

A. M. D. G.

THE
WOODSTOCK LETTERS
A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED
WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS

VOL. LXXVI



219

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1947

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Very Rev. John Baptist Janssens

27th General of the Society of Jesus

Elected Sept. 15, 1946

**Fr. V. A. McCormick (right), American Assistant,
was twelfth Editor of the LETTERS, 1926-1927**

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. LXXVI, No. 1

MARCH, 1947



DIAMOND JUBILEE LETTERS

With the present issue, THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS embarks upon its fourth quarter-century of continuous publication. Seventy-five completed years is a ripe age, for magazine or man, and when they have been years full of effort for God we recognize them gratefully as something holy.

Almost a whole lifetime ago, Father Matthew Russell, Ireland's gifted poet-priest and editor of the *Irish Monthly*, enshrined in verse the Silver Jubilee of these LETTERS. In the poet's warm words, their pages were "these revealings of heroic hearts," whose "blessed mission" was as wide and deep as the charity which binds the Society into a close brotherhood for Christ and His Kingdom. We feel that our chronicle through the years has continued to be a revealing of heroic hearts. And we are deeply grateful to God for the graces which have made possible so many years of effort in service to that charity which makes our Society one.

We are grateful, too, for the many appreciative and encouraging letters which have lent warmth and inspiration to this occasion of our Diamond Jubilee. They are consoling testimony to the depth of that charity which THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS exists only to serve.

Twenty-five years ago Very Rev. Fr. Vladimir Ledochowski was generous enough to compare THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS, on the advent of its Golden Jubilee, to the Annual Letters which, "in the old Society, nourished a noble *esprit de corps* by circulating among the members news of the virtues and achievements of their brethren." That very *esprit de corps* now speaks, in the charity of the congratulatory letters which our present anniversary has brought, to strengthen the hands with which we would serve it. In the hope that our readers and contributors may share our joy in these messages, we are presenting some of them here.

* * * * *

FROM VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL

ROME

HIS PATERNITY RECALLING SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS
APOSTOLATE RESEARCH CONTRIBUTING TO HISTORY
UNIVERSAL CHARITY UNION FOR GOOD OF SOCIETY
GLORY OF GOD FELICITATES ENCOURAGES BLESSES
WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

McCORMICK

* * * * *

FROM FATHER DE BOYNES, AS VICAR GENERAL

Rome, May 7, 1946

Dear Father Editor: P.C.

The March issue of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS tells of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of your esteemed publication and outlines the plans you have formulated for its reorganization.

It was the mind of St. Ignatius that the members, not only of a given Province or Assistancy, but of the Society as a whole, should be closely united in the bonds of strong fraternal affection. To aid in securing this, he urged frequent correspondence and inaugurated that interchange of letters which is so characteristic of the Society and has meant so much for her history.

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS have carried out the intention of Our Holy Founder with marked success, not

only in the American Assistancy, where they have become a household word, but throughout the Society, where they have always been highly regarded.

Gladly therefore do I take this occasion to acknowledge our indebtedness to the editors and contributors, past and present, who by their labors have made the issuance of THE LETTERS possible during three quarters of a century. Great too and gratefully recognized is the debt we owe the Coadjutor Brothers who in print-shop and bindery, often under trying conditions have succeeded in producing so excellent a volume over these many years, whereas craftsmen inspired by a less worthy motive would long since have given up in despair.

Many excellent features are proposed in your plans, which will make THE LETTERS still more interesting. Ours surely will not need to be exhorted to assist you in their realization by making frequent and timely contributions.

May God bless the future of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS as He has blessed the past.

I commend myself to Your Reverence's holy Sacrifices and prayers.

Your Reverence's servant in Christ

N. DE BOYNES, S.J.

Vicar General

* * * * *

PROVINCE OF MARYLAND

Provincial's Residence

Reverend and dear Father Editor: P.C.

My first official letter as Provincial is one that is especially pleasant for me to write. It is almost seventy-five years to the day, 31 January, 1872, to be precise, since the first copy of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS was issued. In the name of the Maryland Province I salute that blessed event. To the present

Editor, the Rev. Joseph Bluett, S.J. and to his associates, I present my sincere congratulations on the Diamond Jubilee of their publication. Nor at this time of thanksgiving to God for the glorious good accomplished for his greater glory by THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS, should we be unmindful of that long line of editors and associates who so quietly spent hidden hours of service to their King in the apostolate of the pen and the press.

When THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS were founded the College itself was a sturdy infant just over two years of age. Faculty and students were truly cosmopolitan. Naturally many Jesuits on the apostolic battle-fronts around the world wished to exchange greetings and news with the members of their province at Woodstock. Gradually the College became a clearing-house of world-wide information on Jesuit activity. This multi-province community was a fertile soil for the planting and nurturing of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS under the efficient yet kindly hand of Father de Augustinis. The more remote yet warm blessing of Father Joseph Keller, first as Provincial of Maryland, and then more intimately as Rector of Woodstock, was ever a source of encouragement to the several scholastics who did the actual work of composition and type-setting only during their hours of recreation. In this humble setting THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS were born. But what a precious chronicle of the Society's achievements around the world, what a bountiful fountain of education and inspiration for her younger sons in their studies, what a vast storehouse of the development of our American provinces, and especially of our own, THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS have become!

The immediate prospect of the LETTERS is even brighter.

When we realize that no spot on earth is now more than sixty air-hours from Woodstock, we appreciate how quickly what is said and done there will be known throughout the Society. To America as never before the eyes and hearts of men are turned in supplication. From our shores must come the food and clothing for

the bodies of men everywhere. From our seminaries must come the missionaries of the divine peace and hope that only God can give to the hearts of men. Woodstock is the mother seminary among the American Jesuit Houses of Studies. With confidence in God, in prayer, and by patient study, she will meet this new challenge. And as the College advances steadfastly, by her side shall ever march the faithful chronicler of her glorious past. May this partnership flourish even more abundantly in grace and glory as THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS begins the last quarter of its first century. This shall be my constant prayer.

With all good wishes, and commending myself to your holy sacrifices and prayers, I remain

Sincerely in Christ,

DAVID NUGENT, S.J.

Provincial

* * * * *

PROVINCE OF NEW YORK

Provincial's Residence

Dear Father Editor: P.C.

My acquaintance with THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS began when the LETTERS had come to full-grown man's estate of some thirty-four years, when I, as a Novice at Poughkeepsie in 1906, was just half that age. From our elders in the Noviceship we had it that the LETTERS, at least the more recent issues, were a 'must' for our free-time reading if we ever hoped to develop the genuine spirit of the Society as it obtained then in the blessed days of our old and undivided Maryland-New York Province.

The very first copy of the LETTERS I saw was the one issued just before the summer of 1906. The one article of which I have some recollection in detail now was the account of the last days of the late Father General, Very Rev. Louis Martin. Among the preferred articles for Novices appearing in those days

were accounts of the losses sustained by the Society in two earthquakes, the first in California, the other in Jamaica. Father Thomkins, "Notes from Vigan," with his vivid portrayal of Aglipayanism, were also prime favorites with the Novices. Father Gerald Dillon, Socius to our beloved Master of Novices, Father Pettit, encouraged us to read the very first volumes of the LETTERS to acquire a knowledge of the history of the Society in America. Most of the Novices followed his advice. Our private reading made us live anew the arduous missionary travels of the internationally known Father Wenniger on the west coast, and the days and nights of our own Father Barnum along the Yukon. We learned of the heroism of our Fathers in the various Indian Missions then spread all over the country, of the splendid jubilee celebrations of our now aging Colleges in the United States, of the sacrifices the Society made in handing over to the Diocesan Ordinaries our churches at Troy, Providence, Conewago, Frederick, etc. For the first time we came to appreciate the difficult beginnings of the Society in Maryland, the sad days of the Suppression, the valiant John Carroll and his equally valiant companions known as 'The Gentlemen of Maryland'; the rise and development of the other Missions and Provinces in the United States. The obituaries, though modestly written, brought home to us that the Society in America had already planted the seeds of saintliness in not a few of her sons in the New World. The reading of the LETTERS was a real influence in our training as Novices of the Society.

It was my good fortune to be a fourth-year Father at Woodstock when we celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the LETTERS. The then Mr. George F. Strohaber was in charge of the celebration in the Woodstock dining-room. Particularly do I remember the theme-speech given by Mr. Vincent L. Keelan, a third-year Theologian.

It was my privilege to be associated most closely with the LETTERS from 1927 to 1930 when I was the

Faculty Editor, succeeding Father McCormick when he was proclaimed Rector of Woodstock. The saintly and learned Father Timothy Barrett took over in 1930. During my term as Editor we printed Father Patrick Dooley's "The Makers of Woodstock." Most of the editorial work was done by the Editor's scholastic assistant, Mr. John McGrath.

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS have lots of competition from the various Province News Letters, from the magazine *Jesuit Missions*, from the various Jesuit Seminary Fund sheets. But I do hope that the LETTERS will continue on as a repository of the more permanent doings of the Society, not only in the territory of the old undivided Maryland-New York Province, but throughout the length and breadth of the American Assistancy and of all the other Provinces and Missions of our brother-Jesuits.

Your Brother in Xt,

F. A. McQUADE, S.J.

Provincial

* * * * *

PROVINCE OF NEW ORLEANS

Provincial's Residence

Dear Father Editor: P.C.

Permit me to express to you in my own name and in the name of the New Orleans Province my sincere congratulations on the seventy-fifth anniversary of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

Certainly THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS has done much to cement the bonds which join the Provinces of the American Assistancy so firmly and closely. It has gone further than that: it has helped no little to instill into the minds of us all the spirit of work for God and the Society which characterized the early Fathers of the Society who worked in America and who have been followed so closely by zealous imitators. Their deeds and lives you have recorded. Your pages have been a

library of invaluable American Jesuit lore.

May the years that intervene between this occasion and your centenary be even more fruitful of good. *Ad multos annos.*

Sincerely in Christ,

HARRY L. CRANE, S.J.

Provincial

* * * * *

PROVINCE OF MISSOURI

Provincial's Residence

Dear Father Editor: P.C.

This is but a brief note to wish the old, reliable WOODSTOCK LETTERS at least another three-quarters century of prosperity and inter-Province service. Really this grand publication of yours does marvels in building up among the Provinces a common spirit in a common cause, and in making it possible to have always at hand excellent historical matter of common concern to the whole Assisntancy.

May neither newsprint, nor copy, nor editors, nor patience ever be wanting to THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

Sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

JOSEPH P. ZUERCHER, S.J.

Provincial

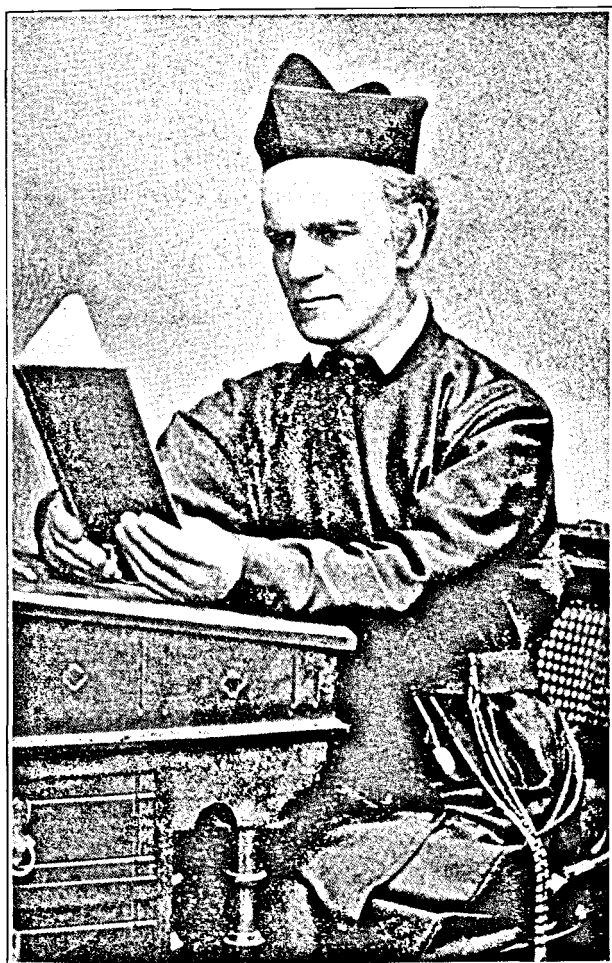
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PROVINCE OF CALIFORNIA

Provincial's Residence

Dear Father Editor: P.C.

The seventy-five years rounded out by THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS give us an occasion to put in writing, what we have often said to our companions. The reading of the LETTERS has brightened many an evening meal. As a community we have looked forward to the arrival of the LETTERS, and have been disap-



Joseph E. Keller, S.J. (1827-1886)
Founder of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS, 1872



pointed whenever the Corrector put the unfinished volume aside.

The reports of the Missionary Bands, telling tales of God's wonderful grace and man's ingenious capture of souls, have inspired us.

Many a time our dining room has been gay with laughter at the droll accounts in *THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS*; for instance, when Father Stanton watched a drove of mules, supposed to be boarding a boat in the Gulf of Mexico, but determined to have a little final exercise along the shore, before going up in the air and down into the hold.

Such things as the trials of the Fathers in the north-east, when Know Nothing was in Power; their work among the Indians in the midwest; their lonely sufferings in Alaska; and other valuable history contained in *THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS* make its volumes a treasure.

Faithfully we have read the obituary accounts from Vol. 1 to Vol. 75, and have found many a happy incident for our own good and for that of others.

All these things call forth our earnest blessings on the earlier editors who cajoled and extorted from Ours the articles they published; and on the present editors, who competing with so much other publishing, strive to maintain the worth of *THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS*.

For all this inspiration, enjoyment, instruction and help, we are deeply indebted to *THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS*. We would pay back a tiny mite of our debt by sending heartiest congratulations over the seventy-five years, and by expressing a sincere wish for an added twenty-five years and more of similar achievement in helping and encouraging Ours.

With heartiest good wishes, I am

Sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

JOSEPH J. KING, S.J.

Provincial

PROVINCE OF NEW ENGLAND

Provincial's Residence

Dear Father Editor: P.C.

It is indeed a pleasure to extend to THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS my own sincere congratulations and the felicitations of the New England Province on the completion of seventy-five years of such valuable and faithful service to the American Assistancy.

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS has always held a place of honor and affection in our Communities—and justly so. Ever stimulating and informative, it has served as excellent reading and as a rich source of historical research. All of us owe a great debt of gratitude to THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS for helping to impart and preserve the family spirit which has become so characteristic of our American Provinces. It is our earnest hope and prayer that this splendid magazine—by Ours, about Ours, for Ours—is entering on another three-quarters of a century of service A.M.D.G.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

J. J. McELENEY, S.J.

Provincial

* * * * *

PROVINCE OF CHICAGO

Provincial's Residence

Dear Father Editor: P.C.

It is with real pleasure that I extend, in the name of the Chicago Province, congratulations to THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS on its seventy-five years of service to the Society in America.

A not infrequent comment in praise of the Society is its fine family spirit. While to ourselves it may not be so evident, many externs observe a family trait noticeable in Jesuits everywhere. They remark on a family loyalty of one Jesuit for another, whether of

the same province or not. This bears testimony to a characteristic of which we may be justly proud.

Not a small factor in fostering that family spirit has been the contribution of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS. Its pages of news about the lives and deeds of Ours have broadened our minds and hearts beyond the confines of our own bit of territory. And it has placed before us a challenge to a like selfless energy, unremitting zeal, and charity in our common work.

May THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS continue long in its fine tradition of service to the Society in America.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

LEO D. SULLIVAN, S.J.

Provincial

* * * * *

PROVINCIAL OF OREGON

Provincial's Residence

Reverend and dear Father Editor: P.C.

To start a magazine and keep it going for a few years is a difficult work. To continue it for fifty years is a remarkable achievement. But to maintain the same high purpose, together with an ever increasing degree of excellence over a period of seventy-five years—that is indeed a triumph. My most sincere congratulations and those of our whole province to you and the staff of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS for your part in that great accomplishment.

We of the North American Assistancy can well be proud of the fact that THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS has so ably carried on one of the traditions of the Society which is fraught with glory—that of spreading to its members the lives and accomplishments of their brothers, wherever they might be laboring for the greater glory of God. Intercommunication has always been of vital importance in the Society, and you have done the job well for us of this Assistancy.

And we all continue to hope and pray that the

blessing of Our Lord will continue to help you do that job. For in these days of increasingly close cooperation, of falling boundaries, it is of daily more vital importance that we are more and more closely welded together in our interests, our works, and our ideals. Towards that welding, that thinking, and working and loving together, THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS can and will contribute largely in the many years to come.

May those years be long and fruitful in helping to spread the Kingdom of Our Lord.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

LEO J. ROBINSON, S.J.

Provincial



THROUGH SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

In an undertaking which is so essentially "cooperative" as the chronicle to which THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS is dedicated, anonymity is proper and has become our tradition. But it is likewise proper to record, in this Jubilee number, one series of facts which underlies that anonymity. The following is the list of those who, as editors and printers, have guided and brought into being our successive issues:

OUR REVEREND EDITORS

Fr. Aemilio M. de Augustinis.....	1872-1877
Fr. Aloysius X. Valente.....	1877-1879
Fr. Edward I. Devitt.....	1879-1883
Fr. John A. Morgan.....	1883-1885
Fr. William P. Treacy.....	1885-1886
Mr. Timothy Brosnahan.....	1886-1887
Fr. Benedict Guldner.....	1887-1888
Fr. Samuel H. Frisbee (Silver Jubilee)	1888-1906
Fr. Joseph M. Woods (Golden Jubilee)	1907-1925
Fr. Robert Swickerath.....	1925 —
Fr. Patrick J. Cormican.....	1926 —
Fr. Vincent J. McCormick.....	1926-1927
Fr. Francis A. McQuade.....	1927-1930
Fr. Timothy A. Barrett.....	1930-1935
Fr. Joseph T. O'Brien.....	1935-1938
Fr. John J. Scanlon.....	1938-1939
Fr. Allen F. Duggin.....	1939-1941
Fr. Joseph Bluett — (Diamond Jubilee)	1941 —

OUR PRINTERS

Brother James O'Kane.....	1872-1902
Brother Aloysius O'Leary.....	1902-1921
Brother John B. Broderick.....	1921-1930
Brother Francis X. Daly.....	1930-1934
Brother John S. Hayes.....	1934-1939
Brother Joseph J. Kopp.....	1939 —

To six of these—three priests and three Brothers—we acknowledge a debt, which is particularly great. Without the indomitable efforts of its first editor, Father de Augustinis, THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS would never have survived its first decade. Fathers Frisbee and Woods, the eighth and ninth editors, carried the editorial burden of the LETTERS for thirty-six consecutive years, each of them dying after eighteen years in that office. Brother O’Kane and Brother O’Leary performed the task of our printing for all but one year of our first half-century, under circumstances in which heroic virtue was sometimes as necessary as printing skill in fulfilling their part of the work. The present printer, Brother Joseph Kopp, has brought the typographical merit of the LETTERS to the highest level in its long history, making up by skill and devotion for the inadequacies which, even after modern improvements, are inevitable in a printing establishment such as ours.

Behind these acknowledgements, inadequate as they must remain, lies our grateful memory of the host of hidden workers whose generous labors explain the survival of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS through seventy-five years. To generation after generation of scholastics, from the type-setters of 1872 until now, must go the major credit for whatever is grand in the record which this Diamond Jubilee crowns.

We close these references to our work, on its anniversary, with the words which Father de Augustinis wrote when he presented its first issue to our Jesuit family in 1872. “Under your Reverence’s approval we offer you these first fruits of a labor of love, entrusting its development and success to your encouragement and the kind interest of all our Brethren.”

A JUBILARIAN REVIEWS
HIS "PRIMI ANNI" CATALOGUE

1896 - 1946

Fifty years ago the present three provinces, Maryland, New England and New York, were united. It would seem there was little thought in 1896 that a time would come when a division would be necessary—much less that it would be threefold—and that each of the three provinces would be larger than the old province was then. One of the 1946 jubilarians, among the unprecedented number of fourteen who commemorate in this *Anno Domini* 1946 their fiftieth year in the Society, was drawn to look up the ancient catalogue in which their names appeared for the first time and, after poring over it for some days, has thought that possibly some of the younger generation might be indulgent to the reminiscences of an old-timer.* It will be noted that what follows omits, except in very unusual cases, any mention of those who are still with us. The record of the half century speaks for itself; the seed sown by those grand old men who have passed from our midst has fructified a hundredfold and it is our prayer that fifty years hence a greater record may be forthcoming *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

On one of the buildings at Georgetown there is carved an adaptation of a line from Ennius: *Moribus Antiquis Res Stat Loyolaea Virisque*, which has been fittingly translated "Loyola's fortune still may hope to thrive, if men and mould like those of old survive." May the reader kindly note that we are referring to those who have already commemorated more than fifty years in the Society. However, in telling of the grand old men of the past and omitting those of the present, be they young or old, we would not care to be classed with some who seemed to have misplaced the

*Editor's note:—Reluctant to withhold credit for these delightful—and inspiring—memoirs, THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS respects, nevertheless, the author's desire to remain anonymous.

adjective of a time-honored axiom and are prone to say *Nil bonum nisi de mortuis*.

The 1896 Province Catalogue carries the names of many who should not be forgotten. The then Provincial, Father William O'Brien Pardow, has been memorialized in the excellent biography of Justine Ward, one of his distinguished converts. In another rather slender volume an attempt was made to give some impression of his ability as a preacher. To those who have heard Father Pardow the booklet is a sad disappointment; however, it was trying the impossible. His presence and mannerisms defy description. He preached in the days when loud speakers were undreamed of; yet we have heard him several times, speaking at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, when every syllable was distinctly heard by those who clustered between the last pews and the Fifth Avenue entrance doors. We also recall that, when he preached, the middle aisle was filled with rows of chairs, and there was only a very narrow space on each side to allow the pewholders to make their way to their pews. In addition hundreds stood and crowded every available space, though the preacher usually spoke three quarters of an hour or longer. When he preached at St. Francis Xavier's or at St. Ignatius', 84th Street, or in the Cathedral at Philadelphia, the church was always filled to capacity, and we have been told that this was usual elsewhere. Some of Ours used to criticize unfavorably his manner and style, but somehow they were frequently impelled to hear him and, if we mistake not, when he passed away in January, 1909, they too were among all others who exclaimed: "We have no one to take his place." Of course they spoke "de mortuis."

If we might use the expression "predominant passion" in a virtuous sense, we would say that Father Pardow was preaching, not only for himself but for others; he gave his entire life to it. He was most encouraging to younger men and we recall that, when he was Superior and was hearing the Renovation manifestations, he would ask of the Scholastics as an all-

important question: "What are you doing for your preaching?" If you answered that you had no time, he would brusquely say "Make the time." And when once told this seemed impossible with so many exercises to correct, he said "Throw them out the window. Work at your preaching."

During his regency Father Pardow did very little formal teaching. He was never robust and most of his time was spent as assistant to the Prefect of Studies. By breathing exercises he developed his marvelous voice and physicians were amazed that so small a frame could produce such a sturdy voice and forceful far-reaching tones. From his earliest years he spent much time reading and re-reading the Douay Bible and he always commended this to the aspiring preachers. The richness of his diction undoubtedly was the fruit of this and he was ever drawing parallels between the Old and New Testament. It is true that some of his interpretations and verbal twists made Scriptural scholars wince at times but all agreed that he spoke as one *habens auctoritatem*. To some he seemed ultra-modern in his illustrations; he could from the most commonplace thing draw a vivid lesson and a soul-stirring inspiration. One of the criticisms of his preaching was the unabashed way in which he would repeat an analogy or similitude; in fact there was a current pleasantry that an old Irishman who greatly admired him remarked: "Somehow I always like that sermon." Father Pardow knew of this criticism but smiled at it and went right ahead, persuaded that *decies repetita placebit*. He gave several retreats to Ours, not only in the Province but elsewhere in the American Assistancy, and was regarded as *facile princeps*. This was all the more evident from the number of Fathers who made the Scholastics' retreats given by him.

During March of our first year noviceship Father Edward Purbrick came from England to preside over the Maryland-New York Province. All we novices knew of the new Provincial was that he had written

a book for every day in May from which our predecessors had drawn material for May talks and Mariana. Before Father Purbrick's arrival we had a visitation by Father Pardow and were thrilled beyond ever forgetting by his two exhortations and his special conference to the Novices. He was most gracious and encouraging to the younger members, to whom he referred as *spes gregis*.

In looking over the *Index Domiciliorum ac Numerus Sociorum* we find that in 1896 the *Socii Marylandiae-Neo Eboracensis* totaled 594, of whom 233 were Priests, 203 Scholastics and 158 Coadjutors, with the *augmentum* of one Priest, eight Scholastics and one Coadjutor. Just fifty years later, in the present three Provinces, we have a total of 2,970, with 1,464 Priests, 1,025 Scholastics and 208 Brothers. In 1896 the entire Society in five Assistancies numbered 14,260, while the latest available number in nine Assistancies is 27,784. Hence the entire Society has almost doubled in the half century. The old Maryland-New York Province is exactly five times as numerous as it was in 1896. Fifty years ago there was one Novitiate at Frederick, Maryland, and now there are: Poughkeepsie for New York, Shadowbrook for New England, and Wernersville for Maryland. The eleven Tertians in 1896 were at the Frederick Novitiate; and now there are two separate houses for the Tertianship: at Pomfret for New England, and at Auriesville for New York and Maryland. Each of these residences is full to capacity, while of those making the third year *extra Provinciam* New England has eleven, New York has four, and, exclusive of those at Auriesville, Maryland has six. In 1896 all were at Frederick. During the same year the Woodstock community numbered 150, of whom 44 were from other Provinces, nor were any of the Province making their studies elsewhere. Woodstock is at present the Scholasticate for the Maryland and the New York Provinces with a community numbering 309, and New England has 273 at the Weston Scholasticate. There were in 1896 no separate houses of retreats for externs,

except that occasionally Keyser Island was used for a few individuals and once in a great while a Bishop or diocesan Priest would come to Frederick. Today New York has three thriving laymen's retreat houses: at Manresa, Staten Island; at Morristown, New Jersey and at Syracuse, New York, and will shortly open a house at Albany. Maryland has Manresa-on-Severn, near Annapolis, and New England has the beautiful estate at North Andover. In 1896 Keyser Island had, assigned for "*Trad. exerc. spir.*" one Priest who had surpassed the allotted three score years and ten, and with him were three Coadjutors: one was cook, buyer, gardener and farmer, and the other two were "*ad dom.*" In the three Provinces today seventeen are assigned for the giving of the Spiritual Exercises to externs, Priests and laymen.

The Provincial of the old Maryland-New York Province, with Father Socius, had headquarters at St. Francis Xavier's, New York; the Procurator of the Province resided at Loyola College, Baltimore. At present the New York Provincial has headquarters at Kohlmann Hall, Fordham Road, New York, with a Father Socius, a Father Procurator, a Father Secretary, a Brother Socius, and a Brother Stenographer; the New England Provincial, with a Father Socius, a Father Secretary, and a Brother Socius, resides in the heart of Boston, Newbury Street; the Maryland Provincial, with a Father Socius and a Brother Socius, resides at Calvert Street, Baltimore, which for many years had been the Provincial's headquarters when Maryland was the only North American Province. In 1833, upon the establishment of a Province in the United States, the Provincial lived at Georgetown.

Fifty years ago our high schools and colleges were not under separate direction and were housed in the same building or at least on the same campus, and this persisted for several years. There were eight such institutions, and the most thriving of all was the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York. Gonzaga in Washington, D.C., had a college department. At pre-

sent these two institutions are high schools only. Since 1907 Canisius College, Buffalo, has been joined to the Maryland-New York Province. At the time, as in the rest of the Province, the high school there was attached to the college. With the exception of Fordham and Scranton, all the high schools of the three Provinces now have their own exclusive site and jurisdiction, with Rectors appointed by Very Reverend Father General. The Loyola School and Regis High School have separate buildings and school administration, though one Rector presides over both. In the United States New York has seven high schools, Maryland has five, and New England has four. Of colleges and universities, Maryland has four, and New England has two in the United States, one in Kingston, Jamaica, and another in Baghdad. In addition to three colleges in the United States, New York has three colleges in the Philippines. The only foreign mission served by the old Province was Jamaica, and in 1896 eleven Fathers and one Coadjutor were there. This same mission, now under New England, has greatly expanded and at present there are 65 of Ours there, of whom 62 are Priests. New England also has the very difficult but thriving Mission of Iraq, where 21 Fathers and five Scholastics are administering Baghdad College. At present the Philippine Mission is directly in charge of the New York Province, and 229 are applied to work there. Of these, 44 are from the Maryland and seven from the New England Province. In 1927 the Philippine Mission had three Juniors, seven Scholastics and two Coadjutor Novices. At present, in spite of disastrous war and post-war conditions, there are 21 Novices and 20 Juniors.

Until 1914 the Province catalogue enumerated the houses according to States, in this order: New York, District of Columbia, Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. Since 1914 the enumeration has been alphabetical and this at present is true in the entire Assistancy.

To those who entered the Society in 1896, practically

all the names of the catalogue, except that of the institution in which they had been educated, were mere names. But it was not many years before we saw that the Maryland-New York Province was richly endowed with many distinguished Fathers and unusually capable Brothers and, as the intervening fifty years have shown, with Scholastics who were to give valuable service in many fields, *ad maiorem Dei Gloriam*. It is inspiring to turn the pages of the 1896 catalogue and to recall what grand men we had joined when we were admitted into the Society. While in these notes we shall more or less follow the order of the catalogue as given above, we feel it is only natural that we should first of all look at those who were our immediate companions at the old St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Maryland, and then review Woodstock's roster as it then was.

Our Rector and Master of Novices was Father John H. O'Rourke, who had been Master seven years and Rector five, being at the time not quite forty years old. As a Tertian he had been Socius to the Master of Novices, Father James Ward. Father O'Rourke remained Rector and Master until April, 1903; hence he directed the Novices for fifteen years, which is longer than anyone who preceded or succeeded him in this responsible position. If there was ever a man who practiced what he preached it was Father O'Rourke, and this was eminently true during his dying moments. He gave powerful, soul-stirring meditations and conferences on the Passion of our Lord. He was most at home when speaking of the Cross. To one of the 1896 Novices who visited him when he was dying of most painful cancer at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, and had during his entire illness refused all sedatives as he wished to suffer to the utmost, he said "I am climbing, climbing, climbing the Hill of Calvary; pray that I may reach the top. And he added: "For fifteen years I taught the Novices the Hidden Life of Christ. I have given over two hundred retreats to the diocesan clergy and taught them the Public Life of our Lord." Then,

with his old-time emotion, he struck his breast and said in hardly audible tones "The Passion I have kept for myself."

Father O'Rourke was a great reader of character and was *par excellence* a moulder of men. It is not easy to state just what constituted the source of his power; it seems to have been his own enthusiastic personal devotion to Christ which in some subtle way he imparted to his Novices. He had a vivid sense of the reality of Christ, Whose life he knew in all its details as portrayed in the gospel. He was a keen student of the Holy Land and his lively portrayal of the geographical setting of each mystery added greatly to his making the Divine Master real and personal. His method rather exposed ideals than proved them. It may be said he preferred to preach Christ poor rather than the poverty of Christ, Christ humble rather than the humility of Christ, Christ immaculate rather than the immaculate purity of Christ. As a consequence he led his Novices to love and imitate the virtuous Christ rather than to study abstract virtues as practiced by Christ. From this flowed an enthusiastic personal love of Christ. Father O'Rourke had a unique faculty in driving home a lesson by the constant and stirring reiteration of phrases from the gospel and Spiritual Exercises; these re-echo through life and many times reverberate in days of stress; they are simply unforgettable and their spiritual value immeasurable. Father O'Rourke had unbounded confidence in the generosity of his Novices and made great demands on their courage and faith. Most of his charges loved and admired him; some found it hard to forgive his apparent severity, perhaps unappreciative of its medicinal effects as administered by a fearless physician of souls who had long since cast human respect to the winds and never became a prey to the lure of popularity. It may be said that he stamped two characteristics on his novices—love of religious poverty and eagerness for hard work. Given a job, they did it with might and main. Of all this he was the exemplar

and he was ever unremitting in his devotion to any duty he had to perform. He died in harness as he wished to, but, in his own characteristic phrase, he did so without kicking the traces.

Father O'Rourke had an extraordinary gift for giving the Spiritual Exercises. They had been his life-long study. He was committed wholeheartedly to their principles. He had lived these principles consistently for many years and as a consequence he could invest them with a sort of spiritual romance. He had read very widely in good books, and had acquired a breadth of vocabulary, a gift of words, a power of impassioned speech that enabled him to fulfill Pascal's requirement for persuasive language, namely, that passion and emotion should be infused into it. This, together with his very lively imagination, which enabled him to color his exposition of religious truths with vivid pictures, went far towards making him a real orator. His mind was clear and his points were unmistakable. No one could misunderstand his meaning. It was easy to recall them and to meditate on them. His religious convictions were deep-seated and could not be disguised. This gave to his exposition of points for meditation a glow that carried over from the instruction to the *prie-dieu*.

The work Father O'Rourke loved best was giving retreats to Priests, and he often remarked during his long last illness, when he was dying slowly of cancer, and in terrible pain, that if anything could make him wish to get well it was his desire to give to Priests some of the lessons on suffering he had learned on his protracted deathbed. He was rated by the diocesan clergy as one of the very best of all retreat givers. Others came and went, did good, and were forgotten. Father O'Rourke's retreats were never forgotten, nor their lessons, and one of the highest compliments that the diocesan clergy give their retreat masters is to put them somewhere in the vicinity of Father O'Rourke. They were glad to hear him again and again, and although they joked sometimes about his illustrations, his

frequent descriptions of the Holy Land and his set phrases, which became something of a tyranny when his strength began to fail, they were frank to admit that they rated Father O'Rourke's retreats among the very best, if not actually the very best. Undoubtedly he had a great deal to do with the formation of the diocesan clergy along spiritual lines.

Father O'Rourke achieved phenomenal success when he was put in charge of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. He was Superior from 1907 to 1911 and, after an interval of two years when he was Rector of Brooklyn College, he was Superior again from 1913 to 1917. During his two terms as Superior *The Messenger* increased in circulation from 27,500 to more than 350,000. This increase was due to many factors: Father O'Rourke's many friends among the Religious of both sexes and the diocesan clergy, his adaptation of the *Messenger* to the needs and wishes of the people, the freedom he gave to Brother Ramaz to use his experience, his courtesy in soliciting subscriptions and thanking for them, his use of premiums, etc. Father O'Rourke insisted greatly on devotion to the Sacred Heart in the *Messenger* and this had its share in increasing the circulation. During the same period the distribution of leaflets increased enormously by at least one million. The *Sacred Heart Almanac* had ceased to appear when Father O'Rourke took charge. He revived it and brought the list of subscriptions up to 200,000.

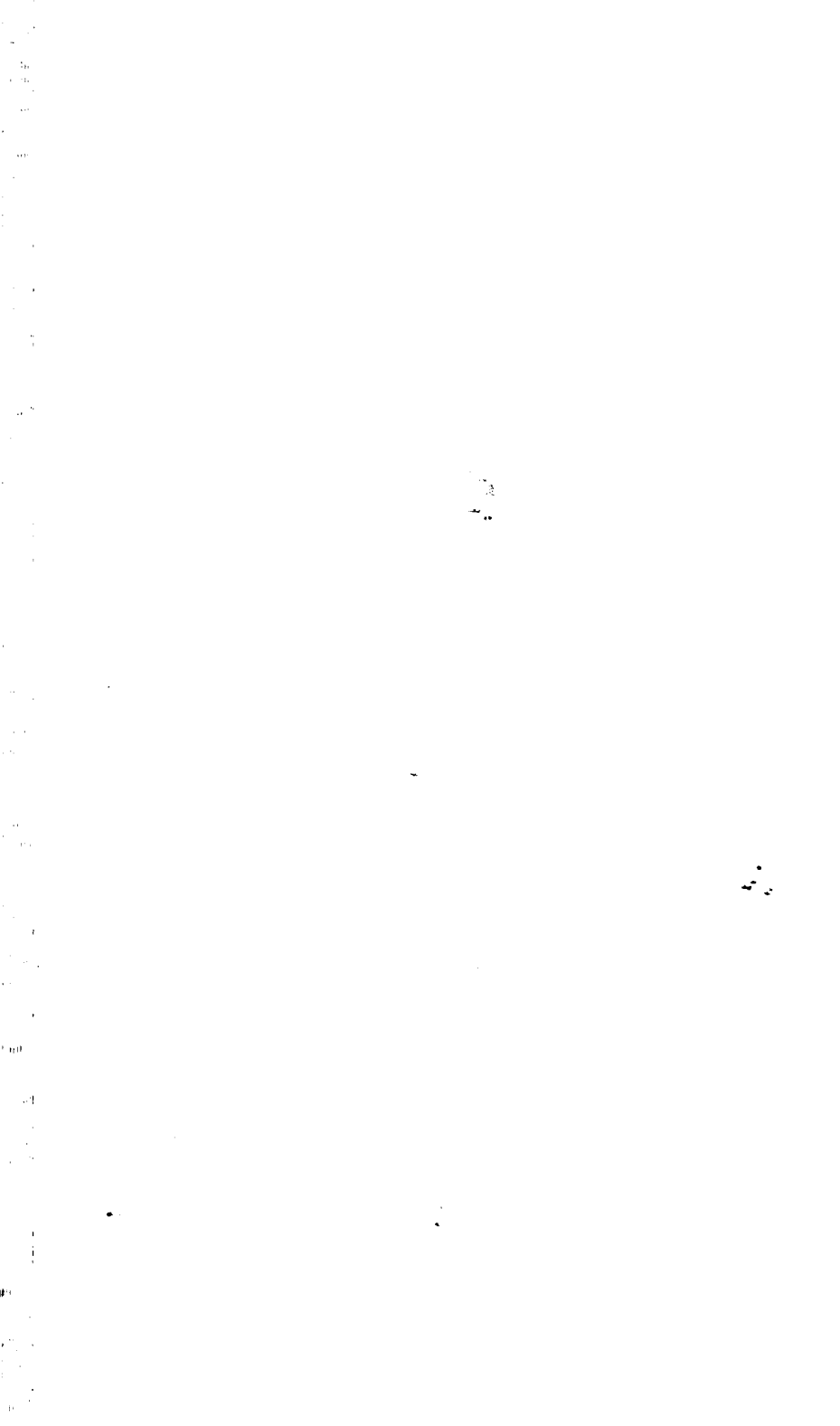
One of the most attractive features of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* was the article appearing monthly under the principal title of "Under the Sanctuary Lamp," "On the Hills With Our Lord," and "The Fountains of the Saviour." These were later published in book form, of which at least 40,000 were sold, and they were translated into several foreign languages. During the same period Father O'Rourke published books by Fathers Dwight, Donnelly and Garesché to the number of about 46,000 copies. It took Father O'Rourke three years to pay off the heavy debt on the *Messenger*



A. M. de Augustinis, S.J. (1829-1899)

First Editor, 1872-1877

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property, and since that time the Province has been deriving a much needed income from the development of the *Messenger* resources, which have been ably administered by others.

It was while Father O'Rourke was Rector and Master of Novices that the Jesuits left old Frederick, never to return. The beautiful Church of St. John the Evangelist and its parish and outlying Missions were turned over to the Archdiocese of Baltimore and the community of 123 moved en masse to the new Novitiate in New York State. The immediate spiritual preparation for the exodus began on January 6, 1903, on the appropriate feast of the Epiphany. It was a novena of Benedictions, offered with a three-fold intention: first, thanksgiving for favors conferred on the old Novitiate since its opening in 1763; second, for a safe journey; and, third, for blessings upon the new home on the Hudson. On January 15th the actual journey started, "going from the valley of St. Stanislaus to the mountainside of St. Andrew." Arrival was made while the snows covered the ground and the river was frozen tight but the land of promise had been reached to the joy of all.

During September and October of 1913, ten of the 1896 *primi anni* had the privilege of having Father O'Rourke as acting Tertian Instructor, and for the second time made the thirty days' retreat under his direction. There were twenty-eight Tertians at the time: from California, seven; from New Orleans, three; from Oregon, one; from Maryland-New York, seventeen. Of these, two became Provincial and one General Superior of the Philippine Mission; three became Masters of Novices, and one became Tertian Instructor, while eight were appointed Rectors and, of these, four were called upon to hold this office in three different colleges while two others were selected twice for Rectorships.

The Instructor of the Tertians and Spiritual Father of the 1896 Frederick community was the famous Father Burchard Villiger, a former Provincial. For

many years he was Superior at Philadelphia, where he built the Church of the Gesu and remodeled the old Holy Family Church, at 17th and Stiles Streets, for high school and college classes, leaving there in July, 1893, for Frederick. In August, 1897, he became Rector of Woodstock at the age of seventy-eight and was able to remain four years, a most beloved Superior and greatly esteemed for his sanctity. He died while Spiritual Father at St. Joseph's College at the age of eighty-four, having spent sixty-four years in the Society. In his earlier years as a Jesuit he came to America at the time the Society was proscribed in his native Switzerland. The interesting story of his life has been written by Father John J. Ryan. In 1896 there were eleven Tertians from the Province and one from California; Father Joseph Stadelman, who was destined to become the great apostle of the blind, was assigned to give "catechesis" to the Novices.

The Minister at the Novitiate was Father William H. Walsh, who had been ordained ahead of time on account of the condition of his health; however, as he recently died in his ninetieth year and his seventieth in the Society, he achieved a long-lived recovery. He meticulously assisted the Master of Novices in the training of the Novices, though full appreciation of this was not always manifest in the trainees.

There were three professors of the Juniors presiding over Rhetoric, Poetry and Grammar. The most beloved of teachers was Father James Casey who was then in his fiftieth year, and of course seemed quite old to us. He taught the Juniors several years, although he only remained at Frederick till the end of the scholastic year, 1896-1897. Father Raphael O'Connell was Prefect of Studies and in charge of the poetry class, having come from Woodstock where he had taught Philosophy. He was best known to the Novices as prefect of reading, quite unsparing in his efforts to improve the art. His Latin "*repete*" gradually grew less mystifying to all present. Father John Moore taught the grammar class.

When we arrived at Frederick there were 47 Juniors in three classes: 16 in Rhetoric, 21 in Poetry, 10 in Grammar. All of the Rhetoricians lived to be ordained, all persevered, and six celebrated their Golden Jubilee in the Society. Of the 21 Poets, two left the Society, one without completing his Juniorate and the other during Regency on account of a serious impediment in speech. The 19 others lived to be ordained and nine celebrated their fiftieth year in the Society. Of the ten Grammarians, one left on account of studies during his Juniorate, two died during philosophy and the other seven lived until Ordination but only one till his Golden Jubilee. Hence of the 47 Juniors all persevered but three, two passed away early in their religious life, 42 lived till Ordination and 16 for Golden Jubilee.

Our admiration for those Juniors of 1896 was not misplaced. Among them, merely to speak of those who have passed away—there was first of all Father Walter Dwight, who for many years was Literary Editor of *America* and author of two well-received ascetical works. His essays in the lighter vein were one of *America's* greatest attractions. Then there was Father Mark McNeal, whose memory is so fervently cherished by those who later had the good fortune to have him as professor in the Juniorate; he loved the Missions above all else and through his own personal appeal to Father General was returned to spend his last years in the Philippines. He was the first American to teach at the Catholic University of Tokyo and after these many years his name is still held in veneration there, not only by Ours but by the Japanese of our own school and in the Imperial University where he taught English. He was the life and joy of any community that enjoyed his presence. He had all the characteristics of a genius joined to eminent sanctity. He should be numbered among Georgetown's most distinguished graduates and as a student had shown great promise which happily saw fulfillment.

Among them, also, was Father Joseph McEneaney, who later was for many years Minister at Woodstock,

ever kind and considerate, and while most assiduous in his difficult position was beloved by all. Later he became Rector of Loyola College, Baltimore, and Superior of Holy Trinity, Georgetown. He was among the pioneers in establishing retreats for laymen in Maryland and sowed the seed for work that has progressed so well at Manresa-on-Severn. Another much beloved Superior, who was to come from that group, was Father Bennie Smith, many years Minister at the Gesu, Philadelphia, and later Superior of Trinity, Georgetown, where he died during 1926. If we include those who are still happily with us, eleven of the Juniors of that year became Rectors and one, Father William Devlin, was Rector of Boston College and greatly helped in the expansion of that thriving institution. He was also Rector, and most beloved, at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, and later at St. Ignatius, New York, where unfortunately his health gave way and he had to be relieved, dying a few years later, esteemed by all as the perfect Jesuit. He made his studies at Stonyhurst before entering the Society. Another Junior, Father James McGivney, became a most adept Procurator of the Province. He had been given special studies in Mathematics at Johns Hopkins and this was during the years when special studies were somewhat frowned upon by some of the *graviores*.

Departing for a moment from the rule set for these notes to omit mention of the living, we feel we should refer to one of the 1896 Rhetoricians as later an eminent professor of fundamental theology many years at Woodstock, to another as Master of Novices at Guelph and to a third, the Bishop of Kingston, Jamaica, who as Rector put the Georgetown Preparatory School on the map and as Bishop has given the Church in Jamaica unprecedented progress, all the while remaining the same approachable, simple Jesuit we looked up to as Novices.

In speaking of the 1896 Juniorate, we have referred to the great gift of perseverance in the Society. It is interesting to note also that of the 233 Priests regis-

tered in the 1896 catalogue all but five persevered; four are still with us and have commemorated their diamond jubilee in the Society. Of the 147 Brothers who had taken their first vows all but five likewise persevered, with two still happily with us and one having died during the past year. All but eight of the 163 Scholastics with first vows were ordained in the Society and only three left as Priests. Of these Scholastics one was advised to leave on account of studies; another having failed in first year philosophy felt unable to continue; a third had a serious impediment in speech; one left during the Regency to support his aged mother (he taught for many years at Loyola School, New York.) For the same urgent reason one left from Theology and later was ordained in the Archdiocese of Boston, to be held in highest esteem as a parish priest; he never lost his love for the Society. Our Father in heaven has been most bountiful in bestowing on those in the 1896 catalogue the *magnum donum perseverantiae*.

Tuberculosis took a heavy toll of the 19 registered in that year as second year Novices; three died before making philosophy; one during his first year Regency was sent to El Paso where he lingered as *cur. val* for four or five years. Another second-year Novice who, however, lived until Ordination, died of tuberculosis as a young Priest. The only second-year Novice who had to be dismissed from the Novitiate was a saintly young man who had contracted the disease, it appeared, before entering the Society, and died shortly after his dismissal. Mr. Thomas Kelly, who entered August 14, 1896, also died of the illness before completing philosophy. His brother was a Regent at the time and later became Provincial, having previously been Master of Novices at Woodstock-on-Hudson, Yonkers. Of our *secundi anni* one became Master of Novices and Rector of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, and later Rector of Canisius College and Director of the Martyrs Shrine, Auriesville. Nor should we omit the perennial teacher of Logic at Georgetown and easily the most beloved and

most highly esteemed professor of the Georgetown alumni. His life could be summed up—*semper fidelis!*

Among the nine *Coadjutores Veterani* at Frederick, the last to pass away was the beloved Brother John Harrington (April 9, 1945) who spent many fruitful years at Georgetown. At the first vow day we attended, which was the morning after our arrival, we heard the beautiful formula pronounced in English by this tall, handsome, sturdy young Irishman, then twenty-six years old. He was far above the average then in education, and it is said he had taught school in his native land before coming to America. He divided each day of his fifty-one years in the Society between fervent prayer and good hard, constant, efficient work—not a moment was wasted. He was the most obliging of men, and when asked to do a task it was done immediately; in fact Superiors had to be sure ahead of time they really wanted a suggestion carried out, for it would be done at once. He was a model of unquestioning obedience. His respect for authority was supreme, and his reverence for those in orders, minor as well as major, was almost humiliating to those so honored by him. On the other hand, with his hired workmen, especially the negroes, he was masterful, and he doubly forced all to work by his example and by his dominant will. His penmanship was most graceful, and the style of his letters polished. He was always most encouraging to the younger Brothers. He only remained at Frederick during our first year, and in his capacity as cook was rather indulgent to hungry novices, suggesting, when they were peeling luscious peaches, that some had to be eaten at once. The same suggestion was given in regard to other attractive viands. He seemed to have a knack of leaving easier tasks to others, and all the hard things he kept for himself. With his death there passed away a grand old tradition. May he rest in peace! In 1897 he spent his first year at Georgetown and remained there till his Golden Jubilee, with the exception of a couple of years at Loyola, Baltimore.

Frederick in 1896 also had a remarkable Coadjutor in Brother Martin Whelan. He taught elementary Mathematics and penmanship at the Parochial School. In the latter he was quite skilled, and each vow day he artistically sketched a neat personal card for each Thesaurus and was always ready to decorate memorial cards, programs, etc., so much cherished by younger brethren in the little social world of a Novitiate. The oldest of the Frederick Coadjutors was Brother John Siebers, who had been born during the war of 1812. He was the gardener, though his acres were restricted within the old Novitiate wall—a small vegetable garden and some rose bushes and shrubs. He never mastered English and had no knowledge of the neuter gender. A pick or a shovel was a “he” or a “him”. He seemed to live in an atmosphere of meditation, and the Master of Novices often pointed to him as an exemplar of prayerfulness.

The first to die after our entrance into the Novitiate was Brother Blasius, in his eighty-first year. He was a famous clock maker and had installed huge quarter-hour striking clocks at Frederick, Woodstock and elsewhere. It was said that his skillful workmanship was sought even outside the Society, and that it was he who repaired the clock in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The porter of Frederick and later at Poughkeepsie was Brother Richard Power. He was also the tailor; he belonged to the school of strict observance and guarded the entrance with great intrepidity; he generally limited his replies to “yea” and “nay.” As Excitator he rang the bell on the first stroke of five and kept at it inexorably. The cobbler was Brother Michael Ryan who fitted the Novices to shoes rather than vice-versa, and always kept on hand some sort of oil whereby he felt Novices’ shoes would last longer.

At that time two Priests and a Brother were permanently in the Infirmary as “*cur. val.*” and care of them was the main duty of the Novice on trial. The first to pass away was the Coadjutor, Brother Matthew McNerney, who had only spent two years in the

Society. However, the combined ages of the two Fathers was 167 years, Father Peter McManns being 88 and Father Delabays 79. The latter was quite a devotee of Virgil and up to the very end read and re-read the Aeneid with great gusto. He died during the Juniors' Villa at Woodstock; the Novices were at the Frederick Villa. As the Master had gone to the funeral he asked Father Gaffney to give points to the Novices, which were certainly presented with military precision: the first point, Father Delabays and who; second, Father Delabays and what; and third, Father Delabays and whither.

The Prefect of St. John's Church was Father John Giraud, who came to Fr ederick in 1896 from St. Inigoes. He was in his sixtieth year and thirty-fourth in the Society; he had entered the Novitiate as a diocesan priest. The Novices who taught in the Sunday School were brought into immediate contact with him each week. Undoubtedly he was most zealous, but his administrative ability was somewhat overtaxed in keeping order among the whites and blacks who attended in large numbers. This may have been partially due to his lack of fluency in English; and the proverbial risibility of the assistant Novices had to be constrained during his talks to the school and even in some of his directions; as for instance, when he ordered the classes to come forward and fill up the loose benches. He tarried but one year and was succeeded by Father Alphonse Coppens who also remained but one year. He seemed to derive particular pleasure in shocking the younger element by his use of condemnatory expletives and dire reference to the abode of eternal torments. Nor was he hesitant in correcting at the altar the liturgical aberrations of Mass servers, some of whom were learning for the first time to change a Missal and present a cruet. All the same it did not escape the younger members that beneath this brusque exterior there was a kindly heart and really deep devotion. We have been told that, as a parish priest, particularly in Philadelphia where he served many years, he was

a most cherished friend of all classes who sought his help, especially in the confessional. During our Juniorate the parish was directed by Father Jeremiah F. X. Coleman, a fellow Novice of Father O'Rourke's; he had previously spent some years in the Jamaica Missions. Though he was endowed with a deep, rich voice, he labored under a hesitancy in finishing a sentence which proved a bit embarrassing at times, especially if a possessive pronoun was left without a noun; as once, when giving a public lecture on his mission experiences, he referred to the oddity of the Jamaican way of carrying bundles.

In addition to teaching Catechism at St. John's the Novices were sent to three outposts. Four or five sturdier ones walked to the "Mountain Mission," where one of the Novices accompanied the hymns with one finger on a piano. Two were assigned to another small mission, while the younger and least robust were driven in a wagon some miles to what was known as the Manor Mission, which some of the F.F.M.'s (First Families of Maryland) had once attended; only a very few of the old aristocracy were left in 1896, but even among them keen social rivalry persisted. During our first year Father John Prendergast was the itinerant pastor. He appeared to be a retired athlete who had resigned from the training table. In the good old days when athletics were more extra than curricular, he was a Scholastic at Georgetown. For a scheduled game the third baseman failed to appear, and to relieve the situation Mr. Prendergast donned a uniform to save the day. Alas! for human hopes; in the ninth inning when the score was tied, a swift grounder smashed through the third baseman's legs and Georgetown lost the game. Superiors later gave him a *culpa*, presumably for a breach of religious discipline, though, it must be admitted, even the higher-ups regretted the fatal error on the diamond.

Father John B. Gaffney, a veteran Chaplain of the Civil War, took charge of the Frederick County Missions in 1897. He was in his seventieth year at the

time, and his forty-sixth in the Society. He was over six feet in height, always erect, and a picture of perfect contentment and undaunted skill on horseback. Most of his mission work in Southern Maryland and Frederick Valley was accomplished in this wise, and he had moved on horse during his Civil War chaplaincy, the idol of officers and privates. Occasionally he entertained the Novices and Juniors by telling his mission and military experiences, which he described with great unction and a savory sense of humor. Father O'Rourke was also an excellent horseman, and through this secured some outdoor exercise. Father Gaffney frequently accompanied him. The old man lived almost to the completion of his eight-first year, never losing his soldierly bearing, his gracious charity and attractive sanctity.

The removal of the Novitiate from Frederick to Poughkeepsie took place when there was a northward trend in the Province. The building was old and more or less crumbling. While there were undoubtedly cogent reasons for the change, a rather ironical one was that so few Novices had entered from the vicinity. Cardinal Gibbons publicly expressed his disappointment that the Jesuits were leaving Frederick. His Eminence experienced far greater distress some few years later at the proposed closing of Woodstock. In this same connection, there is record of an interesting Consultation at Georgetown in 1890. The then Provincial called together the Rectors, the Consultors and some of the older Fathers and urged that Georgetown College and the other departments of Georgetown University be no longer in charge of the Society, as this 101-year-old institution gave little promise for the future, and our work should be concentrated elsewhere. The Rector, Father Richards, appends a note that the Consultors and the graver Fathers who attended asked that further time be allowed for prayerful deliberation. The incident, as far as records at Georgetown tell, closes with this note.

The Frederick Juniors spent their villa at Wood-

stock; as this was in the days when cubicles were unthought of, one of the luxuries of the Woodstock vacation was having a private room. In fact, in after years many looked back upon the villas there as the best of all.

Among the 1896 professors at Woodstock most are still remembered. The genial, well-known Father Sabetti was elected to represent the Province at the Congregation of Procurators which was held that year in Rome, and upon his return visited Frederick and gave a talk to the community on his trip. Most impressive was his reference to the audience granted the Procurators by Pope Leo XIII, who in addressing the Fathers spoke of the three chief reasons for his love of the Society and his confidence in it as a Religious Order; first, the universal union that kept the Society as a whole bound in charity; secondly, that the Society never needed reform from without but the Constitutions made all provisions for what might be necessary; and thirdly, the Society's unswerving loyalty to the Holy See. His Holiness also said he believed the Society possessed at the time as many saints as had flourished in the days of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Borgia. In his reference to this statement Father Sabetti, with his usual practicality, suggested to the Frederick community that each of his hearers eschew all self-glorification and see if he was helping or impeding this reputation. Less than two years elapsed before illness required Father Sabetti to give up all teaching; and in his sixtieth year of age and forty-fourth in the Society he died in Baltimore, November 26, 1898, the last of those grand old Italian Fathers who had done so much for Woodstock. His name will be ever joined to that of Mazella, Brandi, de Augustinis, Sestini, Piccirillo.

Father Sabetti was succeeded by Father Timothy Barrett, a man of brilliant talents and great sanctity, whose universal charity to all at all times won him an enviable place in the hearts of those who were privileged to know him. His love of the Society was most

ardent; in fact even to extravagance, as when in one of his exhortations he exclaimed, "It's too bad we can't all be born in the Society." And with the same enthusiasm, in eulogizing the Precursor of the Lord, he said we should all be Baptists. However, beneath his pleasantries and, as some of us believe, his naiveté, there was solid, genuine spirituality. If there was ever a man whose life can be said to have been supernatural at all times, it was Father Timothy Barrett. He was supremely intellectual, a student to the end, but all the while he was a pious, exact Religious and immune from that intellectualism with which sometimes even Religious become infected.

Another beloved Woodstockian was Father Samuel H. Frisbee, Spiritual Father and Editor of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS. Most of the 1946 Golden Jubilarians were under his spiritual direction during their three years of Philosophy, enjoying the monthly *colloquium* and exhortation and also the weekly picnics of the Woodstock Walking Club, of which he was Commander-in-Chief—though during villas at Inigoes he changed his service and became Admiral of the row-boat crew. He was partial to oarsmen and when a few years later a motorboat was added, he seemed to regard it as effeminate and unworthy. He was an exemplar of self-sacrifice and universal charity and human kindness. His death marked the passing of a great tradition.

One of the most brilliant professors of Woodstock, and it has been endowed with a goodly share, was Father Patrick H. Casey, who was always spoken of as "the Theologian." He was a born teacher, clear and concise, who could put in a few perspicacious sentences all that was contained in the Ciceronian paragraphs of Mazella. Father A. J. Maas, whose *Life of Christ* has remained a classic, was more of a scholar than a teacher; he enjoyed the confidences of all in matters Scriptural, and the solidarity of his several works, "Christ in Type and Prophecy," "Saint Matthew," etc., has given him a permanent place as one of the Church's

Biblical scholars. Father Maas was so much revered and beloved later as Rector, as Provincial and as Instructor of the Tertians, that his extraordinary ability as a scholar may have been pushed into the background by those who only knew his kindly direction and patient administration, but his monumental works will ever be a mine of valuable information to Scriptural students. Father René Holaind, of the New Orleans Mission, was professor of Ethics at Woodstock and also lecturer in Jurisprudence at the Georgetown Law School. His lectures later appeared in book form and have been much esteemed. The Benjamin of the Woodstock faculty was then in his middle thirties, and by Divine favor has been spared to us till this day, ever gracious, considerate and marvelously interesting as a teacher, never having lost his sparkling humor, always at the service of others. It is not easy even for Golden Jubilarians to imagine an Ordination without the Brosnan masterpieces of photography.

Of the 1896 Woodstock community all the good old Brothers have passed away. They numbered twenty-five then, unsurpassed in their self-sacrificing efficiency, St. Joseph-like in their willingness to help quietly in the uprearing of other Christs. Of the Scholastics who were then Theologians, two are still hale and hearty; one later became Minister at Frederick during our year of Rhetoric and was cherished by all. After a year as Socius to the Master of Novices, he succeeded Father William H. Walsh as Superior of the Juniors. The other Theologian still happily with us is Father Martin J. Scott, unsurpassed by any English writer in his numerous popular works of Apologetics and in other fields. Only the Recording Angel can tell what a marvelous influence for good Father Scott's works have been. He has been able to combine the *multum* and the *multa*.

Of the six fourth-year Fathers at Woodstock in 1896, four, not many years later, were to be our teachers. Father Elder Mullan in Poetry, Father Casten in first year Philosophy and later in Dogma,

and Father Dawson in second and third year Philosophy. Father Papi, who for a few months was our fellow Novice *in absentia* at Woodstock, later entertained us in the Canon Law classes. There could not be four men so different in character. Father Mullan was order personified, methodical at all times, a fine driller and, as a teacher of Grammar and the mechanics of Literature, ancient and modern, he was unsurpassed. Father Casten in his prime was quick and brilliant, ever patient and kindly to all and a conversational Latinist of the highest order. He seemed more of a metaphysician than a theologian. On the other hand Father Dawson was slow in expressing himself but when he did speak he was brilliant. Though marvelously concise he was one of the clearest of teachers, and seemed to possess the great faculty of getting right to the core, and he was always satisfying when he answered difficulties, no matter how confusedly they might be presented. Father Papi taught us Canon Law before the publication of the new Code—hence, under a great handicap. However, his flow of Latin was delicious, and his efforts to clarify the obscure most edifying. No one was more beloved by us all.

Another ever gracious professor was Father Joseph M. Woods, who lectured in Ecclesiastical History at the rather unpropitious hour of two-thirty in the afternoon. His lectures today would be looked upon somewhat as the up-to-date socialites refer to the gay nineties. He had years before decided on what should be given and he never departed from this decision. In Hebrew and Scripture our professor was Father Walter Drum, whose unfortunate mannerisms hid his sterling spirituality and somewhat impeded the efficiency of his teaching. He never seemed to be comfortable in the classroom, and this may account for his stiltedness and formality in presenting even the commonplace. He was a tireless student of the Scriptures and was an exemplar of constant endeavor to improve. It was unfortunate that he died at fifty-one. Of the nineteen who were ordained at Woodstock in

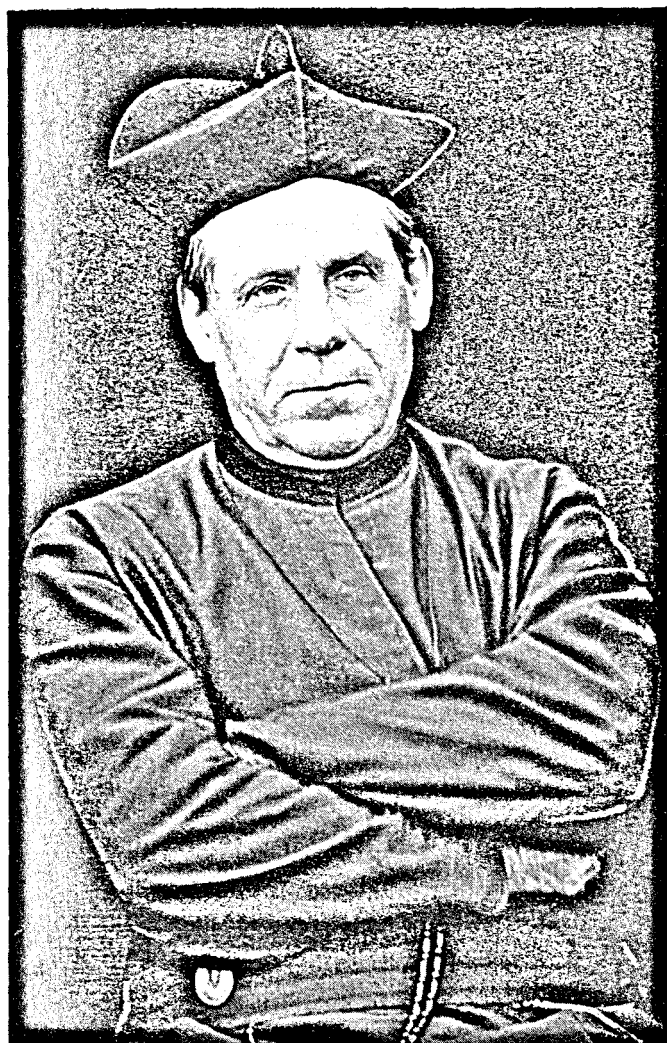
1911, on the occasion of Cardinal Gibbons' Golden Jubilee as a Priest and his Silver Jubilee as a Cardinal, eighteen lived to celebrate the twenty-eighth year of their Priesthood; the only one missing was Father Thomas J. Gartland, carried off in the flu epidemic of 1922, a mild, lovable, humble priest who seemed never to have offended God or any of God's creatures.

Among the names of the Philosophers of fifty years ago, one is easily preeminent—Richard H. Tierney. For many years Editor of *America*, he was fearless in his defense of faith and morals, brilliant and forceful in controversy, civic or ecclesiastical. Under his leadership *America* saw its golden age and wielded great influence in international as well as national circles. He gathered about him a corps of excellent associates and attracted as contributing writers men and women most eminent in England as well as in the United States. There was an authoritative character given to this weekly, unsurpassed at home or abroad. His advice was sought by many in high office, civic as well as ecclesiastical. His courageous stand against Bolshevism and atheistic Mexico, his scathing criticism of political chicanery, his keen insight into the dire effects of Godless education and many other problems of the day made him a powerful molder of Catholic thought and action. By many he was regarded as one of the Society's most brilliant representatives in many fields. Among his fellow philosophers, William O'Hare became Bishop of Kingston, Jamaica; and Charles W. Lyons became Rector of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Boston College and Georgetown University, and on each site he reared a building. He also was in charge of the building of Weston College. Father Lyons was the soul of charity, ever generous to all and an orator of note.

Another philosopher who became a most popular Rector was Joseph A. Mulry who guided the destinies of St. Peter's, Jersey City, for four years, and then replaced Father Thomas J. McClusky as President of Fordham, on April 15, 1916, to remain as long as his

health permitted. Overwork brought on diabetes and as it was before the use of insulin the disease proved fatal. Nor should mention be omitted of John X. Pyne, who lived and moved in scholastic philosophy as a theorist *par excellence*; even in matters of health. Unfortunately his theory on how to avoid prostate trouble proved in his own case quite unavailing. In philosophy also, at that time, was Father James J. Carlin, who later became the imperturbable Socius of Father Maas, and Rector of Holy Cross, Worcester, and last of all Superior General of the Philippine Missions. This responsible position, which he assumed April 17, 1927, proved too much for him and he passed away on February 1, 1930 at Los Angeles. The Provincial and his consultors had opposed his return because of his ill health. Father Carlin, while in Rome, saw Father General and expressed a desire to return to the Missions. Father General, thinking no doctor would give him a clear bill of health, said he could return if a recognized diagnostician approved. Evidently the doctor who examined him must have had an off day, though he was regarded as one of the best in New York. Fortified with his approval Father Carlin set out but only got as far as the West Coast.

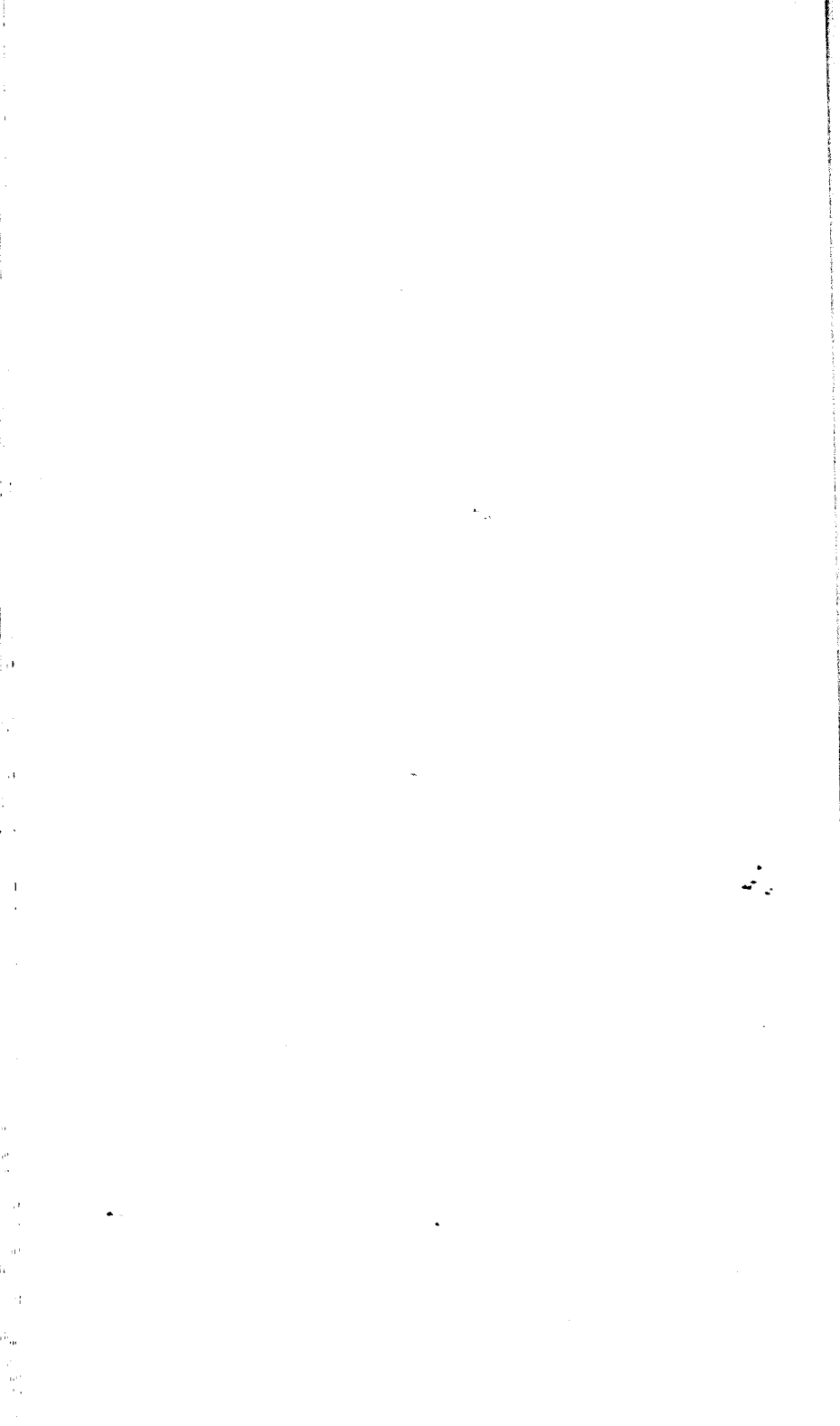
In 1896, 84th Street was known as St. Lawrence O'Toole's parish, and the present imposing Church was under construction. Later permission was granted to honor St. Ignatius as principal patron, but with the understanding that St. Lawrence would be kept as co-patron. The Superior, Father Neil Norbert McKinnon, who was from Prince Edward's Island, Canada, began his pastorate in 1894 and remained in the same until his death in November of 1907. Anyone who had the privilege of being a subject of Father McKinnon can bear witness to his human kindness for all, his fatherliness without paternalism, his confidence in his subordinates and his remarkable wisdom which not only Ours but prominent Catholics recognized. His greatest love was for the poor, and he seemed to regard the St. Vincent de Paul meetings as the most im-



Samuel H. Frisbee, S.J. (1840-1907)

Eighth Editor, 1888-1907

Silver Jubilee of the LETTERS, 1897



portant of all. When at home, and he usually was, he never missed a meeting. Yet no priest in New York City was more courted by the wealthier classes, and he was always in demand for the high society weddings. It was before the days when out-of-the parish ceremonies were so restricted.

Even at the time of Father McKinnon's death Park Avenue was far from the scene it presents today. Loyola School was the highest building in the neighborhood and to the East commanded a view over to Astoria, Long Island, and the boats could be seen going up and down the Sound. To the South there was no obstruction between the top Loyola floor and the old Grand Central Station. The trains were underground as they are now, but the openings were much longer and broader, and as there were no electric locomotives, the smoke, the noise and the dirt were most uncomfortable. Nor was there any attempt at beautifying the avenue. Yet Father McKinnon in clearest terms predicted the present neighborhood, said that it would equal if not outrank Fifth Avenue socially, that there would be high apartment houses and hotels all the way down to Grand Central, and that the Station itself would be most imposing. He also predicted the influx of our better-to-do Catholics, the help which the parish would be to the Province, etc., and the great influence it would exercise as a center. This was forty years ago. Foreseeing all this he tried hard to persuade higher Superiors not to think of giving up the parish, and he was greatly upset when Father General insisted that it be given up unless at least a High School were attached to it—and this later was practically refused by the Provincial and his counsellors, for fear that New York City could not support another school, and that 16th Street and Fordham would suffer. How Father McKinnon succeeded in opening the Loyola School is a most interesting story but it might take us too far afield as it is a bit lengthy.

At the time, in 1896, the Province had 21 parishes, in addition to the collegiate church of the Immaculate

Conception which was attached to Boston College. Five of these parishes were connected with colleges, one with the Novitiate at Frederick, and one with Woodstock. All of these, except Frederick, are still conducted by the Society, as are St. Mary's and Holy Trinity in Boston, St. Ignatius in New York, and St. Joseph's, Willing's Alley, in Philadelphia. The former parochial work of Elizabeth Street, New York, has been taken over by the Archdiocese, but the Nativity, on Second Avenue, still belongs to Ours. Nearly all our old Parishes in the counties have remained under our care. There were three parishes that were unfortunately given up in the early 1900's due to lack of vision such as that shown by Father McKinnon. Had we not resigned from St. Joseph's, Troy, we should probably have a college such as the Franciscan Fathers have near there now with over 1000 students. And the same is true of St. Joseph's, Providence, where the Dominicans now have a thriving college. It was a mistake to give up Conewaga, as was found out when an effort was made to get it for the new Novitiate, and the former Bishop McDevitt refused. And much more had to be spent for the site at Wernersville which, at the time it was bought, was almost treeless, absolutely shrubless and with a shale surface on all sides. Its present landscape beauty represents a gift of \$200,000 or more from Mrs. Brady. She was amazed that such a site should be chosen, for she realized, as some of Ours did not, what a huge expense would be incurred in landscaping.

Father McKinnon was ably assisted by one of the old Province's most distinguished members, Father David Merrick, who had been Rector of St. Francis Xavier's during its golden age. However, in 1896 Father Merrick's great accomplishments were a thing of the past. He was a man who delighted in graceful pleasantries, among them being his pronouncement that no one reached the full use of reason until he was seventy.

The Province in 1896 was assisted by two Fathers

from the Province of Rome, Father Philip Cardella and Father Pius Massi. The former, though an Italian, was the great apostle of the Spanish Colony in New York, having been addicted to the Province in 1882. He was for a short while Tertian Instructor at Frederick in 1898, when his predecessor, Father Edward Boursaud, had to be relieved due to ill health. He had previously held this same position. Father Cardella had all the appearance of an aristocratic son of Italy, military in his step, plump of body with a large head amply furnished with mixed black and gray curly hair which was not too often trimmed by the barber. He could "suit the action to the word, the word to the action." In fact the positive old gentleman was unable to talk without free hands and arms. He always carried an umbrella, rain or shine, and if he wished to insist upon a particular point he would hand his umbrella to his companion to hold, until he had put the decided finishing word to his thought and then, with the same precision, would take it right back to await his companion's answer. He would have fitted perfectly into a Thackeray novel. For some years he was director of the quarterly conferences of the New York Archdiocesan clergy.

The other Roman addicted to Maryland-New York was Father Pius Massi. His father had been a great friend of Cardinal Carpellari, and when His Eminence became His Holiness Gregory XVI he insisted that the Massi family should reside at the Vatican. While they were living there, Pius was born and he always cherished happiest memories of his childhood under Gregory and his youth under Pius IX. He would wax tragically emotional when he spoke of Garibaldi and his hordes, and we feel that the recent fall of the House of Savoy must be part of his accidental glory in heaven. He was unsparing in his epithets and did not hesitate to denominate impolitely the progenitors of the invaders. He came to the Province in 1883, if we mistake not from Ecuador, where he had labored some years as a missionary. He was in Quito when Garcia

Moreno was assassinated and often described the scene in detail; Moreno was one of his heroes. He always retained great affection for Spaniards and things Spanish, and preferred to evangelize them rather than his fellow Italians. His first year in America was spent at the Immaculate Conception, Boston; then he became Spiritual Father at Georgetown. Coming to New York, he was given charge of the Spanish Colony in New York when Father Cardella was made Tertian Instructor at Frederick. Most of Father Massi's twenty-eight years in the Province were spent at 84th Street. For four years he was Chaplain at Welfare Island, when this position was particularly hard, as it was looked upon as more or less an intrusion by the civic authorities.

Father Massi was a lover of languages, especially Spanish, which he called the language of Heaven. He never really mastered English, and some of his eccentricities were highly amusing. Even in his old age he kept reading Cicero's orations and would descant upon them with relish. One of the prides of his life was his selection as confessor to Cardinal Farley and also to Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn. While at 84th Street he would spend many evenings in recreation with the Scholastics and, being highly entertaining and brimful of stories and experiences, he was a great boon to those who had been teaching all day. His good nature and truly lovable character made him a treasured friend of all, especially the younger members of the Society.

Especially during his later years Father Massi referred to his great fear of death, and said he wished he were Irish, for no matter what the past might have been, he found those of Hibernian birth seemed not only satisfied to die but often happy at the prospect. During his last illness he begged those who visited him to pray that he might have a desire of death. For this intention he himself began a novena preparatory to the feast of Our Lady's Nativity. About the fourth day of the novena he was flooded with consolation and

wondered why he had ever feared death which seemed so sweet and easy. He died on the feast itself.

In the catalogue of 1896 the *Ordo Regiminis Superiorum*, which in those days recorded only the names of Rectors and Vice-Rectors, was headed by Father J. Havens Richards, who was then in his eighth consecutive year as Rector of Georgetown and was to serve two years more; in fact, had his health held out, he would probably have gone on indefinitely, for his success in that responsible position has been unequalled. In 1898 he was Spiritual Father at Frederick and remained one year. Father Richards was a most interesting character. Many thought that he was a convert; actually he was received into the Church as a very small child when his minister Father was converted. Later he wrote of his distinguished father in a large book, "A Loyal Life." There was a certain decisiveness of speech, bordering on a parson's primness, and a rather antiquated view of life that made him seem like a Congregational Minister. His facial expression was such as to suggest ministerial whiskers. In fact some, playing upon his name, spoke of him as "The Reverend Doctor Dicks." The students of Georgetown were less reverential and called him "Dicky Richards." However, all, students and faculty, were decidedly proud of him and his cultured ways and intellectual abilities, and especially the renown he brought to the University and to the Society among educators, professional men and statesmen.

Father Richards' community embraced many interesting characters. The great Father Hagen was in charge of the Observatory. Later he was to spend many years in the same capacity at the Vatican. He was ably assisted by Father John Hedrick, said to be one of the leading mathematicians of that time. Father Hedrick later taught many years at Woodstock, beloved and esteemed by all. The Prefect of Studies was the ever genial Father William Ennis, who later became one of Loyola of Baltimore's most progressive Rectors and responsible for the O'Neil bequests. His associate

at Georgetown as Prefect of Discipline was Father James Becker, a man of supreme charity with a reputation, which lasted until his death, of never having said an unkind word to anyone. The Spiritual Father was the Reverend Edward Holker Welch, a convert from Congregational Harvard, where he had been "Stroke" on the Varsity Crew. He was erect as a flagpole, and not much broader, ever prim, precise and particular, who seemed never to have altogether shaken off in appearance and manner his Puritan stock. In contrast to him was the professor of Ethics, Father Edward I. Devitt, who called a spade a spade and, being a historian to the core, sought the truth, cost what it might to others' sensibilities; he was intolerant of obscurantists. Later, as Archivist of Georgetown he amassed a treasury of Catholic Americana, which were later so efficiently filed and indexed by Father Francis Barnum—who, in 1896, was one of Alaska's greatest missionaries. It is unfortunate that there is no biography of Father Barnum; it would make most enlightening reading with a full quota of entertainment.

The Lord Chesterfield of the faculty was Father Henry J. Shandelle, then in his prime, a great collector of books. Through him the Riggs Library has been enriched with numerous valuable editions. He was lecturer in philosophy and early English in the Graduate School which, if we mistake not, was the first attempted in the old Province, and at the time the only one in the Assistancy. The professorial staff of this department embraced the old type of scholar who basked in the rays of time-honored tradition and looked askance at novelities in Ethics, philosophy, letters and constitutional history—which with French and German were prescribed courses of the graduate school—with horror at electives and disdain for majors and minors.

Among the Georgetown Scholastics at that time were Alphonsus Donlon, a graduate of the centennial class

of 1889, and later Rector, and John J. Thompkins, who gave his saintly life to the Philippine Mission.

At Georgetown, also, in 1896, there was an interesting aristocracy of the Coadjutor Brothers, many of whom were destined far to surpass the allotted three score years and ten. In the original building, which most unfortunately has been uprooted to make way for the anomalous Ryan Hall, there were two recreation rooms for the Brothers—one for the smokers and the other for the non-smokers. The former was known as the House of Representatives and the latter as the Senate. There were twenty Brothers at Georgetown in 1896 and longevity was the gift of most of them. One lived to be 96, three until their 88th year, four were well past eighty years of age, and seven others lived until 70 or over. Evidently hard work agreed with them, for even at a very advanced age they were most active in their several valuable tasks. Their regularity in attending in a body spiritual reading and points and their frequency in the Chapel were an inspiration to all the community, and visitors often remarked on the edification they gave.

Gonzaga at the time was a college and a high school. Father John A. Conway was Minister, prefect of studies and of health. With Father William P. Brett he had pursued at Innsbruck a biennium in Dogmatic Theology, which he had taught at Woodstock for four years. It would seem that the biennium, which was extremely rare in those ages for members of the American Assistancy, fitted one to fulfill the office of minister, as his solitary companion biennist also became a minister, first at Georgetown for one year, then at the Gesu for the same period. Father Brett had previously taught Philosophy at Woodstock for two years and Dogma for four. He later became Vice-Rector of Loyola, Baltimore, for one year, and Rector of Woodstock for a little over four long years.

At Loyola, Baltimore, was Father Francis X. Brady, who is eminently responsible for the popularity of the

Novena of Grace, and it would seem to be his great success that inspired our other parishes to do likewise.

Up in New England, where Boston College and the high school were administered practically as one, Father Timothy Brosnahan was Rector, though he is best remembered as a powerful professor of Ethics at Woodstock. The Prefect of Schools was Father David W. Hearn, later Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, New York. He should be specially remembered as the founder of Regis High School and as the one who was so efficient in finishing the interior of Saint Ignatius' Church, which work was brought to its present perfection by one of his successors, Father Patrick O'Gorman. This same genial superior was responsible for the gift of the Lourdes Chapel at Georgetown Prep. Also at Boston College was Father Thomas I. Gasson, the founder of greater Boston College at Chestnut Hill. Rhetoric was taught by Father Charles B. Macksey, later professor at Woodstock and at the Gregorian. Two future Rectors of Fordham were among the Scholastics and also a future Rector of Gonzaga, Washington. The 1897 Boston College catalogue listed 27 names. Fifty years later we find in two communities 156 in all.

The Prefect of Studies at Holy Cross was Father Joseph Hanselman, later Provincial, Rector of Woodstock and American Assistant. Among the younger Fathers at St. Peter's, Jersey City, was Father William M. McDonough, who became a great missionary in the Philippines. At St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, was Father James H. Doonan who had been Rector of Georgetown when its days were darkest due to indebtedness incurred by his predecessor. He skillfully preserved the existence of the institution and this should never be forgotten.

As we close the 1896 catalogue of the old Maryland-New York Province we realize that many names have been omitted in the foregoing recollections which should not be forgotten and we hope that some other

pen may be found, to tell of them before it is too late. In fact the writer is tempted to turn back and add many more details to the picture he has so imperfectly portrayed. The reading of the *Primi Anni* catalogue has been a genuine joy to a heart ever grateful to have been associated with so many saintly and illustrious sons of the Society. He joins in the lament of one of the great benefactors of the Province that we have been so remiss in issuing biographies of our many inspirational characters. We do not seem to have the instinct, found abroad, of keeping records and letters and historical facts well worth preserving, about our own, and seem satisfied with a tombstone and a meagre obituary; even the latter has been omitted for such noteworthy men as Father O'Rourke, the great Master of Novices, Father Walter Dwight, and others. The good is often interred with their bones.

These notes are only some rambling recollections of a grateful Golden Jubilarian as he turns the pages of the Province Catalogue of fifty years ago. With thirteen others he shares the happiness of perseverance thus far. A decade ago, on the feast of All the Saints of the Society, there passed from our midst one who had been a Jesuit fifty-nine years, yet he never felt sure he would persist in the Society until the end, and even after his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit would beg prayers for his perseverance. May the compiler of these lines beg the same of any who may possibly be patient enough to read them?



SHEPHERD AND FLOCK TAKE TO THE HILLS

WALTER J. HAMILTON, S.J.

(Editor's Note: A dozen or so of the American Jesuits stationed in the mission parishes of Mindanao in the Philippines were never caught by the Japanese. The following is a "by-the-way" and summary letter of one of them. Some of the things the writer tells imply contact with American submarines, which we know did happen but of which, as of many other revealing things, he discreetly mentions nothing.)

December 8, 1941: Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Jasaan, East Misamis. I arrived here last night from Lanao, some 130 kilometers distant, where I had been stationed about a year, and preached the fiesta sermon in Father Murphy's parish. Father Henfling arrived about eleven a.m. with the report that Pearl Harbor had been attacked and war was on. Later other neighboring Fathers came confirming the shocking news. The late Father John O'Connell graced the festive board, this being our last meeting. Once during the war I received a letter from him in which he said he had been very thin, but was building up again. He died of diabetes. May his noble soul rest in peace.

After dinner, Father Risacher bade us all return to our posts, so after a fond adieu we parted. As yet we had heard nothing official and a rumor was voiced that the news might not be true, but on our arrival at the township of Tagoloan the radio was blasting away about fireworks in Davao, a Japanese settlement on the other side of Mindanao. War seemed certain as we approached nearer to Cagayan where even our College Ateneo de Cagayan boys were guarding the streets, and passes were required for all travel. That night we had our first blackout and a scare. It was reported that a flare had gone up from Lourdes Academy, and that a plane had been sighted off the coast not very distant. Bishop Hayes went over to the rectory to tell us this news and several of us accompanied

him to Lourdes. The Bishop arranged with his secretary, Father Kirchgessner, to divide the night, watching and sleeping in turns.

December 9. After listening in with Bishop Hayes to the transcribed declaration of war, having with no little delay procured the necessary passes, we were off for Iligan, Lanao. What dreadful days of uncertainty were upon us! War is so different from everything else. One actually has to be on the scene to understand what it is. We were most helpless in this vast Lanao province. Day after day stores kept selling out their wares and closing up. We had no American army men on hand to reassure the people. In the mountains were the Moros and malarial mosquitoes. Blackouts were the order of the nights, and one would look forward to the radio each night for some reassurance. Planes would zoom overhead, sometimes menacingly low, and one Sunday morning Lanao Province received its first bombing. Dansalan, the cool mountain-resort, capital of the great province shook mightily as dive-bombers blasted her airfields. Father Reith, S.J. did splendid work on this occasion.

The first American to arrive in Iligan, Lanao, at this time was Captain Lane, later killed by a Moro. Father Haggerty, S.J. had assisted him in Cagayan in his capacity of procurement officer, and on his going to Lanao recommended him to us. So he arrived one evening about nine o'clock as we sat around the radio. We did our best to make the Captain feel at home. He had seen rough action in Davao, another corner of Mindanao, where previously he had been engaged in business. One day, as we sat at dinner, word was brought that Manila had fallen. The Captain was so awfully shocked that he sat back from the table, his head buried in his hands, for some ten minutes. Then suddenly Iligan people became a bit panicky as a ship was sighted approaching our coast. Ships had been stealing in and out occasionally, but none had been expected this day. The Captain was for burning the town, but Father Cervini suggested that they call up

Camp Overton to inquire if any ship were officially expected. They went to the wharf, where, with the police-chief and a few others, they watched. People began to gather down the main street. As the ship neared, the figure of well-known Colonel Fort was discerned. On landing, he walked nonchalantly down the gangplank, a pipe in one hand, a can of tobacco in the other. Ships kept coming for days, with Filipino soldiers and some few American officers; they had been slipping around the Southern Islands, Cebu, etc., coming to Mindanao for the last stand. After the surrender I heard that Colonel Fort was beheaded in Cagayan for refusing to urge the Moros to be friendly with the Japs. The Colonel's last words were, "You can get me but you can't get America."

Our Bishop in Cagayan wrote suggesting that some of our Fathers get out and live with the people in the barrios and mountains, so that we would not all be interned. About January 6, Brother John Doyle and I started off for the barrios. For a while we lived along the coast in a barrio called Lina-on. We had a small bamboo chapel here where Japs used to buy lumber. Before long we moved some four kilometers up to Puracan, and what a wet day it was. After a long muddy, hilly climb we arrived at the little one-grade school house destined to be our abode for some two months more. Of course we were out on the trail, or hiking along the coast much of the time. This is a real malaria region, in fact all along this province it is but a question of more or less. A Filipino Doctor, a malariologist, had been sent here by the government to establish malaria-control centers and was working well when the war came and cut down his funds and medicines. I remember how, on my suggestion, he and his staff began preparing native medicines from the most bitter-tasting herbs.

While on one of my long mission hikes, I was distressed with dysentery for some days. Finally I resolved to walk to Iligan some fifteen kilometers to seek medicines. Arriving at the foot of the mountain-

trail I called on Doctor Villanueva, the malariologist, who had my blood examined and declared I had the "worst kind of malaria" in my blood, the "kind that can make one insane." The dystentery, it seems, was but a symptom of the malaria. But with no fever or chills I was able to say Holy Mass all but two days or so. The Doctor gave me two atabrine and three sulfathiazole tablets daily for ten days. We had to move back to the coast to be under the Doctor's supervision, and after ten days I was pronounced cured. Due to good exercise and out-door life, I had good resistance and so the parasites were scanty, the crescent type did not develop, and I did become a carrier. Before Holy Week we moved further down the road, to Magoong, as the chapel was a more worthy one for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries. Some have asked how we managed to have enough wine and hosts. Well, we laid in a good supply from Cebu just before the outbreak of the war, and deposited a few bottles of wine here and there in the Moro-country and in Christian barrios. Besides, we would use only about a half-teaspoonful at each Mass. For the ablution we used water only. Mass candles we would light at the Offertory or Sanctus and extinguish after the Communion. Providentially we would get an air-tight can of good flour now and then, or a little loose flour, so that we always had enough. For a long time, however, we would divide the small hosts. Incidentally, I always carried the Blessed Sacrament with me on all trips and reserved the Santísimo in an improvised tabernacle while at home. I would not let on to the people that I had the Blessed Sacrament, so that they would not lose their proper reverence. As the war dragged on the houses became more and more miserable, leaky, etc.

One bright Sunday morning, Father Joseph Lucas was passing in a station-wagon with some teachers and a lady Doctor whom he was transporting to Kolambagan to cross the bay to West Misamis for comparative safety. We invited the party to dine with us. Father said he would stop for me in a day or so to

bring me to Tagnipa, Province of East Misamis, to administer the parish of El Salvador about to be vacated by Father Eugene O'Keefe who was becoming an Army Chaplain. As to my volunteering for the Army, Father Lucas replied, "You're too old, like myself. Besides we could not all become Chaplains. Some would have to remain with the civilians in peace-time." Three of our Mindanao missionaries became Chaplains.

So we arrived at Tagnipa about two weeks before the Japs invaded Mindanao. We evacuated some things to the hills. A disastrous flood swept through much of our parish during these days, and some 200 were lost. This was the heaviest toll I've ever heard of in these parts. I had been assigned to this Tagnipa mission for some seven years previously. Father O'Keefe made final preparations and departed for his post. Father Lucas, our Mindanao Superior, passed several times and suggested we go back a bit from the road at night. This we did, sleeping in a small Public School building some 150 meters from the road. Father O'Keefe with Colonel Tarkington paid us a visit, May 2, about eleven a.m., but could not be persuaded to stay for lunch. Sitting on the porch, gazing out at the beautiful sea, the Colonel remarked, "How calm and peaceful, how hard it is to realize the Japs have already landed in Cotobato" (on the opposite side of Mindanao). Father O'Keefe was seeking some quinine, prayer-books and boxing gloves. They then left us and I have never seen them since. That very night the Japs came. A plane passed over us, from Del Monte perhaps, then we heard firing at sea, perhaps anti-air craft, and the plane returned.

About midnight Cagayan was ablaze, the bridge was blown up, the wharves dynamited. We went down to the beach and witnessed the invasion; how clear the tracer bullets even at that distance, how horrible the shelling. We then carried some remaining articles of food up the hill to Tuburan, where I slept a while longer. Around six a.m. I said Mass there on the Public School porch, ate some breakfast, made another

trip to the rectory, arranged for evacuating our remaining articles. About two p.m. we started for Bolison, some five kilometers of rocky, hot travel. Brother Doyle remarked, as we neared Bolison, "The Japs will never come up here."

In a few days the Nips were coming over the road, and our poor people were running. At the foot of our hills a woman had been killed. I hastened to attend a sick woman, to baptize her child; then people came to us, one woman with twins to be blessed. We prepared to move and live where the greatest number would live; so at two p.m. we started hiking in the hot sun, over hills, down valleys some five miles away. About six p.m. we reached Sampatulog where a friend dissuaded us from trying Lourdes, on the ground that it was a municipal district and would surely be reached by our "friends." So we rested till the moon rose placidly over our troubled hills, then went looking for a carabao to carry our luggage, and off we were to Calonggonan, a barrio in the interior. The name expresses the shape of the mountains there; "longon" means coffin, coffin-shaped mountains. Now we were some 17 kilometers from the coast on all sides. In peace-time I had never heard of this barrio. The old concejal is a shy, taciturn fellow. The people had but little contact with the coastal towns. Many had grown up without baptism, and really it was thus providential that we evacuated here and set up a little chapel. On the altar we placed a crucifix, taken from a coffin in the U. S. This seems to have been the first crucifix ever seen in this mountain village. Who can measure the good accomplished by the practice of thus sending crucifixes to the living to be the sacred occasions of divine grace and love? How much more would statues and especially memorial chapels serve God's glory in poor mission villages than in seldom visited cemeteries where they are concentrated.

There were several school teachers evacuated here who helped us discern the varying ages of the candidates for baptisms. People came for medical treat-

ment, and we made excursions to neighboring places never visited by missionaries before. We sojourned some four months in Calonggonan. Father Arthur Shea favored us with a visit July 2 just two months after the invasion of Mindanao. He was already wearing a beard. What a hike he had made from Initao! We had no extra pillow left and Father Shea flatly refused to accept mine. We just barely had enough room on the floor for all of us. Half of our "house" was a corn bin. In those days one did not worry overmuch about flying cockroaches, mice, rats and the pig or pigs just under your bamboo floor, if the house was high enough. Anything that dropped through the bamboo floor was definitely gone; the more precious, the more surely absorbed by these voracious "Babuys." Also, when corn is recently planted, the chickens are parked under the house. They are not so objectionable, for they help us know the hour when we awake at night wondering whether we can take a drink. At daytime our watch was old Sol. Bees sometimes would distract us during Mass. One morning I had a unique experience. Bees carried off half-the consecrated host. Covering the remaining half, with the help of the angels I was able to recover at once the Sacred Species and proceed with the Mass.

In September we moved to Hinigdaan, only 9 kilometers above the coast where Jap trucks still passed. Our Church, school and convento goods, records, etc. were evacuated in various places, and changed occasionally according to Jap movements. Besides, especially at certain seasons, we had to inspect our vestments, books and other buried belongings to save them from moisture, ants and flying roaches. Thanks again to the holy angels, all sacred vessels and records of baptisms, marriages and finances were saved. Our abode we changed sixteen times, not counting a few quick escapes for a day or two. We would be out for weeks at a time, especially during the latter part of the war. We had three and a half years of war in Mindanao. During that period I had not received a

letter from the U.S., but I learned indirectly of my mother's death.

Our Tagnipa mission extends over some sixteen miles. Father Haggerty was covering the Cagayan area and Father Shea took Initao parish whose pastor had become a chaplain, assigned to Bataan. In Iligan, Father Consunji was taken by the Japs, tortured and killed, so Father Shea had to cover Iligan parish. The distance from Cagayan to Iligan is almost 100 kilometers, and we were three priests. Father Haggerty would be away for months to other provinces, and Father Shea was seriously sick for a few months. One critical day, having received the last Sacraments he dictated a beautiful letter to his folks at home, and bade me send a few strands of his beard as a remembrance.

War-travel was trying and a bit precarious. Along the provincial roads the bridges were down and we had to keep detouring, crossing rivers, ducking under sharp, overhanging bamboo branches. At places whole trees were overhanging, and night travel was really a nightmare. What with the deep mud especially in river beds, narrow trails, steep climbs, canyons, the angels oft had to work overtime. It was the light and warmth of the Sacred Heart, always with us sacramentally on all our trips, that brought us through. We even crossed the provincial road at night not far from Cagayan, the big Jap-occupied town, to give the last Sacraments to a sick Protestant Filipino who, years ago had been a student at Silliman Institute, and had been engaged in Protestant Bible selling. When he had signed the retractation, I proposed to baptize conditionally his grown-up family; but my sacristan bade me eat something, and I observed he was nervously alarmed. He had reason to be for we were surrounded by three spies, and he felt the responsibility for the Padre's safety. "How can I eat supper with three spies in the neighboring houses surrounding us?", I replied. Our guerrilla system had not yet commenced. We lighted flares and proceeded cautiously across the little

river up along the trail to our sacristan's house some three miles up where, having eaten some cornmeal porridge in peace, I slept till early next morning when I hastened off to Hinigdoan four miles up and over to say Mass. On other occasions also, before the start of the guerrillas, I have had to run. For example, after Mass at Tagnipa, at the principal fiesta, in the central town of the parish where I had been for ten years, just before beginning baptisms, a tip came and we ran. However, at the next fiesta, eleven days later, we baptized the children.

On Christmas eve, the first year of the war, we went down to Tagnipa by the sea for Midnight Mass. Our guerrilla army had only recently begun to function. They had but a few old rifles. In the evening I baptized a Chinaman already prepared. A program was on as usual on Christmas eve, and before the people started coming in for confession, I decided to replenish a bottle or two of baptismal water. Every inch of the Church I knew, but I did not know that the sacrarium in the floor was opened, so down I fell, scraping, bruising my feet. As I dropped, I grasped the baptismal font and it broke off at the base while all its water flowed over me. I had to send up to Tuburan where we had housed our things, change my wet clothes and first-aid myself. Then, after Mass we set out along the main road in the early hours of the morning for Alubijid, the next town some five miles away, for our second Mass. The guards along the road shouted out their halt to us. My pony, "Blondy," started skidding on the Alubijid bridge, and then danced all the way across. The big concrete bridge had been smashed and tumbled by the recent floods. After our work in Alubijid, Mass, baptisms, etc., we started the long trek home. My Christmas dinner I ate on the pony, one banana. Travel through the hills was more safe and cheerful despite the mud-holes, fences, etc. Along the provincial road you felt the desolation of war, with big coconut trees thrown across your gravel path, and houses abandoned, decaying. Even trees started to grow up in some

houses. As the year went on it was all one could do to recognize the ever narrowing provincial road. It devolved into a trail through bushes and weeds aplenty. Of course there were washouts also.

There were occasional humorous incidents that set us laughing and helped preserve our sense of humor, surrounded as we were by the Japs and their spies. At Hinigdoan our boys would sing at night with the neighbors. We kept a monkey on a tree in front of our house, Moy, by name. Moy was a constant source of amusement especially to the children. How often did I reflect that here was a living proof against the evolution theory. One had but to observe Moy, especially when his chain broke. At Hinigdoan we used to say Mass about a mile from the house, one boy serving, the other cooking our breakfast. One day while we were away, our last little timepiece smashed. The boy went to the house of a friend and asked her to try to fix the clock, saying, "The monkey fell down the to fix the clock, saying, "The monkey fell down the clock." One day we were amused at a fight between a long snake and a rat. The latter finally prevailed and drove the snake into the bushes. Probably the snake had swallowed the rat's young. In fact, one day we found some six mice in a dead snake.

One had to trust to divine Providence during those days, and especially nights. You might find a snake in your room during the day. At night we kept no lights burning. In peace time flashlights were considered indispensable, but now we used coconut oil, a little cotton for wick. Obviously they were extinguished at bedtime. We used emergency money, soap, cigarettes. The money was called "bomber" in distinction to "real." It took time to accustom the people to this "bomber." Oftentimes the paper was not very strong and consistent. Emergency cigarettes were made with composition or pad paper. Emergency soap was quite strong and injured clothes. And much was required for a little washing. One day we loaded a sack of this soap on our bull and when we arrived

home some two hours later his side was burnt and resembled a map. It never healed after some eight months. This bull we called Mike, our horse Johnny. Mike would refuse to budge unless Johnny started. Both seemed to sense the hard going ahead. Another bull we had strangled to death one night. On some of our trips we had the water problem and in the summer time the grazing problem would become acute. During the first summer of the war I was bitten by a mad dog; then my horse ran away. The night before on my arrival I had been warned that there was a mad dog in town, but I forgot in the early morning when I hurried down to say Mass. I usually said it very early for safety' sake. After a soldier was bitten, the people finally caught and killed the dog. It was two months later that I received anti-rabies vaccine from Manila. The same day I received a supply of Holy Oils and was to receive them no more until after liberation when they were flown from Manila.

Some of our trips we made walking. Our horse would generally have a tropical ulcer on his back. This needs months of care and rest to heal. Harness, straps, etc., were not to be bought, so we had to employ rope for the head and belly of the horse. When the locusts devoured most of the corn of whole country-sides, the poor horse had to be put on starvation diet. Generally we fed our horse corn bran before or after long trips. For months there was little or no fruit of any kind. This dearth of food made convalescence from malaria, etc., very difficult. People looked liked ghosts. For months we lacked adequate medicine for malaria, flu, etc. At times we were racing against death in sections not far from the Japs where malaria was rampant. During one period, I would say Mass, then make the rounds, cautiously searching out the sick hiding not too far from the Japs. Generally, we would give the Sacraments to several in a house, in one house to about twelve. At times one would be dead or dying. Sometimes night overtook us and we struggled through mud, through two ravines or canyons, glad to lie to rest

on the bamboo floor, even though bitten by mosquitoes and kept awake by the delirium of the owner of the house.

As things improved we would get a bar of real soap every four months or so, razor blades or a shirt. Quinine was rare, and I used it primarily when a cardiac stimulant was indicated. Sulfathiazole and Sulfanilamide we found wonderful for tropical ulcers, etc. Sulfaguanadine for dysentery.

Thanks to divine Providence we were able to elude the Japs for three and one half years and to continue working every day of this period. One morning while we were running from the Japs, I said Mass using the floor of a house without walls, setting the altar on the floor. Another time we had rain for a week and were puzzled how to say Mass. Part of the floor was a door, taken from a dismantled house on the coast. This door we suspended from the rafters of our grass-roofed house and so I said Mass on a hanging door. Then in the meantime we worked to complete a little shack in the jungle. Even on Sunday we hauled bamboo and made a little chapel. Brother Doyle directed all this.

The clothes problem was acute in some parts especially. You would see guerilla soldiers without shirts. They would have to guard at night in malarial regions. In famine time, I have passed soldiers along the road eating unripe mangoes and they offered to share them with me. No wonder there were times when far more than half the soldiers were down with malaria. Some, when the active symptoms had gone, would return to work and relapse. An amusing incident occurred the last year of the war. I had arrived at seven p.m. at Lourdes, a valley about five miles up from the coast road. Only one little family used to remain here at night, and a few soldiers, the others evacuating. For some time past I had no hat. A sick call awaited me. I'd be out all night. The lady gave me her hat and her horse. In the course of the sick call, the lady's horse ate the lady's hat. Soon after this

the husband of this lady was wounded. We were trying to chase the Japs into Cagayan from all points. The action was to be coordinated. In a preliminary engagement from our side, our boys had pushed the Japs back a few miles and a few of our boys were wounded. While one of them was receiving plasma, I assured him he'd be able to speak real New York slang the next day with the new blood in him. Another was badly shell-shocked and the few American cigarettes we were able to give him snapped him out of it all beautifully.

The "big" town of Tagnipa (officially known as El Salvador) is completely in ruins. It was my assignment for ten years. Our guerrillas had burnt all the houses and the Japs burnt our Church, school and Convento (rectory). Also, we lost everything in the adjoining town, Alubijid. Here I had a narrow escape. The house I had been occupying was the first one the Japs entered. The lady of the house was caught. We just went back a bit to the woods and ate some breakfast.

My poor, dear Tagnipa, four and one-half miles away, occupied by the Japs, and seven or eight of our friends bayoneted to death, our army dentist included. Long had we needed and hoped for one. A short time ago he filled a tooth of mine only a few yards from where he was killed. He left four or five children orphans, for his wife had already died. Many of our friends were taken captives to Cagayan. How the poor Filipino people suffered. Many were despoiled of their crops of corn just at harvest time. Rice was a luxury in our parts, hard to obtain and very expensive. The people were patient and confident, at least they were always quite amenable to our words of encouragement and hope. They had a great admiration and enthusiasm for MacArthur. Never did I hear a word against the General. Their sympathy and cooperation for Americans was very remarkable.

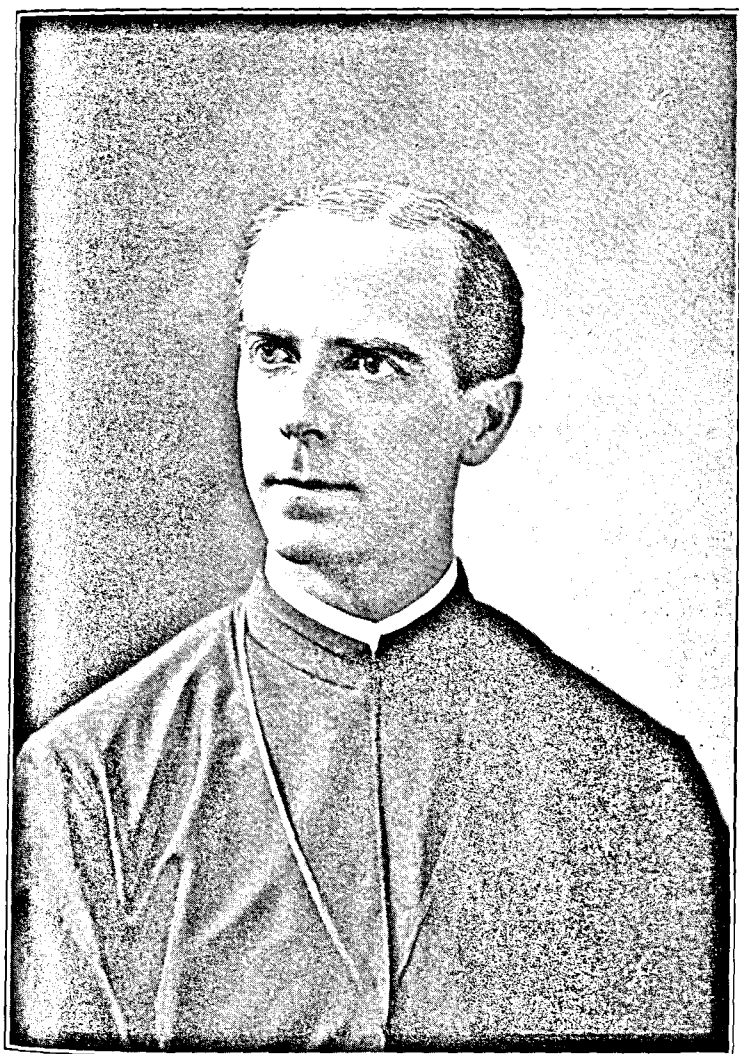
On one occasion an American plane crashed near us and the seven or eight occupants not knowing if they were landing on friendly or enemy soil drew their re-

volvers. They had been shot down over Del Monte by Jap fire and crashed in a very rocky place, some of them badly hurt, others shot. The operator was burnt to death, his hands and feet completely gone, the rest of him a mere three feet of charcoal. The people reassured the soldiers, brought them to their village on the sea shore, gave them the best they had, their own blankets, etc., sent out for medical aid. Then other planes came searching early in the morning and finally located the missing aviators and brought them to a base hospital. We buried the remains of the heroic dead next to the graves of our guerilla soldiers. I was able to bury him with the funeral rites, after which I summoned one of the guerillas to blow taps. What struck me forcibly was the idea of sacrifice. These boys had gone around the island of Mindanao and on difficult bombing missions. Practically nothing remained of this boy whose body was a holocaust to duty. May he and all who died not have died in vain. May our beloved Filipinos who died of the hardships due to the war, in floods, famine, and pestilence, may they not have died in vain, poor people, those who suffered on Mindanao, "the Isle of Promise," which they will never see fulfilled, poor souls who had no means to survive, as surgical operations were impossible. To those who love God all things work together unto good. How beautiful was the sweet resignation of those who had to die.

For some time past I had been advised to get away for an operation. I needed glasses badly too. We, as well as the Japs, had suspected that the Americans would land in Mindanao. They landed at Leyte and this island was henceforth looked on as a haven and refuge where all needs would be supplied. During the three and a half years we had to use home-made remedies for most complaints. A girl, fifteen years old, died of scurvy from bleeding gums. Another, a married woman, we were able to treat in time and save. A Filipino in Father Shea's parish can very readily extract teeth with his fingernails. He has two pairs of long

fingernails. One morning about seven o'clock I saw him extract three teeth of a young lady. She walked home, crossing a few rivers, and later in the day helped with the housework, was normal. The "dentist" has strong hypnotic powers. I saw him play with a sizeable snake, eat fire, etc.

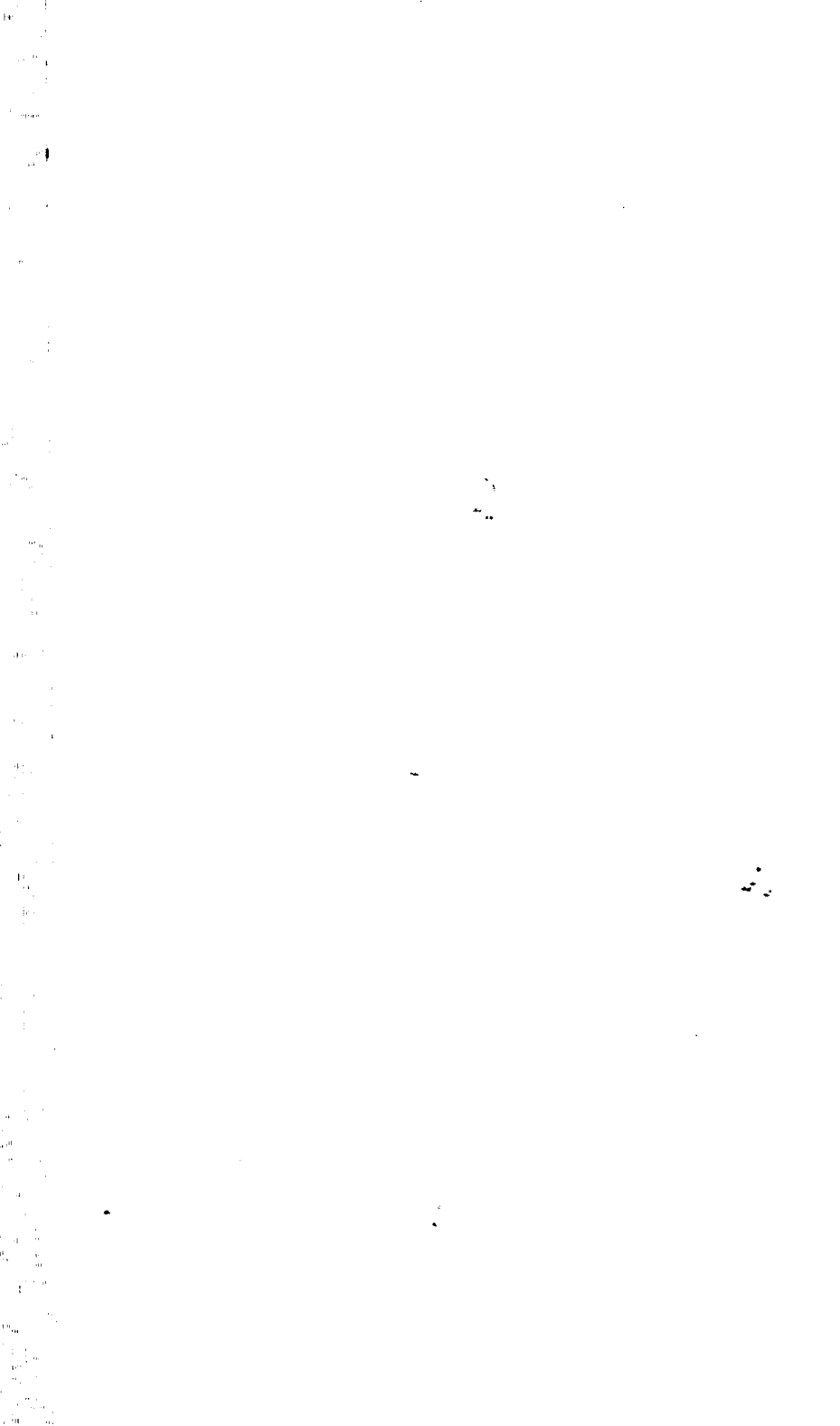
Finally, when the Japs had been pushed back far into the mountain province and our mission had been covered and Father Shea, among others, had persuaded me to go, I contacted some marines who had recently set up near our sector. They took me to Initao, Father Shea's mission. From here I went to Iligan, over through Moro country, then enplaned for Leyte. Here I met Father Lucas who had also gone for treatment to Leyte. After a week or so he ordered me back to the States. So I roomed with the transport Chaplain. We had to keep our life-preservers with us all day. The two first days we were taught how to jump into the sea in emergency, assured we would be picked up, etc. We were instructed and warned over the loud-speakers how to conduct ourselves crossing over the dangerous waters in order to "return safe and sound to the best country in the world." This we did, thank God, and after three and one half years, I slept for the first time in perfect security in the University of San Francisco. From our countless dangers we have been saved, thanks forever to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary Immaculate.



Joseph M. Woods, S.J. (1859-1925)

Ninth Editor, 1907-1925

Golden Jubilee of the LETTERS, 1922



CHRONICLE OF THE AMERICAN ASSISTANCY FOR 1946

Jan. 7—Father William F. Clark celebrated the 70th anniversary of his entrance into the Society at Fordham University, New York City.

Jan. 31—The death of Pietro Cardinal Boetto, Archbishop of Genoa. He had been Provincial of the Province of Turin, Procurator General of the Society and Italian Assistant.

Feb. 13—A decree of Rev. Father Vicar General transferred the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon from the Champagne Province to the New Orleans Province. Father John T. Linehan was appointed Superior of the Mission. He has worked on this Mission for 13 years.

Feb. 14—Father William B. Sommerhauser, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, St. Louis, Mo., celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. He had been a priest for three years when he entered the Society in 1899.

Feb. 22—Father Daniel B. Cronin was read in as Rector of St. Ignatius' High School, Cleveland, Ohio. Before this he had been an instructor in religion and French and student-counsellor for the upper-classes.

Feb. 28—Death of Bishop William A. Rice of the New England Province, titular Bishop of Russicade and Vicar Apostolic of Belize, British Honduras.

March 12—A decree of Reverend Father Vicar General called for the General Congregation to elect a new Father General to meet in Rome on Sept. 6. After the promulgation of this decree, the extra powers granted to the Vicar General by Papal indult ceased, as did the offices of the Fathers Visitor.

May 6—The diamond jubilee of the entrance of Father William J. Brosnan into the Society was commemorated at Woodstock College, Maryland.

May 26—Father Anthony Gampp asumed the office of Vice-Rector of San José Seminary in Manila, Philippine Islands.

June 2—Father Joseph Perron celebrated his diamond jubilee in the Society at Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, California.

June 11—Father Hugh J. Geary was appointed Socius to the Provincial of the Oregon Province.

June 21—At St. Francis Xavier High School, New York City, Father John W. Tynan became Rector, having acted as Vice-Rector since January, following his release from the Army Chaplain Corps.

June 27—Father Patrick Marnane celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood at Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.

June 28—At St. Mary's College, Kansas, Father John J. Brown commemorated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood.

July 17—Fr. Joseph B. O'Connell was named Vice-Rector of Brooklyn Preparatory School. For the previous five years he had been prefect of studies at Fordham Preparatory School.

July 25—The diamond jubilee of his entrance into the Society was celebrated by Father Edward S. Bergin at West Baden College, Indiana.

July 30—The golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood was observed by Father Joseph Perron at Los Gatos, California.

July 30—Father John Wynne celebrated the 70th anniversary of his entrance into the Society at Fordham University.

July 31—The appointment of Father Frederick E. Welfle as Vice-Rector of John Carroll University, Cleveland was anounced. Previously he had been professor of history and director of the Graduate School.

July 31—Father Gilbert E. Stein assumed the office of Vice-Rector at the University of Detroit High School

in addition to his duties as prefect of studies and discipline.

July 31—Father W. Patrick Donnelly became Vice-Rector of Spring Hill College. Before this, he had been prefect of studies at Jesuit High School, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Aug. 7—Father Peter F. O'Donnell, after two years as Socius to Reverend Father Provincial, became Vice-Rector at the novitiate, Grand Coteau, La.

Aug. 7—Father Joseph Priestner was appointed temporary Vice-Rector at Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, P.I., after filling the posts of Minister and Socius to the Master of Novices.

Aug 10—Father Ferdinand A. Moeller reached his 75th anniversary in the Society at Sacred Heart Novitiate, Milford, Ohio.

Aug. 10—Father Adolph J. Kuhlman celebrated his diamond jubilee in the Society at West Baden College.

Aug. 19—At Patna, India, it was announced that the Holy See had accepted the resignation of Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan of the Missouri Province as Bishop of Patna. He was appointed titular Bishop of Hali-carnassus.

On the same date Father Marion R. Batson was elected Vicar Capitular to rule the diocese until the appointment of a new bishop by Rome.

Aug. 22—Father Leonard M. Murray entered upon the office of Rector at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Florissant, Mo., after two years as Minister of the house.

Aug. 30—At St. Michael's Church, Buffalo, New York, Father Henry J. Nelles celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood.

Sept. 1—At Our Lady of Martyrs Tertianship, Auriesville, N. Y., Father Francis E. Keenan began his work as Instructor of Tertians after having been Rector at Woodstock College, Auriesville and Brooklyn Preparatory School.

At St. Stanislaus' Tertianship, Cleveland, Father Aloysius C. Kemper assumed the position of Instructor of Tertians after having been professor of dogmatic theology at St. Louis, St. Mary's and West Baden.

Sept. 5—Father Harold A. Gaudin, who had been pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Macon, Ga. for four years, was appointed Vice-Rector of St. John's College, Shreveport, La.

Sept. 6—Father Patrick Cronin celebrated his diamond jubilee in the Society at Jesuit High School, New Orleans.

Sept. 6—At Spring Hill College, Father Michael Kenny attained his diamond jubilee in the Society but asked that the celebration be postponed to coincide with that of his priestly golden jubilee next year. He died on Nov. 22.

Sept. 6—Opening of the 29th General Congregation of the Society in Rome. The electors numbered 169, from all parts of the world; many of them had experienced the pangs of war and the pains of the concentration camps of Europe and the Far East.

Sept. 8—At St. Mary's College, Kansas, Father Thomas A. O'Connor became Rector. He had held the position of Minister of scholastics for five years.

Sept. 15—Father John Baptist Janssens of the Northern Belgium Province was elected 27th General of the Society. Previously he had been professor of canon law and Rector at Louvain, Tertian Master, and for more than eight years, Provincial.

Sept. 17—The Fathers of the General Congregation, led by Very Reverend Father General, were received in audience by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, at Castel Gondolfo.

Sept. 25—Father Vincent A. McCormick was chosen American Assistant. He had been Rector of Woodstock and of the Gregorian University.

Sept. 30—Father Henry J. Nelles observed his dia-

mond jubilee in the Society at St. Michael's Church, Buffalo.

Oct. 1—Father Laurence M. O'Neill was appointed Vice-Rector of Jesuit High School, New Orleans. He was previously Rector for six years at Shreveport, La.

Oct. 6—Father Achilles Bruno celebrated his diamond jubilee in the Society at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Wash.

Oct. 23—The 29th General Congregation concluded its sessions in Rome.

Dec. 17—The day after his 94th birthday, Father Ferdinand A. Moeller died at the Novitiate, Milford, Ohio. He was the oldest Jesuit in the American Assis­tancy.

Vice-Proprials.—These Fathers acted as Vice-Proprials to the Provinces of the American Assis­tancy during the absence of the Fathers Provincial at the General Congregation.

California—Father Francis J. Seelinger, Master of Novices, and former Provincial.

Chicago—Father Joseph M. Egan, Rector of Loyola University, and former Socius to the Provincial.

Maryland—Father Francis X. Byrnes, Socius to the Provincial.

Missouri—Father William J. Fitzgerald, Socius to the Provincial.

New England—Father Forrest S. Donahue, Socius to the Provincial.

New Orleans—Father Peter F. O'Donnell, Vice-Rector of the Novitiate and former Socius to the Provincial.

New York—Father Joseph A. Murphy, former Provincial.

Oregon—Father Thomas R. Martin, former Rector of Mt. St. Michael's and of the Novitiate, Sheridan.

ORDINATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

By theologates:

Alma	California	18	
	Chicago	1	
	Mexico	1	
	Oregon	14	34
St. Mary's	Mexico	5	
	Missouri	27	
	New Orleans	12	
	Upper Canada	3	47
West Baden	Chicago	14	
	Mexico	2	16
Weston	Mexico	1	
	New England	23	
	New York	4	
	Oregon	1	29
Woodstock			
March (P.I. Miss.).....	Maryland	8	
	New York	20	28
June	Colombia	1	
	Maryland	8	
	New York	17	26
	Grand total		180

By Provinces of the Assistancy:

California	18
Chicago	15
Maryland	16
Missouri	27
New England	25*
New Orleans	12
New York	41
Oregon	15

Total for the Assistancy 169

* - includes two ordained in Canada

JESUIT EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
ENROLLMENT — 1946-1947

Colleges and Universities:

Liberal Arts	30,665
Commerce: Day	11,670
Night	7,724
Dentistry	1,332
Divinity	544
Education; University; College, etc.	3,517
Engineering	5,158
Graduate	3,273
Journalism	397
Law: Day	2,533
Night	1,621
Medicine	1,879
Nursing	2,526
Pharmacy	450
Miscellaneous	6,293
TOTAL: Full-Time	62,108
Full-Time and Part-Time	79,582
Extension, etc.	1,058
Other "Short Courses" or "Low Tuition" ...	1,154
GRAND TOTAL, Colleges and Universities ...	81,794

High Schools:

First Year	6,779
Second Year	6,281
Third Year	5,579
Fourth Year	4,615
Special	240
TOTAL, HIGH SCHOOLS	23,494
COMBINED TOTAL	105,288

A summary of vocations to the Society and a synopsis of the *fructus ministerii* of all the American Provinces are integral parts of the Chronicle which will appear in the June issue.

OBITUARY

FATHER JOHN P. GALLAGHER

(1889-1946)

Father John Patrick Gallagher was born in the Gesu parish, Philadelphia, May 9, 1889. He attended the parish school and was graduated from St. Joseph's High School with the class of 1905. He entered the Novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. on August 14 of the same year. His master of novices was Father George A. Pettit, Rector of the Novitiate, who had succeeded Father John H. O'Rourke. The Poughkeepsie Novitiate had been opened January 13, 1903, the community moving up from the venerable one that had occupied a site on Second Street, in Frederick, Maryland, for seventy-five years. The Frederick property was sold and the parish church, St. John the Evangelist, with its mission stations at Urbana, the Manor, Petersville and Point of Rocks, were turned over to the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore.

After his vows in 1907, young Gallagher made the usual Juniorate courses in the Humanities and Rhetoric, and passed on to the Scholasticate at Woodstock for his three years of philosophy. His first Regency assignment, in 1912, was to Georgetown College where he was professor of chemistry and mathematics for a year. He taught the same subjects at Holy Cross for another year, returning to Georgetown in 1914 where, for the next three years, he taught organic chemistry, geology and higher mathematics.

From 1917 to 1921 he made his course of theology at Woodstock. On June 29, 1920 he was ordained with twenty-eight others by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, at Dahlgren Chapel, Georgetown, as the old chapel at Woodstock could no longer accommodate the Ordinandi and their relatives and guests. The venerable Cardinal was in his eighty-sixth year and this was his last in

a long unbroken series of ordinations of candidates from Woodstock since his accession to the see of Baltimore in 1877. Upon the completion of his theological studies, Father Gallagher made his Tertianship at Poughkeepsie, under Father Anthony Maas.

Due to the growing numbers of philosophers and theologians that were overcrowding Woodstock, plans had actually been drawn for a larger scholasticate at Yonkers, New York, to be known as Woodstock-on-Hudson. A large property, the former Lilienthal estate, had been acquired in 1912, but the first World War made such a large construction impossible. However, the would-be Woodstock-on-Hudson was utilized for the six years following, as a novitiate, under the name of the Frederick novitiate, St. Stanislaus, and formed the nucleus of the novitiate, opened at Shadowbrook, near Lenox, Massachusetts, in 1923.

Weston, Massachusetts, was then selected as the site of a new scholasticate, and a large tract, with a mansion fairly well adapted to the purposes of a philosophate was purchased. It was opened on January 2, 1922, for the first two years of philosophy, and this was to be Father Gallagher's next field of labor. There were thirty-nine in first and second years, (forty-six remained at Woodstock for third year.) For two years Father Gallagher taught chemistry, biology and experimental psychology. An account of the beginnings of the Weston scholasticate was published in THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS for February, 1922

The scientific apparatus at Weston was incomplete, but Father Gallagher set himself to his task with good will. However, the class was not enough to satisfy a priest of his burning zeal and tremendous energy. Between times, he gave a number of missions and retreats and posted his sermons for the edification of the scholastics. He was always most punctual with his classes and never allowed his outside work to interfere.

Father Joseph S. Clink, S.J. who was Father Gal-

lagher's beadle at Weston sums up those years in the following brief description:

The winter of 1922-1923 was a severe one. Father Gallagher then lived in what was called "The White House" with Fathers Keyes and Duggin and Brothers Mansell and James O'Sullivan. The next year he lived with Father Anthony Cotter in the remodeled carriage house, known as Bapst Hall. He was an early riser and always said the 5:30 Mass. He was actively engaged with retreats, missions and supply work in and around Boston and gave the impression, and it was true, of being a hard worker, big-hearted and filled with great zeal.

Superiors recognized his talents and ability for preaching, so his next assignment, which was to be the principal one of his career, was on the Mission Band from 1924 to 1935; for all but one of these years he was Superior or Director of Missions. There were never less than eleven on the Band for Missions in English; besides there was one each for German, Hungarian and Italian Missions.

As Director he was prompt in his correspondence with Pastors who wished them to preach missions. He was most methodical and orderly in arranging schedules and programs. Every year he called the Band together for a conference with the Father Provincial. During his years those who were engaged with him in giving Missions said that he was most helpful to the Band and to Tertians who were assigned to help during Lent. He made every effort to encourage young priests to prepare to give missions, preach novenas and tridua. To the diocesan priests he was always obliging and never let a mission go begging. He gave much care to special "little missions" for children which were conducted in the afternoons. When he was Director of the Band, the spread of the Novena of Grace was due in great part to his efforts, especially throughout the State of Pennsylvania. In short, Father Gallagher was one of the best leaders who has ever directed that important group, the Mission Band.

As for his own personal work, he had a fine mind, a good strong voice and a pleasing personality. He was very desirous to illustrate in his stories, points of doctrine, and was always compiling notes, anecdotes, meditations and courses of sermons, which he had mimeographed for those who might care to use them; and he was happy to supply Ours also of other Provinces and any secular priests with these notes and courses. He may not have had all the graces of a pulpit orator but his sincerity and eloquence made his hearers forget all that. The same has been told of the famous Father Bernard Maguire and Father William Pardow. Consequently, he was always sure of a full church when he preached. A convert remarked: "I like to hear him preach for he evidently likes to preach."

In preaching missions he appealed especially to men, to whom he felt more free to "speak out," even to be a bit rough, because at times he had to inveigh against very rough lives and characters. He once remarked that the work on the Band made him realize as nothing else ever could the agony and horror of Our Lord's meditation in Gethsemane. It was on the Band that his almost limitless capacity for work could be seen, as when he substituted for others who were too ill to keep their appointments. He used to tell how, when he went to supply for a certain Father who had fallen sick and whom a pastor had always insisted on having, he was met with a cold rebuff: "Who are you? I did not send for you!" Father Gallagher humbly told the reason why the other could not come, but offered to do what little he could in the emergency. The pastor listened attentively to his first sermon, noted the effect on the men,—and was converted. Immediately Father became one of his chosen souls and an indispensable favorite.

Father Gallagher had a keen mind; his comments on questions and events of the times were philosophical and well-balanced. His knowledge of moral theology and cases was both wide and accurate and his judg-

ments sound. When traveling he would invariably start a conversation; his motive was always apostolic. When he met bigots who attacked the Church or Catholic doctrine, he could crack them down in a minute. He told about some celebrated teachers and preachers; one of them was a former chaplain of the United States Senate; he corrected his false ideas and misunderstandings. His memory was quick and retentive; some have called it prodigious. Once he heard a name, date or fact, he never forgot it. Once he met a person, he had him catalogued for life. Father Socius once called up to ask if he was free to give a retreat to the priests of a certain diocese. He replied without hesitation: "Sure, the last time I gave a retreat to the priests of that diocese was thirteen years ago." And he was right.

The five years after his work on the Mission Band, Father Gallagher spent mostly in parish duties, at St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, and at St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore. At St. Aloysius' he entered into his duties with great zest, often regardless of his health which was precarious at times. He was Spiritual Director of the Holy Name Society and took charge there of the Booster's Club shortly after its organization, and he made it the most successful Club of its kind in the city. After his death the Club published the following tribute: "With deep regret we record the loss of one who was at all times a good Booster and friend to all Boosters whom he met. Father John P. Gallagher, who was called to his eternal reward on June 22nd, helped to nurture the Boosters' Club in its infancy with his wise counsels. He encouraged those first members with his active cooperation in their projects; he helped to infuse the spirit of optimism which initiated several rather ambitious undertakings on the part of the Club; finally, he was friend and confidant of any member who was in need of his help. When he was transferred from St. Aloysius' Church he continued his interest in the Club and its members. The Boosters in their turn held him in deep affection,

which was never more clearly manifested than in his last illness and after his death. No group of his friends made a better demonstration of their regard for him than did the Boosters. We mourn the loss of a dear friend, whose memory we will keep fresh with our prayers."

For the last six years of his life, Father Gallagher was a member of the community of Holy Trinity Church in Georgetown. Because of his outstanding qualifications for retreat work, Father Provincial, at the request of Most Reverend Archbishop Curley of Baltimore and Washington, assigned him to conduct retreats for the working classes, chiefly in those two Archdioceses. He received the following letter from His Excellency, the Archbishop.

February 27, 1940

Rev. John P. Gallagher, S.J.
19 Eye Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Father Gallagher,

You have been appointed by your Very Reverend Father Provincial to take charge of the Retreat Movement for our working people in the Province of New York and Maryland.

I hereby confirm your appointment for that work in the Archdioceses of Baltimore and Washington and promise you, on my own part, every possible cooperation to the end that you may be able to bring many of our poor working people to see the truth of the Church's teaching regarding Labor and Capital and to bring them closer to the Divine Worker—Jesus Christ Himself.

Not only do I confirm your appointment and promise you my own cooperation, but I hereby recommend you most warmly to all the Clergy—Regular and Diocesan—of both Archdioceses. I expect them to give you every possible help in this great work to which you have been appointed. I recommend you to our Diocesan Clergy who are taking a very particular interest in the work of bringing before the working class the teaching of the Church as outlined clearly and emphatically by Leo XIII and Pius XI on the question of Labor.

Your presentation of this letter of mine to any mem-

ber of the Clergy is equivalent to my own personal request that such cooperation as I have mentioned above be given to you. You are free to select the places for your retreats and I have the fullest confidence in your judgment regarding the form such retreats should take.

Wishing you every blessing in your new field of work, I remain

Yours sincerely,

† *Michael J. Curley,*
Archbishop of Baltimore

The following tribute was paid to Father Gallagher, especially as a Retreat Master, by an intimate friend in the Diocesan Clergy.

"Father Gallagher, better known as 'Pat' by his many friends in the priesthood and among the laity, will live in memory for many reasons. Among the clergy he will be remembered most vividly perhaps as the tireless missionary who enlivened every priestly gathering with his never-ending humor. In the minds of the laity he will most likely stand out as the retreat master and the uniquely kind confessor who stirred their hearts and restored their souls to grace. For priest and people alike his many virtues of soul made him an unusual, priestly friend—one that is not easily forgotten.

"The priests of the Archdioceses of Baltimore and Washington will especially remember the retreat that he gave for them at Saint Mary's Seminary in Baltimore in the June of 1943. In the course of it Father Gallagher opened to them his soul and set forth his most cherished convictions and thus afforded to all the best opportunity of seeing just what he himself really was. His own deep priestly spirit, his love of simplicity, his hatred of anything that hinted of insincerity or sham, his love of his fellow priests, his merciful attitude toward the sinner;—all these helped to make the retreat, according to one Monsignor, the best given in more than thirty years. Perhaps different conferences will stand out in the minds of different priests, but all of us will remember the closing Holy Hour in which

Christ was considered as having the heart of a Priest, of a Friend and of a Mother.

"Perhaps the greatest gift that Father Gallagher brought to his office as retreat master was his sense of humor. Invariably it flavored all his sermons and conferences. This endowment of wit served to distinguish Father 'Pat's' 1943 retreat from all others. Retreat masters of other years might bring to their conferences greater profundity of thought and more beauty of expression, but none ever savored their considerations with the wit and humor of Father Gallagher. Indeed, he possessed a truly remarkable facility for bringing humor into the most sacred considerations just as he could with equal ease bring the most sacred reflections into his everyday wit.

"The blessing of a sense of humor brought another gift to Father Gallagher as a preacher of missions and retreats. He had the added facility of making his conferences be remembered. No doubt this flowed from his wit, for he so entwined humor with his homilies that when you remembered to laugh you could not forget the lesson he wished to impart. Many of his expressions have become by-words and, as long as the memory of Father Gallagher endures, his axioms will come to mind together with all that they implied.

"The 1943 retreat was not the only opportunity the clergy of the Baltimore-Washington area had for appraising Father Gallagher as a retreat master. He gave special sermons, novenas, missions and fulfilled preaching assignments of all kinds in many of the churches of this section of the country. In this varied work that extended over a considerable portion of his later life, Father Gallagher manifested another quality that characterized his efforts—his zeal. In this he showed that he was a born missionary. His love of the work never flagged. Nothing was too small to do for souls. His zealous nature kept driving him on to work as few people of his years would do.

"True missionary that he was, Father 'Pat' would suggest added services for the convenience of the

people; would go at all hours to or from the confessional box; would spend hours preparing his conferences; spend other hours in the parlor helping souls; would stand out in front of the church giving out holy cards and other pious literature; even had his own sets of notes mimeographed and distributed to help in spreading God's kingdom and in doing good.

"When one tries to sum up all that he was in himself, and what untold good he did by going out into the highways and byways seeking and reclaiming souls for his Master, one might apply to Father Gallagher the words sung in Church at the entrance of bishops: 'Behold a great priest who in his days pleased God!'"

Father Gallagher acquitted himself of this new task with his usual energy and zeal. This was his favorite work. To further the work, the Archbishop gave him whatever financial assistance he might need. In addition, when he had any free time, he was always ready to offer his services in parochial work. This was his customary practice. During the war years, 1941-1945, he was in constant demand as auxiliary chaplain at the various Army, Navy and Air posts and stations along the East coast, and gave many retreats in these places. He was a favorite with the Police of Washington and conducted their retreats at Manresa-on-Severn. He would display with a broad smile a badge presented to him by Major Edward Kelly, Superintendent of the Washington Police, naming him honorary Inspector of the Metropolitan Police Department of Washington.

It would not be difficult to describe Father Gallagher's character. His piety was simple, sincere and unaffected. As a young altar boy at the Gesu Church in Philadelphia, when he was hardly big enough to carry the Missal, he would be found by the Brother sitting on the steps of the Church waiting for the doors to open so he could serve the early Mass. In the days when the saintly Father Burchard Villiger was Pastor of the Church, his parishioners were of devout

and fervent type, inspired by the Pastor's deep faith and earnestness. They were known as "Gesu Catholics" because of their intense love of their faith and their practical Catholicity. Of such was Father Gallagher whose piety was manifested in his sermons and when he led in the public prayers. One who observed him in action, thus expressed himself: "I love to see Father Gallagher in the sanctuary; he belongs there. He is a power near the tabernacle, a real apostolic priest. How his parents in their heavenly home must be proud of him!"

Beginning as a novice and all through his life his disposition was happy and jovial. He loved children and his merry, genial ways always attracted them to him. He never missed an opportunity for fun; wherever he was, there was laughter. He possessed real wit and knew how to use repartee. If he turned the laughter on another, it was never with the intention to wound or be uncharitable. In fact he would often turn the joke and poke fun at himself. As one who worked a long time with him said: "If he wounded, it was only to heal." Though he might warmly disagree with a person, he would be the first to help that person in need; if need be he would move heaven and earth to help him. His was the true Celtic nature; it would flare up with indignation when opposed, but, the storm would quickly pass and all would be serene once again. As a scholastic in the years of study and regency, and as a priest, he was always bubbling over with good nature. He had the missionary's usual fund of good stories and he knew how to tell them with all the spark and genius of an Irish story-teller.

About his priestly work and ministrations already touched upon, one word could sum it all up. He was a generous, hard-working priest, enthusiastic and unsparing of self. He never refused a priestly call and always adjusted his time to suit the conveniences of others. No amount of work ever seemed to tire him. He could accomplish hard things quickly and without apparent strain or effort.

Such was the unanimous testimony of his fellow workers on missions and in the parishes. Until a few years before his death he gave the Three Hours twice on the same Good Friday, in the afternoon in Baltimore, and at night in Philadelphia. He could preach in the great city churches on one Sunday and to colored Catholics in humble country parishes on the next. In his work for the laboring classes he would preach to the colored even more readily than to the white, especially because the former were the object of Communistic propaganda. While in that work he resided at one of our parish rectories, and the minute he returned from one of his retreat or mission assignments he would be out over the city calling on persons who were in spiritual need, encouraging them and bringing Holy Communion to the sick. He was a special friend of so-called "poor devils," "down-and-outers" and fallen-away Catholics. Many grand and good deeds of charity were done by him that are known only to God. In his twenty-six years as a priest he crowded a hundred of hard and strenuous apostolic labor for his Divine Master and for souls.

One week before he was stricken with his last illness he preached the Three Hours in the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, one of the largest churches in Washington, and to a crowded audience. He returned flushed with happiness that he was able to do it. He had signed up for a week-end retreat at Loyola Retreat, Morristown, N. J., a week later, but physicians and Superiors prescribed a long rest instead. It was the beginning of the end; for exactly two months later, June 22, he passed away at the age of fifty-seven in the Mayo Hospital, Rochester, Minnesota.

From our narrative, one can readily understand Father Gallagher's popularity among clergy and laity alike, and why hundreds of priests in every field and every diocese where he labored counted him as their personal friend. Years after his retreats to priests the young and the old remembered him and expressed

their enthusiasm and gratitude for the inspiration he never failed to give.

One of the last scenes of his labors was the Diocese of Mobile, Alabama. We will close this sketch with a letter from Most Reverend Bishop Toolen, who lost in Father Gallagher a dear friend and zealous auxiliary.

Bishop's Residence
400 Government Street
Mobile, Ala.
September 23, 1946

My dear Father:

I found your letter on my desk when I got home from vacation. I don't think that there is much that I can add about Pat that you do not already know. I think that he was one of the most lovable characters that I have ever met, kind, zealous, self-sacrificing, always trying to do good to others. No man was ever a harder worker than John Patrick Gallagher. When he came down here to give retreats or to do any other work, he was never satisfied with just doing what was expected. He was always looking for more work.

He loved to talk to the colored and seemed to be able to talk a language that they understood. The Sisters were always glad to have him come for a conference, because in his own way he always gave them much to think about.

The children at the orphanage always welcomed him because of his stories and through his stories he put over love for Almighty God and His Church. Everyone loved Father Pat and he is a real loss, not only to Holy Trinity, but to the country. He was so well known and so beloved. How anxious he was always to help the priests. His stories and his notes are on the desks of many priests. He loved the priesthood and those who represented it and even though at times they were not such good representatives, Father Pat would never say an unkind word about a priest. I think that we might extend this to all people. He was very, very charitable and most kind. I am sure that you know this from your own experience with him. He frequently spoke of you and your work and he loved both you and Father McCarl and never tired talking about you both.

I don't know whether this will be helpful to you in the work that you are trying to do, but these are my

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feelings toward Father Pat. I feel I lost one of my best friends when God called him to his reward and I am sure that he had a great reward waiting for him.

Sincerely,

✠ *T. J. Toolen,*
Bishop of Mobile

May he rest in peace.

VARIA

THE AMERICAN ASSISTANCY

Vocations. During the latter half of the recent war, Father Timothy P. Reardon of the New York Province, then stationed at Gonzaga H.S., Washington, D. C., and now at Georgetown University, began the publication of *Introibo*, "a bulletin for Catholic men interested in the priesthood and/or the religious life." In the issue for Nov. 1, 1946, there is a report on a survey of veterans intending to become priests of brothers. Up to that date, the total was 1,162; 517 to be secular priests, 446 candidates for religious congregations, 53 undecided which type of priestly life to follow and 146 who wanted to be brothers.

In Boston, the School for Delayed Vocations, a new project in this country, began with classes on Sept. 9 and an enrollment of 85 students. Varying in age from 19 to 40, with the average being 25, they came from 18 states and as far west as Denver and New Mexico. About 35 were from Boston and vicinity.

Though commitments to dioceses or religious orders and congregations were tentative, 42 favored the diocesan clergy, 28 the regular clergy and the rest had made no pre-determination. Several of the group were directed to the school by religious superiors who had already accepted them conditionally.

Father George M. Murphy, upon his discharge from the Army in March a year ago, was appointed by Father Provincial to undertake the work of organizing and publicizing the school. It was originally planned to conduct classes in the Boston College High School annex, but by the end of July it became apparent that the limited accommodations there would not be large enough for the prospective enrollment. Arrangements then were made to use classrooms of Boston College Intown on Newberry Street where there was room for classes during day sessions.

A problem more difficult of solution was that of boarding facilities for students from outside the Boston area. With the permission of Archbishop Cushing and the two pastors, Father Murphy preached at all the masses on one Sunday in early August in St. Mary of the Hills Church, Milton, Mass., and on the following Sunday in St. Mark's Church, Dorchester. His appeal to the Catholics of these parishes to accept one or two students into their homes was so effective that he did not have to speak at the last two Masses at St. Mark's.

As the enrollment mounted, three Fathers were assigned to teach concentrated courses in the two programs, junior college and high school. Each carries a weekly schedule of 20 hours of class. Four lay teachers have a total of 10 periods weekly.

At the end of the first term, the percentage of defections was far less than was anticipated, mostly due to scholastic difficulties. The faculty feels that the 70 or so students remaining will be very acceptable candidates for the priesthood.

AMVETS Chaplain. Father Sam Hill Ray of the New Orleans Province whose exploits on Iwo Jima and in Japan are legendary among the men with whom he served as a military chaplain, was chosen National Chaplain of the AMVETS at their recent convention in St. Louis. The organization is only two years old and both annual Chaplains have come from the Society; the first was Father Joseph T. O'Callahan of the New England Province.

Radio Notes. Station WWL, the clear-channel radio station of Loyola University, New Orleans, marked its 25th complete year of operation this month of March. Especially worthy of note is the record of broadcasting the Solemn Mass from the Church of the Most Holy Name of Jesus every Sunday since 1924. This is possibly the oldest uninterrupted radio program in the nation.

For St. Louis University's radio station WEW, a new 550-foot FM transmission tower is under construc-

tion. At its completion, it will be the highest structure in the city. This station is the first and oldest operated by an institution of learning, having begun in April, 1921.

Loyola University, Los Angeles, has begun regular operation of its student-built campus radio station KLU. It is manned entirely by students.

Father Joseph A. Dougherty of the Maryland Province is the director of a program which broadcasts a description of the mass each Sunday, as it is being said in the chapel of Mercy Hospital, Baltimore. Pastors of various parishes of the city are invited to offer the Mass each week and a fourth-year Father from Woodstock goes to the parish for the Sunday Masses of the pastor.

Arrangements have been worked out between Father Eugene P. Murphy of the Missouri Province, director of the radio Sacred Heart program and Father James F. Kearney of the California Province, a missionary in Shanghai, to bring the program to China by regular shipments of transcriptions to be broadcast over a station in Shanghai.

Construction has begun on the new FM station of Fordham University, New York. A gift of \$20,000 for this purpose, from a benefactor who wished no publicity, has recently been received with a promise of \$10,000 a year for 15 years.

The Georgetown University broadcasting station, under the direction of Father Francis J. Heyden of the New York Province, has been producing regular programs, originating from the campus, through the facilities of Station WARL in Arlington, Va. Variety shows, discussion forums and a Missa Recitata every Sunday morning have been the main programs to date. To develop talent for this work, an accredited course in directing and script-writing has been introduced in the College.

In Hollywood, Blessed Sacrament Church scored a world-wide first when the mid-day Christmas Solemn High Mass was televised over Station W6XYZ. Some

3,000 people, many of them "shut-ins"—are thought to have seen and heard the broadcast. Television experts say that the program was an outstanding success. Jesuit Fathers were the officers of the Mass.

Patna Mission. The following statistics, compiled at Patna on the occasion of the resignation of Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., are the best criterion, we think, of the great success achieved in the years of His Excellency's leadership in that mission. He was consecrated on March 17, 1929, by His Eminence Cardinal Mooney, then Apostolic Delegate to India. The figures for 1945 are the latest available.

	1929	1945
Number of Catholics	6,513	30,514
Priests actually on the Mission	20	74
Christian Brothers	9	13
Sisters, European	48	71
Sisters, Indian	20	69
Boys in our schools	1,118	4,150
Girls in our schools	456	1,725
Baptisms of converts	85	1,329
Holy Communions	262,185	648,279
Number of schools	43	68

Cleveland. In honor of the silver episcopal jubilee of Bishop Hoban of Cleveland, the priests of the diocese established a fund of approximately \$250,000. Of this amount, \$155,000 is to be spent on a year-round retreat house for the clergy, laymen and laywomen. In response to the announcement Bishop Hoban said that this was the crowning event in his jubilee celebration and that the retreat house would no doubt be in charge of the Jesuits. For many years retreats for laymen and priests have been held at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Cleveland.

FROM OTHER COUNTRIES

Rome. The annual retreat of the Holy Father and the Papal court, during the first week of Advent last year, was conducted by Father Joseph Massaruti of the Roman Province.

Father Peter Leturia of the Province of Castille, dean of the faculty of Church history at the Gregorian and director of the *Monumenta Historica*, and an authority on the life of St. Ignatius, has written the script for a technicolor motion picture about our Holy Founder, soon to be produced in Europe.

Canada. On December 9, a departure ceremony was held at Montreal for five members of the Province of Upper Canada who are to undertake missionary work in the Calcutta Mission, India. There are four Fathers and one Brother in this first group of English Canadians in the foreign mission field. After a brief period of getting accustomed to the country and its people, the Fathers will make their Tertianship there and then begin their missionary labors.

Two new retreat houses were opened in Canada last Fall. One, the Casa Manresa at Beaconsfield, Quebec, was opened for retreats on Labor Day. The property includes six and a half acres of land and five buildings, with accommodations for 50 retreatants and a staff of six Jesuits. Father Henry Smeaton, a Chaplain for most of the war years, is in charge.

The other, at Erindale near Toronto, Ontario, under Father James Fleming's care, was ready for retreatants at the end of November.

Central America. The name of Father John M. Ponce was omitted by oversight from the list of Fathers Visitor printed in the December issue. He was Visitor of Central America, Cuba, Ecuador, Peru and Venezuela, all of them Vice-Provinces of the Society.

China. In the recent organization of the Chinese hierarchy by the Holy See, five European and two native Chinese Jesuits, previously titular Bishops of sees

in partibus infidelium, were named as Ordinaries of newly-erected dioceses to replace the Vicariates over which they had been governing. Their names and dioceses are:

Most Rev. Frederic Melendro of the Province of Leon, Archbishop of Anking.

Most Rev. Zeno Aramburu of the Province of Castille, Bishop of Wuhu.

Most Rev. Cyprian Cassini of the Province of Turin, Bishop of Pengpu.

Most Rev. Philip Cote of the Province of Lower Canada, Bishop of Suchow.

Most Rev. August Haouisee of the Province of France, Bishop of Shanghai.

Most Rev. Simon Tsu of the Province of France, Bishop of Haimen.

Most Rev. Francis Xavier Tchao of the Province of Champagne, Bishop of Sienhsien.

Most Rev. John de Leo Ramalho of the Province of Portugal retains his post as Bishop of Macao.

In the Prefecture of Taming, under the care of the Hungarian Jesuits, Msgr. Nicholas Szarvas, the Prefect Apostolic, was arrested by the Communists on September 27, and at the trial held the following day was mistreated until he lost consciousness. The only report we have is that he is still being held a captive.

The Mission of Kingsien, under the care of the Austrian Jesuits, has also been attacked by the Communists. The Prefect Apostolic, Father Leopold Bellingier, S.J., and the mission superior and procurator are now in prison. All the other priests have been exiled or scattered and the mission is without a priest. The Communists confiscated all the possessions of the mission.

In the recent organization of the Chinese legislative assembly, the main burden of the work was carried on by Mr. Fung Langyu who, though a non-Catholic, is a graduate of Aurora University, the Jesuit University in Shanghai.

Shanghai. While a solemn requiem Mass was being said for Father Ives Henry of the Province of France, Superior of the Shanghai Mission, he was telephoning from an outlying town to tell of his safe return from a mission journey. Since he had been missing in Communist territory for some months, he had been given up for dead.

Egypt. A report from Father Calvert Alexander of the Missouri Province, editor of *Jesuit Missions*, on a world tour of our missions, highlighted the work of Father Henry Ayrout of the Lyons Province as a missionary in this country. He directs an association that handles finances and supplies volunteer medical personnel for the apostolate among the *fellahs*, the Orthodox Copt farmers of Upper Egypt. Himself a native Egyptian, Father Ayrout is a Greek-Melchite priest, the first Jesuit ordained in that rite.

England. Father Edward Warner of the Toulouse Province, who has been attached to the office since 1941, received the honor of Membership of the British Empire in the annual distribution of honors by King George VI. Father Warner took part in the famous British Commando raid on Narvik, northern Norway, early in the war.

Germany. At the insistence of the German hierarchy, *Neues Deutschland*, a Catholic youth organization, has been re-established. It had been banned under the Nazi regime. Father Laurence Esch of the Lower German Province, now stationed in Cologne, is in charge of the re-organization.

India. At Kurseong on November 21, 30 Jesuits were ordained for work in 8 of our missions in India. By nationality, they were divided thus: 20 native Indians, 3 Spaniards, 3 Belgians, 2 Americans of the Chicago Province for Patna, 1 Frenchman and 1 Portuguese.

Netherlands. Dutch youths, about to enter the armed forces have been overflowing three Jesuit retreat

houses in Holland where retreats are given especially for them. More than 7,000 young men have already made the retreats, which have been cut from three to two days in order to accommodate all applicants.

Poland. From a report of Father Ladislaus Lohn, Provincial of the Province of Polonia Minor, we excerpt the following facts. Sixty-seven members of his Province were imprisoned at various times and places; 68 others were deported to concentration camps, and 18 of these died there.

Incomplete information from the Polonia Major Province tells us that 79 of its members were imprisoned or sent to concentration camps, of whom 36 died during their confinement in jails or in the camps.

Portugal. On July 30th of last year, 260 Portuguese Jesuits, just about all those who live in our houses in that country, made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Fatima at Vova di Iria. Father Julius Marinho, the Provincial, had promised this to Our Lady if she would save the nation and the province from the horrors of the war. In the chapel of the apparition, after the recitation of the Rosary in common, there was a candle-light procession and the nocturnal vigil of adoration.

The next morning, the feast of St. Ignatius, a Solemn Mass was sung, followed by a procession with the statue of the Madonna, and finally the consecration of the Province of Portugal to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Jesuits returned to their houses that evening pleased that they had expressed their gratitude to Our Lady of Fatima for her maternal protection.

Slovakia. The new Provincial of the Society in Slovakia is Father John Srna, a native of Chicago. Having made his studies in Slovakia, he had been Socius to the Provincial for three and a half years before becoming Provincial shortly after his 37th birthday.

American Jesuit Books

In Him Was Life. By John P. Delaney, S.J. (New York Province). America Press.

This book contains 58 sermonettes which originally appeared in *America* during 1944-45 in Father Delaney's weekly column "The Word."

A companion volume to the popular *We Offer Thee*, this new collection of sermonettes strikes the same theme: the integration of daily living in the Holy Sacrifice. The little things of our day-after-day existence are magnified to true dimensions when viewed by the author through the medium of the Mass.

The novel, refreshing technique of the first book is used again with equal effect. Father Delaney has taken his inspiration from the Proper of the Mass: Introit, Collect, Communion prayers thread through his observations on the Sunday Gospels to weave a striking pattern of Christian truth.

This is not a book to be read through at one sitting. A chapter read now and again will pay dividends in the thoughts it stirs, the inspiration it imparts. Priests will find here practical thoughts for Sunday sermons; religious will appreciate it as a starting-point for meditation; lay people will find it especially helpful in gaining a new insight into the meaning of the Mass.

E. J. NORTON, S.J.

The Epistles of St. Clement of Rome and St. Ignatius of Antioch. Translated and annotated by James A. Kleist, S.J. (Missouri Province). The Newman Bookshop, 1946.

This volume inaugurated the new series of the Fathers in translation, under the editorship of two professors of Catholic University. Father Kleist has brought all his vast learning and skill to the task, and the result is a beautiful and moving version, reinforced by competent notes and a vast bibliography.

In very many cases, Father Kleist has departed from the overworn paths of previous translators, and he has been anxious to press all the essence of meaning from the original Greek. Added to this, there is displayed throughout the volume the translator's theological sureness in these eight difficult letters of the sub-apostolic age, as well as his humane and catholic awareness of modern contemporary problems. And so it would not be rash to say that Father Kleist's translation of the only genuine works of St. Ignatius and St. Clement in many respects surpasses previous English versions, as for example

Kirsopp Lake's *Loeb Classical Library*, 1930), or Bishop Lightfoot's *The Apostolic Fathers*, London, 1890).

If one may be permitted to make a comparison, the version of the Ignatian letters seems more spirited and attractive than that of the *Epistle to the Corinthians*; but this may well be due to the ponderousness and almost semitic flavor of the saintly Pope's style. St. Ignatius perhaps presents more of a challenge for the imagination; and Father Kleist has superbly entered into his ardent and fiery spirit. Note, for instance, these selections from *Ignatius to the Romans* (p. 82f.):

"God's wheat I am, and by the teeth of wild beasts I am to be ground that I may prove Christ's pure bread." (4.1)

"My Love has been crucified, and I am not on fire with the love of earthly things. But there is in me a Living Water, which is eloquent and within me says: 'Come to the Father.' I have no taste for corruptible food or for the delights of this life. Bread of God is what I desire; that is, the Flesh of Jesus Christ. . . and for my drink I desire His Blood, that is, incorruptible love." (7.2-3)

Though the volume is intended to have popular appeal, the introductions to the various letters as well as the general Introduction are scholarly and well written, the notes accurate and illuminating, and the index far more thorough than would be expected in this type of work. In fine we may repeat the observations of a recent reviewer of the book (*Folia: Studies in the Christian Perpetuation of the Classics*, II, Jan., 1947, p. 33):

"A point on which there is bound to be some diversity is the technically correct expression which, in the perversity of language, fails to render the undefinable, intangible color of the original. . . Only hostile and petty inspection under the microscope would detect less desirable renderings. The Nestor of *Koine* scholars in our midst has once more shown that the years have not lessened one whit his productivity and sureness of touch."

Though we sincerely regret that there are two independent Catholic series of translations of the Fathers now in progress in this country, we express the hope that all the volumes will be as adequate as Father Kleist's.

H. A. MUSURILLO. S.J.

Under The Red Sun. By Forbes J. Monaghan, S.J. (Philippine Mission of the New York Province). Declan X. McMullen Company, 1946.

If anyone wishes to recapture the atmosphere that prevailed in the Philippines, and in Manila particularly, during the tragic years of Japanese occupation, then Father Monaghan's book leaves little to be desired.

Cast in the form of a letter to his parents, explaining his long years of silence, the story is in reality an "Apologia" for the Filipino people, a portrayal of all that they did and suffered during three drawn-out humiliating years. The author's return to the Islands in 1940 serves as the starting point and from here the sequence moves rapidly to the outbreak of war and thence through the years of occupation until the liberation of Manila by the American forces in early 1945. A statement in the prologue that 10,000 tons of scrap-iron were unloaded at Kobe from the President Taft requires some modification; it is seriously doubtful that the Taft carried that much on one trip, since her own tonnage barely surpassed the 10,000 ton mark.

Father Monaghan is at his best in describing the Filipino patriots whom he knew and loved. In a series of gripping chapters, he has etched for us the portraits of at least a dozen unforgettable heroes and heroines of the underground, who amid a chaos of fear and anxiety, hope and loyalty, worked to prove their devotion to America and their love of freedom. One chapter, entitled "A Leper Heroine," has merited reproduction in several Catholic magazines in this country. After eagerly finishing the account of the dangerous enterprises which often led these heroes, some of them mere striplings, to their deaths, we are a bit ashamed that we have suffered so little in comparison. It is just when he has us at this point, that Father Monaghan presses home the *raison d'être* of his entire book, namely that the freedom we now enjoy was once almost lost through our own stupidity and unpreparedness; and what is worse, the price of our carelessness was paid for by the enslavement and suffering of an entire nation. Yet even then they did not break faith with us, but rather strove by every means, and ran countless risks to achieve our quick and victorious return. For this they have yet to be requited. Perhaps Father Monaghan's story, direct from the ruins of Manila, can stir the consciences of those Americans whose sense of honor has not been entirely deadened by post-war weariness.

One word of caution. While every Jesuit who has our Far Eastern missions at heart will take consolation in this book, future missionaries in other circumstances may not always find that the true interests of the people to whom he is sent coincide with the policy of his native land. In such a dilemma, it is im-

perative that he recall the injunction of several recent Pontiffs that the foreign missionary is not to regard himself as the advocate of his own national culture but solely as the representative of the supranational Church Catholic; by this norm alone should he measure his decisions.

S. R. WILEY, S.J.

A Testimonial To Grace. *By Avery Dulles, N.S.J.* (New York Province). Sheed and Ward, 1946.

When Avery Dulles left preparatory school, "one of the 'better' non-sectarian boarding schools of New England," he was an amoral materialistic atheist. Less than five years later, shortly after his graduation from Harvard, he was a Catholic. The avenues of approach to the Church vary, for God's graces are manifold and diversified and His guiding Providence disposes them to harmonize with the character and temperament of the individual concerned. Our author was led along the intellectual road, and the successive stages on the way are described for us in "A Testimonial to Grace."

A narrow escape from expulsion during a "wild and chaotic" freshman year of "experience" dates the retreat from materialism and the "search for sound philosophic values." God used unexpected agencies: the chance remark of an ex-Catholic; an Anglican seminar; two Pagan philosophers, Aristotle and Plato; a convert tutor; Maritain and Gilson. Complacency in error was shocked; epistemological subjectivism undermined; beauty and the "good" were raised to the ethical and transcendent plane; "the inward rottenness" of his own philosophy became "desperately obvious," religious scepticism an impossible haven. The climax came when the young buds of a tender tree revealed the finality which a Personal God had placed there: that night Avery Dulles fell on his knees in prayer, and never since has he "doubted the existence of an all-good and omnipotent God." These details are developed in the first section of the book, which is written in a limpid, sweeping style, that grips the reader and leaves him admiring the young author's literary talents and the wide range of his readings and mental achievements.

The second part, devoted "to the scrutiny of religious doctrines" and recounting his conversion to the Faith, is equally fascinating and revealing. This is a story of laborious research, assailing objections and practical testing. The "path to the Catholic Church was straight, but it was long and steep," and not until almost two years had elapsed were the doubts to be dissipated and the total surrender to faith made. Drawn forcibly to the attractive figure and lofty doctrine of Christ,

as portrayed in the Scriptures, he felt a living church was needed to continue Christ. Protestantism—and he tried nearly every denomination—only disillusioned him. Strangely enough, Catholic art and liturgy did not yet appeal to his aesthetic soul. His was the intellectual way and God adapted His graces: the theologians, scholastics old and new, the Church's social teachings, the preaching and writings of Fulton Sheen, the voice of Christ's Vicar with infallible authority, the priest and the instructions—and grace had won the victory. Fears that his step would estrange him from family and friends proved unwarranted.

The few shortcomings of the work, touching rather the expression of Catholic doctrines, are readily excusable in the recent convert, but they should be pointed out. To refer to the "Sacred Person" of Christ as "both human and divine" goes counter to the Dogma of the Incarnation (p. 105). The metaphor "one flesh" used on p. 116, possibly derived from a doubtful reading of Eph. 5:30 (the interpretation of which is the exegetes' despair: cf. Knabenbauer in loc. "explicatio quae tolerari possit, nondum est proposita"), may give the false impression that the union of Christ with the members of His Mystical Body is an *immediate physical* one. In the fields of Theodicy and Apologetics there is perhaps too much accent on subjective criteria to the detriment of the objective certitude of the rational arguments for God's existence and the proofs for the divinity of Christ (pp. 65, 79-80, 85).

Despite these flaws, this little book, so rich in content and so stirring in its appeal, has exceptional worth and should prove a valuable addition to the "Apologies" of neo-converts. It is highly recommended to Catholics trained in philosophy and their Faith, and should certainly be put into the hands of prospective converts being led along the intellectual road. It is truly "A Testimonial to Grace" and the congruousness of its workings.

T. A. BROPHY, S.J.

Thinking With God, Series One. *By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J.*
(New York Province). The Queen's Work, 1946.

In this booklet of 146 pages Father LeBuffe presents another of his familiar selections of "points" for mental prayer, suitable for both Religious and lay people, which will scarcely need any recommendation to those who are acquainted with his earlier series. Each meditation is expressed in the simplest language yet touches on the deepest mysteries of our Faith, and following each is a brief colloquy addressed to God the Father, to Our Lord, or to His Blessed Mother.

Most books of points, however attractive to read (and many are not even that), are in practice rather disappointing, since they develop their subjects so completely that there is little left for the user to do but assent and admire; they do not really help him to pray himself. Father LeBuffe's "points" however, Christocentric but varied (each one little more than a page in length), are quite different: they are not fully developed meditations but rather a series of simple and well-constructed notes, considerations drawn from a given text and arranged in sense-lines, which open up avenues of prayerful thought and actually invite the user to continue with his own personal reflections.

In this fruitful application of the Second Method of Prayer, which easily leads to "meditation" in the strict sense, the author's aids are a noteworthy and excellent contribution to the literature of spirituality. We earnestly invite those who do not already know the value of his little books to try using them.

Especially to be commended are the consistent blending of the Word of God into the texture of the meditations and the careful but unobtrusive identification of all texts quoted from Scripture and the Proper of various Masses.

J. P. LAHEY, S.J.

How to Teach the Sacraments. *By Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J.* (Missouri Province). Queens Work, 1946.

This little book should be of great help to religion teachers of the parochial schools, released time and Sunday schools. With the questions and answers of the *Revised Baltimore Catechism* as the text on which the explanations are based, the author offers methods of clarifying the meanings of the answers. Understanding and appreciation of the doctrine is what is stressed, with illustrations, charts and language accommodated to the abilities of the primary school child. Practical and appropriate exhortations are suggested.

I should like to suggest that a similar work should be undertaken for the harassed teacher of high school religion.

T. C. HENNESSY, S.J.

An Introduction to the Study of Ascetical and Mystical Theology. *By Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J.* Bruce Publishing Co., 1946.

This handbook of ascetical and mystical theology is a reprint of the 1938 edition. The value of this book would seem to be proved sufficiently by the fact that there has been need of a new issue. The work is the result of a series of seventeen

lectures or conferences that were delivered over a period of five years at the well-known Jesuit House of Studies, Heythrop College, in England. In general, the book falls into three common divisions, the Historical, the Doctrinal and the Ways. Its scope is large and its handling is practical and informative. The reader who is interested in the science of asceticism will certainly find many avenues of thought opened to him; he will find, however, that Archbishop Goodier has not attempted to explore fully the dark, mysterious ways of the spiritual life. Obviously, that is not the purpose of this small book. It is a study that any novice in the spiritual life will read with profit, that any neophyte in the science of asceticism will find useful in pointing the way to further reading.

Archbishop Goodier is at his best in this book when writing on the love of God and on the appeal of the God-Man Jesus Christ to those who would be perfect. His judgment is experienced, mature, wise and practical. His asceticism is sound and basic. In his treatment of mysticism we do not find the same definiteness and fulness that make his remarks on the purgative and illuminative ways so reassuring. For example, in treating of the nature of the mystical life, he does not do justice to the notion of infused contemplation (*contemplatio infusa*), which so many other writers on the spiritual life regard as decisive. Again, in the matter of charity which is the key-stone of spirituality, no matter what the view-point of the ascetic or the mystic may be, we do not find a sufficient clarification and amplification of the all important distinction between affective and effective love. However, these points do not do violence to the work of the Archbishop; his treatment stands on its own merits as a first-rate "introduction" to this vast and important field.

If Archbishop Goodier does not always clarify our insight into the great problems of asceticism, he most certainly broadens our horizons and points out the way as only a true master can.

R. E. McNALLY, S.J.

A History of the Catholic Church for Schools, 3 volumes. *By Jerome Mahony, S.J.* (Irish Province). The Educational Company of Ireland, 1946.

These handy volumes constitute a history of the Church which answers its purpose admirably. Obviously the author has a thorough general knowledge of the periods treated and in addition he has sought the aid of experts in specially difficult matters. The usual periodization is followed and in historical terminology the text is quite up-to-date. The short paragraphs into which the chapters have been divided contain clear and

pointed treatment of the subject-matter indicated in bolder type at the head. A helpful feature of the complete index is that it includes the pronunciation of difficult names. There is also in each volume a useful table of the principal dates and in the last two volumes, a list of the popes arranged according to centuries. A list of the Christian Emperors is given in the first two volumes.

The work contains but little documentation, which is not surprising in view of its scope. It is perhaps regrettable, however, that a select bibliography and reading lists have not been added. There are a number of maps in the text but the use of other visual aids, such as charts and cartoons, would be helpful. The inclusion of tests would make the task of the teacher easier.

Despite these minor deficiencies, Father Mahony's little books are superior in form and particularly in content to similar works. It is to be hoped that the fourth volume will soon be forthcoming.

E. J. RYAN, S.J.

Send Forth Thy Light. *By Robert Nash, S.J. (Irish Province).*
Newman Bookshop, 1946.

This is a book of "points" for meditations. The author begins by offering in his Foreword some practical and orthodox hints with regard to prayer, its nature and the manner of improving in it. He explains the method used in offering points: preparatory prayer, setting, fruit, followed by the content of the meditation, usually an excellent and brief summary and a "tessera." And in the thirty meditations given, this plan is followed (except for the last one) and thus an orderly and logical six pages or so of points are assured.

Just what do we really want when we look for a book of points? I believe we require a book that is: 1) primarily devotional, to stir the soul to the spiritual affections at which prayer aims; 2) doctrinal, in that our prayer must be built on the solid basis of the teachings of the church and this basis should be evident throughout the book; 3) attractively written, to secure attention at once upon our reading it and be so impressive that we retain the contents foremost in our minds till the next morning. All this Father Nash has done, so the book is to be commended on all these counts.

Negatively, I suggest that the book would be more attractive were the print a little larger. The only misprint noted is on p. 96, "imderfect" for "imperfect." Coining of some words seemed unnecessary: "oned" on p. 147, "Christified" *passim*.

T. C. HENNESSY, S.J.

Towards the Eternal Priesthood. By Raoul Plus, S.J. Pustet, 1946.

Religious to whom their novitiate is not too remote an experience will remember Father Plus best for the little red books which were so many gateways to the tremendous realities of the Christian's life in God. The present bulkier volume (844 pp.) is a worthy successor to *God Within Us* and *The Folly of the Cross*, though not in the same class.

It is intended to be an aid to seminarians in their preparation of the points for daily meditation. As such, it differs from the ordinary "point book," with its formal division into preludes and points and its strict marshalling of "considerations" towards the obtaining of a definite "fruit." Father Plus prefers to present a central thought for each meditation in the concrete and even vivid language of which he is a master, and to leave to his seminarian the adaptation and organization of the material thus provided to fit his individual spiritual state and needs.

There is a certain advantage in a point book which provides no points. The very effort required in casting the metal for the meditation in the proper mould helps to impress on the memory the ideas to be prayed over. And since prayer is a highly intimate and even unique relation between each individual and God, what Father Roothaan said of the Spiritual Exercises remains true of the points for the daily mediation: that no one can really give them to someone else, but only help him to make them for himself.

The book gives a subject for meditation for every day of the year, beginning with October 1 which is about the time the seminarian begins his life of preparation for the priesthood. There are supplementary meditations on the significance of the Minor and Major Orders.

The ideas developed are always highly practical (August 2: "How valuable has my vacation been since I left the seminary?"), concrete and even dramatic (July 20: "A Marshal of France is a visitor at the scholasticate of the Oblates of Mary on the Hill of Sion. The young religious are looking at this great soldier. What is he going to tell them? . . ."), charged with the vital implications of dogma (May 3: "Christ and I are but one. *Christus sumus*. . . . But who is Christ? The Redeemer of the world. . . . To be a true Christian does not mean only that I am *redeemed* but also that I am a *redeemer*. . . .").

Archbishop Cushing, who writes the Introduction to the English edition, recommends it in the following terms:

"These meditations of Father Plus are such as the seminarist can easily make his own. They accompany the student through every day of the year. . . . The

translator is deserving of all praise for the felicitous rendering of this classic spiritual work into English. It is my hope that Father Plus' work will find a very wide circle of readers among our Seminarists and priests."

Unfortunately, the volume is priced rather stiffly (\$7.00). A cheaper reprint which will take it from the gift-book class will undoubtedly help greatly to the realization of Archbishop Cushing's wish.

H. DE LA COSTA, S.J.

Points for Meditation; Some Hints on Prayer; A More Excellent Way; The Charity of Jesus Christ. *Four pamphlets by Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J.* Grail Publications, St. Meinrad's Abbey, Indiana.

Archbishop Goodier continues to live on in his spiritual notes that are continually being found and brought forward for use. St. Meinrad's Abbey has done a worthwhile service in publishing the Archbishop's reflections on our Lord's personality and on prayer. The four pamphlets are brief, but they contain the same tender spiritual realism that characterizes all of Archbishop Goodier's writings.

It may not be amiss to welcome to the ranks of American Catholic publishers the new Grail Press of St. Meinrad's Abbey. The low-cost publication, in brief and readable form, of the "spiritual classics" will certainly benefit the spiritual life of both religious and lay folk in this country. Perhaps we might express the hope of someday seeing Archbishop Goodier's brief "Points on the Passion" as another Grail publication.

J. W. KELLY, S.J.

Of Interest to Ours

Canon Law. *By Archbishop Amleto Giovanni Cicognani.* Second revised edition, translated by Joseph M. O'Hara and Francis J. Brennan. Newman Bookshop, 1946.

In this reprint the Newman Bookshop presents in attractive and readable format the work written by Archbishop Cicognani for his students when His Excellency was a professor at S. Apollinare in Rome, in authorized English translation by Reverend Joseph M. O'Hara and Msgr. Francis J. Brennan. The translators followed the Latin edition of 1925, as improved and enlarged in manuscript by the author. The rather bulky volume of 892 pages is divided into three parts: an introduction

to the study of Canon Law; a history of the sources; and a commentary on the first book of the Code. It offers a convenient and scholarly introduction to the Code in English, and the reprint will undoubtedly be welcomed especially by seminarians in the United States.

B. R. E., S.J.

The Glories of Divine Grace. *By Mathias Scheeben.* A Grail Publication, St. Meinrad's Abbey. 103 pages.

A monk at St. Meinrad's Abbey has adapted the First Part of Scheeben's beautiful exposition of grace, "The Nature of Grace," and the Grail has published it in pamphlet form for twenty-five cents. It is an excellent example of strict theology presented in appealing, understandable language. None of the loftiness of the doctrine of the divine indwelling is omitted, yet there is nothing obscured by meaningless phrases. Above all, though, is the moving treatment of God's presence that cannot fail to excite in the reader lay or religious a deeper appreciation for this Christian mystery.

J. W. KELLY, S.J.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- After Black Coffee.** *By Robert I. Gannon, S.J.* (New York Province). Declan X. McMullen Co., 1947.
- The Theology of Catholic Action.** *By Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C.* The Ave Maria Press, 1946.
- The Doctor Looks at the Large Family.** *By Duff S. Allen, M.D., as told to Leo P. Wobido, S.J.* Institute of Social Order, 1946. (Pamphlet).
- The Happiness of Faith.** *By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.* (Missouri Province). The Queen's Work, 1946. (Pamphlet).
- Is Religion Bad for Your Mind?** *By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.* (Missouri Province). The Queen's Work, 1946. (Pamphlet).
- Mary of the United States, Mother of the United Nations.** *By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.* (Missouri Province). The Queens Work, 1947.
- Romance is Where You Find It.** *By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.* The Queen's Work, 1947.
- Paradise Hunters.** *By W. Kane, S.J.* B. Herder Book Co., 1946.
- The Darkness is Passed.** *By Thomas H. Moore, S.J.* Declan X. McMullen Co., 1946.
- Eskimo Parish.** *By Paul O'Connor, S.J.* (Oregon Province). Bruce Publishing Co., 1947.

Dante Alighieri, Citizen of Christendom. *By Gerald G. Walsh.*
S.J. (New York Province). Bruce Publishing Co., 1946.

Staff of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS, 1946-47. Editor: Father Joseph Bluett. Managing Editor: Mr. J. Donald Clark. Business Manager: Mr. Daniel J. Campbell. Associate Editors: Messrs. Frederick P. Rothlauf, John P. Lahey, Howard A. R. McCaffrey, Elbert J. Rushmore (Missions), Edward S. Dunn (Varia and Chronicle), Joseph G. Snee (Book Reviews), Thomas V. Bermingham, Robert E. McNally (Obituary). Printer: Brother Joseph J. Kopp.

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IN MEMORIAM

MOST REVEREND MICHAEL J. CURLEY

(1879 - 1947)

Archbishop of Baltimore and Washington, 1921-1947

With the death of the Most Reverend Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore and Washington, on May 16, 1947, Woodstock lost a great and devoted friend.

In the course of the quarter-century that he ruled the venerable See of Baltimore, Archbishop Curley conferred the sacred office of the Priesthood upon 625 Jesuits, a record second only to that of his predecessor, James Cardinal Gibbons.

The Holy Sacrifice, first offered by so many with the Archbishop, is to-day being renewed on the altars of many Provinces and Missions of the Society, within and beyond the American Assistancy. Yet neither time nor distance can ever efface the recollection of his gracious kindness joined to his calm and assuring manner during the ceremonies of the day which means so much to every Jesuit priest.

Archbishop Curley's associations with the Society began with his student days at Mungret College in Ireland. It was there that he received the apostolic inspiration to devote his life to the service of the Church in the Diocese of St. Augustine. His first Mass was celebrated at the Altar of St. Aloysius in Rome. During his long episcopate, both in Florida and in Maryland, he was ever ready to bestow his blessing

and cooperation upon the labors of the Society in education, in our parishes, and in the retreat movement.

The memory of our great and devoted shepherd will always live among the sons of Woodstock, in blessed and grateful benediction. May God be very good to him.

R. I. P.

JESUITS IN THE BONDS OF DACHAU

PETER VAN GESTEL, S.J.

Making a choice out of the many things that could be told and of the many ways in which they could be said, I intend to tell something of our Fathers in Dachau, in the informal way of a letter rather than of an article, revealing now and then some part of the background, against which the life we led and the mutual bond we formed may be better understood.

It is with a sense of deep gratitude towards the Society, the same that called me to unexpected duties, that I leave these duties aside for a while and recall a period in which some hundred of her sons were cut off from her family-circle and yet got to know her better than ever as an invincible bond of love and mutual support. And without drawing any attention to my own experiences as such, it will certainly interest many of you to know that my stay in England, and especially my hasty return after my last visit, on the last day of August in 1939, had something to do with my first meeting with the Gestapo in July 1940. They then suddenly invaded Manresa Retreat House in Venlo, where I was Superior at the time, searching for indications that I was in secret communication with England. It has always been a consolation to me that my imprisonment in September 1941 was due to my priestly work and to my being a Jesuit ("Jesuitism is a worse crime than Communism"), but one of the secondary accusations was that I had been in touch with the B. B. C. during the war. Still, I must be grateful to the English Province for having sheltered me for

EDITOR'S NOTE. This article is appearing simultaneously in the English Province, in *Letters and Notices*, and in our pages, in order to assure the widest possible circulation of an account which will stir every Jesuit with holy pride and with great gratitude to God. Its author is a member of the Netherlands Province and is the present German Assistant. At the time of his arrest and imprisonment at Dachau, in September 1941, Father van Gestel was Rector of the Theologate at Maastricht.

some years. My knowledge of English proved to be providential when the Americans liberated the camp and I could at once act as one of the chief interpreters and be of some assistance to the Commanding Officer, if it were only by correcting the one-sided information which our Communist fellow prisoners were ready to give him. But I think it actually saved my life once. In May 1941 I was lying in the camp-hospital (let us give it that name) with enteritis and dysentery, the most common diseases of exhaustion at the time. Daily people were dying, above me, below me, on my right and left, and I was wondering when my turn would come to be removed with others of these "dirty swine" to a notorious room, where nurses, mostly communistic fellow prisoners who had come to the end of their patience, got rid of them by an injection with benzine. Then, one night, one of the nurses came to me and said: "I am told that you have been in England; would you mind helping me to polish up my English a bit in the evening hours, when your temperature is not too high?" So I did. Nurses always had useful connections and were able to get hold of some extra and better food from the SS kitchen. He paid special attention to me, handed me over to one of the few Catholic nurses, who looked after me as well as he could and this way I got through some very crucial months. I am quite sincere, therefore, in expressing my gratitude to Great Britain and many a time my thoughts have wandered to the soccer field of the good old Seminary, to the beach of Barmouth, and the familiar birds of St. Beuno's.

General Roll

The Society had the honor of holding the record at Dachau amongst the 40 Orders and Congregations that were represented. From 1941, when Dachau became the camp where all priests and religious were transported and herded in specially marked barracks, till the end in April 1945, 96 Jesuits of 13 different Provinces were registered there and 31 died. The list in detail is as follows: of the two Polish Provinces 68

(24 died) ; of the three German Provinces 10 (3 died) ; of the Austrian Province 5; of the four French Provinces 5 (1 died) ; of the Czech Province 3; of the Dutch Province 3 (2 died) ; of the two Belgian Provinces 2 (1 died). All the bodies but one were cremated. As so much juggling has been done with figures concerning the number of prisoners in Germany, I may add that these figures I give are reliable. This is not an historical record, but of those who "left through death," as the expression ran (Abgang durch Tod), may be mentioned the well-known French Father Dillard; the secretary of Father Muckerman, Father Maring; one of the most prominent Polish Fathers, Fr. Bednarski; and my dearest friend, a friend surely, too, of all who met him in the Tertianship at St. Beuno's or during his visits to London, Fr. Robert Regout, Professor of International Law at the Catholic University of Nymwegen. Only with difficulty can I refrain from telling more about him now. These unspectacular modern martyrs we should invoke rather than pray for. Their bodies were broken and exhausted, but their spirit gained an untarnished and supreme victory. They are alive more than we are and from the heavenly source of all blessings they will work more for the Society for which they gladly offered their lives, than they could have done, had they remained in our ranks.

Sphere and Aim of First Contact

It was in the summer of 1942 that three or four of us discovered each other and laid the foundation of a regular Jesuit Community, or rather formed the nucleus from which it was to develop in the course of two years. For a better understanding of the significance and motives of these meetings I must reveal something of what I should like to call the spiritual climate or background of those days. Severely separated from the rest of the camp was Block 26, with its small chapel, where the German priests were confined, and just as there were strict regulations, forbidding anyone to

have any contact with the three Blocks where all the priests and religious were heaped together, similarly the non-German clergy of the two Blocks 28 and 30, were told again and again—and not only by the commanding SS Officers, but, in more blasphemous terms still, by their Communist fellow prisoners, who were given by the SS authority over them—that the heaviest camp-punishments would be incurred if they were found to have any contact with Block 26, or to have heard any confessions, or to have received Communion, etc. Then there is something else, which can hardly be understood by those who entered the camp in 1943 or later, and which is difficult to grasp for anyone who was not there at all. You have certainly heard some tales of utter misery and of the inhuman conditions of starvation, which reigned in the camps towards the end of the war, of the atrocious brutality and cruelty with which the prisoners were treated. I shall be the last to deny the incredible tales, and I could even add some more, which are only known to a few of us. But the period before 1943, when a new stage of productive labour was initiated and the working-power of the prisoners was fitted into the war-machinery, was worse in many ways. Then the SS and Gestapo held the camp with its life in their firm, proud grip, untempered by any fear of defeat. And with methods worked out to their last refined details, they aimed at suffocating the consciousness of man's own personality, at crushing the deeply-rooted human feelings of self-respect, and skillfully contrived during all the hours of day and night, to bring home to us that we were of less value than the lifeless material objects that we were allowed to touch or use. The great danger was the temptation to stoop to mean conduct, dictated by the instinct of naked, self-preservation, to which only two things counted at all: news and food, food and news!

Some three or four of us slipped away every Sunday morning and met somewhere, in a corner or on the crowded camp street, in order to help each other to

guard a larger mental and spiritual outlook, and to meet each other on the common ground of our religious convictions, trying to look through the external curtain of our daily life and to analyse the spirit by which it was inspired from the other side. And in the principles of our ascetical training we found the only sense in all the nonsense we had to do, the saving power of our 11th rule and of Christ's tactics in this city of Satan and sin, of hell and death. Names do not matter very much, but no one can be offended if I mention two of our small group (we lost Fr. Regout in December 1942) who took a leading part in the further development: Fr. Leo de Coninck, Superior of the Residence in Brussels and Fr. Otto Pies, Master of Novices of the East Province of Germany. We talked about world problems, built up a renewed society, had to break it down again next week and started anew. We tried to concentrate on the fundamental ideals of St. Ignatius and his spirituality, for these ideals brought home to us again and again that we were not living in vain, that, confined though we were within barbed and electrified wire, with machine-guns pointing on us day and night, we were not cut off from the spiritual front of Christ's army. Can you understand what these stolen hours meant to us? It is no rhetorical after-thought to say that we never felt so forcibly and gratefully the grace of our vocation to the Society as when we were detached from her outward frame-work and were thrown back on the internal law, on the foundation in mind and heart, received from our Society, which we never felt so much to be a Mother. A flood of prayers must have streamed into heaven to gain for us the blessings of this mutual spiritual strength.

Plans Crossed

A few days before Christmas 1942 the non-Polish clergy were all moved from their Blocks to Block 26. After that, intercourse between the non-Polish members of the Society was facilitated on Sundays. During

the week it was necessarily limited to the few moments one could steal from the little time that was allotted to prepare for work for hastily taking the scanty meal that was distributed. I leave it to you to reflect a moment on the change of atmosphere that surrounded our daily toil, caused by the fact that we could now attend Mass every day, though it could be but a very short ceremony and had to be celebrated half an hour before the usual time of rising, which was 4 o'clock.

Unless you happened to belong to the same labor group, you very rarely saw the others, except during the early part of 1943, when all work was stopped temporarily and everyone had to stay inside on account of the typhoid that was spreading rapidly in the camp.

Our greatest concern was for the Polish scholastics, about 40 in number. They had been transported into the camp with the first group of Poles as early as 1941 and from the very beginning they had been scattered about in various labor groups, their relations and ways of living being settled before the older Fathers arrived with other groups later on. With these they had little contact during the long, exhausting hours of work. The struggle for life they had to face might prove too much for their untried powers of resistance. Often extra privations and cruel punishments were imposed for no reason on the Polish priests; they were the "black sheep" before the Russians arrived in great numbers. We resolved to seek and exploit every opportunity to get to know our Polish brothers, without however attracting too much attention. That was no easy task in the hurry-scurry, nerve-racking agitation of every-day life and while prohibitions as regards contact with the other Blocks were still in full force. No one succeeded so well as Fr. de Coninck, who was always spying about, and with a restless vitality jumped at every occasion to work alongside our Polish fathers. Only a first beginning had been made, when the terrible typhoid infection seized him too and it was certainly due to his ab-

sence that there was a considerable stagnation for some months. His life was in serious danger, but he did not succumb. There were some people who simply could not die and he was one of them. Yet I think that, for the consolidation of our union, much preparatory work was done during his long and providentially prolonged period of convalescence in the hospital, where he met many of the Polish Fathers and Scholastics. And Fr. de Coninck proved that type of man that does not easily lose sight of something he has hooked. When, after a mutual consultation, Fr. Pies volunteered to enter the hospital as a nurse, after an appeal had been made to the priests by the Communist personnel who saw their own lives endangered, our meetings had to be stopped for some months and we had to abandon all concentrated action. It will be shown further on, how providentially useful was the work that Father Pies undertook in the hospital.

Developed from New Headquarters

Towards the end of 1943 the discipline in the camp began to relax more and more. I cannot enter here into the reasons that caused this change, but will only point to three relevant facts: that the young and fanatical SS guards were replaced by more sedate and older soldiers, that the difficulty of coping with the ever increasing number of prisoners that were brought in proved too great to maintain strict order, and that there was not enough material for the various working groups; it became easier to dodge and shirk all work. We had to keep our eyes open all the time however, for no regulations were ever cancelled officially (and the communists spied about, in order to inform higher SS officials against us; but that would be a chapter apart). As more opportunities arose, closer relations with Blocks 28 and 30 were established. Father de C. came back from the hospital and Father Pies often came to see us and soon joined us again on Block 26, when he with all the other priest-nurses were kicked out of the hospital.

From this time date our meetings on Sunday evenings in the corner of room 4 of Block 26, the memory of which will remain a comfort and consolation for ever to all those who took part in them. They were the hours in which our plans were developed and our spirit strengthened and deepened. There was spiritual food, a joyful laugh, mixed with serious calculation and such a meal as we could prepare. The main point of the program was a talk on some spiritual subject connected with the Society, her history and Constitutions, her missions and ministries, her adaptation to the modern mind, etc. I remember that we devoted one evening to the memory of A.R.P. Ledóchowski. In carefully hidden terms the news of his death had been communicated from Poland. One of us spoke of the merits of Fr. Ledóchowski for the spiritual life of the Society, another of his efforts to extend our Missions and a third about his reforms of the higher studies. There were always two or three non-Jesuits present, intimate friends of the Society. Among them was George Shelling, the Dean of Block 26, first appointed by the SS, but (as their authority could be questioned) later, in 1944, officially nominated by Cardinal Faulhaber to be Dean of the Priests in Dachau, with more than ordinary powers. Some of our fellow priests had serious suspicions that we tried to influence the line of action and policy to be taken by the Dean and I cannot deny that they may have been right in some respects. Our Polish brothers could, of course, not participate. We can never forget the staunch friendship of our room-senior, Gerhardt Maushaenzer, a German secular priest, who put his secluded corner and his generous heart at our disposal and showed unmistakable cooking talents by composing the most marvelous concoctions and mixtures with the ingredients that were "organized" and put aside from the parcels we received from home at that time. Personally I am very much indebted to him for the loving way he cared for me more than once when I was ill.

On Christmas day 1943 we were all invited by our

Polish Fathers to Block 28 and enjoyed a regular English tea by which the bond of mutual union was heartily strengthened.

A "Placuit"

Only among the very few that were left from the close companionship of 1942, the bold idea was discussed of forming a regular, officially constituted Jesuit Community in Dachau. That, we felt, should be a tremendous help to us all and more especially to our Junior members. There had always been some secret channels to the world outside and the Jesuits at Dachau would not have lived up to their reputation if they had not been able to use secret ways. I must leave it to Father Pies to make further revelations on this point; I at least do not intend to lift the veil, till I know that he agrees! Anyhow, a regular *Terna* was drawn up and brought under the eyes of Fr. Beck, then Provincial of Austria with the full authority of a Visitor. I think he must have had the surprise of his life. And that Sunday afternoon after Easter 1944, deserves to go down in the annals of the Society, when all the more than 60 Jesuits that were in the camp at the time met round the Altar of the small Chapel in Block 26 and listened to the reading of an official communication, given by the legal authority of the Society, that Fr. L. de Coninck had been appointed Superior of the Jesuit Community at Dachau Concentration Camp. There was some emotion as Fr. Pies installed the new Superior and with very appropriate words referred to the deeper meaning of this event; and as Fr. Superior assumed the office, with great loyalty and conscious of his responsibility, we all together recited the Litanies of our Saints, especially composed for this and other occasions. We had lost that embarrassing feeling of being scattered atoms, cut loose from the body to which they connaturally belong; the full communication with our rules and constitutions was restored, together with the full merit of a daily life of obedience, and especially our young scholastics now

had a father who cared for them in the name of Our King and Lord to whom they had devoted themselves.

In the same way we had our monthly recollection from that date onward, and to our great satisfaction we saw that other spiritually homogeneous groups, as the Benedictines, Franciscans, etc., followed our example. We had a Mass of our own on every day when a Saint of the Society had a place in our calendar—early in the morning or at noon, or late at night, as circumstances allowed. There were the regular Tridua for the renovation of vows, the last being led by Fr. Riquet from Paris, who had come to join us at Dachau. And preceding the Easter of 1945, we all received a copy of the points for a retreat, one meditation every day, which was all we could do. The remarkable feature about these leaflets was that they had been typewritten on an SS typewriter, without the officers in charge knowing anything about it.

Community and Ministries

It was a marvelous community when we think about it now, marvelous in its component members. There were novices (one took his vows in the camp) and philosophers and theologians. We had professors of every type of secular and sacred learning. There were Rectors and Superiors, a Master of Novices and more than one Spiritual Father. Procurators and Ministers we had amongst us, Prefects and First Prefects, famous preachers and simple parish priests, University students and Retreat Masters, Directors of Sodalties and of the Apostleship of Prayer, Cooks and Porters, and certainly one or two with a "*Cur. val.*" after a meritorious career.

Marvelous too would be the roll of the dead, if we should put down the names of those who left us during those years; marvelous and moving. Fr. Maring, literally cut to death by a wild and inexcusable operation. Fr. Regout who died from liver and heart trouble; Mr. Musial, from typhoid fever; and Fr. Zwaans, from dropsy and dysentery. Others died under the medical

experiments for malaria, and others after being treated as test-rabbits for phlegmone. Another died as a result of air experiments—his lungs were conserved as a typical example of how they could be torn and rent. Six at least found their death in the so-called transportation of invalids, being gassed or otherwise done away with. Others went out as a burned-up candle, by complete exhaustion, hidden martyrs of our community, who offered their lives for Christ's Kingdom.

And equally marvelous would be the list of the actual functions Jesuits held in the Dachau catalogue. To give some examples: Fr. A., servant at a farm; Fr. B., sticker of paper bags; Fr. C., laborer Messerschmidt aircraft works; Bro. D., laborer SS garden; Mr. E., Block secretary; Bro. F. Vice room-senior; Fr. G., in the hospital with itch; Fr. H., public scavengery workman; Bro. K., servant at the rabbit farm, the personal property of Herr Himmler; Mr. L., Mr. M., Fr. N., working at the pepper mill; Mr. O. working in some branch of V.1; Fr. P., quarry laborer; Mr. Q., in the hospital with typhoid fever; Fr. R., the same; Mr. S., penal hard-labor company (because his bed was not perfectly made); Fr. T., Disinfection service; Fr. U. and Mr. V., masons, building the new chimney of the crematory; Fr. W., labor-group darners of SS socks; Fr. X., weaver; Mr. Y., digger; Fr. Z., clerk SS Ministry of Finance, etc., etc. This list is by no means exhaustive. We have a rule that we must be prepared to help the cook in the kitchen, but in Dachau Communist chiefs took care that their own men got the best jobs and we had no chance.

Concealed Activities in Blocks 28 and 30

Apart from the work that was officially given, and often by means of it, there were also our spiritual ministries. And here again I cannot do more than give a summary view. It will be understood that we did not do any apostolic work as a group; that would have been very stupid, if at all possible. Nor did we

learn from each other all that was secretly done. We never talked about it as a rule, to avoid all danger, in case anyone should be put under pressure to confess what he knew. What each one did was done on his own responsibility and if some of the older "camp-hares" amongst us happened to know much of what was going on, it was because we kept our eyes open or because we were asked to give some advice privately. Nor do I by any means intend to say that the hidden apostolate and care of souls was practised exclusively by Jesuits. I know better. But it is undoubtedly true to say—and we do say it in the spirit of St. Paul—that no form of apostolic work was practised in the camp, in which we did not have some part and that more than one way was opened and stimulated by the example of one or other of our Fathers.

I have reflected more than once about broaching the question of influence and prestige within the community of the priests. But others have opened up the subject in Germany and created unnecessary trouble and just indignation. There are other things to be done at present than bringing such delicate questions to the foreground, before a public that has no means to judge and takes everything to be true that may satisfy its curiosity. Let it suffice to say that a number of Dutch priests, to which Fr. de Coninck and the writer gladly gave their names, have drawn up a protest and sent it to His Holiness, the Pope, and to the German ecclesiastical authorities, to clear the Dachau clergy, and more especially the German priests from the slander thrown on them by those of their own countrymen, who attack them in writing and speeches, led by motives that are not to be discussed here. It is no desire to compare merits—of those Our Lord will judge—but an obvious matter of truth, that prompts me to say that the Jesuits were held in great esteem on the Blocks where they lived, that they were able to do some good and that their services were often called upon. And I hope there is some reason to believe that our Holy Founder, Saint Ignatius, will not

have been altogether dissatisfied with his sons in Dachau.

It will be clear, from what has been said of the separation of the Blocks, that it was not easy for those on Block 26 to know what went on among the Poles. But without any fear of error I venture to say that there, as well as on Block 26, some of our Fathers would head the list of those that exercised most influence, though in many ways they did so tactfully behind the scenes. Fr. Krzyszkowski and Fr. Turbak, to mention only two names, could certainly not be passed by. Who will answer the questions: how many confessions were regularly heard by our Fathers? What part did Ours take in the carefully planned and concealed Masses, said in the face of the Communistic Block-personnel and room-chiefs, who were unaware of it? How much was due to our Fathers and Scholastics, if we should trace to its source the power of heroic resistance and flat refusal, when new victims were summoned to undergo medical experiments on malaria, etc? How many small but visible crumbs of the Sacred Species were smuggled through the watchful posts of the SS control into the "Plantage," where hundreds of prisoners, weak in body, were comforted in their soul? When physical or moral evil had to be averted, the members of the Society—thank God—did not lag behind. When, during the last months before the liberation, disorder was growing day by day, and we decided to break through the bars of regulations—keeping one eye, nevertheless, on the Communistic spies and some unreliable SS inspectors—and our Polish brethren in the Priesthood were able to swarm into the little chapel of Block 26, more than once it was one of our Fathers who preached and led the ceremonies. And if our Polish Scholastics are applying themselves at present to the study of Philosophy and Theology with the same energy and zeal with which, after the liberation, they helped in constructing the enormous altar with its outstanding Cross, or decorated the impressive painting of their

dear "Black Madonna of Czenstochowa," their Province may be more than satisfied! Was everything they did always prudent? I think that it is only right to remember that to the Polish mind there are other norms besides those of cool prudence.

Block 26—The Hearth of our Hidden Apostolate

From the statement that the main centre of religious activity and apostolic work was on Block 26, it should not be inferred that what was achieved by others is depreciated nor would it be right to attach an exclusive significance to some forms of apostolic service which are now to be stressed with regard to the Block that was, more than any other, caught in the struggle between good and evil. It was Fr. de C. who started, as early as 1942, to give some points of meditation during a couple of minutes that could be found in the morning, before marching to the general morning roll-call, to all those who wanted to join in a dark corner outside. Those at least who heard him had something else to think about in the long, dreary, tiring hours when they had to stand at attention, under the brutal swearing of the SS guards and Block-chiefs. This practice gradually developed into evening points in the night rooms, which were given by our Fathers practically every night for about two years. Fr. Pies was asked to give a monthly recollection for all who wanted to attend, to give a daily five-minute talk on Our Lady during the month of May, 1943, etc. The chapel was packed full during the retreat which Fr. de C. preached, the nine days preceding Whit-Sunday of the same year, and at the many, many other occasions on which he gave an exhortation or led the Way of the Cross.

It is not only a personal satisfaction for Fr. Otto Pies, that it was he, more than anyone else, who made it possible for a German deacon, 6 months before his death, to be fetched from the tuberculosis barracks of the hospital and brought to the chapel of 26 to be ordained a priest for all eternity, with all the pre-

scriptions, as regards demissorial letters, etc, accurately fulfilled. And it was in the first place due to him, to his relations, to the secret entrances and exits he had discovered, that not only all the sick of the hospital could receive Holy Communion regularly, but that very few, if any, Catholics died without receiving the last Sacraments, from March 1943 until shortly before the end.

A few days before the arrival of the American Army, some 60 German Priests were taken from the camp and dragged southward; many of them could not keep up; footsore and utterly spent they lay down beside the road. Whenever their adventures will be told, without any flight of imagination, their story and the daring, perilous, shrewd way Fr. Otto Pies, who had been released a few days before, followed them, picked them up and rescued them from being shot by the controlling SS soldiers, will read as a romantic novel.

Catacomb Ways over Camp and Hospital

As I have said, we never inquired into each others doings. But it was easy to guess what Fr. Kolacek was after, when apparently absent-mindedly he left the Block, early in the morning or late in the evening, to meet some one or other of his Czech countrymen. During the hours free from work there always was at the gate of the small Block street, besides a porter, a courier whose task it was to call anyone who was wanted outside; we protected ourselves as far as we could against unwelcome visitors and the sudden arrival of SS surveyors, who should not catch us unawares. Again and again it was shouted: Pies, de Coninck, Kolacek, Riquet, for the French, Dehne, etc. Not to forget Fr. Lenz! He might be called the Samaritan of the Russians and displayed an unselfish charity that many called mad; but if it was so, it surely was the madness of the Gospel.

As the end drew near, the secretaries of the camp could not possibly cope with the thousands of prisoners that were brought in, and they asked for help from

volunteers. The registration was a complicated and long drawn out business and the poor newcomers had to stand for hours, naked, huddled together like cattle in the open. It was an act of mercy to give a helping hand. At least one or two, and more often a dozen Jesuits could be spotted along the tables, questioning the French, Belgian, Italian, Russian, Czech, German, Jugo-Slav, Dutch, Norwegian, Croatian, Polish and other walking skeletons that had just arrived and still had some life in them. Thus we could hasten the work of registration and advance the hour when they would receive at least a piece of dry bread. That, however, was not the only end we aimed at. Heaven knows how many confessions could be secretly heard, how many Holy Communions distributed on these occasions; how many of those that stayed in the camp could be kept alive, bodily and spiritually; how many, too, of those that pined away, infected by some epidemic disease (it was no exception when 200 corpses had to be removed in one day) or of those that were driven further on after a short halt in the camp, received from us the first and the last, but the saving religious comfort.

Each had to find his own methods. But a special chapter could be written on the various ways the Holy Eucharist was carried everywhere, even into the utmost, isolated, forlorn nooks of the camp and the hospital, in spite of barricades and notice-boards forbidding entrance. And the Sacred Congregation of Rites would gasp at our self-made liturgy. One for instance would manage to climb unnoticed on a top-bed in the night-room and carefully divide one Host into 20 or more particles, wrap them in small pieces of paper and then stroll round the Blocks or the camp street, find his clients, who were on the look-out for him, have a chat, have a smoke, maybe, and shake hands, leaving the precious treasure in the possession of a happy soul. I know of one of our Fathers whose spectacle-case was a wonderfully handy pyx; another preferred a small tin cigarette case or the lining of his

cap. There were very few guards indeed towards the end, who did not relent at the sight of a cigarette; some were more expensive and required butter or milk. After the permission had been given to receive parcels, a considerable amount of the good gifts were used to bribe our way to a hungry, dying prisoner.

I am perfectly aware that I have not even hinted at all the forms of charity that were daily practised. New chapters would have to be added, for instance, on the medicines and drugs carefully hidden in our parcels and smuggled into the hospital, into the hands of reliable doctors and nurses; on the number of laymen brought into the chapel to hear Mass and fulfill their Easter duties; on the cleverly laid, tortuous paths, along which sacred vestments and ornaments for the little altar and chapel were obtained. In all these activities the Jesuits were most prominent.

Spirit of the Community

But nowhere was the application more energetic, the devotion to fellow prisoners more sincere, heartfelt and warm, than when fellow-brothers of the same Society were in need and trouble. It should be known to all, as it was known in the camp, that the Jesuits fostered and displayed an *esprit de corps*, worthy of their best and oldest traditions. This does not mean that there never was a diversity of opinion or a hasty word. During the hectic years in Dachau, with their long days of hard labor and their short nights of restless sleep, with their marches all day long, with their maddening, senseless, sudden changes of orders and the nerve-racking ordeal of being hunted about, being controlled, being called, being baffled, being hit in the face and the heart, physically and morally, and especially with the satanically created atmosphere, in which the whole community of priests could be arbitrarily punished by any SS churl, for the reason that someone had overlooked or forgotten one small detail of the infinite number of changing prescriptions, well, I should think that it was only a proof that we were

living men, and not statues of stone, if nerves gave way at times. But such moments were few and short amongst Ours; they were soon forgotten and left no trace.

We looked for each other; we found each other, getting around all regulations, and we helped each other in every way. Yes, in every way! Seldom have I been so impressed and moved as when, the day after arriving in the camp, after passing through five prisons, through sleepless nights, through fetters and blasphemous accusations, I was suddenly called to the wire netting by which the "Novitiate" of the camp was surrounded; it took me a moment or two to recognize Father Regout in his striped uniform; he had stealthily found his way where no one was allowed to go; a hasty look aside, to make sure that he was not observed, and before I realized what had happened, I saw him steal away, open a small parcel he had fumbled into my fingers and found. . . . a pipe, filled with tobacco and attached to it, wrapped in a very thin small piece of specially cleansed paper. . . . a very tiny but visible particle of a Host. That is only one illustration, which anyone of us could multiply many, many times.

In every way, one of Ours, weak himself, found a way to help a fellow-brother that was weaker still, by managing to get the "privilege" of doing some extra cleaning in one of the other Blocks; that work should have been done by the prisoners of the Block themselves; but they belonged to the prominent men and hired slaves from other quarters (should I repeat again that they were mostly Communists?). This was a privilege, because the willing servant had the right to return at noon and beg two or three potatoes and a cup of soup; it was a feast to him to share this extra allowance with his companion.

Whenever a new Jesuit arrived the news spread in no time; in no time he had some food for his body and soul and we tried to get him away from his closed Block—it cost us some tobacco or food to bribe the porter—and receive him in our midst, reassuring him

and making him believe that life was not at all so bad. A regular service was set up to provide them with extra food, as long as they were separated. During the last months two Fathers from Munich were enrolled in the penal labor company immediately after arriving; they never saw the camp, but they did see one or two of our Fathers (Otto Pies, of course, was one of them) and they did taste the good gifts from the parcels that were sent to us. There always were some and often many in the "Infirmmary." Daily communications to and fro were maintained. We knew exactly how high their temperature was, how great their danger, which medicine and food they needed—and they got it, even if it had to be obtained from the chemist of the town of Dachau! We collected sugar in all its forms, when needed, or the special vitamins, often from a great distance, and Himmler would turn over in his grave if he knew that many of the drugs of his "Plantage" helped to restore the health of his prisoner-Priests. And we prayed, made others pray; and perhaps the wonderful recovery of more than one was due to the supernatural help from heaven, rather than to the natural effects of bodily aid. Yet with a heavy heart we saw two more die shortly before the end: Father Podolenski, the oldest Professed of our Community, always cheerful and considerate of others, and the valiant Polish scholastic Jurek Musial, who volunteered, together with a dozen other Jesuits, to nurse the thousands of typhoid patients. He, as all the others, was infected himself. He is the only Jesuit that was not cremated, but buried together with some ten thousand more, in one of the three collective graves outside of the town of Dachau. Shortage of fuel caused the crematory to close down.

Jesuits helped each other in every way. By providing some better clothes for a fellow-brother, who was covered with shabby, torn rags; by taking over some awkward job; by shoving some Father into a better working group, or protecting him against a change for the worse; or, as during the last year, by teaching our

Scholastics some philosophy and theology, which saved them a year after they got home; or by a friendly talk and warning just at the right moment. I can still taste the roasted rabbit that Fr. de C. and I received from two Polish scholastics two hours after the first American jeep entered the camp on April 29th; it came straight from the fire and I must admit that it carried a special flavor with it, coming from the cages that *were* Himmler's!

Tribute to Our German Fathers

That our Polish scholastics could be separated from their national group, enter our college at Pullach within two months after the liberation of the camp and from there, in spite of the restricted international communications, could be taken to Belgium, France and Italy to continue their studies, is not the chief and only reason, why I feel obliged to finish this letter by devoting a few lines to our German Fathers.

We knew that the invasion of the allied armies would inevitably mean the cutting off of all food supplies that came from our countries, in East and West. But we trusted that we should be able to hold out for one or two months. How slowly, however, did those long, long months from September 1944 till the end of April 1945 pass by, how teasingly slow! Often we have been asked how we kept alive during that time, how we had the power of physical resistance, during the last four months, when more than 12,000 corpses had to be buried, worn out by typhoid fever and other infectious and contagious diseases, the whole camp being one uncontrolled and uncontrollable seat of infection?

The answer to that, as far as human factors are concerned, is that we were fed by the German Fathers. It will be superfluous to emphasize the point that amongst us there were no national borders. We had an open mind and a sympathetic heart for the torturing interior conflict they had to fight out and did fight out and did fight out victoriously; the love of their

country and the absolute necessity of Germany's defeat, if Christianity was to survive. In the State of Dachau each of the 24 nations represented clung to its national ambitions and rights; they cannot be blamed for that. And although it was distressing to see the violent national passions which stirred the various groups and which caused friction and disharmony from time to time among those who were in captivity for the same cause, that, too, might be judged natural and condonable to a certain extent. More difficult it is to approve of Catholic priests, who were not able to distinguish in the German priest-prisoner between the German and the Priest. However, that may be: between the Jesuits there were no bars or borders of national division. I am sure that the German Fathers will be the first to admit this wholeheartedly.

It is no duty of formal convention, but one inspired by heartfelt gratitude that impels me now, in the name of the Polish, French, Czech, Belgian and Dutch Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers, to thank the German and Austrian Fathers, not only for the comfort and consolation which we derived from their friendship and care in days of misery and deprivation, but more especially for the magnanimous help they sent us from outside the camp, during the last six months, when we were left to ourselves and had no resources whatever. Two or three scholastics of Pullach were freed from all other occupations and went about collecting ration-cards, buying bread and butter, meat, cheese and even cakes, made up the parcels almost under the eyes of the SS at Dachau-town and dispatched them to accurate addresses, week after week, month after month. All the houses were asked to contribute and responded generously. And week after week a civilian driver drove his lorry from Munich to the Plantage, transacted his business, had a short talk with one of the prisoners, and drove off again, no one having the slightest suspicion that Fr. Otto Pies had given new directions to a former novice

of his now a scholastic at Pullach! Fr. Kurt Dehne and Fr. Bruno Schmidt administered the distribution from Block 26 and Fr. Pastuszka from Block 28, according to the need. Their Provincials should know that they are born Ministers. Fr. Heinzel and Fr. Stahl, both from Austria, had their own way of secretly depositing their gifts in our cupboards and often causing an agreeable surprise. To the Provincial of the Southern German Province, Fr. Francis Xavier Muller, it must have been a great satisfaction to hear that we were all relatively well, when he arrived in the camp the day after the Americans.

We have not been saved for ourselves, but for the Society. If our life and our work may be of some use to our Provinces and to the Society, then our German Fathers are eminent benefactors indeed. If we cannot forget what misled and degenerate Germans have caused us to suffer, we do not find it difficult to forgive and pray that any merits we might have gained through their fault may contribute to their eternal salvation. Against the hate and perversity, however, which cannot but be attributed to satanical instigation and cannot and should not be forgotten, stands out in grateful memory the love and nobility we were happy to experience and to which we owe to a great extent our salvation. At Dachau we witnessed and profited by the *Societas amoris* in its finest form. We pray Our Lord that He may reward their love for us as if it were shown to *Him*.

We are living as yet in a world divided, rent and ever further split and torn to pieces, in soil and soul, in spirit and ideals. Collective individualism has always proved more dangerous to humanity than personal egoism. The story of the Jesuits in the bonds of Dachau may, please God, be a modest stimulus to live and display that universal, super-national, super-natural spirit, which was the dominating ambition of St. Ignatius and his first companions in the world they had to meet: across all human frontiers and national limitation: one Chief and one aim, one Army and one

strategy in a world-wide, loyal effort to expand the Reign of Jesus Christ, the only reliable Leader of mankind.

Rome, Feb. 15th, 1947—Feast of Blessed Claude de la Colombiere, S.J.

FRENCH JESUITS IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, S.J.

Jesuits of the Maryland province do not often avert to the part played by their order in the early history of that corner of the province which lies west of the Allegheny Mountains in Pennsylvania. Yet the Society of Jesus had a major role in the discovery and early events of that region. The first cartographer of the valley of the Allegheny and Ohio was a student of the Jesuits, Chaussegros de Léry; the first man to give a scientific report on the area was the Jesuit mathematician and hydrographer, De Bonnécamp; the honor of having said the first Mass is at least shared by the Jesuit de la Bretonnière; the first missionary to attempt a systematic conversion of the Indians of that region was the Jesuit Virot.¹

¹Until recent years some historians credited La Salle with having traversed Western Pennsylvania. He is supposed to have descended the Allegheny and Ohio rivers as far as Louisville in 1669 or 1670 and to have crossed Northwestern Pennsylvania on foot in 1680. The first journey is now wholly discredited. As for the march of 1680, it was evidently made north rather than south of Lake Erie. La Salle was nearing the end of his course in theology in the Jesuit Order when his inordinate restlessness and desire for adventure led to his separation from the Society. See Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., "La Salle's Jesuit Days," *Mid-America*, 19 (1937): 93-101.

In calling Father Virot the first missionary we are not unmindful that evangelical as well as trade motives have been attributed to the Dutch interpreter Aernout Viele, in his journey to the Shawnee of Pennsylvania around the end of the seventeenth century. Evidence of any missionary attempts on the part of Viele, an opponent of Father Le Moyne in New York, is, however, too meager to support a statement of fact.

Editor's Note: For more detailed references to sources employed in this article, the reader is referred to a forthcoming issue of *Mid-America*, where the activities of the Jesuit priests are treated in more summary form as part of an article on all the French priests who labored in Western Pennsylvania during the struggle for possession between French and English.

It is of their activities, along with those of their Christian Indians, that we shall treat.

The Historical Setting

Following the extinction of the Eriez Indians around the middle of the seventeenth century, the Allegheny river valley of Western Pennsylvania was no more than an Iroquois thoroughfare for incursions into the South, until the arrival of French traders about 1720. Before that time the enmity of the Five Nations had prevented French exploratory curiosity concerning this important link between Canada and Louisiana. It has often been stated that Jesuit missionaries worked among the Indians of Western Pennsylvania during the latter half of the seventeenth century, but there seems to be no authenticated report of any priest's having set foot there before the Longueuil expedition of 1739 against the Chickasaw.

For nearly twenty years preceding this expedition French agents—particularly Louis and Toussaint Cavelier and Louis Joincaire—had made systematic attempts to draw the Shawnee of Pennsylvania into the sphere of their trade and friendship. These agents encouraged the Shawnee to move westward to the Allegheny, away from English influence. They mended the Shawnee guns, took the chiefs to Montreal for conferences.

In the meantime, beginning in 1727, English traders relying heavily on rum as a commodity in exchange for furs, penetrated the Allegheny valley in competition with the French. The Pennsylvania Quaker assembly, ignorant of the western boundaries of the colony and opposed in principle to the use of military force, turned a deaf ear to the governors' warnings of the growing encroachments of the *fleur-*

de-lis.² And this is about how matters stood when Longueuil took his forces through the colony in 1739 to oppose the recalcitrant tribes of the South. The long journey is of interest to us because of the participation of three priests: the Jesuit de la Bretonnière, the Recollect Vernet, the Sulpician Dépéret. Father Vernet was chaplain of the Canadians, while de la Bretonnière and Dépéret accompanied a contingent of Indians from the missions surrounding Montreal. Here we will say a few words concerning the importance of the Jesuits and their Indian charges to Canadian policy.

It is no exaggeration to say that the missionaries and particularly the Jesuits were essential to the well-being of the French colony. As Rochemonteix says, the purpose of the Jesuits in New France was first the instruction of the savages in the knowledge of the true God and secondly, the instruction of the young.³ But the Jesuits' education and general aptitude for leadership among an unlettered frontier people made them useful to the government too, and the government was not slow in utilizing them. Complying with the Colbert ordinance of 1681 ordering every

²Correspondence of the governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland for this period reveals a common notion that the Jesuits were a sort of spearhead for French intrigue. Typical of many addresses to be found in colonial records is the following extract from a talk by Governor Keith of Pennsylvania to the Five Nations on July 8, 1721: ". . . You know very well that the French have been your enemies from the beginning, and though they made peace with you about two and twenty years ago, yet by subtle practices they still endeavor to ensnare you. They use arts and tricks and tell you lies to deceive you, and if you would make use of your own eyes and not be deluded by their Jesuits and interpreters, you would see this yourselves, for you know they have had no goods of any value these several years past, except what has been sent to them from the English of New York, and that is now all over . . ." *Minutes of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania* (16 vols., Philadelphia, 1852); hereinafter *Colonial Records*, 3: 129. This apprehension does not seem to have been shared by the Iroquois, who told the council at Philadelphia in 1732 that "The French priests and others that come amongst them speak nothing but peace to them . . ." *Ibid.*, 439.

³C. de Rochemonteix, *Les Jésuites et la Nouvelle-France au XVIIIe siècle* (2 vols., Paris, 1906); hereinafter *Les Jésuites*, 2: 204.

college in a maritime location to give instruction in hydrography and navigation, the Jesuits quickly installed these subjects in their schools at Quebec and Montreal. They were instrumental in training many pilots for the rivers and oceans and many cartographers and explorers who laid open the secrets of inland waterways.⁴ The missionaries themselves, because of their scientific knowledge and mastery of languages, were most useful in reporting on the nature of the newly acquired territories and in winning over the Indians as French allies. Missionaries also held the solution to the population problem. Immigration to New France was much slower than to the English colonies, doubtless because the long reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV meant more stable religious conditions at home. Moreover, little opportunity was given the Huguenots to settle in the New World. That there was any migration at all of even the French Catholic population must be attributed in part to the availability of priests in America. Since the French were still slow in coming, the next best thing was to give the Indians Christianity and French nationality. Hence the reductions.

Encouraged by the government, the missionaries established colonies of domiciled Indians around Quebec and Montreal. The clergy liked this because they found it impossible to instruct and civilize roving bands of savages. Under such a procedure, there was little opportunity to build a chapel or to say Mass. The government welcomed the arrangement because the Indians constituted a sort of militia for the protection of the colony and were readily available for duty in forays against the English and hostile tribes to the south and west. A serious drawback to mis-

⁴Before the eighteenth century hydrography instruction was usually given by laymen such as Jolliet and Franquelin. In 1712 the Jesuit catalogue lists for the first time a professor of hydrography, Father Le Brun. In 1716 Father de Lauzon came to Canada and occupied this chair until 1722. His successors were Father Guignas and, in 1743, Father de Bonnécamps, from whose hand we have a map of the Allegheny and Ohio rivers.

sionary endeavor, however, was the fur trade, which required the men of the tribes to be hunting and trapping far from home during the winter months. Often they failed to return home, affiliating themselves with pagan tribes in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and in regions even further south. The missionaries were powerless to change the economic setup, since the very existence of their mission stations depended indirectly upon the income from furs. Trade brought with it, too, the evils of *l'eau de feu*, against which the savage had not yet built any of the inhibitions and controls characteristic of civilized men. The priests imposed impressive penances for drunkenness. The offender often found himself forced to attend Mass and prayers for many Sundays while kneeling outside the Church. Those who sold the intoxicants were sometimes threatened with excommunication, but the trade continued.

The work of evangelization was likewise hampered by the low character of many of the Canadian and French soldiers who occupied the forts and garrisons. Father Nau of Caughnawaga, writing to Father Bonin in 1735 says: "If there were no French in Canada . . . we would have as many saints in our mission as we now have Christians; but the bad example and solicitations of the French are a very great obstacle to the sanctification of our Iroquois."⁵

The missionaries seem to have resigned themselves to the warlike activities of their charges as an evil at least temporarily unavoidable. The Christian Indian, like the pagan, brought back his scalps and hung them proudly in his wigwam.

Rochemonteix, who writes favorably of the reductions, thus summarizes their influence:

This Faith had developed the same French sentiments in the heart of the Hurons of Lorette, of the savages of the Lac des Deux Montagnes and of the Iroquois of Sault St. Louis. They joined

⁵Nau to Bonin, October 2, 1735, in R. G. Thwaites, ed., *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents* (73 vols., Cleveland, 1896-1901); hereinafter JR, 68: 267.

our soldiers in all their expeditions against the English to the south of the colony and against the revolting Indian tribes to the west. Historians have asked what influence has really been exercised by the missionaries on the savages through the propagation of the Gospel. Even if we omit the Christian villages of the Illinois, the Huron converts of Detroit, the Micmacs and Christians of Chicoutimi and of Tadoussac, this splendid institution of domiciled Indians alone is a most effective response to those who belittle the apostolate in New France. The Indians of the reductions were, in the eighteenth century, most constant friends and a most firm support of the French colony.⁶

Among the reductions thus established were several which provided Indian warriors for the campaigns in Western Pennsylvania: the Iroquois village of Sault St. Louis, or Caughnawaga, on the south side of the St. Lawrence opposite Montreal; the mixed village of the Lac des Deux Montagnes, west of Montreal at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers; the Abnaki villages of St. Francis at the mouth of the St. Francis river and of Bécancour, farther up the St. Lawrence; and the Huron village of Lorette just west of Quebec (see map). Except for the mission of the Lac des Deux Montagnes (Oka) directed by the Sulpicians, all of these villages were under the supervision of the Jesuits.

Father de la Bretonnière at Caughnawaga

Father de la Bretonnière was born at Bayeux, France, on May 4, 1689, and entered the novitiate in Paris on September 20, 1710. Following his novitiate he taught for several years and studied theology at the colleges of La Flèche and Louis-le-Grand. He arrived at Quebec in 1721.

In that year or in 1725 he began missionary work at Sault St. Louis under the direction of Father Pierre

⁶*Les Jésuites*, 2: 19.

de Lauzon and settled himself to learn Iroquois. Three years later, he took part in the expedition against the Fox as chaplain of the Caughnawaga Iroquois. In a letter dated 1742, Father Crespel writes:

They took me away from my parish to make me chaplain of a party of 400 French that M. le Marquis de Beauharnois has joined to eight or nine hundred savages from all kinds of nations: mostly Iroquois, Hurons, Nipissings, and Ottawas, whom M. Pellet, priest, and Father De la Bretonnière, Jesuit, served as chaplains. These troops commanded by M. de Ligneris were commissioned to go and destroy a nation called the Fox.⁷

These warlike Indians of the Illinois country had been bitter enemies of the French. Although defeated sixteen years previously at Detroit, they had resumed their attacks on the French and their Indian allies. This new punitive expedition set out on June 5 over the Ottawa route to the shores of the Mississippi, a voyage on which there were no fewer than thirty-five portages.⁸ The enterprise is described by Father Crespel as absolutely useless, for the Fox took flight and survived to create trouble later. The expedition returned toward the end of September, and Father de la Bretonnière resumed his duties at Caughnawaga. After four more years Father Lauzon became superior of all the Canadian missions and Father de la Bretonnière was then put in charge of the Sault, with Father Luc-François Nau as his assistant. In a delightful letter written by Father Nau we have an intimate sketch of the daily routine at Caughnawaga and of the activities of Father de la Bretonnière during this period.⁹

Every morning at daybreak, winter and summer, Father de la Bretonnière said Mass for those who had to go out to the fields to work, at which time the Indians recited their morning prayers and then the beads, in two choirs. About nine o'clock he would

⁷*Ibid.*, 1: 190f.

⁸A picturesque description of this expedition is given in E. Devine, *Historic Caughnawaga* (Montreal, 1922), 220f.

⁹Nau to Bonin, October 2, 1735, JR, 68: 260-285.



begin instructing adults not yet baptized, in the catechism. At one o'clock he assembled the Indians who belonged to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and to the Congregation of the Holy Family and gave them an exhortation. The Holy Family, as Father Nau explains, was a select group who had passed through the Sodality with unmistakable marks of fervor and who practiced austerities which many religious would hesitate to undergo. Of those instructed in the Faith by Father de la Bretonnière in the year preceding Father Nau's letter, four were slaves captured in war.

Although the point is not obvious in Father Nau's letter, the missionaries nevertheless were not wholly unconscious of the ill effects of the military activities of their Christian Indians. Father Roubaud, to whom we shall refer later, a missionary at St. Francis, concludes his long description of the Indian massacres at Fort William Henry in 1757 with the following statement:

. . . But you must also have perceived that passions, everywhere the same, produce everywhere the same ravages; and that our Indians, although Christians, are not on that account more blameless in their conduct. Their wandering and vagabond life is not one of the least causes of their misfortunes. Left as they are to themselves, and struggling with their passions without being sustained by the aid of even any outward religious performance, they escape for the greater part of the year the endeavors even of the most active zeal—which during this long time compelled to the saddest inaction, dwindles to the power of uttering in their behalf only prayers, which are almost always useless and superfluous. Perhaps the God of mercy will some day enlighten these unfortunate creatures on the dangers of their strange manner of life and will restrain them from their instability and their wanderings; but although that is an event which a missionary is indeed permitted to desire, it is not in his power to bring it about.¹⁰

We do not know exactly when the Caughnawagas

¹⁰Letter dated St. Francois, October 21, 1757, JR, 70: 201-203.

began using the Allegheny River as a highway to the South, but they probably traveled through the region as early as their pagan Iroquois brethren, with whom they remained generally on good terms. La Salle found the Senecas, for example, active as far west as the Mississippi toward the close of the seventeenth century. It is true that as the Iroquois early reduced the number of fur-bearing animals in their own territory near the French, English, and Dutch traders, they were forced to go south and west in search of them, both as hunters and middle men.

We do know that the Caughnawagas had a prominent part in the abortive attempt of the French to put down the Chickasaw in the Tennessee country in 1736. Father Sénat, Jesuit, died bravely at the stake. The whole party might have been annihilated had it not been for the courage of the Indians of Sault St. Louis.

When the survivors of this disaster had finally returned home to Canada, plans were laid for another concerted attempt against the Chickasaw. An expedition was organized under the leadership of Baron de Longueuil, nephew of Bienville, governor of Louisiana. The party totalled 442 men, of whom 319 were Indians. Father Vernet, a Recollect, accompanied the troops into battle. Father Elie Déperet, Sulpician expert in Indian languages, had charge of the Indians from the Lake of Two Mountains, and Father de la Bretonnière of the Iroquois from the Sault.

The Longueuil roster included no fewer than 166 Iroquois of the village of the Sault, 51 from the Lake of the Two Mountains, 32 Algonkins and Nipissings, and 50 Abnaki of the villages of St. Francis and Bécancour. The large turnout of Iroquois was ascribed by both Governor Beauharnois and the intendant Hocquart to the efforts of Father De Lauzon, superior of all Canadian Jesuit missions. The governor's letter to the minister of the marine follows:

The Reverend Father de Lauzon has been very helpful to us during this whole affair. He has

shown to the fullest extent his zeal for the good of the service. I have begun, My Lord, by thanking him personally. He did not leave the Indians until after their departure. I am obliged to him for their great number.¹¹

The intendant writes in very similar vein:

The Jesuit Father Lauzon, head of the missions in Canada, has helped effectively by inducing the savages of Sault St. Louis to carry out His Majesty's wishes. This priest has been a missionary in their village for twelve years, he has the confidence of the savages, and he has used this to make them agree. He deserves, My Lord, some evidence of your satisfaction with the zeal he has shown for the King's service upon this occasion.¹²

The official politeness conceals a Lauzon heartache, however. Rochemonteix tells us that in 1729 Father de Lauzon had written to Beauharnois, asking for help for the Caughnawaga mission, so that they could make it a more attractive domicile for those Iroquois who showed an inclination to embrace Christianity. He reports eleven or twelve hundred inhabitants, who have always helped against the English, "at one time against the Chickasaw; always they have left in great numbers, ready to do whatever the French wished." But Hocquart, Father de Lauzon's memoir of 1741 indicates, diminished rather than increased the revenues of the mission. Influenced by military and commercial interests, he turned a deaf ear to requests from the Sault, depriving them even of necessities. In spite of this treatment the Indians remained faithful. Rochemonteix states that when Father de Lauzon returned to the Sault and saw that Hocquart, accusing the Jesuits of carrying on illicit trade, had cut down on his support of the mission, he was physically affected and his death in 1742 was thereby hastened.

¹¹Beauharnois to Maurepas, June 30, 1739, in S. Stevens and D. Kent, eds., *The Expedition of Baron de Longueuil* (Harrisburg, 1940, mimeograph), 9.

¹²Hocquart to Maurepas, September 30 [October 30?], 1739, *ibid.*, 11.

Among the distinguished personnel of the Longueuil expedition, many of whom were destined to win fame in the French and Indian War, was an eighteen-year-old cadet, Joseph Gaspard Chaussegros de Léry, engineer and cartographer, who thus became the first man to construct an adequate map of the Ohio River system.¹³ He had entered the *petit séminaire* run by Jesuits at Quebec at the age of 10. Probably he took what the Jesuits had to give in hydrography and cartography. At any rate, his father, who was chief engineer of New France, readily supplemented this teaching with his private instruction and was so impressed with his progress that he sought for him the position of assistant engineer when he was only fourteen years of age. On that occasion the request was refused, but when the 1739 expedition was organized he again interceded for his son, this time successfully.

The party of avengers, setting forth in June, took the route along the southern shore of Lake Ontario, past the English Fort Oswego. The Indians had promised to leave English whiskey alone, but about 70 Abnaki and some of the Iroquois from the Lake of Two Mountains found the temptation too strong. They deserted. By the fourth of August the expedition arrived at the outlet of Lake Erie, above the Falls, and soon thereafter reached the Chautauqua portage. This ten-mile trek up Chautauqua Creek to the lake lying about 730 feet above Lake Erie must have been arduous in August for a military outfit carrying enough provisions for a sixteen hundred mile journey.

In his *Journal* of 1754, when de Léry was again at Chatauqua, he indicates the camp site of the 1739 expedition at the head of the lake, which is eighteen miles in length. From here their route led down Conewango

¹³De Léry came from a long line of famous engineers. His son, François-Joseph, continued the tradition by winning fame under Napoleon Bonaparte. This article had its inception in correspondence with Father Louis Chaussegros de Léry, S.J., professor of canon law at the Jesuit scholasticate of the Immaculate Conception in Montreal. Father de Léry, a descendant of the family of engineers, was kind enough to point out several sources used by the writer.

Creek into the Allegheny River at the present site of Warren, Pa. Father de Bonnécamps' journal of the Céloron expedition which followed the same route ten years afterwards will be discussed later and will give a good idea of the experiences of the Longueuil party in Pennsylvania. De Léry's diary for the early part of the 1739 trip has been lost, but his diary for the latter part indicates that the priests were following a custom of saying Mass frequently. Thus it may be inferred that they said Mass several times while passing through Pennsylvania. The supposition is strengthened by the fact that there was little danger of attack by a large enemy force. These Masses may well have been the first offered in Western Pennsylvania. Whether the honor of the first belongs to a Recollect, a Jesuit, or a Sulpician, we have no way of knowing. From the diary of Father Bonnécamps, we know that the Céloron expedition of 1749 required about two weeks to travel from Chautauqua Lake near the New York border to Logstown near the Ohio border, so we may safely infer that the Longueuil expedition would have been in Pennsylvania on at least one Sunday, and Mass certainly would have been said on a Sunday. However, unlike Céloron, who could afford to proceed leisurely, holding many councils with the Indians along the Allegheny and Ohio, Longueuil had an appointment to fulfill in the Chickasaw country. Even so, he probably found time to stop at Broken Straw village (Irvine), at the Delaware village of Attigué (Kittaning), and at the Shawnee village presided over by the French-Shawnee halfbreed trader, Peter Chartier, on the west bank of the Allegheny near present-day Tarentum. It is likely that if we had the early part of de Léry's diary we would read that the expedition stopped at Chartier's Town, distributed presents to the Indians, and held a council in which they again urged the Shawnees to move west-

ward under the protecting arm of their French father. However, their interpreters would have found that the Shawnee as late as August 1 had promised never to join a nation hostile to the English.¹⁴

Somewhere along the Ohio or Allegheny the party would have stopped to acquire an additional one hundred Iroquois warriors which Hocquart had engaged to join the expedition at the Belle Rivière. From Céloron's *Journal* we know that Longueuil did stop at Logstown and at the mouth of the Scioto, where there was a Shawnee Indian village whose warriors seem to have been willing to accompany him. Two items of anthropological interest attracted the attention of the young de Léry on the journey. The first was the admirable group of Indian petroglyphs at the mouth of the Little Beaver Creek. The second was the discovery of the remains of huge prehistoric animals ("*plusieurs Elephans*") at Big Bone Lick, in the present state of Kentucky, a record of which he has left on his map of the Ohio.

Much to the disgust of the French back home, the expedition accomplished virtually nothing. On August 15, 1739, Bienville set up camp at Fort Assumption (Memphis), where he was joined shortly afterwards by Buissonière of Illinois, Céloron of Detroit, and

¹⁴*Colonial Records*, 4: 345-347. The Pennsylvania assembly showed no reaction to this troop movement within the boundaries of the colony, but Governor Thomas realized its significance, as demonstrated by his address of January 23, 1740:

I am obliged to you for the particular description you have favoured me with of the situation of this province; but had you looked into a map of it you would have seen that the French have a very considerable tract of country adjoining to it, and that they have an easy conveyance from their principle (sic) settlements to their fort at Niagara, which is built either within the bounds of this province or upon the borders of it; and if our information be true, as there is not any reason to doubt it, a considerable body of them, in conjunction with a body of Indians, made a longer march a few months ago to attack some nations of Indians to the southward than will be necessary to bring them even to this city. *Colonial Records*, 4: 380f.

lastly Longueuil.¹⁵ Exhausted from the strain of their long trip and the heavy burden of military supplies, the Canadians waited until February 21, 1740, before going to the attack under the direction of Céloron. The Chickasaw quickly sued for peace, which Bienville granted in April. Then the Louisiana governor burned Fort Assumption and returned to New Orleans, taking his nephew Longueuil with him. The Chickasaw merely took a respite before renewing their attacks. It appears from a letter of Father Nau to his mother (October 2, 1740) that Father de la Bretonnière accompanied Bienville. Father Nau writes: "Father de la Bretonnière, who accompanied our Indians on this expedition, returned to France by way of the Mississippi. I don't believe he will return to Canada." But Father Nau was mistaken, and as Rochemonteix adds, he did return to Quebec, and was named superior of Montreal in 1743.

In 1750, he was appointed to replace Father Tournois as head of the Caughnawaga mission, but the Indians sent word by a collier that they preferred Father Floquet, so the appointment was changed accordingly. We can only guess as to the motive behind the Indians' choice. Perhaps Father de la Bretonnière was a bit too strict for their liking. From 1752 to 1754 he fulfilled the duties of his last status in the Society, confessor at the college of Quebec, where he died on the first day of August, 1754.

The English Move Toward Possession of the Ohio

Longueuil's expedition was the first recorded visit by white men in the Ohio valley, but we know that occasional French and English traders had previously penetrated the region. Father Mermet, Jesuit, re-

¹⁵A vivid portrayal of the events at Fort Assumption is to be found in J. Delanglez, ed., "The Journal of Father Vitry, S.J.," *Mid-America*, 28 (1946): 30-59.

Speaking of the pagan Indians' pre-battle feasts, Father Vitry says: "The Christian Indians have another way of preparing themselves; they receive the Sacrament, and ask the Lord's blessing."

ported English trading forts on the Ohio and Mississippi as early as 1715. After 1740 the number of English traders in the Ohio valley rapidly increased. They enjoyed many competitive advantages over the French traders, whose activities, even to the sale of liquor, were normally rather closely supervised by the government. The English traders were practically "on their own." Source of supply of their trading goods was nearer and better, permitting them to undersell the French, who often were unable to supply the Indian demands.

It is not remarkable, then, that the Indians who were domiciled around Detroit began to withdraw from French influence. The best-known of the revolvers was Nicholas, a Tobacco Huron, or Wyandot, who withdrew with a large group to the Sandusky region. He was followed there by the famous Jesuit missionary, de la Richardie, who then established the Sandusky winter mission with which Father Potier and Saleneuve later assisted. From this time on it may be said that the Ottawas, Hurons, Wyandots, Shawnees, Delawares, and others from the Allegheny to the Mississippi vacillated from the side of the French to the English and back again, depending on which side they believed their economic and political interests lay. For this reason the Indian agents and missionaries played key roles in determining whether the New World would become French or English territory.

The War of the Austrian Succession, embroiling England and France in Europe, had its counterpart in the King George's War of the New World, 1744-1748. The Dublin Irishman, George Croghan, spreading out his private trading empire in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio as far north as Lake Erie, encouraged the Indians to make attacks on the French. The French always pursued the policy of arresting English traders on the grounds of trespassing, and many of the latter from this time until after final English victory perforce made the trip to Montreal or Caughnawaga,

there to lie in chains.¹⁶ The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle at the end of the war left the western boundaries to be established by a commission. At the same time the region just below the forks of the Ohio became

¹⁶The Caughnawagas were willing collaborators with French policy in the removal of English traders, perhaps because in addition to confiscating their goods it enabled them to make some extra money by selling their prisoners to the French. An example of their activities is the capture in 1753 of six Lancaster County (Pa.) traders operating on the lower Ohio. The seventy Caughnawagas in the party took their prisoners first to Detroit, where they sold two to Céloron. They took the remainder to Canada, where the governor-general refused to buy them. Much to their horror, they were adopted by the Indians. One of the traders, David Hendricks, writing for help to Albany, dates his letter "from ye. damned Papist Church at ye Conewagoe Town, hard by Mount Rall." Conrad Weiser found out from a French Indian woman at Albany who had adopted one of the prisoners that the other Indians at Caughnawaga were displeased at the men who had captured the traders, "and in their drunkenness would call them old women and breakers of the peace . . ." A haughty letter from Ononraguite, chief of the Sault Indians, complaining of the low prices being offered for prisoners, contributed little to the good temper of the Pennsylvanians trying to free their friends.

Other accomplishments of the Caughnawagas at this time included the scalping of the "emperor" of the Cherokee just after he had been entertained by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia. The "empress", her son, and their attendants were carried as prisoners to Canada. Later the same summer Hitchen Holland, commanding at English Ft. Oswego, reported the passage of about fifty canoes of Indians, some of whom were Caughnawagas on their way to war in the South, and some Abnaki who were to join Marin in Northwestern Pennsylvania. This information on the French Indians is taken *passim* from the *Colonial Records*, vols. 5, 6.

This dark, gray picture of the warlike activities of the Christian Indians is somewhat offset by favorable comment. A tribute to Jesuit industry and to the behavior of the domiciled Indians while away from home is paid by a Rev. Mr. Barton, Episcopalian missionary of south-central Pennsylvania and later English chaplain at Fort Pitt, in a letter to the London Propaganda Society in 1756. He writes: "While the French were industrious in sending priests and Jesuits among them [*the Indians*] to convert them to Popery, we did nothing but send a set of abandoned profligate men to trade with them; who defrauded and cheated them, and practiced every vice among them that can be named . . . Others [*of our escaped prisoners*] observe that they (*the Indians*) crossed themselves every night and morning and went to prayers regularly; . . ."—T. Hughes, *History of the Society of Jesus in North America* (4 vols., London, 1908-1917), 2:429.

One English captive, Colonel James Smith, came to love the Caughnawagas after being adopted by them and living with

a regular beehive of activity. The Iroquois began to push in from the Upper Allegheny and the Cuyahoga River. Kuskuskis, on the site of present-day New Castle, became a sort of Indian capital, with Logstown on the Ohio a trading center and scene of historic councils. Presuming on the authority of the Onondaga Council, these Iroquois, many of them originally from Caughnawaga, presided over the councils of the other nations, which included the refugee Wyandots along the Shenango River, the Delawares along the Allegheny, Ohio, and Big Beaver rivers, the Shawnee at Logstown, and a few scattered Chippewas and Mohicans.¹⁷ The two dominant chieftains were Tanacharison, the Half King, who ruled over the Iroquois and Delawares, and Scarouady, an Oneida Iroquois, head of the Shawnee. Both resided at Logstown; both early formed an attachment to the English.

In April of 1748 Croghan visited Logstown with a present for the Indians and was joined in August by the famous Indian agent, Conrad Weiser, who brought

them four years while they hunted, trapped, and fished along the upper reaches of the Beaver and along the streams of Eastern Ohio. Knocked unconscious while running the gauntlet at Fort Duquesne in 1755, he was revived by the French surgeon and witnessed the preparations that led to Braddock's defeat and heard the screams of burning prisoners after the battle. Claimed by the Caughnawagas as their prisoner, he started out loathing them, ended by admiring them for their generosity and patience. Only some of the tribe were Christian, including Mary, his adopted sister. We might say that their positive virtues were mainly those of pagan Indians and restraints those that had been imposed by the Christian religion but the latter, we may well imagine, were not strengthened by an absence of more than four years from the ministrations of the Jesuits at Sault St. Louis, where Smith finally gained his freedom. See W. Darlington, ed., *An Account of the remarkable occurrences in the life and travels of Col. James Smith, during his captivity with the Indians, in the years 1752-1759* (Cincinnati, 1870).

¹⁷The Indians on September 8, 1748, gave Conrad Weiser the following account of their numbers: "The Senecas 163, Shawnee 162, Wyandots 100, Tisagechroanu (Hurons?) 40, Mohawks 74, Mohicans 15, Onondaga 35, Cayugas 20, Oneidas 15, Delawares 165; in all 789. Of the 74 Mohawks, 27 apparently were from the Canadian reductions. R. G. Thwaites, ed., *Early Western Travels* (32 vols., Cleveland, 1904-1907), 1 (*Weiser's Journal*): 212, note 49.

an even larger gift.¹⁸ These activities on the part of the Pennsylvania government were paralleled by Virginia's increasing interest in the possibilities of the fur trade, an interest which grew to such an extent that the French and Indian War in the West may almost be regarded as a contest between France and Virginia, with Pennsylvania a hapless victim in the role of half-hearted participant. A company of Virginia gentlemen, with the aid of some English, formed the Ohio Land Company in 1749, and asked the grant of a half million acres below the forks of the Ohio. Lawrence Washington, George's brother, was the president of the company.

Seeing that control of the Allegheny and Ohio meant control of the West, the Marquis de la Galissonnière, New France's energetic governor-general, notified the governor of Pennsylvania to keep English traders out of the region west of the Alleghenies. To back up his threat with action he dispatched Captain Céloron de Blainville in the summer of 1749 with an expedition designed to sweep out all rival traders and to pre-

¹⁸Weiser, originally a Lutheran, was consecrated to the priesthood as Brother Enoch in the Seventh Day Baptist celibate community at Ephrata. He soon left and until his death in 1760 was one of Pennsylvania's most worthy Indian agents. Despite the fact that on visiting Onondaga he was impressed with the civility of the large numbers of Caughnawaga Christians visiting there, he concurred with his Pennsylvania brethren in a general hysterical fear of all things Catholic. He was particularly moved by the fear of their assistance to the French, perhaps heightened by arrival of the Acadians in Philadelphia, where Governor Hardy of New York believed a scheming and "ingenious" Jesuit resided. A letter of Conrad Weiser and four other justices of Berks County to the Pennsylvania governor, July 23, 1755, contains the warning: "We know that the people of the Roman Catholic Church are bound by their principles to be the worst subjects and worst of neighbors, and we have reason to fear just at this time that the Roman Catholics in Cussahoppen (Goshenhoppen, early Jesuit mission), where they have a very magnificent chapel and lately have had large processions, have had bad designs, for in the neighborhood of that chapel it is reported and generally believed that thirty Indians are now lurking, well armed with guns and swords or cutlashes. The priests at Reading, as well as at Cussahoppen, last Sunday gave notice to their people that they could not come to them again in less than nine weeks, whereas they constantly preach once in four weeks to their congregations; whereupon some imagine they've gone to consult with our enemies at Duquesne."

pare the way for military occupation of the whole route from Montreal to the Mississippi by way of the Forks of the Ohio. The chaplain of the expedition was Father Joseph-Pierre de Bonnécamps, Jesuit, who was destined to play an important part in the history of Western Pennsylvania.

Father de Bonnecamps and the Celoron Expedition

The study and teaching of science and mathematics were the whole absorption of Father Bonnécamps in New France when he was not on exploring parties. Born at Vannes September 7, 1708, he entered the Jesuit novitiate in Paris in 1727. Following his philosophy at La Flèche he taught at Caen and Vannes; then he went to Paris for four years of theology at Louis-le-Grand College. At the completion of his course in 1743 he left for Quebec, where he was made professor of hydrography. There he made his profession of the four vows on December 8, 1746. In Quebec he was enabled to renew a life-long friendship with Bishop Pontbriand, former school companion and fellow townsmen.

It was in June of 1749 that Father de Bonnécamps received the commission to accompany Céloron on an expedition fated to receive much more historical attention than the earlier and no less important journey of Longueuil. Céloron's activities have been treated rather fully by the historians Lambing, Marshall, and Galbreath, among others, and a critical analysis of their studies would be out of place here. We shall rather concentrate on the part played by Father de Bonnécamps, adding other notes only if they seem to supplement, clarify, or correct what has already been written.

The purpose of the expedition is clearly set forth in the following letter of de la Galissonnière to the minister of the marine, June 26, 1749:

I have ordered Sieur de Céloron to renew possession of the Belle Rivière [Ohio], and I have charged him to examine well and determine what

establishments can be made here. I have given him as chaplain the Reverend Father Bonnécamps, Jesuit mathematician, who will be able to make more complete and detailed reports than have yet been given of that country and those regions through which the detachment will pass in going and coming.¹⁹

At the same time, the governor-general sent de Léry and Lotbinière to Detroit and Michillimackinac, respectively, to make observations and reports. In the same letter as above he revealed that Father de Bonnécamps had prepared instruments for taking altitude, for himself and de Léry. As early as October of the previous year Father de Bonnécamps had ordered new equipment for his course in navigation through the intendant Bigot; he requested a seconds clock, a telescope, a quadrant and three-foot radius furnished with a telescope instead of a sight-vane, and a lodestone. Rochemonteix says: "The quadrant did not arrive at Quebec until after the voyage of the Jesuit to La Belle Rivière; consequently his observations did not have the precision desired."²⁰

Céloron's first entry states that he set out from La Chine on the fifteenth of June with a detachment composed of one captain, eight subaltern officers, six cadets, one chaplain, twenty soldiers, one hundred and eighty Canadians, and about thirty Indians, there being as many Iroquois as Abnaki. Prominent among the officers were Contrecoeur, later commander-in-chief of all French forces in Western Pennsylvania, the Joncaire brothers, and de Villiers. Journals of this trip by way of Chautauqua Lake and the Allegheny were kept by both Céloron and Father de Bonnécamps. They are published along with critical notes by Lambing and Marshall in C. Galbreath, *Expedition of Céloron to the Ohio Country in 1749* (Columbus, 1921).

Ascending the dangerous rapids, most of the twenty-three canoes were badly damaged on the second day, and on the third day out, the canoe of one of the

²⁰Rochemonteix, *Les Jésuites*, 2:75.

Joncaire brothers overturned. One of its four occupants was drowned. On the return trip, Father de Bonnécamps, with the pride of a true voyager, boasts that he "shot all the rapids." They had rather colorful names: the "Gallops," the "Flat Rapid," "The Long Sault," "Thicket," and "Hole." "The Long Sault," he remarks, "has its difficulties. It is necessary to have a quick eye and a sure hand, in order to avoid on the one side the Cascade, and on the other a great rock—against which a canoe, were it made of bronze, would be shattered like glass."

A certain conservatism marks his observations, lending credence to his *Journal*. The danger of the rapids "had been rather exaggerated to me," he says of the St. Lawrence. Not far above the mouth of French Creek, in Pennsylvania, Chabert de Joncaire caught seven rattlesnakes, the markings of which are described by Father de Bonnécamps with meticulous accuracy. With regard to the popular belief that squirrels are hypnotized by the serpents, he comments: "I have read a statement similar to this reported in philosophic transactions; but I do not give it credence, for all that." Stopping at the mission of the Sulpician Abbé Piquet, at La Présentation, he observes that, "according to Abbé Piquet, the soil is excellent, but it did not appear so to us." In the neighborhood of the Great Kanawha River of Virginia they began to see the "Illinois cattle" (buffalo), but "they were in such small numbers that our men could scarcely kill a score of them. It was, besides, necessary to seek them far in the woods. We had been assured, however, at our departure, that at each point we should find them by hundreds, and that the tongues alone of those which we should kill would suffice to support the troops. This is not the first time when I have experienced that hyperbole and exaggeration were figures familiar to the Canadians."

Because of the variety of its observations, Father de Bonnécamps' account is one of the most revealing of its time. He lists many of the valuable species of

trees he has noticed, and mentions such items as large crabs and wild turkeys. Yet he does not value highly his ability as a biologist: "Eyes more trained than ours, would, perhaps, have made discoveries which would have pleased the taste of arborists." Knowing the conservatism of his other accounts, we are inclined to believe his remarkable account of having dined near the forks of the Ohio in a hollow "cotton-tree [Sycamore?], in which twenty-nine men could be ranged side by side."

The writer can testify to the faithfulness of his description of the famous Indian God Rock, on the Allegheny River about nine miles below the mouth of French Creek. In his entry for the third of August he notes:

We continued our route, and we marched, as on the first day, buried in the somber and dismal valley, which serves as the bed of the Ohio. We encountered on our route two small villages of Loups [Wolf tribe of Delawares], where we did not halt. In the evening, after we disembarked, we buried a second plate of lead under a great rock, upon which were to be seen several figures roughly graven. These were the figures of men and women, and the footprints of goats, turkeys, bears, etc., traced upon the rock. Our officers tried to persuade me that this was the work of Europeans; but, in truth, I may say that in the style and workmanship of these engravings one cannot fail to recognize the unskillfulness of savages. I might add to this, that they have much analogy with the hieroglyphics which they use instead of writing.

He does not mention the very similar pictographs at the mouth of the Little Beaver that had attracted de Léry's attention. He actually missed Big Bone Lick. When the party reached the Miami Indian country the savages told him he had "passed within two or three leagues of the famous salt-springs where are the skeletons of immense animals. This news greatly chagrined me; and I could hardly forgive myself for having missed this discovery. It was the more curi-

ous that I should have done this on my journey, and I would have been proud if I could have given you the details of it."

De Bonnécamps' *Journal* also contains much information concerning the disposition of the Indian tribes and notes concerning military forts and potential locations. His map indicates numerous small villages of Iroquois and Loups along the Allegheny, many of whose occupants took fright and ran into the woods. At Attigué (Kittaning) "all the people had fled to the woods. Seeing this, we went on, and came to the old village of the Chaouanons (Chartier's old Shawnee village), where we found only a man and a woman, so old that their united ages would make fully two centuries." Soon after they left this place they came upon five English traders with about forty packets of the skins of bears, otters, cats, precans [raccoons?], and roe-deer. These men were ordered out of the valley and given a letter of warning to the "governor of Philadelphia."

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of August 8 they came to Logstown, or Chinningué (Shenango) as Father de Bonnécamps puts it. The banks were lined with people, who saluted the French with four volleys. After an exchange of compliments with the chiefs, Céloron demanded that the English flag—flying beside the French—be pulled down. Eighty men were placed on guard that night, and all the French and Canadians slept in their clothing. Next morning Joncaire was advised that eighty warriors were starting from Kuskuskis on the Big Beaver to aid Logstown in an attack on the French. The bold front of Céloron's men so impressed the Indians that they withdrew quietly without causing any disturbance.

The village of Chinningué was composed largely of Iroquois, Shawnee, and Delaware, but Céloron notes that besides these nations there were Iroquois from Sault St. Louis and from the Lake of Two Mountains, Abnaki, Nipissings, and Ontarios. "This gathering," he said, "forms a bad village, which is seduced by the

allurements of cheap merchandise furnished by the English, which keeps them in very bad disposition towards us."

Even greater dangers were in store for the party as they proceeded down the Ohio. Nearing the Scioto, Céloron sent Joncaire and Niverville ahead to a Shawnee village to prepare the way for the expedition. The Indians fired at the approaching envoys. When they landed there was talk of binding them to the stake. An Iroquois standing by came to their rescue and reassured the Shawnees concerning the good intentions of the French.

At Scioto too there were about thirty men from Sault St. Louis and some from Oka, attracted by the low-cost English merchandise. "The son of Artéganukassin is there," Céloron records, "and neither his father nor myself could succeed in taking him away."

Proceeding up the Miami river, Céloron's party failed to placate the temper of the rebel chieftain "La Demoiselle," who probably was finding English trading facilities to his advantage. At Detroit, however, Father de la Richardie informed Father de Bonnécamp that Nicholas' band of revolters was dispersing, about the only good reports the French had about the Indian situation during the whole journey.

Terrible storms in which the expedition nearly foundered on Lake Ontario give some hint of an important reason for developing an inland water route to the Mississippi. Unfavorable winds, choppy water, and ice lingering in the lake sometimes until May made travel on the Great Lakes extremely undependable.

We should not overlook the fact that Father de Bonnécamp was also chaplain to the Indians on the voyage and was not unique in experiencing trials to his patience. It was inevitable that some of the Indians should have dallied at Fort Chouegen (Oswego) to imbibe the English rum. Apparently they brought some of it along to the Niagara portage and held up the progress of the expedition while they amused

themselves. Forced to wait again for them at Detroit, Father de Bonnécamps' annoyance is manifest in his reference to the Indians as "a class of men created in order to exercise the patience of those who have the misfortune to travel with them."

Céloron and Father de Bonnécamps arrived in Quebec on November 18, their journey having consumed nearly six months. Father de Bonnécamps' report was pessimistic concerning the actual or even potential character of Canadian colonists in the Illinois country. Those that had been sent there were very indolent, some had even removed to other places. Céloron was equally pessimistic, both as to the disposition of the Indians towards the French and the possibility of French traders' successfully competing with the English. With the additional note of difficulty of transporting supplies to that distant region, he touched on the very factors that were to doom the French to ultimate defeat on the Ohio.

Almost on the heels of the Céloron expedition, Croghan and Montour went to Logstown and found the Indians very desirous of an English fort on the Ohio. A few days later they were joined there by Christopher Gist, representing the Ohio Company, who was sent out to offset the French influence in the valley. Like Weiser and Post, other English agents among the Indians, he was a very religious man. In his journal for 1750 he describes a Christmas service "according to the Church of England" he held for the Ohio Indians. He found that the savages had been supplied by the French with a device for telling the days of the week so that they could maintain their religious observances while away on their hunts.

In the following year, 1751, Joncaire had a test of strength with Croghan and Montour at Logstown, but suffered the humiliation of having the Indians cast in their lot with the English. The British ascendancy was short-lived, however, for upon the death of de la Jonquière, Marquis Duquesne became governor-general of New France and immediately began the strengthen-

ing of the long, sinuous communications line whose weakest section was Western Pennsylvania.

Governor Duquesne dispatched a force from Quebec under Monsieur Boishebert in January of 1753. These men arrived at Chautauqua Creek about four months later. They were preparing to build a fort at the mouth of the creek when Marin came up with an additional force, took over the command, and decided to locate the fort at Presqu'Isle, near the foot of present Parade Street, Erie. From this point a portage plank road, fifteen miles long and bridged nearly all the way, was constructed to a second fort at a little lake which emptied into La Rivière aux Boeufs (French Creek, at Waterford, Pa.). At this fort pirogues and canoes were constructed for the transport of military supplies down meandering French Creek into the Allegheny at Venango. Here Joncaire, a frequent visitor to the region, had taken up quarters in the house of the English trader, John Fraser. The French would have built a fort here, but could not win the consent of the Delaware chief, Custaloga, whose village was located on French Creek at the mouth of Deer Creek, about twelve miles north of Venango.

Following the conventions of the period, which ruled out much winter fighting, the majority of the French troops withdrew into Canada, leaving but a small garrison at the two forts. Provision for religious services was made by the inclusion of a chapel in each of the forts. For our knowledge of the chaplains of these forts we are indebted to a *Register of the Baptisms and Interments which took place at Fort Duquesne during the years 1753, 1754, 1755, & 1756*. For an English translation of this work we have followed Father Lambing, who has printed the *Register* in both French and English, in installments, with annotations, in *Historical Researches*, 1884 and 1885.²¹ This record was compiled from a collection of duplicate reports

²¹The O'Rourke Library possesses one of the one hundred copies of the French edition from the Cramoisy Press of John Gilmory Shea, 1859. It bears Shea's autograph.

signed by the commanders of the forts and sent to Canada. The *Register* is apparently incomplete, for it is certain that there were more deaths during the Ohio campaign than are recorded here. Although intended as a record only for Fort Duquesne, "at the Beautiful river, under the title of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," the *Register* includes interments made at Fts. Presqu'Isle and Le Boeuf before the building of Ft. Duquesne. It reveals intimate details of the activities of the three Recollect priests, Anheuser, Baron, and Collet, who have signed their names to the entries. To this reformed grey-robed branch of first-order Franciscans was entrusted the greater share of chaplaincies with New France army detachments. The *Register* ends at 1756, but from it we can deduce the type of duties that were required of the Jesuit chaplain Father Virot during the years 1758 and 1759.

The War Begins

Open hostilities began when Washington surprised and killed or captured all but one of the small French scouting party headed by Jumonville, near the summit of the mountain overlooking present-day Uniontown. This was on May 28, 1754. Within three weeks Louis Coulon de Villiers, Jumonville's brother, had raced all the way from Canada to newly constructed Ft. Duquesne, on the site of today's Pittsburgh, to avenge his death, looked upon by the French as an assassination. With him were more than a hundred Indians representing practically all the Christian compounds.

Conforming to Indian conventions, Contrecoeur called a council of war when the party reached Ft. Duquesne, in which he and the other officers urged the Christian Indians to avenge the death of Jumonville. The council probably had the added intention of impressing the Pennsylvania Indians with the equality and dignity which the French accorded to their domiciled Indians. At any rate, some of the Ohio Indians, albeit hesitantly, joined the French.

Following Washington's surrender at Fort Necessity, some of the Indians, in violation of the peace terms, captured several of the English and managed to scalp a few in spite of French intervention in their behalf. The unknown soldier, J. C. B., who reports this event, does not identify by tribe the Indians guilty of this act.

Upon their return to Fort Duquesne, the domiciled Indians met with the Ohio tribes, announced their general peaceful intentions, declared that they had had their vengeance and would depart for Canada, leaving behind four men of each nation to help in the defense of Ft. Duquesne over the winter. The reactions of the Ohio Indians to French aggressiveness were various. As early as February Shingas, a Delaware chief at Sawcunk, at the mouth of the Beaver River, had gone over to the French. The Shawnee at Logstown had forced the French to leave that place while they were squaring up stones for a fort. In June of 1754 Scarouady burned Logstown, and he and the Half King joined forces with Washington. The defeat of the latter led to their repudiation by the Onondaga Iroquois council, which advised neutrality. Many of the Shawnee and Delawares who remained on the Ohio returned to Logstown, which the French then rebuilt. In the following spring these new allies accepted the hatchet from a band of Six Nations, Caughnawaga and Adirondacks warriors on their way to war in the South, and the Pennsylvania frontier war was on.²²

(To be continued)

²²Croghan reports this in his diary, *Early Western Travels*, 1:85f.

HISTORY OF LOYOLA VILLA

(Battles Wharf, Alabama)

1876-1946

JAMES A. MCKEOUGH, S.J.

In 1876 the Society of Jesus purchased a large piece of property shaded by lofty oaks and pines on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. A year later Father Beaudequin erected a frame building, called Loyola House, which served as a summer villa, where the teachers and the students who remained at Spring Hill College for the summer spent their vacations.

Loyola House was constructed to accommodate about forty people. Downstairs were a few rooms for the Fathers, and a chapel. In the center of the house was a large dining hall. The whole second floor was a dormitory. The kitchen was in a separate building a few yards east of the main house.

To reach the villa it was necessary to travel by steamboat from Mobile. The boats were paddle-wheelers built in the early 1800's. As time went on boats with screw propellers were introduced. Such ships as the *Pleasure Bay*, the *James E. Carney*, and the *Crescent City* crossed the bay, making landings at Daphne, Fairhope, Battles Wharf, Point Clear, Zundels. For two or three hours those crossing to Loyola House enjoyed the breeze and the sunny skies. It was a real pleasure trip. Particularly striking was the return trip by night. From the middle of Mobile Bay you could see the lofty cupola of Spring Hill College overhung by a circle of electric lights.

Until 1900 Spanish-speaking scholars who attended the college accompanied Ours to villa. Since these students could not get home for the summer, the Society gave them a two weeks' vacation of swimming, rowing, and fishing. In the evening by moonlight they rowed their boats and sang their favorite songs.

Occasionally there were visitors at villa. One day

Admiral Semmes, who had a summer residence in the vicinity, dined with the Fathers and Scholastics. After dinner they decided to have a boat race. In his book, *The Torch on the Hill*, Father Michael Kenny tells us that "the old sea captain took command of the new 'Alabama' and completely outmaneuvered the 'Loyola.' These boats were the first units of the boating flotilla. The 'Alabama' was named in compliment to Admiral Semmes."

Between the villa and Battles Wharf was a little country church. Here the Fathers said Mass on Sundays and preached. There were many Catholics along the eastern shore of Mobile Bay during the summer months. Our Fathers, therefore, had ample opportunity for apostolic work. In 1882 Father Freund of the Society was ordained and sang his first Mass in this little church near Battles Wharf.

From time to time there were accidents at villa. Brother John Samuel, S.J., drowned on June 11, 1889. Two years later four scholastics and twelve boys were caught in a terrific storm about four miles from our landing. As their boats struck a sand bar the rudder broke loose, but some of the boys dove overboard to recover it. The four Jesuits thought it would be wise to jump overboard and swim for the shore. Later they were glad they had changed their minds, because the next day they learned that others had perished there in the quicksand. Finally they got the boat off the sand bar, repaired the rudder and headed for villa as fast as they could row. They reached home in safety.

During the Presidency of Father William Tyrrell, S.J. (1899-1906), the outdoor chapel was built. Up to this time Mass was said in a small room in Loyola House.

In 1910 the villa house was renovated. A new section was added at the north end of the house, the roof repaired, the dormitory sectioned off to make rooms, the dining hall enlarged. To this day you can

still see signs of the old structure and the beginning of the enlargement which was done in 1910.

On July 5, 1916, a furious hurricane hit Mobile. At villa, high water reached the huge front doors. Between the kitchen and the house the water was knee deep. Most of the bath-houses on the eastern shore were smashed to pieces by the winds and the waves, but ours remained standing. However, part of the wharf was destroyed. For days there was no communication with Mobile. This storm changed the whole eastern shoreline by bringing it in about fifteen feet.

Let us pause in our chronological narrative to see how life was spent at the villa at this time. Two Co-adjutor Brothers, assisted by several Negroes, did the cooking. On Fridays the scholastics brought to the kitchen fish and shrimp they had caught early that morning. Favorite picnics consisted of a barrel of beer, frankfurters, sauerkraut, and cheese. On these famous German picnics of the early 1900's there was plenty of singing and amusing speeches. A good time was had by all.

During the day there were boat races, swims, and walks. From time to time a huge launch took a crowd out to the channel to fish for snappers. If the Spanish boys were at villa over the Fourth of July there were plenty of fireworks with which they used to stack up before leaving Mobile. With these firecrackers they had naval battles. A group would get in one boat and a group in another; then the fireworks would start, with the shooting of rockets at each other.

In the evening there was singing at the wharf or around huge bonfires blazing on the beach. Some would gather in the house to play cards; others would go off for a night of fishing or rowing in the moonlight.

At the end of a happy day our men blew out the oil lamps, said their prayers, and stretched out on their cots for a good night's sleep.

In 1923 the boats discontinued their trips to Battles Wharf. However, a trip was made to Fairhope until

1934. From there to villa is a short distance. Some made the boat trip to Fairhope and then got a ride to villa; others came all the way by car.

During the summer of 1937 the philosophers stationed at Spring Hill had their first villa at Battles. These annual trips continued until 1943. Because of the war they had their summer vacation at Spring Hill from 1943 to 1945.

During the school year 1945-1946 Loyola Villa was renovated. Under the wise planning and able direction of Father Henry Tiblier work was begun in the fall. Each Thursday a group of philosophers piled into their bus for the hour ride to villa. They worked from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. with saws, hammers, paint brushes. The only time out was for examen and lunch. During the week hired carpenters, plumbers, and electricians continued the work.

While all this work was going on at Battles, Mr. Laurendine, a retired Mobile architect and shipbuilder, and some of the philosophers were busy in the carpenter shop making boats for villa. Last summer there were nine skiffs and two motor-boats in constant use. That summer all the philosophers enjoyed fully the fruits of their labors.

In these few pages we have tried to give a brief history of Loyola Villa, Battles Wharf. Many events took place which we have not recorded. They are engraved in the hearts of all Jesuits who spent their summers there. May all who come to Loyola Villa grow in health and charity as true sons of St. Ignatius.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF CAMPION HALL

VINCENT TURNER, S.J.

It was on a day in the early September of 1896 that the first Jesuits came into residence in the University of Oxford.* They were then lodged in a house, standing some little way back from the road, on the east side of St. Giles; but from there they shortly moved to number eleven, St. Giles, on the opposite side, the property leased from St. John's College, where our Oxford Hall remained until 1945. There we were when in 1921 the silver jubilee was celebrated.

In the first twenty-five years of its life Campion Hall (or Clarke's, Pope's, and Plater's Hall as it successively was) had quickly reached and was maintaining a remarkable position in the University. For its size, its academic record surpassed that of any other College; and this came to be remarked on in University histories and books about Oxford. There were, of course, outstanding successes, like those of Fathers Martindale and Martin and Conyers D'Arcy and others, but these successes themselves shone out against a background of continuous first-class achievement. It was a house, moreover, of vivid personalities, and one to whose common-room dons loved to go, sure of an evening's talk, both intelligent and affectionate.

But the structure of the house imposed limitations that the present Campion Hall is free of, and for this and other reasons the second twenty-five years of the Hall's history have been able to bring to flower all that was in germ in the first. So that the Golden Jubilee last year marks a period not of mere conservation and treasuring of what had been won, but of still more growth and development and expansion. For very much has happened since 1921.

There is, to begin with, the new building: coherent

* Editor's Note.—This account of the Golden Jubilee of our Jesuit Hall at Oxford is taken from *Letters and Notices*.

and serene, austere and graceful, roomy and sensible; whose internal decoration is worthy of its architecture. Of course, for countless things the new Hall is immeasurably in the debt of its late Master, and it is to his patience and perspicacity, and to the affection that he inspired in his friends, that it owes a wide-ranging collection of older and modern works of art that is unique in Oxford and recalls a lost ideal of ecclesiastical and University patronage. But whatever touches the perfection of the altar and the celebration of Mass has always been the first of considerations, and it was fitting that on July 25th, the first of the two jubilee days of this year, one of the chief delights of the guests was a selection of vestments exhibited in the lecture-room. Here were on show both centuries-old English and other chasubles and also vestments made up from lovely materials whose original purpose, however, was quite other; and more than one of those present commented on the propriety of this as a symbol of what Campion Hall has come to represent—the loving stewardship of the traditional and, along with it, the vigorous assimilation and intelligent translation into the economy of the Faith, of whatever is anywhere good and noble and naturally perfect in its quality.

A fragrance, too, lay around the other exhibition to be found, that day, in the library; for here were relics and books used by Edmund Campion in his Oxford days and at Douai, and the autograph MSS. of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

In the last twenty-five years the main business of the Hall, the University education of our own scholastics, has gone on apace and with gratifying results; nor need the results in the Oxford Final Schools fear comparison with those of “the age of the giants.” And it was again fitting and welcome that a prominent feature of the jubilee garden-party was the presence, at the invitation of the Master of Campion Hall and by the kindness of the Rector of Heythrop, of all those members of the Hall now in theology at Heythrop. Many Fellows of Colleges and their wives were out

there, too, and it was noticeable that they came, not with expressions of generalized social benevolence, as to a social function, but with the sort of personal pleasure that anticipates a happy afternoon. For "I remember a house where all were good to me, God knows, deserving no such thing . . .": Campion Hall has come to be known far and wide not only as a University Hall where you can rely on finding intelligence and culture to which the Faith has given an extra dimension, but also an affection vivified by charity. Many whose acquaintance with distinction ranges over more than one continent have confessed that its common-room is unique.

Indeed, it is not in Oxford alone that Campion Hall has gone from strength to strength—though here its development has completely fulfilled the expectations of earlier years: academically, for instance, it has contributed a very full share of University lecturing and tutoring. But on its new site and again thanks to the genius of its late Master, it has come to be a centre of Catholic intellectual life for London as well, and a spiritual rendez-vous, one might almost say, for men, Catholic and non-Catholic, from a great diversity of backgrounds and professions. July the twenty-fifth was a Thursday and not a good day for those many friends whose work keeps them engaged all week; yet of these, too, there was a large sprinkling among the guests who gathered, another fitting testimony to the work and influence of the house that has come to mean so much in their lives.

The jubilee day itself began with High Mass, sung by the Master of the Hall, Father Thomas Corbishley, with Fathers Vignaux and Leo O'Hea as deacon and subdeacon and with an altar staff and choir made up of members of the Hall who are now theologians at Heythrop. The Mass was sung in the Campion Hall chapel, and was attended by many Fathers who had come up for the occasion. The Fathers, some thirty of them, were afterwards entertained to lunch: they included the late Master, the present Very Reverend Father Pro-

vincial, and his two predecessors in the Provincialate, an old Master, Father Vignaux (Father Henry Keane was unable to be present), the Rectors of Heythrop and Beaumont, Father Martindale, the Prefect of Studies of Garnethill, several of the Heythrop professorial staff, and others. After lunch the whole group was photographed. One reluctant absence was that of the Apostolic Delegate, who at the last moment was prevented from attending. In the afternoon (mercifully it was a beautiful and sunny one) there was a large garden-party out in a garden and on a lawn stirred to new life by the enthusiastic energy of Father Walker. In spite of the day of the week and of the date, well out of term, not many short of two hundred were able to come; and their composition, as has earlier been said, bore silent but eloquent witness to a great work accomplished. "Wouldn't Father Clarke (the Foundation Master of Campion Hall) have been happy could he have been present," was the comment of Father Vignaux, "though I'll bet even he never dared to have such high hopes."

The celebrations closed with Solemn Benediction at 6 p.m., given by Very Reverend Father Provincial.

It was a great day; and for the thoroughness of all the preparations and the smoothness of its running and the elegance and finish of it the debt is owing to the devotion of the Master and of Father James Cammack, the Bursar.

There was another and complementary day of celebrations within the Michaelmas term, on the 29th and 30th of October last year. This was not quite such a domestic and "family" day as that in July: the guests were the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges, and friends of the Hall from London; the guest of honour was His Eminence the Cardinal. They were all entertained to an evening party and to dinner on the 29th, and there was High Mass, *coram Pontifice*, at St. Aloysius' on the following morning, at which Mgr. Ronald Knox preached a delightful panegyric.

It was the late Father Provincial who said that in

the Province history of the last fifty years the foundation and growth of Campion Hall was the item that took first place in importance, and this if only for the education and training given there to our own scholastics. We can only pray that sober learning and sound culture may be there blessed by God and spread abroad as they have hitherto been, and look forward to an even more resplendent next anniversary.

Meanwhile, it is hoped that sooner or later a golden-jubilee book will be published, essays by various hands, Jesuit and non-Jesuit, that will delineate or give impressions of Campion Hall under its many aspects and trace its further history since 1921. It can be relied on to make good reading.

CHRONICLE OF THE AMERICAN ASSISTANCY FOR 1946

(Concluded)

As was said in the *Chronicle* of the Assistancy, which appeared in our preceding issue (March, 1947), several tables of statistics which would seem essential to the record were not yet available. They have since been received and are as follows.

Novices.—At the beginning of 1947, there were 262 Scholastic Novices and 36 Novice Brothers who had entered the novitiates of the American Assistancy during the year 1946. By Provinces, their numbers were as follows:

<i>Provinces</i>	<i>Scholastic Novices</i>	<i>Novice Brothers</i>
California -----	32	7
Chicago -----	36	4
Maryland -----	43	2
Missouri -----	32	4
New England -----	40	3
New Orleans -----	22	9
New York -----	33	6
Oregon -----	25	1
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<i>Totals</i> -----	263	36

FRUCTUS MINISTERII OF THE AMERICAN ASSISTANCY

	Missions	Tridua Novenas	Retreats of 1 or 2 days	Sermons, etc.
Calif. -----	20	120	—	8,243
Chicago -----	124	94	153	12,311
Maryland -----	49	148	72	8,653
Missouri -----	125	359	173	12,659
New Engl. -----	151	358	181	10,064
New Orl. -----	50	149	56	9,903
New York -----	128	232	255	15,151
Oregon -----	—	—	—	—
 	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
<i>Totals</i> -----	647	1,460	890	76,984

	Cat. Expl.	Confessions	Communions
Calif.	6,074	550,395	588,183
Chicago	10,207	750,826	1,038,225
Maryland	8,653	604,630	515,807
Missouri	17,648	903,486	1,575,355
New Engl.	4,548	614,685	300,716
New Orl.	7,965	633,870	981,754
New York	6,274	941,687	11,222,198
Oregon			
<i>Totals</i>	61,369	4,999,579	6,222,238

	Visits to sick and in prison	Adult Converts	Number of Congregations	Number of Members
Calif.	9,537	451	—	—
Chicago	33,619	396	121	19,313
Maryland	12,142	341	98	14,117
Missouri	56,291	824	401	69,700
New Engl.	35,978	231	56	9,798
New Orl.	9,514	521	163	15,839
New York	34,202	511	202	29,381
Oregon				
<i>Totals</i>	191,283	3,275	1,041	158,148

	Prepared for 1st Commun.	Baptisms	Mariages	Parish School Pupils
Calif.	1,262	2,541	1,262	2,792
Chicago	931	2,135	645	4,415
Maryland	829	1,408	471	3,412
Missouri	1,984	3,037	947	6,441
New Engl.	1,129	1,039	248	760
New Orl.	2,889	3,795	1,195	6,817
New York	5,344	9,252	1,816	6,025
Oregon				
<i>Totals</i>	14,360	23,207	6,584	30,662

OBITUARY

FATHER JOHN J. BROWN

1867-1947

The death of Father John Joseph Brown at St. Mary's, Kansas, February 21, 1947, terminated the mortal phase of a life-time of eighty years, a Jesuit career of sixty-six years, that at one time or another entailed living in what we now call the California, the Maryland and the New Orleans Provinces, besides that of Missouri; that included exercising rector's powers for twenty-nine years, those of a Superior of a Mission for seven years—and even being a bishop-elect for five months. The outline of his life-story reminds us that Jesuits of his generation had a much better chance to realize the 'one world' philosophy (or, at least, geography) than the subsequent multiplication of scholasticates now permits.

He was born in Eagle Harbor, Michigan, and lived there long enough to become quite fond of it. In his ninth year the family moved to Colorado, then just admitted to statehood, the Browns settling in Cripple Creek, where mining was the universal center of interest. However exciting at times, a raw mining-camp afforded scant educational opportunities, and it wasn't easy to come by schooling under Catholic auspices. This led to John's being sent to the Italian Jesuits at Las Vegas, New Mexico. At the age of fourteen and a half he applied for entrance into the Order, and on November 13, 1881, he began his 'novitiate' right there in Las Vegas.

The frontier conditions then existing "at the end of the Santa Fe Trail", seem incredible to us now. It was the era of Billy the Kid, whose celebrated 'shooting finger' was cut off and put on display (for fifty cents admission), when Bill had come to the end of his days. One morning our Jesuit novice, the first to

arrive at first visit, began his customary task of throwing open the heavy shutters. Right outside one window he found three corpses dangling by their necks, as the house next door was used as a jail, and three had been given 'rope justice' while the Jesuit novice slept so near and so unsuspecting. He told how, on that occasion, he slammed the shutter again, and ran back up to bed, and (we presume) pulled the covers up over his head!

But his general steadiness had so impressed the Jesuits that he was transferred, at the end of the year, to the more stereotyped noviceship at Florissant, where he finished his probation with no more lynchings, and spent the years, 1883-85, as a junior.

At the conclusion of his juniorate Mr. Brown journeyed back to Las Vegas for regency, but found that the "college" itself was thinking of packing up to seek its fortunes closed to the fabulous metal deposits of Colorado. This 'move,' so to say, was made in two stages, from Las Vegas to Morrison, near Denver, and then into Denver itself, where in 1887 Father Dominic Pantanella of the original Woodstock faculty inaugurated what was long known as Sacred Heart College. But that same fall Mr. Brown was sent to San Francisco for philosophy, to the famous St. Ignatius in downtown San Francisco, where the Turin Jesuits had built up one of America's foremost Jesuit schools.

Father Brown enjoyed his three years in San Francisco, even if the scholastics had to wear silk hats! The many close ties made during philosophy were a joy to him to the end of his life, when he was the sole survivor of his group. The customary three more years of regency, at Sacred Heart in Denver, seasoned him for theology, which he began at Woodstock in 1893. Bonds between Denver and Woodstock were many and enduring, and Father Brown had tales to tell of happy years spent there. Cardinal Gibbons ordained him, June 28, 1896, the half-century anni-

versary of which he observed quietly his last June on earth.

The year following theology was spent in administrative positions at the Denver college, and then Father Brown saw himself named Acting Rector there in the Summer of 1898. Therewith began his famous superior's career of *worrying*, his chief 'hobby' he once called it. For he dwelt in a world of multiple forebodings, of fires, tornadoes, epidemics, disasters of all sorts, and bad as reality might prove to be, it was so much better than Fr. Brown had forecast, that it must have seemed anticlimactic. After five years of active worrying in the position Fr. Brown dropped the office (if not the occupation), and returned to Florissant for tertianship, 1903-04.

The tertianship connection is perhaps the best place to remark on his outstanding devotion to prayer, and his uncompromising practice of poverty. None could know him in more than casual fashion without seeing the prayerfulness of his life; and even the most passing association with him was sufficient to portray his stark poverty.

Tertianship had its normal complement, when he pronounced his final vows, February 2, 1904. That year and the next he was engaged in what he found a pleasant task, parish ministry, at St. Patrick's, Pueblo. But Sacred Heart College again summoned him. He was Prefect of Discipline (Vice-President) for a year, minister for one year, and then the official worrying resumed once more when he was appointed Rector in 1906, an office which he held this time, until 1920.

It was a difficult period of transition. The Mission's small boarding school at the northern extremity of Denver's city limits had had two very different types of students, but by 1906 both sources were running dry. The first was Mexico, many of whose wealthy families had sent their sons to Las Vegas, and later, to Denver, to get Jesuit training. The second abundant source had been the sons of people who "struck

it rich" in the mining towns, or at least were well enough off to pay the slender tuition asked in those days. The curriculum, of course, was the traditional *ratio studiorum* preparation for the Bachelor of Arts degree, with an occasional Bachelor of Sciences. The city of Denver was showing itself unenthusiastic, to say the least, over the cultural values of collegiate training. The school needed approximately two hundred boarders to make ends meet, but, of two hundred boys, what we now term the high school would claim roughly three-fourths, leaving a very microscopic college at the top. "We do our best work as a small school," was a slogan often repeated in those years.

Besides the normal run of worries, Father Brown's long rectorship had a few of the super-calibre, as when a scarlet-fever epidemic exacted lives of both faculty and students, or, when Father Pantanella, over eighty, was dragged to court in a trial lasting for days, charged with alienating a wife's affections.

In one way, at least, Sacred Heart was eminently successful in fostering Jesuit vocations. The Mission personnel, in consequence, grew larger year by year. In 1912, while retaining his post as 'irremoveable rector,' Father Brown was designated *Superior Missionis*. This entailed, of course, a hundred fresh sources of worry, and the necessity of visiting the parishes and widely-scattered mission stations through Colorado, New Mexico, and the El Paso district of Texas. In this latter district all the ministry was then in Jesuit hands, and so, when the area was organized into a diocese in 1915, it was natural that Father Brown was preconized as Bishop. But the many reasons he alleged against accepting consecration were accepted by the Holy See and he was allowed to resign. His 'bishopric' lasted from January 22 to June 16, 1915.

Because Sacred Heart College, by reason of its small numbers, was not certified for ROTC training in World War I, the college department was almost wiped out in the war years. It was just then that

Father Brown once took a stand that made headlines across the nation. In the late Spring of 1919, just a matter of days before commencement, practically the entire Senior Division of boarders, having been refused a town-permission, marched off to town. They were expelled next day, and none was ever taken back—but the enrollment in the fall leaped to an undreamed of high point.

Shortly after this 'great expulsion' came an even greater crisis for Father Brown and his Jesuit subjects, the division of the New Mexico and Colorado Mission between the New Orleans and Missouri Provinces, and the allotting of the men to the new jurisdictions. There were half a hundred Jesuits at various stages of formation, besides those 'in the field.' The arrangement for the division (worked out in strictest secrecy, of course) was that those of foreign birth were to have the option of returning to their home Province; others in the scholasticates were to be assigned to the new provinces, two to Missouri for one to New Orleans; and all those 'in the field' were to stay on that side of the dividing line where the decree found them on August 15, 1919. It was a plan which assumed that everyone had acquired the indifference so often meditated in the Foundation. The Feast of the Assumption that year was a fateful day in the lives of those who had been Father Brown's subjects. His rectorship in Denver lasted another year.

One might have thought that Father Brown's long associations with the college in Denver, the name of which was changed to Regis in 1922, would prove too strong for ready severance. But what he was later to regard as 'his golden era' was still in the future, his nine-year rectorship of St. Stanislaus tertianship in Cleveland, 1922-31. To be sure there was the excitement of the big fire, in the late Spring of 1926, and then the 'exile tertianship' at Hot Springs, North Carolina, 1926-27, and the task of supervising the Cleveland reconstruction. But this post afforded a relative freedom from his life-long worry, inasmuch

as the Instructor had the responsibility for the spiritual things, and the Province, that for the temporal ones. One source of abiding satisfaction was the growth at Cleveland of the Lay Retreat League and the manifold associations it provided with an elite among the laity. To his death Father Brown took the liveliest interest in Cleveland and all its ecclesiastical interests.

The *senex bene meritus de Societate* was back at Florissant for the year 1931-32, and it was there he had his golden jubilee. He was tubercular, thin, white-haired, and was beginning to walk with a stoop. Naturally there were countless references (out of earshot) to his celebrated Civil War predecessor of the same name. But his soul—and body, too—had a long road to march before the end was reached.

The theologate was removed from St. Louis to St. Mary's, Kansas, superseding "Tom Playfair's School" in the Fall of 1931. This adjustment was not too easily made, and the going was a bit grim at times. Father Brown was sent to St. Mary's for his last assignment, Spiritual Father to the theologians. Despite great personal kindness, he held high the austere ideals before the Scholastics, who affectionately termed him "Uphill Brown."

He was beginning, too, to pay the penalties of outliving his associates. Thus, *The Denver Register* once referred to him, in a boldfaced front-page editorial, as "the late Father Brown." A few years ago it seemed that he was rapidly approaching his last hour, and he was sent to a sanatorium in Colorado Springs. But he rallied, and soon showed up at Regis in Denver. One of the St. Mary's theologians was there, and offered to show him around a little, asking blandly: "Were you ever at Regis before?" Father Brown smiled, as he reflected that he was rector there when this Jesuit's father was a student.

Considering his age and frail health, his declining years were blessed with much that others have to surrender. Weakness brought him to bed four or five

weeks before the end, and he received the Last Sacraments at that time. An inability to take food saw a rapid sapping of his strength. But, at that, when a fellow-Jesuit wished to say the Recommendation of a Departing Soul, he was asked to leave off, as having too much good will! A final rally enabled him to talk (with difficulty) the day before he died. Death came early in the morning of February 21st, a fellow-jubilant in the Infirmary rising to give him the Last Absolution.

Besides two nieces from Denver, his funeral at St. Mary's attracted several Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, a final eloquent testimonial to his singular loyalty to his friends. May he rest in peace.

VARIA

THE AMERICAN ASSISTANCY

MARYLAND PROVINCE

Georgetown.—The third and fourth floors of Mulledy Building, the faculty residence, were damaged by a three-alarm fire on February 27. The blaze apparently started under the roof above the fourth-floor rooms and smouldered for two hours before it was discovered. An explosion a few minutes later destroyed part of the roof, but none of Ours was injured. Much of the damage to the building was caused by the water used to check the flames. At present only the first floor of Mulledy is in use. The members of the community have moved to other parts of the Campus, most of them now residing in O'Gara Hall.

Baltimore.—September 1, 1945, marked the inauguration of Nocturnal Adoration at St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore. In response to Our Lady of Fatima's pleas for prayer and penance, groups of men keep vigil before the Most Blessed Sacrament exposed in successive Holy Hours from ten in the evening on the First Saturday of every month until six on the following Sunday morning.

As a further development of this exclusively men's organization, which now numbers 225, the Reparation Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was formed in May of the following year (1946) to include women and children as well. Since last May, exposition on the First Saturday begins at one in the afternoon at St. Ignatius and continues with bands of adorers keeping public hourly watches until ten at night, when the Nocturnal Adoration Society begins its adoration. This Reparation Society of the Immaculate Heart is rapidly spreading to national proportions and has already received international notice in the Catholic press. Besides the First Saturday Holy Hours, the

Reparation Society asks of its members the daily recitation of the Rosary and a daily sacrifice, hidden if possible and in keeping with one's duty, for the conversion of sinners and of Russia in particular. Sister Lucia and the Bishop of Leiria (Fatima) both examined the first draft of the new Society's constitution and judged it to possess the true spirit of Fatima. Associate membership in the Reparation Society is accorded to those who fulfill the First Saturday practices asked by Our Lady (Confession, Holy Communion in reparation to the Immaculate Heart, the Rosary and fifteen minutes of meditation upon one or several of its mysteries) and who likewise say the Rosary daily and make the daily act of self-denial. Those who, while doing this, make the Society's formal Holy Hour on the First Saturday, are given full membership.

Six parishes in and about Baltimore, two parishes in Washington and several schools in various parts of the country have established branches of the Reparation Society. Requests for the Manual are coming in daily from many sections of the U. S. The Society publishes a bulletin for its members, *Fatima Findings*, which is being very well received. Prayer and penance in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the salvation of the world is the keynote of the organization. It is one positive answer to Communism.

NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE

Ordinations.—Wishing to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the beginning of the Province as the New Orleans Mission, and at the same time to give more members of the Province an opportunity to see the ordination of the largest group of *ordinandi* in its history, Father Provincial asked of Reverend Father General permission that the ordinations be held this year in New Orleans. This permission was granted, and so twenty members of the New Orleans Province will be ordained in the Holy Name of Jesus Church,

New Orleans, on June 16, 17 and 18. Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans, will confer the Orders.

Sacrilegious Attack.—As Father James W. Courtney was distributing Holy Communion at the High Mass in the Immaculate Conception Church, New Orleans, on Sunday, April 20, a man, later identified as an ex-Marine, jumped over the altar rail and attacked him with an open pocket-knife. Some of the Sacred Hosts were scattered on the sanctuary floor. During the attack, Father Courtney protected the ciborium as long as he could and was still clinging to it as he fell. He made no effort to protect himself.

After he had inflicted several serious wounds, the attacker was overpowered by those who came to Father's defense. Upon examination at police headquarters, he refused to give any information about himself, but admitted that he did not know Father Courtney.

When the priest had been taken to the hospital and the church cleared of people, it was closed and the Blessed Sacrament removed. The last Mass was cancelled. Archbishop Rummel visited it that afternoon and directed that the church be blessed on Monday morning and that a triduum of reparation be held.

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE

Boston College.—On February 3, the new Boston College School of Nursing opened with its initial class of 34 full-time students and 3 part-time students, all graduate nurses. The five-year course for high school graduates, which combines a collegiate academic program with the basic professional course, will open in September.

Fairfield.—It has been announced that Fairfield College will open with a Freshman class in September of this year. Even before the day appointed for registration written applications were being received. Meanwhile the Bellarmine Building Fund Campaign is under way.

FROM OTHER COUNTRIES

Missions.—The Roman magazine, *Nuntii de Missionibus*, in its first post-war issue, tells us that, at the beginning of this year, there were altogether 4,109 Jesuits working on or belonging to our Missions. This total includes 2,616 priests, of whom 449 are natives of the Missions; 829 scholastics, of whom the larger part, 624, are natives; and 664 Brothers of whom 275 are natives. In addition, in these Missions there are 799 other priests, of whom 636 are natives.

France—Father Peter Descoqs, whose name has for years been a household word far beyond his own province, died at Mongré on November 8, 1946, aged sixty-nine. Those who knew him will remember him as an incredibly hard worker, physically and mentally, in the pursuit of truth in philosophy, a simple and lovable character, and an edifying religious. As a philosopher he was more occupied in commenting on contemporary thought than on quiet, independent system-building, and perhaps for this reason he had not a very large following in France. Yet his work possessed unity, and above all conviction. He had a passion for books, and did a magnificent work for the library till recently housed in Jersey, stocking it with every aspect of philosophical thought.

As a man, next to his enormous energy and fighting zeal for truth, and his high standard of religious observance, people noticed in him a matter-of-factness and absence of anything that could be called mysticism. He was teaching up to a week before his death, still working on the last part of his *Théodicée*. (From *Letters and Notices*.)

Lyons Province.—In addition to its mission work in the Vice-Province of the Near East, the Province has undertaken a new mission in French Equatorial Africa, to be known as the Tchad Mission, from Lake Tchad, a prominent geographical feature of the area. Ecclesiastically, it is the Prefecture Apostolic of Fort Lamy, erected by the Holy See on January 9, 1947. Father

Edward Margot, former Rector of Holy Family College, Cairo, is the Superior of the Mission which numbers three priests besides himself. A Brother is soon to join them.

Further mission work in the Mediterranean is indicated by the transfer of the Greek Mission from the Province of Sicily to that of Lyons. Father Camillus Ancy, of the Lyons Province, has been Superior of the Mission for some time.

Austrian Province.—By a decree of the Holy See, the Prefecture Apostolic of Kingsien in China, the mission field of the Austrian Jesuits, has been raised to the stature of a diocese. Father Leopold Brellinger, of the Austrian Province, Superior of the Mission, has been appointed first Bishop of the new See. He was a consecrated on April 20 in Peiping Cathedral by Cardinal Tien.

Belgium.—During five long years not a single Jesuit was able to leave Belgium for any of the four Missions entrusted to the two Belgian Provinces, two in the Belgian Congo and two in India. On May 18, 1945, the first group was able to sail. This was, we note, less than two weeks after V-E Day. Since then, and up to the end of 1946, 105 Jesuits have gone to Kisanto, Kwongo, Ranchi and Calcutta Missions—70 from Northern Belgium and 35 from Southern Belgium.

India.—A member of the Ranchi Mission tells this story, in *Our Field*, of how he met the problem of how to prevent hunting by his Christians during Holy Week.

“During Holy Week, we had a special kind of Retreats. At the Ranchi Missionary meeting, November 1944, an answer was asked to the following: ‘In Jashpur and perhaps elsewhere, Catholics have taken to the habit of hunting on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday. The practice seems to be opposed to the spirit of the Church. What remedy can be suggested?’ No suitable remedy was suggested. It was taken for granted that this was the old custom of *Phagun* hunt-

ing, merely for pleasure. This is not quite correct. Here in Jashpur, where cattle-killing is punishable by law, it is difficult, chiefly for poor people, to procure meat. For Easter all like to have a good dinner, and to get some meat they resort to hunting during Holy Week.

"To counteract the abuses, Father Dwelshauwers had found the remedy in Tongo district, as much as twenty-five years ago. It consists in having a little Retreat in every village, during Holy Week. What has proved so salutary there ever since, I was determined to try here. The Catechists were all told to hold such little Retreats, on the afternoon of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Holy Week. The Program would consist of prayer, such as the Rosary, Stations of the Cross in the manner of a procession, singing, etc. In between there had to be instructions or reading, according to the plan I gave them. For their inspiration, they had to consult the *Dharmopadesh*, edited by H. E. the Bishop.

"At Gholeng, I conducted the Little Retreat myself for the neighbouring villages. The attendance was 199, then 271, and finally 467 on the succeeding afternoons. The last number was much swollen by people who had come for the Good Friday Stations of the Cross. The result was certainly gratifying, the more so that contrary to custom the men were in the majority by far.

"I was naturally curious to know how the experiment had succeeded in the district, and I questioned every Catechist at the next monthly meeting. I was delighted to hear that nowhere had it proved a failure. In villages where they all live in proximity to the chapel, some Catechists had modified the time-table and gathered the people three times in the day: morning, noon and evening. In some places they had added a fourth day, Holy Saturday morning. As regards the daily attendance, it was less good on Wednesday, in some places, as could be expected. Several Catechists said the attendance was good from beginning till

end. Some: 'Chapel completely full'; one who has a very large chapel: 'All could not enter on Good Friday.'

"This is an experiment worth recommending. Apart from counteracting objectionable hunting, it is the best means to make our people spend Holy Week in the true spirit of the Church."

Spain.—4,500 workingmen made closed retreats conducted at Madrid during the period 1941-1946 by *Fomento Social*, the organ for the social apostolate of the Toledo Province. These retreats were made possible through the cooperation of employers. *Siembra*, the magazine for workingmen published by the same organization, has a total of 6,000 subscriptions. More than 150,000 copies of pamphlets on social topics were distributed during 1946.

In addition to their other work, Fathers Azpiazu and Brugarola of *Fomento* teach courses in Economic Ethics in the Central University of Madrid and the University of Deusto.

A Note on February Final Vows

For years we had wondered why final vows in the Society that were taken in 1902 came on February 3 instead of on February 2, as one might expect. Not so long ago, we asked one of the Fathers who made his profession that year the reason for the shift. "Why, I can't imagine what happened," he said, "I always thought it was February 2!"

This little mystery was cleared up this year when the same transfer occurred. The Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, and hence final vows, is postponed from February 2 to February 3 whenever Septuagesima or Sexagesima Sunday falls on February 2. Within the memory of living men, this has happened only three times—in 1890, 1896 and 1902.

In the future this will occur more frequently. Just to limit our horizon to the 20th century, we will see the transfer of the Feast of the Purification and final vows in the Society from February 2 to February 3 again in 1958, 1964, 1969, 1975, 1986 and 1997.

American Jesuit Books

When the Wind Blows. By *Thomas Butler Feeney, S.J.* (New England Province). Dodd, Mead and Company, 1947.

At last admirers of Father Thomas Butler Feeney have a collection of his verse, examples of which they have enjoyed piecemeal over a period of several years. His title is aptly chosen. It is not difficult to see his creative talent streaming on like the wind, stirring to indelible view the face of a leaf or flower, flaming the blue fire of stars, piercing the essential yet poignantly beautiful loneliness of life that most of us feel at some time or other, and in general, happily capturing what might best be called the Roman Catholic commonplace—New England variety. In this he is as artless yet as artful as the wind that sweeps down our streets—and in a way that only a Catholic can fully understand. In this respect he reminds one of his brother, Father Leonard. Visits to the amusement park, “the primary grade coquette,” getting prizes for knowing your catechism, the halloween prank, the litany of the Sacred Heart, the earnest, yet bashful love of Catholic youth, “the glint of iris evening on a tiny harbor town”—all fit into a significant unity of the Catholic commonplace.

Belonging on every Jesuit's *legenda* are: “All Saints Eve”; “The Berry Pickers”; “Katy's Litany”; “The Sad and Secret Sound”; “Sing No More of Love”—which catches the enigma yet central fact of a life for “God the Weaver, God the Wool and God the Weave”;—“Song Wit Woids,” which none of us has forgotten since it first appeared ten years ago in *America*; “The Maiden,” an epitome of the lyrical Mariology which is hinted on every page; and “We Are The American Soldiers.” This last piece might well have been the title poem, were not the bookmart averse by now to the very mention of war poetry. Passages in it contain some of the best poetry in the book, especially the commentary of the hero dead on Heaven and its Queen. It gives the only true attitude a Catholic can have toward the war and its dead, embodying a patriotism motivated by the commonplace, yet not the awful commonplace with which the propagandists glutted us: that we were fighting for the soda fountain down the street or the garage next door! It shows up again in their description of Heaven. In fact this poem is Father Feeney at his best, unlocking the beautiful Catholic commonplace, where sinner and mystic alike find God.

J. D. BOYD, S.J.

After Black Coffee. *By Robert I. Gannon, S.J.* (New York Province). Declan X. McMullen Company, 1946.

This book is a collection of selected after-dinner speeches of Fordham's President. As an assortment it is bound to be diversified and it is. The diversity here however is more the diversity of occasion than it is a diversity of theme. As the occasion varies, the mood varies, but the result is not potpourri. The stability comes from the recurrent double theme expressed in the introduction: "the dignity of man as a spiritual being and the importance of tradition in maintaining, or better, in regaining our way of life." Which double theme is basically one. It admirably fits a man who is both priest and educator, who is not one before the other but is both together.

In a book of speeches there is always the question as to how much of the original merit has survived the removal of the human voice. If you think speeches fare ill when printed, do not sell this book short on that account. You can feel the catch in your throat still, you can hear the quiet in the original banquet hall as he touches on chords that are deep in everyone. Father Gannon has long been recognized as the master of the appropriate. These speeches bear further witness to that reputation.

The twenty-one speeches are a twenty-one gun salute applauding man, his dignity and integrity, his present and particularly his past, with a hat tipped occasionally in the direction of Fordham and in the direction of Irishmen in general. Withal it is difficult to give the sum impression of such a book. Somehow it leaves you warm the way wine leaves you warm. You do not exactly stand up and cheer, not because you do not want to, but only because one doesn't cheer at a printed page. The book is delightful from end to end, and though it is not a fat volume, it should not be read at one sitting. It is too rich for that. It should cover at least as many nights as there were dinners graced by its speeches.

J. V. WATSON, S.J.

The Darkness is Passed. *By Thomas H. Moore, S.J.* (New York Province). Declan X. McMullen Company, 1946.

The simplicity of this slim volume's format indicates the depth and power of the simplicity to be found in each of the twenty-seven meditations on the Christ-life which belongs to the spiritual supermen of the world, the adopted sons of God.

The introductory meditation strives for a spirit of prayerfulness with which to approach those that follow. The titles, even, of the meditations are such as to arouse interest. "Out of Our Own Homes," "Over the Counter," "Salt of the Earth,"

"In the Streets," "Battle Flags," "Here Endeth the Cross" are a few of them. Nor do they present a false hope. In the pages devoted to each of these subjects there is an appeal which is general and yet pointed enough to reach each one. We find ourselves at Bethlehem, in the home at Nazareth watching the growing Boy, His Mother, and Joseph the Workman, who counterparts may be found today traveling the "El." A striking picture of the Two Standards flashes through the text. And the meditation on the resurrection centers upon the meeting of Mother and Son.

There is a wealth of illustration, practical and pertinent for the present-day seeker after Christ. The colloquies scattered throughout have a flavor of the *Imitation*. It is not difficult to understand why this book was a choice of the Spiritual Book Associates.

G. G. BUTLER, S.J.

The Illustrated Catechism. *By Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J.* (Missouri Province). Catholic Mfg. Co., 1946.

This is another of Father Heeg's noteworthy contributions to the science of getting inside the youngster's mind. Built around the text of the official revised edition of the Baltimore Catechism, it is a combination of colored illustration and simple, ingenious formulae for understanding the text for which Father Heeg is famous.

The illustrations beginning with the very cover of the Catechism are in bright color representing Our Lord, the Mass, priests administering the sacraments and many other subjects that are so well impressed upon a child's mind by a mere picture.

The short graphic explanations of each question will also make the teaching of catechism much easier and enjoyable. Ours who have anything to do at all with the religious instruction of grade school children should look into the possibilities of this new and different catechism.

B. F. K., S.J.

Eskimo Parish. *By Paul O'Connor, S.J.* (Oregon Province). The Bruce Publishing Company, 1947.

From the little-known regions of icy Alaska, comes a heart-warming account of missionary activity in what Pius XI once described as the most difficult mission in the Church. Father O'Connor's simple yet vivid style takes us right into the midst of his round of spiritual ministrations, which in the course of the past fifteen years, have led him into almost every town and village north of the Arctic Circle. Sometimes by plane or

boat, more often by dog-sled, he leads us into the humble huts of the Eskimos, visiting the sick, instructing, baptizing, marrying.

Here is one mission where even the advances of modern civilization often avail little against the primeval forces of nature. Blizzards, freezes and sudden thaws all call not merely for courage, but for physical strength and endurance as well. Here, too, the Sisters perform their task of instructing the young and caring for the orphans, far removed indeed from the eyes of a curious world. In not a few instances, it is the herculean labors of a patient lay-brother which keep a mission parish functioning year after year.

Through Father O'Connor's story, we learn with pride that the perennial spirit of the true Catholic Missionary of every age and clime is burning brightly amid the snows and barren tundra of Alaska. In Father O'Connor and his brethren, we discover the surest sign of its presence,—namely a complete dedication to the spiritual welfare of their people, for which they find no sacrifice too great. It is a tale which will inspire all of our Catholic people with a deeper love and appreciation of the needs of the missions.

S. R. WILEY, S.J.

The Progress of the Jesuits (1556-1579). By James Brodrick, S.J. (English Province). Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1946.

In 1577 Father Simon Rodriguez completed a little record of early Jesuit experiences which he called *Commentarium de origine et progressu Societatis Jesu*. With the present book Father Brodrick has completed a two-volume account of the same origin and progress of the Jesuits. No books on Jesuit history have ever been more cordially acclaimed or more avidly read. This second volume takes the history of the Society down to 1579. Nowhere does Father Brodrick explain why he has chosen this year. It is true that he calls it an "annus mirabilis" of Jesuit history (p. 303) but he makes out no convincing case for the claim. Why did he not choose 1580, the year of the death of Father Everard Mercurian whose successor was elected early in 1581? Is he reserving the years 1579-81 to set the stage for the entry of the great Aquaviva? Or is this to be his last volume on the history of the Society? One sincerely hopes that other volumes will be forthcoming and remembering that Campion and Persons were to come to England in 1580, one wonders if the third volume will not be a beginning of "The Jesuits in England." Certainly such a work is badly needed and the Irishman Father Brodrick might, perhaps,

be able to write it with more detachment than an Englishman could achieve.

The Progress of the Jesuits is a worthy counterpart of *The Origin of the Jesuits*. The sketch of St. Peter Canisius is probably the best of that great and amiable Dutchman in any language. Lainez and Nadal, trusted collaborators of St. Ignatius and mighty men in the history of the Jesuits after the death of the founder, have also been resurrected. Apparently Father Brodrick does not know of the golden pages which one of the Fathers Rector of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez devoted to the lay-brother saint. Otherwise we might have been blessed with a fine page on him. Father Brodrick's book has special value in that it gives by way of anecdote and character-sketch a good cross-section of Jesuit work in the years when the Society was growing to full stature in the Church.

E. A. RYAN, S.J.

A History of Philosophy. Volume I: Greece and Rome. By Frederick Copleston, S.J. (English Province). The Newman Bookshop, 1946.

This first volume of a new history of philosophy by the author of previous monographs on Nietzsche and Schopenhauer will be welcomed by professors of the history of philosophy in our philosophates who have long complained that no suitable textbook has been written on that subject by a Jesuit. The works of Gény and Klimke are much too synoptic and schematic and that of the latter is also lacking in proportion with, for instance, only fourteen of some eight hundred pages devoted to Plato and Aristotle. Besides, both are written in a formidable Latin hardly calculated to awaken and sustain interest in a subject which of its very nature cannot be treated in the same abstract way as formal philosophy. The detailed but incomplete *Philosophie Moderne* of Sortais and the *Précis d'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne* of Maréchal are, as their titles suggest, too restricted in scope, while the first four volumes of the latter's celebrated *Le Point du départ de la Métaphysique* are developed only in terms of the noëtic problem.

Fr. Copleston teaches the history of philosophy at Heythrop and, since his book apparently embraces his course in the history of ancient philosophy, it is peculiarly appropriate as a manual for our houses of study. Though primarily intended for an undergraduate course, it is comprehensive and scholarly enough to furnish a general background for the student who wishes to do more extensive study in the subject. It will serve as an excellent introduction to the vast store of erudition with which every Jesuit student of philosophy should have some familiarity and will prove stimulating enough to arouse enthusiasm among

some of its readers to do further research in the scholarly fashion of its author. It is to be hoped that his other projected volumes on medieval and modern philosophy will not be too long in forthcoming.

Fr. Copleston has admirably succeeded in avoiding two of the defects often met with in textbooks of the history of philosophy. On the one hand, he has not succumbed to the temptation of the historian who is also a philosopher to portray the philosophy of the past with that conciseness of analysis and over-simplification of doctrine which are aimed at illustrating the evolutionary character of previous systems but which often rob them of their unique originality. The author realizes that all the great philosophers of history were highly complex individuals and that the meaning of their philosophy can be fully grasped only when studied in the light of their peculiar temperament and antecedents, their particular interests and intentions, and as the outcome of their moral, social and religious environment and of other factors, many of them not strictly philosophical in character but profoundly affecting their philosophical outlook. On the other hand, he has shunned an opposite extreme, that form of historicism which is so solicitous about detail in an effort at completeness that no proper selection is made of a philosopher's significant ideas. We are all familiar with the type of historian who indulges a predilection for a minute itemization of every utterance and event in a philosopher's life at the expense of a systematic presentation of his salient thought. Fr. Copleston's detailed treatment of the various philosophers is subordinated throughout to his principal aim of presenting an integrated view of their distinctive contribution to the perennial philosophy and of indicating the filiations between the different schools and the chief lines of development of ancient thought as a whole.

The American edition of the present work is electroplated from the English edition which forms the ninth volume of the Bellarmine Series. For a more detailed appreciation of the book confer my article in the June issue of *Thought* and that of Father J. Courtney Murray in the Nov.-Dec. issue of *The Month*.

J. I. CONWAY, S.J.

The Quest of Ben Hered. By *Carlos Maria de Heredia, S.J.* (Mexican Province). Bruce Publishing Company, 1947.

The present work is not easy to categorize. It is not a novel, though its material is presented fictionally as the jottings of a journalist; nor is it strictly an apologetic work, despite the evident apologetic trend throughout the book. The very fact that the reader is unable to type the book makes the book difficult reading. The author presents one Ben Hered (a play on

Heredia?), a Spanish Jew, as returning to the land of his fathers at the beginning of the ministry of John the Baptist; the purpose of the return is to become acquainted with the religious background of his people, and to become a participant in the expected redemption of Israel. This leaves the way open for Ben Hered to become inquisitive about religious trends, and also to move freely from place to place. In the course of the hero's travels through the land, the story that is familiar to us from the Gospels comes out in little vignettes which are at times cleverly contrived, but at other times too artificial for conviction.

The author has packed the book with a wealth of information which is not always accurate (as when the Gazophylacium is equated with an almsbox, or the Sea of Tiberias described as $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and $5\frac{1}{2}$ wide, etc.), but the reader who does not read too much at a given time will find the information on the whole quite entertaining and instructive. Had the author avoided the anachronism of quoting from the New Testament which at the moment was not in existence, and had rather given such quotations in a more conversational way, a much smoother narrative would have resulted. Reading the book in its present form, the reader is uncomfortably conscious of stiffness and unnaturalness in some of the characters portrayed. In general, the filling-out of character traits among the Apostles is skillfully done, though not all will agree with the pictures of Peter or of Magdalen as they take form. As imaginative material to aid in meditation, the book will have perhaps its best effect and fruitfulness, for the author has certainly added flesh and blood to many of the skeletal descriptions to be found in the Gospel by imaginative but very plausible backgrounds given to various characters. As the author intimates, the work ends abruptly, short of the Passion, and is but the first issue of Ben Hered's diary. Possibly Father de Heredia's original work in Spanish carries the whole story of the Public Life, and we may hope to see a treatment of the Passion similar to that of the early public life of Christ.

F. X. PEIRCE, S.J

Treading the Winepress. *By William Stephenson, S.J.* (Irish Province). The Newman Bookshop, 1946.

There are no doubt many who are still in search of "a good point book." At least, for Lenten meditations and for periodic thoughts on the Passion the year around the search may well end here.

Father Stephenson's book is not overladen with merely personal reflections and yet it is by no means jejune. He follows a simple pattern introduced by suggested readings from Scripture

and a summary of the history of events. This is supplied with copious citations of the prophetic Old Testament, the theological amplifications of St. Paul, and poetry and unction from the Liturgy. The reflections which are added are heavy with meaning, in many cases merely the expanding of the points marked out for consideration in the *Spiritual Exercises* for the third week.

Little larger than a Daily Missal, this book can be kept handy at one's desk for points or spiritual reading and easily taken to chapel for those who meditate before the Blessed Sacrament. The wealth of material for prayer as well as the solid, substantial character of the reflections make this little volume recommendable to priests, seminarians and religious and to all others to whom a period of mental prayer is an important part of the day.

J. W. BUSH, S.J.

Of Interest to Ours

Priestly Zeal For Souls. *By Rev. John J. Janssen, S.V.D.*
Pustet Co., 1946.

This book of reflections for priests now translated into English has deservedly stood the test of time for over a half-century. It is something of a classic on the shelf of priestly ascetical literature. The treatment of the 13th Chapter of the 1st Corinthians, which takes up 80 of the 138 pages, is one of the finest developments of that oft-quoted passage. The zeal of the priest for the house of his own soul is recommended as the indispensable condition of his success in apostolic labors for others. Rather than spotlighting heroics the author is at pains to point out the hidden facets of holiness that are dimly resplendent in the priest's daily ministration of the sacraments and spiritual dealing with the sons of men. The best feature of the book is the frequent use of very apposite selections from Saints Augustine, Bernard, Vincent, Francis Xavier, Theresa of Avila and the Imitation. The one fault that might be found is the too great length of quotations, if indeed it can be termed a fault to cite such authors at length.

A perusal of this work, composed by the brother of the Founder of the Society of the Divine Word, will provide fruitful suggestions both for the director of priests' and seminarians' retreats as well as for the exercitant himself. The brevity of the chapters, which average four pages in length, make it quite handy for points or spiritual reading.

R. H. SPRINGER, S.J.

OUR DEAD

SUPPLEMENT TO LETTERS AND NOTICES

VOL. LV

IN THREE PARTS: EACH PART 12s. 6d.

Since June, 1939, more than a hundred Priests and Brothers of the English Province have died. As it was impossible during the War to continue publishing *Letters and Notices* which would normally have contained memoirs of these Fathers, obituary Notices of them have recently been written and collected into a Supplement to the present volume under the title, *Our Dead*. It will be published in the course of the year in three parts. As each part will average about 200 pages and will contain many photographic plates, the expense of production has been considerable. A number of copies are being printed to meet requests from subscribers abroad, and those who wish to be certain of receiving the Supplement should place their orders early with *The Manager*, "Letters and Notices," Manresa House, Roehampton Lane, London, S.W.15.

The volumes are not merely a collection of Notices. They are a record of the work of the English Province in the last fifty years, and include accounts, written from a personal angle, of the notable work done by Fathers of the English Province, including among others Fr. Herbert Thurston, Fr. Francis Woodlock, Fr. Cuthbert Cary-Elwes, Fr. John Driscoll, and Fr. Charles Newdigate. They chronicle the pioneering missionary work in South Africa and South America, and the launching of apostolic enterprises at home. The contributors to these volumes are writers who are best acquainted with the work of the Fathers and Brothers whose memoirs they contain. Among other contributors are Bishop Aston Chichester, Fr. James Brodrick, Fr. Francis Devas, Fr. Aubrey Gwynn, Fr. Henry Keane, and Fr. C. C. Martindale. The first volume has been published, and the other volumes will appear at intervals of about three months.

T H E W O O D S T O C K L E T T E R S

VOL. LXXVI, No. 3

OCTOBER, 1947

ADDRESS OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII

At The Canonization of

Sts. John De Britto and Bernardino Realino

June 23, 1947

Sanctity, beloved sons, is a marvelous and multiform jewel with which the Church, Spouse of Christ, adorns her starred mantle, choosing and elaborating with the exquisite art of Divine grace the most varied precious stones of every type and in every part of the world. Today the Company of Jesus acquires simultaneously the splendor of two new jewels, two very different sparkles, but both scintillating with one and the same religious beauty—as formerly was strikingly illustrated for Our great predecessor Leo XIII in the three saints Peter Claver, John Berchmans, and Alphonsus Rodriguez, so different in age, in functions, and in saintly qualities.

In the beauty of sanctity, which we venerate on the altars, shines forth that harmonious unity which blends into one and the same light the rays of its manifold variety. Is it not, perhaps, apparent to him who contemplates the Institute and the heroes of the Company of Jesus that Divine Providence has been pleased to make varied emulations of equal sanctity one of the characteristics of the sons of Loyola? No less equal and different appear to us the two new saints, John de Britto

and Bernardino Realino. Yet in the contrast by which they seem opposed—to him who beholds them from without—in natural characteristics such as the circumstances of their lives, and their wealth, in their progress toward saintly deaths, in their activities and powers, there appears a still more striking resemblance in them of two genuine brothers, two sons of the same father, whose ineffaceable likeness they bear impressed on their countenances.

The firstborn son of a gentleman at one of the courts of Southern Italy, Bernardino set out with open and ardent soul in the youthful life of the universities, passing from one to another, devoting himself with equal energy and success to medicine and to letters, to philosophy and to law, a joyful companion in the student circles of Modena and an associate in their turbulent amusements. Having set out on such a slippery declivity, where will he end up? The brake of his deep religious faith will hold him back on the brink of the precipice, while an honest love cherished in the sanctuary of his heart protects him, and, prompting his application to study, directs and leads him to jurisprudence. Victorious over seductions and despising vulgar temptations, but haughty and inflexible on questions of honor, he is not sufficiently able to overcome himself, to rule his self-respect and his sense of offended justice, and to restrain his sword, which trembles and vibrates in its sheath. Condemned by the rigorous sentence of his own prince, he is received and sought everywhere else. Embittered for a time by some vexing insult and a stroke of bad fortune, his Christian outlook reawakened and then all began to go well with him. But lo, when before his feet the brilliant career of the magistracy lay open to him, the voice of God, intimately speaking within his heart, made itself heard ever more pressingly; and prompted thereby, we see him at the age of thirty-four years presenting himself at the Novitiate of Naples.

How different from this youth full of movement and of reverses appears to us that of John de Britto! Ben-

jamin of his family, bereft of his father from earliest infancy, brought up at the court of the wise king of Portugal, John IV, in the midst of the jollity of his fellow-pages, the lovable image of a new Stanislaus is faithfully recaptured in him. His modesty, his piety, the free custody of his angelic purity became for him targets of laughter and even more unbecoming conduct, which, borne with patience, caused him to be surnamed, as if foreshadowing his heroic end, the martyr. Do not consider him insensible to that which hurts his self-respect. Rather, he was of such gentle temper even toward those who did not appreciate his virtue that he answered those who derided and offended him with the sweetest of smiles and the greatest affability. When he entered young manhood higher thoughts enlightened his mind and more ardent and extensive plans inflamed his heart; so much so that, overcoming the instances of the royal family, who would have liked to keep him at court to be its model and one day its apostle, he renewed and fulfilled the intention, long before conceived, of giving himself wholly to God in the Company of Jesus.

If grace does not destroy nature and human good inclinations, but perfects them, the religious careers of the two saints, sustained by supernatural force, will present no less surprising a contrast. Through a singular reversal of their destinies, but one entirely in the hand of God, the young page from Lisbon, so silent and recollected in his apostolic ardor, leaves his country, his relatives and all his surroundings, and departs for India where there awaits him, an immense field of toil and danger, a life of unceasing missionary enterprises, of adventures, of trials, of persecutions even unto martyrdom. He will be a martyr, and that twice over: the first time, after being already put to torture, he will escape death only because heaven spares him for new mighty labors and sufferings. The interests of the missions entrusted to him and the will of his superiors force him to take the sea voyage back to Portugal; but the love of country, far from retaining him,

sharpens his zeal for the apostolate of India, whither he returns, after a long and difficult sea voyage, there to consummate at the age of forty-five years the sacrifice previously begun, which will end with his mortal remains being in large part devoured by wild beasts.

On the other hand, what do we see happening to the former Italian magistrate? After having consecrated some years in Naples itself to his own spiritual formation and to the works of the apostolate, especially on behalf of his companions and the youth, he is sent to Lecce, the scene of his fervent zeal and his equivalent of India. There the design of Providence will not hesitate to keep him by force and as it were miraculously, for he there dedicates all his days to the humble ministry of confessions and the spiritual direction of souls, who will find in him a wise guide in the path of eternal salvation and who will crowd about him as to a most loving father. Death will come to pluck his life at the age of eighty-six years, surrounded by the veneration of all, and in that city of his adoption which had chosen him, as yet alive, to be its protector and patron. "His sepulchre will be made glorious."

But if the difference between the two saints, in their physiognomy and in their history, appears great, greater still, because more intimate and profound, is their resemblance. The outward life of a man, his natural temperament, the facts which follow upon one another in his life, that which meets the eye, is not the whole man. Man is, over and above a body, a spirit, that immortal spirit which by means of intellect and will reaches outward, conceives high ideals, conquers all wavering between good and evil, between justice and giving offense to others; that immortal spirit in which resides the interior life, which is most proper to man, the principle of his acts and of his actions, the root and the unfolding, the meaning and the value of his greatest achievements as well as of the little incidents of his early pilgrimage, and in addition their importance and true color.

Undoubtedly it can always be alleged that on the

spiritual side all saints resemble each other and are imitators of Christ, the model of all sanctity, however one looks at the matter, because all reflect in themselves His glory, all are brilliant with His grace, all burn with his charity, all aglow with the same ardor in their varied zeal for souls and for the service of God. But, like the charismatic gifts, so also grace has its divisions (cf. I Cor. 12, 4) ; and the Sun of Justice, Who enlightens the whole spiritual world of the saints, varies and multiplies without number His beams of sanctity.

Thus in our two saints we see gleaming with marvelous splendor that same spiritual lamp of the Company of Jesus, which differently yet identically shone forth in the soul and in the heart of St. Ignatius, and which your first Fathers, making use of the language of the Apostle Paul (Gal. 6:14) happily formulate and express in the preamble to your Constitutions: "*Homines mundo crucifixos et quibus mundus ipse sit crucifixus.*"

Thus we behold both the two new saints, John de Britto and Bernardino Realino, as images of their Captain, Christ crucified. What imports the diversity of the metal and of the form of the visible nails, when invisible love stronger than iron fastened them to the Cross of the Master? Enlightened by his own experience of the vanity of the world's joys, the inconsistency of its goods and of its favors, Bernardino realized more and more the perishability of all it contains, and ever more resolutely detached himself from all that passes away, from riches, honors, and bonds of affection—even those which were legitimate but all too human—in order to consecrate himself unreservedly to Him who alone remains the immutable Lord, Inspirer, Ruler and Rewarder of every good in the midst of the flux of this present mortal life.

John (de Britto), who was sanctified from the cradle by the gift of sanctifying grace, and later came to taste how sweet was the Lord, passed across the world like a ray of light through the shadow of a dark forest. This lily grows amidst the thorns, raises itself to

heaven and flowers, forgetting how narrowly its roots are encompassed. Nourished inwardly by the breath of divine favors, this mighty youth, who "since it pleased Him who had chosen him even from his mother's womb to call Him to preach His Son to the Gentiles, did not take counsel of flesh and blood" (cf. I Gal. 1:15-16), withdrew himself from the caresses of his mother, from the affection of his king, from the peace of his native land. Both saints, however, were alike in their longing to nail themselves with the three religious nails of poverty, chastity and obedience to the salutary and triumphal Tree of the Eternal King under the protection of the universal Mother of mankind.

In laboribus. Consider the young missionary and the heroism of his action, which unfolds itself in the midst of infidel peoples—splendid action, fearless action, fruitful action. One would need a heart destitute of idealism in order not to feel the enthusiasm which the tale of that ardent life arouses, in order not to experience with a sense of holy envy the desire of participating in such arduous evangelical labors and of emulating his merits according to one's own powers. Such a holy envy, such inflamed desires devoured the generous soul of Realini; he too had dreamed of India, had sighed for it, had requested the favor of departing for those distant regions, and toward them his anxious thoughts did not cease to go forth during his entire life. But his missions, his India were to be none other than nearby Lecce. There in the obscure retirement of the confessional and in the room where holy obedience and charity confined him until extreme old age, God had assigned the scene of his missions, his field for the popular dissemination of the Word and the Gospel of Christ, the terrain of the plentiful harvest of his long and incessant work and of his priestly zeal.

In one of these heroes of sanctity is a tireless movement of action without respite or repose, as a result of which his laborious missionary life would have been soon brought to a close, if martyrdom had not come so quickly to arrest the activity and ardor of his preaching

and evangelical conduct, cutting off the path of his life and labors. In the other we find, unmarred by impatience, the immobility of the confessor, of the spiritual director, of the instructor of penitents, of the comforter of the doubtful and of the unfortunate, who sacrifices day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, throughout the entire length of his great and continually increasing age, both himself and every moment of his life and labors, in order to give men by day the light of his doctrine and the fire of his charity, and by night the seraphic loftiness of his contemplative soul.

Their zeal resembles the fire which never cries "Enough." (cf Prov. 30:16). The apostolic zeal in their two hearts almost sought to surpass the extreme limits of their powers, as if it were possible ever to appease their intense desire of forming apostles—as their Father Ignatius and, better yet, their Divine Master urged them to do—whereby their own personal action was increased and extended beyond all limits of space and time. The triumphs of the faith ever grew. Among the new Christians some young men, the flower of the neophytes, took part in, helped, and advanced the labors of their missionary and made his sufferings their own. They won over to Christ their relatives, their friends, and finally their jailers. A century earlier, with the services of the priests, the nobles, and the young men of his Marian Congregations, Realini, without quitting his post, evangelized the whole city of Lecce, entering unseen into the most retired places, into the most inaccessible refuges, relieving the most hidden and reticent miseries, reaching with his word and with his invitation the most hardened and bestial sinners.

By such means the ideal of the Society continued to be fulfilled in them: "passing through good fortune as through adversity, advancing with swift steps toward the celestial homeland, bringing thither others also with all energy and zeal *maxiam Dei gloriam semper intuentes.*" Ardor in promoting the glory of God was

then the kindling flame and motive for every lofty exertion in the lives and action of John de Britto and Bernardino Realini, and made them brothers in their tireless labors on behalf of souls redeemed by Christ. This reveals to us the secret of that contempt of the world, of those heroic labors, of that indifference toward all the accidents of life, according to which these two apostles did not fail to direct and guide as many as followed them and heard the words which they spoke as ministers of God for salvation unto life eternal.

In the aspects of the greater glory of God you recognize and venerate them, beloved sons of the Company of Jesus, as your brothers and models raised to the greatest dignity on our altars. From their exaltation how much honor and encouragement flow down upon you who, having the same vocation, strive with the divine grace to rival them in the immense variety of your religious duties and your apostolic ministries!

Honor and encouragement also extend to you, dear pilgrims from Carpi, from Modena, from Naples, and most of all to you, children of that "most noble, devout, and genteel city of Lecce" as Realino was pleased to call it. With holy pride in keeping his mortal remains, and faithful especially in keeping alive the memory and observance of his fatherly instructions, rest assured that, if in lifetime he responded to the call of being your patron, in his celestial glory he will not fail to be that which he promised and willed to be, a great mediator in your favor with God.

NOTE: The concluding paragraphs in Portuguese, contain congratulations to the Portuguese pilgrims and additional thoughts on the apostolate and intercessory power of St. John de Britto.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS
OF
FATHER THOMAS E. SHERMAN, S. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Father Thomas E. Sherman, S.J., son of General William Tecumseh Sherman, U.S.A., Commander of Federal forces during the War Between the States, was born at San Francisco, October 12, 1856. Educated at Georgetown, Yale and the law school of Washington University, St. Louis, he entered the Society at Roehampton, England, as a member of the Missouri Province. His philosophical and theological studies were made at Woodstock and he was ordained in Philadelphia by Archbishop Ryan, July 7, 1889. After laboring for many years throughout the Mid-west and on the Pacific coast, Father Sherman died at New Orleans, April 29, 1933, and is buried in the cemetery of St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana. Beside him rests the body of Father John M. Salter, S.J., former Provincial of the Province of New Orleans, and grandson of Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy. Their union in death is indeed a blessed symbol of that genuine and enduring fraternal charity which binds all sons of the Society, a bond that neither war nor strife nor bitter memories is powerful enough to sever.

In the following hitherto unpublished letters, Father Sherman reveals to his father his decision to enter the Society, along with the reasons which impelled him to embrace the religious life. For permission to print these letters we are indebted to Father Sherman's niece, Miss Eleanor Sherman Fitch, who possesses the originals.

To General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D.C.

St. Louis, Mo., May 20th, 1878

My dear Papa,

I have long had something in my mind that I have wanted to tell you and that I have often had on my tongue to say, but which I have postponed mentioning from time to time for reasons which you will appreciate

when I come to explain myself. What I am going to tell you will, I fear, disappoint you and perhaps cause you pain, and it will therefore be with reluctance and difficulty that I will express that which I have to tell you. I have never desired and what is more, my dear Papa, I have never intended to devote my life to the practice of Law, nor do I now intend to accept any offer looking to my starting in that profession. The reason why I do not intend to become a lawyer is not that I dread the labor and fatigue of the profession, for I believe as firmly as you do that we were all made to work, and that true contentment is found in steady, careful, earnest, patient work. Nor is it because I fear I will not succeed, for my friends give me every reason to think and feel that I would make a good lawyer. Nor is it again because I think the rewards of the profession are too slow, for I think that compared with most other callings that of the lawyer is rich in rewards of riches, honor, esteem and everything else men strive for. The real reason and the only reason why I have chosen not to be a lawyer, and that is what I so much fear will disappoint you, is that I have chosen another profession, in one word I desire to become a priest—a Catholic priest. I say, my dear Papa, that I am fully aware what a bitter disappointment this will undoubtedly be to you, and I can tell you moreover that there is nothing in the world so hard for me as deliberately to displease you and go against your will, disappointing your hopes, defeating your plans and destroying in one sense the effect of all your kind efforts and deep interest in my regard. And this is why I have postponed speaking or writing either to you or to Mama about this all important matter. If I had told you four years ago that I was anxious to become a priest, you would have thought that the influence of the priests at Georgetown had made me desire this—that seeing their quiet, secluded, peaceful, studious way of living, I, who have always been moderately fond of books, desired to lead the same quiet, studious life, and therefore that on that account I wanted to be a priest. You would have told me, I

think, that a couple of years at Yale among my equals or superiors in mind, and men of social standing would dissipate this idea and give me other ideas of life, and other hopes and ambitions. At any rate, this is what I thought you would say, so I thought it not worth while to mention my idea of becoming a priest, but that it was better to go and see whether my ideas would change or my desires would be dissipated. So I went to College, gave up my mind and heart to College studies, College pleasures, College ideas, lived among my equals in age and mind and social position, had a pleasant and, I hope, somewhat profitable stay in New Haven. You know the influences that surround a man at College—what he does, who he goes with—what he thinks and feels, and there is no need of my dwelling on this except to ask you frankly do you think my life at New Haven was such as to make a man want to be a priest? Just as frankly I tell you now that I desired then, more than ever before, to become a priest. Why did I not speak to you then candidly and fully, and ask your consent, or give you a chance to dissuade me? Because, my dear sir, I could not hope that you would agree with me, and I thought, as before, what will Papa say to this? He'll say: "Tom, this is folly. You are a mere boy, have seen nothing of the world yet comparatively; this notion of yours will soon pass off—enjoy yourself and go study law in the fall, etc." This, my dear Papa, is what I think you would have said in all kindness and tenderness to me, and I obeyed the advice without asking it. How I have lived since then you know as well as I do, and I don't propose to tire you or display my own conceit by showing how I have tried to be faithful to your desires; and what I have already said will prepare you for the statement that my desire of entering the ministry of the Catholic church, instead of being weakened by contact with society, has grown stronger; instead of being dimmed by the prospect of success at the bar, has been made clearer and more desirable in my mind; instead of being replaced by hopes of domestic happiness, of riches, and of honors,

has taken the place of all these hopes. I see other men entertaining, and it has come to be the only hope, desire or ambition that I entertain, the only thing I want to work and strive for.

If by writing a volume I could convince you of the truth in which we Catholics believe, I should gladly take the time and joyfully do the work, but I know very well it is not my business, in fact that it would be the height of presumption and folly for such a son to presume to teach such a father. In justice to myself, however, I must say just this one thing: that if you were a Catholic, instead of being chagrined, disappointed and pained at the step I am going to take, you would be proud, happy and contented in it. For if you believed, as all Catholics do, that the Bible is the revealed word of God, that the Catholic Church is the authorized teacher of the Bible; that this life is intended to be used as a preparation for eternity (and I know, my dear sir, that you give us credit for *sincerity* in this belief) then you would conclude that the best way of spending this life would be in learning the truths that teacher proposes to us, and in helping other people to learn them. As I said, I simply say this much to justify myself if possible in your eyes, and you will readily understand the connection of thought in my mind, and if my reasoning is at fault you will, I know, kindly correct it in your answer: The only obstacle to my doing a certain thing *to which my convictions impel me* is that I will wound and grieve the kindest and tenderest of fathers. Why? Because his opinions, views and convictions do not agree with mine. Am I responsible for that fact, or am I on that account the less bound to follow my own convictions? I think not. Then I commit no crime in grieving him, if I do so with reluctance, and after four years trial of myself; and I do not do wrong even in disobeying him, if, before deciding, I wait until I attain an age when every man feels that he must act for himself, that his life is in his own hands and that he alone is responsible for the future, that as a rational being he must follow the

dictates of his own reason and that nobody on earth can relieve him of the responsibility of doing so.

This thing has been in my mind so long, my dear Papa, I have thought about it so much and turned it over in my reflections so many different ways, putting it in its relation to my own future, to the interests of the family, and to my duty to you, that now that I have come to the point of telling you and acting in the matter, I scarcely know where to commence and where to end. Your answer to this, which I shall expect with the deepest interest, will show me what I ought to explain to you, or where I have failed to make myself clear and what more you desire me to do or say before taking any final and conclusive action. There are some things, though, which I ought to say before closing this letter: I have spoken to Mama, about a week ago I think, concerning this matter, and though the announcement of my intention was such a sudden thing as to be something of a shock to her, and though I know it will grieve her to part from me, still she agrees with me so completely in principle that she has given her consent and approval.

Another thing is that I know this would be a disagreeable thing to have talked about, and might annoy you and the family to death, as a man can't get a new hat now-a-days without being criticized and possibly having the interesting fact telegraphed over the country. So to save you from worry and inquisitiveness, I would rather have the matter kept to ourselves and only talked of between ourselves. With a view to going about the matter quietly, and to save you and the family and myself any annoyance, I had even gone so far as to think of going to England to make my preparatory studies, and would like to know what you would think of such a plan. It seems to me I could go quietly abroad, telling my friends I was going over to study, but not telling them what, and then you could leave it to chance to disclose what had become of me. I don't mean to say that I am ashamed of what I am going to do, or that I am afraid of having it known—

I simply mean that I fear you may be somewhat ashamed of it, and at any rate would not want to have it added to the list of topics on which you are liable to be interviewed.

As I said before, I shall await with very deep interest and grave concern your answer to this letter, and shall listen to all you may have to say in reply with deepest affection and sincerest filial reverence.

Your devoted son,

Thomas E. Sherman

* * * * *

To General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.

St. Louis, May 25th, 1878

My dear Papa,

I received yesterday afternoon your letter of the 22nd which I have read many, many times, and the burning words which have sunk deep into my mind and heart. During the time that I have contemplated the grave step of which I spoke in my last letter, I have been suffering in anticipation the pain of your disappointment, and the grief of having wounded you; but I feel that grief and pain a hundred-fold more sharply now that I hear from your own lips as it were, how much you are hurt and chagrined, and how highly you disapprove of my choice of a profession. Weighing again all the reasons against my decision that you suggest and the many others that have occurred to my mind, and that I have turned over and over during the last four years and looked at from every side, and putting in the same scale with them my affection and duty to you, my love of home, of family, of friends and relatives, of wealth and honor, of ease and comfort and prosperity; adding still further the appealing words of your letter and its terrible conclusion as to the sorrow I am causing you, I have tried during last

night and this morning to put myself in the presence of that God whom we both worship, of that Infinite, all-wise, all-good Being whom you invoke in your letter, and before whom we both expect to stand in judgment, and the result is, my dear Papa, that I am confirmed in my resolution and strengthened in my purpose of giving up everything for what I honestly believe to be His service. To give you the steps of reasoning by which I reach this conclusion would be to sermonize, and your letter warns me against that; so all I can do is to state the conclusion frankly and decisively, with bitter sorrow that it must be a painful and unsatisfactory one to you. I alone am responsible for this decision, therefore I alone must bear the burden of offending him whom I have most wished to please and satisfy, for whom I would gladly lay down my life—do anything in fact, but fail to follow my conscience. Had I declared this purpose sooner I should either have gone away from you long before now, or should have lived out a sad life indeed under your perpetual displeasure and perhaps disgust. It is a terrible thing for us both, and therefore the sooner it is over the better. We stand on two sides of the shield and neither of us can see fully the other's side—starting with different premises we reach different conclusions, and each of us feels that argument is vain and useless. Your letter contains but one request, to pause. How long, my dear Papa, do you wish me to wait? My feeling in the matter is that as each of us is fully decided, I after four years of waiting that have seemed to me a small eternity; you after an eventful lifetime and after great and varied experience; as neither of us can hope to alter the mind or feelings of the other, the sooner I am gone the better. As you are far too noble and generous even in your grave annoyance to resort to any other means of prevention than the fair, kind means of reason and persuasion, and as I am fully resolved to act, and delay would only increase the pain felt on both sides, I will make arrangements to sail in a couple of weeks for England, unless you think this ac-

tion precipitate. As for Mr. Hitchcock, I have simply told him I am going abroad to study, to be gone more than one year at least. He thought this quite natural and proper. If you wish it I will tell him frankly the reason of my going, otherwise I don't know that I shall mention it.—Thanking you from my heart for your kind and affectionate treatment of me in this most painful matter,

Your affectionate son,

Thomas E. Sherman

* * * * *

To General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.

St. Louis, May 27th, 1878

My dear Papa,

I received yesterday your letter of the 24th which I have read carefully many times in connection with your former one, and which I found so full of tenderness and kindness and love for me that it caused me bitter tears to feel that I was deliberately causing you this trouble and grief. Your last letter made me feel too, that if I stated to you more frankly the motives that are impelling me in this, you might acquit me of the terrible charges of selfishness and ingratitude which in spite of your affectionate heart you cannot help making against me. I agree with you that if a man, simply to escape from the cares and troubles of a busy life, and simply to enjoy studious retirement, abandoned his family and friends would be both base and selfish. But if he has no family at all dependent on him, if his family are well off and in no prospect of being in actual want of his services; and if he chooses retirement, not for the sake of ease and leisure but to prepare for an active earnest life, to study for a profession as a man does at West Point, at College or at a professional school of any kind; and if he hopes after the few years of retirement are over to be openly and actively employed

among his fellow men, then I do not think he is either false to his family or his fellow men or wrapped up in himself. It occurred to me when we were traveling on that grand trip last summer when we saw so many wounded officers and men, and then afterwards when we heard on all sides about the character of the Flat Heads and Coeur d'Alenes, that these few Black Gowns among these Indians accomplished more than some few regiments would be able to do. And when we saw Joset and Dionemedé I did not think them selfish but the contrary. They left their homes in Italy, they abandoned parents, friends, wealth, country and language even, to go teach those wretched savages some simple truths that all our boasted civilization can't teach them. Was that selfish? Doubtless their friends thought so when they went into a cloister to prepare for the priesthood, but God doesn't think so, and you and I don't think so, now that we see with our own eyes what they have accomplished. I must say frankly that for my part I would rather be Joset today than the Chief Justice of the United States. Now I don't mean to say, my dear Papa, that I am so narrow minded and bigoted that I think a man can't be pure, just, honest, upright, and charitable in the world, for I think that God approves of all honest callings, and I do not have to look further than to you, my dear sir, to find a model of every manly virtue, spotless honor, unsullied purity, kindness, patience, and forbearance, forgiveness of injuries, and every other virtue I desire to emulate.

I haven't any doubt I could make a fortune at the bar and acquire some honor, but I don't want a fortune and that's not the kind of honor I have any ambition for. What I do desire is to devote my life to acquiring knowledge and imparting that knowledge to others, not to making money and then spending it, to try to teach poor people to be contented by showing them how happy even men of culture and refinement can be on very little means, and by teaching them the principles of morality and wholesome truths that are everlasting. Such an ambition you may think is humbug

in one whom you have seen grow up selfish, worldly, fond of dress and pleasure, but you know perfectly well, my dear Papa, that the Catholic Church works great changes in men and shows them a way to act out their inclinations and aspirations practically. Society, you tell me, is shaken to its foundations. Who is going to steady the foundations, that is, the lower classes? Not a lawyer who wins great cases and takes large fees from corporations, but a man that will mingle with the people, teach the people, persuade the people. Now really to reach the people a man must go among them simple in his dress and manners, pure in heart, but with his head well stocked with knowledge to inform and guide them. This I take it is the secret of the success of our Church with the lower classes, and in that success I long to have a hand, because I believe that only our Church can effectually reach the lower classes, and thus aid the Government in suppressing Communism, etc. Of course, my dear Papa, I am deeply grateful for all that you have done for me, for the many advantages I have had in education, travel, society and a thousand ways, but you cannot ask me to show that gratitude by embracing a calling that I have no inclination for when I feel that there is another calling which is more pleasing to God Almighty, will be more useful to my fellow men and in which therefore I shall be much happier, whatever privations, hardships and self-denials that calling may impose or necessitate. I could fill up a sheet with thanks for all you have done for me, but were I to do so I should thank you more than all for allowing us to worship God as we thought right—a blessed privilege, more precious than riches, and therefore, as you say, to be carefully guarded and preserved as it is laid down in the Constitution.

I shall write the letter you direct, and address it to Judge Reber, stating all that you indicate and assuming the whole responsibility of my action, also expressly stating that you disapprove, etc.

The reason for my going to England I did not fully

state. It is not only to save myself from stacks of remonstrant letters or visits of kind friends and relatives, but also—and this is the main reason—because the Church has few candidates of my stamp in this Western Country, whereas in England she has plenty of men of culture, education and good family, intercourse with whom would make my first years easier and more profitable, and enable me to return here a more useful man. As this matter is so terribly distressing to us all, the sooner it is over the better. I have already engaged my passage in the Steamer *Scythia* which sails June 5th, for I know you and all the family will feel easier when the suspense and doubt are over. The *Scythia* is a Cunarder, a fine steamer, and full of people destined for the Exposition.

Believe me, my dear Papa, I think and feel a thousand times more than I write or know how to put into words, and shall always remain

Your devoted son,

Thomas E. Sherman

* * * * *

To Judge Samuel Reber, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE: Judge Samuel Reber's wife, Margaret Reise, a cousin of General Sherman's was the daughter of his eldest Sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman Reise.

912 Garrison Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.,
June 1, 1878.

Hon. Samuel Reber:

My Dear Sir—I sail on Wednesday, the 5th Inst., from New York for Liverpool by the steamer *Scythia* of the Cunard Line, and, as the purpose of my voyage has relation to the whole future course of my life, I desire that you as a friend and kinsman of the family should know definitely and explicitly what the purpose is. You are aware, my dear sir, that I graduated a few weeks ago at the law school of the Washington university in

this city. You know, too, that my father has given me a complete education for the bar, having sent me to Georgetown college to make my classics and mathematics, then to the scientific school at Yale for a foundation in natural sciences and modern languages, and finally to our St. Louis law school, where I have attended the full course of lectures during the past two years under the kind instruction of yourself and our other learned professors. For sometime past I have had a strong leaning for the ministry, and so having now reached the age when every man has to choose his own career in life, and having weighed this important matter of a choice with all the care and deliberation of which I am capable, I have decided to become a Catholic Priest. How long ago I reached this decision, what means I have taken to test and confirm myself in my resolution and why, having finally decided, I now choose to go to England to make part of my preparation for the priesthood, are inquiries which are of no interest to anyone but myself, and to answer them would be apart from the object of this letter. I write to inform you and beg you to communicate the information to those who may inquire concerning me, that I assume to myself the whole responsibility of my choice, as with me alone rested the duty and the burden of choosing a path in life, so with me alone rests the blame or praise of having chosen the Church instead of the law. My father, as you know, is not a Catholic, and, therefore, the step I am taking seems as startling and as strange to him as I have no doubt it does to you, my dear sir. I go without his approval, sanction or consent; in fact, in direct opposition to his best wishes in my behalf. For he had formed other plans for me, which are now defeated, and had other hopes and expectations in my regard which are necessarily dashed to the ground. In conclusion, my dear sir, I have one request to make, and I make it not only to you but to all our friends and relations to whom you may see fit to show this letter or communicate its contents; it is this: Feeling painfully aware that I have grieved and

disappointed my father, I beg my friends and his, one and all, of whatever religion they may be, to spare him inquiries or comments of any sort, for I cannot help feeling that anything of the kind would be ill timed and inappropriate. Trusting to your delicacy and to theirs to appreciate my motive in this and to comply with a request so easily fulfilled, I remain with great respect,

Affectionately and sincerely yours,

Thomas Ewing Sherman

POST-WAR ORIENT JOURNEY

FREDERICK J. KELLY, S.J.

Aboard the *Willamette Victory*
100 miles west of Kyushu, Japan
July 11, 1946.

Dear Brother in Christ: P. C.

Here goes for the long story of the voyage of the good ship *Willamette Victory*, named after Willamette University, of Salem, Oregon, "the oldest University in the West, founded 1842."

On June 13 we were told that we were to sail from the American President Lines pier in Jersey City, at eleven p.m. Father Masterson drove us to the pier where we got our first look at the ship that was to be our floating palace for the next five weeks. The thirty-six missionaries had been split into three groups; two groups to leave from San Francisco, and twelve of us from Jersey. Besides the seven Juniors, five Tertians were in our party—Fathers Hogan, Blewett, David, Banayad, and Maravilla.

We were told that we would sail at eleven p.m. but, when we arrived, we found that the captain was trying to get the ship out by eight-thirty to catch the tide. Also the fact that a nation-wide maritime strike was threatened for June 15 made the company anxious to get the ship underway. At 8:50 the plank was taken away and exactly at 9:00 the first perceptible motion was felt. We were off for the Missions at last.

In less than ten minutes we were in midstream and going full speed down the Hudson. The sun had just set and the last red glow cast a deceptive glory over the Jersey meadows. A thick cover of haze and smoke hovered over Manhattan and soon obscured the outlines of the individual buildings, so that the huge mass of steel and stone, with its lavish sprinkling of lights

looked like a big ant hill. Past the battery, Fort Hamilton and Brooklyn, the Statue of Liberty, near which we did two complete circles in midstream to check the compass, and then out to sea. We were all standing on the fantail 5-inch gun tub, which was now packed with sulphuric acid drums bound for Shanghai, watching the skyline of New York disappear into the sea. The last lights that were visible were the sodium lights of the Belt Parkway in Brooklyn, and finally the lights of Coney Island.

After cruising through the Atlantic and Caribbean Sea, we finally reached the Panama Canal, and entered the Gatun Lock at the Atlantic end of the Canal at 3:30. We left the Miraflores Lock on the Pacific side at exactly 11:30 p.m. When going through the middle of Pedro Miguel Lock, we listened to the Louis-Conn fight in the moonlight on the bow. A special crew of negro canal-workers came aboard to handle the ropes at the locks.. It was strange to hear them rejoicing loudly over Joe's victory. They all spoke in a clear Irish brogue. A few of us stayed up to see the ship safely into the Pacific. We were amply rewarded with one of the most interesting sights of the voyage. We were only in the open sea about ten minutes when we heard a series of loud splashes off the port bow. It turned out to be a troupe of porpoises, the clowns of the sea, who were going to run through their routine for us. At first they faced the ship for a mile or two, then they closed in on the ship and swam directly in front of it. It looked as if we would cut them in half, but they wheeled about and split up into two groups, one on each side of the ship. Then, two at a time, they would leap out of the water, grunt, execute a neat half roll and dive into the water with a loud, triumphant smack with their tail and come around for another approach. The rest of them were continually jockeying for position in front of the bow, actually swatting their tails against its knifelike edge. It was quite a sight; the moonlight made the porpoises look silvery, especially when they bared their white bellies

to the moon. The phosphorescent glow of the spray off the bow provided an appropriate stage lighting for the act. After about fifteen minutes they started dropping off and soon the last of the troupe disappeared behind the curtain of darkness. We soon turned in and when I set my alarm I realized that it was already 2:00 a.m. Our conquest of the Pacific had begun.

The last land we saw in the Western hemisphere was Cape San Lucas in Lower California. We crossed the Date Line at 5:30 a.m., on the morning after Wednesday, July 3. The captain didn't want to deprive the crew of the Fourth of July holiday, so he announced that we would skip Friday, the 5th, rather than Thursday, the 4th. We didn't want to skip the First Friday so when we got up on that morning we considered it Friday, July 5th. But when we got to breakfast, we decided that it was also Thursday as the captain had ordered, so we had ham for breakfast, turkey for lunch and steak for supper. Another point is that since we left Panama we have been setting the clocks back one-half hour each day, which gives us a twenty-four and-a-half hour day.

On July 11 at 5:30 a.m. I was walking forward to the midshiphouse when I saw the land of the Rising Sun coming up from the sea. We were thirty miles off the most southerly of the main homeland islands, Kuyushu. Our course took us within three miles of it by ten o'clock, and we could get a good look at it. The mountains rise sheer up out of the sea, and the whole aspect of the place was very rugged. We passed very close to several square rigged fishing smacks. When we waved to the Japs, they just sat and looked at us. Later we passed other smaller islets and between two perfectly conical mountains.

We plowed on at full speed into the China Sea in an effort to reach Shanghai at 9:30 a.m., July 12. As it turned out, we picked up the harbor pilot at 10:15 a.m. and were still able to profit by the "in" tide. It wasn't until 11:30 that we sighted land, the Chinese coast. Shanghai is fifty-five miles up the Yangtze Kiang and

then hard to port up the Wangpoo. From the looks of things, "The Good Earth" is leaving home. The Atlantic was deep blue. The Pacific off Central America was much shallower and light green. Later the Pacific took on the same color as the Atlantic. When I first saw the China Sea at 8:00 a.m. it was dull murky green. As we proceeded up stream the color kept getting browner until now we are riding at anchor at the entrance of the Wangpoo in a sea of mud. China is infiltrating on Japan. When we got up this far we found at least twenty Liberties, Victories, and a mixture of prewar "rustpots" waiting for dock space. It looks as if our fears of being stranded here for weeks might materialize. One estimate is one week, others say three. But we have one ray of hope in that this is now a privately-owned ship, while most of the others are still under the War Shipping Administration. The officers say that the American President Lines won't be content to let their ship lie idle, and so will probably pull some strings. We have a deck of crated Dodge cars and trucks, and a hold full of refrigerators and cigarettes for Shanghai. It would only take three or four days to unload, if we could get space. We have a general cargo for Manila consisting of acid, medicine, cotton goods, cigarettes, canned foods, and five tons of toothpicks.

When we were coming up the channel past the tell-tale masts of sunken Jap warships and freighters we passed another ship on the way out. As we passed her, both crews were lined up looking at each other in silence, with two notable exceptions. There were two men, dressed in white shirts, waving vigorously at us. We have reason to believe that they were two of Ours who had left for the Philippines from 'Frisco, for we heard later from the third mate that the pilot said there were Jesuits bound for Manila on the ship which he had brought down yesterday. We now have hopes of meeting some others of Ours who left from the West Coast in Shanghai. Also we will probably get out to our house at Zi-ka-wei.

A few minutes ago, I had to interrupt my typing to go on deck to watch one of the best sights of the voyage. About 150 yards off our starboard bow the *Atlantic Trader*, a Hog Islander from the last war, was anchored. She had been anchored there by the pilot, but her captain decided later that she was in a dangerous position and started to hoist the pick (anchor was the term we incorrectly used at St. Andrew's). She started to drift back toward us. In a short time she was out of hand and was dangerously close to our stern. All the time they were trying futilely to hoist her pick. She got under way a bit but soon was bearing down on us again. Then they lost control of her and she drifted in on our bow. At last she did what she was trying to do for an hour—she started nudging us. She was much smaller than our ship, only 4,000 tons, about 285 feet long. So she took the beating and we mashed in the railing and fore edge of her forecastle. She gradually swung around and came in broadside. The current was very swift and she had very little steam up, so when she came up close, our captain gave orders to tie her up to us. Then all hands looked into the situation. It was found that in drifting back, she had dragged her pick over our chain and fouled them up. That was why they couldn't hoist her pick. To complicate matters, an LCI that Uncle Sam gave to the Chinese for harbor patrol was adrift with no lights and coming full at both of us. It looked for a while as if we were going to have a real party, but she drifted past us with fifty yards to spare. After the *Trader* dropped her pick, she backed away with a few parting nudges. There was no love lost between our men and her Australian crew. Our captain, in deference to one of Ours who was standing next to him, restrained himself and merely called the other captain a plow jockey. As she disappeared in the haze, our lads all thought, "good riddance." We expect to go up the river at 6:00 a.m. tomorrow, according to the latest, straight from Captain Brady.

So we have come to the end of the second leg of our

voyage. If we ever clear Shanghai, it will be four days due south to Manila and philosophy at Novaliches. We are already one month late, for classes in the Islands are from about June 15 to March 15. Though there were rumors of classes in philosophy on the way over, the best we have had were a few short classes in Tagalog grammar, since Tagalog was declared the National Language in 1940. Father Banayad is the teacher.

* * *

I finished the last edition of this epic in the Woosung anchorage at the junction of the Yangtze Kiang and the Wangpoo rivers as the moon was rising on the waters with China across the bay. The *Atlantic Trader* fiasco was an unhappy memory and spirits were at an all-time low because now we were just one of twenty-six ships in the anchorage awaiting dock space at Shanghai, eighteen miles further up the Wangpoo. Some of the ships had been waiting three weeks already. With the assurance that we were going upstream at dawn, I turned in for the night.

At 6:00 a.m. I was dressing when the old familiar throb of the engines gave an indication that we were underway. I went to Mass immediately so that I could hurry on deck to watch the show. The river was broad and muddy, with gaudily painted junks and sampans thickly crowded on each bank. As we advanced upstream the junks became fewer. We were soon introduced to an old Chinese institution, the water taxi. It was now about 7:30 a.m. and all of Shanghai's 5,000,000 people were waiting to cross in the innumerable scows that plied back and forth. As we came closer to the city we could see how crowded the harbor really was. Ships were lined up solid on both sides, sometimes double, with a solid line of ships moored in midstream. We steamed past the Bund which is the business and diplomatic center of the city, where the old French and British concessions met. Then we passed the area reserved for Naval craft. There was one lone French destroyer and the

rest of the area was packed with ships flying the Stars and Stripes, from the Heavy Cruiser *Los Angeles*, to every LCI, LST, LCM, etc., that was ever turned out. The Chinese are building up a navy with ships donated by the United States and they were scattered about the harbor. It wasn't until we were five miles up past the Bund that we docked, next to the *President Taft*. It was 9:30 when we docked and since the first launch to town was at 11:00, we started to get dressed. Our launch was a broken-down tug but it served the purpose. None of us knew what we were in for when we started on our tour of Shanghai. The wharf at the Bund was crowded with sampans, landing craft, old tugs and what-not but that didn't phase our fearless pilot. He introduced us to an old Chinese custom. He merely tied up at the outermost barge and let us shift for ourselves from there. We had to climb through, over, under, around and between eight different craft before we were on the dock.

My first impression as I climbed up the wharf to the main street was that all of China's 486,000,000 people were in Shanghai for a Chinese convention. The place was mobbed with people of every description, class and variety. Coolies carrying heavy crates slung from bamboo poles, white-collar men in silk smocks that reach to the ankles (white, grey and black were the most popular colors this season), native women of every class dressed either in trousers or silk smocks, high at the neck and reaching to the ankles, kids of every age always in the way. Everything is sold on the street; hot tea, drinking water, cookies and cakes, American matches (after trying to light a Chinese match I know why there is a large market for American brands), American cigarettes, socks, candy, magazines, etc. Every time you turn around there is a mob of rickshaw and pedicab men offering their services. Of course there is a great number of foreign men and women on the streets, and many native men wore Western clothes, but the coolest by far seemed to be the native men in the silk smocks.

Father Hogan and Father Banayad were going over to the American President Line office to inquire about the approximate date of sailing, so the five scholastics who had come to town, Fitzpatrick, Grosso, Carroll, Wieman and Kelly, started to push their way through the mass of seething humanity to the nearest hotel, since a couple of us were going to spend the night ashore. The first one we hit was the Cathay Hotel which turned out to be the best in town. Rooms were out of question and we were assured that the situation was the same all over. The UNRRA had taken over two big hotels and the Navy had two more. We were glad that there were no rooms because we overheard a man paying his bill. I don't know how long he had been there but his bill was \$1,700,000. That was our introduction to the Chinese inflation. The sequel to that introduction fills out the next chapter of our saga.

It was noon. We were hungry. We didn't know where to go. The only one we knew in Shanghai so far was the clerk who just refused us rooms. He looked like a decent fellow. We trusted him. When we asked for a good place to eat, he directed us to the dining room on the eighth floor. That was our first big mistake. The atmosphere was pleasant, the waiters came in droves, the food was fair (American food worked over by Chinese cooks), the bill was terrific! In the course of the meal a small white card was placed on the table: "Today's exchange rate is \$2,500. CNC to \$1.00 U. S." (CNC is Chinese National Currency.) Our bill for five light lunches was \$37,686.00 CNC. We then learned why Shanghai is called the *City of Tips*. Every one is there with his hand out and they growl at less than \$500. It cost us nineteen good US dollars to get out of that place. Is it any wonder why we did most of our sleeping and eating aboard the ship thenceforth during our stopover? Talk about your chinese bandits! They wear white coats in Shanghai.

Our next move was to stroll along the Bund looking for a Post Office. We fortunately came upon a U. S. Army Post Office and entered. From that point on, we

found that the cheapest, most pleasant and most efficient way to do things was through the U. S. Army or Navy. The lowest bus or trolley fare is \$200 CNC. The Army runs bus lines all over town for the military and US civilians free of charge. Chinese merchants don't have fixed prices; "You say how much" is their usual way of starting a proposition. Then you dicker with him for half-hour and he skins you anyway. The military PX sells things at the value of the article in the States or less. It was after talking to a soldier in the Army Post Office that we got on to all the tricks of how to get around in Shanghai.

The same soldier directed us to a Jesuit church in that neighborhood so we spent the afternoon there. It was the Sacred Heart parish with four Fathers attached to it. The superior was Father Farmer, an American from Georgia who worked as a Protestant missionary in China for ten years, was converted, went to France to join the Society, and has been in Shanghai as a priest for over twenty-five years. He was able to explain much about the city and the nation.

One thing everyone will admit is that the Chinese have failed to prove their ability to run a large city like Shanghai. The traffic is eternally in a mess, despite one or two armed policemen on every corner. (To be a cop seems to be the best racket in town.) The black market is completely wide open. The cause of the inflation was the American soldiers and sailors with lots of US money. Shanghai which used to be the cheapest city in the world to live in is now the most expensive. Though CNC is worthless, US dollars don't get you very far either. A two-room apartment is \$500 US per month. Nobody will do anything for less than a dollar. A rickshaw man would haul you all afternoon for 50c before, but now he starts quoting prices at \$2 or \$3. The way most of the religious houses in town are getting by is with the aid of the British (and they emphasize that it is not the American) Red Cross which bought up several warehouses full of American Red Cross packages that the Japs never delivered. The

British gave those packages away very lavishly and the various religious houses are stocked for a year or so.

We also met two Spanish and one Chinese Jesuit priests who are stationed at the parish. Father Mac-Goldrich the superior of all the Columban Fathers in China stopped in to visit Father Farmer so we chatted with him for a half-hour. Then Brother John from the Marist Brothers high school across the street came over and insisted that we go over to see the school and meet the community. It is called the College of St. Francis Xavier and was founded by French Jesuits in 1847. About 1903, the Marists took it over because the Jesuits were not able to staff it at that time. They really had a fine spirit in their cosmopolitan community. The brothers came from Ireland, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and China. All of the brothers had long records; most had been in China more than twenty years. One Swiss had been in China forty-six years. We had to leave in a hurry to catch the 5:30 launch back to the ship. It was necessary to repeat the same wild scramble over junks and tugs to get out to the launch. A few of the men were disturbed when one of the intermediate junks pulled back with us aboard, but much shouting and gnashing of teeth convinced the culprit that his move wasn't according to Hoyle so he moved close enough to the next tug to allow us to jump the gap. Such a thing became matter of course after while.

The next day was Sunday, July 14. I spent the morning resting up after a hard day. Since there was a Chinese Village within a half mile from our wharf, Justus and I decided to investigate it. The rest of the men preferred to watch the unloading of the deck cargo onto lighters that were drawn up alongside of us. So Justus and I armed ourselves with a cigar box full of sandwiches and stuffed our pockets with small packages of Kellogs *All Bran* from the ship's pantry and set off. Most of the coolies that work on the President Line's dock came from that village so it was

pretty prosperous on the native scale of values. The first kid that spotted us yelled "Hiya Joe" and came running with his hand out. "Hey Joe, chow chow, chow chow" (That *chow* by the way isn't a Chinese word. They think that it is the American name for food since all the GIs use it.) Since the kid was fat enough, and in order to prevent a general bedlam, we held on to our box and continued to walk through what turned out to be a typical native village.

The description of this one holds for all of them in this section at least. This area is known as "Clean China" because of its cleanliness, but it is anything but! We pushed on down the main street with one, then two, then ten, and finally about twenty kids of both sexes, all ages and colors swarming around us, with their hands out yelling the same old cry. On top of that there were the shouts in the local dialect of the first kid that spotted us, trying to drive off the rest on the grounds that we were his catch, but his efforts were futile. One boy of seven carried his year-old sister piggy back for at least a mile. Another tot had a baby in her arms that was incredibly tiny and couldn't have been more than three months old.

The main street was too narrow for a car and the crowned stone pavement was laid when Confucius was a boy. The filth was general but, after all, this is China. The part worth writing about is the people. Once you realize that they aren't hidebound by a lot of snobbish social customs that require strangers in the States to pass one another in disdainful silence, you can get along fine with the people. We noticed that they all enjoyed the sight of the kids tagging after us so we started to say "hello" to any promising character that we met. They would nod and smile so that soon we felt perfectly at home.

Then we got up enough nerve to stop and watch the people at work. We could see how they were practically self sufficient as far as manufactured products were concerned. It must have been something like that in Medieval Europe. One man wove bamboo mats

that serve as beds, fences, walls of houses and what not; another was doing a very fine job of shoemaking with fancy silk uppers and leather soles, a blacksmith was pounding out sturdy hoes and cultivators. In the woodworking section of the town one lad was turning out highly finished pails and buckets of various sizes and shapes from rough logs. The coffin maker was doing a land office business. Women were sewing and knitting, spinning thread on very crude wheels, or giving the latest arrival his bath in the middle of the street. The shipyards along the stream were also booming, turning out new models in both the heavy and light sampan line, or doing skillful repair and patch jobs on broken-down boats. The finished product, all hand made by an individual craftsman, was something to behold.

Of course there was the usual run of grocery stores and market (though their wares didn't appear too appetizing to the western eye, especially in the fish market where the stuff was beyond description since ice and refrigeration are unheard of), bakeries, candy stores, taverns and gin mills with the usual bar-flies. The barber shop stood out like a sore thumb; it had real swinging chairs, large wall mirror, an impressive array of colored bottles and even a couple of genuine "Drug Store Cowboys." All of the boys wear their hair close clipped in a cueball style, but the men in the upper classes are very particular about their hair. Throughout the town the majority of the people seemed to be occupied, though the pace of activity was very slow. They were not interested in mass-production. There was no rush about anything—tomorrow is another day.

We had passed through the town and a short way beyond but still had a large following of persistent kids. Nobody looked underfed so we didn't want to break out our box and yet we had to get the kids back home. We found our deliverer in the guise of a cargo checker for UNRRA. He spoke a few words of English so I asked him how to say, "Go Home" in Chinese. To make an impression on us he proceeded to let loose a

stream of lingo at the kids and the eager smile left their faces. We put a quick stop to him and found that the word we were interested in was *Bokay, Bokay*. So Justius produced a roll of Life-savers and split them up. *Bokay* then failed to have much effect but a resounding "*Scram*" convinced the kids that they shouldn't follow us further. All of the people that were passing in and out of the village got a big kick out of our efforts to lose our guard of honor.

We proceeded on into the country and found out at first hand that the Yangtze valley is rich country. The farms were all small and the crops were planted in fields as small as 20x20 yards. There wasn't much land wasted on boundaries or woodland, but there was a terrific land waste on cemeteries. The dead are buried above ground, at what appears to be no particular spot, in the fields. Sometimes the coffin bound in rice straw is merely set on the ground. More frequently it is covered by a six or seven foot mound of earth. The highest type seems to be a miniature brick house with a tile roof built around the coffin. The crops in this neighborhood were rice, corn and beans.

We were walking along a rutty country road when we heard a steam whistle and saw an old narrow-gauge railroad train in the distance. Then and there it became our ambition to take a ride on it, especially when we heard that at the end of the twelve-mile line there was a central Catholic mission for several mission stations in the district. However, we were never able to ride it. We were going further into the country toward the southeast, when we spotted a Church steeple on the horizon. What could be better than that we investigate? It turned out to be a hot dusty road for the five miles to the church but our spirits were high with the enthusiasm of explorers.

In order to reach the church we had to pass through another village similar to the one near the dock, though the streets in this second town were narrower, damper and darker. The church, solidly constructed of brick, was situated in the center of a circle of buildings apart

from the village itself. We could not find the entrance so we went to one of the houses. Once the lady of the house realized from our signs and motions what we wanted, she sent her seven-year old son to open the gate. We knew that we were being watched so we went through all of the formalities of a visit, though the Blessed Sacrament wasn't preserved there. It was Sunday and yet there was no indication that Mass had been celebrated that day so we knew that no priest was resident there. When we came out the lady had a bench set out for us and was anxious for us to sit down. She soon produced two cups of warm tea which were most welcome and soon more kids started to gather around us.

The group continued to grow until it included four women, seven children and the husband of our hostess, a man of about thirty-five. The whole group was well dressed and clean, and the children were quiet and obedient, so we were obviously the guests of a fairly prosperous family. The children all wore medals and knew what my rosary was. After we finished our tea we were presented with a cold cucumber which the lady had peeled for us. The language barrier between us was complete, and the only idea that we were able to get across was: "How long until the priest comes?" They counted out 40 days on their fingers. We found out later that this district was divided into about twelve mission stations around one central control residence. The Chinese diocesan clergy had this district. Finally we asked for a pencil and paper, and wrote a short note in Latin to the priest to which we pinned a \$5.00 donation. After distributing candy to all the youngsters, we started home with a very fine impression of the first Catholic Chinese family that we had met.

We felt still more at home with the natives from that point on. The road home was longer, dustier and hotter, so that we arrived back at our floating palace at 5:00 p.m. in a rather beaten, sunburned condition, but it was a day well spent. Unfortunately I didn't have

any camera with me so that I missed a fine chance for interesting pictures. We learned that there had been an hour's strike by the stevedores during the afternoon to protest the firing of one of their gang who had been caught stealing. The Captain had orders to fire the first man caught in order to make an example of him. Pilferage is very high in Shanghai. A directive from the company required the captain to hire five men to do nothing but watch the native stevedores. Those guards wore a white armband with "A.P.L.—Watcher" on it. The directive further required that five men be hired to watch the watchers. That gang wore blue armbands with "A.P.L.—Special Watcher" on them. The directive went on to say that a reliable crewman was to be in each of the five cargo holds to watch the Special Watchers.

One of the Special Watchers was a real pest. He thought that his job included watching the passengers play cards so he barged into our cabin. We knew that he understood a few words of English so the lads started to talk Latin. We froze him out and he soon left. But then he was only using the Chinaman's prerogative of watching and listening to anything that goes on in the world. Because they have no scruples about privacy, anybody can put his two cents in any affair. If a couple of people talk on the street or if you buy something or dicker with a cabbie over the price, anybody can stop and suggest a few pros and cons. The other day three of us were dickering with a man in a sampan to ferry us across the river. He started off at \$1.00 per man, but I said 50c. Soon a whole mob, from wharf superintendent to the coolies who were resting, started to abuse the robber for his stubbornness and he replied just as lustily with his own side of the case. But it was he against the world so he yielded and took us across.

The next day we all stayed home because the ship was to be moved to another wharf. When we were tied to the *Taft* we could only discharge cargo onto lighters but when we had our own pier we could discharge on

both sides. In the evening we had a song fest on the deck as the moon came up full over the rice paddies and the radio blared out with news of the preparations the Communists were making for their attack on Nanking and Shanghai and their drive to capture the northern mouth of the Yangtze River.

On July 16, we caught the eleven o'clock launch to go over to the Army PX to do some shopping. What I was interested in mostly was film, but the White Russian clerk (Shanghai is full of them) gave me a hard time because I didn't have a ration book. A young lieutenant saw that we had been refused so he volunteered his ration book which he never used and when he had bought the quota of his card he got a card from his buddie and got a couple more rolls for me. They were both American Transport Command boys who had just recently been assigned to the Manila-Shanghai-Tokyo run. When they found out that we were going to Manila they offered to try to get us tickets on a plane to Manila on the following Friday. That plane, they said, had two empty seats. We refused with reluctance.

About 12:30 we were walking down Nanking Road when we were stopped by a little Chinese "lad" who appeared to be eighteen but turned out to be twenty-eight. He asked us this series of questions in perfect English. "Are you Catholic priests? Are you American or Canadian? Are you going to Hongkong or Manilla? Are you Jesuits? What province are you from?" After getting the answers to those questions he introduced himself and told us his story. He was John Tse, had been born in Shanghai, attended the high school of the Irish and Canadian Jesuits at Hongkong, had entered the novitiate of the Society at Novaliches and had stayed there for sixteen months. He was at present working as an insurance agent, foreign language clerk for a trading firm and was teaching English on the side. He offered to help us in any way he could so we had him take us to one of the all-too-numerous money changers so that we wouldn't be scalped. He

did that and explained the tricks of Chinese money to us. There are three types of currency in circulation. CNC is the new government issue. The official rate of exchange is 2,200/1 US. The black market rate is 2,500/1. Then there is Chinese Custom currency in circulation. This is almost as good as US currency and is worth twenty times its face value. Thirdly there are notes issued by the Bank of China that aren't worth the paper they are printed on. To show how worthless they are, I was walking back from one of the villages the other night and was followed by a lad of no more than six who was carrying a basket of greens down to the river to wash them. When he saw me he held out his hand and said "money Joe." The only thing that I had was a Bank of China five-dollar bill that I got in a wad of change. When I offered that to the boy, he became insulted, turned up his nose and waved it away in disgust. Then he walked on in silence. I had lost a potential friend. John told us to accept only brand new CNC or Custom notes and to watch the US bills because there were a lot of counterfeit ones around. After we got some money changed, John had to go teach a couple of private students an English lesson, but he made a date with us for the next afternoon to show us some of Shanghai. We proceeded to go to Christ the King parish in the old French Concession where four California Jesuits were stationed. We had a nice visit with them for about two and a half hours and caught the 5:30 launch back to the ship.

On the 17th we missed the 11:00 launch so we ferried across the river and walked four miles through the native slums to the Bund. We met John who took us to a good but reasonable restaurant, then to a Buddhist temple which was heavy with smoking punk, later to the Mandarin Room of the Pacific Hotel which is the favorite place for weddings among the modern, irreligious Chinese. Then John dickered with a pedicab man for a trip across town to the Aurora University. A pedicab is a rickshaw that is pulled by

a man on a bicycle rather than by foot. The ride cost us \$1,000 CNC but if we were alone it would have gone for \$2.50 U.S. Aurora is run by the French Jesuits who have built up a very influential school in forty-two years. They have over 2,000 students, mostly in medicine, law and engineering. Father Minister showed us around the school but, since we were there for only about an hour and a half, we didn't meet any of the Fathers of the community. We came back on the native trolley which was quite an experience. The ticket taker has a large mail bag into which he stuffs the money by the handful. All Chinese, by the way, spend all of their spare time counting up their rolls of bills. Since most of the coolies don't seem to have pockets, they wet their lip and stick the tissue paper trolley ticket them. It looked strange at first, but then, "why not?" Before we caught the launch, we made a date for supper with John for the next night.

On July 18th we caught the early launch so that we could do some shopping before we went to our community at Zi-ka-wei for dinner. The plan was to stay there over night so that we could go to supper with John and wouldn't have to worry about catching any launch. An Army bus took us direct to Zi-ka-wei, which is situated at the southwest corner of town. The bus went about five blocks beyond the end of the route and delivered us right to the door. We entered the refectory just after the community sat down. The room was very dark and the air was circulated by means of hand-pulled sweeps attached to the ceiling. Probably some novice had the job of ventilation senior. I sat next to Father Woong, the Socius to the Master of Novices. He started off, as they all do over here, by apologizing for the fact that he spoke English so poorly and then proceeded to give a very good account of himself as far as mastery of English was concerned. From him I learned that there were novices, juniors, regents, theologians, and tertians all in the same house. The philosophers do their studies at Peiping.

Connected with the main community in the mission compound were a major seminary for the secular

clergy, St. Ignatius High School with 1500 boys, the theologate for the French Mission, the Cathedral, and the Jesuit Bishop's residence, and a large boys' and girls' orphanage. We visited all of those places during our stay there. The orphanage was by far the most interesting of the group. They have about 250 children in each. The girls do expert needlework, and the boys have an opportunity to learn woodcarving, painting stained glass work, foundry and machine shopwork, printing and cabinet making. They are paid a small amount for the work they produce and this money is saved until they become of age. By that time they have enough to get married and get started in life. Jesuit brothers do all of the teaching in the boys' part. I neglected to mention the weather observatory that is also connected with the compound at Zi-ka-wei. We spent more than an hour going through it. The old Italian Jesuit who runs it is known as the "Father of the Typhoons" because of his skill in predicting them. He foresaw by 24 hours the terrific typhoon that hit Okinawa during the invasion. The Army and Navy disagreed with him, much to their regret. Several months later Father said a blow would hit Shanghai, but the Army said it would hit Okinawa, so they moved several squadrons of aircraft to Shanghai. Just as the last plane was landing the wind started to sweep Shanghai and destroyed all of the planes. Needless to say, the Army is now working in close cooperation with the Zi-ka-wei observatory.

Six of us had come over for dinner but only four of us were to stay overnight. Fr. David, Jack Carroll, Justus and I. Jack preferred to eat supper with the community, so Just and I started out at 5:30 for our dinner engagement. The doors were locked at 9:00 p.m., so we had to get back early. We met John at the Pacific Hotel and he took us to the dining room on the eighth floor. We had a table next to the window so that we had a commanding view of the city. John knew the chef, the headwaiter and all the waitresses, so that everything was perfect. We told him that we would go all the way for Chinese food,

so he did the ordering. We ate Chinese style, chopsticks and all. The food was delicious but I can't say much for the chopsticks. I could have done better with my bare fingers. A nice Chinese custom is that at the beginning of the meal the waitress brings around a damp, scented face cloth with which you wash your hands and wipe your face. There were no appetizers or desserts but the meal was solid eating from beginning to end. We started off with scrambled eggs and shrimp, then strips of sirloin and baked tomatoes, next sweet and sour pork (a very fine dish) topped off with melon and ham soup. Of course there was the ever-present boiled rice, and soy bean sauce was used in place of salt. No bread or the like was served. Each course was finished before the next was served. Boiling hot tea would have been proper but we had green plum wine instead. The atmosphere and service were perfect. The bill, \$10.00 U.S. for three.

When we arrived back at the house at 8:30 we were met by Jack who told us that the Minister had planned a trip for the three of us for the next day. We were to travel inland to the theologians villa at Zo-se, eighteen miles as the crow flies, but about twenty-eight by the route we would have to take.

At 5:00 a.m., we were roused out by innumerable bells. The drawback of living in the compound was that each of the communities attached to it had its own bell and they all rang out at once. During meditation I heard a group of the orphans singing hymns to Our Lady in the square in front of their school. It was all singsong but very pleasant. Mass was at 6:30 and then breakfast "European Style" which means bread and coffee. At about 8:15 we went back to visit the shops of the orphanage and it wasn't until 10:00 that our trip started.

We were accompanied by three Fathers who were visiting Zi-ka-wei. Father Damboriana was from the Province of Castile in Spain. He had spent two years on the Bombay mission and so he knew English perfectly. He had been in China eight years and is at present Professor of Ecclesiastical and Chinese History

at the Regional Seminary for secular priests. He is doing library research at Shanghai for the summer. Father Bugnicourt from the Province of Paris has been in China twelve years and has a country mission somewhere in the interior. Father de Baschor of the Province of Paris has been in China fourteen years and has a mission in Communist-occupied territory. He amazed me with his attitude toward the Commies. I guess I expected him to breathe forth fire and brimstone at the very mention of them but he did no such thing. He told me how the Commies work. They send a couple of advance agents into a town who become very popular with the poor and tell them what fine people the Communists are. In the meantime the agents get the complete story on everybody; who is rich or poor, who is good or bad, who likes what and why. Then when the army and commissars move in, their first move is to kill off all the bandits which makes them very popular. Pretty soon they are strong enough to reward the good men and punish the bad men, but then they start working on those who don't like them and orders start coming out. "The Government orders that—etc." and the pressure is on. They haven't bothered Father as yet but he knows that the day will come when they will come to him and say: "You are a good man. We like you very much. But we are sorry, we have orders to kill you. So sorry." Father told me about the Commies at the community recreation the day before. At that time we met men from the nine provinces represented at Zi-ka-wei. It is really a cosmopolitan community.

So we started out on our journey. Two of the Fathers and ourselves walked the first leg of the trip on the hot cobblestone pavement. We went about a mile beyond the compound to a crossroads where we were to get a native taxi to take us over the next leg. Father de Bascher rode ahead of us on his bicycle in the terrific heat and dust.

The taxi took us about eight miles inland over a typical Chinese road, dusty unpaved, rutty and crooked, to the town of Ts'ih Pao where we were to get a

launch that would take us via canal to our destination. A country taxi is a unique institution. The cars range from a broken down '27 Model A Ford to broken down '42 Buicks. We were fortunate in happening upon a '39 Studebaker. "The more the merrier" is the motto so that the usual complement of the taxi is four in the front, eight in the rear and four on the running boards. Our car only had nine passengers so that we rode in style.

Our journey took us through some of the richest rice country of China, and every square foot of it has been planted in rice. That, besides chickens which are always in abundance, is the year-round food. In this section the ancestral tombs took up even more ground space. We saw a few that had been partially destroyed and learned that if a family happens to lose its land the new tenant has no scruples about leveling off the old tombs on it.

We walked through the town to the local mission rectory for lunch. On the way we were stopped by three native soldiers who insisted on giving us shots for cholera but when Father Damboriana laced into them in his best Chinese and told them that we were American citizens, they bowed and let us pass. As we passed the local coffin shop the Fathers took us in to look at the coffins. They are all according to the same pattern, tapering toward the head with a curving flare-out on all edges at that end. Some were made of highly polished teak and camphor wood and richly hand-carved; others were simple unpainted "pine boxes." The reason that the coffin maker does such a thriving business is that each man buys his own coffin before he dies. He is never really happy until he has bought his box and usually his life savings are lavished on it. Once he has his coffin and a set of better clothes than he ever wore in his life prepared, he can sit back and look forward to a happy death.

Another profitable business is the making of paper coils of "money for heaven." The Buddhist hell is a place of only temporary punishment where the victim passes from one judge to another for different tortures.

Since graft or "squeeze" is the order of the day in life, the Chinese logically figure that if the dead person is well heeled with this gold and silver painted paper he will be able to get around the judges easier.

Upon arrival at the rectory we found that the priest was out in one of the mission stations so the housekeeper let us in. We had brought our own picnic lunch so we fared well. We had plenty of fresh tomatoes, hard boiled eggs, oranges, bread, canned butter, cheese and jam. The housekeeper provided barley tea. Since I wasn't sure when I would eat again and on the assumption that supper at the villa would be "European Style" which means little or nothing I ate a hardy meal. We then made a visit in the well built and nicely decorated church and walked to the canal to catch a launch for the final leg of the trip.

The launch was a pleasant surprise. It was a regular medium-sized river sampan about thirty feet long and six feet wide, provided with curved, woven bamboo sun shades. The best part of it was the inboard Model T engine that worked like a charm and pushed the boat along at about five knots. The passengers compartment accommodated about thirty-six and there was a little room left over for the crew of seven. The captain called for customers with a loud blast on a silver trumpet that echoed across the rice paddies and reminded one of a fox hunt. He gave his orders to his chief engineer, a lad of seventeen who looked twelve, by means of two hand-pulled bells which gave a genuine nautical atmosphere to the engine compartment. The five of us were piled in with a wide assortment of natives who were all very pleasant and curious about the foreigners.

We followed the winding canal system into the interior. At about every hundred yards there would be one of those water-buffalo-powered water lifts that would bring the water up about three feet to the level of the rice fields. Usually there would be a little boy there to make sure that the blindfolded animal kept going around and around. The best I saw was a boy lying supine on the turntable getting a free *merry go*

round ride as he tapped the buffalo with his stick. Occasionally we would see some poor lad working a small lift with his feet as he leaned on a cross bar. There were also some wind-driven lifts but no breeze was stirring that day. At the half-way point we stopped at the town of Se Kieng for fifteen minutes. It was a very prosperous village, with clean, airy streets wide enough for cars to pass. The people were clean and well-dressed and there was the usual large supply of kids. The best sight in the town was a shop with three large platters of human teeth on display. Father said that was the local dentist's way of advertising how many people had intrusted their dental problems to him. It was a good proof of the finality of his cures.

As we got under way again we passed under several high arched bridges that were constructed out of smoothly cut stone blocks about 1 x 3 x 3 ft. If one were to ask a native how old the bridges were he would say "10,000 years," which is the Chinese way of saying very old. As it is, they are probably well over 1,000 years old, anyway. As we left the town, the hills of Zo-Se came into view. Three hills rise straight up out of the flat plain to the height of about 1,000 feet. On the top of the center hill there is a huge basilica dedicated to Our Lady, next to which is the astronomical department of the Zi-ka-wei observatory. The theologians' villa is about half-way up the hill. After about three and a half hours in the launch we disembarked and started the trek to the villa, about one mile from the canal, and then up five hundred feet. When we arrived we were given a cup of boiling water to slake our thirst. Father Chevetric, the Minister of the Theologate and Superior of the villa gave us a gracious welcome and provided us with clean Chinese shirts which made us look like waiters or barbers. Then we had haustus (the Chinese call it *refrigeratio*) on the remains of our picnic lunch plus hot tea. It really does refresh you.

The basilica is really astounding. There in the midst of "Pagan China" is the massive, brick, Gothic-style church on top of the highest hill on a broad plain.

What is it doing there? In 1870 there was a big persecution in the Shanghai area that threatened to destroy the entire mission. The Superior vowed to build a place of pilgrimage on Zo-Se if the mission was spared. The persecution stopped shortly and the old church was built soon after. In about 1930 the present basilica was started and in 1939 it was completed. The cost was only \$300,000.00 with coolie labor. The stained glass windows are being made at the orphanage at Zi-ka-wei where the stations, benches and paintings were made. During the month of May there are 6,000 communions a day. Whole parishes make the pilgrimage from all over China.

After climbing the steeple to get the view of the whole valley, we visited the observatory and then had to hustle down for supper. At supper we met the theologians for the first time. There were about twenty natives and five Frenchmen. There have been no Americans since before the war, but a group of California men are coming over this summer. Most of the men spoke a little English and a few did very well at it. Supper was going fine. I was getting along well with all the men around me and doing justice to the rice and black stew that was the main meal. The refectory was rather dark so that I couldn't see too well what was in the stew. But it tasted very good and even after one of the lads leaned over and said "Snakes" I managed to get a mouthful or two down.

During the two hours of recreation after supper I talked with two men who had just finished first year theology. Their English was fair but much better than my Chinese, all six words of it. They, like all the rest of the Chinese, were anxious to learn English, so I enjoyed helping them. When we were stuck we could switch to Latin and get along with that.

They seemed to be very happy about the fact that they were learning to swim in the canal. One of the men from the North knew how to swim and had been teaching the rest of them. My two companions told me that their parents would never allow them to swim or play hard games as American boys do. Father

Bugnicourt told me about the Chinese attitude toward sports. It goes back to the old idea of Confucius that a man who is learned cannot do any manual work or hard playing because it is beneath him. He is supposed to sit around all day and discuss deep things and give off wise sayings. Father Dumas, the Minister at Aurora University told me that it is very hard to get the students to play competitive sports because they are very sensitive about *losing face* if they should lose. When I asked them about the Communists they said that they couldn't express themselves well enough in English so we switched to Latin and stayed on that subject until bedtime at 10:00.

We left the villa at 7:30 a.m. and took a shortcut through a rice paddy to catch the launch for Shanghai at 8:00. It was the same boat and we were back at Zi-ka-wei at 11:30. Our entire trip cost us only \$3,500 CNC or less than \$1.50 per man. Prices are better away from Shanghai. While we waited for the taxi, the three of us were watching a girl do some fancy needlework in front of her house. One of the Fathers came over and said "It is all right for you to watch her, but the natives will probably think that you are interested in buying the girl for your wife." We moved away quickly.

The dinner at Zi-ka-wei was in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of the Bishop into the Society. The meal was very good and the program was much the same as it would be in the States on such an occasion. But the numerous speeches in French were unending for me whose French is limited to *Merci beaucoup* and *c'est la Guerre*. To top that off, I was sitting next to a *primi* novice who was bashful, and understood no English and very little of my brand of Latin.

The derivation of that name may be of interest. Zi-ka-wei is the mission compound at the southwestern corner of Shanghai. The property originally belonged to a man by the name of Zi who was the first convert of the first Jesuit in China, Father Ricci, back around 1600. The tomb of Mr. Zi is on the property.

Ka means street and then is stretched to mean village, while Wei means winding. So the name means *Mr. Zi's winding village*.

We left there about 3:00 and went down to the Navy pier to get a launch out to the cruiser Los Angeles. The Protestant chaplain, Mr. Jones, treated us very well and showed us around the ship. She is less than a year old. We had to leave by 5:00 to catch our launch which meant that we couldn't stay to meet a Maryknoller of twenty years experience in China who was coming aboard to say the Sunday Mass. We were sorry to miss him.

On Thursday the second real passenger liner to come to Shanghai since V-J Day arrived. The *General Gordon* had 1200 people aboard. She was a beautiful ship but when we learned that ten Redemptorists bound for India were crowded into a small cabin with one porthole, plus a sixteen year old boy and an old man, our appreciation of our Navy gunners' quarters on the *Williamette Victory* went up 100 per cent.

At 10:20 a.m. on Friday, July 26, we saw the best sight of the fourteen days at Shanghai; our ship started to move away from the wharf. We were off for Manila at last. At present we are about two miles west of the Bataan Peninsula and in less than an hour will be turning into Manila Bay. The three-day run down here has been uneventful except for a delay in the channel between Formosa and China from 2:00-5:30 a.m. on Sunday. It was foggy so we anchored until it cleared. The rocks were only 15 feet below the keel so the captain didn't want to take any chance. When Luzon broke out of the fog at 6:30 this morning, it was as welcome a sight as Esopus Island after a long row against wind, current and tide on the Hudson. It has been a long voyage—home.

FRENCH JESUITS IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, S. J.

(Concluded from last issue)

Father de Bonnécamps' Second Visit to Pennsylvania

The occasion of Father de Bonnécamps' second trip to Pennsylvania was his capacity as scientific observer and chaplain to an expedition headed by Péan charged with delivery of supplies to the Allegheny frontier forts and to the western posts of Detroit and Michillmackinak. One of his assignments was to assist de Léry in making a detailed study of the southern shoreline of Lake Erie, marked *inconnu* on de Bonnécamps' map of 1749.

On April 22 de Léry left Quebec commanding a detachment of 120 militiamen in eight boats. "M. Forget du Verger, priest of the Seminary of Foreign Missions," he writes, "embarked with me. He was on his way to the Illinois missions where he was going this year. He acted as chaplain along the way as far as Montreal." De Léry left Montreal on May 2. At Lachine he took charge of a brigade of twenty-four soldiers, a sergeant, sixty militiamen, twelve bark canoes of eight men each, and three hundred and sixty pieces of freight divided among the canoes, provisions, for the nearly starved garrisons of Western Pennsylvania. At about the same time similar brigades embarked under the leadership of Montigny and Péan. We do not know with which brigades de Bonnécamps and du Verger were associated, but they must have been in one of the parties, for de Léry lists them along with the officers at Chautauqua Lake as of June 30.

On May 20 as the French neared Ft. Oswego they held their guns in readiness. They passed in front of the enemy fortress with flags flying and drums beating, upon which the English ran up their own colors. Three days later as they neared the end of Lake Ontario their

gun salute was returned by French-held Fort Niagara in a display of fireworks. On June 9 they arrived at Chautauqua, where de Léry was occupied chiefly with supplies and carrying out many of the duties of Péan, who was ill most of the time.

When it came time to send his men to Presqu' Isle on July 14, de Léry states that "M. Forget du Verger, priest, remained to serve as chaplain to twenty invalids, whom I was to send off the next day." The following day the sick men were taken to Presqu' Isle, and Father du Verger followed in a canoe.

Very early in the morning of July 30 a party of 285 men under Péan, St. Martin, de Léry, and St. Ours set out for Detroit in canoes equipped with sails. We know very little about the activities of the priests except that Father de Bonnécamps took a bearing of 41 deg. 24 min. 54 sec. at Sandusky, which had once been a French Trading Post. De Léry's notebook contains a sketch of the bay and shore-line here, showing both his own and the priest's routes. Rigauville and Father de Bonnécamps separated from the group at Sandusky and did not arrive at Detroit until August 7, one day following the expedition. Here on August 13, at a conference with several Indian Tribes, no fewer than six priests were present: Fathers Bocquet and Bonaventure, Recollects; Father du Verger and three Jesuits, including Father du Jaunay of Michillimackinac and either Father Potier or Father Salleneuve, of the Detroit-Sandusky mission. Fathers du Jaunay and Bonaventure were about to leave for Montreal, which suggests the possibility of several of the western priests having stopped at Presqu' Isle in Western Pennsylvania on their way to and from their missions between 1754 and 1759.

On August 16 Péan with about five hundred troops doubtless including Father de Bonnécamps as chaplain, began the return to Montreal by way of Michillmackinac and the Ottawa River. Thus Father de Bonnécamps in the two trips spent nearly a year on the inland waterways of the New World.

De Léry remained at Detroit over the winter putting the fort in order. From his diary, it is evident that one of the Jesuit Fathers, either Potier or Salleneuve, was in winter quarters on the Sandusky River in northeastern Ohio and through his contacts with his Indian charges kept the Detroit commander, de Muy, advised on the progress of Indian operations against the English.²³

Word having come of an impending attack on Fort Duquesne, accompanied by a request from Contrecoeur that he might come and put the fort in a state of defense, de Léry left Detroit March 15 by land, accompanied by two Iroquois, one of whom was an Indian named Thomas from the Lake of the Two Mountains. Ice in Lake Erie persuaded them to take the Couchaké (Conshohocken) trail across Ohio. On Easter Sunday de Léry reached Couchaké, where he saw the graves of the 120 Hurons who died there in one summer while taking refuge during their revolt against the French. Only two cabins were left, one of which belonged to the Caughnawaga Indians. On April 5 "at 10:15 we came upon the Belle Rivière which I had not seen for sixteen years, when I surveyed it while going to the Chickasaw in 1739."

At Duquesne de Léry had barely time to put the fort in readiness before the approach of a large English force under Braddock and Washington July 5, 1755. The hero of the encounter with the English at Turtle Creek, only seven miles from the fort, was Daniel Liénard de Beujeu, a descendant of the Crusaders who marched at the head of 72 regular soldiers, 146 Canadians, and about 600 Indians of many tribes, including the famous Pontiac. Among the Indians were about two hundred Abnaki from St. Francis, and some from Caughnawaga and Lorette. A chief of the Lorette Hurons, Athanase, lived for many years afterwards to recount tales of the battle for the edification of visi-

²³See S. Stevens and D. Kent, eds., *Journal of Chaussegros de Léry, March 7, 1754 to April 7, 1755* (Harrisburg, 1940, mimeograph), 79, 83.

tors. Beujeu was killed at the third volley, but Dumas rallied the French forces for a famous victory.

Western Pennsylvania's chief memory of the French and Indian War is of the numerous parties of French and Indians who continually harrassed the frontier settlements, burning buildings, scalping victims, carrying off prisoners. It is but a repetition of the pattern adopted by both French and English from the beginning of their rivalry in the New World. There is evidence that the French commanders wished to accomplish their purpose with as little bloodshed as possible, but as Downes points out, once launched on their course, they could not have prevented the depredations by the Delawares and Shawnee.²⁴ As a matter of fact, the French Position in Western Pennsylvania was very weak. Their only hope of military success lay in keeping the English on the defensive and far from their decaying forts. After the burning of the Delaware village and French storehouse at Kittaning in 1756, the Delawares of that town retired to Forts Machault and Kuskuskis for protection and redoubled their efforts against the frontiers. They were joined at Venango by the Mingoies (Iroquois) of the region below the forks. Dumas and his successor de Ligneris wisely took measures to establish the Delawares and Shawnee of Kuskuskis, Sawcunk, and Logstown on a more dependable bases. They built thirty log houses with stone chimneys for them at Logstown, thirty-eight at Sawcunk, a mile below the mouth of Beaver Creek, and made plans for more at the Kuskuskis villages.

Around April of 1757 the Catawba and Cherokee, southern allies of the English, struck thrice, once

²⁴R. Downes, *Council Fires on the Upper Ohio* (Pittsburgh, 1940), 81. Instructions found on captured French officers show that they were taking precautions against the barbarity of their savage allies. As an instance, instructions of Dumas, commander at Ft. Duquesne, found on Douville said in part: "Le Sieur (Douville) will employ all his influence to prevent the Indians from using cruelty on those who fall into their hands. Honor and humanity ought to serve as a guide in this." Translated from the original as given in *Pennsylvania Archives* (8 vols., Philadelphia, 1853), 2: 600.

at Logstown and twice at Fort Duquesne. In this manner was the stage set for the entrance of Western Pennsylvania's first missionary, the Jesuit Father, Claude Virot.

Father Virot's Mission to the Delawares

A number of circumstances combined to bring Father Virot to Fort Duquesne. Some of these are indicated in Montcalm's *Journal* under the date of May 5, 1757, where he says:

News has been received from Ft. Duquesne under date of March 8. M. de Ligneris continually sends forth small parties to war. M. de Normandville has returned with four English prisoners, who say that the garrison of Ft. Cumberland is much stronger than last year, and that they are awaiting Catawba, whom M. de Ligneris maintains derive their name from a village of Cherokee who have been domiciled in English territory. The same report announces an embassy of eight or ten Delaware chiefs and as many Shawnee who come to pay their compliments and listen to their father Onontio at Montreal. M. de Ligneris requests a missionary for the Delawares, along with some domiciled Abnaki to lead them. It is well to observe at this juncture that the Loups regard the Abnaki as their brothers; their language is similar; they fear rather than love the Iroquois, whom they call their uncles.²⁵

It is probable that the request for a missionary was presented through the embassy of chiefs mentioned here by Montcalm. There was no difficulty in finding a missionary willing to undertake such a task. The Jesuits of St. Francis, above Montreal, were almost too willing to transport their whole mission to the Ohio, if we may believe an entry in Montcalm's *Journal* under date of January 5, 1757:

The Marquis de Vaudreuil has had well-founded

²⁵H.-R. Sasgrain, ed., *Journal du Marquis de Montcalm durant ses campagnes en Canada de 1756 à 1759* (Quebec, 1895), 192. The Catawba allies referred to here caused the English almost as much trouble as if they had been enemies. The Loups referred to are the Delawares, and particularly the Wolf tribe, also called Munsee.

reports concerning the Abnaki of St. Francis and Bécancour, that the Jesuit missionaries, made fanatical and unbalanced by religious principles, wished to make them leave their villiages and transport them to the banks of the Ohio, under pretext of withdrawing them from commerce with the whites and intoxicants; and the Jesuits determined to refuse the sacraments to those who were opposed to this transmigration. The general had disapproved this conduct of the Jesuits as very much contrary to the interests of the colony.²⁶

Rochemonteix supplies the background for this policy of the Jesuits:

. . . Father Virot . . . was a missionary at Sault St. Louis before going to St. Francis. There he found the Abnaki, until then so attached to their faith, for some time quite fallen away from their first fervor: contact with the French and strong drink had diverted the young people from their duties. The elders lamented over their misconduct, but they had no control over them. Then it was that some Abnaki, desirous of ending their days in peace and the practice of their religious duties, resolved to quit St. Francis . . . a dozen Abnaki, commended and encouraged by Father Virot, sought refuge among the Delawares, near the Ohio. Father Virot followed them there . . .²⁷

Elsewhere the same writer tells us: ". . . With a zeal not always assisted by physical strength, he demanded and obtained from the Superior general, Father de Saint-Pé, authorization to go and found a new mission among the tribe of the Delawares, on the banks of the Ohio . . ." ²⁸

Father Claude François Louis Virot (first name sometimes given as Joseph) was born at Bescançon February 15, 1721, and entered the Jesuits October 10, 1738. After two years of philosophy in the Jesuit College at Besançon, he taught three years at Saint-Flour; the remainder of the teaching period preceding theology he spent teaching humanities at Billom (1743-1744),

²⁶*Ibid.*, 146.

²⁷*Les Jésuites*, 2: 143f.

²⁸*Ibid.*, 185.

rhetoric at Rodez (1744-1745), and humanities at Auch (1745-1746). Then he was forced to retire for a year to Toulouse in order to mend his shattered health. In 1747 he went to Dôle, where he studied theology for four years. He left for Quebec in 1752 and was assigned to the Sault St. Louis mission, where he probably worked under the direction of Fathers de Gonnor, Gordan, and finally, in 1756 Father Neuville. He was "among the Abnaki" in 1756, therefore doubtless at St. Francis. While there he drew up an Abnaki course of instruction. It is preserved in the archives of the St. Francis mission at Pierreville, Canada.²⁹

The next bit of information concerning Father Virot's project is that given by a fellow-worker, Father Roubaud, in his long letter of October 21, 1757, detailing the massacre of Fort William Henry. He begins thus:

I set out on the twelfth of July from St. Francis, the principal village of the Abnaki mission, to go to Montreal; the purpose of my journey was simply to bring to Monsieur the Marquis de Vaudreuil a deputation of twenty Abnaki appointed to accompany Father Virot, who has gone to try to found a new mission among the Delawares of Ohio, or the beautiful river. The share that I was allowed to have in that glorious enterprise, the events which caused it, and the difficulties that it was necessary to overcome, may furnish hereafter interesting material for another letter. But I must wait until manifest blessings shall have

²⁹*Ibid.*, 47, note; 50, note; 185, note 2: 186.

Marault says that when the St. Francis church was destroyed by Rogers in 1759, all of its valuable manuscripts were burned. "Of all the precious objects, they were able to preserve only an Abnaki vocabulary and a strongly bound notebook containing a large number of hymns, motets, psalms, and songs, for they were in the hands of Father Virot when the fire occurred. This vocabulary contains a large number of scholarly notes which have been most useful to us for the history of the Abnaki." Father Marault adds that "the successor of Father Aubery was Father F. Virot, who was missionary at St. Francis until the capitulation of Montreal." As we shall see, Father Virot was already dead at the time of Rogers' expedition. Just how the manuscript found its way back to St. Francis, the writer has not been able to discover. Marault, *Histoire des Abénakis*, (Quebec, 1886), 501.

crowned the efforts which we made to carry knowledge of the faith to tribes that appear inclined to receive it.³⁰

It is not unlikely that the earlier group of twelve mentioned by Rochemonteix, if they were distinct from the band of twenty, went to the Ohio with the returning embassy of Delaware and Shawnee chiefs. Roubaud's statement about his part "in the glorious enterprise" has been construed by some writers as indicating that he joined Father Virot on the Ohio.³¹

But the short time which elapsed between the massacre of August 9 and the letter of October 21 does not seem to allow for his having taken such a long journey.

Father Virot's arrival at Fort Niagara is noted by Pouchot, commandant at the fort, in his *Memoirs*. His account is interesting enough to quote here at length:

In August, M. de Vaudreuil sent to Niagara

³⁰JR, 70: 91.

³¹Thus Charles W. Dahlinger, "*The Moravians and Their Missions Among the Indians of the Ohio Valley*," *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, 3 (1920): 47. He has Roubaud joining Virot on the Ohio in 1757. On the eccentric Roubaud, see *Les Jésuites*, 2: 142-145. After the conquest of Canada, he gave his services to the English, left the Society and Church, and took unto himself a wife. Before his death he repented, retracted his calumnies against the Society, and went to Saint-Sulpice, where he died in the Church in 1785.

Marault's comments on Roubaud are brief and vague. He states that Roubaud was named missionary to St. Francis in 1761 and was replaced in 1762 by de Bery, Recollect. His dates do not correspond with those given by Benjamin Sulte, in his *Histoire de Saint Francois-du-Lac* (Montreal, 1886), where (p. 104) he informs us that Burton, English governor of Three-Rivers, had countermanded the order of a Jesuit superior commanding Roubaud to leave St. Francis, in 1760. Sulte believes Burton did this to placate the savages. Two years later, Roubaud visited a later governor, Haldimand, asking permission to go with the Indians in search of a mine. A few months later he returned spent with fatigue, clothes in tatters, empty-handed. Haldimand wished him to stay at Three-Rivers, but the following month he returned to St. Francis, which he finally left, according to Sulte, in 1763. *New York Colonial Documents*, 4: 303, 336, carries correspondence between Father Roubaud ("Jean Basile Roubaud") and Sir William Johnson, in which Johnson speaks of establishing friendship between the Abnaki and Iroquois and in which Father Roubaud praises the English conquerors in the most extravagant terms, thanking them for protection against his enemies, including his "brethren, the Jesuits." He writes self-importantly of the revision he was making of Montcalm's civil code for Canada.

some Abnaki, to make acquaintance with the Loups of Theaogen, who were almost the same nations. They took with them a Jesuit, their missionary. In their council, the Abnaki gave to the Loups a fine belt to engage them to hear and receive this father among them. The Loups replied that they were pleased that the master of life had procured for them this occasion to see each other, and to be bound together; that they heard with pleasure their words, and that they would desire of the English some advantage which he proposed them. Lastly, they added, that they would carry this belt to their nation, and would invite everybody to hear the missionary, and in the spring they would return bringing a reply to the commandant. The Jesuit made them a speech on the excellence of religion. One of them told him, that having been baptized, he was not ignorant, that to enjoy a happy life a person should know that there once came into the world a little child, who having sinned in his life at the age of thirty years was killed, and that they pierced his hands and feet. It was him who had charge of the life of the other world, and that nothing could be had without him. In regard to the Trinity he designated the first person as a great chief, whom he compared to a king, the second, to a captain, and the third to the Church, or prayer. These three persons had made men as we find them upon earth, as red, black and white, and that they had destined one for praying, another for hunting, and another for war, but beyond that had left it to their will, without meddling with the affairs of the world. We have related this incident to show how much most of the Indians can conceive of the grandeur and sublimity of our religion. This man appears to have been taught by some English missionary.³²

There are several almost unaccountable angles to this report. First, Pouchot makes no mention of the Ohio as Father Virot's destination, unless Theaogen (Tioga), "a confluence," refers to the forks of the river at Fort Duquesne. This is hardly likely, since he elsewhere speaks of Theaogen as a village of six hundred

³²Pouchot, *Memoir upon the Late War in North America between the French and English, 1755-60*, translated and edited by Franklin B. Hough (2 vols, Roxbury, Mass., 1866), 92f

Delaware warriors on the upper reaches of the Susquehanna. Furthermore, from Hough's translation, it appears that the Jesuit father is asking the Loups to gain some favor from the English, and Tioga was close to the English settlements, while the Ohio Loups were wholly under the protection of the French in 1757. There is no evidence that Father Virot ever visited this village. At a latter date a delegation of those Loups were detained by the Iroquois when they attempted to visit Ft. Niagara. A mission in their village would have been most hazardous at best.

The next question is, where did Father Virot set up his mission cross and what success did he have? The answer is given in a very succinct passage from the diary of the Moravian missionary, David Zeisberger, for April 23, 1770:

In the forenoon came to Sakunk (i. e. the place of an outlet) at the mouth of the Big Beaver. No one at present lives at this old Indian station. Here during the occupation of Fort Duquesne by the French there resided a French priest, who labored to convert the Delawares to Romanism, but he was driven away by Pakanke, chief of the Wolf tribe of that nation. Rode three miles up the creek to the Falls and encamped.³³

The best description we have of Sawcunk and its environment is that given by Thomas Hutchins in 1764, only six years after Father Virot's supposed residence there:

The road proceeds beyond Logstown at a small distance from the river and in some parts in sight of it, through a fine country, interspersed with hills and rich valleys, watered by many rivulets and covered with stately timber, to Big Beaver Creek, twenty-five miles and a half and fifty-six perches from Fort Pitt, and eight miles from Logstown.

This creek is twenty perches wide, the ford stony and pretty deep. It runs through a rich vale, with a tolerable strong current, its banks high, the

³³Quoted by J. Bausman, *History of Beaver County, Pennsylvania* (2 vols., New York, 1904), 1: 418, note 3.

upland adjoining it very good, the timber tall and young.

About a mile below its confluence with the Ohio stood formerly a large town, on a high steep bank, built by the French, of square logs, with stone chimneys, for some of the Shawnee, Delaware, and Mingo tribes, who abandoned it in the year 1758, when the French deserted Fort Duquesne. Fort McIntosh is situated on this spot.³⁴

At the time of Father Viot's arrival, there were about one hundred warriors—mostly Delawares—at Sawcunk under the leadership of the brother chiefs, King Beaver and Shingas. Many of the English and Indian prisoners taken in war were lodged here temporarily before removal to Kuskuskis or to the Muskingum. Croghan's trading post stood there, probably available for the use of Father Viot as a residence and a chapel until he could get established.

Sawcunk was strategically located to take care of all the Delawares in the region. One hundred warriors with their families occupied Logstown. Ascending the Beaver River to the forks, Father Viot would have found the four villages of the Kuskuskis, most important of which was that of Chief Pakanke on the Mahoning branch of the Beaver, on the south side across the river from modern day Edinburg. Still further north was a Wyandot village of 30 warriors at Shenango (marked Shaningo's Town on Lewis Evan's map of 1755).

Father Viot's task was gigantic and important. From the point of view of the French, it was to make dependable allies of the Indians by Christianizing them and settling them in compounds after the manner of the domiciled tribes on the St. Lawrence, thus assuring control of the gateway to the West and ultimate victory for the French forces. From Father Viot's point of view it was to find a haven for his Abnaki far from white civilization and to give the gospel to the Dela-

³⁴C. Hanna, *The Wilderness Trail* (2 vols., New York, 1911); 2: 202.

wares.. He could hardly have picked a worse time or place for his purpose. But the importance that Governor-General Vaudreuil attached to his work is clearly revealed in the following letter to the Minister of the Marine, February 13, 1758:

I had the honor, My Lord, to report the departure of the Jesuit to establish a mission among the tribes of the Belle Rivière. He has reached there, but at the beginning he did not have the success that his zeal made him desire. He has, nevertheless, baptized a few children and begun to instill the sentiments of Christianity in several savages. This is a work that requires time and patience. I am also exorting this missionary not to be discouraged and to have as much perseverance as is necessary for an object of such importance.³⁵

We may safely conjecture that Father Virot exerted his influence in such a way as to curb the barbarities of the Delawares and to insure kind treatment of captives. When the English trader Croghan came to the region in the fall of 1758 he learned that no one had been burned at the stake for more than two years. Moreover, the Moravian missionary Heckwelder states that Shingas (of Father Virot's village) was never known to treat prisoners cruelly.

We do not know just when Father Virot was forced to evacuate by the ill-tempered, mercurial Pakanke. The remote cause of his action is, however, quite evident. The French position at Fort Duquesne grew steadily weaker while the English colonies were growing in unity and strength. A large expedition under General Forbes was organized to cross Pennsylvania and attack the French at the forks of the Ohio. The Delawares, many of whom were half-hearted in support of the French from the first, began to treat with English agents, including Post, at Wyoming in June of 1758. Therefore getting rid of Father Virot would

³⁵S. Steven and D. Kent, eds., *Wilderness Chronicles of Northwestern Pennsylvania* (Harrisburg, 1941), 110.

be a first step toward withdrawing from their alliance with the French.

In August, Post went to Kuskuskis with an escort to win over the Delawares. "Kushkushkee," he writes under date of the 17th," is divided into four towns, each at a distance from the others; and the whole consists of about ninety houses, and two hundred able warriors." The French came to speak with him. "There were then fifteen of them building houses for the *Indians*. The captain is gone with fifteen to another town."

Evidence that the Indians of Sawcunk were still fundamentally sympathetic with the French is had from their hostile reception of Post when he went there three days later:

. . . We arrived at *Sankonk* in the afternoon. The people of the town were much disturbed at my coming, and received me in a very rough manner. They surrounded me with drawn knives in their hands, in such a manner, that I could hardly get along, running up against me, with their breasts open, as if they wanted some pretense to kill me . . . Their faces were quite distorted with rage, and they went so far as to say, I should not live long; but some *Indians*, with whom I was formerly acquainted, coming up and saluting me in a friendly manner, their behavior to me was quickly changed.³⁶

Protected by the Indians, Post went to the very walls of Fort Duquesne for a council, "Just as I set off from Fort Duquesne the *French* fired all their great guns, it being Sunday (I counted nineteen) and concluded they did the same every Sabbath."

He then returned to Sawcunk and Kuskuskis, being well-received in both places. At Sawcunk one of the chiefs, the conjurer Killbuck, hostile to him on his first stop there, now became very friendly. Post does not mention Father Viro, leaving us to conclude he must have retired to Fort Duquesne before this time.

³⁶*Early Western Travels*, Post's Journal, 1: 200.

He was at Fort Duquesne when Grant was repulsed at Ligonier, the last bold gesture by the French. Greatly outnumbered by Forbes' advancing army, their alliance with the Indians weakened by the diplomacy of Post and Croghan, the French burned their fort on November 24 and set off in three detachments, one going down the river to the Lower Shawnee town, another up the Allegheny, and the third over land to Presqu' Isle. With the last-named group Father Virot must have marched, according to a legend handed down and finally recorded by Father Lambing:

... It is related that as the French retired from Ft. Duquesne when the English obtained possession of it, in November, 1758, their chaplain passed up the Beaver Valley on his way to the French posts in the northwestern part of the state. While doing so, he stopped at Mount Jackson in the present Lawrence County, about forty miles northwest of Pittsburgh and four from the state line, to visit an Irish Catholic family of the name of O'Brien. Having remained a short time and baptized three members of the family, he passed further northeast into the present Butler County, where he visited a French family of the name of Crafiere.³⁷

The mention of the O'Briens reminds one of the warning Post issued to the Delawares at Kuskuskis:

Then I said, "My brothers, I know you have been wrongly persuaded by many wicked people; for you must know, that there are a great many Papists in the country, in *French* interest, who appear like gentlemen, and have sent many runaway Irish papist servants among you, who have put bad notions into your heads, and strengthened you against your brothers, the *English*."³⁸

At the time of the French retreat north, Presqu' Isle was the most important of the northern forts. Information about this post is supplied by the deposition

³⁷A.A. Lambing, *The Catholic Church in the Dioceses of Pittsburgh and Allegheny* (New York, 1880), 454.

³⁸*Journal* entry for September 1; *Early Western Travels*, 1: 216. He issued a similar warning on September 4.

of William Johnston, a prisoner for 14 months at Kuskuskis, who escaped in 1756.

Presqu' Isle Fort, situated on Lake Erie, about thirty miles above Buffalo Fort, is built of squared logs filled in with earth. The barracks within the fort are garrisoned with about 150 men, supported chiefly from a French settlement begun near to it. The Settlement consists, as the prisoner was informed, of about 150 families. The Indian families about the settlement are pretty numerous; they have a priest and a schoolmaster. They have some grist mills and stills in this settlement.³⁹

Presence of priests at both Presqu' Isle and Le Bouef is indicated by the following excerpts from the report of Colonel Hugh Mercer, of Fort Pitt, on intelligence received from the Indian spy, Thomas Bull, in March, 1759. ". . . At Presqu' Isle the garrison consisted of two officers, two merchants, a clerk, a priest, and 103 soldiers . . ." At Le Bouef "are two officers, a storekeeper, a clerk, a priest, and 150 soldiers . . ."⁴⁰ There were only four adult Indians at Presqu' Isle, some Ottawas at Le Bouef, and a few Delawares at Venango. He does not mention the Abnaki, who by that time probably had dwindled in numbers. Indeed, Montcalm, under entry of June 17, 1758, reports: "Some Abnaki of the Beautiful River, who had been with Father Viot to preach the Gospel to the Loups, returned. They were bored and come to wage war here."⁴¹ However, a band of Abnaki had returned to Venango by July, 1759 when de Ligneris assembled a force of a thousand French with the equal number of Indians for a surprise attack on Fort Duquesne now renamed Fort Pitt by the English. Father Viot was undoubtedly a witness of the colorful war council held by de Ligneris the night before the planned descent of the Allegheny, with aborigines of a dozen tribes from the Hurons of Lorette to the Twigtwee of the West. At the very moment

³⁹*Pennsylvania Archives*, 3: 13.

⁴⁰*Colonial Records*, 8: 311-313.

⁴¹*Journal du Marquis de Montcalm*, 369.

when de Ligneris was intent on arousing the ardor of the Delawares for the rejuvenated French cause, a messenger broke up the council with the news that Niagara was under attack by a large English force and needed help.

De Ligneris rallied his forces and raced north to the rescue. But the French advance was careless. Johnston's English troops lay in wait on the portage road down Lewistown Heights, below the Falls, and virtually annihilated the rescue party. The Iroquois allies of the English, furious in their desire for revenge, fell mercilessly upon their captives. Father Virot, chaplain of the French, was "cut to pieces," somewhere north of present Youngstown village, within a few miles of the cataract.⁴² The only definite source we have on Father Virot's death is a very brief statement by Father Watrin in his letter on the banishment of the Jesuits from New France.⁴³ This information is confirmed, however, in the following intelligence of August 12, 1759, enclosed in a August 13 letter of Colonel Hugh Mercer written at Fort Pitt to Governor Denny:

...By two Indians who arrived here this morning from Niagara, I have the following intelligence: that on the fifth the French made a great sally from the fort, that all the Indians they had with them at the fort deserted them, that the English drove the French back into the fort, and took possession of it; that during the siege de Ligneris, who formerly commanded on this river, was shot through the thigh and taken prisoner; the officer who commanded the fort at Niagara taken; the officer who commanded the troops from Detroit killed; *the priest killed*, and all the officers killed

⁴²This location is presumed by F. Severance, Buffalo historian, who recommends the erection of a monument in his honor. *An Old Frontier of France*, (2 vols., New York, 1917), 2: 321.

⁴³JR, 70: 251.

or taken except four, who ran away during the action on the fifth . . .⁴⁴

De Bellestre was ordered to take the shattered remnants of the French force back to Pennsylvania, where they burned the forts and retired to the westward.⁴⁵

It is to be wondered if any effects of Father Virot's mission were to be manifested subsequently among the Delawares. These Indians were converted by the Moravian sect, so it is in their literature that we might logically find indications of Father Virot's labors. That they were known to the Moravians is indicated by the citation from Zeisberger's diary already given. The same writer notes that as he ascended the Beaver River he passed (near Wampum) five or six huts of women who had taken a vow never to marry. This being a period of peculiar religious manifestations among the Delawares of that region, it is possible that these women may have heard of Father Virot speak of communities of nuns and decided to try the experiment on their own initiative.

Glikkikan, Pakanke's chief adviser, was converted during a visit to the Moravian mission of Zeisberger at Lawunakhannek, on the upper Allegheny, in 1769. De Schweinitz, in a rather exaggerated picture of this warrior says of him: "Even the white man was no

⁴⁴*Colonial Records*, 8: 395. The priest mentioned here must have been Father Virot, for the Niagara chaplain was captured, not killed, as is evident from Pouchot's peace terms and a statement of the Protestant chaplain John Ogilvie. According to a list of American martyrs given in *Woodstock Letters*, 13 (1884), 384, Father Virot was the last Jesuit to be killed in the United States. (The list omits Father Menard who died at the hands of the Indians.)

⁴⁵It was probably during these feverish activities that the silver chalice or ciborium used at Ft. Le Bouef was abandoned. A letter of Bishop Young, of Erie, August 6, 1855 states: "About the year 1804 a small silver chalice or ciborium was exhumed at Waterford, near the remains of the fort (French Fort Le Bouef.) This a certain pious Catholic, a Mrs. Van Kirk, is said to have possessed herself of to preserve it from desecration, and took it with her when she subsequently migrated to some locality further down the river. *U.S. Catholic Historical Magazine*, 4 (1888): 220. Shea surmises that this chalice was used by Father Collet, but Father Virot may have been the last to employ it in saying Mass.

match for him. At Venango he had silenced the Jesuits, who would have converted his nation, at Tuscarawas, Frederick Post had succumbed to his power . . ."⁴⁶ If this be true, then Glikkikan must have disputed against Father Virot, since no other Jesuit was at Venango during the period in question. Loskiel speaks of Glikkikan's having disputed against "Romish priests" in Canada:

The most distinguished character among the the numerous visitors was Glikkikan, an eminent captain and warrior, counsellor and speaker of the Delaware Chief in Kaskaskunk (Kuskuskis). This man came purposely to dispute with and confound Brother Zeisberger, as he had formerly served the Romish priests in Canada; the chiefs having appointed him, as the most able speaker, to refute their doctrines. He was likewise a teacher of his people, but never adhered strictly to one opinion, changing his faith, as he received new impressions. He afterwards confessed, that before he left Kaskaskunk, he had well considered what he intended to reply, by way of confounding the Brethren, and came, as he thought, completely armed at all points.⁴⁷

However, an Indian convert, Anthony, spoke first and convinced Glikkikan of the truth of Christianity. Glikkikan afterwards maintained that he had forseen his whole conversion in a dream many years before. The Brethren then responded to an invitation to settle on the Beaver River and the following year established the town of Friedenstadt on the site of Moravia Station.

Pakanke proved to be as erratic in his behavior toward the Moravians as he was toward Father Virot. It was necessary for George Croghan to use his persuasion in their behalf before he would permit them to remain peaceably in the location to which he had invited them. Zeisberger had considerable success as a

⁴⁶E. De Schweinitz, *The Life and Times of David Zeisberger* (Philadelphia, 1870), 355.

⁴⁷G. Loskiel, *History of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Indians in North America* (3 parts, London, 1794), part 1: 46.

missionary among the Delawares, King Beaver among other prominent chiefs accepting Christianity. Glikikan continued faithfully to the end, dying with eighty-five other Moravian Indians in the slaughter at Gnadenuhuten, Ohio, by Colonel Williamson's troops in 1782. They met their deaths with the resignation of the old Christian martyrs, fully justifying the judgment of the Jesuit missionaries that this people was ready to hear the Gospel.

After the French and Indian War

It only remains for us to determine the effect of the English victory and the French suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1762 on the declining years of Father de Bonnécamps. During the war he kept up an active correspondence with the governor-general, recommending new routes to the outposts, pointing out strategic weaknesses. Writings of Father de Bonnécamps that have come down to us, in addition to his *Journal* of 1749, are meteorological observations made at Quebec June 17, 1746, and published in the *Memoires de Trevoux*; a letter to Father Potier, missionary at Detroit, dated from Fort Frontenac June 23, 1752; a letter on the passage from the Western Sea to Asia; and a letter addressed to the astronomer, J. Nicholas de L'Isle, October 30, 1758, describing the battles of Carillon and Louisburg. Father de Bonnécamps pretended to see a supernatural element in the French victory at Carillon on July 8, 1758, during which, greatly outnumbered, the French fought fiercely for seven consecutive hours and emerged with the loss of but 250 men killed and wounded to a loss of about four thousand men by the English.⁴⁸ Speaking of the fall of Louisburg he says:

One mistake that they have made, in my opinion, in the defense of this place, is not to have employed all the forces they had in making the hillside impassible. That was the only means of protecting this place which had no other de-

⁴⁸*Les Jésuites*, 2: 156f.

fense than its walls with a ditch and a protected road, without any out-works which defended the body of the place and which might have made this conquest cost the enemy dear. Add to that that the walls are made with a mortar whose sand is salty; now, it is proven by experience that sea sand fuses poorly with lime and makes a very bad mortar, therefore every spring there were repairs to be made in the walls.⁴⁹

Father de Bonnécamps went over to France for his health in the early autumn of 1757. He left for Canada again on March 25, 1758. His letter to de L'Isle, referred to above indicates that he had frequent visits with the astronomer while in Paris. "Since my arrival in Quebec," he writes, "I have not been able to do any observing; because scarcely had I landed, when I was forced to go up to Montreal on affairs of the mission." He was there during the battle of Carillon. In August he returned to Quebec to resume his teaching of mathematics. The following year he again went to France and was sent to Caen as a professor of mathematics. On August 6, 1762, the Jesuit order was suppressed in France. Father de Bonnécamps was secularized, and on his representation that he had received 800 livres per annum in Canada, he was given a gratuity of 600 livres and sent to live in Touraine, "where all of the officers from Canada are stopping."⁵⁰ Rochemonteix says he retired to Brest, where he was named chaplain of the King at a prison in that village.

To a man of Father de Bonnécamps' travels and experience, the chaplaincy of a little prison must have been very confining. Whatever his motivation, by 1766, at least, we find him on the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, ministering to the refugees without the approbation of his ecclesiastical superiors. In 1767 he seems to have been notified to abandon this labor to other priests. He found a haven near Gourin, in

⁴⁹*Ibid.*, 164f.

⁵⁰*An Old Frontier of France*, 1: 410, note, quoting *Orders of the King and Minutes*, October 9, 1762.

Brittany, at the chateau of François l' Ollivier de Tronjoly, an admiral of the French navy, acting as preceptor of his children. It was on his ship that Father de Bonnécamps had returned to France in 1759. The tragedy of his later years is indicated by this passage from Rochemonteix: ". . . On March 18, 1770, he made at Vannes, conformable to the decree prescribed by the Court, the declaration of being inviolably faithful to the king, of holding the four propositions of the Assembly of the Clergy of France of 1682 and the liberties of the Gallican church, etc."⁵¹ According to Schoell, not more than five of the four thousand French Jesuits made this declaration.

Father de Bonnécamps died at the Trongoly chateau on May 28, 1790, having lived long enough to see the development of a new nation out of the New World wilderness he had explored and mapped.

⁵¹*Les Jésuites*, 2: 156f, note 2.

OBITUARY

FATHER MICHAEL KENNY

1863 - 1946

In the death of Father Michael Kenny on November 22, 1946 at New Orleans, the end came to a long and distinguished career. As lecturer, Associate Editor of *America*, regent of Loyola Law School, professor of philosophy and historical writer his influence had been great. But all who came under that influence will appreciate and agree with the thought expressed by his friend in the Episcopacy who remarked on hearing the news of his death—"A great Catholic is dead!"

Father Kenny was born in Glankeen, "the pleasant valley," in the county of Tipperary on June 28, 1863. The story of that "pleasant valley" he was to tell in his last days, and in the telling reveal how powerfully its religious and historical associations had influenced his growing years. It was not so long ago that plague and famine had stalked the land, and Glankeen had lost half its people. His father, he recalls, had shown him, then a lad of twelve, a dozen successive places in adjoining fields where cattle were then grazing. "There was a house and family there once," he told the boy, "but they were all thrown out, and a dozen like them along this road. They died of the plague mostly. God rest them all!" "God rest them all!" the boy repeated. But he recalled that he had less prayerful thoughts of the men and the government responsible for such treatment. It was in 1869 that the Gladstone Act dis-endowed the Established Church and freed Irish Catholics from Protestant tithes. It gave practical effect to Catholic Emancipation. He was too young to realize all this, but he became aware of its practical implications when he saw the church long unoccupied and unsold turned into a three-walled handball court by his older companions. His mother had to assure him

that their "furtive pleasures" did not involve apostacy.

The "Chapel" as the Catholic Church was called, had, as Father Kenny remembered, "much to recommend it." But it was still in his young days a benchless edifice with earthen floor. All it had "to recommend it" was a gallery for the feeble and the old. The new curate of Glankeen, Father Rafferty, was to train his choir of boys and girls to sing for the first Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament their church had ever known. It would have pleased young Kenny to "sing his heart out," as he put it, at this first service that betokened the resurrection of old Catholic Glankeen. But while the organist conceded he had a voice, he was ejected for lack of ear.

If Father Rafferty did not discover in him the makings of a singer, his frequent visits to the boys' school convinced him that in Kenny the schoolmaster had no ordinary scholar. Mr. Troy, new to Glankeen of the early seventies, had an educational equipment far beyond the requirements of the National School program. He was in the best tradition of those who had gathered "feloniously to learn" in the prescribed Hedge schools. He had acquired from his outlawed masters a wide knowledge of mathematics and the classics both Greek and Latin. He encouraged his promising pupil to read and to think, and to that end he furnished him books from his own library. He counteracted and supplemented the narrowing National School schedule, carrying over from the Catholic and Hedge Schools their primary educational aim, to teach how to think and how to live, and to infuse love of knowledge for its own sake rather than for material gain. Even before his National School days were over, Michael had acquired a knowledge of the Classics and an acquaintance with history and literature far beyond his years. When it was decided that he should continue his studies with the Jesuits at Limerick his most treasured keepsake was a volume of Cicero's complete Orations signed on the fly-leaf with the names of other Kennys and farmers of the valley. It was the

text for which they had in former years shared the purchase, and from which some poor scholar or Hedge-master had taught them Latin.

At the Crescent College in Limerick, where for two years the newly founded Apostolic School found a home, he entered with characteristic enthusiasm into the broad program of training which had been mapped out for the future missionaries. In 1882 the Apostolic School was moved to Mungret, and Michael and his companions became the pioneers of a great missionary college. Mungret was soon affiliated with the Royal University of Ireland, and its students competed with students throughout the country. The records show that Michael Kenny's name was more than once high on the list of honors in Latin and English and History.

Among the many friendships that Michael formed during his years at Mungret some were destined to be lifelong. Michael Mahony was a fellow-student and so was Terence Shealy. Both Mahony and Kenny had in the closing years of College decided to become Jesuits, but Shealy demurred. The restrictions of the religious life, he felt, would hamper what Kenny termed "his seven-league apostolic stride." The days of their last vacation were passing when a letter came to Glankeen from Shealy inviting Michael and their mutual friend Michael Mahony to meet at the Rock of Cashel. So on the Rock of Cashel, at the door of Cormac's chapel, where Patrick baptized the king and the princes of the royal house of Munster, Terence Shealy announced his decision to be a Jesuit too. And he added in the words of the song "we're off to Philadelphly in the mornin'."

Wherever they landed in America, their ways parted, for Terence Shealy entered Frederick, Maryland, and Michael Kenny entered the novitiate at Florissant on September 8, 1886. He was later transferred to St. Stanislaus, Macon, Georgia where on September 8, 1888, he took the first vows of the Society. He remained at Macon for a year of Juniorate, and commenced his regency at St. Mary's University, Galveston. Here

for three years he taught humanities and mathematics, found time to write two plays, and was sent out to raise funds to recoup the dwindling fortunes of the school. His philosophical studies were made at St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, La. On their completion in 1894 he returned to Ireland to study theology at Milltown Park. On August 1, 1897 he was ordained priest in the Church of St. Francis Xavier by Archbishop Walsh. He remained in Ireland until the fall of 1898 when he repaired to Tronchiennes for the year of Tertianship. On his return to the United States we find him again at Galveston for a year of teaching, then at Spring Hill for two years as professor of Rhetoric. He was sent to found a church for the colored in Macon in 1902. On February 2, 1903 he pronounced his last vows after which he was appointed to teach rhetoric and philosophy at Augusta, Georgia, spending there five years from 1903 to 1908.

In 1908 Father Kenny, now forty-five years of age, was sent to New York as Associate Editor of *America*. During the seven years he spent at this post his forceful articles on many topics attracted nationwide attention. He took up the challenge of the *New Age* and *The American Freemason*, both of whose editors were crusading for a rebirth of interest in the educational system. What was needed in the United States, they believed, was "a national law insisting that no group of people of any nationality, class nor church shall maintain a primary or secondary school anywhere in the land."

Father Kenny was by way of being a crusader himself. If audacity was the masonic watchword, we should adopt at least the courage of its content. He believed in putting the enemy on the defensive. He pleaded for educational committees in every diocese to watch over State legislation. He would have Catholics aroused to a bold coordinated insistence on their constitutional rights. And characteristically he reiterated "let everything be done in the open." This set purpose of official Masonry to make religionless

schools universally compulsory by State and federal action, as set out in his many articles, was again put before the National Convention of the American Catholic Educational Association in San Francisco in July 1918. Masonic agitation culminated in the formation of the Oregon School Law compelling attendance of all children between the ages of 8 and 16 in the public schools. The final decision of the United States Supreme Court that the Oregon Act would interfere with the liberty of parents and guardians in the education of children under their control, and as such violated the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, did not put an end to Masonic hopes. A few months after the decision, the "Scottish Rite *Bulletin* guaranteed the support of the entire Masonic Rite membership for the Curtis-Reed Federal Education Bill, "confident," said Father Kenny, "that the well-set sheep's clothing of the measure will look convincing to many, who in an Oregon School Bill would detect the wolf." His articles later published in pamphlet form under the title *American Masonry and Catholic Education* did much to achieve the coordinated Catholic opposition for which he had pleaded.

The plight of Mexican Catholics through years of persecution under successive rulers had won the ready sympathy of the American Catholic body. For Father Kenny sympathy was not enough. He sought to overcome the widespread fear of bringing religion into politics. He pleaded for a recognition of civic action as a religious duty, and in a succession of articles in *America* and other magazines urged the Catholic laity to "demand their civic right imperatively and exercise their civic duties boldly," and to demand of the Administration in Washington "not that it shall intervene against the oppressors but that it shall cease intervening in their favor." The ultimate endorsement of this policy by the Knights of Columbus at their national convention and the widespread circulation that they and other organizations gave to the Pastoral of the American Episcopate on the Mexican

Situation convinced him that "the Catholic laity have at last been put in the way of realizing their national responsibilities."

His campaign for the Catholics of Mexico had hardly well begun when he was called from New York to Loyola University, New Orleans, where he was to teach philosophy, ethics and religion. A little later he was appointed regent of the Law School, a post which he held until 1924. During his years on *America* he had admired the work of his friend, Father Shealy. Father Shealy had organized in 1905 the Fordham Law School. Under his care it had grown rapidly, as much, we are assured, "by his own brilliant lectures as by the ability of the men he had gathered around him." The work of Father Shealy was now an inspiration to Father Kenny in his new field of endeavor. He would do for Loyola what Father Shealy had done for Fordham. He wrote of Father Shealy long afterward that "he put a soul into law and restored to it something of the nobility and idealism it had possessed before the iconoclasm of the Reformation had degraded it into a money-making trade." Secular schools of law were, implicitly at least, repudiating the authority of God in law and government. They were for the most part following in the path of Bentham and Mills in teaching that government and law were the only and absolute governing authority. They were spurning the very truths that were pronounced self-evident in the Declaration of Independence. He intended to set his face against this tendency. He proposed to present from a lawyer's view-point the bearing of religion and morality on all questions of right and wrong, and on the various social and civic relations. Such a course Father Shealy had mapped out. Such a course Father Kenny would follow too. Before many years had passed he claimed that Father Shealy's "full design has been completed, on his own lines, in the School of Law of Loyola University, and with like beneficent results." The results speak for themselves and they were surely beneficent. And not the least was the influence that

Loyola and Father Kenny gained among the members of the legal profession and through them in every walk of civic life.

Father Kenny was now called on to lecture on social and historical topics and at educational conventions. He also became a leader in the cause of an independent Ireland. He always maintained that his Americanism was natural rather than acquired, that socially and religiously he felt himself at home in America, whereas he had been a foreigner at home. He had a special distaste for the English-made history of the National School and the Royal University of Ireland, not so much because it was English-made as because its heretical flavor was distasteful to his innate Catholic sense. When he was a boy in the National School the story of Ireland and of its saints and teachers had been a closed book. The National School boy was starved educationally of everything genuinely Irish. Prejudice did not enter into it as far as he was concerned. It was simply that the difference in racial character precluded the fitting of Irish minds into an English mold. And he was Irish to the finger tips.

It is little wonder, then, that the struggle of the newly created Irish Republic for self-determination won his enthusiastic support. President Wilson had declared that the root principle for which we entered World War I was the right of self-determination of their government by all nations, small as well as great. His presentation of Ireland's case before a mass meeting in New Orleans on St. Patrick's Day, 1919, was called masterly even by many of those little in sympathy with the resolutions that were its outcome. He had the additional satisfaction of seeing his case endorsed by resolutions from Congress, and from officials and clergy and people of every class which were forwarded to the President at the Peace Congress of Versailles.

In 1924 Father Kenny left Loyola University to become professor of Sociology and Ethics at Spring Hill College, a position he was to occupy until 1932,

interrupted only by a year of post-graduate work at Fordham University, where he received his Ph.D. degree in Ethics in 1927. He had never ceased to take an active interest in the condition of the Catholics of Mexico. The "intervention" he had hoped for was still a long way off. The persecutions continued, religion was banned from the schools, religious worship proscribed. In his pamphlet *The Mexican Crisis* he sought to keep the American public alive to the facts. He paid a personal visit to Mexico and on his return was soon in print again with *No God Next Door*. In this little book he brought the whole sad story to the attention of the American public again. It was, as the Archbishop of San Antonio called it, "an eye-opener." It earned for its author the special approval of the Holy Father himself and a letter of commendation from Very Reverend Father General.

In preparation for the centenary of the foundation of Spring Hill College in 1930 Father Kenny was assigned the task of writing the story of the college. The work that came from his pen was no mere collegiate chronicle, but a story of universal appeal. As appraised by the critics of the press it was a "substantial contribution to Catholic history in the United States," a "story told with charm and skill," told by "a mature scholar and an experienced writer." Published in 1931 under the title *Catholic Culture in Alabama* it was later reprinted under the more expressive title of *The Torch on the Hill*.

A more ambitious undertaking, and for a man past seventy, a trying one, was the story of the Florida missions which appeared under the title *The Romance of the Floridas*. Of wider significance than its title indicated, it was really the epic of the beginnings of North America and the planting of the Cross by heroic missionaries. Its author had the satisfaction of finding it received by even non-Catholic historians as "a distinct contribution to the history of Florida and its adjacent territory" by "one who knows how to write and appreciates the apparatus of history."

Father Kenny had left the college classroom before his work on the Floridas was finished. To him teaching had not been just another job. It was an apostolate. He emphasized what he called the Catholic sense in his teaching. The gradual spread of Christless educational systems, unnatural and unsound, lent to much of his exposition the vigor of the crusader. But while he was direct at times to the point of brusqueness, his pupils found in him a ready and sympathetic listener in their doubts and troubles.

When Father Kenny came to celebrate his Golden Jubilee in the Society, it was not so much as one conscious of work well done, as one eager to press on to new endeavors. His health was still good. In his *Catholic Culture in Alabama* he mentions "a present septuagenarian professor of philosophy who never missed class nor his daily swim for a decade" and "who credits to the lake his immunity from colds during the entire period." His own belief in the daily swim was just as firm. Day after day he could be seen, beads in hand, and wearing his cap at a rakish angle, making his way to the lake for his daily plunge. He was a great believer in the morning setting-up exercises, and to get the circulation going, as he put it, he jogged rather than walked to the Chapel to Mass. And in the between-whiles of busy hours, on his way from chapel to refectory, from refectory to recreation room, the breviary was always in his hands. He never forgot that he was first of all a priest. And he never allowed others to forget. He resented being greeted by the familiar "Mike." He was Father Kenny. And as Father Kenny he never permitted personal interests to come in the way of any call upon his spiritual ministrations. He kept before his mind the duty he emphasized so often to priests in retreat, to bring God to the people and the people to God. It was a difficult decision to accept when he was told that he could no longer say Mass in public or preach. He would have liked to say two Masses every Sunday. But those who came to see the jubilant on business or on a purely social visit,

many of his former students and the friends he had made over the years, found him more interested in their spiritual welfare than in their temporal well-being. Their civic or social importance carried no weight with him. He was outspoken and direct with all. It was for this very directness they often sought him. For they knew in him a man who was sincere. And to all, great and small, he would not hesitate the final admonition: don't forget the beads. He never forgot them himself. He might forget his ticket for the train, his clergy-book or some necessary article of clothing, but he never forgot the beads.

During the years that followed his Jubilee he was still busy on his records of the American Martyrs. He was asked by Bishop Ireton to help establish the site of the martyrdom of Father Segura and his companions, and for this purpose paid a personal visit to the scene of their last labors. He flew in an airplane over the Indian trail they were supposed to have followed to their death and was not a little gratified to have placed, at least to his own satisfaction, the probable site of the log chapel of Saint Mary's

In 1941 while busy compiling the records of some forty American martyrs to be submitted to Rome, and putting the finishing touches to the biography of an Irish-American foundress, he was asked by the Pastor of Glankeen to write a history of his native parish. The native parish idea, he confesses, proved alluring. He would liked to have had his name remembered in Glankeen as those of Davis and Kenyon were in the neighboring parish of Templeberry. Lacking the creative genius of a Kickham, he might at least do a little to keep that fire alive in the homes and hearths of his own Pleasant Valley. As a regional history written at such a distance from the scene, and from the Irish records and authorities it required, and by a man of eighty, it would be a challenge to the younger generation at home. It would show them what treasures could be unearthed, given time and patience. At his age it was a strain on both.

He felt that with the completion of "*Glankeen*" his work was done. He would revise his *Romance of the Floridas* and, as he put it, "catch up on his prayers." But he was not yet through. Someone was needed to write a history of the Jesuit missions in the Southern States. And as the man best qualified for the job he found himself going through the whole weary process of research again. As the work neared its close he celebrated his Diamond Jubilee. He could look back on sixty years of Jesuit life. He knew that the congratulations he received were sincere. They said "well done" from the heart. But in another year he would be fifty years a priest and for a long time now he had hoped that God would let him see that day. But God disposed otherwise.

The story he had undertaken of his fellow Jesuits of the past became, as it progressed, a work of love. It was none the less completed with great toil and trouble. That it was with great toil and trouble was indeed evident to all. For his vigorous frame was beginning to waste away, his daily visit to the lake was now too much effort. No prescribed treatment seemed to halt this sudden decline, nor did any diagnosis reveal its cause. Accordingly he went to New Orleans where an operation on November 21 in the Touro Infirmary revealed a malignant condition far advanced. The operation was too much for his advanced years and lowered vitality. He rallied for a day, during which he answered the prayers as he was being given the Last Sacraments. Shortly after, he lapsed into a coma and passed away on the afternoon of November 22.

The large number of clergy, religious and laity who attended his funeral at Spring Hill on the following Monday was eloquent testimony to the esteem in which he was held by all. The valiant crusader was laid to rest on the Hill whose "Torch" he had done so much to keep aflame. May he rest in peace.

FATHER JOHN HANNON

1884 - 1947

Late English Assistant

Born in the city of Limerick on May 24, 1884, Father Hannon was educated in Limerick. Having spent some years with the Irish Christian Brothers he became a pupil of our Fathers at the Sacred Heart College in the same city. Many years later, when Father Hannon had been appointed by the Holy See as Visitor to the Irish Christian Brothers throughout the world, he was able to recall these early years in the first letter which he addressed to their Congregation, and to assure them of his lasting gratitude for the help they had given him as a young boy.

John Hannon entered the Irish novitiate at Tullabeg on September 7, 1900, where he also spent one year as a junior. He then went to the College of the French Fathers at Gemert in Holland for his three years philosophy. It was here that he first began to show his remarkable aptitude for scholastic studies. From philosophy he passed to the Colleges in Australia, where he spent six full years (1906-12). He taught in Sydney, at St. Aloysius' and at Riverview, and was Prefect of Studies in the latter college for the last year of his stay in Australia. Returning to Europe in 1912, he was sent to Innsbruck for the first year of theology, but came back to his own Province for the last three years of the course. He was ordained at Milltown Park on St. Ignatius' Day, 1915.

During the year 1916-17 Father Hannon made his tertianship under the guidance of Father Ignatius Gartlan, who acted as Instructor to so many Fathers of the English and Irish Provinces from 1911 onwards. He was then chosen for a biennium in preparation for a chair of Dogmatic Theology in Milltown Park. He went to the French house of studies at Ore Place, Hastings, in the autumn of 1917; but his biennium was

interrupted by the threat of conscription, which brought about the sudden withdrawal of all Irish students from the Seminary at Stonyhurst. Father Hannon was one of the three Fathers appointed to open a new Philosophate at Milltown Park in 1918; he had been professed of the four vows at Ore Place on the Feast of the Purification of that year. For the next six years he taught philosophy in Milltown Park; and was given his first opportunity of teaching dogmatic theology when Father Peter Finlay was sent to Rome as one of the Irish delegates to the 27th General Congregation in 1923. Those who were present at those first classes remember very vividly the exceptional gift for clear exposition, combined with an easy fluency in Latin speech, which made Father Hannon's lectures a pleasure to hear. He became one of the permanent staff of theological professors in the autumn of 1924, being given the treatise *De Ecclesia* as his special subject. For the next fourteen years he taught various treatises of dogmatic theology at Milltown Park, and came into close contact with each succeeding generation of scholastics from the Irish Province and from what was then the Australian Mission.

In 1924 Father Hannon was appointed by the Irish Hierarchy to the public chair of dogmatic theology in the National University of Ireland, which had been held by Father Peter Finlay for the past ten years. The principal duty of this professorship is to give a public lecture on some theological subject once a week during each term of the academic year. Father Hannon gave these lectures for ten years, and was notably successful in his appeal to the young student body of University College, Dublin. His first course of lectures dealt with the Church; others with the Incarnation and Eucharist; a porter of the College, when asked what sort of attendance Father Hannon was attracting, replied at once: "Why, it's like a Mission." The large lecture-theatre was indeed full to capacity, for the lecturer was deliberately striving to make his appeal to the interests and needs of the average student.

Father Hannon was also Rector of Milltown Park from 1924 to 1930. He represented the Irish Province at the General Congregation of 1938. At the end of this first visit to Rome he was unexpectedly appointed by the Holy See to the very onerous post of Visitor General to the Congregation of Irish Christian Brothers, not merely in Ireland and England, but also in almost every land of the English-speaking world. His tour was not yet completed when the outbreak of war threw everything into confusion. For the next six years Father Hannon remained for the most part in Ireland, where he was called upon to exercise his functions as Visitor for a very much longer time than had been expected in 1939.

His great tact and charm of manner, combined with an exceptionally wide experience of life in many countries, made it possible for him to win the trust and esteem of all the Brothers during these difficult years. Not until shortly before the recent General Congregation was it possible for him to be released from this onerous task.

During the war Father Hannon paid a visit to Rome on matters connected with his visitation; and he was then requested by the Holy Father to visit the various camps in which English prisoners of war were detained throughout Italy. His visit was a priestly mission as well as an errand of mercy.

Father Hannon went again to Rome as Elector of the Irish Province last autumn. He was elected English Assistant on September 22, 1946. He died in Rome on June 18, 1947. R.I.P.

V A R I A

The American Assistency.—

MARYLAND PROVINCE

Father Ayd.—One of the manifold activities of Jesuits was brought sharply into focus recently by the commutation of a death sentence. Fr. Joseph J. Ayd, S.J., chaplain of the Maryland Penitentiary, was the man chiefly responsible for bringing this about. Naturally, anyone who does this sort of thing is bound to be popular with the inmates of the prison and especially the death house, and this popularity and gratitude is reflected by the following excerpt from the letter of one of the convicts.

“Believe me, sir, the task that is his is no sinecure. You cannot imagine the work he does for us over and above his holy duties as a chaplain. It is ‘Father, write the judge,’ ‘See my Dad,’ ‘intercede with the Governor for me,’ ‘Father, I need this and I need that,’ but the good Father would not have it otherwise and I know he will be here until he drops, if he has any choice in the matter. God bless him.

“Now this may be a homely way of expressing appreciation of a fine Priest by this crude letter, but the Father does not allow us to express our gratitude in the way we would wish—no collections for himself. The men, hundreds of them, would just about bankrupt themselves for him. So I take this means to show my appreciation for a learned and great priest, yet a humble, merciful unassuming one.”

Father Ayd explains the nature of his work as follows:

“A condemned felon is a resident of our very gloomy death house for from three months to a year or more, and one of their regular visitors during that time is my humble self, in my official capacity. Needless to say, through the wondrous workings of the grace of

God, I make many converts in the death house. In fact, the last four victims of justice I accompanied to the scaffold were very pious converts.

"As soon as a felon lands in the Death House I begin to check up on the case. If I discover anything amiss I at once consult with the attorney of my Prison Committee, and we study the case together and take what steps seem wise, and prudent, and just. As a result I have managed to get several commutations and one or two outright pardons.

"All of the fifty felons I have accompanied to the scaffold died very piously, and fully repentant. Some were very saintly at the end and edified me and all present by the way they died. All of them died with the sacred names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on their parched lips."

NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE

Trincomalee Mission.—Word has just been received from Rome that Father Ignatius T. Glennie has been appointed Bishop of the diocese of Trincomalee in Ceylon. Born in Mexico City in 1907, he entered the Society in 1924, and after philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's in Spokane, Wash., he went to India for regency. After theology and ordination there, Father Glennie taught theology and has been rector at the Pontifical seminary at Kandy, Ceylon.

Father Delanglez.—In recognition of the research work on the history of French explorers that has been done by Father Jean Delanglez of this Province, the Canadian government has named a large peninsula in the Province of Quebec in his honor. Most of this work has been done in connection with the Institute of Jesuit History at Loyola University, Chicago.

CHICAGO PROVINCE

Patna.—To succeed Bishop Bernard Sullivan, S.J., who retired from the See of Patna last year, the Holy See has appointed Father Augustine F. Wildermuth.

A member of the Missouri Province, being a native of St. Louis, Mo., Father Wildermuth has been working in Patna Mission since 1929 and has been its religious Superior since October, 1944. Father Richard A. Welfle, also a veteran of the Patna Mission and well known for his books on life in India, is the new Superior of the Mission.

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE

Jamaica.—A new rector of Winchester Park has been appointed as distinct from Superior of the Mission. He is Father Dennis Tobin. This move was made necessary by the growth of the Mission and the extremely difficult task of the Mission Superior for the last eight years. Since 1939, when the increase in personnel began, the impossibility of the Superior's position was evidenced in the fact that he was at the same time Superior of the Mission, Rector of the Cathedral, Rector of Winchester Park and Rector of St. George's College. The former Superior of the Mission, Father Thomas J. Feeney, relieved the situation somewhat by delegating his powers as Rector of Winchester Park. He also asked Bishop Thomas Emmet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, to erect a Cathedral Residence for the Fathers who took care of the Cathedral. To one of these Fathers, Father Feeney delegated his position as Rector of Holy Trinity Cathedral.

This still left in abeyance the solution of the major administrative problem of the Mission, namely, the separation of the position of Superior of the Mission from that of Rector of Winchester Park. The union of these two offices interfered with frequent visitations of the out-missions, as well as positive planning to assist the missionaries in the field. Representations to separate the offices formally began as long as seven years ago. The division of the burdens of these offices has now been accomplished.

OREGON PROVINCE

Alaska.—The Most Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, died in Providence hospital, Seattle, on July 19 at the age of 63. He was appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Crimont, S.J., on Dec. 14, 1938 and was consecrated on Feb. 24, 1939, succeeding Bishop Crimont at his death on May 20, 1945. Born in Peola, Wash., Nov. 17, 1883, and entering the Society on July 30, 1902, the late Bishop was ordained May 16, 1918. He served as Rector of Gonzaga University in Spokane from 1921 to 1927; as Rector of Seattle College from 1929 to 1930; and as Provincial of the Oregon Province from 1932 to 1938. R.I.P.

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE

Azusa.—A new retreat house for laymen was established in the archdiocese of Los Angeles in June by the purchase of a building and a six-acre tract of land near Azusa, California. For 20 years summer retreats have been held on the campus of Loyola University. In the new house, such retreats can be conducted at other times of the year as well, and in greater privacy at all times.

Early this year Father Joseph R. Stack, founder of El Retiro, the retreat house at Los Altos, Calif., was assigned to take over the Loyola retreats, relieving Father Lorenzo Maloney, moderator for 19 years. He soon set about the task of finding a home for year-round retreats. Some 30 sites were inspected in the diocese and finally the Azusa location was found to be suitable.

As the Rancho Los Cacamites, it had been for many years the meeting place of the Sunset Club of Los Angeles. Among the departed members of the Club are Bishop George Montgomery and Bishop Thomas J. Conaty.

NEW YORK PROVINCE

Syracuse.—Construction of the buildings of Le Moyne College has been delayed by the difficulties of

the times. However, on Sept. 7, the cornerstone of the first building was blessed and laid by the Most Rev. Walter A. Foery, Bishop of Syracuse. He was assisted in the ceremony by Father Joseph A. Murphy, Rector of Fordham University and by Father William J. Schlaerth, President of the new college. Among those present were the Jesuit faculty members, Monsignori and priests of the diocese and Mayor Frank J. Costello of Syracuse.

Because of the definite promise given that the school would open this year, the first classes are being held in temporary, rented quarters. Meanwhile work will proceed so that at least three of the planned group of 15 buildings may be ready for use soon. These are the administration-classroom building, the science building and a faculty-student residence.

With these completed, the college will accommodate from 800 to 900 students during the first few years. An eventual enrollment of 3,000 will be possible at the completion of the building program.

From Other Countries.—

FRANCE

In a sermon at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, Father Michael Riquet undertook to reply to the widespread denunciations of the Church and the clergy voiced by the Communists. He asserted that "to the hate which now surrounds and envelops us we respond once more with love." At this point, it is reported, the great congregation stood and broke out into prolonged applause. Nothing like this had taken place in Notre Dame since 1914 when news of the victory of the Marne was announced from the pulpit.

China.—Father Yves Henri, former Superior of the Shanghai Mission, was taken prisoner in October, 1946, while making his visitation in Haichow. Isolated by the Communists for two months, he was believed dead and Masses were offered for him and the Language

School hung a black and white banner over the chapel door. Troops of the Central government attacked the town where Father Henri was being held and he was liberated and set out on his way back to Shanghai. The news that he was alive and in town interrupted the Solemn High Requiem Mass that was being sung for him at the time.

Mours.—Father Maurice Counort, superior of the retreat house of Mours in the diocese of Beauvais, is one of five priests accused in the so-called "plot of the convents," that is, of having given sanctuary to individuals sought by the police for collaboration with the enemy during the war. His letter to the judge defines the problem of conscience presented to priests and religious in these cases.

"Our houses," he wrote, "are open to any who wish to enter either for a collective or a personal retreat. When certain of our guests have told us of faults for which they are subject to investigation, we have advised them not to hide themselves, not to obstruct the action of justice, but we have not forced them out. We are forbidden to deliver them and I am obliged to refuse to name those who have confided their secrets to my conscience as a priest."

Father Farmer.—Returning to the United States after an absence of 23 years, Father Francis X. Farmer, S.J., former Protestant missionary, has arrived from China to visit his 88-year-old Methodist mother, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Farmer, at Augusta, Ga.

Sent as a Methodist missionary to China in 1901, Francis Farmer met and married Martha Beeson, also a Methodist missionary, in 1903. For 13 years he labored in Kwang Si and Huchow Fu, but with the slow growing conviction that Protestantism had too little to offer.

After the death of his wife, he returned to the United States and made his profession of faith to Bishop B. J. Keiley, in Savannah, Ga., on May 6, 1915, and the following year entered the Society of Jesus,

choosing the Province of France in order to work in China.

Ordained in Hastings, England, in 1922, Father Farmer was on his way back to China within two years, this time as parish priest in Shanghai. Here he remained for 23 years except for the three and a half years when he and his fellow missionaries were interned at Zikawei.

At the Jesuit Mission House in New York, as he prepared to leave for China once more, Father Farmer expressed great hope and love for his mother and his country. "America," he said, "is a great and beautiful country. It is harder for me to leave it this time than ever before."

ENGLAND

The 28-year-old Jesuit seminary for late vocations, Campion House, Osterly, has just marked the ordination of its 500th priest, by Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster.

Plumbers, boxers, clerks, civil servants, school teachers, convert clergymen, bricklayers, actors, carpenters, electricians, and, most of all, ex-soldiers, have been among its successful students. They are today working in many parts of the world.

Among the present students are 110 ex-servicemen. There are also two miners and five industrial workers.

The 500 include Danes, Dutchmen, Germans, and Jamaicans as well as Britons. Some are today working in the United States. Of the 500, 262 joined religious orders, 212 are diocesan priests and the rest are on foreign mission work.

Father Clement Tigar, S.J., director, said that Latin was the subject which frightened beginners more than anything else. "I have seen a lightweight champion boxer of England more afraid of his professor than ever he was of an American fellow prize-fighter," Father Tigar said. "He is now Father Con O'Kelly, a curate in Nottingham."

ROME

For the first time since the creation of the Vatican City State, under the Lateran Treaties of 1929, a Vatican citizen has become a priest and said his first Mass on Vatican territory. He is Father Roberto Bortolotti of the Roman Province of the Society. He was ordained at the church of St. Ignatius in Rome, on July 26, and said his first Mass in the small church of St. Anne, in Vatican City, the following day, Sunday, June 27.

Father Bartolotti is the son of an employee of the Vatican Property Administration and held Vatican citizenship when he entered the Society. He is also the first Vatican citizen to become a Jesuit.

INDIA

Father Jerome D'Souza, S.J., Rector, Loyola College, Madras, has been chosen by the National Congress to represent the Christians of the South in the Constituent Assembly. When he took the floor on the 21st January, Fr. D'Souza was listened to with rapt interest by the whole House. He drew the attention of all to a double danger against which all would have to be prepared: the first—desire for rapid progress and improvement may prompt the State to override individual liberty and “do things more by force and regimentation, more by the authority and power of the Central State, than by agreement, than by persuasion; the second—a wrong desire “for unanimity and homogeneity, which it is not possible to have and which perhaps is not even necessary” may prompt the State “to pass measures which would seriously wound and grieve the minorities or special groups.” He expressed a regret that the name of Almighty God found no place in the momentous declaration and concluded with these beautiful words: “I understand, Sir, the reasons which moved the honourable framer and mover of this Resolution in not bringing in anything which may look like a religious profession, but you will permit me, Sir, to say before concluding my remarks, that

if by some way in this momentous preambulatory declaration, the name of Almighty God had been brought in, it would have been in conformity with the persuasion, with the convictions, with the spirit of this vast land of ours and its ancient civilization . . . Even though His sacred name is not here, I sincerely believe that we have met here under the cover of His protection and of His grace which alone moves the hearts of men. We hope and pray that the deliberations that we have begun will be taken to their legitimate conclusion by the same grace and that the land for which we are labouring will rise again with new strength, with new prosperity, with new happiness."

—*The Harvest, Belgaum, India*

American Jesuit Books

A Guide to Historical Method. By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J.
(Late of Chicago Province). Edited by Jean Delanglez, S.J.
(New Orleans Province). Fordham University Press, 1946.

Method in history concerns itself with the data contained in the historical source. That data the historian submits to a threefold process, namely, heuristic, critical and synthetic. Simple as these steps may sound each is but the doorway to a labyrinth into which only the sincere, patient searcher after truth will dare enter.

Father Garraghan's book is noteworthy for what a Catholic and a scholar can contribute to this all-important search for truth. As Chesterton's Father Brown once discovered an imposter priest by his disdain for reason, in much the same way Father Garraghan discloses the imposter historian. Human testimony is a valid and certain way of obtaining truth and historical method *per se* is capable of obtaining that truth. Analogy, generalization, cause-and-effect relations, hypothesis, are the warp and woof of all historiography, to say nothing of the part played by philosophy and even theology. If a historian must synthesize he must philosophize. If he must philosophize he must eventually touch ultimates, which brings us to the Christian formula as elaborated by St. Augustine, Vico, Schlegel and Ozanam.

The historian must philosophize, but Father Garraghan also cautions that although the Catholic historian accepts the providential view he must realize that the part played by human events in God's world-plan is often obscured from our eyes. Therefore by no means let him dispense himself from the laborious investigation into secondary, natural causes. And for the historian, *hic labor est!*

Father Garraghan takes us through the painfully detailed steps of historical research with much care, clearness and thoroughness, but not with textbook dryness, for his pages fairly sparkle with interesting illustrations from all types of historical writing. For the tyro this book will be an inspiration and an invaluable basic training. For the trained scholar it will be an indispensable handbook especially for the detailed formulae for criticizing and analyzing sources, and for the excellent hints on good style. The bibliographies are of utmost value on every phase of the subject.

It must be noted also that the usefulness of this book is not limited to students of history. Students of theology, especially Fundamental Theology, may profitably read the sections on source criticism with their copious examples from biblical re-

search, as well as the treatment of miracles. Philosophers will profit by the defense of human testimony as a *fons cognitioinis*. In fact, since we are all dependent for a great part of our knowledge upon human testimony proximate and remote, the reading of this masterful work would well repay the effort.

J. W. BUSH, S.J.

Paradise Hunters. *By W. Kane, S.J.* (Chicago Province).
B. Herder Book Company, 1946.

The proper balance of temporal happiness and eternal salvation is the burden of this book. Taking as a springboard the universal human instinct for happiness, the author traces this instinct back to Eden, finds its frustration in the Fall, outlines the new Way to the new Paradise through Christ and His Church.

The bulk of the book deals with specific problems which mark the conflict between material and spiritual values: the problems of wealth, sex, ambition. Modern education and humanitarianism are rejected as solutions, and in a final chapter the Christian answer is summarized.

Although a book of this kind does not aim to give more than general principles, the professional economist may justly quarrel with the over-simplification and the facile use of statistics in the chapter entitled "The Problems of Poverty," in which "the incompetence, greed, and inertia" of the poor are set down as the chief causes of poverty and one is left with the impression that it is a moral fault to be poor.

The author's literary background lends charm to a rambling style.

E. J. NORTON, S.J.

Facing Your Social Situation. *By James F. Walsh, S.J.* (Missouri Province). Bruce Publishing Company, 1946.

The author of this book is one of those Jesuits (happily growing in numbers), who have acquired a professional competence in academic fields hitherto monopolized and still dominated by infidels, and who have battered the citadels of secularized learning with the twin guns of scholastic philosophy and Divine Revelation. Fr. Walsh, Professor of Psychology at Regis College, Denver, has given us a readable "Introduction to Social Psychology" which achieves the difficult integration of empirical and deductive methods, and succeeds in subordinating psychology to the higher disciplines without depriving it of its autonomy. While the introduction of specifically Christian concepts is not so frequent as some might expect, they are ever present in the background to give the work a truly Catholic tone.

Beginning with a statement of philosophical premises and a definition of terms, the author then traces the history of social psychology, which, in the strictest sense, goes back to Gabriel Tarde, but which, in its broader aspects, is as old as the Book of Genesis and the dialogues of Plato. Chapter III entitled "The Human Mechanism," tells us what man is, treating cursorily of the mechanics of stimulus and response, but laying especial stress on the higher faculties. The remaining chapters form the heart of the book: first, what a social situation is, ". . . a person's total social environment viewed as operating at a given moment . . ."; then, how it is formed, e.g. by suggestion, imitation, social projection; what are the various reactions to it (including a discussion of competition, crime, war); how the social situation is controlled (by morale, leadership, mob psychology, etc.); and finally, a consideration of certain standardized or permanent situations, the family, school, workshop, Church and State.

Anyone seriously intent on improving his social relations will certainly be stimulated by many portions of this book. Those interested in the lay apostolate will likewise derive profit from it. Finally, Jesuit educators, apostles to the workingman, directors of souls, will find material for reflection in the treatment of many unsolved problems, e.g. the baneful effects of modern dancing, the mental and moral deterioration caused by the drudgery of mass production, problems for whose solution Christian men of action need the scholarly analyses of Christian men of thought like Father Walsh.

T. E. CLARKE, S.J.

Of Interest to Ours

Gailhac of Beziers. *By Helene Magaret.* Longmans, Green and Co., 1946.

When in 1814 Pope Pius VII passed through Beziers as he returned from his Napoleonic captivity at Fontainebleau, his eyes met those of a twelve year old boy. That boy, Pierre Jean Gailhac, never forgot the burning sorrowful look in the eyes of Christ's Vicar. Though a normal lively boy, from that day he felt a call to higher things. His boyish charity, not always over-prudent, was well known, so there was little surprise when a few years later he began his studies for the priesthood.

Both before and after Ordination he was a very successful professor in the seminary. His devotion to the Vicar of Christ was made manifest by his refusal to accept the Gallican theses proposed by the anti-clerical government. Later, at his own urgent request he was transferred to the chaplaincy of the local hospital. Henceforth his life of untiring priestly zeal

was devoted to the sick, the poor and the morally destitute. Opposition and misunderstanding greeted his first foundation, a refuge for fallen women. An orphanage followed shortly. Then seeing how many of the better-class children were snatched from the Faith by secular education he founded a school for them.

To help him in all these projects, in 1848 he founded the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Their success in carrying on his work is well known in many countries, including our own. His endeavors to found a similar congregation of priests, the Fathers of the Good Shepherd, brought only failure and disappointment. Though old age took its toll of his strength he refused to lessen his labors until shortly before his death at the age of 88.

Of particular interest to Ours will be one of Father Gailhac's last letters. It was addressed to the Jesuit Provincial of Toulouse, and begs him to take "this little family" under his protection.

Nothing need be said of the style and artistry of the book save to recall that the author is the same Dr. Helene Magaret whose *Father De Smet* is so well known to Ours.

R. J. NEU, S.J.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Our Lady of Light. *Translated and abridged from the French of Chanoine C. Barthas and Pere G. Da Fonseca, S.J.* (Portuguese Province). The Bruce Publishing Company, 1947.

The A B C of Scholastic Philosophy. *By A. C. Cotter, S.J.* (New England Province). Weston College Press, 1947 (Third Printing).

O Apostalado Da Oracao E A Provincia Portuguesa De Companhia De Jesus. *By Acacio Casimiro, S.J.* (Portuguese Province). Macieira De Cambra, 1946.

The Heart of the Angelus and of the Hail Mary. *By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* (New York Province). The Sentinel Press, 1947.

The Heart of the Tabernacle. *By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* (New York Province). The Sentinel Press, 1947.

The Heart on the Way of the Cross. *By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* (New York Province). The Sentinell Press, 1947.

How We Influence One Another. *By Vincent V. Herr, S.J.* (Chicago Province). Bruce Publishing Co., 1945.

Edward Kavanagh, Catholic, Statesman, Diplomat from Maine, 1795-1844. *By William L. Lucey, S.J.* (New England Province). Marshall Jones Co., 1946.

T H E W O O D S T O C K L E T T E R S

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JESUIT CENTENNIAL IN BOSTON

Sermon of

THE MOST REVEREND JOHN J. WRIGHT, D.D.

AUXILIARY BISHOP OF BOSTON

Sunday, October 19, 1947

Most Reverend Archbishop, Right Reverend, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, Friends of St. Mary's and of the Society of Jesus:

Browsing through the library not long ago, I came upon the Court Stenographer's record of a trial which took place in Boston from March 17 to April 6, 1859. It was the trial of a schoolmaster, by name McClaurin F. Cooke, submaster of the Eliot School of the City of Boston, for an assault and battery upon Thomas J. Wall, a pupil of that school. It was charged, and at no time denied, that Cooke, whose age the report does not indicate, beat with a rattan stick for thirty-five minutes a boy named Thomas Wall, whose age is given as ten years. The reason for this amazing beating was that young Wall refused to recite the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and other passages of Sacred Scripture in accordance with Protestant forms, although, as the evidence on both sides makes abundantly clear, he was ready and willing to recite them in accordance with the Catholic forms of his fathers and

his faith. In a pathetic passage of the Court testimony we learn from Cooke himself and from his sympathizers that young Wall, ten years old, gave no other offense whatsoever, that he acted as he did only after consultation with his father and his priest, and that he made his position clear with dignity and decorum even to the point of repeating quietly, without tears at the age of ten and after the beating had been going on for about fifteen minutes, that he would gladly recite the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer provided he could so so in a form consistent with his conscience. This was not considered adequate, however, and the beating continued until the boy's hands were, as the Protestant doctor testified, swollen, sodden, livid, and with the skin broken in two or three places.

It is an amazing document, is this Court record, and almost unintelligible after more than ninety years to those of us who live in these more free and favored days. The perfervid flights of oratory of Schoolmaster Cooke's attorney, the unconcealed bias of the Judge, the evidence of compact solidarity among the youthful witnesses, ranging in age from eight to twelve years, all these would make amusing reading after these many years were it not that even now, almost a century later, there fairly leaps from the yellowed pages of the pamphlet the malice and the bigotry and the perverse narrowmindedness of Judge Maine, of Schoolmaster Cooke, of some Miss Shephard who appears as one of the teachers, and of the extraordinary master of bombast, H. F. Durant, Esquire, who was the attorney for McClaurin F. Cooke.

I need not tell you that Cooke was acquitted. Whatever became of young Wall, I do not know, nor of his father, described as a laborer at T wharf, with whose brogue Cooke's lawyer and the Judge himself had so much fun during the trial. To what end Cooke came or Miss Shepard or Mr. Mason or Judge Maine or H. F. Durant, Esquire, again I do not know. There was one figure in the background of this trial, however, who is very much in my mind tonight. We do

know what became of him and of his work and of that of his brethren. We are gathered here to commemorate it. H. F. Durant, Esquire, in the course of one of his many speeches defending Mr. Cooke's bigoted and sadistic beating of young Wall, tells us that the true villain in the cast was not in the Court Room. He says that he was a priest, a member of the Society of Jesus, and he describes him as coming from a foreign land, as speaking with an alien accent, as striving to foment rebellion against the Protestant traditions of Boston and the free institutions of the Commonwealth by influencing in seditious fashion the minds of young Irish boys at secret meetings held, according to his description, in a "dark basement of a church in Endicott Street." The meetings, of course, were of St. Mary's Sunday School and the "secrecy" of these meetings may well be doubted in view of Mr. Durant's own assertion that there were nine hundred young Irishmen present at them; they ranged in age, the Court was informed, from eight to about sixteen.

The nefarious priest in question was, of course, Father Wiget; the Rector of Saint Mary's was Father McElroy. Mr. Durant informed the Court in his blazing peroration that the foreign agents at Saint Mary's in Endicott Street would live to regret the day that he, H. F. Durant, appeared in Court for Mr. Cooke and against their Sunday School pupil. He frankly prophesied that in encouraging boys like young Wall "not to be cowards about their religion," as young Wall testified at the age of ten was one of his ideals, the alien Jesuits had overreached themselves and he issued a stern warning that they desist from training boys like Wall, whom he described, the Court concurring, as "a very small and somewhat dirty little martyr," "a very abominable and altogether absurd little cherub to be sure." And Mr. Durant encouraged the Judge to find satisfaction in his verdict, even if the Irish might resent it, by fixing his attention on the radiant thought that by his decision against young Wall, age ten, and for McClaurin F. Cooke, he would be

hastening the end of the work but recently begun on Endicott Street and would silence forever the voice of the Vatican in our fair City.

My thoughts go back tonight to Father Wiget, to Father McElroy and to those who, one hundred years ago, began in a moral and mental clime typified by Judge Main, Schoolmaster Cooke and Miss Shepard, the parochial, sodality and educational work which the Jesuits have done in these parts since first they came to Boston, to Saint Mary's on Endicott Street in 1847. By 1859 when young Wall stood in the Police Court before Judge Maine and spoke like a theologian on the difference between the Catholic and the Protestant version of the Ten Commandments, the Fathers had nine hundred boys in their Sunday School here in Saint Mary's. Ten years before that, in 1849, the number of girls in Saint Mary's parish warranted the coming to Boston from Cincinnati of the Sisters of Notre Dame to establish the Girls School in Stillman Street. By 1860, the year after Judge Main, goaded on by H. F. Durant, Esquire, had taken the legal steps which would break forever the power of the Jesuits in Boston, Father Wiget had established the parish school for boys and had begun, at the corner of Traverse and Portland Streets, the work of Jesuit education in Boston. Since that day, beginning in a sense with young Wall, in addition to the hundreds of thousands of boys to whom the Jesuits have been Mission preachers, Retreat masters and Confessors, it is safe to say that the Society of Jesus here in Boston has taught an army growing larger each year, of more than fifty thousand boys in their parochial schools, high school, College and allied institutions.

As one of these, and in the name of all the others, I would like this evening to center your thoughts on the Society of Jesus itself. During these days of anniversary each of the elements in the history of the parish will be recalled and eulogized. His Excellency, the Archbishop, pointed out this morning the place of the parish church in the life of the parish and he re-

called with praise how old Saint Mary's since the coming of the Jesuits has been the House of God, the Spiritual Home of its parishioners, the Gate of Heaven for priests and people alike. Tomorrow and the day after our thoughts shall turn to the work of the laity, living and dead, to whom we owe the present and the past, and to the work of the parish nuns who, as the teachers of the children, are the mothers in God of the future of the parish.

I make it my privilege this evening to speak of the Fathers who have been the Spiritual Leaders of Saint Mary's, the centenary of whose coming to Boston occasions this celebration. They are, of course, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. I shall not limit my consideration to those who have personally shaped the history of Saint Mary's: I urge you all to read their names in the Souvenir program book and to recall, as you do so, the worthy manner in which the parish priests and assistants and missionaries of Saint Mary's have walked in the tradition of piety and patriotism, of priestliness and wholesome public influence established one hundred years ago by the heroic, saintly Father McElroy, Father Bernadine Wiget and their associates. The priests of Saint Mary's have been great men, great priests. But the only greatness after which they have aspired personally has been the complete and faithful fulfillment of the formula by which they would be great Jesuits. They were men, these priests at Saint Mary's, of the traditional Jesuit pattern, leading lives like to those which, among their confreres in the old world, so edified their students that even Voltaire, who defamed most other things and persons, said: "I will not stoop to the meanness of defaming the Jesuits. The best years of my life were spent in their schools and while with them I never listened to any teaching but what was good nor ever witnessed any conduct but what was exemplary."

What has been the secret of the success of the Society of Jesus in teaching young men? I suppose a score of answers might be given and each would be

different and each would have its truth. Certainly among other characteristics of the work of the Society in the education of young men these have been present from the beginning: their approach has been positive, rational, conservative, conciliatory, and above, all spiritual.

It has been positive. Contrary to a popular misconception, the Society was not founded by Saint Ignatius nor approved by Pope Paul in order to oppose anything. It was founded and fostered to achieve something. It flourished in the days of the Counter-Reformation, but it did not set forth to overcome any group so much as it did to win over another group. The Society was not founded to oppose Protestantism; nowhere in its letters of approbation nor in its constitution is there any reference to such a purpose. The original hope of Saint Ignatius, as Europe fell into heresy, all about him, was to train men to bring the Faith into areas where it could breathe fresh air and acquire a new beginning. He hoped to convert the Mohammedans, especially the Moors, and while it is true that his followers were to become famous for their universities and for their disputations with heretics, it is even more significant that Saint Ignatius himself and his companions first sought of the Holy Father permission to teach the Catechism to children and to provide religious instruction to the poor and the ignorant of Italy, Sicily, Spain, France, Germany and the African and Asiatic missions.

The positive approach of the Society, so fresh in the early years and foremost among the elements of its inspiration, led to its emphasis on reason and the cultivation of reason by education in behalf of the cause of religion. Because of this rational, intellectual element in its tradition, the Society grew rapidly; within two hundred years it had 25,000 members and had established almost 800 colleges. By the middle of the 18th century, in a period which we think of as de-Christianized and almost completely secular, the Jesuits had 200,000 students in their schools and colleges in Europe alone and had established educational

centers of every type throughout the missionary world. It was of some of these missionary schools that Senator Vest of Missouri spoke when he told the United States Senate that in his inspection of the Indian schools at the request of the Senate, "I did not see in all my journey a single school that was doing any educational work worthy of the name unless it was under the control of the Jesuits," and he added to his tribute these words: "No man ever went among these Indians with more intense prejudice against the Jesuits than I had when I left the city of Washington."

The conservatism of the Society has frequently been criticized even by their friends. It is, however, the conservatism of people who have something worth conserving—a tradition so closely identified with all that is best in Christianity itself that those who seek to damage Christianity usually begin by attempting to discredit the Jesuits. In our day, as in centuries gone by, the first act of revolutionary governments which seek to cripple the Church is the confiscation of the schools and institutions of the Jesuits; the Society continues to be what Saint Ignatius prayed they would always be: the favorite target of anti-Christian forces.

Despite the conservatism of the Society in matters of faith and in the essentials of the Christian tradition, the Jesuit Fathers have always striven to be the conciliators between the old faith and whatever new science may commend itself to each age. Conservative but conciliatory, the genius of the Society of Jesus has made it cordial to new ideas and to new movements. Thus in the age of the great explorers, in the 16th and 17th centuries, the Jesuits became the most ambitious and adroit of missionaries in all the newly opened corners of the world. This was the time of Xavier, of Aquaviva, of De Britto, of Ricci and of Father Avril. Thus, too, in the 17th and 18th centuries during the Renaissance, the Jesuits sponsored a Christian Humanism which blended the fundamentals of the faith with the best of the new learning. This was the age of Bourdaloue, of Segneri, and of the Jesuit poets, his-

torians, philosophers, theologians and court preachers. Thus in the 18th and 19th centuries as science began to dominate the thoughts of men, the Jesuits were among the foremost of Catholic priests and scholars to enter that seemingly remote field of priestly interest. The "Biographical Dictionary of the Exact Sciences," published in the middle of the last century, lists almost 9,000 names of scientists. Of these more than 10% are the names of Catholic priests and about half of the priests who are listed in the History of the Exact Sciences are Jesuits. Most of these did their work as missionaries in the study of geography, of agriculture, of medicine, of botany, of anthropology and of astronomy; but others, a truly distinguished list, have done their work in the great Jesuit laboratories and observatories for meteorology, astronomy and seismology, originally in Europe and in South America, but nowhere with greater distinction than here in America, at Georgetown, in California and in New England, under men like Father Hagen, Father Secchi, Father Tondorf, Father Ricard and our own Father Ahern here at Weston.

So in our own day as new problems beset the human mind and new formulae, especially in the social, the political and the economic order must be found for human living, the Jesuits are in the vanguard of the peace movement, the study of the social question, the new journalism, the possible contributions of psychiatry and the needed restatement of questions of Church and State, of inter-faith cooperation, of inter-racial justice and of international order. To name any men of the Society of Jesus who are working in these critical fields as conservers and conciliators would be to do an injustice to dozens of others of the same Society who are no less hard at work in these same fields.

Above all, the secret of the success of the Jesuits has been in the spirituality of their system. It is a system which produces professional men, scientists, business men and citizens of the good Society; but it produces these almost as by-products. Its essential

purpose has been from the beginning the production of saints. The Jesuit saints are known and loved by all Christendom. Each one is different from the others; each is a type of the many classes whom the Jesuits have influenced and guided. There are young noblemen like Stanislaus Kostka and Aloysius Gonzaga; there are young plebeians like Saint John Berchmans. There are lay brothers like Saint Alphonsus Rodriguez; missionaries of the most extraordinary zeal like Saint Francis Xavier or Saint John Francis Regis, and of extraordinary abnegation like Saint Peter Claver and Saint Francis de Hieronymo; there are theologians like Saint Robert Bellarmine and martyrs like those of Elizabethan England, of Asia and of North America. More than two score of Jesuits have been canonized by the Church: more than six score are listed among the Blessed; countless others bear the title Venerable, the Church's recognition that they truly lived to the greater glory of God.

Here in America the history of the Jesuits is one of the most proud chapters in the story of Catholicism. It has been told with admiration by Protestants like Francis Parkman and with pride by priests like Father Hughes, Garraghan, Harney, or by laymen like Doctor James J. Walsh. The Jesuits have made felt their zeal in the missionary history of America, their learning in the educational history of America, their gifts as conciliators in the political history of America and especially in the difficult question of religious toleration and civil liberty. It has been said and proved that whenever religious toleration was put forward as a policy of government in the American colonies—with the sole exception of Rhode Island—it was due in essential degree to the Jesuits or to the students of Jesuits.

It may be said that all these considerations are far removed from a local anniversary like the one we celebrate tonight. That is not true. Saint Mary's was the initial point of contact between the Society of Jesus and the organized life of the Catholic Church in these

parts. Beginning at Saint Mary's, the Jesuit Fathers have made a contribution to the life of the Church in Boston which includes the qualities we have reviewed here this evening: their positive and rational approach to the education of youth, their conservative instinct together with their readiness to assimilate and adopt to Christian purposes whatever is new and modern and useful, and above all their characteristic spirituality. If there are grounds for pride in the past, they should only serve the more to inspire our prayer for the future: that God may give the Church in Boston through the Society of Jesus even greater services in education, in Catholic thought and in the spiritual inspiration of all our people.

We are privileged to live in times not less, but much more challenging than the times which saw the Jesuit beginnings in Boston. We always live in missionary times, we always encounter opposition, we always need new courage, new ideas, new methods. Together with all of us, under the new and challenging leadership of our Archbishop and in the face of ever ancient, ever new obstacles to the progress of the faith, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus still have a mighty work to do in Boston. We pray God that they will do it; the last one hundred years prove that they will do it well.



NEGRO STUDENTS
IN JESUIT SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

1946-1947

A Statistical Interpretation

FRANCIS K. DROLET, S.J.

During the school year of 1946-1947, forty-seven Jesuit High Schools and Colleges in the United States were educating four hundred and fifty-six members of the Negro race. It is heartening indeed to present these figures on this particular phase of the Society's apostolate. For they present a fact—Jesuits do educate Negro students.

Within recent years there has been much discussion on the moral problem whether or not Jesuit schools, as private institutions, were bound in justice to admit members of any specific race; and this meant, usually the Negro race. The present article is in no way an attempt to continue that discussion of principles. Our present purpose is entirely concerned with a recital of facts, and with the implications which those facts would seem to carry.

In the Spring of 1947, a survey of all Jesuit High Schools and Colleges was undertaken, with a view to obtain accurate information on the admission policies of our schools with respect to the Negro students. The immediate occasion of this survey was an article which appeared in the March 1947 issue of the *Saint Augustine's Messenger*, a magazine devoted to the Negro apostolate under the auspices of the Fathers of the Divine Word. This article, entitled "Honor Roll of Catholic High Schools which have no Color Bar," comprised a list of one hundred and twenty-five Catholic High Schools which admit both Negro and white students. Nine of the schools listed were Jesuit. The list was manifestly incomplete, since other Jesuit schools

known to have an interracial student body were not included. Accordingly, the Woodstock Theologians Interracial Committee of the Institute of Social Order sent out a questionnaire to all Principals and Deans of Jesuit High Schools and Colleges. The sixty-four Jesuit educational institutions were contacted. Of these forty-seven declared they either had Negroes among their students or they would admit qualified Negroes if they applied. Six of our schools stated that at the present time they do not admit members of the colored race. The remaining eleven failed to answer the survey.

The following statistical tables indicate the interracial American Jesuit schools with the number of colored students in each. The figures are for the school year, 1946-1947.

**Table 1. Jesuit High Schools admitting Negroes
and the numbers of the same, 1946-1947**

1. Bellarmine Prep. San Jose	1
2. Bellarmine High, Tacoma	0
3. Boston College High	1
4. Brooklyn Prep.	1
5. Canisius High	1
6. Cheverus High	0
7. Creighton High	0
(3 quit during year)	
8. Detroit U. High	0
(1 quit during year)	
9. Fairfield Prep.	2
10. Fordham Prep.	0
11. Gonzaga High, Spokane	5
12. Loyola Academy, Chicago	0
13. Marquette High, Milwaukee	0
14. Regis High, Denver	0
15. Regis High, New York	0
16. Rockhurst High	0
17. St. Ignatius, Chicago	6
18. St. Ignatius, Cleveland	0

19. St. Ignatius, San Francisco	1
20. St. Joseph's Prep.	0
21. St. Louis U. High	1
22. St. Peter's High	1
23. Seattle Prep.	0
24. Scranton Prep.	0
25. Xavier High, New York	0
26. St. Xavier's, Cinn.	0
<hr/>	
Total Negroes in Jesuit High Schools	20
Total student body, 1946-1947	23,494

Four of our High Schools indicated that they do not at present admit Negroes. Of the eight remaining High Schools which failed to answer the survey, since most of them are in the south, we may presume that they also do not admit this group.

It should be noted that many of the schools listed on Table 1 as admitting Negroes did not actually have any in their classes last year. Some of them certainly had them in previous years, whereas such students have not recently applied for admission. Other schools would admit this group, but find that the local segregated Catholic High Schools are caring for such students. This is the case at least in Denver and Milwaukee.

Table 2. Jesuit Colleges and Universities which admit Negroes, and the number of the same, 1946-1947

1. Boston College	6
2. Canisius College	8
3. Creighton University	10
4. Detroit University	50
5. Fordham University	102
6. Georgetown University	0
7. Holy Cross College	1
8. John Carroll University	8
9. LeMoyne College	0
10. Loyola University, Chicago	10

11. Loyola University, Los Angeles	5
12. Marquette University	16
13. Regis College	1
14. St. Joseph's College	1
15. St. Louis University	150
16. St. Peter's College	0
17. University of San Francisco	9
18. Scranton University	4
19. Santa Clara University	0
21. Xavier University	5
21. Seattle College	50
<hr/>	
Total Negroes in Jesuit Colleges	436
Total student body, 1946-1947	81,794

Two of our Colleges indicated that at the present time they do not admit Negro students. Three other Colleges failed to answer the survey.

At the present time, therefore, there are less than five hundred Negroes in our total student body of 105,288. They may attend 47 of our 64 schools and colleges. The majority, 436 students, are in the 21 Jesuit Colleges and Universities; the minority, 20 students, are in our 26 High Schools. From this brief statistical survey, there seems good reason to draw the following conclusions:

The Negro in Jesuit High Schools

For some years, their number has seemed quite small; and, we can reasonably expect that they shall continue for some time to be a very small minority. At present the proportion is one Colored student to 1172 white students. Schools in the New York area which have been admitting Negroes for some years past find themselves normally with but one or two students of this group, not because their number is restricted, but due to the fact that these alone apply or are able to make the grade. This would seem to prove groundless the fears of those who maintain that, once we begin educating Colored students in a given area, there will

be a large influx of that race and a subsequent cessation of our educational work among white students. This effect has nowhere materialized.

In an effort to discover the reason for the smallness of the Negro student body in our High Schools, the following reasons stand out: 1) The few Negro Catholics among their total population: 350,000 Catholics out of an estimated 13,000,000 Negroes. 2) Financial reasons: Jesuit schools, compared with other Catholic secondary schools, are normally in the more expensive tuition brackets. Not all Catholics can afford such rates. It is evident, therefore, that where a class of people, such as the Negro group finds itself in the lower financial strata of society, only very few of that group can afford our type of High School education. 3) The type of our Jesuit education: normally, our schools are classical and moderately scientific in their curricula; consequently their appeal is limited. Even at this date of eighty years since the freedom of the Negroes and of their remarkable progress during that time in educational lines, it can be safe to say that our Jesuit Education is not yet the food of the majority of that race, even as of the white race. They will seek to be educated for the most part along mechanical and technical lines. 4) Psychological reasons: where discrimination has been practiced in the past, or where there are but one or two Colored students in a school, there can be no doubt that it is much harder for the normal Negro youth to adapt himself to such circumstances. 5) Local laws and customs: In many southern areas, inter-racial education is excluded at least in public schools; in some states these laws bind private schools also; thus in Louisiana, if a white school should admit Colored students, it will lose its state charter and the right to grant degrees. In other areas customs seem almost as strong as law; yet these customs can be uprooted, as is evident in the case of the University of Maryland. Negroes have attended this state university since the famous case of Murray vs. the University of Maryland in 1935. A year ago, there were three

Negroes attending the University. For over a year now Negroes have been attending the Catholic University in Washington, thereby showing that "border-city" customs are being successfully overthrown. From such incidents as these, it might be well for Jesuits to study the question of local laws or customs and their application to private schools, before we proclaim ourselves bound in any way to prevent the admission of Negroes. 6) Presence of Catholic Negro High Schools: this is another reason for the fewness of Negro students in Jesuit High schools. Thus Rockhurst High in Kansas City and Marquette High in Milwaukee report that the presence of Negro Catholic High Schools draws such students away from them. Likewise the presence of free diocesan interracial schools draws such applicants: thus Cardinal Hayes High School in New York City has more than one hundred Negro youths compared to the one or two in our Jesuit schools of that city.

Concluding this High School analysis, it might be well to compare the total number of white and Negro graduates to give ourselves some idea of what the rest of the American High School population is numerically, in contrast with our own. According to the *Negro Handbook, 1946-1947*, edited by Florence Murray, in the year 1940, sixteen percent of the white population over the age of twenty-three had graduated from high school. On the other hand, only four per-cent of the Negro population had been thus educated.

The Negro In Jesuit Colleges and Universities

In Jesuit schools of higher learning the Negro is much better represented. And the evidence of annual increases in this group makes us conclude that we can expect more and more Negroes in our Colleges compared to a steady few in our High Schools. This noticeable increase reflected the post-war increase of white students in our colleges. At present one out of every 182 Jesuit College students is a Negro, as compared to the High School rate of one out of every 1172 students.

The reasons given for the larger number of Colored in our Colleges are: (1) Jesuit Colleges offer a wider curriculum than the High Schools. Negroes from non-Jesuit High Schools can be easily accommodated. (2) In many cases, as with white students, parents save their money to send their sons to Catholic Colleges, whereas they could not afford our secondary school tuition also. (3) Negro veterans are being aided by grants from the G.I. Bill of Rights. (4) Being maturer in age and experience than high school students Negroes in college find it easier to fuse with their fellow students.

Whatever be the reason, Negro college students are desirous of our Jesuit education. Witness the remarkable number coming to St. Louis University in the course of the past two years of non-discrimination policy. Every sixty-seventh student there is Colored, (one hundred and fifty in the total student body of 10,027) which almost mirrors the proportion of Negro Catholics of student age to white Catholics of similar age. Furthermore, it should be noted that these Negro students in our colleges are entering every field of our educational system. This can be best illustrated by a third table showing the distribution of members of that race in the various departments of Fordham University.

Table 3. Distribution of 102 Negro students in the various schools of Fordham University.

College of Arts and Sciences	6
School of Law	10
Graduate School	14
School of Adult Education	20
School of Business	2
School of Pharmacy	5
School of Education	20
School of Social Service	25
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Total Negroes in Fordham University	102
Total Student Body, 1946-1947	8,150

Interracial Activities In Jesuit Schools

Besides the actual presence of members of the Negro race in our schools, there is also evidence of splendid interracial activity on the part of our students. This is especially noted in some of the "border cities" where Negroes have not yet formed part of the student body, and where such action seems preparatory to their eventual admission. Of note is the Baltimore Catholic Students Interracial Council, of which both Loyola High School and Loyola College are members. During the past two years of its existence this organization has received considerable attention in the Catholic press. It is composed of Catholic Negroes and whites from all the various Catholic and public high schools and colleges of the city; their regular meetings have stimulated better racial understanding through discussion and through a program of Catholic Action in this field.

Again there is evidence in many places that the Sodality is being used as the instrument for furthering better race relations. Much credit for this is due to the fine, practical plans developed by the Race Relations Committee of St. Mary's College, Kansas, and published through the *Queen's Work* "Semester Outline" programs. This past year, for example, the Georgetown University Sodality was sponsor of several well-publicized interracial forums.

Certainly such groups as the Sodality and Interracial Councils are doing much to render at least the local situation benevolent for the advance of Negroes in Catholic education.

Catholic Sociological Implications

Dr. Frank Tannenbaum, in his penetrating book, "Slave and Citizen, the Negro in the Americas," develops well this thesis: whereas the Emancipation Proclamation legally freed the Negroes, it failed in the United States to free the white man. In our country, he states, the slave status had been based on Protestant

tradition, which regarded the slave as a chattel and not a human person with personal rights. For this reason slaves were frequently refused Baptism or Christian upbringing, since in this event their Masters would have had to act in line with Christian charity and justice. On the other hand, the slave status in Latin America was based on the Catholic tradition, an inheritance from Christian Spain and Portugal. This endowed the slave with a human dignity and a moral worth; his condition was to be considered a misfortune, not essentially degrading. This attitude facilitated their manumission and made them acceptable to society, where they were henceforth allowed to advance unfettered. Consequent to this Christian attitude towards slavery, nowhere in Latin America was the institution of slavery overthrown by civil war or bloodshed—whereas it took a fratricidal war to overthrow the Protestant slave status in our own country. Legally the Negro then became free in the United States. But so deep had been the unchristian attitude of our land towards the Negro, that white Americans in many parts are still fettered by the ancient tradition, denying the legally free Negro the right to be morally free and to advance as befits his human dignity.

Dr. Tannenbaum notes that it is to the glory of the Society of Jesus in the American colonies of Spain, Portugal and France that this Society was outstanding in defending and extending the rights of the Colored peoples. Might it not then be providential that the Society of Jesus in America still holds within its hands the power to further interracial justice through our educational institutions?

There are great social implications in the small number of Colored Catholics in the United States. There are only 350,000 Catholics in the total population of 13,000,000 Negroes. While every sixth American is a Catholic, we must pass thirty-eight Negroes before we can reach one Catholic of that race. Most thoughtful men will attribute the growth of the Catholic Church and its inherent strength here in America

in large measure to our splendid system of Catholic schools. Inversely, can we attribute the weakness or the smallness of Catholic numbers in the Negro group as being partly due to the lack of Catholic educational facilities at their disposal? The inference does not seem without reason.

An example of clear-cut action in this regard was given recently by Archbishop Ritter of St. Louis. His extension of Catholic school facilities to all children, both White and Negro, without segregation as practiced in the secular schools of that state, brought down the angry cry which threatened legal action against the Archbishop by a group of Catholic parents who did not wish their children to attend school with Colored Catholic children. Under the Archbishop's threat to apply the Church's law of excommunication against any people seeking such legal action, and with the Apostolic Delegate supporting the Archbishop, this group of Catholics withdrew their protestations. This whole incident indicates the tremendous need of enlightening Catholics on their obligations of charity and justice.

On the other hand unfortunate events have cropped up, where one group admitting Negroes seeks to place at least indirect pressure on other groups who do not follow their action. This appeared to be the case in Washington, D. C., last year, where a vocal group of people, who had helped Negroes enter Catholic University were striving through the Catholic press to have the other Colleges of the District of Columbia follow suit. Yet as far as the Jesuit University of that city is concerned, its policy was clear. The President of Georgetown wrote on the matter of our survey: "Although Georgetown has no Negro students in any of her Departments at present there is no policy in effect to deny admission to any students, otherwise qualified, because of race. All applicants must meet the same criteria—scholastic acceptability and the ability to meet the existing schedules of tuition, fees, etc. . . . Race or religion is by no means an eliminating factor." We might add that it is to the glory

of Georgetown that one of her former students, Mr. Julian J. Reiss, the 1947 Hoey Interracial Award winner, was the first Catholic member of the New York State Commission against racial discrimination in employment. He is also one of the committee of the newly founded group known as "Catholic Scholarships for Negroes, Inc." which is already sponsoring several Negroes in Catholic Colleges, one of them being at our own Saint Joseph's College in Philadelphia.

There is one final implication in the admission of Negro students in our schools. We are thus fostering possible vocations to the priesthood. This is all important when we consider that there are today but twenty-five Negro priests in this country out of a total body of 40,470 priests.

Shortly after his elevation to the See of Peter, in an address to the Catholics of the United States *Sertum Laetitiae*, in November 1939 Pope Pius XII declared: "We confess that We feel a special paternal affection, certainly inspired of Heaven, for the Negro people dwelling among you; for in the field of religion and education We know they need special care and comfort and are deserving of it." This special care and comfort which the Negro needs in the field of education and religion can be given by the American Jesuit Educational system. A good beginning has been made.

CATALOGUE GROWTH OF THE PROVINCES OF THE AMERICAN ASSISTANCY

LEO S. SIMPSON, S.J.

Compagnie, the Newsletter of the Province of France, in its issue No. 5, 1947, published the growth in numbers for the four Provinces of the Society in France during the years 1880-1940. The editor, Fr. G. Robinot Marcy, S.J., asked for California figures. These were published in the March issue of the *Province News* of California. Then Fr. Robinot asked for the figures of all the Provinces in the American Assistancy. The results are such that they should make interesting reading for members of the American Assistancy as well as those of France.

The Provinces appear in the order of their origin, as independent Missions or as Provinces, as the case may be.

MARYLAND

"In May, 1805, the scattered ex-Jesuits of Maryland and Pennsylvania assembled at St. Thomas' Manor, Md., to take formal action upon the glad tidings, that now at length they were permitted to unite themselves again to their beloved Society then existing in Russia. In June 1805, Father Molyneux was appointed the first Superior. On the Sunday within the octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 18, 1805, at the end of the retreat at Georgetown College, Father Robert Molyneux renewed his Profession, and several other Fathers renewed their Simple Vows; and thus the Society of Jesus may be said to have resumed on that day its Corporate Existence in this Country." (Letter of Fr. Thos. J. Gannon, Prov., to the Province, Jan. 1, 1905.)

Established 1633, the Mission of Maryland belonged to the English Province.

Reestablished 1805, the Maryland Mission was not connected with the English Province.

Year	PP.	SS.	BB.	Total
1805	5			5
1807	9	8	2	19
1810	14	11	16	41
1820	25	33	30	88
1830	41	7	30	78
1833	34	17	27	78 (1)
1840	37	26	43	106
1850	47	40	68	155
1860	72	80	93	245
1870	79	71	102	252
1880	154	201	171	526 (2)
1890	212	182	169	563
1900	243	234	157	634
1907	280	276	142	698
1908	332	305	155	792 (3)
1910	357	326	153	836
1920	424	527	129	1080
1926	524	689	128	1341
1927	398	420	98	916 (4)
1930	449	501	113	1063
1940	679	697	170	1546
1943	249	249	74	572 (5)
1947	301	276	62	639

- (1) On Feb. 2, 1833, by a decree of V.R. Fr. Roothaan, the Maryland Mission was erected into a Province.
- (2) In 1879, the New York Mission was annexed to the Maryland Province, adding 223 members: 58 PP.; 94 SS.; 71 BB.
- (3) On Sept. 1, 1907, part of the Buffalo Mission was annexed to the Maryland-New York Province, adding 82 members: 41 PP.; 24 SS.; 17 BB.
- (4) On July 31, 1926, the New England Region was separated from the Maryland-New York Province, with 467 members: 152 PP.; 286 SS.; 29 BB. On April 17, 1927, the Philippines Mission was an-

nexed to the Maryland-New York Province, adding 43 members. On Jan. 6, 1929, the Jamaica Mission was transferred to the New England Province, 4 members going from the Maryland-New York Province to the New England Province.

- (5) On July 2, 1943, the New York Province was separated from the Maryland Province. The 1943 figures given are for November, 1943.

MISSOURI

Year	PP.	SS.	BB.	Total
1824	2	6	2	10
1830	9	0	6	15
1840	30	24	29	83
1850	79	47	93	219
1860	81	44	91	216
1870	84	52	92	228
1880	115	113	105	333
1890	141	140	106	387
1900	188	193	106	487
1910	350	281	165	776
1920	456	400	166	1022
1928	Division of the Province into the Provinces of Missouri and of Chicago			
1930	360	282	121	763
1940	472	359	132	963
1947	594	341	125	1060

OREGON

Year	PP.	SS.	BB.	Total
1841	1			1
1851	11		8	19
1861	6		7	13
1871	15		13	28
1881	27	1	21	48
1891	46	16	33	95
1900	63	52	49	164
1910	146	125	107	378

1920	191	188	106	485
1930	280	394	102	792
1932	Division of the Province			
1933	152	190	52	394
1940	194	222	48	464
1947	270	170	46	486

OREGON DATE

- 1841-1851 Rocky Mountain Mission attached as a Mission to the Vice-Province of Missouri.
- 1851-1853 Rocky Mountain Mission and Mission of California were attached immediately to Father General.
- 1854 Rocky Mountain Mission and Mission of California were attached to the Province of Turin.
- 1858 Rocky Mountain Mission and Mission of California were separated and given their respective Superiors, but both remained attached to the Province of Turin.
- 1907 Rocky Mountain Mission and the Southern Alaska Mission were united with the Mission of California, as California and Rocky Mountain Mission.
- 1909 California and Rocky Mountain Mission became the Province of California.
- 1930 Region of Oregon was constituted a Vice-Province of the Province of California on Dec. 25.
- 1932 The Province of Oregon established on Feb. 2.

CALIFORNIA

Year	PP.	SS.	BB.	Total
1849	2			2

1860	21	3	23	47
1870	32	20	31	83
1880	49	39	54	143
1890	45	34	40	119
1900	54	54	45	153
1910	146	125	107	387
1920	191	188	106	485
1930	280	279	105	664
1940	187	266	53	506
1946	302	263	57	622

The years 1849-1900, include PP. and BB. from the Turin and other Italian Provinces.

The years 1910-1930, include PP., SS., and BB. belonging to the present Oregon Province.

NEW YORK

In 1879, the New York Mission added 223 members to the Maryland Province, and the name given to the Province thus formed was the New York Province. In 1880, in deference to the long history of the Maryland Mission and Province, V.R. Fr. General decreed that the name henceforth be the Maryland-New York Province. The figures from then to 1940 are given under the Maryland Province. The totals of the New York Province, after the division on July 2, 1943, are:

Year	PP.	SS.	BB.	Total
1944	557	509	96	1162
1947	637	489	95	1221

NEW ORLEANS

Year	PP.	SS.	BB.	Total
1882	53	40	37	130
1885	39	60	34	133
1890	50	89	53	192
1895	62	106	55	223
1899	77	100	51	228
1905	123	72	44	239
1907	Mission became a Province			
1910	128	79	41	248

1920	159	99	47	305
1930	186	108	39	333
1940	205	180	38	423
1947	245	182	39	466

NEW ENGLAND

From early years until 1926, the New England numbers are those of Maryland-New York. July 31, 1926, New England was separated from the Md.-N. Y. Province.

Year	PP.	SS.	BB.	Total
1927	152	311	29	492
1930	211	337	41	589
1940	421	324	67	812
1947	590	271	58	919

CHICAGO

From early years until 1928, the Chicago figures are those of Missouri. After the division of the Mother Province into two, the figures:

Year	PP.	SS.	BB.	Total
1928	282	249	57	588
1930	300	247	58	605
1940	413	337	87	837
1947	533	338	92	963

MISSION REPORTS

Catholic Mission
Truk, Carolines
May, 1947

Dear Folks,

It is said that when St. Francis Xavier sailed for the Missions, the only luggage he took with him was his set of breviaries. What made me think of that? Father Kennally and I have just finished drawing up a list of things the new priests should bring with them when they come next summer. There are exactly 104 items on the list—and about the only thing not included is breviaries! (We can trust the priests to bring them without being told.)

I'm going to seize this opportunity to ask you readers for some Stations of the Cross. There must be close to one hundred churches here, but not a single one of them has a complete set of Stations. Heavy stations that must be shipped by freight are not practical; just the set of fourteen heavy paper or cardboard pictures, sent by Parcel Post, would be much better. We'll put some bamboo frames on them when they arrive. Pictures of all sizes are acceptable, even the smallest, for we have churches of all sizes to fit them.

The mission of the Caroline and Marshall Islands is some 2500 miles long (about the distance from New York City to Denver) and has about two-hundred-and-fifty inhabited islands. To cover that field there are Very Rev. Vincent Kennally, Apostolic Administrator (who comes from the New England Province by way of the Philippines), eight Spanish Jesuits and myself. The Spaniards had a rough time during the war (the Japs killed seven Jesuits during the war), and many of them are old or sick. So they cannot do much traveling. Up to the present, Fr. Kennally and I have visited only about half of the islands—and in many cases,

only for a day or two. Transportation is accomplished by "hitchhiking" on Navy ships or planes, or by traveling in the fragile native canoes and small launches.

The fervor of the people reminds us of apostolic times. For example, I arrived unannounced in Yap on a Sunday morning and found some two hundred people assembled in the ruins of the Church. In the four years since the last priest had been on Yap, the people have been meeting daily for the Rosary. That first day in Yap, I put in a solid eight hours in the confessional. (The language problem was solved by the use of English-Yap cards that listed all the sins. The penitent would point to the sin and indicate the number by his fingers; thereupon I'd point to a prayer and indicate the number with my fingers—then they'd retire to say their penance.) The next day there were crowds at the altar-rail.

In the nine months I've been on this mission, I believe I've had more Baptisms and Marriages than the average Jesuit has in his lifetime. And I'm certain I've confirmed more people than all the Jesuit priests in the U. S. Here, where there is no Bishop, a long-standing custom permits Confirmation to be administered immediately after Baptism.

The prize example of the Carolines is a man named Felipe. The last priest on his island was there in 1934; thirteen years later I came on the scene, and found a flourishing Catholic community! For thirteen years, without the grace of the Sacraments, without any assistance or encouragement or even contact with a priest, Felipe had baptized the babies, instructed the children, encouraged the adults! What a wonderful priest Felipe would have made, if he had been given the opportunity!

Word has reached us that we can expect reinforcements this summer. They'll receive a hearty welcome! I estimate that forty priests will enable every Catholic in the mission to get to Mass and the Sacraments once a month. At present there are only ten priests here. I suppose it is too much to expect thirty more, but

everyone who comes will find plenty of priestly work and consolation. Brothers would be invaluable but now I'm dreaming. When the reinforcements come, it is my prayer and, I hope, yours that they'll come with the blessing of St. Francis Xavier.

In the Sacred Heart,

Edwin G. McManus, S.J.

* * * * *

Tertianship

Kodaikanal, Southern India

June 27, 1947

Dear Friends,

Here I am seated more than seven thousand feet above sea level, beside a stack of letters (which have to be answered) almost as high as the mountain on which the tertianship is built.

It was during the monsoon season that we arrived in Batticaloa, Ceylon—the headquarters of the Trincomalee Mission. The second day there I was assigned to say Mass at an orphanage and school for Tamil girls, St. Theresa's. It was raining snakes and monkeys at the time I was leaving for the convent. No college car! No taxis to call! Nothing to do but jump on a bicycle and go! So I prepared to meet the storm as best I knew how. I took off my cassock and tied it on my back. I slipped off my shoes and socks; tied them behind the seat of the bike; rolled up my trousers, and wrapped a green raincoat over everything, cassock, shoes and myself. Looking much like Ichabod Crane, I cycled, barefooted and bareheaded, through the downpour the mile and a half to the convent chapel. The Mother Superior seemed not to have seen the like before, for when she saw the priest who had come to say Mass standing in his bare feet, his hair straggly and wet, his face running with rain, she

looked a little excited—much as one might be expected to look if a headless man walked up and offered his hand. Well Mother Superior soon realized my plight, and brought a basin of water and a towel. And I put on the dry cassock and shoes.

I sang the High Mass at midnight, Christmas, at the same convent. There was no rain; the stars were bright. The altar was beautifully decorated; the girls' choir sang well the *Missa De Angelis*. After Thanksgiving (more than a hundred girls received Holy Communion), the girls gathered in a hall to sing some Christmas songs. Firecrackers went off by the dozen. Over here firecrackers provide the noise for all major celebrations.

I began to wrestle with Tamil—a language must for a missionary in our section of the island. Structurally, the language is much like Latin, but this likeness is only in the grammar. In vocabulary there's not a trace of resemblance to be seen with any language like Latin, English or French. Every new word is a new nonsense syllable. In speaking, very many of the words are telescoped, something like our "howdy" for "how do you do" and "goodbye" for "God be with you." So, you practically need to learn two forms of the language, the written and the spoken.

On the morning of the sixth of January I left for Trincomalee. Here the British have a large naval base, whose natural harbor is reputed to be the third best in the world. It is one of the few harbors where both the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* can be anchored at the same time. During the war the Japanese gave Trinco a raid, but it was too well protected by Forts Frederick and Ostenberg.

The people of the place are mainly Buddhists and Hindus. The Catholics number about five thousand of the twenty-eight thousand inhabitants of the town. The Jesuit school, a combined high school and grammar school, is the oldest one in town. St. Joseph's College and the Tamil School taken together numbered 498 boys when I left Trinco. The present quarters

are far too small. The little tots of the grammar school learn their Tamil alphabet seated on the sand in the school yard under the shade of a tree. There is no principal's office (Fr. Theisen uses a desk in one corner of the hall).

Home-study offers special difficulties for most of the boys are from poor families. Their tiny mud-wall hut with its coconut leaf roof is usually bare of all furniture. To offset these difficulties, we throw the school rooms open for night-study for an hour and a quarter each evening. Our present syllabus is academic: English, Tamil, math, geography, history, physiology, hygiene, botany, and for Catholics, religion.

The Boy Scouts of St. Joe's ought to come in for a special paragraph. For seventeen years (1921-1938) till the strict rations of wartime forced them to discontinue, twenty or so scouts weekly collected—from house to house—one hundred and fifty pounds of rice. They would do this each Saturday morning, and in the afternoon distribute it to the poor. In 1929 among all the scouts of the British Empire, they won the Empire cup for social service. They have been—aside from grace—our most effective means of dissolving the caste barriers. Boys from all four of the castes in Trinco have mixed in camp, sleeping and eating side by side on overnight camping trips.

I came to South India for my final year of Jesuit training. We are fifteen tertians in all. Priests from eight different nations: five Indians, two Swiss, two Frenchmen, two Americans, and one each from Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Colombia. Tonight we go on a retreat of thirty days. So I'm in the usual rush of pre-retreat writing. Please excuse the patch-work of this letter. And in your kindness remember myself and my fellow-tertians in your holy prayers.

With kindest regards in Christ,

Joseph V. Sommers, S.J.

PAGES FROM THE STORY OF
AN ANCIENT PARISH

*Sketch of St. Aloysius' Parish
Leonardtown, Maryland*

EDWARD A. RYAN, S. J.

These words are written on the occasion of the Centennial of the present church building in Leonardtown. The parish, as our readers will learn, is much older. The first St. Aloysius Church, the very first in the United States to be dedicated to the Angelic Patron of Youth, was erected in 1767 at the entrance of the Old St. Aloysius Cemetery outside the village and has almost entirely disappeared. The Jesuit Fathers, who served the Catholics of St. Mary's County and kept them, by God's grace, true to the Faith, did not come from Newtown Manor to Leonardtown when the courthouse was transferred in 1710. It was safer to remain in the comparative obscurity of Newtown. No doubt services were held out in the country in the first St. Aloysius Church to avoid the eyes of the pursuivants. Maryland priests did not suffer death for their religion like their confrères in Merrie England; but they were hunted down and exiled and imprisoned. They found it necessary to hide, to use aliases and to dress in secular clothes when not actually performing their sacred functions.

When liberty of worship came in the happier times inaugurated by the American Revolution, the Maryland Jesuits were still slow to move. The first St. Aloysius outside the town was not replaced by the present church until a century ago. It was only in 1868 that Newtown Manor ceased to be the central station of the Jesuits working in the central and northern parts of St. Mary's County. In April 1846 Archbishop Eccleston gave permission for the erection of the present structure, but for twenty years after its completion it was served from Newtown Manor.

St. Aloysius' Parish centers in Leonardtown, Maryland, the county seat of St. Mary's County. St. Mary's is the southernmost of the Maryland counties on the Western Shore of Chesapeake Bay and was the site of the first foundation in Maryland. The colonists who came over in 1634 made St. Mary's City the capital of the colony as well as county seat of St. Mary's County. St. Mary's City, which is now less than a village, was not adjacent to the trade routes which were established in the course of time. In spite of its pleasant site and splendid harbor, it lost the capitol to Annapolis in 1694-1695 and in 1710 the county seat was transferred to Leonardtown.

St. Mary's County in addition to being the place of the first landings in Maryland is also the oldest county organization in the state. It was the theatre of the free state's infant struggles and the cradle of her civil and religious liberties. Nor are all its glories of the past. Today St. Mary's County stands with Guadalupe County of New Mexico as the most Catholic County in the United States. Guadalupe County has 8,146 Catholics in a population of 8,646 and St. Mary's has 11,036 in a population of 14,626. These figures are approached but not surpassed by the statistics of certain counties in Maine and Arizona and by certain "parishes" in Louisiana. There is something very fitting in the fact that the original home of Catholicism in the now strongly Catholic northeastern states should be one of the most Catholic parts of the nation. And the Catholic people of Southern Maryland have influenced American Catholicism much more than their numbers would indicate. It was in this beautiful region that English-speaking Catholics first learned to live as Catholics and Americans.

Leonardtown is a small county seat of a small county but it has an interesting history. During the Revolutionary War, the Catholics of St. Mary's County like the great majority of their brethren throughout the colonies joined the cause of the patriots. Leonardtown was garrisoned with specially raised troops who

were ready at short notice to march to any part of the country where their presence might be required. The Fathers at Newtown Manor, who at that time served St. Aloysius' Parish, were not unmolested by the redcoats. A letter of the time complains that the British soldiers frequently broke down the doors of the Manor "with the butts of their villainous guns."

When Admiral George Cockburn invaded Maryland and the District of Columbia in the summer of 1814, he wrote to his commanding officer that Leonardtown was a place "which has many valuable stores belonging principally to the people of the Democratic faction." Leonardtown was raided by Cockburn but, since no resistance from either militia or citizenry was met with, the admiral was satisfied with taking the stores and did not destroy the village.

During the Civil War the people of St. Mary's County were not conspicuous for their loyalty to the Federal government. Tobacco had been, since the beginning, Maryland's chief money crop. Values were expressed in tobacco and, more important still, labor policy was determined by it. Slave labor was adapted to the production of tobacco and so Southern Maryland became a slave-holding region. In 1860 only Virginia and Tennessee raised more tobacco than Maryland, and ninety per cent of Maryland tobacco was raised in the southern counties. The necessary cereals were grown in Northern and Western Maryland.

The *New York Sun* for December 16, 1906, carries an interesting account of the adventures of a New Yorker who went to Leonardtown in that year in search of "a sixteenth century town, named for Leonard Calvert, its streets lined with fine old pillared mansions fronted with box gardens, and adorned within with panelled walls from which looked down generations of ancestors done in oils by early American portrait painters. Leonardtown must be redolent, he thought, of old Catholic Maryland and its indestructable romance." Arriving in Southern Maryland, the traveller was delighted with the approach to

Leonardtown, "for Britton Bay is one of the loveliest tributaries of the Potomac, bosomed deep in the hills of St. Mary's County and edged with glorious forests." But the traveller was disappointed in the town. "On the bluff above the wharf was a solid old Maryland mansion that promised well for the town but the drive to the hotel betrayed nothing of interest. There were no pillared porches smothered in vines; there were no box gardens; the courthouse was a new structure of buff brick; not a house in sight looked as if it could shelter the portraits of anybody's ancestor." Although somewhat disappointed in the buildings, the traveller was delighted with the people and stayed on to converse with the barber, "a man of open and insatiable curiosity and corresponding frankness", with a man of the world who "talked well of any subject that came up in softness of voice, purity of speech and general benevolence", with the "liveliest and neatest of white haired old gentlemen", with the local probate Judge, "bearing a name known wherever the English language is spoken, by reason of its association with a patriotic American song", with a young man who was "no whit behind his fellow townfolk in speech and manner", with the local rector and with a retired naval officer. Even the "ordinary come and go of the village street" proved interesting. The traveller returned home to write of the politeness of St. Mary's County and of life in "ever romantic Old Catholic Maryland".

A recent writer has asserted that "the twentieth century has made little impression on Leonardtown where oxen trundle tobacco along the tree-lined lanes to warehouses and boat landings, and the warm hospitality of the people has not yet been commercialized." Perhaps oxen are still to be seen occasionally on the streets of the county seat but they are by no means as common as up-to-date cars and trucks. With the installation of a large naval air base in St. Mary's County, the breath of the outside world blows in more freely, perhaps, than before. Large buses also regu-

larly carry contingents of the population to scenes which would have been far more distant for their ancestors. Perhaps the nature of local life will change considerably under the impact of the encroaching world which now uses wings to reach this beautiful southern paradise. But whatever may happen the Southern Marylander will retain his character which is so strongly marked and so friendly.

As one turns the pages of the records of life in St. Mary's County the temper of life in Leonardtown and its surroundings becomes quite clear. Here we have a secluded and detached frontier which was early mastered. Here live a people, jealous of liberty as they understand it, and content to dwell apart from the busy marts of American life. Their pleasures have come for the most part in the form of the joys of human companionship. Their faithful practice of the Catholic religion has been their support amidst the sorrows which are mankind's heritage. It is the glory of St. Aloysius' Parish that it has successfully fostered Catholic life amidst these delightful surroundings.

The origins of St. Aloysius' Parish are lost in the mist of time. Newtown Manor was the first center of Catholicism in the central and northern sections of St. Mary's County and its priests must have travelled to Leonardtown from the earliest years of the eighteenth century. The bodies of many of these apostolic men now lie waiting the resurrection near St. Francis Xavier's Church at Newtown Manor of which St. Aloysius' was for more than a century a mission church.

The oldest historical document connected with St. Aloysius' Church which has come down to us is the diary of Father James Walton, who was stationed at Newtown Manor during the American Revolution. According to this diary the first St. Aloysius, which stood about two miles to the north of Leonardtown just outside the gate of the Old Cemetery—there is a New Cemetery nearer the town and present church—must have been partially built in 1766. In a list for the

subscriptions "for the payments of St. Aloysius's Chappel's fund," we read the following: "All payed but 5 thousand, which are to make up the payment of the choir and galleries." As the entries of money are in pounds, shillings and pence, this would seem to indicate that the first St. Aloysius Church was a considerable edifice. The number of contributors whose gifts are recorded by Father Walton is not large. In his diary we learn that in 1766 and 1767 Esquire Carroll contributed five pounds; Michael Costyr, eleven shillings, threepence; William Elder, one pound; Mr. Cary, three and a half barrels of corn; Mr. Mitchell, a Protestant, one pound; Mr. Edelen, two pounds, five shillings; Mr. Philip Gerard, one pound; Mr. Thomas Lilly, one pound, ten shillings; and Mr. Richard Lilly, one pound, ten shillings. A further list records that in 1773 and 1774 Charles Joy, Jr., gave three pounds fifteen shillings; Willy Fenwick, three pounds; Jesse Floyd gave two pounds, fifteen shillings for his children and five pounds, eighteen shillings, ninepence for himself; Betty Beans gave thirteen pounds, fifteen shillings; Cuddy Fenwick turned in three pounds which his sister Betsey had donated to the chapel. Among the other financial records are some which concern stipends for Masses. On April 21, 1777 Eleonora Dant gave one pound, nine shillings, twopence to St. Aloysius' for masses "for ye souls of her father, mother and husband." The same year Mr. Charles Joy, Sr., left ten pounds for masses and Jesse Floyd gave fifteen pounds for masses for his deceased wife Carry. In August 1776 Father Walton received ten pounds from Joseph Carbery "payable to the poor to help ye soul of John Carbery deceased." These financial records are obviously incomplete and there are many insoluble questions which they raise but they bear witness to the genuine Catholic spirit of these early Marylanders.

Another source of information on old Leonardtown are documents preserved in the archives of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. In a batch of letters written between 1817 and 1820 by the Rev. Leonard Edelen,

superior of the Jesuits at Newtown Manor and in charge of St. Aloysius' Mission, to Archbishop Am- brose Maréchal, we find not a few paragraphs in which the zealous pastor complains of the lack of priests in Southern Maryland and begs the prelate not to re- move tried laborers from this vineyard of the Lord but rather to send fresh recruits. In a letter of October 27, 1817, he writes: "Newtown has not ex- hibited such a spectacle of distress for these eight years past and I trust that it will be long before we are again visited by such an attack. . . . The reverend Mr. Rantzau, S.J. had like to have made his exit, but is now fast recovering. His reverence left last week for George Town. I have no expectation of any assis- tance from him during the winter. Before his illness, he attended with great zeal the St. Aloysius and Sacred Heart congregations." In a letter to the Archbishop written November 13, 1820, Father Edelen defends the people of St. Mary's County against the charge that they are unwilling to contribute to "raising a competent support for their pastors and decent repair of their churches." He also speaks of their great esteem for Archbishop Maréchal, who had made a visitation of the county in April 1818. The diary of this visitation is extant and in it the Archbishop re- ports that he saw "St. Aloysius' Chapel, a wooden building, large and in tolerable order." On June 10, 1824, on another visitation he went to St. Aloysius', where he confirmed eighty persons. He wrote in his diary: "Church is repaired, large and well disposed. Altar and throne adorned with taste." Very little now remains of this old church which pleased the great prelate to whom the churches of France had once been familiar.

* * * * *

Just why the Jesuits maintained their principal resi- dence in central St. Mary's County at the isolated Newtown Manor is not stated in the records which have come down to us. But the reason is to be sought

in the harsh treatment to which Catholics were long subjected in what was supposed to be a land of sanctuary for them. For 128 years the Jesuit missionaries and their devoted followers were bitterly persecuted. In such circumstances it was much better to lie hidden at Newtown than to beard the lion in his den at Leonardtown.

The first Jesuits, who came over on the Ark and Dove, did not enjoy much more than ten years of peace. By 1645 the Parliamentary Revolution was in full swing in England and a mob from Virginia invaded Maryland, captured Father Andrew White and Father Philip Fisher and packed them off to England for trial as Popish priests. By 1646 three other young Jesuit priests, Roger Rigbie, Bernard Hartwell and John Cooper, had died in Virginia prisons under circumstances of which we have no account. In 1655 the Maryland Jesuits escaped with their lives but lost all their possessions. After the Orange Revolution all Catholics in Maryland were hounded for ten years until finally in 1699 the anti-popery law was passed confiscating all Catholic property. In 1717 three Jesuits were imprisoned and the following year a violent assault on the Church all but wiped out the Maryland Mission. By 1720 Maryland Catholics were seriously considering emigration to Louisiana or the West Indies. But they remained to undergo between 1750 and 1760 another campaign aimed at the total suppression of the Church in the Colony. Catholics and their priests survived, but only at the cost of bitter fighting and much suffering. No wonder that during all these years the shepherds of the flock crouched at Newtown Manor and built the first St. Aloysius Church at a safe distance from the rough hand of the authorities.

After the establishment of the United States, the reasons which kept the central station at Newtown Manor were no longer so cogent and yet the status of a mission church was maintained until 1860 or perhaps even until 1868. Moreover the first St.

Aloysius Church outside the village continued to be used until 1846-1847. According to documents preserved in the Archives of the Maryland Province of the Society of Jesus, Archbishop Samuel Eccleston on April 23, 1846, gave Father Joseph Enders, then superior at Newtown Manor, permission to erect a new church—this time within the limits of the county seat. St. Aloysius' was fortunate enough to include among its parishioners a man capable of erecting the church. This was Vincent Camalier, a Frenchman, who had left his native land during the troubles caused by the French Revolution. He had settled in Washington, D. C., where in 1824 he received a diploma as an approved contractor from the Master Carpenters' Society of the District. In 1831 Mr. Camalier moved with his family to Leonardtown. It was he who in 1846-1847 had charge of the erection of the present St. Aloysius Church which has served the people of the parish for a century.

For the history of the parish in those day we have a fruitful source of information in the grand old newspaper *The St. Mary's Beacon*, which is more than a hundred years old. On September 14, 1854, it carried an article which throws light on the earliest years of the church. The article reads as follows:

The Reverend Robert Woodley, who has been connected with the mission in this county for the past sixteen years and who has been attached to the Catholic Church in this place as its pastor since its erection, has been lately removed to St. Thomas Congregation in Charles County. An attentive and experienced missionary clergyman, a gentleman of extensive and varied information, with good sense and sound judgment, possessing enlarged and liberal views on all subjects, and with a heart open as day to melting charity, . . . in a word with faults as few and qualities excelling the great majority, Mr. Woodley was a favorite, generally speaking, with all classes and denominations in our community; and on the part of this congregation we believe we can say with truth, the connection with him is severed with unfeigned regret.

Father Woodley and his immediate successors continued to serve St. Aloysius' Church from Newtown Manor. Indeed it is not easy to determine just when the central residence was transferred to Leonardtown. In the *Beacon* for November 22, 1860, and in the four next numbers there is a notice which reads: "Trespassers! All persons are hereby forewarned against trespassing with dog or gun or in any other manner on any part of Newtown Manor in Beggar's Neck, St. Mary's County. Signed: George Mattingly, Benedict Russell, H. C. Cawood, Enoch Neale, Rev. Mr. Enders." Does this notice indicate some change in the status of the Manor or does it merely reflect the troublous times preceding the Civil War? If it points to a change, we might, perhaps, conclude that it was the prospect of the war between the states which brought the Jesuits from isolated Newtown to the county seat. This impression is somewhat strengthened by the addition in 1861 of the address, "Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Md." to the caption *Residentia ad Newtown* in the annual catalogue of the Maryland Province of the Society of Jesus. However, it is only in the year 1868 that the *Residentia ad Newtown* becomes *Residentia ad Leonardtown*. Up to that year also one of the priests attached to the *Residentia ad Newtown* is assigned to visit Leonardtown. In the 1868 catalogue and thereafter it is Newtown which is visited.

The author of Father Enders' obituary (WOODSTOCK LETTERS, vol. 13, (1884) p. 402) asserts that the change was made in July, 1868. But it may well be that in particularly difficult times during the war between the states, the Fathers sought in Leonardtown more secure quarters than Newtown could then afford. At whatever date they came to Leonardtown, it is certain that they lived at first in a dwelling called "White Hall." Although commodious and well arranged this residence had the disadvantage of not adjoining the church. It was accordingly exchanged for a wheelwright's shop adjacent to the church. The

shop was then transformed into a rectory and served as such until fairly recent times.

The St. Mary's Beacon of July 20, 1865, has the following paragraph in the news section: "The Jubilee and Spiritual Retreat commenced by the Jesuit Fathers at the Catholic Church in our village on Sunday last have been generally attended by members of the Catholic religion in our midst and have attracted the visits of a large number of members of other religious denominations. The resident priests are assisted in their labors by the Reverends Bernard Maguire and John Baptist Emig of Washington." This notice is especially interesting since Father Maguire was probably the most renowned ecclesiastical orator of his generation, one who travelled throughout a great part of the country giving missions.

In February 1871, a concert and supper was held for the benefit of the parish. In the *Beacon* of February 2, 1871, there is an advance notice which bespeaks the support of all since the congregation of St. Aloysius' Parish is known far and wide for its "encouragement of, and liberality towards, all worthy and charitable projects." The object of entertainment was to raise funds to repair the church, which was in a serious state of disrepair. The next week's issue contains a description of the event: "The Court room on Tuesday night was filled to its utmost capacity by an audience of either sex, both colors, all ages and religions to witness the entertainment gotten up in aid of the Catholic Church in our town. We suppose that three hundred is an underestimate of the number present. Music, charades and dramatic performances constituted the mental and emotional pabulum, and we have space only to say that the feast was eminently worthy of the splendid encouragement it received. . . . The supper which followed at the hotel of Mr. Fenwick, albeit a little crowded, was a worthy compliment to the Court House exercises, was well served and abounded in all the substantials and most of the delicacies of the season. It is likely that two hun-

dred and fifty dollars or upwards will be realized by the whole entertainment."

The concert and supper were held too late to permit of the repairing of the church in time. An article in the *Beacon* of March 16, 1871, shows how badly the Church needed improvement:

At early Mass on Sunday morning last as the worshippers at St. Aloysius', Leonardtown, were entering the Church, a considerable section of the upper plastering on the North side of the edifice fell with a tremendous clatter to the floor breaking and disfiguring the pews with which it came in contact. Fortunately the usual occupants of these pews were a trifle behind time or, instead of having to chronicle a scare, we should be called upon to record a serious disaster to human life. The Church authorities should see that the whole of the upper plastering is taken down before worship is permitted in the edifice again. Even people who are not very nervous or easily alarmed would prefer, we suppose, to say their prayers without the probability of being punched through the skull by pellets of falling plaster.

The sequel of the fall of the plaster seems to be undiscoverable. A careful search through the issues of the *Beacon* for the rest of 1871 and for 1872 failed to uncover any information on the repairs to the church. The next notice about the church building is contained in the issue of September 2, 1880 where we read that the steeple of St. Aloysius' Church had been newly painted so as to represent "alternate layers of slate shingles. The improvement is very marked and is one that has been needed for some time. The church front now presents a handsome appearance and nothing is wanting but the raising of the main roof to give the building some pretention to church architecture." The roof was subsequently raised as is apparent to an observer.

There are frequent mentions in the *Beacon* of entertainments for the benefit of the church.

On September 10, 1879, a musical entertainment

was held at Clifton Factory by St. Aloysius' Choir of Leonardtown under the direction of Miss Nannie Combs. The performance was much enjoyed despite the very hot weather. Miss Kate Camalier was at the organ. At the conclusion of the musical part of the entertainment the genial Father Neale ascended the stage and in a few facetious remarks, happily delivered, thanked the choir for the music. There was only one mistake which we think our reverend friend made and that was the low price of admittance. We pride ourselves that our choir could have commanded a larger price. But our reverend friend knew best since he was well satisfied with the amount realized.

On June 8, 1882, the concert and festival were not as successful as had been hoped. The entertainment, featured by a tableau starring little Mignonette Moore, was well received by the audience which "made up in appreciation what it lacked in numbers."

The visits of the chief pastors of the Baltimore Archdiocese to their distant flock in St. Mary's County are regularly reported in the *Beacon*. On June 16, 1878, for example, James Cardinal Gibbons, then Archbishop Gibbons, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Aloysius' to ninety-seven confirmants. A very large crowd witnessed the imposing ceremonies and in the evening the Archbishop gave a lecture on "The inerrability of the Catholic Church." The lecture was also well attended and the Archbishop treated his difficult subject "with distinguished ability and in a manner to win the goodwill even of those of different convictions."

We shall conclude this section with a word in praise of Father Joseph Enders, who ranks as one of the greatest pastors of St. Aloysius'. He was superior of Father Woodley when the new church was built. An artist, he painted the picture of the patron which hangs over the main altar. Afterwards from 1858-1870 this "venerable, humble and beloved priest ministered to the people of the parish with untiring zeal" (*St. Mary's Beacon*, January 18, 1878). It was during

this period that Leonardtown supplanted Newtown Manor as the ecclesiastical center of this part of St. Mary's County.

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Father Charles Kennedy Jenkins, who was pastor of St. Aloysius' from 1881 to 1903, may well be looked upon as the founder of the contemporary parish. A descendant of an old St. Mary's County family, he thoroughly understood the people to whom he ministered so long and was devoted heart and soul to their welfare. Father Jenkins had a kind word and a good wish for everybody; the children were fond of him; the sick found in him a staunch friend and the sad of heart a gentle comforter. His cheerful, kindly and wholesouled disposition endeared him to everybody in the parish. He brought forth fruit which remains.

Among the many things Father Jenkins accomplished for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the congregation was the introduction of the Sisters of Nazareth in 1885 and the foundation of St. Mary's Academy. The large modern Academy building, erected on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Academy, is perhaps the most impressive structure in Leonardtown. Its one hundred eighty high school students represent all the surrounding parishes, but about one-third are from St. Aloysius'. Of the two hundred twenty grade pupils, nearly half are from the parish. Twenty-six Sisters of Charity of Nazareth (Kentucky) are resident in Leonardtown although some of them teach in the parochial schools at Medley's Neck and Hollywood. St. Mary's Academy can boast, not only of fine scholastic standards, but also of an excellent orchestra, glee club and dancing class. It conducts well-organized science and dramatic societies. The Sodality of our Lady flourishes and the Mission Crusade unit last year collected up to a thousand dollars for the Missions. In addition St. Mary's Academy Choir is the pastor's mainstay for high masses. Composed of boarders as well as of town students, this

choir renders, under the able direction of Sister Mary Mildred, the Gregorian Chant in a manner which compares favorably with that of the best city schools. Truly Father Jenkins brought a multitude of blessings to the parish and to St. Mary's County when he persuaded the Sisters of Nazareth to settle here. Mother Helena Tormey and Sisters Madeline, Rosanne, Gregorita and Bertilla showed great foresight in establishing their school in a neighborhood which seemed to other teaching orders not well adapted to effective educational endeavor.

In 1909 when Father Edward X. Fink was pastor, Leonard Hall was established in the parish. It is situated about a mile from Leonardtown on the former Robert C. Combs' estate and numbers three buildings with a large farm attached. At first the Xaverian Brothers, who conduct the school, gave a thorough course in theoretical and practical agriculture as well as the ordinary high school courses. Since 1931, however, Leonard Hall has changed from the status of a parish school to that of a private school. Boys now come from New York, Baltimore, Washington and other cities. Some South Americans from the embassies in Washington are enrolled. Eight Brothers are on the faculty, which accepts students for the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades.

From material kindly supplied by the Reverend Laurence J. Kelly of Holy Trinity Church, Washington, we are able to view the parish as one of its ablest pastors knew it when the twentieth century was in its teens. Father Kelly went to Leonardtown in 1906 and was assigned to Sacred Heart Church and Holy Angels' Chapel in the Seventh Election District, which comprises all that territory between St. Clement's Bay and the Wicomico River, bordering on Charles County to the west. His parishes included Blackistone Island in the Potomac River, formerly the famous St. Clement's Island where the first Mass in Maryland was offered by Father Andrew White, S.J., for the Maryland Pilgrims, March 25, 1634.

The pastor of St. Aloysius' Church in 1906 was Father Patrick J. O'Connell who was celebrated for his well prepared and eloquent sermons. He was succeeded by Father Edward X. Fink in 1908. The superior and pastor at Leonardtown was then canonically also pastor of all the churches and missions west and northwest of Great Mills and Jarboesville, as far as the Charles County boundary. Father Kelly's five years in his first charges were strenuous ones. Those were the "horse and buggy" days; there were no roads to speak of, and automobiles had not arrived.

Father Fink retired in 1911 because of failing health. He had made many improvements in the church by way of lighting and heating systems. He made improvements also in the old rectory which up to that time had been lighted by oil lamps and lanterns and heated by metal wood-stoves. Father Fink's most important work, as we have seen, was the introduction of the Xaverian Brothers.

Father Kelly was called in from his two churches and installed as superior and pastor of St. Aloysius' in the summer of 1911. In the community during the next six years were the venerable Father Clement S. Lancaster who spent nearly twenty-five years in the parishes of St. Mary's County; the genial Father Peter J. O'Carroll, and the picturesque Father William J. Stanton. Father Joseph V. Schmidt was pastor of Morganza and Mechanicsville, succeeding Father Stanislaus Palermo. Father Timothy O'Leary, noted as a professor of philosophy in the colleges of the Jesuit Province, should also be mentioned. During his two years at St. John's he erected the chapel of St. Mary at California, a few miles below Hollywood. Then there was the scholarly Father John LaFarge, now Editor-in-Chief of the Jesuit magazine *America*. He was assistant pastor at Leonardtown from 1911 to 1915 when he was transferred to St. Inigoes and Ridge where he founded the Cardinal Gibbons Institute. From Leonardtown he made excursions to the Newtown, Hollywood and Morganza sections, and con-

ducted instruction classes for public school children who were unable to come to the Sisters' school in town. It was a truly apostolic work.

During Father Kelly's term of office, the Fathers were active in promoting the success of St. Mary's Academy and Leonard Hall. Lecturers came from the State Agricultural College and gave demonstrations to the public in improved scientific farming. The County Fair idea was introduced to be directed and conducted by the Xaverian Brothers on the spacious campus of Leonard Hall. All the features of the best County Fairs in Maryland were included: exhibitions of stock; the staple crops, corn, wheat and tobacco; fruit raising, garden products, canning and preserving; all for the blue and red ribbon awards. Even a baby show was not omitted and the fair closed with one of the old-time tournaments.

At St. Mary's Academy, the Alumnae Society was organized which has made its mark in the history of that flourishing institution. The splendid academic hall to which we have already referred is in great part one of the achievements of the alumnae. The St. Aloysius' Dramatic Club was formed by the graduates of the Academy, and the talented youth of the county were trained in histrionics by such masters of the art as Fathers Carney, LaFarge and Cunningham. The young folks were ambitious in those days and played before crowded houses in La Plata and lower St. Mary's.

Father Stanton on his venerable charger, "Morgan," organized cavalcades from Medley's Neck, Newtown, St. Joseph's and St. John's, and they moved into town led by their pastors every Holy Thursday afternoon to adore at the respository in St. Aloysius' Church. Riders and horses were gaily decked out with red ribbons. They were met by a color guard from Leonard Hall, and when they assembled in the church they presented a scene long to be remembered. The Fathers preached fervorinos and Father Stanton, in his own inimitable manner, improvised the prayers,

asking Christ, the Eucharistic King, to bless these knights of the Blessed Sacrament, their families and homes, their farms and crops and all, in reward for this beautiful tribute of their loyalty. And the Blessing never failed. Father Stanton had been on the Jesuit Mission Band many years until his health began to fail; but he was happy to find it again in the open country and the congenial ministries of his two parishes, Newtown and Medley's Neck. He built Our Lady's Chapel, the present church at Medley's Neck.

It was in 1914 that the Cardinal Archbishop approved of dividing the westernmost parishes from the Leonardtown jurisdiction and establishing a new center in Chaptico at the head of the Wicomico River. This would reduce the distances which the Fathers had been travelling to reach their churches and people. Consequently a new rectory was built on an eminence beside the road leading from Helen to Chaptico and commanding a fine view of the town and the river and valley to the southwest. In the rectory a temporary chapel of Our Lady of Loreto was provided for the Catholics of that vicinity who for many years had to meet in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allie Welch for instruction and for Mass at the Christmas and Easter seasons. Later the church of Our Lady of the Wayside was built and a new parish established.

In Father Kelly's time at Leonardtown a movement was started to have the annual liquor license in the county raised from thirty-five to seventy-five dollars. The county representatives obtained the approval of the State Legislature for a referendum, and the voting was ordered for the day of the usual November elections. Even that moderate raise was badly defeated at the polls. Conditions throughout the county grew worse and there were many unfortunate cases of crime and demoralization. The Fathers, therefore, determined to take more radical measures. They obtained the hearty approval of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, to eliminate the liquor abuses and two years later the Maryland Legislature granted another refer-

endum,—this time not for higher licenses but for no licenses, i.e., to close every saloon in the county. Virginia was dry; the neighboring counties, Charles and Calvert, were dry. They all blamed St. Mary's for the illicit flow of intoxicants into their territory. The Anti-Saloon League offered its services for the campaign but the Fathers rejected them; this was to be a home rule action—the people were to decide it for themselves. The Protestant ministers, white and colored, joined in the crusade, and in nearly every church and hall in the county the oratory flowed merrily on.

The election, a special one, was held in mid-July. On the same day a festival was being held on the lawn at St. Aloysius', which some folks thought to be a hazardous venture. At seven P.M. the returns began to come in at the rectory from the various election districts, and as soon as the count assured victory for the cause the sexton was bid toll the big bell in the church tower to "declare freedom to all the land!" It was a happy hour for the good women of St. Mary's, and their joyful acclamations gave evidence of it. Temperance not prohibition had won by a vote of two to one. Though some people charged that the clergy had intruded into politics, Cardinal Gibbons thought otherwise; it was clearly a moral issue. Until prohibition was enacted because of the hysteria following the first World War, St. Mary's County was vastly improved materially and morally, and the jail in the county seat was practically deserted.

Among the immediate successors of Father Kelly, none stand out more for length of tenure of office and consequent effect on the parish than Father Aloysius Guiney and Father Joseph Sheridan Knight. The former will be remembered for his spiritual geniality whereas the handsome new rectory is a monument to Father Knight. Even dearer perhaps to the parishioners during this period was Father Joseph B. Morning who was assistant pastor from 1931 until his sudden death in 1945 except for a short period

when ill in the hospital from a heart attack and a year spent at Loyola High School, Blakefield, to recuperate. During his years at Leonardtown, this sweet and unassuming character had great influence over the boys of the parish and they rallied round him and made his Boys' Club a vital force. The clubrooms in the basement of the rectory were outfitted with games and other devices which captivate the young but the real magnet was Father Morning.

Another beloved pastor of St. Aloysius' was Father John L. Gipprich who came to Leonardtown from Georgetown University, where he had been professor of physics. A man of few words but of great business acumen, Father Gipprich payed off the long-standing debt on the rectory and left a substantial sum in the bank to make it easier for his successor. In addition the house library was increased to more than three thousand volumes during his wise administration. Afflicted with ill health, in particular with severe asthma, he greatly edified the people by his heroic efforts at the altar when an attack came on during Holy Mass. Often the kindly assistance of some laymen was required in order that the Holy Sacrifice might be completed. Despite this weakness Father Gipprich not only took good care of Church, but was assiduous in visiting the sick, who remember him fondly. To the joy of the parishioners he restored to its place over the main altar the picture of St. Aloysius in cassock and surplice before a crucifix. This picture, as we have already mentioned, was painted by Father Joseph Enders, S.J., who was superior at Newtown when our parish church was built a century ago.

Father Louis A. Wheeler has been pastor since September 15, 1946. He has been less than a year in charge of the parish and yet the number of notices in the ever faithful *St. Mary's Beacon* on activities in the parish is worthy of note and study because it suggests what a powerhouse of true spirituality St.

Aloysius' Rectory has been during all the years that have passed since the Jesuits came to Leonardtown.

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After running through the scanty and scattered records of a parish such as St. Aloysius', one is tempted to conclude that only the angels could adequately write the history of a parish. Only the angels know the full story of the secret graces which come through the parish organization to the individual soul and which are the driving force of the Catholic Church.

Even events and trends which might well be known and which would make interesting reading are now known only to the angels or to people who cannot be conveniently reached. Under certain pastors the main events of parish life were carefully recorded. Other pastors, either because they were too busy, or more probably because it never occurred to them to do so, have left but scanty records of their activities. Despite the impossibility of composing a complete history, a study of the two centuries of Catholicism in St. Mary's County leads us to greater faith and greater confidence in our Heavenly Father. In the development of the Church in the United States, which is one of the brightest pages in the history of the Church Universal during the last two centuries, St. Aloysius' Parish has had a glorious part. The seed of faith planted here so long ago has borne fruit one hundred fold. Father Edelen spoke in 1817 of four hundred and fifty communicants in St. Aloysius' congregation. In 1885 Father Jenkins estimated that his flock numbered about seven hundred. Today, although St. Mary's County in the twentieth century has, owing to the exodus to the cities, slowly but steadily declined in population, there are more than a thousand parishioners. These statistics, the veracity of which is supported by the flourishing condition of the parish, should cause the Catholics of Leonardtown and vicinity to face the future with great confidence.

OBITUARY

FATHER JUAN REBULL

1872 - 1947

Father Juan Rebull was born in the city of Vilella Alta, in the Province of Tarragona, Spain, on March 4, 1872. He entered the Seminary of Tarragona while still a young man, and after his first year of philosophy, entered the Society at Veruela on September 6, 1889.

From his first days in the novitiate, he manifested great tenacity and perseverance in his undertakings. With great effort he overcame a certain difficulty in speech and eventually found himself able to speak in public. In the Juniorate, in addition to the daily class exercises, he committed to memory all the Odes of Horace, and gave a public defense of his extra work.

He was sent to the Philippines for Regency in 1897, returning to Spain in 1903. After ordination he was sent to America to complete his theological studies, and to make his Tertianship.

In 1908 he returned to the Philippines where, in the Ateneo de Manila, he taught the Suprema Class. In 1910 he was appointed minister and procurator of the College. After serving in these posts for two years, he was sent to Mindanao in 1912 to become pastor and superior at Davao, until relieved by Father Villalonga. The next scene of his pastoral labors was Caraga where he was placed in charge of an extensive mission including Manay and Mati, which did not pass under the jurisdiction of Davo until 1931.

Anyone who has travelled those regions, climbed their mountains or waded their swift rivers can well realize the missionary zeal of Father Rebull who for over sixteen years was ever faithful in his parochial ministrations to his scattered flock. When he was given Fr. Vila as his companion in 1931, Father Rebull imposed

upon himself the obligation of visiting all the barrios every month under all conditions of weather—wet or dry. It would not have been so bad if he had had a good horse and a facility for languages. But he had no horse at all and he could not express himself with ease to the new Christians. However, his constant self-sacrifice and generosity won the hearts of all.

Father Rebull left Caraga in May, 1937 to become pastor at Jolo, among the Moros, where he remained until the Oblate Fathers relieved him. He was transferred to Mercedes, Zamboanga, to take charge of the parish at Lamitan. When the war broke out in 1941, he found himself "marooned" at Isabella, far away from his companions at Lamitan. Only God knows what the poor Father suffered during the Japanese invasion. Though he could not read any more, he still visited the barrios until, in 1947, the Superior at Zamboanga, Father Cervini, seeing him sick and broken down, ordered him to go to Zamboanga City. Three days after his arrival, he died.

Father Rebull was truly a great-souled priest, a "varon ilustre," as one of his fellow-missionaries called him, a priest who, through obedience, mortification and self-sacrifice made himself an instrument of God's Providence. May he rest in peace.

FATHER FERDINAND A. MOELLER

1852-1946

When Father Ferdinand A. Moeller died at the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, Milford, Ohio, on December 17, 1946, the American Assistancy lost its oldest member, and the Chicago Province its last living link with the first founders of the Society in the Middle West. For Father Moeller's life had long served as the one remaining bond joining present times with

that now romantic period when Middle Western Jesuit history was in early process of formation. In his novitiate days two members of Father Charles Van Quickenborne's pioneer band which, setting out from White Marsh, Maryland, in 1823, had succeeded in sowing at Florissant the seeds which have since come to rich fruition, were alive, and relatively speaking, still active at their respective posts of duty. As a novice, Ferdinand Moeller had beheld these two and was edified by the sight; as well he might be, for Fathers Peter De Smet and Judcus Van Assche, the sole living survivors of the original Van Quickenborne group, were men from whom edification might justifiably be taken.

Father Moeller's life thus fell only a few years short of spanning a century, and towards the end resembled nothing so much as a joyous succession of jubilees. So much so that, as with each one successfully surmounted, he seemed to grow heartier, a faint, if not too-well founded, whispered rumor began to circulate that a centennial celebration might not be out of the question. But death, like life, will not be denied; and Father Moeller, falling peacefully asleep in the Lord one day, did not awaken. That day was the day following his ninety-fourth birthday. As so, in his ninety-fifth year, he began the eternal jubilee in heaven, to which his long earthly span of days must now seem no more than an incidental prelude.

Yet almost centenarian as he was, and living constantly in the shadow and wake of greatness, Father Moeller would seem at first sight to provide only the most modest material for biography. The younger brother of a former Archbishop of Cincinnati, and elder brother of the one-time Chancellor of the same archdiocese, intimate friend and close associate of Provincials by the dozen and Rectors by the score, he himself was such an unassuming, cheerful citizen of God's kingdom on earth as to discourage anyone who might try to foist the reputation of a great man upon him. To his own mind he was the average, commonplace Jesuit both in ideal and in achievement; and in

this conviction he lived and died. Simplicity, urbanity, kindness, gentleness, a self-effacement too humble to attract so much as the name of humility to itself, an unflinching cheerfulness joined to a twinkling sense of humor, these were the hallmarks of his character. He seemed totally unconscious of need or desire for anything more. "The credit of a great name on earth among men" held no allure for him, for ambition was no part of his temperament. He sought to be a priest of God in all things, a Jesuit at all times and places. Beyond these he had no aspirations.

And yet to numerous people he was without question a truly great man, great in their hearts and great before God. And his admirers are probably correct; for despite his own humble estimate of himself, there was about Father Moeller an authentic goodness amounting to simple greatness, of a kind that might only too readily escape the first superficial glance of the eye. If biographical records would seem to reveal him as ordinary, it is perhaps because his deeds are recorded on "tablets more lasting than bronze" rather than on the printed page; on tablets that are the hearts of the thousands of otherwise unbefriended souls whom he made it his business in life so generously to befriend. It was not without reason that at his death one who knew of his work among such souls, as none of his own brethren could possibly have known of it, should write of him:

A great priest has gone to God; his great heart has ceased to beat on earth; his great charity continues in Heaven for those whom he loved dearly in Christ and for Christ: Father Ferdinand A. Moeller, S.J., a name revered by countless thousands in this country and abroad. . . . To record the noble, holy, and countless deeds of this priest of God during his long, full life would fill volumes. He was in the truest sense of the words truly an *Alter Christus*.

Born on the 17th day of December in the year 1852, in the city of Cincinnati, of parents who had come to America from Germany's Westphalia in 1845, Ferdinand Moeller was ushered into an era of greatness and

was destined to live through eras that would be greater still. At the time of his birth in 1852 Pius IX was gloriously reigning, and only a few years previously Newman had made his submission to the Church. In 1854, when he was two years old, the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception was solemnly proclaimed to the world, and three years later St. Bernadette received her apparitions of Our Blessed Lady at Lourdes. The first Council of Baltimore coincided with the year of his birth, and the Know-Nothing wave of bigotry began sweeping the land a few years later.

Politically and socially America was in a state of healthy and exuberant excitement for the most part and the city of Cincinnati, at the height of her first fame in the 1850's, was part and parcel of the national ferment. The Moeller home where young Ferdinand was reared held within it the energizing qualities that characterized the age, adding thereto its own joyous spirit of old Westphalian Catholic piety. The family was at once both large and happy, an invariable mark of Westphalian Catholicism. Seven children, along with the proud father and mother, formed the congenial family circle; and of these seven, one was destined for heaven at an early age, while of the other six, four, as Archbishop McNicholas pointed out at Father Moeller's obsequies, were to contribute more than two hundred years of dedicated service to God in the religious life and the priesthood.

The elementary studies of the children were pursued at St. Joseph's parish school; and these concluded, St. Xavier's College, conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, was conveniently at hand to impart to the boys the further refinements of secondary and collegiate education. Here Ferdinand presented himself for intellectual moulding in the autumn of 1865, some six months after the cessation of hostilities of the Civil War and the assassination of President Lincoln, and three years in the wake of his older brother, Henry, the future Archbishop of Cincinnati.

Quite appropriately for one who, in the course of his Jesuit career, was to celebrate more jubilees than

any other man within living memory, Ferdinand Moeller's matriculation at St. Xavier's College, coincided with the Silver Jubilee of that institution as a specifically Jesuit foundation. And now in this, its twenty-fifth year of existence, heartened by previous successes and spurred by the able guidance of its newly appointed Rector, the Reverend Walter Hill, St. Xavier's was looking to the future with ambitious expectancy. With an enrollment of well over two hundred students, the old Athenaeum building, which had been turned over to the Society in 1840 by Bishop Purcell, was rapidly becoming outmoded and outgrown. Accordingly, Father Hill laid plans, and soon had realized the new building that has since made famous the familiar address, known at present to the postmen, taxi-drivers, and Jesuits from every province of the country, alike: "Seventh and Sycamore." But the building was not brought to completion until the year 1867.

Meanwhile, during the school year of 1865-1866 Ferdinand Moeller along with the other one hundred and ninety-nine students of St. Xavier's had to be content with the cramped and inadequate quarters of the old Athenaeum. There is no reason to suspect that he was disappointed at the prospect. Like most boys of high-school age, he probably took such matters philosophically and with a minimum of complaint, keeping all the while, however, a keen and curious eye on the new building under course of construction, which promised to be ready for occupancy some time in the near future.

But buildings, however necessary to house the temporal needs of men, are not the only important nor the all-important concern in men's—or boys'—lives. Hanging on the wall of Father Moeller's sick room in the infirmary at Milford, and cherished by him down to the last, was a picture with appended signature that dates back to this first year of association with his Jesuit teachers. It tells in graphic way how, on April 22nd in the year 1866, Ferdinand Moeller re-

ceived his First Holy Communion in the chapel of St. Xavier's College, and in testimony thereof is affixed the signature of the Rector of the College, the Reverend Walter Hill, S.J.

His First Communion on that April morning in the little chapel in the old Athenaeum building, followed in the afternoon of the same day by Confirmation at the hands of Bishop Rosecrans, whom his brother, Henry, little suspecting at the moment surely, was to succeed in the year 1900 as Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, formed a land-mark in his early religious life. Was it then that the first knock came to the door of his heart, with the accompanying invitation to "Come, follow Me" in the Society of Jesüs? It is impossible to say. But with certainty it may be said that some time during the course of his six years at St. Xavier's College the invitation did come and was accepted.

Wherefore we find it recorded that on August 10, 1871, Ferdinand A. Moeller was received into the Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. We have no account of his early impressions of Florissant. Presumably they were the impressions common among new novices of any and every age: a sense of initial strangeness, of awe, of bewilderment and perplexity, followed quickly by a peace, a sense of interior satisfaction and joy in the Lord once the first pangs of homesickness have passed away and the process of adjustment to new and totally religious surroundings has begun to set in.

Florissant in the year 1871 was in its forty-eighth year of existence, just two years short of its Golden Jubilee celebration, an occasion which Ferdinand Moeller, by that time a Junior of grave and tested virtue, was to commemorate with a poetic effusion, entitled: "Our Little Province." In retrospect it is easy to gather from this sincere, if youthfully labored, composition that the spirit of Florissant had captivated his soul. While the heroic toil and spirit of adventure of the early pioneer days were forever past, the recollection of them was fresh in the memory, and the

fragrance of their noble deeds might easily seem to a novice, lost in the quiet ecstasy of his early religious fervor, to linger in the air and be carried on the breezes that played over the ever-charming and fruitful Florissant valley. Ferdinand Moeller was a youth of nineteen when he entered the novitiate, and like most young men of his age and calling, was open to all the spell of enchantment that Florissant with its Vergilian dream-land beauty of verdant nature and sublimity of religious ideal could cast upon an idealistic soul. Little as he displayed the fact in after-life, he had the poet's heart. In common with many another, there was a poet in him who died young, but not before he had turned out during his years at Florissant some substantial, if simple verses attesting to this talened sensitivity within him.

For such a young man Florissant in the early 1870's abounded and superabounded in glory. The past was glorious with heroes whose names were as familiar as they were legendary, and the present no less cherished and inspiring. With the Founding Fathers of the early days gone to their reward, the fortunes of the Missouri Province rested in the hands of the second generation of American Jesuits. And now, after almost half a century of struggle with raw nature and the financial and spiritual problems which the erection of a new province in the wilderness had entailed, there was an insistent demand both from Rome and from home that life settle down at last into a more stable mould of conduct and ideals. Ideals that might presumably have been acceptable, and conduct which, if not entirely laudatory, could at least be condoned in pioneer times, had at long last to be smoothed out into a more rational and religious pattern of daily living. In other words, the Missouri Province had now to be stabilized in accord with the Society's Constitutions. And of all who labored to bring about this amelioration of conditions, it is doubtful if any one man contributed more generously and wisely than Father Isidore Boudreaux, the Master of Novices at

Florissant at the time of Ferdinand Moeller's entrance into the novitiate.

Father Moeller to the end of his life never tired of telling, and he was proud to tell, that he had been a novice at Florissant under Father Boudreaux. Father Boudreaux was one of those men of the second generation of American Jesuits to whom the Missouri Province must stand forever indebted. And although his praises have been sounded frequently in many a eulogy, it would seem that he has not been praised sufficiently. Perhaps it is that he cannot.

As is true of any given age, so an organization that has grown to stability by almost imperceptible stages of development can hardly be expected fully to realize at what cost, and at whose, its stability has been secured. Just how much the Missouri Province owes to Father Boudreaux in this respect is no doubt difficult with accuracy to determine. But it is certain that his contribution was considerable. While the stabilizers of any important movement are frequently men "whose name is writ in water," their work and their worth is incalculable. Father Boudreaux was such a man to the Missouri Province, and if to the popular imagination he looms only as a pious, shadowy figure in the background of expansion and religious activity, to his novices he stood forth as the living embodiment of everything high and holy for which the Society is noted.

By some marked kindness of divine Providence, despite inadequacies in his own religious and scholastic training, he had been able to form his life on the full, clear requirements of the Institute, and so was able to see, when he assumed the office of Master of Novices, that the training of a Jesuit novice can be on no other model than that of the Society's Constitutions. In a letter to Father Beckx, dated January 27, 1860, he sums up the deficiencies of the Missouri Province as of that date.

"The radical defect which one might charge against our little Vice-Province," he writes, "is one that it did too much

for others and too little for ourselves. It was founded by novices, or to speak more correctly, by men who had never made what might properly be called a novitiate. They saw an amount of good to be done on every side. They wanted to do all the good that offered itself; they devoted, they sacrificed themselves, and sacrificed those who came to join them. Not knowing precisely in what the training of a Jesuit consisted, they had no adequate regard for such training and thought it was enough to devote themselves to the salvation of souls without troubling themselves too much about spirituality or studies. They have formed a generation of men in many respects inferior to themselves. The bulk of the Vice-Province is composed of men, who apart from the graces that always accompany religious, do not surpass good secular priests in learning or virtue."

By the year 1871 not all these deficiencies had been remedied, but they were at least brought under scrutiny; and as for novitiate training in particular, the novices under Father Boudreaux were given an attention, a training, and an inspiration to the high things of the interior life to which the exigencies of former times had either been blind, or which, due to circumstances, such times had been compelled to forego.

Father Moeller and all the novices trained by Father Boudreaux thought of him as a man of prayer above all else, from which prayer, they could not help but see, overflowed charity, zeal, humility, mortification, and all the other virtues characteristic of Ignatian holiness. Father Gilbert Garraghan in his *Jesuits of the Middle United States* merely gives witness to the general conviction concerning Father Boudreaux when he writes of him:

"He was at all times what the Society of Jesus would have every member of it become, a man of prayer. One saw him on his knees for one, two, three hours at a time, a radiant smile playing over his spiritualized features, as he held converse with his Master in the Blessed Sacrament."

Trained under such a man, Ferdinand Moeller took on a stamp of virtue which persisted for a life-time—an extraordinary, long life-time indeed. "Make all your sacrifices when you are young," writes Father James

J. Daly in one of his essays, "because when you are old you will never make them." Inspired by Father Boudreaux, Father Moeller evidently learned this lesson well, for he made his sacrifices down to his last breath.

But however stern its ascetic training, novitiate life, even at its most serious, has its lighter, not to say its ironic side. Ferdinand Moeller, like many another Jesuit noted for longevity, (Father Charles Coppens and Bishop Crimont come readily to mind as examples,) gave signs of feeble health in his early years, and to strengthen him—in spirit, no doubt, as in body—Father Boudreaux in his paternal solicitude prescribed a daily dose or draught of Florissant's celebrated Cherry Bounce. To those who have had no experience of the Florissant Cherry Bounce, description is impossible, and to those who have, description is needless. In his declining years Father Moeller would tell with a twinkle in his eye of its salubrious qualities, and no listener could help but wish that all novices might be as fortunate, for its effects as evidenced in Father Moeller were convincing. Even Father Boudreaux from his place in heaven, one would be inclined to feel, might well congratulate himself on so correct a diagnosis and a remedy so perfect. It was something that hit—and hit soundly—the colloquial spot.

With his novice days completed and his first vows in the Society pronounced, Father Moeller entered upon the studies of the Juniorate. Here again the problem of stabilization was uppermost in the minds of those seriously concerned with the permanent good of the Province. Incredible as it may sound in times when a fixed pattern of life has been established, Florissant had functioned, if not successfully, at least actually, for twenty-five years and more without provision being made for formal Juniorate training. And not until 1852, after remonstrances from Rome and a tardy compliance on the part of local superiors, had the Juniorate finally become an integral part of the Society's training at Florissant. Yet even then the studies were for long pursued more perfunctorily than

methodically and only in 1864, some forty years after the founding of Florissant, was the Juniorate placed upon anything like a satisfactory basis. This was when Father Charles Coppens became what we today would call the dean of the Juniorate. What Father Boudreaux had done for Novitiate training, Father Coppens succeeded to considerable extent in doing for the Juniorate. Yet even Father Coppens was helpless before the inexorable necessities of the times. And so, after one scant year of Junioriate study, we find Ferdinand Moeller bidding farewell to Florissant to take up his duties as prefect of the Senior Division and professor of unnamed subjects at St. Louis University. The success of Mr. Moeller during these years of regency must be left to the imagination to formulate. We merely know that he was forever afterwards proud of the fact that in this, his first encounter with the world of college students, he was prefect of the Senior Division. There seems to have been some honor inherent in such an assignment that is largely lost on us today.

The regency at St. Louis University lasted three years, that is to say, from 1874 to 1877, after which he was sent to Woodstock, Maryland, for his philosophical studies. Woodstock at the time of Father Moeller's arrival there in the autumn of 1877 was in its eighth year of existence. Younger by far than Florissant, and consequently newer and fresher in appearance, it was already older and wiser by reason of the powers that guided it. Woodstock was fortunate in the fact that the Neapolitan Province was under headlong flight from the persecutions of Garibaldi, for it gave in the persons of Fathers Paresce, Mazzella, Pantanella, and others the sagacity and steady wisdom of guidance that such a house of studies needed. Still, it was, on its atmospheric side, as rustic and primitive as any Westerner fresh from the tanglewoods of Missouri could possibly desire. What had been told by way of consolation to Father Edward Devitt, one of the pioneer Maryland scholastics of Woodstock, as

recorded in the *Golden Jubilee Number* of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS of November 1919, might equally well have been told to Ferdinand Moeller as he took his departure for the East—"Now look here! You will have a pleasant time of it at Woodstock. You will have your own room, your own stove and your own poker to poke it with!"

How vigorously and virtuously Ferdinand Moeller poked his stove at Woodstock will never be known, but it is known that he enjoyed his stay there, both as a philosopher and a theologian, and that he formed friendships with his brethren of the Maryland-New York Province which endured to his last days, the most notable and lasting of which was that with Father Timothy Brosnahan.

After Woodstock came two further years of regency at St. Ignatius College, Chicago. These years are of interest less because of any intrinsic importance attaching to them than because of their far-reaching influence on the after-life of Father Moeller. For it was during this period that he became acquainted for the first time with the needs of the Catholic deaf mutes of the city of Chicago. Father Arnold Damen, whose name is identified with almost every initial Jesuit project in Chicago, was the first to note the need, as well as the first to set in motion an organization to meet it. Whatever his influence on the then youthful Mr. Moeller, it proved lasting, for it turned out ultimately to be a cherished life-work.

After completing the final two years of regency at Chicago, Father Moeller returned to Woodstock for theology in 1883, and in due course was ordained to the priesthood there on Saturday, August 29, 1885, by Archbishop (later Cardinal) Gibbons. On the completion of his theological studies, he entered upon his Tertianship at Frederick, Maryland, and this over, bade a final fond farewell to the East.

In 1888 his life as a fully formed Jesuit began. But by way of testing prelude, as it were, his first twelve years, those from 1888 to 1904, were years of change,

interruption, and uncertainty. For these were the days when frequent shifting from college to college, and from occupation to occupation was the common lot of the members of the Missouri Province. If Father Moeller had anything like a particular attachment to any one place, position, or branch of study, he was preserved effectively from indulging it; for during this period he was allowed to sink no deep roots in any one field of labor or any one college of the Province. And so we find him successively during these years in such widely separated places as St. Mary's, Kansas; St. Ignatius, Chicago; Creighton, Omaha; Marquette, Milwaukee; the University of Detroit, and finally once again at St. Ignatius, Chicago. The subject-matter of his teaching ranged all the way from Poetry (and Poetry at that time connoted Latin, Greek and English Poetry) through Physics, Mathematics, up to and including Astronomy. But finally, after twelve years of migratory existence, the circle of his wanderings came to a comparative stop when in 1904 he was appointed assistant pastor of Holy Family Parish, Chicago.

The year 1904 was a memorable one in Father Moeller's life. Not only did it cut a sharp, straight line across his life of apostolic activity, dividing it into two almost equal periods of teaching and pastoral work, assigning him twenty years in the classroom and twenty-five in pastoral duties, but it marked besides an important event in the life of his brother, Henry, of whom he was always so justifiably proud. In 1904 Henry, after serving for one year as Coadjutor Archbishop to Archbishop Elder, with right of succession, became, on the latter's demise, the Archbishop of the Metropolitan See of Cincinnati. Thus Father Moeller, while his brother was assuming his duties as ruler of the destinies of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, entered himself upon the work that was to absorb his energies down almost to his death, his work, namely among the Deaf-Mutes of Chicago, and eventually of the whole country. He was fifty-two years old when he entered upon this work—an advanced age, most would incline

to think, at which to embark on a strange and wholly new manner of apostolic endeavor. Yet, as events were to prove, he was at the time, in view of the years of life still before him, a comparatively young man.

The twelve years during which he served as Assistant Pastor of Holy Family Parish, Chicago, the years from 1904 to 1916, might well be classified as the Golden Age of his long life in the service of God. It was as if, having put the classroom behind him, he became a new man, for Father Moeller was ever more heart than head.

In pastoral work he blossomed anew, as though a Second Spring had opened before him. Always he had loved souls, and now he was free to indulge this holy affection to the full. He was not so much interested in letting his light shine before men as he was in allowing his heart at last to have its full word, for out of his mouth his heart did speak. Father Damen, of whose achievements at Holy Family Parish tales were told and retold—with and without embellishment, but always with admiration—was his model. As Father Damen had done, so would he—and he did.

His work among the deaf-mutes, which has brought his name into benediction among thousands, is apt to throw into shadow the work he did among the parishioners of Holy Family Parish. Yet down to the end of his days in Chicago the deaf-mute work was a work of strict supererogation. It was not that he left the pastoral work undone; it was rather that he saw that there was a work to be done in addition, when his pastoral duties were duly performed.

But on final analysis, it was the deaf-mute work that was closest to his heart. Here was a work that captivated his fancy and held his affections bound. It was a work that pleaded to be done, for, as he clearly saw, it presented a field white to the harvest, in which the priestly laborers not only were few, but were simply non-existent. This fact alone was sufficient to recommend it to his valiant heart and gain for it his special personal zeal and allegiance.

The complete story of Father Moeller's labors among the deaf-mutes cannot be told here. Suffice it to say that from the year 1904 to 1916 he toiled as St. Paul would have every Apostle of the Gospel toil—*impromptu, opportune*—to bring Christ into the lives of these hitherto neglected souls. His success was great but, strangely enough, opposition was equally so. From quarters within the Society whence he might least expect it, criticism arose and was leveled at both him and his work. He was told bluntly that work among deaf-mutes was not a work "proper to the Society." When in bewilderment he asked why, and was given what he considered an unsatisfactory answer, he persisted in it, though with enthusiasm dampened and some of his lightness of heart gone from him.

That there should exist differences of opinion on matters so vital to religion among men of high religious ideal should cause no shock of surprise or occasion scandal to even the most sensitive. Here there is no question of envy, spite, jealousy, or any other of the ugly vices that cause worldly men to vie with one another in the mad scramble for success. It is a question simply and solely of principle and policy. And from the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul onward, holy men have not hesitated to differ among themselves on questions of apostolic policy. Father Moeller never thought otherwise than this about the opposition brought to bear upon him and his work. In writing to the Provincial in defence of his stand in the matter, he calls the opposing policy "short-sighted," and of the man who opposed him most he has no more to say than that it was "a fault in the saint." That was as far as his thoughts on the matter took him.

But the fact that your opponent is a saint does not make opposition more easy to bear, nor does it dispose of the difficulty: for saints can be as persistent as sinners when they are convinced that a crucial principle is at stake. So matters went on, over the years, until finally in 1916, apparently to mollify the opposing

forces, Father Moeller was sacrificed in the interests of general peace.

The venerable Jesuit historian of the deaf-mute work in Chicago, taking his data from the *Historia Domus* of St. Ignatius College, the annals of Holy Family Parish and private stores of his own, is lucid, if laconic, in his record of the matter. After recounting Father Moeller's zealous labors, enthusiasm, and success in this neglected field of Catholic activity, he concludes his account with the following brief words, words which he evidently judges will be to the wise sufficient in explaining just how it was that Nemesis came to overtake Father Moeller:

"Since Father Moeller was also Assistant Pastor of Holy Family Parish, *difficultates exinde ortae sunt*. His apostolic work for the Deaf-Mutes and the business connected with it often took him far afield from the limits of the parish. Meantime, of course, he could not bilocate himself. In traversing long distances in the city he lacked that time-saving device, the automobile. When a deaf-mute sick call came in, he just boarded a street-car or travelled on foot. Yet the deaf-mutes were scattered all over the city. *Sequel: K.C., Mo.*"

Kansas City is not now and was not at the time of Father Moeller's transfer from Chicago in 1916 in any sense of the word a penal Siberia, nor did Father Moeller regard it as such. Still, it is one thing for a man to pack his trunk with his few belongings and betake himself resignedly whither obedience orders him, and another to set the heart bounding eagerly, as "the young lambs bound to the tabor's sound," as he sees his promised land fading slowly into the distance behind him. Father Moeller's heart was affectionately bound to the work among the deaf-mutes of Chicago, and to take it way with him to Kansas City presented a problem. His trunk he could take, himself he would have no difficulty in compelling to go, but his heart—could he take that with him or not? Here was a matter difficult to cope with. Yet cope with it he did and that without murmur, though naturally he could not

help having regrets that events had turned out as they did. How could he feel otherwise?

Looking back, he could not help but see how, after his patient sowing and watering, God had given an abundant and generous increase to his labors among his silent and otherwise neglected flock. His work that had begun as far back as 1901, when he was professor of Poetry Class at St. Ignatius College, had prospered beyond his fondest dreams. His Sodality of deaf-mutes, growing from the humble estate of the proverbial mustard-seed, numbered at the time of his removal from Chicago something between eight and nine hundred devout members. The Catholic Conference for the Deaf, a branch of the Catholic Educational Association, which he had founded practically single-handed and over which he was to preside as Chairman for twenty-six years, had grown in prestige and influence throughout the country. His article in *The Catholic Encyclopedia* on "The Education of the Deaf" was the definitive last word on the subject. His attendance at the International Conference of the Deaf at Paris in 1912, sanctioned by the General of the Society, the Very Reverend Francis X. Wernz, had given him international reputation, and had seen the seal of the Society's highest authority set upon his work. Following this Conference, letters had poured in on him from every part of the country and from all over the world, from lands as far distant as Turkey, New Zealand, and India, from persons in high station and low, among whom was the Most Reverend Alban Goodier, S.J., then Archbishop of Bombay, seeking his advice on matters pertaining to work among the deaf-mutes. And to crown all, His Holiness Pope Pius X had himself blessed his work personally, adding to his words the explicit hope that "the blessing would encourage and strengthen you in continuing the good work you are doing among the poor unfortunate deaf."

But while all these recollections were gratifying to the last degree, what must have given him the greatest happiness and sense of satisfaction—as well of disap-

pointment, now that he had to pack up and take his departure—was the Ephpheta School for the Deaf, located in Chicago's Northwest Side, at Belmont and Pulaski Road. This building, opened in 1909, to quote the words of the Superior of the Order under whose auspices the school is conducted, "will stand forever a monument to the priestly zeal of a humble and great Jesuit."

Father Moeller's quiet satisfaction in contemplating the Ephpheta School will be better understood if the part he played in providing it for the Catholic deaf-mutes of Chicago is recalled. For years he had labored to collect funds for the project, and the words of Archbishop Quigley on the opening day gave eloquent testimony to the success of his efforts.

"The work of educating the deaf," said His Grace, "appeals to very few, and therefore very, very few know that this good work was carried on quietly and successfully for many years in the shadow of Holy Family Parish. There is one Jesuit, however, who takes it upon himself to make the work better known and to help the worthy cause of educating the deaf. Father Moeller, always quiet and unassuming, now began to make himself heard, and the noise he created has echoed in the hearts and home of Chicago Catholics, yes, and non-Catholics too. No one was spared where Father Moeller's pet project was concerned. He has persistently laid his plans before me. He built castles in the air by the dozen and bought acres of sites on the same plan. I admit that I tried to dissuade him, but soon found that with him that would be impossible. The zeal of God urged him on. He needed money and he went out and got it. Today his efforts are crowned with success. His dream is now a reality. Ephpheta School exists, thanks to good Father Moeller."

Father Moeller's reply to the Archbishop's laudatory remarks, while characteristic of him, evades the issue.

"Your Grace," said Father Moeller with conscious and shameless pun, "I merely turned the crank. You and the benefactors, the Auxiliary of the School, and the Promoters of the Ephpheta Union have done the real work."

"But who," might well have been the rejoinder,

“who is responsible for the \$45,000 legacy of which the school was made the beneficiary? Who, through personal canvassing of Holy Family, and other parishes, collected the sum of \$10,000 which the school received? Who put on the bazaar in the Chicago Coliseum which netted the Ephpheta Union an additional \$10,000? And who, finally, staged the baseball game in the National League Ball Park between the Chicago City Council and the members of the Illinois State Legislature, which brought in another unnamed sum?” And Father Moeller would have to bow his head in silence, for when it came to admitting his own virtues the truth was not in him, and allow another to admit for him that the one who had done all these things was none other than the simple, self-effacing, and humble Father Ferdinand A. Moeller.

Of Father Moeller's work at St. Aloysius Parish in Kansas City during his four years there little is known beyond the fact that he labored faithfully at his pastoral duties and inaugurated the work among the Catholic deaf-mutes in the state of Kansas, which goes on to this day. But of his seven years pastorate at old St. Joseph's in St. Louis much might be written. As the Emperor Augustus recorded of himself that he “found Rome brick and left it marble,” so might Father Moeller with equal justice have reported of himself that he found St. Joseph's in a state of disarray and left it in repair. The parish record tells of a complete refurbishing of the parish property and surroundings during Father Moeller's years of incumbency—the church, school, and auditorium were renovated, the pastoral residence painted and repaired, a new steam plant installed, and, what seemed to please Father Moeller, most of all, as he recounted the fact, the sum of \$15,000 was left in the treasury when the work was completed.

But Father Moeller, at the close of his years at St. Joseph's was fast becoming—or so it seemed—an old man. He had celebrated his Golden Jubilee in 1921, and accordingly after two somewhat unsatisfactory

intercalary years at St. Mary's Parish, Cleveland, was assigned to the position of Spiritual Father of the Community at St. Xavier's College in Avondale, Cincinnati.

Under other circumstances this might have served as a triumphant, if quiet, home-coming. "Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill," he might have sung to himself, had it not been that, with his experience and at his age, home was whatever place Obedience might choose to assign him. Home is where the heart is, and his heart was anywhere and everywhere, wherever there were souls to be saved and his own to be sanctified.

He was seventy-five years old now and his work in the vineyard of the Lord appeared to be definitely at an end. Now, it would seem, was the time for him to choose out some comfortable corner and sit there patiently by, awaiting the coming of His Lord in judgment. Yet, while Father Moeller was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and could not know that there were still twenty years of life before him, he refused to abide in idleness while others were bringing souls to heaven. Accordingly he busied himself, as he had done all his life, with apostolic work, with his deaf-mutes and whatever other souls came under his care and observation. Not only did he fulfill faithfully his duties as Spiritual Father of the Xavier community, but he acted as confessor of various convents of the city, as well as serving at Good Samaritan Hospital where there were always souls calling for priestly ministrations. Thus for eleven years did he occupy himself, charming all who met him with the simplicity, the humor, and the charity of his ways. It began to seem that he could go on thus forever.

But despite his protestations to the contrary, the clock of his days was running down, and no amount of sedulous winding could restore the spring of youth's elasticity to its venerable works. Time was marching on and he no longer could keep pace with it. And so in 1940, when he was eighty-eight years old, as the

general feebleness that comes with advanced age had set in, he was removed to the infirmary of the Novitiate at Milford, where he could receive the medical attention and care which his enfeebled condition made necessary.

His declining days at Milford, while not inaugurating a new chapter in his life-story, did certainly open a lengthy final paragraph. While the labors of the active life were forever over, his life of serenity, of charity, of prayer, of quiet friendliness and cheer continued as of old. Thus did he live on at Milford for six tranquil years, thinking back over the past fondly—of Father Boudreaux, perhaps, and his sanctity, of Father Damen and his zeal, of Florissant in the 70's and Woodstock in the 80's, and of his deaf-mutes in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, or wherever else they might be; thinking, too, of the future, and wondering, as he peered into the days ahead, at what hour death, like the good thief, by day or by night, might come to bear his soul to God. So, in the midst of novitiate peace and prayer, while the young men of the house beheld their visions, this old man dreamed his dreams.

And as he dreamed, the jubilees began to crown his life. First it was his Diamond Jubilee in the Society; then his Golden Jubilee as a priest; then his seventieth year as a Jesuit; then his Diamond Jubilee as a priest; and finally his seventy-fifth year as a Jesuit. But then it became clear that this was to be all, for silently, though not imperceptibly, old age began to settle more and more heavily upon him and soon it was apparent that it was only a question of time—a very short time—before Heaven would claim its own. But death was leisurely about coming, as leisured as life had been long. The flame of life would flicker, subside, and then burn brightly again.

So it went on for months; the soul reluctant, as it were, to leave the body with which it had been on such easy terms of complete cordiality. Time and again, as the days wore on, he would be prepared for death, his Christian soul bidden to depart out of this sinful world,

in the name of the Father who had created him, in the name of the Son who had redeemed him, in the name of the Holy Ghost who had sanctified him, only to rally and return to consciousness for another brief spell. But then, after having served so many false warnings, the last moment finally struck and, while the Rector of the Community and the assembled Fathers prayed, he peacefully breathed his last and his soul was gathered to God.

He lies buried at Milford, where

“A little shower of grave stones stands along
in a circled row

With many a shade of whiteness and a name
carved above.”

and the name on his stone is one that will long be remembered by thousands who can and will proclaim to both God and man: He hath done all things well. He hath made the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. May he rest in peace.

V A R I A

The American Assistancy.—

NEW YORK PROVINCE

Fordham.—The new Frequency Modulation station at Fordham is branching out and presenting an ambitious musical program. It was recently announced that in addition to the evening broadcast of symphonic music between 6:15 and 7:15, every Tuesday at 8:00 P.M. would bring to its listeners a complete opera. These will include not merely the old standby's like Aida and Tosca, and the lighter English operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, but also such serious and little known works as "The Dream of Gerontius."

At a special convocation recently, the University awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws to Dr. Herbert H. Evatt, Prime Minister of Australia currently heading his country's delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations. Dr. Evatt spoke very highly of the University, commenting in particular on the praiseworthy fact that "it has sought to give its students an understanding and respect for the rights and obligations of the individual as the basis for a Christian society."

Auriesville.—There is a line in King Lear somewhere to the effect that the wheel hast turned full circle. Shakespeare can usually be depended on to furnish a suitable quotation for almost any circumstance. But it is doubtful if when he penned that famous line, the Bard ever imagined that it would be apt for an event in Auriesville. Yet even he must have nodded and preened a bit with pride at its aptness on seeing and hearing the Iroquois Choir singing a Solemn Mass celebrated by an Iroquois priest, Fr.

Michael Jacobs of Quebec, at the spot where their forbears killed St. Isaac Jogues and St. René Goupil.

Villa Joseph.—An interesting sidelight has come to light with regard to the Villa Joseph. The story of its purchase, for one thing, is strange enough, being somewhat in the nature of a wonder. But there is a still more fascinating sequel.

The whole thing came about when a certain Mr. Edward McLaughlin, a San Jose banker, became obsessed with the idea that Fr. Congiato, who was superior of the California Mission, was in need of money. About that there is nothing particularly wonderful: indeed, the wonder would be to find a Mission Superior who was not in need of money. But at any rate, Mr. McLaughlin, haunted by the idea, sat down and wrote a check for several thousand dollars, adding some odd figures in the hundreds and tens. Armed with this, he sallied forth and dropped in on the good Father, who was astounded to discover that the check covered exactly the price demanded for the forty acres of the present Villa Joseph which he wished to purchase.

Father Congiato, in his turn exchanged the astonishing check for a bill of sale with a Mr. Renowden. Now the personality of this latter individual seems to be somewhat of a mystery. One thing however, is certain: he was unpopular with another gentleman named Majors, whose personality leaves no room for cavil. Majors was, to put it mildly, no gentleman. In fact, he owned a saloon in Los Gatos. Only it was not a self-respecting saloon: on the contrary, it seems to have been a sort of robbers' roost, completely equipped with back rooms and trapdoors for the convenient working over and disposal of unwary passers-by and lucky gamblers, who indulged not wisely, but too well, in Mr. Majors' wares.

This establishment, apparently, was so elaborate as to be beyond the owner's means, so he planned to execute a coup on Mr. Renowden, and thus bolster up his shaky finances. So he sent two of his henchmen, who

bore the curiously innocuous names of Showers and Jewel, to handle the business for him. The two men rode to the present Villa Joseph, and found that Renowden had a guest. So Jewel cleverly pretended he was lost, and lured Renowden out into the night, leaving Showers to take care of the guest. Jewel seized Renowden, and not being able to get information from him as to where he kept his cash, even when he tortured him, disposed of his victim by the simple process of shooting him. Showers, hearing the sound, at once followed his example and liquidated the guest. Then they put both bodies in the house and set fire to it.

People who heard the sound of the shots, and the further sound of horses galloping, and then came out and saw the glare of the fire, suspected that there had been foul play. So they set the wheels of justice in motion, and eventually the three conspirators were caught. Showers thought it wise to turn state's evidence, and was for his prudence allowed to be a guest of the state for the rest of his life. Jewel tried to use Fr. Congiato's influence to escape his punishment, but either the Father could not help him, or refused to be put upon in that way, so Jewel, very much offended, insulted both the Father and the Church. He and Majors were thereupon hung.

Strange as all this seems now, it apparently was not too unusual then. Those must have been rugged days, because at one time the good citizens of Los Gatos, weary of wild outbreaks and frequent murders which took place in their neighborhood, got together and lynched one of the murderers, after which they put a chip and a dent on the rail of the town's bridge as a reminder. Apparently, it worked, because there is a conviction that the chip was quite effective.

Which leads up to perhaps the strangest thing of all: the fact that the scene of such violence and intrigue should now be occupied by Jesuits in quest of peace and relaxation. There is a lesson here, someplace.

From Other Countries.—**SPAIN**

Manresa.—Two items of interest have arrived from Manresa. The first is the news that an ecclesiastic tribunal has been set up and has collected testimony as initial steps in the process for Father Manuel Paypoch, martyr. It is interesting to know that in the midst of a ravaged Europe, and in the place where Our Holy Father is traditionally held to have conceived the Society, the process for the canonization of one of his martyred sons has been set in motion.

The second item concerns the famous chapel of "Saint Ignasi malat" in which the famous ecstasy took place. In 1936 this chapel was destroyed by bombs. Now we are informed that loving hands have once more raised the edifice, and that even the famous picture which portrayed the saint in his death-like trance has been reproduced and placed where the original hung. It is heartwarming to think that despite the difficulties in which Spain is nowadays, the devotion and the generosity of a town can reproduce a beloved shrine.

The whole thing came to a climax when practically everyone in town, including the two Marquises de Palmerola and de Monclar, the Cathedral canons and the Archpriest of Our Lady of Carmel gathered for the dedication.

FRANCE

Father Lejay.—Fr. Lejay, whose researches in the field of physics have made him known to men of science everywhere has received a singular distinction. Formerly the director of the Zikawei Observatory in China, Father's observations and studies of the stratosphere resulted in an accumulation of data which proved enormously valuable in the investigation of the air currents of the upper regions of the atmosphere, and shed great light on the question of

atmospheric electricity. Now back in France after his years in the far East, where the bulk of his research was carried out, Father has been named a member of the French Academy of Science.

Father Jaquinot.—A different sort of reward for work well done came to Fr. Robert Jaquinot. After years in China, where he did enormously valuable work along humanitarian lines, founding the famous "Jaquinot Zone" in Shanghai, and later a similar neutral section in Hangkow, he was sent to Berlin as a member of the Papal Mission of Assistance. Despite the handicap imposed on him by the loss of an arm years before, he was a well of energy and a beacon of light in the darkness of the city's ruins. At the age of sixty-eight, Fr. Jaquinot died quietly in Berlin.

PARAGUAY

A matter of language.—The Guarani Indians belong to the vast group of nations whose languages are anomalous and have no relation whatever, apparently, with any other language. How that happens is somewhat of a mystery, but not quite so deep a puzzle as the language itself, as anyone can verify by having recourse to the various Guarani Grammars and Dictionaries composed by the Fathers during the era of the Reductions. The fact is interesting enough in itself, but it takes on an added fascination because Fr. Anthony Guasch, who was formerly a Missionary in Japan and the Carolines, has recently mastered it, and thus brought the number of tongues at his command to an even dozen, which is a rather remarkable feat.

Equally startling, however, is the fact that Fr. Guasch was taught the language by the Archbishop of Asuncion, who is over eighty years old.

COLOMBIA

Official praise.—It is not often that the work and inspiration of individual Jesuits is acknowledged by

the officials of state. The Chamber of Representatives of Colombia has recently furnished a brilliant exception to this general rule. Here is a translation of the document:

Proposition No. 182

The Chamber of Representatives of Colombia.

"Whereas: the Reverend Father Bernard de la Espriella Mosquera, Jesuit Priest, Colombian, born in the city of Pasto, in the Department of Nariño, was, according to trustworthy documents, beheaded by Japanese soldiers in the Islands of Palaos, on the 15 of January, 1945; and,

"Whereas this eminent Jesuit, grandson of the defender of the National independence and ex-President of the Republic, General Tomas Cipriano de Mosquera, was superior of the Catholic Mission in the Island of Yap for 19 years, and dedicated his youth, his virtues, and his talents to the evangelization of the savage tribes in the Carolines and Marianas Islands, having succeeded in gaining thousands of souls to the Christian religion; and

"Whereas it is the duty of a nation to recognize and praise the merits and virtues of its outstanding sons in the fields of human activity,

"The Chamber of Representatives of Colombia

"Resolves

"To lament, with a profound emotion of grief, the martyrdom of this illustrious Colombian Jesuit, selfless servant of the Catholic Church, and to hold up his venerable memory as a lofty example of duty, of conviction, and of sacrifice, to the present and future generations of this Republic.

Let this proposition be transcribed and a copy dispatched to the Reverend Father Superior of the Jesuit Community in Colombia; let copies be dispatched also to the Government House of the Department of Nariño, to the Council of Pasto, and to the brothers of the deceased residing in the said city, and finally let this resolution be published by billboards and posters."

Medellin.—The Spiritual Exercises are so popular in this city that the St. Vincent House of Retreats has proved inadequate to house and handle all those who wish to make retreats. Accordingly, Fr. Gabriel Lizardi has been toiling for some time in an effort to build a new and more spacious Retreat House, in Miraflores, one of the most pleasant suburbs of the city. How successful his efforts have been was recently revealed by the opening and dedication of the new Retreat house, an imposing three story edifice with comfortable accommodation for fifty retreatants.

GERMANY

New Vice-Province.—On April 27, a decree of Very Reverend Father General separated the Swiss Mission, historically attached to the Province of Upper Germany, and established it as an independent Vice-Province. The new Vice-Province includes all the territory of Switzerland and Liechtenstein, and is to make use of two houses in Feldkirch, belonging to the Austrian Province, until they can set up houses of their own. In the Swiss Vice-Province there are at present 104 Fathers, 28 Scholastics, 15 Novices, and 30 Brothers.

Whether or not this move is an indication of conditions in Germany at present, the fact remains that the country is in desperate straits. How bad the situation is appears in a recent letter from Fr. Reinhold Doerge, who was on his way to the South African Mission when the war caught him in the United States, where he remained until recently, before returning to Germany.

Trains, he says, are arduous things to travel in. At Stuttgart he managed to board one by climbing in a window (apparently the only possible way to get on, since it was "200% occupied)."

"In Aachen I met my brother. If I had met him on the street I would not have recognized him, he was so thin and pale.

"The center of the cities is nothing but ruins and

rubbish. Some streets are still so filled with debris that only a small footpath is left open. Large scale rebuilding has not started.

"The fuel situation is worse than the food one . . . There is a feeling of hopelessness and despair. I cannot write everything in a letter, but the mistakes made and being made are enormous. The population is driven to radicalism, either red or brown. If we wanted to impose Bolshevism on the people, the methods could not be improved very much. If the American people knew what is going on in Germany, things would change for the better. This would be not only to our interest, but also to that of the American people. The struggle for America's liberty is being fought inside Germany and by Germans—not by Americans!"

ITALY

Father Lombardi.—The historic missionary journeys of our early Fathers through Italy are finding their modern counterpart in the journeys of Fr. Riccardo Lombardi, who has just returned from a series of conferences through Tuscany. In Florence, he delivered his first lecture in the huge Teatro Verdi, which turned out to be inadequate, since there was not enough room for the crowd. So Father moved to the Cathedral, where his words were carried out to the Square and the adjacent streets by loudspeakers. A crowd estimated at 30,000 listened eagerly, and ignored the anti-clerical fly-leaves showered down from Giotto's tower.

In Lucca special trains had to be run to bring people from the neighboring towns, and there were enormous crowds in Siena, Livor and Ferrara, where the Archbishop declared that nothing like that had been seen since the days when the arm of St. Francis Xavier had been exposed for veneration.

- In Arezzo there was a good old fashioned debate between Fr. Lombardi and exponents of the anti-religious sentiment in Italy, who challenged him to public dispute and sent for Speakers from Rome. Unfortunately

for them, they were no match for the Father, and before a delighted crowd, began arguing among themselves, until they were laughed out of sight by the voluble spectators.

Father Ricci.—The Pontifical Commission of Assistance finds as its secretary Fr. Felix Ricci, S.J., who has begun a world-wide begging campaign to help defray the expenses incurred. Since the aim of the Commission is to care for half a million children, this is understandable. It seems that the original idea was to take care of refugees, but gradually branched out to include wounded, prisoners of war, repatriates, religious communities, the sick, and especially youth.

This latter detail alone, with which Fr. Ricci is chiefly concerned, reaches staggering proportions. In the past year, the Commission set up 995 camps for 270,000 children, and the aim is 2,000 camps, to accommodate the half-million young people who are in desperate need of help. The vast amounts of food, clothing, equipment and money to take care of such a number is truly appalling, and it is easy to understand why Fr. Ricci makes his plans for begging on a world-wide scale.

GREECE

Syra.—The once glorious Church of Greece has dwindled to 50,000 faithful out of a population of 7,000,000. The Archdiocese of Athens, embracing all continental Greece except Epirus and the Vicariate of Salonika, has only 12 diocesan priests, 78 religious priests and brothers, and 86 nuns. In some dioceses there are fewer than 200 faithful. In Syra, however, there is a new Bishop. Among recent appointments to the Greek Hierarchy, was the Rev. Giorgio Xenopoulos, S.J., a native of that city.

BRAZIL

Sao Paulo.—The state of Sao Paulo in Brazil is in a rich and luxuriantly fertile place. There, during the

decades past, thousands of Japanese, taking advantage of the country's ready welcome to all, settled, and prospered. Now three hundred thousand strong, they retain the honored ways of their ancestors, and are for the most part unfamiliar with the strange language of the land, as well as with the foreign ways of the Brazilians, who, as long as there is no trouble, good naturedly refrain from interfering with any of the numerous colonies settled in their vast territory.

Among that vast and prosperous gathering of Orientals there recently arrived Fr. Hugo Lassalle, S.J., who had been in the equally thriving city of Hiroshima when the atomic bomb was dropped. He came with a message, to some no doubt as unpleasant as the tale of Hiroshima. They had heard rumors that the Imperial Fleet, in triumph, was on its way to Brazil, and some had gathered at the port of Santos to give it welcome. They had no newspapers, only rumors, and the rumors were for the most part good. A few people had indeed stated that the Emperor had surrendered, but that palpable untruth had merely caused a few small riots in which the perpetrators had been soundly beaten.

Now came the truth. Fr. Lassalle lectured in the city of Sao Paulo. In their own language he told them, with authority. Yielding to the inevitable, they subsided, and when Fr. Lassalle returns to Japan, where he is superior of a Mission numbering 70 priests, 10 brothers and 13 Scholastics, he will take with him \$10,000 collected from the Japanese colony in Sao Paulo to help rebuild the orphanage which the atom bomb destroyed in Hiroshima.

PHILIPPINES

. *Negritos*.—Of interest to all who have ever listened to professors explain about the religion of primitive people is the following dialogue between a scientific inquirer and a Negrito, concerning primitive man's belief in the immortality of the soul. (For this bit of

information, gratitude is due to "The Philippine Clipper.")

José: When a man dies, is he completely dead?

Neg.: Of course. If he is dead, he is all dead.

José: No part of him stays alive?

Neg.: Of course not.

José: Very good. Now, can the dead help the living?

Neg.: (After a pause) Of course, (you dopes) his *kalog* can help the living.

José: What is this thing, his *kalog*?

Neg.: That is his spirit.

José: Do all men have *Kalag*?

Neg.: Of course. Otherwise they would not be living.

José: When does the *kalag* die?

Neg.: Never.

CHINA

All is Grist.—The *Honkong Letters* furnish the material to justify the subheading. In the life of the Society there are all sorts of incidents, serious and trivial, which go to make up the rounded picture, and "Series 2, No. 14" carries, side by side, two items that prove the preceding by example. One incident is reminiscent of the mighty days of old, when Fr. Montoya, that indefatigable and undaunted worker, led the great exodus down the terrible rapids of the Parana. The other might be an incident presented in a college farce.

In the dark days of 1942, when the Japanese juggernaut was rolling ponderously, but swiftly, down the Asiatic coast toward the great base of Singapore, Father Donnelly, at the suggestion of Father Moran, set out with ten seminarians—13, 14, and 15 years old—to avoid the onrushing Japs. It is 150 miles from the Port of Kwong Chao Waan to Wuchow, where the Maryknoll Seminary had offered them shelter, a long trip, considering the fact that there were no railroads working, and no cars, and the added factor that one of the seminarians was so small that Fr. Moran suggested putting a stamp on him and sending him by mail. But they set out, and riding sampans,

and walking, and bumping along on mysteriously acquired bicycles, they finally reached Wuchow and the Taan Chuk seminary of the Maryknolls.

Here they remained a year, pursuing their studies, until one day an American helicopter descended on the building, and informed them that it would be wise to evacuate. So they all pulled out, and moved to Paak Sha, 50 miles to the west. Here they settled down, but not for long. The Imperial High Command decided that it was time to take the airfields which enabled their foes to strike at their shipping lanes, and so they mounted a lightning offensive, before which Fr. Donnelly and his ten charges thought it prudent to flee. Riding trucks and sampans, they reached Kunming, where they approached the authorities. A good many planes from India were returning empty over the Hump, and Fr. Donnelly persuaded them to carry him and his ten charges back as ballast. Over the Hump to Calcutta, and thence to Bombay, where the Spanish Fathers received them with open hearted generosity. . . .

There the seminarians settled down, and carried on their studies in the College at Bandra, where, despite the fact that they were competing with natural English-speakers, they carried off honors.

Those seminarians must be remarkable indeed. In the midst of all their wanderings, Fr. Donnelly had somehow taught them all to play the harmonium, the violin, and the flute.

Well, they are all back in China now, where, after "melting away" to see "Papa and Mama" they are once more busy at the books. Fr. Donnelly? Having finished this amazing journey, he is in Canton, seeing about the furniture for the new house there.

The second item concerns that important, but little written about person, the cook. Ricci Hall, it seems, had entrusted its culinary department to what might be termed "an unsatisfactory person." At least, the students thought so. This is the way the *Hongkong Letters* states it:

"The students' pancreases had been distilling venom for some weeks past—and it all came to a showdown at the bewitching hour of 11:30 p.m. The cook, who had given the students neither look-in nor tuck-in, refused to leave unless the students gave him a much-dilated compensation. They invaded the kitchen en masse and with universal clamor attempted to shoo him out, but the cook remained as cool as the eggs he was accused of serving them for breakfast."

There followed much to do. At 2:00 a.m. a compromise seemed about to be reached when a new factor hove into sight: the assistant cooks, whose salaries were paid by the head cook, insisted that the students remunerate them. Finally, threatening lawsuits and civil strife, cook and assistants withdrew to safe retirement. So they went out and procured a new cook.

All went well, until the moment of the awful discovery.

The assistant to the new cook was the man about whom the fight had raged. Great excitement, threats, recriminations echoed through the corridors of Ricci Hall.

The issue? The former cook, the center and core of all the controversy, is still as cool as the eggs he is accused of sending up for breakfast. And he is still sending up the eggs.

JESUITS IN THE EASTERN RITES

Since Father Charles Bourgeois of the French Province first went over to the Byzantine Rite in 1924, the Eastern Branch of the Society has grown appreciably. This is due to the impulse given the movement by the enthusiastic approval of the Holy See, as well as to the number of Jesuits whose previous affiliation to various Oriental rites entitled them to belong to that branch of the Society.

A survey of the number of Oriental Jesuits during the year just past shows an impressive list of men scattered over the world and belonging to a varied assortment of rites.

The largest group by far is the Byzantine, which finds 54 Jesuits in its Slavic Form, 8 in the Rumanian, 1 in the pure Greek, 1 in the Albanian Greek, and 11 in the Melchite. There are, besides, 6 members of the Armenian Rite, 1 in the Alexandrine rite, and 9 in the Antiochean, of whom two are pure Syriac and seven are Syro-Maronites. The single member of the Syro-Chaldaic Rite brings the total up to 92.

It is interesting also to note that five of these are in Russia, where two, Fr. Javorka and Fr. Leoni, have been imprisoned. The remainder finds a large group completing their studies in Rome, and the rest scattered all over the world, in Germany, Austria, France, Poland, Roumania, China, Czechoslovakia, Greece, and even the United States.



American Jesuit Books

The Heart of the Angelus and or the Hail Mary. The Heart of the Tabernacle. The Heart on the Way of The Cross. By *Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.* (New York Province) The Sentinel Press, 1947.

In the preface to the first of these three books Father Donnelly remarks that "prayers which are often said are likely to become mere sounds without much attention or devotion." In three booklets, which belong to the Heart Series, Father Donnelly suggests various thoughts and reflections which will help to bring new fervor and life into the daily Angelus, the Hail Mary, the Stations and visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

The first booklet comprises two sections: a prayerful study of the Angelus from many points of view, and the second method of prayer applied to the Hail Mary. *The Heart on the Way of the Cross*, written in colloquy form, is a loving conversation with the Heart of the suffering Christ. Especially devotional and moving is *The Heart of the Tabernacle*. Its chapters, also in colloquy form, will be useful for more fervent visits and meditations on the Blessed Sacrament, and will help Ours in giving the Holy Hour or making it privately.

As Father Donnelly intended, the three books are devotional and inspirational. In them, Father Donnelly uncovers many treasures which lie hidden in familiar daily prayers, and which cannot fail to bring the soul of the reader into union with God.

E. J. RUSHMORE, S.J.

Our Lady of Light, translated and abridged from the French of *Chanoine C. Barthas* and *Father Gonzaga da Fonseca*, S.J (Portuguese Province) Bruce Publ. Co. 1947.

It is rather significant that the abridged English version of *Our Lady of Light* by Chanoine C. Barthas and Father Gonzaga da Fonseca S.J., makes its appearance almost coincidentally with the thirtieth anniversary of the apparitions of our Lady to the three children at Fatima in Portugal. Father Fonseca, who has been a professor at the Biblical Institute in Rome for many years is well qualified to tell us about the apparitions, since he has made a close study of the documents concerning Fatima. His *Le Meraviglie di Fatima* reached its eighth edition in 1943 and the fourth edition came from the Vatican Press, bearing the *Imprimatur* of the Vicar General of Vatican City.

After setting forth in detail and in proper chronological order the six apparitions which occurred on the 13th of each month from May to October 1917, Father Fonseca describes how the sanctuary was erected, and the many pilgrimages that have thronged Fatima were gradually established despite the early reticence and reserve of the clergy. A number of miraculous cures and prophecies are mentioned, together with some notable conversions, but especially remarkable was the almost overnight recovery of the bankrupt government of Portugal. The spiritual, moral and material transformation of that country can be regarded as a "a true miracle of divine omnipotence obtained by the mercy and goodness of our Lady of Fatima." According to Father Fonseca, "without Fatima, Salazar would not have been possible."

The last section of the book supplies a number of pertinent documents including the Message of the Holy Father commending the faithful for their devout pilgrimages to "the holy mountain of Fatima," the pastoral letter of the Bishops of Portugal and the interesting cross-questionings of the children. There are besides nine full pages of actual photographs of people and places associated with the apparitions. Our only regret is that this is an abridged edition, and we sincerely hope that another fuller, more detailed source book on Fatima will soon be published.

W. A. DALY, S.J.

Edward Kavanagh, Catholic Statesman, Diplomat from Maine.
By William L. Lucey, S.J. (New England Province) Marshall Jones Company, 1946.

The four most prominent Catholics in public life in the United States during the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century were Roger B. Taney, Attorney General for Andrew Jackson and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; William Gaston, Chief Justice of the supreme court of North Carolina; Edward D. White, congressman and governor of Louisiana; and Edward Kavanagh of Maine, who became the first Catholic to hold the following offices in New England: selectman, representative to the state legislature, Representative to Congress, Charge d'Affaires in Portugal, and finally Governor of Maine.

In his youth, Kavanagh had been a student of Georgetown College and in his later life he repaid his debt to his Jesuit teachers by restoring the good name to a priest whom he had long admired, Father Sebastian Rasle, S.J. In 1833 he was one of the principals responsible for a public monument which the Catholics of Maine erected to the martyred priest.

This biography by Father William Lucey is interesting, complete, and well documented. Father Lucey's contribution consists mainly in the fact that his book is more detailed and more readable than the still excellent studies which Charles W. Collins has made of Kavanagh. The diplomatic historian will find interest in approaching the Webster-Ashburton Treaty through the eyes of one of the four commissioners from Maine.

Although a study of Edward Kavanagh's life shows that in New England Congregationalist prejudice against Irish Catholics was not as severe as many have affected to believe, Father Lucey considers the principal significance of Kavanagh was his being "a living refutation of the charge against his religion and his father's nationality."

N. J. SULLIVAN, S.J.

Those Terrible Teens. *By Vincent P. McCorry, S.J.* (New York Province). Declan A. McMullen Co., 1947.

To be really valuable, would not a review of Fr. McCorry's latest book have to be written by a girl, or, were it possible, by a true cross section of the Catholic High School girls for whom it is intended? Who other than the girls can give the final answer? This much, the author himself admits on the first page of his book.

On page 111 he gives what might be taken as a summary of the whole: "One reason why even good people do not cure themselves of their faults is because they do not really look at their faults."

If after a girl has read the twenty chapters, she is not aware of her shortcomings, surely Fr. McCorry is not to blame, for he spends most of his effort in showing the Catholic High School girl what her weak points are.

The retreat master and confessor will find the book valuable precisely because of this negative quality. But one wonders about the girls. Would it not have been better for them had the author expanded every chapter with the positive side of things and with more practical suggestions? He has painted vice as ugly. But has he shown feminine virtue in all its attractiveness? Surely he has hinted at it in practically every chapter and in a few, he has gone into details. But we would have liked more in this direction.

Worthy of special note are his chapters on boy-girl relationship. They are fresh. They are different. They are worth looking up. But like most of the other chapters, we'd like to see them supplemented with something more positive.

J. W. MAGAN, S.J.

Catalogue of Philippine Earthquakes, 1589-1899. *By William C. Repetti, S.J.* (Maryland Province). Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America, July, 1946.

Father Repetti's "Catalogue of Philippine Earthquakes, 1589-1899" is an important contribution to the science of seismology. This importance is fully recognized by the Seismological Society of America, since they devote an entire issue of the *Bulletin*, one hundred and ninety pages, to distribute it to all seismological stations in America and to the more important ones abroad.

The account of each earthquake contains as much pertinent scientific data as is available. The type of motion; duration, intensity, and number of shocks; amplitude and azimuths of displacements on seismographs. All are given most accurately. Eye-witness stories of the destruction of life and property are told; also quoted are the government reports of the damage, of the relief, and of the precautions against such disastrous effects in the future. Newspapers, the archives of various religious orders, personal memoirs, scientific reports, history texts all available material has been consulted and tabulated. Any difference in the evidence is mentioned, and the conflicting reports are evaluated. All this is for the 310 years from 1589 to 1899.

To no small extent the original documents have been destroyed by the recent war. Father Repetti has given us the next best, a faithful and carefully documented transcription of data, which otherwise we might never have for reference.

It would be impossible to express too much admiration of and gratitude to Father Pablo Guzman-Rivas, S.J., for keeping the manuscript intact during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, and then bringing it across the Pacific to the Seismological Society of America.

F. X. MCFARLAND, S.J.

Dante Alighieri, Citizen of Christendom. *By Gerald G. Walsh, S.J.* (New York Province). Bruce Publishing Co., 1946.

In this book, the published version of his Lowell Lectures, delivered at Boston in November and December of 1945, Father Walsh gives us a unified and stimulating interpretation of Dante's works, especially the *Divine Comedy*. The three chapters of background dealing with the poet's life, times, and education, despite the author's modest disclaimer, will prove fascinating not only to the specialist but to anyone who is seriously interested in the subject. Thereafter, in five subsequent chapters, Father Walsh plays Virgil to the modern reader as he

follows Dante out of the "dark wood" of life on earth into the circles of Hell, to the Mount of Purgatory, and up to the "divine forest" of Paradise, elucidating the chief episodes and ideas of the poem and stressing its great message of unity: "Beauty and truth must help law and grace to build one world for the happiness of all mankind."

The present study should certainly lead to a wider reading and a deeper understanding and appreciation of a great masterpiece that does not receive at present the attention it deserves in literary courses, especially in Catholic colleges. Dante is one of the giants of world literature—duly honored as such but strangely neglected by English-speaking readers—whose work is the foundation, summation and reflection of a marvelously integrated humanistic and thoroughly Catholic culture.

Attention is called to a few *corrigenda* in this carefully written and well-printed book: p. 17, 1.27, reference is made to "the frontispiece of this book" (there is none); p. 40, 1.18, "nine Provençal lines" should read "eight. . ."; p. 94, 1.17, "Blessed is He that cometh" should be "Blessed art Thou that Comest"; p. 126, 1.24, "After this life there is no other life" should be ". . . another life." There are besides a few misspellings. But these are minor flaws in a rich and satisfying pageant of Christian scholarship at its best.

J. P. LAHEY, S.J.

PAMPHLETS

Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (Missouri Province). *The Happiness of Faith. Is Religion Bad for Your Mind? Laughs from a Lecturer. Spinsters are Wonderful People. Politeness in the Pews. Catholic Education is a Waste? St. Peter Pope or Impostor?*

William L. Lucey, S.J. (New England Province). *Writing a Term Paper.*

Richard L. Rooney, S.J. (Missouri Province). *Our Gifted Selves. A Discussion Outline of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost. Say, Catholic! What Do You Know about the Sacraments?*

Theodore Shulte, S.J. (Missouri Province). *Missing Something? A Letter to My Non-Catholic Friends.*

William S. Smith, S.J. (New York Province). *Climax of Civilization, World Conquest by Communism?*

BOOKS RECEIVED

India Immortal. *By E. De Meulder, S.J.* (Province of Northern Belgium). The Catholic Press, Ranchi, India, 1946.

Windows Westward—Rome, Russia, Reunion. *By Very Rev. Stephen C. Gulovich, Ph. D., S.T.D.* The Declan X. McMullen Co., 1947.

Peguy and Les Cashiers de la Quinzaine. *By Daniel Halévy.* Longmans, Green and Co., 1947.

Perfect Obedience. *By M. Espinosa Polit, S.J.* (Vice-Province of Ecuador). The Newman Bookshop, 1947.

Mother Seton. Revised and rewritten. *By Leonard Feeney, S.J.* (New England Province). Dodd, Mead and Company, 1947.

As the Morning Star. *By Marion A. Habig, O.F.M.* The Declan X. McMullen Co., 1947.

The Saving Sense. *By Walter Dwight, S.J.* (Late of Maryland-New York Province). Edited with an introduction by *W. Coleman Nevils, S.J.* (Maryland Province). The Declan X. McMullen Co., 1947.

Catholicism. *By Gerald G. Walsh, S.J.* The Declan X. McMullen Co., 1947.

The Idea of a University. A Grammar of Assent. *Apologia pro Vita Sua.* *By John Henry Cardinal Newman.* New edition, edited by Charles Frederick Harrold. Longmans, Green and Co., 1947.

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