill for English; but even with the help of these there were not enough professors for the large and earnest attendance, and though the University auditorium and the students' library hall were brought into requisition, rooms could not be found to accommodate conveniently all the largest classes. Because of the favorable climate and of the advantageous position and surroundings of the College of Arts, there was probably much less suffering from the heat than in other summer schools. Frequent entertainments were given with an excellent selection of the best "movie" films.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN. *Campion College—Convention of the Science and Mathematics Teachers.*—The idea of organizing the association originated with Father Sloctemeyer. It was last February that he first spoke to Father Provincial about the possibility of organizing the science and mathematics teachers. Father Provincial saw that the plan contained great possibilities for promoting the work of our teachers in those branches, and suggested that the plan be developed more in detail and presented in writing.

With the assistance of Father Frumveller and several others this suggestion was carried out. On March 6, Father Sloctemeyer gave Father Provincial the first draft of the constitution of the new organization, and on the 17th formal consent was given to the project. But before the real work of organization could begin it had to be determined whether the teachers were willing to organize.

A questionnaire containing the following five points was sent out to every science and mathematics teacher:

1. What do you think of the advisability of forming such an association? Do you favor it, supposing efficient organization and management?

2. What is the most convenient time to meet, bearing in mind the summer schools and the retreat times for the Fathers?

3. Do you favor a permanent organization, such as, e. g., the American Association for the Advancement of Science?

4. If so, what sections would you propose to start with.

5. Will you kindly suggest some topics as subjects for papers and discussions?

More than seventy per cent. of the questionnaires were answered, and in almost every case the answer to the first question was in the affirmative.

The convention was held at Campion College, August 17, 18, 19, and was eminently successful. A full account of the meetings will be given in *The Teachers' Review*, Jan., 1922.

Scholastics' Summer School.—It has been very generally conceded for many years past that considerable valuable work in preparation for teaching might be accomplished at the summer villa without in any way diminishing the primary good results to be derived from the vacation, and with only a slight curtailment of the enjoyments of the villa season. This year the summer school at Campion put the theory to a very practical test, and with results which proved far more than satisfactory.

Loyola Villa opened at Campion on June 25th, with "Long Order" as the program, until July 11th, when the summer school began. There was some speculation as to just what the summer school would be like, until the posting of the subjects, schedules and professors made it clear that the courses offered were to be full semester courses, followed by examination, and credit for at least one college semester hour. The appointment of Father Macelwane as Dean, and the staff of professors assigned to the work by Father Provincial, gave added assurance of the practical value which might be derived from the courses. A further point in favor of the school was the fact that with the early appearance of the status for the various colleges and universities, most of the rectors promptly informed the scholastics assigned to their staff what subjects they would be expected to teach next year.

Father Provincial arrived at Campion on Saturday, July 9th, and the following morning called the scholastics together for a brief, interesting talk on the importance of taking up the summer studies with energy and enthusiasm. He spoke of the great importance of our work in the class room, and was kind enough to make several remarks in praise of the efforts of the scholastics of the province, and quoted Very Reverend Father Beukers, the Provincial Visitor, as concurring with his opinion.

It only remains to add that the following day the scholastics took up the work with an energy surpassed only by the efforts of the professors to make the classes interesting and practical.

The complete schedule of subjects and credits, together with the time schedule of classes, follows. A more detailed outline will be found in the 1921 catalogue of Campion College.

Courses—Biology: Introductory Zoology (1 hr. credit),

Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates (1 hr. credit), Embryology (general, 1 hr. credit), Embryology (organogeny, 1 hr. credit).

Chemistry: Organic Chemistry (4 hrs. credit).

Education: Methods of Teaching Mathematics in High School (1 hr. credit), College English Teaching (1 hr. credit), Methods of Teaching English in High School (1 hr. credit), Methods of Teaching College Latin and Greek (1 hr. credit), Pedagogy of Latin and Greek in High School classes (1 hr. credit), Methods of Teaching History in High School (1 hr. credit).

French: Intermediate French (1 hr. credit), Modern French Prose (1 hr. credit).

Italian: Elementary (1 hr. credit).

Latin: Advanced Latin Writing (2 hrs. credit).

Mathematics: Calculus (2 hrs. credit), Differential Equations (1 hr. credit).

Physics: Analytic Mechanics (2 hrs. credit), Alternating Current Theory (3 hrs. credit).

Spanish: Composition and Conversation (1 hr. credit).

Classes, which were held five days a week over a period of three weeks, began at eight fifteen in the morning and continued until eleven fifteen, then again from quarter past two until quarter past four in the afternoon, thus giving five full-time periods each day. In subjects requiring laboratory work many of the students carried on their experiments without interruption during the entire morning and afternoon.

A minimum of two periods a day was prescribed for all. Matter in addition to the prescribed two hours was optional, but was, of course, recognized and credited. The total enrollment was one hundred and seven scholastics.

ST. LOUIS. *Departure of Very Reverend Father Visitor, E. J. Beukers, S. J.*—On the evening of September 13, Very Reverend Father Visitor took a formal farewell of the members of the province. It was, as our acting rector remarked in his words of farewell, particularly appropriate that this should take place at St. Louis University. It was here that Father Visitor had entered the province, here that he spent more of his time than at any other college, and here that he had gained most of his ideas of the membership of the province and their work.

The program of the evening was made up of musical numbers by the orchestra and glee club, a vocal solo with flute obligato by Messrs. Ryan and Renard, a Latin address by Mr. Otting, a poem by Mr. Coogan, and addresses of farewell by Reverend Father Rector and Very Reverend Father Provincial. Father Rector emphasized the fact that Father Visitor had endeared himself to all by his uniform kindness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to his work. For this reason, he said, though Father Visitor would never

more be seen by most of us, he would always be remembered with gratitude and brotherly feeling. Father Provincial echoed the sentiment of Father Rector, and added that the province was unanimous in its expression of satisfaction with Father Visitor and his work. He thanked Father Visitor in the name of all, and again promised him an unending remembrance in our prayers. Father Visitor responded in his characteristic, kindly fashion. He thanked the members of the province for the spirit of charity with which they had everywhere received him as one of their own, and for their parting gift of a memorial album and a spiritual bouquet. Whatever unusual energy he had devoted to his task, was due, he said, to anxiety lest his shortcomings should mar the work of his visitation. He hoped that lasting benefit would accrue to the province from this visitation, and assured all that he would hold them in his remembrance and in his prayers. He then gave the assembly his blessing and bade farewell to each individually. Father Visitor departed for New York *via* Washington the same evening, in company with Father O'Connor, who had been his *socius* during most of the visitation. He sailed for Rotterdam September 17.

Golden Jubilee of Father Ferdinand A. Moeller.—On Sunday, August 21, St. Joseph's Church was the scene of general rejoicing and festivity in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance into the Society of Jesus of its pastor, Rev. Ferdinand A. Moeller, s. j. The parishioners left nothing undone to celebrate his golden jubilee in a fitting manner and thus show their love and esteem. Due to the energy of Brother Waltermann, the church was beautifully decorated for the occasion in the papal colors. The mixed choir of the parish, under the direction of Mr. J. Offenbacher, rendered the music.

At nine o'clock, Solemn High Mass was celebrated, of which the Reverend Jubilarian was celebrant, Father Mathery, deacon, and Father Klocker, sub-deacon. Father Jenneman was master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were the Most. Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, Most Rev. Henry Moeller, Archbishop of Cincinnati and brother of the jubilarian, Very Rev. Father Provincial, the Vicar General, Monsignor Hoog, the Chancellor, Monsignor Tannrath, Monsignor B. Moeller of Cincinnati, another brother of Father Moeller, a great number of his Jesuit brethren and many other religious and secular priests, friends of the jubilarian. Father M. J. O'Connor, s. j., acting president of St. Louis University, preached the sermon, and paid a graceful tribute to the zeal and spirit of sacrifice which have characterized Father Moeller's service during his fifty years in the Society. After the services in the church the ladies of the parish served a banquet for the clergy. In the evening a program of music and addresses, closed by the jubilarian's response, and the singing of the *Te Deum*, was given in the school auditorium.

NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE. *The First Laymen's Retreat in Georgia, at Macon.*—Twenty Catholic men, representing four Georgia cities, gathered at St. Stanislaus' College, Macon, Thursday, July 7, to make the first retreat for laymen ever conducted in the diocese of Savannah, or, for that matter, in any of the southeastern states. Sunday morning, July 10, these twenty men left St. Stanislaus' College, resolved not only that they would come back for the second retreat next summer, but would see to it that the twenty of 1921 will be doubled and tripled twelve months hence.

The retreat was conducted by Rev. J. J. McCreary, s. j., president of Immaculate Conception College, New Orleans. From every point of view, it was a huge success. The Georgians who have had experience in retreats in other parts of the United States, declare that the Macon retreat was the finest and most profitable one they ever attended. Father McCreary was an ideal retreat master, one whose eloquence was not his only asset. The Jesuit Fathers, especially Rev. J. M. Salter, s. j., master of novices at St. Stanislaus', left nothing undone that would add to the comfort and convenience of the retreatants.

One half of the men who made the retreat came from Macon. Augusta was second, with seven. Atlanta, with two, was third, and Milledgeville sent one retreatant to swell the total.

The retreat ended at breakfast Sunday morning. After the meal, on motion of Mr. James B. Mulherin, Mr. Jack J. Spalding, of Atlanta, took the chair, and resolutions thanking Bishop Keiley for his assistance and interest in the retreat movement, and the Jesuit Fathers for making it possible for the retreat to be conducted this year, were adopted by an unanimous vote.

Mr. Spalding voiced the thought of all the men when he told how the retreat had affected him. He said that it was but the beginning of greater things, merely the foundation. "I never had so much work to do at any one time in my life before, it seemed to me, as the day I left for Macon and the retreat," he said. "I just shut up the desk and came, and I cannot tell how pleased I am that I did."

Mr. Spalding has for many years been advocating retreats in the diocese of Savannah. Mr. R. W. Hatcher, of Milledgeville, who also delivered a short address at the breakfast, has been another staunch advocate, and he expressed his pleasure at being able to be present at the first one.

TEXAS. *Dedication of El Paso City to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.*—Forty thousand men, women and children participated in the religious ceremonies held here Sunday, June 26, in connection with the solemn consecration of the City of El Paso to the Sacred Heart. The procession, which started from the Sacred Heart Church at 6 o'clock, and wound through the streets of the city, was given an international

aspect by the participation of thousands of Mexicans from Ciudad Juarez, who crossed the border for the celebration, and joined Americans and Mexicans, who were gathered from many points in Texas and New Mexico.

The Right Rev. Anthony J. Schuler, s. j., D. D., Bishop of El Paso, and the Right Rev. Antonio Guizar Valencia, D. D., Bishop of Chihuahua, were the principal ecclesiastical dignitaries taking part in the exercises. Five special altars were erected along the line of march, and at each Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given. Thousands carried lighted candles, and beautiful hymns to the Sacred Heart were sung in Spanish and English, a special translation of several Spanish hymns into English having been made by the Rev. Father Chanal, s. j., for the occasion.

Two laymen represented the city in the formal act of consecration to the Sacred Heart. Bishop Schuler reading the act of consecration for the diocese, and the lay representatives, one representing the Americans and the other the Mexicans, reading the act of consecration for the city and invoking the protection of the Sacred Heart for its inhabitants.

NEW YORK. *Xavier High School*.—On September 12, Xavier High School opened its doors to the largest number of students in its history. More than 750 boys are registered. Such a large number was not expected, and at first it seemed impossible to accommodate them. But there is always room for one more. Five new class rooms were fitted up to accommodate the newcomers.

It is interesting indeed to note the marvelous growth of Xavier in recent years. In 1912, the last year of the college department, there were 88 students in the college and 362 in high school. The following year the high school registration was 338; 1915, 389; 1917, 417; 1919, 425; 1921, 751.

An All-Star College Magazine.—The exchange editor of *Le Petite Séminaire*, the student publication of the Quigley Preparatory Seminary, Chicago, has endeavored to select the best short stories, essays, poems and departments that have appeared in the different college magazines on his exchange list during the past year. He thus outlines his plan:

“Seeing that there are all-star baseball teams, football elevens, and even all-star movie productions, the ex-man began to wonder why he could not have an all-star college magazine. So following the example of his fellow-critics in other lines, he took upon himself the not small task of collecting all the college magazines for 1920-21 that have reached his desk, and reading them from cover to cover. . . . In a spirit of suggestion it may not be amiss to say that the compiling of an ideal magazine each year by every exchange editor is bound to be followed by good results.”

The short stories are selected from the *De Paul Minerval*, *Gonzaga*, *Fordham Monthly*, *St. Vincent College Journal* and

Holy Cross Purple; the essays from the *De Paul Minerval*, *St. John's Record*, *Loyola*, *Abbey Student* and *Fordham Monthly*; the poems from the *St. John's Record*, *Prospector*, *Holy Cross Purple* and *Fordham Monthly*; the editorials from the *Quill*, *Purple and Gray*, *Holy Cross Purple* and the *Gonzaga*; the exchanges from *St. Vincent College Journal*, the book-reviews from *De Paul Minerval*, and the *Antidote* and the *Fordham Monthly*. The magazine gaining the greatest number of places was the *Fordham Monthly*.

We note here that the *Fordham Monthly*, *Gonzaga* and *Holy Cross Purple* are some of our college magazines.

American Priests Serve on Foreign Missions—Sixty-four of Them are Jesuits.—*Die Katholischen Missionen* is authority for the statement that there are about 150 priests and brothers from the United States at work in the various mission fields of the earth. Sixty-four belong to the Society of Jesus, twenty-three to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, twelve to the Mission Seminary of Maryknoll, twelve to the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, the Dominicans number six, the Society of the Divine Word four, the Marists three, the Society of Our Lady of Salette, two; three are secular priests. A few Lazarists and various others can be added to this number.

In March of this year the first five American Jesuits (not included in the sixty-four mentioned above) arrived at Patna, India. We may add that this list does not include the twenty Fathers and scholastics who left recently for the Philippine Islands.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Godspeed to the Philippine Missionaries—Fathers Charles F. Connor and J. A. Morning, and Mr. J. A. Pollock.*—One of the most impressive services ever seen in the Gesù took place on the night of Sunday, June 5th. The service lasted for scarcely more than a half-hour, but that brief space was crowded with a solemnity and beauty of ceremony and a depth of emotion that will leave a precious and fadeless record in the hearts of all who were present. And there were indeed many hearts to receive the impression, and eyes to witness with rapture the glorious and inspiring scene. It was a ceremony intended to express a Godspeed to Father Charles F. Connor and his companions of the Society of Jesus, our loving farewell to them on their departure for the far-away mission of the Philippine Islands. It was the reverent and affectionate outpouring of the souls of all, both priests and people, who found in the divine words of the Benedictus and the Magnificat an utterance worthy of the occasion, and in the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament the sum total of all good wishes and prayers.

Father John A. Morning, S. J., of Georgetown University, a Philadelphian, one of the chosen missionaries, served as deacon at Benediction. Mr. Pollock was subdeacon. Father Connor preached.

The Renovated Gesù.—It is over thirty years since the first scaffolding that filled the church was removed in preparation for the dedication of the Gesù, on December 2, 1888, nine years after the laying of the cornerstone. In the meantime, the spotless whiteness of walls and vaulted ceiling and huge pilasters gave way to the incessant assaults of time and dust and the accident of fire, and while there has been no structural deterioration, the accumulation of dust was so formidable as to mar noticeably the beauty of technique of a remarkably noble fabric. All this has now been changed, and under the skillful and artistic power of Brother Francis C. Schroen, of the Society of Jesus, a new Gesù has gradually taken form, and though many a delicate and finishing touch is still being added, one can mark the general trend of elaborate decoration clearly enough to visualize a sacred edifice which for grandeur and ornateness will be second to none in the city.

In all the exquisite and detailed work so far accomplished with unerring grace, a casual observer would perhaps be most impressed by what seems to be a guiding principle of simplification. But through the simplicity and restraint of it all, one can discern that delicacy of touch which is the measure of power in all art—the stroke of the true artist's hand filling every nook and corner with a kind of wizardry, and leaving to the hand of helpers only the long stretches and areas of ordinary painting. Though the cornices, the high ceiling, and the arches of the galleries and the side chapels, have taken on a very striking and rich appearance, there is no display of ornamentation nor glut of color to detract from and derange the pure beauty of gold and silver and bronze so generously applied. Everything that has been done has had a tendency to bring out the sheer grandeur of the proportions of the church, while at the same time, devotion has not been lost sight of, and with the claims of art, the religious artist has blended the elements of piety and religion. This feature is to be noticed in the appropriate texts concerning the Holy Name of Jesus set forth in large letters in Latin about the church, and in the invocations over the arches of the side altars.

St. Joseph's College—Frequent Communion.—Efforts were made in the last two scholastic years to get the boys to go to Holy Communion more often than before. For this, Communion had to be given in the college chapel, as the hours of Mass in many parish churches were too inconvenient. Before Lent, 1920, the promoters of the apostleship went among the members of their bands to secure volunteers. Communion was offered at 8 and 8.30. The boys preferred the latter hour, and after Lent the other was abandoned. An average of 17 boys a day was reached. On Palm Sunday the lists posted up at the chapel door showed 534 Communions undertaken for the week. The performance, of course, was less than the undertaking.

A similar plan was adopted in May. 121 Communion were undertaken each week in the chapel, 518 elsewhere. The largest number was on Sundays, namely 286. Of the other days, Saturday had the least, Monday the most. Eight members of the senior class were down for 36 Communion in the week. There were 162 who were to go oftener than once a week, with 530 Communion proposed. As a matter of fact, on the 21 school days in May, there were 288 Communion in the chapel. November, 1920, showed larger undertakings; for the college chapel, 200 a week, elsewhere, 630.

There were 850 Communion in the chapel in Lent, 1921, and over 450 in May. The number present was largest on Mondays, because at the beginning of last year, the Council of the College Sodality voted to have General Communion at the meetings every Monday, the meeting beginning at 8.10. Mondays in Lent thus showed a fraction over 46 as an average. Tuesday was the General Communion day of the High School Sodality B, and showed 27; Friday, of the High School Sodality A, and showed 29.

When the movement began, a light breakfast had to be provided. This was seen to by the president of the senior class, who did all the work connected with the breakfast. The charge was 10 cents a-piece; coffee and rolls were provided. In October, the work was taken over by the prefect of the college sodality, was continued by him as steward of the same when his term as prefect was up, and went with the office of steward to his successor.

At first, confessions were heard between the two hours for Communion. Afterwards, a Father was on hand for confessions at noon each day but Saturday in the college chapel.

New House for Laymen's Retreat.—Among the latest properties acquired for the conduct of the manifold activities of the Philadelphia diocese, is that purchased at Malvern by the Laymen's Week-End Retreat League, of Philadelphia, from the Coxe estate. Settlement has been made for the realty, which includes more than 56 acres of ground in Malvern borough, Chester county, and a number of fine buildings.

The well known Coxe mansion, the largest of the structures, will be used for retreats. There is also a stone house at the entrance to the property, as well as a big building, which can be used as a garage and for the housing of a caretaker.

Extensive alterations will be made in the mansion so as to fit it for the purposes of the league. On the main floor there will be a chapel and also a dining room and a recreation hall. The upper stories will be fitted up so as to accommodate a large number of retreatants. It is desired to provide enough rooms, so that each retreatant will have a room for himself. The spiritual advantages of a retreat can be obtained best when the maximum amount of privacy is

given to everyone. In this way each retreatant may make his meditations undisturbed.

The beautiful woods and the extensive lawns which form part of the property belonging to the league, will give the retreatants abundant opportunity to take necessary exercise, and will also enable each man to go off by himself without leaving the grounds.

The retreats will not be given at Malvern until next year, 1922. This property is not owned by Ours. The retreats for laymen heretofore have all been held in the seminary at Overbrook. Each year brought a larger number until it was found necessary to acquire a separate property.

ROME. *Ours Authorized to Establish a University at Jerusalem.*—According to the *Tablet*, September 24, 1921, our Fathers, who have a flourishing university at Beiruth, have received authorization to establish a similar institution at Jerusalem.

Note.—During an allocution which our Holy Father Benedict XV delivered to the seminarians in Rome, he pronounced himself in favor of declaring St. John Berchmans as the patron of seminaries.

SPAIN. *Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's College, Valencia, April 17, 1921.*—The presence of two Cardinals and two Bishops contributed in a singular manner to make the feast a very memorable event.

The opening feast took place with the low Mass, *La Misa de Comunión*, celebrated by Very Rev. Father Peter Boetto, Visitor of the Provinces of Castille and Aragon. At this Mass all the present students, as well as many of the alumni of the college, received Holy Communion. Sacred hymns were sung during the Holy Sacrifice.

At 11.15 began the Solemn Pontifical High Mass, His Eminence Cardinal Ragonesi, Pro-Nuncio Apostolic, officiating. The masters of ceremonies were a Rev. Canon and a priest. In the sanctuary were several thrones. At the gospel side were the thrones for Cardinal Benloch, Archbishop of Burgos, and for Cardinal Vidal, Archbishop of Tarragona. At the epistle side were those for the Archbishop of Valencia and the Bishop of Urgel. The choir that was composed of 400 voices sang the *Missa de Angelis* with great precision and accuracy.

The large and magnificent new organ, bought for this occasion, also contributed immensely to the success of the celebration.

After the gospel, our beloved Cardinal Vidal, alumnus of our college of Manresa and Archbishop of Tarragona, ascended the pulpit. His eminence began by saying that one of the most honorable titles was that of "a pupil of the Jesuits." In simple but touching phrases he described a man's boyhood in which his mother leaves her son to the tender and loving arms of the members of the great Society of Jesus.

He commended the work of our Fathers throughout Spain in the formation and education of their students, and emphasized the duty incumbent on our alumni of carrying out what they have learned in the college.

After Mass, the Pro-Nuncio Apostolic gave the Papal blessing, granting a plenary indulgence to all the faithful there present.

The alumni banquet took place at 2 P. M. in the large theatre hall of our Colegio de San José. Among the dignitaries present were: Pro-Nuncio Ragonesi, Cardinals Benlloch and Vidal, Monsignor Reig, Archbishop of Valencia; Monsignor Guitart, Bishop of Urgel; the Captain General, the Governor, the Navy Commander, the Provincial Deputy, Very Rev. Father Visitor, of the Province of Aragon; Rev. Father Provincial of Aragon, and the Provost or Superior of our Professed House of Valencia. Great happiness and joy reigned during the entire banquet. There were friends who had not seen one another for twenty, thirty, or even forty years. They all tried to sit with their classmates to recall the years of their youth in the college, and especially the many curious anecdotes of their college life. The elite in learning, nobility, politics, literature and arts of Valencia were seen at this banquet. At the end of the meal the speakers rose. First, Cardinal Benlloch, then Señor Rivera, and lastly, the President of the Alumni Association, Señor Simó. They all waxed very eloquent, especially Cardinal Benlloch. He praised to the sky the work of the sons of Loyola, and above all, the great principles they know how to instil in the hearts of their pupils. The Cardinal ended his talk by recalling the fact that in all banquets, according to custom, the decorative flowers are presented to the ladies of the guests and honored gentlemen. "It is necessary for us," he said, "to follow this custom. The lady of the aspirations of all here present is that lady who is now presiding here, the Blessed Virgin, the patroness of all of us students who have donned the white and blue ribbon as the emblem of sodalists of Mary Immaculate. Therefore let our flowers, our homage and our life be for Her and Her alone."

At 6 P. M., the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, the *Felicitación Sabatina* was sung, and Rev. Father Bertrán, Rector of the College, read the consecration of the alumni to the Blessed Virgin. This act was followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then began the procession, in which all our day students and boarders, with their respective standards, many of the alumni, the members of the faculty and alumni priests took part. These were followed by small boys strewing flowers about the statue of the Blessed Mother, which was carried by the alumni. Then came the officiating Cardinal Benlloch, accompanied by the Pro-Nuncio, the Archbishop of Tarragona, and the Bishops of Valencia and Urgel. Next followed the committee of alumni in charge of the feast, and last, but not

least, appeared the brass band of Guadalajara, thus putting an end to the celebration of that Sunday, April 17, 1921.

The following day, at the request of the alumni, a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Provincial for the souls of the deceased alumni.

The formal meeting of our alumni, which took place in our theatre hall, at 11 o'clock, was presided over by the Jesuit alumni, Cardinal Vidal, and Bishop Guitart.

In the evening, one of the main features was the literary and musical entertainment which assumed the character of a contest in literature and music. There were prizes given to the best litterateurs and lovers of music. Among the prize winners worth remembering were: Brother Vengut, s. j., who deserved the prize of Infanta Isabel for a most inspiring poetical composition. The prize of the Pro-Nuncio was merited by Father Sedó, s. j., and that of the Archbishop of Tarragona by Father Massana, s. j., who had wonderfully set to music a hymn to Saint Joseph. A few more prizes were merited by alumni and students of the college. The great celebration was ended with the "College Hymn," sung by the numerous and thrilling voices of our large and wonderful choir.

WORCESTER. *Holy Cross College—The Sodality.*—On Sunday, May 22nd, with the solemn enrollment of ninety-three new members into its ranks, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception, closed one of its most successful and consoling years in its history. On that occasion, Rev. Richard A. O'Brien, s. j., of Boston College, delivered a fervent and unctuous talk to the assembled candidates, and the Rev. Moderator of the Sodality awarded them their well earned and much-coveted diplomas.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the evening's ceremonies, which had also been interluded with classic and sacred music, vocal and instrumental.

As a brief résumé of the sodality's work of the year, it will be interesting to record that the meetings numbered twenty, with an average voluntary attendance of about one hundred and sixty-five men to a meeting.

Among the special achievements of the year, we note the entrance of the sodality into the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade as a unit in that organization. Some of the sodality officers serve as *ipso facto* officers of the unit.

We also record with gratitude the practical interest in the sodality shown by the Albany, N. Y.; Waterbury, Conn.; Merrimac Valley, Mass.; Fall River, Mass.; and North-eastern Pennsylvania undergraduate clubs.

We also take occasion here to thank all the officers of the sodality for their faithful attendance and work during the past year, the many sodalist agents of *America*, who handled nearly five hundred copies of that valuable weekly

among the students, and those who devoted themselves to corporal and spiritual works of mercy in Worcester and elsewhere in the name of the college sodality.

The League of the Sacred Heart.—On June 3, the feast of the Sacred Heart, a solemn reception of promoters was held in the students' chapel. The decorations were tastefully arranged by members of the sophomore class. Musical selections were rendered by Mr. Edward Saunders, of Lowell, Mass.; Mr. William Kelly, of Carbondale, Pa., and Mr. Charles O'Connell, of Chicopee Falls, Mass. Rev. Father Rector blessed and distributed crosses and diplomas to twenty-eight new promoters. The reception was followed by Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Mendel Club.—On May 21st a dance was given in Tuckerman Hall for the Mendel Club by the Holy Cross Club of Worcester. About two hundred attended. Everything in the way of tasteful decoration, excellent music and congeniality, that could make for a successful evening, was on hand. To Mr. Thomas Meehan, '10, and Mr. Mitchell Potvin, '21, great thanks are due for unstinted generosity and efforts in making the occasion a signal one.

During the second half of the year many of the medical alumni responded generously to the appeal for biological books desired for the students' biology library. Thanks to the interest and kindness of Dr. J. T. Bottomley, '89; Dr. M. F. Fallon, '84; Dr. H. J. Cahill, '07, and many others, over a hundred dollars' worth of books have been contributed. The Mendel Club and the biology department are deeply indebted to these men, whose loyalty and constant liberality have been manifest throughout the year.

The Alumni Banquet.—Over 600 members of the Holy Cross Alumni Association gathered on the college campus this year, for the annual alumni banquet, and greeted with enthusiasm the announcement by the Rev. James J. Carlin, S.J., president of the college, that the Holy Cross building fund of \$1,000,000 was now a certainty, and that work on the first building will be started July 1, if the bids are satisfactory.

Father Carlin stated that the new building will be a duplicate of Alumni Hall, and will be ready by September 1, 1922. He also announced scholarship gifts of \$36,000, \$10,000 from the Rev. Daniel F. Curtin, Glen Falls, N. Y., \$8,000 from John H. Halloran, of New York, a previous donor, a gift of \$10,000 from a Worcester citizen that will be announced later, and an anticipated sum of \$8,000 from the estate of the late Rev. David McGrath, formerly of Milford.

Commencement Exercises of 1921.—Before 1500 relatives, alumni and followers of Holy Cross, Gov. Channing Cox presented 143 graduates with their degrees at the annual commencement exercises at Holy Cross June 22.

The exercises were held on commencement terrace, which was gayly decorated with purple and white bunting, purple banners and American flags. The bachelor of arts degree was awarded to 141 students, the degree of bachelor of philosophy to two, the master of arts to nine members of the college alumni, and the master of science in course to two, making the largest class that has ever been graduated from Holy Cross.

We quote this tribute to Ours from the speech of Governor Cox:

"Today we have assembled at an institution of learning which has done honor to Massachusetts, a place where men have studied with serious purpose under skilled and unselfish teachers, and from which they have gone forth well equipped to do large things for the welfare of the world. Well may you rejoice in your strength, in your history honorably written, in your faculty whose only reward must come from the realization of service well done, in your loyal alumni, and in the body of eager and devoted students. Massachusetts holds in tender regard those who have labored and sacrificed to make her educational institutions great and strong."

Province Jubilarians of 1922.—The members of this province who will celebrate their golden jubilee next year are: Father J. Havens Richards, August 7, and Father John B. Jungck, October 1.

HOME NEWS. *Ordinations.*—Ordinations took place, as in 1920, at Georgetown University. On June 27, 28 and 29, Right Rev. Owen B. Corrigan, administrator of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, conferred sub-diaconate, diaconate and the priesthood on the following, all of the Maryland-New York Province:

John J. Brown, Cornelius L. Bulman, William R. Crawford, Joseph A. Dougherty, Francis X. Downey, John A. Egan, Charles H. Hessel, Joseph S. Knight, Stephen A. Koën, William G. Logue, Dennis L. McCarthy, Francis A. McQuade, Joseph B. Morning, Joseph A. Mulry, William C. Repetti, Richard B. Schmitt, Francis X. Talbot, Thomas A. Ward, Martin L. Zillig, Francis L. Andries, Francis L. Archdeacon, Henry C. Avery, Neil J. Boyton, Daniel F. Creeden, Joseph P. Gorayeb, William H. A. Hannas, James T. Hayes, James M. Leavey, Daniel J. Quigley, George F. Strohaber, Walter G. Summers.

Of these, the last twelve were ordained after the second year of theology by virtue of special privilege granted to the Society by Our Holy Father, Benedict XV.

Special Ordinations.—On September 6, 7 and 8, Mr. Francis W. O'Hara, also of the second year, who had just reached the required age of 32 years, was ordained sub-deacon, deacon and priest in Dahlgren Chapel, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. Right Rev. Thomas J.

Shahan, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University, conferred the orders of the first and second days, while the order of the priesthood was conferred by Right Rev. John J. Collins, S. J.

On September 24, Mr. Aloysius M. Torre, of the California Province, was ordained priest by his His Grace Archbishop Hayes in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City. He had been ordained sub-deacon and deacon in St. Louis, on June 24 and 25, by His Grace Archbishop Glennon. As he was at that time not yet 32 years of age, Mr. Torre was forced to wait until September, when, on the completion of his 32nd year, he went to New York to be ordained priest.

New Rector.—On October 3, Rev. Peter Lutz, Professor of Fundamental Theology, was appointed Rector of Woodstock College.

Farewell to Our Former Rector, Father William F. Clark.—Before leaving Woodstock, Rev. Father Clark was tendered a farewell by the community. On the evening of October 3, the House Library was the scene of a gathering in his honor. The college orchestra furnished music for the occasion, assisted by the glee club. Father Francis A. McQuade tendered Father Clark the farewell of the theologians, while Mr. John P. Flanagan spoke the parting good wishes of the philosophers. In a brief speech of appreciation, Father Clark spoke with feeling of his love for Woodstock, and asked the prayers of the community for the success of his future work.

Farewell to Rev. Father Visitor.—On October 26, Rev. Father Norbert de Boynes again visited Woodstock before taking his departure for France. On the evening of October 27, a farewell entertainment was given in his honor. The glee club and orchestra provided the musical numbers of the program. Father Francis X. Downey, speaking for the theologians, assured Rev. Father Visitor that he took with him the heart of Woodstock College, which he had won by his kindness, and Mr. Michael G. Voelkl spoke the farewell wishes of the philosophers. Rev. Father Visitor left Woodstock on October 28 for New York, whence he sailed for France on November 3.

Brother McElaney's Golden Jubilee.—On October 24, Brother William McElaney celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a member of the Society of Jesus. From the day that he travelled from Boston to enter the novitiate at Frederick, on October 24, 1871, Brother has toiled for the Lord in many of the houses of this province. Beginning at Gonzaga, Washington, D. C., through many years at Georgetown, Holy Cross, St. Peter's, Jersey City, Boston College, Keyser Island and St. Mary's, Boston, in all, over thirty-five years, working as engineer and refectorian, Brother has served the Society. His eleven years at Woodstock rounded out a half century of labor done A. M. D. G.

On October 24, the theologians and philosophers united to celebrate the occasion, and music, eloquence and poetry served as means of conveying to the jubilarian of the day the congratulations of the several grades in the college, and good wishes for the many years that a vigorous constitution promises to Brother McEłaney. The program follows:

Orchestra, *Strains from Killarney* (Recker). Vocal solo, *Shamrock* (Seiler), M. G. Voelkl and double quartet. *Our Greetings*, T. F. X. Leckie. Glee club, *Go 'Long* (Dixon). *Our Jubilarian*, L. K. Patterson. Vocal solo, *Mighty Lak' a Rose* (Nevin), H. P. McNally and orchestra accompaniment. *Our Tribute*, W. F. McDonald. Glee club, *Swing Along* (Cook). Orchestra, *Arabesque* (Chaminade).

Woodstock Faculty for 1921-1922.—Father Peter Lutz, Rector, Fundamental Theology (evening), History of Dogma; Father Thomas F. White, Minister; Father William J. Duane, Prefect of Studies; Father Michael J. O'Shea, Procurator and Pastor of St. Alphonsus' Church; Father Timothy J. Barrett, Spiritual Father. In the department of theology: Father William J. Duane, Dogma (morning); Father Henry T. Casten, Dogma (evening); Father James F. Dawson, Dogma (minor course); Father John J. Lunny, Moral, Sacred Oratory; Father John T. Langan, Fundamental Theology (morning); Father Walter Drum, Sacred Scripture, Hebrew; Father Hector Papi, Canon Law, Rites; Father Joseph M. Woods, Ecclesiastical History, Patrology, Sacred Archæology, Editor *Woodstock Letters* and *Teachers' Review*. In the department of philosophy: Father William J. Brosnan, Special Metaphysics in Third Year; Father Charles V. Lamb, Ethics; Father Daniel J. Callahan, Special Metaphysics in Second Year, History of Philosophy; Father James A. Cahill, Special Metaphysics in Second Year, Pedagogy, Assistant Editor of *Teachers' Review*; Father William H. McClellan, Hebrew. In the department of science: Father John A. Brosnan, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Experimental Psychology; Father Henry Brock, Physics; Father Edward C. Phillips, Mathematics, Astronomy.

The Community.—This year the community at Woodstock numbers 236. Of these four are from the Province of New Orleans, one from the Province of California, and one from the Province of Canada.

The Mission of the Philippine Islands is transferred from the Province of Aragon to the Maryland-New York Province.

The transfer of the Mission of the Philippine Islands to our Province is fully set forth in the following letter of Rev. Father Provincial, Joseph H. Rockwell, to our Fathers and Brothers.

PROVINCIAL'S RESIDENCE

NEW YORK, June 23, 1920.

Dear Fathers and Brothers in Christ,

P. C.

Under date of June 4, 1920, Very Rev. Father General writes as follows:

“Valde sollicitum nos tenet Missio Bombayensis, prohi dolor enim Missionarii istius Provinciæ a R. Va. nominati jam fere per annum in vanum exspectant facultatem a Gubernio Anglico in Indiam proficiscendi et fere pro certo habemus fore ut vix uni alterive Patri Americano concedatur in illas regiones se conferre. Quanquam igitur Provincia ista magno animo parata erat complures Socios in Missionem Bombayensem mittere, novæ viæ excogitandæ erant ut miserrima Missio a ruina salvaretur. Et cum rerum condiciones tam incertæ essent visum est, re cum P.P. Assistantibus collata, quanto citius Missioni Bombayensi subveniri posse si Patres Americani mittantur in Missionem Philippinam; ex Miss. autem Philippina Bombayensem petant pari numero socii Hispani.

Igitur R. Va. quamprimum tres saltem Socios in Insulas Philippinas mittet, deinde alios cum, accepta a Sociis Hispanis facultate Bombay adeundi, e Philippinis erit ipsis discedendum.

In Philippinis Insulis Patres Americani pulcherrimum campum laborum apostolicorum invenient.

Necessitate cogente ad morem in antiqua Societate generatim servatum redimus quo Socii ex variis Provinciis delecti una simul in Provinciis et Missionibus transmarinis cum magna alacritate et animorum conjunctione regno Dei amplificando operam navabant. Magnas quidem utilitates hæc consuetudo afferebat, et ut spero magnas etiam afferet nunc, Dei juvante gratia; modo tamen solum majorem Dei gloriam et animorum utilitatem intueamur. Hic finis præstantissimus, et arcana Dei Providentia quæ successus humanos ad fines sibi notos disponit, animos Nostris addet ut hoc sacrificium, si quod sit, prompta voluntate suscipiant.

Hoc meum consilium jam communicavi Præposito Prov. Aragoniæ.

Dominum N. Jesum Christum rogo ut hoc consilium, quod non nisi ægre et necessitate compulsus post multam orationem et maturam considerationem, ad majus sui Nominis gloriam, suscepi, benedicere dignetur, et Nostrorum animos uberrima sua gratia juvet ad illud alacriter exsequendum.”

At the time when his Paternity assigned the Mission of Bombay to our Province, I called for volunteers. The re-

sponse was most generous. Before sending missionaries to the new field assigned, I wish to call once more for volunteers. Some may have had a preference for India, who for some reason cannot well go to the Philippines; on the other hand there may be some who will be glad to volunteer for the Philippine Mission. Kindly write to me as soon as you can.

In obedience to his Paternity's request I am desirous of sending the missionaries as soon as possible.

Yours devotedly in Christ,

JOSEPH H. ROCKWELL, S. J.

There was a ready and generous response to this call for volunteers. Who were the chosen ones, and an account of their departure for the new mission, are related elsewhere in this number of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

The New Vice-Province of New England.—An important change was effected on Sunday, July 31, the feast of St. Ignatius, in the administration of the Eastern Province of our Society. The original province, known for the last forty-two years as the Maryland-New York Province, comprised all the Middle Atlantic and New England States, as well as Virginia and West Virginia. In the future all the Jesuit institutions embraced in the New England States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts will have a separate administration.

On the day the division was made the Very Rev. Patrick F. O'Gorman was installed as Vice-Provincial of the new Vice-Province of New England.

We subjoin the letters of Very Rev. Father General in regard to this important event in the history of the Maryland-New York Province.

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ROMÆ, 24 Iunii 1921.

Reverendi Patres et Fratres in Xto carissimi:

P. Ch.

Magno solatio mihi fuerunt quæ a R. P. Visitatore audivi de indefesso zelo quo maiorem Dei gloriam ubique propagare studetis et de sincero studio ut vitam Sociis Iesu vere dignam agatis.

Maiore etiam cum gaudio comperi, quæ P. Visitor verbis de bono vestro spiritu testatus est ea vos opere comprobasse tanta alacritate Missionem Philippinam suscipientes, licet id haud levia sacrificia a vobis postularit. Deus qui liberalitate se vinci non patitur large vobis ista rependat vocationum solidarum augmento, benedictione peculiari in vestris laboribus, gratiis denique internis bene magis, ita ut "in absoluta omnium Constitutionum observatione nostrique Instituti peculiari ratione adimplenda" in dies magis proficiatis. Hac ratione instrumenta apta in omnipotenti manu Dei evadetis

et magna pro salute animarum perficietis, quia tunc et tunc solum virtus Altissimi vobiscum erit. Pergatis igitur, sapientibus et caritate plenis consiliis monitisque P. Visitoris adiuti, ad sublimem perfectionem et finem a divina Providentia nobis præfixum totis viribus contendere.

Ad quod non parum collaturam esse spero divisionem administrationis Provinciæ vestræ quam hodierna die S. Patri Ignatio sacra, ut in epistola ad P. Provinciale data enucleatius exposui, perficiendam esse decrevi. Utique etiam hæc divisio sacrificia quædam a vobis postulabit at fons fiet uberrimarum gratiarum, si fideliter et magno animo ad effectum adducta fuerit, prouti a vestro spiritu obœdientiæ cum plena fiducia exspecto.

Ex corde vobis omnibus, dilectissimi in Xto. Patres et Fratres, benedico meque sanctis vestris Sacrificiis et precibus enixe commendo.

Vestrum omnium servus in Xto.,
WŁODIMIRUS LEDÓCHOWSKI,
Præp. Gen. Soc. Iesu.

Epistola ad Patres et Fratres,
Provinciæ Marylandiæ-Neo Eboracensis.

* *
*

ROMÆ, 24 Junii 1921.

Reverende in Christo Pater, P. Ch.

Acceptis litteris de dividenda istius Provinciæ administratione a R. Va. die 14 et a R. P. Visitatore die 21 Maii ad me datis, restat ut consilium quod d. 13 Aprilis vobis proposueram jam plane approbem atque Ræ., Væ., exsequendum committam.

1. Remanente igitur Provincia Marylandiæ-Neo Eboracensi una atque integra, fiat jam nunc *divisio administrationis* ita ut parti Provinciæ quæ vulgo "Neo-Anglia" vocatur proprius Superior præficiatur qui eam tanquam Vice-Provincialis gubernet, reliqua vero pars curæ Patris Provincialis relinquatur. Discussis enim cum PP. Assistentibus variis sententiis de Provinciæ vestræ divisione cum antea tum præsertim post diligentissimas consultationes tempore visitationis nobis expositis, multisque precibus ad lumen divinum impetrandum fuis, visum est nobis hac via divisionem Provinciæ præparandam esse idque etiam vobis probari cum gaudio intelleximus. . . .

2. Et *territorium* quidem, quod futurus Vice-Provincialis administrabit, complectetur Status Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut. Deest sane in ista regione justus domorum numerus, sed statim de ædificandis Novitiatu et Scholasticatu vel Philosophorum vel Theologorum cogitandum erit. Socii vero jam nunc sat numerosi sunt et considerato numero incolarum atque Catholicorum illius regionis eorumque præsertim indole spes est fore ut, auctis ibi domibus et ministeriis Societatis, in dies magis augeantur.

3. Ad *subditos* quod attinet principia illa, quæ in constituenda nova Provincia adhiberi solent jam nunc præ oculis habeantur. Itaque Socii, qui in Neo-Anglia nati sunt, paulatim pro opportunitate in eam erunt arcessendi et contra; ita tamen, ut quemlibet eorum Præpositus Generalis alteri parti ad vitam applicare possit, qua in re justa quoque desideria ipsorum sociorum probabilibus innixa rationibus considerare fas est.

4. *Vice-Provincialis* Bostoniæ sedem constituet, habeatque Socium et quattuor Consultores a P. Generali nominandos eadem ratione ac in Provincia. Loco P. Præpositi Provinciæ *ordinariam administrationem* Neo-Angliæ exercebit; diriget Superiores locales, socios muneribus applicabit, per varias domos eos distribuendo, labores Societatis proprios suscipiet et moderabitur secundum Instituti nostri præscripta. Quotannis omnes domos visitabit et elenchos visitationis per P. Provinciale ad P. Generalem mittet; concedet facultates Provinciali reservatas; admittet candidatos ad Novitiatum et Novitios ad prima vota; requiret necessarias informationes ante ultima vota. . . .

5. Quod ad Missiones externas Provinciæ concreditas attinet, earum cura generalis pendeat a Provinciali.

6. In ratione annuntiandi defunctos in Societate et suffragia pro eis peragendi nihil immutatur. . . .

Commendo me Ræ. Væ. sanctis Sacrificiis,
Ræ. Væ.

Servus in Christo,

WŁODIMIRUS LEDÓCHOWSKI,

Præp. Gen. Soc. Iesu.

We have omitted from the documents some of the lesser details.

* * *

WANTED.—Old issues of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

We sometimes have calls for back numbers of the LETTERS. A few of these issues we cannot supply. Perhaps some of our readers possess extra copies which we would be glad to obtain. If you have extra copies of the issues we are seeking, we should be happy to receive them in exchange for numbers you may desire to get to complete your set of the LETTERS. The following numbers are those for which we are looking:

Vol. 4, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. 6, Nos. 1 and 2; Vol. 8, No. 3; Vol. 12, No. 3; Vol. 41, No. 3; Vol. 42, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

If you have any of these, kindly send us the copies, with a request for the issues you wish in exchange, and we shall at once forward the same to you with our sincere thanks.

PROVINCIA CALIFORNIAE. *Ministeria Spiritualia Nostorum*—a. 1 Julii a. 1920 ad 1 Julii a. 1921.—Baptism—infants, 2,877; adults, 498. Confess., 586,678. Commun., 1,279,734. Matrim.—benedic., 875; revalid., 170. Ult. Sacram., 1,750. Parati ad 1. Comm. 2,279; Parati ad Confirm., 2,422. Conc. et. Exhort., 10,277. Catech., 11,671. Exerc. Sp.—publica, 113; privata, 82. Visit. Infirm., 16,601; Visit. Carcer., 298. Visit. Hospit., 8,372. Sodalit. (Socii), 6,810. Soc. fœd. SS. Cor. (Socii), 21,957.

NOTICE.

The tables of Summer Retreats
will appear in the February issue.

LIST OF OUR DEAD IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

From October 1, 1920, to October 1, 1921

	Age	Soc.	Time	Place
Fr. John P. Hogan.....	76	58	Oct. 7, 1920	Chicago, Ill.
Fr. Aloysius A. Menne.....	38	21	Oct. 15, "	Pine Ridge, S. D.
Br. Andrew Endriss.....	81	53	Nov. 12, "	Florissant, Mo.
Mr. Willibrord Hommes...	27	5	Nov. 15, "	Spokane, W.
Fr. Camillus Capilupi.....	83	50	Nov. 18, "	Albuquerque, N. M.
Fr. Timothy O'Leary.....	77	57	Nov. 27, "	Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Fr. Stephen Proulx.....	65	44	Nov. 28, "	Montreal, Can.
Br. James J. Byrnes.....	24	4	Dec. 13, "	Florissant, Mo.
Fr. Charles Coppens... ..	85	67	Dec. 14, "	Chicago, Ill.
Fr. Philip Murphy.....	68	39	Dec. 28, "	New Orleans, La.
Br. Leo Sinner.....	81	58	Jan. 8, 1921	Florissant, Mo.
Fr. Charles King.....	41	23	Jan. 9, "	Galveston, Tex.
Fr. Redmond J. Walsh.....	46	30	Jan. 20, "	Summit, N. J.
Br. Patrick Loughran.....	77	49	Feb. 10, "	San Francisco, Cal.
Fr. Alexander Gagnieur... ..	58	34	Feb. 10, "	Guelph, Ont.
Br. Robert Dowdle.....	76	46	Feb. 22, "	Florissant, Mo.
Fr. Alphonse Otis.....	57	33	Feb. 23, "	New Orleans, La.
Br. Joseph Fontaine.....	68	48	Mar. 3, "	Caughnawaga, Can.
Br. John Muller.....	76	54	Mar. 25, "	Grand Coteau, La.
Fr. Joseph Fouillet.....	67	46	Apr. 8, "	Montreal, Can.
Fr. Joseph Paré.....	74	54	Apr. 9, "	Montreal, Can.
Mr. William G. Busch.....	22	1	Apr. 15, "	Florissant, Mo.
Fr. Julius Egloffstein.....	72	47	Apr. 20, "	San Francisco, Cal.
Fr. William Salentin.....	53	31	Apr. 21, "	Mobile, Ala.
Fr. John A. Pfister.....	47	28	May 13, "	Kingston, Jam.
Fr. Francis L. Fenwick....	37	17	May 14, "	Georgetown, D. C.
Fr. Louis Ragaru.....	74	52	May 24, "	Montreal, Can.
Fr. John Boschi.....	59	39	May 26, "	San José, Cal.
Br. Francis Jost.....	77	60	June 10, "	Spring Hill, Ala.
Fr. Augustin M. Effinger..	66	47	June 23, "	Omaha, Neb.
Mr. William P. Gormaly... ..	29	9	June 23, "	Belize, Br. Hon.
Mr. Claude M. Bakewell... ..	29	11	July 20, "	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Br. John Baptist Tremblay	78	57	July 22, "	Spanish, Ont.
Fr. Joseph Zwinge.....	67	48	Aug. 6, "	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fr. Aemilius Diebold.....	47	28	Aug. 7, "	New Orleans, La.
Br. Peter Seuryneck.....	47	24	Aug. 13, "	Cleveland, O.
Br. Charles J. Studer.....	52	29	Aug. 29, "	Belize, Br. Hon.
Fr. Joseph A. Mulry.....	48	31	Aug. 31, "	Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. Gabriel G. Bachner....	26	7	Sept. 11, "	Belize, Br. Hon.
Mr. Albert I. Heney.....	27	7	Sept. 13, "	Salem, Ore.
Br. Raymond Mendizabal	41	21	Sept. 29, "	New Orleans, La.

Statistics of Our Novitiates and Scholasticates in
United States and Canada, October 1, 1921.

NOVITIATES—	NOVICES				JUNIORS		TER-	Total
	Scholastics		Brothers				TIANS	
	yr. 1st	yr. 2d	yr. 1st	yr. 2d	yr. 1st	yr. 2d		
<i>Maryland-N. Y.</i>								
Poughkeepsie.....	36	17	5	35	66 ⁽¹⁾	22 ⁽²⁾	181
Yonkers, N. Y.....	17	24	1	42
<i>Missouri</i>								
Florissant, Mo.....	37	36	8	7	25	33	146
Cleveland, Ohio.....	27 ⁽³⁾	27
<i>California</i>								
Los Gatos, Cal.....	15	16	3	5	15	13	67
<i>New Orleans</i>								
Macon, Ga.....	11	3	...	1	5	10	30
<i>Canada</i>								
Sault-au-Recollet, Q.	18	16	10	6	6	8	64
Guelph, Ont.....	9	9	4	4	5	31
Total.....	143	121	31	19	90	135	49	588

(1) Canada, 2. (2) Canada, 1. (3) New Orleans, 1; California, 5.

SCHOLASTICATES—

	THEOLOGIANS			PHILOSOPHERS			Adv. Sc.	
	Major Course	Minor Course	yr. 1st	yr. 2d	yr. 3d	Rec.		
<i>Maryland-N. Y.</i>								
Woodstock, Md.....	86	24	48	33	191 ⁽¹⁾
St. Andrew's, N.Y...	60	60
<i>Missouri</i>								
St. Louis, Mo.....	84	36	16	25	26	1	188 ⁽²⁾
<i>California</i>								
Hillyard, Wash.....	24	42	48	114 ⁽³⁾
<i>Canada</i>								
Montreal, Que.....	31	26	30	24	20	131 ⁽⁴⁾
Total.....	201	86	130	139	127	1	684

(1) New Orleans, 4; California, 1; Canada, 1. (2) 44 from provinces of California, Maryland-New York, New Orleans, Portugal, Toledo, and from the Order of Resurrectionists. (3) Missouri, 31; New Orleans, 19; England, 1. (4) Missouri, 2; Maryland-New York, 1; 36 member of Congregation of Blessed Sacrament; Seculars, 3.

Students in our Colleges in the United States and Canada, October 10, 1921

COLLEGE, HIGH SCHOOL AND PREPARATORY COURSES

	No. of Students	D. Schol.	Boarders	College Course (1)	High School	Preparat.	Commer. & Scient.	Augment. D. Schol.	Augment. Board.	Total Augment.	Augment. Province.
Maryland-N. Y.	11398	10179	1219	4469	6739	190	2221	79	2300	2300
Baltimore	330	330	65	251	14	34	34
Boston	2426	2426	² 878	1548	323	323
Brooklyn	615	615	615	117	117
Buffalo.....	1842	1842	³ 1117	725	793	793
Jamaica.....	214	214	214	43	43
Jersey City.....	555	555	555	95	95
N. Y.-Fordham....	1694	1531	163	⁴ 1054	640	525	-35	490
St. Fran. Xav.	798	798	672	126	116	116
Loyola.....	85	85	35	50	-1	-1
Regis H. S....	655	655	655	-3	-3
Philadelphia.....	589	589	84	505	109	109
Wash.-Georgetown	611	161	450	⁵ 517	94	98	98
Gonzaga.....	230	230	230	44	44
Worcester.....	754	148	606	754	22	16	38
Missouri	8615	8035	580	3324	4827	464	705	32	734	734
Chicago.....	1176	1176	138	1038	93	93
Cincinnati.....	970	970	311	659	185	185
Cleveland.....	626	626	175	451	52	52
Denver.....	288	156	132	57	205	26	26	26
Detroit.....	546	546	122	424	-18	-18
Kansas City.....	318	318	43	275	67	67
Milwaukee.....	⁶ 1782	⁶ 1782	⁶ 1332	345	105	207	207
Omaha.....	735	735	294	441	63	63
Prairie du Chien....	408	408	⁷ 408	8	8
St. Louis.....	981	981	282	529	170	-111	-111
St. Mary's.....	503	55	448	116	224	163	-3	32	29
Toledo.....	282	282	46	236	4	4
New Orleans	1138	791	347	194	761	183	-111	-104	-215	-215
Galveston	94	94	57	37	-4	-4
Grand Coteau.....	126	14	112	20	106	-3	-28	-31
N.Orl.-Im. Conc....	405	405	325	80	-45	-45
Loyola.....	72	72	72	-31	-31
Shreveport.....	101	101	70	31	6	6
Spring Hill.....	255	20	235	102	153	6	-76	-70
Tampa.....	85	85	50	35	-40	-40
California	2503	2117	386	331	1645	466	61	397	-53	344	344
Los Angeles.....	450	450	50	400	76	76
Missoula.....	70	70	49	21	18	18
San Francisco.....	365	365	⁸ 43	322	33	33
Santa Clara.....	347	141	206	⁹ 108	187	52	23	-43	-20
Seattle.....	192	192	192	30	30
Spokane.....	524	344	180	130	360	25	9	12	-10	2
Tacoma.....	375	375	75	300	25	25
Yakima.....	180	180	60	120	180	180
Canada	1823	834	989	352	1032	401	38	69	80	149	149
Edmonton.....	136	16	120	21	61	42	12	-32	-14	-46
Montre'l-St. Mary's	597	338	259	162	376	59	3	3
Loyola....	381	214	167	74	257	50	46	-7	39
Regina.....	73	10	63	73	10	63	73
Spanish.....	106	1	105	106	1	1	2
St. Boniface.....	390	230	160	69	203	92	26	46	57	103
Sudbury.....	140	25	115	26	62	52	-5	-20	-25
Total in Colleges	¹⁰ 25477	21956	3521	8670	15004	1240	563	3281	34	3312	3312

1—Pre-medical included. 2—26 Post graduates. 3—15 A. M. in course; 496 in summer course; 294 in afternoon and evening course. 4—400 Post graduates, including Department of Education. 5—12 A. M. in course. 6—989 music course. 7—Total for College and High School. 8—3 A. M. in course. 9—8 A. M. in course. 10—The High School in Belize, British Honduras (Missouri Province), closed on account of an epidemic of yellow fever, has recently re-opened with 100 boys in attendance.

Students in Our Colleges

(Continued)

UNIVERSITY COURSES

	<i>Law</i>	<i>Medicine</i>	<i>Dentistry</i>	<i>Pharmacy</i>	<i>Engineering</i>	<i>Sociology</i>	<i>Finance</i>	<i>Journalism</i>	<i>Foreign Service</i>	<i>Extension Courses</i>	<i>Courses not listed</i>	<i>Total</i>
Maryland-N. Y.	2250	204	126	249	40	381	100	120	3470
Fordham.....	1106	249	40	100	⁽¹⁾ 120	1615
Georgetown.....	1144	204	126	381	1855
Missouri	1334	819	965	84	513	1518	2346	121	40	294	8034
Chicago.....	72	193	1450	1715
Cincinnati.....	87	68	338	493
Detroit.....	277	211	579	40	1107
Milwaukee.....	345	186	565	302	679	121	⁽²⁾ 63	2261
Omaha.....	162	139	178	84	66	⁽³⁾ 43	672
St. Louis.....	391	301	222	684	188	1786
New Orleans	170	54	58	82	142	340	846
New Orleans.....	170	54	58	82	142	340	846
California	278	60	35	373
Los Angeles.....	45	45
San Francisco.....	143	143
Santa Clara.....	39	60	99
Spokane.....	51	35	86
Total	4032	1023	1145	391	573	1640	2381	121	421	242	754	12723

⁽¹⁾ Accountancy and Business Law. ⁽²⁾ Nursing. ⁽³⁾ Commercial Art.

SUMMARY

College Total, 1920—21,298. University Total, 1920—10,374.
 Grand Total, 1920—31,672.

College Total, 1921—25,477. University Total—1921, 12,723
 Grand Total, 1921—38,200.

