

# THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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Father Joseph M. Woods, S. J.

A cheerful, unselfish readiness for hard work; a kindly disposition and a keen and sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties of others; an innate modesty and a singular reticence which excluded anything savoring of self-glorification and hid, as far as could be, his good works from the eyes of men; the supernaturalizing of these gifts and their constant consecration to God during fifty years of religious life, and the universal, untiring, generous use of them for God's greater glory and the spread of the Kingdom of Christ: this is a brief summary of the life of Father Joseph Woods as written in the hearts of the many, both in and out of the Society, who knew him, and who through him came to know and love our Lord better, and whose grateful testimonies to his many virtues, and especially to his simple, untiring, unbounded zeal and charity, will form the larger part of this tribute to his memory.

Father Woods was born in Pottstown, Pa., November 22, 1859, and was baptized some three weeks later, December 11, in St. Aloysius' Church, in the same town. At baptism he received the name Joseph Michael. As he was fond, in his early life in the Society, of singing the praises of his birthplace, no doubt he spent there the few years which preceded his offering of himself to God in religion. This offering he made in the year 1874, when he was but fifteen years of age; however it was not until the following year that he was received into the Society as a Novice, at the Novitiate in Frederick, Md. Why the delay, and what happened in the meantime, we shall hear from one who writes with an immediate knowledge of the events he narrates. They read like a page from the distant past, and it is hard to realize that but fifty years separate us from their happening. He tells us:

"To those who knew and admired Father Woods for his singularly lovable disposition there is a phase of his early

life, known to very few, which will be of genuine interest. At the time of his first application in 1874 for admission into the Society, the Province was under the direction of Fr. Joseph E. Keller, who, though a member of the Missouri Province, was for eight years Provincial of the Maryland Province, from August 1869 to May, 1877. Fr. Keller was of the opinion that candidates who had not studied in any one of our Colleges, and who, consequently, were more or less unknown quantities, should spend a short time on probation in one of the houses of the Province, where they could be under the direct supervision of Ours. We had then, and for several years afterwards, an old mission-station at Goshenhoppen in Berks Co., Pennsylvania. This Mission had been founded by members of the old Society, who erected here for the benefit of the German Catholics settled in Berks and Montgomery Counties, a small church in honor of St. Paul the Apostle. Under the old Society it was a centre whence missionary excursions were made into various parts of Pennsylvania, of New Jersey and even New York. At the time spoken of, the Superior of Goshenhoppen was Fr. Bally, a Belgian,\* who rounded out over forty years at this remote post, to which no railroad ever penetrated. In his honor the name of the place was changed after his death to Bally. Goshenhoppen is not far from Reading and about five miles from Barto, the terminus of one of the numerous branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The country surrounding the Mission is devoted to agricultural purposes, the land being remarkably fertile and the people unusually thrifty.

“Fr. Bally was a saintly man; artless as a child, but with many peculiarities. The postulant was supposed to serve Mass, to go to the post office twice a day, to lead

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\*Fr. Augustine Bally was born in Merxplas, Belgium, March 8, 1806. He entered the Society, however, in this country, having been received as a Novice at the Novitiate in Whitemarsh, Md., December 2, 1830, a little more than two years before the erection of the Province of Maryland, which took place February 2, 1833. Fr. Bally was ordained in the year 1837, and on October 31 of that year he was sent to Goshenhoppen, where he remained till his death, January 30, 1882; a period of forty-four years, during forty-three of which he held the post of Superior. It may be well to note that Goshenhoppen was the name of the Mission. The name of the town, at least during Fr. Bally's time, was Churchville. After Fr. Bally's death it was, in memory of him, changed to Bally. This name it still retains.

the horses to the pasture, to feed the chickens, and to wait on Fr. Bally, who, in return, guaranteed to lead the youthful aspirant through the labyrinthine mazes of the Latin Grammar.

“The house was a plain two-story structure, with the Pastor’s office and bed-room on the right of the entrance and parlors on the left. As Fr. Bally lived a life of primitive simplicity and extreme frugality, the candidate was expected to do the same. During the day, when not employed on errands, he studied at a table in the corner of the office; at night, he occupied the left-hand corner of Fr. Bally’s sleeping apartment, so as to be ready for any emergency summons.

“Rheumatism was one of the afflictions of this dear old man, and he was sincerely convinced that vigorous applications of a scrubbing brush were the sole cure for this malady. The youthful aspirant was, consequently, in frequent demand. Just as he was concentrating his energies on the laws of the Subjunctive mood, there would be a cry, ‘My arm, my arm! Apply the scrubbing brush’. After an application of several minutes Fr. Bally would announce relief, and the student would return to his books, only to be again summoned after half an hour, because the rheumatism had gone to Fr. Bally’s leg. During the day, the experience, though unique, was not unpleasant; but at night it was rather trying to have one’s slumbers frequently broken by a small bell and by the cry, ‘the scrubbing brush, the scrubbing brush; the pain is in my hips, but don’t be rough.’ The rheumatism seemed to take a special delight in darting from hip to elbow, from elbow to feet, and from feet to neck. Nor was this all. After any lengthy application of the brush, Fr. Bally declared that the postulant needed fresh air, and he forthwith ordered him to take a walk in the cemetery. It was decidedly uncanny to stroll among the tombstones on a cloudy night, with memories of past scrubblings and with visions of immediate future ones.

“It was into this world of primeval simplicity that Fr. Woods wandered in the summer of 1874. He went there from Pottstown, a place of which he was very proud, and he adapted himself immediately to his new surroundings. He was then an open, sincere, earnest lad, and he won immediately Fr. Bally’s affection, who decided to call

him 'Josie'. It was really surprising how well 'Josie' grasped the situation, how skillfully he managed to avoid all misunderstandings with a peculiar odd housekeeper, and how patiently he bore with the whimsicalities of the apostle of Goshenhoppen. 'Josie' became Fr. Bally's ideal of a postulant, and all future comers were daily lectured on their own shortcomings and on the transcendent virtues of Pottstown's illustrious son. Twelve months passed in this secluded spot, twelve months of intense happiness for 'Josie' and of deep satisfaction for Fr. Bally, who declared that there never was, and never could be a boy like 'Josie' Woods; and when 'Josie' went to Frederick in the summer of 1875, the old gentleman was well-nigh inconsolable.

"It was on the sixth of August, 1875, that Fr. Woods reached the old Novitiate in Frederick, Maryland. The venerable Fr. Ward was then Rector and Master of Novices; Fr. Archibald Tisdall was Minister; and the veteran Fr. Gaffney had charge of the missions in Frederick County. The novices were few in number, for there were only eighteen when the last applicant of the year arrived. They had come from various parts of the world; three were from Ireland, one from England, one from Texas, one from Mississippi, and the others from the East Atlantic states. Their ages were strikingly uneven; for while four were around sixteen years, the others were nearer thirty. In health they were far from being robust, and before June of 1876 had passed, death had claimed three of their number. Fr. Woods soon became a general favorite on account of his affability, and he amused all by his naive descriptions of the greatness of Pottstown and of the fertile fields of Berks Co., Penn. His days of noviceship were uneventful, for he had a placid nature and he knew well how to pass a pleasant recreation either with a candidate from Texas or with one from across the Atlantic.

"In the early summer of 1876, Fr. Tisdall was appointed Master of Novices, and a new impetus was given to the course of events in quiet Frederick, while the same summer brought a number of splendid Novices from Boston to swell the ranks of the Society.

“The change in the office of Master brought several changes among the Novices, and Fr. Woods was made Subbeadle, an office which he filled almost without a break during the remainder of his days at Frederick. In this position he displayed many traits of a fine, generous nature, being always ready to perform those acts of fraternal helpfulness which relieve so effectively the petty annoyances that sometimes worry even the Novice. Indeed it may have been a reward for his universal charity that he was granted the honor and rare privilege of serving for a long period the daily Mass of the saintly Fr. John McElroy, who at that time, after seventy-one fruitful years in the Society, was awaiting his call home. Fr. Woods served Fr. McElroy’s last Mass. Some months later, September 12, 1877, Fr. McElroy died at the advanced age of ninety-five years.

“On the fifteenth of August, 1877, Fr. Woods pronounced the first vows of the Society, and went with a few others to join the *secundi anni* Juniors, making seven in all. It was a day of intense joy for him, and it was the initial realization of the dreams of his blameless boyhood.

“Studies of the Juniorate that year were taken over by Fr. Edward Connolly, who afterwards withdrew from the Society. Fr. Connolly was a severe teacher, frequently over-exacting, but he was certainly a thorough driller in knowledge and precise information. He exercised a profound influence over Fr. Woods, who, having been selected with two others, because of superior talent and unusual application, to specialize in literature, enjoyed for three years his strict and intensive training.

“In the Summer of 1880 Fr. Woods went with the members, both of his own entering year, 1875, and of the following year, 1876, to begin the study of philosophy at Woodstock. The class that went from Frederick was joined by many additions from Missouri, from New Orleans and from California. It was by far the largest that, up to that time, had studied on the banks of the Patapsco, and great expectations were built upon it.”

Fr. Polino was its Professor of Philosophy for the three years, including Ethics also in the third year. The Sciences in the second year were taught by Fr. Degni, and

for Mathematics in first and third years it had for Professor the well known and versatile Fr. Sestini. Fr. Sestini was a mathematician of note, and the author of a series of mathematical works. He was, moreover, the Founder of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and its Editor for many years. It was Fr. Sestini, too, who not only designed, but also painted the then, and even yet, remarkable astronomical decorations on the ceiling of Woodstock's library.

Under professors such as these, even to come in contact with whom was an inspiration, Fr. Woods worked during the three years of Philosophy with remarkable diligence and success, and this, even though neither Philosophy nor Mathematics held any strong attraction for him. He was the first to defend Philosophy at the domestic Disputations.

“Fr. Woods was, during his early years in the Society, as also in his later years, a singularly naive character, deeply religious, an upholder of strict observance and a loyal son of the Society.” So writes one who was with him at Frederick, during his Philosophy at Woodstock, and who knew him intimately during those formative years.

Others, who were really close to him at that time, stress one or another of the outstanding traits of the truly religious character which he showed as a young Jesuit, and which, as we shall see later, grew with his advancing years. These traits, as was noted above, were fully known to those who knew Fr. Woods well, though to others they may not have been so manifest, as they were never paraded. Indeed the contrary was true; they were hidden, as far as they could be, through a supernaturalized natural modesty.

One of these companions writes: “Another habit which was formed by Fr. Woods, principally in his Juniorate, and which remained with him for his long life of labor for God, was his love of work. He, with others, was principally indebted for the formation of this habit to Fr. Connolly, their teacher in the Juniorate, who in season and out of season urged his scholars to work, work, work. His slogan was—‘Energetic work is talent.’”

Another tells us: “Fr. Woods was a *secundi anni* when

I entered the Frederick Novitiate in 1876. He was always, in my eyes, a good Jesuit, a man without guile, open-minded, cheerful, and a hard worker. Whenever I was assigned to his band in recreation, I experienced pleasure, as I knew we should have a cheerful, happy time. Perhaps the high spot in his character was his innocent, sunny disposition, which he kept through life, and which made him always a welcome caller, at least to me."

A third Says: "Although I entered the Society only a short time after Fr. Woods, I lived with him very little outside of Woodstock. As to my estimate of him as a Jesuit, the characteristics that stand out, in my recollection, are his kindly disposition, his generous charity, and his great interest in, and love for, anything connected with the Society."

Touching mainly on his life as a philosopher at Woodstock, another adds: "I have not lived with Fr. Woods since my Ordination, thirty-five years ago, and have met him since then only on rare occasions and at long intervals. I might say, however, that he was one of those who came from Frederick to Woodstock, and I was one of the first batch to go from West Park to Woodstock, at the time when Maryland and New York were united as one Province. Much depended at that time, 1879 and 1880, on the young men thus assembled at Woodstock. I remember Fr. Woods as a universal favorite; and one to whose charity, good nature and constant cheerfulness may be attributed in great part the splendid blending of the Scholastics into a compact body, so that it was almost impossible to tell who was from the North, and who from the South. My occasional meetings with him in later years showed me that he still retained the same delightful traits."

Of the outstanding virtues, whose assiduous practice was conspicuous in Fr. Woods' early religious life, and even more conspicuous in his late priestly work, we have this testimony from one who knew him well during both of these periods:

"Those whose good fortune it was to have known Fr. Woods in his early religious life, during his prime and in

his later years, could not have failed to recognize that the virtues and character-traits which he so sedulously strove to cultivate and supernaturalize in his early religious life, were the very same virtues and character-traits which caused him to be so much in demand and loved during his after life.

“His sympathy was one of these virtues. Fr. Woods was pre-eminently sympathetic, both naturally and supernaturally. As a young religious he was constant and universal in the practice of this virtue. Indeed it was its practice which made him, despite a retiring disposition, a ready and welcome companion to every one and on all occasions. He seemed to take a personal interest in every one, and those of widely different dispositions considered him a special friend. Vow days, Ordination days, or any other special occasions, brought to his friends from Fr. Woods a card, a note, a poem, or some other thoughtful recognition of the event.

“It was, moreover, this virtue of sympathy, refined by cultivation, which enabled him to understand the difficulties and sufferings of those in trouble. It was this virtue which helped much to make him a favorite confessor, a singularly successful spiritual director, and a giver of retreats who was constantly in demand. People sometimes wondered why it was that he so frequently gave retreats in the same place, and year after year. Is not the answer, his sympathy as a confessor, and his tact and prudence in directing souls?

“Cheerfulness was another character-trait which Fr. Woods, as a young religious, cultivated, and consecrated to God’s work, and which remained with him all during his zealous, laborious, long life of usefulness. It was this virtue of cheerfulness spiritualized, which made him live so contentedly and happy for many years at Woodstock, and which, combined with his sympathy, invited those in distress to seek comfort from him. Who is there that knew Fr. Woods and does not remember his cheerful laugh, and his light-heartedness under strain? How many thousands in trouble have been cheered and heartened to bear their burdens more patiently, and walk more courageously in the spiritual life, by his contagious cheerfulness!



“Allied with these two character-traits was another, and an attractive one, his transparent simplicity. Though always a man, Fr. Woods was always child-like in his character. He was a man without guile.”

When the assignments to college work were made at the end of his three years of Philosophy, August, 1883, Fr. Woods was appointed to teach what was then known as 1st Grammar, in Loyola College, Baltimore. He threw himself with zest into his new work, and with what success we may gather from this brief appreciation of his efforts by one of his pupils of that year, now a venerable Father of our Province. “Fr. Woods,” he writes, “liked his boys, and they liked him and had great respect for him. He always treated them as gentlemen; always looked at the good side of their characters; always encouraged them. We never had a gloomy day under him. That year three entered the Society from his class; one Brother, and two Scholastic Novices.”

Much as he liked his work in Baltimore, Fr. Woods longed for a wide field for his endeavors, and, hence, he was quite delighted when, in the Summer of 1884, he was sent to Fordham to lend his strength to that honored stronghold of classical knowledge. Of his work at Fordham, and of his life in general as a religious, we have the following account, sent from a sick-bed by one who was a Scholastic with Fr. Woods at Fordham at that time, and who was himself, during his Scholastic days, and for many years later as a priest, a most successful teacher.

He writes: “Fr. Woods taught the class of Poetry at Fordham. As a teacher he endeared himself to the hearts of the boys by his fatherly, or rather his almost motherly, care of them. He was a wonderful man for the small boys, and was always very considerate of them. When in trouble they would go to him for consolation. They were never afraid to approach him at such times, and many were the distressed hearts he soothed and comforted.

“He was a kind of unofficial Spiritual Father to the boys, and through the Sodality of which he had charge he did much good. He was ingenious in organizing little entertainments for the purpose of enkindling class and school

spirit. Years after, his numberless kind deeds were still remembered by many of his pupils.

“Among our own men Fr. Woods was rather retired. In the matter of plays, for instance, though he did more than his share of the labor they entailed, he considered that his part in all such affairs was behind the scenes, and here he did all in his power to make them succeed.

“He was an intense student at all times during his career, and was never satisfied with a surface knowledge of things. Nothing that concerned his studies was considered by him to be of little moment. Geniality was his one glowing characteristic, and this ever showed in its highest form by his self-sacrificing regard for the happiness of others. He was always a great reader, and a student of history.”

After one year at Fordham, Fr. Woods was sent to St. Peter's College, Jersey City, where he remained for three years, from 1885 to 1888, teaching with marked success, during the first two years, the combined classes of Rhetoric and Poetry, and, during the third year, Rhetoric alone. Then followed four years of Theology at Woodstock; four years of application to his studies, and four years of advance in the constant practice of those virtues which were to be so fruitful of good to others in his life as a priest. He was ordained at the end of his third year of Theology, August, 1891, in the Domestic Chapel at Woodstock, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

After finishing Theology, he spent a year at Georgetown as Professor of Poetry in the College, and English in the Post Graduate Course. The next year, 1893, saw him in Louvain, whither he had been sent, because of his historical bent, for special studies in Ecclesiastical History. These he made privately, though he received some help from the Bollandists, in whose house in Brussels he spent a part of that year. His Tertianship he made the following year at Tronchiennes, under Fr. Genis, as Instructor of Tertians. At this time also it was that a meeting with Fr. Petit, the incomparable Retreat-master of Belgium, gave Fr. Woods the opportunity to ask the good father what it was that helped most to make his giving of the Spiritual Exercises so successful. His answer was: “*Uction, unction, unction*”. An answer which,

no doubt, was to be a guiding principle to Fr. Woods in his own remarkable career as a giver of numberless Retreats.

After his Tertianship Fr. Woods returned to the Province and spent the following three years, from 1895 to 1898, at Holy Cross as teacher of the class of Rhetoric. What manner of teacher he was, and what his influence with his class, and in general with the student-body, both during their college days and in after life, will be gathered best from the following heart-felt tribute to Fr. Woods, written by a member of his first class at Holy Cross, a lawyer of note and a former member of Congress. He writes:

“Fr. Woods was very skilful in the art of instruction. I think we made more progress under his guidance than under any other professor we had during our course. I do not say this in disparagement of any other member of the faculty during those years, for I know the Jesuits are all excellent teachers; but there was something in the personality of Fr. Woods which, together with his learning and capacity to impart knowledge to others, gave him distinction and made him all the more impressive as an instructor. To sit in the classroom and imbibe from the fountain of his knowledge was an especial favor. He was always highly respected and admired by his students.

“Fr. Woods was strict in compelling application to work. He was always willing to work himself. He was a man of great energy, giving the closest attention to every duty he had to perform. He insisted that every member of the class should know the lessons assigned each day. At the end of the month he held a recapitulation of all work covered during that period. Thus in a class of twenty-three he easily determined what one was doing and how well he was doing it. I remember distinctly his usual address to the class when assigning a lesson in the Satires of Horace: ‘Be ready to explain the antecedent, concomitant and subsequent circumstances connected with the writing of this Satire’. These words had a peculiar sound because his method of speech was rapid, and so the boys ever afterwards associated

them with the name of Fr. Woods. Repeat them to-day to a '97 man and they will evoke the name of Fr. Woods immediately. Whether in the study and analysis of the Orations of Demosthenes, Cicero or Burke, or of the Satires and Epistles of Horace, the work of the class under him was always pursued with great thoroughness. I can confidently say he was by long odds the best teacher I ever had. In the teaching of English he was a master. He regarded every other subject taught as a vehicle to carry the student on to the cultivation of a taste for literature and of an aptitude for the correct, concise and proper use of English. He never ceased to emphasize the necessity and importance of accurate and clear speech. For this he had a remarkable faculty. He loved good literature and was a fine scholar. Besides teaching the Junior class he gave the usual weekly instructions in Christian Doctrine on Thursday morning to all the students of the college. His style of speech and cogency of reasoning, always practical and to the point, commanded the closest attention.

"Fr. Woods above all things detested sham. He had no use for Pharisees. One morning he broke loose on this subject while the class was reading the 9th Satire of Horace, *'Ibam forte via sacra'*. This Satire seemed to give him the cue for a philippic on the subject of hypocrites and liars. He could tear the mask off this type of individual in short order. Serious-minded though he was, he loved real, wholesome, innocent fun. He was full of anecdotes and liked to tell humorous stories. In this he often indulged both in and out of the classroom, always to the delight of his listeners.

"Fr. Woods had a strong and abiding sense of justice. He never hesitated to speak out in defense of any one who, he felt, was wrongfully accused. This trait of character he showed during all the years of his life. I have in mind a few instances wherein he was misled in matters affecting the conduct of students in his class. When he learned the facts from his own observation, he was always quick to correct all misunderstandings.

"While he knew personally almost every student at Holy Cross during his stay there, Fr. Woods seemed

always to entertain a special regard for the members of the class with whom his work at Holy Cross began. His interest in the boys he taught never waned. He was proud of their achievements. Personally I have reason to know this, and have evidence of it in letters he wrote to me relative to certain activities of mine while a member of Congress. Whenever I met him, he always inquired for the the other boys and showed great interest in their progress and welfare. In after years when memory goes back to college days, I think we are apt to recall men rather than books. Fr. Woods was an outstanding figure among all the teachers I ever had. He was one of nature's noblemen. I think of him often and always shall. He was a man of deep human sympathy and was particularly interested in the religious and material welfare of young manhood. He loved his religion and his country. He was a pious, devoted and exemplary priest. He was also an earnest and genuine patriot. I can see now the beam and sparkle of his eye in the classroom and can hear him say: 'Now boys listen; this is fine,' as he translated that passage in the 'De Corona', wherein Demosthenes suddenly breaks off into a eulogy of the illustrious sons of Athens whose remains lay deposited in the public monuments, and who encountered dangers for the liberty and safety of all Greece.

"While in Congress I made several trips to Woodstock over the winding railroad to visit Fr. Woods. These visits were always most enjoyable of a Sunday. His company was always delightful and interesting. One Sunday as I sat talking with him in his room at Woodstock, I noticed a small old-styled black trunk under his cot. Knowing him intimately, I asked him what was in it. He looked at me and laughingly said; 'Do you remember the Latin and Greek themes and other exercises in which I drilled you boys twenty-five years ago at Holy Cross? They are in that trunk. I keep them because I don't know when I may be sent back to teach the very same matters again, and if I am, I'll be ready. It's all in there'.

"I met Fr. Woods during the summer, about six years

ago, when he had just finished conducting a retreat at Holy Cross for the clergy of the Providence diocese. I never saw him afterwards, though I did receive letters from him. Always at Christmas time he sent me a word of greeting. I read of his death at Philadelphia with much sorrow.

“The members of the class of ‘97, for the most part, have been successful in their several callings. If prior training is to be credited for this—and it must be—I am sure that we all owe a lasting debt of gratitude to all of our former professors, but in particular to our beloved and much lamented friend, Fr. Woods. I cherished his friendship over a period of many years. I shall always revere his memory”.

In the summer of 1898 Fr. Woods left Holy Cross for what was to be his last earthly home in the Society, Woodstock. He had been appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History there. This position he held for twenty-seven years, till the day of his death, May 7, 1925. To it was added, in 1907, the Editorship of the Woodstock Letters, which had been made vacant by the death, in February of that year, of its able Editor, the much beloved Fr. Frisbee. This position, by no means an easy one, and, what is more, a greedy consumer of time, Fr. Woods also held till death, that is, for a period of eighteen years. He was, moreover, the Founder and, for some years, the Editor of the Teachers' Review. In addition to all this, Fr. Woods for many years was in charge of the Woodstock grounds. This entailed the direction of the workmen employed in them, and the care of the greenhouse, flower-beds, trees, shrubbery and roads. Fr. Woods did this work thoroughly, and was obliged to give to it more time than one would imagine. He was, besides, during the whole time he was at Woodstock, a Confessor of Ours, and owing to his prudence in counsel, and his gentle and sympathetic dealings with all in the Community, one to whom many went with their difficulties and sorrows. Of this hidden, but by no means unimportant work done by Fr. Woods in Woodstock, we have place for only one testimony, which stresses also his charity towards those outside of Woodstock; a point to be considered presently. The writer says: “That phase of

Fr. Woods' life which impressed me was his great charity. As subbeadle I gave him a staggering daily mail, and he would get at it instantly, answering persons, usually those in trouble, living in all parts of the land. In the midst of this work, one of Ours would drop in to pour, into his ever-ready ear, the tale of some personal trouble or home difficulty. He would listen with great attention and then give his answer. The result always proved that he had given the best possible advice."

Fr. Woods was not only a Confessor, but also an Examiner of Ours, and to the end of his life took his full share of the examination assignment; indeed, he had been marked as one of the examiners for an *Ad Gradum* examination which took place the very day he was buried.

So much for Fr. Woods' principal work in Woodstock; surely enough and more than enough to keep one busy. Enough, but not of a kind to satisfy the longing he had to win more and more souls to Christ. Hence the many excursions which on holidays he made from Woodstock, and which one might have imagined were pleasure trips, were most usually spent in work for souls: in Retreat-giving, in preaching, in the confessional, or in giving assistance in other ways to the many who eagerly came to him for help and guidance. Now all this work, both in Woodstock and outside of Woodstock, was not only done by Fr. Woods, but well done; and not only well done, but willingly and cheerfully also; and not only willingly and cheerfully, but in all modesty. It was done by one who suffered for many years from violent headaches; who was afflicted by some trouble which he considered to be angina pectoris, and through which, at least in later years, he expected a sudden death; whose nights were not infrequently sleepless owing to this trouble, and who, for a good number of years before his death, was the victim of another, a deep-seated disorder, which must have caused excruciating suffering.

One of the physicians he was accustomed to consult, an intimate friend for many years, tells us this of Fr. Woods' health at this time: "During the year 1921, Fr. Woods first complained to me of suffering from persistent headaches, which were growing in severity and frequency. He told me he had suffered in this way for years, but,

hero as he was, continued at his work and endeavored to alleviate his suffering with simple remedies and occasionally the aid of such other helps as the attending physician would prescribe. I treated him from time to time, and for a while he seemed to improve. . . . Some time after this Fr. Woods complained of severe intestinal pain, which he attributed to digestive disturbance. He was inclined to make light of this trouble, and insisted on continuing his many activities. After consulting me on a few occasions, I was insistent that the trouble was more than mere digestive disturbance, and, finally, a more complete examination revealed a most astounding affliction. How he must have suffered and have been handicapped all the months and years with this condition, and without complaining, is beyond all human understanding."

Though the only means of correcting this trouble was to operate, on consultation it was decided not to do so, as it appeared to be certain that Fr. Woods would not survive the shock. The physician's report then concludes:

"Instructions as to diet, and remedies to relieve pain were given Fr. Woods, and, in this way, with his unfaltering courage, fortitude and earnest faith, he pursued his duties to the end, always associated, however, with untold suffering."

How few ever heard a word of these sufferings from Fr. Woods' lips, and how impossible it was to gather that knowledge from his unwavering cheerfulness!

This is a brief summary of Fr. Woods' life at Woodstock, more than half of his life in religion. A more detailed account of it, however, will be necessary, if we are to realize the full value of his labors, and how widespread was his influence for good.

First, with regard to his work as Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Fr. Woods had a liking for history, and with this liking the ability to grasp, evaluate, marshal and correlate historical data. Ecclesiastical History, however, because of its importance in itself and in its bearing on Theology, made a special appeal to him. He determined, therefore, to devote himself to this branch of history, and, as a consequence, a full year was given him for intensive work in it. What is more, in the beginning of his career as a professor at Woodstock, when his health



was still good, and before the other labors which were later assigned him, and the growing demand for his priestly ministrations had divided his energy, he gave himself unreservedly to work for his class. The wide reading necessary for the gathering of material for his lectures, and the extreme care with which they were prepared give full evidence of this.

It has been said, however, that once his lectures were completed and committed to writing, there was very little further growth to them. Even though this were so, their essential excellence must still be admitted. They gave evidence not only of the most careful kind of immediate preparation, but also of diligent, painstaking, remote preparation, covering, as they did, clearly, completely and with prudent and unbiased judgment, the main points of Church History, and, what is more, emphasizing their bearing on apologetical and dogmatical questions. Hence, though his lectures may possibly have been wanting somewhat in freshness of treatment, the essentials were nevertheless there, and one might gather much fruit from them if one were so inclined.

Taking everything into consideration, then, the many other calls that were made on his time, and especially the poor state of his health, it may be safely said that, as Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Fr. Woods was as successful as circumstances permitted; and that, in all probability, he achieved as much with the general run of his class as he would have done had he been able to give his time more fully to historical study. One who was in his class some fifteen years ago has this to say on the matter: "His history lectures were most faithfully given, and were delivered with animation and great fluency and showed immediate preparation. Nevertheless they were rather cut and dried. They were not linked up with modern movements. Fr. Woods gave me the impression that he believed no one was interested in the matter, but he was going to do his duty thoroughly despite everything. His lectures were rather a brave sort of thing under the circumstances, a thing of duty. Personally I was much impressed by Fr. Woods' life. His devotion to duty, his tireless zeal, his unfailing joyousness of mood, his faithful accomplishment of the tasks set

him, his long persistence in duties at Woodstock, the hidden manner of his life,—all helped me much at Woodstock, and crystalized ideals that had always appealed to me.”

To help, however, to a better understanding of the the work Fr. Woods did at Woodstock, and the difficulties under which it was done, we give the testimonies of two Fathers who lived many years there with Fr. Woods, and whose positions of authority add weight to their words. “I believe,” writes one of them, “that a cheerful readiness for hard work, in spite of weak health and occasional physical suffering, was a striking characteristic of good Father Woods. When the courses of study in Woodstock were modified, Fr. Woods without a word of complaint rewrote his history lectures so as to fit them them into the new program. When Fr. Sabetti died, Fr. Woods generously took up the burden of the care for the Woodstock grounds. When Fr. Frisbee died, Fr. Woods again took upon himself the ungrateful Editorship of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. Whenever a retreat or a sermon or a lecture was asked for, Fr. Woods was always ready to add the new burden to his heavy load. In these works of ministry he met with many a case requiring the most wearisome direction; he bore all such annoyances, however, not merely patiently but even cheerfully.

“If we add to this, that during his long stay in Woodstock Fr. Woods never taught one of the primary branches which the students *must* study, but always held the chair of History, and had to coax his pupils to show, during the heavy after-dinner hour, not merely a drowsy tolerance of, but even an intelligent interest in his history lecture, we shall obtain a slight insight into Fr. Woods’ ability of working persistently against heavy odds. Without such ability he could not have remained Editor of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS or Manager of the Woodstock grounds for so many years.”

The other tells us: “The outstanding feature in Fr. Woods’ life, as I saw it, was unselfish service. It made him untiring in manifold correspondence to give counsel and encouragement, and also in many years of weary work to secure contributors of articles to the Woodstock Letters, of which he was a faithful Editor. It gave him

through years of suffering, almost unknown to others, a fund of cheerfulness and patience, which led many souls, almost instinctively, to go to him in their troubles. His single-minded purpose of serving others made him a prudent director of souls, an agreeable companion in recreation, an interesting and pleasing lecturer, and one who always sought to benefit his hearers rather than to win any applause for himself. He was always a busy man in the service of others, to win them for Christ."

Of Fr. Woods' work as Editor of the *WOODSTOCK LETTERS* we make but passing mention, not, however, because that work was of slight value or wanting in success, but because its great value has already been touched on in the issue of the Letters for July, 1925, and more so because the richly earned success which crowned his efforts as Editor is a fact evident beyond doubt to the readers of the Letters during the last eighteen years.

And now we come to the last chapter in the life of Fr. Woods, a chapter most remarkable—his direct work for souls. It may be well, at first, to give some idea of the extent of this work. During his life as a priest in the Province, after his return from Europe, that is from the Summer of 1896 to May, 1925, twenty-seven years of which period were spent at Woodstock, Fr. Woods, as nearly as can be gathered from official records and other reliable sources, gave at least one hundred and seventy eight Retreats and Tridua. Of the Retreats, twenty-two were given to the Clergy of seventeen Dioceses; fourteen of which Dioceses were in the United States, and three in Canada. Not a few of these Retreats were given in duplicate. To this must be added innumerable sermons; many conferences to Sisters in various Convents, and to their pupils in the Convent schools; and not a few lectures. What is more, as Fr. Woods' Retreat work was in no way confined to the actual time of Retreat, but lasted long after, in the patient direction, even for years, and mainly through correspondence, of many anxious souls who had made his retreats, the time and labor which he must have given to this trying work is almost beyond belief. That such direction was given, however, and in many cases minute direction, many letters acknowledging the reception of spiritual help sufficiently prove. Some

of these acknowledgements, together with others dealing directly with his Retreats, and with his apostolic zeal and wide influence for good, we subjoin.

"I have known Fr. Woods," writes one Religious, "for almost twenty years. He it was who guided me into religious life, and I think I can truthfully say that to his watchful care I owe in great part my perseverance therein. He corresponded with me faithfully every little while, and oftener when need demanded, and he visited me at least once every year. He had ever but one desire, to spread God's Kingdom in souls. He did so by a sweetness that won his way into hearts, a virility that was a tower of strength, a firmness where need required, and a spirit of union with his Master."

Another writes: "May the following words add to the tribute rendered to his holy memory, and voice the humble but deep gratitude of one whose privilege it was to have known Fr. Woods and received his help for twenty-five years. In him one found the enthusiasm of the true Apostle wishing to gain all souls to God, and the fervor of the Religious devoted to his Society, animated by its spirit, and working for its cause. In his dealing with souls he had a way, all his own, of drawing you close to Christ, and leaving you in an atmosphere of peace and supernatural strength. It was in the Confessional that Fr. Woods showed, in a very particular manner, his Christ-like spirit of gentleness and kindness, together with a certain firmness that was convincing."

In the same strain writes another Religious: "It was in the August of 1899 that Fr. Woods came to us for the first time. Such as he revealed himself then, the man of God, such did we find him through twenty-six years. His winning personality, his gentleness and kindness, that did not exclude a certain firmness when necessary, endeared him to all. He 'made himself all things to all men', 'He spent himself and was spent'. During the Retreats, from the pulpit to the Confessional, from the Confessional to the parlor, he gave every minute of his time, always ready to help souls, to receive any one coming for his advice."

A Superioress of a Convent, where he had given not a few Retreats to the community and others, writes thus:

“Fr. Woods was especially a director of souls, and in the Confessional, where he spent long hours during the Retreats he gave, he pointed out to souls paths in the spiritual life higher than those in which they had hitherto been journeying. During the last Retreat he gave at our convent, a month before his death, which was for the extern Sodality of the Children of Mary, he spent in the Confessional practically all the time between the meditations. Those who sought his advice in the friendly visits found him a most kind friend and father. Of the friends thus formed in Retreats he kept in his heart a most faithful memory, remembering all that was confided to him. He seemed to forget no one, not even the smallest circumstance of her home life. His unfailing gentle courtesy of manner won all hearts. He seemed to make himself ‘all things to all men to gain all to Christ.’ His message was always—peace, confidence, love, joy.”

Another Superioress writes: “For over twenty - five years Fr. Woods has shown untiring devotion and solicitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of our Community and School. He gave many of our students’ Retreats and did untold good among them; a labor of love which he kept up long after they had finished school, and were confronted with the more serious problems of life. As to the spiritual services he has rendered to our Sisters, besides the tridiums and sermons he gave us, I think the recording angel alone can tell them. They were given in the Confessional, where he spent himself, like another Curé d’Ars, drawing souls closer to the Master. What we owe to him is beyond telling; we can but pray that our dear Lord will render to him in good measure, filled up and pressed down and running over, which was ever the measure of his good works here.”

The Rev. Mother Provincial of an Institute numbering over a thousand members, for whom Fr. Woods, as for so many others, labored incessantly and as though he labored for them alone, writes in the name of the Institute: “Our grief at the death of Fr. Woods is proportionate to our veneration of him for his sanctity and our gratitude for the spiritual benefits he has lavished on our Community for so many years. What he has done for us individually and collectively, God only knows. Truly we

could say, whenever he came to us: 'Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord.' On the list of benefactors he shall be in 'Perpetual Remembrance'; remembered when the generation that have known him will have passed away. The suffrages of our entire community are his."

From this same Institute come the following testimonies: "Fr. Woods gave here, or at other houses dependent on this Mother-house, more than fifty Retreats. Many of these were given to Superiors, and were more than ordinarily successful. He entered so fully into the spirit of our Constitutions; he knew so thoroughly the difficulties inherent in the Superior's office; he was so exacting in his ideals, yet so sympathetic with failures and human weakness, that he became a very father to all, and led many to seek his advice and direction during many years. The Retreats he gave to our Alumnae, to the Children of Mary, to the Society of Catholic Mothers, went home so truly to the defects and needs of each, widely as they differed in age, duties and environment, that it was patent to all that the Holy Ghost inspired his matter and method. Invariably when he had given a Retreat, there would come an insistent request that he give the next. And when he did give the Retreat again in the same place and to the same retreatants, even in a repetition of the same meditation of the Exercises, he so varied his texts, and was so apt in use of stories and concrete illustrations adapted to his hearers, that they were ever alert and never wearied. It was his custom to take a striking text as the keynote of the Retreat, and drive it home by his frequent adaptations of it to the different points under consideration, so that it was impossible for the retreatants not to recall the different stages of the Retreat by the nail-heads of the text.

"Neither did his interest cease with the close of the Retreat. Later inquiries, later interviews with souls especially in need, were kept up, and many can testify that their perseverance in their vocation has been due to Fr. Woods' individual interest. Love and confidence in God to cast out recurrent fears about the past, was his insistent exhortation to harassed souls. 'Leave the past to God's mercy. Were it not for poor sinners, He could

not exercise that divine and most cherished attribute. Your part is in the *now*; use thoughts of the past merely to humble yourself and so gain merit for the future."

"It was in the tribunal of the Sacrament of Penance his greatest work was done; work which will be revealed only on the day of Judgment. Testimonies to the good done by him as confessor and director abound among us. Like our Lord, he went about doing good; and to do it, he spared neither prayer nor personal sacrifice. But 'being dead he still speaketh'; still invites his spiritual children to higher, holier things. This is certified to by many: that the thought of him, his very name causes a lifting of the souls of his penitents, his friends, to the higher, holier things for which he stood, which he inculcated, which he lived."

The success which crowned Fr. Woods' tireless labors in these Retreats to Sisters, pupils in convent schools, Children of Mary and other gatherings of women of the world, was due, as we have seen, to his ability to adapt the Spiritual Exercises to their various needs; to his utter self-effacement, and simple, direct preaching of the boundless love and mercy of Christ Crucified; and particularly to his constant endeavor, especially in the Confessional, to show himself another Christ, by the sympathy and kindness he lavished on all who came to him for consolation, direction and encouragement.

In his Retreats to the Clergy Fr. Woods was equally successful, and for the very same reasons. A case in point, which is the only one to which we will refer, but which is to be taken as typical, is a Retreat he gave to the Clergy of a certain Diocese, who at its close were all so loud in its praise, that one of Ours present was led to seek the cause. The answer was: "Fr. Woods gave us a simple, Christ-like Retreat, full of piety and devotion. One would never suspect that he was a Professor of History in a Seminary. What we priests look for in our Retreats is not theological or scriptural lore, but simple piety. Fr. Woods gave us what we want." Of this same Retreat the Vicar General of the Diocese, a Right Reverend Monsignor, gives a more detailed, though substantially the same account. He writes:

"Fr. Woods gave our Reteat a few years ago. I re-

member him quite well. The younger priests of our house are able to recall many of the qualities and details of his very excellent Retreat. They speak especially of his merits as a confessor. On that subject I have nothing to say, because I always go to confession to the Jesuit whose room is nearest my own, and my own is across the corridor from the father in charge of the house.

“Every discourse which Father Woods preached during the Retreat was followed with the easiest and closest attention. It was noted that he did not come before us as a professor of Church History, but as a man bent on giving us the greatest possible assistance in the important matter at hand.

“He kept St. Paul’s ‘so great a cloud of witnesses over our head’ during the whole retreat. If I am not mistaken, all his sermons were built systematically upon the first verses of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. I use the word ‘systematically’ advisedly; for, after the Retreat was over, I went to him—as I had been in charge for the week—to thank him for his splendid work, and to congratulate him on giving one of the best Retreats that our clergy had ever had. He then said that if we had followed him from beginning to end, with the idea of making the most of his work, there was no escape for us. He had worked out a thesis to an irresistible conclusion.

“He seemed much pleased with my commendation, which was sincere and which reflected the general sentiment. I certainly was impressed with his earnestness and with the satisfaction which he evidently experienced on being assured that we were all delighted with his work.

“I was very much pained to hear of the death of Father Woods, for I had hoped that we would soon have the pleasure and the profit from another of his masterful Retreats. His eloquence was simple and natural. He gripped me and held me from beginning to end. One saw the cloud of witnesses and could hardly help feeling that they were interested in what was going on in the chapel. It was a serious work, and Father Woods addressed himself seriously to the task before him. He did his part.”

In all Fr. Woods’ friendships the spiritual element predominated in a most marked way. Friendship he used as a means for the further spreading of the Kingdom of



Christ. In the case of the friends he made through his Retreat work, we have seen this to be true. It was equally true of his other friendships. This more hidden yet far-reaching phase of Fr. Woods' life-long apostolate deserves special notice. Its wide extent and fruitfulness are evident from the constant stream of letters he received from these friends, thanking him for spiritual help and seeking further counsel; from numerous other letters sent to Woodstock after his death telling of the writers' sorrow at the loss of one whose sole desire was their sanctification, and whose friendship was considered a special blessing of God; from the generous offerings made for Masses for the repose of his soul; and, finally, from the many gifts given to the Society, both during his life and after his death, through regard for him.

Special mention must be made of one notable benefactress, who, in addition to her many other generous donations made through Fr. Woods to Woodstock, fitted out completely one of its new private chapels, and aided substantially in the adornment and equipment of its new Domestic Chapel. Her gifts to this chapel alone include one of the large stained-glass windows, the Main Altar of marble, and all its furnishings, and a life-size statue of the Sacred Heart, also of marble.

Another of Woodstock's generous benefactors, who, both as physician and friend, was devoted to Fr. Woods, sets this value on that friendship: "Through a great favor of God it was the happy privilege of my family to have enjoyed the friendship of Fr. Woods. From particularly close contact with him during the past fifteen years, it was made clear to me that the one dominant moving principle of his life was his hunger to lead souls to God. Fr. Woods possessed a rare personality, combining a deep spirituality with a wide interest in all that pertained to great movements throughout the world, which he always analyzed with respect to their bearing towards Mother Church; and with these two dominating qualities, though he was of none too robust a body, went a tireless energy in his life work,—the promotion of God's greater glory. He was, moreover, a great student of human nature, and, in dealing with its frailties, he was patient, sympathetic and as gentle as a child. His presence

created instantly an atmosphere of happy optimism; his visits always occasioned a feeling of gladness.

“To know Fr. Woods was to love him; and the example of rare courage he gave in his later years, toiling as he did, though handicapped with a serious physical disorder, was an inspiration. It will ever be our prayer that God may grant eternal rest to the soul of our gentle, earnest, much beloved Fr. Woods, who went about doing good to all.”

In the same strain, and in words no less touching, a Bishop writes on the day following Fr. Woods' death: “It is thirty years ago since I met Fr. Woods on the steamer returning from Europe, and then began a friendship on which there never was a shadow; a mutual confidence that never faltered. He was a rare priest, characterized by a zeal that never wearied in his endeavors to help and sanctify the souls of those with whom he came in contact. I offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for his soul this morning, and I am sure that there were many sad hearts who were with me in offering the prayers of sorrow that God would have mercy on his dear soul. I am certain that the good God, whom he loved and served so faithfully, has met him with a mild and loving welcome, and that he now realizes how good it is to serve God faithfully from one's youth.”

In April, 1923, Fr. Woods celebrated his Silver Jubilee as a Professor at Woodstock. It was a happy day for him; happy in its pleasant memories, and happy as a foretaste of the greater joy that another Jubilee was soon to bring,—the Golden Jubilee of his entrance into the Society. It was close at hand, August 6, 1925; eternity however, was closer. Fr. Woods was to celebrate it in Heaven.

The Summer preceding the school year of 1924-1925, the last that Fr. Woods was to spend at Woodstock and on earth, was a trying one for him. It brought him very little rest or recreation. It opened with three successive weeks of Retreat to the three sections of the Archdiocese of New York, and it ended with two full months under the dentist's care, as the doctor, in an effort to relieve his severe and more frequently recurring headaches, had advised the extraction of all his teeth. Little wonder, then, that, on his return to Woodstock some time after

the opening of class, some remarked that Fr. Woods appeared to be rapidly failing in health. His classes, nevertheless, went on as usual; his other duties were performed as usual. What all this cost, few, if any, knew; it was paid, however, patiently, silently, cheerfully.

In the latter part of April, 1925, having finished his class-work for the year, Fr. Woods left Woodstock, intending to return some time in the fore part of May for the examinations. He had been assigned his full share of these examinations as usual. His outing, also as usual, was spent wholly in direct work for souls. He went first to a Convent in Philadelphia, where he remained for two days. During this time he heard the Confessions of some of the Sisters, had some private talks with others who sought spiritual advice, and, at the request of the Mistress of Novices, gave a conference to the Novices on the Religious Life. An incident which happened during this visit is worth recording. It is told as follows by one of the Sisters. "A Postulant, so very lonely that she felt she must go home, had an interview with Father, which he concluded by saying: 'Now, don't go till you see me again.' That Postulant, now a Novice, is most happy in her vocation, and will, she hopes, persevere till she sees Fr. Woods again, in eternity."

From Philadelphia Fr. Woods went to a nearby town, where he gave a Triduum to the pupils of a Convent school. From there he was taken by automobile to another city not far distant, to meet the members of the Catholic Women's Retreat League. He had given six of the seven Retreats they had made since their foundation, and as a prior engagement prevented him from giving the Retreat again this year, as they had requested, he wished at least to see them and give them a talk. When he had finished this work, he returned to Philadelphia to give a Triduum to the boys of St. John's Orphan Asylum. This Triduum he began, but did not finish. Very early in the morning of May the seventh, the morning on which the one hundred orphan boys who had made the Triduum in preparation for their first Holy Communion, received their Lord for the first time, Fr. Woods for the first time saw Him face to face, — in eternity.

Of this last work of Fr. Woods, the Superioress in

charge of the Orphan Asylum tells many touching incidents. "Fr. Woods," she writes, "made many visits to St. John's Asylum. Every year he gave a three days' Retreat to those who were to receive our Lord in Holy Communion for the first time. Long before the time set for the Retreat, you would often hear some wee voice whispering, 'When is Fr. Woods going to come?' His simplicity and boy-like manner in dealing with the boys left an impression on them that will remain throughout their lives. 'My best chums' he used to call them, and he named them well. Their love for him knew no bounds.

"On Sunday, May 3, he visited once again St. John's to give the usual Retreat. During one conference he spoke of his own life fast ebbing away, and told how he had already obtained permission for a plot of ground near to the little grave-yard Chapel, at Woodstock, where he hoped soon to lie.

"On Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, a few hours before he was stricken, Fr. Woods gave his last sermon to his 'chums'. He took for his text: 'Watch and pray.' During this discourse he spoke of the serious illness of a certain person with whom all boys, small and large, were familiar, at least in name. He asked if any boy present knew of whom he was speaking, and immediately one tiny tot of eight years answered: 'Yes Father; Babe Ruth.' Father then asked who this man was, and why he was so popular among the boys. Again a small voice replied: 'Because, Father, he makes all the home runs.' 'Now, boys,' continued Fr. Woods, 'we are not thinking about baseball just now, but about how we, by doing all we are asked to do in the best way possible, can knock home-runs in the game we are playing—for Heaven.' He closed his talk, and while walking from the Altar to the Sacristy, he turned again toward the boys and said his last words to them in a feeble voice: 'My chums, watch and pray.'

"A few moments later, about noon, the Sister visited his room and asked what he would like to have for dinner. All he wanted was a cracker and a cup of beef tea. After they had been brought to him, and the Sister had again left the room, he came to the door and called: 'Sister, I think I am very sick.' Mother was then called and seeing that Father was indeed sick, she asked if he would like to

see any priest of the Society. He asked that Frs. Brown and Bridges be called. In twenty minutes both were at his bedside, as well as Frs. McShea and Valley, of Our Mother of Sorrows' Church, and two physicians. Fr. Bridges gave him the last Sacraments, and at 3 o'clock he was removed to St. Joseph's Hospital. As he was being carried down stairs, he looked around, thanked Mother and the Sisters for their kindness, and promised not to forget them. Fr. Bridges remained and finished the Retreat, and early in the morning of May 7th, the same morning on which his 'chums' were to receive their first Holy Communion, Fr. Woods gave back to his dear Lord his all."

At the Hospital it was quickly decided that the only possible chance of saving him was by operating. The operation was performed, but to no avail; and Fr. Woods, like a true soldier of Christ, whose one desire in life was to spread His Kingdom, died as he had lived, on the field of battle, close to his Leader, whom he had received as his Viaticum a short hour before.

What manner of man, priest and religious Fr. Woods was, the foregoing sketch has in some way made clear. It will not be amiss, however, to hear what a life-long companion of Fr. Woods at Woodstock thought of him. He too will tell us of his holy death, for it was he who, as devoted friend and priest, ministered unto Fr. Woods during the last hours of his life; bringing him our Lord in Holy Communion, praying for and with him in his agony, and closing his eyes in death.

He writes: "If ever a man went from earth with the lamp of his life burnt out for God, it was Fr. Woods. Zeal allowed him never a moment of repose. For more than twenty-five years he was Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Woodstock College, Maryland. Yet in all his years, his class work well done, he gave himself to the apostolic ministry of Retreats for priests, Sisters, students in our colleges and even to little children.

"He was a magnet of hearts. His pupils at Woodstock loved him for his exquisite humility and astonishing lore. Men and women fell under his Apostolic power and yielded to his call to love God. All his holidays were

spent in this quest to make men love and trust God as he trusted Him. Father Woods was as gentle as grace can make a man; virile with all his gentleness, learned, but with a learning that was a lodestone to draw men Godward; refined and rugged. God was everything to him; so it was all the same to him what he did, how much he gave of his precious time to others, if it only made the unhappy happy, the doubting secure, the joyful more joyful. His influence was, one almost dares to say, unparalleled, and yet noiseless. He went through towns, villages and cities: through seminaries and convents, colleges and academies, working boys' homes, everywhere spreading the kingdom of Christ. He could not rest. A great professor, he was also a great apostolic laborer, but greatness was not his ambition. That was the interest of Christ. And so to the day before he died he was at work giving a Retreat to the boys of St. John's Orphan's Asylum, Philadelphia.

"He could do no more. He had to give up. Oh, no! He never gave up. He had to die. And how he did die; suffering intensely, yet, in the intensest suffering, praying, uniting it with the sufferings of Our Lord, making his acts of Faith, Hope and Love. And like a little child he offered up everything to God. 'Take me' he cried to God shortly before he died. He followed the prayers of the ritual up to within a few minutes of his end with extraordinary faith. There was nothing left now, he had given his whole life to God's service.

"At the very end God seemed to reward him in a special way. The passing of Father Woods was as characteristic as his whole life. It, too, was apostolic. He never complained; he hid his suffering. God, and those who should know, knew, and only they. His last hour was a full flowering in God's garden,—in his suffering, resignation, generosity, humility, zeal and faith,—of the little plant set there many years before in Goshenhoppen. The lad who, as a child, walked in the foot-steps of Christ, kept ever in the same footsteps till his passage into eternity at St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, May 7, with the Holy Names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on his lips and their loves in his heart."

WILLIAM J. BROSNAN.

### A Word of Appreciation and Gratitude.

On January 31, 1922, the WOODSTOCK LETTERS completed half a century of usefulness, and celebrated its Golden Jubilee in a fitting manner. The struggles and disappointments of its early years were quite forgotten in the joy of that occasion. Many congratulations were received, but only a few were published. The others were gratefully accepted and privately acknowledged. Three letters were printed: one from Very Reverend Father General, one from the then Provincial, Father Rockwell, and one from the American Assistant, Father Hanselman. All three testified that the WOODSTOCK LETTERS were true to their original purpose, and were doing much to promote charity and to foster zeal for souls. That was consoling and encouraging for the Editor, who has now passed beyond the domain of consolation and encouragement. An Editor has many trials, and frequently feels the need of a kind word and a helping hand. Doubtless, Father Woods was no exception to the general rule. In his modesty he may have felt at times that he did not fully deserve all the kind things that charity prompted others to say about his editorial work; but he had sense enough to take compliments for the past as an encouragement for the future.

The WOODSTOCK LETTERS is now fifty-four years old. Its life may be divided into three equal periods of eighteen years each. During the period of its infancy it had half-a-dozen editors; during the period of its adolescence it had only one, to wit, Father Frisbee; and during the period of its prime it had Father Woods. He directed the destinies of the LETTERS for about eighteen years, and he did his duty well. Of course, he had the happy faculty of getting others to help, and he duly appreciated their services. But he did much himself. He prepared copy, corrected proof and attended to correspondence. All that work involved a great deal of drudgery, and required a fund of patience. It also demanded many other qualities, such as tact, prudence and charity in selecting, rejecting or correcting manuscript. It is safe to say that Father Woods never gave needless offense by printing too little or too much.

## Resolutions

Whereas the Reverend Joseph M. Woods, S. J., of Woodstock College, Maryland, died May 7, 1925; and

Whereas Father Woods was a member of La Salle Council, Number 2020 K. of C., having Served the Council as Chaplain; and

Whereas our late Chaplain, possessing a nobility of character, an exceptional culture and a pleasingly impressive personality, beneficially influenced all with whom he came in contact;

Be It Resolved that we register here our privilege in having as an associate a man vowed to poverty, yet rich in spiritual worth, rich in cultural attainments and rich in personal charms.

A man without possessions yet possessing all.

A man who knew not envy, covetousness, vice, pride nor anger, yet understood so well charity, benignity, wisdom, temperance and peace.

"A man to fame and fortune unknown", yet universally loved and revered.

A man who sacrificed himself for the peace and happiness of others.

A man who was a saint, scholar and a slave for sinners.

A man of God bringing God to man.

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."

Be It Resolved that in his passage to Elysium, "the far Hesperides, the island of the blessed, where no turbulent billows roar, where is rest," we solemnly voice a prayer for his departed soul. And now, Sir Knight, we tender you in passing this last salute:—*Requiescas in pace.*

Resolved that a copy of these expressions be spread upon the minutes of this Council, a copy sent to Woodstock College, and a copy delivered to the nearest relative of the late Father Woods.

*La Salle Council No. 2020 K. of C.*

*Ellicott City, Maryland.*

J. C. MAGINNIS, G. K.

SAMUEL POWERS, D. G. K.

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## THE JESUIT EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

Over two hundred Jesuits from all sections of the United States participated in the annual meeting of the Jesuit Educational Association, (Central States Division), held at Loyola University, Chicago, the week following the feast of the Assumption. The first three days, August 17, 18 and 19, were given over to the deliberations of the Humanistic forces of the Association, which comprise the Classical, Historical, English and Library sections. Thursday afforded a period of intermission and on Friday, Saturday and Sunday the scientists, i. e., the chemists, physicists, biologists, mathematicians, sociologists and philosophers discussed their problems and adopted resolutions. This division of the Association into two conventions had been strongly urged last year, and not only proved a matter of convenience but also gave the members full opportunity of attending all meetings of their respective sections. The Humanists gathered for their fourth annual convention, while the Scientists were meeting for the fifth time.

The conventions were inaugurated with a general meeting Monday morning. Father Reiner, Dean of the College at Loyola University, who was appointed, by Father Provincial, Superior of the Conventions, opened the session with prayer, and after a few words outlining the work at hand, he introduced Fr. Agnew, President of the University. The latter, in his usual cordial style, accorded the delegates a warm welcome and invited them to enjoy all the facilities of the campus, buildings, gymnasium, pool and lake. He, in turn, presented to the assembly the Rev. M. J. O'Connor, Prefect-General of Studies, who attended the meetings as the personal representative of V. R. Fr. Provincial. Fr. O'Connor assured the delegates of Fr. Provincial's interest in the convention and, in his name, wished them God's blessing on the work.

The distinction of reading the first paper was well sustained by Fr. Danihy, Regent of the School of Jour-

nalism at Marquette University. Coordination in college classes was his subject. The reverend speaker began by declaring this quality indispensable towards giving a real university character to a school. He did not think this object gained when each department had been well organized and made thoroughly intelligible in its individual ramifications, but considered that the students should realize their place in the scheme of studies, and see the points of contact as well as of contrast between their own and other departments. As an admirable means to this Fr. Danihy mentioned the Pilgrimage inaugurated at Marquette University to acquaint members of the graduating class with all departments of the University. This was done in no haphazard fashion, but in accord with a definite system of guidance and instruction. Expert advisers were stationed in offices, lecture-halls, laboratories and libraries to explain the work done there, its function in the University mechanism, the method of invention and research employed and the material or apparatus required. Experience proved the value of this plan and modified it into a freshman pilgrimage, which takes place some time during the first semester.

Details of the work of coordination, according to Fr. Danihy, have to be elaborated by means of close cooperation among the professors of different departments. His own experiences as a professor of literature taught him that by collaborating with the teachers of philosophy and religion both he and they could save an immense amount of time and convey more clear-cut and coherent ideas to their pupils. For years previous to this experiment each of the three professors had carefully explained matter which belonged conjointly to the course of rhetoric, philosophy and religion. After the conference on coordination this common ground was distinctly divided, and a portion definitely assigned to each of the three instructors. The students, therefore, were told from time to time "the proof of the principle of causality is presupposed from philosophy", or "you will learn the sacramental character of marriage in religion class", or again "the religious indifference at the end of the nineteenth century is reflected in the literary

decadence of the eighteen nineties". There is, moreover, a real economy for school and student in complete coordination. Often enough, courses in English, history, biology, physics, chemistry and mathematics must be offered to students of several distinct departments. By coordinating the courses of pre-medical, pre-legal, journalistic, engineering and dental schools, much duplication of personnel and apparatus may be obviated. The student who follows these courses at Marquette must more or less fulfill the requirements of a two-year course in the College of Liberal Arts and thus finds himself equipped, not only with a fund of general information and excellent all-round training, but also prepared to turn to some other field of endeavor if inclination or necessity should dictate. Fr. Danihy's paper was received with manifest approval, and was frequently referred to in various sectional meetings throughout the entire convention.

The only other speaker on the programme for the general meeting was Fr. Noonan, former President of Marquette University and now Superior of St. Ignatius, Chicago. His was a forceful pronouncement on the "Need of Jesuit Universities". He laid much stress on the influence of a Catholic atmosphere in University training, and saw an analogy in the atmosphere created by the Sisters in the parochial school, where, surely, the instruction in Christian Doctrine, although essential, is the least of the good moral influence exerted on the pupils. That this is a concrete, tangible quantity in the Catholic University, Fr. Noonan illustrated by the fact that numerous non-Catholics and even Protestant ministers much preferred sending their sons and daughters to Marquette to exposing them to the pestilential air of Madison. Multiplied examples of this kind impressed the convention with the conviction that a Catholic University is far more than a negative means of spreading Catholic truth and Christian morality. Its positive work in the field of higher education should mould leaders of thought and action in the professions of law, medicine, dentistry and pedagogy. The reverend speaker demonstrated the consistency of such results with the aim and purpose of the Society; namely, to wield an in-

fluence on the world through the medium of those who teach and lead others.

To make such a desirable institution function efficiently, Fr. Noonan declared, required scientific organization of every department in its revenues and expenditures. He briefly sketched the success of the budget system as exemplified at Marquette University, and closed his remarks with a scathing denunciation of such half-baked substitutes for Catholic higher education as the Catholic Foundation at the University of Illinois. Nor did he hesitate to add that we are furnishing ammunition to the enemy by taking post-graduate courses in secular universities, unless we are compelled to take them. The reverend lecturer praised the work of the graduate schools at St. Louis and Milwaukee.

Monday afternoon the convention settled down to the work of the different sections. At the Classical sectional meeting the scholarly lectures were of very high grade. An entertaining study of Lucretius, an illustrated lecture on the Latinity of the early catacomb inscriptions, and an illuminating exegesis of St. Paul's wish to be "anathema away from Christ" were an inspiration and incentive to others to dig deeper somewhere in the field of Latin and Greek literature. More technical articles were read on the alarming status of Latin in the public High Schools, and on methods for solving puzzling Greek derivatives. In the discussions which followed, several strongly urged the establishment of Latin Clubs in all our High Schools and Colleges. It was argued that we can assume leadership in the classics by active membership in Classical Clubs of city and state, and by attending outside teachers' conventions; also that the Loyola Press offers us a wonderful opportunity for publishing our own texts in classics. At the business session, the Association decided to publish a bulletin every other month during the coming year.

The attendance at the meetings of the English Association was perhaps the most satisfactory of that of all the sections of convention. Close on to fifty attended some of the sessions. The members were extremely frank in presenting their individual problems, and this

lent peculiar zest to the discussions from the house. It was in this way that the fruits of collective experience were actually garnered. General gratification was expressed at the improved status of the teacher of English over that of some fifteen years ago.

Six sectional meetings in addition to the general session composed the programme for the historians at the convention. An increased attendance over the preceding year and a more marked enthusiasm featured this assembly at Loyola. About twenty members were present at the daily meetings. One entire day was given to visiting the Newberry, Crerar and Public Libraries, as well as such places of interest as the Field Museum. Special attention was attached to two important contributions to the History of Pedagogy: one showed the Church's influence on the education and culture of Europe through the schools of the Middle Ages, and the other was a scholarly dissertation on early school government in the United States.

The convention of Humanists closed Wednesday evening with a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul' at a banquet which would have tempted the most fastidious Greek or Roman. The newly-elected officers of the various sections were called upon to sound the keynote of their work for the coming year. Each laid great stress on active cooperation in the editing of the Classical, English, Historical and Library bulletins which are sent monthly to all members. The programme was concluded by a speech from the guest of honor, the Rev. Wilfrid E. Parsons, Editor of America, who congratulated the delegates on their enthusiasm, and outlined his plans for securing wider interest and circulation for the "Catholic Review of the Week". His speech was received with applause. Fr. Agnew, President of Loyola University, concluded the ceremonies by bidding God-speed to the educators, and extending to them a hearty invitation to return in 1926.

Thursday, the break day, was spent by the Arrangement Committee in continuous activity, refurbishing the rooms, reorganizing the commissariat and arranging equipment for the second convention.

The scientists arrived early, as all were eager to at-

tend every session of the much-heralded Symposium on Evolution. The entire first day of the convention was devoted to this important topic, and the consensus of opinion was that more, rather than less, time might have been assigned to its development.

The discussion was opened by Father Schwitalla, who presented certain biological viewpoints which must be kept in mind in any adequate study of Evolution. Beginning his paper with a resume of the methodology of science, the speaker showed that a necessary consequence of the scientific method is so intimate an intertwining of fact and hypothesis that an attempted answer to the frequently uttered challenge for the facts of Evolution often results in nothing but confusion in the mind of a non-scientist. The very concept of species is a matter of dispute among the most cogent thinkers, for every one of the usual criteria for a species is found to be inapplicable when studied in the light of broad biological knowledge. Moreover, opinion regarding the inheritance of acquired characteristics is in such a state of flux, due to the diverse results of various lines of investigation, that it is becoming increasingly difficult to formulate statements which are apodictic in character. Finally, the speaker subjected the modern view of heredity to a careful analysis, showing the change in trend of opinion from the deterministic conclusions which were the direct outcome of Mendelism, to a dynamic viewpoint regarding the interaction of the organism with the environment. This latter viewpoint represents a pronounced trend in biology today; and while it does not negative the Mendelian "laws", it does subject them to a new interpretation. Now the species concept, the laws and mechanism of heredity and the inheritance of acquired characteristics must be presupposed in every exhaustive theory of heredity. If then, regarding these phenomena, opinion is in such a changing state, obviously final conclusions regarding Evolution are premature and unwarranted. The speaker concluded with an effort at assigning a "note" to the evolutionary theory, as a whole, asserting that, in his opinion, it is less certain than, for example, the theory of gravitation, but more certain than most of our physiological theories of sense per-

ception; less certain than the germ theory of disease, but more certain than our theories of immunity.

The theological standpoint on evolution was ably presented by Fr. A. Kemper, Dean of the School of Divinity of St. Louis University. His analysis disclosed the many difficulties which a reconciliation of Evolution with Dogma and Scripture involves. He pointed out that the theory now universally held by biologists recognizes only tribal Evolution, which is in ineradicable contradiction with the Church's doctrine on Original Sin and Redemption. He did, however, state the modified forms of Evolution which are proposed, and he explained why they were or were not inconsistent with Revealed Religion. Free and vigorous debate followed the papers, and the delegates put many questions which enabled the lecturers to elucidate the subject further.

The afternoon session brought Fr. Frumveller of Marquette University to the lecture platform. The brilliant mathematician strongly deprecated the tactics generally adopted on Evolution in Catholic circles. He cited historical precedents which threw an unfavorable light on the reluctance of Churchmen to accommodate themselves to the progress of the human spirit. While recognizing the doctrinal difficulties Evolution involved, he urged Catholic educators, while suspending judgment on the intrinsic merits of the theory, to abandon utterly metaphysical quibbles, to give all credit to investigators for sincerity of purpose, and themselves undertake original research work on the problem. Fr. Frumveller considered psychological arguments based on experimental evidence for the spiritual intellect of paramount importance, because this would be sufficient to safeguard our essential position in philosophy and theology. A novel turn was given to the discussion by his suggestion to found laboratories of experimental psychology in connection with Catholic orphan asylums and cognate institutions.

Philosophy found a voice in Fr. Hornsby, professor of that science at St. Mary's of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Ill. His outline of the traditional scholastic view put in clear relief the immutability of the essential form throughout any number of generations and in spite of multitudinous accidental or varietal changes. An ani-

mated debate, led by Fr. T. Wallace, professor of Ethics at St. Louis University, brought into even clearer light the time-honored argument that like generates like; namely, that the species breed true and, therefore, that no new species have ever been discovered.

At the evening session Fr. Schwitalla gave an illustrated lecture on the evidences of Evolution disclosed by fossil remains.

In this lecture as well as in several others accompanied by illustrated slides, the projection apparatus was supplied by various manufacturers of scientific equipment. In fact the more prominent concerns, like the Central Scientific Co., Welch Mfg. Co., and the Bausch and Lomb Lense Co., were most eager to install exhibits for the benefit of the delegates. Their representatives were also on hand to explain and operate the different machines and paraphernalia.

Book publishers were equally enterprising and sent complete sets of their latest texts on classical, literary and scientific subjects. This afforded the delegates an excellent opportunity to study the most recent advances in technique in their respective fields, and not a few left their names for sample copies. The books, magazines and papers were conveniently located in a special library, and displayed in such a way as to invite attention and inspection.

Friday morning the sectional work of the Association began in earnest. In the Chemistry meetings papers on "Atomic Structure and Valence" and on the "Plan and Management of a Course in Physical Chemistry" evoked lively discussion. A four-year course in Chemistry was outlined in connection with the various standard College textbooks. After an appraisal of High School texts, the Section passed a resolution recommending the tentative adoption by the Principals of the course outlined by the American Chemical Association.

Fourteen members of the Biology Section were present at the meetings, which were devoted to papers, a symposium on the content and presentation of the courses taught in our Colleges, and to laboratory methods. "Aortic Arches and Recapitulation", "Endocrine Influence on Protozoan Reproduction", "Comparative Anatomy



and Embryology" are titles that suggest some of the ground covered in the papers. The discussions revealed that very favorable comparisons may be instituted between the Biology courses given in our schools and those given in secular institutions. In the last session the question of a laboratory manual for General Biology was mooted, while another paper solved the projection and chart problem.

Twenty-four members of the Association were on hand for the first meeting of the Physics Section. The Quantum Theory was considered both in its origin and foundations as well as in the light of the most recent research. Fr. Macelwane then took up the topic of "Our Great Opportunity in Seismometric Research". He pointed out that the path to acknowledged leadership in this field was wide open to the Society at this time. A meeting of seismologists from various provinces of the country was held on the following Monday, in order to take practical steps for the exploitation of this opportunity.

Twenty members were present at the meetings of the Mathematics section. Particular attention was given to methods of teaching, and the upshot of the discussion was formulated in a resolution calling for a re-editing of the report of the committee on teaching mathematics.

On August 22, those interested in the proposed philosophy-social science section met to discuss a form of permanent organization. About half of those present were members of the Missouri Province Sociological Conference. After some discussion it was voted that the Philosophical Association be organized independently of the Sociological Conference, and the chairman appointed a committee to draw up the constitutions, which were ratified at a subsequent meeting.

The scientists banqueted Sunday evening with no less gusto than their humanistic brethren. Each of the newly-elected Presidents of the various sections spoke a few words of enlightenment and inspiration. Fr. Parsons was again the guest of honor, and held forth eloquently on the work of America. Fr. Agnew in a reminiscent mood recalled the first beginnings of the convention movement, and described his enthusiasm upon receiving the first prospectus of the Science Association from Fr. Sloctemyer.

He went on to congratulate the delegates upon the fine progress made, praised the purpose of the Symposium on Evolution, and invited the convention to reopen the question next year at Loyola University.

This invitation was received with marked approval because it was the mind of all the delegates that no better place could be selected for the work of the Association. The spacious University grounds, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Michigan, the modern buildings with almost unlimited possibilities for housing and meeting purposes, together with the Gymnasium, natatorium and recreation halls, where the members can seek a few moments' relaxation between sessions, provide an equipment which, in kind and quantity, can scarcely be duplicated by any other house in the Province. Chicago, likewise, is so centrally located that both delegates from the summer school at Campion and the Fathers after finishing their courses at the various colleges in the Province almost necessarily pass through the city on their way to new or old destinations. Supreme satisfaction with conditions and arrangements at Loyola was expressed, not only by the officers in their public pronouncements, but also by the individual members in private conversation, so that there is no doubt that, if a vote had been taken on the place of the next meeting, Chicago would have been the unanimous choice. In point of numbers, professional enthusiasm, concrete achievement and general gratification, the convention of 1925 was the most successful in the history of the Jesuit Educational Association (Central States division).

JOSEPH F. THORNING, S. J.

## THE JESUITS IN FLORIDA

REV. DEAR FATHER:

The word Miama is Indian in its derivation. The name belongs originally to a tribe of North American Indians of the Algonquin stock. The city of Miami, pronounced by cultured persons "My-amma", is situated in the S. E. part of Florida on the north bank of the Miami River and the Byscan Bay. To understand the location of Miami and West Palm Beach, one should remember that almost all along the East coast of Florida there are sections of land or islands fringing the Atlantic ocean, and between these sections of land or islands there are stretches of water in the way of bays, lakes, rivers and sounds, which are anything from one to three or four miles wide, and of different lengths. Miami is situated on Byscan Bay, which is seven miles long and from two to four miles wide. Between this Bay and the ocean is a strip of land which varies from less than a mile to two miles wide and is seven miles long. You may wonder why I speak in such exaggerated terms of the future of Southern Florida and the Church there. Lest you might think that I was paid for boosting Florida, I will give you some of my reasons now in this letter about Miami, and later more in my letter on West Palm Beach. Usually in the United States, where there has been great material progress, as for example in such cities as Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, the Church has kept pace with the material progress, and become pre-eminent not only over the sects, but like a city of light on a mountain top. Unquestionably Southern Florida has made wonderful material progress in the last decade or so and gives promise of even greater progress in the coming years. Let us take, for example, Miami, which is called the Magic City on account of its marvelous progress. In 1896 Miami consisted of two small dwellings and a storehouse. "If", says a humorous writer, "sometimes as many as ten Seminole Indians would be seen in the vi-

cinity of these buildings at one time, the occupants of the dwellings would scarcely be able to sleep that night because of their excitement at seeing such a throng of people”.

In was in the same year, 1896, Miami was chosen for the southern terminal of the Florida East Coast Railroad. Soon afterwards Henry M. Flagler, the owner of the railway, began the construction of the magnificent Royal Palm Hotel, and Miami became a popular winter resort. Then came the development of commerce by the improvement of the harbor through donations from Mr. Flagler and grants by the United States government. In 1910 the two houses had grown to a population of 5,471. In 1920 there were 30,000 people living there. In 1922 there were 40,000, an increase of 440 per cent. in ten years. The Miami people expect that in 1925 the city's population will be 100,000, and in 1930, 200,000. I myself think that the population is near 100,000, and during the winter season over that number. What is true of Miami is true, in a measure, of hundreds of places in Florida. This is especially true of such places as Palm Beach, West Palm Beach, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Orlando, Sarasota, and other places. All over Florida little villages are growing from small towns to cities of four and five thousand. From Miami to West Palm Beach is seventy miles. Between these two places and for forty or sixty miles above West Palm Beach, Subdivisions, as they are called, or towns and cities extend in every direction. A piece of land ranging from three or four hundred acres to ten thousand or more is purchased. This land is cleaned off, flawless roads and pavements constructed, water mains put in, and gas, water and electricity provided. This land is divided into squares and lots, which are sold very often with restrictions. Homes costing less than four thousand dollars cannot be built on some, while on others they must cost fifteen thousand, and so on. These Subdivisions are so numerous and they are backed up with such a great amount of capital and expensive booming that it is quite probable that within the next ten years they will make a continuous line of cities and towns between West Palm Beach and Miami.

Spreading out from these Subdivisions are orange and grape fruit groves, truck gardens and vegetable farms of three or four acres. Many of these little farms not only manage to make ends meet, but even salt up comfortable bank rolls. One little town near Miami shipped sixty-one thousand quarts of strawberries to northern cities during the first six weeks of the 1922 season, and the growers' share of the spoils was fifty cents a quart. One of the best strawberry farmers near Miami had four and one tenth acres of land planted in strawberries in 1921. His first berries came in on December 20th, and he picked twice a week until July 15th. The total yield of his four and one tenth acres was 41,059 quarts, his average price for each quart was 45 cents, and his gross sales amounted to slightly over \$18,500. His total expenses were a little over \$6,000. In the year 1921 more than 8,000 acres were planted in tomatoes in the vicinity of Miami, and nearly five hundred thousand crates were shipped during the season of that year, the price per crate netting about \$1.75. These few items of the proceeds from a few truck farms speak volumes for the future of Florida.

There are millions of uncultivated acres in Florida even more productive than those mentioned. Allow me to quote from a little book by Kenneth L. Roberts, a popular writer, about the Everglades. "Off the West of Miami lie the Everglades, first made famous by the Seminole War, when the United States Army spent upwards of fifteen years trying to chase the Seminoles out of the Everglades, but seldom saw more than three Seminoles at a time. The Everglades not so long ago was an enormous lake eight thousand square miles in area, dotted with half-submerged islands, out of which grew giant whiskered live oaks and countless varieties of tropical plants. The alligator basked in its shady streams; and the graceful panther lurked among the undergrowth. Exploration was made impossible by a saw-toothed grass which grows throughout the Everglades and extends several feet above the water, so that persons who tried to force their way through it would cut everything to shreds up to and including their eyebrows. People talked of draining the Ever-

glades; but such talk was usually received with screams of laughter that rivaled the yells of the Everglades panthers.

Several years ago the State of Florida settled down in earnest to the systematic draining of the Everglades. Canals were cut, giant locks were installed to control the water level, and the land was cleared. Thousands of acres are being reclaimed each year, settlers are moving in constantly, the land is yielding vegetables and fruit of a quality to make a Maine farmer shake his head dubiously, and wonder if that last batch of liquor which the sheriff sent him had affected his eyes. The soil is a rich black muck, which has resulted from centuries of decayed vegetation, that will grow about twice as large and twice as rapidly as it will anywhere else. There used to be two seasons in the Everglades, "wet and wetter"; but now there is a dry season, and in the course of a few years the Everglades alone will be in a position to supply every northern city with all the fruits and vegetables that they may desire.

A very interesting article appeared in the *Palm Beach Post* about the Everglades written by John T. Graves, a popular writer. He writes as follows: "Great are the Palm Beaches in the land of Florida. Great in past prestige, great in its present achievements, and greatest of all in the incomparable promise of a future to which these immediate surrounding glories are but a meager and inadequate prediction. Have the happy and crowding thousands in this environment ever thoughtfully considered the great foundation on which these Palm Beaches rest today, and the vast solid enduring foundation on which rest the Palm Beaches of tomorrow? Two decades more hence, or in a shorter time, the brilliant throngs that assemble for health and pleasure in a city three times as large as the Palm Beaches of today, will marvel that they could not or did not see and appreciate the vast titanic force that looms so large and so close behind the everlasting prosperity of this town. The Everglades, that mighty name, that monstrous entity of material and almost immeasurable meaning to the growth and development of this city and state! We really lack imagination in this matter of the

Everglades. It is too big a thing to realize its immensity—almost to conceive of its possibilities. One million four hundred thousand acres of super-land within Palm Beach county—1,400 square miles in Lake Okeechobee—and this soil—not a mere arable land of dirt—but a delta land, muck and marsh and soil the richest, the deepest, the most exhaustless in the world. There are thousands of acres of this land that, if properly planted, will realize \$500 an acre every year—billions in it! Why, when you talk of empire, there is not a nation or a kingdom in the world that the Everglades are not rightly able to enrich. Its soil alone, dug and loaded and sold in wheelbarrow, carload or train-load lots, is enough to fertilize the States. There is no doubt or speculation possible about the future of this city, and at the eastern coast we have only to be alive and alert to realize the inevitable glory to come. Thoughtful people may pause for a moment amid these brilliant days of carnival and festivity and ask themselves—somewhere, sometime—what the Lord God Almighty asks and will expect of a people upon whom He has emptied riches that the years have not developed and ages cannot exhaust, and crowned them with a climate that breathes about their living with the benediction of a psalm. May the Lord make these people thankful for what we receive, and what we are about to receive.”

I want to confirm what I have observed myself, by the authority of others who have made a study of the of the matter, namely, the wonderful progress especially of Southern Florida, because I wish to give you my reasons for predicting the very promising future of the Catholic Church, and to record the part the Southern Fathers had in the foundation of the Church there. In my letter on Tampa I gave you a copy of the agreement between bishop Moore of St. Augustine and Very Rev. Father O'Shanahan, the then Provincial of the New Orleans Province. I observed then that, if you take a map of Florida and compare with the map the part of Florida assigned to our Fathers as their field of labor, you will see that it comprizes most of the southern part of the State, which was then almost a barren wil-

derness and is now the most progressive and most promising from a material and religious point of view.

Before speaking of the Church at Miami, permit me to illustrate the great progress of Southorn Florida from the almost incredible advance in the price of real estate there. I will quote from an article, that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, written by Kenneth L. Roberts, the author of the humorous book called "Sun Hunting."

"Large amounts of raucous laughter are directed at the great Florida real estate boom. Floridians almost die laughing at themselves. A Floridian buys a piece of land somewhere for \$750.00, and suddenly wakes up to the fact that he has been cruelly stuck. Controlling his anger as best he can, he hides in a doorway until some gullible Northerner comes along. Then springing out on the Northerner, tells him all the old ones about climate, etc., and sells the same piece for \$2200. Then keeping his face straight with difficulty until the Northerner is out of ear-shot, whereupon he laughs himself sick to think anybody would be so foolish. In a few months time the gullible Northerner sells his \$2200 lot for \$4500, at which point the Floridian ceases his reminiscent chuckling, scratches his head in a meditative manner and asks blankly: 'Well, what do you know about that?' The real estate boom in Southern Florida has now been under way for several years, during which time nearly every one who has had the slightest idea of what he was buying has made money when he bought in the vicinity of established cities like Palm Beach, Miami, St. Petersburg, etc. In 1913, a large real-estate advertisement of an auction sale at Miami Beach was run in a Miami paper by the real-estate firm conducting the sale. The advertising writer spread himself on the advertisement and told what was regarded as whoppers. These lots that were sold at this auction went for \$500 and \$600 a piece. The auctioneer who did the selling was quite upset over the affair, as he knew that the lots were not worth anything like \$500 a piece. He talked about it to his friends quite a good deal, remarked that he thought he would give up auctioneering and go into some more refined pursuit, like



burglary, in which he could hold up the people that could afford to be held up. Three or four years later this same auctioneer went to Miami Beach and paid \$6,000 for one of the lots that he had sold for \$500. A fair valuation of each one of those lots to-day would be from \$25,000 to \$40,000. Twenty four years ago an elderly gentleman purchased two corner lots in Miami for \$1,700. When his son heard of the criminal expenditure he galloped into court, had the deed cancelled and hid his father away in a sanitarium as incompetent. This same bit of land is now appraised at \$300,000. Four years ago a prominent lawyer paid \$80,000 for a house and ocean-front lot. People thought he had been affected by overwork and had become a trifle "balmy in the upper story." This year he refused \$240,000 for the same lot. Five years ago a wealthy tobacco merchant refused as an exorbitant price for a choice piece of real estate in St. Petersburg offered for \$30,000. Since the offer was made to him, a portion of the same bit of property sold as a hotel site for \$160,000, another portion was divided into six building lots that sold for \$15,000 a piece."

About seven miles from West Palm Beach there are some truck farms. I went through one of these places. If you did not know the value of the land and you judged land by the value of land in Southern Maryland, you would hesitate to give a dollar an acre, or maybe you would refuse to take it as a gift on account of the possibility of having to pay useless taxes on it, the land looked so scrubby. It sold for five hundred dollars an acre, and probably would sell for eight or nine hundred now. This little farm netted, I think it was for that season, \$10,000.

Between the Bay of Byscan and the Atlantic ocean there is a long narrow tongue of land not much over a mile at its widest point. Prior to 1913 ninety-nine percent of this narrow tongue was reached only by a ferry boat and had only a fishing shack on its worthless jungle. The man who owned it is said to have bought it for \$12,000.

To-day, the tongue of land that was an impenetrable

jungle in 1913, very much enlarged by pumping sand from the Byscan Bay, has become the City of Miami Beach. It contains five acres for polo fields, three hundred and twenty five of golf courses, one of these costing one quarter of a million dollars, sixteen miles of manufactured canals and inland waterways and valued at \$20,000,000. A Miami Beach enthusiast would no more think of listing Miami Beach Property in miles than a jeweller would think of listing diamonds in quarts. In a few years, if progress in the future be as it has been in the past, he will probably be listing it in inches. Allow me to close this subject of progress by a quotation from that humerous little book, "Sun Hunting." "Baron Munchausen would never have been able to work up a reputation as a liar in Southern Florida, because his lies weren't much more startling than the things that happen there every day. But if the Baron had sandwiched a few Florida facts among his lies, and had tried to put them on his neighbors some evening, they would have slapped one another on the back and rolled around in their chairs with tears of mirth pouring down their cheeks, and assured one another that there never would be anybody in the world who would be able to tell such downright ridiculous, preposterous, side-splitting, hair-raising lies as the Baron."

I find very little data about the beginnings of the church at Miami. It appears for the first time as a missionary station, attended by Father Jas. Moore, S.J., from Tampa in the New Orleans Catalogue in the year 1900. In passing let me remark that the distance by way of Jacksonville is 604 miles; it meant therefore a journey of 1,208 miles to go there and back. I noticed in the catalogues of those days, after the names of those fathers who attended West Palm Beach and Miami, "By way of the railroad". For the next fourteen years the Missionarii excurrentes to Miami, according to the Catalogue, were attached to the house at Tampa. In the year 1914, the residence of the Holy Name, Miami, appears for the first time, with Father J.P. O'Reilly and Father John Breslin, and with Father James McLaughlin excurrens to West Palm Beach.

Let me say in passing that this residence was for ten years a small wooden shack, not altogether immune from little companionable scorpions. From my experience in the country parts of the tropics I know how much these little domestics love just such little frame buildings as was the Residence of the Holy Name at Miami, especially if it is old and damp. I saw probably the last one, companionless and alone, making his last trek from a few old pieces of wood and dust, all that remained of the once frame building which, together with the upstairs of an automobile garage, shared the honor of being called the Holy Name Residence of the Jesuits, Miami. Father James McLaughlin this year finished a large, comfortable and beautiful residence, where he with his community of three other Fathers lives. I found, in my hurried look over Father Di Curia's Diary at Tampa when there, this very interesting tid-bit of information about the early mission at Miami. "February 31st, 1901, Father Albert Wagner, S. J., arrived at Miami. He had left us August 15, 1900. He gave the following information in writing, about Miami: "The congregation of Miami is about 155 souls, many of whom live far from the church. The average attendance is 45. There are twelve or fifteen Communion every month. There have been three First Communion; two were grown-up persons. Three returned to the practice of their religion. Of the persons who had neglected it for many years there are two men and 21 women. One conversion. Men attended Mass almost as well as women."

I found also in Di Curia's diary, the following account of the early Miami Mission given by Father Friend:

"Tampa, October 25, 1895. The missions comprise the whole of Dade county, which extends about 100 miles to the East coast along the Atlantic Ocean. The chief stations are Miami, West and East Palm Beach, Lemon City, Buena Vista, Cocanut Grove, Snake Creek and Hope Sound". "When Father Friend returned to Miami," continued the Diary, evidently from information given Father Di Curia after a later visit to Miami,

“75,000 United States Troops anchored their tents almost under the shadow of the steeple of the Holy Name church. Father Kennedy, S. J., came as chaplain of the 2nd Louisiana Volunteers. In this regiment alone were 800 Catholics. Besides the Mass, in the camp, at which full 2,000 Catholic soldiers attended, the two Masses said at our church were packed. The church was crowded also at the evening services during their stay there. The soldiers organized a choir of their own with an organist and a double quartet, and rendered very fine music, astonishing everybody by their effectiveness in that line. The soldiers brought with them diseases, typhoid, measles, mumps, etc., etc., which soon spread, owing to the recklessness of some and the long drilling under the tropical sun, to say nothing of the unsuitable food, etc. In the space of two months twenty-four succumbed, mostly from typhoid. These were buried from our church with solemn requiem and full military honor.”

What a contrast between the Catholic Church of Miami in 1901 and that of 1924! Then a congregation of about 155 souls, many of whom lived far from the church, now a congregation probably amounting to four or five thousand, and during the winter maybe twice that number in the course of the season. Then Mass was said in a little room; now dominating all Miami flash in the tropic sunlight the white turrets of the magnificent Jesuit Church of the Gesu, with a seating capacity of 1,500, and nearly as many more in the basement of the church. This beautiful church was built by Father James McLaughlin, the present superior, whom many of us remember as a boy attending St. Peter's College, New Jersey. In 1901 there was a First Communion class of five; this year in June there was a large First Communion class that would be a credit to any big church in any of our northern cities. I wish you could have seen it; it would have made you feel proud of our Fathers and their work in Miami. Compare the few children that made their First Communion under Father Wagner with the 550 children now attending the school taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph under the direction

of our Fathers. Besides these consoling thoughts there are other things we should not forget.

How much money must the Mission of New Orleans have spent on their Missions! and money and vocations meant much more to that Mission than it did to our Province. It is only now that the Church is beginning to be a paying proposition, but it will take years before money enough can be scraped together to pay for the churches, schools, convents and the many incidental expenses to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing number of Catholics.

During the tourist season Mass is said at the Flamingo Hotel. This is at present the most select hotel at Miami Beach; you can get a room there for \$40.00 per day. There is a very beautiful Causeway between Miami and Miami Beach, three miles in length, much of which is about a hundred feet wide. Miami Beach is growing so rapidly and the number of Catholics during the tourist season is so great that there is immediate need of a church there. There is also need of churches and schools for the towns that cluster around Miami like the planets around the sun. Already a site has been secured for a church and academy at Coral Gables, one of the most fashionable Miami suburban places.

But you may ask: Where do they come from who are building up the Catholic population of Southern Florida? There are many Catholics among the thousands of all kinds of tradesmen, who migrate to Florida for work or business, and all kinds of business and professional men. There are Catholic families who settle in Florida for health reasons. Catholic tourists often settle there. There are many Catholics who buy estates or orange groves or residences there and remain in Florida part of the year.

The class of Catholics that are building up the church there is, generally speaking, intelligent, practical and devout. This is seen from the large attendance at Mass, the large number of weekly and daily communicants, the devotions on Sunday evenings and the First Fridays of the month.

## CULION LEPER COLONY.

Three of us Scholastics started on a long-hoped-for visit to the Island of Culion on the morning of June 5th, when we boarded the United States Revenue Cutter "Basilan", named after an Island off Zamboanga. The boat was scheduled to sail at 8 sharp, but in Philippino fashion it was 10.30 when we slipped anchor and sped out through the Pasig's mouth across Manila Bay. We took a last long look at Manila's fading skyline, not knowing when we would see it again; at least those were my thoughts as our frail bark rolled from side to side through the big white-caps that the typhoon in the offing was casting up from the sea bottom. Dr. Avellana, director-general of Culion Leper Colony, was the first we met as we went to the forward part of the ship. His son Lamberto, or as we affectionately called him "Berting", is a boarder in third division; or I should say was, for this year he will be a half-boarder, as his mother is living in Manila now. Dr. Avellana was glad of our company, and we were equally pleased with his. He felt rather blue, as this is the first time he was away from his family. About twelve the bell sounded for dinner. At dinner there were, besides ourselves and Dr. Avellana, one or two other doctors from the Colony, several men connected with Colony work, and the wife of the chief chemist there, an American. On board there were from eighty to one hundred persons: some returning to their duties after a month's vacation at Manila, or to their own provinces, some to visit their dear ones isolated in the Lazaro. I managed to eat a good dinner, but soon followed the example of my good fellow passengers of "lying low" during the squall that arose. Our cabin boy placed cots on the aft of the ship, where we assumed a reclining position to escape giving up our dinner, or to prevent ourselves from being washed overboard. I recognized the form of Corregidor, Uncle Sam's strongly fortified watchdog over Manila, and soon saw that we were turning into the protected cove of Mariveles to await calmer weather. This cove contains a quarantine station, where ships with contagious diseases

are held up before entering Manila, and where the leper ships for Culion are also held for quarantine.

I took advantage of an opportunity to go ashore. We had as companions Dr. Avellana and Mr. Unson, the assistant director of the Bureau of Commerce. The village is located in pleasant surroundings, with cloud-capped Mount Mariveles just above it, Corregidor and its large steel aerials to the right, and cocoanut, palms and papaya trees fringing the shore. We did not go to the village, but landed instead at the dock. The caretaker, a burly American, shirtless, with spyglass in hand, came out, grumbling and rumbling like the typhoon itself. The calm way in which we talked to him, a sudden downpour common in the tropics, and the usual accompaniment of typhoons calmed him somewhat, and drove him to his house for shelter, and us to the wharf. Under shelter of the wharf storehouse I had an interesting chat with Mr. Unson. He told me he was a native of Laguna Province, but that his family is now living in Tayabas. His son and three nephews enter the Ateneo this year. Mr. Unson was formerly connected with the enforcement of the school attendance law in Mindanao, where he had a merry time trying to persuade the Tiruayes of Cottabato to send their children to school. Frequently a whole village would move far from the school environs to escape the law. After supper Dr. Avellana drew up his chair beside us in the stern of the boat and gave us many interesting facts about the Culion Leper Colony. In 1906 the United States Government selected Culion because of its central position (12 degrees latitude and 120 E. longitude) for the isolation of all the lepers in the Philippines. He declared that there were about 10,000 lepers in the Philippine Islands, 5,000 of whom are at Culion. The deaths from leprosy average about 500 or so a year; at the Colony about 300 to 400. A cure from the Chaulmoogra bean has been developed. This bean can be obtained from India—the cheapest and best—from China and in the Philippines, from the Province of Albay. The treatment with chaulmoogra oil (injection) takes from six months to two years or more to cure; that is, for a leper to be declared a negative, which means that the progress of the disease has been arrested so that he can go out and

minge in the society of non-leprous people without any danger of infecting others. The colony has proved successful, and the lepers there have taken up the cooperative idea well, many there earning much more than they would elsewhere. From their labors last year in the farms, ice, fish and electric industries they earned from \$80,000 to \$100,000. Dr. Avellana said that the doctors were in touch with the doctors working against the disease in India, where there were a million lepers.

June 6th.—We are still at Mariveles. Signal number two went up, which meant that the typhoon had passed some way up north. This morning I saw a whole school of dolphins, bobbing up and down in the water. Some fishermen from nearby came to the boat this morning with their catch to see if they could sell some to the passengers. A few ships braved the angry sea, and we could see them at Corregidor heading for the open sea. Dr. Avellana went ashore with the captain to telegraph to Culion, and Fr. Kennally took advantage of the chance to send a telegram to Fr. Rector, telling him that we were marooned at Mariveles. At dinner Mrs. Perkins regaled us with tales of former trips to Culion. It was her second stop-over at Mariveles. She also told of the trip of the vessel "Gravina", which was a week reaching Manila because of bad weather. Food gave out also, and the passengers had to get along as best they could for some time on the coconut oil that the ship was carrying. One sees some queer sights in the close quarters aboard this small ship. Our aft is not as neat and trim as when we started out. Cots, bags and baggage are piled everywhere. An old woman in a bed a few paces from me furnished amusement when she rolls some betel nut in a leaf for a "chaw" of tobacco. The few babies aboard let out an endless assortment of yells, especially in the wee small hours of the morning.

June 7th, Trinity Sunday.—Thank God we are moving. We pushed off at 4.45 this morning, although signal number two was still displayed; but as we were going south and the typhoon north, the captain thought he had given the typhoon enough leeway to proceed with safety. Our course was east, then south along the east or protected coast of Mindoro. As its name signifies, the long island is a mine of gold, rich in minerals, woods and agricultural



resources, as well as wild game, but a breeding place for malaria, which accounts for its very few inhabitants. During the passage in the morning no bell was sounded for breakfast and nobody dared to go there either; so I had a good chat with the captain while I was in the forward part of the boat near his cabin, drinking in the scenery of Fortune and other islands and calculating the lunge of the boat every time we struck a particularly high and heavy breaker.

The captain said he was born in the Taal, Batangas, and had been all over the Islands. On his longer trips of a month or more during the vacation period, he usually carried some school teachers with him, who desired to see the Islands in the cheapest way. He has also been to Europe. While in Spain he visited St. Ignatius' birth-place, Loyola. During the war he was engaged on a boat that plied between Spain and England. At dinner time I saw some more dolphins, and when near the Verde Islands the water became delightfully calm. One could not help noticing the similarity with the inland Sea of Japan. Mindoro was always with us. It brought to mind Fr. Rector's sky-pilot's experience of last June, when a big army bombing plane carried him from Manila to Mindoro and back again.

June 8th.—On arising this morning I found the water very rough. We had left the barrier walls of friendly islands and were pushing into the open from the southeastern tip of Mindoro through Mindoro Strait, heading for the Calamianes group of islands, of which Culion is one. Many small island-like blocks of stone were scattered over the sea, and the entrance to the strait leading to Culion city is very narrow indeed. The water at this stage took on a rich green, and in places a delicate blue tint. All the islands were rocky and scantily covered with vegetation. Several of the hills on the island were smoothly polished, as if the hand of the Creator had used sandpaper to smooth them off. Indeed, if the islands were not clearly volcanic, and not too close to the equator to preclude glacial formation, I would have pronounced them drumlins. Little clusters of nipa huts, surrounded in places by bamboo groves, were scattered in protected coves. We passed the island of Corón with a

town of that name located there. Here dwell the former inhabitants of Culion, who went to Corón when the government bought Culion for a leper colony. We had dinner aboard about 11.30. The general impression of one approaching Culion is that it is overcrowded; nurses' quarters, doctors, warehouses, nipa huts and hospitals are all heaped together on the side of a hill. This is due to the fact that the colony grew so rapidly, and soon outgrew the original site prepared for it along the the shore. As we docked at 12.30, the whole village of Balala —non-lepers' section of Culion—turned out to greet the "Basilan", and even a few lepers in their sea-Fords of bamboo rafts came as close as they dared, to get a better view. We grabbed a few boys to take our belongings from the cabin, and no sooner had we gone than Frs. Millan and Mico came rushing down to greet us. Their house is now crowded out by surrounding buildings of nipa or cement, but beyond on the hill near the Sisters' quarters the framework of the new Fathers' building is stretching skeleton-like arms to heaven. After a kindly welcome from the two Fathers and the Brother in charge, after refreshments and a siesta, we started, with Fr. Millan as our guide, for the Leper Colony itself. The entrance is clearly marked off by an arch, at which a policeman is always stationed. At I entered I thought of Dante's inscription over another gate: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here". But as you will see, the events of this and the following days of my stay here disillusioned me and my companion. We passed two houses where two American lepers live. One of them was at home and Fr. Millan called him over so speak with us. Beyond we passed the Culion Electric, Ice and Fish Co., as the sign informs us, that furnish these three essential products for the Island. Near Colony Hall Fr. Millan's band was awaiting us, and, as many curious eyes gathered to see us, Fr. Gisel soon had material for a picture. We next went so the girl's dormitory on a hill overlooking the quarantine station, built with the proceeds of the Ateneo's first and second benefit plays. This dormitory is also used for the *veledas* or entertainments in the Colony. The program prepared by the four lepers as a welcome to us consisted of seven songs and an address in

English by Eugenio Benedicto, a young man from Manila, who also teaches school for the lepers. Seven little girls welcomed us by displaying a letter each, accompanied by a limerick, the finished word making up the word "welcome". The band did heroic work throughout the entertainment, and towards the end several members of the band sang humorous limericks depicting the delights of smokes in the form of tobacco. The singing of the entire group of young boys and girls and older men and women was very powerful, and the words and tunes of the songs so pathetic that I felt what Mrs. Wood, wife of the Governor General, said on the occasion of her visit to Culion: "They nearly broke my heart." At the intervals between the songs Fr. Millan distributed some of the cigarettes, candy and holy picture cards that we brought along with us. I almost forgot to say that Father Millan, who is quite a poet and musician, wrote the words of the songs sung. Fr. Kennaly ended the reception by a short address in English.

June 9th.—This morning we went with Fr. Millan to the convent of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, who are in charge of the hospitals and houses that the Fathers have in the colony. Their convent is situated in the upper level close to the Director's house, where the sea breezes make the house a very cool one. Dr. Avellana was also present for the Mass. After Mass Fr. Millan went to the Colony Church to carry Holy Viaticum to the sick in the hospitals. After our breakfast we went to the Director's house, where Dr. Avellana showed us some pictures of artistic views of Culion (sunset, sunrise, etc.) taken by one of the staff, a Dr. Solis. We admired exceedingly the view of the bay and its surroundings from the porch of the Director's house, and then were guided to the office of Dr. Rodriguez, assistant director of the medical department, now acting head in place of Dr. Lara, who has gone to the United States for special study. Dr. Rodriguez is a young man of twenty-seven, a Spanish *mestizo*, who greeted us kindly and showed us all things of interest in his office. He had on his desk various samples of oils used in the injection, from the plain chaulmoogra oil to mixtures

such as Mercado, one tintured with one-half of one per cent. iodine, creosote, emulsified forms of chaulmoogra, etc. Dr. Cruz, an Ateneo graduate of 1916 in charge of the X-ray department, then showed us all the apparatus in his department, and one of our party, testing out the machine for localized X-rays, carried away as a souvenir, a burn, very much like those one can get by placing a magnifying glass between the sun and one's hand. An interesting assortment of X-ray pictures taken by the Doctor to record the progress of medicine used for cures and other pictures to locate abscesses in the teeth, etc., brought our tour of inspection to an end here. In the next laboratory we met the two pathologists of Culion, Drs. Wade and Pineda. The former is an American and a Bostonian. In various bottles on the laboratory table the two men had prepared specimens of human hands, feet and heads, and in explanations Dr. Wade showed us the effect of the disease on the human body. Just as we were about to return to the Fathers' house in Balala, the Sisters, with large white umbrellas, came marching along in procession to their convent. Fr. Gisel lined them up for a picture. Two in the group call for special attention: the Mother Superior, a small Frenchwoman, and Sister Callixta. Both are pioneers of the Colony; the former has been here for fourteen years (four at Iloilo) and the latter eighteen. Sister Callixta has quite a record for operations, as the hopeless cases come to her to have their fingers and toes cut off. There are about twelve sisters stationed here, about four-fifths are French, the rest native nuns, all however belong the Congregation of St. Paul de Chartres. A happier and healthier crowd I never laid my eyes on. These noble women are the real angels of the Colony caring for seven hospitals, the eight dormitories in charge of the Fathers, and assisting in the decorating and caring for the church.

This afternoon I accompanied Father Millan to the various hospitals to distribute cigarettes to the poor unfortunates. What sights we saw! *Ay de mi!* All the classes of infirm that were brought before Our Lord in the gospel story that by the touch of His Sacred Hand they might be healed. The blind, the deaf, the dumb,

some without legs, arms, noses, tongues, with sores and ulcers, and faces and expressions horrible to behold. It was pitiful at times to see the fingerless hands stretched out to receive the allotted ten cigarettes. In one hospital I passed several Moros from Mindanao, and in the men's hospital several others. All were easily picked out; especially the men, by the turbans. A few are Catholics, and about half at least become Catholics on their deathbed. Father Millan showed us the deathlist on the table used by the Fathers in one of the hospitals, and it was consoling to see that with rare exceptions, all the names appearing on the list had, in the column reserved for it, the note "all the sacraments." An American was pointed out to us in one of the hospitals; besides leprosy he had a cancerous growth cut out of the lip, and at the time he was just recovering from pneumonia. We were told that one American in the Colony came from U. S., in order that he would not feel so isolated and that he might have the benefit of medical treatment, which he would probably not receive in the United States.

June 10th.—We went to Mass this morning in the Colony church. It is located on a strategic point, where in former times one could flee and be safe from the invasion of the Moros from Mindanao in quest of Christian captives to sell as slaves. The church is of stone, the old edifice having now a tin roof overhead. At the entrance over the door were carved the arms either of the King of Spain or of the Count who held sway over these Islands. Fr. Mico heard Confessions for about half an hour and began Mass at about 5.30. The girls and women occupy the main part of the Church, the boys and men the choir loft. There must have been about 250 Communion; about 50 men received Our Lord, the rest were women. A wild cat furnished unexpected amusement when it ran back and forth in the sanctuary seeking for an exit. The sacristan tried to catch it but it scratched him so badly that he quickly let go with a yell, and the cat continued to yell still more from his place of safety behind the altar. Prayers were recited in one of the many dialects by a sodalist during Mass and Communion: the community sang several very sweet Spanish hymns.

After breakfast Fr. Mico took us for a visit to the various dormitories. They are eight in number. Five of these the Fathers have built or purchased with donations, and the others belong to the government, but the Fathers have the use of them. Why these dormitories? To preserve the faith and souls of these poor people, and to offer them a surer means of becoming negatives, or of departing cured in a short time. The inmates of the dormitories are divided as follows: sixty small boys, 126 young men belonging to the sodalities, 288 small girls and "*hijas de Maria*", (children of Mary), widows or married women 176: in all 650. In the girls' dormitory near the sea we were entertained by piano selections, four hands and two hands, as this house contains the only piano in the dormitories. One of the women in charge is a negative. She returned to Manila after she was cured, but as her relatives refused to receive her, she came back to devote herself to caring for the girls in the dormitories. One girl, Felipa by name, was pointed out to us as a negative who is making her probation in the Colony. That is, after a person is declared a negative, he may leave the colony or go home; but in any case he must report to one of the hospitals for treatment and inspection, I think every month for at least a year or so. This young girl has a sister Carmen, who helps the Sisters in one of the hospitals, still a leper, and has a brother Francisco, who died of tuberculosis in the Colony a short time ago. These three were united in the colony, as they had been separated from each other on the death of one of their parents, and no one knew where the other was until the dear Lord reunited them in the Colony. Felipa is to be adopted by the mother of Fr. Del Rosario, S. J., who lives in Manila. In the Ateneo dormitory four little tots gave us a perfect imitation of the tobacco limerick that the members of the men's chorus had given us the day before. We saw the girls and boys at their various tasks of cleaning the dormitories, preparing the food for dinner, pounding the rice in big wooden pestles, washing clothes etc. In the boys' dormitory we admired a clever bird's cage made out of a single piece of bamboo.

Fr. Mico left us then with Mr. Perkins, the chemist

who was working in his laboratory. He was born in China, but spent his boyhood in Worcester, Mass. After showing us a few chemical samples in the laboratory, he brought us to the chemical plant. There we saw bag upon bag of chaulmoogra beans stacked up in the upper part of the plant, and saw the various stages in the pressing of the bean, from the grinding machine that looked very much like a coffee grinder, to the finished product, all bottled and labeled and stored away in a closet. Mr. Perkins told us that leprosy usually shows itself in red spots in the armpits or nodules that appear on the arms, legs, face, ears and nose etc. Besides leprosy many of the patients have tuberculosis as well, and in fact many of the deaths are due to this latter disease. At least two of the Fathers at Culion were isolated for a time, as the authorities thought they had caught the disease: Fr. Becker and a Spanish father. The Spanish father's house is now one of the boys' dormitories, just in the rear of the Church. Most of the Lepers are from Cebu, Fr. Millan told us, perhaps thirty per cent of the total; next in number are the Tagalogs, the Ilocanos, and then you have representatives from the other dialects, and a few from the Carolines, some Spaniards and Americans.

This afternoon I took a walk with Fr. Mico through one section of the colony along Mindanao street. We stopped outside the hut of a leper, and Fr. Mico began to jolly him. There was a big eagle outside the hut tied to a pole, and Fr. Mico jollied him about giving it to him for the Ateneo museum. This man told us in Spanish that he had a son in United State (New York) studying to be a mechanic, and that another who has just finished in Manila wants to go to United State to take a course in philosophy. This seemed to puzzle the old man. "*Que cosa esta filosofia*"? said the old man. But before we had a chance to answer, Fr. Mico had us on our way. We passed by one of the hospital porches to get a good view of the sights from the location of the Fathers' new house, and also to see the progress of the building. As we passed the hospital, we were just in time to see the doctor cleaning the hole in a toeless stub of a foot.

June 11th.—This morning I served Fr. Mico's Mass in the Colony Church. It was the Feast of Corpus Christi,

and the lepers sang the Mass of St. Cecilia. The congregation were attired in their holiday best: the women and girls in beautiful native dresses of Our Lady's blue and white, and the boys in pink suits. As Fr. Mico was to say a second Mass, Communion was given out before Mass.

Fr. Mico gave a sermon in Visayan, which he speaks very well. Fr. Millan said two Masses today also, a Sunday and Holyday privilege, one as usual for the Sisters and the other at 6 o'clock in the house chapel for the people of Balala. At 9 o'clock Dr. Rodriguez called for us. We visited one of the clinics to see the injections being given. In a building with sawali partitions about four men doctors and one woman doctor were treating the lepers. Dr. Nicolas is the doctor in charge of all the clinics. Dr. Samson in the first partition explained the process to us as we watched him giving the injections. A dose of from 2 to 5 cubic centimeters of Chaulmoogra oil is given in the weekly dose, the dose varying with the age and physical condition of the leper. A report of the case, including progress and complications, is kept by the nurse in charge, and besides this a fever chart of the patient is kept, and a large colored chart for a summary of the progress or retardation of weekly total of the doctor's clinics. A Dr. Fernando from Manila, an eye, nose and ear doctor, and his wife a doctor also, and daughter of Dr. Nicolas, were visiting the clinics, and apparently delighting in the chance to observe peculiar infections of the eye, nose and ear, developed in some stages of leprosy.

On feast days there is solemn chanting of the litanies and special songs and benediction, so we went with Fr. Mico about 3:30 this afternoon to witness this edifying sight. The decades of the rosary were interspersed with hymns, and at the end of the litanies Fr. Mico read the Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart. A few of the Sisters were present in the place reserved for non-lepers in the sanctuary. As this was Fr. Kennally's birthday, Fr. Millan had a special program in his honor at the "Ateneo" dormitory. Four delightful songs were sung by all present "*La Sampaguita*"—one might call it the national flower of the Philippines. "*El Pajarillo Felix*" (the happy little bird), "*Barcarola*", "*Los Marineritos*" del



*Asilo Naval*" (The little sailors of the Naval academy). There was a general distribution of candy, cigarettes, holy pictures and St. Anthony buttons, and Tagalog prayer books. The band as usual did its generous share of entertaining. Fr. Mico also told us that the government pays the band \$5.00 a month, and they have a chance to earn a little pocket money when they play for baptisms, marriages, funerals, etc. A man from Baliuag, Bulacan, enjoyed the concert with us. He came with us on the Basilan to visit his daughter, who is a leper and lives in one of the dormitories of the "*hijas de Maria*". I tried to imagine to myself what must be his feelings at being thus separated from his dear one, especially since I know how fond the Philipinos are of their children.

June 12th.—A quiet day at home. About 4 o'clock I took a walk with Fr. Gisel to the other end of Balala, where we met a man who gave us two beautiful specimens of coral. We waited on the beach for the setting of the sun to get a good picture of it. The beach was covered with the peculiar bamboo rafts or balsas of the fisherfolk and laborers, and on the shell-strewn sands we saw many a snail crawling along with his pretty house attached to his back.

#### A PICNIC WITH THE LEPPER BOYS TO SAN PEDRO.

June 13th.—Four of us boarded the official launch at the Balala dock and were soon sailing over the smooth sea surface in the direction of the quarantine dock. As we rounded the point of the colony near the church, we saw the inmates of the girls' dormitory on the back porch to see the departure of the expedition. A large sailboat and a smaller banca or small boat with outriggers were pushed near the dock to take the boys aboard:

The boys came walking down to the dock from all corners of the colony, carrying all sorts of bundles and wearing uniforms, ranging from that of a gay buccaneer with bolo attached, to the common blue uniform which one naturally associates with orphan asylums. Finally, they crowded into the two boats and, to the tune of the band playing its gayest air, the launch started off dragging its two boats' burden after it in "snap-the-whip"

fashion. Handkerchiefs and hats and flags from the girls' dormitory porch and from a few of the boys who were either sick or punished, I don't know which, was the salvo with which we ventured forth into the deep. There was pretty scenery aplenty along the way, and we had a chance to see the immensity of the island of Culion. In the left foreground an immense coral island with walls and diversified forms that made one believe it was almost a continent, beyond a scattering of smaller isles, one of which with the horizon just beyond and a mirage playing fancifully with the imagination, looked for all the world like a native boat or a native chinela or slipper. Some spots of the island were under cultivation, but the rocky and unfertile soil needs a great deal of coaxing to yield a good return. Along the level beaches here and there one saw a cluster of huts of lepers who preferred to live more apart from the colony proper. At a narrow passage before we began to turn in the direction of San Pedro, our destination, we ran into a beautiful coral-bottom part of the Sound, and the almost glass-like bottom enabled us to pick out, through the sea-green color of the ocean, star fish, Venus fly-baskkets and fantastically shaped coral, now white, now pink, now purple. Our boatmen had to pole the launch and boats at this point, and our leper band struck up "Over There," much to the amusement of the inhabitants of the coast at this part of the island. Flying fish skimmed over the clear surface at times twice the length of our boat, and the leper fishermen in their queer bamboo rafts came out to greet us or to hitch on behind the last boat. As we turned into the mouth of a river running into the sea, we saw how the trees growing in the river mud were constantly encroaching on the river bed. A heavy downpour followed and, to add to the confusion, we got stuck in the mud and had to cast the boats adrift. Finally when we got as far as the boats could go with safety, the narrow banca and balsas or bamboo rafts started to take up the river the occupants of the two leper boats. Here is where the "universal kid" showed himself. Everybody tried to crowd on the raft or climb into the banca, with the result that some made it and some didn't, giving those that didn't a find chance for a plunge in the river. David, an American *mestizo*, tried

to direct our boatman up another branch of the river, but after going through a veritable everglade or dismal swamp, we finally decided to transfer to one of the unstable rafts. I went along gloriously in mine until I reached the end of the journey, when I suddenly stepped on a weak piece of bamboo and enjoyed a wetting up to my knee. A walk of about five minutes through a level plain brought us to the spot where the boys who had outdistanced us were plundering the fruit trees for their beloved native fruits, known as "*santols*" and "*guavas*". One boy offered us some *santols*, and then the fun followed when the boys watched to see how the American padres would tackle and enjoy the fruit.

Fr. Mico was the last to arrive, and at once began to distribute the special food for the picnic. It was tied up in a sack, and consisted of about \$40 worth of canned goods, peaches, prunes, pineapples, jelly, sausages etc. The boys and young men were divided into about five different groups, and to each group a senior was assigned. Fr. Mico made five heaps of cans, and then left it to the senior to see that the goods were evenly distributed. The boys gathered around in groups, and in community fashion began to share the contents of the different cans. A sixth group was made up of older men, among them the ex-governor of the Island of Bohol, and this party had a special feast, part of which they cooked on the grounds. We had our lunch, too, and after the dinner was over, all assembled for a picture, where Fr. Gisel and two of the leper sodalists with their cameras tried to get snaps of us all. It surely was a picturesque group: we four in our white soutanes, and some of my leper friends dressed in velvet coats, and one in a particular Don Quixote model, broadbrimmed hat, and bolo with a carved dog's head handle. The climax of the whole outing was the famous mixture; I call it Fr. Mico's mixture. The ingredients were as follows: two Socony tin cans of water, two cans of milk, one big bottle of apple cider, and one of cherry bounce, with about six or seven pounds of brown sugar, and all stirred up with a tree twig and portioned out in every container imaginable. We made our way back to the boats in a different direction from the one in which we had come. On arriving at the river bank we found it

wise to hire an extra sailing vessel that was loading one of the exports of the Calamianes Islands, tree bark, which is used for making leather. It surely was a job to bring all the boys down the stream to where our boats were anchored, but once the passage was completed, we had a pleasant sail all the way back, just skirting around a thunderstorm. Several rainbows of varying size were visible in the heavens. At the quarantine station we untied the two boats we were carrying along, and then made our way by the launch to Balala landing.

June 14th.—I served Fr. Millan's Mass this morning (Sunday) at seven in the domestic chapel. I felt quite consoled to think I could follow so easily his logically, clearly and rhetorically developed sermon on the day's Gospel. On Sundays and holydays this Mass is said for the non-lepers with a sermon in Spanish every Sunday. The fisherfolk and workmen of the village enjoyed a Sunday in and on the water. The balsas with whole families aboard resembled the Venetian gondoliers, paddling their gondolas. We thought the "*Basilan*" was coming into port as we gazed at it from afar with our binoculars, but it turned out to be the freighter "*Gravina*".

June 16th.—I went with Fr. Mico to the Colony church to serve his last Mass there this morning, as it turned out to be; for on our arrival at the sacristy we saw what we thought was the "*Basilan*", but afterwards it proved to be the "*Midget*" from Manila. A few minutes later, however, the sacristan called my attention to the "*Basilan*" floating along. I witnessed a touching sight as we walked down the colony to the Balala gate. A leprous mother with a babe in her arms and two tiny tots standing in the doorway was there to bid Father Mico goodbye. I could see the mother some distance away instructing the children, and it was heart-touching to see these grateful people wishing Father *adios* and a blessing in their native dialect of Tagalog.

When we reached the Fathers' house, we found that the Prefect Apostolic of Palawan, a Recollect Father who arrived on the *Midget*, was saying Mass in the domestic Chapel. We hurried through breakfast and raced to the dock at 8 o'clock, where a party made up of Dr. Avellano, Dr. Rodriguez, the Mother Superior of the Sisters and Sr.

Callixta stood to see us off. We soon learned that the *Basilan* would not leave until about 3, as she had to take on a supply of water and would have to wait until the *Midget* unloaded her freight. At 3 Fr. Millan, Brother Ferri and Dr. Avellano came aboard the ship to say good-bye surely this time. These three had been extremely kind to us during our stay at the island, and helped to make our week's stay a very pleasant one indeed. We reluctantly parted from our kind Brothers in Christ, our friends on the Island and the lepers who had won a warm spot in our hearts. The leper boys, girls, young men and ladies had taken possession of the Culion Colony waterfront, and as long as the boat was in sight a constant waving of handkerchiefs and flags and hats from the gayly colored crowd told of sad hearts that longed to show their appreciation for the efforts of Fr. Mico to make them lead their lives after that model of patience, Holy Job, and their thanks to us, their guests of a few days, who had cheered them by our interest in their welfare.

Our next stop was at the neighboring Island of Corón, about an hour's distance away, but it was nearly 8 before we pulled out for our next stopover, the island of Ambolon on the S. W. tip of Mindoro. Our passenger list was somewhat heavier going back, both in the first-class and third-class quarters, and in the latter place the many chickens and fighting cocks aboard made our ship resemble a floating chicken coop. Then there were one or two pigs, dogs aplenty, of the mangy rice-hound variety, with a number of young babies, including one that was taken from its leprous mother, all adding to the concert at the break of dawn. Indeed the first morning out I fancied I was again at Culion listening to the mingled cat chorus, dog barkings, cock crowing and yelling babies. A few prisoners, with chain and ball attached to their feet, were being transferred from the Iwahig penal colony at Puerta Princesa, Palawan, to Manila. The paymaster from Culion on leave of absence to Manila, the representative elect of Palawan en route for the Marble Hall, and Dr. and Mrs. (Dr. also) Fernando bound for their work in Manila, were some of the notables in the first-class list. We had a perfectly clear sky and only lacked the moon, say in first quarter or in its fulness, to make it a perfect

evening for a sail. As we sailed through the narrow passage at the end of Corón, we had the far-famed Southern Cross on our right, and to our left the North Star pointer for the Big Dipper, a peculiar combination of North and South, and in our presence and in the native passengers on board we had a strange mingling of the East and the West.

Mr. Unson left the boat in a launch at Ambolon about 5.15 for his inspection, although we had reached our destination about 1 A. M. The inspection was completed about 8, and then we headed out into the open China sea for our second lighthouse at the Apo reef about the middle of the West coast of Mindoro. We visited the lighthouse with the inspector as soon as the launch was released from its moorings, and spent about five hours on the island taking in all the objects of interest. The lighthouse, which stands on a well protected part of the island, was built by the Spaniards in the year 1896, and has about 130 steps leading to the tower nearly 100 feet high. It's a desolate spot, 20 miles from the nearest settlement, with a few coconut trees, maguey plants, and trees that grow in the rain water marshes and a few shrubs. A crew of work men, who had been busy for a few weeks repairing the lighthouse, had cleaned up everything eatable on the island, including the coconuts and birds' eggs found on the place. There were two monuments or rather tombstones in one corner, one of them erected to the memory of an entire family that the inspector found starved to death on one of his visitations. There is a pretty sand beach where our launch landed with a clear coral bottom as you go out. Here we gathered up some specimens of red coral and a number of shells with pretty colored markings.

We were off at 8 P. M. for our last and final stop, Cabra or Goat Island. It is one of the group belonging to the Lubang Islands, just at the entrance to Manila Bay, and the point where the Southern monsoons stop. We docked at 4, or rather I should say cast anchor, but it was about 6 when two of us landed on the shore. The geological formation of the island can clearly be seen. It is made up of about four different levels, each one pushed up to make room for the new beach as the coral growth mounted higher and higher, or was pushed up by earth-

quakes. The land on the upper level is perfectly even, well cultivated, with crops of rice and corn and vegetables and fruits growing. Part of it is given to pasturage. We passed a large herd of cows, some of them holsteins, and endless flocks of goats. The goats gave us good exhibitions of the national sport of the Philippines, "boxing"; every body was doing it, from the frolicking "kids" to the gray-bearded old grand father goat. The lighthouse is of Spanish type, substantially built of stone, with neat dwellings for the keeper. Although not as high as the Apo light, it is more powerful. We climbed the lighthouse and admired on the way the fancy decorations in the tiled window places. A splendid view of Mariveles and the Lubang and part of Mindoro could be had from the railed stairway at the upper level. Many people went ashore at this point, including the captain's party, and when the last of them got aboard, we weighed anchor and set out on the last lap homeward. Just before starting, the crew of the motor launch rescued a hen that took it into her head to swim to Manila. The old lady gave the boys a merry chase until she was finally hauled aboard. We were off at 12.40 P. M. for an eight hours' sail to port. We passed Corregidor at supper time, came close to the stone battleship island beyond it, and then from our point on deck watched the twinkling lights of Cavite's shore line and the gayer ones of Manila's Dewey Boulevard. We slowed down considerably as we reached the Pasig's mouth, swerved round the lighthouse and Engineers' Island, and landed at Magallanes dock, just two weeks after our departure. Brother McKenna was awaiting us with the San José truck, that dropped us off at the Ateneo, and then made its way to the Observatory with Fr. Mico.

W. J. MEAGHER, S. J.

## NOTES ON FATHER WILLIAM H. JUDGE, S. J.

As most of those who paid tribute to Father William Judge, "the Martyr of the Klondike", have dwelt exclusively on his last illness and death, much remains for others to say. I should like to fill in the omissions, but I doubt my ability to do so in a fitting manner. However, I shall do what I can and, with God's help, I may add something to the meed of praise which he so well deserves. Although he did not labor for human applause, this does not dispense his ardent admirers and devoted friends from an obvious duty.

The History of the world shows that in all great events there was some acknowledged leader, who took more than an ordinary share of responsibility, toil and danger. The aim of earthly honors is, of course, human and temporal. Statesmen desire political power; Generals seek the favor of their sovereigns or the supremacy of their country; adventurers are moved by the lust of gain or the thirst for fame; and scientists seek discoveries, partly to benefit the race, and partly to immortalize themselves. In all such cases there is an element of selfishness. Christopher Columbus was a glorious exception to the general rule.

But when we turn to the heroes of God, all selfishness disappears, and the world stands aghast. Take the saintly Father Damien of leper fame. He severed all natural ties and condemned himself to life-long imprisonment in order to bring some comfort and happiness to the lepers of the Hawaiian Islands. As a climax to his sufferings, he caught the disease himself and died a martyr of charity for the good of his fellow man. And what was his aim? To serve God by ministering to God's afflicted, and thereby to gain an eternal reward in Heaven.

It would be impossible to enumerate even a small portion of those devoted Religious, men and women, whose lives are placed at the service of their fellow men. In our churches, schools and colleges, in hospitals and asylums, in homes for the old and orphanages for the young, in positions of danger like the battlefield, and in places of



suffering like the foreign missions, who has not heard the praises of our Priests and Sisters sung by the grateful souls whom they served? When the plague-stricken were abandoned by even their nearest and dearest, the Priest or the Sister remained to console the afflicted, and braved death in the discharge of duty.

That was the spirit which animated our good Father Judge. He sought no praise or notoriety, but he was a hero none the less, nay all the more, on that account. Before the ice went out in 1897, he could be seen approaching Dawson City, with a single dog helping him to pull a sled. And what was the load that he carried? Not the tools of the prospector, nor food for his own frail body, but remedies for the diseases then prevalent in that part of the country. And was that all that he had? Ah! no; he also brought remedies for man's spiritual infirmities. He had the Holy Oils and a Mass outfit. Those who saw him then should not permit his great sacrifice to go unnoticed.

It was my great privilege to have a personal acquaintance with Father Judge from June, 1898, until his death in January, 1899: in fact I acted as his guest and collector from September, 1898, until his death; and afterwards until July, 1899, under the Sisters of St. Anne, who conducted the Hospital. It was pleasing and edifying to see what good can be accomplished by a humble Priest, whose only capital was faith in God and love of his fellow man.

Many times he spoke to me of his early trial in having to leave school on account of his health; but there was a Divine purpose even in that. As subsequent events showed, God was then preparing an architect to build the first Church in the great gold fields of the Klondike. On page sixteen of the *American Missionary*, we find a brief record of his farewells before leaving home. In after years, when it was suggested that he should return to the United States to improve his health, he said to me, in a sad and serious tone, that when he bade his friends and relations good-bye, he felt that it was the last time he would ever see them on earth; that it was sad to say farewells; and then with a laugh he added: "Besides,

our time here is so short that it will be better to meet in Heaven, where no more separations can ever take place." He told me of his great pleasure in arriving at St. Michael's, Alaska, and meeting his fellow Missionaries; and on the other hand of the disappointment which they felt that no more Priests or Sisters came to assist in the increasing work among the Indians. At that time the wealth of the Klondike was unknown and unexpected. The prospect of these Missionaries was not gold but souls, which are much more precious than gold or jewels.

Without waiting to rest after his journey, our Missionary began at once to prepare for a more difficult trip up the Yukon River. The mouth of the river is some sixty miles wide where it enters into Behring Sea. It was here that Father Judge and Brother Cunningham were nearly wrecked with a frail craft. There was a picture of the Sacred Heart in the engine room, and to that emblem of love they attributed their escape. In his letters he describes his visits to the different Indian settlements and the hardships that the journeys involved. During the long Winter and darkness little travelling was done. Consequently, our dear Father had to make his own trails, and there was often the risk of making or taking the wrong trail, for many of his trips were to points never visited by a Missionary before. Moreover, he had to tread through sections where beasts of prey abound, such as the brown or black bear, wild cats or lynx, and famishing wolves. He was liable to be attacked at any time by one of these blood-thirsty animals, and his only weapon of defense was a Crucifix, which he always carried exposed. Once he was nearly frozen to death, and he thought his end had come, but God preserved him for further labors in that benighted region. The temperature in Winter often ran as low as 60° below zero. While the ordinary clothing of the country enabled one to be fairly comfortable at 25° below, still each degree under that was quickly felt. The warm breath was soon converted into icicles on the face and beard; and as Father Judge was always shaved clean, he had no natural protection for his features.

Then at each permanent location it was necessary to fell trees and build cabins. The chinks had to be filled

with moss, which is found there in great abundance, and which ranges in depth from eight to twelve inches. The roof is made by a center log, with limbs of trees reaching down to the sides and covered with grass and clay. All this is easily told, but it is accomplished only by hard, exact and intelligent labor.

These were only a few of his trials, and yet despite his hardships he was always happy and cheerful. Only one regret did I ever hear him express about his Mission among his dear Indians, and that was the coming of the white man. The immoral influences of our so-called civilization undid the work of the Missionary and caused him untold pain. In some respects the untutored savage is a better man than the civilized voluptuary.

Father Judge intended to make a permanent station at Forty-Mile Post just about the time that George Cormack, a half-breed Indian, discovered gold on Bonanza Creek, some fifteen miles south of the Klondike River. Cormack thought that it was American territory, and hastened to Circle City to register his claim. In this city the news spread, which attracted miners from the American side. Soon all this creek was staked, and there was no room for more. Those who had stampeded 200 miles decided that if Bonanza had no room for them, they would stake a claim elsewhere. It was thus that Eldorado was discovered. Father Judge could have had a claim here if he wished, but he did not care to do so. Money was no object to him. He had taken a vow of poverty, and he did not own even the clothes on his back.

He followed the rush of stampeders to Dawson, bringing with him remedies for soul and body. He left his dear Indians because he saw he would be more needed elsewhere. He erected a large tent, and at once began his care of the sick. He also sent men up the river to cut trees for the erection of a hospital. Owing to the swift current of the Yukon, one of the rafts could not be landed, and it went floating down the stream. This was but one of the many trials which our hero had to face daily. But nothing could discourage him. He saw God's hand even in difficulties and disappointments, and that was his consolation in the hour of trial.

Cormack's discovery made the whole world look towards Dawson, and 5,000 men, that is, about half of those who started to go there, persevered until they reached their destination. The party with whom I travelled left Buffalo, New York, February 8, 1898, and arrived at Tacoma, Washington, on February 13. There we bought outfits, and while thus engaged we were startled by the news that the Maine had been blown up in Cuban waters. This caused great excitement and many returned to go to war. It was jokingly said at the time that they chose the least of two evils: going to the Klondike or going to war. We sailed from Tacoma February 23, and reached Dyra February 28. We saw the Regiment of American soldiers sent by the Government to relieve the people of Dawson, who were supposed to be starving. These men never entered the city, and I do not know why. We were strongly advised not to go; but as we had purchased outfits at considerable expense, half the party took courage to defy Chilcoat Heights and see the gold fields. We spent the night of March 3, 1898, at Sheep Camp, and reached Chilcoat Pass on the following day. We encountered a terrific snow storm, which lasted for two days. On the 4th and 5th of March we slept in a tent on the summit of the Pass. On the morning of the 6th we set out for Lake Lindern. We pulled our goods on sleds to a point about twenty-five miles further north, where we camped. We cut down trees, from which we whipsawed boards to make our boats, and be ready to sail for Dawson when the thaw set in on lake and river. We commenced our further journey on the Queen's Birthday May 24, 1898, and we had many exciting experiences on account of sand bars. At White House Rapids several were drowned when their boats struck the rocks. We were taking desperate chances in order to obtain gold. We had before us the trials of others to encourage us in bearing our own. How different was the case of dear Father Judge! He had to bear his trials alone, much as his Saviour had to carry His Cross alone.

Let us hurry on to Dawson in order to see the real hero of the Klondike. We arrived in Dawson on June 13 about 4 P. M.; this is about 8 P. M. eastern time. We had

found difficulty in landing, owing to the swift currents of the Yukon augmented by the Klondike River. Along the river front we saw a lot of houses and cabins used as saloons, theatres, dance halls, restaurants, etc. The river bank was strewn with blankets and robes which served as bedding. Many slept there until they had arranged for locating on the hills back of Dawson or on the creeks.

About 9.30 P. M. I had cleaned up as well as possible, and wended my way towards St. Mary's Hospital, which I found without difficulty. Approaching the building from the rear I saw a man seated on a bed in the hallway, and saying his rosary. His hair was thin and gray, and his face was lined with care. From his eyes a mysterious and attractive light seemed to issue. He was in deep meditation, and I had time to observe even his clothes and boots. The man's clothes were dark and seedy but clean. The boots were heavy with good-sized nails to keep them from wearing out too quickly. After a few minutes he noticed me standing outside, and he cheerfully invited me in. He inquired my business and informed me that he would say Mass next morning at six o'clock. As his church had been burned down nine days previously, the Mass was to be said in a cabin, which was also used as a morgue. I had a letter of introduction from Father Raphael O'Connell, and Father Judge was pleased to hear from a brother Jesuit. He made many inquiries about the States and current events.

Not having heard Mass for four months, I was hungry for it; and while our dangers caused us to lead good lives on the trail, still we needed something more. We needed the Ambassador of Christ, who had power to say to us: "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee." I was forcibly reminded of what the Following of Christ says about Mass: "If it were celebrated but in one place on earth, how anxious we should all be to be present at it!" Next morning, in order to be in good time for Confession before Mass, I left the boat at five A. M. I had not slept any, as the sun merely hid behind the mountains for a couple of hours, and its light at that season of the year enables one to read at any time of the night. I reached the temporary chapel ten minutes later, waited for two

hours, and no priest appeared, and asked a man what time it was. He replied five-fifteen. Then it suddenly dawned on me that I was following San Francisco time, and that my watch was two hours fast, and that I had arrived nearly three hours too soon. My mistake gave me plenty of time for reflection, and I used it for that purpose. Just then a priest came out of the hospital and stood on a boulder reading his office. I afterwards learned that he was an Oblate of Mary, and that his name was Father Le Fabre. He had come to Dawson with a Mass kit a week before the church was burned. As all the vestments and sacred vessels had been destroyed by the fire, Father Judge could not have said Mass without the aid of his clerical guest. Very soon the Angelus bell rang. The bell had been saved from the fire and was now attached to a pole. When it rang the third time, the good Father instantly genuflected while he said "The Word was made flesh." With hat in hand and head bowed, his attitude of prayer was well calculated to impress the beholder. It was impressive even for a non-Catholic, but it was much more so for a Catholic. The Angelus bell so far from civilization and the confession of faith by the priest had unusual significance, and many shed tears of joy. Though far from home and friends, we were closer to God's home; and after the trials of our journey we felt as if we had reached a haven of peace, at least for the soul.

In a moment Father Judge appeared with cassock but no biretta, for he had lost his biretta in the fire. He did not look like the gentleman I had met the night before. Plainly there was a difference. After I had seen him directing the building of the new church and attending to the many duties of his priestly office in the hospital, I discovered that the change was caused by his cassock. It changed his whole appearance. Here he comes now stepping from stone to stone. His face seemed illumined and his movements eager, as though some most pleasant event was about to take place. Such was the case, for he was going to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. While I was watching Father Judge, the Oblate of Mary entered the morgue and removed something which I did not see. Afterwards I discovered that he had removed

two dead bodies. Then he began to arrange things for Mass. Meanwhile Father Judge had begun to hear Confessions, and his advice in the Confessional was very consoling to the penitents. Then he vested for Mass. Every action of his was so intensely devotional, and every syllable so plainly spoken that his fervor seemed like that of a young priest saying his first Mass. But his devotion was not for a day or a week or a month; it lasted to the end, gaining rather than losing. Mass in such a place was more impressive to us than it would be in the grandest cathedrals of Europe or the United States. I trust that the fervor and sanctity of our Communion were increased in the same degree. I attended Mass daily. On the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 19, our good Father preached on Jesus' Love at the High Mass. He always said that he was no preacher, and could not bear a compliment to his sermons. It is true that he always preached with his hands folded and made no gestures; yet every word he uttered went straight to the heart of his hearers. Another matter not mentioned before is this. Father Judge wore a pair of old spectacles fastened with a string. Although the lenses were strong, still he was obliged to use a magnifying glass in order to read the Missal. His sight was doubtless weakened by trying to read his Office with a candle during the long arctic winters.

After spending a week on the creeks and finding everything staked, we returned to town and asked Father Judge's advice about selling out things and going home. He said to me personally: "Since you have a good outfit you had better stay. If I could have reached you before you started for Dawson, I would have advised you to remain away for two reasons: first, on account of the dangers and hardships of the journey; and secondly, on account of the small percentage of those who succeed." I then decided to stay for a year. On Sunday, June 26, Father Judge preached on the great reward in Heaven and cheered us much. He dwelt on the hardships that men undergo to obtain gold, and said that that was nothing compared to the reward of those who fight the good fight and persevere to the end.

Late on June 26th the Steamer *Bella* left for St.

Michaels, and a cornettist on board played "Home Sweet Home". Another cornettist on the hill back of St. Mary's Hospital picked up the air and accompanied him. Many men who had friends on board and who decided to remain and face the terrors of a Klondike Winter, were deeply moved at hearing this beautiful and touching melody under such trying conditions.

On June 29, 1898, Father Grandreau, O. M. I., arrived to take charge of the parish. All the North West Territory, which belonged to the Dominion of Canada, had been assigned to the Oblates of Mary, and Alaska was given to the Jesuits. When it became known that Father Judge was to be transferred elsewhere, his many friends were sad even to tears. They were very much attached to him, and one of them, Mr. Alexander McDonald, was paying for the new church that was then in the process of building. Although it was made of logs, the cost was said to be 35,000 dollars. Some urged Father Judge to remain and not to accept the change. He quietly went on with the work until the Church was completed, and then he turned it over to the Oblates. Here again he showed that he was working for God's glory and not for his own interest. As he loved his people and they loved him, separation meant a great sacrifice for both him and them.

July 1st was the First Friday and a number received Holy Communion. Father Judge always fostered a devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the fervor of the people corresponded to his efforts. Some men walked fifty miles to make their First Friday.

July 5th, on the Steamer Alice, three Sisters of St. Anne arrived. They had started for Dawson the previous September, but were prevented by the ice which excluded them for eight months. Father had been expecting them, and seemed pleased as a boy when he saw them on deck. He and a couple of men went down to the boat to receive them. It was very gratifying for Catholics to see with what respect the good Sisters were greeted by everybody, regardless of race or creed. At last poor Father Judge, after fourteen months managing the Hospital, was to have some relief, and all rejoiced. A little later three other Sisters and Brother Cunningham, S. J., came to



help on the good work, and then the Chaplain had time to study the financial condition of the Hospital. Hitherto he had no time to investigate the matter. The patients were so numerous and the demands upon his time so incessant night and day that he drifted into debt without knowing to what extent.

As told in his Life, he had to enlarge the Hospital in order to meet the increasing demands and needs of the sick. He received them without regard to creed or race or the condition of their purse, and it was commonly said in Dawson that sickness was the only ticket of admission that Father Judge required. After the Hospital was enlarged, Emil Erhardt, who sang in the choir, was appointed clerk by Father Judge, and I was made collector and agent about the same time. Mr. Erhardt went at the accounts and soon discovered that the Institution was 70,000 dollars in debt. Father was astonished, though not altogether disheartened. As Winter had already set in and communication with his Superior was out of question at least for the present, he set to work with a will to provide for the liquidation of the debt. It was plain that something had to be done in regard to free patients. I believe that was his greatest cross; viz., that he could not receive all who needed care regardless of money. At this point it was suggested that the Government should do something for poor patients, particularly as Father had cared for the sick, without any questions as to whether they could afford to pay or not. A year later some English Doctors came in and got the Government not only to build but to maintain the Good Samaritan Hospital. Father Judge finally decided that he must do something of the kind. He applied for Government aid, and after much difficulty he secured enough to provide for a limited number. The grant was barely enough, and no profit was to be looked for.

He also issued for sale, to persons well at the time of purchase, a ticket good for all attention in sickness during the year succeeding. He sold the ticket for 50.00 dollars, and disposed of a goodly number. He looked up the accounts of past patients who were able to pay, and collected a fair amount. Mr. Erhardt enlisted some of the

musical and theatrical talent of the town for concerts, and a minstrel was given at Christmas. Furthermore, it was arranged that two of the Sisters would accompany a lady over the creeks the next Spring at "washup", and solicit help. Fr. Judge agreed to the proposal, but died before the time arrived for them to start on their begging tour. As we tugged on during May, 1899, we felt that the prayers of Father Judge in Heaven had gone before us and touched the hearts of the givers.

At the expense of chronological order, I am going to describe briefly what the Sisters had to endure on their begging expedition. As the lady was unable to fill her agreement with the Sisters, they requested me to act as guide. I explained to them the dangers and difficulties of such a journey, over 500 miles of rough creeks and rugged mountains. I felt, though I did not express, the danger from bears and other beasts of prey, lest I should alarm them too much. But what I feared most was our not being able to find proper places for meals by day and rest by night. They overruled all my objections, and their crowning argument was this: "You know we promised Father Judge." This settled the dispute. They informed me that they were ready to go at once, and so we arranged to start next morning.

A man named Bartlett had a couple of side saddles and horses which he kindly gave me for their use, to carry them as far as Last Chance roadhouse on Hunker Creek about sixteen miles from Dawson. There our journey of twenty-eight days was to begin. The other Sisters with Mr. Erhardt and a few gentlemen accompanied us to Klondike City on the south bank of the Klondike River. Our horses were ready, and it was with some fear that I took the bridle of the leading horse and started. The bridle of the second horse was fastened to the tail of the first. Here I needed and felt Father Judge's prayers in Heaven. Without that confidence and help, I could not have the courage to lead my sacred charge along steep precipices and across swollen streams. We reached Last Chance in the early evening, only to find a respectable lady who could not do enough to entertain her brave self-sacrificing visitors. You see Father Judge had gone ahead

to prepare a reception, and this was the case throughout our entire trip. That was remarkable, and to me it seemed miraculous.

As my intention is to speak only of Father Judge, I shall give but a few details of our trip. I consider it the greatest honor that man ever had, to lead these Angels of Mercy over such a hazardous route. We collected about 10,000 dollars, and this from men of all creeds and no creed. Protestants like Captain Jack Crawford were always ready to pay honor to the good Sisters. It was inspiring to see how willingly they opened their gold sacks, and in many cases they gave all they possessed.

Now a word about the Sisters. On account of the deep snow on mountains, the mud holes along creeks and wading across streams, the Sisters wore gum boots, their habits being fastened to the top of the boots. They carried a staff to assist them in walking. They plodded along courageously, suffering from fatigue but never complaining. Blisters formed on their feet, and the boots of one wore through, thereby causing her to suffer much from wet and cold feet. Again we experienced the protection of Father Judge. He led us to a place where quite unexpectedly we found boots. And the only price asked by the lady who gave the boots was a request for prayers. She said: "Tell the little Sisters to pray for me". As boots for ladies in that locality were rare and dear, the gift we received was worth two ounces of gold, or \$32.00 approximately.

After working Hunker Creek and its tributaries, we crossed over mountains to Dominion Creek and Indian River. We worked all this locality, and then started across the divide to Bonanza Creek. We had coffee at what was known as Flag House, a point which served as guide to travellers going in all directions. After reaching the summit of the divide, we left Flag House. The sun was shining then, but soon a blinding snow storm came, covered all trails and left us nothing to guide us. In fact ten feet was as far as we could see, but our heavenly guide was with us still. Father Judge directed us through the storm which lasted three hours. We kept going all the time and came out at the very point we wished. We af-

terwards learned that several lost their way, and one man fell over a precipice and was killed.

At Forty Mile we called on Mrs. Galvin, whose husband was the largest contributor to the Church which was burned down. She was recommended to us by Father Judge himself when he planned the trip, and she took good care of the Sisters. After a few days' rest we started over Bonanza, Eldorado and the other creeks. At last we reached Dawson about midnight, after an absence of twenty-eight days. We had covered 475 miles. The Sisters went at once to the Chapel and thanked God for their safe return. I hope they also prayed for their guide. In the morning they were the first in the Chapel. Imagine the surprise of the other Sisters at finding them there, for we had sent no previous announcement of our homecoming. After a few days of rest they resumed their hospital work as though nothing unusual had happened. I do not hesitate to call them true heroines. The trip they took would have been considered dangerous even by experienced travellers. Yet they made light of it. They were working for God and Heaven, and they deemed the labor small in view of the reward. For me it was the highest honor to have taken part in such a work. But I have anticipated the march of events and inverted chronological order so that I might give honor to whom honor is due.

*(To be continued)*

C. H. HIGGINS.

# Address of His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes

An address delivered on Sunday, October 17, 1925, at the blessing of the "Shealy Memorial Building," Mount Manresa, Staten Island, New York.

Very Reverend Father Provincial, Reverend Fathers, and my dear followers of Christ—for such you are—your very presence here indicates that. A moment ago, Father Provincial said to me: "It is very good of you to come here today." I said: "It is very good for me to be here. It is good for the Church that I came." It is a splendid thing for the Church and for the salvation of souls; for the very stability and foundation and perpetuity of the Church in America; in our Archdiocese and out here along the Atlantic seaboard, and right out to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, that men of your type should foregather here in a place of this kind in order to sit down awhile and talk with Our Lord. And therefore, I am here, by my presence and in this elementary benediction of the new building, to let you know, and to let the entire diocese know, let the entire country know, how deeply interested I am in a movement of this kind. It is difficult for me to make you realize how my heart feels toward a group of men like you and others who come here in order that they may know our Lord better—yea, that they may love Him better, and knowing and loving Him better you might serve Him better. That is one simple thought which I am sure is in your mind. It is your desire to get closer to our Lord and for our Lord to come closer to you, and then when you go back to your home and your business, to your professional life, you may radiate Christ, radiate His principles. And oh, my dear men, when I see men like you, men in such positions as you occupy, both high and low, I cannot tell you how you rejoice the heart of a shepherd. We are gravely, and sometimes I might say sadly, disturbed and anxious about our good women, especially about our young women. Within a short time there has been a radical and revolutionary upset of principles and of outlook on life

that have eaten into the very home and that have desecrated the fireside, and are still menacing the very foundations of our society, civil, political, social and moral. The Church of God is really praying most earnestly that our good women may be saved from the disaster that is impending. Alongside of this there is that most promising sign of the times, namely, that men are coming back to the altar; they are seen at Mass not only on Sundays but on weekdays. They go to the Sacraments not merely once or twice a year, but they go monthly, and weekly, and some go even daily to sit down to the banquet table of our Lord. When our men realize their opportunities and their duties in that direction, it means nothing else but our salvation; it means the greater glory of God, better citizenship, truer Americanship.

And you may little dream how much, when you come here, you are contributing to the welfare of the Church and the State and the individual homes. So we rejoice, and every Bishop's heart is warm when we find men, I repeat, like you to come and sit down and stay a little while and listen to the call of the Master—to come and walk with Him and talk with Him and think it all over. I was talking to a layman yesterday about fifteen minutes. Little did he dream what a lesson he had taught his Archbishop. I was profoundly moved and impressed with what he said and the spirit in which he said it. I thought when he left my house: "Thank God we have men of that type." This is the kind of man that has produced Mount Manresa; at any rate he vindicated its spirit. I was talking about men who go to Church on weekdays. He said very simply: "Oh! what a difference it makes in my life when day after day I realize my privilege to come into the presence of Christ, to kneel down at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and partake of the Bread of Angels! I never kneel down at Holy Mass without feeling my heart thumping and throbbing in my bosom. The scenes of Calvary come back to me again; Calvary is as real to me as it was 2,000 years ago, and I try to carry that spirit into my busy life, and I cannot tell you how comforting and strengthening and inspiring it is withal."

My dear men, that is your spirit, that is what happens to you when you come to a place of this kind, consecrat-

ed for you and your own sanctification. Remember the Society of Jesus can ill afford to spare its good men, its very best men; and when the Superiors of the Society send down here, as they have repeatedly done, one after another, men of superior talent, men of rare experience, what is their purpose? In order that they may teach you and give you of their experience and of their wisdom and of their piety, and of their philosophy and of their theology. You ought to realize the sacrifice they make, and it is all for you, and indicates to you in turn how important this movement is. Therefore I rejoice to come here today. I rejoice to think that here at Mount Manresa the buildings are going up indicating the permanent foundation of the work. I thank you one and all, and particularly you pioneers, or perhaps I might say veterans, for coming to the support of a movement of this kind. In the name of God, in the name of Christ our Lord, and all He stands for and represents, for the sake of our home, for the sake of our professional and business life, for the sake of homes in general and for the sake of our own dearly beloved land—for the sake of Holy Mother Church, I beg each one of you to stand loyally by the Fathers, so that this movement is bound not only to make greater success than it has at present, but that it may, please God, flourish and reach out to men without number, that they may come here and kneel at the feet of Christ, and realize what it is to walk with Him, to go with Him, and so may give Him a sanctuary in this world. My dear men, Christ has been driven out of every department of human life. There is no room, no welcome for Him in places where He should be most welcome, and where He is most needed, where His Gospel is needed—He has been driven back. Whither must He go? He comes back to dear Mother Church, and what a wonderful thing it is that you are to give Him a welcome with all your hearts and with all your minds and souls! Oh, my dear men, give Christ our Lord a place in your hearts—give Him a big place in your lives, bring Him closer to you that you may receive His benediction. May God bless you. Maybe you feel that you have been complimented and are happy that I came, but no one could be more happy than I at this moment, as I have watched the progress of this work, and realize the type of men supporting it, and encouraging the good Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

—*The Catholic Mind.*

*November 22, 1925.*

## BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

*Christian Apologetics.* By Rev. W. Devivier, S. J. Translated from The French Original, edited and enlarged by Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, 54 Park Place, New York. Two Volumes. Cloth \$6.00 a set.

The original work was written in French by a Belgian Jesuit. It was read extensively in France and Belgium, and its success was such that it ran through twenty editions in a few years. It was approved by the highest ecclesiastical authority and by the Catholic press of both countries. It served as a text book for Colleges and Seminaries, it was read by the educated laity of both sexes, and used by the clergy to prepare courses in Apologetics.

The American translation of the book appeared in 1903. That first edition was approved and recommended by several Archbishops, Bishops and prominent educators. But the approval which the translator valued most, was a personal letter from Pope Pius X, transmitted by his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry Del Val. When the first edition was exhausted, there were many demands for a second, which appeared in 1925. In the meantime, the translator and editor revised the work thoroughly with a view to the needs of English-Speaking Countries, and added about a hundred pages on errors of the day, such as Agnosticism, Free Thought, Christian Science, Spiritism, Theosophy, Modernism and Higher Criticism. Hence this second edition is quite up to date, as a book on Apologetics should be. It is a Rational Exposition and Defense of the Catholic Religion. It treats of God, the Human Soul, Christianity and Catholicism. The style is precise yet simple, and the divisions are well marked by a difference of type and proper notation.

It appeals to various classes of readers for various reasons.

1. It may be used as a text-book in Evidences for Seminaries and Colleges. It is true that the price is high, and almost beyond the reach of the average college boy. Yet, on the other hand, the price is moderate, considering the labor and expense involved in the production of such a work. The two volumes contain over a thousand pages, printed on good paper, with a handsome durable binding.

2. The work should be widely read by the educated laity, especially by those who have had a High School or College training. It will enable them to build on the foundations in Christian doctrine which they laid at school, and help them to answer the questions or objections of non-Catholic inquirers in private or public. It makes a book of ready reference, because each volume is provided with a table of contents and an index. If anybody desires further reading along certain lines, each chapter is followed by a list of the authors consulted.

3. It is an excellent book to place in the hands of intelligent converts *in re* or *in spe*. For converts of ordinary education, there are other books more suitable.

4. It can be read with interest and profit by priests whose Theology is slowly but surely vanishing. A busy parish priest has little time for study, and it behooves him to make the most of what he has. A few pages of the present work will help him to do so according to the need of the hour or the mood of the moment.

5. And last but not least, it should be in the hands of every



priest who gives a course on Christian Apologetics. One of our most popular preachers, who packed a large Church on Sunday evenings for a whole year, admitted that he got all his matter from Father Sasia, and felt no need of going elsewhere.

"The great work of Devivier, S. J., has long been a classic in France. Originally published in 1883, it has run through twenty editions and is still in demand. So long ago as 1903 Father Sasia, S. J., translated the book with many amplifications and adaptations to suit English-speaking readers. Father Sasia has found it necessary to issue another edition of his translation, once more adapted and augmented with a view to intellectual conditions in the English-speaking world. He shows that he is well acquainted with all objections against the Catholic Faith, and he has marshalled his refutations skillfully. These two volumes will prove an invaluable store house of instruction for the growing number of Catholic Evidence lecturers, and should be very useful for the Religious Doctrine Classes of Schools."—*The Month*.

NOTE.—The sudden death of Father Woods is largely responsible for the lateness of this notice.

*The Mind*. By John X. Pyne, S. J., Benziger Brothers, New York. Net \$2.00.

The purpose of Father Pyne's book is expressed on the wrapper—"The *Mind*' is a presentation of Scholastic psychology in the language of the twentieth century. The increasing interest of non-Catholic thinkers in the replies of Scholasticism regarding the chief problems of philosophy cannot be doubted. There is a growing suspicion that the philosophy, cast-off as useless with the coming of Descartes, may, after all, be the only solid basis in the chaos of modern thought for a return to a rational interpretation of thought and life and matter. But besides the group of so-called deep thinkers, there is the average man, who is educated enough to want to think for himself, and who is anxious to have a reasonable foundation for the principles of life that he accepts. In business and social life he meets with all sorts of popularizations of false theories of philosophy. He finds himself unable to satisfy his own mind on the questions raised. And he is unable to defend what he has, perhaps, always held for truth."

It is rather to this type of man that Father Pyne makes appeal and offers help. He addresses the educated man of ordinary life who has neither the time nor the inclination to delve too deeply into abstractions. The success of a previous tract on the same subject has been the inspiration for this fuller development. It does not pretend to be an exhaustive or thoroughly scientific treatment of its subject matter.

The book has two main divisions. In the first the problems of rational psychology are taken up. The author here establishes the fact of the existence of the human soul and, against modern errors, its substantiality and its immortality. He then shows the soul's origin through creation and its destiny in immortality. This arrangement of theses enables him in the second part to proceed to the explanation of phenomenal psychology from the basis of well-proven principles.

Father Pyne's treatment is brief and interesting. The abundant use of illustrations drawn from ordinary life helps to make his definitions clear and his arguments telling. Considering the limitations of space, the main theses of Scholastic psychology are well and forcibly presented. The book will be a very welcome addition to our English works on Scholasticism, and may be recommended as a first-class outline of the teachings of the Schools on the "Mind."

*The Jesuit Martyrs of North America.* By Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. Universal Knowledge Foundation: New York., 19 Union Square West. Cloth \$1.50.

It is not an easy task to examine a hundred volumes of miscellaneous matter, to select and reject with a definite purpose in view, to condense the matter thus selected into a single volume, and make it tell a connected story with a proper contemporary setting. Father Wynne has done that, and critics agree that he has done it well. His book gives evidence of research, judicious selection and historical scholarship. It should appeal to many classes of readers for divers reasons. It contains information for the curious, thrills for the romantic, edification for the thoughtful, consolation for the afflicted, encouragement for the disappointed, and enlightenment for the victims of inherited prejudice against the Catholic Church. Interwoven with the story of the Jesuit Martyrs, there is a great deal of collateral information about France, Old and New, about colonization, trade, art and literature, about Jesuit training and Jesuit ideals. The book reproduces three old and rare maps, which will help the reader to locate the events described.

Although the work is intended primarily for Catholics, the tone is such that persons of any creed or no creed may read it without offense. One creedless critic says that he "approached the book with misgivings and finished it with delight." The writer lets the facts speak for themselves, and in the language of the original documents, with only such changes in capitals and punctuation as the modern English idiom required. The heroism of these Martyrs is the best refutation of the long-standing prejudice against the Church in general and the Jesuits in particular. The Church which produced such heroes cannot be the monster as painted by her enemies; and the Society which trained such men cannot be "Jesuitical" in the traditional sense of the word. Some book reviews in the secular press have drawn that inference, and gladly admitted it. They say it is a complete refutation of an old calumny, and the refutation is all the more effective because apparently unintentional. The thoughtful reader cannot help seeing that the spirit which invented "*Bluff Harry*" and "*Good Queen Bess*," also invented "*Bloody Mary*" and "*Wily Jesuit*." That is a wonderful disillusionment, and logically it should lead to many a conversion. Heresy rests upon fiction, Truth is based upon fact.

Of course, the story of these Jesuit Martyrs has a special message for their living brethren. We have reason to be proud of such men and of the training which produced them; but lest we should become elated by our spiritual lineage, the contrast between them and us will serve to keep us humble. On the other hand, the comparison need not discourage us; for God selects weak instruments to accomplish great results, as if His Omnipotence triumphed most in human frailty. There are men still living among us who can testify that some of our meekest members were heroes in disguise, and proved their heroism in later life by living among savages and cannibals. They dared to go alone and unarmed where a regiment of soldiers were afraid to venture. And the soldiers themselves were quick to note the contrast.

As specimens of favorable press notices, two may be cited, and others could be quoted did space permit.

*Extract from The Knickerbocker Press Sunday Magazine, November 9, 1925.*

"It is to be suspected that at least a part of history has treated the Jesuit unfairly. History has that habit, and its corrections are inclined to be rather belated. Sometimes the impression is created

by inference, and sometimes by the direct statement. Perhaps no substantial contribution of letters in any period may do more popularly to establish the actual figure of the Jesuit in history than Father Wynne's "*The Jesuit Martyrs of North America*," recently issued from the press of the Universal Knowledge Foundation of New York."

*Extract from Bulletin of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia:*

"The very name of Jesuit is enough to inflame some Protestants who are as zealous as they are ignorant. To such people it means nothing but what is detestable. They would be honestly amazed to learn that around that name hang some of the most glorious stories of the Christian faith. Not long since there appeared a book called '*The Jesuit Martyrs of North America*,' that should be glanced at, at least, by every intelligent Protestant."

*The Jesuits Martyrs of Canada.* By Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. The Canadian Messenger, 160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto. Cloth \$1.50 postpaid.

Although comparisons are of necessity unfavorable to one or other of the parties compared, still it is impossible to avoid all comparison between the work of Father Wynne and that of Father Divine on the Jesuit Martyrs recently beatified. Much or most of what is said about the former will apply also to the latter. Both writers treat the same subject, yet the manner of treatment is so different that a person who has read one may still find the other interesting. That is particularly true if one reads Father Devine first and Father Wynne next, because the latter contains more erudition drawn from contemporary history. One appeals more to the general reader, the other more to the expert, and that difference may be inferred from the style as well as from the matter. Father Devine has a simple, easy style, as of a man accustomed to write for the general public. Father Wynne, as Editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, has appealed to a more learned audience, and developed a corresponding style. Father Devine gives a brief series of monographs, which treat of one Martyr at a time. Father Wynne gives us a connected story of all of them, with a sufficient historical background to throw light on their early lives. Towards the close of the book he gives a resume of their history and the principal results of their martyrdom. He dwells more on the difficulties they had to encounter, which serve to bring out their heroism. Some of these difficulties proceeded from the double invasion of Canada, some from the nature of the situation, which involved privation and suffering, some from the ferocity of the savage Indians, and a great deal from the malice of the sorcerers. Although the Martyrs recently beatified belonged to the Canadian Mission, three of them were slain in the present State of New York. The question of nationality is of secondary importance. The glory of Martyrs belongs to our common mother, the Church, and Catholicity is above nationality.

*Spiritism: Facts and Frauds.* By Simon A. Blackmore, S. J. Benziger Brothers: New York. (Net, \$2.90. Postage, 15 cents.)

Spiritism is a vexed question, and it seems to be growing more so from day to day. There are many shades of opinion on the subject, ranging from the all-fact to the all-fraud theory, from wholesale jugglery to wholesale deviltry, from the Old Necromancy to the New Revelation. Even among Catholics themselves there is a great diversity of opinion as to the nature of Spiritism. Those who wish to find a brief summary of that diversity will do well to consult an article by Father Thurston, S. J., which appeared in *Studies* for March, 1926.

Catholics agree that the Church acted wisely in condemning Spiritism, but that is about the only point on which they do agree in this debatable question. Some hold that the phenomena of Spiritism are all a matter of trickery, and they undertake to reproduce every one of them. To support their view, they deny the testimony of the most credible witnesses, such as eminent scientists, who vouch for the absence of fraud and the presence of certain preternatural occurrences. If they were consistent, they would deny all history that rests upon human testimony, especially the story of the miraculous. These men do a lot of harm by creating a false impression as to the real character of Spiritism. Others admit that Ancient Necromancy and Modern Spiritism agree in their essential features, and then they try to explain the strange occurrences of the seance room by an appeal to the hidden forces of nature. But if Necromancy and Spiritism agree in their essential features, and if the devil was an essential feature of Necromancy, as he certainly was, then he is also an essential feature of Spiritism, and the attempt to eliminate him is sheer folly. These two theories do not give the devil his due. There is another theory which gives him credit for everything weird or uncanny that mediums perpetrate on their dupes.

Now as to the agency of the demon in Spiritism, Father Blackmore observes a golden mean. He is neither too credulous on the one hand, nor too skeptical on the other. He maintains a judicious attitude and judicial temper throughout. He sifts the evidence, separates fact from fraud, and gives the net result in his book. Moreover, he has collected a mine of useful information on the origin, growth and evil effects of Spiritism, and in so doing he has drawn order out of chaos. The work involved wide reading and great labor, and it was probably undertaken to gratify a wish of Benedict XV. On April 24, 1917, the Holy Office issued a Decree forbidding Catholics to attend seances under any pretext whatsoever. Despite that stern prohibition, the evil continued to grow, and to spread even among curious Catholics. The Pope then appealed to Father General to use his authority in support of the Decree. As a result, many Jesuits have since denounced Spiritism by voice and pen, by book and pamphlet. Those who may still wish to act on that suggestion of the late Pontiff, will find Father Blackmore's book a great help as a time-saving companion and a reliable counsellor.

*The Holy Angels.* By Raphael V. O'Connell, S. J. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. 12 mo. Cloth. 224 Pages. Net Price \$1.50.

This is a brief yet comprehensive work on the Holy Angels. It treats of their existence, nature, attributes, number, occupations and mode of speech, and the concluding chapter deals with the Queen of the Angels. The author does not pretend to decide subtle questions where Doctors disagree. He is satisfied with stating his own view, which is invariably the more general and probable view. The mode of treatment is a golden mean, neither too shallow nor too deep. It is not too shallow for the theologian, nor too deep for the laity. The same may be said of the style. It is at once literary and spiritual, theological and popular, simple and scholarly. The chapters are short and can be used for points of meditation; but a short chapter may furnish food for long reflection.

If human nature were more consistent, the book would be very popular with pious or thoughtful people. We ransack land and sea for information which has little or no practical interest for us; and we are content to remain in comparative ignorance of another world which touches life at every point. When we feel lonely and weary, if we could only realize that there is a heavenly companion ever

at our side, to guard our steps from pit or snare, what a difference it would make to us! This handy volume will help us to realize in practice what we know in theory. Here as in other matters, things are often-times not what they seem. Even when loneliest, we are never quite alone, and even when abandoned by our nearest and dearest on earth, there is a heavenly friend and companion who cleaves to us through thick and thin, through weal and woe. If our Good Angel is apparently more retiring and less aggressive than the Bad Angel, the same distinction is to be noted constantly between the good and bad in the case of men.

*Renovatio Litterarum in Scholas Saec. A. C. XVI Deducta.* By T. Corcoran, S. J., D. Litt. University College, Dublin.

The writer of this work is a recognized authority on educational matters, partly on account of his position as Professor of Education in the National University of Ireland, and partly on account of his published writings. He has written two or three other books on the subject, and he is a frequent contributor to current periodicals. The present volume deals with the Revival of Learning in the Sixteenth Century. It contains copious extracts from prominent educators of that period, and all in Latin. It also contains a few extracts from writers of previous centuries. It is intended for advanced students, to help them in research work. It is directive and suggestive rather than dictatorial and magisterial. Though meant for students aiming at a degree, it will be found helpful for all those who are interested in modern Pedagogy. The author intends to follow it up by other volumes dealing more in detail with the Renaissance.

While all, or nearly all, the writers cited aim at Classical Latinity, I wonder what Cicero would think of his imitators. Would he recognize the resemblance? In the case of English, those who learn the language from books alone, and write as if they had mastered it, give us "English as she is wrote." Their style is full of solecisms. The natural way of learning a language is to hear it spoken; but in the case of a dead language that method has to be modified. I hasten to add that the primary purpose of the present work is not to teach Latin.

The book was printed in Louvain, but the paper is much better than that commonly found in works printed on the Continent. A double index for Authors and Subjects facilitates the use of the work.

*Sails On The Horizon.* By Charles J. Quirk, S. J. Stratford Company, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.00.

This book of verse is divided into three sections: Lyrics, Quatrains and Sonnets. Many of them have already appeared in various magazines, and are therefore familiar; but that will rather increase than lessen their interest.

To find them collected in book form resembles a happy reunion of old friends. The title suggests that they are larger than they seem. And that is true; for each is a *multum in parvo*, a thought presented in tabloid form. The lyric "In Fairyland" is typical and symbolical. There the prince of fairies has a rose for a palace, a bee for a butler, and a gorgeous butterfly for an aeroplane. The allegory symbolizes an artistic touch, an exquisite flavor and a natural beauty.

The collection is at once a mirror of the poet's dreams, a record of his travels and a list of the publications in which the poems appeared. There is a tendency to break away from established usage and recognized canons, especially in the case of the Sonnet; but the author is still at a safe distance behind free verse.

*St. Peter Canisius, S. J.,: His work and Sanctity.* By Aloysius Ambuzzi, S. J. St. Aloysius' College, Kodiabbail P. O., Mangalore.

This booklet of sixty pages contains a great deal in a small compass. It is divided into two parts. Part I. deals with the work, and Part II with the virtues of Germany's Second Apostle. In the First Part the writer describes the labors of Canisius, the difficulties to be overcome, and the methods of overcoming them. That mode of treatment includes the religious condition of Germany at the time, and is both instructive and entertaining. A map helps the reader to follow the travels and toils of the Missionary. Even at the present time, with our modern means of travel, the journeys of S. Canisius would be deemed very fatiguing.

The Second Part enumerates the more prominent virtues of the Saint. They are devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, tireless zeal, patient constancy and dauntless courage humility and obedience. It is just the right length and the proper method for a busy man or a fitful student. It is not long enough to be tiresome, nor short enough to be shallow. The volume concludes with favorite prayers of the Saint, which might well be adopted by all who aspire to Sainthood. The work should do much good, and the writer deserves to be congratulated.

*Thy Kingdom Come.* Series IV. God Beckons Us. By J. E. Moffatt, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Net 80 cents.

The object of the present series is to cheer the wayfarer as he plods along the dusty road of life to the great City of God. The author has a happy way of illustrating and enforcing spiritual maxims or lessons by concrete examples borrowed from sacred and profane history, from the fine arts or from everyday life. Even the simplest reader cannot mistake his meaning. For instance, in his chapter on "Triflers" he shows how Michael Angelo attained perfection in his art as a painter by attention to little details. "Little things make perfection, but perfection is no little thing." And then the writer goes on to show that we are all painting a masterpiece, our own life-picture. The perfection of that painting depends on ourselves, and that likeness it will retain for all eternity. God gave us the outline, but we have to fill in the details.

*An Introduction to Church History.* By the Rev. Peter Guilday, Ph. D. B. Herder Book Co.: St. Louis, Mo.

This book has a special interest for those of Ours who take a special interest in Church History. That list would include, not only those who have to teach it, but also those who wish to study it privately for self-improvement. Although it is intended primarily for beginners, even advanced students will find it helpful. Its hints are suggestive, its method directive, and its criticism corrective. Like all Dr. Guilday's work, it displays scholarship, precision, moderation and painstaking labor. It contains seven chapters in 450 pages. The first four deal with the Meaning, Scope, Value and Study of Church History; the next two with the Formation and Mission of the Catholic Historian, and the last with the Literature of Church History. The last chapter is very comprehensive and very useful. Brief hints on the merits and defects of a writer are just what a beginner needs.

*The Jesuit Martyrs of North America.* A Lecture by Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J.

This lecture is printed so that anyone may give it.

It is in large type with wide spaces between the lines.

The titles of the slides are indicated on the margin.

The pages are held together in loose leaf fashion.

It covers the entire subject of the North American Martyrs.

It can be given in one hour and a half with interludes.

Music for the hymns goes with the lecture.

Of the 150 illustrations, 68 are colored.

The price of the lecture, music and slides is \$100.

For lecture alone with music \$1.00.

For a suitable case add \$5.00.

For further information apply to Rev. F. X. A. Byrne, S. J. Shrine of the North American Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y.

The lecture is based on "The Jesuit Martyrs of North America," by Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. Both book and lecture will spread devotion to the Martyrs, and thus help to secure the further miracles necessary for their canonization.

Dear Reverend Father,

A Jesuit of today in a most difficult mission, convinced that his success may depend on his martyrdom, were he worthy, writes:

"As a kid at St. Francis Xavier's, in Cincinnati, I once received the life of Fr. Jogues, for being on the honor roll. That appealed to me ever since, and now that I am engaged first-hand in the struggle and labor so dear to him, I have a special devotion to that Martyr."

The author of "*The Jesuit Martyrs of North America*" had in view, when writing the book, development of vocations among students in our colleges. He has already had the gratification of hearing from several of Ours that the book has had this desired effect. The principal demand for it comes from schools of all grades in which it is to be used as a premium.

Why not take this means of having it circulated among your students?

To make the book available as a premium we are offering a very liberal discount from the \$1.50 price, 40% on orders for three copies, i. e., 90 cents apiece; and on orders for six copies, 45%; on orders for 10 copies, 50%.

Respectfully,

W. C. J. Magee

*The Rubrics of the Low Mass.* Edited by Rev. Thomas A. Donoghue, S. J. Loyola University Press, Chicago, Ill. Price 25 cents.

This is a handy volume bound in stiff glossy paper, destined for the use of Seminarians and Priests. It helps the former to learn the Rubrics of low Mass, and the latter to remember them. The method is very simple. The Rubrics of the Missal are given on the right hand page, the explanation on the left. Where the Rubrics are doubtful or silent, the booklet explains. Different types are used to distinguish between what is actually prescribed and what is merely suggested. The English Version presents in heavy type what is literally contained in the Rubrics of the Missal, and in lighter type what is implied or suggested. The difference of type connotes the authority behind the statement. It is easy to forget, easy to blunder, and easy to repeat a mistake until it becomes a bad habit; but it is not so easy to detect and correct a habit thus formed. The present volume helps to make it easy. Those who think they need it least, may be the very ones who need it most.

*Jottings of an Old Man*—Father Joseph Rickaby's latest book, "*Jottings of an Old Man*," is, in a way, a misnomer. Though he carries the weight of Four Score Years, we see in the "*Jottings*" no signs of senility or senescence. He has put the English-speaking world in his debt by his many works, philosophical, theological, ascetical and devotional. From his pen came the Moral Philosophy in the Stonyhurst Course, Aquinas Ethicus, St. Thomas' "*God and His Creatures*," translated and annotated by him. His skill in giving the English equivalent of scholastic terms is unequalled. He also

wrote "*Waters That Go Softly*" as a help in his own yearly Eight days' retreat. His knowledge of the Liturgy is evidenced by his book, "*From Palm Sunday to Easter.*"

All these and other works are written in pure, clear, crisp idiomatic English. The "*Jottings*" has the same qualities.

May God give him, ere his powers weaken, the strength to furnish at least one more volume of "*Jottings.*"

*Mending the Nets.* By Raymond T. Feeley, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Net 60 cents.

This is the second volume of the Morning Star Series. It is written in a breezy, snappy style, which is supposed to appeal to the modern business or professional man. The author ought to know, for he was a lawyer before he became a Jesuit. His method is direct and business-like, and his illustrations are drawn from every-day life. The general purpose of the series is to purify and elevate the modern home by fostering devotion to the Queen of the Home of Nazareth. The volume is handy and attractive, the price is moderate, and the aim of the writer is commendable. Would that every home in the land possessed a copy and mastered its contents!

*The Home Virtues.* Francis X. Doyle, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Net \$1.25.

This little volume is worth reading for two reasons. The first is a dialogue between St. Augustine and the Little Flower, in which they chat most charmingly of their mothers and their home life. This chapter has inspiration and expression. But the rest of the book is the other reason. Guided by good taste and clear knowledge, Father Doyle has done a difficult task extremely well. Not every friendly counsellor could sit down, as he does, in the morris chair and give advice on the domestic ups and downs without getting the entire family on edge. Yet father, mother and the growing children hear in turn and together the sort of practical truths that we like to associate with Ignatian piety and community life.

*Life of Father Hermann.* By Abbe Charles Sylvain. Translated by Mrs. F. Raymond Barker. Net \$2.75. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

This book is a reprint of the English edition published many years ago. It is a biography of unusual interest, with a special message for those who pursue vanity and pleasure. Hermann was a Jew by descent, a wonderful musician by genius and training, a victim of vanity through success and a votary of pleasure by reason of his associations. At an early age he received the gift of Faith, entered the Church, renounced the world, and became a Carmelite. He was sorely tried because his mother resisted his prayers and entreaties, and apparently died in her inherited prejudice. To console him, the Cure or Ars said to him: "Trust in the mercy of God. You will one day receive good news on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception." Six years later, on December 8, he received a letter from a holy nun assuring him that, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, his mother got the light of Faith on her death bed, and was saved. The lesson to be learned from the life of Father Hermann is much needed at the present day, and indeed it will ever be needed, so long as the bewitching of vanity retains its power over fallen nature.



## OBITUARY

### REVEREND THOMAS J. CAMPBELL

Father Campbell was born in the City of New York on April 29, 1848. His earliest years were spent in the parish of St. Bernard on West Fourteenth Street, and later in the parish of the Paulists in West Fifty-ninth Street. His sermon at the Jubilee of the Paulist Parish is replete with affectionate reminiscence. He began his school days in Public School No. 12, which was then on West Twelfth Street, but moved later on to West Twenty-eighth Street. He always spoke with esteem and affection for the principal and teachers of this school. He entered the College of St. Francis Xavier in 1860, making the full academic and collegiate course in six years with distinction. Among his companions were several who afterwards became notable members of the Society, such as William O'Brien Pardow, Peter Cassidy, James Casey. His name, as well as theirs, occurs frequently in the catalogues of those years as winner of prizes and distinctions, of high place in the mid-year examinations, and of the prize of honor awarded for special study of some Latin or Greek author not a part of the usual course.

With the intention of studying law, he took occupation in the office of the Spanish Consul, continuing in the evenings his philosophical studies at the College for which he obtained the Master's degree in 1867. He then began his novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, Canada, under the distinguished Master of Novices, Father Sache, whom he always regarded with veneration. He made but one year's juniorate under the celebrated rhetorician, Father Larcher. In 1870 he was appointed to teach Classics, or freshmen class, at Fordham, where he remained three years going on with his class to rhetoric. Father Shea was Rector at the time and among the members of the faculty were two men notable for their philosophic attainments and habit, Fathers Jouin and Doucet. His first literary task was accomplished during these three years in the compilation of "*The College Prayer Book.*"

From 1873 to 1876 he studied philosophy at Woodstock. He used to recall with delight the ardor with which his companions at the time pursued their studies and took part in the various academic activities, and especially in assisting Father Benedict Sestini with the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. He attributed this ardor to the admiration which the scholastics had for the professors, among them Fathers Camillus Mazella, afterward Cardinal, Piccerelli, de Augustinis, Schemmel and Sabetti, and others of the faculty whom they assisted in the preparation of their text-books by gathering quotations from English authors and revising proofs. In 1876 Father Campbell returned to New York to spend two years teaching rhetoric at St. Francis Xavier's, at which time, though still a scholastic, he showed great skill in teaching the catechism of perseverance to the young people of the parish and preaching May sermons in the church.

The following four years, 1878 to 1882, were spent in the study of theology at Louvain, where he was ordained in the summer of 1881.

From the time of his novitiate in Canada he had acquired a facility in reading and speaking French, but that was never enough for him. At Louvain he seized every opportunity to study the language and its literature, and ever after it was one of his chief pleasures not only to converse in French when opportunity offered, but to read books and periodicals in that language. Among his professors in theology were men whose names have become familiar throughout the Society by their writings, the great neo-scholastic De San, Corluy, Van de Velde, Van der Aa, Broeckaert, Wouters and de Backer. The last two mentioned seem to have had a decided influence in developing his taste for the history of the Church, and particularly for the history of the Society.

Returning to St. Francis Xavier's in 1882, he spent one year in teaching rhetoric and acting as preacher to the students and Moderator of the Students' Sodality and Debating Society. The following year he was Prefect of Studies. At odd hours he assisted Father Young in editing "*The Roman Hymnal*," for which he translated many Breviary and other Latin hymns. Then, after making his third year of probation at Frederick, he was appointed Rector of St. John's College, Fordham. The College was a small institution in those days with its three divisions of preparatory, academic and collegiate classes, very few day scholars, and boarders from almost every part of the States, but not many of them from New York. Comparatively, there was so little for the Rector to do, he could be his own Prefect of Studies, and even occasionally direct one or other of the college societies. The buildings were so few and meagre in accommodation that one wonders how they housed the faculty and students. Father Campbell's first concern was with the building his predecessor had left in the course of erection, to serve as a power house and science building. In this, with the aid of Father Freeman, he introduced a strong scientific course. He was untiring in visiting the classes; in personally directing the Debating Society, in assisting the scholastics in preparing for the dramatic performances. One who was a student of Fordham under Father Campbell as Rector writes: "He was easily the most industrious of the three presidents of my time, actively intervening in everything around the house that was of importance. The spirit of the place and its discipline and the interest in studies were very much improved as a consequence. In spite of this occupation with the studies and discipline, he was seen much more frequently on the grounds than other presidents, was always present at ball games, and showed his deep interest in everything that interested the students. His sermons were a delight and were typically those of the learned man. They were very much appreciated by the students who looked forward to his turn to preach, and it came rather frequently, with a great deal of interest and pleasant anticipation." He introduced military instruction among the students, and he was first to install electric lighting. He used to look back with special pleasure to the statue of the Blessed Virgin which was erected at this time in the court, within the college buildings and athletic field, and the devout habit of the boys gathering around it to invoke the Blessed Mother.

In May, 1888, Father Campbell was appointed Provincial, holding that office until November 1893. It was a time of exceptional activity throughout the Province. Many of the colleges began to expand both in building and in scholastic activities, and several new works were undertaken. The parishes for German-Speaking people in New York, and the residences at Goshenhoppen and Alexandria were given up. The novitiate at West Park, from which the novices had

already been sent to Frederick, was sold to an Italian sisterhood. An attempt was made to give up the parish in Troy, but it failed chiefly owing to the opposition of the Bishop and of several prominent public men in the Albany Diocese. To help the Archbishop of New York solve the problem of providing for the numerous Italian immigrants coming to his diocese, the Italian mission in Elizabeth Street was opened. In return for this assistance, Archbishop Corrigan relieved the Province of the burden of several convent chaplaincies, which had occupied some of our men up to that time. Keyser Island was purchased as a "house of retreats for gentlemen," anticipating the work which was later founded at Manresa. The faculty and high school and academic buildings were erected at Fordham. The Dahlgren Chapel was built at Georgetown, as also the law school building, the Riggs Library and Gaston Hall. At this time, also, the University received its foundation for historical research, and its observatory was never more active under the care of Fathers Hagen and Fargis. St. Peter's, Jersey City, became a college; in Philadelphia St. Joseph's College was re-opened, and in Boston additions were made to the old Boston College building on Harrison Avenue. Buildings were also erected at Holy Cross, at St. Ignatius, New York, and in Woodstock.

It was during Father Campbell's time as Provincial that the first attempt of the Province at establishing a review was made. The editors were actually appointed, and they had even spent several months at the work of preparation when the publishers who had engaged to issue the review insisted that the editors or Jesuits in one or other part of the country should issue a series of texts in the classical languages as well as in the vernacular, as it was by the sale of these texts they would hope to obtain the funds for carrying on the publication of the review. The Fathers who were called into conference on this subject, fearing that this additional task would prove too exacting, with all the work that our men had to do, advised giving up the project, and accordingly the plan was put aside, until it was proposed again in 1908, when preparation was being made to issue *America*. During this time, also, Georgetown celebrated its centennial in a most distinguished manner. The Catholic University was opened, and Father Campbell was represented there by his predecessor, Robert Fulton. In November, 1889, the canonisation of our three saints, Peter Claver, John Berchmans and Alfonso Rodriguez was solemnised by tridiums throughout the Province, Father Campbell preaching the principal exhortation at Woodstock. As appears from the Woodstock Letters of 1890 and 1892, there was an active development of missionary labor in the Province, and the Jamaica mission was confided to us just as Father Campbell was retiring from the Provincialship, November 1, 1893. Owing chiefly to overcrowding at Woodstock, the scholastics from Missouri ceased coming East, and their great scholasticate was opened in 1891.

Father Campbell attended the General Congregation at Manresa in 1892, at which Father Martin was elected General, and the Fathers were detained several months revising the text of the Constitution. Though preoccupied with the duties of his office, he was untiring in his zeal as preacher. For part of the time he was one of the regular preachers in St. Francis Xavier's Church. He was in constant demand as preacher of occasional sermons, notably at the consecration of Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn, in gratitude for which the Bishop presented to him the chalice which is now used in the domestic chapel at St. Francis Xavier's. He had jealous regard for the reputation of the priests of the Society, and it was manifested on many notable

occasions. When in the excitement of the Corrigan-McGlynn controversy one of our Fathers at St. Peter's, Jersey City, was accused of detracting a prominent clergyman in that diocese and called on for apology and retraction, Father Campbell, on ascertaining that the accusation was unfounded, threw his weight and authority into the scale and quickly silenced the accuser. He took a keen delight in the evidence on the part of any scholastic of a desire to devote himself to any special studies. He was quick to discern and to appreciate talent, but he thought much more of the earnestness and labor of the scholastic of moderate talent who was aiming at something that could make him more useful to the Society. By the brothers Father Campbell was regarded with tender affection. It was he who instituted that they should wear the habit of the Society. He used to say that he had witnessed among them such devotion and such holy simplicity that they not only merited to have the cassock, but that in it their virtues would become much more edifying and impressive.

Father Pardow, then Rector of the College of St. Francis Xavier, succeeded Father Campbell as Provincial, and Father Campbell took his place as Vice-Rector of the College for the next ten months, after which he was for two years a member of the missionary band; but his labors in this field did not prevent him from satisfying the demands for occasional sermons. Again named Rector of Fordham, he entered with the same ardor into the advancement of the studies there and, by his frequent lectures and addresses, chiefly on educational subjects, he was soon recognised as one of the leading Catholic educators of the country. During part of his Rectorate, he acted as Prefect of Studies, and in his last year as Director of Fordham Alumni Sodality. It was at this time also that the local parish ceased to use the old chapel next S. John's Hall and was taken over by the secular clergy.

In August 1900 he was attached to the staff of the *Apostleship of Prayer* and the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* as preacher, editor and writer. Facile with his pen, and always in demand by the readers of the *Messenger* and of the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, Father Campbell preferred to devote himself almost exclusively to the editorial work of these two publications and to preaching for the establishment of centers of the League of the Sacred Heart. Reading and revising manuscript and proof, collecting material from various sources, such as correspondence, periodicals from different parts of the world, and reviewing books, engaged his attention far more than writing special articles. However, when a really worth-while subject offered itself, or when occasion demanded the eloquence as well as the masterly polemic of his style, he spared neither time nor labor in writing articles which not only satisfied the need of the moment, but also stand as literature well worth reading at present. Among other articles written by him for the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, the following are the most characteristic: "*The Champion of Liberty in France*;" "*Count de Munn*;" "*The Gospel of the Sybarites*;" "*The Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley*;" "*The Three Catholic Poets, Aubrey de Vere, Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore*;" "*The State Must Have a Religion*;" "*The Only True American School System*;" "*The Delusion of Christian Science*." This last had a crushing effect on the Christian Scientists of that time. Their leaders begged in vain to be allowed to refute it in the pages of the *Messenger*, but they would not agree to submit their articles to the editor for examination. Twenty years after, when Father Campbell was preparing an article on Christian Science for the Supplement of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, he very naturally went to the sources for his information, viz., the Christian Science libraries. When they discovered his object, the

librarians, acting under instructions from headquarters, refused to let him take notes. The blow he had dealt them was remembered. Offers came from the Boston headquarters to furnish an article on the subject, but when the editors agreed to publish it entire alongside a counterstatement, the article was never forthcoming. It was at this time Father Campbell wrote many articles for *The Catholic Encyclopedia*.

Worth reading of his articles for the *Messenger* are also: "*The Craze for Psychology*;" "*Moral Teaching in French Schools*;" "*Is it too Late?—France and the Prescription of the Religious*;" "*John Wesley*;" "*Sarpi—the Terrible Friar*;" "*Socialism*." He was adept in reviewing books, and he made it a point to read the book before reviewing it. No error of statement, no defective style, no inaccuracy, nor any fault whatever in typography would escape him. He was merciless with those who misquoted or gave a wrong reference. On the other hand, he was quick to recognise the merits of a writer, and to commend them. He had no patience with books written slovenly and for a mercenary motive. A pastor had written a catechism. The publishers had printed twenty thousand copies. It was so poorly done in point of definition, of diction, and especially in its treatment of Confession and of matters of conscience that Father Campbell felt bound to condemn it, and did so in the pages of the *Messenger*. Immediately the publishers withdrew it and destroyed the entire edition. The Sunday following Father Campbell was preaching at the dedication of a church in the Albany Diocese. Lo and behold, his companion at dinner that day was the priest whose catechism he had condemned.

It was at this time that Father Campbell began to be interested in the history of New France, in the *Jesuit Relations*, in the history of the early North American Martyrs and missionaries, in the missions of the southwest. This led him to become interested in the general history of America, as he used to say that no one could properly appreciate the ecclesiastical history without studying its setting or background in civil history. This interest was aroused and developed chiefly by his translation, for the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, of chapters from the three volumes of Rochemonteix, and parts of the *Jesuit Relations*. When in 1896 Thwaites published the first of his seventy-three volumes, "*The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*," the Fathers attached to the *Messenger* found fault with his insertion of certain documents that had nothing to do with the *Relations*, with some of his translations, and with many of his notes. The editor communicated with him privately with a result that Thwaites sent some of his associates to consult the members of the *Messenger* staff. They were referred to Father Arthur Jones of Montreal and to Father Frisbee of Woodstock, then editor of the *Woodstock Letters*, of whose advice and assistance they availed themselves. When Father Campbell became a member of the *Messenger* staff, they sought his counsel on many points. In assisting them, and especially in attending to the pilgrimages at Auriesville, he found it necessary to study the literature of New France, and this study he pursued earnestly to his very last days.

In the summer of 1908, he went to Montreal as preacher in the Gesu and writer also, his main occupation being the study of the Jesuit Archives, which have been so carefully collected by Father Jones. He remained there two years. The fruit of his labors appeared in a rapid succession of the series entitled "*The Pioneer Priests of North America*" and "*The Pioneer Laymen of North America*," in five volumes, consisting of chapters or monographs on

the most distinguished of the early missionaries of New France and their lay associates. These books at once attracted the attention of the secular press. In them was evidence of careful research, of a grasp of the history of New France, and of a style that led reviewers to class them with the books of Parkman and Bancroft. Though out of print the demand for them has not yet ceased.

After returning to the States, Father Campbell dwelt for a time at Brooklyn College until July 2, 1910, when he was appointed editor of *America*. Just as in the *Messenger*, so his work in this periodical appears more in the editorial and other departmental pages than in its leading or special articles. He was quick to discern what called for editorial comment, and clear and even brilliant in exposing a mis-statement, an erroneous tendency, a menace to morality, as also in pointing out the correct principle and the remedy for what was wrong. Laboriously he did his share of the editorial drudgery over manuscripts and proofs, helping to select items for the chronicle and maintaining the correspondence with foreign contributors and various sources of information; he was fond, above all, of reviewing books. He gave special attention to education, history and social subjects. During his three years and a half as editor scarcely six articles appeared in its pages over his signature. He severely criticised the edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* then issued, causing its editors such concern that they attempted in vain to meet his opposition. He succeeded in preventing the sale of this work to any large extent among Catholics. What he did write is of the same lasting character as what he wrote for the *Messenger*: two articles especially, one on "Cardinal Newman," the other "The Canadian Missionaries and the Eucharist." It might be remarked here that practically all Father Campbell's writings could be used as lectures, addresses, sermons, and yet be admirably fitted for the pages of magazine or review. Many of them he actually used in all four ways. There was a demand for several of them in pamphlet form, and a collection of them was published in 1917 by Wagner, of New York, under the title "*Various Discourses*."

The labors of editorship did not prevent Father Campbell from preaching, for which he was much in demand, not only because of the merit of his sermons, but also because of the affection the priests of New York, and especially of Brooklyn, had for him. He found time also to translate and publish "*The Names of God*," by Lessius, in January 1913, and a special monograph on Father Jogues, besides writing many articles for historical periodicals, especially for the "*Records and Studies*" of the United States Catholic Historical Society. His correspondence at this period of his life would make charming as well as most interesting reading. He was most punctilious in replying to letters and, besides acknowledging the letter or satisfying the inquiries it contained, he never failed to add a personal note, as he could do with the greatest felicity.

Retiring from *America* in 1914, he returned to Canada for awhile, pursuing further his study of the documents in the Archives in Montreal, preaching occasionally, lecturing at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Returning to New York in 1916, he was for a time spiritual Father, librarian, and collector of points for the history of the house, a task which he took seriously. He was also director that year of the Xavier Alumni Sodality, confessor of Ours, preacher in the Church and teacher of catechism to the brothers. It was at this time that he wrote his "*Life of Luther*," with a view to offsetting the propaganda that had been planned on the occasion of Luther's fourth centenary. The report of one of the censors of this book exceeded in length the manuscript of the book itself. Father Campbell received

it with equanimity, but on being advised that his work might meet with more favorable criticism by the censors at Rome, he decided to spare them the trouble of reading his MS and, with the indifference that was characteristic of him, he coolly tore up the pages and consigned a hard year's labor to the waste basket. Invited again by the Fathers in Canada, he spent the winter there preaching and assisting them in various capacities. He returned to the States in 1917 and became for a few months superior of Willing's Alley, Philadelphia, returning to New York to become for awhile spiritual Father at the temporary novitiate in Yonkers.

It was at this time that he began lecturing at the Fordham Post Graduate School on American history. Every lecture was carefully prepared and written, and copies were typewritten and distributed among sisters and others attending the course. He continued this work until within two years of his death. He found time also to complete his history of the Society. Work on this book had been begun as far back as 1902, at the suggestion of Father Frieden, then superior of the California mission. It was proposed at first to revise "*The Jesuits and Their History*" by B. N. (Barbara Neave, later Countess de Courson), and bring her work up to date. Father Pollen and Gerard were to do this work. After laboring at it for sometime, Father Gerard died, and Father Pollen was urged by Very Reverend Father General Wernz to devote his time exclusively to the general history of the Order in England. Thereupon, Father Joseph Woods, professor of Church History at Woodstock, took up the work, but owing to many other tasks, he did not make much progress with it. When he heard that it was desirable to have a history ready for the centenary of the restoration of the Society, he very quickly relinquished the work to Father Campbell, who undertook it with his usual ardor, completing his manuscript in 1918. The censors to whom it was submitted very promptly returned it with hearty approval. Owing to some mis-understanding on the part of those who were to be its publishers, it did not appear until two years and a half afterwards. The writer of this article had frequent occasion during that interval to witness the patience with which the author was awaiting publication. Indeed, it was characteristic of Father Campbell that, enthusiastically as he labored over his compositions, he showed a remarkable indifference whether as to the reports of the censors, or as to the publication of his work. When assisting as editor of various of his publications, he was docile in accepting a correction of what he had written. "*The Jesuits*" appeared late in 1921. The edition of ten thousand copies was sold within a year. The book was praised not only by the reviewers, but by a host of subscribers, among them men of the highest rank in Church and State, and notably by Very Reverend Father General.

The author was not one to rest on his laurels. Immediately he began translating the Psalms of the Breviary in verse, believing that priests would like to have them in English in this familiar manner. He translated also the *Hymns of the Breviary*. He compiled an extensive Menology of the Society in the United States and Canada. At the request of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, who had the greatest esteem and affection for the veteran author, he began the *Life of Cardinal Farley*, which afterwards developed into the *History of the Archdiocese of New York*, completing it some months before he retired to Monroe. For three years before his death he labored earnestly as librarian of the house library of St. Francis Xavier's, doing himself all the manual labor of re-arranging the books on the shelves, repairing the bindings, and even inscribing with neat letter

titles that had faded beyond recognition. His last bit of writing was a revision of his monograph on Jogues and his companions, with a view to having it ready for the beatification of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America.

The secret of Father Campbell's career was his habit of meditation. He had little initiative, nor did he claim originality. Still, he never depended upon books, nor would he avail himself of what others had written without giving them full credit. When called on to speak or to write on a subject, he would very humbly seek information from anyone who could help him. Then making his own study and research, he would meditate on the matter in his room, or whilst walking the streets for his usual exercise. After having decided on the manner of treating the subject, he would study very earnestly how to put the matter so as to reach his hearers or readers, especially how to make his statements plain, graphic, vivid, and dramatic. Whilst he was working at this, he would readily take any useful suggestion. He wrote and preached always with an Apostolic motive. He preferred the smaller congregation of a village church to that of a cathedral. After he delivered or published his composition, he would receive gratefully any reasonable criticism, but he resented fiercely anything that seemed like carping or fault-finding with sinister motive.

Father Campbell was before all things a Jesuit, not merely as a member of an organization, but as an exponent of all the name signifies. The Society's houses were homes for him. He took a hearty pride in what his companions were doing in every part of the world and in all they had achieved in the past. This is why he labored so untiringly for the honor of our North American Martyrs. His chief joy was to witness or hear of some notable achievement by a confrere. Similarly nothing pleased him more than to have a fellow Jesuit notice or commend what he was doing. He revelled in the progress of his own Province. He lived to see it multiply in members and in activity, and it was with the hope of developing still further that he was so eager for dividing it, on the score that it was growing beyond control and that with smaller units provincials and others could do more to cultivate the younger members, and extend our educational and ministerial work into new territory. After a life of labor and merit he retired to Monroe in his seventy-seventh year, to rest and prepare for death. He had celebrated his Golden Jubilee in 1917, and he was within two years of his sixtieth year in the Society. His preparation was calm and almost calculating, with every mark of resignation and of confidence in God's goodness. He was grateful to the Society for all it had done for him, prayerful, strong as ever in his faith, hopeful, and the nearer he approached the end the more expressive of his love for God, for the Church and for the Society. He died piously early on the morning of December 14th.

All during his life he was honored by the friendship of the prelates and priests with whom he had come in contact. The Cardinals of Boston and Philadelphia held him in highest esteem, and he enjoyed the confidence and affection of His Eminence the Archbishop of New York. The number of distinguished clergymen, monsignori and pastors attending his requiem at St. Francis Xavier's, though they had had but short notice of his death, was evidence of his place in their affection.

John J. Wynne, S. J.



## RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF FATHER CAMPBELL

Inasmuch as it is fitting and proper that the members of the Xavier Alumni Sodality should especially note the death of those who, as members of the Sodality or as its Moderators, by their lives and achievements have won their admiration and esteem; and

*Whereas*, on December 14, 1925, the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., who was Moderator of the Sodality during the year 1916, passed away at the Jesuit Sanatorium at Monroe, N. Y.; and

*Whereas*, Father Campbell, by his life of piety and zeal and his kindly and noble character, had endeared himself to the members of the Sodality; and

*Whereas*, in his death, the Sodality has lost a real friend as shown by his loyalty and devotion to its ideals, principles and activities, and by his willingness to appear before its public and private gatherings where the charm of his voice and his cogent and attractive style of speaking made a lasting impression on his hearers; and

*Whereas*, the culture and scholarship of this learned priest and educator have gained a deathless and world-wide renown by his work as a historian as exemplified in his best known achievements, "*The Jesuits*," "*Pioneer Priests*," and "*Pioneer Laymen*," which made public to the English-speaking world the heroic deeds of those illustrious and self-sacrificing priests and laymen who brought the light of religion and civilization to the savage tribes then inhabiting the northern section of this country;

*Therefore, be it Resolved* that the members of this Sodality record his death so that his life and deeds may serve as an inspiration and example to the present and future members of this Sodality, and that with this record there be joined the hope and prayer that the soul of this noble priest may find everlasting peace and refreshment in the home of his Master in whose vineyard he toiled so well and unsparingly.

MICHAEL A. CLARK, S. J.

ALFRED J. TALLEY,

THOMAS F. NOONAN,

*Committee.*

## FATHER HENRY J. SHANDELLE

In the democracy of the dead all men would eventually share equality were it not that the deeds which men do live after them. And as some one has thoughtfully written, "It is a pious office to scatter sweets over the tomb of the departed worth," the writer, keenly appreciative of the master work of Father Shandelle, loyal son of Loyola, and prompted by the kindly inspiration received of him along twenty years or more of personal contact, sees fitter to scatter the story of his life time to all the sons of Georgetown, confident that herein they may be stimulated not only to admiration but, above all, to emulation.

Father Henry Shandelle was born at Ruethen, Westphalia, on the twenty-first day of September, 1848, the son of Joseph and Theresa Shandelle. At the age of three he emigrated with his parents to England, there to remain for one short year. Thereupon he crossed the ocean, landing in Baltimore City, Maryland, where he received his earlier education at the parochial school of St. James parish, at Calvert Hall and at Loyola College.

Early did he hear the Master's call to higher things, and early did he follow. The catalogue of the Maryland-New York province of the Society of Jesus carries his name on the roll of the Companions of Jesus for the first time in the year 1865. His two years of noviceship were spent at the Jesuit Novitiate, then closely nestled within the shadows of the clustered spires of Fredericktown. His two years probation over with, he entered upon his studies of the classics at this same venerable institution. Following two years tarrying on Mount Parnassus, he attacked the more serious problems in philosophy at Woodstock College, Maryland. This done successfully, he inaugurated his long life of classroom work, which, with the exception of the three years given to theology, one to the third year of probation and one to parish work at Providence, Rhode Island, he continued until incapacitated by failing health. Boston College, Boston, claimed his services for eight years, Loyola College, Baltimore, two years, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., four years and Georgetown University the remainder; and whoever had the good fortune of meeting with that stately figure which for over thirty years graced the classic halls of Alma Mater, was satisfied that he had met in Father Shandelle a scholar, a gentleman, and a priest of the truest calibre.

Scholar indeed he was. Rightly does some one insist that scholarship should be assayed in the crucible of love for a book. Father Shandelle loved a book on the inside and loved it on the outside. His ravings over the bindings of shelf-worn tomes, deeded over to him by kindly bookworms, were proverbial. He was loathe to transfer these volumes from his room to the stacks of the Riggs library, fretful lest once placed there they would share the fate of their more modestly clothed associates. It was no uncommon occurrence to chance upon his ghostlike figure, at all hours of the night, groping its way, lantern in hand, libraryward, urged thither by anxiety that the rain, bluster-in through a window left open inadvertently, might do grievous harm to one of his treasures. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that the dear soul even jeopardized his life by this concern for his books. The Riggs Memorial Library, with its hundred thousand volumes, with its rare collection of manuscripts and early prints, will testify to posterity the devotion of Georgetown's librarian to the printed page.

The impression that Father Shandelle's enthusiasm centered entirely on the book's appearance on the shelf, was not an uncommon one. Such, however, was not the case. He was a persistent student, as far as his impaired eyesight permitted, to the very end. Particularly was he a votary of the classics. Anyone wishing for a copy of any of the classical writers, either of the Latin or Greek schools, could spare himself a trip to the library and find the tome in Father Henry's room. His familiarity with these masters was evidenced in the ease with which he could quote them. His pleasure was keen, when hearing another cite a passage, in telling the author of the quotation and the passage whence it was culled. The writer recalls that within a very few days of his death, which came rather unexpectedly, he expressed his great concern regarding an edition de luxe of *Juvenal* which just then he missed from his room, stating that he was anxious to verify a passage referred to him by a college professor. His persistent reading of Latin had given him a marvelous skill in writing in this tongue, his style leaning rather to that of Pliny than of Cicero. His was the prerogative, so designated by the University authorities, of answering all invitation to academic functions at the various Universities and Academies the world over. These were always penned by him in the Roman tongue, and so beautifully that they must have solicited the admiration of all who read them.

A scholar in the classics, he was no less one in English. To this can testify his pupils the country through, especially those who followed his lectures in the Post-Graduate School of the University. To this, too, bear witness his letters, now treasured by thousands, each one of which could be recognized as a miniature masterpiece of literature.

Referring to Father Shandelle as a gentleman, one has but to emphasize the "gentle." Sweet and kind to everybody, his friendship knew no distinction. Rev. Father Rector, Fathers, Scholastics, Brothers of the Community, colored servants of the house, all were to him "dearest." Moreover the interests of all were his interests. So intensely did he take to heart the sorrows of those dear to him, that in later years a strict supervision had to be exercised over his mail lest the tales of woe, confided to him in writing, might grieve his soul into intense worry. Many a tear, trickling down his cheek, healed hearts grievously hurt. Unkind he could not be. Never did he utter a word of criticism about another. Repeatedly we have heard him express his regrets at having read a newspaper article because there he had met with an unfavorable word against his fellowman. Truly did his life codify the virtue of charity.

And priestly he was in every sense. Priestly in looks, priestly in manner, priestly indoors and priestly out of doors, priestly with Catholics and priestly with Protestants. Above all was he priestly with the sick. How often he could be seen, enfeebled by his seventy years or more, making his way through the snows to cheer the soul of a bed-ridden friend with the Bread of Angels! The one tragedy of his latter days was his inability to say his daily Mass. But it was so edifying to see him find his way to Holy Communion with the Brothers and the Scholastics of the community. Memorable also was the tableau of the old sire, seated in his armchair, with magnifying glass in hand, reading consolation for himself in the life of one of God's blessed ones. And so he died, priestly.

Father Henry Shandelle lived a lifetime of life and lived it well. His life shall not be as a taper that is burned out; memory of him will live on, a motto to all loyal sons of Georgetown.

FRANCIS A. TONDORF, S. J.,  
*Georgetown Journal.*

#### FATHER MICHAEL J. O'SHEA.

Michael O'Shea was born in the County Cork, Ireland, May 29, 1870. There were twelve children in the family. Two died in childhood, and ten lived to be men and women. He attended the local national school in the parish of Donoughmore until he was fifteen, and then he went to the Christian Brothers in the City of Cork. When he was eighteen he came to America, and followed the classical course in St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. He resided at the College and acted as porter occasionally. August 3, 1891, he began his Novitiate in Frederick. He spent four years at Frederick and then went to Woodstock for his Philosophy in 1895. After his Philosophy he taught for four years at Loyola College, Baltimore. Even then he displayed in the class room his characteristic virtues of simplicity, sincerity and kindness. He won the affection and esteem of his pupils, and he retained that hold on them for the rest of his life. He seemed to make a more lasting impression than other teachers who were considered brilliant. That recalls the homely proverb that you can catch more flies with a drop of honey than with a barrel of vinegar. His last year of teaching was done at Fordham, where, in addition to

his regular class, he had charge of a Sodality and a Debating Society.

In the Summer of 1903 he returned to Woodstock for his Theology. Three years later he was ordained to the priesthood. The year following his ordination he spent at Holy Cross teaching Special Latin. The next year he made his Tertianship in Belgium. He returned to America in the Summer of 1908, and was immediately sent on the Jamaica Mission. He remained there for six years and did good work in a quiet way. He made his last vows at Kingston, February 2, 1909. In 1914 he returned to the States and acted as parish priest in Jersey City for a year. Then he became Superior in Bowie for another year. After that he returned to St. Peter's and was Minister for another year. In 1917 he went to the Gesu, Philadelphia. He remained there for four years, and acted as Chaplain of the Eastern State Penitentiary. He did heroic work there during the "flu," and even Protestants admired his fearless zeal and his tireless efforts. The following letter was written by a Protestant to the Archbishop of Philadelphia in praise of Father O'Shea.

Eastern State Penitentiary,  
Philadelphia, Penn.

March 1, 1920.

To the Secretary of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Rev. Sir:

The Catholics of this Institution have long desired to bring to the notice of the Most Reverend Archbishop their heartfelt gratitude for sending them Rev. Father O'Shea as comforter and teacher. But as nobody seemed to take the initiative, I, though a Protestant, hereby do so.

The splendid work which this Minister of the Gospel has done in this Institution can hardly be extolled sufficiently; but his noblest self has come to the surface plainer than ever during these weeks of quarantine, when he has been found daily and unceasingly ministering to the sick. He thereby brought to the patients the comfort and quietness which have wonderfully helped to still the disease.

Aided by our wardens, through sympathy and kindness towards those who are sick, Father O'Shea has created a bond of good will between Catholics and Protestants; so much so that I, as a Protestant inmate, consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to bring these encouraging tidings to the notice of the Most Reverend Archbishop.

Thanking you in the name of the many Catholics here, I am

Very Respectfully,

Harold Berggreen.

B. 7401.

In 1921 Father O'Shea came to Woodstock to be treasurer and parish priest and he held that double office until he went to the hospital three weeks before his death. As treasurer he was painstaking, exact and patient in a very trying office. In the parish he was liked by the people for his simplicity, sincerity and kindness. He never passed his people on the road without a bow or a kind word. He will be best remembered for his kindness.

Three weeks before his death he was taken to St. Joseph's hospital in Baltimore. He underwent an operation, but the doctors had little hope when they saw his condition. He died there March 22, 1926, at 10.50 P. M. He was buried at Woodstock on the 24th. The funeral was held in the afternoon for the sake of those who had to come a long distance. The Rector of Georgetown University came from Washington to pay his respects to an old friend. Besides the members of the Woodstock Community, the children of the school and many people of the parish also attended the funeral. Several relatives of

the deceased were present, including three sisters and a nephew. He is survived by four sisters and two brothers, but some of them live too far away to attend the funeral. Father O'Shea has a nephew in the New Orleans Province. He is now making his Theology in Spain, and he expects to be ordained next July. His name is Joseph Butt, and his family lives in Selma, Alabama.

I asked a friend and classmate of the deceased for an appreciation, and he graciously sent me the following letter:

"It is hard to put into definite form the good things I would like to say about Father O'Shea. I knew him years ago in St. Francis Xavier's when he had just landed in the country. We were classmates, entered the Society together and went through the course of the Society together, and I always liked him. But when it comes to analyzing my liking for him and picking out his good qualities for appreciation, the task is not so easy. He never made a great name for himself in scholastic lines, and the bulk of his work after ordination was so much the routine work of a missionary and a parish priest that nothing stands out in bold relief.

"If I were trying to write an obituary notice of him, I think I would stress his Charity and his willingness to sacrifice himself for the general good. From our Novitiate days, whenever there was hard work to be done, he was always ready and generous in giving himself to others. During his teaching days as a Scholastic, I did not live with him; and after ordination I knew him only for the couple of years during which we lived together in Philadelphia. But I have every reason to believe that the same spirit of devoted labor went with him always. I know that in Philadelphia he was devoted to his work in the parish and in the Penitentiary.

"In his relations with his brother Jesuits he was always kindly and good-humored. Even in his "greenhorn" days at 16th Street, when he was subjected to a great deal of bantering, he took it all good-naturedly and seldom lost his temper. The same forbearance, supernaturalized no doubt, went with him in his Jesuit life. I cannot recall him as being at any time uncharitable. If he did ever utter a complaint in trying circumstances, that did not represent his normal better self. But in the ordinary relations of community life he was the soul of kindness and charity."

#### FATHER JAMES A. GILLESPIE

Father James Gillespie was born in the North End of Boston May 18, 1860. He attended the parish school there until he was sixteen. In 1876 he entered Boston College on a St. Mary's scholarship, and remained there until he had completed Freshman. On August 14, 1880, he commenced his Novitiate at Frederick. From 1884 to 1887 he studied Philosophy at Woodstock. As a Scholastic he taught at Holy Cross, Loyola and Georgetown. In 1892 he returned to Woodstock for Theology and was ordained by Archbishop Satolli June 26, 1895. After ordination he made two years of teaching at Loyola, and then went to Frederick for his Tertianship. From 1900 to 1905 he taught in St. Peter's, Jersey City, first under Father Zwinge and next under Father Fox. From 1905 to 1909 he taught in Philadelphia, Holy Cross and St. Francis Xavier's. Then he was Prefect of Studies and Discipline in Brooklyn. He spent the next five years in Boston as Operarius in the Immaculate and Confessor

to the penitents of the Good Shepherd. The following ten years he was attached to the parish of St. Francis Xavier's, New York. His parish duties were often interrupted and varied by retreats. In the year 1923 he gave twenty-six retreats, and sixteen during the following year. In 1925 he was transferred to Boston, where he died February 19, 1926. Towards the end of his life his sight was blurred by cataracts, and he could not read except with the aid of a magnifying glass. He had learned to use a type-writer, and he helped Father Campbell in preparing copy for the printer. R.I.P.

#### FATHER ALPHONSE CHARLIER

Father Charlier was born in Thimeon, Belgium, September 5, 1824. They say a big man can put a small place on the map. But Thimeon is so small and obscure that it is not found on any map in my possession. I have heard that the Charlier family had two priests and two nuns to its credit, but I cannot verify that statement now. Alphonse studied the ancient classics under private tutors, and he did so with a view to the priesthood. At the age of twenty he joined the Society April 25, 1844, and he made his Noviceship in Belgium. He had no Juniorate or teaching, and he went directly from the Novitiate to Philosophy. He began his Philosophy at Georgetown in the Fall of 1846. The following year he was in Theology. As his health was delicate at the time, he was compelled to interrupt his studies in 1849, and to try the rest cure at Bohemia for a year. He was ordained at Georgetown in 1851, and made his Tertianship at Frederick the following year. From there he went to Washington College, which was then in its infancy. Father Samuel Barber, the son of Virgil Barber, was Rector at the time. There Father Charlier spent the next three years with plenty to do as Minister, Procurator, Professor of French and Pastor of the Church.

In the Summer of 1854 Father Bapst wrote to the Provincial, Father Stonestreet, recommending Father Charlier for the Missions of Maine. His request was not granted, and so the apostle sought remained in Washington. Father Bapst wrote that letter in June, 1854, and in the following October he was tarred and feathered by the bigots of Ellsworth, Maine. I may mention in passing that all those who took part in that outrage died an undesirable death. One in particular, of whom I heard, could scarcely be restrained on his deathbed from eating the feathers of his pillow. On the other hand, the Protestants who defended and befriended the martyred missionary, experienced the visible protection of Heaven during a conflagration which laid the scene of the outrage in ashes. The man who did most to save the life of that tortured Jesuit, had the consolation, some years afterwards, to see his house intact when all around him was in ruins.

After three years spent at Washington College, which afterwards changed its name to Gonzaga College, Father Charlier was trans-

ferred to Georgetown at the moving time of 1855. On August 15 of that year he took his last vows as Spiritual Coadjutor. For the next eight years he was Minister at Georgetown, first under Father Bernard Maguire, and next under Father Early. From 1863 to 1866 he was at Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown. He resided at the College and taught French the while. After that he was made Superior at Conewago, but he held that post only for a year. He would doubtless have held it longer, but he was urgently needed and earnestly sought elsewhere.

In the Summer of 1867 he was sent to Boston to serve as Minister at Boston College under his old friend and ardent admirer, the tortured Missionary of Maine. For the next fifteen years he filled that office under four successive Rectors: Father Bapst, Father Robert Brady, Father Fulton and Father Jeremiah O'Connor. He also became Minister again in late years, and altogether he held that position for a quarter of a century. He was Spiritual Father for about twenty years; and though he never acquired much fluency in English, his domestic exhortations were long remembered.

He went to Boston in 1867, and he remained there until his death in 1916. Fifty years in the same house is a rare thing for a Jesuit. It is also an eloquent tribute to his piety and efficiency. The people in the parish used to speak of him as "the old saint", and the instinct of our Catholic people is a correct gauge of personal sanctity. Here it is emphatically true that the voice of the people is the voice of God. He was worshipped, especially by the lowly; and no more appropriate epitaph could be placed above his grave than the words: "The poor will miss him".

"The old saint" united gentleness and firmness, simplicity and prudence in a remarkable degree. He combined the dove and serpent in Scriptural proportions. Sometimes the dove was prominent, sometimes the serpent. To his own brethren he was more dove than serpent; to gay deceivers the reverse was true. As an example of his simplicity, I recall the following incident, which else were not worth recording. Towards the end of the baseball season one of the Fathers said to him in recreation: "Who is ahead in the League now?" The simple soul promptly replied: "Father Reid, you know; Father Reid". The League of the Sacred Heart was the only League that he knew anything about, and Father Reid was at the head of that.

But simple folk are easy dupes for sharpers, and doubtless the old saint had to acquire the cunning of the serpent by sad experience. He had charge of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, and in that capacity his services as Almoner were in constant demand. Beggars and vagrants, drunkards and tramps kept him busy. It required almost preternatural intuition to distinguish between frauds and deserving cases. But experience is the greatest teacher in the world without diploma or college degree. She taught the old Almoner lessons which are not included in the courses of Harvard or Yale, but which are recognized in the examination for admission to Heaven. He had a questionnaire carefully prepared, and well calculated to distinguish between the genuine and the

counterfeit, between good and bad. Those who sought help for the body, were at first offered help for soul.

Father Charlier died at Boston College on Harrison Avenue October 21, 1916. He had just completed his ninety-second year, and he had lived seventy-two in religion. He managed to say Mass daily until a short time before his death. It seems strange that a man should live so long who was compelled to interrupt his studies through ill health. It is not easy to explain such cases on purely natural grounds. Of course, he must have had a good constitution to begin with. Then he took a moderate care of his health, as the rule requires. And while he was devoted to the sacred ministry and never shirked duty, his life was temperate and his habits were regular. A regular life is good for both body and soul. Besides, nothing seemed to ruffle even the surface of his calmness. He was simply imperturbable. His equanimity was partly inherited, partly acquired, partly natural and partly supernatural. The just man lives by faith, and faith in God's fatherly Providence begets peace of mind.

I see another reason for his longevity. Sleep and he were friends from childhood, and they remained so until the end of his days. Sleep was always at his elbow to knit the ravelled sleeve of care. Sleep is nature's tender nurse; it soothes disease and pain; it is the balm of hurt minds; it steeps the senses in forgetfulness; it closes the eye of sorrow; it refits men for labor; in a word it lubricates the machinery of the body and lessens the friction of life. When Father Charlier was Minister, he always insisted that the Scholastics should retire at ten o'clock. At the time, we young men thought him too severe on that point; but riper wisdom taught us that he was right and we were wrong. He held that the average man needs the full time for rest allowed by the rule. He knew from long experience that late rising follows late retiring as the night the day; and furthermore that brain work late at night eventually produces insomnia.

It was a great privilege to chat with "the old saint" when he was Spiritual Father, and gather wisdom from his lips. He talked of our Blessed Lady, of St. Joseph and our Jesuit Saints as if he had known them personally and conversed with them intimately. It is much to be regretted that his virtues are not recorded in permanent form for the benefit of posterity. Many a man of less merit has had his life written or a monument erected to his memory. Pretty soon the few survivors who knew "the old saint", will carry their knowledge of him to the tomb, and then he will be utterly forgotten by the rest of mankind. Of course, that will make no difference to him, but it makes a world of difference to us. The loss is ours, not his. In this respect, as in many others, the children of this world are wiser than the children of light. The world sees to it that its followers shall not be forgotten. Their memory is kept alive in the names of streets or towns, in prose or verse, by book or mural tablet, by statue or monument. As Our Lord commended the unjust steward, so may we commend and imitate the care which the world takes of its votaries. R.I.P.



## FATHER JOHN E. CONDON.

Father Condon was born in Cohoes, New York, November 26, 1861. When he was a mere child, his parents moved to Troy, and there he received his early education. He was trained first by the Sisters of St. Joseph, next by the Christian Brothers, and lastly by the Jesuits. He attended Father Nash's school in old St. Joseph's, and had, as one of his teachers, Father Michael Cunningham. For some years he acted as porter at the Jesuit Rectory. Hence young Condon was brought up in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere. Catholicity was in the very air he breathed. No wonder that his thoughts turned at an early age to the Sanctuary. Indeed he loved to play the Priest at home. He erected an altar in his room, and went through the ceremonies of the Mass as best he could. His mother became scrupulous on the subject, and consulted Father Nash. She fancied that the mimicry of a sacred rite might be an act of desecration or irreverence. But the confessor quieted her conscience, and the future priest was allowed to continue his innocent amusements. He was much admired by his companions. When they learned that John had gone away to become a Jesuit, nobody was surprised. It was simply another instance where coming events cast their shadows before.

When he announced his intention at home, his mother was glad, but the father was sad. She rejoiced to give one of her children to the service of God, and deemed a vocation to the priesthood the greatest blessing and the highest honor that can befall a family. The father would have preferred something else. Happily, the influence of the mother on the home is greater than that of the father, and many a religious vocation is traceable to the piety of the mother. Mrs. Condon was the mother of two priests: one a Jesuit and the other a Father of Holy Cross, and this fact alone proves that she was an ideal Catholic woman.

On July 7, 1878, John Condon left home for the Novitiate, accompanied by his mother and aunt. He was then in his seventeenth year. He made his Noviceship at West Park and his Juniorate at Frederick. He got two years to review his Classics, and he did remarkably well, considering his previous training. It must be confessed that Father Nash's school was not the foundation on which to erect a superb classical edifice. In 1882 he went to Woodstock for his Philosophy, and was considered far above the average; in fact, one of the leaders in his class. He liked Literature, both ancient and modern, but he liked Philosophy and Theology still more. In after life he often conducted the cases of conscience for the Fathers in the community where he lived. He had clear ideas, knew his own mind, and was not afraid to express it; yet he always did so with deference to the opinions of those who differed from him. His Catholic instincts and his early Catholic training helped him often to find the right solution of difficult moral problems.

The interval of five years between his Philosophy and Theology was spent in teaching; four years at Boston College and one at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia. Besides the ordinary class work, Mr. Condon was also Master of Ceremonies and Director of a Sodality. In 1890 he returned to Woodstock for Theology. At the end of his third year he was ordained on June 29, 1893. The next year he completed his course and took his *ad gradum* examination. Soon after he was sent to Jersey City, to replace Father Charles O'Connor as Prefect of Studies and Discipline at St. Peter's. He filled that post for two years, and then made his Tertianship at Frederick under Father Villiger, whom he esteemed and loved. The following

year he taught at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, and made his solemn profession there February 2, 1898. During the next four years he taught Humanities and Mathematics at Holy Cross. He was also Director of the League of the Sacred Heart. Then he went back to Philadelphia for four years; that is from 1902 to 1906. The first year there he had Rhetoric, and during the other three he was Prefect of Studies. After that he taught Philosophy in Baltimore for a year and Rhetoric in St. Francis Xavier's for two. It was then that he became a member of the Mission Band, and he remained on it for four years, with headquarters at St. Mary's, Boston. The Mission Band was not exactly suited to his taste; for the life of the Missionary is very irregular, and Father Condon liked to keep regular hours, such as he found in community life. He was a good preacher. His Rector in Washington speaks of him in the highest terms. He found Father Condon always ready for work, whether regular or occasional, and always able to preach a creditable sermon, even at short notice.

In the summer of 1913 he became assistant parish priest in St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and he held that post for two years. From there he was transferred to St. Ignatius' Church in 84th street. He did good work there until his health gave way, and then he was sent to a sanatorium. With proper treatment he got well again, and was able to do and did a fair share of parish work in the Church attached to Gonzaga College, Washington. In the summer of 1923, he went back to St. Peter's, Jersey City, where he gave conferences to the community and sermons to the people. That proved to be his last appointment. In the spring of 1925 he was taken ill and was sent to St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. There he underwent an operation, which, however, gave him only temporary relief. When he appeared to be improving and was looking forward to further work in the Sacred Ministry, a relapse came, and he died suddenly June 26, 1925. He was buried at Poughkeepsie on the 29th. The day of his burial was the 32nd anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

His brother Father William H. Condon, C. S. C., writes: "John was a loyal son of St. Ignatius and a devoted client of the Queen of the Society. His letters and conversation bear testimony to that double love."

#### FATHER ELDER MULLAN.

To the Editor of the Woodstock Letters:

I read the Obituary of Fr. Elder Mullan with great interest. I knew the man well, and I can vouch for the accuracy of the sketch. It is a perfect likeness on a small scale, a miniature for a locket to be worn next the heart. If I may hazard a conjecture, I would say the writer is a scientist, for the sketch has scientific precision. He will have no idle words to account for at the day of Judgment. He is evidently a friend, and perhaps a contemporary, of Fr. Mullan. Nevertheless, he forgot one important thing, which I beg you to insert. When Fr. Mullan was in Rome, he found a Cardinal Protector for the Sisters of Charity of Halifax, and he had their Rule duly approved by the Church. He is fairly worshipped by that Community. His portrait done in oil hangs in the parlor at Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax. After his death the Mother General sent the following circular letter to all the houses under her jurisdiction. She says:

"Fr. Mullan will have a place all his own in our gratitude and prayerful remembrance. Even then we shall still not have paid our indebtedness to him."

Mother House, Halifax, N. S., July 13, 1925.

My very dear Sisters:—

You may already have heard of the sudden death of our devoted friend and untiring benefactor, the Reverend Elder Mullan, S. J., which took place in Philadelphia on July 6. Sudden the death certainly was, but it was in no way unprovided. For some time past this good Father expected the summons and held himself in readiness to answer when his Heavenly Father called. Though, as he would himself say, there would be a beaming welcome home from Our Lady whom he served and loved so well and taught others to do likewise, yet to us there is naturally deep regret to lose a benefactor so special, so energetically and untiringly devoted to our Institute.

Dear Father Mullan will have a place all his own in our lists of special benefactors. So well has he helped to place our Institute in the honored position it holds under the direct protection of Holy Church, that we shall never need another benefactor to aid us in this most important matter. For securing from the Holy See the approbation of our Constitution as we now have it, the Community will never be able to pay dear Father Mullan a sufficient meed of gratitude. God in His great love for us provided this inestimable friend just at the opportune moment, and placed him in Rome where he could best aid our cause. We can now do nothing but assist his soul by our fervent prayers. I shall then ask each House as early as possible to have its members offer for the repose of his soul at least three Holy Masses and three Holy Communions. The departed saintly Priest may not need this help; it will be, however, a solace to us to follow him to his eternal home with our tokens of gratitude. May his true interest in us continue, and may we grow daily to be as he taught us, more and more devoted to Mary and her Divine Son, Jesus.

Yours affectionately in Our Lord,

Mother M. Berchmans.

## VARIA

### AUSTRALIA—*Lavender Bay.*

On Easter Sunday was concluded a most fruitful mission at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Lavender Bay. The church was all too small to accommodate the enormous number of people who attended. Extra seating accommodation had to be provided in the sanctuary and church and outside the doors. Every night Confessions were heard up to 11 p. m. The number of Holy Communions was about 5000, of which 1500 were on Easter Sunday morning.

Wonderful enthusiasm and devotion were manifested by the people of the parish. The 6, 7 and 9 o'clock Masses were very well attended each day, as were the four Masses on Sundays. The solemn close of the mission will stand out as a great parish event. An immense congregation assembled to renew their Baptismal vows. This ceremony was preceded by a masterly explanation, first of the significance of the Pope's blessing and the meaning of the plenary indulgence, then by a lucid explanation of the ceremony of the renewal itself.

*Melbourne.*—Towards the end of 1925 the boys of St. Patrick's College staged "*The Sign of the Cross*" at the Melbourne Playhouse in aid of the building fund of St. Vincent's Hospital, with the result that the sum of nearly £300 was handed over to the Sisters of Charity. Father Bourke S. J. (Rector of the College) spared no pains in the preparation of the Play, and the acting of the boys was enthusiastically commented on in the City.

A move has at length been made to inaugurate Retreats for Laymen in Victoria. Early this year the first two Retreats were given by Fr. J. Sullivan S. J. (Sup. Miss. Austr.) and Fr. J. Murphy S. J. (Rector of Newman College, at Warburton). About 25 men attended each Retreat—leaders in the various Catholic Societies of the City. The Retreats, as was to be expected, were a great success. The foundations have been well laid, prominence is being given to the movement in the Press, and negotiations are on foot to secure a permanent Retreat-House in one of the City suburbs. The Retreat movement has the warm approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (Most Rev. Dr. Mannix.)

The first number of the "*Jesuit Directory*"—compiled on much the same lines as that of the English Province—appeared about Christmas. Besides the "*Ordo*" of the Province translated into English and usefully annotated, detailed information on the various Australian Houses of the Society is given, as well as much interesting reading matter from the pens of various Australian Jesuits on such subjects as "*The Society of Jesus*," "*Vocations*," "*Jesuit Missions*," "*The Apostleship of Prayer*," "*St. Peter Canisius*," "*The Canadian Martyrs*," "*The Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*," etc. On sale in our various Parishes throughout Australia, as well as in the Colleges, the book has been eagerly sought after by lay-people of all classes, and should do much to make the Society better known, and foster vocations. Father H. Johnston S. J. of Corpus Christi College, Werribee, is the Editor.

Speaking of Corpus Christi College, (the new Seminary of the Archdiocese), the additions to the present building are proceeding apace, and several new rooms for students were already available for use at the opening of Lectures on March 1st. The Students in residence now number slightly over 40, and are all of a very high

standard. Fr. McEntegart, S. J., who since his arrival from Europe in September has been at Xavier College, has now been added to the Werribee staff, where he will teach Science. Speaking at the annual Communion Breakfast of the Hibernian Society in March, Archbishop Mannix said:—"I wish to thank the Hibernian Society most cordially for their annual subscription to Corpus Christi College. I know it will give you great joy to hear that the College is giving great promise for the future. Through the help of the Jesuit Fathers, a staff is gradually being built up at the College that will be second to none at home or abroad.

BALTIMORE.—*House of Retreats for Laymen.*

The Laymen's Retreat Movement in Maryland began in the year 1914, with Fr. William Ennis as Spiritual Director. From that time until the year 1921, the men of Baltimore and of Washington made their Retreat together at Georgetown University. As Georgetown could no longer accommodate both groups at the same time, the Baltimore men decided, in 1922, to make their annual Retreat at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. Fr. Joseph M. McEneany was then Spiritual Director, having succeeded Fr. Ennis as Rector of the College and Director of the Retreat Movement. In July, 1924, Fr. Eugene De L. McDonnell was appointed by the Provincial, Fr. Lawrence J. Kelly, to take charge of the Laymen's Retreats in the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Father McEneany had previously obtained a letter from Archbishop Curley, giving the Society sole charge of the Laymen's Retreats in the Archdiocese of Baltimore. The same approval in a more formal way is contained in the following letter from the Archbishop to the Provincial. The letter is dated May 10, 1926, and reads:

Very Rev. L. J. Kelly, S. J.,  
501 East Fordham Road,  
New York City.

Very Rev. and dear Father Kelly:

In reply to yours of May the seventh, I am writing to give my formal approval to the erection of the Retreat House on the Severn in this Archdiocese.

It is understood that the Jesuit Fathers will have complete control of the work. I welcome the work, and I am glad that the Fathers are taking charge of it.

With every good wish,

Yours Sincerely,

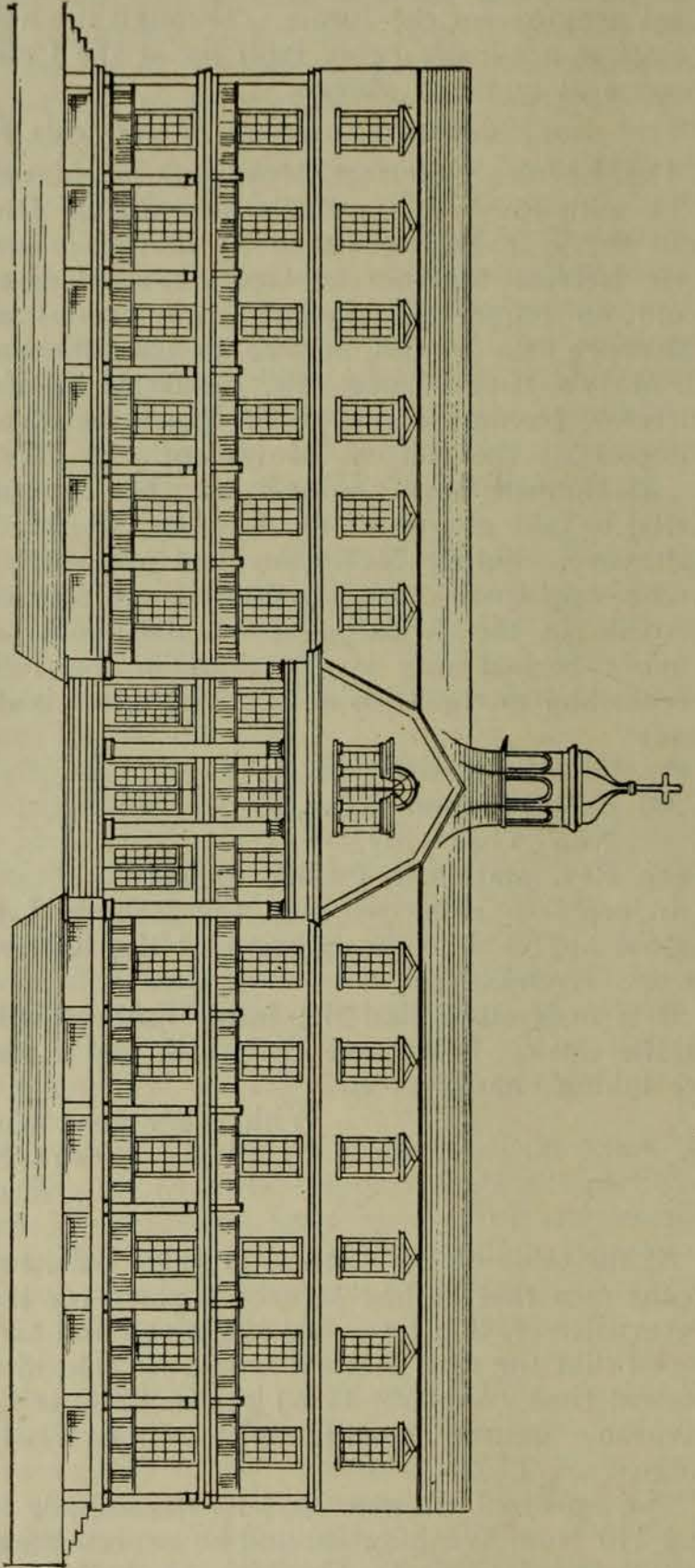
MICHAEL J. CURLEY,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

At the close of the Retreat in July, 1925, Fr. McDonnell announced to the men that he had secured a place for the Retreat House on the Severn River, that he would begin to build as soon as possible, and he hoped that the next Retreat would be held in the new House. At the present time (May 29, 1926) the building is up to the roof, and, with favorable weather conditions, it will be ready for the next Retreat August 26, 1926.

The Spiritual Director says he has already 900 men from Baltimore and 110 from Washington, and he expects many more, especially from the National Capital. On May 16, he addressed the Third Sunday men of St. Aloysius, Washington, on the subject, and he has issued a folder with a picture of the new building. The site is about midway between Baltimore and Washington, and is easily accessible from both places. The Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Electric Railroad operates trains every half hour to Severnside Station, which is less than 100 yards from the Retreat House.

Fr. McDonnell is well known in Washington and very popular.



### MANRESA ON THE SEVERN

The new home of the Laymen's Retreats is situated between the New Boulevard and the Annapolis Short Line Railroad bridge, at Severnside Station, where the Railroad bridge crosses the river going to Annapolis. The property contains 22 acres, with a frontage of 900 feet on the Severn.

The spot where the Retreat House is being built, is 70 feet above the river, and from the front rooms and porch,

which runs 140 feet along the entire length of the building, there is a beautiful view of the Severn, the Boulevard Bridge, Annapolis Naval Academy and the Bay. From the back of the house, a fine view of the Severn is obtained.

The Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Electric Railroad operates trains every half hour to Severnside Station, which is less than 100 yards from the Retreat Houses.

The continuous cheering along the route of the Holy Name parade a year ago showed his popularity. No doubt that popularity will help him to secure the goal of his ambition; namely, 1000 men from Washington to make a yearly Retreat at Severnside.

*State Chaplain of the K. of C.*—Fr. Peter O'Carroll has recently been re-elected State Chaplain of the K. of C. in Maryland. The first time he occupied that high position was when the post became vacant by the transfer of Rt. Rev. William J. Hafey to the new See of Raleigh. Before that Fr. O'Carroll had been an active member of the Order and Chaplain of the Baltimore Council. He has also been an honored guest of the Charles Carroll of Carrollton Council Assembly. If there be anything in a name, then Peter Curley Joseph O'Carroll ought to feel at home in Baltimore and Maryland. The official organ of the Baltimore Council contains a complimentary sketch of their present Chaplain, but it cannot be cited here for obvious reasons. It will be found, when needed, in the archives of the Woodstock Letters. From present indications it will not be needed for many, many years. The longer the wait, the better for souls.

BROOKLYN. *Knights of the Blessed Sacrament.*

During the first term of the 1925-26 school year the total number of Communions was 10,128. The school average for the term was 88%, which means that eighty-eight out of every hundred boys at class on each successive Friday of the term received Communion at the Mass in the school chapel. This record is all the more remarkable when it is considered that the boys come from all parts of Long Island, and some of them have to make marked sacrifices to reach the school by eight o'clock. Many have to sacrifice an hour of sleep in order to make the earlier train.

The highest average for the term was obtained by the Senior A, section one, with the grand average of 99%. Senior A, section two, reached the average of 97%; third place was held by First Year A, section two, with the average of 96%. The highest average for the School as a whole was during the annual retreat when 99% of the students received; the lowest average for any week in the term was in November, 73%.

The total number of Communions for the term and the high percentages of the several classes in the School tell a story all in itself. The practice of frequent Communion is already a part of the students' school life, and is leaving its influence upon the lives of the boys in no uncertain way. The sacrifices demanded teach the boys that a lively Catholic Faith is something to be grateful for, something to treasure and protect, and something to be preserved at any cost.

The Prep Players, the Dramatic Association of the School, continued its practice of presenting a modern play at the Christmas Theatrical. This year the choice was "Stop Thief." On the evening of December 26th, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the Players acquitted themselves creditably before an audience of some seventeen hundred friends of the School. Three dramatic critics from the Brooklyn papers sat in judgement, and awarded the prize to Robert J. Purtell '26.

BUFFALO.—*St. Michael's Church.*

Reverend and dear Father:—

The Triduum to celebrate the beatification of the Blessed Jesuit Martyrs of North America was held in our Church from Friday, March 19, to Sunday, March 21st, inclusive. As we had the Retreat for men under the auspices of the Canisius College Alumni Association, the Triduum in the evening was conducted with the Retreat given by Rev. Father Joseph Williams, S. J. Brother Stamen erected

a very beautiful shrine of the Blessed before St. Aloysius altar. The picture of the Blessed was surrounded with electric lights. Before the picture the relic of the Blessed was exposed for veneration, and also surrounded by electric lights. The shrine was decorated with roses, lilies and palms. On Thursday night, after the sermon, the shrine was solemnly blessed, and since then it was never left without votive candles, and without people who prayed to the newly Beatified Martyrs. On Friday morning, at 8 o'clock, Father Rector had a High Mass in honor of the Blessed Martyrs, which was attended by the boys and the students of Canisius High School, children of St. Michael's parochial school, and by a great crowd of parishioners and friends. In the afternoon, at a quarter to two, Father Peter Kayser gave a fervent panegyric on the Holy Martyrs for forty minutes, before the students and children and a great crowd of people. After the sermon, Father Rector gave the Benediction, during which the prayers in honor of the Beatified were said. It was a very inspiring devotion. After the Retreat sermon in the evening, Father Cusick, Rector of Canisius College, gave the Benediction and said the prayers in honor of the Beatified for the men. Saturday, at 8 o'clock, the High Mass in honor of the Beatified Martyrs was sung by Rev. Ludwig Bonvin, S. J. In the afternoon at 2:30, devotions and Benediction in honor of the Blessed Martyrs were held by Father Rector. On Passion Sunday there was general Holy Communion of the men under the auspices of the Canisius College Alumni Sodality, and at 8:30, general Holy Communion of the Alumnae of the Sacred Heart in the Sacred Heart Auditorium. At 10:30 the Bishop of Buffalo, Rt. Rev. William Turner, D. D., came to celebrate the Beatification of the Holy Martyrs by a solemn High Mass.

Presbyter Assistant was Rt. Rev. Mons. George J. Weber, Rector of Seven Dolors Church. Deacons of honor were Very Rev. Bernard Licking, C. SS. R. Rector of St. Mary's Church, and Very Rev. Peter J. Cusick, S. J., Rector of Canisius College. The Deacon of the Mass was Rev. Bernhard C. Cohausz, S. J., Rector of Canisius High School. Sub-Deacon, Rev. Egbert Albert, C. P., of West Hoboken. The Master of Ceremonies, Rt. Rev. Edmond J. Britt, Chancellor of the Diocese of the City of Buffalo. Second Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Henry B. Laudenschlager, Rector of St. Louis Church. The Scholastics acted as cross bearers, mitre bearers, etc.

The Right Reverend Bishop went from the Rectory to the Church in procession. The Knights of St. John, in their full uniform opened the procession, then came forty altar boys in red, followed by the officers of the Mass, and finally the Bishop. At the entrance into the Church the choir sang the *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* composed by Father Bonvin, S. J. A very fine, edifying and touching panegyric of the Blessed Martyrs was given by Rev. Roger Mosson, C. P., of Holy Cross Passionist College, Dunkirk. Even men were moved to tears at hearing of the labors, trials and torments of the Martyrs. The Pontifical High Mass was conducted with great dignity and solemnity, and made a lasting impression on all those present. In the evening at a quarter to eight, Father Kayser gave a panegyric on the Blessed Martyrs, said the prayers in honor of the Blessed and gave Benediction. After the services the relic of the Blessed Martyrs was venerated by all the faithful present.

The Triduum in honor of the first Beatified Martyrs of North America will leave a lasting memory in the hearts of all those who were present; it must encourage a great devotion to the Blessed, and must, as we hope, draw God's blessing and favors upon the people through the intercession of the Blessed Martyrs, and thus hasten their canonization.

BERNARD C. COHAUSZ, S. J.



*Expansion at Canisius College.*—Last year, with the addition of two buildings to its central structure, Canisius College began a new era of development. It was continued this September, when there rose on the athletic field Buffalo's second largest stadium, a concrete and steel construction seating ten thousand people. There will follow in the near future a gymnasium, to be erected at the far end of the campus facing toward Humboldt Parkway; and plans are being formed by the President, Reverend Peter F. Cusick, S. J., to provide a larger College Chapel in the centre of the college grounds.

To parallel this increase in accommodations, has come a proportionate increase of students seldom equalled at any institution; the registration of the morning session is forty percent larger than last year, while the sessions of the Extension and Teachers' Courses observe their normal rate. There has likewise been a development in many of the courses themselves, in an effort to minister the more surely to the needs of the classes, and to provide special activities for the more capable students.

Thus there is being offered for the first time an extra year of Pre-medical work for those who wish to go beyond the usual two-year Pre-medical course. Advanced study in Philosophy and courses in Histology and Bacteriology with their respective techniques, constitute its chief part. In 1926-1927 will be added a fourth year, stressing Embryology and Genetics. For the first time, also, the College is offering a Pre-legal course, and has so arranged its course in Business Administration that all classes now fall within the morning session.

The Chemistry Department, with three hundred students, numbers eight members in its staff, of whom two hold Doctorates in Science from Fordham and from Munich. Each course in the department aims to present Chemistry in such a way as to win for scientific careers the keen-minded students who were repelled by the drudgery and memory work of the old-fashioned Descriptive Chemistry, and to encourage the average student to adopt a scientific attitude towards everyday problems. To this end, in the Inorganic classes a new laboratory text, that of Bray and Latimer has been introduced. This text does away with the old illustrative experiments of chemical and physical properties; hydrogen ion concentration, chemical and ionic equilibrium, etc., are the subjects of student experiment, and the laboratory course assumes a quantitative aspect. The like advanced method is pursued in the Organic courses, wherein, from an initial yield of a substance, the student builds up his next compound, so continuing to the end of the year, and covering the technique and matter of the subject. The courses are thus centered in the laboratories. Pre-dental, Pre-medical, Pre-engineering and General Science work is provided for, besides graduate work. In 1926-1927 Inorganic Physical Chemistry will be offered.

The Department of Philosophy presented, on February 24th, a public "disputation" in Psychology. The Neo-Scholastic Philosophy is daily gaining new adherents, who are attracted, not only by its reasoned content, but also by the sharply defined form in which it presents itself. Buffalonians were then offered their first opportunity of witnessing in English the cut and thrust of syllogistic debate. In former years Canisius presented many such spectacles in the Latin tongue. Attendance this year was by invitation, and, despite the inclemency of the evening, the audience was large.

In connection with the courses in Latin and Greek have grown up Academies of honor students. Their membership is restricted carefully, though it is intended that the spirit of their work permeate the whole body of Classical students. The Latin Academy has chosen for itself the field of Latin lyric poetry, the Greek Academy has interested

itself in Euripides. Personal improvement of the student, and the widening of the class horizon, are the motives prompting this departure. That there has indeed been something of a renaissance of Classical studies at Canisius is amply demonstrated by the fact that almost seventy-five percent of the Arts Freshman class has elected Greek over Mathematics. This is probably due in large part to the stimulus of the impressive Hellenic festival of last June, when, for the first recorded time since the end of the Olympiads, Greek lyric poetry was presented with music and choral dance. Selected odes of Pindar were rendered, in an historical dramatic setting, and the whole was cast in the form of a tribute to the newly-declared Doctor of the Church St. Peter Canisius, himself a classicist and the founder of many Renaissance Colleges and Universities.

Student activities are varied and flourishing. The football team secured wide celebrity last Fall, and is planning what amounts to an all-home game season next year. The "*Canisius Monthly*" has frequently received testimonials to its high literary standing; the latest of these has come from the annual Collegiate Anthology "*Poets of the Future*," which in its latest issue has honored four of the Monthly's poets,—Messrs. Layton Waters, Leo Smith, Joseph Desmond and Hugh McGee. The other undergraduate publication, the reminiscent "*Azuwur*," is preparing its annual number, which will this year reach four hundred pages. Chess is also holding its head high; the club has victories over West Point and Cornell, and two of its members achieved distinction in play with Dr. Lasker, for many years champion of the world. Mr. John Carogana secured a drawn game, Mr. Frucella won. Canisius will meet the University of Buffalo toward the end of March.

The President of the College is sponsoring a new and extended Alumni and Alumnae register, which will preserve a record of all the students who have at any time in the past fifty-five years attended Canisius College. The completion of this will mark a new period of graduate activity no less significant than that which has been inaugurated within the College walls.

Reverend Peter F. Cusick, S. J., thirteenth President of the College, was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, June 1875. After attending St. Thomas' College, he entered the Society of Jesus, at Frederick, Maryland, in 1895. His theological studies were made at Innsbruck, Austria, in the other Canisius College, a Seminary that draws its students from the whole world. After being engaged as Professor of Chemistry at Holy Cross and Boston College, he was called to a high post in the Jesuit order at the Novitiate, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., whence he came to Canisius in July, 1923.

From the Buffalo "*Live Wire*" for March 1926.

*St. Ann's Church*—Father Gustave Reinsch of St. Ann's, Buffalo, received the following letter from Rev. Constantine Kempf, S. J., former Rector of the *Collegium Maximum* at Valkenburg, Holland:

My travelling companion from Exaaten, Holland, to Rome was a Scholastic named Peter Schmitz, who had been miraculously cured from cancer through the intercession of St. Peter Canisius.

Our trip included Switzerland, Milan and Florence. In travelling through Switzerland, the sky was blue and cloudless, and we enjoyed the beautiful scenery along lake and mountain. We took a night's rest at Basel, and the following day we entered sunny Italy through the Saint Gothard Tunnel. We received a royal welcome everywhere, especially among Ours. Whenever I introduced my miraculously cured friend and companion, all were deeply moved and delighted. We reached the Eternal City on May 16th, and lodged at the Curia. The next morning I had the good fortune to meet my old friend, Father

Bernard Cohausz of Buffalo. On the same day, May 17th, we witnessed a unique spectacle; namely, St. Peter's illuminated in honor of the "Little Flower." On that grand occasion we were almost smothered in the crowd. Here I met Father Henry Schaaf, S. J.

However, our chief purpose was to attend the Canonization of St. Canisius. In order to secure a good position at the ceremonies, we entered St. Peter's several hours before they began. At 6.30 A. M. we were already in our places. I was quite prominent in the front of the so called choir, which commands a view of the whole interior. I could see everything perfectly. The Canonization took place right near the papal throne. There were about 30,000 people present, and among them a large proportion of Germans, including exchancellors Marx and Wirth, and two German Cardinals, Schulte and Faulhaber.

To give a satisfactory description of one's feeling and impressions on such an occasion, is simply impossible. The magnificent papal procession with the Holy Father on the sedia gestatoria, the great number of Cardinals and the still greater number of Bishops from all parts of the Catholic world, the repeated and prolonged cheering of the audience,—all this baffles description. It must be witnessed in order to be fully appreciated. When the banner of St. Canisius appeared in the procession, it received a tremendous cheer. Of the many impressive things in that memorable spectacle, the most solemn and impressive of all was the moment when the Holy Father, seated on the Chair of the Apostle, proclaimed, with a stentorian voice, Peter Canisius a Saint and Doctor of the Universal Church. Immediately and spontaneously that immense throng gave expression to their feelings by shouts of joy and clapping of hands. Thereupon the Pope intoned the Te Deum, the bells of St. Peter's began to ring, and all the bells of all the churches in Rome responded cheerfully and generously. It was exactly 2 P. M. when the celebration came to a close. It lasted exactly four hours, but time flew, and we forgot that we were there from early morning.

I almost overlooked a touching incident in the ceremonies. At the Offertory of the Mass, my companion, who had been miraculously cured by the newly canonized Saint, presented to the Holy Father a cage of singing birds as a symbol of thanksgiving and gratitude. That was an appropriate offering; for the untutored songsters of the grove sing God's praises all through a Summer's day, and, when they become silent, the nightingale continues the song of praise.

In the afternoon there were special services for the Germans at the Gesu. Cardinal Schulte preached and Cardinal Faulhaber gave Benediction. During the three following days a triduum was held in honor of the recently canonized Saint and Doctor of the Church. We also had an audience with the Pope. On that occasion the Holy Father spoke fluently and affectionately in German for twenty-five minutes. At the close of his address he reached out his hand to be kissed, and then gave each of us a Jubilee Medal.

Your Brother in Christ,

CONSTANTINE KEMPF, S. J.

*Note.*—This letter was misplaced first and forgotten afterwards. We regret its tardy appearance.

CALIFORNIA.—*Pendleton, Oregon. Letter from Fr. Neate.*

My dear Brother in Christ:—I was surprised and delighted to hear from you. Your letter recalled old scenes of long-flown years and sacred memories of Woodstock.

For the last thirty years, with the exception of five years spent in Seattle, Yakima and Pendleton, my life has been confined to this uneventful corner of the world, at the opening of a canyon on the foothill of the Blue Mountains overlooking the valley of the Umatilla

River. This little Indian mission, which sprung up here in 1889 under Fr. Urban Grassi, S. J., has continued its modest work ever since, nourishing and teaching the Indian children, and ministering to the spiritual needs of the tribes. Some of these people are Protestants, some are pagans, and about one half are Catholics. They are a mixture of Cayuse of Waiilatpu and the Umatilla tribes, with a good sprinkling of Yakimas. Though having their own several dialects, they all speak the Nez Perce tongue of Idaho. This is the language we use, as it possesses a grammar written by Fr. Morvillo, S. J. In the thirties of the last century, after the excitement caused by the gold seekers, Gov. Stephens signed a treaty, and these two tribes were transplanted from the Walla Walla country to the present region lying east of Pendleton. Comprising now about 1100, they live on their allotments, and gradually adopt the manners of encroaching civilization. Though greatly reduced in numbers from former years, they seem to be holding their own at present.

On the feast of St. Joseph, 1926, our flourishing school was destroyed by fire. We have lost the Girls' Building and Hall, and a Sister, who had worked here for thirty-five years, met her death. We are now carrying on the school of larger boys. I intend to rebuild, but need money to start. The school was well patronized by the Indians, although day schools and Government boarding schools tried to draw them elsewhere. They are afflicted at their loss, and wish to see their school rebuilt. May their prayers touch the heart and the purse of our well-to-do Catholics.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 11, they will have their Corpus Christi procession. This year they will march decked out in their Indian regalia as of yore. The priests of the diocese, finishing their Retreat here, will take part in the procession, with our Bishop, Rt. Rev. Joseph F. McGrath, D. D.

The climate here is ideal, and the scenery along the Columbia between here and Portland is equal to any in the world.

I have not seen a copy of the *Woodstock Letters* for over twenty years. I hope you will pray for us and our work out here, and that you and I, old classmates at Woodstock, shall be re-united in Heaven after the separation of so many years.

Yours sincerely in Societate Jesu,

THOMAS M. NEATE, S. J.

*Dedication of a new Church at Iuchelium, an Indian Mission in the State of Washington.*

Dear Editor:

In the missions the feast of Corpus Christi is one of the great events of the year. It is attended not only by the faithful but also by the unfaithful. It makes the bad good, and the good better. It brings delinquents back to the altar. It gives at once work and consolation to the priest. While the feast is always kept with great ceremony, the ceremonies this year were extraordinary, and for the following reason. A new church was to be dedicated by the Bishop. A general invitation had been given to Catholics and non—Catholics, white and Indian, far and near, to attend the ceremony. Many heeded the call, and two or three days before the event wagons and hacks full of people and camping outfit, could be seen moving towards Inchelium from every part of the Indian Reservation. In a short time tents and teepees were raised, and the people were feeling at home. Soon everybody was busy as well as happy. Some were clearing away the debris of building materials, some were cleaning the church, others arranging the pews, and others still were decorating the altars with flowers and every available ornament. On the eve of the feast and early in the afternoon all was ready. The grounds were cleared, the

Church was cleaned, and the altars looked magnificent with their lace and fine linen, their brilliant flowers and their burnished brazen candlesticks. The new tabernacle was a thing of beauty and devotion. Artistic statues had been placed in niches expressly prepared for them. A throne had also been erected and decorated for the Bishop.

When all this was done, the bell was rung for Confessions. The people came to church and, with the assistance of a good Indian, all was orderly and no time was lost. The unusually large number of Confessions kept the priest busy until after midnight. At 12:30 A. M. he tried to take a few hours of needed rest. But that rest proved to be short; for when the day broke, he had to return to the confessional, and there he remained until 8 o'clock, the time set for Mass. Shortly before that hour the sound of the bell and the call of the Indian Chief had summoned the people to worship. Very soon the church was crowded. The priest started the prayers with the congregation, and then went to the sacristy to vest for Mass. During the Holy Sacrifice the Indians said the Rosary aloud according to their custom, and sang hymns in their own language with great devotion. The Whites prayed in silence. It was edifying for the people and consoling for the priest to see so many approach the Holy Table. After Communion they again prayed aloud and sang more hymns. Then all went back to their camp to take breakfast. In the meantime the Father brought Holy Communion to those who were sick in camp and unable to attend Mass.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Rt. Rev. Augustine F. Schinner, Bishop of Spokane, arrived. He was accompanied by two Fathers and some Scholastics from St. Michael's. The bell was rung again, and soon the people began to fill the church in order to witness a ceremony which they had never seen before, and probably will never see again. As soon as all was ready, the Bishop went around the building on the outside sprinkling the walls with holy water, while the Fathers and Scholastics sang the Litany of the Saints. Then he sprinkled the walls on the inside. After that he erected the Stations of the Cross according to the usual rubrics; and as he did so, a Father said appropriate prayers, partly in Indian, partly in English. When that ceremony was over Pontifical Mass began. The magnificence and solemnity of that service had never been witnessed before in that part of the country. The Bishop on his throne, the priests in gold vestments, the altar boys in red cassocks and white lace surplices, the singing of the choir, the beauty of the edifice, especially of the altar—all that splendor made the people feel that they were in a holy place and inspired corresponding sentiments. There were many non-Catholics present, and some of them had never before been inside a Catholic church. Yet all behaved admirably.

After the Mass the Bishop addressed the people. He congratulated them on building a church which would do credit even to a big city. A large edifice was required to accommodate the people of the district, and it had to be erected in a central place for the convenience of the majority. Then he gave a fine instruction on temperance and on the education of children. After the Bishop's sermon the Father in charge of the mission spoke to the Indians in their own language. Then the procession formed. Three altar boys led the procession, followed by two long lines of women, whites and Indians, then two long lines of men, then came the girls with flowers which they scattered before the Blessed Sacrament. After them came the altar boys, and finally four men who carried the canopy over the Bishop and the Blessed Sacrament. During the procession there were hymns and prayers in Indian and English. The procession moved from altar to altar, and at each altar the people knelt down to receive the blessing of their

Divine Lord. After the blessing at the second altar the Indian Chief made a brief address. He urged his people to be faithful to their religious duties, and to attend services as often as possible in the new church. Although the services had been unusually long, many remained still longer in the church to give vent to their feelings in that holy place. They had made a sacrifice and had come a long distance to honor their Eucharistic King; and doubtless they carried home with them many blessings as their reward.

These people are glad to have such a fine church for themselves and their posterity. But to whom does the credit belong? To the generous benefactors who have helped me to build such a fine church among this poor people. In my Indian and English sermons I have urged the congregation to pray for their benefactors, as I do daily at the altar. I offered the first Mass in the new church for our benefactors, and I begged the Lord to bless them abundantly.

Yours Sincerely,

EDWARD M. GRIVA, S. J.

*San Jose.*—Some months ago Fr. John D. Walshe, S. J., of San Jose, published a spicy paper on "*the Wizard of the Slope*," entitled "*Burbank's Aberrations.*" The writer shows what fatal and even stupid errors have been committed by eminent men when they leave their chosen field to dabble in Theology. Tyndal, Edison and Burbank are melancholy examples. By a sort of paradox, the more intelligent they are in their own sphere, the more stupid they seem outside of it. The more they know of earth, the less they know of Heaven. The magician of the flower garden may have produced Shasta daisies, Japanese plums, spineless cactus, seedless oranges, and even stingless bees; but he has also produced the while a godless gardener. In his own person he has converted a vertebrate Protestant into a spineless atheist, and a beneficent horticulturist into a vicious controversialist. Fr. Walshe continues the metamorphosis, and has turned a thorny infidel into a boneless pulp and a shapeless mass. The scoffer was crushed and pulverised but not converted, and he died soon afterwards without faith or hope in life beyond the tomb. Instead of Christian rites at his funeral, a letter was read embodying the creed of a noted materialist. Since then the Infidel Club of New York has planted a tree to keep his memory green, and help to perpetuate his hopeless creed. The lesson is plain:

Cobbler, stick to your last,  
And hold to it fast.

SEATTLE, WASH.—*Sunday Envelope Collection.*

Dear Editor:

The enclosed statement may interest your readers. It gives the results of the Sunday Envelope Collection as planned and practised at the Immaculate. We were the first to introduce the system, and since then we have had many successful imitations. Whether we get due credit or not, it matters little, so long as good is done. The essence of the system is to set a standard of one dollar, fifty or twenty-five cents for the Sunday offering, and then have the offering duly recorded in gratitude to those who gave and as an inducement to others.

FAREWELL LETTER.

Dear Kind Friends and Esteemed Parishioners:

The time has come for me to say "Goodbye" to you and to our dear Immaculate.

Six years and eight months ago, I came into your midst—glad to come—ordered here by that obedience which directs the Jesuit to go whithersoever he is bidden. The same obedience now tells me to go elsewhere and there to do the work of the Lord just as I did it here. "Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done."

When I arrived at the Immaculate a great debt of loans, interest and bills faced me, seemingly insurmountable. The Girls' High School had been closed; it was planned to move the Sisters into the Parish Rectory (to save rent expense), and put the Fathers into the back of the Church; the Church and School roofs were leaky; the burners in the heating plants were old and antiquated; the Church lighting system was inferior and defective, etc.

Now, stop a moment and reflect:—

Church Construction cost,	\$60,000.00
School Construction cost,	80,000.00
Rectory Construction cost,	25,000.00

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Total \$165,000.00

Within six years and eight months, with your very kindly aid, we have met and paid back on the Parish loans and interest \$160,144.74; practically paid the full cost of your three big parish buildings; re-established the High School (now accredited to the University); put in new heating burners, new electric lighting in the Church; repaired roofs, and purchasd a splendid new home for the Sisters, who formerly lived in a rented house; over and above that we have met all our Church, School and Rectory expenses and demands.

*The Envelope System Established*

We of the Immaculate do not ask any credits for *TITLES*—name the system what you will; but we do, and emphatically so, claim the full credit for having planned, organized, systematized, standardized and initiated the Envelope System now in use in our Church and adopted by all our Seattle Catholic Churches, and even by churches beyond the boundary of this Diocese. We do not claim what the fly perched on the cow-catcher of the big engine claimed and proclaimed: "See how I move this train." We ask just acknowledgement for good hard systematic work done, and successfully done, that's all.

- (a) Debt of the Immaculate today is \$24,000.00
  - Due Mercantile Trust Co. \$14,000.00
  - Due St. Rose, LaCross, Wis. 10,000.00

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\$24,000.00

- (b) Expense of Church roof repair and improvement on Sisters' Home need your kindly aid.
- (c) For Sisters' Summer Home at Port Townsend, no doubt, you'll do your share.

Goodbye, then, dear kind friends of the Immaculate!  
 God bless and keep you ever!

Very sincerely yours,  
 W. H. CULLIGAN, S. J.

CANADA—*News-Letter*.

The Vice-Province of Upper Canada publishes a monthly News-Letter, which is interesting even for those who belong to other Provinces. The Professors in the Juniorate at Guelph take care of the publication, and Fr. Lally is the guiding spirit.

*Guelph*—The Vice-Province is growing apace. There are twenty-one Juniors, twenty-one Scholastic Novices, and four Novice Brothers. The Master of Novices, Fr. McCaffray, is back on duty. If one may judge from the number of his occasional sermons, he must be himself again. Fr. Aloysius Drummond who, as a Scholastic, taught in Fordham and St. Francis Xavier's nearly half a century ago, is still active. He teaches English to the Juniors, and gives conferences to Ours. The Novitiate at Guelph has revived an old custom, which is elsewhere abandoned, on account of modern conditions. I refer to the pilgrimage as a trial for Novices. On May 15, five pairs of

young apostles started out from the Novitiate and went in different directions. One pair went to Buffalo. The Rector of Canisius will see to it that the trial be not too hard. He will doubtless provide a meal and a bed in case of necessity. As Fr. Cusick preached in Guelph during Lent, he probably invited the pilgrims then, all unknown to them.

*The Parish Choir.*—The boy choir of the Jesuit Church in Guelph has recently won a coveted trophy by its singing. Several church choirs met at Hamilton, Ontario, for the Competition, and Guelph got the cup. As the Judges were all Protestants, and all the other competing choirs were non-Catholics, there is no doubt that the contest was decided on its merits. The winning choir belongs to the Church of Our Lady, and the whole parish shares the joy of the victorious Choristers.

*The Martyrs' Shrine.*—On September 11, 1925, work was begun on a new Shrine to the Canadian Martyrs at Fort Ste. Maria, near Midland. The situation is ideal. The building stands on an eminence, and is visible from the Georgian Bay and from all parts of the surrounding country. Steps lead up to the front of the Church, and a level road runs to the rear. A provincial highway passes near by, and the C. N. R. skirts the property. Sixteen acres were purchased from the Railroad Co. for a trifle. There are three artificial lakes at the foot of the hill, and in one of them is an island dedicated to the Little Flower. The church is 140 feet long and can seat 800. Nearby is a nine-room Rectory. Both Church and Rectory are built of stone. There is also a hostelry close at hand with accommodations for thirty guests. The interior of the Church is now complete. Thanks to the tireless activity of Fr. Filion, the Provincial, altars, benches, stained-glass windows and Stations of the Cross have all been purchased. The solemn Consecration will take place June 26 and 27. Dignitaries of Church and State are expected to attend, including Cardinal O'Connell of Boston and the Papal Delegate, Monsignor di Maria. The Novitiate choir will sing the Mass for the occasion.

Fr. E. J. Devine, Editor of the *Canadian Messenger*, has written an interesting booklet on the new Shrine which stands on the site of the old Fort. The ground has been consecrated by the blood of Martyrs, and it will doubtless become a favorite place of pilgrimage. Fr. Devine is doing much, by means of illustrated lectures, to spread devotion to the Canadian Martyrs. In Montreal alone three striking cures during the present year have been accredited to their intercession. When Fr. Devine lectured in Ottawa recently, over two thousand people crowded Keith's theatre. The audience included the Apostolic Delegate, the Bishop of the Diocese, and many people prominent in civil and social life. The Minister of the Interior moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

The number of retreats, lectures and missions given by some of our Canadian brethren in all parts of the Dominion almost passes belief.

*CZECHOSLOVAKIA.*—The first annual Missionary Academy was held Sunday March 21, 1926, in the Archiepiscopal Seminary Hall in Prague, under the auspices of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. This academy was held in honor of the Beatified Martyrs of North America. Monsignor M. Picha of Prague, director of the Society and editor of the monthly, "*The Propagation of the Faith*" (printed in Czech) spoke on the subject: "*Past and present Status of the Missions.*" The second speaker was Father Godfrey Kaspar, S. J., whose theme was: "*The Beatified Martyrs of North America.*" In a rather lengthy and statistical lecture Father Joseph Vrastil, S. J., a professor in the Seminary, outlined the life and work of the



Jesuit missionaries from the Bohemian (Czech) province, who labored in distant mission fields during the years preceding the Suppression of the Society of Jesus. The evening's program was interspersed with mission poems recited by the Seminarians, and musical numbers by the Seminary glee club and orchestra. Between the second and third lectures, two Seminarians, one in the costume of a Chinaman and the other in that of an Indian, collected contributions from the visitors for the benefit of the missions.

GODFREY KASPAR, S. J.

GEORGETOWN—With a Triduum of Benedictions beginning on Ash Wednesday, Georgetown College celebrated the Canonization of St. Peter Canisius and the Beatification of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America. The exercises were conducted by Father Joseph C. Glose, who preached each evening of the Triduum and at the solemn closing on Sunday morning. In his opening sermon he dwelt on the value of ideals, and proved that they are necessary for success in every worthy cause. In his second sermon he showed how the ideals of Peter Canisius achieved success against tremendous odds in combating the errors of the day. In the third sermon the preacher exemplified the power of ideals in the case of the Jesuit Martyrs. They displayed such bravery and nobility that some of the savages drank their blood in the hope of imbibing their heroism. In his last sermon Fr. Glose spoke on union with Our Lord in Holy Communion as a source of lofty ideals. He pointed out that there is a tendency towards cynicism among college youth, and cynicism is fatal to faith and morals.

The Triduum closed with solemn Mass on Sunday morning. During each day of the Triduum the students went to Holy Communion in a body, and one of these Communions was offered for the further success of the Cause of the Martyrs.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE.—*Student delegates to the Eucharistic Congress.*

Twelve students representing Holy Cross will attend the Eucharistic Congress. The representatives were chosen from a large number who submitted essays on the Holy Eucharist or the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The unique character of the prize elicited great interest in the essay contest, and the essays were of high merit. Five Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores, and two Freshmen will leave Worcester Friday, June the 18th, spend Saturday in Buffalo, where a visit to Niagara Falls is scheduled, and arrive in Chicago on Sunday morning for the opening of the Congress. In addition to the student delegates a large party of Alumni and friends of Holy Cross will attend the Congress, so a pilgrimage by a specially chartered train will be conducted under the auspices of the College. Rev. F. X. Downey will act as chaplain.

*Tour of the Musical Clubs.*

During the Easter holidays the Musical clubs gave five concerts to audiences which numbered in all about seven thousand. The first appearance was on April 8th, in Montclair, N. J., under the auspices of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, of which Rev. Edward Farrell 1900 is pastor. Before the concert the local Alumni tendered a testimonial dinner to the clubs at the Essex Falls Country Club. Following the Montclair concert the boys sang in the new club house of the Knights of Columbus in Brooklyn. The Teachers' League of Brooklyn sponsored the concert, which drew a capacity audience. The Knights of Columbus were host to the boys during three following days. On Sunday evening The Catholic Club of New York was the scene of a reception and dinner, after which a short program was given for the entertainment of the members and their friends. The ball room of the Plaza Hotel was crowded for the final New York

concert on Monday evening, and the program was broadcasted from Station WNYC. On Tuesday evening twenty five hundred people heard the clubs in the Municipal Auditorium, Springfield, Mass. Newspaper critics were unanimous in their praise of the concerts.

*Glee Club in Intercollegiate Contest.*

Thirty members of the Holy Cross Glee Club singing under the direction of a student were awarded third place in the New England division of the Intercollegiate Glee contest. Wesleyan and Bowdoin were first and second respectively.

*Public Defence in Psychology.*

On May 10th, Joseph Fenton, a Senior, will defend publicly forty theses in Psychology. Invitations have been sent to the Colleges of the East, among others, Yale, Harvard and Columbia have signified their intention of sending representatives, who will be given opportunity to urge objections. The theses for defence include the Catholic position towards Evolution.

*Production of Hecuba.*

The football stadium has been transformed into a tremendous amphitheatre for the production of Hecuba on May 30th. The play will be given in Greek, and the setting of the Greek theatre will be reproduced as far as possible. The position of the stage, which faces the curve of the bowl, affords an uninterrupted view to an audience of six thousand. A month before the play, it is assured that at least half that number will attend. Minute attention has been given to the costuming and music. The latter is being arranged by Prof. John Marshall, whose score will be based on the Hymn to Apollo found engraved on stone in the ruins of Athens. The magnitude of the production and its fidelity to the Greek setting are attracting the attention of educators throughout the country. Rev. F. X. Downey is directing the cast, which was selected from Section A of the Freshman Class.

IRELAND.—*Celebration of the Canonization of St. Peter Canisius.*

The canonization of St. Peter Canisius was commemorated with very imposing ceremonies in our Church in Gardiner St. A solemn triduum marked the event. At the High Mass celebrated on the first day of the Triduum the Archbishop of Dublin presided, and the Bishop of Limerick preached the sermon. The Governor-General, the President of the Dail, the Cabinet, and the faculty of the National University in their robes attended. On the other two days the Provincial of the Dominicans, an old Clongownian, preached.

The Irish Province has begun to publish a sixteen page Quarterly, giving Jesuit news about Ireland and Australia. Father James Brennan is the Editor and his address is Rathfarnham Castle, Co. Dublin. He celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the Society, October 19, 1925. He was in succession Rector of Clongowes, Galway, Belvedere and Rathfarnham, and he appears to be hale and hearty, still able to wield the pen.

Father Robert Kane will be sixty years a Jesuit on the third of next November, and forty-six years a priest on September 12. His latest book is entitled "*The Unknown Force*," and is published by Sands & Co. This makes his tenth volume. That is certainly a wonderful record for a man who was blind before he began to write.

Father Peter Finlay celebrated his Diamond Jubilee on March 2 of the present year. He taught Theology at Woodstock for two years, from 1887 to 1889, and was much admired by his pupils. He has professed Divinity for forty-two years, and he never lost a lecture until he became ill in March, 1924. Happily, he soon got well again, and he is still teaching his favorite subject with all the vigor of his younger days, plus the mastery that comes from long experience.

Mungret has now six Bishops to her credit. The last of her sons consecrated was Dr. Andrew Killian of Port Augusta, S. A. Her other mitred sons are Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, Bishop Turner of Buffalo, Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, Bishop O'Leary of Springfield, and Bishop Barry of St. Augustine, Florida.

In the Jesuit Church in Galway three Fathers hear Confessions in Irish. On the third Sunday of the month all the services are conducted in the vernacular, including a sermon.

During the year 1924 the number of Communions distributed in the Jesuit Church on Gardiner Street, Dublin, was 468,000. That means a daily average of more than 1200. On the First Friday the number of Communicants ranges from 3,000 to 3,500. On Saturdays and on the Eves of First Fridays the Confessors spend from six to nine hours in the box. That shows that the Faith is still alive in Dublin despite the reports of a hostile press.

The Irish Province has a writer of boy stories who is said to be the equal of our best American story-tellers. His name is Fr. Fergal McGrath, S. J., and his masterpiece is entitled, "*The Last Lap.*"

The Dublin Tramway-men who made retreats at Rathfarnham, have erected a costly grotto on the grounds, partly as an expression of their devotion to Our Lady, and partly as a permanent act of thanksgiving to the Fathers who did them so much good.

#### JAMAICA NOTES.

*Kingston.*—Candidates for the Priesthood. On October 6, 1925, two more native Jamaicans left the Island to begin their studies for the priesthood; one went to the English Novitiate at Roehampton, the other to the Collegio di Propaganda at Rome.

*Return of V. Rev. Fr. Superior.*—After an absence of three months, which were spent in attending the Mission Congress of the Society of Jesus at Rome, V. Rev. Fr. Francis J. Kelly, S. J., Superior of the Mission, returned to Jamaica on December 7, 1925. During his stay in the Eternal City Fr. Kelly had an audience with His Holiness, who sent his blessing to the people of Jamaica. Fr. Kelly also had an opportunity of witnessing the wonderful devotion and piety of the Pilgrims who were gathered from all nations to take part in the Holy Year Celebrations. He utilized the little spare time that he had at his disposal to visit some of Rome's famous Basilicas and Shrines. On his return trip he had the pleasure of visiting the shrine at Lourdes. Fr. F. C. Wheeler, S. J. was vice-Superior during Fr. Kelly's absence.

*Garden Party.*—The annual Christmas Garden Party, which was held on Christmas Day and on the following day, Boxers' Day, was more successful financially and otherwise than any previous Garden Party. The untiring energy and enthusiasm of the Director, Rev. Fr. Alfred B. Oates, S. J., was in no small measure responsible for its success. A Ford car was among the prizes raffled off.

*Return of Bishop O'Hare.*—Early in June His Lordship Bishop O'Hare had left Jamaica to lead a Pilgrimage to Rome. On his return from Europe he spent some weeks in and around Boston collecting funds for the support of the Jamaica Mission. He returned to Jamaica on January 11th, 1926.

*Reception to Bishop O'Hare.*—On Thursday evening, January 28, the St. George's Catholic Club tendered a dinner of welcome to the Right Reverend President, William F. O'Hare, S. J., D. D. on the occasion of His Lordship's return to Jamaica. Mr. R. W. Bryant, M. B. E., a former Mayor of Kingston, and Chairman of the Club, after proposing the toast: "*The King and the Pope,*" on behalf of the

Club and the Catholic community, made an address of welcome, to His Lordship.

The Bishop in replying regretted his inability to express his appreciation adequately, but felt that the tributes were paid to the dignity of his office rather than to himself personally. His Lordship urged the members of the Club to strive for greater co-operation. During his absence, he said, he had been able to work not only for the benefit of the Catholic community, but was able to do something for the Island generally.

Very Reverend Fr. Francis J. Kelly, S. J., Superior of the Mission, expressed his pleasure in proposing the toast: "*Our Visitors.*" He referred to the reputation for hospitality which the Club enjoyed, and he hoped that its good name would be maintained. The special guests of the evening were Very Rev. Fr. Laurence J. Kelly, S. J., Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province; His Worship the Mayor of Kingston, Mr. Altamont DaCosta; His Honor, Mr. C. Halman Beard of the Supreme Bench in the Colony, and Rev. Fr. J. J. Howard, a distinguished alumnus of Holy Cross College.

Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, in replying to the toast, said that he had come to the Island to co-operate with His Lordship and the Rev. Fathers in their work for progress of morality, religion, education, and everything that would aid the betterment of Jamaica and her people. He said that he had a special interest in St. George's College, and he expected the members of the Club to take an interest in the boys, who were to be the future leaders in the Island; their success, he said, would mean the success of the club.

*Diamond Jubilee of St. George's College.* The celebration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the founding of St. George's College, which was originally scheduled for November, 1925, but which was postponed owing to the absence of Bishop O'Hare and Very Rev. Fr. Kelly, was held during the week of April the 18th.

*Sunday, April 18th.*—9.00 A. M. Solemn Pontifical High Mass at Holy Trinity Cathedral. Celebrant, His Lordship, Rt. Rev. William F. O'Hare, S. J., D. D. Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica and Titular Bishop of Maximinapolis. Sermon "*Seventy-five Years,*" Fr. Augustus J. Duarte, S. J., a former Headmaster of St. George's College, and at present Superior of St. Mary's, Boston, Mass.

7.00 P. M. Compline. Sermon on "*Catholic Education,*" Fr. William T. Tallon, S. J. Solemn Pontifical Benediction.

*Last Vows.*—On Tuesday, February 2nd, Rev. Frs. J. J. Becker, of Montego Bay, F. G. Kemple, of Savannah-la-Mar, and W. H. Hannas, of St. George's College, pronounced their Last Vows in the Society of Jesus. The ceremony was held in Holy Trinity Cathedral, with V. Rev. Fr. Provincial as Celebrant of the Vow Mass. Fr. Kemple's father and mother came all the way from Akron, Ohio, to be present at the ceremony. They afterwards visited Fr. Kemple's Mission in Westmoreland, out at the northern end of the Island.

*College.*—Results of the Cambridge Examinations. The names of the candidates successful in the December Examination reached Jamaica in the early part of April. In the School Certificate Examination twelve were successful. Two won Honours, and in addition, one merited a distinction in Latin, the other a distinction in Spanish. In the Junior Local Examinations nine were successful, one winning Honours. Louis Desnoes, one of the two, who took "*Honours*" in the school Certificate Examination attained the highest average in the whole Island.

JERSEY CITY.—*Feast of St. Peter Canisius.*

The feast of St. Peter Canisius was celebrated with fitting

ceremonies on Sunday, May 2, in St. Peter's Church Jersey City. There was a Pontifical Mass, with Rt. Rev. John O'Connor, Bishop of Newark, as celebrant. He was attended by two Monsignori as Deacons of Honor: Rt. Rev. Eugene Carroll of Hoboken and Rt. Rev. J. J. Mooney of St. Joseph's Church. Rev. Francis Vanston, C. P., was Deacon, and Rev. Joseph P. O'Reilly S. J., was Subdeacon. The sermon was preached by the President of Georgetown University, Rev. Charles W. Lyons, S. J., and was worthy of the occasion. The church was crowded, the illumination was splendid, the decorations were elaborate, the vestments were gorgeous, and the ceremony as a whole was impressive beyond description. A local paper gave a lengthy account of the celebration, but as it was written for non-Catholic readers, it cannot well be quoted here.

MANGALORE.—*Gleanings from the Mangalore Mission.*

Under this title the Jesuit Fathers of Mangalore have published the first number of a booklet giving the news of the Mission. The quality, quantity and frequency of the little publication will depend on the co-operation of the Missionaries. Men of the active, zealous type are more ready to make than to write history. Their attitude is quite intelligible, and excusable. When they can find or make a vacant hour, they need rest rather than further labor, even of a literary kind. The work of the Mission is hampered by lack of funds. It is gratifying to note that American charity finds its way even to distant Mangalore. On May 9, Rt. Rev. Paul Perini blessed a Chapel at Kannothe, which was built by an American lady. At her request it was dedicated to St. Cornelius, possibly in memory of her deceased husband. After the ceremony the Superior of the Mission baptized a large number of converts in the new Chapel. That was a happy day for all.

The Fathers have found by experience that the best way to civilize and christianize the natives is to form agricultural settlements. They take waste land and bring it under cultivation. They induce the hill tribes and poorer classes to form a village and to learn agriculture; and very soon the hunters of the jungle become delvers of the field. That is the first step in the process of conversion, and then catechetical instruction comes next. The following paragraph, taken from "*Gleanings*," gives a more detailed account of the work.

"The majority of the converts are from the lowest castes. They are illiterate and poor. Hence the Missionary has to care not only for their spiritual welfare, but also for their social, educational and moral uplift. The programme includes co-operative societies, stores, schools, village industries, etc. But as yet only the work of the schools has been taken in hand on a large scale, and a Supervisor of schools has been appointed. Mgr. Perini has, within the last three years, spent about Rs. 6,000 on the schools for converts. There are now sixteen schools, fourteen of which have been recognized by the Government. In the beginning it was hard to induce the children to attend school. But gradually their fears and prejudices wore away, and they now approach the Missionary with more ease and confidence. Permanent school buildings, furniture and efficient teachers are still our crying needs to ensure better progress and success."

MISSOURI.—*A Golden Jubilee.*

On April 21, 1926, Fr. O'Meara celebrated at Florissant the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood. That is a rare event in the Society for obvious reasons, and it was observed with unusual joy and festivities. The Juniors offered greetings in prose and verse, letters were read from Father General and Archbishop Glennon, Father P. Burke spoke in behalf of the Jubilarian's old pupils, and the Provincial voiced the

sentiments of the entire Province. Of Fr. O'Meara's many pupils, 150 have become priests, including the late Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati. Fifty entered the Society, and over forty have persevered.

Father O'Meara was born Sep. 29, 1845, in Tipperary, Ireland. He was the youngest of ten children, and lost his father at an early age. After the father's death the family moved to Lancashire, England. Here James attended school for five years. Fr. Morron, S. J., took an interest in him and gave him private lessons in Latin. Later he sent him to Stonyhurst College. Here the boy developed such violent headaches that he was obliged to give up studies and return to his home. Naturally, the priest was much disappointed. The holy man was inspired to take the lad to St. Winefred's Well in Wales. There he was completely cured, and the headaches departed never to return.

On Sept. 8, 1863, he entered the Novitiate at Rhoehampton. He had and still has a great esteem for his Master of Novices, Fr. Alfred Weld. Before the end of his Noviceship he responded to the appeal of Fr. De Smet for laborers in the American vineyard. A little group of future apostles reached Florissant in July, 1865, and James O'Meara was among the number. The following September Mr. O'Meara pronounced his first vows. In November he went to Cincinnati to teach. He remained there for two years, and then he returned to St. Louis for Philosophy. In 1870 he went back to Cincinnati and taught there for three years. In 1873 he went to Woodstock for Theology. He had as professors Fr. Romano in Dogma and Fr. Sabetti in Moral. He was ordained April 21, 1876, and hence is now fifty years a priest. Verily hath he received the length of days promised to the just.

In the beginning of May Fr. Claude Pernin went to Europe at the special request of the Executive Committee of the Eucharistic Congress. His object is to interview dignitaries who are coming to the Congress, and to write a series of articles explaining the purpose of the Congress. These articles will be broadcasted by the National Catholic News Service.

*Bishop Murphy of British Honduras.*

Rt. Rev. Joseph Murphy, S. J. went to Rome for the Jubilee Year. On his way back he visited Dundalk, his native town in Ireland. His townsmen called him "Lord" and treated him like a Lord. In spite of his simple ways and his democratic instincts, he must have been often reminded of the landlords whom he knew as a boy. When he was going away, the whole town accompanied him to the railway station. The procession was led by boys bearing torches, followed by a brass band, trade organizations and other societies. The Papal Cadets marched as a guard of honor to his Lordship. Along the route there were bonfires, flags flying and people cheering. He was accompanied by the local clergy.

"When the station entrance was reached the procession divided on either side of the roadway and, as his Lordship's carriage passed through the cordon, Bishop Murphy was heartily cheered. The Hibernian band played 'Auld Lang Syne.' In the course of a short address his Lordship, who was received with great cheering, said he could not sufficiently thank them for that wonderful demonstration. At the same time he felt it was only a fitting climax to a wonderful reception. He did not think that any man ever came to Dundalk with less thought of a celebration like that than himself. His surprise was as great as his delight, and his delight was unbounded. He had found Dundalk changed in bricks and stone, but he was glad to say he had found still unchanged the kind hearts, the big hearts, the noble hearts and the generous hearts who gave him so great a welcome, and who came there that night to bid him farewell. He had seen a

great many places in his time; he had traveled in different lands. He had seen great towns with wonderful progress on every side; and when all was said and done, coming back to Dundalk, he might tell them from the bottom of his heart, 'There is no place like home.' His people across the sea in the Bush—black and red—would be told of the wonderful hospitality and the wonderful reception he had met with in Dundalk. To the priests and people, to the fathers and mothers, to the sons and daughters, to the men, women and children of Dundalk, his heartiest wish was that God might bless them all.

"Only a small number were allowed on the platform, where the Emmet Band played 'The Star Spangled Banner' and other airs. A bugler of the Papal Cadets sounded the salute. Cheers were given as the train left the platform."

NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE—*The Society and Her Martyrs Honored.*

Sunday, May 16th, saw the solemn close of the Triduum held in St. John's Cathedral Parish, Lafayette, Louisiana, in honor of our newly beatified Martyrs of North America. Right Reverend Jules B. Jeanmard, Bishop of the diocese, took advantage of the occasion to add still another proof to the many he had already given, of the esteem and affection in which he holds the Society. He invited our Fathers to take a leading part in the celebration and, needless to say, they were not slow in responding to his kind invitation to pay public homage to their heroic confreres.

Accordingly, Panegyrics were delivered in the Cathedral Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th, by Reverend Fathers M. A. Grace, S. J. and J. M. Salter, S. J., respectively, and the Triduum was impressively brought to a close Sunday by the Solemn High Mass which was celebrated by Father Salter assisted by two of the clergy of the diocese, in the presence of the Right Reverend Bishop.

All the services were very well attended, and the Daily Advertiser of Lafayette pronounced the Triduum an unqualified success.

Reverend Father J. C. Reville, S. J. (formerly associate-editor of the "America"), came up from New Orleans to deliver the panegyric at the High Mass on Sunday. His eloquent words were enthusiastically received and, according to the Advertiser, the sermon was one of the grandest and most impressive ever heard in Lafayette.

The orator insisted again and again on the fact that his hearers of Southern Louisiana were the countrymen and kinsmen of the martyrs who have merited so much glory by their heroic fortitude. He also praised very highly the faith and courage which the forefathers of those present had shown in carrying down from chill Acadia, through so many hardships and vicissitudes, the priceless heritage of the Faith. Pointing out the weapons with which impious men are now assailing the Church, dwelling especially on the persistent efforts entirely to secularize education and on the growing spirit of license in matters moral and religious which is evident no less in Louisiana than elsewhere, Father Reville exhorted his listeners to stand firm by the Faith, to show the same loyalty and heroic devotion to the cause of Christ and His Church as did their gloriously martyred kindred whose triumph they were now celebrating.

After the Mass, the Right Reverend Bishop made a brief address in which he showed his keen appreciation of the work that our Fathers had done and were still doing in the Lafayette diocese. After remarking that he and his people had a special right to commemorate these martyrs who were bound to them both in the country of their birth and in that of their adoption, Bishop Jeanmard continued that there was still another and a weightier reason why the people of Lafayette should take special joy in honoring the glorious martyrs,

Isaac Jogues and his companions. "I wished this Triduum to be celebrated as solemnly as possible," he said, "for I desired that you and I, in the name of the whole diocese, should thereby testify to the Jesuit Fathers our appreciation and gratitude for all that they have done for us during the past three quarters of a century. These holy men came into the diocese more than seventy years ago and they have labored zealously and well in the vast territory that extends from the Atchafalaya River to the Texas Border. They had not then the advantage of railroads and gravel roads, and yet each of them travelled back and forth over an extensive stretch of prairieland, attending to the needs of a numerous and scattered flock. They built churches and chapels wherever they went, and have returned over to me no fewer than twelve parish churches."

"It was their college, too, at Grand Coteau that provided many of our most eminent business and professional men with the education that has stood them in such good stead. Truly, St. Charles College has made its influence felt throughout this part of the State."

"And even now these Fathers are ever willing to lend a helping hand to our diocesan priests when the latter are incapacitated through illness or when, as so often happens, they need assistance in looking after the spiritual welfare of their large congregations. The Jesuits are ever ready to aid us by hearing confessions, saying Masses, giving retreats and missions, and in whatsoever other way they are called upon for help. We of the Cathedral Parish of Lafayette have been the most frequent beneficiaries of their charity and zeal, and I take this opportunity to express my gratitude to them in my own name and in the name of all of you, for all that they have done for us."

The Right Reverend Bishop then concluded by congratulating us upon the glory which our newly beatified martyr-brothers had brought to the Society, and he joined himself and all his parishioners with us in imploring them to obtain for all, clergy and laity, an even greater zeal and still more abundant fruits in God's holy work.

It may be interesting to remark that the Bishop's words in reference to our former pupils have a special significance; for many of them, including and, indeed, especially the Mayor of Lafayette himself, are perfect types of the zealous layman, and their assistance has proved invaluable in many ways, particularly in rounding up men for our annual laymen's retreats.

To conclude in the words of the daily already mentioned; "Twenty-two of the Scholastics from Grand Coteau were present in the sanctuary, and after the Mass chanted the Te Deum, adding a most impressive effect to the ceremony."

MALCOLM MULLEN, S. J.

NEW YORK.—*St. Francis Xavier's.*

*Xavier Alumni Sodality.*—The Sodality held its annual business meeting on the evening of January twenty-first in College Hall of the Hotel Astor. Judge John G. McTigue, president, called the meeting to order. After the preliminaries had been disposed of, appropriate resolutions were adopted on the death of the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., former moderator of the Sodality, and it was proposed that a suitable memorial be established to perpetuate his distinguished name.

A report was made for those committee members who are considering ways and means of carrying on a publicity campaign similar to that of certain Catholic gentlemen in Pittsburg. The report will be submitted to His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, for his approval before final adoption.

At this stage of the proceedings the meeting resolved itself into an informal reception to Judge Joseph T. Ryan, former president of



the Sodality, who was appointed by Governor Smith on January second as Justice of the City Court. Judge Ryan has cheerfully responded to every call in the service of Catholic charitable and social organizations for many years. Besides his splendid services to the Xavier Alumni, he was equally efficient in the Catholic Club, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Catholic Big Brothers, the Knights of Columbus, St. Vincent de Paul Society and Catholic Boys' Club. The sincere assurance of personal esteem extended by Paul T. Kammerer were followed by others, and concluded by Rev. Michael A. Clark, S. J.

The feature of the meeting was an address by John E. O'Brien, secretary of the New York County Lawyers' Association, who spoke on "A Movement to Simplify Law for Present Day Problems." Mr. O'Brien has taken a prominent part in the national organization, which is at present engaged in preparing a report on the codification of the general laws of the United States. His address brought to a close a very interesting meeting.

*Alumni Sodality Communion Breakfast.*—The members of the Xavier Alumni Sodality, having concluded a week's retreat conducted by the Rev. Matthew L. Fortier, S. J., at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, received Holy Communion in a body on Palm Sunday morning. At the conclusion of the Mass and Benediction more than two hundred members sat down to breakfast in the new gymnasium.

The keynote of all the after-breakfast speeches was "Leadership." Judge John C. McTigue first called upon Congressman John J. Boylan to throw some light on the present perplexing Mexican question. Mr. Boylan related his efforts in bringing to the attention of Congress and the Department of State the Mexican Government's expulsion of American citizens. With great precision he presented in turn the attitudes of the two governments, American and Mexican, on the question of religious teachers, the autocratic decrees and confiscations imposed on native Mexicans, the military control of elections, and the similarity of governmental attitude toward religion between Russia and Mexico. Asking "What are you going to do about it?", he explained the Congressional hearing to be held on March thirtieth, and called on the members to take effective action. At the conclusion of his address a resolution was proposed, promising the hearty support of the Xavier Alumni Sodality to the efforts of Mr. Boylan.

Father de Heredia also spoke on the Mexican situation, stressing the need of learned lay leaders for the Mexican people.

Father Simon Tang, a Chinese Jesuit, now making his tertianship at St. Andrew's, gave a vivid account of conditions in his native country.

Father Fortier, in deploring opportunism and the lack of a fixed scale of moral values in modern political life, proposed as a remedy, training for leadership through the Catholic college, supplemented by the development of active sodalities. Speaking of the work of the sodality, he hailed the Xavier Alumni Sodality as the leader, not alone of the United States, but of the world; and expressed the hope that it would inaugurate a new crusade for a Catholic leadership that would take a foremost position in world movements.

The Rev. Michael A. Clark, S. J., moderator of the sodality, further expounded the theme of "Leadership" in his address. Describing the leaders of ancient and modern times, he pointed out the want in the world, never as urgent as at present, of staunch Catholic-leaders.

Before adjournment a resolution was offered, felicitating the Hon. Thomas F. Woodstock, a fellow sodalist, on his confirmation by the United States Senate as member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

*The Passion Play.*—On the Monday evenings of Lent a select cast

presented in the College Theatre, Robert Hugh Benson's Passion Play, commonly known as "The Upper Room." The players, including several college men and women, showed to advantage the excellent training they had received at the able hands of Fathr Raines. To the latter's energy and zeal is due the production, which takes the form of a benefit for the Sanctuary Society. An unusual and attractive feature of the play was the singing by the Boys' Choir of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, under the direction of Rev. Martin Scott, S. J.

*Parochial School.*—An important meeting was held during April to discuss ways and means of making the coming Diamond Jubilee of the school a great success. Father Harmon presided at the meeting, which many interested graduates and friends attended. A Publicity Committee is already at work, with the great problem on their hands of locating many who have long since left the parish.

*High School.*—Society for the Propagation of the Faith.—At the suggestion of Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell, Secretary of the archdiocesan branch, a centre was established at the high school last December. Although less than half of the students were enrolled during the first month, the growth of the Society has been steady. In March 763 boys had become members. The branch at Xavier is conducted by Father Louis Wheeler, Student Counsellor, who has appointed promoters of the activity for each class. This systematic organization has brought the offerings for four months to the total of \$181.70. The interest of the boys has been stimulated by the following letter received from the archdiocesan secretary.

Dear Father Wheeler:

It gives me great pleasure to write and thank you and the students of the Xavier High School for the splendid missionary spirit manifested at Xavier.

It is indeed most consoling to the heart of His Eminence, our Cardinal Archbishop, and also to His Lordship, Bishop Dunn, to know that the students of Xavier High School are co-operating in this most laudable work; i. e., helping our missionary priests and sisters to carry the tidings of our Blessed Lord to the most distant parts of His vineyard.

We are sure that the sacrifice made by the students in their contributions to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and also the daily recitation of the missionary prayer are not only going to bring the individual student many blessings, but that the Great Missioner Himself will shower a hundredfold of blessings upon the entire school.

We do hope that the promoters whom you have appointed will take a deep interest in this work, and make your efforts easier by assisting you in every possible way. Your slogan is a most timely one, and I ask the students to keep always before them the following motto of Xavier High School in the work of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith: "Every boy in every class a member of the Society."

Praying God to bless you and the student body, with my very best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours in Christ,

THOMAS J. McDONNELL.

*Christmas Cheer.*—Under the auspices of the Sodality, thirty-three boys practised Christmas Carols for several weeks, and went over to St. Vincent's Hospital to entertain the sick. The carols were sung in the various corridors, much to the joy and gratification of the sick and attendants. After visiting all the floors in each building, the boys repaired to the gallery of the chapel. There, for the benefit of the sisters relieved from duty by the Reverend Superioress, a program

was put on, consisting of carols, readings from the Gospels, and recitation of Christmas poems. Father Michael Clark, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, gave the Benediction. A pleasant surprise was in store for the boys, when they were invited to the dining-room for refreshments of hot chocolate, ice cream and cake.

*Jesuit Mothers Guild.*—On the evening of Monday, March the twenty-ninth, a special meeting was held at the college. The number of those in attendance was close on to two hundred. After a short preliminary business meeting in the interest of the Card Medley and Reception, the Rev. William Duane, President of Fordham University, addressed the gathering. His topic was, "The Mother of a Jesuit." Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought to a close this unique and successful meeting.

The Card Medley and Reception of the Guild was held in the Grand Ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria, on Wednesday evening, April twenty-first. So large was the attendance that it was necessary to make use of the Astor Gallery as well. Three hundred and fifty tables accomodating fourteen hundred players were arranged in the Grand Ball-room. In the Astor Room a reception was had for another thousand people; while as many more looked on as interested spectators. Great praise is due to Mrs. Francis Cashman, president of the Guild, for the success of the Reception. She was ably assisted by Mrs. James McGinley, vice-president of the Guild and chairlady of the committee on prizes; Mrs. Francis Brennan, chairlady of the committee on tickets; Mrs. William J. Griffith, recording secretary; Mrs. Daniel Quinn, financial secretary; and Mrs. Thomas Cannon, treasurer.

#### *St. Ignatius Loyola*

*The Novena of Grace.*—The increasing interest and devotion shown by the people towards the Novena of Grace points to very great possibilities for the good of souls in the future. Last March there was an attendance of over eight thousand people every day during the five services throughout the Novena. Besides the large number of parishioners who come to the Novena, people flock to the church from all parts of Manhattan and Greater New York and from Long Island. The noon service was exceptionally well attended in a parish that is almost entirely residential. The services were held at eleven forty-five, four o'clock, at five-thirty, seven-thirty and eight-thirty in the evening. To preserve the first class relic of St. Francis Xavier and to help the devotion of the people when it is exposed during the Novena, one of our parishioners is having a beautifully wrought bronze reliquary in the form of an angel made in Spain. It is about three feet high and is seen as if lifted above the earth dispensing graces upon the people through St. Francis Xavier's intercession. A sort of pyxis partly concealed by the veiled hands of the angel reveals the relic of the saint, which is the center of a finely wrought receptacle resting in the hands of the angel.

*The Sunday Masses.*—Although St. Ignatius' rarely announces special sermons and services in the diocesan paper, the Sunday Masses have been very well attended during the past year. The average number is nearly eight thousand souls every Sunday. The Fathers minister to a well filled church at all but the very early Mass. At the High Mass, which always includes a special sermon, the church is filled to its capacity, except after late May and during the summer months, when many of the parishioners are in the country. This good attendance and devotedness is all the more remarkable because many of the parishioners have the opportunity of attending low Mass at eleven o'clock in one or two churches on the other side of Central Park, during which no sermon is preached.

*First Friday and Holy Hour.*—The First Friday and Holy Hour devotions are attended with remarkable fervor, the church being nearly always filled for the Holy Hour, and of course crowded for the evening devotions on First Friday. The number of Communions on First Friday averages above three thousand. A generous benefactor has donated a rich lace dossal for the baldachino which enshrines the monstrance during Exposition. This new dossal is made up of a background of golden brocade, on which is mounted a long panel of Duchesse lace with insertions and edging of point, the whole ornamented on top with looped silken cord and tassels. The lace alone is valued at about three thousand dollars. To be placed under the monstrance another large piece of Duchesse lace has been provided, and for the little throne before the tabernacle, a very beautiful piece of point lace. To bring out the full effectiveness of this setting, a uniform flower scheme adopted at the Forty Hours has now become a custom for the First Fridays. So from the lace in the baldachino down to and including the very beautiful antependium of Belgian lace for the altar, a fitting and appropriate adornment for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament has been provided for days of Exposition.

*St. Aloysius Shrine.*—In preparation for the duo-centenary of the canonization of St. Aloysius, which will be celebrated in November at St. Ignatius; and to keep the devotion of the six Sundays before the minds of the people, the beautiful shrine in the upper church of St. Aloysius, St. John Berchmans and St. Stanislaus will be specially illumined with a new set of electric lights.

*Canisius Shrine.*—The canonization of Blessed Peter Canisius and the devotion of the people for the new saint have resulted in a gift shrine to be built in the lower church near the Pieta shrine.

*Sanctuary Society.*—It has often been remarked that St. Ignatius has one of the best organized and devoted body of altar boys in New York. During the past year an even better spirit and greater fidelity to the altar were shown. This is due in great measure to Mr. David Sheehan's devotedness and zeal for the sanctuary. The total number of altar boys here is one hundred and six. Of these thirty-two attend or serve daily Mass, fifty-eight altar boys serve Mass, and the rest are either in training or serve High Mass and Benediction only as torch bearers or in some such capacity. At Solemn High Mass as many as eighty-six boys serve in the sanctuary, while at the ordinary High Mass that number is decreased only by sixteen. But the reason for edification is to be found in something more than in numbers.

The altar boys are of course all faithful and frequent communicants. A spirit of union and good companionship is fostered among them in the court-yard and in the meeting room, where books and magazines are provided for them. A clear understanding is had with the parents about what will be expected of St. Ignatius' altar boys, and good co-operation at home is the result. In the solemn services, while the order in the lines lacks the stiffness common in some churches, the boys know how to move about gracefully, and how to take cues from the "leader" of the line without even the appearance of a parade drill. Mr. Sheehan has found the use of a monthly Roll of Honor helpful in holding continued interest among the altar boys, and in helping to make them more faithful to duty. No boy's name appears on the Roll of Honor who absents himself from more than two services during the month. The youngsters preparing to serve Mass are trained by some of the more experienced altar boys themselves, and their ability to recite the Latin is judged by several Scholastics.

*Regis High School.*—On April 16th, Mr. C. G. Leland, Superintendent of Libraries of the State of New York, visited our school for the inspection of the library. The result of his visit was a favorable

letter sent to the State Board at Albany, recommending our library as of sufficient high standing to receive a State Certificate.

PHILADELPHIA.—*St. Joseph's College*

*Celebration in honor of St. Peter Canisius and the North American Martyrs.*—Unusual pomp and splendor marked the joint celebration of the canonization of St. Peter Canisius and the beatification of the North American Martyrs in our church of the Gesu. His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty opened the Solemn Triduum with a Pontifical High Mass, of which he was celebrant, on Sunday April 25th. The Mass was preceded by an impressive procession, in which the Cardinal, many Monsignori, the secular and regular clergy, and all the members of the College faculty participated. The famed Gesu altarboys, 70 in all, were decked out in their finest white cassocks and rich red sashes and headed the procession. As this imposing body moved up the aisle towards the richly decorated and spacious sanctuary, the vested choir, augmented for the occasion, moved in the opposite direction towards the Choir, amid the strains of the "Ecce Sacerdos."

During the Mass, the clergy were seated in the Sanctuary, thus lending color and dignity to the rich service in progress. Rev. Charles Lyons, S. J., President of Georgetown University, preached an eloquent and scholarly panegyric of St. Peter Canisius, the first Doctor of the Society.

In the evening, another beautiful procession was followed by a Solemn Benediction. At this service Fr. Michael Ahern, S. J., of the College faculty started a trilogy of sermons on the three theological virtues, in which he eulogized the American Martyrs as bearers of the torchlight of Faith and exemplified that virtue in their lives.

Pontifical High Mass was again celebrated on the two remaining mornings of the Triduum. On Monday by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCourt of the Altoona diocese and on Tuesday by the Rt. Rev. Phillip McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg. Fr. Edward Farrell S. J. of the College faculty preached at both these services, of which the first, on Monday, was intended for the children of the Gesu parochial school. The Mass on Tuesday was attended by the entire student body of St. Joseph's College and High School. In his sermon on this occasion, Fr. Farrell reviewed the life of Bl. Isaac Jogues and pointed out the sacrifices of the martyr's life, urging those boys, who felt the call to the priesthood, to the same spirit of courage and self-sacrifice in following their vocation.

On Monday evening the Very Rev. Laurence J. Kelly S. J. Provincial of the Md.-N. Y. Province, was celebrant of Solemn Benediction, assisted by members of the secular clergy. Fr. Ahern's second sermon dealt with the virtue of Hope as exemplified in the lives of the Canadian Martyrs. Following the service and procession, an illustrated lecture on the life and labors of St. Peter Canisius S. J. was given in the College Auditorium by Mr. Hugh J. Bihler S. J. of the High School. Practically all the Faithful, in attendance at the services, showed their interest in our great Saint's life by coming to the lecture.

On Tuesday evening the services began with another procession followed by benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, of which the Rt. Rev. Michael Crane, Auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia, was celebrant. Fr. Ahern concluded with a sermon on Charity, and outlined the practice of this virtue in the life of St. Peter Canisius. Thus was concluded one of the finest ecclesiastical celebrations ever held in this city. All, including the Cardinal, were deeply impressed with the celebration and manifested real interest in the lives of our new Saint and of the Martyrs.

Following the Pontifical High Mass on Sunday, His Eminence the Cardinal and the clergy were entertained at a banquet in the Community refectory. Invitations had been extended to the leading members of the parishes of Philadelphia and their pastors for the Sunday ceremony, and all the services, except two, were entirely conducted by members of the diocesan clergy and other religious orders.

In conclusion, it should be stated that Cardinal Dougherty attended the canonization of St. Peter Canisius in Rome: and in an audience with the Holy Father, the latter spoke glowingly of St. Peter Canisius, stating that many had been raised to the dignity of Doctor of the Church for much less than St. Peter Canisius had done. His Eminence presented Rev. Fr. Rector with a beautiful relic of St. Peter.

His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, has requested the Rev. Albert G. Brown S. J., Rector of St. Joseph's College, to become promoter of the cult of St. Aloysius in the archdiocese, in accordance with the Holy Father's wish in this matter. Rev. Fr. Rector has communicated with all the pastors and principals of Schools, and sent out pamphlets explaining the Six Sunday's Devotion in honor of the Saint.

It is planned to conduct a Retreat for all the High School and College men of the city in our Church of the Gesu, followed by a General Communion on Memorial Day, Monday May 31st. If successful, this will become an annual affair. There are retreats for men and women, for Societies and Sodalties, but, except for our own Jesuit boys, the boys and girls of High School age are neglected just when they are most plastic for the reception of high ideals. May this movement spread.

*The Chrysostom Greek Academy.*—The Chrysostom Greek Academy was organized in October 1925, among the Freshman at St. Joseph's College, for the purpose of studying extra-curriculum Greek outside of class time. There were several reasons for this. First, the inspiring example of Boston College the preceding year had shown that the Academy could be made interesting to the whole college; then some visible demonstration was needed for those students who, after studying Greek in High School, were glad to drop it upon entering college; finally it exercised the superior talent in the class. The Moderator was Mr. Horace B. McKenna, S. J.

Plato's *Crito* was chosen as the first work to be studied. It was like the *Apology*, hence somewhat familiar to Freshmen, yet it was not good stage matter. The first semi-public session was held on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1926, in a large lecture room after class time. The audience consisted of about ten members of the College and High School faculty, about thirty or forty students, and some visitors from city High Schools. The special examiners were Mr. James A. McDonald, M. A., of the Roman Catholic High School, and Mr. Henry J. Anderson, S. J., of St. Joseph's College High School. The single Expositor, Joseph I. McCullough, translated about two hundred lines of the piece, explained circumstances, etc., and the arguments which Socrates imagines the personified Laws would present to him if he were to run away from prison. Two other academicians delivered Socrates's protestation of obedience to the Gods, taken from the 17th Chapter of the *Apology*, one in English, the other in Greek.

The *Medea* of Euripides was studied during the second semester, and was ready to be submitted for examination by May 5th. Every effort was made at this public session to win not so much the tolerance as the interest of the audience. The hour was fixed at eleven o'clock. The argument of the *Medea* was printed on the program for the benefit of the uninitiated. And through the generosity of Fr. W. Colman Nevils, Professor of Rhetoric at Shadowbrook, interesting

slides were obtained for an illustrated talk on the Theatre of Dionysus. By the kind permission of the Dean, Fr. James A. Mullen, S. J. and the Principal, Fr. Henry J. Wiesel, S. J., and the co-operation of the teachers, eight College and upper High School classes, in all over two hundred boys, were allowed to be present. Besides members of our own faculty, Rev. James O. Patterson, professor at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, attended. The two special examiners were Professor Arthur W. Howes, of Central High School, for many years an officer in the Philadelphia Classical Society, and Mr. Neil J. Twombly, S. J., of St. Joseph's College. The two boys underwent the examination, one might say, not with honors but with distinction. They would translate ten, twenty or thirty lines here and there throughout the play, with some attempt at elocution, then would fluently discuss them, usually to the satisfaction of the examiner.

The lecture on the Attic Theatre delivered by a third academician gave a setting for the Medea and roused the interest of those whom the exposition itself might have bored. The quiet maintained by the boys throughout the exhibition was the best indication of its real interest. It received favorable notice in the Philadelphia Record and in the diocesan Catholic Standard and Times. One marked result of the year's work was that the academicians developed almost a youthful mastery of Greek. Towards the end they would recite 100 or 150 lines with scarcely a halt. It is hoped, too, that the enrollment in the full classical course will increase next year, and this could be attributed in some measure to the Academy.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—*Manila: Observatory.*

After almost thirty years of splendid service in the observatory, Father Jose Algue has been forced by failing health to submit his resignation. This has been accepted by the Insular Government, and Father Selga has been appointed to succeed him. During most of his long stay here, Father Algue was Director of the Weather Bureau. Heavy responsibility has been constantly his, but his too is chiefly the glory which that highly-efficient Bureau has gained, locally and internationally, during this long span. The following editorial from the December *Journal* of the American Chamber of Commerce of Manila is typical of what public men think of this really great Jesuit scientist:

"Father Jose Algue, S. J., director of the weather bureau, has submitted his resignation. Because of his venerable age and the too arduous exactions of his duties the resignation has been accepted in accordance with his desire. It is meet to take notice of the event; it is meet to refer at this time to the career in the realm of physical science which Father Algue is rounding out; it is meet even to refer briefly to the "S. J." part of it, what this abbreviation signifies. It means, of course, the Society of Jesus; but it signifies a novitiate of not less than fourteen years in the sphere of higher learning, and, after that, life-long devotion of scholarship to the cause of the Faith in its most exalted and broadest conception—as the devotees believe this to be.

"In the physical sciences no group of men has done more than the Jesuits, none has done nearly so much in these islands. Father Algue's great work was his studies of the science of tropical storms. He brought these studies to such perfection that navigation in the dangerous inland waters of the Philippines is safe at all times of the year, because timely warning is given of the direction and proximity of typhoons, while the barocyclonometer—Algue's improvement of Faura's barometer—foretells the intensity and force of the storm which will soon trouble the sea-lanes. Ships hover in harbor or boldly strike to

sea, advised to anchor or sail by the accurate forecasts; and lives and property are consequently secure.

"This is Jesuit work, Father Algue's work, the acme of four centuries of research in physical science, at the beginning of which one sees the maps of the Archipelago made by Father Pedro Murillo y Velarde, S. J., of which the original plate may be seen in the Philippine Library, thanks to Dr. Robertson, former librarian.

"The weather bureau was established in 1865, by Father F. Faura, after whom the street is named, and by Father Nonell and Father Ricart, all instructors in physical science in the Ateneo. From Georgetown University, Father Algue came to Manila in 1896 to assist Father Faura. Meantime Father Coronas pursued his studies of seismology at the bureau, where he is still a venerable figure immersed in the wonders of research. Father Faura died at the time of the revolution, and Father Algue succeeded him in office, to be succeeded now by Father Selga, the younger man coming on. Among the Jesuits there is always the younger man; projects never falter for want of men; there is no lapse of ability. One need not be a Catholic, nor are we such, to appreciate the virtues of devoted men. If one be a Catholic, his feeling may be warmer but not more analytical. Father Algue leaves the stage gracefully, with ample achievements to his honor. He merits the homage of the community.

"They now have the observatory at Shanghai and the one at Manila, which is the weather bureau for the Philippine government. Really the name bemeans the work. For instance, Father Saderra is right now making a study of the earthquake which occurred at Dumaguete May 6 last. Studies of rainfall are being made in Negros and Mindanao particularly, where the knowledge is essential to established and prospective plantations. Fifty weather stations throughout the islands report daily by telegraph; more than 200 report regularly by mail; in the bureau on *calle* Padre Faura all these data are scientifically compiled.

"Such is the organization Father Algue effected. But the outline is too meager to do it justice. His papers appear in the Philippine Census, both for 1903 and 1918, but he has written of typhoons, in a manner the laymen can comprehend and appreciate, in his manuscript, *El Archipelago Filipino*, published by the bureau of printing in Washington soon after the American occupation, for the historical, geographical and other scientific information it contained on the Philippines. The personal satisfaction of necessary work well done, of talents well employed for the general welfare, must be Father Algue's main reward. He can have no public acclaim: the memory of mankind is briefer than a generation, but among his fellows in science, Jesuits and non-Jesuits, his name will be remembered with his achievements."

*Ateneo de Manila.*—Commencement was held on March 15, and this year saw 8 graduates from the Four Year A. B. course, 15 from the Pre-medical and Pre-Law courses, 15 with certificate of Sugar Chemist, 65 from High School, and 75 from Grade School. As the readers of the *Woodstock Letters* may remember, the four years Liberal Arts course is almost a dead letter in the Philippines, so our graduation of eight is a triumph.

This year saw the rebirth of Greek, on a small scale, with the formation of a holiday Academy among Third High boys, under the direction of Father John Mullan, S. J. Years ago Greek was taught in the Ateneo. But with modern changes, it has been found hard enough to teach Latin. For no school in the country includes even that as a compulsory subject, excepting the Ateneo and the seminaries for priests. So the interest of the boys in this purely optional work in



Greek has been most gratifying. The Academy meets on Thursday and Sunday mornings, with nine enthusiastic members.

Linked with this effort to give genuine Liberal education, however, is our determination to adapt our courses to the peculiar needs of the Philippines. Proof of this was seen in June, when the course in Sugar Factory Control was announced, under the direction of Father Richard Schmitt. The beginnings were attended with heavy labor, since all the apparatus, instruments and supplies had to be ordered from the States. Despite the shipping involved, nothing was left undone to acquire the very best equipment. A Schmidt and Haensch Polaroscope or Saccharimeter was obtained, as the first investment, and a special booth installed in the laboratory to house it. Electric Hot-Plates, an Electric Oven, Analytical Balances, and numerous other pieces of equipment were set up, with the result that a pamphlet announcing proximately the course was seen from the press in October.

The purpose of the course was set forth: "to give the student an understanding of the various chemical processes and methods employed in the Sugar Centrals to extract the sugar grain from the cane." It undertakes "to investigate the chemical technology of sugar extraction in the processes of milling, clarification, filtration, evaporation, boiling in vacuo." etc., until the cane of the field is grain in the warehouse. Since the objective is nothing less than a preparation of the student for the responsibilities of Central Assistant Chemist, strict prerequisites were demanded from all entrants, namely a year of Inorganic Chemistry, at least a semester of Organic Chemistry, and a year of Physics or Biology. The class was limited to twenty with a host of applicants turned away.

The lectures began on November 3, just about the time when the mill wheels all over the Islands start grinding. Work so far has been very encouraging. Sugar Technologists of note have been engaged to lecture on particular phases of the investigation, and on December 3 a visit was made to the huge Calamba Sugar Factory, about fifty miles southwest of Manila, to see the practical workings of Sugar Factory Control. The course, which it is believed was never before given in a Jesuit school, has attracted very favorable attention. To date, no other school in the country is giving a graduate course of this nature, whose aim is to overcome the scientific difficulties that are retarding the basic Philippine industry of Sugar-raising.

Just before Christmas, from December 11 to 17, the second Christmas package drive was successfully run by the Ateneo Catholic Instruction League, a section of Our Lady's Sodality. All students of the school were asked to bring at least one package of one or more presents to be given to the little children in the catechetical centres of the Instruction League. At the same time a personal appeal was sent to nearly a thousand persons in and around Manila, asking for clothing, foodstuffs such as rice, canned goods, candy, religious articles, toys, jewelry, and anything *new* and serviceable. Nearly 5000 presents valued at about 2000 pesos were received, and in addition 168 pesos in cash. Letters of thanks were sent the known donors. In this way more than 2000 children were made happy at our various catechetical centres, and likewise hundreds in the various hospitals.

The battle for victory in this Drive was nip and tuck between the classes, especially between Seventh Grade C of the Grade School and First Year A of the High School. One little fellow of First A, with one or two companions, went out in a hired automobile, when the centest grew close, and begged new cloth from practically every vendor in one of the big city markets, coming back with three big stacks of new garments. Each class waited with a reserve stock to

pile in at the last moment, but First A proved the better calculators, bringing in enough to top their rivals just at the last moment.

Under the direction of Father Roth, the Sodalists of the Hospital Section visited the lepers of San Lazaro on December 23, and cheered the hearts of the poor outcasts with fruit and cigarettes. The next morning they passed onto San Juan Heights, and repeated the same errand of mercy at Santol Tuberculosis Sanitorium, and in the afternoon visited the two big city hospitals, San Pablo and San Juan de Dios.

During the Christmas vacations, Fathers O'Brien and McNeal assisted in the work at the First Catholic Students' Conference in Baguio. With 165 delegates present from various colleges, the Conference was considered a success. This is its first year, and it has to compete with the thoroughly organized Y. M. C. A. conference, that has been held for many years past.

In the same season, Father Avery, O'Hara, and Geisel travelled south to Alby to give there open-air illustrated lectures on sacred subjects. The Municipal and Church plazas were used for this purpose, and a total of 5000 persons were addressed in five different gatherings.

In January, Father Guthrie's thespians produced Gilbert and Sullivan's musical comedy, the Mikado, in two performances. The great novelty of the setting,—something entirely new in Manila dramatics,—and the excellent acting and singing delighted the audiences. During the same month, a high tribute was paid to Ateneo debating, when Santo Tomas University, the only Catholic university in the country, formed the first debating team in its history. Three of the four chosen to represent them were former debating stars of our school.

In both athletics and military drill, a bright year has been recorded. In athletics, apart from the usual basketball and track, a baseball team was formed for the first time, and met with considerable success, while soccer football was revived with fine teams in both Varsity and Midget divisions. Although the championship was gained in neither division, a number of impressive victories were scored against the strong veteran combinations of other schools, and prospects for the future are very bright.

SEATTLE, WASH.—*Letter from Fr. James Daly.*

We are now at the end of our railroading and are ready to go down to the sea on the morrow. We arrived at seven o'clock this morning on schedule time. We were met at the station by members of the Seattle College community, and driven to the College for Mass and Holy Communion. Tonight five of our members are sleeping at Seattle College, four here at St. Joseph's and three at the Immaculate. Both of these residences are quite close to the College. Fr. Boland, the Rector of Seattle, made this arrangement for us, as there was no room enough for all at the College. Saturday and Sunday we shared the hospitality of Gonzaga.

The same generous, hearty welcome and true Ignatian spirit have been shown us in every Jesuit community in which we have stopped. Crowds were waiting at the station, and in most cases Father Rector himself was there to welcome us. Delightful sight-seeing trips had been pre-arranged for us, well-provided rooms were placed at our disposal, and every attention shown us that our stay might be pleasant and profitable. That loving and constant solicitude made us feel as much at home everywhere as if we were in our own Province. We are deeply and duly grateful, and are anxious for a chance to return the hospitality extended to us by the Jesuit communities of the West.

St. Joseph's Rectory,

June 14, 1926.

WASHINGTON—*Father Wynne honored on his Golden Jubilee.*

An eloquent and deserved tribute was paid by the Right Rev. Bishop Thomas J. Shahan of the Catholic University of America when he formally announced the conferring of the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology upon the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., at the annual commencement of the University Wednesday.

The degree was bestowed upon Father Wynne by Archbishop Curley on the occasion of the noted Jesuit's fiftieth anniversary into the Society of Jesus, in the presence of the graduating and student body of the University and a large number of visitors, including members of the Congressional delegation from New York.

In announcing the degree, Bishop Shahan said:

"Fifty years ago a young ecclesiastic of New York entered the Society of Jesus, with the purpose of promoting the honor and glory of God as far as his abilities and opportunities permitted.

"This young man, John Joseph Wynne, is with us today, and all who have followed his priestly career will agree that he has realized in no small degree the holy device of the great order to which he promised loyalty and service. In these five decades he has ministered blamelessly in the sanctuary and school, in the pulpit and on the platform, in the confessional and in the sick room, in every service of counsel and comfort and direction, and in every way that could round out the fulfillment of the vow which he took in his heart that July morning in 1876.

"In all these years Father Wynne has been an outstanding apologist of our Catholic faith and life. His name has become a household word wherever the interests of our holy religion called for clear and honest statement or for courageous defence. This soldier of the faith has stood guard at his post a whole lifetime without flinching or complaining, rather with all the joy and hope that becomes a genuine servant of Jesus Christ.

"In the field of devotional theology and literary apologetics Father Wynne did yeoman service as editor for many years of the *'Messenger of the Sacred Heart'* and later as founder of *'America.'* He has carried through with exemplary devotion the canonization of the Jesuit martyrs of North America, and has deserved the honor of writing a living and delightful work on that glorious episode of American Catholic life.

"His devotion to the Holy See prompted him to publish for the English-speaking world that most useful work, *'The Great Encyclicals of Leo the Thirteenth'*, which keeps forever at hand the timely guidance of that great master mind amid the intellectual confusion of our day. His Catholic heart, however, and his truly versatile genius needed the broad province of the *'Catholic Encyclopedia'* for the fullest display of his zeal and knowledge. His natural gifts of administration and guidance shone in the conduct of an enterprise that was at once new and immense, difficult and perilous, being an exhibit of all Catholic life and thought in the pitiless sunlight of worldwide publicity and in an age of secular hostility and intolerance, largely owing, it is true, to ignorance and misapprehension of the true letter and the real spirit of the Catholic Church.

"Of this great work, in sixteen large quarto volumes, it is quite unnecessary to speak, seeing that it has found its way the world over into countless homes, libraries, newspaper offices, schools, colleges and universities, in a word, wherever some Catholic light ought to shine in the vast penumbra of modern religious helplessness.

"Suffice it so say that, humanly speaking, this enterprise might still be a hope were it not for all the courage and knowledge, all the scholarly virtues that Father Wynne brought to this task of ten years.

He was truly the soul of the enterprise, the good heart and the broad mind in which his co-laborers could always meet with confidence and joy. He has lived to see nearly one hundred thousand copies of this useful work distributed wherever the English tongue is spoken. It is really a popular presentation of all Catholic theology, clear, exact, reliable and sympathetic in spirit and diction, written with one eye on the Gospel, the Church and the Pope, and another eye on the vast world of our own language and all its implications.

"Such a task, successfully done, implies all the virtues of a teacher of high rank in every branch of Catholic theology; also of singular skill in statement of the truth and in answering difficulties and misapprehensions, not to speak of slander, abuse and calumny.

"The Catholic University of America, therefore, feels amply justified in asking Father Wynne to take a place among its Doctors of Theology, and to honor us by his acceptance. May he be long with us to encourage us by his zeal, to instruct us by his education, and to edify us by that priestly life which his own great city has so long known and admired."

*The Baltimore Catholic Review.*

HOME NEWS.—Ordinations.



Jesus Amozurrutia	William J. Hoar
Wallace A. Austin	Joseph F. Howard
Richard J. Barter	Joseph P. Kelly
T. Joseph Brown	John W. Laux
Harold J. Buckley	Charles E. Leahy
John M. A. Butcher	Hayne R. Martin
Thomas P. Butler	Stephen F. McNamee
William A. Carey	Raymond J. McWilliams
Daniel A. Creed	Daniel P. Meagher
Francis J. Dolan	James T. Mulligan
William E. Donnelly	Harold Mulqueen
Fred J. Donovan	Richard D. Needham
James F. Donovan	Joseph T. O'Brien
Francis X. Dougherty	Leo H. O'Hare
John J. Dwyer	John F. O'Hurley
James M. Duff	Timothy J. Phelan
Frederick R. Frohnoefer	J. Joseph Reilly
Robert I. Gannon	Joseph Reith
Aloysius G. de Garcia	Curtis J. Sharp
F. X. Garcia de Quevedo	George J. Shiple
John E. Grattan	Edward M. Sullivan
Joseph F. Haitz	James P. Sweeney
James B. Henry	Aloysius S. Travers
Patrick J. Higgins	Gerald G. Walsh
Patrick H. Yancey	



ORDAINED TO THE PRIESTHOOD  
IN THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

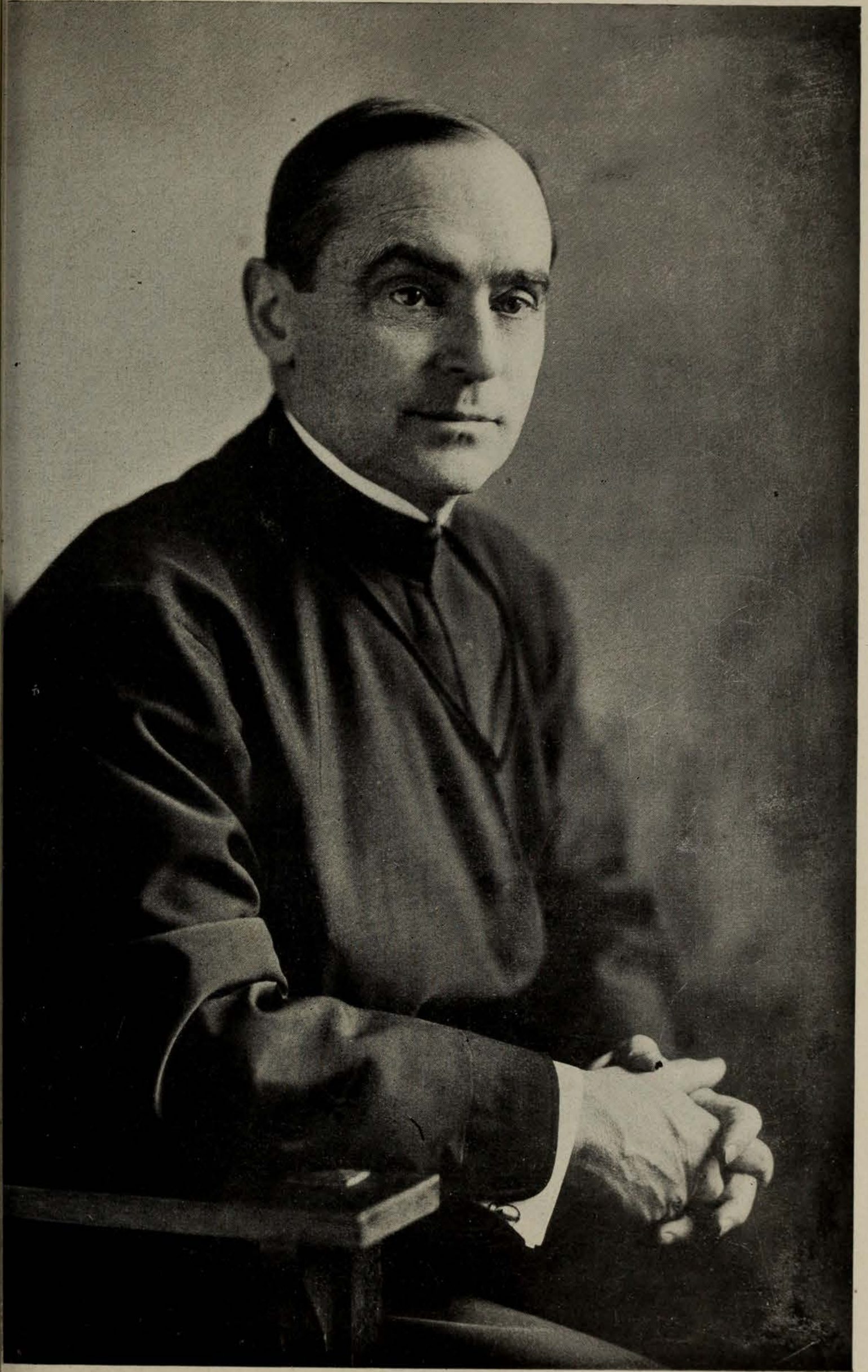
BY

HIS GRACE, THE MOST REVEREND  
MICHAEL J. CURLEY, D. D.

ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, WOODSTOCK, MD.

JUNE 14, 1926



REV. ALPHONSUS J. DONLON, S. J.  
PRESIDENT OF GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, 1912--1918