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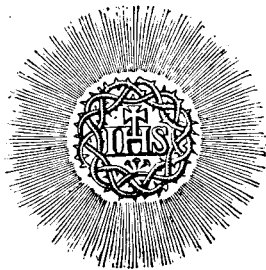
WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

*Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with
the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus
in North and South America.*

178

VOL. XIX.



WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XIX, No. I.

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI AT WOODSTOCK.

In order that Woodstock might take some part in the celebration of the American Hierarchy, and do honor to the Holy Father's Representative, Rev. Fr. Rector signified to Archbishop Satolli his desire of tendering him a reception. The Archbishop readily accepted, but on hearing that a Theological Disputation had been set for Nov. 15th, he said that the pleasantest reception which could be given would be an invitation to the Disputation. His wish was gratified; and a number of the prelates and clergy, then assembled in Baltimore, were invited to accompany him.

The auspicious day dawned bright and clear, in happy contrast to the leaden clouds and dismal rain that had greeted the guests of the Congress and the University; and the college walls of light gray granite, decorated with bunting and flags of all nations, that fluttered gayly from the windows, looked their brightest and cheeriest welcome. At half-past nine, the regular express drew up at the station, carrying in the palace car "Delaware" our invited guests. Carriages were in waiting, but Cardinal Gibbons, whose example was followed by most of the others, preferred, in true democratic style, to walk up our hill. When all had gathered in the library, we found that a large number of our friends had responded to our invitation. Probably America has never before seen so many dignitaries of the Church assembled to grace a theological disputation.

The visitors were: Cardinal Gibbons; Archbishop Satolli; Archbishops Corrigan, of New York; Elder, of Cincinnati; J. V. Cleary, of Kingston, Ont., Canada; Bishops Gillow, of Oaxaca, Mex.; and Burke, of Cheyenne, Wyoming; Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the American College, Rome; Very Rev. E. H. Porcile, S. P. M., provincial of the Fathers of Mercy, Revs. Wiest, S. P. M., and Wurcher, S. P. M., Vineland, N. J.; Dr. Howlett, Archbishop Satolli's secretary, of the "Academia Ecclesiastica," Rome; Dr. McDonnell, Archbishop Corrigan's secretary; Dr. Chappelle, St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C.; John M. Kiely, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pedro Rey, Oaxaca, Mex.; E. De Foville, S. S., Montreal; L. F. M. Dumont, S. S., St. Charles College, Md.; Very Rev. Dr. Adam, vicar-general of Los Angeles, Monterey, Cal.; Revs. O. B. Corrigan, St. Gregory's Church, Baltimore; Wm. J. Finneran, Catskill, N. Y.; Wm. Flannery, editor of the *Record*, London, Ont., Canada; P. Tarro, Ellicott City, Md.; A. J. Stern, C. S. S. R., and Kuper, C. S. S. R., Ilchester, Md.; amongst Ours the following: Frs. Jno. P. Frieden, provincial of the Missouri province; Thomas J. Campbell, provincial of the Maryland-New York province; John O'Shanahan, superior of the N. O. mission; J. Sasia, superior of the California mission; Renatus Holaind, associate editor of the *Review*, N. Y. City; Wm. J. Tynan, Loyola College, Baltimore; Maurice Wolf, Grand Coteau, La.; H. A. Schapman, rector of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati; Edward Gleeson, rector of St. Louis University; F. X. Shulak, Chicago, Ill.; Francis Smith, rector of Loyola College, Baltimore; James Lonergan, rector of Spring Hill College, Alabama; Francis Ryan, Loyola College, Baltimore; and J. F. O'Connor, rector of the Jesuits' College, New Orleans.

Rev. Fr. Rector opened the exercises on the part of the community with a neat address of welcome in Latin. Then the regular disputation began. The first defender, Fr. de La Motte presented six theses, which contained the gist of the Society's doctrine on Grace. As Archbishop Satolli holds a doctrine somewhat different, the community were anxious to hear him object, and when finally he began, wrapt attention was given to the debate. The argumentation, however, followed in the time-hallowed lines and elicited nothing novel, being confined mainly to the necessity of an intrinsic strengthening of a faculty which is intrinsically deficient. To the parting shot of the objector, which was the quotation from St. Thomas, "Motus moventis est prior motu mobilis," the defendant cleverly opposed another saying of St. Thomas, "Motus moventis in mobili est ipse mo-

tus mobilis." With this reply the Archbishop seemed to be highly delighted, showing his pleasure by hearty applause, in which the whole scholastic assembly joined, to the great relief of the defendant, who bowed and withdrew, thus ending the dispute on Grace. In the course of the brilliant disputation on the Sacraments, which followed, Mr. Casey was questioned by the Archbishop as to an apparent contradiction, by which he maintained the moral efficiency of the Sacraments only as a probable doctrine, and yet defended it as though it were certain. All were evidently satisfied with Mr. Casey's reply, that this positive manner was assumed merely for the sake of argument, and that while rejecting as false the proofs for the physical efficiency, he freely acknowledged that they really possessed a certain persuasive force.

When the signal for the end of the disputation was given, the Delegate rose and made an eloquent though brief address in Latin. His clear and forcible enunciation, finished diction, and warmth of delivery, which were heightened by grace and rapidity of gesture, will make his words memorable for many a day. In substance, he said :

"I am charmed at the keenness of intellect, the industry, the learning, displayed by the disputants, this morning ; and especially am I pleased to observe that St. Thomas is so closely followed in this celebrated institution. For St. Thomas, that grand luminary, who has lighted up the whole field of science, has been declared by the Sovereign Pontiff, the master, who is to be followed, loved and cherished, by all the schools of Christendom. And nowadays, especially, when errors are springing up everywhere, when enemies attack the Church on all sides, it is but fitting for the friends of the Church to study the Angelic Doctor, since in his works can be found weapons to conquer every foe.

"When I return to Rome, to tell the Holy Father of the many stupendous things I have seen in America, especially memorable shall be this hour, and I shall ask him to bless the inmates of Woodstock, who though far distant from the Holy See, are imbued with the same doctrine, the same spirit, which are fostered in the Eternal City. In conclusion, I hope that God will bless your studies and enable your learning to produce abundant fruit on earth, against that day, when all of us, illumined by the same eternal light shall join the Angelic Doctor in heaven."

At the close of this address, the audience adjourned to the refectory, which had been tastefully decorated. Laurel from our Woodstock hills, twining around the pillars, and hanging in graceful curves upon the walls, and flowers from

the conservatory, gave an appearance of summer freshness to the scene, while curtains of buff and lace mellowed the light with charming effect.

In allusion to the centennial celebration, appropriate mottoes were hung about the walls. Beneath the portrait of Pope Leo, was the affectionate inscription :

MANET · MANSVRVSQVE
IN · ANIMIS
FILIORVM

To the portrait of Cardinal Gibbons was attached :

CLARE · PRÆSVL
LÆTA · TIBI · MCENIA · GESTIVNT
CORDA · VOCESQVE
GRATVLANTVR

The praise of Archbishop Carroll was fittingly expressed by :

PATRIÆ · CARITATE · INSTINCTVS
NIHIL · COGITAVIT · NISI · SVBLIME
OB · POSTEROS · TANTVM · ET · ECCLESIAM

In allusion to the Papal Delegate, were the words :

FIDELIVM · PATRIS
DISSITIS · FILIIS · AMORIS
PIGNORA · DEFERENS
AVETO

As our distinguished guests had made arrangements to leave on the two o'clock train, they were forced to go immediately after the banquet. While we would gladly have detained them longer, to show our esteem, and to display the beauties of Woodstock and its surroundings, we were gratified that they departed well pleased with our efforts at hospitality, and bestowing the highest encomiums on our theological studies.

GONZAGA COLLEGE.

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

(Continued.)

The crowning glory of Father Marshall's administration was the training of the most brilliant mind that ever illumined the Washington bar. Had he educated but one student, and that student had been

JAMES HOBAN, ESQ.,⁽¹⁾

the name of the second president of Gonzaga College would deserve inscription in characters of gold upon the pages of the history of Catholic education in the United States.

Born of Irish parents in the city of Washington in 1809, James Hoban inherited the intellect of his noted father, the architect of the President's mansion. He was one of the first students of Gonzaga College. When only thirteen years old, we find him in 1822 leading in all his classes, and meriting a special premium for superior application.

This was but an index to his after career. For in the very year he began the practice of law, he passed by all competitors and rose to an eminence that older men had labored in vain to attain. His eloquence seldom failed to convince a jury, as his wit never failed to delight them. His

⁽¹⁾ Brother of Rev. Henry Hoban, S. J. Fr. Hoban was born on Dec. 1, 1817; was a student of the "Seminary" in 1827; entered Georgetown College and was distinguished in his classes; studied medicine, and after receiving his degree enjoyed a large and lucrative practice in the City of Washington; became a Seminarian in Baltimore, and then joined the Society, on Aug. 29, 1846. His health failing soon after he took his vows, he was sent to Conewago, and there began the study of theology in 1849. Continuing his studies at Georgetown College, he completed the quadrennium in 1852, and was ordained on June 12th of that year by Archbishop Kenrick. He is named in the catalogues from 1853 to 1855 as *prof. valet.*; *prof. FF. Coadj. et prof. mor. inter parvulos*, at Georgetown College. In 1856 he was Minister of Gonzaga College. He held the same office at Loyola College during the two following years. In 1860 he was back again at Gonzaga College as Minister, which office he retained till his fatal illness in the Spring of 1865. He died at Georgetown College on April 7th, 1865, aged 48. He was of a remarkably modest and retiring disposition, and so nervous in the presence of others that he never entered the pulpit. His life in the Society was that of an edifying religious, and an efficient minister and procurator.

published speeches show that he was most skilled in the use of the flowers of rhetoric, and an expert in handling the weapons of logic. This is especially notable in his speech in 1837 on the trial of John Williams,⁽¹⁾ the oculist, when "the whole medical fraternity, the reverend clergy, the bar, the distinguished counsel for the prosecution, with the commentaries in one hand and the pestle in the other, were all in terrible array against his unfortunate client." This numerous foe, however, was vanquished by the telling arguments and pungent wit of James Hoban, the jury bringing in a unanimous verdict of not guilty.

Though an ardent lover of America and of American institutions, James Hoban had a warm predilection for the land of his sires. He honored and cherished the names of her distinguished sons who had labored for the freedom of their afflicted country. He loved to plead the cause of Ireland. Never was his eloquence more burning than when speaking against the grasping power of England. Never was the brilliancy of his vigorous mind more conspicuous than when advocating the freedom of Ireland. As president of the Repeal Association, he threw the noble attributes of his warm and generous soul into the work. In the hurry of a large law practice he never grudged an hour to urge the cause of repeal. His enthusiasm became contagious. Men of Irish birth, who had held aloof from the movement, joined the association. Men of American birth, who had regarded the work with suspicion, became enthusiastic supporters of its principles.

While thus educating the popular mind in favor of the struggles of an oppressed land, he also found time to wage war against the prevailing vice of intemperance. As he had only to undertake a work, to lead in its direction, he soon became the champion of temperance. "Never," says an old schoolmate of his, "had the cause of temperance a more faithful, a more efficient, or a more eloquent friend."

Having labored all his life with characteristic energy for the Democratic party, and having supported with all his influence its candidate for the Presidency in 1844, he was rewarded, on July 8, 1845, by President James K. Polk with the appointment of United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia.

He entered this office at a time when its duties were never more onerous. But his extraordinary ability, industry, and fearlessness enabled him to fill it with satisfaction to all par-

⁽¹⁾ In those days to be a specialist in the practice of medicine was to incur the ostracism of the profession. Dr. John Williams' sole offense was that he limited his practice to the diseases of the eyes.

ties. He seemed now just on the threshold of a great public building containing offices that he was so well fitted to fill and adorn, when, in the prime of life, at the early age of thirty-seven, he was suddenly stricken down. He died on January 19, 1846, after an illness of less than a week.

It was as if each citizen of Washington had lost a near and dear relative, so universal and intense was the grief for the loss of James Hoban. History neither before nor since has recorded a more touching exhibition of the sorrow of a people for the death of a fellow citizen. It is noted for January 20, 1846, that Joseph H. Bradley, Esq., on the opening of the Criminal Court, "paid a just tribute to the memory of James Hoban, in language the more touching and eloquent because so evidently flowing from a full heart. Tears fell from the eyes of the speaker and of his audience, and told better than words can express that the occasion was not one of hollow ceremony, but of deepest interest in this community."

And so in this spirit was the eulogy of James Hoban spoken by his brethren of the bar, by his old schoolmates at Gonzaga, and by his associates in the temperance, benevolent, and patriotic organizations.

Still another pathetic evidence of this great man's hold upon the affections of his citizens was shown by the crowds who braved the discomfort of a severe snow storm in order to pay their last respect to his memory. Among those who followed his remains to St. Patrick's Church were: The pallbearers, Judge T. Hartley Crawford, Gen. Alexander Hunter, Hon. Thos. Carbery, John Marbury, Esq., Wm. Brent, Esq., and Gregory Ennis, Esq.; the members of the Washington bar, the officers of the court, the jurors of the term, several temperance societies, the Washington Benevolent Society, and the Repeal Association. The funeral services were conducted by the Very Rev. Wm. Matthews, and the discourse was delivered by Rev. J. P. Donelan.

It is interesting to note that the committee in charge of the funeral arrangements—Joseph H. Bradley, James M. Carlisle, Henry May, and Wm. Redite—were all school boys with James Hoban at the "old seminary."

If James Hoban's busy life had not been so prematurely shortened, he would undoubtedly have entered the field of letters. As has been noted, his speeches show a command of language, and a skill in the use of its beauties that would have served him well in the making of books. After his death there were found some short biographical sketches of prominent public men, which have never yet been published.

One book, however, bears his name. It is entitled "Gems of Irish Eloquence, Wit, and Anecdote."

Space will permit only a brief extract from its preface. Speaking on his favorite topic, Ireland, the author says:

"When other nations were swept by the tide of war, when discord and darkness like thickening clouds settled upon them, she was blessed with peace, prosperity, and light! From her secluded seats of learning and of grace, she sent her heralds and her ministers abroad to illuminate the world. Cruel reverses indeed, and protracted periods of disaster, it has been her fate to endure, but again in our latter day she has emerged, in some degree, from the abasement to which a cowardly tyranny had consigned her, and by the union and energy of her sons aspires with a boldness promising success to the dignity of her ancient national independence.

* * * * *

"My purpose has been to gather disjointed elements, which united, constitute a pyramid more enduring and more glorious than the lofty memorials of the deserts of the East—to gather into a wreath scattered flowers of wit, eloquence, bravery, and truth, and, with a hand however unworthy, to bind them around the ancient brow of Erin."

An inscription on an old family portrait of his truthfully sums up his brief but brilliant career:

"A consistent and unyielding Democrat,
An ardent friend of Ireland and her cause,
And a strenuous advocate of temperance."

May the recollection of the noble life of this first student of Gonzaga College serve as a guide to the present students, to those who have left, and to those who are to leave its walls, who are ambitious to bequeath to their children a legacy more enduring than gold—a reputation for exalted public and private virtues!

The list of honor students for the year 1825 also shows how well Father Adam Marshall had labored to raise the standard of studies. For in that year we find that the college closed with the complete number of classes usual in Jesuit colleges. The president and faculty only needed the legal right to confer on George W. Anderson, who had finished his philosophy *cum maxima laude*, the degree of bachelor of arts.

VERY REV. WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

The pastor of St. Patrick's Church, the projector of St. Peter's, the benefactor of St. Matthew's, and the patriarch of the Catholic clergy of the city of Washington, the Very Rev. Wm. Matthews, succeeded Father Marshall as president, and brought his great influence among Catholics and Protestants to promote the interests of Gonzaga College.⁽¹⁾

Father Matthews, born in Charles County, Maryland, on December 16, 1770, was educated at the English college at Liege. His philosophical notes, preserved in the Georgetown College Library, show the diligence and ability of this American youth, compelled by the bigotry of the penal laws to acquire his education abroad. Returning home, he studied theology at Georgetown College, and at St. Mary's Seminary. He received tonsure and minor orders December 23, 1798; was made sub-deacon on the 22d of August, 1799; deacon on the 26th of March, and priest on the 29th of March, 1800. He was the fifth priest, and the *first American-born*, ordained in the United States.

Whilst preparing for the priesthood he was in 1796 professor of Rhetoric in Georgetown. It was his delight in after years to tell how, one day as he was walking near the white paling which then enclosed the college grounds, he saw a rider well stricken in years, but of noble and military bearing, stop his horse at the little gate and hitch him to the fence. On greeting the stranger, Fr. Matthews found that he had the pleasure of receiving Gen. George Washington at Georgetown College.

⁽¹⁾ We have in the Woodstock Historical Library a MS., entitled "*Catalogus Tertius Collegiorum, Domorum, Residentiarum Missionum Soc. Jesu in Statibus Unitis*," which explains how Fr. Matthews came to be president. Under the heading "*Seminarium Washingtonianum*" the following is written: "*Domus e luteribus, in medio civitatis, habens hortulum sat commodum. Scholæ primam contignationem Domus totam occupant; in secunda nostri degunt; infra culina et resectorium et cella. Studia et disciplina scholarum egregie procedunt; scholæ sunt in magna astimatione. Numerus discipulorum ad 130. Sustentabantur hucusque Professores e certo quanto stipendio, quod scholares in annum pendebant. Sed cum hoc sit nunc prohibitum; et in sequenti anno nec sustentare Professores, nec dimittere tam cito studiosos, tum sine assensione parentum et civium, tum absque detrimento nostræ propriæ famæ et crediti apud publicum, non possumus, retinendas adhuc scholæ per annum insequentem esse duximus, donec ab Adm. Rev. P. Nostro aliter decidatur, sed cum hoc novo plano: Stipendium a scholaribus non recipimus. Titulum et scholæ Rdo. Dno. Matthews parochi S. Patricii tradimus. Hic offert nostris Professoribus convenientem sustentationem. Ad illum plane pertinet accipere vel non accipere aliquid a studiosis, quos ipse suscipiet. Nos gratis ipsi obsequi nostræ et Professores præstamus cum conditione ut nostrum sit regimen studiosorum et Domus ac Personarum Religiosarum cum plena potestate Superioris alienandi, mutandi, novi constituendi ordinis vel personarum. Pactio hæc ex utraque parte tamdiu durare potest quamdiu Adm. R. P. Nostro Generali placuerit.*"

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of Georgetown College, held on the 10th day of September, 1806, Fr. Robert Molyneux was unanimously elected president and the Rev. Wm. Matthews vice-president. At another meeting held on the 31st of March, 1808, Fr. Matthews was appointed a member of a committee "to direct all changes and improvements that may be deemed necessary in the college." One of these improvements was the erection of the north building towers. A year later, on the 28th of February, 1809, Fr. Matthews was elected president of Georgetown College.

The new president had been in office but a month when he became a novice of the Society. His name occurs in the catalogue of 1811; but he did not take his vows, as is manifest from the following entry in the Master of Novices' records, at Frederick: "Matthews, Gulielmus, Americanus, Pater Scholasticus; ing. 1809, Mart. 17; defecti approbante Superiore." He resigned the office of president of Georgetown College, on November 1st, 1809. He remained, however, a representative of the "Corporation of Clergy."

Father Matthews became pastor of St. Patrick's Church on the retirement of its first pastor, Rev. Anthony Caffrey, who returned to Ireland. The date of his appointment is not known. Dr. Shea, in his "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," would seem to imply that he received this charge in 1805⁽¹⁾ or soon after. Hence it seems that Fr. Matthews was in 1809 at one and the same time a novice of the Society, president of Georgetown College and pastor of St. Patrick's Church.⁽²⁾ The site of the first church was on the

⁽¹⁾ "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," p. 515.

⁽²⁾ A well-founded tradition has it that St. Patrick's Church was, down to the close of Fr. Matthews' life, rated as belonging to Ours. In the MS. Catalogue of 1811 it is so stated. In "An arrangement made by Most Rev. Leonard Neale, Archbishop of Baltimore with the Superior of the Society of Jesus regulating the Missions of the said Society within his Diocese," St. Patrick's Church is "put again *permanently* under the spiritual care of the Religious of the Society of Jesus." As this interesting document shows how much Archbishops Carroll and Neale prized the work of Ours, we print it in full:

AN ARRANGEMENT MADE BY THE MOST REV. LEONARD NEALE
ARCHP OF BALTIMORE WITH THE SUPERIOR OF THE SOCIETY
OF JESUS REGULATING THE MISSIONS OF THE SAID SOCIETY
WITHIN HIS DIOCESE.

The Most Rev.^d. John Carroll late Archp of Baltimore intended to determine together with the Superior of the Society of Jesus in North America what Stations or Missions were to be assigned to be permanently under the spiritual care of the Religious of the Socy. of J. according to their Institute. But by his continual occupations, and at last by his lamented death he was

corner of Tenth and E Streets, northwest, where the Georgetown Medical College was afterwards located.⁽¹⁾ Fr. Matthews, not liking this position, built in 1810, on Tenth and F Streets, northwest, a more commodious church, which has since been replaced by the present stately Gothic edifice on Tenth Street.

prevented from doing it in an authentic manner, his Successor the Rev^d. Leonard Neale actually Archbp of Baltimore agreed with the Rev^d. John Grassi Superior of the Religious of the Society of Jesus in this country to come to a proper conclusion of this affair, being as convinced as his worthy Predecessor was that such an arrangement is and will always be for the real good of his Diocese, as it tends to diminish in an advantageous manner the burden of Episcopal duties, and will enable the Religious of the Soc^y. of J. to exercise their functions both in perfect understanding with episcopal authority, and in exact compliance with the obedience they owe to their Superiors as it is prescribed by their laudable Institute.

In consequence of these considerations by mutual agreement between the Most Rev^d. Leonard Neale Archbishop of Baltimore and the R. F. John Grassi Superior of the Soc^y. of J. in north Amer^{ca}. the Missions and Congregations of Saint Inagoes, Newtown, S^t. Thomas's with their dependencies, White Marsh, Harford, Bohemia and S^t. Joseph in the eastern shore, also Fredericktown with their dependencies are now restored as formerly were, and put again permanently under the spiritual care of the Religious of the Soc^y. of J.; likewise the Missions and Congr^{eg}. of Georgetown, and Alexandria Dist^t. of Columbia, S. Patrick's Church in Washington City with Queen's Chapel and Rockcreek Congr^{eg}. are assigned and given to be permanently in the spiritual care of the Religious of the Soc^y. of J. according to their Institute.

In case that it should not be in the power of the Superior of the Soc^y. of J. in this country to send any of his Religious, and he could procure other Priests duly qualified it will be lawful for him to send them on the said Missions with the approbation of the Most Rev^d. Archbishop. Should it happen that no Priest could be found to supply the said Missions, the Superior of the Relig^{ious}. of the Soc^y. of Jesus will give notice to the Most Rev^d. Archbp and adopt with his concurrence the most proper measures to provide for the exigency of the Missions.

In confirmation of this mutual agreement which is intended to have the force of an instrument regulating in future, this writing is signed by both parties. Georgetown Dist^t. of C^a. April the third, A. D. 1816.

✠ LEON^D. Archbp of Balt^o.

JOHN GRASSI Sup^r. of the Relig^{ious}. of the Soc^y. of J.
in North America.

J. W. BESCHTER *Secret.*

⁽¹⁾ Letter of Fr. James A. Ward.

Fr. Matthews was thus laboring in the "Federal City" at a time when, as a French traveler observed, "Georgetown had houses without streets, and Washington streets without houses;" when Tom Moore wrote to his friend:

"In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this 'second Rome.'
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now:
This embryo capital, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though naught but woods and Jefferson they see,
Where streets should run and sages ought to be."

But what was more deplorable than sights offensive to the æsthetic sense of the poet, was the deficiency of education amongst all classes. Georgetown College had, it is true, been founded since 1789. But in that benighted age, before the steam car or street car had come to shorten distances, that college was too far away to suit the convenience of day scholars. Father Matthews, recognizing this, induced Ours, as has been stated, to open a classical school in their House of Studies⁽¹⁾ in the city of Washington, and hence in this building, Gonzaga College began life in 1821.

As Father Matthews always had an especial love for this creation of his, it was but natural that his interest in it should increase when he was appointed its presiding officer. The college records show a large increase of pupils during his term, and indicate the esteem the best families of Washington had for the education given by this institution. Amongst the students of those days were the son of Benjamin Rush, Secretary of the Treasury; the son of the Postmaster-General, Return J. Meigs; the sons of Commodores Rodgers and Chauncey; the son of Daniel Webster, and the son of Judge Cranch, the chief justice of the circuit court of the District of Columbia; indeed, the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the local and general government, as well as the legal and medical professions, were all represented. The fame of the college was, of course, due also to the active and efficient corps of Jesuits that assisted Father Matthews. Amongst them we find the

⁽¹⁾ "Mr. Matthews . . . with his own property, at the re-establishment of the Society built a Chapel, a Missionary house, and a house for Novices altogether, in Washington, three miles from Georgetown."—Dr. Oliver's "Collections," p. 126.

Fr. John McElroy, on the contrary, has in his "Recollections" a statement which is nearer the truth. He says on page 17: "Fr. John Grassi having arrived in the United States in 1810, and having been appointed in 1812 Superior of the Society and Rector of Georgetown College, concluded to erect a building for the Novices in Washington on a lot owned by the College, adjoining St. Patrick's Church. This building was, however, never occupied as a Novitiate, but was afterwards a school called Washington Seminary."

names of Rev. Jeremiah Keiley, prefect of schools; Messrs. William Grace, Richard Hardey, Joseph Schneller, Edward McCarthy, Br. Charles Strahan, S. J., and the Rev. Robert Woodley.⁽¹⁾

Being thus interested in the education of the higher classes of Washington society, his being named one of the trustees of the public schools shows that he was also concerned about the education of the poorer classes. This was when there were but two public schools in the city, the "Eastern," corner of Third and D Streets, southeast, and the "Western," at Fourteenth and G Streets, northwest.

Away back in 1814, long before the present Congressional Library was born, Congress had incorporated the Washington City Library. Rev. William Matthews was one of its original founders, and was for some time its president. It had in 1822 "two thousand well-selected volumes, among which is a splendid edition of Greek and Roman Iconography, in four volumes, folio, presented to the institution by M. Hyde de Neuville, in the name of the King of France." With a wisdom and generosity superior to their times and in marked contrast to the present inconvenient hours of the Congressional Library, the directors ordered that the librarian attend "every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 3 to 6 o'clock, and from 3 to sunset when the sun sets later than 6."

A deplorable state of affairs in the Diocese of Philadelphia, occasioned by a schismatical party in St. Mary's Church, induced the Holy See to summon Bishop Conwell to Rome, and to appoint Father Matthews, on May 8, 1828, administrator of the diocese during the absence of the Bishop. In this capacity he represented Bishop Conwell at the First Provincial Council of Baltimore, October 4, 1829. Owing to his efforts the chief promoters of disunion were prevailed on to leave the city, and so, when he was relieved of this onerous office in 1830, the spirit of sedition had somewhat subsided.

The number of poor boys Father Matthews clothed, educated, and supported was known only to himself. The Hon. Bernard Caulfield, who was afterwards a Member of Congress from Kentucky, was one. He tells a story of his benefactor, illustrating his brusque manner, but kind heart. Fr. Matthews sent him on one occasion on business to the Georgetown Convent. On leaving, the Mother Superior said: "Bernard, I wish you would say to Father Matthews that

⁽¹⁾ Fr. Woodley afterwards entered the Society, on June 4, 1831. Vid. WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. xv., p. 31.

we owe \$7,000 on this building, and that we beg him to pay it for us."

One day after dinner, when young Caulfield thought his patron was in good humor, he mentioned the Mother's request.

"Seven thousand dollars!" exclaimed Father Matthews, in his usual sharp, quick way of talking. "Is she crazy? Wants me to pay \$7,000! Bernard, don't you venture to speak of this again."

In a few days afterwards, however, the Mother Superior received Father Matthews' check for \$7,000.

A poor woman, calling on him for assistance, "felt," as she expressed it afterwards, "as if he was going to eat me."

"I have nothing for you. Go home. Where do you live?" said he in his sharpest tones.

What was her surprise to find on returning home that the charitable priest had sent her all and more than she had asked for.

He was always the generous friend of the poor and trouble-stricken in time of tribulation. He it was who founded the male and female orphan asylums. Though he had handsomely provided for them during his life, he forgot them not in his will.

He was besides a generous contributor towards the erection of St. Peter's Church, in 1820. He also gave \$10,000 to the Rev. John P. Donelan, in 1838, to build a church. When Father Donelan named his church St. Matthew's his friends, in good-humored banter, accused him of calling it after the pastor of St. Patrick's.

Having provided so handsomely for the education of the Catholic boys of this city, Father Matthews determined to found a school for girls. He purchased a house and lot from Gales, of *Intelligencer* fame, and offered it to the Visitation Nuns of Georgetown. But as they had shortly before sent some of their best teachers to their newly-established Mount de Sales Academy, they were obliged to refuse his offer. Whereupon Father Matthews sold the property and gave the proceeds to his relatives.

Some years afterwards the Sisters of Charity opened a school for girls on E Street, between Sixth and Seventh, northwest, which was soon filled with the daughters of the *élite* of Washington. When Mother Seton's Sisters applied for affiliation with the French Sisters of Charity, they were informed that they would have to give up their academies, as such work was not sanctioned by St. Vincent's rule. So Sister Etienne, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, offered this academy in 1850 to the Visitation Nuns at a yearly rental. They at first refused, but were finally prevailed upon

by Archbishop Eccleston to accept it. Sister Mary Chantal, the once popular Miss Cummings of Washington society, was sent from Georgetown as superior of the new community. After a year's trial the Superior thought it better, as there was no garden attached to the academy, to seek a more eligible site. Where was the money to come from? The nuns had none. Sister Chantal, who had been a favorite Sunday-school pupil of Father Matthews, and had afterwards enjoyed many tokens of his friendship, applied to him in her distress.

"No," said he. "I'll give you nothing. Your nuns wouldn't take my house when I offered it. I have sold it, and have given the money away."

The good Sister, not disheartened, thought she might as well pay interest on a mortgage as rental on a house. Accordingly, borrowing money from some of her friends, she purchased ground on Tenth and G Streets, opposite St. Vincent's Asylum. Everything went well, till one day a note of \$3,000 became due. Confident that Father Matthews' charity was not straitened by his alleged resentment, she invited his niece, Mother Juliana, to come to Washington to assail the old priest's kindly nature. But he seemed deaf to her appeals. Then the nuns began a Novena to the Blessed Virgin. Before the nine days had elapsed, Father Matthews, leaning on the arm of Captain Thomas Carbery, came over to the convent.

"I have come," said the kind old priest, "to give you a present you don't deserve. I was resolved, since you refused to take my first offering, to give you nothing. This morning I was able to say Mass for the first time in months. It was a Votive Mass to the Blessed Virgin. You were not in my thoughts when I began it. During the Mass, however, it seemed as if the Blessed Virgin were pleading for you, so persistent was the recollection of your appeal for help. Take this and thank the Blessed Virgin for it."

The Sisters found that they had received more than they had asked. Father Matthews' present was a check for \$10,000.

Though he was a man of marked individuality, whose opinions were his own, and whose convictions he feared not to utter, he seemed to change in a way his character as soon as he mounted the pulpit. There he seemed almost timid. He always read his sermons, and never gesticulated except with the index finger. It is said that he had a barrel full of manuscript sermons, which he read successively to his congregation, and that after reading each sermon he placed

it in another barrel. When this barrel was filled, he would turn the down side up, and, commencing with the top sermon, read them all in order over again. Several of his old parishioners say that they could tell in advance what sermon he was going to read.⁽¹⁾ When the Brazilian Minister, who had all the materials imported from Brazil, presented him with a new pulpit with massive silver letters blazoned on its front, the old members of the congregation smiled at the thought of the number of times he had rehearsed in private the mounting of its steps, and the accustoming himself to its use.

Of the interest Father Matthews took in the fame of his old charge, Georgetown College, the following incident is recorded :

The French Minister, dining one day at Father Matthews' house, spoke of a certain mathematical problem, over whose solution the *savants* of Europe were puzzling their brains. Some one suggested that the *savants* of America be allowed to try it. This was met by a reflection upon American learning.

"If you have a copy of the problem," said Father Matthews, "I will demonstrate to you within two hours' time that we have here in America, in the District of Columbia, at Georgetown College, a professor whose ability as a mathematician is as great as that of any European *savant*."

The minister, surprised at Father Matthews' assertion, produced the problem.

Father Matthews, calling his servant, gave him the problem and a note for Father Wallace, who was the professor of mathematics at the college, and the author of a learned work on the "Use of Globes." The man returned before the end of the meal with the problem solved, adding that it had taken Father Wallace but fifteen minutes to solve it.

Father Matthews was jubilant ; his guests were astounded, and took their departure with changed views on the standing of American educational establishments.

Some six months afterwards the French Academy presented Father Wallace⁽²⁾ with a magnificent set of mathemat-

⁽¹⁾ Eugene F. Arnold's "Facts in the History of St. Peter's Parish."

⁽²⁾ Fr. James Wallace entered the Society on Oct. 10, 1807 ; taught in the N. Y. Literary Institution and at Georgetown College, where he was ordained priest by Bishop Neale, on Nov. 17, 1814. Fr. Kohlmann writes of him : "Brother Wallace, a scholastic of the Society, is our master of mathematics, one of the ablest in the United States." Fr. McElroy gives in his "Recollections" the following interesting incident of Fr. Wallace's life before entering the Society : "Two young men, teachers in private schools in New York, James Wallace and Thomas Kelly, being very pious, and anxious to see the Catholic youth of the city provided with proper teachers, thought of going to Georgetown, in order to enter the Society, and then, if permitted, return to New York for the purpose of educating the young. Mrs. Seton, a widow and

ical works, some of which are now in the Georgetown College observatory.

Father Matthews was a Whig in politics and exercised his right to vote at every city election. He was, however, a great admirer of General Jackson, with whom he often dined.

When the time came for the baptism of the son of M. Pageot, the French Minister, Father Matthews was invited to perform the ceremony in the White House. The President, Andrew Jackson, was ostensibly the godfather. The other sponsor, and the real one, was, of course, a Catholic. The boy was given the name Andrew Jackson.

When Father Matthews asked, "Andrew Jackson, dost thou renounce satan?" the old general, seemingly indignant and surprised at the question, drawing himself up to his full height, answered with much warmth, "Most undoubtedly I do."

On another occasion when Senator Merrick and Henry Clay were visiting Father Matthews they noticed an engraving of General Jackson, which, unlike his usual pictures, represented him with hands joined and with a calm and demure look.

convert, very pious and constant in her attendance at St. Peter's, became acquainted, by some means, with the above young men. She made known her earnest desire to see some provision made for the destitute orphans, and for the many girls brought up in ignorance of their Christian duties. Both parties agreed to meet from time to time in the tower of St. Peter's Church, to confer together as to the best means of accomplishing their respective objects. —It was finally concluded, that the two young men should, as soon as their engagements would allow them, go to Georgetown and present themselves to the superior of the Society for admission; that Mrs. Seton should go to Baltimore, and present herself to Archbishop Carroll, with an offering of herself to labor for the education of the poor and the protection of orphans. These facts I had from one of the young men. His Grace, of course, approved very cordially of her project, and recommended Rev. Mr. Dubourg, then Priest of St. Mary's to take the matter in hand. Mrs. Seton's life will tell the rest. Of the two young men mentioned above, both were received into the Society. —Thomas Kelly was a model for all his companions in the practice of every virtue. Taken with an affection of the lungs, his disease made rapid progress, and no medical skill could arrest it. Some days before his death, he told Mr. Wallace he would die on the feast of the Assumption. Mr. W., thinking him somewhat delirious, turned his head and smiled. Mr. Kelly repeated he would find his words verified, and asked to be shaved. He continued perfectly sensible till the last moment. I was at his bedside, with the exception of a few moments, until his decease. He begged to be left alone to pray, in which he occupied himself with most fervent ejaculations, particularly to Jesus and Mary. His death, indeed, was that of the just. May my last end be like unto his! He died on the very day foretold by him.—His companion, Mr. Wallace, who was considered one of the first mathematicians in the country, prepared at the College a work on the Globes, and was ordained priest, taught in the College, and was sent with Father Ben Fenwick to Charleston S. C. There he left the Society, and died in Columbia. — Fr. Fenwick, whilst there, was appointed Bishop of Boston, in 1825, and died Aug. 11, 1846.—The Community at Emmitsburg, founded by Mrs. Seton, now numbering about 400 members, a branch of it, in New York, over 300 sisters, directing orphan asylums, parish schools, hospitals, etc.; the College in Fordham for boarders, and St. Francis Xavier's in the city, more than realize what the two young men desired so much. How wonderful are the ways of God in effecting great things from small beginnings! May he be blessed by all!"

"Why," remarked one, "he looks as if he were on the stool of penance."

"Would you, Father Matthews, give him absolution?" asked Clay.

"Yes," answered the Father, "I would give absolution to any one who repents."

"That *he* will never do," replied Clay.

The first and oldest total abstinence society in the United States was founded in Father Matthews' lifetime, and was directed by him until his death. On July 4, 1840, Mr. George Savage, with fifty others, received the pledge from Father Matthews. Of those fifty the only persons living at the present writing are Mr. Patrick A. Byrne, of St. Patrick's parish, and Mr. John F. King, of St. Aloysius' parish.

At length, when he had seen Washington grow from a town into a city, and the Catholics increase from hundreds to thousands, Father Matthews was called to his last account on Sunday evening, April 30, 1854. He had attained his eighty-fourth year.

As Father Matthews was known personally to almost every person in Washington during his fifty years' residence, and as his untiring efforts to relieve the distressed and aid the friendless had enshrined his memory in their hearts, the grief at his death was truly heartfelt. And this grief was manifested by Catholics and Protestants alike. At a time when sectarian jealousies were most bitter, and Catholic and Protestant teachers were hurling shafts of cutting criticism against one another, no one was ever known to say aught against him. Like Nathanael, he was an Israelite in whom there was no guile.

Wednesday, May 3, 1854, was the day fixed for the funeral. As early as 6 o'clock that morning a great crowd of people were waiting at the church doors, and they patiently waited there till the doors were opened at 8.30. The Solemn High Mass of Requiem was commenced at 9 A. M. by Rev. Father Knight, assisted by Rev. James B. Donelan, deacon, and Rev. F. E. Boyle, sub-deacon.

Archbishop Kenrick preached from the text, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The Archbishop dwelt eloquently upon the sincerity, simplicity, and heavenly-mindedness of Father Matthews, his piety, his Christian charity towards all. As an extraordinary man, he had achieved an extraordinary victory over all the conflicts of a long life. Beloved universally by his Church, esteemed by all others as an edifying member of the community, it was indeed no small triumph to have the parochial charge of such a flock for half a century, preserve

a reputation unblemished, and enjoy the affectionate regards of the people in so eminent a degree.

The procession was then formed. Rev. Father Boyle, cross-bearer, with acolytes; reverend clergy; eight members of the Young Catholics' Friend Society, in front of the hearse; the pall bearers: Thomas Feran, Nicholas Callan, John C. Fitzpatrick, James S. Harvey, John F. Boone, Gregory Ennis, John F. Callan, Lewis Johnson, Peter Brady, Edward Sims, John Carroll Brent, and Richard Lay, the majority of whom had been students at Gonzaga College.

The chief mourners were the late Judge William Matthews Merrick and his brother, Hon. Richard T. Merrick.

Then came the officers and lady managers of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum; the Sisters of Charity, with the male and female orphan children; the students of Georgetown College, and the Philodemic Society, headed by the college band, and bearing banners, presented to them by the ladies of St. Mary's County, Maryland, and the ladies of the Cathedral parish, Baltimore; then followed the students of Gonzaga College, a little army bearing flags and banners festooned in mourning. The procession was flanked by the members of the Young Catholics' Friend Society who were not detailed for other duties.

Messrs. William H. Ward, John F. Ennis, William A. Kennedy, George F. Dyer, John J. Joyce, J. C. C. Hamilton, Peter Gallant, William J. McCollam, and George Harvey were the marshals of the day.

The line was formed on Ninth Street, the clergy chanting the *Miserere* as the pageant proceeded down Ninth Street to Pennsylvania Avenue, then to Twelfth, thence up Twelfth to G, to the vault in the rear of St. Patrick's Church.

Father Matthews' family had also given other illustrious members to the Church, among whom were Frs. Henry Neale and Ignatius Matthews, and Mother Bernardine Matthews, the first superior of the Maryland Carmelites; his five uncles—Fr. Benedict Neale, who died at Newtown in 1787; Fr. Wm. Neale, who died at Manchester, Eng. in 1799; Dr. Leonard Neale, the second Archbishop of Baltimore, who died in 1817; Fr. Francis Neale, who was Father Matthews' successor in the presidency of Georgetown College, and who died Dec. 28, 1837, at the age of eighty-two; and Fr. Charles Neale, who died superior of the Maryland Mission in 1823. At the time of Father Matthews' death his niece, Mother Juliana Matthews, was Superior of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, and his relative, Fr. Charles H. Stonestreet, was provincial of the Maryland Province. At the present writing Mother Regina,

of Mount de Sales, Mother Mary Leonard, of the Park street Visitation Convent, Baltimore, Fr. J. Pye Neale, and Mr. J. Brent Matthews, are his relatives.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR
OF 1861.

(*Tenth Letter.*)

CAMP ARNOLD,
SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.

January 18, 1862.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,

P. C.

Most heart-felt thanks for the chalice and other articles requisite for the celebration of Mass, which you have had the kindness to send me, and for want of which I have been unable for two months to offer the Holy Sacrifice. The carefully packed box safely reached me on Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, feast of St. Francis Xavier; and on the following Sunday, feast of the Immaculate Conception, the almost forgotten sound of *church-call* was heard through the camps, announcing the hour of Mass. When informed of the arrival of the "chapelle," and that I should celebrate Mass on the following Sunday, the poor soldiers were overjoyed, and undertook to convey this gratifying intelligence to the Catholics of the fleet and transports.

Sunday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, arrived, and found an old-time display in honor of the occasion. Protestants of the army and navy were present in great numbers, led to our religious assembly by the natural want of the soul to speak to God, to worship Him, to have some share in honoring Him, to "keep the Sabbath;" or induced by a curiosity more or less praiseworthy; or, as some of them said, to show their sympathy with the Catholics in their long privation of the holy mysteries, and to congratulate them on the receipt of means of resuming their mode of worship. During my little sermon, I failed not to remind my widely extended audience, that the Blessed Mother brought us the long-wished-for gift; that in spite of the war now so determinedly waged for and against the *Union*, the Catholics North and South united to-day to celebrate

the festival of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is the Patroness of the *United States*.

This remark gave rise after Mass to a brisk controversy between Catholic and Protestant officers. The Protestants maintained that since Catholics were strictly united in faith, they should all be on the same side in the war. For both sides cannot be right, and the Church cannot on any account allow her children to defend what is wrong.

The zeal manifested by the Catholic soldiers and sailors in preparing under difficulties a becoming display at the place where the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered, inspired a regiment composed chiefly of Protestants, to offer me as a church, a firmly erected wooden shed occupied by them as quarters. It had been built for barracks for artillery men, and for stables for their horses; but on the removal of the batteries to other quarters, the roomy shed fell into the hands of Captains Heuberer and Hazaltine (Protestants) for the use of their commands. Now, these gentlemen, with the free consent of their men, kindly offered to "turn the barracks over" to me for church purposes. This was not all. On my accepting with thanks in the name of the Catholics of the "army and fleet of the gulf," this very substantial building, Captains Heuberer and Hazaltine undertook with their men to fit it up immediately for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries.

Major Lewis Arnold of the Fort—at present in a manner *acting commander-in-chief*, for Col. Brown is becoming feeble—hearing of the transfer, rode out to my quarters to know what it all meant. Informed of the facts in the case, the Major, turning towards our Protestant benefactors who happened to be with me, said: "Well done, gentlemen! The Father has been here for several months, devoting himself day and night to the spiritual wants of officers and men, soldiers and sailors, Catholics and Protestants. At Headquarters we have never heard any complaints against him; on the contrary, when his name is mentioned, as it often is, it is with great respect and praise. To show you how I appreciate your action in this matter, I shall send out from the Fort to-morrow, a detail of carpenters with nails and lumber to put up an altar and construct seats in the building which you have turned over to the Father."

Next morning was published a requisition for soldiers who were carpenters by trade, to present themselves at the Adjutant's office. A detail selected from the large number responding to the requisition was sent to me for directions how I wished the work done. In due time alterations and additions were completed to the perfect satisfaction of all.

The new structure (it may be so-called) seats at least one thousand. This does not offer accommodation for all, but it gives ample room to officers and visitors. It looked like civilization! The altar was quite a success in the style of architecture. Was not this surely kind and generous on the part of Protestants? Catholics were the recipients.

After many unsuccessful efforts, I have at last, by a little ruse on the part of some officers, been enabled to go to Key West. Many difficulties had to be surmounted before the permission to leave Santa Rosa was secured. In fact my application for a week's leave of absence, that I might go to some point where I could receive the sacrament of penance, met with a decided refusal. The reason assigned was: I could not be spared; there was no one to replace me.

I one day went to the commander's quarters to argue the case with him, and endeavor to make him understand the reason and necessity of his granting my request. "I wish also to save my soul," said he; "yet I do not require to take the means of confessing my sins." In vain did I adduce his own favorite principle: "Live up to your convictions." "Go to confession to God as I do," was his reply. I told him the church is a strict disciplinarian, and requires me to obey her orders. It was all to no purpose. A priest must be here to take my place before I can leave.

Finally, after a talk with Major Arnold and Captain Seeley, Protestant officers of the regular army, it was agreed to entrust the matter to them, as they promised to engineer my application to a successful issue.

Profiting by an offered occasion, these two officers complained to the Colonel commanding that it was rumored that a spirit of disorder was manifesting itself amongst the troops stationed in and near Key West! "Well, what is to be done? Is not the officer in command there able to maintain order?" asked the old colonel. "Major Hill is certainly able to keep his soldiers under control," replied the officers; "but there is no chaplain. Now the commander's authority must be supplemented by the chaplain's advice and exhortations. Would it not be well to send Father Nash down there to lecture them? They are nearly all Catholics." "There is a priest there," remarked the Colonel. "Yes, truly there is, but he has his own parish. A regular chaplain, an officer of the army, holding his commission from the Government to lecture them, will have much more influence over them than a parish priest could have, who is supposed to take a very moderate interest in them." "Well make out the leave of absence for the Father, and I shall sign it." The Major and captain came with the document to me, and

informed me how they had procured it from the Commander of the Department; they urged me not to forget to explain the matter to Major Hill when I should reach Key West. But the question now arose, how to reach that far-off island? The Colonel's consent to my leaving Santa Rosa, could not carry me over the water to an island about five hundred miles away, according to the line a ship must follow. This difficulty also Major Arnold removed, and arranged matters, so that I found everything not only easy but pleasant. Going out to the flag-ship, he laid my case before the commander of the fleet, who kindly offered to put at my disposal a gunboat, which ostensibly would be sent on a little cruise.

As it was already far advanced in the week, I resolved to postpone my voyage till after Sunday. Calling on the Major and the flag-officer, I thanked them for their generous kindness, and informed them of my intention of deferring my departure till after Sunday, and my reasons therefor. I was told by the acting admiral, that since the gunboat had steam up day and night, I had simply to signal to her any moment it suited me, and she would send a boat ashore to take me out.

Sunday, the 22nd of December, 1861, came bright and warm. It was the opening of our new church. A large gathering from army and fleet was already on the ground long before the hour of church. Mass could not begin before the guard just relieved from their twenty-four hours' duty should return to camp, go through their inspection, wash themselves, brush their clothing, and dry and polish their arms, and, if possible, take a little breakfast. In the meantime I heard the confessions of those who wished to receive communion, amongst whom was a sprinkling of men-of-war sailors arrayed in their gayest uniform.

The news that I was going on a cruise, without the knowledge of whither or why I was going, induced many more to come to Mass than otherwise probably would have come. Understanding that I was sent to visit the troops stationed in the forts in and near Key West, and that I should be back in a week's time, all were satisfied, and gave me many commissions for the boys I should meet.

Our new church looks so grand that our Protestant friends feel proud of their generosity. They are receiving compliments from all quarters. Fleet and Fort and camps have combined to give the sacred edifice the appearance of a cathedral. Banners and flags and guidons judiciously and artistically arranged, concealed everything that might be at all unsightly in the structure. A full and efficient choir was on hand. Some time after twelve o'clock, word was

brought to me that the returned guard and picket were ready. At a signal from the drum-major the *church-call* was vigorously beaten, the brave sailors and soldiers hastened to adore the hidden God of battles. What did it matter to those faithful sons of their Church and country whether they should take seats under the unaccustomed roof, or bare-headed kneel on the clean white sand under a broiling sun? They came to perform a duty to their Lord and Saviour; to offer thanks and renew entreaties; to pray for their families far away. The officers occupied seats; but the men though invited to take the many places still vacant, declined. They said that they have to put up with many hardships for their country; why not suffer a little inconvenience for the honor of God?

All passed off very satisfactorily except the sermon, which I think was very poor. My voice was weak. If the Holy Father were aware how difficult it is for a chaplain after having passed the night without bed or chair, in the open air, sometimes without supper and in the rain, and after having been laboriously engaged the whole forenoon, I think His Holiness would be inclined to permit him to break his fast before Mass, which generally begins towards one o'clock. In the estimation of many, the sermon alone is the divine service. What interest do non-Catholics take in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice? They want to hear the sermon. To the edification of all, especially Protestant officers of the fleet, many poor soldiers and sailors received holy communion.

After Mass, officers gathering around me to wish me a safe and pleasant trip, remarked: "Did it occur to you Father, that like the Magi, we were worshiping in a stable? This shed so wonderfully transformed to-day, used to be a stable for artillery horses."

Officers of the gunboat appointed to take me to Key West, were at Mass, and told me to pack up the vestments etc., and go with them aboard the steamer, where a good breakfast was awaiting me. The men and officers, tired of riding at anchor so long a time, were delighted at the prospect of having a roam over the ocean, and were most anxious to start on their cruise. A well-manned cutter was at the beach ready to convey us over to the gayly-decked war vessel. Arranging things as well as I could for safe-keeping during my absence, and bidding good-bye to the troops who accompanied me to the water's edge, we put off for the steamer two miles away. The sea was as smooth as a mirror—not even the trace of a zephyr was discernible. "A good omen for our cruise," remarked the officer in charge

of the boat. Our willing crew had us in an incredibly short time alongside the ship, up whose ladder we nimbly climbed, and met with a reception which officers of the United States navy know so well how to give their guests. That I might witness the manœuvring of weighing anchor and putting to sea, and take a view of the whole length of Santa Rosa, along whose shore he would run as close as the depth of water would allow, the commander said he would give no orders till I should have breakfasted. It was surely time to take a little nourishment. In a few moments I was ready, and the order to hoist anchor was given. With more than usual formality and soul-stirring choruses, the willing tars brought the ponderous fastening to the surface, and made it secure.

Off we started at full speed. As there was nothing urgent, and we had abundance of time, the captain did not keep a direct course, but stood hither and thither in search of a prize—a tempting blockade runner.

Wednesday the 25th, Christmas day, we arrived at Key West, our destination. It is a queer, narrowly-circumscribed island of coral rock. The parish priest, they tell us, is Father Hunincq, a Belgian.

A messenger from Washington, or from some authority higher than that of our fleet commander, boarded us before we had reached the dock, and handed to the captain dispatches which he immediately opened and read. Calling me aside, the gentlemanly officer said: "Father, I cannot take you back to Santa Rosa. These orders are urgent—I have to go in another direction. I will introduce you to the captain of the armed transport, *Nightingale*, just in port, but which is on its way to Fort Pickens." Captain Van Horn of the *Nightingale* assured me he was delighted to have the occasion of offering me a passage on board his vessel, which would start with the first favorable breeze. The channel, he said, from port out to sea is long and devious, and therefore a ship could not be sailed out unless a very favorable wind prevailed. The precise time, consequently, of returning to Fort Pickens was very uncertain.

Bidding good morning to the captain of the transport, and good-bye to my dear friends of the gunboat, I immediately went ashore to call on Rev. Father Hunincq. On landing I met some soldiers who, to my dismay, informed me that Father Hunincq had left Key West. They could give no further details. Accompanied by the soldiers, whom I had known at Fort Pickens, I went to Father Hunincq's house to inquire when or whether he should return. Miss Emma English, his school-teacher, a young colored woman,

told me that after having said Mass he departed for some point which she did not know; that he was to come back, but she did not know when to expect him. He may have gone to Cuba—30 miles away—for he was speaking of going to visit a priest; or he may have gone to Fort Jefferson on the *Dry Tortugas*, to hear the confessions of the soldiers stationed there. As I was yet fasting, I wished to honor the great Feast of Christmas by saying at least one Mass, and asked Miss Emma English, the teacher, who is also sacristan, whether there would be any objection to my offering the Holy Sacrifice. As my long beard and military uniform may have suggested to her the thought that I was not a Catholic priest, she modestly but firmly answered, that if Major Hill of Fort Taylor, who is a Catholic, would introduce me, I should have no difficulty about saying Mass. The Major, having heard of my arrival, just then appeared, and gave the required introduction. With this distinguished officer as *altar-boy*, I said Mass in the neat little church of the romantic island of Key West.

After a little thanksgiving, I accepted the Major's kind invitation to his quarters, where in company with his highly accomplished lady and charming family we had Christmas dinner. What strange events! I have just offered the Holy Sacrifice in a *church*! I am seated at table with ladies and gentlemen! China, delf, silver and glass shining before me!

Since it was uncertain whether I should be able to meet Father Hunincq, and since the "Transport" might put to sea at any moment, I requested my host to get immediately in readiness the Catholic soldiers, whose confessions I would begin to hear right away.

Every facility for complying with their Christian obligations was afforded the men, who were not slow to profit by it. Night came on, but as my time was limited to a change of the wind, I continued my work. After a long and fatiguing *session*, I was informed by the sergeant on duty, that all the Catholics had been to see me.

Having accomplished this much of my work, I told the men that if the transport should be unable to sail during night, I should meet them early in the morning at the church, where I would say Mass and give them communion. Though expecting at any moment a notification that the *Nightingale* was putting to sea, I wrapped myself in my military blanket as I would in camp, and stretched myself on the floor to enjoy a brief, but somewhat needed rest, for the few remaining hours of the night. I could not sleep. Thoughts, unconsoling thoughts pressed on my brain, and sickened my heart. Is it possible that after having come so

far, and at such sacrifices, to see a priest, I must return without seeing one? All the obligations under which I had put myself to many officers and friends have been in vain!

Morning came sultry and hot. At that early hour the thermometer indicated 87 degrees. The *Nightingale* was still there! Hurrying up to the church I found the soldiers who could be spared from duty already waiting for me. Though much edified by the piety displayed by these brave men, I said Mass without consolation. A crushing sadness caused by my great disappointment had taken a firm grasp of my whole being. God's will be done! Oh how good God is! When He seems farthest He is nearest us. He knows how to console the afflicted.

Just as I had finished the Holy Sacrifice, a corporal stepped up to me and whispered: "Father, the priest is at the church door." Abridging my little thanksgiving I went to present my respects to the pastor of the Island. We gazed in silence a moment at each other. Father Hunincq is a man of medium height and build. At first sight any one would say he is an humble, unassuming, poorly-clad priest. I informed him who I was—a Jesuit Father, chaplain of the troops stationed on Santa Rosa Island. In very broken English he said: "I have heard of you. The soldiers speak of you. They say you are a good priest." I told him that ostensibly I had come to give a little mission to the soldiers; but in reality, or perhaps, besides, to do something for my own poor soul. Five hundred miles is a long distance to travel in order to receive the sacrament of penance; but Key West was the nearest point possible for me to reach. "Though you look very little like a priest," he said to me in French, "you are more than welcome. You are a God-send. For seven dreary months I have in vain been wishing for an opportunity of going to confession. I go to your Fathers in Cuba. That island is the nearest point to me. When things were quiet and commerce flourishing, it was a mere trifle to go there. Now it is expensive for me, nay almost impossible, to see the Fathers. As there is at present no traffic between Key West and Cuba, I should have to hire a craft of some kind to get there. In these times of great uncertainties, it is difficult to say when or even whether I should be able to return. Even under the most favorable circumstances, with a boat that I could afford to charter—some old schooner—I could not be back inside of a month. Now to leave my people without a priest for a month, would, in these dangerous times, I think, be extremely imprudent. I would have gone to see you on Santa Rosa, but I knew

you had no jurisdiction; that island belongs to Mobile diocese. God has sent you to me."

Good Father Hunincq and myself spent a portion of the day somewhat after the manner in which the two hermits, Sts. Paul and Anthony, passed their little recreation by the side of the bubbling spring. We met for the first, and very probably for the last time. I found him a devoted, holy priest, though not a religious, practising poverty more perfectly than many who are bound by vow to that holy virtue. He saw in me a mixture of soldier and priest—perhaps in his eyes the soldier element was predominant. "How do you live surrounded by such circumstances? what books do you read?" he earnestly asked me. Alas! I had to say, I had no other than my breviary. Rushing to his select library, he jerked from the shelf a copy of Gury's Theology: "Here, take this, and this New Testament, and this little Imitation of Christ, and this little dictionary, and this Diurnal," said the zealous priest overflowing with charity. Inflamed with an ardent desire for his people's salvation, he said in French to me: "Now Father, I cannot speak English correctly or fluently, and many of my Catholics, the Alderslades, the Baldwins, the Whitehursts, the Englishes, etc., speak only that language; all the rest understand it. Would you give a little mission to my parish? You will find here sailors, soldiers, citizens, of every degree of color, and I might say from every nation." Aware that the length of my sojourn here depended on the very uncertain condition of a change of the wind, I could not undertake such a work. However we went down to see captain Van Horn to inquire about the probable time of starting. Having learned our reason for asking the question, the out-spoken mariner said: "Begin your mission anyhow. If you succeed in bringing the crusty mixture of the people of Key West only two points; aye, if you only shake out their sails, you'll be doing a good deal." "What is he saying?" asked the priest. "I was saying a little dirty weather would make them open their eyes to the leaky parts of their hulls," continued the sailor. "As a warning that I am about to put to sea, I shall hoist a *pilot flag*. Have an eye on the mast-head."

With this little arrangement between the commander of the *Nightingale* and myself, I accepted the good priest's invitation to begin the mission.

To the thronged congregation I said in my first little sermon, that, in compliance with their zealous pastor's request, I had undertaken to preach a retreat; but I explained to them, as stated above, that, since my departure depended on the change of the wind, the time of closing the Exercises

was very uncertain. Hence no one must put off his confession till the last day of the retreat. All were requested to keep a close watch on the transport, and immediately report to me the moment the flag should be thrown to the breeze.

People presented themselves immediately at the confessional. I preached morning and evening, devoting the rest of the day to the hearing of confessions in English, French, German, and a little *make-out* in Spanish, Italian, and Dutch. Day after day the throng composed of sailors, soldiers, and civilians continued unabated. Many, many times men, women, and children would come near the confessional and say: "No flag yet, Father." I was, however, careful myself, to cast towards the impatient vessel, an occasional glance in search of the signal.

God listened favorably to the fervent prayers of the devoted Father Hunincq; for He mercifully blest our efforts by sending to us many a prodigal son and daughter, black and white, who were beautified, clothed, and feasted in their father's house. Officers of Fort Taylor, fearing I should break down under the unceasing labor, insisted, December 31st, on my interrupting my work for several hours. We rode over the Island, visited the salt-works where an immense quantity of the pungent article is obtained by the evaporation of sea-water, which at high-tide comes in over extensive platforms arranged for the purpose, and which, before the rising of the next tide, is evaporated, and the salt is gathered and classified. We visited plantations of cocoa-trees, and of bananas of many species. Of course these plantations are small. Reaching the bathing quarters, we, rather out of the vanity of being able to say that we bathed in the ocean on December 31st, plunged into the briny element.

Returning home after a diverting tour, I felt quite refreshed, and as there was no change of the wind apparent, I resumed with renewed vigor the work of the romantic mission.

At the beginning of every instruction I called the attention of the good people to the fact that this sermon might be the closing one of the Exercises. Still the retreat had been going on for a week, and no signal had yet been displayed. At length we became careless, and sometimes passed the whole day without glancing towards the harbor. One day a colored man ran into the church towards the end of my sermon and shouted:

"The vessel is gone sir! She had a pilot flag up all day at the mast-head, and about two hours ago left her moorings."

Imagine the abrupt termination of my sermon and mission, the flurry created amongst the faithful, the shock given

to poor Father Hunincq, and the terrible annoyance and disappointment which I had to bear. So here I am all alone! separated by five hundred miles of sea from my flock, without any near prospect of being able to return to Santa Rosa, where my presence is very much needed! Though many vessels stop here at Key West, very few of them go near Fort Pickens. Ships destined for the fleet or Santa Rosa do not put in here.

Aware that the *Nightingale* could not make fast time through the winding channel, I hurriedly left pulpit, church, priest, and people, and made directly for the Fort, where I intended applying for a boat and crew to take me out by a short course, and thus head off the transport, sailing cautiously under light canvas out towards the sea.

But noble Captain Van Horn had not forgotten me. For, as I was hastening towards Fort Taylor, I was hailed by a sturdy sailor arrayed in full navy uniform, who informed me that the captain had left one of the ship's boats and a crew to row me off to the vessel, slowly working her way seaward. The boatswain or commander of the complement of men left to pull us out, told me that the captain had ordered him to say that, seeing a favorable breeze springing up, and fearing that it would shift or die out, he determined to profit by it to get clear out of port; but that he would wait for us outside.

In a reasonably short time, the stalwart men of the *Nightingale* had me alongside the ship, up whose gangway-ladder I climbed, and offered my apologies to the commander for having caused confusion among his men, at a moment when he required all hands, and when strict discipline is to be enforced. "Not at all, not at all," said the gentlemanly captain. "I have to offer excuses to you, not you to me. I regret very much that I was obliged to start off without you. No slight was intended. Time and tide wait for no one. Though not a Catholic, I consider myself highly honored to have it in my power to oblige a priest of your Church."

Notwithstanding that he is firmly, and, as far as I can discover, sincerely attached to his faith, this out-spoken mariner said that he has never been able to bear Protestant ministers. "Protestant ministers don't seem to me," he continued, "to have the independence which a delegate of God ought to have. They don't appear to have a knowledge of the extent and binding nature of their commission. Now I have my commission; I know from whom I hold it. I know exactly the extent of my powers, an iota of which I have no right to change. I can neither promise nor threaten anything

beyond the authority given me by my commission. If I should dare do so, I should immediately be called to order, dismissed, disgraced. Now preachers, if delegates of God, must hold a commission from Him, and must be able to prove their commission, and show how they have procured it; and above all, if men of honor, they must be faithful to the power and authority entrusted to them. Yet these men, commissioned by Almighty God, as they assure us they are, when they find their congregations object to the articles of faith, which they tell us they have been sent to preach, do not hesitate to throw overboard such dogmas. Now I would ask, sir, on what ground can a preacher abandon a doctrine which God sent him to teach, and without a new commission take up something more acceptable to the public? When did his first doctrine cease to be true; cease to be God's word? Does the truth of the commission depend on the pleasure of the congregation, or on the diminished or increased numbers of church-goers? This I don't like. If the ministers are right; let them make fast, haul taut, even if they are the only believers to tug at the creed; or let them resign their commission, and try something else. 'Tisn't right, sir, for them to be laying down the conditions of reaching heaven if their authority is not genuine. A ship sailed by a man ignorant of the rules of navigation will go to the bottom with all on board. I understand you Catholics are not allowed to change your dogmas. I am told that you cast adrift all who refuse to accept the doctrine of your commissioned preachers, or your preachers who dare change their commission."

With such a man, and his officers, who were every way worthy of him, I had, as you can imagine, a pleasant trip, which was, however, rather exciting. For, as she was a fast sailor, being an *ex-Baltimore Clipper*, and well manned and armed, the captain hoped to be able to capture as a prize one of those Nassau blockade-runners so numerous in these waters. The moment a sail was descried, our decks were cleared, our guns shoved out, all hands took their posts, everything was made ready for action, and with all speed she could command, our warrior clipper bore down on the supposed enemy, the coveted prize. Fortunately or unfortunately, we fell in with but friends.

After having been but a short time on board, I discovered that the vast majority of the sailors and marines of the *Nightingale* were Catholics, not one of whom, to my grief, had attended the little mission, so awkwardly, yet so beneficially, prolonged. The captain being anxious to leave

port, and uncertain about the moment, did not deem it prudent to allow his men to go ashore. I found out, too, that it had been a long time since those faithful servants of Uncle Sam had been to confession. The poor fellows were not to be blamed. They have now near them a priest on whom they have plenty of time to call; and yet it is almost impossible for them to profit by his presence. I am a mere guest, a passenger. Now naval etiquette forbids me whilst remaining a guest of the officers' mess, to mingle with the men. Etiquette and discipline have raised on board men-of-war a wall of brass between visitors and the men, and, to some extent, between officers and the rank and file, except in official intercourse. If I wish to maintain my standing among the "mess," there are only two ways of coming to the spiritual aid of these poor Catholics, now most anxious to comply with their Christian duties: the captain must invite me, or I must apply to him for permission to hear their confessions. There are many difficulties to be met with in doing either. If I break the etiquette, leave the "Ward-room" and take up my abode with the men, the captain can certainly punish me. Even if he refrains from putting me in irons or under arrest, he will surely report me to the commander of the army, who will reprimand me for causing such a scandal on board a navy vessel. What is to be done? The case was serious. I reflected over and over again on what means I should adopt to reach the Catholic sailors and marines. I earnestly prayed for light in taking a decision on which depended the good of many willing souls.

Finally, on the 8th of January, during a fierce storm I sat on the bulwark alongside a cannon, and began to recite Vespers, which I offered for the poor men whose interest was at stake. Though the wind was something of the nature of a cyclone or hurricane, the afternoon sun shone brilliantly.

Divine Providence, disposing all things gently but strongly, graciously and mercifully came to our aid, and instantaneously broke down the apparently impassible barrier.

Whilst reciting the office with all the devotion I could command, I was, by a sudden jerk of the straining ship, nearly pitched overboard. In my efforts to save myself, I lost my darling Diurnal, a present from Father Hunincq, which fell into the seething waves.⁽¹⁾ Captain Van Horn closely watching his vessel laboring under the stress of the ever increasing storm, seeing what had just happened, ran over to me and said:

⁽¹⁾ Though this incident has already been related in Vol. xiv, p. 379, it is one of those tales of whose re-telling we never tire.—*Editor.*

"Father, you have had a narrow escape—you were very near getting a baptism, though not crossing the line. I was just on the point of warning you of the dangers threatening your position. You have, however, lost your *Bible*."

I told him I had another.

"Why look—it does not sink! I'll have it for you. Cutter No. 2!—out with cutter No. 2!"

I protested against the men being thus exposed to lose their lives in a sea now lashed into fury, but to no use.

"It is a matter of drill for our hands. If it were a man that had fallen overboard, we should have to do it. It must be done. There it is riding the roughest crests of those mighty waves. Father, we must have that book."

Whilst the captain was thus remonstrating with me for objecting to the perilous undertaking of hunting a book on the stormy sea, the ship was "hove to;" the men belonging to the designated cutter suspended from the davits had taken their seats, and were holding their oars aloft, ready to use them the moment the boat should strike the water; others were loosening the ropes and lowering the dauntless cutter with her living freight into the roaring deep. But lo! a fierce whistle from the captain! (commands are generally given on board men-of-war by whistles). Cutter No. 2, on reaching the uncontrollable brine, was dashed against the side of the vessel and upset, and the brave sailors were thrown into the vast deep, from which to ordinary minds it was impossible to rescue them.

"Pipe up all hands! Pick up those men and their boat! Out with cutter No. 3! We must have that book"—said the captain.

Again I renewed my protest. I entreated the captain to let the *Diurnal* sail into some friendly port where it could be found.

"No, no! Not at all. 'Tis daylight. We have more men than are required to secure that book. There is no longer any danger—it is now sport. It is not as it would be if the vessel were disabled, if we were in a sinking condition. We are perfectly safe."

But to the amazement of all, there was Father Hunincq's present gloriously and triumphantly riding the fiercely curling waves!

Whilst I was vainly endeavoring to stop the chase after my *Diurnal*, cutter No. 2, with its complement of men was hauled out of the deep-mouthed sea, and cutter No. 3 was manned, and was being carefully lowered into the tempestuous billows. As the noble steed reined in by a firm hand in his impetuous course, is, by his constant plunges

and unwillingness to be stilled, threatening with imminent danger all who dare approach, so our shapely vessel "hove to," and with yards crossed to prevent her from yielding to the ever-increasing fury of the blast, offered many difficulties to the successful lowering of boats down her sides. Skillfully manœuvred, cutter No. 3 struck the wave at a favorable turn, and in a twinkling the brave crew had dipped their sturdy oars in the foaming waters, and were far out of the reach of the lurching ship.

Off the fearless sailors pull in the direction of the little book, now carried by wind and wave to a considerable distance from us, or we from it. Every one on board not having any special office claiming his attention, crowded to the sides or bow of the vessel, or climbed up the rigging to watch the result. The men at the helm, who had as much as they could do to keep the ship's head to the wind, were, I think, the only ones unable to enjoy the exciting chase. Now, by comparison with boat and book, we can judge of the enormous size of the waves. The cutter is pursuing the Diurnal over mountains and through valleys. At one time the book disappears in the chasm of the waters. "Lost, lost!" By no means. Up it rises on the crest of a boiling wave, a little black spot, firmly closed. The boat too sinks from view between two towering billows. "Engulfed!" Not at all. It is seen on the top of the uncoiling ocean ridge, urged onwards by the untiring strokes of her crew, who are aware that every eye on the cruiser is riveted on them. Officers and men on deck and aloft, with glasses to their eyes, contemplate in breathless silence the exciting scene before them. At last, a man in the bow of the boat is seen to rise, reach out and seize the book. A shout of "well done!" from Captain Van Horn announced the capture of the storm-riding Diurnal.

The noble *Nightingale*, bearing so impatiently the restraint imposed on her during this romantic and perilous chase, was given headway to aid the somewhat exhausted crew to get on board. After careful and scientific manœuvring, the tackle was properly made fast to the cutter, and in a twinkle stout and willing arms had boat and men safely on deck, where the victorious crew received rounds of applause. The book was handed to the captain, who, after glancing at it, said to his officers: "Gentlemen, talk about miracles! Here is a miracle! Not a leaf wet; not one of the loose pieces of paper or little pictures displaced!" . . . Each took the now famous little volume in his hands, and closely scanned it. All declared it a miracle. A tiny book taken from the jaws of an enraged ocean, not only uninjured but perfectly dry!

The ice was broken. The great wall of separation was torn down. The way was opened to the sailors, whom I was in honor and gratitude bound to thank for their generosity in exposing themselves to such imminent peril to oblige me—to recover my ship-wrecked Diurnal. Captain Van Horn kindly led me to the men's quarters, where all hands closely inspected the precious volume, and where I attended to the spiritual wants of the noble fellows who were more than ready to profit by the occasion so wonderfully offered them.⁽⁴⁾

There was on the transport a petty officer who, during the fifteen years which he had continuously passed at sea, found every month an opportunity of going to confession. Starting on a cruise to the coast of China, he was tempted to say that more than a month would elapse this time before he could receive the sacrament of penance. To his joyful surprise he discovered on the day of putting to sea that a priest was on board as passenger. On the return trip another priest was amongst the officers. Hence he is firmly convinced that, if our desire to receive the sacrament of penance is pure and sincere, Almighty God will most assuredly furnish us with the means of satisfying our devotion.

After a few days' sailing, enlivened by many incidents more or less thrilling, we hove in sight of the fleet, and a little later of Santa Rosa. Having saluted the flag-ship whilst we were still under sail, we cast anchor in deep water. A messenger boat was immediately alongside us with the news that a second and more terrific bombardment had taken place on New Year's day; and with orders for Captain Van Horn to weigh anchor and take his vessel instantly to Ship Island and the mouth of the Mississippi, to distribute her stores amongst the army and fleet stationed in these parts.

⁽⁴⁾ It may be asked, What has become of the famous Diurnal? I loved and cared for it as I would a very dear friend and companion—the miraculous means of so much good, the warm gift of the saintly Father Hunineq. About a year after its plunge into the ocean, the wonderful volume began to lose its beautiful symmetry. It developed into a solid cube. Though its binding remained good, and its leaves opened and closed as freely as ever, Fr. Hunineq's gift, to the wonder of some, and great merriment of others, continued to grow thicker and thicker till it lost the shape of a book. After the war I was sent to give a retreat to a pious community of nuns. I took with me, of course, my darling though unsightly Diurnal. The pious sisters indignant that I should offer prayers to Almighty God out of such a deformed volume, and overflowing with charity for the Father, had it removed from my table, and a brand-new one put in its place. In vain I demanded my unsightly treasure. The nuns attributed my desire to regain possession of it to a misguided humility which they could not encourage. I related my reasons for my affection for the queer looking book. Useless! now less than ever could it be found! "Vot're livre est brulé," said the sister in charge, "this is one of the offspring!!" The glorious Diurnal could indeed be rescued from the open jaws of the raging sea—it could not be recovered from the tender hands of the amiable daughters of St. Angela.

I had thus to bid a hasty good-bye to the friendly officers and men of the *Nightingale*, which, hoisting anchor, departed directly on her mission. I went with the messenger boat to the flag-ship, whose commander kindly took charge of landing me the following day on Santa Rosa. I was most anxious to reach camp in order to have details of the late bombardment. It was, however, dangerous to attempt to land during the rough weather prevailing that afternoon.

Next morning there was no sight of the armed clipper. I felt lonesome after her gallant officers and men. The weather, however, was yet so stormy that it was considered unsafe to send me ashore. About five in the afternoon the wind became so moderate that a venture was made in a *surf-boat* to reach land. Sound in body, though thoroughly drenched by the dense spray of the breaking waves which swept over us, we arrived at the outer limits of the roaring surf. The beach was lined by soldiers who had received some intimation that I was a passenger on the *Nightingale*, and who had been all day expecting my arrival. Seeing the roller approach, whose force, aided by the sailors' strong arms, was to bring us safely through the bursting billows, the boatswain gave the word, and with the first touch of the incoming wave, the gallant navy tars bent their oars, and shot the surf-boat through the breakers within a few feet of dry sand. The Zouaves rushed to me and wanted to *chair* me to camp. I insisted, however, on walking. I was truly pained to see the poor sailors obliged at this late hour to row off some two miles over a rough sea to their war ship. The boys, who invited them to come ashore next Sunday for Mass, when they would treat them right royally for their kindness to the Father, gave them three rousing cheers, with the never failing "New York Tiger," and a hearty wish that angels shield them from the perils of the ocean.

On my way up from the beach to camp, I received from the soldiers the details of the New Year's day bombardment. "Our new church, Father, has disappeared. The enemy, thinking probably that it was a new battery, spent several hours and many shells pounding and crushing the neat little unresisting structure." Thus the generosity of our Protestant friends and of the authority of the Department was, I might say, in vain. I said Mass only once in it. Still, as the soldiers say, it was a blessing for the regiment that they were so generous towards their Catholic brethren. Had it not been a chapel, men might be lounging in it and be killed.

During the bombardment of January the 1st there happened a very sad casualty, which has produced a profound

sensation throughout the command. On repeated occasions when hearing the confessions of those stationed in the batteries near Fort Pickens, I remarked that invariably one failed to present himself, and always the same individual. On inquiry I was each time informed that the missing man was "on post." In our own camp we could in such a case have the sentry immediately relieved. Within the fortifications the circumstances are different. Here I could have a sentinel released from his station only in case of extreme necessity, and by formal application through a long round of officers. I could not say the need of the change was urgent; for when off duty every soldier had unrestricted access to my quarters. The repeated failures of this poor fellow to see me, and the reason therefor, were generally known, and gave rise to many remarks, which some might call superstitious. Now, during the shelling of Pickens on the 1st of January, this poor soldier was terribly wounded by a flying piece of an exploded bomb. Hearing that the wound was mortal he called for me. His yells and cries for the "Father," so his companions tell me, were heart-rendering. Officers and men gathered around him, and offered him what consolation they could, but his continued cry till he died, was: "Send for the Father—send for the Father!" The "Father" was, at the time, five hundred miles away.

I cannot speak too highly of the apostolic zeal and untiring devotedness of the pastor of Key West, Rev. Father Hunincq. He is a model priest. I fear he will overwork himself, and thus deprive those depending on his ministry of his invaluable services. Indeed, I do not see how, if he were to depart this life, another could be sent to take his place. Yet it is horrible to think that these people, exposed to sweeping epidemics, should be without a priest. The inhabitants of Key West, black and white, with a long scale of intermediate degrees of color, of every class and national descent, sailors on board the numerous crafts calling here, soldiers garrisoning the forts, all speak of him as an extraordinary saint.

Just before my arrival at Key West, this good priest received from the soldiers in the forts, and from the sailors belonging to the fleet in the harbor, the following strong proof of the esteem in which they held him, and the confidence they have in him: Father Hunincq, addressing his people assembled at Mass, said that he regretted that the church was not large enough to accommodate all who wished to be present at the Holy Sacrifice. He saw with pain that the great number of Catholic soldiers and sailors stationed in and around the island, could scarcely find it

possible to enter the church without feeling that they were crowding out the parishioners, and that, therefore, out of a feeling of delicacy, they remained outside the church door during Mass. To obviate this difficulty he purposed to erect an addition to the present building, and hoped the funds required would be forthcoming. One thousand dollars, he thought, would be amply sufficient to enable him to put up the extension.

Next day the soldiers, sailors, and officers subscribed eleven hundred dollars, which they sent with a compliment to the devoted priest. This was not all. The commander of Fort Taylor, Major Hill, a Catholic, will allow the carpenters amongst the soldiers to offer their free time to the good Father for the erection of the frame-work addition. The Major will also furnish the means of transporting materials.

Father Hunincq told me this generous conduct of the troops is not new. The present little church, a frame building, is in a great measure the work of the regulars stationed here years ago. The commandant of Fort Taylor before the breaking out of the war (a convert whose name I disremember), was the architect and builder. His lady was the indefatigable collector of funds and the beautifier of the interior; for it was she who designed and painted the frescoes ornamenting the walls and ceiling of the dainty church. This lady also devoted herself to the organization of a choir, which promoted the devotion of the faithful, and added considerably to the solemnity of the church services.

Under the direction of Major Arnold I made my report to Col. Brown, who was satisfied with my statement of the condition of discipline etc. found among the troops.

In a recent letter you call my attention to my *Instructiões*, which you wish me to read from time to time, and practise as much as circumstances permit. I read them frequently till they were destroyed. I now read the new *Instructiões* which you have kindly sent me. I cannot carry out the points therein laid down with the same exactness as I could in a fort or in barracks. We are in daily expectation of an order to move, to repel or provoke an attack. There is, and has been for many months here, a standing order to "have baggage packed for instant transportation." I have found it impossible to undertake any regular plan of instruction for the men, as you wish me to do. I have thus far confined myself to a short homily on Sundays. Circumstances, of course, occasionally cause me to vary my manner of preaching. In a garrison in time of peace, when I should have the same audience every Sunday, some course of in-

struction could be followed; but in war time, in a constantly shifting camp, within the enemy's reach, where repeated attempts at surprises make both sides extremely vigilant, I cannot presume to take men from guard duty. I certainly do what I can to instruct the men, prepare for first communion those who have not yet complied with that sacred duty, and prepare for baptism those who apply for admission into the one true Church.

Hoping that you and yours, whilst enjoying the quiet and security of community life, think of praying for the safety of soul and body of us soldiers, I remain,

Your devoted son in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.

(*Letter from Fr. Hughes.*)

CINCINNATI.

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, O.,
Feast of St. Francis Xavier, 1889.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The Negroes.—The condition of our colored brethren and also that of the poor attracts one's special attention in the city of Cincinnati. Colored policemen arrayed in full uniform are to be seen in the streets; they appear to show in their manner a consciousness of the full freedom of their position. On inquiring about the social and moral condition of the colored race, we find that there is a Catholic church, St. Ann's [in charge of Ours], kept for their sole benefit. It has existed now some twenty-three years, and was first located in the Cathedral parish; but about twenty years ago it had to be transferred within the limits of our own. The colored school is conducted by two Sisters of Notre Dame (Namur), who teach the girls; while a secular young woman, who out of love and charity is devoted to the work, manages the boys. There is besides a music teacher. The children number forty, pretty equally divided into boys and girls. The elder of the two Sisters has been at this work almost con-

tinuously during the twenty-three years. She remarked that part of the work, which originally fell upon her alone, is now carried on successfully by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who have a special house for them as "preserves" at Carthage, O. But from the time that the law passed a year ago, admitting colored children to the public district schools, our hold upon them is much less than before. Besides, separate district schools are at their service. But such as these are no longer so well patronized by the colored children, since the schools for the whites have been thrown open to them.

If you ask what is the general result of twenty-three years' work, as now visible in the grown-up negro population, that question is not at all easy to answer. The colored people are not to be seen separately, as a class apart. Nor are those in particular, who were themselves brought up at any time by the Sisters, to be distinguished from the rest. In point of fact, taking the forty children who actually attend our colored school, only two of them have Catholic mothers, and no one of them a Catholic father — no cheering prospect as regards home influences, even if that district of the city were more choice than it is.

For their own conscience' sake white folks attend the colored people's church. It was this condition of things that excited complaints on the part of certain pastors, when the church was originally situated in their parish. The colored church in St. Louis was opened from the first in our own limits. But there, since we have resigned that parish, and moved to the West End of the city, St. Elizabeth's now finds itself within other pastors' limits. It is largely patronized by white folks in the neighborhood. But the Catholic population is so overflowing in the parish churches around, especially since our church has been vacated and removed bodily, that it will be long before any complaints are heard of this intrusive chapel-of-ease depleting the parish church proper.

As to the moral dispositions of the colored population, nothing new need be said for the information of those who know the material of this race. It shows off best only in those more Southern cities or localities, like St. Louis and elsewhere, which have had an original stock of Catholic negroes, brought up in the bosom of good old Catholic families. We know what fine specimens of intelligent, devout, and even accomplished old servants are still to be met with. But Cincinnati had no such stock. Detroit likewise, where plenty of negroes may be seen, though the latitude is so Northern, was only a city of refuge on the borders,

whither the colored folks fled, and whence they could step across the frontier into Canada. There is one case that is comforting. It is when the priest is called to attend the death-bed of a colored person, who has not yet been baptized. The ceremony, and no doubt the Sacrament, takes a ready hold upon him, and produces its effect. But if the Methodist or the Baptist sect has already exhausted that ceremony, there remains the intangible foe to contend with of phrases about "holding on to Christ" and the like—and what can you do with such as these?

How evidently or how easily these slipshod forms of a canting worship invade and possess the negro world, is apparent from what we hear of a colored school elsewhere, which has two hundred children, and yet of these only four are Catholic. The final conclusion seems to be that too much care, too much zeal, cannot be expended on this improvident, dependent race, so jealous of their independence, emotional on the surface, and really needing more unremitting care, extending through generations, than any other human element which now figures on this continent. Its rapid increase in some sections of the country is making it racially overpowering. That there is nothing really wanting in their character to prevent them from answering such care to our satisfaction, is shown by the moral and religious condition of those who have been brought up in dependence or in good Catholic families.

The Poor.—As to the state of the poor, I hear from a Cincinnati man that the Commissioner of Labor, reporting quite recently upon this subject, said that the condition of the laboring classes here is worse than in any other city of the country. I do not hear of any social reasons why it should be so; though there can be little doubt, all things considered, but there must soon be social reasons why it should continue to be so. Some physical facts strike a visitor as possible causes of this state of things; no less palpably so than the cloud of smoke which now wraps the city up even on Sunday, and renders it right up to the pinnacle of its steeples permanently invisible, as looked out from the crown of hills which encircle and overtop it. Before describing the physical situation with its many points of interest, I will say a word upon how relief is supplied to the poor.

Our parish covers the oldest part of the city. It has the most representative poverty which the place can boast of, that condition of things which is briefly described by eliminating from human existence the idea of home, or the pos-

sibility of any such thing as home for the boys and the men. The tenement room or the hovel, placed in a hollow or ravine, which is the natural drain or reservoir for the miasmas of a city, itself a basin amongst high hills, presents neither boys nor men with any attraction in furniture or atmosphere, which can match the saloon, or even the liberal refreshment of a street corner breeze and the balmy air of a smoke cloud. It is our privilege to enjoy the franchise of having on our hands this most representative poverty in Cincinnati.

The way we use our liberty, I see by the report of St. Vincent de. Paul's Conference just now published. It was organized three years ago, with fourteen active members. It commenced work among the poor, November 29th 1886, with \$12.55 in the treasury. It carried relief to their homes; and it has up to date relieved two hundred and fourteen families, comprising five hundred and ninety-four persons. It has paid seven thousand and nine visits to homes of the poor to distribute relief. The membership at present is forty-three active members, thirty-five subscribers, twenty honorary members. The receipts have been by collections at their regular sittings, \$1,450.15; by donations, lectures, etc., amounting in all to \$3,531.41. The disbursements have been by relief given in groceries, \$3,190.55; by cash for rent, shoes bought, etc. amounting in all to \$3,459.90. Besides, it has furnished clothes to adults and to children, distributed twenty tons of coal donated by the merchants, placed old people in the Home of the Aged, children in proper hands, in asylums, etc.

A devout lady of the parish opened a refuge for girls a few years ago. By the force of circumstances she was constrained to add a home for newsboys. The lady went to New York and studied for awhile the work going on at the refuge on 15th Street, as also at Fr. Drumgoole's. She now provides lodging for young women at the rate of from \$3.00 a week for those few who are very well provided and desire better accommodations, down to a very trifling consideration indeed. Her home is resorted to by the ladies of the city for servant girls to suit them. She has the full makings of a community. They hope to follow the lead of the New York flourishing institution and become religious sisters,—a third order no doubt.

At some distance from the double house for the girls, she opened one for newsboys, in answer to the urgent necessities of the case. The two establishments taken together accommodate about one hundred and ten, two-thirds being in the girls' home. The boys pay fifteen cents (if they have it) for a night's bed, with supper and breakfast. If they want din-

ner, they can come and get it for ten cents. The poor newsboys have a hard time of it here. The newspaper men do nearly all the distributing work themselves by the hands of carriers. So the boys' income is from blacking boots and shoes. So different this place from Detroit, where oftentimes you would not distinguish a newsboy from any other, except by the mere fact that he is carrying or offering papers, so neat and trim is he in his knickerbockers, coat, cap! But there is little extreme poverty in Detroit; and the philanthropy of the people is more than enough to make what there is even neat and respectable, in keeping with the avenues, the air, and the sky of the place.

But to finish with the interesting newsboy or bootblack, most interesting in his extremest destitution, when through the mud he runs up to you with his blacking paraphernalia under one arm, his papers under the other, and bawling out for your patronage—it is raining hard all the time—he sees you are a priest, and shuffling his blacking to the left side, or his papers to the right, he gets hold of his wet cap, and takes it off to the priest of God. Poor boy! Well, but he is a funny creature, as every one knows. The lady placed the newsboys' home in charge of a young man who had acquired experience in the art of directing boys, under Father Drumgoole. He did not succeed. In two weeks, he had lost all patience and influence together. She then placed two of themselves in charge. The oldest in the house are about eighteen years of age; the youngest, thirteen or fourteen years old. These two now do the work of janitors, and succeed perfectly. The Sisters are regarded with great affection and respect by the young fellows.

Physical Features.—I said there were some obvious physical causes, which seem to explain the social condition of the city. I am not going to touch on certain occurrences, which were mere misfortunes in ecclesiastical circles, but which created the most serious discontent, reaching in the case of many unfortunates the degree of absolute financial despair. The Christian life of many Catholics who suffered then received a severe shock, and the effects remain to a great extent still. But look at the city itself. It was founded in the bed of an old lake, or one of those extensions of the river course, which we meet with everywhere in the river valleys. The selection of this spot, screened by a semicircle of bold but verdant bluffs, must have been at first like the choice of a garden, with all the elements of a beautiful landscape, hill, plain, and a majestic river sweeping round a three mile curve. On the opposite side of the Ohio a similar

extension of plain recedes up the valley of the Licking River. It looks as if the washing of the Licking as it swept into the Ohio scooped out and planed the valley of Cincinnati. The two sides of the Licking are now filled up with the Kentucky cities of Newport and Covington, joined to Cincinnati by four great bridges. This latter city began in a corner of its semicircular area, and grew thriving and elegant. The Catholic cathedral was where our St. Xavier's now stands. The plain was rapidly filled up, and the name accorded to the town was the Queen of the West. The thick population and thickening smoke began to drive people who were more at their ease up the hills, then not very accessible, up to the crests and ridges and spurs of the high ground, which protrude straight into the city valley, or sideways into the interesting ravines, or back and away from the city front and smoke into the long hollow of Mill Creek. Beautiful suburbs, which are more like extensive parks spread like a net-work along the ridges, and every advantage of architectural or landscape effect, was turned to account in laying out the high and healthy table-land as a home for the elegance of Cincinnati. The fronts of the bluffs were scaled by inclined planes, escapes from the city upward over the hills and away. Every street of the city now winds round and up some eminence with a cable railway, an electric car, or other motor. And much of the public resources must still be spent in merely toning down the bluntness of Nature's original form.

But that is only an economic view of the situation and is of no consequence to us. What strikes us as of great consequence is the social result. If it is remarked of Chicago, that a stone's throw from Michigan Avenue is all that divides rolling wealth from penury, what must it be when bluffs come in between, and prevent the rich from falling across the path of the poor? They are no longer neighbors. They are not on the same territory. The rich man has no home where the poor man lives. He has no domestic interests or associations, no neighborly instincts in a place into which he lets himself down by a cable; and the man attending to his office during business hours, and the lady coming down to do some shopping, find nothing to meet their tastes in the surroundings which their wealth has created, and which have created their wealth. Indeed no newly-married couple, however humble, think of settling down there if they can help it. Hence the rich and the poor no longer live together; and the poorest of the poor sink into unutterable holes and natural trenches, which surely must afford some physical ground for the statement reported as above, that the condi-

tion of the laboring classes in Cincinnati is worse than in any city of the country.

And we have the freedom of much of that poverty. Besides, we seem to be well placed for the interests of the College. Factories close in upon the fine structure, and the beautiful Gothic church, which, even if it presented less of a claim to the highest aspirations of internal architecture with its five marble altars besides, would still be dear and precious for the place it holds in the heart of the people. Its quick resuscitation from the ashes of a great fire showed this. Church and college are situated within easy reach of inclined planes, of cable and electric roads, and of the means of transit from Newport and Covington. The highest classes in the college are sufficiently large to show that its proper studies are thriving,—twelve students in philosophy, eleven in rhetoric, fifteen in poetry; and the very large number of nearly four hundred boys in attendance, is more than work and reward enough to cover over the accidental drawbacks of one's collar and hands not being as white as one would wish, and of their being incapable of becoming or remaining so. The whole maze of work in church and college together makes a full demand upon the energy of all the teachers, pastors, lecturers and preachers that are stationed there.

DETROIT.

DETROIT COLLEGE, MICH.,

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1889.

The Locality.—All the associations that have gathered in the course of centuries linger still about this city; nor is the aspect of the surroundings so changed yet as to shake off even what is lightest and most poetic in its recollections. The Lake St. Clair which is close by, and is small in compass if contrasted with the great inland seas of Huron and Erie, retains to the eye that charm which it must have worn when the missionaries floated into it nearly three centuries ago, and named it after the Saint on whose day they discovered it, the twelfth of August, sacred to St. Clare. The river St. Clair which flows into it pours out almost like rapids from Lake Huron on the one side; while on the other side flowing out of Lake St. Clair into Lake Erie is the Detroit River on which the city stands. This river, three quarters of a mile broad bears but little resemblance to a modern river passing a modern town, except in the tonnage which steams past day and night; and in this respect more craft

and cargo pass this point than enter the Thames. But in other respects this is unlike other ports. The water is lake-green. The air is not yet charged with the indications of ample wealth and luxury; it is still pure and fresh. An island at the entrance of the broad river some three miles long and seven hundred acres in extent, is a natural park joined to the city by a bridge free of toll. The bridge a mile in length ends the boulevard which now encompasses the city.

Our College.—The comparative quietness and freshness of the locality, and the repose which our college enjoys, though placed near to the heart of the city, throws one back to the days when so many of our fathers and colleges were in towns of Europe that had nothing of the modern business centre about them, were quiet, or what would now be called dull. But like other solitudes, they sent forth a constant stream of choicest vocations, souls elect like the men who formed them, and works, too, from the pens of men whose pages bear the impress of meditateness and depth.

There may be some connection here between these characteristics of the city and the interesting fact that, besides a sufficiently flourishing college for the population of the city, a collegiate building is now being erected for us, on our own plan, by our benefactors. Enough of ground had come into our hands by purchase during the twelve years of our residence here. The houses upon the lots so bought, whether on one side of the avenue or the other, have been used for classes, presenting the spectacle day after day of some hundreds of boys and their professors moving about the wide avenue as if they were on their own premises. The impression made during these years upon the minds of the non-Catholic portion of the community has been the best, particularly in their moving to and from the Church. A regular collegiate building was necessary; yet the outstanding debts were heavy. A body of benefactors have accordingly undertaken the expense of an entirely finished college, on the ground which adjoins our residence, and measures more than two hundred and ten feet on the front avenue, and reaches two hundred feet back to the next street. The college building front, nearly two hundred feet long, is built of Cleveland limestone, furnished from the quarries across Lake Erie, at scarcely more than the best brick would come to; for the quarry-men were anxious to have in Detroit so fine an advertisement of their stone as such a continuous front offered, upon the best avenue of the city. It is just at that spot on the avenue where business breaks off and the

residence portion begins, the division being effectually made by our church, residence, and college on one side, and a parish school, with a convent academy not far off, on the other.

This beautiful avenue, which adds the appearance of age to its liberal proportions, is one hundred feet wide, with four rows of trees, each row with a continuous and wide lawn running to the right and left of the flagged side-walk; and it extends with an unbroken line of the best residences one mile and a half beyond us, and, two miles beyond, reaches the boulevard which crosses it and leads to the Belle Isle Park on the river. For beauty and for residences, it is the chief avenue of the city. It is on the first ridge parallel with the river's course, at no great elevation above it. And, following it out into the country, we come to the suburb of Grosse Pointe which is on Lake St. Clair. If we cross the lake, we reach by a two hours' steamboat ride what might be considered another suburb, at the mouth of the river St. Clair, where it pours in from Lake Huron. Here the dredging of the channel by the government commissioners has been utilized far out into the lake to form islets for villas, and flats for club-houses, all frequented in the summer months. And, returning of a summer evening, the steamer brings us to a fairy scene, as striking in its picturesqueness by night, as the combination of bright sky, green water, islands, and Belle Isle Park form together by day. It is the illumination of a city by electric lights one hundred and fifty feet high, on towers of iron frame each topped with four or more lanterns, and covering the whole reach of the city, which has an estimated population of two hundred and forty thousand. Nothing is visible but the lights; and, like the stars, the more they are gazed at the more of them appear. And the reach of silent waters reflecting only starry lights, which then recede indefinitely over the land, presents a unique scene of nocturnal beauty. It might be objected to this kind of illumination that, while it sheds the light of a perpetual full-moon on the main streets and on the roofs of houses, it is ineffective outside of these lines, and beneath the deep foliage of the trees. And another drawback to the beautiful city is that it is rising in the world, and the smoke is rising too; the railroads on the banks, and the factories adjoining, are beginning to cross the ridge of Jefferson Avenue with a becoming garland of smoke. But we must pay something for our privileges.

Our college then is well situated. How different from the situation I described of the Cincinnati college! Yet that

is well placed too. It is to be hoped that the future before us here is not different from the past; and that the future of Catholicity itself finds an apt omen in the four figures which adorn the noble court house on the Campus Martius, as it is called. The four statues sum up the ancient recollections of this part of the New World. They represent Father Marquette in his Jesuit habit, the Abbé Richard, the Marquis de Cadillac and the Chevalier de la Salle.

THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

THE CHEYENNE INDIANS.

In the south-eastern part of Montana, eighty miles from Miles City, where Otter Creek falls into Tongue River, is the first camp of an Indian tribe, now as quiet and peaceful as they were in former times restless and warlike. Their forefathers were warriors, they were warriors too, until General Miles, some ten years ago, broke their strength, and indigence entered into their lodges to calm their spirit of war.

According to their traditions the Great Spirit in former times gave them a bow and four arrows, promising that as long as they would honor these gifts and be worthy of that present, they would leave every battle-field as victors. That was enough to make them all warriors, brave and faithful as any could be found. Still, they seem never to have warred against other tribes, unless provoked by insult. They never were the first aggressors.

Bow and arrows were kept in great honor. During the sun-dance they could be seen tied on the top of a high pole in the centre of the dancing-house. On that pole young Indians had to prove whether they were worthy of being braves or not. These proofs consisted in cruelties beyond description. First, they had to dance three days from morning till night during the hottest days of summer, without being allowed to eat or drink anything; after which the body was tortured in various ways. If they could stand this without flinching, they were dubbed braves; if they could not, they were dishonored. So last year, for instance, a young man, who wanted to become a warrior, was during the dance thrust through the flesh of the breast with a large knife, and a stick put through the wound. Then attaching a rope to both ends of the stick he was lifted to the top of the pole.

Though he did not at first seemingly move a muscle, still, he could not stand the pain, and fainted before he was let down. Henceforth he was rated a woman and dishonored forever.

Even in time of peace they honored the gift of the Great Spirit by painting stripes on the face and the body like the feathers on their arrows. Several women may be seen amongst them who have long arrow-shaped cuts in their arms, showing their nobility of origin. The sign by which the tribe is indicated is made by sliding the forefinger of the right hand over that of the left.

When General Miles, some ten or twelve years ago, was fighting the Indians, he was bravely opposed by the Cheyennes. Of course they were vanquished. But whilst he was conducting them to the Indian Territory about half the tribe broke through his ranks and escaped to Tongue River, their native country. When the General started in pursuit, they halted, and forming a long line of men, women, and children, awaited his approach, whilst their Chief hoisted a white flag. Miles allowed a parley. The Chief going up to the General said :

"Chief of the white soldiers, we are tired of fighting. We cannot conquer you, and being conquered we shall be taken off from this country. This is the country of our fathers. Here they have been living; here they have died, their graves are all around. We are not allowed to live where they did; at least we will die here;—our ashes will rest in peace near those of our fathers. Do you see, Chief of the whites, do you see that long line of Indian people? All are of the same feeling as I am. All wish to die here. Hence, begin to kill us one after another. Do not be afraid; let your soldiers approach so as to take good aim. No bullet will start from our guns; no arrow or lance will leave our hands. If you see the arms in our hands, it is because we will die only as soldiers, worthy of our fore-fathers. . . . Now I told you all I had to say. I go back and place myself ahead of all. Your first bullet will be for me. I want to show how all should die without fear, without anxiety."

That noble speech deeply touched General Miles. Soldier as he was, he highly respected bravery in his enemies. But he found himself in a difficult position. He could not by an act unworthy even of a coward comply with the chief's demand. He could not, according to received instructions, take them off again, after they had shown such an attachment to their country. Not knowing what else to do, he allowed the Indians to pitch their tents where they had halted, and wrote to Washington, asking to let them stay there. His request was granted. The Indians thankful to

Miles for his kindness, gave him all the help they could. Several entering into his army as soldiers and scouts, greatly assisted him in his engagements with the other tribes, and became attached to him. He found them always faithful and brave. He did all he could to ameliorate their condition. When Miles was recalled from Fort Keogh, they lost their principal, it might be said, their only friend. From that time want thinned the ranks of that noble race. Whites pouring into their country, slaughtered their buffaloes and other animals, for their hides, so that there was nothing left to live on.

A few years ago a Catholic soldier who had quitted the army, settled amongst them and took a great interest in their welfare, helping them in building houses, in teaching their children, and in farming their lands. If he did not do more, it was for want of means. It is said that by his mediation the government gave them a reservation at Rosebud, and appointed a person as acting agent, but dependent on the Crow Agent. So they got half a pound of flour and half a pound of meat every day. That soldier spoke several times to them about getting a priest. It was according to their wishes; for they knew from other tribes how good a friend to the Indian the Blackgown is. The oldest man in the tribe, now quite blind, told of how he had once met with Fr. De Smet. Another one was always telling his family and others that when he was a boy all Indians esteemed the Blackgown. He never saw one though. By the intervention of their friend, the old soldier, they applied for a priest to Bishop O'Connor. He had none. In the year 1882 two Jesuit fathers going to the Crow Indians, paid a visit to the Cheyennes. The day after their arrival they baptized twelve children. They would have baptized more, but the Indians had objected on account of the Chief's absence. Next, the fathers applied themselves in good earnest to learn the language. They found a young Indian, endowed with an invincible patience, who was constantly with them as their teacher. After ten or twelve days they received orders to pass to the Crows. One of them returning in the following winter to the Cheyennes, found them in the greatest poverty. The next day he had an interview with the Chief and others of the principal Indians, and, through an interpreter, made them know that the object of his visit was to teach them the way to heaven. They seemed to listen with indifference. As he repeated the same thing for a second time, they replied that the priest was a fool since he was repeating the same thing. In the afternoon he went to another cabin, and there again he repeated the same thing. Then the Indians

replied that he should not tell them such a thing any more. They felt provoked when they saw that the priest had only words, and did not supply their immediate pressing necessities. Not being able to do that, the priest was obliged to leave them.

When, in 1883, Montana was assigned to Bishop Brondel, Bishop O'Connor recommended the Cheyennes to his spiritual care. Bishop Brondel sent to them in 1884 a secular priest and three Ursuline Sisters to start the mission. After a few days the priest fell sick, and left three months afterwards. In the summer of the same year a Jesuit father took his place temporarily. With the help of an interpreter, who knew a little English, he translated prayers into their language, and began to teach them to the children in the Sisters' school. Whilst not thus employed, he devoted himself to the study of the language. As he was rather anxious to advance, he used often to enter into the lodges of the Indians for the purpose of picking up some of their language; but they soon growing tired of his importunity, would leave him all alone in the wigwam. The want of interest shown is to be attributed to their starving condition. Often they would stand at the door of the Sisters' cabin, waiting for a piece of bread. Though much harrassed by hunger they never touched any of the sheep belonging to the whites. Even on finding a dead sheep in winter, they would not take it without giving notice to the owner, and obtaining his permission. During these trying times the Indians met with a severe loss. The soldier of whom we have spoken, devoted himself too much to the Indians, according to the opinion of the neighboring whites, who could not understand how a person can take any interest in "red devils." It would be better to give them a bullet in the brain, and to let their land be occupied by stock raisers. Accordingly, our hero had, in popular parlance, a hard time of it from those who were down on him. One evening as he was sitting in the room of the father, a knock was heard at the door. This being opened, a man appeared and asked the soldier to go out, as he wanted to speak to him. But the soldier suspecting evil, refused to go. The other insisted several times, until, watching his chance, he pulled him violently out of the room. The father running to the assistance, of his friend was stopped at the door by a man who said, as he pointed his revolver, "Stand back, or I'll blow out your brains." The ruffians taking the soldier to a place called Dry Creek, a distance of about two or three miles, flogged him, and threatened him with death if he did not leave the place in twenty-four hours. The father,

who had thought that his friend had been hanged, was greatly consoled when he saw the poor soldier returning home. The next day the latter took the mail-stage for Miles City.

The father labored there till sickness forced his Superior to send him elsewhere. The Sisters were left quite alone for more than six months. Bishop Brondel visited them once, and another Jesuit father a second time. Poor Sisters! No communion, no Mass, no confession! Alone amongst wild Indians who know nothing about God or religion, and that for so long a time. If the Old Testament had its heroic women, the New Testament has its heroines too. If your names are not written in the history of the country, they are written in the book of eternal life. The Sisters went on as well as they could. They had only two rooms in a log building; one, twenty by sixteen feet for their own use, was chapel, kitchen, refectory, and dormitory; and another room, twelve by eight, was school and dining-room for the children. In the meantime Bishop Brondel went through the States begging money for a new school house. His Lordship succeeded pretty well. A fine frame building was started and finished in the year 1885. In the same year, in July or August, another secular priest came, but he was no more successful than his predecessors. He left after a month. Then Bishop Brondel applied to Rev. Fr. Cataldo, Superior of the Mission. His Reverence sent two fathers in October of that year. One of them used to make several excursions to the Crows, and is now stationed amongst them. The other one remained always with the Cheyennes, but on account of circumstances he could not accomplish all the good he desired. He baptized several infants, but very few adults. The Cheyennes have a good disposition; they like the priest very much. The only thing that could be wished for is more rations.

Were the condition of the Cheyennes bettered by receiving full rations⁽¹⁾ from the government they would be better disposed for instruction. When the father spoken of entered into their lodges, their first word was: "Priest, give us something to eat; we are all very hungry. We cannot listen now,—we are too hungry." In morality they are far ahead of some tribes. Polygamy is very rarely practised there. Women are very modest. The adulterer is despised and always severely punished. Last November, for instance, a "medicine man," who had insulted a woman, was attacked two days afterwards by that woman and another old squaw.

⁽¹⁾ The writer of this cannot say whether they are getting more rations now; up to the present writing only half rations were given.

Jumping upon him they pummelled and kicked him, pulled his hair, and struck his head with a stone. He drew his knife to defend himself. Before he could use it, however, the old squaw, grasping the blade, snatched it out of his hand. She got wounded, of course, but she did not mind it. The sight of blood so increased her fury that he barely escaped with his life. He had to pay a fine of a horse, a gun and two blankets and to suffer the ostracism of the tribe.

Another vice that ruins Indians and prevents their conversion is not found among the Cheyennes. They hate a drunken man, and consider him as a devil, and are more afraid of him than of the wildest beast. Very seldom will a Cheyenne take a drink, even if offered by whites. The number of souls amounts to about seven hundred. There are three hundred more amongst the Sioux in Dakota. These came back last summer to Tongue River, but they could not get any rations. An order from Washington stated that they could get rations only by returning to Pine Ridge Agency. So, nearly all left Tongue River again before winter. May the good God pity these poor people, and so direct all things that they may be led in a short time into the fold of Christ!

ALASKA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MISSION BROUGHT DOWN TO JUNE, 1889.

In order to have some idea of this new and vast mission, we shall divide Alaska into three great divisions. The first comprehends the very long chain of the Aleutian Islands, the Aliaska Peninsula, and all the other islands of the territory. The second includes all the sea coasts of the North Pacific Ocean, of the Behring Sea, and of the Arctic Ocean. The third comprises the whole interior of the country. As to the small portion of the Southern extremity, including Sitka and the other islands close to Sitka, down to the end of the boundary line, it may be considered as inconsiderable with regard to our mission; because it is now the best known and the only civilized portion of the Territory, quite removed from the great mainland, from which it may after awhile be separated, especially when the number of tourists who go there on pleasure trips will increase.

About the first division, it is to be said in general, that the places are barren,—entirely without cultivation and without woodland. The inhabitants are few and in a very poor condition, living on fish and hunting for seals. The cold is not extreme, though the high mountains are covered with snow even in summer. There are a few trading posts or stations of the Alaska Commercial Company, and also four or five Russian churches with priests, ordinarily natives. In this part of Alaska, the fathers have not yet residences. A general agent of the said Company expressed to a father the wish to see Catholic missions established in the Seal Islands rather than to have the Russian priests, who are not instructed. Our missionaries leaving San Francisco for Alaska, are obliged to stop after a journey of 2100 miles, at Unalaska, one of the largest of the Aleutian Islands, where a principal station of commerce is established. Far from that island, at the distance of 190 miles, the Pribyloff Islands St. Paul, and St. George, are situated in Behring Sea. They are called, the Seal Islands, because these animals, especially fur seals, gather and live there by thousands and thousands. The seals are killed in summer time in great quantities. This traffic belongs exclusively to the Alaska Fur Commercial Company; and is secured by contract with the government. This company founds the stations, employs agents, and affords to the natives the means of civilization. The Indians residing there have churches, and have been baptized by the Russian priests.

The condition of the land in the second division of Alaska is the same as that of the islands; but the inhabitants are rather more numerous in some places, living in small scattered villages of five houses, or underground dwellings; In other places several hundreds or a few thousands may be found dwelling together, although in many other places no Indians at all can be found. They are also very poor, and live almost entirely on fish. With the skins of a special kind of seal and whale the natives build their boats for summer, and provide themselves well with clothing. From their hunting, too, in the interior of the country, they obtain also other kinds of skins for winter use. The winter is, indeed, very-severe and lasts from October till May and June, during which time the sea coasts are ice-bound. The ice was so massed in July of this year in the Behring Sea that steamers could not easily approach St. Michael's Station near the mouths of the Yukon River. Hence one can imagine how intense must be the cold in those places on Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean nearest to the polar regions. During the long winter season, the people travel

over the ice only on sleds drawn by dogs, it being impossible for horses and other draught animals to live in Alaska on account of the cold and the want of food.

The Indians in general are good people, especially where they have not been spoiled by contact with whites of loose morals. Many natives have been baptized by Russian priests, but they are without instruction. The majority of them seem to be pagans, but well disposed towards the missionaries. The Protestant ministers began a station at the mouth of a small river named Unalaklik, near St. Michael's, which last year they abandoned, but which this year two of them again reopened. Although our fathers have not yet any residence on the sea coasts, it is almost certain that this year some will be established, at least along the coasts to the right of the mouths of the Yukon. Rev. Fr. Tosi, vice-superior of the mission, went last winter to visit the Esquimaux of those places around Cape Vancouver, which are near Nunivak Island. He spent forty days on the ice, having sometimes nothing to eat but small frozen black fish. He found many small villages of Indians, who were very poor, and dwelling in the underground houses. These people are not baptized, and wish to have the fathers amongst them. Fr. Tosi baptized many children, and intends going back as soon as possible, in order to establish residences; because neither Russian priests, nor Protestant ministers, nor white men have yet established themselves there; hence it is of great importance to occupy at once that virgin field. Fr. Tosi is also anxious to visit the sea coasts of Behring Strait and the Arctic Ocean, and to have other missions established there. Some favorable indications and invitations have been received from the last Governor of Alaska, and from Captain Healy, and another gentleman, who live in those places. But where are the missionaries? and what are the means of communication? The steamers going to the upper sea coasts of Alaska, on account of the ice, can approach land in very few places, and only during the three months of July, August, and September, so that the missionaries stopping at Unalashka, as it has been said, cannot start again on their journey but at the end of June and the beginning of July, and then they can only reach St. Michael's Station. St. Michael's is another central station of the Commercial Company mentioned above, from which all the small trading posts on the Yukon get their provisions. Not being a sea port it is reached by crossing an island, which is separated from the mainland by a very narrow canal. It is situated 700 miles from Unalashka, and 40 from the nearest mouth of the Yukon.

Several steamboats, towing other large boats laden with goods, start from that station for the Yukon, up whose mouths large steamers cannot go on account of sand accumulations. Some distance up, the Yukon is very deep, and in some places of such width that many large and small islands are altogether inclosed. The interior of Alaska can be only reached through the rivers which are the only roads either for boats in summer time, or for sleds in winter. Finally, the interior of Alaska, ice-bound during the greatest part of the year, consists of valleys and mountains covered with dense forests.

The immense Yukon, rising in British America, enters into Alaska, and finishes its course of 3000 miles in its different mouths in the Behring Sea. It has many tributaries, the largest and longest of which is the Tananah River in the centre of the continent. Amongst the other large rivers is the Kuskoquim which is below the Yukon, not far from its mouths.

The Alaskan rivers deserve special mention; because they are the only roads of the interior, as it has been said, and also, because all the Indians of the interior dwell and can only dwell along their banks; other dwelling places being impossible on account of swamps, downy moss, and very deep snow in winter, but principally for want of food. Indeed, fish is the ordinary food of the country, and every stream and river abounds with them. During summer the natives lay in their provisions of fish for themselves and for their dogs. Even in winter they cast in their nets, and thus catch fresh fish, which, as soon as it is taken out, becomes frozen as hard as stone. This fish will keep as well as the dried fish of commerce. They also go hunting bears, deer, mooses, and other animals, as well as geese, ducks, and swans, the eggs of which are found in some places by hundreds and hundreds. Like the Indians along the coast they use the skins of fish and game, and even the feathers of large birds, to make their clothes and boats. The ordinary temperature in winter is 60 to 70 degrees below zero, and even lower in the upper region. During winter the sun only appears on the horizon for three or four hours; during summer there are every night two or three hours of clear twilight; but neither day exists in winter, nor night in summer for the region near the Arctic circle. Like the country along the sea coasts, the interior is covered with ice and snow from October till May. From all this one can see, that the condition of the Indians of the interior is as bad as the condition of the others. There are a few trading posts established in different places along the rivers, where

flour, clothes, and other articles are sold; but not many of the natives can afford to buy, and have to be satisfied with the food and clothing which Divine Providence provides. Their villages consist of small miserable log houses or underground dwellings, which are used in the winter; in summer time they remove to houses as wretched at the fishing stations. The short summer though not very hot, is rendered very disagreeable by an infinite number of mosquitos. The white miners of the trading posts live in the winter time in the Indian villages, and frequently cause the spiritual ruin of the natives. Hence many of the Indians are half-breeds, half native and half Russian. Now that the territory belongs entirely to the United States, few Russians, fortunately, reside in Alaska. A few of the natives can yet talk a little Russian. There are one or two Russian priests and two young deacons, half-breeds, still remaining with them. These priests occasionally baptize and marry the natives, but seldom or never instruct them. It was reported this year, that a Russian bishop with some monks was coming from San Francisco, but as yet they have not appeared. The Protestant ministers who have established four or five stations in different places, opened a little school, received their money, and that was all the missionary work they did. Except their fatal influence amongst the natives living around their schools, no opposition exists on their part to the Catholic missionaries, nor do they manifest any great zeal in propagating Protestantism. The ignorant Russian priests, however, try to oppose us by circulating false rumors calculated to frighten the poor Indians. Though most of those Indians of the interior are infidels, yet they have some idea of religion, mingled however with superstition. Their morals are good, and, in consequence, polygamy, or other social evils, is not practised. Even those who have been baptized by the Russian priests, are, in general, well disposed toward the missionaries.

As the interior of Alaska was the first field of the missionary labors of our fathers, the following particulars should be given in order to know exactly the standing and prospects of that mission. Our mission, then, in the interior of Alaska has already established two residences on the banks of the Yukon. The older of them is located at Nulato, near the mouth of the small river of the same name, a little below the 65th degree of latitude, and near the 160th degree of longitude. It is named the mission of *St. Peter Claver*. The late Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, some years before his last fatal trip, spent one winter with an old priest of Victoria, Vancouver Island, in the two small vil-

lages on the Nulato. The natives respected, honored, and loved him very much. Fr. Tosi at the end of his second trip to Alaska from the headwaters of the Yukon, stopped at Nulato during the winter of 1887 and the spring of the following year. Whilst there he bought two small Indian houses, one of which two fathers and one brother afterwards used for their own dwelling, and the other for church and school. But in June of this year it is intended to build two large log cabins, one for the fathers, and the other for the sisters who will come after awhile. There are large trees all along the banks of the Yukon, which would furnish abundant building material for the houses of the towns and cities that may in the future spring into existence. There is near our residence a small village and trading post of about fifty persons; another village about as large is on the opposite side of the river, three or four miles distant. Nearly all the dwellers in these villages have been baptized,—some by Russian priests, a few boys by Archbishop Seghers, and some other children by our fathers since they have been in that part of the country.

For miles around Nulato, the principal centre of the mission, there are no churches nor Russian priests nor Protestant ministers established. Hence our fathers could set immediately to work, translating prayers and the catechism into the Indian language, and instructing the Indians morning and evening in the church, where on Sundays and holy-days there is High Mass and Benediction. The fathers also go up and down the Yukon and other rivers, to visit and instruct other Indians in their villages, though some of the natives come now and then to our residence.

Last November Fr. Ragaru with his sled and dogs visited all the villages on the Yukon. The villages were few and far between. One can easily fancy the inconveniences and sufferings of such trips. Often during the intense cold of the night, the missionary, unable to find a house, is obliged to sleep in the open air. Even when more fortunate there is not much comfort in the small and dirty Indian cabins. Fr. Ragaru on becoming acquainted with an Indian family, taught them the prayers in their own language. They were in general pleased to see him, and willing to receive instruction. After traversing two hundred and twenty-five miles of the country, he reached Nuklukahyet, a trading post, and a Protestant station, where many miners of the interior spend the long winter, but where few Indians reside. The same father had lived there all alone during the winter of 1887 and the following spring. Whilst there, with the intention of establishing a mission, he bought a house near

the small river named Tozikaket. But this year the project has been abandoned, because the locality was not fitted for that purpose. Fr. Ragaru was directed to go from Nuklukahyet to visit for the first time some Indians living along the banks of Tananah River, the mouth of which is near Nuklukahyet. These Indians, numbering something over one thousand, are not baptized. But the father could not go, because the Indians who were to accompany him failed to meet him, and, besides, he hurt his foot during the journey, and so it was impossible even to continue his missionary excursion.

Going east from Tananah, we met with the boundary line of Alaska, and with the Yukon coming from its headwaters, and with Stewart River, its tributary, in the English possessions. Near the mouth of this river, where some Indians and whites live, Fr. Tosi and Fr. Robaut were obliged to stop and spend all the winter of 1886, whither they had come with Archbishop Seghers. Notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the fathers to the contrary, the Archbishop resolved to leave the fathers there to care for a few Indians, and to proceed himself nine hundred miles farther down on the Yukon, in company with the murderer Fuller.

Fr. Ragaru on returning to Nulato, intended to visit some other Indians on the coast of Behring Sea; but the Indians of Nulato having all gone hunting to the mountains, he could not get a guide, and hence abandoned the trip. The other father who remained in the residence of Nulato, was obliged at the end of May to return to San Francisco, the climate being too severe for his delicate health. Two months after his departure, Fr. Muset was sent to take his place. Two of Ours, Fr. Treca and Br. Negro, had also arrived in July at St. Michael's Station.

The second residence, another centre of the mission, is located in a place called Kazaresky,⁽¹⁾ on the banks of the Yukon, about two hundred and twenty miles from Nulato. Between these two places there are only four Indian villages of two or three poor houses, and forty miles from Kazaresky is the small village Anvik, which is a trading post. There resided in this village last year two Protestant ministers. One of these, however, displeased with his work and disgusted with the place, left Alaska. Fr. Robaut and Br. Giordano remained in that village during the latter months of 1887. The Indians loved them more than they did the Protestant ministers. Whilst there the father, invited by some In-

⁽¹⁾ So spelled in the MS. Is this not the place which was called *Cosiorefsky* by Fr. Tosi in our last number, which is also spelled *Kosorijsky*, and which on the map before us is printed *Kozyroff*?—EDITOR.

dians living on a place near that station, went there and baptized their children. On his return to Anvik, Fr. Robaut fell sick and was nigh unto death. On recovering he was invited by the Indians of Kazaresky to live amongst them. Thus began the Kazaresky residence, named the Mission of the Holy Cross. In July, 1888, two log buildings were erected, but there was no time to build the church, because of the early winter. One of the houses is used as a church and as a residence. FF. Tosi, Robaut, and Br. Rosati have resided there from August, 1888. The other house is occupied by three sisters of St. Ann, who came to Alaska in last June. Their house is a story and a half high, plain, but very comfortable; the lower part is divided into four rooms, viz., chapel, school-room, dining-room, and kitchen; in the upper part they have a large dormitory. An addition of two large rooms has been built; one for the boys, and the other for the girls. During last year nearly thirty-one Indian children attended their day-school, and began to study the prayers, the catechism, and the rudiments of English grammar. The sisters say that the children are very docile, and great good will be wrought them by the civilizing influence of Christianity.

A small village of about one hundred and fifty Indians is situated on the opposite bank of the Yukon. In summer time the Indians cross the river and live in their summer houses, near our residence, where we hope they will in time permanently locate their village. Last winter a young Russian deacon came to dwell amongst them, and, in order to turn the good people away from the mission, told them ridiculous stories about us and the sisters. He informed them, for instance, that the sisters keep snakes in boxes. But all in vain; the Indians of Kazaresky love the fathers and sisters. Although almost all here have been baptized by the Russian, they are, nevertheless, quite ignorant of the Christian religion. Hence the fathers instruct them every day in the church, and visit others in different places. From this residence, indeed, as a centre the fathers start on their missionary excursions; thence Fr. Robaut went last winter to see the Indians living on the banks of the other large river of Alaska, the Kuskokwim; and thence also Fr. Tosi started to make his journey of forty days along the sea coasts, as has been mentioned. Finally, coming down from Kazaresky on the Yukon, towards its mouth, several dwellings and villages of natives are spread along its banks, often very distant one from another. Two of them are of some importance. One composed of several log-houses, is the residence of the only Russian priest for all the interior of

the country. The place is called Kugmuth, or the Mission, and is eighty miles from Kazaresky. The other village has several hundred inhabitants. These villages and dwellings from Kazaresky to the mouths of the Yukon, are, of course, under the influence of the Russian priest.

In conclusion, three short notes will sum up all that has been written. First: Alaska is a very vast country, wild, uncultivated and extremely cold. Few whites live and can live there, especially because the land seems incapable of any extensive cultivation. The Indians and the half-breeds are in a very poor condition, but, in general, good natured and well disposed towards the missionaries. Few natives inhabit the islands; they are rather numerous in some places along the coasts and less numerous in the interior. Many have been baptized by Russian priests; the greater number have not been baptized, and all are very ignorant. Second: Our fathers began to labor with many inconveniences and sacrifices. They have already explored and know well all the places and villages and dwellings of the Indians along the banks of the immense Yukon, from its headwaters to its mouths; have visited also other places on other rivers, along the sea coasts, and on the islands. Third: Up to the beginning of this year, 1889, they have established two residences on the banks of the Yukon, in the interior of the country. Other residences will after awhile be established in other places already explored. The mission now numbers five fathers, three brothers, and three sisters of St. Ann. Some hundreds of children have been baptized, and adults instructed in the Catholic religion. The field is indeed very vast; but the difficulties are many and great, and the missionaries few. Let all, then, earnestly beg

Dominum messis, ut mittat operarios in messem suam.

BRITISH HONDURAS.

(*A letter from Fr. Gillet to Fr. Frieden.*)

STANN CREEK, BRITISH HONDURAS,
December 12, 1889.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER FRIEDEN,
P. C.

I have delayed answering your kind letter and acknowledging your valuable present but in order to be able to give you some news * * * * *

Those explanations of Fr. Meschler's are splendid, and during my retreat, which I have just finished, I found them of great use. Many thanks for the book.

You know from my address that I have left the Spanish and Indian for the black Carib; but it is only for a week or two. My younger brother, Fr. Silvin, fell sick and relapsed, so I was sent to relieve him. At Christmas, however, unless it please the Prefect to make some unforeseen arrangement, I am to return once again to my old station.

For lack of other news, I will tell you something of these Caribs. I have lived with them before and find that, like other people, some of them are good and some are not; and their goodness or badness depends on the way of handling them. They are submissive like children and respectful in their own way, and, when they fail in this point, it is not from malice but rather from "civilization." The "old style" people (as I may call them) and those under their charge are docile and respectful; the "nineteenth century" class, and there are a few of these, are airy and conceited. There are two Carib reserves in the Colony, in each of which we have a mission: one at Punta Gorda, near the South frontier, the other at Stann Creek higher up,—both on the seaboard of the Bay of Honduras. The Caribs are a wandering people and any provocation is enough to make them take their dory (dug-out) and settle in some other spot. As they are strong men and willing workers, the government does not want to lose them, and consequently has from the beginning assigned them a limited tract, where they may live free of taxes, and where no other man, white or black, can own property, without sanction of the government. The only

exceptions are we Jesuits and one or two others. The Caribs make fine mahogany cutters and, being in fact amphibious, they are splendid sailors. Their dories may capsize and their effects be lost, but they are never lost (so is the saying), as they can swim any length of time. Sometimes on Sundays after Mass, when there is a strong wind (the stronger the better), the boys strip off their clothes, jump into little skiffs (very small—about 8 feet in length) and fly over the rolling waves like corks. Capsized goes the boat. The boys shake out the mast, turn the boat over, bale out the water, spring to their places, and off they go again.

It is very odd, however, that the women do all the agriculture, in fact all the work except wood-cutting and sea-faring. The husband takes his ax and clears a piece of ground, and his work is done; the wife or daughter then begins her task, planting corn or cassava or yam or pines, tends the growing crop and gathers it in its season. To the women, of course, falls all the work of the household, whereas the men begin their genteel life even in their boyish days. A boy won't even carry water.

These people are often thought dull and stupid. That is a mistake. They are ignorant for the simple reason that they have had no chance till lately. But since the schools have been spread they have done remarkably well, and will compete with any boys of their standard in the colony. The old people are very good and one can't help liking them. On Sundays the church is full at both Masses. At the first the children assist and all is done in English; Spanish, however, is used at the second, not from necessity, but to gratify the traditionary spirit. Before long the Spanish will drop out. When I say "Spanish" I mean a lingo which bears less resemblance to real Spanish than the worst negro dialect bears to English.

On Sunday last we had a procession through the town, in honor of our Lady Immaculate. An old patriarch who claims, on account of a past event, the right to take the lead, carried a banner, and was accompanied by companions of the Rosary dressed in alb and Cardinal's cape. Then came about one hundred and fifty school boys and a number of school girls, followed by the Children of Mary, all dressed in lace and white, and bearing the statues which they had adorned to their own satisfaction. A dozen acolytes came next, and then the priest in cope, then the men of the Catholic Association with their medals, the Congregation of the Rosary, with a double file of men of all classes bringing up

the rear. We started singing the *Ave Maris Stella*, then taking up the litany and reciting the rosary till we got back to the church, where the altar was already prepared for Benediction. All went without a hitch.

Before I forget it, I must relate the event that signalized the standard-bearer. In early days of the mission the Catholics were despised and worried, and, though superior in numbers, were looked upon as intruders. Old Fr. Brindisi was missionary in Stann Creek; he proposed a procession, and put to the front the fearless man, the hero of my story. At a corner of a street, some Wesleyans and a few renegades intercepted the procession with threats that it should not pass. Whereupon our doughty Obado lowered his banner pole and laid it about with such vigor that he dispersed his opponents and continued his march. A summons before the court was the gallant recourse of the disturbers, but the magistrate, though not a Catholic, dismissed the case, after rating the accusers for their unseemly behavior. For the twenty years or more since that occurrence, Señor Obado holds undisputed right of banner-bearer.

Now a word to explain how we stand with regard to music. The day after our procession, one of the Rosary Sisters died. When I went to the church for the absolution, the whole congregation answered the *Libera me*. There is, therefore, no need of a choir. They all sing the High Mass too, and answer the *Domine vobiscum*, etc. I am afraid, however, that the arrival of a fine harmonium will oust their old traditional music and with it their old traditions. Now we hardly depend on a choir, but I fear civilization will put its bands around us before long, and, instead of the free and general chorus of willing voices, we shall be forced to await the convenience of some dusky prima donna.

The church of Stann Creek is a curiosity. It is about 75 by 32, having a nave and two aisles and vaulted roof. The columns are pine trees from the forest, and the style is Byzantine, wrought entirely by the hands of the Caribs and old Fr. Brindisi. An educated Wesleyan minister, who went to see it, declared it one of the wonders of the world. Of course I don't say it beats St. Peter's at Rome. Scarcely two pieces of anything are the same size, nor are the lines strictly level, nor the arches geometrically curved; yet when we see this big building as it stands, we are amazed at the pluck of its constructors. The decoration, too, was and is equally original. The fiercest red and the most pronounced blue share with white the entire æsthetics of the edifice. Trying to follow the same idea and at the same time arrange

the altar more commodiously, I made a venture two years ago to renew the sanctuary. The result I enclose for inspection, not because I did it, but to give you a notion of how necessity drives one to work almost miracles of bold strokes. I have half finished a picture of our Lord revealing His Sacred Heart. It is in oils and is intended to fill up the semi-circle above the reredos.

Last year, my younger brother Fr. Silvin was busy civilizing the grounds, and from sand and rubbish he has converted the place into palace gardens, and, besides, has put a belfry to the church 75 feet high, and ingeniously contrived a peal of bells. The tones, it is true, do not quite agree, but they correspond to the building. They are unique, and when the four chase one another the effect is agreeable. The school roll has about two hundred and ten names, and at examination there were one hundred and eighty, I think.

Now, dear Father, good bye, and with many thanks for your past kindness and best wishes for a happy Christmas to you, I remain,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

H. GILLET, S. J.

A VOICE FROM A MEXICAN DUNGEON.

Letter of Father Labrador, S. J.

(From *The Student*.)

After giving very successful missions at the City of Leon, Juanita, St. Francis, and Rincon, which occupied us from the twenty-second of January to the twelfth of April, Father Mauleon and myself began a most promising mission in the mining district of Sta. Maria de Luz, a spiritual boon anxiously looked forward to by the poor neglected miners. As the feast of Easter was drawing nigh, large numbers not only attended the sermons but seized this auspicious occasion to comply with their Easter duties. Passion Sunday was the day selected.

Little suspecting the animus of the *Jefe Politico* towards our spiritual ministrations, we persevered in our good work with unabated vigor, and when about the twentieth of April, Father Vincent Aloysius Mancini came to help Father Mauleon to hear the confessions of the women whose general

Communion was to take place the following day, we were still ignorant of his hostile intentions.

On the following day, however, when about four hundred women were receiving Holy Communion, the *Jefe Politico* sent word to the pastor, Don Juan Ignatius Rodriguez, to bring (me) Father Labrador to the Prefecture, as I was accused of speaking in my sermons against the laws which are called *de la Reforma*. Informing the pastor of Guajuato, who had accompanied Father Mancini, of the accusation against me, both pastors started off and presented themselves at the Prefecture. Introducing themselves to the *Jefe Politico*, they informed him that they had come with reference to the complaint lodged against me. Flying into a rage he said: "Many distinguished citizens have come here to complain of the disrespectful manner in which the missionary has spoken against the institutions of the Government, and I am informed by the chief Prefect of this Province that men will be placed in the church to take down the sermons, and that if anything derogatory to the Government be found therein, he shall be punished to the utmost extremity of the law."

The good pastor succeeded in pacifying the worthy *Jefe* by promising that we would say nothing in our discourses touching the matter complained of. He seemed for the moment satisfied, but added, as they were leaving, that he would consult his Government relative to the course of action he was to pursue.

As we were busily engaged hearing confessions all that day we were ignorant of this visit. The pastor, however, informed me afterwards, and requested me to say nothing in my sermons, either against the constitution of the Republic, or against the Government. I told him that I had not mentioned these matters, and that I was more concerned for the spiritual success of the mission, to the furtherance of which end I would ask him to try and procure confessors to hear the confessions of so great a number of penitents.

He told me that the *Jefe* had consented for the present not to hold an investigation, but that he was still ignorant of the intention of the Superior Government.

During the whole of the next morning Fr. Mauleon and myself were occupied in the confessional. By dinner time an immense concourse of the faithful had availed themselves of the sacrament. In the evening we had that celebrated exercise called the Sermon of the Prodigal Son, at which takes place the reconciliation of enemies. I was the preacher; towards the end of my sermon, as is the custom here, the pastor asked pardon of his parishioners for all the faults

and negligences which he had been guilty of in his pastoral capacity. On account of the sermon and the procession of the Blessed Sacrament which followed, many thought that we were about to take our departure, especially as the affair of the *Jefe* was now generally known; for I had publicly pardoned in my sermon all who were conspiring to wrong us. A scene of the wildest excitement ensued; the crowd, with sympathy in their hearts and tears in their eyes, thronged around me to receive my blessing. I told them that we had no intention of leaving them and that we purposed hearing the confessions of the men that evening, and on this account the women should wait until the next day. Aided by several priests, who had come that day from Silao, we heard more than three hundred confessions that evening. About eight o'clock the *Jefe Politico*, accompanied by his satellites, surrounded the church, and, entering the presbytery, threatened the pastor's sister. Without removing his helmet he burst into the room occupied by the pastor and began searching for him and me, as I was superior of the mission. As the door of the pastor's room was open some men who were waiting for confession perceived the *Jefe* and told Fr. Manci of his presence. Meanwhile, a number of women who were in the streets, frightened by the ministers of justice, flocked to the church. Their abrupt entry caused a panic amongst the men who were waiting for confession. At this juncture the *Jefe* rushed into the pastor's house once more, from which he was forcibly ejected, not without considerable peril to himself.

But what, you may ask, were we doing all this time? I was with the assistant pastor in the sacristy, the door of which was closed. Father Rodriguez was at the Notary's office with reference to the registering of some marriages. The other fathers leaving their confessionals betook themselves, some to the sacristy, some to the residence of the pastor.

As the *Jefe* issued from the parochial house he fell into the hands of some women of Amazonian mould. Turning, however, towards the house, he fired three shots through the window of the room where he thought the pastor was at that moment; whereupon a woman struck him a blow on the face, from the effect of which he fell to the ground senseless. The confusion now became general, and the people began to cry out: "Long live religion!" "Long live the missionaries!" "Long live Sta. Maria de Luz!"

At that moment shots were fired on the crowd from two or three houses on the public square, wounding many of the poor people who were either coming out of the church

or already in the square. The exasperated people, on beholding this, began to retaliate and sent a volley of stones through the windows of the obnoxious houses, which belonged, by the way, to usurers.

The lamps of the city served also as targets for their missiles, the falling glass adding a lugubrious music to their shouts of "Long live religion! etc."

It is remarkable to note here that during this *émeute* nothing was stolen, clearly demonstrating that, though roused to fury by severe provocation, the rioters were strictly honest. As proof of this I may mention that the fruit-dealers whose stalls were in the midst of the fray, did not lose a single fruit, though they had left their stalls when the riot began. This is a convincing argument against our enemies, who did not hesitate to affirm that plunder was the motive of the outbreak.

The day following this disturbance, which was the 25th of April, the supreme *Jefe* arrived accompanied by a troop of soldiers. He ordered the pastor to deliver up to him the three missionaries, although I had sent him a letter containing a full and true account of the cause of the whole affair. With an arrogance those vested with a little brief authority are wont to display, he dispatched a messenger to the pastor to tell him if he did not immediately deliver up the missionaries he would proceed to the parochial house and burn it to the ground. Hearing this, accompanied by the pastor, I proceeded to the house where he was stationed. Having obtained an interview, I said: "*Jefe*, no action of the missionaries has been calculated to give rise to this riot amongst the people, and no words of ours can be tortured into an expression of disrespect for the Government."

The only answer my protestation of innocence evoked was the announcement that he had received orders to arrest me and my companions. I then informed him that Father Mauleon had already gone home, and that I had just been told that the other father had left the city that night in company with the priests who had come from Silao to hear confessions.

The deference I displayed towards him had the effect of moderating his anger, so much so that we thought that there would be an end to the matter, especially as he had informed the Government that I was his prisoner. But at three o'clock in the afternoon he received orders to send us to Guanajuato to be examined by the privy counsellor of the Superior Government.

We started that evening at four o'clock, accompanied by

a vast concourse of people who were loud in their lamentations over our banishment, as they deemed it.

Everything had been prepared beforehand by the Government, so that we should enter the city escorted by soldiers; not by the public road, but by a by-street, in order to make it appear that such a measure was dictated by the fear that our entry would cause a riot amongst the crowds which came out to meet us. We arrived in the city at half-past seven o'clock in the evening.

The next day there was a general arrest of priests. Those who had come from Silao, and had only spent three hours hearing the confessions of the men, as well as one whom the minister of justice had prevented from going to Leon to procure holy oils for his parish, being numbered amongst the prisoners. The last to be arrested was Father Mancini, who had returned with the priests of Silao, as he did not wish to compromise the landlord of the house where he stayed, who, poor man, was fearful lest his harboring a suspected enemy of the Government would injure himself and his family in the eyes of the authorities. The father was first lodged in the castle of Silao, but was afterwards removed under a strong military escort to the castle where we were confined. Our case was begun without delay by the judge of the district, who, on the 28th of April, adjudged that we had been rightly imprisoned, as we were the promoters of the riot which had taken place, inasmuch as we had incited it by our invectives against the Government.

But what was the veritable cause of this iniquitous sentence and unjust denunciation? The wish of those in power to oppress us, and with us the Catholic Church, as may be inferred from the words of the military *Jefe*, addressed to me while I was his prisoner at the Prefecture.

"Father," said he to me one day, "I have foretold a miracle. As soon as I heard that you were about to give a mission in this part of the country, I said it would be a miracle if you left here without experiencing something prejudicial, either to your character or person; for I knew well what would happen here, and what was to be feared."

The pastor of Santa Luz, who was arrested with us, was liberated on the following day, and the other priests, who also shared our captivity, obtained their liberty towards the end of April. We alone—namely, the three missionaries, together with the parish priest and a few seculars, were detained in prison. For three months we remained in durance vile. Meanwhile our case progressed with more than the proverbial slowness of legal proceedings, from which circumstances the Attorney General concluded that there was

no case against us, as we had done nothing contrary to law, and were, therefore, entitled to our liberty. On this account he asked the judge for a verdict of acquittal for us. The sentence of the judge was that the fathers were to be liberated, but that I should undergo eleven months' imprisonment, as I had violated the fundamental laws of the country by my sermons, and, moreover, that I should pay a fine of one thousand dollars, or, in default of payment, remain in prison for a hundred days over and above the term named.

The demand which our attorney pleaded was founded on just grounds, as is evidenced by the fact that even in the opinion of the advocate there was no case against us, for he thus expressed himself in a letter to me: "I have nothing against you, as you have in no way violated the laws of the Government, nor its institutions." In this opinion nothing but the truth is to be found, for I solemnly declare that I have never by word or act violated those laws.

During our captivity it was given us to offer something for Christ crucified; for, in the first place, we were forbidden to say Mass, and were only allowed to hear it on Sundays. After this, Ours were forbidden to say that Mass, and at length forbidden to go to the prison chapel at all, which was up to that time allowed to us, by our merely asking the key of the chapel door from the under-governor.

I made strenuous efforts to get permission for one of us, at least, to be allowed to say Mass, at which the others might receive Holy Communion, and as this modest request was backed by the influence of one of the official visitors of the prison, I had the happiness of saying Mass on the 26th of May, Feast of St. Philip Neri, and continued to do so on Sundays, relying on the tacit permission of the Governor. On the 11th of June, however, this precious privilege was denied me; for on that day, for some cause or other, the deputy-governor ordered that I should be locked up separately for two hours. As soon as the Governor heard that I had done nothing to merit such a punishment, he went to the deputy and expressed his feelings to him relative to my innocence. This pacified him, but peace was purchased rather dearly for us, for the Governor ordered the chapel to be closed altogether and the key sent to him.

Providence, however, did not desert us. A generous gentleman sent us everything necessary for the celebration of Mass, by means of which three of us were enabled to offer the Holy Sacrifice on the 10th of June. Of course this boon was indulged in *sub rosa*. We had the same happiness on the Feast of our Holy Father St. Ignatius, which was the last time; for, in order to effect this, we were obliged

to get up during the small hours of the morning; and now, alas! the noxious atmosphere was beginning to tell on our health, and what was done with alacrity during health had to be abandoned when we became the prey of sickness. "Blessed be the name of God in all things!"

I must not neglect to inform you of the true cause of all our troubles with the authorities. When, on the 25th of April, we left the mission of St. Francis, and repaired to the mining district of Sta. Maria de Luz, my first duty on arriving at Silao was to go, accompanied by the pastors of St. Francis and Sta. Maria de Luz, to pay my respects to the Prefect of Guanajuato. He received us very kindly, and conversed freely with us; but it so happened that before our arrival he had received instructions not to allow the bells of the parish church to be rung on our advent into the city. This the Prefect candidly informed us of. I must not omit to inform you that the Prefect of Santa Maria de Luz intimated that he had received orders from the Superior Government to assign competent persons to listen to our sermons. These were the witnesses against us, and it was on their information that proceedings were instituted against us. Three of them in particular testified against me, swearing that in my sermons I had spoken against the laws of the State. When during the trial I made a review of their evidence, which operation is called *caveo*, they were found to be in flagrant contradiction with one another, so that I denounced their testimony as utterly untrustworthy, since it was the evidence of perjurers in collusion with the authorities who were conspiring to ruin us.

The popular opinion here is that the riot among the people was caused by the imprudence of the *Jefe Politico*, who came when he was in a state of intoxication to take the missionaries, and at a moment when nearly all the people were coming to confession, who, seeing him armed with a gun looking for the priests, were naturally indignant. No small element of that disturbance was the action of the usurers, who, refusing to change their own lives, had also refused to make amends to the poor people whom they had wronged, and then added outrage to their nefarious practices by firing on an unarmed crowd.

This opinion is endorsed by no less a personage than the *Jefe* himself, who admitted that those who were wounded were injured because of the base action of the usurers. Of the wounded, one died in the hospital of Guanajuato during the operation of amputating his leg, which was deemed necessary.

Before I conclude, it is incumbent on me to pay a tribute

of thankful gratitude to the ladies of this city, who, by their thoughtful generosity, did much to alleviate our sufferings. Nine of them deserve special mention, as they undertook a journey to plead our cause; two others went as far as Mexico, and laid our case before the President of the Republic. But their journeys were destined to be without effect, for no decision was come to in our regard, except that a few concessions were made by the judges.

The *Jefe Politico* of Santa Maria de Luz, who arrested us, wrote, as it is now generally known, a grandiloquent letter to the Government, in which he lauded to the skies the heroic fortitude of the troops, and magnified as much as he could the character of the *émeute*. Drawing inspiration from this mendacious epistle, the President and the Government eulogized the prowess of the military and the commendable activity of the *Jefe*, reserving all the uncomplimentary epithets to qualify the conduct of the people and the missionaries. This has had the effect of prejudicing the minds of all those in power against us.

As this condemnation became public, the city of Guana-juato assumed the appearance of a city in a state of siege. The guards at the castle were trebled, and every entrance, both ordinary and extraordinary, was watchfully guarded; yea, more, soldiers were placed on the roofs, and regiments paraded the streets with all the paraphernalia of war, in order to strike terror into the hearts of the people. Even this was not deemed sufficient; cannon were mounted on the adjacent hills in case of emergency "It was a great victory."

teetural beauty; the incessant hum of commerce that resounds through its streets and blocks, mark out Galveston as a sedulous cultivator of the arts of peace. Yet, in a recent excursion to the west-end of the Island, I was reminded that little more than half a century ago the only white inhabitants were, by repute at least, a horde of wild and reckless buccaneers. Twenty miles west of the city, Lafitte's Grove, a clump of magnificent oaks standing on the highest point of the island, relieves the sameness of the prairie scenery. All these trees are welded together at the base, forming a solid mass of oak, about twenty-five feet square. They afford an illustration of the proverb, "unity is strength;" for three hundred year's ago (1585) they figured as a landmark on a Spanish chart of the Southern coast, and, in spite of the terrific storms that have in the meantime swept the Gulf, they stand to-day erect, majestic, and unconquered, like the daring Captain whose name they bear. Around these oaks a thousand buccaneers pitched their tents, whose captain, Lafitte, made them his headquarters and held his court beneath their ample shade. A Catholic gentleman from Pennsylvania purchased recently the property surrounding the grove, and, considering the obloquy cast upon Lafitte in a great degree unjust, gave to the locality the name of its former master.

Jean Lafitte, born in France in 1780, emigrated to New Orleans, where, for a time, he moved in the best society; but having killed his opponent in a duel, he fled to Baratavia, an island near the mouth of the Mississippi. There he succeeded in gathering around him a daring band of sailors who elected him their captain. To legalize his undertakings, he obtained a commission from the French Government to prey on Spanish and English commerce. And later New Carthagen invested him with similar authority against Spain. He was soon in command of a fleet of eighteen vessels, manned by a crew of one thousand men. English and American vessels were occasionally sent to dislodge him, but he either eluded them, or showed forth in such force that they retired. Governor Claiborne of Louisiana put a price (\$1500) on his head, whereupon Lafitte responded by putting \$50,000 on the head of the Governor. The latter sent a strong squadron to Baratavia, to sweep the pirates off the island, but Lafitte easily capturing his assailants, treated them royally, and sent them back with presents to the Governor. He soon took a still more glorious revenge. In 1814, an English brig appeared at Baratavia bearing written proposals from the English naval authorities to Lafitte, to the effect that they would put him

in command of a frigate with the rank of post-captain and pay him £30,000, if he would assist them in their war against the United States. Lafitte at once sent the documents to a state officer of Louisiana, at the same time offering his services to the United States, on the sole condition of pardon for himself and his men. This epistle is a manly one, at once dignified and politic. He might have evaded the payment of duties at the custom-house, but that did not prevent him from being a good citizen. "There were certain vices in the tariff laws," and he hinted that in disregarding them he was only putting his free-trade principles into practice. His offer having been accepted, he met and defeated Admiral Peckingham at the mouth of the Mississippi, and fought so bravely in the historic battle of New Orleans that Gen. Jackson specially commended him, and President Madison issued a proclamation praising his fidelity and valor, and offering complete pardon to himself and his men. But unable to resist the charms of ocean life, Lafitte put himself again at the head of his former crew, making Galveston Island his headquarters. Soon a thousand men had rallied about him, and a town was built, the nucleus of the present city. Perfect discipline was in a novel manner maintained among his motley subjects. When his orders were disobeyed, the accused received a fair trial, during which every circumstance was investigated which concerned his guilt or innocence. The only sentences pronounced by the judge (Lafitte) were death or liberty. In the former case, the judge at once assumed the role of executioner. The condemned, having exercised his choice of place and weapons, had the privilege of fighting for his life, and with his judge too; but the superior skill and strength of Lafitte always prevailed. This was the substitute for rope and guillotine in Galveston seventy years ago. An improvement certainly on the methods of Judge Lynch. He treated prisoners with great generosity. In 1821, one of his captains having, contrary to his express orders, attacked an American vessel, Captain Kearney was sent by the United States government to dislodge him from the Island. Lafitte received the captain with a salute of twenty-one guns, and tried every art to dissuade him from his purpose, but, finding the Yankee inexorable, he paid and disbanded his followers, and abandoned the Island forever. About the remainder of his career traditions do not agree; but that which we would most willingly receive, is that, relinquishing ocean life, he spent the evening of his days among his friends and kindred in his native country, and, dying in peace, left

behind him the reputation of an accomplished Christian gentleman.

Lafitte is reported to have said that a vast quantity of gold had been hidden on the Island. Many have searched for it, but no one has found it. Others, however, maintain that Lafitte had in view the natural advantages of the Island, which, if availed of, would afford gold in plenty. The estimate, if such it was, has proved a true one. The bleak Bay in which, some seventy years ago, the galleys of the privateer or buccaneer cast anchor, has now become the safe harbor of the merchant vessels that once were roughly handled in its neighborhood, and Galveston is now the trusted depository of the products of those regions, which once trembled at the mention of its name. The only drawback to Galveston harbor—that sand bars occasionally form at the mouth of the Bay, preventing the entrance of Atlantic steamers—is now to be removed by the United States government, for the commissioners appointed to decide on the relative facilities of Southern harbors, with a view to advancing a sum for their development, have decided on Galveston as the harbor for Texas and the Trans-Mississippi States. The mere announcement has raised the price of property, and many flattering predictions are now confidently made concerning the future prosperity of Galveston.

I have dwelt thus long on the history and material prospects of our city, the better to explain our present circumstances and our hopes for the future. The people of Galveston partake somewhat of the motley character of the followers of Lafitte: they are pretty fairly divided in origin among the various nations of South America and Europe, while every State in the Union, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, has its representatives here. All these have not yet been moulded into one body; they are now in the chrysalis state, and require, on that account, very tender handling. This will explain the fact that our college has not yet made the rapid strides that the extent of the Catholic population and the remarkably tolerant spirit of the people, would lead one to expect. Add to this, that two splendid public-school buildings (one, a high-school) have been erected recently in our neighborhood, which are very efficiently conducted for public schools. Many of the poorer Catholics send their children to these schools, and most of those who send them to us take them away as soon as a situation offers. Hence it has been found impossible so far to form a graduating class, but now our prospects are better, and will improve with the increasing prosperity of the city.

As the diocese of Galveston embraces nearly all Texas,

and as the priests are few, there is much mission work to be done. Hence, our fathers are frequently called away for that purpose. Fr. Wm. Power, in conjunction with Fr. Downey, gave recently a most successful mission at Alexandria. The congregations were largely Protestant, and at the close of the mission the authorities of the city invited Fr. Power to deliver a lecture in the City Hall. For an hour and a half a crowded audience was thrilled by the forcible eloquence which Fr. Power has always at command. Somewhat previously, another of our fathers gave a series of retreats in Western Texas with excellent results, in spite of having had a full share of those startling adventures and hair-breadth escapes that form one of the natural products of Texas.

In the city itself much good has been done. The city hospital is attended by one of our fathers, sodalities have been formed for both sexes and colors, and over two hundred children attend our Sunday school. But there is one great drawback. Up to this we have had no church properly so called, one of the halls of the college having had to serve the purpose. The fascinating oratory of Fr. O'Connor and the solid eloquence of Fr. Power have compensated thus far for the poverty of the edifice; but a church was needed, and Fr. O'Connor had already projected one, when he was called to assume the rectorship of New Orleans. Rev. Fr. Butler, his successor, prosecuted the design with energy, and, on March 29, 1889, laid the foundation of the Church of the Sacred Heart. An eminent Catholic architect, Mr. N. D. Clayton, had built a magnificent residence in our neighborhood, the wonder of all visitors and the boast of Galveston. He now resolved to raise an edifice to the Sacred Heart, which would eclipse in architectural beauty the Gothic castle of Congressman Gresham. And though as yet only the outer walls have been built, he has, in the opinion of all, succeeded. The style is French Romanesque, similar to that of the Sacred Heart Church of Montmartre, Paris (*le Vau National*). The interior of the church is 157 by 60, transept 25 by 80, and the outer wall 31 feet in height. The ceiling will be 60 feet from the floor, the gables and the towers which support the front on either side, 30 feet higher, while the cupola will rise to a height of 170 feet. The principal features are the magnificent triple-arched windows in the transept, 22 feet high, and the splendid front, in which massive grandeur and varied beauty are so artistically united that many competent critics assign it the palm over anything they have seen in brickwork. It is but just to state that the exact application of Mr. Clayton's plans is mainly due to

the architectural genius of Br. Otten, who superintends everything. To the regret of all, the work was interrupted a few days ago for want of funds, which are hard to raise in Galveston, when no dividends are expected. However, perfect confidence is felt that the Sacred Heart, in whose name and for whose glory the church was begun, will take the completion under Its own loving care. Then only shall we be able to reach all our parishioners, and induce the Catholic parents of the city to send their children to our college.

M. K.

MEXICO.

Extract from a Letter of P. de la Cerda.

PUEBLA, MEXICO,

December 28, 1889.

Let me tell you how I passed my vacation. After giving a retreat to the Discalced Carmelites, and making my own, I set out with PP. Jorna (Dutch) and Arocena (Spanish), to give a mission at Zapotitlán *de las Salinas* (of the salt mines), a town some hundred and fifty miles from Puebla, towards Oaxaca.

Such a strange-looking country! Why, even I, a Mexican born and bred, was astonished. From Zapotitlán onward, stretches a tract called "Las Mistecas." The inhabitants are Indians, who speak the Mistec dialect, but have a smattering of Spanish. It is a very hot place; rain falls but two or three times a year; so the land is as dry as a chip. The part we visited is very mountainous; the mountains extend, I think, as far as Oaxaca. And very odd-looking mountains they are: with their peaks jutting out for all the world like an army of hedgehogs. The "flora" of this region is quite unique. It waxes strong, without rain, in a parched soil. It comprises "Organos," "Viznagas," Agaves, and "Palmillos." The "Organos" are so styled from their resemblance, when clustered together, to a church-organ. They reach a height of eighteen feet, and are found in great variety. All, without exception, bend towards the north, and a slit or seam runs straight from top to bottom on the inner side of the bend. Now this bend is not caused by the wind, since the wind blows the other way. What *does* cause it? Come down here and we'll study it up to-

gether. If this phenomenon were found on one or two mountains only it would not be so striking. But it is found everywhere,—not a trace of an exception. “Las Mistecas,” for all its barren aspect, is very rich land. It abounds in marble of many kinds. Onyx is as abundant as granite at Woodstock. There are mines of salt, of silver, and of gold; though only the salt mines are worked at present.

We went from Puebla to Tehuacán in the cars; but from Tehuacán onward we were obliged to go on horse-back over roads that would have tired a goat.

The mission began on the feast of St. Stanislaus, and closed on the 8th of December. It was solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart, to which fact we ascribe its success, in spite of the very serious difficulties with which we had to contend. Here, for example, is one which met us at the outset. The bishop forbade us to hear the confessions of any one who should not first pay a year’s tithes. Now no tithes had been collected for fifty years back, and probably none had ever been paid on salt. Bear in mind, please, that nine-tenths of the men were salt miners. Really, had I known the difficulty in advance, I should not have set out on the mission. But God touched the hearts of the poor people and they expressed their eagerness to go to confession, cost what it might. No confessions had been heard among them for fifteen years. I leave you to imagine how fruitful our work was. . . . Let me tell you a little episode over which we laughed heartily. P. Jorna was called to the bed-side of a man who was very ill, and had been in a sort of stupor for three days. On the father’s arrival, the members of the family strove to rouse the sick man; but, for all their clamoring, they elicited no response. At last a little child approached, and in the shrillest of trebles called into its father’s ear:

“Papa, papa!”

“What do you want?”

“The father is here!”

“Thank God!”

“Should you like to go to confession?”

“Yes. Why not?”

So the sick man was left alone with the priest. The latter addresses his penitent. No answer. He shouts. The penitent replieth never a word. At last, imitating the piping treble of the child, the priest calls:

“Papa, papa!”

“What is it?”

“Shall I hear your confession?”

"Yes. Why not?"

"Are you sorry for all your sins?"

No answer.

"Papa, papa! Are you sorry for all your sins?"

"Yes. Why not?" said "Papa."

And P. Jorna departed with a grateful heart.

We heard two thousand confessions, for the most part, general; set many marriage cases right; and, in gratitude to the Sacred Heart, established the Apostleship of Prayer.

You see, dear father, how we pass our vacations in Mexico.

TAMPA, FLA.

Letter of Fr. Hugh to Mr. Rittmeyer.

TAMPA, FLA., CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS,
DIOCESE OF ST. AUGUSTINE,
Jan. 5, 1890.

You ask me to let you know some particulars about our position here, and the work we are doing. Here, then, are a few items gathered at random, which I hope will not be uninteresting.

Tampa is as yet but a very small city when compared with other cities in the Union, but I have reason to believe that it will grow in the future. Its population at present numbers about 3500, mostly English-speaking people. The few wide streets of this our little town are not paved, but covered with a deep layer of sand; they are not lighted up at night with electric lights, no, nor even with gas-light, but by large round coal-oil lamps, placed at sufficiently great distances from one another.

Very little Spanish is spoken in Tampa itself; but about two miles north of Tampa is a little town called Jbor (or Ibor) which is almost entirely settled by Cubans, and there Spanish is spoken quite extensively. A line of street-cars connects the two towns, and a little dummy, or small engine, runs out to Jbor every half hour. Yesterday I went out there for the first time in company with Fr. Quinlan; we saw several families and had to talk Spanish all the time. We are trying to make arrangements for building a church at Jbor, as the people there are nearly all Catholics, at least

in name, though many of them do not practice, and have not gone to church or approached the sacraments for years. The population is almost as numerous as that of Tampa; their occupation is chiefly cigar-making; for there are a number of cigar-factories at this place, and there pure Havana cigars are made by the million. The standard of morality among these Cubans, in some respects at least, is not a very high one, and we meet with some queer *Casus de Matrimonio*. The other day a man from Jbor came to us, wishing to get married to a woman whose husband is still alive, and from whom she separated some time ago. Another, also a Cuban, separated from his wife five years ago, wished to marry again, giving as his reason, that since his former wife is now married again, he also has a right to marry again. Both, of course, were dissatisfied with the answer we gave them, and, I am pretty sure, got married by the squire. I fear that we shall not be able to do much good among the people, and our hopes must chiefly be confined to their children, whom we shall endeavor to instruct and bring up as good Catholics. Providence has favored our good intentions in this direction, for already one thousand dollars have been donated to us for a church at Jbor by a Protestant gentleman living at San Augustine.

The number of practical Catholics in Tampa is very small, scarcely reaching three hundred; but they are really good people, kindly disposed towards us, and glad of our presence amongst them. Including Jbor, the total number of parishioners belonging to our church of St. Louis runs up to nearly three thousand. But besides this, we have a great number of missions and stations to attend to; in fact, we have eight counties of Florida to ourselves, and in nearly each county some three or four centres which we have to visit. Fr. Quinlan left for one of these missions this morning; he will return in about a week, and then almost immediately start for another. I myself was last Sunday at Lakeland, a small town thirty-two miles distant from Tampa; I said Mass there in a private house belonging to a Catholic family; their joy was great, for they had not been able to hear Mass for a long time. This little town is most picturesquely situated; it borders on nine small lakes, and is studded with a number of fine orange and lemon groves. These groves or plantations are, however, far from uncommon in this "Land of Flowers;" one meets them everywhere; we ourselves have quite a number of orange-trees in our garden, and though we are constantly eating oranges at all our meals, still we have been able to sell fifty dollars' worth of these golden apples.

In these small residences one meets with a number of privations unknown in our large colleges. I have a very small room by the side of our kitchen—a rather pleasant neighborhood, *n'est ce pas?*—I can see the day-light through the chinks in the floor and the door, and my window, even when closed, affords the balmy breeze facilities for a constant communication between itself and the chinks, so that I am constantly supplied with fresh air, and cannot complain of a want of light. The weather, however, is still very warm, and the mosquitos too are still quite troublesome. But these little trials and privations are also set off by consolations of a quite different kind. On Christmas Day I was very much edified at the fervor displayed by a good old Swiss over sixty years of age, who, living in the midst of Protestants, had travelled on foot a distance of more than twenty miles to hear three Masses and approach the sacraments. A young Englishman, a convert, came in his yacht from quite a distance to hear Mass and approach the sacraments on New Year's Day. It is really consoling to find such fervor in men living so far away from any Catholic church, and surrounded by men of every possible creed.

A northern company, who own the railroad and steam-boats in Florida, are building a most magnificent hotel in our sandy little town. I visited it yesterday in company with a Catholic gentleman from St. Louis, Mo., who spends the winter here for the sake of his health. The building is very imposing. Five hundred feet of it are now under roof, and they are working hard to finish the interior. It is entirely of brick, and fire-proof; the joists are all of fine steel, and the spaces between them are filled in with concrete. Six elegant turrets adorn the roof, from which one can get a fine view of Tampa, Tampa Bay, and the surrounding country. The hotel when complete will be over one thousand one hundred feet long; no money will be spared in making it comfortable, and all the latest improvements will be found therein. Its entire cost is estimated at several million dollars. The gentleman who was with me, and who has travelled a good deal, told me it would be one of the finest hotels in America. Tampa has undoubtedly a great future before it, and I am sure will be a big and important place some years hence. I tell you this, because with the growth of Tampa the importance of our position here will increase and the field of our labors will be widened.

Independently of this, however, there is a good probability that in the near future another big portion will be added to our already too large field for the few of us. When the parish-priest of Key West dies or resigns, we shall have

that large parish added on to what we have already. It is likely, as he told us lately, when he returned with Fr. Quinlan from the Synod at San Augustine, that he will soon leave Florida and return to Italy, his native country. Thus you see how appropriately the words of our Saviour apply to this country: "The harvest is great indeed, but the laborers are few." Let us then pray the Lord of the harvest, that He may send laborers into this field.

CANADA.

THE END OF THE JESUIT ESTATE AFFAIR.

The last act in the great Jesuit Estate Question was performed on the fifth of November last in the Provincial offices, Montreal, when Hon. Mr. Mercier, Prime Minister, paid \$400,000 to Father Turgeon, the Pope's procurator *ad hoc*. This sum releases the Province of Quebec from all claims which the Catholic Church or the Society of Jesus had on the estates unjustly seized by the crown of England in the year 1800. The choice of the date for the final payment—the anniversary of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot—was very displeasing to the Orangemen. Giving back the Jesuits their property on the fifth of November was adding insult to injury and wounding sentiments the Orangemen thought even Mr. Mercier should feel himself bound to respect. And there were some weak-kneed Catholics too who thought the Prime Minister should not taunt his vanquished enemies. But the coincidence of dates was an accident that circumstances could not alter, inasmuch as it was the only day all the members of the Cabinet could conveniently assemble in Montreal; and so the bitter recriminations of the Orangemen had little effect.

To make matters worse, a certain amount of official solemnity was observed in the payment of the \$400,000. The newspapers opposed to Mr. Mercier treated the whole scene in the government office that morning as a mock-heroic one, and wished to prove that the ambitious Prime Minister, in surrounding himself with Monsignori, Jesuits, and other members of the clergy, was trying to make political capital out of a simple business transaction. Certainly the event, with its accomplishment, lent itself more or less to this interpretation; but so many other Canadian

statesmen had grappled with the vexed question during eighty-seven years, and had failed, that Mr. Mercier may well be pardoned the little pride he may have felt the day he signed the document he considered the most important of his whole life.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the fifth of November, the Prime Minister took his seat at the head of the long table in the main room of the government offices. He had the newly-created Monsignor Labelle, Deputy Minister of Agriculture and Colonization at his right, and the Mayor of Montreal at his left. Farther down the table were seated the Ministers of the Cabinet, several of our fathers, the representatives of the Bishops who shared in the estate money, and other prominent citizens.

After all had been comfortably placed, Mr. Mercier called upon the Notary Lussier to read the deed of agreement which had been drawn up between the government and the Jesuits, and which was now about to be signed by both. This document had been carefully prepared beforehand; every word chosen and weighed, so that no flaw, legal or otherwise, might be discovered to give trouble to future generations. In it were recorded the stipulations by which for a compensation of \$400,000, "the Government of the Province of Quebec will receive a full, complete, and perpetual concession of all the property which may have belonged in Canada by whatever title to the Fathers of the old Society; and the Jesuits will renounce all rights generally whatsoever upon such property, and the revenues therefrom, in favor of the Province;—the whole in the name of the Pope, of the Sacred College of the Propaganda, and of the Roman Catholic Church in general."

This document being read, Assistant Provincial Secretary Mitchell produced checks, thirteen in number, ready for indorsement, in the following order:—For the Jesuits, \$160,000; Laval University, Quebec, \$100,000; Laval University, Montreal, \$40,000; the Apostolic Prefecture of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, \$20,000; the Archbishopric of Quebec, \$10,000; the Archbishopric of Montreal, \$10,000; Bishopric of Chicoutimi, \$10,000; Bishopric of Nicolet, \$10,000; Bishopric of Three Rivers, \$10,000; Bishopric of St. Hyacinthe, \$10,000; Bishopric of Sherbrooke \$10,000; representing interest due to the Jesuits, \$5260. All the checks were made payable at the Bank of Montreal, and subject to the order of Father Turgeon, to whom they were handed one by one in the midst of a profound silence.

The next proceeding was the signing of the deed of

agreement; but Mr. Mercier began by making a speech, of which what follows is a summary:

"Before putting my signature at the bottom of this important deed, I wish to say a few words. I will be brief, but I trust that my words will be appropriate. This deed, which will stand as a monument, contains two important clauses; first, a cession of all rights in the Jesuit estates to the Province of Quebec, and, secondly, the payment of \$400,000 by the Province. This cession is the result of a compromise between Father Turgeon and myself, sanctioned by the Legislature, a compromise made in the name of several important parties interested: first, the Pope, representing the Catholic Church; secondly, the Jesuit fathers both ancient and present; thirdly, the Province of Quebec. A cession is made of all rights which the Church could claim, of all rights which the ancient Jesuits could claim, and of all rights which the newly-incorporated body of Jesuits in 1887 might claim to these Estates. For this the Province of Quebec pays \$400,000, a very considerable sum in appearance, but in reality a very small one. If the real value of the estates be compared to this sum, the amount becomes insignificant. Moreover, if we take into consideration the fact that we are purchasing peace at this price and causing a disappearance of difficulties between civil and religious authorities, that we are bequeathing to our children a legacy of peace which will enable them to proclaim aloud that men were found in these days sufficiently imbued with religious and national sentiments to settle this important question; if all these things are taken into consideration, we are certainly entitled to credit for having worked for the general good.

"The amount is to be paid by separate checks for each item of distribution. This may seem strange to those who are not acquainted with Father Turgeon's extraordinary delicacy. He was to receive the whole amount for distribution. The whole could, and perhaps should, have been paid to him. However, he thought better (and for that I thank him) that separate checks should be made out, so that each one might be considered as receiving direct the amount granted him by the Holy Father."

After making a few observations regarding the \$60,000 to be given to the Protestants of the Province, Mr. Mercier continued: "As God is my witness, I make the most fervent vows that peace may reign everywhere, not only among Catholics but among Protestants also, and that all may unite in proclaiming the advent of civil and religious peace, and express satisfaction at the law made to settle this important question. There is no doubt but that this is the feeling of

the great majority; and as regards the agitation which has been raised and which, it appears, still exists in certain quarters, I have nothing to say. I shall continue in my rôle of peace-maker, making no charge against those who may think differently from me. Having rendered justice to the religious authorities, I shall say nothing to disturb the peace of this great day. I believe I have done right. If others think otherwise, let them take the responsibility of their acts. History will relate in its pages, when we have disappeared, when passions have calmed down, who were right and who were wrong. However, above us all stands a most impartial Judge, before whom all must appear, Catholics and Protestants, French and English. He will judge us all with more equity than men may sometimes have done. Before closing, gentlemen, I must inform you that I have invited my two sons to sign this deed which I consider the most important document of my whole life. I trust you will allow them to put down their names as witnesses thereto." This able speech was long and loudly applauded.

Father Turgeon, rising to reply, said he did not expect to be called upon to speak on this occasion. However, he could not refuse the request of the Hon. Mr. Mercier who had rendered him so many valuable services on different occasions. "To say," he continued, "that I am thankful to the Legislature, is a statement that will astonish no one. Appointed to a special mission by the Propaganda and by superiors, I wish to say how grateful I am to the Hon. Prime Minister and his colleagues for their proceedings towards me. Mr. Mercier has referred to my delicacy. I must say that there was a conflict of delicacy between us, and he carried off the palm. He had many difficulties to overcome, and he overcame them victoriously We have been charged at times with meddling in politics. Now why should we not have the right to say a thing is right when we find it right, and to thank Hon. Mr. Mercier and his Cabinet for what they have done for the Catholic Church and the Society? I thank them, then, in the name of the Propaganda and of the Society of Jesus." After making a short digression to prove by examples the loyalty of our old Fathers to the flags that floated over them before and after the Conquest of Canada, Father Turgeon concluded: "As a Canadian I thank Mr. Mercier for the service he has rendered us. Thanks to God first, then to him and to the Legislature, we are now recognized as citizens. In becoming Jesuits we did not cease to be Canadians. Ancient Rome conferred the title of citizenship for less than has been done by our Fathers. Our Order has glorious pages

in the history of our country. Two hundred years ago the Jesuits shed their blood for their adopted country of Canada, they are ready to shed it again; that surely gives them a title to citizenship In conclusion, I may add that I was a witness to the good impression produced among the high dignitaries of Rome by this important act of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, and I may say that those who took part in effecting its passage will never be forgotten in Rome."

Father Turgeon and Mr. Mercier then signed the deed of agreement, followed by the members of the Cabinet, those of our Fathers who were present, and the two sons of the Prime Minister. Father Turgeon then indorsed the checks, except the \$160,000 one which he retained for the Society, and handed them over one by one to the representatives of the Bishops and the University who were present ready to receive them. Thus terminated the memorable cession that marked the end of legislation in the famous estate question.

"But is it indeed the end?" asked the *Toronto Mail*. It is the end of the claims the Society had to the estates; but it is not the end of the base charges of double-dealing, underhand politics, etc., which are thrown into its face daily by Catholic newspapers. This may seem strange conduct for Catholic newspapers. But it is well to know that there are two distinct Catholic parties in the Province of Quebec. There are the Ultramontanes, or "No surrender" party, pretty numerous and aggressive, represented by *L'Etendard* and *La Vérité*. There is the other party, also numerous, represented by at least a dozen of newspapers, whose fundamental rule is, "Don't try to be a better Catholic than the Pope;" and it is amazing how triumphantly they succeed in observing their rule. The Jesuits are placed among the Ultramontanes; we are, in fact, "accused" of being the leaders of Ultramontanism; consequently, have to bear the blows levelled at us by the dozen newspapers subsidized by the other party. These attacks are taken up by the Protestant press, and, Catholic testimony alone being evoked, a clear case is naturally made out against us.

The only motive that can be given for the abuse which has been specially aimed at the Society during the past couple of years, is jealousy or disappointment at our success all along the line; first, the success of the Incorporation Bill in 1887, in spite of distinguished ecclesiastical opposition; secondly, Mr. Mercier's firm attitude and ultimate success in the passage of the Estates Bill. During the exciting debate over this Bill, our relations with Mr. Mercier, *statesman*, were necessarily intimate at times, and in the

eyes of an ill-disposed public tended to identify us with Mr. Mercier, *politician* and nationalist. An accusation of meddling in politics was brought against the Society in the beginning of 1889, and Fr. Superior had to publish a letter to say that the accusation was without foundation. The Jesuits were grateful to Mr. Mercier for services rendered, but there is a world of difference between showing gratitude and identifying oneself with a party.

The Jesuits came out unscathed, but the Hon. Prime Minister is paying for his firmness. His political antagonists are the Blue Conservatives and Red Liberals. His party is the fruit of the Riel agitation; it was formed at a famous indignation meeting held in Montreal in 1885. The French Canadians, Conservative or Liberal, who thought their beloved Province of Quebec was in danger, heard Mr. Mercier's famous cry, "Let us keep together!" left the Conservative and Liberal ranks and rallied under the banner of the new National party. It is not surprising that the Nationalists should find enemies in the ranks they abandoned; nor is it surprising that the statesmen who made them abandon those ranks should receive an extra cut of the lash. Mr. Mercier and his Nationalists are feeling the resentment of both Liberals and Conservatives. That the Liberals should be demonstrative in their resentment is not to be wondered at, since they are the people who look to France for their inspirations; but that the Conservative element should follow a similar line of conduct is discouraging. In Lower Canada a few years ago the French Conservative camp was supposed to be a refuge for all that was honorable and frankly Catholic. But all that is changing now. The National party robbed it of its best blood, and whatever prestige it had in former years is dwindling down to a shadow. There is no longer any honor in being a Conservative, any more than in being a Liberal. Both parties have gathered under their wings all the violent writers in the Province; and the tone of the press which they subsidize begins to differ not a whit from French Radicalism. For not to mention the utter degradation of language and sentiment French journalism of all shades has reached,—nothing commoner than to hear an editor calling his brethren around the corner "nameless idiots," "shameless liars" etc.,—Canadian writers have found it necessary to borrow from France the terms they require to give expression to the ideas that are floating around. Such expressions therefore as "Clericalism," "Anti-clericalism," "Ultramontanism," "National Clergy," "Foreigners" "Strangers," falling daily from the lips and pens of Catholic politicians, indicate anything but a healthy state of public

opinion. It is amazing with what dexterity a public man is labelled and put in his proper category. The "foreigners" and "strangers" are of course the Jesuits, who by the way were in Canada long before the rabid writers of the Conservative and Liberal parties had reached their swaddling clothes. But it is not delicacy or tact that troubles Canadian editors. One of the ablest writers (Catholic) in the Province of Quebec called the Pope to task for overlooking Cardinal Taschereau and appointing a Jesuit to transact the estate business. It was a most deplorable error of judgment and he hoped it would never happen again. Another writer (Catholic) published recently a violent article against the Society. The translation of a passage will suffice to give the tone. Addressing the few other French Canadian journals that stood by the Jesuits during the estates discussion, he wrote:

"Your persistence in not seeing God or the Church except through the spectacles of Loyola, in criticizing whatever does not come from or go to his Order, proves to us that in our land as in many others, thanks to men like you, the Jesuits are playing under cover behind the throne a *rôle* which has always and necessarily had the double result of having them shown out of the country with more or less etiquette, and of diminishing the prestige of that Church which the Society of Jesus has so often simply made a stepping stone to ends Christ certainly never dreamed of. We shall always defend our own clergy, our own institutions, our own country, against those passers-by (*transientes*) to whom we now put the alternative of being either simply Jesuits or frankly and openly politicians. We shall not allow ourselves to be shot in the back. In politics as on the battlefield, the principle stands good that those who are not soldiers and who are taken with arms in hand are put on the footing of spies and pinned to the wall."

This article was written in vigorous French and created quite a sensation. The Protestant newspapers reproduced it as pure gospel; the Catholic refuted it; the indifferent reproduced it as a curiosity of literature. In being too violent the writer missed his mark; we are not yet sufficiently advanced for prose of this stamp. "Pinning Jesuits to the wall" is a very effectual way of silencing them; but it is a way of getting out of the difficulty that commends itself to Communists, not to Canadians.

E. J. D.

THREE GOLDEN JUBILEES.

FR. ALOYSIUS ROCOFFORT.

(From the *Church News*.)

The Rev. Aloysius Rocoffort, S. J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus Oct. 22nd, 1889. On the previous Friday, which was really the anniversary, he was surprised to find that nearly two-thirds of the congregation presented themselves at the altar-railing to receive Holy Communion from his hands. On Tuesday the 22nd at 10.30 o'clock Father Rocoffort celebrated his golden jubilee Mass in Holy Trinity Church, assisted by Rev. John B. De Wolf, S. J., as deacon, and Rev. C. K. Jenkins, S. J., as sub-deacon. Many of his clerical friends were seated in the sanctuary. The preacher was Rev. E. A. McGurk, S. J.

Father Rocoffort was born in Marseilles, France, March 15, 1819. He was educated at Friburg, Switzerland, where he spent four years, and was received into the Society of Jesus at Avignon, the city of the Popes, October 18, 1839. After the usual course of studies he was ordained priest in August, 1846, in the seminary at Vals. In November, 1846, during the Mexican war, he came to the United States and settled in Louisiana. For ten years he labored in St. Charles' parish, in that State, his parishioners being principally Acadians. In December, 1856, he was transferred to the District of Columbia, and, with the exception of two years spent in Boston and some years in France, has been here since that time ministering to the congregations of St. Aloysius and Holy Trinity. During the war he attended the Catholic soldiers in the hospitals here, and administered the sacraments of the Church to two soldiers, who were the first wounded during our long civil strife. These men were stationed near Fort Washington, and were injured by the explosion of a shell. One of them died soon after the accident. Father Rocoffort is well known by the people of the District, and is universally beloved for his kind, genial disposition, unassuming piety and zeal for the welfare of those committed to his charge. At all times ready to help those in distress, he is

never so happy as when engaged in doing something to lighten the burden of his fellow-man. Although past middle life, he is full of activity and possessed of great mental vigor. May he be spared to his people for many years.

FR. ADRIAN VAN HULST.

(From the *Catholic Home*.)

The half a century of Father Van Hulst's usefulness has few, if any, incidents that his biographer would term striking. Like his own character, his work has been silent, modest and unassuming. With the exception of a brief period spent in missionary work amongst the Indians in Kansas, his life has been purely scholastic, or better say, spiritual. At various times he was professor in St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, La., minister of St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Kentucky, and for a time ably filled the chair of French rhetoric in the St. Louis University. In 1871 he came to St. Ignatius' College here, and has since been, and is at present, the spiritual adviser of the Jesuit community on W. 12th Street and of many other religious bodies in the city. The reverend father is regarded as a remarkably accurate casuist and an enlightened spiritual director. His conferences on the end and requirements of spiritual life are noted for their deep and enlightened spirituality.

The golden jubilee of the venerable priest was fittingly celebrated in the Holy Family Church on the 3rd of December, 1889. The sacred edifice was crowded and the sanctuary was filled with priests and acolytes. Prominent among the clergymen present were the Archbishop and Very Rev. Vicar-General Daniel Dowling, Very Rev. F. Luette, C. SS. R., rector of St. Michael's Church, and Rev. P. D. Gill of St. Charles Borromeo's Church, and Rev. Florentine Boudreaux, S. J., of the Sacred Heart Church. Father Van Hulst, in whose honor the celebration was gotten up, occupied a prominent seat in the sanctuary.

At the conclusion of the Mass Father Van Hulst, who is greatly esteemed for his gentle and pious nature, received the warm congratulations of the Archbishop, the Vicar-General, and many visiting priests and friends.

BR. WILLIAM HENNEN.

(From the *Fordham Monthly*.)

On Nov. 9th, Br. Hennen celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. To many

of the old boys his name and the celebration of his Jubilee undoubtedly mean more than they do to the present generation of students. Many of the old graduates must recall the Brother Baker of years ago, the tutelary genius of the bakeshop, when it meant even more than it does now. Br. Hennen has been at Fordham ever since it was first entrusted to the Jesuits by Archbishop Hughes in 1846. Even that was not his first connection with the institution. For St. John's, in more things than one, is really old St. Mary's, of Kentucky, transferred to its present home. The old clock on Second Division building is from there, having been brought originally from France, while many an old book around the house still bears the stamp of St. Mary's.

Br. Hennen was among the first who arrived, in August, 1846, not thinking, perhaps, that he was to be here so long, yet here he has been, year in and year out, through all this long space. Many a pleasant recollection he has of those first years—of the good-hearted, manly crowd of fellows, hard working students who played with all their might when the time came, wilder a little perhaps than we are now, but magnificent specimens of true American youth,—of those first graduating classes, the members of which have reflected so much honor on Alma Mater, and make the present generation thoughtful as to what they should be, “the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time.”

The recollections of those early days, as they appeared from time to time in the columns of the MONTHLY, have proved a source of the greatest pleasure to the good old brother. Of late years, of course, he has not been able to engage in active work, but his interest in the old place has never diminished, and many a fervent prayer, we feel sure, he has breathed for the continued prosperity of old St. John's. He has seen her first cramped and narrow quarters gradually expanding, and now the very month of his jubilee brings the beginning of another and the largest building yet for her occupation.

He feels that with the fondest wish of his heart—the success of old St. John's—assured, he can, in joy of soul, say his “Nunc dimittis.” The completion of fifty long years of laborious life in God's service, deserves the congratulations showered on him by his brothers in religion. Many years may he yet be with us to draw a blessing on us all by his fervent prayers.

W.

OBITUARY.

MR. CHRISTIAN F. WISE (Weiss).

Mr. Wise was born in Bergholz-Zell, Alsace, on May 19, 1858. Having lost his father in tender childhood, he received a careful home training from his pious mother, and in 1870 began the study of Latin under his devoted parish priest, Rev. Fr. Doppler, who had been forced to leave the novitiate of the Society, on account of ill health. The next year found young Wise in the apostolic school of Issenheim, where his teacher was Fr. Denis, now a missionary in China. For a brief space his life was all sunshine in this happy home, but lo! one evil day an emissary of the government appeared on the scene, and in the name of law and order commanded these innocent children, under all imaginable penalties, to disperse or leave their native land. To the honor of these little champions be it said, that they preferred serving their God in voluntary exile to enjoying the pleasures of home and country. Some sought the shelter of Amiens; others, in company with Fr. De Foresta, the originator of that magnificent work, the *Apostolic Schools*, who has since died in the odor of sanctity, went to begin a new school in Turnhout, Belgium, and amongst these chosen few was Christian Wise.

Fr. De Foresta was not deceived in his judgment of the boy, if he selected him as one of the pioneers, with a view to giving a healthy impulse to the new college, for his rapid advance in learning made him the delight of his professors, and his solid piety as prefect of the sodality caused him to be proposed as a model to newcomers. When Fr. Filling visited Turnhout, his persuasive words stirred up great enthusiasm for the American missions, and among those who presented themselves for the arduous work was a tiny boy, who begged, with an imploring look in his bright eyes, to be taken to America. But superiors thought him too young, and refused the desired permission until the year 1875, when Mr. Wise turned his back for the last time upon his blue Alsatian mountains, and set out bravely for the distant mission. His companions on the voyage, were Fr. Valazza, now pastor in Florissant, Mr. Geiger, who faded away in a short time, and one other who put his hand to the plough and looked back.

Mr. Wise during his novitiate laid solid foundations of the religious life, and gave great edification by his regularity and whole-souled charity. After his juniorate he spent two years in St. Mary's College, where he taught the Latin and Greek of the poetry and rhetoric classes. It is said that his pupils

showed a remarkable facility in writing Latin; and in this they patterned after their professor, who was himself the author of a collection of Latin poems. In those early days of St. Mary's, the scholastics frequently had need of more than ordinary discretion and firmness in managing their charge. On all such occasions, Mr. Wise endeared himself to his brethren, by his willingness to help, and by showing an ever ready sympathy in all their troubles. And not only were the community edified by his charity, but the students who came under his care still remember with gratitude his unselfish efforts in their behalf, and most of them generously profited by his counsel and example, as is evidenced by the number who afterwards studied for the priesthood, not to speak of those who, in the world, have reflected credit on their teachers and college.

In 1881, he began his course of Philosophy in St. Louis, and finished it in Woodstock, in 1884. As indicative of his buoyancy of disposition at this time, it is related that one day, while a professor was at work with his pupils, a distant hubbub broke on the silent air of Woodstock, and stealing in through the class-room window, caused the professor to pause long enough to remark: "That's Mr. Wise's laugh; he is through his examination." And so it proved; for Mr. Wise's unflagging spirits, after the trying ordeal of an hour's examination in all Philosophy, were regaining their wonted state, amidst the congratulations of his companions.

After his Philosophy, Mr. Wise taught for one year in Chicago, and there caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. This dread disease passed away only to leave its victim the prey of consumption. Superiors sent him to try the bracing climate of Colorado, but the disease had made too much headway to be stopped by human means, and he returned to the province. After spending a year in St. Louis, he came to Cincinnati, nominally to study Theology; but in reality to await death. His conduct during his last years of life was truly edifying, his regularity at the community exercises being remarkable. He was never a trouble to any one, and somehow or other seemed to get along without any attendance. Almost to the end, he continued to toil down three flights of stairs to the refectory, then up again, halting occasionally through weakness. In the recreation room, we used to reserve a place for him, between two windows, out of the draught, and shortly after we were all seated, in would walk Mr. Wise exhausted from his weary journey, but ready for a laugh, as soon as he could get his breath.

On Nov. 4, 1888, Mr. Wise was unable to leave his room, and the whisper went around that he was to receive the last sacraments after the noon recreation. On entering his room, we found the invalid sitting in a chair fully dressed. He responded to the prayers, and when the time came for the anointing of the feet, he stooped down to take off his shoes, but

the infirmarian refused to allow him to perform this office. He knelt down on the floor to receive the Viaticum, with a beautiful smile upon his lips ; and we all felt that it was easier for him to leave us than for us to part with him.

The next morning, one of the fathers passing by the door of the sick room saw Mr. Wise sitting on the edge of the bed, dressing for the day. A moment later, the sound of a little hand-bell called him to the sick bed. The dying man had just strength enough to ask by a sign for the last absolution. He received it, and then his spirit sank into the gentle sleep of death.

'Twas a fitting end to a noble life. Conscious to the last, he knew that he was going, but brave in death as in life, he laid down his arms with the gladness of a soldier who marches into camp after the victory.—R. I. P.

FR. JOHN VERDIN.

On the second of last November, when holy Mother Church was solemnizing, with her pathetic liturgy, the commemoration of her faithful departed, the soul of Fr. John Verdin took its peaceful flight from this world. Fr. Verdin's health had been gradually declining since his departure from Woodstock, about two years ago ; and when, last August, a decided change for the worse was noticed, there were few who did not think that his feeble frame, worn out by long years of the most useful and energetic labor, would soon succumb to age and disease.

Fr. Verdin was born in the heart of the present business portion of St. Louis on Feb. 21, 1822. From his estimable mother he inherited a remarkable sweetness of disposition, which, confirmed by the excellent training of his tender years, became the prominent trait of his character. How well we remember his hearty greetings, his kind words of encouragement, and his ever ready smile.

As a student among his companions, as a master among his pupils, as a superior in his community, and as a spiritual father with his younger brethren, ever the same kindness of manner and cheerfulness of disposition characterized Fr. Verdin, and won for him the love and esteem of all who came within the wide circle of his intimate acquaintance.

Among the first entries in the "List of Students" of the old St. Louis College, founded in 1829, is the name of John Verdin, aged seven. Thenceforth his connection with the institution was of the most intimate nature. He often recalled, with manifest pleasure, the sense of importance with which, as a little boy, he was accustomed to read to the fathers during meals ; and it is not surprising that as soon as he was sufficiently advanced in his classical studies, he ha-

stened to secure the bond of affection which tied him to the community, by entering the novitiate at Florissant. On the first of May, 1840, after the usual two years of probation, he pronounced his simple vows, and was almost immediately called to St. Louis to act as master, where he had so recently been known and loved as a pupil.

During his noviceship, appreciating the spirit of St. Ignatius, who ever encouraged in his novices an equable cheerfulness of heart and demeanor, he laid the foundation of that attractive and amiable spirituality which characterized his whole religious life.

After one year in St. Louis, he was transferred to Cincinnati, and there entered upon a career of teaching and prefecting, which lasted for eight years without intermission. In those early days of the Missouri Province, when there were but few to supply the two boarding colleges, the labor was hard indeed, and the moments of relaxation few and brief. There were endless amusements and occupations to be provided for the large number of students who remained at the college during the holidays; and the prefect's duties were even more burdensome for those two months than during the rest of the year. Fr. Verdin, however, found time amid his ceaseless round of duties to pursue his philosophical studies; and when in 1849 he was sent to Florissant to devote himself, for the first time, exclusively to study, he began with his usual energy a course of theology. At the expiration of two years he was ordained in St. Louis by Bishop Van de Velde, S. J., on the feast of our Holy Founder, and started at once for the East, where, in the colleges of Georgetown and Fordham, he completed his course of theology. One year more, devoted to his third year of probation at Frederick, finished his training; and he was recalled to rule the college which had been the scene of his own school days.

Fr. Verdin, then in his thirty-second year, was just in the prime of his energetic and active manhood. His amiable character, which had formerly rendered him a general favorite, joined now with the prudence and firmness necessary for his office, made him most efficient in his important position. We are, therefore, not surprised to learn that the five years of his rectorship in St. Louis, from 1854 to 1859, were among the most prosperous that the old college experienced in those days of prosperity before the war. He was relieved of his burden in St. Louis to enter upon more arduous duties and encounter more trying experiences in Kentucky. From the early part of 1860 to the summer of 1865,—the whole period of the war—Fr. Verdin was stationed at Bardstown, and during the last three of these five years he was charged with the care of the community. In those trying days Bardstown did not escape Bragg's Confederate troops and Buell's division of the Union army, which, successively camped in and around the little town, occupied the college buildings as a hos-

pital. Fr. Verdin's prudence was frequently put to a severe test. His ready zeal was also called into play. Many a soldier in both armies, who thought more of honor and success than of freeing his soul from the accumulated sins of years, was brought by Fr. Verdin's firm but gentle persuasion to the sacrament of penance; then, with lighter heart and freer step they marched out of Bardstown on what, to not a few, was their last campaign.

Fr. Verdin was sent to Cincinnati in 1865, and for four years was prefect of studies in St. Xavier College. The next scene of his labors was St. Ignatius College, Chicago, where for seven years he devoted all his energetic spirit to building up the new institution and placing it upon a sure basis of prosperity. The following five years were spent in missionary labors; and finally, in 1882, he retired to the community of Cincinnati as spiritual father. In 1885 he came to Woodstock, and the memory of his cheerful presence, for the last three years but one of his long and useful life, lingers pleasantly around these scholastic halls and in the remembrance of his spiritual children. Many there are, in the East as well as in the West, who have reason to remember Fr. Verdin. The younger members especially will not soon forget the affectionate paternal advice and encouragement of the prudent director and father.

Soon after his return from Woodstock, Fr. Verdin had the happiness, in the midst of many companions of former days, of celebrating the golden jubilee of his religious life within the old college walls, hallowed for him by so many happy memories. Shortly afterwards his venerable presence graced with a special interest the farewell banquet, held to commemorate the removal of the University from the old site to the magnificent buildings on Grand Avenue; and there, in his native city, he spent his last days, and resigned his noble soul into the hands of the Master whom he had served so faithfully. His last moments were peaceful and resigned; and his characteristic cheerfulness did not fail him to the end. It was about 5.30 A. M. on All Souls' Day. The priest in the chapel was vested in black, and the solemn *Requiem aeternam* of the first Mass went up from the altar as the parting spirit trembled on the threshold of eternity. *Absorpta est mors in victoria. Ubi est, mors, victoria tua?* seemed to address death, as he entered the little chamber scarcely ten steps away. *In memoria aeterna erit justus*, the sacred service proceeded; *ab auditione mala non timebit*, and the soul of the just man, in firm peace and confidence, advanced to meet its Judge. A holy and useful life was crowned by the happy consummation of the prophet's desire: "Let my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like unto theirs."—R. I. P.

FR. ALOYSIUS MASNATA.

Fr. Masnata was born at Rivarolo, near Genoa, Italy, on May 2, 1823. He received his early education in the schools of his native place, where he was distinguished among his schoolmates for his piety and talents. In his seventeenth year he was admitted into the novitiate of the Province of Turin, at Chieri, on Christmas Eve, 1840. At the end of his noviceship he completed his rhetoric and studied philosophy for two years, and then taught for some time in the colleges of Turin and Sassari, Sardinia. The revolution of 1848 upsetting our houses and colleges, he and many others were sent into France to study theology at Vals. During the next few years there was a gradual dispersion of the fathers of the Italian provinces, and Fr. Masnata, shortly after his ordination, was among the number sent to the United States. In 1850 he was at Georgetown in his fourth year of theology, in company with FF. Salvator Canio and Joseph Bixio, with whom he was destined to spend many years in after life on the California Mission. While in Georgetown he had an opportunity, of which he eagerly availed himself, of cultivating his taste for physics, mathematics, and astronomy; for he had as companions there in exile FF. Pianciani, De Vico, and Sestini.

From Georgetown he went to Frederick to teach the juniors, and remained there until 1854, when he sailed for California, *via* Panama, along with FF. Anthony Maraschi and Charles Messea. Immediately upon his arrival he was sent to Santa Clara, which is entered in the catalogue of the Province of Turin for 1855 as a *collegium inchoatum*, although it had been in active operation since March 19, 1851, the date of its foundation by Fr. John Nobili. For the next eleven years Fr. Masnata's name has a formidable array of occupations after it in each year's catalogue; and we know very well that the catalogue oftentimes records but a tithe of the labors of a zealous Jesuit. We find him billeted all along for the higher classes of Latin and Greek, and various classes of mathematics. He was at times prefect of studies, professor of logic and metaphysics, ethics, and botany, and for a while master of novices. In addition to this, he had such calls upon time and attention as are made upon the spiritual father of the house, the confessor in the church, for the students, and the neighboring convents, and the preacher on Sundays. He always enjoyed the confidence of his superiors; his counsel and advice being highly esteemed by them, so that it may be truly said of him that he was *dux consiliis, manu miles*. That he was heart and soul in his work is evinced by the fact that the most brilliant scholars

and the most successful professional men in after life, were those trained by him.

The 5th of March, 1865, witnessed his installation as rector of the college, an office which he held till January 6, 1868. For the next three years he was superior and *operarius* in San Jose. In 1871 he was back again in Santa Clara in charge of the parish, and was appointed Superior of the Mission on the 10th of April, 1872. In the February of the following year he removed to San Francisco, where he was made rector of St. Ignatius' College. He was succeeded in his rectorship by Father Pinasco in 1876, and in the superiorship by Father Varsi in October, 1877. From that time, resuming charge of the parish of Santa Clara, he remained at his post until August, 1886, when he went to reside at Los Gatos on the new novitiate property. It was mainly through his influence that Los Gatos was selected as the site of the novitiate that has recently been built there. From the time of his taking up his residence there he took the liveliest interest in everything connected with both the spiritual and temporal welfare of Los Gatos. It was as the very apple of his eye. But notwithstanding its unrivalled salubrity and charming situation it was unable to restore his declining health. For the past year it was apparent to every one that the hand of death was upon him. He was attacked by a complication of ailments which baffled all medical skill. A change to San Francisco about the beginning of November failing to bring any improvement, he returned to his loved home to die. On Monday, the 18th of November, the end came, and he peacefully passed away. Some of his old scholars of thirty years ago, upon hearing the news of his death, wrote testifying the love and respect they bore him and condoling with us for his loss.

Fr. Masnata was remarkable for three things: modesty, gentleness, and zeal. By modesty we mean the modesty of the rules of modesty, and by zeal, a faithful but unobtrusive diligence in all his duties which proved that he worked for God and not for man. He was known to the novices as "Fr. Masnata, whose eyes you seldom saw." His loss is mourned by all the Catholics of Santa Clara Valley.

His funeral obsequies were conducted in the novitiate chapel, and his remains were brought down by rail to Santa Clara for interment on Wednesday, November 20th, 1889.
—R. I. P.

FR. JOHN B. EMIG.

On the 10th of December, 1889, a few minutes after 5 o'clock p. m., closed the mortal career of Fr. John B. Emig. He immigrated from Bensheim, Province of Starckenburg, Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, in the year 1832, and almost

immediately after his arrival in this country sought and obtained admission into the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. So great was his desire to obtain this favor, that he walked from Baltimore to Emmitsburg, thence to Gettysburg, to Conewago, to Frederick, and, finally, to Georgetown College, where the superior then resided, to present his petition in person. On the 24th of September, 1832, he was sent to begin his noviceship at Whitemarsh in Prince George's Co., Md. In his second year of noviceship he was sent to the Missouri Mission, where he was prefect, teacher, vice-president, and president in the various colleges of that mission. He was ordained priest March 12, 1839. The historian of St. Louis University in noting Fr. Emig's arrival in September, 1834, adds: "Mr. Emig, afterwards Fr. Emig, long remained at the institution, where he was eminently efficient, both as an officer and as a professor; it was through his influence that the Greek language was first introduced into the course of study." Amongst Fr. Emig's pupils of those days was one whose after career did honor to his master's teaching, the lamented Fr. Joseph Keller.

Returning to the Maryland Province in 1863, he was stationed at St. Mary's Church, Boston, and the next year was professor of the juniors at Frederick. From 1865 to 1868 he was minister and prefect of schools at Gonzaga College. How well he labored for the interests of the college, may be learned from the following entry written by Fr. Cleary in the college diary: "July 1st, 1868. — This year the college had the honor of sending out her first graduating class. . . . This fact is entirely owing to Fr. Emig's untiring exertions during the preceding years."

Returning to Frederick in 1868, he was employed during the ten years following in teaching the juniors and novices, in hearing confessions in the church, and in giving retreats and missions in various parts of the country. In this latter work he was very successful; for, everywhere manifesting the indomitable energy of an apostle, he was rewarded by a rich harvest of souls. If the conveniences of travel were not at hand he did not hesitate to walk sixteen or twenty miles in order to fulfil his duty. Fr. Emig was bold in denouncing vice in his sermons and exhortations, clear and precise in his instructions about the doctrines of the Church, indefatigable yet kind and considerate in the confessional. The LETTERS from 1873 to 1876 contain a series of very readable letters from his pen descriptive of his missionary labors.

Energy was the characteristic note of Fr. Emig's life. Forced by the necessities of the old Missouri Mission to make his philosophy, as he himself used to relate, in six weeks while camping out in the woods with the boys of St. Louis, and to study his theology at night while keeping the dormitory in Cincinnati, he set to work and supplied by an after

course of study and reading the deficiencies of this very short course. And that in this he succeeded, his series of mission sermons and meditations for retreats demonstrate. "His labors," writes a journalist, "have been very great and useful, and as a missionary priest he was unsurpassed, his sermons being all deep and logical, as well as most impressive."

Fr. Emig gave himself no rest wherever he found the places committed to his care oppressed with debts. Personally and by letter he begged from friends the funds necessary to remove the oppressive load under which they were laboring. Thus, on assuming the charge of the mission at Hanover in 1878, he found a rickety chapel with no school, and a people who scarcely knew what to do to remedy the evils by which they were surrounded. He set to work with his usual energy, and, although nearly eighty years old, he raised a fine church, built a school-house with suitable accommodations for the sisters in charge, and, after having celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood, transferred the church without a cent of debt or encumbrance to the bishop of the diocese.

Since that time, broken down with disease and years, he did not cease to labor for the good of his neighbor in the Conewago mission. Indeed, he may be said to have died in harness. He had finished the compilation of the Ordo for 1891, and only the week before he died, as no one else in the house was available, he went to one of the dependent missions to sing a requiem Mass. The church was very cold, and after the Mass he returned home so chilled interiorly and exteriorly, that he seemed, in his own words, to be wrapped up in ice. This brought on a violent attack of asthma, from which he had been suffering for years, and this attack, though alleviated for a time, at last finished a laborious life with a quiet death. He died after receiving the sacraments, as an apostle would like to die, surrounded by his brethren and helped by their prayers. "As a child going to sleep," said one of those who were with him to the last, "he went before his Lord to receive the reward of his well-spent life." Fr. Emig was already in the fifth month of his eighty-second year, having spent fifty-seven years in the Society, over fifty of which were given to the priesthood. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, for their works shall follow them."—R. I. P.

BR. HUGO MCGUNEGLE.

Br. McGunegle, born in Ireland on Aug. 15, 1823, entered the Society on July 11, 1857. During his noviceship, which was made under Fr. Angelo Paresce, he was the cook for the community. On taking his vows, he was appointed to the

same office in St. John's Rectory, Frederick. The next year, 1861, found him stationed at Bohemia, Md., where he remained as cook till 1866. He spent the year 1867 in the same capacity at Conewago, Pa. Returning the following year to Bohemia, he remained there two years. In 1870 he was Br. Patrick Gallagher's assistant in the kitchen of Georgetown College. In 1871 we find him at Holy Cross College, Worcester, where for nine years he was faithful and diligent in the duties of the same lowly office. His appointment in 1880 as manager of the farm at Conewago was probably made with the intention of benefiting his health impaired by long continuous indoor service. In the ninth year of his residence at Conewago, Br. McGunegle was sent to the residence of the Gesù, Philadelphia, and here it was that he received his last summons.

On Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1889, a little after 2 P. M., the community was summoned to the bedside of the dying brother. Fr. Minister gave him Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum and imparted the last blessing with plenary indulgence. Just before receiving Holy Viaticum the brother was so exhausted that it appeared as if he could not live long enough to complete the ceremonies; but he revived sufficiently to be able to join in the responses, and follow the prayers intelligently to the end. From this onward he sank gradually and expired calmly a few minutes before 5 P. M. The funeral took place at our Church of the Gesù on Thursday, Dec. 12th, 1889, and the burial was at the old St. Joseph's Cemetery in the southern part of the city.—R. I. P. ☩

FR. WILLIAM KOCKEROLS.

Fr. William Kockerols, born Aug. 3rd, 1837, at Wnrm, Rhine Province, Prussia, entered the Society, Oct. 31st, 1855. After his studies and ordination he came to this country in 1869 and labored for several years at Canisius College, Buffalo, partly in the ministry, partly in college work. In 1875 he became superior of St. Mary's, Toledo, O., which remained the fruitful field of his zeal until 1886. The remodeled church, the completed schools, and the substantial rectory are monuments to his energy, whilst his tender pity for sinners and strong love for the poor, whom he always succored, were proofs of his truly apostolic spirit.

After two years spent in the College of the Sacred Heart at Prairie du Chien, Wis., he was appointed superior at St. Ann's, Buffalo, in October, 1888. Though apparently in good health, he suffered much; his severe rheumatism and symptoms of a serious liver complaint made the physicians advise a change of air. A stay at Mt. Clement, Mich., during September and October was of no avail. Hence he was

transferred to St. Vincent's Hospital, Toledo, but soon all hope of recovery vanished. He bore his last sickness with perfect resignation which edified all who went to see him. The attending physician remarked that he scarcely ever had witnessed such patience in a man suffering such excruciating pains. He died on the 11th of December, 1889. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful little cemetery of St. Mary's, Toledo.—R. I. P.

MR. JAMES RICHARD O'CONNOR.

James Richard O'Connor was born in San Francisco, May 12, 1873. He entered the novitiate of the Mission of California Sept. 11, 1888, and during his short life in religion endeared himself to all by his gentle virtues. For eight years he attended St. Ignatius' College; and though he lived in a city and passed much of his time in the streets, passing to and from school, a father who had been his confessor from the beginning assured his schoolfellows that he had never lost his baptismal innocence. The Master of Novices writes: "Though a child in years, he had reached the ways of mature age in self-control, and in most instances was able to act from acquired virtuous habit. His gratitude to God for his religious vocation was constantly kept up, as the daily jottings of his resolution book testify. He was aware that the symptoms of his fatal disease were not unobserved by his superiors, and the dread that they might prove an obstacle to his admission to the vows, made him strain every nerve to keep up with the duties of the novitiate to the very last. Though death came somewhat suddenly, he was fully prepared; and, knowing him well, I can safely say that he never voluntarily offended God grievously during his short stay upon earth."

A companion adds, that he seemed perfectly indifferent as to whether he should or should not recover; and he showed a perfect detachment from all earthly things. Though always glad to see the infirmarian, he apparently disliked the visits of the regular physician. In his delirium he was often heard to murmur, "Deo gratias et Mariæ."

He closed his innocent life here below December 16, 1889.

En surgunt pueri et rapiunt cœlestia regna,
 Nosque senes linqunt duros contendere in hostes.
 Vicisti pugnam palmanque, Jacobe, tulisti:
 Nos sed adhuc miseri cœcis jactamur in undis
 Donec clara dies niteat Cœlumque patescat.
 Natus et alma parens, en te ad supera alta vocarunt
 Angelicas inter turmas animasque beatas.
 Ergo pete ex illis dent nos sociare sodales
 Post actas pugnas, multa et discrimina rerum.

—R. I. P.

MR. ARTHUR J. O'LEARY.

Mr. Arthur J. O'Leary was born at Newark, N. J., on February 2, 1869. In his eleventh year he began attendance at our college in Jersey City; and from that time till his entrance into the Society, five years later, he resided with his grandparents in that city.

Having finished poetry class in St. Peter's College, he was, in the summer of 1885, received into the Society, and took the three simple vows on the 15th of August, 1887. He then entered upon his juniorate. Naturally well gifted for literary studies, he made rapid progress till he was weakened, and finally prevented entirely from studying, by the sickness which ended him.

It was not till his second year as junior that definite traces of consumption showed themselves. In the two or three previous years he had grown very rapidly, and this drain on his strength left him constitutionally unprepared to resist the disease when it set in. It is to the autumn of the previous year that we must look for the beginning of trouble. He at this time, by some misadventure, caught a slight cold, which lasted persistently through the summer months. The following scholastic year Mr. O'Leary attended class regularly until January, when at the advice of Dr. McSherry of Baltimore, whom he had been for some time previously consulting, he discontinued totally his studies.

At the commencement of the summer vacation he went to Woodstock with the other juniors; but his stay there was resolutely opposed by the doctor; and, after remaining long enough to catch a fresh cold, he returned to Frederick. In August he was called to St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y., where he was to take complete rest, though nominally occupied about the office. From this time he constantly became weaker and weaker, though without any sudden change for the worse until the eve of the feast of St. Francis Xavier. After that date he was confined to his room. On the 3rd of January he received Extreme-Uncion; on the Friday evening following he became a little delirious, and some of the the community remained with him during the night. It was evident on Saturday morning that death might come at any moment. Gradually, Fr. Provincial and some of the fathers and brothers gathered around his bed; the scholastics were in the class-rooms. It was not long before the end came. It was just the end we might have looked for to such a life as his had been. He did not speak; he was far too weak for any struggle. Death came to him as sleep might have come to him. It was difficult to tell the moment of his death, so quietly did his breathing cease. It was a few moments after eleven that morning when one of our scholastics, a stranger in the house, met Fr. Provincial com-

ing up the large stairs. As they passed, Fr. Provincial said to him, "Mr. O'Leary has just died;" and, passing on, himself rang the *de profundis* bell.—R. I. P.

BR. PATRICK CASSIDY.

Br. Patrick Cassidy was born in the County Monaghan, Ireland, on March 20th, 1813. At the age of sixteen he came to America in quest of a sphere more congenial for the expansion of his native energies and the freedom of shaping his future in accordance with the talents that nature had bestowed upon him. Once assured of this freedom and confiding in his own powers, he had no misgivings of his success in overtaking a fortune. But a kind Providence, into whose arms he had cast himself with all the ardor of his Irish faith, had a future and a fortune in store for him surpassing all his boyish dreams. It had been the parting wish of his simple and loving mother that her boy should explore the regions of the New World and send her an account of its wonders. With this end in view Br. Cassidy, after some years spent in New York City, set out on his mission of love. He wandered southward as far as Richmond, Va. One day while gazing down upon the city from one of the hills that overlook the town, his fancy rested on an elegant mansion prominent in the picture. Even while he gazed, a cloud of smoke followed by flames and flying embers burst forth from the building. These soon spread to a neighboring mansion, and in an incredibly short time two of Richmond's stateliest dwellings were a mass of crumbling and charred ruins. Brought thus face to face with the instability of material splendor his mind was impressed deeply with the futility of laying up earthly treasures and the danger of allowing his heart to go out to them. Haunted by this thought, though almost unconscious of its guidance, he wandered back to New York with a vague resolve of burying himself in the solitude of some private family, where he might find leisure to attend to the all important subject of his salvation. In New York he communicated his intention to Bishop Dubois, while confessing to that saintly prelate. The bishop, recognizing at once a divine call to something more sublime, directed him to Georgetown College as the place best suited to realize his aspirations.

Armed with a letter from Bishop Dubois he again set his face toward the South. Arrived at Georgetown he spent some years as a postulant, making himself in the meantime very useful as assistant gardener. On Sept. 5th, 1836, he was admitted into the Society, and was sent to Frederick, where he made one year's noviceship under Fr. Francis Dzierozynski. What solid foundations he there laid of the virtues of humility, obedience, and self-abasement, his after life in the Society gave evidence. Sent back to Georgetown he

was put in charge of the boys' refectory and filled that office till he took his religious vows the following year. During the next years up to 1848 he was employed successively as gardener, assistant baker and infirmarian, as sacristan and vine-dresser, in all of which duties he ever showed that scrupulous care and diligence which were so noticeable in his later years at Woodstock. In 1847 he was chosen to accompany Fr. McElroy to Boston when the latter opened our first residence there, but returned at the end of a year to Georgetown as cook. In 1851 and 1852 we find him as cook in the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, whence he was sent to St. Joseph's Church, Baltimore, then under the care of Fr. W. F. Clark. It would seem that he made himself almost indispensable in this new sphere, where he remained eight years.

It was here too that he came into unsought-for prominence among the enemies of the Church. Know-nothingism was then rampant in the land. Before his entrance into the Society he had witnessed in Boston the fanaticism which ended in the Charlestown conflagration, and which burned a stain into the escutcheon of Massachusetts that the succeeding years have failed to efface. Here in Baltimore while out on business for Fr. Clark one election day, his modest and religious mien, no doubt, marked him as the natural enemy of American ruffianism. At all events, he was violently handled and knocked down in the street by the fanatics.

Returning in 1861 to Boston, he was employed in the new scholasticate. From Boston he was sent in 1862 to Alexandria, Va., and remained there throughout the civil war and for some years after it. His graphic and accurate reminiscences of those turbulent years were a substantial proof of the keen powers of observation as well as the truly wonderful memory with which he was gifted. Not an incident that came under his observation during those distant years ever seemed to fade or grow dim up to the day of his death. From 1872 to 1881 he was engaged as buyer at Loyola College, Baltimore, whence he came to Woodstock in the latter year.

Though he came to Woodstock ostensibly to die, the works he wrought during the years he was among us fully attest the amount of vitality he still retained, and if these works are any index of what he accomplished in the youth and bloom of manhood, his labors in the Society may be safely set down as prodigious. The rapid growth and perfect finish of all his undertakings were a source of constant remark among the scholastics. And the roads that grew out of his patient toil around Woodstock might do honor to the Cæsars. Quiet, persevering toil, religious silence, and perfect collection at all times, seemed to be his characteristics. At recreation he was ever genial and sunny. His long life in the Society, joined to his accurate and retentive memory of men and things whilst making his conversations always entertaining and instructive, gave to his utterances a historic value which

makes us regret that they were not more extensively utilized.

In the autumn of 1888 he was attacked by a severe cold which brought him to the verge of death. His strong constitution, however, got the mastery, and he regained apparently during the following year his former health. Still, age was silently but surely undermining his frame. An attack of rheumatism at the beginning of the New Year still further weakened him. On the night of January the 4th he fell over a chair in his own room, which shock induced paralysis. He sank rapidly during the following days. Having received all the rites of the Church he became unconscious, and on the evening of the Epiphany, after an illness of less than forty-eight hours, he breathed forth his pure soul into the hands of his Creator.—R. I. P.

The obituaries of FF. JOHN J. STEPHENS, ARNOLD DAMEN, BENEDICT SESTINI, JAMES PERRON, and MR. MOSES A. KAVANAGH will appear in our next number.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUPPLEMENT.⁽¹⁾

MR. TOBIAS F. X. WITMAN.

Died at Frederick, March 19, 1871.

After only three years spent in the Society, this holy scholastic died in the novitiate, Frederick City, Md., on the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1871; much to the regret and even surprise of his companions. Grave beyond his years, modest, unassuming in manners, exact without being scrupulous in the observance of rules, he had endeared himself to all during the two years of his noviceship. He had spent only about four months in the juniorate, giving satisfaction to his teachers and superiors, when he was attacked by the fatal disease which sent him to heaven after only about six weeks of suffering. During his sickness he was as mindful of perfection and as exact in all duties as he had been in the novitiate. On the very day of his death, and but a few hours before he expired, he had marked down in his book of particular examen the number of defects for that day. He was celebrating the month of St. Joseph, and had begun the novena to the foster-father of the divine Infant at the advice of his spiritual father, begging for the favor of restoration to health and strength or a quick passage to heaven. St. Joseph heard and granted his prayer. On the day of the feast he arose with the community, and had put on the habit, when he was seized with a sudden attack of weakness that forced him to lie down again, unable to change his dress. He received the holy Viaticum with his usual fervor. Recovering shortly after he had received all the sacraments of the dying, he continued to follow the ordinary distribution of time until 4 p. m. At that time all the community except the rector and the infirmarian were present in the church at the solemn vespers of the feast. The vespers finished, some few of his companions returned just in time to join in the prayers for the dying, which were being read by the rector, and which had hardly been completed when his short agony was over, and his soul had gone to receive the reward of his short but well spent life. It was as he had foretold in the beginning of the month. He was born near Churchville, Berks County, Pennsylvania, on January 10, 1853, and entered the Society on May 26, 1868. One who knew him well describes him as "one more of those precious youths who copy Berchmans in life and death—the glory of the Society."

FR. FRANCIS X. DI MARIA.

Died at Philadelphia, July 23, 1871.

In the beginning of his 64th year, Fr. Di Maria died at the hospital of St. Joseph, Philadelphia, on July 23, 1871. He had lived 46 years in the Society, having entered on the 28th of November 1825, in his seventeenth year. Born in Naples, on the 13th of May, 1808, he made his noviceship in his native city and, after the usual studies and teaching, was made a professed of four vows on the 1st of December, 1847.⁽²⁾ Possessed of great talents as a preacher, after having filled with much praise the chairs of philosophy and theol-

⁽¹⁾ See previous volume, p. 374.

⁽²⁾ In Eleanor C. Donnelly's "Life of Fr. Barbelin" it is said that Fr. Di Maria was born at "Caserta, a small town on the Campagna, a few miles from Naples." From the sketch given there (p. 219 ff.) we learn that his early studies were made in the College of Naples, his philosophy in Rome, and his theology in Naples. He is said to have borne such a striking resemblance to Gen. Jackson that visitors who could not remember his name used to call for "Old Hickory,"—and this at the suggestion of the affable father himself. After his death an eloquent tribute was paid to his memory by the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler.

ogy in various colleges of his own province, he asked most earnestly and obtained permission to come to the missions in America. He was an indefatigable worker in various places in Missouri, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. His love for the poor was so great that to some it seemed at times to exceed the bounds of prudence. For young men and boys he manifested a particularly warm zeal. Nor were these wanting in grateful reverence; for whenever they saw him walking in the streets on his errands of mercy to the poor and sick, they used to run up to salute him, and show their joy at being recognized. He had an intense love for his vocation, and could never speak of the Society without showing in the tenderest manner his love for all that belonged to it. Fortified with all the rites of the Church he gave up his soul to God on the 23rd of July, 1871.

MR. JOHN DEADY.

Died at Woodstock, July 27, 1871.

The oldest tombstone in our little cemetery at Woodstock bears the name of John Deady. He was the first to die in the new scholasticate. He was born in Ireland, on the 2nd of January, 1845, and entered the Society on July 17, 1866. Hence it may be said that he was only shown to the Society, as he died soon after entering upon his sixth year of religious life. He was a scholastic of great promise, but God was satisfied with his good will. The successful work promised by his brilliant talents was prevented by consumption, that disease which has carried off to heaven so many of our young men. A remarkable exhibition of patience under long and painful suffering was the lesson God wished us to learn from his life. His patience and resignation continued to the last. He received the last sacraments with the fervor of a good religious, and passed peacefully away on the 27th of July, 1871.

BR. JOHN KELLY.

Died at Worcester, Feb. 1, 1872.

During the ten years he lived in the Society, Br. Kelly recommended himself so to his superiors and brothers as to merit the praise of a good, docile, and simple religious, who served God with a good and cheerful will. He entered the Society on August 19, 1862, in his 23rd year, and died in the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, on the 1st of February, 1872, after he had received all the sacraments. After his novitiate at Frederick City, Md., he was some years employed in domestic services in Georgetown College, whence he was sent by obedience to Holy Cross. He was there only a short while when he was seized by typhoid fever, of which he died after a few days of suffering borne with an edifying patience.⁽¹⁾

BR. PATRICK MCLOUGHLIN.

Died at Worcester, April 26, 1872.

In the "Historical Sketch of the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.—1843-83," which is before us, we find the following brief notice of Br. McLoughlin. "He died on April 26, 1872, in the forty-sixth year of his age and ninth of his religious life, at 9 o'clock P. M., after an illness of ten days. In 1867 he was assistant cook at Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; in 1868 he was at the novitiate, Frederick, Md.; and in the following year he was sent to Holy Cross, where he served as assistant baker."

MR. WILLIAM O'CALLAGHAN.

Died at Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1873.

Mr. O'Callaghan was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, on Jan. 16, 1845. His family came to this country while he was still young, and took up their residence at Worcester, Mass. In obedience to God's call, William entered the Society in his sixteenth year. After four years spent at the novitiate, Frederick, Md., he was sent to Gonzaga College, Washington, where he

⁽¹⁾ These four sketches have been contributed by Fr. James A. Ward.

began his career of teaching. The natural sciences were most congenial to his tastes as a student, and in recognition of his ability in these branches, he was sent to teach natural philosophy at Georgetown in the fall of 1868. Speaking of this period, the *College Journal* says: "While with us, his qualities of heart and mind gained for him the affection and the highest respect of all who came in contact with him." One of his enthusiastic admirers describes him as "a supernatural edifice of diamond, built on a natural foundation of gold, a marvel in astronomy and mathematics, a model in simplicity and charity." But the labors of his position soon told upon his sensitive frame, and he was finally forced to seek complete retirement from the duties of his professorship. He was then sent to Woodstock, where he seemed to rally for a time, but he gave himself to study with such ardor that it soon became evident that the end was not far off. Though ardent and hopeful by nature, he himself soon realized that the final summons had come; and he met it with perfect composure. Then, his patience, his unaffected piety, his singular candor, his gaiety even to the last moment, and his wonderful confidence filled his last days with salutary lessons for those whose happy lot it was to be near him. It is of such that the Psalmist declares: "The just shall be in everlasting remembrance."

MR. JOHN E. DOOLEY.

Died at Georgetown, May 8, 1873.

A notice in the Baltimore *Mirror* tells us that Mr. Dooley was a son of Major John Dooley of Richmond, Va., "whose kindly ministrations to wounded and suffering Union and Confederate soldiers, during the civil war, made his name familiar as a household word in both armies." Mr. Dooley entered Georgetown College as a student in 1856, at the age of fourteen. He left college from the class of rhetoric at the breaking out of the war, when he thought it his duty to unite his fortunes with those of his native state. He enlisted in the 1st Virginia Regiment in August, took part in all the battles in which it was engaged, and was promoted to a captaincy. He was in Pickett's division at the battle of Gettysburg, and in the memorable charge made by that body for the possession of the heights, he was severely wounded and taken prisoner. On his release from Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, in February, 1865, he returned home resolved to renew his connection with the army as soon as his parole should have expired. Lee's surrender and the close of the long conflict prevented him from carrying out this resolve and he turned his mind to other thoughts.

He had long been desirous of embracing the religious life, and as no obstacle now interfered with the execution of this design, he entered the Society in September, 1865. Before two years had elapsed the first approach of a fatal malady was made manifest by a hemorrhage. He was then sent to Georgetown to do some perfect duty and husband his strength as much as possible for the course of studies before him. There he remained for over five years, spending the last two years in doing little more than studying privately to prepare for ordination. His disease, however, had progressed too far, and he died a few months before the time appointed for his ordination, on May 8, 1873, at the age of 31. But for his strong will and buoyant spirits, he would have succumbed long before.

He was most exact and conscientious in the discharge of all his duties. While high minded and brave, he was at the same time most obedient and amiable. There was a poise and self-restraint in all his words and actions that was most impressive and edifying. As a perfect he knew how to mingle firmness and kindness in such a way as to win the respect and affection of all those under his charge. He was confined to his room only ten days before his death. Patient and even cheerful up to the last moment, he expired peacefully and without a struggle.—Adapted from *College Journal*, June, 1873.

FR. JOHN EARLY.

Died at Georgetown, May 23, 1873.

Born at Maguire's Bridge, County Fermanagh, Ireland, on July 1, 1814. Fr. John Early made his early studies in his native place and, at the age of eighteen, entered the Armagh Academy, where he remained only nine months. He then applied for admission to Maynooth College, but as no

vacancy existed at the time he started for America in July, 1833. He entered Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg in the following September and applied himself at once to the study of rhetoric. His teachers were Dr. John McCaffrey, afterwards president of that college, and Fr. Edward J. Sourin, later the venerated Fr. Sourin, S. J., who died at Loyola College, Baltimore, a few years ago. In February, 1834, he went from Emmitsburg to Georgetown, where he continued his studies until the following August, when he entered the novitiate at Frederick. After his noviceship, in 1836, he was sent to Georgetown to study philosophy. From this time until his ordination, in July, 1845, at old Trinity Church, besides making a full course of philosophy and theology, he was employed in teaching. He was prefect also part of the time, and head-prefect during the year 1843-44. After his ordination he taught philosophy for two years, and attended the mission at Laurel, Prince George's Co., Md. He was then (1847) assigned to duty in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. In 1848, he was made president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., which position he held until 1851. He next spent a year at Frederick, and in 1852 was sent to Baltimore to establish Loyola College. He was called thence in 1858 to the presidency of Georgetown College. In this office, Fr. Maguire, who had been his predecessor, succeeded him on Jan. 1, 1866. He next engaged in missionary work in Boston and elsewhere until July, when he was again made president of Loyola College, Baltimore. In 1870 he was again called to succeed Fr. Maguire as president of Georgetown College, which office he held until his death.

The immediate cause of his death was a stroke of paralysis, received on May 22nd, 1873; but his health had been visibly failing during the previous year. More than forty priests took part in the solemn office for the dead in the college chapel, and the Mass of requiem was said by Rev. Fr. Joseph E. Keller, who was then Provincial. The concourse of people at the funeral (estimated at five thousand) extended from the chapel, down the stairs, and out upon the grounds to the gate. The positions of trust to which superiors called Fr. Early are sufficient testimony of his administrative ability; and the sincere tributes of love and respect, which we find in the columns of the *Georgetown College Journal* after his death, show the esteem not only of his religious brethren, but also of the students and alumni of the college, and the clergy and laity of the country, for his merit as a scholar and his virtue as a religious.

FR. CHARLES BAGUE.

Died at Washington, Sept. 25, 1877.

In the *Georgetown College Journal* for October, 1877, we find the following brief notice of the death of Fr. Bague. "We had a funeral here on the 26th of September. Rev. Chas. Bague, S. J., assistant pastor of St. Joseph's (German) Church, died at the Providence Hospital and was buried in the cemetery of the community. He was one of the exiles from Switzerland in the radical revolution of 1848, taught at St. John's, Frederick, was assistant pastor at Whitemarsh, and finally came to Washington four or five years since. He had long been an invalid. His age was 68." Fr. Bague is mentioned in the LETTERS in the "History of St. John's—Frederick" (vol. v., pp. 180, 185), as one of the assistants there between 1848 and 1850, and again between 1853 and 1860. He is described by one who knew him well as "a Hessian, thin, slight, and almost feminine in appearance; an unassuming, unambitious soul, unconscious of his own heroism. At Whitemarsh he applied his artistic talent to beautifying the church and grounds. His lake and fountain became afterwards the scene of a remarkable pilgrimage in which several thousand people participated under the direction of Fr. B. F. Wiget. The people of Whitemarsh still fondly cherish his memory, and love to recall the days when he used to assemble them for May devotions at the spring under the white oaks."

MR. THOMAS H. KANE.

Died at Frederick, Aug. 30, 1878.

Born in Cambridgeport, near Boston, on July 9, 1851, Mr. Kane made his classical studies in Boston College, where he distinguished himself in the debating society, of which he was vice-president, in dramatics, and as major

of the battalion. He entered the Society on July 27, 1872. During his noviceship he held the position of *manducator*. He was naturally robust, but constant application to study finally told upon his constitution, and he died after an illness of about five months in the infirmary at Frederick, on the morning of Aug. 30, 1878. He was most unselfish, always amiable, and seeking the happiness of others. On the day before his death he received the last sacraments with tender devotion, answering the responses with great fervor. Just after receiving the holy Viaticum he said to one of his brother novices: "How happy a thing it is to die in the Society." His novice-master, Fr. Tisdall, said of him at the time: "I have seen many a holy death, but never have I seen any one go to heaven so calmly as he." Fr. Duverney said of him that his whole life was a preparation for death. He was buried in the northwest corner of the novitiate cemetery.

BR. JAMES BERGEN.

Died at Worcester, Sept. 25, 1878.

The "Historical Sketch" of Worcester College, above referred to, gives the following notice of the death of Br. Bergen: "James Bergen, S. J., lay-brother, died Sept. 25, 1878, at the Worcester Insane Asylum, in the forty-ninth year of his age and the ninth of his religious life. In 1870-71-72 he was gardener and assistant farmer at Frederick and at Bohemia Manor, Md. In 1873 and until his death(?), the college farm at Worcester was under his charge."

BR. JOHN CALLAGHAN.⁽¹⁾

Died at Jersey City, Aug. 22, 1879.

Brother John Callaghan was born July 12, 1808, in County Tipperary, Ireland. He entered the Society, March 13, 1843, at St. Mary's College, Lebanon, Kentucky. Seeing his intelligent skill, the superiors gave him, while still a novice, complete charge of a grist mill belonging to the college. By a judicious use of the kiln for parching the grain before passing it through mill-stones, he succeeded in producing superior grades of flour and corn-meal. Bread made from his flour and corn-meal was greatly admired by the boys and by the community. In working the machinery, he employed, instead of water-power, mules which, he said, were so well trained that they could do anything but speak. They knew the hour to begin and stop work so precisely, that if he happened to be late, the mules, especially "Blind Dick," got into their places and started the work to the great detriment of the mill-stones which were thus rasped against each other for want of grain. In August, 1846, Brother Callaghan was relieved of his charge, and with the other members of the Kentucky Mission of the Province of France, was sent to St. John's College, Fordham, where he was employed *ad domestica*.

From Fordham he was sent to the Indian Mission of Manitoulin Island, where he started a grist mill for the benefit of the Indians. In 1858 obedience sent the willing brother to the novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet. Later he was employed at St. Mary's College, Montreal; then at Guelph, Ontario, where with his other works he helped to teach a little school. The last years of his life he spent at Fordham College. Broken down with age and labor he piously breathed forth his soul on Aug. 22, 1879, in the Jersey City Sisters' Hospital, whither he had been sent by the Rector of Fordham College, Father Gockeln.

FR. JAMES J. TEHAN.

Died at Providence, Ocl. 28, 1879.

Fr. Tehan was born in Frederick, Md., on Feb. 19, 1826. He was a school-mate of Fr. Robert Brady. He entered the novitiate in his native town on Aug. 14, 1844. He made his theological studies at Georgetown, where he was also teacher and prefect for four years. He was very skilful in directing and encouraging boys, a man of prudence and considerable executive ability. He was ordained in 1856, and made his tertianship at Frederick in 1860. He subsequently held responsible offices in Baltimore, Boston, and Worcester. He was a brother of Mr. Wm. Tehan, a scholastic of the Society, who was

⁽¹⁾ Contributed by Fr. M. Nash.

drowned in the Potomac near the "Three Sisters" on July 4, 1850. The Georgetown *College Journal* said of him in a brief notice of his death: "He was zealous, charitable, and candid. He possessed a cheerful temper which always made him a welcome guest. At his death he had nearly completed his fifty-fourth year. He was a brother of Fr. John F. X. Tehan, of the Missouri Province." His last work was that of assistant pastor at St. Joseph's Church, Providence, R. I., where he died on Oct. 28, 1879.

FR. MICHAEL DRISCOL.⁽¹⁾

Died at Fordham, N. Y., March 4, 1880.

Father Michael Driscol was born in County Clare, Ireland, on May 7, 1805. After having made a good course of English studies, especially mathematics, in which he very much excelled, and after a moderate course of Greek and Latin, he made up his mind to learn the trade of stone-cutting. He became such an adept in this branch, that builders were ready to make any sacrifices in order to secure his services for fancy stonework. In the pursuance of his calling, Michael Driscol found himself engaged in Bardstown, Kentucky, carving stone for a building considered grand in those days. Always an exemplary, practical Catholic, young Mr. Driscol visited the church Saturday evenings to prepare himself to receive holy Communion Sunday mornings. Whilst at Bardstown, it happened that he addressed himself to Father Charles De Luynes, at that time professor in St. Joseph's College and assistant priest to Rev. M. J. Spaulding, pastor of the church. Noticing something unusual in the young man, Father De Luynes requested him to call on him at an appointed day and hour. Mr. Driscol presenting himself at the designated time, made a favorable impression on good Fr. De Luynes, who, after a little conversation, asked him whether he had ever thought of becoming a priest. Driscol answered that though the thought had presented itself to him he did not dare entertain it.

The result of the interview was that Mr. Driscol, as soon as he could honorably close the contract on which he was then engaged, should go to St. Mary's College, Lebanon, about twenty miles from Bardstown, and there, under the direction of the Jesuit fathers, make a retreat of eight days. In due time, the pious, sterling young stone-cutter found himself in the Jesuit college, and applied for admission into the Society. For some reason unknown to the public, probably that he might review his studies, his reception into the novitiate was postponed by Father Chazelle, then Superior of the Mission. During the delay Mr. Driscol worked every day at his trade, and gave lasting specimens of his artistic skill. He erected to the "grand terrace," a cut-stone facing about eighteen feet high and about two hundred feet long, with two winding stairs leading from the base up to the terrace. This rostrum-like junction of the two winding flights of steps, would, it used to be said, be a choice place from which to address an audience of 100,000 men filling up the level plain running from the base of the terrace. The carvings on the stone banisters of the stairs were the object of great admiration. He was finally admitted into the Society on Sept. 7, 1839, and his dear friend Father De Luynes entered two years later, on Sept. 15, 1841. As usual in those missionary days, his course of philosophy and theology was made whilst he was engaged as teacher and prefect of recreation, in charge of the study hall, dormitory, etc. He had with him as his fellow students, Brother Hennen and the late Father John Ryan.

In the beginning of 1845, he was promoted to the priesthood. In August, 1846, with the rest of the old Kentucky Mission of the Province of France, he was transferred from Kentucky to St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. Here Bishop Hughes had him appointed president of his diocesan seminary. In 1847 he was sent, with Fathers Du Merl and Schianski, to Montreal, Canada, to afford spiritual aid to the immigrants then dying there in great numbers from ship fever. All contracted the fever; Father Driscol alone survived. After his recovery, he was permitted, at the urgent and repeated requests of the Sulpicians, to take charge of St. Patrick's parish, Montreal.

He succeeded Father John Ryan as Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College in New York; later he was pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church in the same city. He was for some time a missionary, during which time he gave several ecclesiastical retreats with great satisfaction to the bishops and lasting

⁽¹⁾ Contributed by Fr. M. Nash.

results to the priests. In August, 1868, he was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y. During his incumbency he built St. Michael's Church, outside the limits of Troy. This new and handsome church, with its schools and other valuable property, was lately handed over by the Society to the Bishop of Albany. In 1876 he was relieved from office. He died at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., on March 4, 1880.

MR. JOHN M. MURPHY.

Died at Georgetown, March 25, 1880.

Born in Boston, Mass., on March 9, 1855, Mr. Murphy made his early studies at St. Mary's parochial school and at Boston College, and entered the Society on Aug. 6, 1873. After one year spent in the juniorate he went to Woodstock to begin his philosophy. After only one year he was sent to Holy Cross College, Worcester, to teach Second Grammar class. The following year, 1878-79, he spent at Woodstock continuing his philosophy. But his feeble health would not permit him to continue his studies, and he was sent to Georgetown to teach and do some perfect duty. He died there in the following March at the age of twenty-five. During the last few years of his life he suffered very much, but especially during his last illness, yet his patience throughout was most remarkable. Naturally he was very active, and his talents were of a high order promising a very successful course of studies. His charity was most remarkable, as many a scholastic of his day has reason to testify.

MR. JOHN A. GILLESPIE.

Died in Baltimore, June 21, 1880.

There is something more than an ordinary coincidence in these two names of John M. Murphy and John A. Gillespie coming together in this list. One who knew both as boys at Boston tells a story of his taking young Mr. Murphy, who had a remarkably fine voice, to sing an Easter hymn for the boys of St. Mary's, Boston. There, the writer says, he met the brightest, best-natured boy he had ever known. This was John A. Gillespie. A few years later, the two Johns entered the novitiate on the same day. They died also in the same year, one on the feast of our Lady's Annunciation, the other on the feast of his patron, St. Aloysius.

Born in Boston August 12, 1858, Mr. Gillespie began his classical studies in Boston College in 1869, and entered the Society on August 6, 1873. He was sent to Woodstock for his philosophy after one year's juniorate. In 1879 he completed a most successful course, and began his teaching at Loyola College, Baltimore, as professor of the class of poetry. On the feast of his patron, St. Aloysius, he went in company with his brother scholastics and his scholars to spend the day at Point Breeze, Lower Canton, near Baltimore. After rowing for some time under a hot sun he went in bathing with the rest of the party. After a time somebody missed him, and after a search his body was found in about four feet of water. He had been struck by apoplexy. He was a young man of pleasing appearance and courteous manners, noble in heart and in head; his speech was simple, animated, elegant; and he was eminently successful in all his studies. But it was his charity that was most remarkable and won for him the love of all who knew him. He was buried in the cemetery of Woodstock College.

FR. CHARLES H. FULMER.⁽¹⁾

Died at Boston, Sept. 26, 1880.

Father Charles H. Fulmer was born in Washington, D. C., January 23, 1833. His excellent Catholic parents, as soon as he had made sufficient preparatory studies, sent him in 1844 to Georgetown College, where he remained pursuing successfully his classical studies till 1847. On the 10th of August of that year he entered the novitiate at Frederick. After his novitiate he made one year of rhetoric and one year of philosophy at Frederick. He was then sent to teach at Georgetown for one year, and afterwards at Philadelphia for three years. Having finished these four years of teaching,

⁽¹⁾ Contributed by Fr. Robert Brady.

he studied philosophy for another year at Georgetown, and then immediately entered on his course of theology, two years of which were made at Georgetown, one in Belgium, and the last at the newly opened scholasticate in Boston. After his ordination, in 1861, he was employed till 1876 as professor, or prefect of studies, or as minister. In 1876 he was selected as a member of the missionary band just organized under Fr. Maguire, and, although of a naturally modest and retiring disposition, he soon gained quite a reputation as a preacher. His health failing in 1878, he was sent to St. Mary's Church, Boston, where he remained till his death. His principal duty there was the superintendence of the parochial school for boys. Faithful and devoted as he had always been to duty, he was now far more so. His heart was entirely in his work, and all his energies were thrown into it. The school increased greatly in numbers and efficiency. The 800 boys were completely under control; for while they loved him for the kindly interest he took in them, they at the same time feared him for his strict love of justice. He was with them as much as possible, either examining them in their class-rooms, watching their conduct before the altar, or enjoying with them their innocent recreation in playtime. It was while engaged in this labor of love that heart disease, which had long threatened serious consequences, at last attacked him so violently that he was no longer able to attend to his duties. He lingered many months, frequently having paroxysms which brought him to the verge of death. His sufferings were often intense, but he bore them all with great patience to the end.

FR. JOHN S. SUMNER.

Died at Washington, Dec. 1, 1880.

The twelve pages of the *Georgetown College Journal* for December, 1880, with their heavy mourning lines bespeak the sorrow of the editors and students for the loss of him who was the founder of the *Journal* and its editor for several years. From the sketch of Fr. Sumner's life given on the first page we select the following:

"Fr. John S. Sumner, S. J., belonging to a Maryland offshoot of that old and distinguished family of New England, which in America dates back to Increase Sumner, a former governor of the Massachusetts Colony, and a younger branch of which Charles Sumner has distinguished, was born in Baltimore in 1819 and educated in his native city at St. Mary's College, which counts among its alumni many noted men of Baltimore. After graduation he engaged in mercantile pursuits, finding time, however, to give considerable attention to literature, becoming an occasional contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a periodical of high repute in its day, and probably at that time the leading magazine in America. His religious views undergoing a change, he embraced the Catholic faith, and afterwards, in 1856, entered the Society of Jesus. He taught at St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and subsequently at Georgetown, where he remained until the summer of 1880, filling the positions of professor, librarian, and chaplain. He was then sent to Gonzaga College, Washington.

"His death was sudden and unexpected. On Sunday, Nov. 28, after saying Mass, he complained of a slight faintness and indisposition, but no alarming symptoms were manifested until Monday evening, when he became unconscious. He died on Wednesday forenoon, after receiving the last sacraments at the hands of his brother, Fr. Wm. H. Sumner. On the following Friday he was buried in the old cemetery at Georgetown. His coffin was followed to the grave by many mourners from the city and by all the inmates of the college."

From some recollections sent us we gather, besides a confirmation of the above details, that Fr. Sumner was for some time associated with Fr. Sestini in editing the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, contributing in 1868 a series of legends of the saints adapted from the French. By the same chronicler he is described as "a cheerful soul, with a jovial paternal look on his rosy beaming face; ever ready to chuckle at anybody's joke; the delight of children and college boys, who were especially pleased with his short but practical sermons; broad-minded and generous towards all. His presence was like the cheering sunlight, and his name will never fail to bring a thrill of pleasure to the hearts of those who knew him."

BR. MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN.

Died at Worcester, Nov. 19, 1881.

Br. O'Sullivan was born in County Kerry, Ireland, on Sept. 20, 1812, and entered the Society on June 9, 1840. From 1841 to 1848 he was refectorian at Georgetown College; in 1849 he was buyer and refectorian for "the Seminary," Washington; from 1850 to '54 he was stationed at St. John's, Frederick, and afterwards at Georgetown, as buyer, refectorian, and assistant gardener; in 1854 he had charge of the garden and farm at Worcester; for the next three years he was refectorian and keeper of the wardrobe at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia; from 1857 to '60 he was at Conewago, Pa., St. John's Church, Phila., and Georgetown College, engaged in the various offices of wardrobe-keeper, refectorian, and sacristan; from 1861 to '65 he was at St. Inigo's, Md., from which place he was sent to Holy Cross College, Worcester, where he served as gardener and farmer until a few months before his death. He died of consumption on the evening of Nov. 19, 1881.—*Sketch of Holy Cross College.*

BR. THADDEUS MCKENNA.

Died at Georgetown, Jan. 13, 1886.

No student of Georgetown for the last thirty years was long at the college without making the acquaintance of Br. McKenna. Few however knew him by any other name than the "captain." He was born on March 19, 1818, and entered the novitiate at Frederick on Sept. 5, 1843. At the end of his noviceship he was sent to Georgetown College. Soon afterwards he was sent to Worcester and Frederick for short periods, after which he returned to Georgetown there to spend the rest of his days. About five years before his death he was stricken with palsy, from which he suffered almost continually up to the time of his death. He seemed to be always thinking of and preparing for death. He was finally relieved from his long martyrdom on Jan. 13, 1886, at the age of 68 years.

BR. JOHN LYNCH⁽¹⁾.

Died at Boston, Jan. 18, 1886.

Br. John Lynch was born in the town of Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, July 25, 1802. In the year 1837 he emigrated to America, and entered the Society in that year from Philadelphia, on Sept. 25. He was first stationed at Frederick, Md., where he was gardener at the parochial house and worked on the farm. He went from there to Georgetown, and worked in the garden for a year and a half. Thence he was sent with Fr. McElroy to Boston, Mass., and was the first of the Society to take possession of St. Mary's Church in that city, on the feast of Blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez, in 1847. There he remained as long as Fr. McElroy was pastor of St. Mary's. But when this venerable priest changed his residence to Boston College, Br. Lynch, his factotum, went with him, and remained with him five years, at the end of which time he returned to St. Mary's, where he died on the 18th of January, 1886, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. During his whole career in the Society, and especially during the thirty-four years he spent at St. Mary's, he was remarkable for his love of poverty, punctuality, charity, and, in fact, for all the virtues which adorn a true religious. He was so strict in his attention to duty, that, though always overburdened with work, he never had to be told twice to do anything. He was a perfect model of obedience. Few men outside of the list of the saints have lived so laborious a life with so few faults as Br. Lynch. He died of old age, fortified with all the sacraments, full of years and merits.

(1) Contributed by Fr. Wm. Duncan.

[In answer to our suggestion in the previous number, that members of other provinces and missions in America should take advantage of the present occasion to have chronicled in the LETTERS brief sketches of those whose obituaries have not been written, the following were sent us by the venerable Fr. Ponziglione, for many years missionary among the Osages, and now stationed at Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wis.]

OSAGE MISSION, KANSAS.

BR. ANTHONY TOELLA.

Br. Anthony Toella was a native of Switzerland, and was sent to Osage Mission in 1849. He was an excellent religious, always happy and satisfied. One of his duties was to take care of the sacristy, a thing which pleased him very much, for it gave him an opportunity of frequently visiting the Most Blessed Sacrament, towards which he felt a great devotion. At the opening of summer he was subject to attacks of violent fever, which at times acted on his brain; so much so, as to render him unaccountable for what he was doing. Under one of such spells, on the 22nd of May, 1852, after the recital of the evening litanies, instead of going with the other brothers to prepare the points of the meditation for the next morning, he strayed into the yard in front of the church. The night was rainy and very dark; he wandered around for a little over a mile, and, not knowing where he was going, he fell into a ditch full of water, and was drowned. His remains were found two days after, and were buried in the mission cemetery. At the time of his death he was forty-five years old, and of these he had passed seventeen in our Society.

BR. THOMAS COGHLEN.

Br. Thomas Coghlen, an Irishman by birth, was one of the first three brothers who came to Osage Mission with Father John Schoenmakers in 1847. He was *ad domestica*, that is to say, he had to do all kinds of work around the house. He served the community with great charity, and had an extraordinary patience in dealing with Indian children. His health was not very good, but he would never complain, nor ask for any exemption from the common life. At last he had to give up. His sickness was long, during which he frequently spoke of the happiness which, through the mercy of God, he expected in heaven. Strengthened with the last sacraments, he slept in the Lord, on the 7th of April, 1854, being then forty years old; of these he had lived nine years and six months in our Society.

FR. JOSEPH VANLEUGENHAEGE.

Fr. Joseph Vanleugenhaege was a native of Holland. He reached Osage Mission on the 3rd of July, 1857, and, without any delay, went around visiting the Indians, catechizing them, baptizing their children, in a word, doing all the good he could. In the spring of 1858, whilst going through the Indian village, close to the mission, he was badly bitten in the calf of the leg by an Indian dog. He, however, did not make much of it, and kept attending to his missionary duties as usual. About the middle of June he felt unwell, and gave signs of suffering from aberration of mind. Fr. Schoenmakers thought it better to take him at once to St. Louis, that he might be under the care of some good doctor. But the very next day after they had reached St. Louis University he got so sick, that it was thought proper to administer to him the last sacraments, which, having received, he breathed his last on the 4th of July, 1858. He fell in the bloom of his manhood, being but thirty-two years old; of these he had passed ten in our Society.

BR. THOMAS MCGLINN.

Br. Thomas McGlinn, an Irishman by birth, was a most expert blacksmith. He came to Osage Mission on the 5th of June, 1863. His health kept always good till about two years before his death, when some interior failing began to undermine his constitution, and he gradually lost all his strength till he became almost helpless. Being in such a state, Fr. Schoen-

makers asked him whether he would like to have some special prayers offered up for his recovery in our church. To this he replied, that by wishing to have such prayers offered for his recovery, he feared he would show that he had not that spirit of perfect indifference St. Ignatius wishes us to have towards health as well as sickness; and for this reason, he would prefer they would pray to God to grant him perfect conformity to His will. In such a spirit of perfect resignation he received the last sacraments, and on the 15th of February, 1871, passed, as we have reason to hope, to a better life. He was but thirty-five years old; of these he had lived eight in our Society.

BR. JEROME LYONS.

Br. Jerome Lyons, a native of Ireland, came to Osage Mission on the 25th of July, 1855, in the quality of a school-teacher. Healthy and stout, he had a constitution which seemed to defy all the hardships accompanying a pioneer life in the wild West. But fifteen years of Indian school-teaching made a wreck of him. He saw the end towards which he was fast approaching, but, full of holy enthusiasm, he kept faithful to his duty. He had a great power over his pupils, who loved him and respected him. Through his zeal the Boys' Sodality took a new start, and devotion to the Immaculate Virgin increased most wonderfully. Attacked by a pulmonary fever, he lingered for nearly two years till consumption carried him off. Perfectly resigned to the will of God, he received the last sacraments with great devotion, and on the 24th of April, 1871, went to receive the reward of his labors in God's service. At his death he was forty years old, and of these he had lived nineteen in our Society.

BR. JOSEPH WELLFNER.

~ Br. Joseph Wellfner, a native of Germany, was employed at the Osage Mission as clothes-keeper and infirmarian for nearly two years. A strict observer of all our rules, he was most distinguished in his charity towards the sick. This virtue he displayed in a particular manner towards one of the mission students, a young man some twenty years old, who, having been attacked by a most violent fever, was taken away by death in less than two days' sickness. Br. Joseph, seeing the danger the young man was in, never abandoned his bedside, and with real brotherly love stood by him till he expired. He seems to have contracted from the young man the same distemper. In fact, but a few days after the young man had been buried, the brother was at once taken by the same fever, and in five days' time, was brought to the end of his life. He died most piously, after having received the last sacraments to the great edification of all the by-standers. His death took place on the 8th of April, 1886. He was but thirty-three years of age, and of these he counted eleven in our Society.

VARIA.

Alumni of Jesuit Colleges.—Delegates from the alumni associations of our colleges in the United States met at Loyola College on the opening day of the Catholic Congress and took the first steps towards the formation of a General Association of the Alumni of the American Jesuit Colleges. The object of this General Association is, that an alumnus may find in whatever city he may reside, suitable associates and influential friends. Among the distinguished gentlemen present were Rt. Rev. W. M. Wigger, Bishop of Newark and Hon. Honoré Mercier, Premier of Quebec.

Anima Christi.—*Der Katholik*, April, 1876, contains the following details on the prayer "Anima Christi:" "It dates back, at least, to the beginning of the 14th century. The prayer books of the 15th century contain it, and the 'Hortulus Animae' says that Pope John XXII. (1316-1334) granted an indulgence of 300 days to the one reciting it. It occurs in both Latin and German."—The same article adds in a footnote the names of a few old prayer books which contain the "Anima Christi," such as the "Hortulus Animae," the "Liber meditationum ac orationum," mentioning after each the year of publication and the number of the page where it may be found. A few variations of the prayer are also found; for instance: "in vulneribus" instead of "intra vulnera;" "vulnera sanctissima" instead of "vulnera."—One reading has: "Sudor Christi sana me" before "Passio Christi, etc." In one place it reads: "Protege me, pone me juxta te, ut cum sanctis angelis tuis in secula seculorum laudem te;" another ending reads: "Pone me juxta te, ut cum sanctis angelis tuis videam et laudem te in secula seculorum."

Austria, Innsbruck.—The number of theologians is larger than at any time since the University was founded. There are more than 300 names on the books, and among them are those of several Franciscan monks from Herzogovina, whom the Government has sent here to be instructed in theology.—Mr. Michael O'Connor, of the Missouri Province, defended seven theses "De Ecclesia," at the disputation held on Feb. 12, 1890. Mr. Timothy B. Barrett, of the Maryland-New York Province, read in the refectory a dissertation entitled "De Origine Obligationis Episcoporum Residenti in Suis Diocesisibus."

Vehelehrad.—H. E. the Cardinal von Fürstenberg, Archbishop of Olmutz, has just entrusted to the care of Ours the famous sanctuary of Sts. Cyril and Methodius, at Vehelehrad. It is a place of pilgrimage much frequented. The Society has the temporal and spiritual charge of this ancient abbey.

Baltimore, Loyola College.—The patronal feast of the Rector was celebrated on Dec. 3rd, 1889, by the students "who gave," says the *Baltimore American*, "an entertainment that was a credit to the students themselves, as well as an honor to the president." The same paper adds: "Enjoyable as this occasion undoubtedly was, still more enjoyable was the meeting of the alumni. Graduates, old and young, gathered once more in the welcome and familiar halls, around which so many fond memories cluster." In answer to the invitations

issued by the Rector of the college for the alumni dinner, nineteen graduates accepted and twelve others sent letters of sincere regret at not being able to take part in a reunion they had long desired.—On the evening of Dec. 2nd, 1889, Rev. Fr. Rector met by appointment in the college hall a few of the most prominent young Catholics in the city, with a view to forming a society that will be to the Catholics of Baltimore what the Young Men's Christian Association is to non-Catholics. As the result of this and subsequent meetings, in which the needs and peculiar circumstances of the young men of this city were carefully discussed, a constitution was drawn up, desirable candidates were admitted to membership, and officers elected. The society is known as the *Catholic Association of Baltimore City*. So far there are eighty members, and great caution is exercised in receiving new ones. The first of the Association's projects to mature is a series of free lectures. The first lecture, entitled "The Catholic Layman," was delivered by Edgar H. Gans, Esq., in the college hall on Jan. 23, 1890. It is expected that some of the lectures will be given by well known speakers in one of the largest halls in the city.—Fr. Wm. J. Tynan, the Minister of the college, is teaching the class of rhetoric in place of Fr. Gunn, who has been transferred to the Gesù, Philadelphia.—Fr. Francis Ryan has formed a reading circle amongst the associates of the League of the Sacred Heart.

Books.—The scholastics of Uelés are preparing a new edition of the *Manuel des FF. Coadjuteurs*, and of the *Ritus et Preces ad usum Patrum Soc. Jesu*. They ask that if any judge that modifications or additions should be made to the former editions to notify them at once. The *Ritus et Preces* is a most valuable little book for all our priests, and especially for the ordinandi. We should be glad to forward to Uelés any improvements or additions that may be suggested by our readers.—*Asserta Moralia*, auctore P. Matharan (3rd edition), is also announced by the Uelés press. ~ ~

Fr. Clair has just finished a life of St. Ignatius. He has taken as a basis the work of Fr. Ribadeneira, to which he has added a large number of valuable documents.

Another volume of the Letters of St. Ignatius (*Cartas de San Ignacio*) has been issued. The sixth and last volume will be published before the end of the year. This valuable work is edited by Fr. Velez, an old student of Woodstock.

Fr. Sommervogel, of the province of France, is correcting the proof sheets of his great work on the Bibliography of the Society.

The second volume of *Los Claros Varones* has just been published at Bilbao. It sketches all our famous fathers of the old Chinese Mission.

Papes et Tsars (1547-1597), founded upon new documents, is a work of 514 pages by Fr. Pierling. This book, throwing light upon the relations between the Czar and the Pope in the past, is timely now that the Holy See is trying to effect a reconciliation with the Czar.

A French and Turkish dictionary by Father Joseph Reali has just been published at Constantinople. It has cost the author ten years' labor, and he has been complimented by Professor Vambéry and other authorities, the third class of the Medjidieh having also been conferred upon him by the Sultan.

Mr. Francis J. Finn, of the Missouri Province, is the author of "Percy Wynn; or Making a Boy of Him." Mr. Finn is the first Catholic writer who has attempted, and with success, to address the large class of readers so long

fascinated by the stories of Alger, Castlemon, and Oliver Optic. It is to be hoped that "Percy Wynn" may be the forerunner of other books as entertaining and as redolent of boyish piety.

The Innsbrucker Zeitschrift had an article in the November number that has stirred up several of our Protestant brethren to unusual liberality. The article treats of the "Klostersturm" raging at the time of the reformation. It has been reprinted in a condensed form in the *Magazine of Christian Literature* for January, 1890.—The letter from the Editor of the magazine may prove interesting to some of our readers:—

TO THE REV. FATHERS,
Woodstock, Md.

Herewith is sent you a copy of the January number of the *Magazine of Christian Literature* containing the condensed translation of the article on the Klostersturm from the R. C. quarterly made by Mr. Starbuck. We recognize your kindness in enabling him by the loan of the quarterly to make the translation, and trust you will recognize our fairness in presenting an article in which the ordinary Protestant view is disproved. I should heartily rejoice if it could be shown that there was no excuse for the Protestant movement in the condition of the Roman Church of the Fifteenth Century. It may be in the divine mind to bring into accord the Protestant and the Roman Catholic views of history, polity, and doctrine. But there is no such accord to-day. It seems to me that my course in publishing articles from Roman Catholic sources is a move in the right direction. When will Roman Catholic journals of equal standing admit Protestants?

Very truly yours,
SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON,
Editor *Magazine of Christian Literature.*

Fr. James Conway, of Canisius College, Buffalo, has published a pamphlet of sixty pages entitled "The Respective Rights and Duties of Family, State, and Church in Regard to Education," which has been highly praised by the Catholic press. The same father has translated Fr. Pottgeisser's "Sermons for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Ecclesiastical Year, with Two Courses of Lenten Sermons and a Triduum for the Forty Hours."

British Honduras, Belize.—A great deal of good has been done this year at the mission. Many sinners have been converted, and many Protestants have embraced the true religion. During my excursion, which lasted two months, I have noticed more than ever the want of new missionaries. Many of our Indians can scarcely be visited once a year. Last March I administered the sacrament of Confirmation in fifteen villages, ten of which had not been visited by a priest for nearly two years.—*Fr. S. Di Pietro, Prefect Apostolic.*

Canada.—St. Mary's College, Montreal, has 376 pupils, of which 190 are boarders. "La grippe" seriously affected studies for many days, over 100 boys being down with it at one time; one boy died of it; several others dangerously ill.—Fr. Charaux is going to build a new chapel at the Sault during the coming spring; the foundations were laid last fall. This new wing will be on the entrance side, corresponding to the wing occupied by the juniors, but extending further into the garden.—The missionaries on the Lakes are meeting with many hardships and plenty of consolation. FF. Nadeau and Dufresne are in the neighborhood of Byng Inlet; Fr. Chambon is among the Indians of Goulais Bay; Fr. Richard is in the forests visiting the whites in the timber-camps. He has thirty camps to visit before the timber-cutting season ends. The zeal displayed by our Lake missionaries made a local Protestant paper pay them the following homely but well-deserved compliment:

"These pious Catholic missionaries don't let the grass grow under their feet or mountains of snow confine them to warm rooms or soft beds."—The *Mail* libel case is still going on slowly before the courts. Another judgment was rendered recently in our favor by Judge Doherty. This is the third decision which has been given in our favor. But these judgments refer merely to procedure and have nothing to do with the merits of the case. They remove one by one the objections raised by defendant, that the Society of Jesus is an illegal society, therefore cannot be incorporated, therefore cannot sue before civil courts, etc. All these objections have to be disposed of before the libel case can be taken up.—The Equal Rights Association, gotten up during the Orange Campaign last year by the Ultra-Protestants in Canada to oppose Jesuitism, is losing prestige even among its own followers.—The Rev. Dr. Hurlbert, the learned professor of whom abundant mention was made in past numbers of the *LETTERS*, has not yet given to the world the "proofs" so anxiously awaited that the Jesuits teach the end justifies the means.—A new French Canadian *Messenger* in connection with the Apostleship of Prayer appears monthly, under the direction of Fr. Nolin.—*E. J. D.*

Catholic Centenary.—The Society was represented at the Catholic Centenary of the American Hierarchy and at the Catholic Congress, held in Baltimore, in November, 1889, by Ours from all parts of the country. There were two provincials, three superiors of missions, twelve or fourteen rectors, and a large and distinguished gathering of our alumni.

Colorado, Denver.—The College of the Sacred Heart has 12 boys in the class of philosophy. They celebrated St. Catharine's Feast with a banquet and a literary entertainment. A new brick building "of handsome proportions" has recently been added to the college. One of the students, James Nichols, standing first amongst the contestants in the State annual contest in oratory, held in Denver on Jan. 18, 1890, was awarded the prize of \$25.

Fr. Simon Fouché.—The January number of the *Revue des Questions Historiques* contains a curious article on "Marie-Antoinette à la Conciergerie." The writer endeavors to solve the old controversy as to whether the Queen received the consolations of our holy religion before her death. It is interesting to know that the principal documents which go to prove that Marie-Antoinette did receive holy Communion in prison a short time before her death, came from New York and were furnished by the late Fr. Fouché, who sent to the journal *Le Monde* a document written and signed by the Abbé Magnin, in which he declares that he heard the confession of Marie-Antoinette in the Conciergerie and gave her holy Communion during the Mass which he said in her cell. Fr. Fouché in his letter to *Le Monde* also relates that during the revolution he lived in Paris with his two maiden aunts, that he remembers the Abbé Magnin very well, who lived in disguise with his aunts. One of these was a woman of extraordinary piety and energetic charity. She conceived the bold design of penetrating to the Queen and assist her. Having been successful, she further undertook to bring a priest into her prison, who might give her the sacraments. This also she accomplished.—All these facts Fr. Fouché remembered very well, having often heard his aunt relate all the circumstances. We may add that Father Thiry, Father Du Ranquet, and others often heard Father Fouché relate these curious and edifying facts.

France, Champagne.—*Death of Father Xavier Barbelin.* Fr. Barbelin, founder and director of the apostolic school of Amiens died very piously in the Lord on the feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, 1889. His life was that of a saint and an apostle, as was that of his brother, Fr. Felix Barbelin, the memory of whose heroic doings is still fresh among the Catholics of Philadelphia. Our provinces and missions in America are greatly indebted to the venerable deceased; for some of our fathers and scholastics were formed under his loving and paternal direction.

Father Fernhaes, S. J., has been appointed Superior of the Apostolic College. Father Fernhaes for several years has been the Spiritual Director of the college, and his intimate knowledge of the spirit of its founder will enable him to carry on the work with undoubted success.

Paris.—Twenty-six students were admitted to the Polytechnic School. Four of them won the 2nd, the 3rd, the 6th, the 7th places in the examination. All our colleges opened very well. At Vaugirard over 80 new students; at Rue des Postes, we have more applications than we can accept.—FF. de Bonnot and Bouix died recently.

Frederick, Md.—The juniors have a new study hall. The "aula," as it is called, on the lower floor has been abandoned. The dormitory has been divided into two parts; the larger part will continue to be used as a dormitory, the smaller as a new "aula." This will give the juniors a room with plenty of light and free from dampness.

Georgetown College.—Archbishop Satolli and Mgr. O'Connell paid a short visit to the college in November. As the Archbishop drove up the college ground the imposing proportions of the edifice broke upon him as a revelation and filled him with wonderment and surprise. On being shown through the building he gave utterance to repeated expressions of admiration and delight. The limited time at his disposal not permitting a formal reception, the students were drawn up in double rows in one of the corridors to meet him. Monsignor Satolli gazed with lively interest upon the bright faces as he walked through the lines. Then turning to Mgr. O'Connell he requested him to address the boys. The Archbishop's good-bye to the students was given in the form of a two-days' holiday.—Dr. Thomas Antisell has presented to the Coleman Museum about 2000 specimens of valuable minerals.—The college was represented in the Catholic Congress by a large delegation of her alumni who have attained prominence in commercial and professional circles.—A Shakespeare Club, whose object is to read and interpret the plays of Shakespeare, has been organized by Fr. Daugherty.—The retreat for the students, which ended on Dec. 7, 1889, was conducted by Fr. Harmar C. Denny, of St. Francis Xavier's College.—At the reception to the members of the American International Conference, which was given in Gaston Hall on Dec. 21, 1889, Rev. Fr. Rector delivered an appropriate address of welcome, which was gracefully responded to by His Excellency F. Cipriano C. Zegarra, Minister of Peru, first vice-president of the Conference, and a graduate of the college in 1864.—The senior students now occupy Gaston Hall for their studies, and the juniors the old study hall.—The St. Vincent de Paul Conference of Georgetown College, by reason of the hearty coöperation of all the students in liberal contributions of money and wearing apparel, has been enabled to relieve many poor families in the neighborhood of the college.

India, Calcutta.—(Belgian Mission.) Fr. Motet writes, June 3rd, 1889, from Ranchi that our fathers there are extraordinarily blessed in their work. Hundreds and thousands of people, travelling sixty, eighty, and one hundred miles, hasten on to Ours at Ranchi. The caravansary, built for the purpose, has sheltered in one week more than a thousand of these eager souls. Never had they seen a priest, but they know that we protect our Christians. Old men, trembling with age, are practising for hours the Sign of the Cross. Others repeat from morning until night the Our Father and Hail Mary. At the beginning of the year, at Joreya, the pagan sacrificer said to Fr. de Smet: "I wish to be the first Christian of Joreya." He was baptized and it was not long before he had gained another soul to Christ. The pagan landlord in his rage persecuted these two neophytes, deprived them of their harvest, beat them with sticks, so that one fell senseless under the blows. But God rewarded them. Seventeen families of Joreya imitated their example; and two neighboring villages renounced their idols.—List of baptisms in four missions of Chota-Nagpore from July 1888 to May 1889: At Ranchi, 2102 baptisms in eleven months; at Dorma (Fr. Huyghe), 1090 baptisms in nine months; at Dighia (Fr. Hagenbeck), 426 baptisms in ten months; in Torpa (Fr. van Severen), 576 baptisms in eleven months. In all, 4196 baptisms in less than a year. The 900 catechumens, in 1885, ran up to 3000 in 1886, to 15,000 in 1887, and at the end of 1888 they numbered 50,000. Last year (1888) Fr. Huyghe baptized with his own hand 2500 converts, and Fr. Hagenbeck saw the number of his neophytes go up to 5000 in less than a year. Ranchi is the centre of operation, where Ours have a school, a chapel, and a novitiate. One of the means which Almighty God uses towards the conversion of these poor people, is the fear of the evil one. Our great hope lies in the children; hence, we sacrifice everything to put up suitable schools. Large reinforcements of Belgian fathers and brothers started for Calcutta in October and November last.—*Fr. Pfister.*

The Holy See has appointed the Fr. Theodore Dalhoff, Vicar-General of Bombay, to be Administrator of the archdiocese, pending the nomination of a successor to the late Archbishop Porter.

Infallible Novena.—This novena to St. Francis Xavier, from March 4th to March 12th, was first made in Naples in 1633. Father Marcellus Mastrilli, S. J., who afterwards died a martyr in Japan, had been struck on the head by a heavy hammer falling accidentally from the high walls of a new church that was then building. His case was declared fatal, and his death was expected as certain. Then he obtained permission from his superiors to make the vow of devoting himself to the Indian missions in case he should recover. The night when all expected him to die St. Francis Xavier appeared to him and said, that he had accepted his vow and that help would be given. Then he added the promise "*all those who make a novena in my honor from March 4th to March 12th, confess on one of those days and receive communion and invoke my intercession with God, shall obtain the grace they ask, provided it be according to the will of God.*" Finally he told the Father: "You are cured." The Father rose instantly and was cured.

This was made known in the whole of Italy and elsewhere, and the novena began to spread everywhere. But it was especially promoted by the miraculous cure of Alexander Philippuni, S. J., in 1658, who had been grievously ill for 15 months and was restored to health instantly after making the novena. The novena was now spread throughout the whole of Italy and France, in

Spain and Portugal, and it was always faithfully made at the imperial court of Vienna. At present it exists in all the houses of the Society of Jesus; but it is kept with a special solemnity at the Cathedral of Strassburg. A daily sermon and solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament constitute in the last named place some of the external solemnities. On June 8, 1737, Pope Clement XII., granted a plenary indulgence to all who should make this novena; but this only for seven years. Pope Benedict XIV., however, extended the said plenary indulgence to all times. In the bull of canonization, published Aug., 6, 1623, after the death of Pope Gregory XV., we read, that St. Francis Xavier had advised a blind man to make this novena, and that the blind man had recovered his sight perfectly after making it.—*Theol. Quartalschrift*, I. 1888, p. 141.

Ireland.—The new scholasticate of the Irish Province at Milltown Park was opened on the Feast of St. Francis Borgia with 17 theologians in the long course and 8 in the short course. Fr. Peter Finlay is professor of morning dogma; Fr. Patrick Kane, of evening dogma; Fr. Denis Murphy, of moral theology and canon law; Fr. William Kelly, of Scripture; Fr. Robert Kane takes the short dogma, and Fr. McKenna the class of philosophy. The house, standing in the midst of a large and handsome domain, is situated about a mile from Dublin, within easy reach of sea and mountainous scenery, thus affording agreeable walks and ready facilities throughout the summer months for enjoying sea bathing and sea air. Its position on the outskirts of the capital renders it peculiarly well suited for following the courses of physics, chemistry, and mathematics at the Royal University, or at the Royal College of Science. There is a fine ball alley; cricket and tennis grounds, for which there is ample space, will soon be laid out.—*Lettres de Mold*.

Italy, Naples.—In the College of the Sacred Heart, of which our old professor of physics, Fr. J. M. Degni, is rector, there are 8 priests, 8 scholastics, 9 lay brothers, and 15 lay teachers.

Rome.—The Gregorian University has this year more students than at any time since its establishment, 73 more than last year, and 70 more than the Roman College had at the time of the seizure of Rome by the Italian Government in 1870. The catalogue just published has 781 students: 447 in theology, 28 in canon law, and 306 in philosophy. Of these, 49 are Englishmen, 1 Armenian, 41 Austrians, 12 from North America, 71 from South America, 26 Belgians, 139 Frenchmen, 89 Germans, 29 Swiss, 8 Irishmen, 11 Spaniards, 11 Hungarians, 237 Italians, 2 Portuguese, 4 Hollanders, 29 Poles, 22 Scotchmen.

Manresa Island.—After some repairs and improvements this new residence has been opened as a "*House of Retreats under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers for Clergymen and Laymen.*" Fr. Loyzance is superior, Fr. Allan McDonnell, minister. Fr. Perron was director of retreats until his death. His place has not yet been supplied. The missionary fathers under the charge of Fr. McCarthy made the island their headquarters, and are put down in the catalogue as living there. The island is two miles distant from South Norwalk, Ct., which is forty miles from New York, on the New York & New Haven R. R. It may also be reached by steamboat during the summer months. The situation is very beautiful, and it is one of the most healthy parts of the State. It contains twenty-three acres of good land, well laid out in the form of a heart and sur-

rounded by a strong sea-wall. This wall, not rising above the surface of the ground, does not obstruct the view, but serves only to protect the ground from the action of the waves. An excellent road, which cost the original owner some \$5000 to build, connects it with the mainland. There is a fine orchard of 250 fruit trees, and, besides the twenty-three acres of island, there are about twenty-seven acres of salt meadows, making fifty acres in all. The principal building is a fine residence which is well heated; the two others are suitable for summer use.

Maryland, Whitmarsh.—On Nov. 24, 1889, Fr. Provincial blessed a new 1000-pound bell for our Church of the Sacred Heart. The rough iron-stone exterior of the church has been hidden under a coat of cement; a new metal roof with cornice projections has been put on, and a steeple erected, the gilded cross of which can be seen for miles around. The interior of the church has also been thoroughly renovated.—The corner-stone of the new church at Woodmore, one of Fr. Jeremiah Coleman's missions, was laid on Sunday, Feb. 9, 1890, by Fr. Francis Ryan, of Loyola College, who had been delegated by Cardinal Gibbons to perform this ceremony.

Missouri Province.—In all the colleges of this province there will be for the future on every Friday Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with the reading of the Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.—At a mission in Memphis, Tenn., given by Fr. Coghlan, Ward and Schlechter, there were 3500 communicants, and twenty-one conversions to our holy religion.

Chicago.—The members of the faculty of St. Ignatius College have prepared the following Sodality Lecture Course for 1889-90: Nov. 25, "A Morning in Rome," Fr. E. A. Higgins; Dec. 2, "Our Pilgrim Fathers—Catholic and Puritan," Mr. W. H. Fanning; Dec. 9, "A Geological Panorama," Mr. M. D. Sullivan; Dec. 16, "The World of Shakespeare," Mr. C. B. Moulinier; Dec. 23, "The Genius of Parnell," Fr. P. A. Murphy; Jan. 13, "Mental Growth," Fr. A. Bosche; Jan. 20, "The Spirit of Irish Song," Fr. P. Mulconry; Jan. 27, "Oxygen—An Active Spirit Seeking Rest," Mr. M. D. Sullivan; Feb. 3, "Our National Shrines," Mr. W. H. Fanning; Feb. 10, "Hero Worship," Mr. J. C. McKeogh.—Fr. Andrew O'Neill's twenty-fifth anniversary as director of Holy Family parish schools was celebrated on Dec. 5, 1889, by the pupils with songs and addresses, which expressed their loving gratitude for and appreciation of the "Children's Friend." The small school which Fr. O'Neill first took charge of in 1864 has grown into six large schools, with over 6000 pupils enrolled.

Cincinnati.—The St. Xavier College Course of Lectures is as follows; Jan. 22, "Logic vs. Mr. Ingersoll," Fr. M. Harts; Jan. 29, "Chemical Analysis" (practice), Mr. C. J. Borgmeyer; Feb. 12, "Observations on the Sun" (stereopticon), Fr. C. M. Charroppin; Feb. 26, "The Inquisition," Fr. H. Calmer; March 5, "The Kingdom of Italy," Fr. W. F. Poland.—The college will celebrate its Golden Jubilee at the close of the school year. The programme for the celebration will be something like this: On Monday, June 16th, the alumni will hold appropriate exercises in the Grand Opera House; on Tuesday, June 17th, there will be solemn services in our church, and Archbishop Ryan, it is said, will be the orator; in the evening the alumni banquet will be spread; and on Wednesday, June 18th, the college will have its commencement in the Grand Opera House, and its religious celebration in the church on the Sunday following.

St. Louis.—The University has 425 students. The painting and frescoing

of the parlors, corridors, museum, library, and guest rooms have recently been completed.—Fr. A. Burrows, M. Shallo, and J. D. Walsh will do mission work in the churches of the city during Lent.—Fr. Ignatius Panken for a number of years in charge of the negroes has been sent to the Indian Mission in Wyoming Territory. Fr. M. I. Boorman will replace him in St. Louis during Lent.—The new Sodality Hall is the admiration of all. The Young Men's Sodality Lecture Course is as follows: Jan. 8, "Cardinal Newman as a Poet," by Fr. Henry M. Calmer; Jan. 21, "The City of the Popes" (illustrated), Fr. Wm. F. Poland; Feb. 4, "News from the Sun" (illustrated), Fr. Charles Charroppin; Feb. 18, "The Young Man in Catholic Life," Condé B. Pallen, A. M., Ph. D; March 4, "The Tower of London" (illustrated), Fr. James J. Conway.

Milwaukee.—"The Star of Bethlehem," a Christmas play written by Mr. Francis J. Finn, was performed by the students of Marquette College on Dec. 23, 1889.

New Orleans Mission.—The College of the Immaculate Conception has 425 students.—Fr. Joseph Winkelreid is building a new church at Macon, Ga., which will be 150 feet long, and cost \$100,000.—Fr. John A. Downey is building a fine club house for the use of the young men of St. Joseph's parish, Mobile.—Fr. Thomas O'Connor was ordained priest at Spring Hill College on Dec. 21, 1889, by Bishop O'Sullivan, of Mobile.

New York, St. Francis Xavier's.—On Wednesday, December 4th, at a class exhibition given by the students of rhetoric and belles-lettres in this college, the *parode* of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* was brought out before a Catholic audience in this city for the first time. Though the presentation was but an experiment in collegiate entertainment, yet no small labor was expended to satisfy the utmost exactions of archæological scholarship. The students appeared in Greek costume and performed the intricate but beautiful movements that always accompanied the singing of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. The music of the piece, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the performers by Professor Payne, of Harvard University, was under the direction of one of the members of the class of rhetoric. Some discrimination was exercised in the distribution of tickets, and the production was, in consequence, viewed by an intelligent audience of over twelve hundred persons, including a few gentlemen from the faculties of Columbia College and the College of the City of New York. The success of that trial, and the words spoken in its praise, by those most qualified to judge, suggested the expediency of a fuller and more elaborate performance in a similar field of classic art. It was therefore proposed for the honor of Catholic scholarship, and in the interests of Catholic higher education, to produce an entire comedy of Plautus in the language and with the full stage environment of the original. The great difficulty was the expense. The production of the Greek chorus cost nearly two hundred dollars, the Latin play would cost three times that amount. Mr. Clifford determined to follow the plan adopted at Harvard on a similar occasion, and so he appealed to our wealthy and educated Catholics to become *patrons* of the work. He has met with great success; and among the patrons are His Grace, the Archbishop, Judge O'Brien, Judge Daly, Judge Richard O'Gorman, Eugene Kelly. Augustine Daly offered the use of his theatre, which was declined with thanks; he then offered to put his stage carpenter and scene painter at our service, and this has been gratefully ac-

cepted. The play which will be presented is *The Captives* of Plautus. It is the one comedy which the poet himself took pride in as the noblest and tenderest of his works, and which the great Lessing pronounced to be "the best piece ever put upon the stage." The presentation of the work will be under the direction of the Professor of Rhetoric, who will publish a suitable *libretto*—with notes and a translation to aid in the production. This translation of the *libretto* will be the work of two philosophers and three rhetoricians.—*Guy Mannering* was brought out at Christmas time under the direction of Mr. McCarthy.—The Preparatory Course had a Competitive Drill on January the 22nd. The presentation of the flag was made by Gen. Newton in a very complimentary speech.—The night school has about 50 students, and the college considerably over 400.—The young men's club under Fr. Van Rensselaer is attracting attention all through the city. Its present membership is 400.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Fr. David Merrick was commemorated on Dec. 3rd., 1889, by special services in the church and by appropriate exercises in the college.

Fordham.—St. John's College has 238 boarders and 54 day scholars.—The new Second Division building is well under way. It is of the same length and width, 140 by 60, as the First Division building, but being on higher ground it will overtop the latter. The basement will be nearly 9 feet high, clear and lightsome. The first floor, with ceiling higher than the First Division play-room, will contain the gymnasium, play-room, billiard, reading, and toilet rooms. The second floor is intended for a study hall and on occasions for theatrical exhibitions. Its floor will slant toward a stage which is to be 25 feet in depth. On this floor will also be the vice-president's office, which will give it a more central location than the present. The third floor will have 8 large class rooms, each capable of comfortably seating 50 boys. The fourth floor will be the dormitory, which, by means of folding doors, can at any time be divided into two rooms. The fifth floor is to be the wardrobe. The building stone, which is the same as that used in the First Division building, will have the rock or ashlar face that adds so much to the external appearance of Science Hall.—The dead of Ours temporarily deposited in the vault of St. Raymond's Cemetery and those buried in the old college cemetery were removed on Jan. 28, 1890, and interred in the new community burying ground which has been laid out in a section of the college garden.

Brooklyn.—The *Catholic Review* in speaking of the mission given by Fr. Ryan, McDonald, and Lynch in the Church of the Assumption during the last weeks of November, says: "Judging from the continuously crowded attendance, the number of confessions, of converts to the faith, and of adults confirmed, this has been one of the most satisfactory and successful missions ever given in Brooklyn."

Orientalists.—The Congress of Orientalists opened at Stockholm on Sept. 2nd, was transferred on the 7th to Christiania, where it closed on the 12th; 407 members were present, among whom were two of Ours, Fr. Strassmaier and De Cara. King Oscar received our Fr. De Cara, the representative of the Propaganda, with great respect and courtesy. His Majesty was full of praise for the missionaries, and charged Fr. De Cara to express to the Holy See the gratitude of all the orientalists. Fr. Strassmaier gave an account of the result of his work on the inscriptions of the time of Cyrus, which had never before been deciphered. The collection of these inscriptions will appear very soon in book-form. To Fr. Strassmaier the world of science is indebted for the first Assyrian dictionary, and to his publication

last year of the astronomical calculations, dating back 1000 years B. C., and based on the system to which Ptolemy has given his name.

Philadelphia, St. Joseph's Church.—Fr. E. A. McGurk gave his picture lecture, "In the Days of the Martyrs," on Feb. 11, 1889, for the benefit of the poor of this parish.

The Messenger's Silver Jubilee.—With the January issue the Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus began its twenty-fifth year as the American organ of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. From the leading article of that number, we extract the following: "Very few have any idea of what the MESSENGER is doing. Besides its own regular monthly appearance, five other postal-registered publications are issued: *The Pilgrim*, or *Little Messenger*, *Rosary Tickets* for the 480,000 Associates practising the 2d Degree, and the *Monthly Calendar*, every month; the *Holy Childhood Annals*, every two months; the *Sacred Heart Library*, every quarter; and the *Sacred Heart Almanac*, yearly. The signing and sending out of diplomas for new Centres, and for the Promoters, the preparation of all the official papers and supplies of the League, *Certificates of Admission*, *Badges*, *Handbooks*, *Conversations on the Apostleship*, *Explanation of the Holy Hour*, are some of the duties of daily routine. The procuring of diplomas of affiliation for Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Associations of the *Bona Mors*, and the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, with the work of correspondence without end and the preparation of preliminary documents for episcopal approbation and their transmission to Europe—all this is done by the MESSENGER. The Agency of the Holy Childhood, formerly at New York, was transferred during the past year to the MESSENGER office, and is undertaken as a pure work of charity. This is not pastime, and yet it seems often to be taken as such. It is not even remunerated work. The cases are rare when even the postage is paid for the transmission of documents to and from Europe. The necessary articles of the League are given out at barely cost price. The *Pilgrim*, taken in numbers of 50, is only 30 cents a year, and does well when it pays for itself."

The *Sacred Heart Almanac* for 1890 gives an accurate list of indulgences for the various pious societies of the Church. It has, too, entertaining reading matter, Father Metcalf's popular *League Hymn*, and several full-page illustrations. The following interesting statistics are from its pages:—"800,000 American Associates have been enrolled in the League, since the year 1886.—There are 480,000 American Associates of the League who practise the Second Degree, that is, say a daily decade of the Rosary: 4,800,000 Hail Maries every day!—793 Local Centres of the Holy League have been aggregated, since 1886. This means that the American Head Director has signed and sent to various parishes and communities this number of diplomas of aggregation, with an equal number of Local Directors' diplomas.—6000 American Promoters have been confirmed in their privileges by the reception of the Indulgent Cross and the official Diploma signed by the American Head Director.—The *Handbook* of the League of the Sacred Heart has passed through its seventh edition, and reached its 39th thousand.—At present 44,151 parishes and communities are regularly aggregated to the League, with a membership of nearly 20,000,000. Surely, it is something to have a daily share in the prayers of 20,000,000 Associates!—During the past three years 350 Diplomas of Affiliation to the Roman *Prima Primaria* Sodality of the Blessed Virgin have been procured by the *Messenger* from the Father General of the Society of Jesus for various churches, colleges, academies, convents, and schools.—The *Messenger* has been the intermediary in obtaining during the past year twenty Diplomas

of Affiliation from the Father General of the Society of Jesus to the *Bona Mors* Association.—7,000,000 Negroes are in the whole United States. 3,000,000 communicants and members all told, are claimed by the various Protestant sects. 100,000 hardly, are Catholics. 3,000,000 and more, consequently, have no professed religion."

Philippine Islands, Manila.—Fr. Sanchez writes: "Our fathers of Tagoloan are at present engaged in civilizing the Monteses, who seem to be ripe for conversion. Fr. Barrado has within two months baptized 1500 persons and blessed 309 marriages. Our mission of Mindanao is very prosperous, but the cholera is raging in many places, and many of our Fathers have been called back to Manila. In an audience with the Colonial Minister, Fr. Faura obtained substantial aid for his observatory."

The Island of Mindanao and adjacent islands contain 32 parishes or missions, 164 reductions with 167,990 Catholics, and 126 religious, of whom 47 are at Manila and 79 at Mindanao. During 1888-1889 there were 2277 adults, and 9907 children baptized; 2251 marriages and 3773 deaths. R. Fr. Pastello is superior general; Fr. M. Rosés, rector of the Atheneo in Manila; Fr. M. Saderra, director of the observatory.

Poland.—*Province of Galicia.* This province has at present 38 scholastic novices and 19 lay-brothers. Theology is studied at Cracow, philosophy at Tarnopol. The novices and juniors are at Starawies, where our church possesses a very famous statue of our Lady. There is a college for students at Chyrów where a new edifice is now building. It is expected that when the new college is finished there will be about 600 pupils in Chyrów; at present there are about 360. The boys come from Austrian Poland, Prussian Poland, and a few from Russian Poland. There are eight classes in the college, and the studies are arranged according to the system adopted by the Bureau of Public Education in Austria. Gautsch, the Minister of Worship and Education, visited the college for the first time last year and expressed a desire to examine the students in history, as this is the only subject taught in the German language. The Rector conducted him to the class rooms, and the boys were closely questioned on the historical periods taught in the various classes. The answers were so satisfactory that Herr Gautsch publicly expressed his pleasure at finding the boys so well posted on the leading facts of the world's history. A grand reception was on that occasion given His Excellency. Three carriages brought him and his suite from the station to the college, where he was welcomed by the professors and the students, while the college band played several national airs. The visitors spent the night in the college, and were present at the students' Mass the next morning, where Gautsch was much impressed by the excellent singing of the boys and by the devout behavior of all present. As a practical proof of his appreciation of the college, he granted the first class the privileges of a public gymnasium, and promised to do the same for the other classes as soon as the professors had passed the State examination. Three of the teachers have already received diplomas of qualification and eight more scholastics are studying at the University of Cracow for the same purpose.

The Polish bishops are very friendly to us and give in many ways proof of their esteem. The Bishop of Tarnów has given Fr. Provincial power to grant faculties for the reserved cases in the diocese of Tarnów to whom he pleases and whenever he pleases.

A band of writers has been appointed for books and magazine articles. The writers live in the college at Cracow and have their own Superior. They are

at present under the charge of Fr. Morawski, professor of moral theology in the public University of Cracow. Three magazines are published by these fathers: the *Przegląd Powszechny*, which is edited according to the methods of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and appears once a month: the *Missiy Katoliczki* or *Catholic Missions*, and the *Inteye* or *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. These fathers are also republishing the famous works of Fr. Lanciecius.—Fr. Zaleski, superior at Cracow, is engaged in writing a history of the Society and its labors in White Russia. The part already published has been translated into French and Italian.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart has proved of the greatest possible help in keeping up a thorough Catholic spirit throughout Austrian Poland. More than a hundred thousand copies are published monthly, and all are sold. It costs very little, only two kreuzers, but that brings it within the means of the poorest laborer.—Our fathers during missions and retreats devote all their energies to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart. By degrees a small library of books treating of the devotion has been written, and as the books are adapted to the various classes of society, they form valuable helpers to the sermons and conferences. There are more than a million members of the Apostleship of Prayer, and over a thousand parishes are enrolled.

Mission work is one of the principal occupations of the Society here. Six fathers are constantly engaged in this labor, and they are reinforced by others whenever necessary, which is very frequently the case. Last year the new Bishop of Gnesen and Posen met with great opposition in carrying on the affairs of his diocese, because he was a German, while the people wished to have a Polish Bishop, a request which had been refused by the Prussian government. In fact, matters went to such extremes that not only was the Bishop treated with disrespect but his orders were positively disobeyed. In his distress the Bishop had recourse to Fr. Provincial and begged him to have a little mission before each episcopal visitation. The Minister of the college at Cracow, Fr. Michael Andrzejczak, who is a native of this diocese and well acquainted with many prominent persons, was sent to prepare the way for the Bishop and to quiet the excited members of the clergy. It is scarcely possible to realize what wonderful blessings attended the labors of this father; suffice it to say, that when the Bishop visited the various churches he found an affectionate people and a loyal clergy. Even those who had at first shown the severest opposition to him, are now completely reconciled to the appointment.—Ours have also charge of the Episcopal Seminary at Jassy in Moldavia, and are trying to build up a zealous priesthood in that difficult region.

One of the most remarkable works entrusted by Leo XIII. to us in Poland is the training of the Basilian Monks. To accomplish this end, two fathers and one scholastic are engaged in educating the Basilian novices in Dobromil; one father is in the Leopold monastery; one in Lawrów, and two in Krystynopol. Those who are engaged in this work live with the monks and accommodate themselves to their manner of living and to their customs, except attending choir. The novices, juniors, and philosophers are educated in the old monasteries, but the theologians are educated with Ours at Cracow. A deep bond of union exists among all, and, except for the different habit, you would not distinguish them from Jesuits. The present Superior of the Basilians is our Fr. Szczepkowski, who is so much loved by the monks that, when two years ago he was appointed to another position by Very Rev. Fr. General, it was found necessary to recall the appointment on account of the earnest entreaties of the Basilians that he might remain their superior for some years longer.

The persecution in Russia still continues, and there are many facts known at Rome which are not published, owing to the desire of the Holy See to effect a reconciliation with the Czar. The Polish Scholastics have often with their own eyes seen Russian soldiers strictly searching Polish peasants to find out whether they had any crucifixes or beads about them. Whatever was discovered was always taken from the tearful, protesting peasant and, if possible, destroyed before his eyes. The United Greeks, however, are the object of the most intense persecution, because they are a continual reminder to the Russians of their national apostasy. These poor Ruthenians have been deprived of both clergy and churches and have been ordered to submit to the schismatics or else pay an exceedingly heavy fine. Those who are unable to pay this fine are condemned to prison and to the most cruel slavery. Our fathers frequently venture among these unhappy people to comfort them and to make them firm in the faith. These visits are beset with many dangers, for the Jesuits are forbidden under pain of imprisonment to enter the dominions of the Czar. The fathers are usually disguised as professors of music or as travelling merchants, and, after giving notice of their coming to trustworthy persons, they proceed to some distant and secluded forest, where the Holy Sacrifice is offered up and the sacraments conferred upon the faithful members of Christ's flock. Once in a while the character of the trader has been discovered, and a long imprisonment has been the reward of the father's apostolic labors. Thus, for example, Father Jackowski suffered incredible hardships for more than eighteen months in a Russian dungeon and was only released after the generous Emperor of Austria had earnestly interceded for him. One of the most remarkable adventures in this regard was that of Fr. Szafarski. This devoted missionary entered Russia as a professor of languages and took up his residence in Lublin in the house of a well-known and esteemed Catholic gentleman. It was his intention to make this his home and to visit at night the outlying districts, where he would be able to administer the sacraments without danger of disturbance. For three days his missions were successful beyond expectation, and at the end of the third day he returned to Lublin to take a much needed rest. Unfortunately, however, he had already been betrayed, and orders for his arrest had been issued by the city authorities. While he was sleeping a band of soldiers entered his room and, after making him perfectly helpless, led him to the city prison. Here he was thrown into a dungeon full of reeking filth and vermin, where he remained for three months, enduring the greatest possible privation. The wretched food given was in such small quantities that it was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together; the filth was horrible beyond expression, and the company, loose abandoned criminals, whose whole time was spent in wild orgies of sinful dissipation. After three months, Fr. Szafarski was brought to Warsaw and confined in the fortress there. Here he was put in a clean cell, better food was given him, but he was in solitary confinement, and the strictest watch was kept over him. Even when he was allowed to walk in the corridor of the prison, he was always preceded and followed by soldiers. His cell was so arranged that not a glimpse of the sky could be had from it. Light was admitted through a few holes pierced in the wall. At first no books were allowed him, but after earnest entreaties he was permitted to have Gury-Ballerini and a few other books, the contents of which he committed to memory. After nearly three years of constant persecution he was allowed the blessed privilege of saying Mass, a consolation which made his prison walls seem almost like home. At the end of his third year, he was summoned one day from the prison and conducted in a closed carriage to the photographer.

Here two photographs were taken of him, one with his clothes on, and for the other he was stripped of every particle of clothing that he might be better known should he venture to enter the Russian dominions again. Copies of the photographs were then sent to all the police stations on the borders. He was finally taken by two gendarmes to the frontiers and handed over to the Austrian authorities, by whom he was set at liberty. A pious lay-brother who had accompanied Fr. Szaflarski was taken prisoner before his return to Lublin and exiled to the White Sea, whence after dreadful hardships he managed to escape. He returned to Austria about 20 days before Fr. Szaflarski. Both of the exiles were in a frightful condition—their clothing all rags; their bodies looked like skeletons, and for many weeks they were scarcely able to walk. That our Lord may aid the poor Russian Catholics in this their hour of trial, is the earnest prayer of the Polish Province.—*Kindly communicated by Fr. M. Gattin.*

Portugal.—Two fathers and one brother sailed from Lisbon in October for Macao to found there the first mission of the Portuguese Province.

Rocky Mountain Mission. A General's Visit to St. Ignatius' Mission.—Gen. Henry B. Carrington, U. S. A., now on official duty at the Flathead agency, Montana, thus writes to the *Pilot*: "I want to tell you about my trip to St. Ignatius' Mission. I have not time even to speak of the faithful laborers at the mission in detail at present. Father D'Aste, the Superior, is one of the successors of FF. Ravelli and De Smet, whose work is beyond human appreciation, for its wisdom, self-sacrifice, and devotion. To know him is to love as well as honor him. His chief assistant is Father Paquin, who combines dignity, genial manners, and business tact, in the practical management of the farm, the shops, and the school. He is the major-domo, or general prefect, and seems to lack nothing required for so great a trust.

"But to some incidents of my visit: At evening prayers, just after my arrival, a choir of sixteen Indian girls sang with rich melody and distinct articulation worthy of imitation in Boston. When I entered the music room at seven o'clock nearly a hundred boys, with bright and happy faces, arose and saluted, and the brass band of twenty-four pieces played 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'Red, White and Blue,' etc. A short talk to them was received with enthusiasm. On Thursday I visited every class of both the boys' and girls' departments, heard reading even up to the Sixth Reader, put out words from the lessons for spelling, and not a word was missed. The writing books, sixty in number, which I examined, were models, without a single blot or erasure. There is not a grammar school at Hyde Park, my present home, which can show as handsome results for pupils of the same age. I gave to the drawing class a blackboard lesson in perspective, which brought hand-clapping, as an interior was developed and the law of receding lines simplified. Upon entering the girls' school the pupils, a full hundred, arose, until I occupied the chair assigned me by the Lady Superior, Sister Mary; then, at the rear of the room, accompanied by a cabinet organ, twenty Indian girls sang very sweetly and distinctly the song, 'You are welcome! Come, come again.' All the classes read, spelled, and recited, one solving on the blackboard, 'What is the interest of \$36.84 at five per cent., for two years and six months?' and another, only eight years old, giving in addition, correctly, the profits of a man on his farm from data furnished of successive years. 'How many bushels in forty-eight sacks of wheat, each weighing 165 pounds?' was

promptly answered by another girl. A few words of recognition seemed to give them as much pleasure as it did myself.

"Dormitories, bakeries, kitchens, chapel, laundry, washhouse, tin shop, saddler's shop, shoe shop, blacksmith shop, saw mill, grist mill, stables, etc., were visited, and the playgrounds as well, at recess. As a climax before leaving, one of our ponies while being harnessed bolted the stable and took for the prairies and mountains, being out of sight almost at once. Two mounted herders were soon on his track. Meanwhile I visited the steam pump just put in position. Father Paquin said I might sound the alarm if I wished. Steam was low. Pine was put under the boiler, and I stood watch in hand when the signal was given. In two minutes the fire brigade of ten Indian boys had rushed from their classes and had the reel out, and in four minutes a stream was on the steeple of the mission church.

"I bade good-bye with reluctance, but with a heart full of gratitude for the wonders accomplished by this band of faithful teachers. My letter is too long already. New buildings are being erected sufficient for the children of the three tribes who belong to this Reservation. Neither is this the place for official recommendation in behalf of this holy work, for such it is, without a possibility of speculative or selfish return to the 'Community' in charge. Only English is spoken or taught, except that they also learn their prayers in the Indian language for their effect at home on return from school.

"Their printing-room I omitted to mention. What a change from 1865-1870. God bless all workers to save, Christianize, and bless the Red Men."

Scientific Notes.—In the September number of the *Monthly Weather Review* Fr. Benito Viñes, director of the Magnetic and Meteorological Observatory of the Royal College of Belen, Havana, gives a lengthy description of the storms that appeared over the West Indies, the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of Mexico.

Madagascar.—Fr. Camboné writes from Madagascar that the government of Her Majesty Ranavalona has granted to Ours a suitable location on the top of the mountain Ambohidampona, about two miles from Tananarive, where Fr. Colin and Br. Souche at once began the erection of an observatory. Its legal title is the Royal Observatory of Tananarive. The government desires that a certain number of natives be admitted and trained in the astronomical, meteorological, and magnetic studies. The observatory is the highest in the world, having 1400 m., while that of Mt. Hamilton, Cal., has only 1300 m. Fr. Colin intends to add to it a museum of natural history.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Death of Father Perry.—The sad news comes as a severe blow to the Society and the scientific world at large of Fr. Perry's sudden death far from home while in charge of the Eclipse Expedition. His commission was to take observations of the solar eclipse at the station of the Salut Islands, belonging to French Guiana. We know that he had suffered from an attack of fever a fortnight before his death, after which he seemed to regain his strength. It is also known that the observations were perfectly successful. He found also an opportunity in Cayenne of preaching to the convicts in French. Weakened by the long sea-sickness, to which he was a martyr, by the mental strain of a great responsibility, and by superadded missionary labors, it is not surprising that he should have succumbed to a severe attack of dysentery. On December 27th he died, and the ship that brought to Demerara the record of the observations taken, brought also the dead body of the observer. The fact that he has been a member of more astronomical expeditions than any man now living, and thus acquired an

experience second to no other, his success in the branch of *solar spectroscopy*, his rare ability as a calculator, the prestige of his name, the confidence reposed in him by successive governments of the most opposite religious and political connections, his influence and popularity in the highest scientific society, and his enthusiastic devotedness to his work, make his loss to science irreparable. As a religious, one who knew him for forty years bears witness to his singular purity and innocence of mind, to his edifying life and unpretending virtue. He has reason to believe that Fr. Perry, when not busy with his observations, never shortened a meditation nor omitted his mid-day and evening examen. An old friend asked Fr. Perry a few years ago whether his studies had the effect of drying up his piety. The answer was: "Oh, not astronomy." And it was evident from the joy manifested in his countenance that the Father was speaking truly from his heart. He was in his 56th year, having been born in London in 1833. He entered the Society in 1853. In 1860 he was appointed professor and director of the observatory at Stonyhurst, and except the four years of his theology at St. Beuno's, he was never absent for any length of time, except to take part in his scientific expeditions. Among these were the magnetic survey of France in 1868-69, the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882, and the eclipses of 1886-87-89. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1874, and he belonged to many other learned societies.—R. I. P.—*Abridged from the London Tablet.*

The Georgetown Observatory.—The latest improvements in the observatory are two underground cables from the switchboard of the clockroom to the two stone piers on the outside of the building. Each cable consists of four wires insulated by rubber and protected by lead and enclosed in iron tubes with both ends open, the one terminating in the cellar, the other in an iron box attached to the pier. Each of the boxes, which, at first sight, look like electric alarm boxes, contains two pairs of binding posts, the one for an incandescent light, the other for the chronograph. The flexible chords with electric lamp and key are screwed on when used, and removed after every night's work. The plan was prompted and liberally executed by the Rector of the college, and, as the piers are occupied every clear night by portable instruments, proves so convenient that we could now hardly do without it.—A report of our work here in the line of variable stars has been published in the *Astronomical Journal*, No. 207 and in *Nature*, Vol. 41, No. 10.—*Letter from Fr. Hagen.*

Sicily.—The province of Sicily, which has been one of the worst sufferers from the persecution waged against the Society in Italy, has sent its theologians to other scholasticates. The juniors, philosophers, and novices are living at Naxari in Malta. A few fathers are quietly working in Sicily; and of these some are in the residence at Palermo, others at Messina, others in the new college of Pennisi in Acireale, and a few are teaching in the seminaries of Noto and Catania. The College at Constantinople is in a very flourishing condition, and the foundations of a new building are being laid. Strange to say, Malta contains the greater number of the members of this province.

Syria, Beyrout.—Leon ibn Abi Suleiman, in a paper which he read before the Johns Hopkins University Philological Association, Nov. 15, 1889, classes the University of the Jesuits amongst the three best schools of Beyrout.

Washington, Gonzaga College.—A suite of rooms in the college building has been fitted up for the Young Men's Catholic Club, recently organized by Mr. Wm. P. O'Connor.—Fr. Nicholas Russo, of Georgetown College, delivered

a course of sermons during the Sunday evenings of Advent in St. Aloysius' Church.—The League of the Sacred Heart now registers 3500 members.—The Colored Sodality, though only a few months old, numbers 400, and has a choir whose singing attracts a large congregation at the Sunday evening meetings.—Fr. Edward A. McGurk lectured recently in aid of St. Augustine's Rectory (projected) on "Some Pages of Maryland History" and on the "Story of Fabiola" (illustrated). He also delivered an illustrated lecture entitled "In the Days of the Martyrs" on Sunday evening, Jan. 26, 1890, in Harris' Bijou Theatre. The proceeds were given to the St. Vincent de Paul Conference of St. Aloysius' Church for the benefit of the poor.—Fr. John F. Lehy, who has been transferred to Providence, R. I., has been succeeded by Fr. W. R. Cowardin.

Wyoming Territory.—St. Stephen's parish in Wyoming Territory, in charge of the Rev. F. X. Kuppens, S. J., is perhaps the largest parish in the world. It embraces an area of 26,000 square miles. Father Kuppens is the only priest in that district.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

Zambesi.—Fr. Weld has been succeeded in the Prefecture Apostolic by Fr. Alphonse Daignault, an old student of Woodstock. There are 24 priests, 35 scholastics, and 26 lay-brothers belonging to this mission. They have 10 primary schools, 2 boarding schools, 2 orphanages, and several agricultural schools. The nuns of St. Peter Claver have charge of the negro girls.

Henry F. Downing, a negro, who for nine years was U. S. Consul in Africa, delivered a lecture on "The Dark Continent," Dec. 28, 1889, in the Bridge Street Methodist Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and surprised his hearers by contrasting Catholic and Protestant missionary work in Africa, greatly to the advantage of the former, and particularly commending the Jesuit missions.

Ours have established a mission station for the Kaffirs near King Williamstown, South Africa. There are 250 native converts attached to the missions, for whom Fr. Keenig intends building a church.

Home News.—*Autumn Disputations.*—Nov. 15 and 16, 1889 (See p. 3).

EX TRACTATU DE GRATIA CHRISTI.—Fr. de la Motte, *Defender*; Fr. De Potter and Mr. Wm. Clark, *Objectors*.

EX TRACTATU DE SACRAMENTIS IN GENERE.—Mr. P. Casey, *Defender*; Fr. Sherman and Mr. Wynne, *Objectors*.

EX SACRA SCRIPTURA.—"De Divisione Quarti Evangelii." Dissertation by Fr. F. P. Powers.

EX ETHICA.—Mr. D. Buel, *Defender*; Messrs. J. Burke and J. B. Smith, *Objectors*.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA.—Mr. McMenamy, *Defender*; Messrs. Gilbert and Moskopp, *Objectors*.

EX COSMOLOGIA.—Mr. T. Brown, *Defender*; Messrs. Marnane and O'Gorman, *Objectors*.

Mechanics.—"The Cantilever Bridge" was the subject of Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan's lecture, which was illustrated by stereopticon views and original experiments. Mr. O'Sullivan was assisted by Messrs. P. M. Collins and T. E. Scott.

The Winter Disputations, Feb. 14 and 15, are in progress as we go to press.

EX TRACTATU DE GRATIA CHRISTI.—Mr. Boyle, *Defender*; Fr. Stadelman and Mr. de Laak, *Objectors*.

EX TRACTATU DE EUCHARISTIA.—Mr. Wm. Clark, *Defender*; Messrs. Gannon and Faget, *Objectors*.

EX SACRA SCRIPTURA.—"De Authentia Quarti Evangelii—Argumentum Intrinsecum."—Fr. T. E. Sherman.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA.—Mr. Taelman, *Defender*; Messrs. Buel and Brounts, *Objectors*.

EX COSMOLOGIA.—Mr. Goller, *Defender*; Messrs. O'Malley and Wenger, *Objectors*.

EX LOGICA MAJORI.—Mr. Waters, *Defender*; Messrs. Dane and L. McLaughlin, *Objectors*.

PHYSICS.—A lecture on the "Use of Oil during Storms at Sea."—Mr. T. Connell, *Lecturer*; Messrs. Kister and Navarro, *Experimenters*.

Ordinations.—We inadvertently omitted to note in our last number that Fr. Thomas E. Sherman, of the Missouri Province, was ordained priest on July 7, 1889, in the Philadelphia Cathedral by Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan.—Fr. Emmanuel de la Morinière and Ambrose M. Fontan, of the N. O. Mission, were ordained priests on Dec. 21, 1889, in the Baltimore Cathedral by Cardinal Gibbons.

Faculty Notes.—Fr. John Conway began his lectures to the class of evening dogma on Dec. 18, 1889. Fr. Benedict Guldner resumed on that date his dogma class of the short course.—Mr. Gerald I. Bergan has been appointed procurator in place of Fr. F. X. McGovern, who has been sent to Ward's Island, N. Y., to replace Fr. Thomas G. Wallace.—Fr. Brett, Conway, O'Brien, and Gardiner took their last vows on Feb. 3, 1890. The decorations in the refectory, the inter-prandial songs, poems, and addresses conveyed the felicitations of the community. At the reception given to these chosen fathers in the evening in the Theologians' Hall, Rev. Fr. Rector in a short address expressed his warm congratulations. Fr. Conway, responding on behalf of his companions, thanked Fr. Rector, the theologians, philosophers, and Fr. Hedrick, the acting Minister, for the joy their efforts had added to the occasion.—Fr. Sabetti has a *casus moralis* in the January number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*.—The December number of that magazine contained a paper by Fr. Maas on "The Disciplinary Canons of the Roman Church." Fr. Maas also contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for January, 1890, the leading article, "True Reform in the Teaching of the Old Testament."—Mr. D. T. O'Sullivan in his "Scientific Chronicle" in the same number of the *Review*, has an interesting description of the great cantilever bridge recently completed across the Frith of Forth, near Edinburgh.

Library.—We have received through the kindness of Father Peter Finlay the two volumes of Palmer on "The Church of Christ," a work that is now quite rare.—Fr. Wm. Pardow has sent us a "Brief Reply to a Short Answer to a True Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine Touching the Sacrament of Penance" for the *Incunab. Cath. Amer.* The book was printed in New York in 1815.—The "Litteræ Annuæ Provinciæ Franciæ" from October, 1877, to September, 1886, forms a most interesting collection of details concerning the labors and struggles of the dispersed Province of France.—Rev. Fr. Rathgeb, Provincial of Germany, has sent us the 6th and 7th volumes of the works of Fr. G. M. Dreves. Volume vi. contains the works of Udalricus Wessofontanus: Ulrich Stöcklins von Rottach, Abts zu Wessobrun, 1438-1443, Reimgebete und Leselieder mit Anschluss der Psalterien. Volume vii. is the *Prosarium Lemovicense: Die Prosen der Abtei St. Martial zu Limoges aus Troparien des 10, 11, 12 Jahrhunderts*.—Fr. M. Bouix has sent us "La Congrégation," 1801-1830, par M. G. de Grandmaison. This book is a history as well as an apology of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin, refuting the calumnies brought against it as doing the work of a secret society.

Our thanks are due to Fr. David B. Walker who has presented the class of physics with a fine phonograph.—Fr. Sabetti's new road now passes through a tunnel excavated under the main drive between the cemetery and the east gate.

Parish.—The Young Men's Catholic Lyceum, organized by Fr. Brandi in December, meets every Sunday and Thursday in their new hall. The Lyceum, which now numbers 37 members, is a social, beneficial, and literary association. A library, Catholic newspapers, and a Knabe piano are a few of its attractions.

Office of the LETTERS.—We have received the continuation of Fr. Razzini's Memoirs and an interesting article from Fr. Zanetti, Rector of St. Joseph's Episcopal Seminary, Mangalore, India, which will appear in our next number. The story of the founding of the N. O. Mission and the sketch of Fr. Bapst will be continued in a future issue. We thank those of Ours who have kindly sent us contributions to the "Biographical Supplement."

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XIX, No. 2.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.

(Letter from Fr. Hughes.)

CHICAGO.

COLLEGE OF ST. IGNATIUS,
Christmas, 1889.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE COLLEGE OF ST. IGNATIUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR
OF 1861.

(*Eleventh Letter.*)

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

DEAR M——.

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours respectfully in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

GONZAGA COLLEGE.

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

(Continued.)

FATHER JEREMIAH KEILY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FR. STEPHEN LARIGAUDELLE DUBUISSON.

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

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

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

THE MATTINGLY MIRACLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOSEPH CARBERY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The time appointed by the Prince for persons residing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

STEPHEN L. DUBUISSON.

*City of Washington,
March 17, 1824.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WASHINGTON CITY, 16th May, 1828.

MY DEAR REV. MR. DUBUISSON,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PASTOR OF OLD ST. JOSEPH'S.

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

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

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

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

Yours affectionately,

THO: CARBERY.

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

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

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

⁽¹⁾ Bap. Reg. St. Joseph's 1833-1836.

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

SPAIN.

A Letter from Fr. Friend.

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

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Very sincerely yours in Xto.,

A. B. FRIEND, S. J.

THE JESUITS IN BRAZIL.

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

Memoirs of Fr. J. Razzini.

(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You mean the Jesuits," replied the lady.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As my good behavior and ability for the direction of the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BOSTON COLLEGE.

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

BOSTON COLLEGE,
April 6, 1890.

REV. DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

Your Reverence's humble servant in Christ,

X.

ALBANO, ITALY.

A Letter from Father Dewey.

ALBANO, April 1st, 1890.

DEAR REV. FATHER,
P. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In Corde Jesu,

R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

SANTA CLARA, CAL.

THE FRANCISCANS AT SANTA CLARA.

I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Appa macréne mé saura saraathiga elecphumen imragrat, sacan macrene mensaraah assueiy nouman ourun macari pireca muna ban saraathiga poluma macréne sonhaü naltis anat macréne ucena, ia aumanit macréne macreccuetr maccari noumaban macre annam, non maroté jassempet macréne in eckoné tamouniri innan tattahué, icatrarca omiet macréne equets uaccaritkoun och á Jesus.

The religion of the Olhones was very rudimentary. They

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(*To be continued.*)

ST. IGNATIUS WATER.

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

I.—ITS ORIGIN.

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

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

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

II.—ITS APOSTLES.

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

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

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

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

III.—ITS USE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FATHER ARNOLD DAMEN.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, Father."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MADONNA DELLA STRADA.

A NEW FEAST FOR THE SOCIETY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IMAGINEM

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

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

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

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

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

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

FR. JAMES MARY CHRYSOSTOM BOUCHARD.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOLY FAMILY PARISH, CHICAGO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARYLAND-NEW YORK PROVINCE.

CATHEDRAL AND OTHER MISSIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NUMBER OF CONFESSIONS HEARD.

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

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

F. McC., S. J.

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

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

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

ST. PATRICK'S PRO-CATHEDRAL, NEWARK.

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

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

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

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

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

TORONTO MISSIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. McD., S. J.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

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

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

HAVERHILL, MASS.

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

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

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

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

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

ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

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

ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ CHURCH, WOODSTOCK.

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

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

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

OBITUARY.

FR. JOHN J. STEPHENS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FR. LOUIS SACHÉ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MR. ALOYSIUS DEBONO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FR. BENEDICT SESTINI.⁽¹⁾

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MR. MOSES A. KAVANAGH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BR. JOHN FARRELL.

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

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

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

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

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

FR. URBAN GRASSI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FR. JAMES WELLWORTH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FR. JAMES PERRON.

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

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

VARIA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Reverende ac dilectissime P. Rector,

P. X^d

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

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

Quos ego Sanctos precor ut benedicant Reverentia Vestra dilectissime Provincie Marylandie Neo-Eboracensi et optimis Statuum Fœderatorum Catholicis.

Commendo me SS. SS. Reverentia Vestra.

Infimus in Christo servus,

Fesulis die festo S. Aloisii 1889.

ANT. MARIA ANDERLEDY, S. J.

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

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

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

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

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

My Dear Father Hagen:

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

With kind regards, faithfully yours,

E. S. Holden.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCIENTIFIC.

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

PHILOSOPHICAL.

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

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

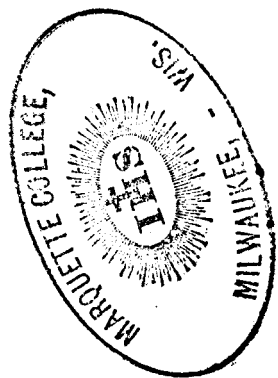
"We call our readers special attention to this article, as well on account of its great intrinsic merit as of the importance of the work which it reviews."

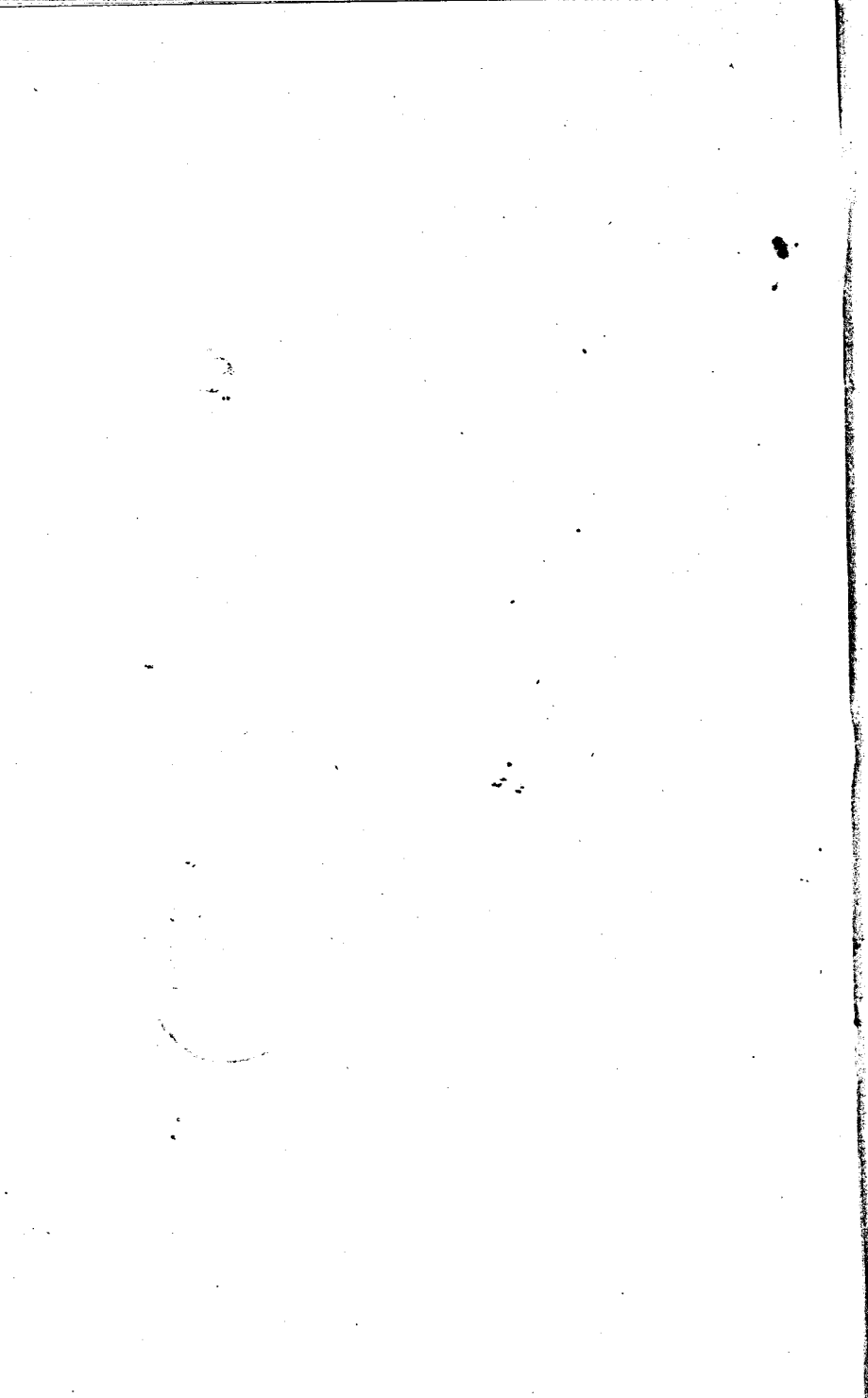
Observatory.—Fr. Hedrick has completed the Observatory by adding a transit room alongside of the dome, and connected with it by a short passage. The room is twelve by sixteen feet. It and the dome are fitted up inside in oiled yellow pine wainscotting, and present a very neat appearance. There are two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

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

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

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







WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XIX, No. 3.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.

(Letter from Fr. Hughes.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

June 29, 1890.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The architectural monument of the St. Louis bridge spans the river Mississippi from the steep western slope, on which the traders of 1764 planted their city of Upper Louisiana, over to an island on the eastern side, which was known once by a tragic name, but is now incorporated in East St. Louis, and is joined thereto by a network of railroad causeways. Beyond East St. Louis a long stretch of Illinois bottom-lands is seen lying off to the bluffs, and high prairie; which come round in a circle from the river, far below the bridge, to the white cliffs of Alton some twenty miles above.

On the western bank, where the city of St. Louis stands, a curve of the land protrudes symmetrically with the receding outline to the east. Now, from a point five miles below the bridge to a point five miles above, the line of Grand Avenue runs, and, at the spot where the bridge spans the river, the avenue is about three miles back from the river front. It is just there, in what is the finest residence part of the town, that the new buildings of the St. Louis University stand.

The great bridge is on top a highway for vehicles, elec-



tric cars and passengers; underneath runs the double track of the railroad; and, beneath both, the packets of the Mississippi can steam up and down without lowering their smoke-stacks. This height of the bridge represents exactly the difference between Washington Avenue on the first plateau of the city, where the bridge abutments rest, and the levee below, on which the trappers and fur-dealers inaugurated the development of this, most central metropolis of the continent. It is true that Kansas, four hundred miles farther west, contains the geographical centre of the States. But, taking account of the waste lands lying beyond the 100th meridian, the merely mineral regions of the Rocky Mountains, it is quite likely that the social and commercial centre of the country will always fall much to the east of the geographical and ideal heart of the continent. At present, the centre of population in the States is a little to the west of Cincinnati. When it will have travelled onwards, three hundred miles further west to St. Louis, then probably the distribution of population in this vast country will have become complete.

Half a mile inwards from the bridge, and up Washington Avenue which is the most important artery of the present city, stood the old St. Louis University. Its last walls are now disappearing. Founded on the 2nd of November, 1829, it was the one educational institution in Louisiana, that is to say, in all the West from the Gulf of Mexico to British Columbia and the Pacific Ocean. The college was conspicuous in the eyes of the Government. It was honored with every literary franchise of rarest books. Soon after its foundation, the British Government honors it with a complete set of Statutes of the Realm, in about 100 huge folios; and with the Records of the Master of the Rolls besides. In an issue of the "Dublin Review" of about four years ago, you can find an account of the Vatican Library; and there you will see a large-type copy of the dedication to the said library, printed on every one of an identical set of volumes, which the British Government presents to His Holiness. The only difference between the two sets is that this of ours has inscribed, "Library of the St. Louis University," instead of "Vatican Library." Thus then it stands: purporting to be, as the title-page states, "Printed by command of His Majesty, King George III., in pursuance of an address of the House of Commons," each volume has printed on its inner fly-leaf, "This book is to be perpetually preserved in the Library of St. Louis University; C. D. Cooper, Sec. Com. Pub. Rec., March 1834." Daniel Webster on visiting the city must needs be taken out to the university

in the green district to the west of St. Louis; and he becomes an honorary member of its Philaethic Debating Society.

Time passed. Eastern men with their capital came and settled here. On the first ridge, half a mile beyond us, there grew up a Unitarian institution, called the Washington University. It would no doubt have been glad to assume the name of the city, if we had not preoccupied that appellation. It gathered into its board of directors much of the wealth, which was now accumulating in the rapidly developing town, a town no longer distinctively Catholic, if indeed that initial character ever lent much of a distinction to any of these frontier posts or forts. Witness Detroit. It would appear that the Church has a better chance, when she has entirely new ground to break up. At all events the preoccupation of the old bottle with the old wine has not always proved the best initial condition for the infusion of the new.

In thirty or forty years from its inauguration, this Washington University has developed into the departments of Arts, Philosophy, Physical Science, Engineering, Mining. The departments are carried on in the following schools, most of them separate buildings—the College, Polytechnic School, Fine Arts, Smith Academy, Mary Institute, Manual Training School, Law School, Shaw School of Botany. A casual observer may divine from the names, at what price these buildings have been secured—by stimulating the liberality of donors with the very honorary fee of christening the donations with the donors' names, and also, where feasible, giving them a place on the board of directors. Chiefly the gift of members placed on the board of direction, the property now held by the corporation amounts in total value to over \$1,500,000. The buildings alone at less than cost come to \$633,518—some of them are plain enough, though all seem substantial. The investments yield an income for the current year, 1889-90, of \$41,960; and the tuition fees alone for this year, \$100,550. The number of students is in all 1309; which includes 376 young ladies of the Mary Institute, and such others as attend the Fine Arts' School. This last department is in the splendid museum building—you might call it mausoleum building—which has cost \$131,876.

We were overshadowed by this institution. Strangers coming into town asked for the University: they meant the Washington University, which figured in every scientific attitude; gave the daily meridian time to the city, after we had declined to do that service, as too laborious for us to attend to; felt the pulse of the weather; and the like. Still,

on our part, that devotedness which characterizes all religious life, and is the main capital in all works of zeal, did not fail during these times to make itself felt in divers ways. It takes very little of what is extraordinary,—that *eximium opus* which according to St. Ignatius outweighs five hundred common things,—to assert itself, in the course of time, as the only and supreme thing. So, by the time the college was able to vacate its old ground, now become almost useless for our purposes, while extremely valuable for business interests, it was also ready to start with a new zest, and a new career, before it, in its new location on Grand Avenue.

Here in the early part of this, its second year, the college reached the number of 435 students, a larger roll than ever before. The catalogue for the close of this scholastic year must show a still higher sum total. For the last nine years, it has been exclusively a day school, thus leaving us only one boarding college in the whole Province of Missouri, that of St. Mary's, Kansas. The distribution of students has been—52 in the Preparatory, nearly 100 in the Commercial classes, 60 in the higher Collegiate, and the rest in the Academic course. The Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin, which with the knowledge of our young Saints and devotion to them are taken to be a correct criterion of students' piety, as well as a nurse of vocations, contain in this college 60 members out of the upper division, and 80 out of the lower.

What has long been mooted, the resuming of a medical department, such as was formerly attached to us, is spoken of as nearer fulfilment than ever. A law department too is intended to complete the curriculum of the secular university. As to sacred studies, the new scholasticate has actually opened up the future long intended in that direction. Rev. Fr. Keller, of happy memory, prepared for this by adding to the library large invoices of selected works bought in Europe—over 1,000 valuable accessions in a couple of years. The position of this scholasticate is one of special convenience for such members of the hierarchy as may desire to avail themselves of our courses for the education of their clergy. Of this department I shall say a word later.

Now it is a coincidence with our present auspicious prospects, that on December the 23rd last, the directors of the Washington University "ordered the publication of a special report made by the President of the Board, as a presentation of the very pressing needs of the institution. They believe that the facts should be known widely, and that the institution should be sustained, not as the work of the few, but of the many. Absolutely free from all class, race, or

sectarian control, and by its charter to be so maintained, it appeals to all as a part of the necessary work of a large city," etc. The address is signed by the twelve directors, some of the most substantial men in town.

The interesting facts contained in the report are these. In 1885-6, there was a deficit of \$37,212; in '86-7, \$35,496; in '87-8, \$33,782; in '88-9, \$34,453; this year it will probably be \$11,470. So that there is an accumulated debt of about \$125,000. In the detailed account of this year's expenditures, the item of salaries for all departments is \$125,896. Could anything show off better how the strength of the Church consists in the devoted lives of her religious orders, than such a sketch? Nor is it by way of throwing any aspersion on these salaried officials that the little item is referred to thus, in the last words of the report:—"The salaries paid to them are established at the lowest possible point—the reduction generously accepted some years ago in a period of financial distress never having been restored. I regard this restoration as one of our first duties, whenever our financial resources will admit of it. We have no right to ask their continued loyalty under conditions now prevailing." If by this appeal the directors cannot succeed in relieving the distress of the institution, then "there is no possible solution of the present condition than to begin at once, with fidelity to the trust, at any cost of humiliation to ourselves and the community, to cut down the scope of our work to a point at which its quality and character can be creditably maintained."

In suggesting the order to be observed in cutting down the branches, it is pleasant to note the president's candor—who by the way is not a member of the faculty. He says that the rule to be followed in the matter is that of financial importance. He candidly admits that this is just the inverse of true educational valuation. As an educational means, he considers Mining to come last, the Arts first. But, in the order of curtailing, we must take the Arts and Philosophy first, and leave Mining to the last!

This condition of things reminds us of the course and fate, which attended a Baptist university in Chicago, founded by Senator Douglas, but now dismantled, after being forfeited under a mortgage. A similar institution on the fine plateau between St. Paul and Minneapolis has been going, I believe, the same way. In the face of these and similar facts, the work of the Religious Orders shows itself transcendent, throwing into the scale as they do their lives and personal accomplishments, not on the side of expendi-

ture to be met by the endowment, but of the endowment and investment, to meet the other expenses.

In its old situation, the St. Louis University was overshadowed in more senses than one by the Washington University, which topped the first gentle slope, half a mile beyond us, back from the river. Another mile beyond this, the second ridge was surmounted by the fine church of the Pilgrim chimes, Congregational in denomination. Beyond that again, a little more than half a mile, our new college caps the third ridge, at a distance from the river front of about three miles. Its future cathedral-like church, placed at the corner of the boulevard and Grand Avenue, is as yet only in its basement stage, 16 feet high inside, 218 feet long, and about 120 wide in the transept. The steeple which is yet to surmount the church will be more conspicuous to city and country, than any edifice at present in the town. The actual pile of college buildings is among brick structures one of the most architecturally imposing of collegiate structures. Church and college alike have their front on Grand Avenue, 446 feet in all, of which 284 feet represent the college front alone. The depth of the collegiate main building is the same as that of the property on the two side avenues, 340 feet. At the parlor door, one can take in the full view of the double perspective inside, nearly 300 feet in one direction, and 340 in the other; and so on the three floors above, and in the basement, which rests on the same level as Grand Avenue beneath. In a deeper corridor still, called the duct, all the main pipes of the house, water, steam, gas, etc., are laid together, quite accessible and manageable.

This is what is finished, with a degree of lightness, air, by means of corridors and porches, that must suit the most varied tastes and needs, of fathers and of the scholastics who are at their studies. About a fifth or sixth part of the entire structure, according to the plan, still remains to be added, a western extension along the side avenue, running backwards from the front, and parallel with the main extension already built. Here, according to the plan, the public hall is to be located. The library is already a completed fact in the portion which is finished.

The Library. While yet the library was in the large hall of the old college, it was referred to not unfrequently by outsiders, and by the other libraries in the city, as for instance the Mercantile, for works which they did not profess to contain. Thus men of the first prominence, lawyers, physicians and heterodox divines came requesting the favor of being allowed to consult works on our shelves; some-

times it was in the matter of classics. As the library hall stands in the new building, I do not suppose that any private library in the country can claim unqualified superiority over it. Columbia College is, no doubt, excellent, but not without a proviso. Our library is in a side extension, over the domestic chapel, and it is lighted on three sides, as well as by a general skylight above; enough of light therefore for consulting books, even under the lowest gallery, on the one side not lighted with windows. There are three gallery floors running all around, above the main floor. With only six alcoves so far placed in the galleries, the volumes numbering at present some 20,000 or more, on the shelves, do not as yet occupy the walls of the lower floor. This remains a free open reception floor; nor will it be less so, when adorned with the apparatus of learning—rather more so, and more elegant than before. While fulfilling, however, the requirements of an apartment for the most refined audience at a special lecture, or at a *conversazione*, it has none of the characters of a public theatre, such as is designed in the part of the structure not yet built. This point of the utility of a public hall derives much light from our experience elsewhere.

Public Hall, or theatre. The amount of service to be derived from such a hall may be inferred from the use of the new fine theatre of St. Francis Xavier's, New York, during the last seven weeks. Since May 15th as many as 11 public exhibitions of one kind or another have been given. Three times the "Captives" of Plautus, twice in Latin, once in English; again, the parochial schools once; and once the Preparatory department of the college, have appeared on the stage. Then four programmes of Closing Exercises were presented, by the two parochial schools, by the Preparatory, and the Grammar departments. Two other performances required an outside hall; one the Preparatory Cadet drill, which needed a smooth floor; the other the final college Commencement, at which only the speeches were delivered, the diplomas conferred, and the medals distributed. The other prizes had all been disposed of at the respective Closing Exercises, with their respective sympathetic audiences. The elegant college hall seats 1200; so that at the 11 performances there must have been over 10,000 in attendance. On the occasions when entrance was by pay tickets, much more was realized than went to defray incidental expenses.

Now, the larger a populous centre is, the greater seems to be the necessity of making an extensive acquaintance of

the right sort, and of keeping it up. The selection and distribution which I have instanced seems well adapted to the purpose. Then no comment is needed on the special advantages of distributing performances, and the practice thereof, among the different departments; of treating the respective admiring groups of friends to that which precisely interests themselves; of entertaining them on the college premises, and not merely helping to advertise an outside hall; of being equal in appointments, stage and scenery to the most advanced taste—an indispensable condition in these times; and at the same time covering all outlay, by means of the pay performances, with much to spare. No one could ever think of hiring a hall eleven times over, to carry out such a plan. This is the more interesting to note, when it is observed that the whole of St. Francis Xavier's hall as high as the top floor of the first gallery takes up the space and place of an underground cellar; and the rest of the noble theatre occupies only the basement level of the house, and a portion of the first floor. Being thus on the ground level, it is considered safe, and admits of egress on three, nay, on all four sides.

The system, thus exemplified, of pruning the college Commencement of undergraduate excrescences was illustrated at Fordham too, where under an awning on a delightful June day, the speeches were delivered, the diplomas and medals bestowed. Those who could not find seats indulged in the amenities of shady trees and the lawn at large; while the military band, which had taken so proud a part in the Cadet manoeuvres of an hour or two before, sat placidly under an elm tree the while, and discoursed sweetness to the summer air.

The Scholasticate. Besides the small unfinished extension on the side avenue, Pine Street, where the theatre, boys' chapel, etc., are designed to be, there is yet another part unbuilt, but now in process of building—the scholasticate of the Western Province. It is a long projection, of no very wide proportions, covering one half of the rear line of the property, and parallel with the front. By the time the present course of scholastic philosophers has advanced to its third year, that is in twelve months from this, it is hoped with God's blessing that their entire building will be ready for all future purposes.

This suggests a bit of house history, and that of a kind not frequently indulged in by story-tellers,—I mean the pedigree of the bricks, whereof the entire college is composed. In the years 1849-50, there was a scholasticate

maintained at the university. Our present Very Rev. Father General was a student there; Father Schumacher was Superior. In the following year, it was held at Florissant, the professors being chiefly the dispersed fathers of the German Province. Again eight years later, it was resumed by the Province of Missouri, in 1858-59-60. At this time it was located at a farm of ours in North St. Louis. Recently, this farm, after being used for a long time as a villa, has been in the market for sale. Among the sales made, or leases given, was that of a portion of it to a Catholic friend, who then undertook to smooth the high bluff away, by making brick of the clay. It is a river bluff, overlooking a bottom land. The clay all about St. Louis is well-known for giving the best red brick to be had in the country. Our lessee, not unversed in the ethereal art of making bricks, improved a special press of his own, so as to throw upon the clay in the mould a pressure, if I remember rightly, of 32 tons. Now this gentleman received the contract for our pile of college buildings. His brick, all of it being what is technically called "pressed brick," and the same that is exported to all parts of the country, is divided into three kinds. The very best, as being exclusively selected for face use, is \$20 a thousand. Of this the Grand Avenue front is made. The other two kinds, equally solid, make up all the rest of the massive pile; and cement is used throughout. So to conclude my romance of the bricks, the fine pencilled walls, those gothic proportions architectural if ever a collegiate institute was so, are built of our own college hill; which besides leaving its name to College Avenue in the North part of the city, leaves its history bound up with the recollections of the old house, now no more down town, and resigns itself, when about to be no more, to go solid as brick into the walls of the new house and there it means to live.

To speak however not of the bricks, but of the living stones:—that conventual finish of chapel appointments and services, which we admire under religious roofs, has not only fitting surroundings here, in a house which seems of itself to invite such finish, but all the circumstances likewise that might be expected, in a point of regularity and retirement, to maintain it. In the rough and ready life of the apostolic ministry, there is often felt the need of a retreat behind, whence the savor of religious devotion may more frequently greet us, and quicken, while it refreshes us. One has felt it at Woodstock, where the calm surface of life covers such a depth of peaceful activity. The same, with accessory advantages open to many, may be expected of a well chosen

town-seat, entailing advantages active and passive with regard to the professorial body.

Lay Culture. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the potency for good of so much learning placed within reach of so much appreciation, as that which has greeted in former years even our highest philosophical and scientific efforts. There has been no exception to this in any quarter of the secular community of St. Louis. The rival university has expressed its appreciation; the Protestant ministry also, personally and otherwise; still more, men of political and even statesmanlike fame, besides the members of the professions. With considerable advantages then, there is no less need and room than ever before, or than anywhere else, of an active scientific and philosophical ministry here.

I have before me, on a postal card, the bulletin, for one month, of the Ethical Culture Society. This association is carrying on a propaganda of naturalism. It has the full use of the beautiful Art Museum, or Memorial Hall, which I mentioned before as part of the Washington University. The classic structure is called Memorial Hall, in memory of a young man, who came to an unhappy end—the son of the director who built it. Thus misery and prosperity alike find an occasion of putting themselves at the world's devotion. Well—this Culture Society advertises for the four Sundays of the month, at 11 A. M. the treatment of the following subjects:—"An old religion that is ever new," "The Christ that is to be," "The Christ idea in Art," "The old religion in the 19th century." On the Wednesday evenings, the reading room of the Art Museum is announced as open to the Emerson Club. On a Thursday in the month, a "normal class" treats its winter subject, "Life of Jesus for the Young." The public is cordially welcomed to all the exercises. Besides that, workmen's clubs are being addressed in South St. Louis by some of the best men of the coterie. And so on with the rest of the propaganda of naturalism, the Young Men's Christian Association, etc.—And what have we against all this? The lives of our men, now as heretofore. And God seems to pay more in grace for them, than the world can command with all its money.

Our Situation. Short of having a park in front, or a river to flow round or beneath us, our position is as favorable as a city can afford. Our house stands at a curve on Grand Avenue, commanding a view both ways, a mile or so northward along the avenue, to the Redemptorist "Rock Church," and a couple of miles southward over the railroad valley

and viaduct, and up to Compton Hill with its reservoir, in South-west St. Louis. A system of boulevards to the west of Grand Avenue begins at the corner of our church, running to Forest Park, on the next ridge two miles behind us, and then returning not far from us on the other side. In fact, the street which comes from the Park to our other, the college, corner is quite equal to a boulevard; and, breaking off just there, it starts anew from the very front of the building; which thus, facing one of the finest residence roads of the city, looks down it and up to the next ridge in front of us, about a mile away.

The situation, is, I trust, indicative of our future, bounding the view and satisfying the needs of all the secular education in the city; affording in its scholasticate such an arena for those philosophical and theological studies, as so many bishops have desiderated, and as more than one at present are endeavoring, they tell us, to obtain for themselves in another part of the country. It is an extensive site in the midst of most elegant suburban residences, of all that refined and cultured ease, which whatever else may be said of it, is certainly a suitable setting for education of a high order; and it has behind it Forest Park, with thousands of acres of woodland, lakes, and finished walks and swards. Thence, as we can see from our higher windows, the land rises a little more till it reaches the watershed at Normandy, where the waters dividing, either come down the nearer slope to the Mississippi, or flowing gently down the farther slope, through typical meadows of the fertile West, wander through the alluvial valley of Florissant into the Missouri. This is the country on that tongue of land which, about fifteen miles broad here, protrudes to the junction of the two mighty rivers.

I had intended to give the requisite finish to the picture, by speaking of our relations with the poor, and of the great floating population of men, with whom we had so much to do in the old location; also of the German church which we left behind us there, and the colored congregation and church which are no longer in the college neighborhood; of the Young Men's Sodality, and the Marquette Club. Others can describe these with more minuteness. For want of room I must be content to leave the present sketch as it is.

FR. JAMES MARY CHRYSOSTOM BOUCHARD.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

(*Concluded.*)

But California with the neighboring States, was the field to cultivate which divine Providence had destined Father Bouchard. Rev. Fr. F. Sopranis, Visitor of the North-American Provinces and Missions of our Society, anxious to secure able and zealous laborers for this new vineyard but recently thrown open to the zeal and charity of our fathers, invited Fr. Bouchard to volunteer his services and consecrate his life and talents to the pious task of evangelizing this vast territory. The good father, though strongly attached to the land of his birth and to the province in which he was inscribed, was not loath to accept the invitation. His response was: "Behold, here am I, send me." He was soon ready, and, taking passage on the "Champion" with Fr. Boudreaux and Fr. E. Young, to whom he was deeply attached in the bonds of friendship and to whose acts of charity and kindness he often refers in his journal, on the 22d of July 1861, he "bade a final farewell to the great Emporium of the Western States, to friends and to all that was dear to him" and steamed with a heart full of forebodings and misgivings towards the shores of the Golden State.

This was Fr. Bouchard's first long voyage on the mighty ocean, and, though much amused and distracted by the newness and variety of the scenery around, his heart, so sensitive and so easily impressed, was not proof against the inroads of sadness and dejection. He often turned a longing eye to the shores he had left behind and to the friends, from whom he had parted; nor could he wholly suppress the sighs within his bosom nor restrain the tears which streamed from his eyes. With a soul full of regrets and fears he often wished he had never quitted the land he loved so deeply and undertaken such an eventful journey. "How gladly, he wrote in his diary, would I go back to Kansas." He was far from anticipating the hearty welcome with which California would greet him, the favors and blessings which

awaited him from old superiors and fresh friends, the large, ready, fertile field that lay open to his zeal, the numerous works of charity and piety of which he would be the promotor, the consolations he would impart to a multitude of aching hearts, the laurels he would gather and lay at the feet of the Society of Jesus, the many wandering souls he would bring back into the fold of the Church. With a sad and despondent heart he wrote in his journal these words "I fear my going to California is too much like Jonas' fleeing from Nineveh." The monotony of the long voyage, the roughness of the stormy sea, the burning heat of the day, the drenching tropical showers, the nausea of sea-sickness, the obnoxious presence of rude and bigoted Yankees added to his grief. But by prayer he nerved himself to face bravely all dangers and discomfort, that he might be worthy of the vocation to which he had been called.

On the 16th of Aug. 1861, the *Champion* steamed through the Golden Gate and Fr. Bouchard gladly landed in San Francisco. The fathers of St. Ignatius College, on Market street, met him with open arms and with them he took up his quarters. The incipient college was a small, modest, wooden structure of limited proportions and the rickety church had sitting accommodations for about two hundred worshippers. Here Fr. Bouchard began his apostolic labors, to which he devoted himself with unsparing zeal and ever-increasing love for twenty-eight long years, years which were crowned with success beyond expectation. Here he preached his first sermon on the pacific coast and soon the little church was filled to its utmost capacity with a multitude of attentive listeners charmed by the sound of his silvery voice, by the power of his nervous eloquence, by the pleasantness of his address, by the lucidity of his explanations and by the vigor of his stringent logic. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Saviour and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, were favorite topics with Fr. Bouchard. To his ever active zeal are due the institution of the Altar Society and of the two sodalities, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen. Of these, he was, for many years, the much beloved director, and he spared no pains or toils in the exercise of his zeal in order to promote among the members the fervor of Christian piety, the frequenting the sacraments, the union of fraternal charity, and the exercise of the works of mercy. The most prominent gentlemen of the city hurried to enlist themselves under the banner of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and, braving all human respect, prided to show themselves

on every occasion the true servants of the Church and the fervent children of our Heavenly Mother.

Soon the frame church of St. Ignatius became too small to contain the crowds anxious to gather around the pulpit of the new orator of the Golden City. The superiors resolved to build the new college on the same lot, destining for the present, its capacious hall for the purpose of the divine service. The people were glad and lent a willing hand to the undertaking. On the 11th April 1867, the corner stone was laid in the presence of a vast multitude of people. Soon Fr. Buchard occupied the new pulpit, attracting around it an immense crowd of pious worshippers ever greedy to catch the sound of his vigorous voice and open their hearts to the touching appeals of his eloquence. They were never tired of listening to his instructions, how long soever they might chance to be; and, returning home, they always felt their minds filled with new wisdom and their hearts urged on to sublimer virtues. This was always the case, when their cherished orator, descending from the heights of a more vigorous and thundering eloquence would address them in a familiar and plain style. His eloquence was never more charming, more soothing, more heart-penetrating. Then every soul was moved by his word and every heart felt the spell of his irresistible appeals. Thus he became the favorite orator of the city, the popular instructor of the faithful, the powerful defender of Christian truth. And it cannot be denied, that to him and to his successful efforts, are due, in great part, that popularity and favor which the fathers enjoy in the City of San Francisco, even to the present day, and rendered St. Ignatius Church the favorite resort of the pious people of the metropolis of the Pacific. This success, it is true, caused umbrage in some quarters; jealousy sharpened her shafts against him and the fathers, whose ministrations were eagerly sought. A bitter opposition was carried on in secret. It soon burst out into open conflict. The parish served by the fathers was suppressed, its spoils allotted to successful adversaries, the ministrations of our operarii hampered; but the works of zeal and charity, of piety and edification continued uninterrupted. Better times dawned and the fervent orator lived to see peace restored, the influence of the fathers on the increase, and the people of the city and neighboring towns flocking to their church and seeking their ministrations.

The fame, which Fr. Bouchard won by his priestly labors in the city, soon caused him to be invited to extend his sphere of usefulness to other portions of the Lord's vineyard on this coast. Though his services were often in demand

he joyfully complied with such invitations. Wheresoever souls were to be reclaimed, the Church's calumniators silenced and the glory of God promoted, Fr. Bouchard, like a brave and unwearied soldier of Christ and son of the Society, was sure to be. Indeed he was indefatigable. The number of missions he preached, in small towns and large cities, to numerous or thin congregations, is beyond our reckoning. He was fond of lecturing too and applications to lecture came to him from all quarters. He lectured now for the benefit of newly built churches burdened with a load of undebtedness; now for convent schools and colleges, to enable poor sisters to contribute their share of taxation to the inexorable tax-collector, for the privilege of imparting gratuitously a moral and religious education to poor children, now for the relief of abandoned orphans, or famished cities or destitute populations. Wheresoever charity needed a zealous advocate to plead her cause and to touch men's hearts and reach their purses—Fr. Bouchard's voice was not silent. In his lectures always diligently and studiously prepared and digested, a variety and multiplicity of interesting and vital subjects, are masterly and lucidly treated. His audience always understood what he meant to say and what he did say.

The last twelve years of his laborious life were mostly spent abroad in unrelenting missionary work. His stay in the college was but of short duration, to take a little rest for the body, to recruit in spirit, in order that he might be better fitted to renew his apostolic labors. His missionary excursions extended far and wide. Upper and lower California, Idaho and Montana, Nevada and Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia—all in turn, received his apostolic visitation and yielded a rich harvest of conversions, people rushing to listen to his eloquence, clear, earnest, convincing, by which he expounded Catholic doctrines, or defended the Catholic Church, rebuked the vices of men, and frightened sinners with threats of the eternal punishments. And he was amply rewarded for his labors; for many were the souls which he reclaimed from a wayward life; many the wavering minds which he confirmed in their faith; many the hearts which he incited to deeds of Christian perfection; many the stray sheep which he brought back to the fold of the Church. One cannot travel through the towns and villages of California and the neighboring states, without hearing the fame of Fr. Bouchard's unwearied zeal and the blessings invoked upon his cherished name. Thus a San Francisco weekly is justified in writing of him the following words: "No priest

in California ever labored more zealously or more successfully to spread God's faith among those outside the fold, to confirm in the faith the young and the unexperienced, or to bring back to God, like so many prodigal penitents, the erring children of the Church, who had strayed away from their heavenly Father's mansion."

It is to be regretted that he has kept no journal or record of his missionary labors and of the result of his fruitful preaching. It may be that in future times, the rectors, in whose parishes he toiled for God, Church and souls, may be able to furnish us with some information, which may prove equally interesting and edifying. At present, much to our regret, and of course to the disappointment of our readers, we are compelled to refrain from entering into details. This we confidently affirm, that his earnest, burning, eloquent words, never failed to start a revival of Catholic spirit much to the joy of the Church, much to the chagrin of her Protestant adversaries. Apart from his preaching from the pulpit, in his familiar intercourse with the people at large, his conversation possessed a charm quite peculiar to him, full as it always was of sympathy and good-humor; of modesty and courteousness; of candor and simplicity. The sensibility of his heart appeared in his eyes and on his lips. He never dismissed man or woman, but with kind words of consolation and encouragement. Indeed, he was no personarum acceptor. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the cripple and disfigured as well as the hale and comely were sure to be greeted with a hearty welcome. He always was at home, familiar and pleasant either amidst the rags of indigence or in the richly carpeted halls of opulence. He equally discussed dogma with the theologian and explained catechism with the ignorant. He was all to all. Nor was he even guilty of dismissing from his presence the poor and distressed to make room for the wealthy and influential. His manners were pleasant, agreeable, respectful without regard to rank or fortune, and no one ever went away from him with a downcast look or a heavy heart. Whenever it was in his power to do good, his hands were ever open. Whenever his own poverty hindered him, then he was lavish of the sympathy of his heart. But if ever strangers or brothers in religion paid him the tribute of a kind act, their kindness was engraved on his memory, and the benefit conferred was never forgotten. "Humble as a recluse," writes the editor of the "Monitor" he received the rough-handed miner with the same pleasing smile of genuine affection which he gave to the millionaire. His kindly heart was ever ready to

sympathize with sorrow or suffering; his influence was ever at the command of others where the cause of christian charity could be advanced. And those who applied to him for counsel came from his presence refreshed by the sweet and soothing words which fell upon their seared hearts like cooling streams upon the parched earth. For these grand characteristics Fr. Bouchard was loved and honored with a reverence and a stability which will endure in the hearts of the living long after they have bedewed the grave of the dead missionary with their tears."

His love and esteem for the Society of Jesus was a characteristic feature in Fr. Bouchard. He held it as a great honor to be a member of it; always spoke of it with the deepest respect, and whatever pertained to it, had a particular interest for him. As to the Catholic Church, to which he became a convert, his devotion and attachment were worthy of a son of St. Ignatius. He showed his loyalty to her by his vigorous labors during the long period of his missionary career. Her triumphs were his joy; her conflicts a heart-felt pain, and he never felt happier and in better spirits than when he was called to thunder from the pulpit in her defence or deal a heavy blow on her opponents. For many years he had devoted his talents to controversial topics and there is scarcely a dogma of the Catholic Faith he has not defended and explained, or an objection he has not solved or a fallacy he has not refuted. In his lectures and sermons, he was very studious, accurate, pains-taking. From a glance at his numerous manuscripts one can easily perceive how patient were his researches, how industrious his studies, how conscientious his preparation. Conscious of the reverence with which the word of God must be treated, and of the respect due to the faithful who come to hear it, he never ascended the pulpit before he had thoroughly studied and matured his subject and never descended it, but with the consoling assurance that his word had been a light to illumine the mind with truth and a fire to warm the heart with love. Hence, a daily paper of San Francisco was not far from the truth when it declared:—"By his death the Catholic Church loses one of its most able representatives in the United States; the famous Society of which he was a member, one of its most learned and respected number, and the Catholic laity of the city, a priest whom they loved and venerated."

Towards the beginning of December 1889, Father Bouchard's health began to fail and the first symptoms of the malady, which carried him away, began to appear much to

the alarm of the Fathers and his friends. Dr. Robinson, who attended him, pronounced his distemper fatty degeneration of the heart; and though hopeful of his recovery for the present, he gave him to understand that the malady might prove fatal before the expiration of two years. The good Father, full of resignation to the divine will and upheld by his childlike confidence in the mercy of God, took the warning as a brave athlete of Christ, and, having prepared his soul to meet his master, surrendered his body to the treatment and care of his physician and infirmarian. He, who had prepared so many souls for their last passage, who had frightened so many sinners into repentance, as he described the terrors of the last agony, who was leaving behind so many true friends to mourn and pray for him, seemed to have no dread of approaching death. He was prepared. His conscience attested that since he had run his course and finished his work to the best of his ability God would bestow the prize. On Nov. 24 he preached from the old pulpit of St. Ignatius. On the 8 of December he celebrated Mass in the domestic chapel; this was his last Mass. He rallied somewhat. He was cheerful and hopeful. No serious apprehensions were entertained. On Thursday evening, much to his delight, the superiors made arrangements for a drive to the Golden Gate Park, in a closed carriage. It was too late; God had dispatched his angels with Elias' chariot, to lift his servant to the realms of bliss. The good Father, feeling apparently improved, resolved that the brother infirmarian should no longer sit up with him, but retire to rest in an adjoining room; and having alleged the doctor's consent, his request was reluctantly complied with. A few days before, he made a general confession of his whole life to the Spiritual Father of the house, and on Christmas Day he received Holy Communion, which was to be his last Eucharistic Banquet, and the Viaticum for the approaching journey to a better life. Early on the morning of Friday Dec. 27 at 5.30, when the Brother infirmarian entered his room, he found the Father dressed in his habit, his rosary twined in his belt, hoping perchance, to go to the altar, peacefully reclining on his bed. He was no more. His spirit had taken its flight to God, whose glory he had so zealously promoted throughout the course of his eventful life. Owing to the fact that only the day before a decided improvement in his condition had been reported, the news of his sudden departure took by surprise the members of the community, in whose midst he had lived so many years, and filled their hearts with grief, particularly for being deprived of the consolation of gathering around his bed side

and 'paying to his departing spirit, the tribute of their prayers. The people at large, both Catholics and Protestants, among whom he had a host of friends and admirers, lamented and mourned over the loss of their eloquent orator, their patient confessor, their wise adviser, their sympathizing consoler, their amiable Father.

His remains, clothed in sacerdotal robes, were inclosed in a metallic casket, and lay in state in the Sodality Chapel, from Friday noon until Sunday evening. The chapel tastefully draped in black and white, presented a solemn sight. All day Saturday, as we read in a daily paper, the remains of the lamented Father were viewed by crowds, but the number of people who came on Sunday, to pay their last respects to the memory of the venerable missionary and priest was enormous. In the afternoon from 1 to 5 o'clock, Hayes street, from Market street to St. Ignatius' church, was a mass of humanity. It was like a never-ending procession. People came from all over the city to view for the last time the face of the good and holy priest who was so dear to them. All offered fervent prayers for the repose of his soul. Few could restrain their tears and sobs, and not one went his way without magnifying the exalted talents, the rare virtues, the apostolic zeal, the constant kindness, the vigorous eloquence of the departed Jesuit.

Monday morning, Dec. 30 was the day appointed for the funeral service of the lamented Father. It was the Rector's intention to conduct the mournful rite, according to the custom of the society. But at the request of His Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco, who wished to signify his love and esteem for the zealous priest who had so strenuously and devotedly labored in his diocese, the obsequies were celebrated with the most solemn pomp—his Lordship and the Rt. Rev. P. Manogue, Bishop of Sacramento assisting from their respective thrones. In spite of the torrents of rain which were pouring down from the clouds, the crowds of pious mourners that filled the church, were immense. Over five thousand persons were present at the solemn Mass, to offer to their dear Father a last homage of love and respect. After the ceremony, the remains escorted by many fathers, and friends, and by seventy members of the Sodality of the B. V. M., were conveyed to Santa Clara by rail and entombed by the side of his religious brethren in the cemetery of that church. The mourners, silently gathered around his remains, occupied a special car beautifully draped, which had been chartered for the purpose by one of his dear friends.

As an evidence of the deep regret felt in a particular

manner by the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, which the deceased Father had founded and affiliated to the *Prima Primaria* in Rome, we here insert the following resolutions:—

RESOLUTIONS BY THE GENTLEMEN'S SODALITY
OF ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH.

At a meeting, last night of the Gentlemen's Sodality of St. Ignatius Church, held in the library of the church, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Divine Providence has decreed to call to his eternal reward the anointed of the Lord, the beloved founder and cherished first Director of our sodality, Rev. James M. C. Bouchard, S. J., lately deceased, after a zealous, energetic and exemplary life, generously devoted to the spiritual assistance of helpless and suffering Christians and the promulgation of the divine truths of our holy religion;

Resolved, That in our departed Father the priesthood has lost one of its most brilliant ornaments, the Society of Jesus one of its most zealous and devoted members, the congregation of the faithful one of its truest friends, our sodality one of its most honored guides, supports and rulers, and the cause of religion one of its most ardent defenders, sincere adherents and able expounders.

Resolved, That as members of the Gentlemen's Sodality of St. Ignatius Church we shall ever cherish with gratitude the remembrance of the one who with much forethought, zeal and love established this holy association for the spiritual benefit of thousands of Catholic gentlemen, and so ably fostered it during the years of its infancy.

Resolved, That as our humble tribute to the respected memory of our dearly lamented Director we hold special exercises in our chapel, as a month's mind, on the morning of Thursday, January 30, 1890, with a solemn requiem Mass, immediately preceded by the recitation of the office of the dead, commencing at 7.30 o'clock; to which we cordially and particularly invite the friends of the deceased, together with those of the sodality; and finally,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the records of this sodality, and an engrossed copy delivered to the community of the Jesuit Fathers of St. Ignatius Church in San Francisco.

Signed for the Director, the Prefect and the committee,

JNO. ED. FITZPATRICK,

Secretary.

We conclude this short sketch of the dear and laborious Father Bouchard with a brief poem of his, written, I believe in 1856 and signed with a name he had no reason to blush at — Watomika. His friends may fancy that the sentiments expressed therein are addressed to them.

DYING SENTIMENTS OF WATOMIKA, S. J.

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier
 When I am gone, when I am gone!
 Smile when the slow-tolling bell you hear,
 When I am gone, when I am gone!
 Weep not for me, when you stand round my grave;
 Think who has died his beloved to save,
 Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall wear
 When I am gone, when I am gone!
 Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
 When I am gone, when I am gone!
 Sing ye a song, when my grave you shall see,
 When I am gone, when I am gone!
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
 Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,
 Come and rejoice that I've thus passed away,
 When I am gone, when I am gone!
 Plant ye a rose, that may bloom o'er my bed,
 When I am gone, when I am gone!
 Breathe not a sigh for the bless'd early dead,
 When I am gone, when I am gone!
 Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care;
 Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share;
 Look up on high, and believe I am there,
 When I am gone, when I am gone.

WATOMIKA, S. J.

THE ARAPAHOE INDIANS.

ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION, LANDER WYOMING,
April 14th, 1890.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
" P. C.

As I am once more on the war path against the powers of darkness trying to snatch from its grasp a few poor Arrapahoe Indians, I write with the hope that my letter will be of interest to your readers, and that it will be productive of some good for St. Stephen's Mission, where Father Ignatius Panken and myself are at present working under considerable difficulties, which, however, we hope are the harbingers of better times to come.

I bade farewell to the dear fathers, professors, and brothers of Marquette College, on the 4th of March last. That day was one of the coldest days we had this winter in Milwaukee. I reached Omaha the next morning, and on the following day I left Creighton College, in the midst of a very heavy snow storm, for Rawling, which I reached only on the 11th, at 8 o'clock P. M. Some business, and a great irregularity in the running of the railroad trains at this time of the year caused me to delay in Cheyenne as well as in Suramie City.

The weather in Rawling was very cold, and the surrounding mountains, covered with snow, showed to great advantage under the blue canopy of heaven. Here I had to stop one day to secure a place in the stage, which during this season takes only two passengers at a time. Fortunately, through the assistance of Rev. Father James Ryan, the parish priest of that town, I succeeded in getting room for myself and my baggage. My only companion happened to be a gentleman of old acquaintance, who keeps a large store at Fort Washukie, thirty miles west of this mission. And lucky was I in meeting him, for he, being an old settler used to travelling over these mountains, was well provided with buffalo robes and blankets; so we had plenty of coverings to make ourselves comfortable. Had I not met with this good man, I would have suffered a great deal, for, supposing that the stage company would supply passengers with such wrappings and blankets, as are indispensable to travellers

during winter, I had nothing with me but my overcoat and a comforter around my neck.

In the best of spirits, we left Rawling on the 13th at 8 o'clock A. M., the only thing that gave us uneasiness being the thought of what kind of weather we would have on the coming night, during which we would have to pass through the highest part of the Sweet-water Mountains, travelling for a length of some seventy-five miles, now on a sled, and again on a common lumber wagon. This is the most difficult part of the journey between Rawling and St. Stephen's Mission, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles. What makes the crossing of these mountains not only difficult, but also dangerous, is the sudden rising of wind storms carrying immense volumes of snow, which, being drifted against wagons or trains, will sometimes cover them, and fasten them to the ground so as to render it impossible to move them any further. An instance of this kind took place but a few days before we reached Rawling. Two freighters' outfit, one belonging to Fort Washakie, above mentioned, and another belonging to our Mission, were both snowed in, and all the teamsters could do was to unhitch their teams, and run for their lives to the nearest station. Every year some body perishes in such storms. This year we lament two cow-boys, who were lost in one of these storms. You see, therefore, that we had reason to be a little uneasy about what might happen to us. But He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, did also take care of us; and though the mountain zephyrs that were kissing us at intervals all along the way, were rather cold, yet we could not complain, and, taking all in all, our condition was by no means as bad as it might have been.

At noon we reached the second postal station from Rawling, a place called Bull Creek, and on alighting, we were told by our driver that dinner was ready. But, please, said we, show us the place, for we do not see any sign of a house. To our inquiries he answered by pointing out with his whip a poor dilapidated cabin covered with snow from the ground to the roof, the entrance to which was through a large cut made in the snow, which stood up frozen on both sides like two walls. We went in through this gap, and to our surprise found a good dinner.

Here we left the stage. All our baggage was well secured on a sled, which was nothing else but an old wagon-box fastened upon two beams. On this primitive kind of a conveyance there was only one seat for two persons. Resigned to our lot, and trying to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, we took possession of the seat, and were fixing

our blankets around us, when lo! the driver, a tall, corpulent, jolly fellow informed us that he was going to share the seat with us, and so saying he wedged himself in between us, and whooping like a wild Indian, he started his horses at full gallop. To say that it was a most insufferable kind of travelling, would never convey the real idea of the situation. We thought our life would be squeezed out of us during that memorable night, such was the position under which we were. The night was one well suited for astronomical observations, for without a telescope one could see millions of most brilliant stars moving through their orbits. The wind, which generally rages very high, that night left us alone, and the temperature was rather mild. So we went on from peak to peak changing horses every fifteen miles; at last, after crossing the highest pitch of the Sweet-water range we saw the morning star peeping out of the far horizon, and glowing like a distant electric light. By the time we reached the summit of Beaver Mountain, we saw the day dawning in all its majesty. Its appearance robbed the stars of their brightness, and one after another they dwindled out of sight. To our great consolation the light was now rapidly increasing; for we needed daylight in order to see our way in descending the mountain. Our descent, thanks be to God, was safe. It was sun-rise when we arrived at a postal station at the foot of Beaver Mountain, thirty miles from Lander. Here taking a stage again, we were more comfortable, and succeeded in getting a good sleep; as good, I mean, as the circumstances would allow.

As I stepped out of the stage I found myself in the midst of many old friends whom I had not seen for three years. So I had to go through a regular gauntlet of handshaking, and had to answer the welcomes and compliments of those good hearted people. On Sunday the 16th of March, I once more officiated in the old parish church of this town, and had a very good congregation. Towards evening Fr. F. Panken came up from the Mission, and on St. Patrick's Day at 4.30 o'clock p. m. we reached St. Stephen's.

I found the Mission considerably improved since I left it three years ago. So also did I find the country around improved, though not very much. The best of all the improvements that have been made is the telegraph, which now unites Lander with the rest of the civilized world.

Our community here consists of Fr. Ignatius Panken, superior, and myself. We also have living with us a secular priest, Rev. Fr. Scollen, who has been for many years a missionary among the Indians of Canada as well as of the Rocky Mountains. He is a great success with Indian chil-

dren, and consequently a great help to us. We have also a young man acting as a servant, farmer, etc. In our house, which is the same old frame house I fixed up, when I first came in 1886, we have thus far neither chapel, nor kitchen, nor refectory, but go to say Mass, and take our meals at the convent. This is a magnificent brick building built by Fr. F. X. Kuppens. I can assure you that it stands at a canonical distance from our house, for there is about one mile between the two, which distance we have to walk three times a day, besides the extra calls, which in an Indian mission like this are frequent. Now these daily excursions are quite a feat, especially when the mercury falls thirty degrees below zero, and when the ground happens to be covered with some four, or five inches of snow, or with a thick layer of mud. Side walks being a refinement not yet introduced in this part of the country, it follows that our situation taken at its best, is by no means convenient. But we console ourselves by considering that the kingdom of heaven is worth this and much more. However, if we view these excursions from a sanitary standpoint, we are bound to acknowledge that in the long run they will prove highly beneficial.

On the feast of St. Gabriel we opened our school with eight children boarding with us, and to-day we count twenty-nine boys and girls. We are expecting a few more by the end of this month. They all attend school at the convent, with the exception of the larger boys, who are taught at our house by the priest who stays with us. So many and so great were the obstacles to the opening of the school, that its success has been a surprise to many. For a while we worked on hoping against hope, till at last, thanks be to God, the difficulty that stood in our way disappeared. The Arrapahoes now show us more confidence, and our prospects grow brighter day by day.

On St. Stephen's Day, we feasted our Indians by giving them plenty of beef, bacon, flour, potatoes, beans, coffee, etc. They all gathered together around the tent of their Chief, Black Coal, and had a good time cooking and eating till every thing was consumed. You might ask why we give them such a feast? Well, simply to keep up mutual good feelings. The Indians in general, and our Arapahoes are no exception, are rather material. Words and long arguments have not much effect on them, but a good meal has always a strong persuasive power, experience long since demonstrating, that as fishes are taken by the mouth, so are aborigenes.

In matter of religion our Arapahoes are beginning to understand things better than they did when I first came

among them. It is really edifying to see how devoutly these poor children of the forest say their daily prayers, and assist at the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They are respectful, obedient and bright, learning easily whatever they are taught. That God may preserve them in such a spirit is our most fervent prayer.

From what I have written, an idea can be formed of what kind of life we are living here. All that we need is that the Lord would send us laborers to till this yet uncultivated part of His vineyard. We pray for young men full of zeal and courage, and willing to submit to the privations and inconveniences of a missionary life among the Indians.

For such of our young fathers and scholastics as desire the far off missions of Alaska or Africa, here on a spur of the Rocky Mountains, on these banks of the Wind-River is a field as rich in sufferings, privations, poverty, and persecution. Now that we have broken the ground, opened the way, and made the Indians understand why the mission has been founded, there are wanted young priests, and coadjutor brothers to perpetuate the work. May God grant that some of those who will read this letter will offer themselves for this Mission! Those who come with an outfit made up of zeal and patience, will meet with success.

PAUL M. PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

FLORIDA.

(Letter from Fr. Quinlan.)

CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS,
TAMPA, FLA. July 6, 1890.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

Our Jesuit missions in Florida occupy a tract of country about 260 miles long, by 150 miles wide. There are more than twenty little cities to attend to, with over 1000 Catholics in and around them. Besides these, there are 2500 Cubans in Ybor City, all professing the Catholic religion; but in general they are not practical Catholics. Three priests having died in Tampa during the epidemic of 1888, Rev. Fr. de Carrière was sent here from New Orleans La., in Oct. '88, to attend to the flocks. A few months later on,

the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore handed over these vast missions to our Superior General, Very Rev. J. O'Shanahan.

We are now three fathers and a brother residing in Tampa, and thence visiting the various districts of our missions.

Tampa is the most important city in our charge. It has, with Ybor City, the fourth ward of Tampa, 10,000 inhabitants. Our church, a very pretty frame building, and a comfortable parochial residence, stand in the very centre of the city, in the midst of a beautiful and fruitful grove of orange trees and grape vines. Besides selling and otherwise disposing of a large quantity of fruit, we have a supply for our table during nine months of the year.

The church is named in honor of Father Louis Cancer, O. S. D., who suffered martyrdom on the coast upwards of 300 years ago.

Within the last five years Tampa has grown from 800 to 10,000 in population, and is still rapidly increasing. It has two electric light companies. The new hotel, one of the grandest in America, is built on the eastern bank of the Hillsboro River. It is 511 feet long, varies in width from 50 to 150 feet, and in height from four to six stories. The style of architecture is Byzantine, and produces an effect of great beauty, and impressive grandeur. The electric-lighting of this hotel is the most effective and complete yet invented. There are four dynamos with a capacity of over 600 lights each, so that the 2500 lights will render this sumptuous palace hotel more beautiful by night than it is in the bright glow of sunlight.

The waters of Tampa Bay teem with various kinds of fish, giving employment to hundreds of fishermen, packers, ice-manufacturers and others. Eight lines of steamers trade to and from Port Tampa. It is also the terminus of the Plant Investment system Railroads, and of the Florida Central, and Peninsular lines.

The Catholics of Tampa are fervent, attend church regularly, and approach the sacraments frequently. The Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary have a flourishing school.

Ybor City is also called the fourth ward of Tampa. Its centre is about three miles distant from the centre of Tampa, yet the suburbs touch. Seen from one of the lofty towers of our grand hotel, the two cities now appear to be one, divided only at intervals by beautiful orange groves and gardens.

Ybor City has twelve cigar factories, and other industries. The weekly payments to employees amount to \$25,000. We have purchased a block 350 feet by 220 in the best part

of the city, and we are now preparing to erect a church, schools, convent, and residence thereon. Mr. Martinez Ybor, who founded this city four years ago, is our friend. Four of his children attend the convent school, and are amongst the brightest and best of its pupils. Two of them were confirmed during the visitation of our bishop, this year. Mass is said in Ybor City on Sundays and days of obligation—Sunday School after Mass. Catechism is taught in Spanish. The children are docile, apt, and anxious to learn. Through them a great part of the population can be drawn to the service of God. Some of these Cuban children have made their First Communion this year. We expect to have a convent school in Ybor City in a short time. The Cubans ardently desire a good education for their children. Besides the Cubans, there are American, Irish, Italian and Spanish Catholics in Ybor City. These form already the nucleus of a congregation daily increasing.

Our missions outside Tampa and Ybor City are numerous and important. The following are the principal ones: Arcadia, Bartow, Bloomingdale, Fort Meade, Haines City, Jupiter, Kissimmee, Lakeland, Fogartyville, Braidentown, Manatee, Miami, Fort Myers, Pinellas, Punta Gorda, St. Cloud, St. Petersburg, Tarpon Springs, and The Ten Thousand Islands.

Neat little churches are built in Bloomingdale, Fogartyville, Fort Myers, and Tarpon Springs. A church is necessary in each of the places mentioned above, and we hope to build them according as our means will permit. Mr. Trabeu, founder of Trabeu City, called also Punta Gorda, on Charlotte Harbor, has made us a grant of a splendid site for a church. It is situated on the sea shore, near the Indian mound. The Society of Jesus had a church about here in 1567.⁽¹⁾ Many of our fathers and brothers were martyred by the Indians at this time.

Looking down from their thrones in Heaven on that Florida for which they labored and shed their blood, they must indeed rejoice to see these missions they so loved, pass again after a long interval under the care of the Society of Jesus.

May we be worthy successors of these great missionaries.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

J. B. QUINLAN, S. J.

⁽¹⁾ Father Rogel, S. J. and his companions came here in 1567. The Spanish governor ordered a chapel to be put up, in which Father Roguel might offer the Holy Sacrifice. This third Catholic chapel in Florida was on Charlotte Harbor, on the western shore of the peninsula. Father Rogel immediately began a series of instructions to the soldiers who had been long deprived of the sacraments. He remained as chaplain of the post and missionary to the Indians till Menendez arrived from Spain in 1568 bringing ten missionaries chosen by St. Francis Borgia."—JOHN G. SHEA.

MEXICO.

PUEBLA, MEXICO,
July 14, 1890.

DEAR REV. FATHER,
P. C.

Thinking that a short account of the work and residences of our fathers in Mexico might be interesting, I send you these few lines concerning the various places which I have seen so far.

Upon my arrival in the City of Mexico, I proceeded to Santa Brigida and presented my letters. Fr. Alzola, the provincial, was absent on his visitation, but I was kindly received by the superior, Fr. Rivas.

The church is very small, and formerly belonged to a convent of nuns. It is situated in a central part of the city and just off from the main street. The residence consists of a small corner of the convent, which only allows the fathers the most trifling amount of light and air. The church is attended by the most respectable of the citizens; it is in fact the chosen place of worship of Mexico's Four Hundred, and four hundred is about all the church will hold. They have a very flourishing sodality of young men; the Sunday after my arrival was their Communion day, and I said the sodality Mass. In regard to the altar and vestments, there are many little details here which differ from ours. On the altar they have two stands for the missal, and these stands also serve as frames, holding the Lavabo prayers and Gospel of St. John. From the centre of the altar hangs a rich piece of embroidery, somewhat like the end of a benediction veil. The purificators are very small pieces of linen and not folded according to our style. The altar-bread is generally of an extremely large size, nearly the same diameter as the paten, over it is placed a circular pad of linen, then a small square piece of linen for a pall. The bourse contains two corporals; the use of a tiny spoon is general, and this spoon is carried in the chalice. The amices are very large and adorned with embroidery; they are tied on with broad red ribbons. The chasubles are all of the Spanish pattern, narrow at the shoulders and swelling out below. The biretta is a curious affair with four horns.

A day or two after my arrival, Fr. Personé came to Santa Brigida. He had been down to Puebla and was now on his way back to Denver. As he is well acquainted with Mexico, he very kindly showed me around. We made an excursion to the famous shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, where we said Mass. Afterwards we examined the miraculous picture which is on a serape or Indian cloak. Guadalupe is the great shrine of Mexico and the riches here are simply indescribable. We also visited our old church "La Profesa" which is one of the finest in the city; at present it is in the hands of the Oratorians.

From Mexico I went to Puebla which is about five hours ride on the railroad. Here the railroads are managed very differently from ours. There are three classes of cars, and a military escort accompanies each train. Formerly the soldiers occupied the last car, but on one occasion the banditti managed to uncouple this car, while the train went on and then robbed the passengers at their leisure. Since then the military have the first car. On arriving at a station, the soldiers file out and one is posted at each car. I noticed that all the male passengers carried revolvers. Smoking is allowed in every car—women as well as the men use the cigarette. I reached Puebla about noon, and went to the baggage room to get my valise; to my great surprise I found I could not get it before two o'clock. Then I inquired for the station master and asked him why the valise could not be handed over. He replied that as there was a train about to start in half an hour, the baggage agent could not attend to receiving and delivering baggage at the same time. After this train had left and the excitement arising therefrom had cooled down, then I might apply for my valise (which I think was about the only piece of baggage on my train). This is the land of calm delights and it is useless to attempt to hurry, for we have always the "mañana," so I got a mule team and set out for our college. Here I took Fr. La Cerda very much by surprise, and received a warm welcome. I was introduced to the Rector, Fr. Cappalletti and the rest of the community, and they soon made me feel at home.

Our establishment here is known as the Colegio Catolico and is probably the best in the province. There are about 80 boarders and as many day scholars. Classes commence on the 2nd day of January and run on till the last day of October. They have no Easter holidays here, and the weekly recreation is from 3 to 6 on Thursday. The boys rise at 6, Mass at 7; then they take a cup of chocolate with a couple of crackers called *menudencias*. At 8.30 classes begin, and at 12 they have dinner. At 5 in the afternoon

they have their *merienda*, which consists of chocolate and *menudencias*. At 8 they have supper, after which they say night prayers and retire. On Sunday, those whose marks are up to the standard are allowed to go home, but they must be back at 5.30. On going home and returning the boys are always attended by an escort. The college has not the power of conferring degrees; these are given by the State. Its course consists of three years of Latin and two years of philosophy. The philosophers vary from fourteen to sixteen years of age. At the close of the term in October, there is a distribution of prizes. One premium is given in each class. There are no gold medals nor extra prizes. Mexican boys know nothing of base ball, lawn tennis or athletics; they take their recreation very soberly walking up and down the yard. Meals are always taken in silence, and while regaling themselves with red peppers and frijoles they listen to the works of some very grave author. Here the scholastics do not wear the habit and biretta. There are four of them attached to the college, and as each has a large amount of teaching and prefecting to attend to, they are occupied most of the time; at present there are two refectories and a number of dormitories which increase their work. Fr. Rector is building a large addition to the college which will afford one fine study hall in place of the two small ones used at present; and a fine large dormitory. This will be a welcome improvement to the scholastics.

During my stay at Puebla I made an excursion to Tlaxcala along with a father of the Province of Holland. There are three fathers here who belong to that Province, and also two brothers. My companion, Fr. Torna knew all the places of interest in Tlaxcala, and we had a very pleasant day. We took the train to Santa Ana, and there a tramway connects with Tlaxcala. The tramway was managed just as the R. R. first and second class cars, with a soldier on each. One conductor sold us our tickets, and another took them up. At Tlaxcala, we saw in the old church of the Franciscans the first pulpit erected in Mexico. It is a simple stone structure with an inscription in blue letters "PRIMER PULPITO DE NUEVA ESPANA." We also saw some chasubles and altar clothes which were 300 years old.

In the City Hall, they preserve with the greatest care the banner of Cortes. It is in a glass case and is considered one of the most valuable historical relics in Mexico. This banner was originally scarlet and has the arms of Spain richly embroidered upon it. At present it has faded to a tan color and the edges are much torn and frayed.

While we were crossing the Plaza, it struck three o'clock

and I noticed that all the people took off their sombreros. This is done in memory of the passion of our Lord, and is one of the many beautiful Catholic customs instilled into the inhabitants by the devoted old missionaries. Among the fathers here, is Fr. Labrador whose arrest and imprisonment in Guanajuato is so well known.

Now one word about the climate; so far I have not experienced a warm day. This is the rainy season and every afternoon there are heavy showers. The weather here is a perpetual spring.

I am afraid that I will wear out your patience if I add more to this. With the kindest remembrances to all at Georgetown,

I remain Your Brother in Christ,

FRANK BARNUM, S. J.

SECOND LETTER.

ORIZABA, MEXICO, Aug. 7, 1890.

DEAR REV. FATHER,
P. C.

This will show you that I am not unmindful of you and will give you a few of my impressions of the Land of Montezuma. I have spent three or four days here and like it better than any place which I have visited thus far. This is one of the most pleasant parts of Mexico, on account of the number of streams which traverse the valley in which the town is situated. All around are high mountains completely enclosing this enchanted area, while far above them all towers the snow-clad volcano of Orizaba. Outside the little town, coffee plantations, fields of sugar cane, and groves of fruit trees extend to the very base of the mountains. The abundance of water power has attracted the attention of capitalists, and Orizaba bids fair to become the great manufacturing centre of Mexico. Already some five or six cotton mills are in operation and others are being erected.

We have two fathers here, who take charge of St. Mary's church. The Superior is Fr. Donadoni one of the kindest of men. He is gifted with exquisite taste and is full of zeal for all that concerns Divine worship. The church is celebrated here for its ceremonies; moreover, it is the centre of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It would be difficult to find a sacristy better equipped. Although there are in the church only nine altars, which are very few, for this country, still there are vestments by the hundred. As Fr. Donadoni swung back chasuble after chasuble, now stopping to point

out some exquisite needlework, now some particularly rich old Spanish brocade, it reminded me of turning the leaves of some grand illuminated missal of ancient days.

Among his treasures are two banners of the Sacred Heart, worth a thousand dollars each. There are also eight magnificent scapulars of the Sacred Heart, which are worn by the members of the Guard of Honor. Each scapular is fully as large as a page of "the Messenger," and is made of the finest crimson velvet richly ornamented with gold and studded with brilliants. It is a Mexican custom for those who are enrolled in the various Confraternities, to wear during Mass on Festivals and Communion days, one of these large-sized scapulars. In fact it is a common thing for persons making a visit to a church, to carry with them one of these immense scapulars and wear it during their devotions.

There is in our church here a very quaint picture, the work of a young Indian of Orizaba. The painting, which is very large, represents an incident of the Flight into Egypt. The Holy Family have halted on the outskirts of a city, close to a shrine in a grove. A large idol has just toppled over, leaving its feet still standing on the pedestal. A stream flows through the foreground, and the Blessed Virgin is represented engaged in washing, exactly after the manner of Mexican women. She has a great wooden paddle, with which she pounds the clothes upon a flat stone at the water's edge. There is an extraordinary amount of "wash" in various piles, and a number of Angels are busily engaged in hanging the garments on the branches of a very high tree. One angel is just on the point of flying up, with a great armful of wet linen. St. Joseph is represented as occupied in gathering fruit, while lower down the stream the ass is quietly slaking its thirst.

One of the beauties of Mexico is the abundance and variety of flowers. Most of our finest hot-house plants grow in wild profusion here. At first it is rather startling to find what we would consider as a great floral treasure ranking here as a weed. The Indians are great lovers of flowers and always cultivate them around their cabins. They are continually bringing great bunches of the rarest and most lovely flowers into the various churches. They do not depend upon the sacristans to dispose of them, but proceed at once with the utmost freedom to place their bouquets on the different altars and shrines according to their own fancy. In nearly every church, there is a shrine of Our

Lady of Sorrows. This is a favorite spot with the Indians, and one can be sure of always finding the freshest and choicest flowers around the Mater Dolorosa. I have often watched the Indians in different churches, and noticed how tastefully they arrange their lovely offerings. A woman will enter a church, loaded down with stalks of brilliant gladiolus. Selecting some particular altar, she will deposit her fragrant burden and proceed to decorate it, patiently spreading the blossoms over the entire table of the altar, praying devoutly all the while.

It is touching to visit some church now secularized by the Government and to observe how the bare altars have been lovingly covered with a drapery of flowers. At Tlaxcala particularly, I noticed many evidences of this simple act of reparation. There the Franciscans had a famous church, which dates from the very time of the conquest. Now the poor Padrecitos are expelled, their convent is used as a garrison, and the grand old church stands bare and empty, everything removed even to the altar stones. And yet on its ancient pulpit are the words "Here the Gospel of Xtus was first preached in New Spain." Enough to have saved this church at least! Speaking of the Franciscans recalls an incident in Cholula. Here also they had an immense convent and church, situated at the very base of the famous Pyramid and under the shadow of the twin volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. At present a few of the Frailes still live here on sufferance, wishing to say Mass at the shrine on the pyramid. I sought the hospitality of the fathers, which was most affectionately granted. Here I met an old Franciscan Friar nearly ninety years of age, named Father Alvarez. The venerable old man came to my room to welcome me to the convent. Years and years ago, he had labored in the distant California missions. There, long before the excitement of '49, when that vast region was hardly known, his early life had been spent—spent in months of weary marches, years of weary toil, in privations and self sacrifice, known only to the Divine Master, Who bade him "Go and Teach." As we walked along the great stone corridors of the convent, and through the silent cloisters, it was sad to hear the good old man whisper mournfully of the times, when three hundred of his brethren lived here in peace, beloved and honored. He saw them rudely driven forth, and scattered far and wide. Now burdened with his weight of years he has crept back again to his cloister home hoping to die within its beloved walls. Poor old Fr. Alvarez, he recalls to my mind the history of the devoted Salvatierra,

whose labors in California he continued, and to whom he is a close successor! May his few remaining days be passed unmolested amid these scenes of his early religious life.

The Indians here form a race apart from the rest of the inhabitants. I had a very fine opportunity of meeting and observing them closely during a visit which I made at the Hacienda of a friend of Fr. Donadoni. The Hacienda or estate of this gentleman includes an area of some forty-eight square miles and is situated among the mountains south of Cordoba, in the *tierra caliente* or hot region. It was out of the way of railroad travel and the journey was made on horseback. At one point we had to cross the Rio Blanco, a foaming mountain torrent. When I saw the bridge, which spanned the gorge, I confess that I felt prejudiced against wandering into the interior. Imagine a couple of long grape vines stretched across the roaring water on a lot of brush wood, canes, vines etc., all laced and interlaced to form the road bed, and you will have a picture of this bridge, swinging in the wind, without hand rail or toll gate. However, I felt that the party would not start across if they had not hopes of reaching the other bank. So waiting till the one ahead of me had gotten well over, I mounted the frail structure in my turn, keeping my mule well in the centre. A fresh surprise awaited me on the other shore, for the road led directly up the mountain side, straight up a rough flight of steps for 3000 feet. All around us were coffee trees in full bloom. After four hours of climbing, during which, a hundred times we came to places where it seemed absolutely impossible for a mule to go, we reached our destination. Two hundred families of Indians live on this Hacienda, very few of whom know Spanish. They reside in little thatched cabins, each family living apart. They are opposed to having their houses close together. On Sundays all meet at the Hacienda chapel to hear Mass, and the rest of the day they hold a kind of fair among themselves on a small scale. I am afraid that I will tire you out if I keep on jotting down items. So I will close without further ceremony. Commending myself to your prayers,

I remain your brother in Christ,

F. BARNUM, S. J.

SANTA CLARA, CAL.

THE FRANCISCANS AT SANTA CLARA.

(Continued.)

The dedication of the new church⁽¹⁾ at Santa Clara was the last great public ceremony in which the venerable Father Serra took part. Three months later, on August 28, 1784, he expired at the San Carlos Mission, in the seventy-first year of his age and the thirty-fourth of his life amongst the Indians. In upper California alone he had baptized and confirmed five thousand eight hundred persons and he himself started no less than fifteen different establishments, two of which were pueblos, four presidios and nine missions. It is needless here to dwell upon the greatness of his character. It is a theme upon which every Californian writer, irrespective of creed, has dwelt with enthusiasm. The extraordinary interest recently shown in his memory at the centennial celebration of his death, August 28, 1884, at the San Carlos mission, which was attended by the governor and all the prominent officials of the state, proves in what love and veneration his name is still held. Mrs. Leland Stanford has just devoted five thousand dollars to erect a monument to him. It was on July 3, 1882, that Very Rev. Angelo Casanova, the pastor at Monterey, located the grave of Father Serra. It lay amid the ruins of the old church, on the Gospel side, before the altar of our Lady of the Seven Dolors. The body was still covered with its priestly vestments, and rested in a red-wood coffin walled in with slabs of sandstone. Father Casanova has since completely restored the church.

"He possessed in an eminent degree," says Hittell, a Protestant, "all that the Church teaches as the Christian virtues; and few or none can be found, even among the saints, who

⁽¹⁾ It was a mistake to say that this church stood on the site of the present Broad-Gauge depot. It stood about two hundred yards further west, just beyond the Narrow-Gauge road and south of the public street. When the field there was last plowed, many remains of the old adobe were turned up. The grass-grown adobe ruin, a sort of fireplace, which stands in a fence-corner near by, is said to have been an outhouse connected with the church. In our last number, Father Palou's name appears as Palon, Comandante Moncada as Moncada, and Mr. Donahue's Laurel Wood Ranch as Laurel Grove.

were more perfect in their faith and devotion. Few or none ever accomplished more under such untoward circumstances, or labored with more assiduous and undivided zeal for so long a period." "But his memory," this writer continues, "will live longer and be preserved greener as the founder and first of pioneers of Alta California than either as a missionary or a priest or even as a saint."

Father Junipero Serra's biography has been ably and affectionately written by his disciple and almost constant companion, Father Francis Palou. It was the first book written in California. Though written while the author dwelt amid savage tribes, with no libraries or companions to assist him, it has been described as a work of rare merit. An excellent English edition of it has been published by Very Rev. Father Adam of Monterey.

Father Serra was born at Petra, a village in the island of Majorca, November 24, 1713, and when seventeen years old, he entered the Franciscan order at Palma, where out of devotion to the early companion of St. Francis, he changed his baptismal name of Miguel Jose to that of Juniper. After teaching theology and preaching with great success in Spain, he and his famous companion, Father Palou, joined a party of twenty-eight Franciscans whom the college of San Fernando in Mexico enlisted for America. They arrived here, after suffering many hardships at sea, on August 28, 1749. Father Serra had previously established a mission at Porto Rico, at which place the vessel had stopped for fifteen days. He walked the whole distance from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, one hundred Spanish leagues, and afterwards to a lonely and far distant spot in the roughest part of the Sierra Gorda mountains. In these mountains he labored with Palou for nine years, teaching the natives first to be model Christians and then to cultivate the ground, to raise cattle and to make cloth. He afterwards offered himself to replace a Franciscan father who had been slain by the Apaches in the northern wilderness, but instead was employed in the ministry for seven years at the capital. On the suppression of the Society of Jesus, he was sent to Loretto in Lower California, and took charge of that mission in April, 1768. Thence in the following year, he started by sea for Upper California with Gasparde Portolá, the Governor, and arrived at San Diego on July 1, 1769. This date has not unjustly been considered, by even such non-Catholic writers as Hittell, the natal day of California.

The remaining fifteen years of Father Serra's life were spent amid the Indians of this state, in the practice of the most incredible austerities and every heroic virtue, and ex-

hibiting to the world matchless examples of fortitude, prudence and wisdom.

So well had the foundations of the Santa Clara mission been laid that the deaths of Fathers Murguia and Serra in no wise affected its prosperity. Under its founder, Father Thomas de la Peña, and his new associate, Father Diego Noboa, it continued to make the most encouraging advances in spiritual and temporal prosperity. The neophytes, we must remark, were not the Olhones alone. That tribe roved along the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Monterey, and hence derived their name Costanes from the Spaniards. The Socoisukas, the Thamiens and the Gergecensens, were more strictly confined to the valley, but all that we have said of the Olhones applies equally to the others.

Kotzebue speaks of the Santa Clara Indians as of a blackish color, with flat faces, thick lips and black, coarse straight hair; and for stupid apathy he says, they exceeded any race he ever knew, not even excepting the Terra del Fuegians or those of Van Diemen's Land. Many conflicting statements are made about them, but in general they seem to have been above the medium height and of powerful physique. Chieftainship was generally hereditary, slavery almost unknown, polygamy the rule, and the commonest diseases fever and smallpox. They were fond of ear ornaments, and the women were given to tatooing the face and arms, while the men painted themselves with red stripes and odd patterns all over the body. Their summer huts were seldom more than a rude heap of bushes, but in winter they were often as much as thirty feet in diameter. They lived chiefly on snakes, insects, acorns, berries and roots, as more easily secured by a very lazy people, but they also frequently brought down deer, hares, rabbits and birds with their arrows, and caught abundant fish with nets and spears. They were fond of feasts and dances, and at times indulged in something like theatrical representations of war, hunting and private life, in which they exhibited no little ability. Games of skill and chance were also common. One of the former consisted in throwing a ball through a rapidly rolling hoop; while another was played with a sort of lacrosse bat, by which the players of each side tried to push a ball over the ground past the goal of the other. Their wars were more frequent than bloody. All parties were anxious that the battle should be over as soon as possible, and indulged more in frantic yelling and dancing than in blood-letting. Scalping was not much in vogue, but they commonly cut off the enemy's head, feet and hands, and plucked out the eyes. They did not practise cannibalism except to

devour a small piece of a brave enemy's flesh, in order thus to acquire his spirit of courage. Out of this unpromising material the Franciscans made their sober, industrious and God-fearing Christians.

Pursuing well the methods of Father Murguia, Father Noboa, who succeeded him in the care of the temporalities, soon made the hum of intelligent labor sound through the valley. The mission was a centre of ceaseless activity, and the brutish savages became intelligent blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, shoemakers and tailors, and fearless and dexterous horsemen and vaqueros or cowherds. The mission supplies were sent down from San Francisco in launches to the Alviso landing, whence they were carried across the country on horseback, and were usually paid for in hides, tallow, furs, corn and cloth. No magician's wand could have effected so speedy and thorough a transformation. Alas! that the folly and cupidity of the Mexican republic should much more speedily and thoroughly have effected the ruin of this paradise on earth!

A good idea of the hospitality, business capacity and power of discipline displayed by the Fathers can be obtained from the three following quotations from "Sixty years in California," by William Heath Davis:

"In trading through the country," he says, "or travelling from point to point, it was customary for travellers to stop at the Missions as frequently and as long as they desired. This was expected as a matter of course by the priests, and had the traveller neglected to avail himself of the privilege, it would have been regarded as an offence by the good Fathers. On approaching the Mission, he was met at the door or at the wide veranda by the Padre, who would greet him warmly, embrace him and invite him in; and he was furnished with the best the Mission afforded at the table, given one of the best rooms to sleep in, attended by servants, and everything possible was done to make him at home and comfortable during his stay. On leaving, he was furnished with a fresh horse free of charge, and a good vaquero was appointed to attend him to the next Mission, where he was received and entertained with the same hospitality; and so on as far as the journey extended. Such a thing as continuing the journey on the horse he rode the day before, was not to be thought of. The traveller had no further care or thought in regard to the horse he had been using, but left him where he happened to be, and the Padre or the ranchers would undertake to send him back, or if this was not convenient it was no matter, as the owner would never ask any question concerning his safety or return."

The prosperity of the Missions was due in no small way to their skilful business management, in which it is conceded that Santa Clara generally led. When we consider the personal self-denial of the missionaries and their complete devotion to the interest of their neophytes, their sales and purchases, far from seeming in any way sordid or worldly-minded, are, on the contrary, most edifying. "The Padres," Davis tells us, "had stores at the Missions, to supply the wants of the Indians, as well as the Californians in the employ of the Missions. Their stock was necessarily large. They also supplied the ranchers with goods, taking in payment hides, tallow, fur and cattle. They also traded with the fur hunters, and gave in exchange for skins, goods and also gold and silver coins. The Fathers were first-class merchants. When they made purchases from vessels trading on the coast, they exhibited good judgment in their selections and were close buyers. They were strictly reliable men. It was a pleasure to deal with them. The Padres bought goods cheaper than the rancheros; their purchases being always larger, a reduction was made in prices, as a matter of policy, and to encourage good relations already existing. One Mission would assist another with hides and tallow, or with fur-skins or money, in payment for goods which it had purchased. The priest sometimes gave an order on another Mission, in favor of the supercargo, to furnish what was required. The goods, purchased by one Mission were sometimes sent to others, partly for use, and in part for sale, as the range of distribution was thus widened. These numerous Missions were in reality one institution, with a common interest. The advancement of one was the general good and welfare of all."

"I was impressed with the neatness and order about them (the Missions), and the respectable appearance of the Indians," says Davis in another place, not speaking of Santa Clara, but with language which we know from other sources is applicable to that Mission in the heyday of its prosperity. "The men dressed in white shirts and blue drill or cotton pants; many of them with shoes which were manufactured at the Missions, from bullock hides, deer and elk skins, dressed and tanned there. The government of the Indians was systematic and well designed. A few of the Indians in whom the Padres had confidence, were selected to act as *alcaldes* or *capitanes*, each over a certain number, for whose good conduct he was held in some degree responsible. If any offence against the regulations of the Missions was committed, the case was reported to the Padre, who determined what punishment should be inflicted on the culprit.

The good impression was confirmed by a visit to the Mission Dolores (in San Francisco) in 1833, where were gathered from 2000 to 2500 Indians, the order and discipline among them being so apparent and perfect as to excite the admiration of the beholder. It seemed like a military camp." Captain Shaw of the 'Volunteer' also remarked upon the neatness and good order of the people, saying "the system could not be surpassed on a war vessel. There were no ragged children or vulgar-looking women within the Mission grounds."

We have seen how the angry Guadalupe River is intimately associated with the history of our Mission, and we shall see again how it figured in a contest concerning the boundary line of the same. The streamlet, La Penetencia, is more prettily connected with the Mission. Out of the Coast Range foot-hills, not far from San Jose, arises the rivulet Aguage (i. e. *rapid current*) known to the Indians as Shistuk, and now-a-days often mistaken for the real La Penetencia. After reaching the valley, it soon sinks into the earth, only to re-assert itself in rainy seasons, by flooding the willows near the property of Mr. James Murphy. Out of this grove of willows arises the real La Penetencia, which the Indians called Yukisma, flowing north past Milipitas and emptying into the San Francisco Bay. The missionaries called it La Penetencia because it was under the shadows of the oak-trees which grew near its banks that they were wont to assemble from the neighboring Missions and make their confession to each other. It was with the greatest regularity that the people saw their odd-looking *calesa*, winding its way thither across the country.

This calesa was a wagon fitted with windows in the front and on the sides but devoid of glass. It was drawn by two mules, and capable of seating two persons. The mention of it leads us to anticipate the order of time and describe another strange vehicle invented by Father Jose Viader, who came to the mission in 1795. It was so narrow as to serve for only one person, and hung without springs on a pair of low wheels. The seat was stuffed with lamb's wool, and the whole framework was covered with brown cotton. The harness was made of strong, green hide twisted into ropes. A mule was hitched to the wagon and on his back sat an Indian boy who guided him more or less — more or less, because an Indian on horseback always rode ahead and pulled the mule along by means of a *reata* or rope, while on either side of the wagon rode a vaquero, with his lasso tied to the axle tree to help the mule over rough or steep places. In 1820, however, Father Lopez, the Guardian of

the California missions, forbade the use of carriages by the missionaries. The conveyance used for carrying heavy merchandise or a family party was a lumbering ox cart. Its two solid wooden wheels, two feet in diameter, rolled round a heavy axle, on which rested a great wooden frame covered with raw hide.

Father Lausen, who succeeded Father Serra as President of the Missions, resided at Santa Clara for the greater part of the time from 1786 to 1789. In 1791, the Mission of Santa Cruz was started on the sea-shore about thirty miles south-east of Santa Clara, beyond the Santa Cruz mountains. As was the sacred custom amongst the Missions, Santa Clara hastened to make a generous present to its new sister. This consisted of thirty cows, fourteen bulls, twenty steers, nine horses, and five yoke of oxen, two of the latter, we blush to hear Father Olber say, being very bad. In 1792, Captain Vancouver visited the Mission. He spoke in the greatest praise of all that he beheld there. Amongst other things, he says that the cloth manufactured there was much superior to that of San Francisco. He also mentions that Father de la Peña showed him an immense black stone which he intended to use in a water-power mill as soon as he could arrange about the workmen. No such mill, however, was built at the Mission before 1800. An infamous conspiracy against the saintly Father de la Peña marked the year 1786. He was publicly accused by two of the Indians of having caused the death of two Indian boys by violent blows with which he punished them for some offence. The charge was easily proved to be false, and the suspicion fastened itself upon Comandante Gonzalez of San Jose of having incited the accusers to make the charge, in revenge for a reproof administered to him by Father de la Peña for his immoral conduct. A formal decision, however, was not reached till 1795, one year after the Father had returned to Mexico, completely shattered in health by reason of the anxiety the trouble occasioned him. Like a true follower of Christ, he interceded for his accusers, and they were released after making a public retraction and apology. Father Lausen speaks of his condition in 1794 as pitiful in the extreme, and in consequence was compelled to send him back to Mexico, where his health was soon happily restored.

Father Diego Noboa left Santa Clara in the same year as Father de la Peña, his ten years term having then expired. It is very much to be regretted that we possess so few details concerning the life of this admirable worker. About all that we know, apart from the grand results of his labors in civilizing the savages, is that he was a native of Spain,

arrived in San Francisco from Mexico on June 2, 1783, labored on the Mission Dolores for a short time and then at the Mission of Monterey, from which place he was called to Santa Clara on the death of Father Murguia. It is apparent that he must have been a man of great mechanical and agricultural skill, of consummate tact, sound judgment and singular holiness.

Father Thomas de la Peña, the founder of the Mission of Santa Clara, was born in Spain, where he joined the Franciscan order at an early age. He came as a missionary to Mexico in October, 1770. His first labors in Alta California were at the San Diego Mission, where he arrived in September, 1772, and where he served for three years. He then labored for a while at the Missions of San Luis Obispo and San Carlos successively. From June to August 1774, he travelled with Captain Perez to the north-west coast, and kept a very interesting and useful diary of the expedition. On his return, he remained chiefly at San Carlos till January 1777, when Father Junipero Serra called him to found the Mission of Santa Clara. On the appointment of Father Lausen to succeed Father Serra as President of the Missions, Father de la Peña was given a patent to act in the same capacity in case of an accident to Father Lausen. He remained at Santa Clara seventeen years, and, in spite of his troubles, had the consolation of leaving it in the most flourishing condition. He sailed for San Blas in the *Santiago* in August, 1794. In 1795, he received a number of votes for Guardian of the College of San Fernando in the city of Mexico, and was afterwards elected to the position. He was also Syndic of the same from 1800 to February 9, 1806, when the holy man yielded his soul to God. All historians and travellers extol him as a missionary of the most tried virtue and singular skill in the management of his benighted neophytes.

Fathers Jose Maguin and Manuel Fernandez were appointed in 1794 to succeed Fathers de la Peña and Noboa. Father Fernandez remained only one year. He was accused of undue severity toward his neophytes in connection with a threatened Indian outbreak, but we are informed on very good authority that neither was the charge sustained nor did the outbreak occur. Father Jose Viader succeeded Father Fernandez.

Fathers Maguin⁽¹⁾ and Viader labored at Santa Clara together for thirty years. Both of them were natives of

⁽¹⁾ Quite a number of writers insist on calling Father Maguin, Father Maguin Catala, oblivious of the fact that the *Catala* of the Latin is only an adjective pointing out the place of his birth.

Catalonia in Spain, Father Viader being four years the senior. It was in the third year of their management, 1797, that the largest crop of wheat, eight thousand three hundred bushels, was raised on the Mission grounds, the poorest crop, thirty-two hundred bushels, having been raised in 1792. In 1800, they had the largest neophyte population that ever lived at one time on the Mission, namely, one thousand two hundred and forty-seven. Their orchards bloomed with the glory of apples, apricots, figs, olives, peaches and pears, and the famous old Mission grape thrived in ample vineyards. Pilgrims now-a-days are frequent at Santa Clara College, who ask for a spray from the aged olive-trees and a leaf of the vines which still survive from the days of the ancient Padres. The live stock at that time numbered about five thousand of each kind. In 1796, the Fathers' house is described as containing eight rooms, each five yards square. The guard-house measured eight yards by five; the store-house was five yards square; and the five houses for the soldiers were each five and a half yards square. The corral was thirty-six yards square, with its walls, built of stout timber and adobe, six feet high. By 1793, Father Noboa had induced the natives to build some fourteen adobe and thatched houses. Nine more were added in 1794, and by 1798 nearly all the married families lived in such houses.

III.

This garden in the wilderness could not, of course, have been planted without many an hour's anxiety, many a long day's struggle, not only against the elements, but against the insolence of government officials, the ignorance, greed and immorality of white settlers, and the native ferocity of the neophytes, always so ready to flame out anew when least expected.

The first trouble of the kind recorded was in 1796. Father Maguin had repeatedly complained to the authorities in San Jose, as his successors also did frequently, that his neophytes were there supplied with intoxicating liquors, to their great moral and physical detriment. What threat, if any, he coupled with this remonstrance, we cannot discover; but at all events, the Comandante at San Jose complained to the Governor Don Diego de Borica that Father Maguin had threatened to burn the houses of the Pueblo if the Christian natives were admitted there again. The wise governor only laughed at this complaint, and in a letter of September 3, 1796, says that Father Maguin is a friar and not a Robespierre. In another letter of his, dated January 7, 1797, he

orders the military officers Moraga and Vallejo to give satisfaction to Father Maguin for their excessive rudeness towards that clergyman, and at the same time begs Father Maguin to bear a little with the offenders, as men not educated at Rome or in a college of Nobles.

The famous dispute about the boundary line between the Santa Clara Mission and the San Jose pueblo, took legal form in 1797, and was not ended till September 1, 1800. The petition of the Fathers, according to Hall, "did not contain, in their judgment, solicitations for additional expanse, but the moderate demands to be left in the quiet possession of their prior rightfully-possessed estate. As the Mission settlement had precedence in point of time to that of the Pueblo, the good Fathers were not impressed with the idea that they ought passively to witness encroachments within their precincts. Their importunities were really in the name of the poor Indians, whose rights were at hazard rather than their own." In a letter of April 30, 1797, Father Francisco Miguel Sanchez, the Guardian of the Missions, appealed to Governor Borica in the name of the Santa Clara Mission, to send down an engineer from San Francisco to settle the dispute permanently. Two weeks later, on May 11, the governor despatched Don Alberto de Cordova as engineer extraordinary to San Jose, telling him to keep as his guide in his various measurements the last acts of the late Lieutenant Don Jose Moraga. The measurements were to be made as Moraga made them, from the ancient Pueblo, and not from the land which was now occupied, as such were the orders of higher authority. This being done, the inhabitants of the Pueblo should at once set their landmarks as designated. The Fathers would sign the necessary documents in behalf of their neophytes, and the Alcalde and Regidores (or Councilmen), in behalf of the Pueblo.

De Cordova made his report on August 7. He says, that owing to the conflicting statements of the Fathers and of the citizens of the Pueblo, and to the absence of enough definite landmarks, he can arrive at no certain conclusion, and in justice to all parties he encloses the depositions of the witnesses and the statement of the Fathers. Moraga, he says, had measured the line 1958 varas (or rods) from the old *presa* or dam of the Guadalupe up to the *mojonera* or landmark. The dam was in front of the old Pueblo, and De Cordova measured the distance from it to the landmark and compared his measurements with those of Moraga; but the only landmark De Cordova could find was one in the *potrero* of the Mission, a place where they kept their

tame horses and other stock. Then he inquired of the citizens how Moraga had designated his line, and was informed that he had pointed it out with his hand, but that it corresponded with the one in the plan which they had with them, which plan was the same as that which had been sent to the governor.

The statement of Fathers Maguin and Viader is dated August 6, and is at once detailed and eloquent, and makes out a very strong case in their favor. In the first part, amongst other things, they state that the Mission contains one thousand four hundred and thirty-four Christians, "more doubtless," Hall remarks, "than many good citizens are willing to credit that Santa Clara now has." Adding to these, the four thousand savages who live in the neighboring villages, the land claimed will be little enough for their maintenance when they are in due time allotted each his portion of land in severalty, and when each one has to live by his own labor. Besides, the Fathers quote Law ix, Book 6, Title iii, which declares that the Indians shall not be deprived of any lands of which they were previously in possession, which law is constantly violated by the encroachments complained of.

They then quote divers acts of Lieutenant Moraga when Father de la Peña was director of the Mission. That Father had established on the other side of the Guadalupe a *corral* or pen for stock, and *rodeos* or grounds where stock are gathered before being caught. The flocks of the Pueblo used to destroy the pastures and thereupon Moraga ordered the settlers to keep their flocks away from those grounds and forbade them to go beyond the *posa* or well ⁽¹⁾ of water, a well at present situated on the grounds of Captain Cook, about two miles from San Jose. Now-a-days, however, the settlers not only go beyond the well, but even claim as far as the corral. Moraga had marked a certain tree, still standing, and forbidden the settlers to go beyond it, and had also given judgment against a certain Tapia who had sown beyond the well; but to-day they not only ask no permission in the matter but coolly claim lands which the Indians have already sown, after the Mission had been in possession and use for twelve years. During the administration of Father de la Peña, the settlers had made frequent petitions against the claims of the Mission, but their petitions were always refused. Finally, Father Maguin says that he can swear that he heard the savage Indians themselves complain of the injustice of these aggressions on the part of the settlers,

⁽¹⁾ Between this well and the Guadalupe lies the valuable tract involved in the controversy.

which, he says, argues much inquietude and something more.

Father de la Peña, at this time Guardian of the College of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, was appealed to for his testimony. He promptly responded in a letter to Viceroy, Don Jose de Aranza. His chief point is that, when Governor Neve founded the Pueblo San Jose, he gave strict orders to Lieutenant Moraga to locate it as far as possible from the Mission, and in no wise to be of detriment thereto. In 1782, however, his successor, Governor Pedro Fages, regardless of Neve's plans, set up arbitrary landmarks which infringed on the Mission, and treated the written and verbal remonstrances of the Fathers with contempt. The Mission in consequence soon began to suffer not only from the flocks of the settlers but as well from their scandalous vices. In 1786, Father Palou laid the trouble before the Viceroy, Conde Galvez, who promised to remove the landmarks put up by Fages, and to remedy everything, but, both the Viceroy and Father Palou dying soon afterwards, improvements went no further. Still, while Antonio Romen was Governor and also Joaquin de Arillaga, the settlers did not object to the Mission making enclosures on land which Fages had pretended belonged to the Pueblo. Father de la Peña closes by praying that the Guadalupe River be made the boundary, in accordance with the judgment of Don Vincente Posadas, the Fiscal of the Royal Treasury.

Some letters followed from Governor de Borica. In the last he says he has agreed with the Father Guardian that the river should be the boundary line. There would thus remain to the Pueblo a large tract of good land which would be needed as the population increased; still a part of the mountains on the coast-side should also be granted the Pueblo to supply it with firewood and timber. Accordingly, on September 1, 1800, the Viceroy Aranza so decreed, adding special orders that fixed and permanent landmarks be established to prevent all future dispute. These landmarks were three in number and were made of stone. The last one was set up on a small stony hill at the foot of the Santa Cruz Mountains, at a place called *Parage de los Capitancillos* or the Place of the Little Captains. Part of the oaks and part of the marshy willow-lands at the head of the Guadalupe were left to the Pueblo, and a part of the mountains was marked off for the Mission. Captain Arguello made his official report of the measurement on July 31, 1801, to Don Raymond Carillo at Monterey. The latter forwarded them to the governor on the following day, and so the long controversy was drawn to a close.

Just two years later, the Fathers found themselves engaged in another which we may call the Limekiln Dispute. At *La Calera* or the Limekiln, the government had given the use of a ranch to one Jose Larios, who sold it to the Mission. This act aroused the indignation of the governor and the settlers of the Pueblo. The settlers claimed that the land lay within the Pueblo limits, and that Larios had no power to dispose of it. Hence the Mission had come into possession by an illegal sale. The governor was appealed to, and in a letter addressed to Don Jose de la Guerra, the Commissioner of the Pueblo, on August 16, 1803, he says that official acted properly in preventing the delivery of possession to the Mission, till he, the governor, should decide on the title. The lands given, loaned or rented by the Government could not be sold by the occupant without permission of the Government. Larios had no such permission and should be punished for his dishonesty. In a letter of August 19, the governor makes a like statement to the Fathers, and the land duly remained part of the Pueblo.

In 1809, a third dispute arose concerning the tract of land in the hills near the Mission San Jose, east of San Francisco Bay, known as the *Calaveras* or Skulls. This name was derived from the number of human bones found there, relics of the many braves who had perished in a great battle once fought on the spot by the Indians. The Fathers of Santa Clara had turned their cattle to graze upon this tract, and their conduct was declared an usurpation by the Pueblo settlers. On August 2, 1809, the Commissioner of San Jose, Sergeant Don Luis Peralta, wrote on the subject to his commanding officer at Monterey, Don Jose M. Estudillo. This officer in turn laid the matter before the governor, and enclosed Peralta's letter. The Pueblo people, said Peralta, claimed the property for themselves, and so had placed their stock there, but the Mission people insisted on driving their cattle away, causing many of them to stray into the mountains. Estudillo replied to Peralta on September 15, and called his attention to the fact that in 1806, when Governor Arillaga had undertaken to settle the boundary lines between the Pueblo and the Mission, he had marked, as such, a hill to the south of Jose Lario's ranch, and the Fathers had made a ditch from this point to the nearest small creek. As Peralta failed to make any allusion to this line, it was impossible to say to whom the Calaveras belonged. Don Mariano Castro, Alcalde of the Pueblo, undertook to set forth the boundaries of the same, but his descriptions are too vague to be of much use. At them, however, we are forced to call a halt. What was the end of the dispute, we have

been unable to discover, but it seems likeliest that La Calaveras belonged rather to the Mission San Jose than to either the Pueblo San Jose or the Santa Clara Mission.

The serious troubles with their Indian neophytes were much fewer than the Father might have reasonably expected. The first recorded is that of 1801. On this occasion, a certain chief had fled with a number of followers from the Mission and betaken himself to the mountains. As was usual, a body of Christian Indians were sent out to bring the runaways back, if possible. The encounter between the two parties resulted in a hot battle in which five of the Indians were killed. Thereupon the runaways surrendered. In 1804, a similar encounter occurred, in which one Christian was slain. In 1805, a Christian neophyte and a pagan of the Seunenes were found on the roof of the Fathers' house, as if reconnoitering for some projected attack. Upon being seized and interrogated, they said that a conspiracy had been formed to set fire to the buildings and murder the missionaries. Five or six others were arrested as accomplices, and a body of soldiers was sent down from San Francisco to protect the Mission. No further traces of the conspiracy, however, could be discovered, and it was supposed that the whole thing was merely a threat on the part of the Indians. One night in 1814 or 1815, as Father Viader was returning home, he was waylaid by a chieftain named Marcello and two companions. Being a man of extraordinary strength, Father Viader thrashed the three of them and then preached them a very solemn sermon on the enormity of their offence. This sermon had such a good effect that Marcello became his greatest friend, and, living to a great old age, he figured often in the early history of Santa Clara College.

The famous rebellion of Estanislao occurred in the spring of 1829. Estanislao, a native alcalde, or sort of prefect after whom the Stanislaus river was named, induced a number of other neophytes from Santa Clara and San Jose to fly to arms and set up for themselves somewhere back of the Coast Range mountains, on the San Joaquin river. Father Duran of San Jose asked for troops from San Francisco to destroy the rebels' fort and recapture the fugitives. Fifteen men under Sergeant Antonio Soto responded to his call. On arriving at the Indians' retreat, they found it to be in a dense thicket of willows and brambles. While forcing their way through, the Indians fell upon them and drove them back. Several of the whites were wounded and Soto himself died shortly afterwards from the effects of his injuries. This

triumph brought many others to the standard of the rebels. The affair became serious, and forty men were now sent from San Francisco under Jose Sanchez. These troops advanced as far as the Indians' thicket and vainly endeavored to set fire to it. Pushing on further, they came upon several sturdy lines of palisades. The first of these they destroyed and then prudently returned to San Jose for reinforcements. An expedition of a hundred men was now organized under Ensign Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, consisting of infantry, cavalry and artillery. The last was armed with a field-piece to destroy the palisades. The wretched Indians could do very little against such an army. Their fortifications were soon destroyed, and they themselves left at the slender mercy of their victors. Shocking to relate, many of them, even old women, were butchered in cold blood. The Indian allies of Vallejo were allowed to form a circle round their victims and shoot them to death with arrows, while others were hanged from the trees by ropes made of vines. Estanislao escaped and sought refuge with Father Duran, who kept him hidden for some time, and afterwards secured his pardon from Governor Echeandia. Father Duran did his best to have Vallejo punished for allowing what has been termed the greatest barbarity ever perpetrated in the territory, but Vallejo's influence with the authorities was too great, and he escaped without even a trial. One of his soldiers, however, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for shooting a defenceless old woman.

Yoscolo's rebellion occurred in May, 1831. When only twenty-one years old, this young Indian had been made chieftain of all the Indians at the Santa Clara Mission. He was thus made responsible to the Fathers for their good conduct. He was much respected for his great tact and was considered a most reliable man. On one occasion, however, he failed to prevent certain depredations by his people, and it was determined to punish him. Instead of submitting, he organized a band of five hundred Indians and defied the authorities. The mission guard of some dozen soldiers under Juan Mesa, who was really a great Indian fighter, was powerless against them. The same night they broke open the stores and carried off blankets and whatever else they wanted. Next, attacking the enclosure where the young unmarried women lived, they persuaded or forced two hundred of them to join in their flight. Some two thousand head of horses were then seized, and, driving them away, the Indians hurried across the valley and over the mountains. The whole plan was so well arranged that the Fathers believed that it had long been premeditated, and

that Yoscolo's fault had been committed purposely, to give him some excuse for an outbreak.

In a few weeks, General Vallejo collected two hundred men from the various presidios and started in pursuit. He came up with the fugitives, now numbering several thousands, on the banks of the Stanislaus river, a tributary from the east, of the San Joaquin. The wily Yoscolo was a match for the Spaniard. He ordered a great many bundles of straw to be set afloat down the river, and these Vallejo mistook, by the dim moonlight, to be the Indians. The troops at once chased them along the river bank, and before they fully realized the trick, the Indians had secured an impenetrable refuge further back in the wilderness. But their success had too much elated them. It was not long before Yoscolo made another night attack on the Santa Clara Mission. After plundering the stores, his band made their escape this time to the Santa Cruz mountains on the west. They entrenched themselves there in the canyon that led off from the present town of Los Gatos (so named from the fact of the woods abounding in wild cats). This audacity could not go unpunished, and Juan Mesa determined to make a supreme effort to destroy the rebels. He organized a band of one hundred men in a few days, and started for Los Gatos. As his men drew near the Indian encampment, Yoscolo came out boldly with his full force and descended the mountain half-way. The battle lasted the whole day. Yoscolo arranged his braves in the form of a square and ordered them to lie flat, so that they could fire their arrows with greater security and escape the bullets of the Spaniards. At least one hundred of the Indians were either killed or wounded in the battle, but not one surrendered till the last arrow had been spent. Eight or ten of the whites were killed. Yoscolo was amongst the wounded and Mesa ordered him to be beheaded with the most prominent of his followers. Mesa returned the other Indians to the Mission. There they were for a long time kept in wholesome fear by the sight of Yoscolo's head hanging by the hair from a pole.

In the midst of these disputes and outbreaks, the Fathers continued their wonderful activity in Mission work. In 1797, Father Maguin planted the magnificent alameda, the "Beautiful Way" of willows leading from Santa Clara to San Jose. It consisted of a double line of willow-trees stretching away for about three miles, from the Mission to the Pueblo. Two hundred Indians were employed in planting, watering and protecting the young trees, while for the whole length, a ditch was dug to irrigate them from the waters of the Guadalupe. The road was considered the

handsomest in California, and was justly compared to the Unter den Linden of Berlin and to Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. All the great religious and civic processions were wont to pass down its full length. Only the last few years have seen it ruthlessly destroyed to make way for a street railroad.

A grand new altar arrived from the City of Mexico on the 12th of August, 1802, and was placed in position with great pomp and rejoicing. This venerable piece of work still remains, none the worse for its years, as the main altar in the present church at Santa Clara. It is in strict rococo style. Its dimpled cherubs holding the candelabra, the wondering-eyed faces that look upon us from a little above, and the tall reredos, so strong in its coloring and so grotesque in its four statues of the Saints—all so novel in this new land—could not have failed to impress the poor Indian with a deep religious awe.

Sixteen years later, in 1818, the fine old church which Father Murguia had built at Gerguensun, had to be abandoned. Hall tells us that its walls were cracked by an earthquake in 1812 and quite ruined by another in 1818, but H. H. Bancroft doubts this story, as he can find no authority for it in manuscript or elsewhere. At all events, Fathers Maguin and Viader were obliged to cast about for another location, and so pitched upon the present site. They built their new church running east and west, because, as it is said, the line of the earthquakes had always run north and south, though now-a-days, we believe, they have turned and run east and west. The story of the building is an interesting one. The plans called for a structure two hundred feet long, forty-two feet wide, and about thirty feet high, with a steeple sixty feet in height. The walls were to be of adobe, over two feet thick. Every detail of the plan was realized, and in two years the church was completed. The usual one-story quadrangular adobe dwelling-house was erected beside it. A fair picture of the church and mission house as they looked about that time, hangs in one of the parlors of the present residence. The present residence is, in fact, only the old adobe buildings, with two modern frame stories added, and the interior considerably remodelled. The timbers were chiefly of red wood, a few being of live-oak, and were cut in the forests of the Santa Cruz mountains, fifteen miles distant on the west. After a tree had been cut down, it was hewn into a beam, forty feet in length by one foot square, by axes instead of saws. Then it was mounted on the shoulders of a sturdy file of Indians. The Father in attendance gave men and beam

his blessing, and the men marched off with their precious burden and arrived at the scene of the building without a single halt. One of these timbers has since been converted into the handsome top-piece of the sanctuary-railing of the present church. The great beams of the roof were lashed together by thongs of raw hide and covered with the familiar red tiles.

On the outside, the building was painted and whitewashed, and on the inside, it was gaudily decorated with scroll and festoon-work along the sides and on the ceiling, while over the sanctuary were painted the same somewhat grotesque figures of angels and saints as are still preserved with religious veneration. Coarse red, yellow and blue were the chief colors employed, and in mixing the paints, the juice of the cactus was used instead of oil. In overhauling the interior of the church at a recent date, the Jesuit Fathers—after adding a small gallery at the street end, and a cloister around the sanctuary, besides enlarging the gloomy little windows, and putting in handsome red wood pews—were careful to preserve as much of the original decorative work as possible, and where not possible, they produced it in fac-simile. The pulpit in use to-day and the great crucifix are both relics of the old Franciscans. The church as it now stands may be truly said to be the best specimen left us of the old mission churches. This, however, does not apply to the exterior, where nothing remains to tell of its pristine lustre. Father Viader had painted a brilliant picture of Saint Clare over the door-way, and others of Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Anthony of Padua on either side; and all around these Saints the sunlight played upon a mass of decorative work equally brilliant. Professor Anderson, "The Great Wizard of the North," gave a very flowery but truthful account of the church, in the *Philadelphia Sunday Atlas*, in December, 1860, though in his day the coloring had begun to fade very badly, and the Indians, for whom all this glory had been called into being, had been, except a woe-be-gone remnant, gathered to their fathers forever. In 1841, the adobe steeple was replaced by one of wood, with a clock and a gallery to adorn it, and all were painted a heavy green; but quite recently this steeple has been replaced by two noble-looking towers of cement-covered brick.

The southern tower holds the three aged bells of the Mission. The largest and most ancient bears the inscription: SANTA CLARA · 1798 · AVE MARIA · PVRISSIMA. On the second, a band near the top reads: AVE MARIA · PVRIS-SIMA; while another below reads: SANTA · CLARA · RVE-LAS · ME · FESIT · 1799. The third and smallest has the

inscription: BY W. T. GARRATT · S · CLARA · AVE · M · PVRIS · 1805 · REF. 1864, showing that the original bell had been recast. The clanging of this last bell, destroying by its rudeness the solemn silvery tones of the other two, as still happens every Sunday, is said to date from the time of the savages, which we can readily believe.

The mission Cross now facing the church from the opposite side of the road, is the identical cross which dear old Father de la Peña set up at Socoistika, when he celebrated the first Mass in Santa Clara valley. Marcello, the Indian to whom we have already referred, a famous historian of the Mission, assured the Fathers of this fact. It has since been covered to preserve the original wood, but an opening at the foot reveals a part of it, black indeed with age, but showing no signs of decay. The inscription now adorning it—"He that shall persevere to the end, he shall be saved"—was not on the cross at first, but was suggested by Father Weninger, S. J., at the close of a mission which he gave in the church. The Jesuit Fathers have also set a railing about it to preserve it from pasturing kine and vandal tourists.

(To be continued.)

ALASKA.

(Extracts from a letter of Fr. Muset to Fr. Cataldo.)

ST. MICHAEL'S, October, 26, 1889.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

I have been at St. Michael since the beginning of this month and I may not be able to meet Fr. Tosi at Cape Vancouver before December. At this season sailing on the Yukon is dangerous and travelling on a sled is impossible without snow and ice, which I am anxiously expecting. To be awaiting cold weather at the end of October, in a country so near the arctic circle, will appear astonishing; but the fact is that, till now, the mean temperature has been 45 degrees and the lowest temperature 26 degrees.

St. Michael's is situated on a small cove on an island of the same name to the south east of Norton sound. The island is divided from the mainland by a small canal which is crossed by boats. This post, called on the map St. Michael's redoubt, has nothing redoubtable either in appearance or reality. There are six or seven houses defended by two cannons, mounted by the Russians in 1833, and long ago

harmless; these are all the defences of this the capital of the Yukon district. There is stationed here an agent of the Alaska Commercial Co., with a few laborers to handle the goods brought here once a year by the traders of the company. I remain with them and I have to thank God for the respect they show me, although the agent is a Jew, the store-keeper a Lutheran and the cook a Russian schismatic. They gave me a comfortable room and continue to do all in their power to please me. I myself would prefer to be treated less cordially and to see them disposed to become Catholics; but they have no idea of the supernatural life. Money, money is their God, and though entirely ignorant of religion, they wish to remain so. The only good result of my stay will be to have obtained their confidence and esteem. One of them asked me, as a great favor, to give a few lessons to his two children, and all show that they take a deep interest in the success of our apostolic work among the Indians. Although I am alone here, 500 miles from Cape Vancouver which is my destination and where my superior is, and have been deprived, for a month and a half, of wine and altar-bread, nevertheless my soul is overflowing with consolation and I have learned, too, since my departure from San Francisco, to rely entirely on God's help, which makes everything easy. Are not patience and cheerful resignation to the will of God the best companions for a missionary in Alaska? My dealings with the Commercial company have strengthened my resolution to devote myself entirely to the conversion of the Indians of this country. For the sake of a little money these men are resigned to suffer for many years (one of them has been here since 1871) the same privations that we undergo. They have no better diet; they occasionally have nothing but bear meat; they receive not the graces that are abundantly given to us, and still they do not complain, but work on courageously. Should children of the Society, then, who labor to save immortal souls and strive for a heavenly crown be ungenerous? Ask the Sacred Heart, Reverend Father, that I may be in all things a true missionary of the Society.

I recommend myself to your Holy Sacrifices,
P. MUSET, S. J.

ST. MICHAEL'S, October, 15, 1889.

REV. FATHER,
P. C.

My dealings, for a month and a half, with the oldest pioneers of Alaska enable me to give you some reliable infor-

mation. These items are the more trustworthy in that they agree with those given by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic survey office.

The area of Alaska is 541,409 square miles. The Yukon division, which comprises the valley of the Yukon as far as it lies in Alaska, and of its tributaries north and south, contains 176,715 square miles. It extends from Behring sea on the west to the British possessions on the east, and is bounded on the south, in part, by the Kuskokvim river, near which is the neat residence of our fathers at Cape Vancouver. No state or territory, except only Texas, approaches in area this vast Yukon division. St. Michael's is the bay where vessels can but rarely come and where they can remain but for a short time. They never come before the latter part of June on account of the large bodies of ice that drift in the Norton sound and in the straits between the delta of the Yukon, and St. Lawrence island. The river is not open for navigation before July and closes at the end of September.

The whole valley of the Yukon lies within a few degrees of the arctic circle. The level places and even the slopes of the mountains, covered with snow, as they are, for seven or eight months of the year, are always swampy. The heat of summer has no effect save to produce a rapid growth of native grasses and weeds, among which, swarms of mosquitoes and of black flies more dangerous than mosquitoes, congregate. Whenever rain does not fall too abundantly in summer, a few vegetables can be cultivated, but with the exception of turnips and lettuce, they rarely come to maturity. The mountains along the Yukon are covered with forests which are almost impenetrable. They furnish an abundance of fuel for the long winters, and a plentiful supply of game. The cold during winter, however, is so severe (70 degrees below zero on the coldest days) that hunting is impossible. At such times dried fish and seal meat are the only food, and a good appetite their best condiment. Sometimes, too, bear meat is served at table. This meat is best recognized by its toughness, as its taste can be easily disguised by some strong seasoning. On the coast, the advantages of fuel and game are not so abundant. The country around St. Michael's is volcanic. Every eminence in sight is the cone of an extinct volcano. The sand of the beach is composed of pulverized lava. Quite close to St. Michael's is a crater, which now forms the basin of a beautiful lake, where alone, fresh water is to be found. Of course such soil does not produce trees and it is the same along the coast. Immense quantities of wood, however, are drifted

along the shore. This wood comes, chiefly, from the Yukon river, which, by several mouths, empties into Behring sea. As the Yukon runs through a great timber country and is navigable for 1800 miles from its mouth, the quantity of drift-wood carried down into the bay is considerable. The natives haul out the larger pieces, and pile them up out of reach of the tide, until they are dry enough for use. Those piles can be seen, at intervals of a few hundred yards, all along the Norton sound.

I cannot now, from experience, give you any exact information about the cold of Alaska, because, thus far, it has been remarkably mild; but from what I learned from Mr. Frederickson, who remained many years, as a trader of the Alaska company, at Nulato and Nukjukajet, the average cold, during the winter, is 35 degrees below zero, on the Yukon, and 25 on the coast. The cold, however, is felt less on the Yukon on account of the absence of winds which are rather high on the coast. The same resident told me that, at Nulato, which is situated very near the arctic circle, the cold is sometimes 76 degrees below zero, but that it never lasted more than three days. At Cape Vancouver, the freedom from excessive cold, though it is in the 62 degree of north latitude, is due to the influence of the warm current setting in from the Japan coast, which striking the western extremity of the Aleutian islands, is deflected north and south of them—the current from the north preventing the arctic ice from floating south—and the current from the south essentially modifying the climate of the whole Pacific coast. Compared with Montana and Washington, the cold in Alaska is extremely severe, but our houses, except those of the Indians, have double windows and walls; moreover, the roofs are built of logs, which are easily heated and retain the heat for a long time. When we go abroad to travel or to take exercise, fur boots, fur overcoats, and fur caps are necessary; with these we can boldly face the cold, but without them we should be frozen to death. This fate is not so rare, especially among the Indians. You will understand, Reverend Father, that having no roads but the Yukon and its tributaries, this part of Alaska is not favorable for travelling, since the only means of conveying the new comers to their destination are steamboats plying on these rivers, between the various stations. Instead of two or three days, by water, on the steamer, I shall have to spend, perhaps, twelve days going by land and to sleep in the open air. But *Angelus Domini erit mecum* and you pray for me; hence I shall be secure.

We have not here, as in Norway or Spitzbergen, a day

lasting three months and a half. The length of our day in the Yukon district is almost the same as at St. Petersburg and Tobolsk. The longest day in summer, is 20 hours, and the shortest in December, is three hours and a half. It is true that in the northern part of Alaska at Barrow, 600 miles from the Yukon, near the north pole, the length of the day is three months.

The number of Indians and savages, that live in this vast country will never be exactly known. The whole population is estimated at 45,000. During their occupation, the Russians, outside of Sitka, had their principal stations on the islands and on a few points of the coast. They never penetrated into the interior except along the Yukon, where the salmon fisheries are so abundant. The fur-trading was carried on by the Indians of the interior, by conveying to St. Michael's, every season, the skins of bears, beavers and martens, and after they had made their sales, they returned to their villages. This occasional intercourse with the Russians did not, as in case of the Aleuts, exercise any influence on the habits, customs and languages of the Indians of the interior. They remained genuine Indians. The half-breeds only, and they are very few, know a little Russian, but their ordinary language is Indian. It is then a mistake to say that the missionaries in Alaska have to learn Russian and Indian. Russian is spoken only in slang phrases and in a corrupt form in the Aleutian islands and at Sitka; here, however, hardly one per cent of the people speak that language.

Before the coming of the lamented Archbishop Seghers, one schismatic priest and two deacons had charge of the whole Yukon district. They visited, once a year, the various tribes living along the river; baptized and confirmed them at the same time, for, you are aware, in the Russian church, the priest immediately after conferring baptism, instead of applying the vertical unction, as is done in the Latin church, confers the sacrament of confirmation. Afterwards the priest sent the names of the new christians to the Russian bishop at San Francisco, who sent in return a sum of money proportioned to the number of persons baptized. As to instructing the Indians there was no question. To give you an example: the Indians camping around St. Michael's received during last year but one visit from the schismatic priest, and then he said in the church at 4 o'clock P. M., what he is pleased to call half a Mass, after which he went away. You may judge what the Indians know about God. Accordingly, our fathers have, in this country, the largest scope for their zeal and they will succeed with the help of

the Sacred Heart. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact that the devil tries to discourage them and to put difficulties in their way. The Russian priest did his best to dissuade the people from sending their children to the school at Kazarevski, by telling them that the sisters had, concealed in their house, a big snake, which would surely devour their children. His wickedness was soon discovered and 14 children were immediately sent, as boarders, to the new school.

Auri sacra fames attracts not alone miners to the Yukon, where little gold is found and where they give the most pernicious example, but even Protestant preachers are not proof against the seductiveness of money. The Episcopalians have established missions at Anvic and at Nukjukajet; the Lutherans have sent from Sweden two missionaries up the Oonalakleet river; the Methodists now teach the children of the islands. Do they come through the motive of zeal? I hardly think they are so disinterested; for two Methodists, with whom I travelled, told me in a moment of confidence that they get an annual salary of 1000 dollars. One of the Episcopalian ministers, after a few months' stay in Alaska, went back to the States to get married, and another is now anxiously awaiting the next steamer, to go and do likewise. On the whole their coming and presence here create many difficulties for us. They proclaim, as we do, that their religion is the only true one and the Indians, in their ignorance, know not whom to believe or where is the true road to heaven. I should like to tell you how our missionaries by their confidence and courage are surmounting all these difficulties, but the two missions on the Yukon, are too far distant from St. Michael's—Kazarevski being distant 360 miles by water, and 200 by land, and Nulato 500 miles by water and 300 by land. It may edify you to hear what a certain steamboat-Captain thinks about us. "Your fathers," he said, "are the best men in the world; all the Indians love them and I myself would die for them." This is the testimony of a Swedish freethinker.

In fine, to tell you that I am happy in Alaska, that the remembrance of my brethern is always present to me and that Our Lord is a good Master making sweet and pleasant all my privations would be quite superfluous as you already know all these things full well.

I recommend myself to the Holy Sacrifices and prayers of all.

Your servant in Corde Jesu,
P. MUSET, S. J.

CAPE VANCOUVER, Dec. 25, '89.

I have been among my Indians for three weeks. My trip by sled from St. Michael's to Cape Vancouver, a distance of 480 miles, was accomplished in 17 days, so that I made, on an average, 28 miles a day. The difficulties on the way were, at times, so great as to cause delays of several hours. The snow was so deep and soft that the dogs sank in it. The ice on the Yukon, which is very deep broke under us three times. But the speed at which the dogs were going and the protection of my good Angel prevented serious accidents. One night we were obliged to camp out on the sea shore, the dogs being unable to advance to the nearest Indian village, 18 miles off. My companion and myself lit a large fire, near which we composed ourselves to sleep. We felt quite comfortable and slept soundly, but on awaking we were covered with snow and no trace of the fire was to be seen. Now it became impossible to follow the shore of the Behring sea, as our guides, who went in advance to sound the ice and snow, reported. We then took a shorter route to the nearest village, but our way led us through prairies and bushes, and although the ice was solid, the fatigue was great. I had no experience in travelling on snow three feet deep, getting out ever and anon to help the dogs, but God preserved me from cold and rheumatism. My companion who, for years, had been used to this climate, caught a cold of which he will be cured with difficulty. During that trip, I had ample opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Indians of the coast and of the interior. They impressed me very favorably. Judging from their great simplicity, with God's help, we can do much good among them. In the 20 villages, which I visited on that trip, I saw nothing blamable in point of morality. Whenever I arrived at a village I was announced as an *againterta*, or priest, and all assembled to do me honor. In one place I had to assist at a long, monotonous concert given in my honor. The orchestra consisted of two aged drums, and the singing varied but little for two hours. Dancing followed until 3 o'clock in the morning when I awoke my Indian and bade him make ready for our journey; but the people would not have it and accordingly began a new concert. The Indians of Alaska have a passion for music and the famous drum finds a place in every house. The Indian guides sing almost constantly on their way.

I find it difficult to describe the manner of life among these Indians. My notions of their dwellings, for instance, have

been greatly modified by experience. I imagined that their houses were very warm in winter. Not at all. One very cold day I felt very glad on approaching a village, thinking that I should soon warm myself at a comfortable fire. Imagine my disappointment when I learned that the luxury of a fire could not be indulged in before sun-set. Even then we could not, for three quarters of an hour, enter the barrabora or house on account of the dense and suffocating smoke. This smoke, at first, is very hard on the eyes, and after it had cleared away, on this occasion, I was surprised to see six Indians sitting around the fire, in the garment which nature gave them; for it is a custom to strip off their clothes when they make a fire. During the night, especially if the underground opening is not closed, the fire goes out and thus many die of consumption from exposure.

You will be astonished to hear that these Indians are much addicted to the use of snuff. Their box is a sack, from which they take a pinch by means of a tube, elegantly inserted in each nostril. Smoking finds no favor with them, but if you are smoking a cigar they will be very thankful to you for the ashes thereof, which they mix with their snuff. Once in a barrabora in which there were 22 persons sitting on their heels, according to custom, one of us lit a cigar, hoping that the smoke would counteract the influence of the nauseous vapors which we had to inhale. Scarcely was the cigar well under way, when an old woman approached for the purpose of securing the ashes. These she put in her nose with the greatest relish.

On my trip I received some presents from the Indians whose custom it is to gladden their guest with a present, to refuse which is considered altogether impolite. I, therefore, always accepted their gifts which were, at one time, a frozen fish to be eaten with rough salt; at another, the skin of a salmon; now a dish of oiled sea-dog; again a piece of lichen. The Indians were satisfied with my good will, the more so that I always insisted on sharing my presents with my neighbors. The Alaskan Indians have a splendid appetite and can eat, four or five times a day, fish cooked in every style, and without any condiments. I noticed one Indian who devoured thirty fishes, each as large as a herring, at one meal. He moistened the fish in a drink made of a wild herb; this liquid seems to be their favorite beverage. I observed that, whilst eating, he gathered the smaller fish-bones, with scrupulous care. I have been informed that this arises from a superstition they have—that if these bones are thrown away, the other fish in the sea will not allow themselves to be caught. It is only when these bones

begin to decompose and to fill the house with an intolerable smell that they throw them to the dogs. I have often spent the night inhaling the odor of these decaying bones and of a reeking lamp of seal-oil. At first this bad smell is distressing in the last degree, but one becomes used to it or rather the olfactory sense becomes blunted. Notwithstanding the hardships of the journey and the extreme poverty of the people, the grace of vocation made it all pleasant and sweet. My consolation was greatly enhanced by the attention and respect, with which they listened to the good tidings of the gospel.

You may think that the natural scenery is beautiful. It is not. The Yukon is a large river and flows very swiftly near the Behring sea. I could infer this from the fact that the ice is not a smooth surface, but very rough and irregular, being formed of broken pieces frozen together in the most fantastic shapes. Sometimes the scene is very wild and imposing, but owing to the absence of trees the effect is marred. For more than 200 leagues, I did not see a single tree of any size. Everywhere, swamps and prairies meet the eye. Travelling in summer in Alaska should be done by water; never, if possible, by land, over which you must carry your canoe with oars and baggage.

I arrived at Cape Vancouver on the feast of St. Francis Xavier. What an auspicious day on which to begin my missionary labors! What a noble patron to arouse one's zeal and generosity! I began immediately to study Indian. This is the third Indian language I have undertaken to learn during my eighteen months in the Mountains. How delighted you would be to hear, through the telephone, one of my sermons in Kalispel, Crow or Alaskan. On last Wednesday, Christmas day, the celebration in our chapel was very touching. All the Indians of the village were present. After the gospel, I explained in a sermon of ten minutes' length, the meaning of the mystery which we were celebrating. They understood and appreciated it, as was evident from their attention and signs of assent. During the Mass, the choir sang three Indian hymns, which I composed. How, in less than three weeks, I have been able to compose a sermon and three hymns is a mystery to myself; it only shows how much, even a stupid person, can do, with God's help. He, however, knowing that I came to further His glory by the salvation of these people, helps me so visibly that I can never cease to be thankful to Him.

Fr. Treca, who came here some months before me, and myself form our little community. He and I have been together, since 1868, in college, in the novitiate and in theology.

We have neither coadjutor brother nor servant. We take turns in the kitchen, the bakery etc., and what feasts we prepare! How often we laugh more heartily than the happiest heart in the world and how we break out into singing the praises of God, whilst washing the dishes or kneading the bread or making soup! In short we have a most joyful community and the charity which prevails is enough to make Alaska a paradise. I would wish that those who do not trust in Providence would come here for a short time. Generally speaking, our provisions are flour and salt meat. Sometimes, however, an Indian brings us a fresh fish or a wild goose or the tail of a young whale. For the vigil of Christmas we had no fish; we trusted in Providence as usual, and soon an Indian knocked at our door, bringing with him the quarter of a seal. To-day, the 26th of December, we have a Christmas tree for the children of the school, to whom we also explain the catechism twice a day. I never saw such joy and happiness, as the little Indians show on receiving their share of the toys. The village is filled with music coming from the little trumpets, taken from the Christmas tree. Whilst the children are enjoying themselves, I avail myself of the opportunity of writing you these details.

I recommend myself to your prayers,
P. MUSSET, S. J.

Letters of Fr. Judge to Fr. Cataldo.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 8, 1890.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR,
P. C.

I fear you will think it strange that I have not written sooner. As I could not give you positive information on the points you would like to know, I did not send any letter. At Victoria I saw his Lordship and received faculties for Fr. Musset and myself and also what you desired for Fr. Tosi, viz., to have power to give faculties to any fathers who may come there, without seeing his Lordship. But I did not succeed so well in regard to the money; for he says he cannot give anything just now. The brother spent some days in Santa Clara and was examined by the physician and infirmarian; the former said he will take upon himself all responsibility, and the latter declared: "Let him go in

God's name; he will be all right." Since he heard their decision he has been in the best of spirits, and seems to be rapidly improving. I have bought everything; the bull, sheep, goats, dog and cats I take from this place, the cows and steers will be taken from Unalashka. The company will charge for them about the same price they would cost here, and the freight will be a hundred dollars less, or about half as much as from here. We shall sail on the *St. Paul*, on Tuesday 10, at 11 A. M. All here have been very kind and have given me many things and helped me in many ways. I am sorry I have no word to take to Fr. Tosi about the sisters. My health is good and I was never happier in my life. May God grant me grace and strength to do and suffer something for His glory. Humbly recommending myself to your holy Sacrifices, I remain your humble servant in Christ.

W. H. JUDGE, S. J.

UNALASHKA, June 24, 1890.

REV. FR. SUPERIOR,

We arrived here safely yesterday morning, after a steady run of 13 days. We were both quite sea-sick the first two days, but afterwards we enjoyed the voyage, except last Thursday which was so rough that we could not eat anything until evening.

They say we have had an unusually fine trip. It is 2120 miles from San Francisco to this place, and 800 from here to St. Michael's; but we will have to go 200 or 300 miles out of our way to land a young lady, belonging to the Moravian mission, on the Nushegak river. I think we shall leave here on Thursday and be in St. Michael's before the 4th of July. There are no ministers on board. There is one young man going to help at the Episcopalian mission at Andreievsky on the Yukon, and two young ladies of the Moravian church going to two different missions, both, I believe, on the Nushegak river. I am told that there went up before us, from San Francisco to Cape Prince of Wales, two Episcopalian ministers, each with a government salary of a 1000 dollars, and also one Presbyterian minister to a point on the coast between St. Michael's and the cape, who receives \$1500. Each of the young ladies, who are with us, receives \$1500 from the government. I believe the Russian bishop has some trouble in his church in San Francisco, which detained him. This is a U. S. custom house station, to keep liquor and fire arms out of the Territory. Hereafter we shall have to obtain permission from this office even to land Mass wine.

The officer has no religion, but his wife is a Catholic. They had heard from Capt. Healy that there would be some sisters on this boat and he came to invite them to his house while we were in port. These islands, as far as I have seen, are clumps of high mountains, covered with grass and moss; no trees are visible. It is generally cloudy and rains nearly every day; it is not cold now, and even in winter, they say the temperature is never below zero. There are about 200 inhabitants here. The only white people are the agents of the A. C. and Co., and the custom house officer. The rest are natives employed by these. There is a Russian church here to which the natives belong; they keep the Czar's birthday as a holiday, just as they used to do, and know nothing about the United States. There is a steamer here which is expected to go to Victoria in a week or so, and I wish to send this letter by her that you may know we have arrived here in good condition. They have discovered fine coal mines on the peninsula between here and the main land, and expect to have a great coal station for all Pacific steamers. It is still daylight here at 10 P. M. and yesterday morning I was up soon after 3 o'clock and it was already bright day. From what those who have been to St. Michael's say, it seems it is quite mild there now. August is rainy and the cold begins in September or October. I would not be surprised if the boat makes another trip this year. I fear Fr. Tosi will be disappointed when he sees no sisters. Humbly recommending myself to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers, I am your humble servant in Christ.

W. H. JUDGE, S. J.

NUSHEGAK, July 4, 1890.

REV. AND DEAR FR. SUPERIOR,

P. C.

We arrived here this morning, just a week since we left Unalashka. We should have been here last Monday, but Sunday evening, while we were waiting at the mouth of the river for a pilot, a storm came up and we had to put out to sea and did not get back until yesterday evening, a loss of four days. We cannot possibly get to St. Michael's before the 10th, and it may be the 12th or even the 15th before we reach there. There is nothing here but salmon-canning establishments; four, I am told, on different points on the river. We see only one. The Alaska Co., also has a station here. I made a mistake about the Protestant ministers

who came up this year. One Congregationalist has gone to Cape Prince of Wales; two Episcopalians to Point Hope and one Presbyterian to Point Barrow on the north coast. All are paid by the government each \$1500 a year and have been sent at Jackson's invitation. We are both quite well. The brother is gaining every day, but cannot stand it when the sea is rough. The weather is quite mild, and would be even warm if the sun could get out, but we seldom see it, except for an hour or so at a time. Still, although cloudy, you can read after 10 o'clock at night. If they had sunshine they could grow many things, but as it is, I fear they cannot do much. However, they say we have much more sun on the Yukon than here on the coast. They say there is a sailing vessel here going to San Francisco to-morrow. So I send you this that you may see how we are getting on. Again recommending myself to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers I am your humble servant in Xto.

W. H. JUDGE, S. J.

ST. MICHAEL'S, July 20, 1890.

REV. AND DEAR FR. SUPERIOR,

P. C.

Brother and I arrived here last Sunday evening, the 15, nearly 34 days from San Francisco. I sent you two letters on the way, one from Unalashka and one from Nushegak, which you should have received before this. We found Fr. Tosi and Fr. Treca waiting for us. The first thing they asked was—Where are the sisters? And I cannot tell you how disappointed they were when I told them no sisters were with us. And all the people here were equally disappointed. Everybody is praising the sisters' school. Mr. Petroff, a Russian, who is taking the census, was here a few days ago; he had just come down the Yukon and had stopped at the school, where the children gave him a specimen of what they could do, reading, speaking, etc. I heard him say, "I am ashamed of my church; we have been here for fifty years and have not done as much as you have done in two or three." From all I hear and see, I am sure we can get all the children we can accommodate. The sisters have made a good impression on all classes and their disappointment at not seeing more come, for two years, is great in proportion. I hope you will be able to get us a half dozen for next year; for schools seem to be more necessary here than anywhere. The Indians are most anxious to learn and are very smart. You would be surprised to see them work-

ing at unloading the steamer; they like work, and quickly learn from others, how to work.

The weather here is like your spring—from 50 to 70 degrees. The coldest weather last winter was 45 degrees below zero, and as in the mountains, there was an unusually heavy fall of snow. There is still a little of it left on the hills and cuts here and there.

Both Fr. Tosi and Fr. Treca look well and are in good spirits. Frs. Treca and Muset are stationed on the coast at Cape Vancouver, between the Yukon and the Kuskokvim rivers and have already baptized quite a number. Fr. Treca preached this morning in Indian and he seemed to have no trouble to say what he wished. Fr. Tosi says both he and Fr. Muset already know the language well. Although the company told me positively they had not received the boxes from Helena, when our freight came off here, I found them amongst it—boots, over-shoes and stockings, so we have a good supply. The brother was sick whenever the sea was rough but he is all right now; he has been kept busy all the week looking after the stock and freight; he is in good spirits and improving every day. I made all the original reports, but had not time to make all the copies myself. Last year, the steamer which was to take the provisions up the river was wrecked soon after she left here and much of the goods were lost or damaged, which made provisions somewhat scarce. Accordingly Fr. Tosi had to send away the 30 day-scholars from Kazarevski, because they also take dinner at the school. And as the sisters did not come last year, as he expected, he could not have a regular school at Nulato. This is why we only send reports for one school, although the contract calls for two. It would be good to explain this to the Bureau.

Frs. Treca and Muset have had a small school, eleven children, at Cape Vancouver, and will have more next year. I believe Fr. Robaut will go to Nulato and have a regular day-school there next year. One copy of each of the reports must be sent to the Board of Education at Sitka, and the other three, with the three vouchers, to the Bureau in Washington.

Mr. Petroff tells us that Jackson has removed his residence and office to Washington D. C., with permission of the government. He is now in the Arctic and is expected here in September.

With kind regards to all and many thanks for all your kindness and especially for sending me here, I remain your humble servant in Xto.

W. H. JUDGE, S. J.

Letter from Fr. Treca to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.

TUNUNAGAMUTE, CAPE VANCOUVER,
ALASKA, June 2, 1890.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

In compliance with your Reverence's request, I undertake to give you a brief account of what we have accomplished at this station since our arrival on August 20, 1889. But as our voyage from St. Michael's contained incidents which produced some alteration in our plans, a few words about it may not be out of place. Our party, which consisted of Rev. Fr. Tosi and myself, an interpreter, and a Russian carpenter with his wife, engaged passage on a small and leaky schooner that was commanded by the trader of Tununagamute and manned by five Indians. By July 20, everything was in readiness for the trip, and going aboard with the trader's family who were to be our only travelling companions, we joyfully started for the scene of our labors.

The captain, who was also the owner of the vessel, did not dare put out to sea with the wretched craft, but decided to hug the shore and tread his way through the channels, a proceeding which was by far safer, but which also greatly prolonged our journey. I need not dwell upon the trials that befell us on the way—how often we stopped because the wind was contrary, or we ran aground, or we landed the cargo and baled out the schooner—since the time which we spent, a full month, speaks for itself. But among these annoyances, I had the happiness of visiting many Indians on shore and of baptizing a number of children. I was also rejoiced to observe that the natives in this part of Alaska are more simple and less corrupted than they are where communication with the whites is more frequent.

At Askinuk, Rev. Fr. Tosi left us to pay a flying visit to several somewhat distant villages. We were to continue on our way as circumstances permitted and he was to meet us at a point farther down the coast, but when the schooner was ready to sail, our interpreter and our carpenter, having come to an understanding with each other, informed me that they had decided to go no further. What was I to do? After trying in vain to make them keep their agreement with us, I was obliged, though not wholly against my will, to sail without them, for I had looked forward to more trouble than profit from the pair.

On arriving at our destination, we put up our tent, which served us as a residence and store-house, and began

preparations for a suitable defence against the rigors of the approaching winter. This was no easy task, for the coast is treeless and, with the exception of a few hills, very little above the sea-level and is consequently quite moist. The natives, whose huts of logs and mud are half underground, first choose as dry a spot as they can find and then with logs from the drift-wood along the shore, they speedily put up a home. A hole in one side of the dwelling serves as a door, and another at the top does duty as window, chimney and ventilator. When they use it as a window, it is covered with a piece of thin, translucent skin, or, in winter, with a block of clear ice. By removing this cover, they have a very serviceable chimney for the hole in the mud floor which fulfils the office of a stove. After having kept up a fire for some time, they close the window (no, I mean the chimney) and remain comfortably warm. In their large public cabins, or *casinos*, as many as a hundred persons remain shut up together for several days when the weather is stormy.

But we resolved to depart from the prevailing style of architecture. Rev. Fr. Tosi, who has already had many years' experience, is no novice in house-building and with a good Indian as assistant, he began the construction of a log-house. The timber was brought up from the sea-shore in rafts, some of which were broken up and scattered by storms, and the work of cutting, hewing, and splitting was vigorously undertaken. As for myself, besides rendering what little assistance I could in carpentry, I assumed exclusive charge of the kitchen. In brief, the work was so urged that by the first frost, Sept. 26, the building was well nigh completed. Rev. Fr. Tosi passed the night of the 28th in the house, and on the following day, the feast of St. Michael, solemnly blessed it and sang high Mass. For the lighter inside work we dispensed with the services of our industrious helper, and soon had our building finished and furnished. It is 18 by 24 feet and contains two rooms, of which one is a chapel and school-room and the other is a kitchen, refectory, dormitory, and study.

After the completion of our residence, the trader gave us almost daily lessons in the language of the natives, Rev. Fr. Tosi began to translate the catechism, and I set up a school. The teaching is of course a very simple affair as it includes merely the alphabet, numbers, names of common objects, and the first questions of the catechism. If we may judge by their present progress, the children will learn without difficulty.

As Indians are everywhere Indians, here as elsewhere

they have their home where they find their food. In summer, they transfer their *penates* to the prairies and lakes for wild fowl; in winter they go to the rivers and sea for fish; in spring and autumn, they seek those parts of the coast which abound in seals, walrus, etc.

One of the Commercial Company's steamers made an extra trip to Alaska last fall and thus gave Fr. Muset an opportunity to come to our assistance. Leaving San Francisco September 5, he had an uneventful voyage to St. Michael's where³ he was detained for nearly two months. At the very outset the good father had to endure the two hardest trials in Alaska, viz., solitude and cold winter travelling; for having secured a sled, he started for this station on Nov. 13, and after a fatiguing journey of seventeen days, during a part of which he was obliged to wrap himself in skins and sleep in the snow, he arrived here in excellent health and spirits. He began at once with great ardor to master the language, and such was his success that on the feast of Christmas he preached in Indian. In the meantime he had also composed several songs in the same tongue.

On December 5, Rev. Fr. Tosi left us to visit Kazarevski and Nulato. Not having a brother until towards the end of April when Bro. Rosati arrived on a sled from Kazarevski, we did our own housework. It is true, however, that our kitchen does not demand an experienced *chef*, since our ordinary fare consists of griddle-cakes and fish, with a dish of pease or beans for dessert.

Since the beginning of this year, we have had high Mass, sermon, and catechetical instruction every Sunday, to which we added during Lent a low Mass and instruction on Thursdays for the benefit of our catechumens. Our aim in these explanations of the catechism was to ground them well in the principal mysteries of religion and to baptize them before they began their spring wanderings. The conduct of the Russian priest when he visits these good people is in marked contrast to ours, for he gathers as many as possible, both adults and children, and administers the sacrament with no preliminary instruction,—a very easy way, surely, but—! He even gives holy Communion to white sheep and black without any scruple—"Compelle intrare."

As the fruit of our labors, we baptized 23 adults on Easter Sunday, and on Whitsunday, we administered holy Communion to 17 first communicants and baptized 15 persons, of whom 13 were adults. From August 1, 1889, to June 1, 1890, we have baptized 138 persons of whom 36 were adults and have blessed one marriage.

On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, as there were

indications that the ice would soon break up, we went in procession to the shore where the fishermen's boats lay and invoked the blessing of our heavenly Father upon the approaching labors of our neophytes.

Every evening during the month of May we had devotions and instructions on confession and holy Communion, which were attended with such edifying regularity and earnestness that we established as a permanent feature the recitation of evening prayers in common.

As the fish were beginning to come in, which indicates the arrival of the busiest season for the natives, we held our school exhibition yesterday. The programme comprised recitations, simple numbers, and familiar nouns and verbs in both English and Indian, and catechism in Indian, interspersed with songs in the same tongue. The grand *finale* was rendered by the mission band—a music box.

Let me now jot down the result of my observations, which I trust will not prove devoid of interest.

In appearance, our Indians are of middle size, strongly built, and of a rather light color. Some are almost as fair as white men. Although they are strangers to tattooing, they disfigure themselves in other ways, especially by hanging ornaments from the nose, ears, and under lip, which are perforated for that purpose. The young women prefer a little crown of colored beads dangling from the nose, while the men, more particularly on days of great solemnity, like to adorn themselves with a large, flat, colored stone suspended from the lower lip. As a general rule they cut their hair, though some have a superstitious fear of a premature death, if they were to be guilty of such an act. Really, it seems to me that motives of health and cleanliness, especially during the summer months, should induce all of them to keep their polls closely shorn.

In former times, it is said that they were much given to war with the attendant atrocities of savagery, but their sanguinary encounters together with famine and disease have so diminished their number and quelled their turbulent spirit that they now seem firmly established in peace and amity. Whatever may be said of other Indians, it is certain that those with whom we have come in contact are not cannibals.

Although without a very definite form of government, they have a code of unwritten laws and customs and yield obedience to their chiefs and doctors, both of whom but too frequently maintain their sway by astuteness and trickery. One general custom which shows their fraternal feelings towards one another deserves to be mentioned. When several are present at the killing of a large animal, the one that

inflicts the death-wound takes the choicest portion of the carcass, and the other participants, even the simple bystanders, share the remainder. When we pass their dwellings they generally offer us some fish or other food, for which they neither ask nor expect a remuneration; but if we present them with a little tea or tobacco or even a cracker, they receive it with the liveliest demonstrations of gratitude.

Owing to the hardships which they endure through climate, food, and shelter, they look old and haggard at an early age. For their various ailments, of which rheumatism is the commonest, they employ few remedies, as far as I have been able to learn, but in serious cases, they have recourse to their doctors. These doctors are amusing fellows, whose chief medicines are noise and mummery. If this heroic treatment fails to restore the patient, as is not unfrequently the case, the wrath of his friends falls upon the physician, who sometimes forfeits his life at their hands. During the past year three have been killed for having failed to effect a cure. One of these unsuccessful practitioners having been summoned in the night ostensibly to attend a patient, was slain under circumstances of peculiar barbarity, for his assailants, not content with having taken the wretched man's life, severed his head from the trunk, thrust it into a great gash in the abdomen, and then burned the mutilated corpse.

Last January I had the pleasure of assisting at a *grushka* in the village of Agaiotchamute which is a two days' journey distant from our station. But what is a *grushka*? It is a feast celebrated by the Indians in honor of their deceased kinsmen. Having first labored long and diligently in amassing a great quantity of their commodities—furs, skins, rush mats, clothing, baskets, wooden dishes, fish, oil, etc.,—they invite everybody to a grand reunion, during which the goods that they have collected are distributed to all who come to take part in the festivities.

I went all the more willingly for I knew that I should meet strangers and could easily sound their feelings on religious subjects. Nor was I disappointed, for during the eight days that the celebration lasted, I had daily conferences with them, taught them some of Fr. Muset's songs, and sowed the first seeds of what I hope will prove a rich harvest. On the Sunday during my stay, I sang high Mass and preached to a respectful and attentive congregation. The doctors who attend the *grushka* in great numbers, seemed to eye me with some disfavor, perhaps because they surmised that any success on my part would mark a cor-

responding diminution of the dignity attached to their calling.

While I feel that my experience with these Indians is not sufficient to warrant me in speaking authoritatively on their customs, still, from what I have learned, I am under the impression that some of their ceremonies are simple pastimes rather than superstitions. For example: before the ice breaks up in the spring, these simple people hang various parts of a fish in their *casino*. During the five days that the display lasts, to enter this rustic town-hall without having first carefully removed the snow from one's boots would be a gross violation of Indian etiquette, and to use a knife in cutting fish during the same period would expose the culprit to a sudden death. At the expiration of the time, the pieces are borne with pomp to the frozen river into which they are cast through a hole in the ice. The chief or doctor then thrusts one end of a pole into the opening and having applied his lips to the other, makes a highly complimentary address to the fish and concludes his discourse by earnestly inviting them to come in great numbers at the usual time. Behold the Alaskan telephone!

I have heard, and it seems to be true, that these benighted people have the greatest horror of death. When a person is in his agony, the other members of the family, far from alleviating his sufferings or rendering him any assistance, flee in terror and return only to bury the corpse and with it, the personal effects of the deceased. At times indeed they do far worse, for when they see that the sufferer's case is hopeless, they convey him to a distant spot and leave him to perish alone. If the unfortunate man is still able to move about and they think he may be able to crawl back to the hovel, they enclose him in a little pen and abandon him to his fate. One such awful monument to man's inhumanity is situated at no great distance from our station. Rev. Fr. Tosi, I believe, has seen it, but I have not. When we hold a Catholic funeral service we hope to impress upon them more lofty and more religious views of death.

Mothers are accused of occasionally abandoning their children, but I trust that such a heinous sin is very rare. As they have very cloudy notions of marriage and its responsibilities, they could hardly feel a Christian mother's love for their offspring, but all this will be changed as soon as the true religion shall have enlightened their dark and foggy understandings.

Some men (their number is very small) have two or three wives. The common practice is to take only one wife who

is kept as long as the husband sees fit, when she is repudiated and another takes her place.

Through their slight intercourse with the Russians, these poor people have obtained some glimmerings of religious truth. They recognize one God, whom they call "Agaion," and have a pretty clear notion of the devil, whom they style "chariok." A few, who have been baptized by the Russian priest, wear a little cross around their necks, but their knowledge of religion is as hazy as that of the others.

They do not cultivate the ground. In fact, in our vicinity, the land is so low and marshy that it offers no inducements to the tiller of the soil. Moreover, it is so cut up by small streams that summer journeys are made in boats, of which two kinds are in use. The *baidarka* is a light, covered canoe with an opening barely large enough for a single person. The *baidara* is not covered and will carry eight or ten men. Both are made by stretching skins over a light frame.

The principal indigenous food-plants are three or four that furnish berries hitherto unknown to me, and a certain marsh-plant. All are eaten fresh or preserved in seal-oil for winter consumption. The preserved berries when mixed with deer tallow and snow form one of their most delicious refreshments. (I say *their* advisedly.) There is also the so-called "Indian potato," equal or superior to the Irish potato in flavor, but no larger than a hazel-nut. The ground-nice, which swarm here, gather the little tubers in the fall and store them for their own use, but the lynx-eyed Indian easily detects their dwellings, and at the right time, pounces down upon them and carries off the fruits of their industry. The supply, however, is so scanty that it does not furnish an ordinary article of food. In fact, the natives are so wholly dependent for a livelihood upon fishing and fowling that if fish is not abundant and the geese do not come, they endure the miseries of a year of famine.

Their dogs, which are their only domestic animals, are on an average smaller than the Newfoundland, but they pull and swim well. When properly cared for, they present a fine appearance, but as they ordinarily receive no attention from their masters and are moreover great fighters, they are all more or less scarred and maimed. Their time of usefulness is not long, for they suffer from overwork in winter and are subject to rheumatism and other diseases. For example: a malignant form of distemper sometimes rages among them with such deadly effect that they become scarce and costly. During the past year it wrought such havoc among them that I have thus far been unable to purchase any good animals.

Here on the coast, where the climate is milder than it is in the interior, our first frost came on September 26, as I said, but even in October we had several fine days. The cold, which in itself is quite supportable if the air is still (a condition seldom verified in our exposed situation) was greatest in February, although in March the thermometer indicated 23 degrees. On our shortest days we had light from 9 o'clock A. M., to 3 o'clock P. M., while on our longest days we read with ease at midnight. Thunder and lightning are unknown.

Perhaps I might mention a visit which we received early in February from a Moravian minister. Having heard of our arrival, he came up from his residence on the Kusko-kvim river to make our acquaintance, for he supposed that we were Protestants. On learning that we were Catholics he expressed great astonishment, but remained with us for three days, during which we treated him with the greatest charity.

These are the somewhat meagre details which I have thought well to send your Reverence, with the hope that a more intimate acquaintance with the language and customs of the Indians may furnish material for a more interesting letter. In conclusion, dear Father, I beg your most fervent prayers for us — for the missionaries and for the people — and I earnestly request all our good fathers and brothers to recommend us to our Divine Lord. Missionary work is a supernatural work. While on the one hand we must be fully convinced that of ourselves we can do nothing, on the other we must be entirely persuaded that God with very feeble instruments can accomplish far more than men can do with the most elaborate and painstaking endeavors.

St. Michael's, July 21. — Since writing the foregoing, I came to this place for provisions. To my former list of baptisms I must now add seven adults and twenty-six children, making in all forty-three adults and one hundred and twenty-eight children. Fr. Judge and Br. Cunningham arrived on the 13th inst. Thanks for two good workers. If those sisters can send no help, surely our Divine Lord will inspire some other Congregation to volunteer for the Alaska missions.

Four more preachers — two Episcopalians, one Congregationalist, and one Presbyterian — have come to establish themselves at points on the coast. What a great pity!

In unione SS. Cord. Jesu et Mariæ,

Infimus in Xto. servus,

J. M. TRECA, S. J.

FATHER JAMES PERRON.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

[We have been asked to prepare a life of Father Perron, for the edification of Ours, and possibly to be given to the world. This can be more readily done as the matter for such a life exists, especially in the writings left by the good Father and in his letters to his sister in France. These latter extend from his student life at Paris to the last year of his life, and they have all been carefully preserved and sent to us. But what is still more valuable are his own notes on his inner life during his third year probation and the resolutions of all his annual retreats from that time till his retreat at Manresa, last November. As arranging and translating these for publication will take some time we have concluded to publish at once a sketch of the Father's life in the LETTERS, with the request that any errors or oversights that may be found in it by our readers be communicated to us as soon as convenient. We would also beg any of Ours in Europe or this country who may have letters written by Father Perron, or who may remember characteristic facts or circumstances in his life to be kind enough to send them to us at as early a date as possible.—*Editor* WOODSTOCK LETTERS.]

PART I.

His Life in the World.

Father James Perron appears to have been a descendant of a family of Brittany, that province of France so well known for its staunch loyalty to the Church. He was the youngest son of General James Cuellier Perron. General Perron's life was so remarkable that it deserves more than a passing notice. He was born in 1753, at the Chateau-du-Loire, in the department of Sarthe, of wealthy parents, but owing to a reverse of fortune, he was left at an early age to his own resources. After appealing in vain to a wealthy relative for help, in his 18th year he started to Nantes as a pedlar with a small stock of handkerchiefs, and from there he found his way to Indret, a small island five miles from Nantes, formed by the Loire, and having many machine shops and other works belonging to the French naval establishment. He got employment in the cannon foundry, and having picked up a sufficient knowledge of making cannon, enlisted in a regiment of volunteers destined for the island

of Bourbon in the Indian ocean. After many adventures he landed on the coast of Malabar, and with three of his companions pushed his way into the interior till he reached the states of the Prince Scindia of Mahratta. Here he changed his name, which was Cuellier, to that of Perron, the diminutive of his christian name Pierre, and assumed James, so that he was known afterwards as James Cuellier Perron. He enlisted in the army of the Mahratta Prince, which had been drilled in European tactics and was commanded by the Savoyard Leborgne-De Boigne. He was gladly received, and by his knowledge of founding cannon, he created a formidable corps of artillery for the prince. Advancing in rank rapidly, he took an active part in several battles, and was especially prominent in the taking of Delhi in 1788.

After the retreat of Leborgne-De Boigne in 1796, and his departure for Europe, Perron was placed at the head of the Mahrattan armies. These he made most formidable by putting them under European officers, and enrolling native soldiers at a regular salary. He opened negotiations with his countryman, Raymond, and it is believed he had relations with Bonaparte when the latter was in Egypt. Finally, with 40,000 infantry and an immense quantity of artillery under 300 European officers, he became master of the central provinces of the ancient Mogul empire. He established in appearance the Grand Mogul Shah-Alum on the throne, but in reality held him captive, and inspected his correspondence. He lived as an oriental despot making alliances with the Rajahs, appointing some and deposing others. Thus he lived till the English attacked his armies, and took several fortresses. Gen. Perron's army becoming demoralized, by defeat, and especially by the treachery of several revolutionary Frenchmen, he was threatened with assassination and to escape, he asked and received in 1803 from the English General Lake a safe conduct to retire with his family and riches to Lucknow. The following year he returned to France where he found his mother and sisters still living, whom he supported most generously. He had left France a poor boy; he returned a millionaire. A son and daughter accompanied him, the latter becoming later on the Duchess of Montesquiou. Their mother, however, had died in India, and Gen. Perron shortly after his return married Josephine du Trochet. He had purchased the lordly manor of Fresne near Monterre in the department of Loire-et-Cher, and diocese of Blois, and it was there that the subject of our sketch, named after his father James Cuellier Perron, was born on Sept. 1, 1818.

Of his early life at home we have but few details. His

mother dying when he was very young, his sister Charlotte, who afterwards married the Count de la Rochefoucauld and who was nine years his senior, seems to have watched over him with a mother's care and affection. For this Fr. Perron was deeply grateful as long as he lived; till his death he kept up a correspondence with her, and many a time he refers with deep affection to her care for him in his younger days.

Gen. Perron had had a rough life himself and believed that boys should be inured to hardships, so he sent the young James in his eighth year to the College St. Louis at Paris—a military school where the discipline was severe and the diet poor. From want of suitable food his health was injured and the foundation laid of a serious disorder of the stomach from which he never recovered. While at this school he was surrounded by bad example and his religious education was so entirely neglected that he did not make his first communion nor even go to confession. He remained at this school 8 years, until his father's death in 1834. His brother-in-law, Count Frederick de la Rochefoucauld, was then appointed his guardian and the young James was sent back to Paris to a preparatory school to fit himself for the école polytechnique; and here, till he finished his course at the polytechnic, he was under the care of his father's former secretary, a certain Monsieur Pelletier. He acted as his tutor and accompanied him during vacation in his travels throughout Europe.

It was while under this excellent gentleman's care, and just as he was about to enter the polytechnic that the young Perron attempted to leave school, abandon his studies and his career, and depart for Spain to enlist under Don Carlos who was then fighting for his throne. Deceived by some worthless men, who hoped to get possession of his wealth, after drawing from his banker all the money he could, and having made several parting presents to his friends, he escaped from the house where he was staying, eluding the watchfulness of his tutor. Late at night the good tutor was awakened from his sleep by the housekeeper with the news that James had not returned nor could he be found anywhere. A search was at once begun. A gentleman with a young man was found to have taken rooms that very evening at one of the hotels at Paris. They had retired for the night occupying separate rooms. The apartment of young James was recognized by his shoes which bore the college number and which he had left outside the door. He was roused from his sleep and after a long talk was persuaded to return home; but he was still determined to give

up his examination, and depart for Spain to enlist with the Carlists. The letter of the tutor, Mons. Pelletier, dated at midnight, is still preserved, giving an account to Count Frederick, of this youthful escapade, followed by another describing the difficulty he had in persuading James to at least wait and pass his examination for entrance into the *ecole polytechnique*. At last he consents, and the hard work of preparation, followed by a tour through Germany and Italy, seems to have driven all thoughts of the Carlists from his mind.

His examination for entrance in the polytechnic was successful, and he obtained an honorable place. He set out at once for a tour on the continent. In the autumn of 1836 he had visited Holland, the Rhine and Germany, and now in 1837, he visited Switzerland, Munich, Florence, Venice, Turin. The letters written to Count Frederick and to his sister at this time are filled with descriptions of the beauties of the places visited, their plans, etc. Thus, speaking of Holland, he writes: "We have been deceived in regard to this country. We expected to feast on fish fresh from the sea in these cities of Holland, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, etc. Well, it was not possible to procure them, on the contrary what we least expected to find, we partook in abundance of melons and excellent grapes." The banks of the Rhine strike him as most beautiful—at each instant, ruins, castles placed in a most picturesque manner. At Coblenz he could hardly find lodging as the Crown Prince of Prussia was to review the troops the next day. What strikes us who knew Fr. Perron later, there is not one word in all his letters about God, or religion, and he scarcely mentions the magnificent cathedrals which he must have seen. They represent to us what he was, the rich young student enjoying his vacation and this only.

Returning to Paris in November he entered upon his studies. The following letter to Count Frederick gives in his own words his daily life at the *ecole polytechnique*.

Tuesday Nov. 21, 1837.

My Dear Uncle,

I promised to write to you as soon as I had entered *l'ecole*. I have been here already three days, and like it very much. Everything is well arranged for study. We rise at 6 o'clock and breakfast at half past eight, dine at half past two, and have recreation after dinner till five o'clock. We have supper at nine o'clock and at half past nine we are in our rooms. The only recreation is that after dinner, but this is quite long as you see. We are lodged

eight or ten in a room. We work together in the same hall, and in each hall there is one of the students who acts as sergeant to communicate with the superior officers, or to obtain for us anything which we may want. These sergeants are those who had the first place on the examen-list for entrance. There are sixteen in each division, which makes in all thirty-two halls. There are two billiard tables for each division but we can only use them during recreation. When the weather is bad, smoking is allowed in these rooms, at other times only in the yard. There is also a library and we are permitted to read any book it contains during recreation but the mathematical works we can carry to the study halls. I shall continue to take lessons in military drill, as this affords some exercise and there is so little of it here. Adieu.

JAMES C. PERRON.

While at the polytechnic he met with several excellent young students who were members of the society of St. Vincent de Paul and were heart and soul in their works of charity. Their devotedness touched the generous soul of the young student of the polytechnic and he joined them. One of these *confreres* of St. Vincent de Paul, now a father in the Society, writes of the young Perron as follows: "After being received at the polytechnic, he joined the society of St. Vincent de Paul, which had just been established and was little known. I saw him every Sunday at the meetings. He spoke but seldom and did little to bring himself into notice, but his generous contributions which he always sought to hide, must have brought him grace upon grace. Generally we found in our modest collection made among the students a gold Louis of twenty francs. Where did it come from? Was the clothing room in want? The next Sunday we learned that Providence had sent us linen, clothes etc. Without our knowledge the good Perron had begged here and there for the poor. One day the president of the conference told us that 200 or 300 francs were needed for a good work. The next day he received them. From whom? Always from the same, from the most unsuspected in appearance of all the members of the conference."

Fr. Charles Clair in his life of Fr. Olivaint, also makes mention of a young polytechnician noted for his generous alms—the *treasurer* and future *Missioner in America*, and he is none other than young Perron. We translate the following from Chapter iv. of this beautiful life.

"The young founders of the conference of Saint Médard, guided by the counsels of the venerable Monsieur Bailly

and the saintly Sister Rosalie were not discouraged at any difficulties. They were twelve, most of them students of the normal school, but *two belonged to the école polytechnique*. This little college of apostles at once made itself known by its remarkable zeal. It was the ardor of youth turned into a good channel, and an exuberance of activity, which among these young students spent itself in good works. The number of the members rapidly increased, and their influence extended to the provinces, so that in an interval of six years they founded six conferences, among others those of Grenoble and of Montmirail, due to the initiative of Pierre Olivaint.

Felix Pitard was soon made secretary of the conference of Saint Médard, and the *treasurer a student of the polytechnic*. This treasurer possessed a generosity without limit. The collection which he took up in his gold-laced cap was so abundant that every one was astonished to see the small alms of a student multiply as it were miraculously in the improvised collection-box. Monsieur Bailly, the President, could have given the key to the mystery. One day when the young treasurer asked him how to keep a great number of the poor with their small resources, Monsieur Bailly suggested to him a very simple means 'When you give one franc,' he said, 'give ten.' The charitable and rich polytechnician followed this advice.

Sister Rosalie the adopted mother of 15,000 children and of innumerable poor persons of the quarter Saint Marceaux, looked upon the future officer as a visible angel of Providence. After he had finished his course and had left Paris the good sister continued to give with the same generosity, indeed so freely that the conference soon had a debt of 1200 francs. She wrote to the former treasurer who at once paid the debt, and thanked her for the honor of doing so." (*Life of Pierre Olivaint p. 81.*)

These generous alms, and many others known to God alone, joined to the prayers of Sister Rosalie and her poor, obtained for the young student the grace to return to God. Years after, when he was nigh unto death at our house in New York, he himself told Fr. Provincial of this part of his life. Thus he had passed his years at school and college without any religious training and without ever once having been to confession or communion, when in his 21st year, he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the young men of the conference of St. Vincent de Paul. Their conversation on religious subjects, made him ashamed of his ignorance, and he confided this to two of them. These

took the interest of true friends in him, and one day when they were walking with him they met Sister Rosalie, to whom they introduced him, saying: "What do you think, sister, he has never been to confession." This was enough to excite the good sister's interest. All was arranged in a few minutes—they must bring him to see her the next day. This was done, and Sister Rosalie took him herself to a priest, who heard his first confession. But the sister's work did not stop here; when he had left France, her prayers followed him, to Algeria, and again reminded him of God and his religious duties. It is Father Perron himself who tells us; we but quote his words in what follows. "Some time afterwards when I was in Algeria the Paschal time had almost expired and I had not yet attended to my religious duties. One day I was thinking of this obligation, and though feeling moved to go to confession, I could not make up my mind; at last after a great struggle grace conquered and I made my confession. Returning to Paris shortly after, I went to see Sister Rosalie who received me most kindly, and at once asked "Did anything happen to you on such a day; we were all praying for you very earnestly on that day." That day was the very day of the great struggle. There can be but little doubt also that to his generous alms and the good sister's prayers and that of her poor children, is due Fr. Perron's vocation to the Society. God would not be outdone in generosity and He repaid him with the hundred fold of spiritual goods in return for all he gave.

At the end of his first year at the polytechnic, young Perron was placed 79th on the list, a very good rank, there being over 300 in the school. He spent his vacation in travelling through Switzerland and Italy. He was certainly, as his correspondence shows, in Venice, Florence, Nice, and Switzerland. Returning to Paris in November, he pursued his studies with such success that he obtained at the end of the year an appointment to *l'Ecole de l'Etat Major*, a school in which the officers were formed and only those of a certain rank could be admitted. At the end of August he writes to his uncle: "During the four months of vacation I am going to see Italy, a country which has always had a great attraction for me." He went to Naples and Rome, thence to Sicily and returned to Paris in January 1840 for the opening of the *l'Ecole de l'Etat Major*. For the following five years we know but little of his life, the letters on which we have relied so far, being missing. It is certain that he spent two years in the *Ecole Major*, and after this, two years in active service, the last six months of which he spent in Algeria as aide-de-camp to General Bugeau.

We have already seen how Sister Rosalie by her prayers recalled him to his religious duties, while he was far away in Algeria. On another occasion while he was there her good prayers seemed to have saved his life. He was out riding on some message and in great haste, when suddenly his horse stops on the edge of a yawning chasm. The young aide-de-camp applies the spur, the horse clears the chasm but falls, and in falling his sword is forced from the scabbard, and, without a special protection of Providence, must have wounded him, and perhaps fatally. But he escapes without a scratch. Sister Rosalie, as she wrote to him shortly afterwards, had received communion for him that very day at Notre Dame des Victoires. God had preserved him for greater things.

Under the trials of a military life the health of the young officer, which had already been seriously injured while at school, gave way, and he returned to Paris. Here he was treated by the famous Dr. Recamier who saved his life without being able to radically cure him. He suffered all his life from his stomach, as all who knew him can testify, and sometimes, especially in his last years, his pains were a real torture.

He had come back to Paris, however, changed more in soul than in health. On leaving for Africa his sister had sent him the Confessions of St. Augustine. "It was God who inspired you to send me the confessions," he wrote later. "I began to read them mechanically, but they soon touched my heart and finally caused me to enter into myself, in the midst of the allurements into which a worldly ambition had caused me to enter." His love for the world and military glory was extinguished. He determined to resign his commission, retire to his estate at La Bretèche near Pontchateau, Loire Inferieure, and lead a life of retirement. This he did in the beginning of 1844. Little did he know then where God was leading him. At first he seems to have entered upon the improvement of his estate which had suffered much from his absence. He attended however most strictly to his religious duties, and began to attend Mass daily. This was not enough for his piety, but the grace of God still urging him he soon began to lead the life of a penitent rather than that of a rich young lord. He spent the greater part of the day in the church. After Mass he did not return to his castle, but went to a poor family near the church where he took a piece of brown bread and a glass of water for his breakfast, then he went back to the church till noon. In the afternoon he returned to the church and made the way of the cross, one of his favorite devotions as long as

he lived. At La Brèteche there is a remarkable Mount Calvary and Stations of the Cross built in that parish by Blessed Louis Marie Gregnon de Monfort, and even to-day the people have a great devotion to it. Here it was that the late officer and rich lord of the manor of La Brèteche found peace for his soul and courage to renounce all his worldly possessions and to embrace the poor life of a religious. His humility would not let him think of becoming a priest, so he thought first of asking admission among the Brothers of the Christian Schools. He would not, however, follow his own opinion but went for advice to a well known Monastery of La Trappe, at La Meilleray. There he met a holy Father who came to this country afterwards and was for many years Abbot of Our Lady of La Trappe at Gethsemane, Kentucky. The abbot Maria Benedict, for thus was he known, advised him to enter the Society, and went with him to see the Fathers who had a residence at Nantes. It is said that Monsieur Perron being invited to dinner with the Fathers, in the fervor of his new life of penance, was almost scandalized on seeing a sponge cake put on the table for dessert.

Two other facts find their place here, and show the spirit which animated the holy penitent.

The curé of La Breteche used to delight to relate how one day the lord of the manor paid him a visit. "Monsieur le curé," he asked, "will you have the kindness to do me a service?" "Most willingly," replied the good curé. "Well, here is a pair of golden spurs. Formerly I was so vain that I would wear only golden spurs. Now I do not dare even to sell them, so ashamed am I of this vanity. Do take them, I beg of you, and dispose of them for your good works."

Another day he enters a miserable little hut some distance from his castle. It was occupied by a large family who were very poor. "Oh," he said to the mother, "for the love of God will you give me a piece of bread. I have been waiting at the church to make the way of the cross. Many thanks." He departs, and a few hours pass when a wagon full of provisions stops before the little hut, a domestic descends and thanks the good mother for her kind reception of Monsieur, and loads the table with good things. All the family rejoice, but the old *conferencier* of Vincent de Paul more than anyone.

Early in 1846 Fr. Perron made application to enter the Society and was received by Fr. Rubillon, who was then Provincial of France. This step drew upon him the remonstrances of his friends and relatives. The Society was not as

well known then in France among good people as to-day, and of course its enemies accused it of deceiving him to get possession of his riches. Even twenty years afterwards, when he was master of novices, he received letters from his former companions and fellow-officers telling him he had not yet found out the Jesuits. The excitement was so great that in the distribution of his immense wealth he was advised by the superiors of the Society not to bestow it on the Society, but in good works and foreign missions. Such was done, and but little of it ever came to our houses.

For a like reason he was sent to Rome for his novitiate, and it is from there he writes the following beautiful letter to his sister on the eve of his entrance.

Rome, April, 1846.

My good sister,

I have not written to you earlier, because before doing so I wished to see the Princess Borghese. She received me most kindly, and took a great interest in my desire to enter the Society of Jesus. She does not disapprove it, since here in Rome they appreciate the Society more than in France, and they understand that the Fathers themselves better than anyone else can judge of the excellence of a vocation, without any human considerations influencing their decision. She thinks, however, that I would do better to wait and to enter at the end of this year; but she does not know that for a year past I have been revolving this step in my mind, and that if I am to wait I would have done better to wait in France, where so many interests call me. I have then decided to retire from the world and put myself under the direction of the Fathers of the Society. I will thus know sooner the truth about my vocation. For myself I only desire to persevere, for you know yourself, my dear sister, to say nothing of the dangers of the world, there are many disappointments in it. But do not think, I beg of you, that being separated in appearance we will really be so; we will ever remain united in the love of our Lord, which is the only stable and indissoluble bond in this poor world, which we must all leave sooner or later. We will pray for each other, for we both have need of prayer. As to the fear that troubles you, that I will not be happy, be assured that the good God who called me to Him when I was far away, will not abandon me, now that I am going to seek Him.

I will be at St. Andrew's, on Mount Quirinal, and it is there you should address your letters. You must not be surprised if I do not write to you often; one who gives

himself to God must avoid too many exterior distractions, but you must not think on that account that I have forgotten you. A day never passes without my thinking of you in my prayers, and especially at the Holy Sacrifice. Do the same for me and for all our sisters; it is a kind of souvenir which is far more profitable than that of a sterile and often vain correspondence. I do not mean, however, by this that our relations should be interrupted but moderated.

Adieu, my good sister; continue ever to thank our heavenly Father for the graces which He sends us, and also for the crosses by which it pleases Him to try us. It is better to suffer a little in this world in acquiring merit than to suffer much hereafter without merit.

Adieu; may the Blessed Virgin watch over you and keep you and the little Frances under her holy protection. Remember me to my sisters.

Your affectionate brother,
JAMES PERRON.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT COLLEGE.

DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 5, 1890.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

Past work, present success and future prospects of Ours anywhere and everywhere being, as I know, ever welcome themes to the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, I thought the completion and occupation of our new college an excellent opportunity for giving you a page or two of our history in Detroit.

A little more than thirteen years ago Bishop Burgess, who was anxious to procure for the rising generation of his episcopal city the advantages of a higher Catholic education, invited us to the City of the Straits. He made over to the Society his cathedral and episcopal residence in fee simple, attaching this one condition, that we should not at any time dispose of the property except with the view of investing the proceeds somewhere in the diocese itself. Fr. Thomas O'Neil, then provincial, accepted the offer and in May 1877, we entered upon our charge.

Our early fathers were at once heart and soul in their

work, and with very encouraging results. Being more numerous than had been the secular clergy who previously directed the parish, they were able to give to it a more thorough organization than could be effected before. By means of sodalities and various other church societies they united the people more closely with one another and brought them all into more direct contact with their pastors. Individual direction, public instructions and sermons, facilities for the reception of the sacraments—all were multiplied, because there were now more priests to do the work. Increase of laborers naturally brought about an increase of fruitful results. Those already sincere and earnest were stimulated to even greater efforts, while others who had grown lukewarm and negligent were recalled to the path of duty. Nor were these beneficial influences circumscribed by the limits of our parish. Gradually but surely they worked their way far beyond them, scattering God's blessings throughout the city. But it would lead me too far to enter into a detailed account of our pastoral labors and their consoling effects. I intend therefore to confine myself to a brief outline of the history of the college.

Church and residence had been put into our possession. The next step was to procure suitable college buildings. Here I may remark in passing that our location is one very favorable for college purposes, it being easily accessible from any part of the city. We are within a seven minutes' walk of the City Hall, the centre of the street-railway system; a line of cars passes by the college door, so that, though not actually central in position, we are so practically by our facilities for reaching any point in the city. Our surroundings too are far superior to those of many of our other colleges. We are on the boundary between the residence and the business portions; the church and college are on one side of the street and the academy of the Sacred Heart on the other. Immediately to the east of us are the residences of some of our wealthiest citizens, while to the west both sides of the street are flanked with stores in various lines of business.

Here then it was that we were to secure school-property. Naturally we would have preferred to purchase the building adjoining our residence, but this was impossible at the time. Very opportunely for us a spacious residence on the opposite side of the avenue was vacant and in the market. It occupied a lot 100 by 200 feet in extent. This was purchased for \$23,000. As it became evident during the second year of occupation that the building would soon prove too small, an additional story was built, which made the college three

stories high. This and other improvements necessitated a further outlay of \$6000.

The beginning had been made, but like most beginnings of even the greatest enterprises, it was a modest one. The first year saw 84 pupils on our roll. But the motto of our pioneer brethren was *excelsior*. In spite of the many difficulties and privations which seem to be almost necessarily incidental to new ventures and particularly to undertakings tending to God's glory, they bravely put their hands to the work, and success waited upon their efforts. During the next year the number of students ran up to 98. The following year the college merely held its own, cataloguing again just 98 names. But in the third year it leaped up to 132, and ever since with but two exceptions each year has seen the numbers swell, until in the last year there were 279 students on the roll. Here are the numbers of the successive years. First year (1877-78), 84; the following years, 98; 98; 132; 157; 186; 217; 228; 243; 266; 263; 255; until the thirteenth (1889-90), which shows 279.

When the number of boys had passed two hundred, the old quarters began to be uncomfortably crowded, and new accommodations became an imperative necessity. Providence again favored us. Opposite the college and hence on the same side of the avenue as the church and residence but separated from the latter by three intervening residences, a mansion, occupying a lot 53 feet wide by 200 deep, was offered for sale and secured at the modest price of \$13,750. An expenditure of some \$500 for improvements converted this new property into quite a respectable school building; and in May 1885 the collegiate and scientific departments of the college took possession of the new quarters. This was the first practical step towards the realization of a plan, which had been entertained almost since the very opening of the college, and which matured as the necessity of more ample accommodations became manifest, and the inconvenience and discomforts of being separated from the college by an intervening and much frequented street forced itself more and more on superiors and professors.

Between this property and our residence there were still 150 feet fronting on the avenue. Three private dwellings occupied this ground. Happily the three owners took no unfair advantage of our needs, but offered us their property at a fair market price. In October 1886 the middle one of the three was purchased for \$15,000; and later on, in February 1887, the one adjoining the residence was secured for \$18,000.

Our hopes were constantly taking a more tangible shape;

still the end seemed as yet far off. Already a heavy debt weighed on the college. Our ordinary income was too scant to justify a further augmentation of our debt. Yet something must be done. And it was done. Rev. Fr. Frieden, our present Provincial and then Rector of the college, represented our wants to some of the wealthy Catholics of the city; six at once generously responded with a subscription of \$5000 each. With these promises as a basis and with good prospects of still further assistance from our friends, the pecuniary difficulty was if not entirely removed at least much diminished. This was in January 1889; \$17,000 promised by various friends at a later date raised the subscriptions to \$47,000. Besides this, about \$3000 were donated for particular purposes, such as the erection of a marble altar in the college chapel, the furnishing of parlors and private rooms, etc.

Things now looked more encouraging and the new college was placed among the probabilities of the near future. In February 1889, the last of the three houses mentioned above was bought for \$18,000. Just at this juncture, before superiors had made the final move towards building, a change of Rectors took place, Rev. Fr. Frieden being made Provincial and Rev. Fr. M. P. Dowling succeeding him as Rector of Detroit College in March 1889. Fr. Dowling at once threw himself enthusiastically into the work. Plans were drawn up according to his directions by one of Detroit's leading architects. Still, some little time of necessity passed by before the requisite approval of higher superiors had been given. The final *procede in Domino* arrived in July 1889 and was the signal, first, for the destruction of the old buildings, and then, for the erection of the splendid pile just completed.

By the beginning of August the buildings, which occupied the site of the college that was to be, had been removed and on the 9th of August the first stone of the foundation was laid. The work progressed with little or no interruption, as the weather continued favorable. The middle of December found the building sufficiently covered to be protected against the wintry snows and storms. Before the new year was many days old, the slating was completed. Early in spring the plasterers were at work. But here our good fortune seemed about to desert us. The carpenters' strike made all progress on the wood-work impossible. As the strike threatened to protract itself indefinitely, fears were entertained that the building would not be finished by the opening of schools. But our alarm was ungrounded. Strikers and masters came to an agreement just when the

plastering was sufficiently dry to allow the wood-finishing to begin, and so in spite of our apprehensions the college, according to agreement, was ready for occupation on the 1st of September, 1890.

A great undertaking had reached a successful issue, great especially because of the difficulties which had to be overcome. God's blessing was manifestly on the work; and what work will not prosper, if God makes it His own? To His special protection, no doubt, is also to be ascribed the fact that, though so many workmen were engaged in the erection of this large building, not a single one met with an accident. To Him we feel and acknowledge that we owe it, through the intercession of St. Joseph, St. Ignatius and the Holy Angels; for in their honor, with the intention of imploring their favor and assistance, prayers, communions and Masses were weekly offered by the community.

When the question of building was first broached, some of the wealthy non-Catholic residents of the avenue looked with disfavor on the project. They feared that the new structure would not be worthy of the avenue with its beautiful residences. These fears most likely were fostered by not a little of conscious or unconscious hostility. But as the building rose from the ground their alarm began to vanish, and now they are forced to confess, and they do so freely, that the college, far from being a disfigurement, is rather an ornament to the avenue. And well they may.

The façade of the building is elegant but simple and without imposing, with its sweep of 185 feet of gray sandstone three stories high and topped by a mansard roof. The depth varies from 75 to 120 feet, the latter being the length of the wing. To appreciate the simple grandeur of the exterior and the perfection of the interior arrangement, you should be here to view the building with your own eyes. As this cannot be, you will have to look at them through the eyes of another. I must beg of you then to accompany me, in imagination, through the building, while I jot down a few particulars which will help you to form some phantasm, however imperfect, of the college. I had the pleasure once before of performing the office of *cicerone* for the Michigan Catholic; so in guiding you over the same ground to-day I will simply walk in my former traces, calling attention however to some few additions which have been made since that visit.

Passing through the vestibule of the main entrance with its mosaic floor and massive arch, we find immediately adjoining it four parlors, one to the west, and three, a double and a single parlor, to the east. They vary in size from 12

by 18 to 17 by 18 feet, and open into a large and lofty corridor, which extends along the full length of the building. This corridor and all the rooms of the first story have a double flooring, of hard maple. The wainscotting, doors, window-frames, and all the other wood-finishing of this story is oak. The walls throughout the house are of a delicate slate-blue tint. The ceilings are perfectly white. Beyond the single parlor to the west of the entrance, there are five more rooms facing the avenue. The first two are the office and private room of Rev. Fr. Rector. The next two answer the same purposes for the Procurator, who is at present also the Minister. Both these sets of rooms have interior communications, while each room is connected with the corridor.

I might call attention here to a fact which strikes all visitors—the brightness and cheerfulness of every room, whether public or private. As visitors go from apartment to apartment, they remark: "Ah; now we see the reason of the many projections and recesses in the rear of the building. It was your object to expose directly to the air and light as much of the building as possible." And so it was. The result is, lightsome and airy rooms within, but not much attempt at architectural beauty without, on the side facing the play-grounds.

But let us move on. Crossing to the north side of the corridor, we enter the community refectory. This is a one story structure 29 by 40 with a height of 14 feet. Receiving its light from three sides, it is one of the brightest rooms in the house. The cellar beneath it, 14 feet deep, is used as a boiler room, and is furnished with a large low pressure boiler, which is to supply the steam for heating the college. Within the last week the boiler was connected with the mains of the Natural Gas company, natural gas being preferred to coal as a heater, because though not any cheaper it is more cleanly,

Opposite Fr. Rector's office is the staircase, and immediately to the west of the latter on each of the three floors are the bath rooms. Adjoining this stairway there is a glass partition in each of the corridors, dividing the cloister from the rest of the building; the part to the west, together with the old residence, forming the cloister. I should have mentioned that, as the corridors of the college extend into the residence, the two are interiorly one continuous building, some 44 feet being thus added to the 185 front of the new college.

The chapel to the east of the stairs is next in our path. It is a little gem. The panelled ceiling is supported by a

double row of graceful, white Corinthian columns. Corresponding to these along the walls are square pilasters of the same order. The bases of the pillars and pilasters and the wainscotting are panelled oak. The white cathedral glass of the windows softens the sunbeams and diffuses a mild but bright light throughout the sacred place. The passage behind the altar connecting the two sacristies, as well as the sanctuary itself, is lighted from above by means of skylights. Hence the white marble altar, a gift of one of our parishioners, appears to the best advantage. It is about twelve feet high and rests on a solid foundation of masonry. The altar table, which is a single slab of marble eight feet long by two broad, is supported by eight onyx pillars arranged by twos. The arches of the three panels between them are supported by smaller onyx pillars of a more delicate tint than those mentioned above. The panels themselves are beautifully decorated with symbolical designs; the middle one is a finely carved representation of the Sacred Heart, while those to the left and right are the emblems of the holy Sacrifice. Leading up to the carved reredos are three steps, the vertical sections of which are tastefully relieved with dark variegated panels of onyx. The bright metal door of the tabernacle is adorned with a chalice in demi-relief. The expository above the tabernacle, a canopy supported by four marble pillars, is surmounted by a plain but neat marble cross. The whole altar while perfectly symmetrical itself is in beautiful harmony with the bright finish of the chapel.

But we must hasten through the rest of the building. A space 20 by 40 feet between the projection in which the chapel is situated and the main east wing is taken up by one large room, which is lighted from above and from the rear. At present it is used as a dining-room for students who bring their mid-day lunch from home. There are besides four large class rooms on this floor. One faces the avenue, the three others are in the wing and face east. At the extreme end of the building is the handsomely porticoed entrance for the students, and opposite to it the office of the Prefect of studies. The boys' stairway divides the wing into two equal parts. Both this and the stairway mentioned above are of oak. The floors of the second and third stories are maple, all the other wood-work of these stories is hard Norway pine.

There is no necessity of entering into many particulars with regard to the upper floors, since with a few minor exceptions they correspond exactly to the lower. As below so above, all the class rooms have what is most essential—

an abundance of light and the best facilities for ventilation. They will be heated by steam, and the coils are so arranged that whatever cold air may penetrate into the rooms will be moderated by first striking the heated pipes. Adequate accommodations for public work at the board are a necessity for carrying on efficiently the studies of a class. This want has been fully met. Stretching along two and in some rooms even three of the walls are these colored boards. I say *colored*, because they are not, as is usual, black but a dark green. This color was preferred, as being more soothing to the eyes.

On the second and third floors at the extreme east corner and fronting on the avenue are the lecture rooms for physics and chemistry, the chemical laboratory and cabinet of physics. The two rooms of the physical department are on the second floor, those of the chemical on the third; but the two departments are in immediate connection with each other by means of a staircase leading directly from one lecture room to the other. In the chemical laboratory gas and water connections have been made for analytical work, but the tables have not yet been put up. Connected with this department, there is also a dark room for photographic work.

Above the chapel is the library, of the same dimensions as the chapel i. e. fifty feet long and forty wide. It is amply lighted from the north and west side. Equal to it in size and immediately over it is the college hall. It has a stage suitably furnished and arranged for scholastic exhibitions, class specimens, lectures and other public exercises, but is not, of course, intended for the annual commencements which take place in some large public hall. Besides the two wide doors opening, one, on the staircase, and the other, on the large corridor, there is a third exit behind the stage, leading by means of separate stairs to the second floor, so that in case of danger the hall could be emptied in a few minutes.

This leads me to call attention to the fact that the whole building was planned with a view to convenience, durability and safety. The college would, no doubt, have presented a grander appearance, were it a story higher; but the fourth floor would have been both inconvenient and unsafe. Then too it would have been cheaper, but not so durable and safe to have studding walls as partitions instead of making them of brick. Hence throughout the whole building all but forty-two feet of the dividing walls are brick. For the same reason the outer walls have no furring, but are made hollow and held together with braces of steel; the plastering having

been put on the walls directly. Dampness and other accidents of temperature are thus provided against. The floors of the second and third stories have deafening, a composition of mortar gauged with plaster and chopped straw, which is also considered a very efficient means of preventing the spread of fire.

Speaking tubes and a system of electric bells connect all parts of the building with a board in the first floor near the porter's lodge. The public and community apartments, such as the parlors, library and refectory and some of the private rooms have electrical appliances for lighting the gas. The confessionals too are in electrical connection with an annunciator, so that confessors without going to the church can know whether their services are wanted. The bell in their rooms will announce the fact, as will also the above named annunciator.

Such is the building which we now occupy. But what are our prospects for the future? They are very encouraging. Though we dropped the preparatory class this year, the present number of our students does not fall below that of last year's roll at a corresponding date. Parochial schools, the feeders of our colleges throughout the province, are being enlarged and improved in many parishes of the city. Our reputation as educators is undisputed. We owe this in a great measure to the graduates of the college. Their success in their respective careers recommends the college. They have already begun to take a leading position in various professions, as journalists, lawyers, doctors, and principals of several of our public schools; and though hitherto vocations to the priesthood have not been very numerous, several excellent young men have devoted themselves to the altar. I might mention here, by the way, that, considering the brief existence of the college, the number of our graduates is quite large, the average being ten a year; the class of '90, the sixth to graduate, made the entire number fifty-nine.

I gave above as one of the causes of our success the excellent condition of the parochial schools in the city; but when these schools become more than grammar schools, they are apt to be for us a source of harm rather than good. By advertising type-writing, stenography, telegraphy, book-keeping and similar showy branches, which parents and boys alike consider an immediate and sufficient preparation for a business career, they withhold from us many promising boys, who otherwise would take up and perhaps finish the classical course. Thus we have received no pupils this year from one of the largest German parishes in which the

Christian Brothers are conducting a Commercial college, such as I described above. Still in spite of some little drawbacks of this nature, the outlook is very bright and affords us reason to express our confident hope that Detroit College is destined to succeed in its work *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

MISSIONARY LABORS.

MARYLAND-NEW YORK PROVINCE.

FROM JULY 15 TO SEPT. 21 1890.

On the feast of St. Ignatius some changes were announced in the *personnel* of the missionary band. The following fathers constitute the staff for 1890-91: Rev. Joseph H. Himmel, Superior; Fathers Forhan, Barnum, McAvoy, James Casey, Ronald Macdonald, Gleason, and Matthew McDonald. The four first named fathers, when off the mission, will reside at St. Mary's, Boston; the other four, at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, having quarters in the new library building of the college.

From the middle of July to the first week of September the fathers were busily employed, giving fourteen missions in various parts of the country. Fr. Forhan conducted missions at Harper's Ferry, Staunton and Winchester, W. Va., at which almost all the Catholics for many miles around were present. No fatigue seemed to deter these good people from availing themselves to the full of the blessings of the mission.

At Portsmouth, Va., Fathers Collins and Pye Neale labored for a week. The results were most gratifying; not Catholics alone, but even Protestants took a deep interest in the exercises. Indeed it is related that the minister of a neighboring meeting-house quickly brought the weekly prayer-service to a close in order to allow his congregation an opportunity to attend the mission sermon.

At Keysar, Elk Garden and Pawpaw, W. Va., Fr. Himmel met with great success. The two last named places are small outlying missions attended from Keysar. About 642 persons—representing all the Catholics of this section—approached the sacraments. Two Protestants were converted to the faith.

Fr. McAvoy conducted a mission of four days at the convent of the Sacred Heart, London, Ontario, which was attended by 150 ladies from London, Hamilton and Toronto.

At the new parish of Clarksville, Md., Fr. Hamilton of Frederick, assisted by fathers from Woodstock College, labored with such success that all the members of the congregation approached the sacraments.

At Lee, Mass., Frs. Himmel and Forhan heard 852 confessions, and at Lenox, Mass., 750. These numbers include nearly all the Catholics of both towns. At Lenox, which is one of the most exclusive summer resorts of wealthy New Yorkers, many of the Protestant residents manifested great interest in the mission, and attended some of the services. One of them, Mr. J. J. Havens, of New York, who has a magnificent estate at Lenox, sent word to the pastor, that he would pay the board of the missionaries, their outlay for travelling and all other expenses of the mission. He also placed a carriage and span of fine horses at the disposal of the missionaries—a kindness of which they were unable to avail themselves owing to the press of duties, and this in the face of the temptation of thirty broad and beautifully constructed roads running out from Lenox in all directions into the superb Berkshire Hills country, affording a different drive for every day of the month. He also ordered that the flowers usually sent daily from his conservatory to the ball-room, should all be sent during the week of the mission to the church to deck the altar. The only motive for this extraordinary kindness seemed to be his interest in the spiritual welfare of his servants and the success of what he considered an eminently useful work. May God reward with the grace of conversion his great charity!

Some touching incidents of lively faith came under the observation of the missionaries at Lee and Lenox. A poor lame woman and her little daughter after making the mission at Lee walked every morning four miles to Lenox to be present at the 5 o'clock Mass during the stay of the missionaries at Lenox. One rainy morning Fr. Superior met her coming a little late for the Mass. To his playful remark "Old lady, you are a little behindhand this morning," she replied with sweet simplicity, "Yes, your Reverence, my limb gave out, and I had to crawl along; but I sent the little one, so that she at least might hear the whole Mass." Another poor old woman who was afflicted with an immense goitre came every day to the mission at Lee to have the missionary bless her sore neck, and the following week she made a daily trip to Lenox for the same purpose, using all

the while the water of St. Ignatius. She declared that the goitre was daily diminishing.

At Monson, Mass, a one week's mission was conducted by Frs. Gleason and M. McDonald.

Fr. Himmel and Fr. Gleason were at Westfield from Sept. 7, till the 21. This place has a population of 9000, and its two chief industries are the manufacture of *real Havanas* and whips. Over 1697 persons approached the sacraments.

At Chicopee Falls Frs. R. Macdonald and Casey had great success accorded to their labors. They conducted the mission under trying circumstances. The pastor was confined to his bed by sickness, and his assistant was absent on vacation. The two fathers therefore had the care of the parish added to their labors. The people are all natives of Kerry and a sturdy race indeed, full of faith and zeal for religion. The language of the family circle is Irish, even the little children being conversant with that language of faith. The first question they ask about a new priest is "Has his Reverence the Irish?" A salutary effect of this practice is that it isolates these good people from the Protestants, and keeps them free from those terrible sins of modern refinement. The missionaries were delighted with the purity of the people. Each family possesses a neat little house and a plot of ground, and content seems to reign everywhere. Fr. Macdonald's knowledge of Gaelic stood him in good stead in treating with them in the confessional. About 1896 persons approached the sacraments. The people seemed enthusiastic about the result of the mission. All the alligators, as the people had learned from Fr. Macdonald to term the hard cases, went to confession. On the last day but one of the mission, Fr. McAvoy was summoned from Boston to assist Fr. Casey in closing the exercises, while Fr. Macdonald proceeded to Trenton to open another mission.

On Sept. 7, a mission was begun at the Sacred Heart church Trenton by Fr. R. Macdonald assisted by Fr. Casey, and Fr. Coppens—the last named father being kindly lent by St. Peter's College, Jersey City. The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Farrel administered confirmation to 166 adults at the close of the mission, and expressed great pleasure at what he was pleased to term the grand results of the mission. He was very much taken with the closing sermon delivered by Fr. Macdonald, and expressed a desire to have the fathers evangelize the cathedral parish. The attendance at the 5 o'clock Mass was notably large, though the men were engaged all day long in the wearying labors of the iron foun-

dries. About 3746 confessions were heard during the two weeks, while 40 adults made their first communion, and 17 were received into the church. Fr. Barnum relieved Fr. Coppens about the middle of the second week. On the same day a two weeks' mission was opened at St. James' church, Newark, by Fr. M. McDonald assisted by Frs. Forhan and McAvoy. Over 4000 approached the sacraments, 150 were confirmed, 50 made their first communion, and 16 were received into the church.

Forty missions are now on the list, and many applications have had to be refused.

A. J. M.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON COLLEGE.

At the instance of those whose wishes are in our life efficacious, I send you word of an event at our college here, which for as much as it marks something in the nature of an achievement for God's glory, may with due modesty ask a place in the annals of Ours of this province. The occasion was a house-warming given by the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College.

The association was organized by Father Fulton some fifteen years ago with a view to gathering together the Catholic young men of the city, to shelter them from the loss of their faith and its practice, while providing for them those advantages for self-culture, which it is the mark of our time for young men to seek, instructing them meantime unto justice. The object of the association is to tender to its members opportunities for physical training, intellectual development, social culture, innocent pleasure and moral preservation. Its scope embraces a gymnasium with instruction in calisthenics, a library, reading-room, a hall for their plays, courses of lectures on literary and economic topics, social and forensic gatherings and an annual retreat. The means for all this had been provided by Fr. Rector in the college, but the rooms were small and the young men had only their temporary use, as most of them by day were used for the class-work of the college. When, last year, the college buildings were enlarged, special provision was made for the association and a separate section of the building erected for its exclusive use. It was to celebrate the opening of

these new quarters and to recall at the same time the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of their association that the young men held their public reception on Wednesday evening, October 15.

The introductory exercises were held in the College Hall. The audience was an earnest of the hold the association has taken on the best elements of young Catholicity in Boston. A more intelligent, earnest and dignified body of young men one would go far to seek even in ———, but I dare not say it. It was not a very demonstrative audience; but the young men took advantage of every opportunity to show their appreciation of the assistance Fr. Rector has given them. Addresses were made by the president of the association, a Mr. Berran, by Fr. Fulton, His Grace, Archbishop Williams and the Honorable Patrick A. Collins, him of democratic fame as chairman of the convention which nominated Mr. Cleveland for the national presidency. Mr. Berran's was a quiet word of welcome. Fr. Rector spoke in a reminiscent way of the start of the enterprise, its struggle and success. The words were warm and sincere and warmly received by the young men. There was a half defined *arrière pensée* through his address, as those who knew him noticed, when he referred to the thirty years of labor he had spent with the people here and how that night he had seen the crowning achievement of it all, Boston College in a most flourishing condition and the young men's Catholic association of Boston College, a pronounced success, which had come to stay. His words indeed were almost a farewell. He left us the following evening for the South, the state of his health being such as to require absolute rest for a time. When the Archbishop advanced to speak the entire audience rose reverently to receive him, a mark of Catholic instinct in the young generation, which was most impressive. His words were a surprise. It is rarely that His Grace speaks with the warmth and vigor, which that evening he displayed. He rose at one moment almost to eloquence. It appeared as though he had been awaiting this opportunity of declaring in the face of recent abuse of the Society, his admiration for her, his esteem of Fr. Rector and his gratitude for the blessings which he was pleased to say the Society of Jesus had brought to his diocese. He recalled the fact of Bishop Fenwick, himself a Jesuit, having established the Jesuit fathers at Holy Cross College, Worcester, in the hope, so well assured by after facts, of training up among the lads there some who might worthily serve God's sanctuary. He put the fathers forward as having been the pioneers of the parochial school in the diocese; he spoke with

pride of their establishment of Boston College and expressed the wish that every Catholic student who graduated from the parochial schools instead of entering the secular high school in the city should come to take his training in the English course at the college. Coming to the young men he reminded his audience of the interest he had always had in furthering an association such as theirs, recalled his own and others' attempts to start just such a society and the failure of their efforts. "Here," he continued, "what the diocese has failed to do, Father Rector has taught us how to do."

All this seemed more a eulogy of the Society and of Father Rector than a spur to the young men, but was welcomed by the audience for the reason that the young men consider that their success is in largest measure due to Father Rector; as owing to poverty of means and some factiousness within they never would have clung together, but for their dependence on the college and its rector. Mr. Collins spoke more pointedly to the young men, although he too, referring to the fact that of several such societies with which he had come in contact,—one of which he had assisted His Grace the Archbishop in an effort to found,—theirs was the only success, assured them that the reason was, because theirs was the young Men's Catholic Association of BOSTON COLLEGE. He advised them to stick fast to the Jesuits, whose wisdom would guide, whose culture would refine them. He warned them against allowing any political or other movement to use them for purposes aside from their prime aim and advanced, as the keynote of individual advantage, that each one should come to it with no sordid, selfish purpose and leave it with no desire of asking thereafter any backing from its body.

At the close of his remarks the building was thrown open for inspection, during which the orchestra adjourned to the library room, while in the gymnasium and billiard rooms, an exhibition of trained skill was offered to the visitors. It is safe to say that not one of the audience of two thousand left without visiting every department of the institution. The music of the evening was excellent, the decoration and illumination of the hall and rooms perfect.

The association has for its use about one quarter of the James Street building, including the College Hall. On the ground floor is the gymnasium, which rises so as to include the greater part of the next story, the dressing, bath and toilet rooms. On the second floor is the parlor, most sumptuously furnished, the coat-room, a registry and business office and the janitor's room. Above is the library and reading room, which by the way, is as perfect an apart-

ment for its purpose as one could desire. Over this again is the Lyceum, or debating room, the entrance to the hall, the music room and meeting room for the Board of Directors. On the top floor is the billiard room equipped with four billiard tables, three pool tables and some two dozen card and game tables. From this floor is the entrance to the balcony of the hall. The library and debating rooms are about twice the size of your theologians' school-room at Woodstock, and have been very handsomely furnished. In fact the furnishing of the whole building is extraordinarily fine.

The arrangement which Father Rector made with the young men was, that he would supply them with a building for their use and they should furnish the appointments. Both parties to the agreement have fulfilled their pledges well. The advantage to the college in this settlement is that if the association as a body should fall off from its high purposes and turn aside to other ends, they may retire from their connection with the college and their occupancy of its buildings. This affords an additional sanction for the veto power, which they have left with Fr. Rector as their honorary president and will make them thoughtful in the presence of any rash temptation to break away from the spiritual restraint of any religious adviser.

At present the outlook for the future of the association is full of hope. There are eight hundred and fifty odd members on the rolls, with a prospect of the number soon increasing to a thousand. The fact is, their membership ran up a hundred and fifty during the past few weeks. There are a number of able fellows on their committee, who will tend to keep things moving briskly from this on. Father Doonan, as treasurer of the association, is brought into close contact with many of the young men, and we may count on their not being losers thereby. They have already announced a course of lectures for the coming season, and have in view the opening of evening classes for instruction in branches of letters, where their need or desire is greatest. With the blessing of God we may hope to have here a centre for the preservation of the faith of the young men of the city, and a gathering of energetic and vigorous Catholics who can not fail to be a power for great good in the days to come.

OUR MISSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Five scholastics from the mission of Ecuador have recently come to Woodstock to pursue their theological studies. They have kindly furnished us the facts from which the following interesting account of the actual state of our South American missions has been compiled.

In the many small republics of South and Central America, where our fathers of the old Society labored so successfully until the suppression destroyed the most beautiful flowers in the fair gardens of Christ's spouse, our new Society is endeavoring in a humble way to walk in the footsteps of the Anchietas, the Nobregas, etc.

In 1767, the Province of Chili counted 7718 converted Indians; the Province of Quito (Ecuador) 7586 Indians of the mission of Archidonad, and Maynas; the Province of Peru 55,000 Indians of the Moxos mission; the Province of New Grenada and Venezuela 6594 Indians near the Orinoco and among the Llanos.

In the same year there were in the Province of Paraguay 564 Jesuits, viz., 385 priests, 59 scholastics, 11 novices, and 109 lay brothers. The number of converted Guaranis, Chacos, Chiquitos Indians was 113,716. The 32 Reductions of the Guaranis, lying on the banks of the Uruguay and the Parana were by far the most numerous and the best organized missions in the Church, as all the world knows.

But what is the actual state of our missions in these parts? A few words will suffice to tell us.

First, we have the mission of Colombia (or of New Grenada). This mission comprises at present all the republics of Central America as well as that of Colombia, which gives its name to the mission. Since the year 1865, this mission has had flourishing and well equipped colleges in Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. But the numerous revolutions, which freemasonry has ever brought about to destroy Catholicism never failed to aim the first blow at our fathers; and so we have been mercilessly cast out from the very towns, which we have so zealously tried to save from immoral contagion. We expect, however, soon to re-enter Costa Rica, where the Catholic party has lately won a signal victory over the freemasons.

As far as the republic of San Salvador is concerned, no

Jesuit of the new Society has ever attempted to gain a footing, without being at once led to the frontier.

In the republic of Colombia, our condition is quite different. Ever since the year 1885, the Society has not ceased to prosper. We have been able to open a novitiate and a scholasticate at Chapinero, near Bogota, the capital. The vocations to the Society are quite numerous. The present Catholic government shows itself very favorable to Ours, and wishes us to establish colleges wherever possible, which will impart sound instruction to the youth of the country. Our fathers have already excellent colleges at Pasto, Medellin, and Bogota. The demand for their services, as preachers of missions and retreats, in the towns and villages of Colombia is so great, that half these posts of honor must be declined for want of apostolic workers. However, a gradual increase of members of the mission is going on, as the Spanish province of Castile, to which Colombia belongs, sends a yearly supply of fathers and brothers.

Our fathers at Panama are doing great good in the prisons, hospitals, in the seminary, and the national college. We are soon to resume work among the Guaymas Indians, formerly the scene of the labors of the fathers of the old Society; such at least is the ardent desire of Mgr. Velasco, S. J. Archbishop of Bogota as well as of the other bishops, who are generally very much attached to us.

As to what concerns Venezuela, Ours have not yet, it seems, obtained leave to enter this republic, in which the old Society was very flourishing.

In Brazil, the Roman Province has flourishing establishments at Itú, and at Pará y Bahiá. The German province is also doing noble work in college and missions. The freedom allowed to Ours by the masonic lodges is too stinted for greater progress and more lasting good, and the new constitution threatens us with banishment.

In the Argentine republic, the province of Aragon possesses a magnificent college at Buenos Ayres, and another at Santiago, in the republic of Chili, where we have also a novitiate and scholasticate, as well as other stations. Most of the fathers, however, come from Europe.

Ecuadorian Mission.—The mission of Ecuador, of late, has been made to comprise, besides Ecuador, the missions of Peru and Bolivia, under the same name, *Missio Aequatorialis*. The mission belongs to the Spanish province of Toledo. In Lima, Peru, we have a large and flourishing college, which enjoys an enviable reputation in the city. Besides, our church is a centre of devotion and piety.

In Bolivia, we have an excellent college at La Paz, which attracts so much attention and effects so much good, that the president of this republic continues to urge our fathers by most generous offers, to open another college at Chuquisaca. But our want of men does not allow us to accept the offer. For the same reason, we are unable to attend to the poor Indians towards the northern limits of Bolivia. These poor people are entirely deprived of spiritual help. They are, however, so well disposed to listen to the word of God, that, when some three years since, three of our fathers went to visit them, they received them with open arms as angels of heaven and begged them to remain with them. These tribes are about all that is left of the famous reductions of Paraguay, and they are easily discerned by their good morals and religious instincts. Wonderful to say, our missionaries did not find among them a single case of illegitimate birth. On the feast of St. Ignatius, after displaying before the astonished fathers the sacred vases and ornaments, kept by them most reverently as relics of our fathers of the last century, they gathered in groups and sang a Mass in four parts, the music of which was written on parchment and very well preserved, the very same that was taught to their forefathers by our early missionaries. Alongside of these peaceful tribes, which recall such delightful memories, are most ferocious cannibals, who have deterred the bravest from approaching them. What an immense field for apostolic zeal!

Now one look at Ecuador proper, where the shade of Garcia Morena seems still to hover about us, ready to take up our defence. Since 1860, the Society has enjoyed a period of peace, of esteem and of prosperity. To-day this mission possesses a residence at Guyaquil, and two colleges, one at Riobamba, and another at Quito, both of which are considered national colleges. The government, which is very favorable to Ours, is making every effort to obtain our services in various cities of the republic. But, though we are unable to accept all these offers, the influence of the Society on public instruction is deeply and widely felt.

Our largest and by far the best college is that of Quito, with between 300 and 400 students, about 100 of whom are boarders. Here resides also the Superior of the whole mission of Ecuador, Rev. Fr. Raphael Caceres. Excellent work is being done in this college, and the standard of studies pursued therein is of a very high order, even in the estimation of the keenest critics. The Sodality of our Blessed Lady is especially prosperous, so much so that nearly all the sodalists and quite a number of the alumni of the col-

lege follow every year the Exercises of an eight days' retreat as faithfully as St. Ignatius would desire. About half of our students approach the Holy Table every eight days all the year through. With regard to the studies, we might add that last year 80 students attained in their final examinations the highest possible mark; nearly all the others deserved honorable mention, and very few, indeed, fell below the standard required. The ministry of our fathers is also much sought after throughout the city, while our beautiful church, wherein the relics of the "Lily of Quito," our own sister Blessed Maria Anna de Paredes, are kept and venerated, is perhaps the most frequented of all. It may be interesting to note that Blessed Maria Anna was allowed to take the vows of the Society, and was buried with our habit and rosary still seen at Quito. Add to this: incessant retreats, the visits to prisons and hospitals, the direction of Catholic clubs and of various sodalities, and you will have an idea of the work of a handful of devoted fathers.

About nine miles eastward, is our novitiate "de la Immaculada Concepcion" at Pifo. Its situation is a most charming one, while the climate is very mild and extremely favorable for weak lungs. It appears to be the infirmary of Europe's sick fathers and brothers. We have at present 20 scholastic novices and 6 coadjutor novices; but about half of them are Europeans, as it is very hard to find vocations to the religious state in Quito.

If we direct our steps still further eastward, we come upon the Indian reductions, which our missionaries of Ecuador have recently organized. These tribes lie along the Napo river and the fiercest and wildest of them are the Jivacos. Our Father Tovia is the vicar-apostolic, and has just returned from Europe, whither he had gone to further the good work. In 1882 these tribes counted 8000 Catholics and 12,000 pagans; 6 fathers were laboring among them and had established about 18 stations, with 17 churches, 1 school with 62 boys, and another school with 34 girls. To-day there are 8 fathers and 6 brothers engaged in this place; and in a very short time, we expect to establish about half as many more stations. But where are we to find men to found new schools, new reductions and carry the light of truth to these savage tribes? *Parvuli petierunt panem, et non erat qui frangeret eis.* Let those who aspire to missionary hardships and labors hasten to our Ecuadorian mission, and help on the good work of our 148 fathers and brothers. They will all be most welcome and will surely find that it is sweet and consoling to work and die for the holy name of Jesus Christ.

RETRACTATION OF CLEMENT XIV.

The *Lettres d'Uclès* for Dec., 1889 publishes a document of the greatest interest to the members of the Society. This is nothing less than a supposed retractation by Clement XIV. of the brief *Dominus ac Redemptor* by which he suppressed the Society. It purports to have been written by the Pontiff himself, to have been signed with his own hand June 29 1774, and to have been given to his extraordinary confessor to be transmitted to the new Pope who should succeed Clement. After reviewing the persecutions against the Society, and the great efforts made for its suppression by France, Spain and Portugal, follow these words:

“His undique rite pensatis, statuimus ad majora vitanda damna, minora pati, et pro supprimendis, suo initio, imminente schismate, dissidiorum seminibus nos inter et reges non bene instructos, Societatis Jesu Religionem quoad speciem *supprimere*.”

Hæc sunt res nostro hucusque pectore reservatæ, hæc sunt momenta, quibus tota nititur abolitio Societatis. Nempe ex parte dilectorum Filiorum Regum Hispaniæ, Lusitaniæque circumventorum passiva seductio, et e contra Nostra Nobis ab illis illata vis. Quæ utique arguunt positivum involuntarium, violentiam, defectum intentionis atque prudentem formidinem, ita etiam Breve abolitivum ex natura sua invalidum, nullum, surreptitium, obreptitium, extortumque reddunt.”

The retractation is followed by a statement signed by Fr. de Silva, S. J., in which it is stated that Cardinal Boschio, the extraordinary confessor of Clement XIV., showed this retractation to several of the Cardinals in the conclave for the election of Pius VI., that several copies were taken of it, and Fr. de Silva testifies that he had often heard this from Cardinal Boschio himself. This affirmation is dated March 16, 1825.

This is also followed by another affirmation, dated Oct. 18, 1856, and signed by two fathers of the Society testifying that they knew Fr. de Silva, and that the above statement was in his own hand-writing.

Finally comes the affirmation of Fr. Labarta, still living at Madrid, who testifies that he was present when the two fathers signed the above.

The author of the article in the *Lettres d'Uclès* concludes: “We are aware that many difficulties could be objected to us if we claimed absolute certainty for this retractation. We are satisfied to say that it seems to us probable that Clement

XIV. had retracted the Brief of Suppression before his death, and we may add that it is not improbable that the text we publish is the one he wrote."

More than a year ago, several inquiries having been made of us about this Retraction, we wrote to Father Labarta for a copy to publish in the LETTERS. He replied that he had already given it to the editor of the *Lettres d'Uclès*. The latter announces that a copy of this document, with its proofs and its history has been sent to each of the provincials, and that any one of Ours who desires a copy will receive it on applying to him.

It is well to remark that this is not the first time this retraction has been published. It was translated into German and printed by Peter P. Wolf, a Protestant, as long ago as 1789, in his *Allgemeine Geschichte der Jesuiten*. Other copies have been published and it has been often referred to by historical writers. Still there was always doubt whether they were genuine, as they were not the original or first copies, nor were they testified to. The copy published in the *Lettres d'Uclès* claims to be from one of the original copies and testified to as we have shown above.

OBITUARY.

FR. PAUL MANS.

By the death of Fr. Paul Mans, the Mission of California has been deprived of one of its most efficient and zealous subjects. Although most keenly felt among those who knew and loved him, his loss may well be regretted by the whole Society; for in him shone that true and sterling virtue for which her faithful children have ever been distinguished. Among his religious brethren, there is but one opinion of his life and labors,—he did all things well. Nor is this high esteem confined to Ours. In the pulpit, in the confessional, in that crucible of virtue, the class-room, he so won the hearts of his hearers, his penitents, his pupils, that, as far as can be known, not a complaining voice was ever raised against him.

Belgium, the fruitful mother of saintly missionaries and religious, claims him as her worthy son. Born at *Contick* near Antwerp in 1839, he was matriculated, after the usual preparatory studies, at the great University of Louvain, where he numbered among his classmates the late Archbishop

Seghers of happy memory, Archbishop Riordan, Bishop Spaulding, and many clergymen who have shed lustre upon the Church in America.

At the close of his course, during which he had given proofs of solid piety and intellectual acumen, Fr. Mans offered himself, with the sacred unction of ordination still fresh upon his hands, for the missions in Washington Territory. Twelve years were devoted to this work amid all the hardships and privations incident to missionary life in a new and unsettled country. But his sacrifice was not complete. He had long cherished a desire to consecrate himself to God by the vows of religion, but his ecclesiastical superiors were naturally unwilling to lose the services of a priest whom they so highly esteemed. Still he did not relinquish his pious design and after renewed solicitations succeeded in obtaining their reluctant consent.

From his entrance into the Society, Sept. 26, 1874, Fr. Mans devoted himself to the study and practice of religious perfection. After his probation, which was distinguished by a faithful, conscientious performance of even apparently trivial duties, he taught with success in Santa Clara and San Francisco until 1883, when he was sent to San Jose to fill the offices of minister, prefect of schools, and professor of third grammar. The German Catholics of that city were also confided to his care. His position in the recently opened college was no sinecure, for among the students there were some turbulent spirits from whom much annoyance was expected. Yet, from the first day of class, his winning, sympathetic disposition gained him such an ascendancy over those wild boys that not once during the year was bodily punishment inflicted. The effects of his gentle sway are still seen in the higher standard of excellence which he introduced and fostered.

After a year's study at Santa Clara, where he prepared for his examination *ad gradum*, he returned to San Jose with the same duties as before. The following year found him in San Francisco as professor of rhetoric and chaplain of the Presidio barracks. Not only his ability as a disciplinarian but also the wide range of his attainments made him an excellent college-man, for indeed there is hardly a branch in our course of studies which he could not teach with success.

In 1888, the novitiate which, for want of the necessary means, had assumed for a long series of years the anomalous position of an annex to Santa Clara College, was transferred to a new and commodious building at Los Gatos, and Fr. Mans was placed in charge as Master of novices. This appointment, creditable alike to him and to his superiors, was hailed with unfeigned satisfaction by all who realized that the careful and thorough training of our young scholastics is of such vital importance that no later exertions and vigilance can atone for its neglect.

To this arduous and responsible office he brought his calm steadfastness, his spirit of prayer and mortification, his zeal, and above all, his tender charity. He consecrated himself to his novices; for them he toiled, for them he prayed. Coming to him from the world, they were captivated by his unpretending piety and yielded a ready obedience to his voice and example. Under his wise direction, their wounds were healed and they learned to guard against their little daily faults and imperfections. None could converse with him without feeling animated to renewed efforts in the path of perfection, for his cheery smile, his word of welcome, his bit of fatherly advice, made him the master of every heart.

His intimate knowledge of the secrets of the spiritual life caused his services to be in great demand for exhortations and retreats, and it was while thus engaged that his fatal illness first declared itself. Having gone to Santa Clara in June to conduct the retreat of the Rectors of the Archdiocese, he began to feel somewhat indisposed, but devoted himself to his work with his customary fervor. At its close, June 28, he returned at once to his beloved novices and celebrated with them, on the following day, the feast of his holy patron, but lest he should mar in some way the happiness of his little flock, he said nothing of his illness, although he must have been in acute pain. On the 30th, his sufferings were so great that he had recourse to the brother infirmarian who detected such dangerous symptoms that he immediately called in medical aid. The diagnosis revealed peritonitis, and the physician, expressing the gravest apprehensions of the result, ordered the Father to use a bed—a luxury which he had denied himself for years—and summoned for consultation five other physicians from San Jose and San Francisco. Their skill was of no avail. Fr. Mans was on his death-bed. In the midst of his agonizing pains, he retained his sweet serenity and did not utter a word of complaint.

Having asked for and received the last Sacraments with great humility and devotion, he called up all his remaining strength and addressed to his weeping novices, the children of his predilection, a few earnest and moving words on faithfulness to their holy vocation and love for the distinctive virtue of the Society. He expressed his earnest desire to embrace them before departing on his journey, but as this was impossible, he partially raised himself by a great effort and with fond affection imparted his last blessing. Rev. Fr. Superior, who had been unremitting in his attendance, begged him to remember the Mission and its needs when he should be in the Divine Presence. "Oh! yes, father" was his reply, "I shall pray earnestly for you, and in particular I shall pray that my successor may be a holy man." The welfare of his novices was ever uppermost in his thoughts. He devoted his remaining hours of consciousness to pious aspirations until having fallen into a comatose condition, he peace-

fully passed away at 2.45 o'clock Monday morning, July 7, in the 52nd year of his age, and the 16th of his religious life.

The funeral of the deceased Father took place on the following Wednesday from our parish church at Santa Clara. Many of the neighboring clergy assisted, and the concourse of the faithful was the greatest ever seen at the burial of one of Ours on the Pacific coast. After the Mass of requiem, which was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Superior, the remains were borne in procession to the cemetery where they were deposited with those of our brethren who have gone before us with the sign of faith, and who rest in the sleep of peace.—R. I. P.

FR. JOSEPH WEBER.

Rev. Joseph Weber, S. J., one of the best known and most respected priests of the diocese of St. Louis, quietly passed to his reward on Saturday, August 16 at the advanced age of nearly 74 years. The last 36 years of his long life were spent at St. Joseph's church, St. Louis. The congregation has grown up around him and its present flourishing condition is, in no small degree, due to his untiring exertions.

Born in Switzerland by the shores of the Lake of Zurich, on November 20, 1815, Father Weber received his first lessons in virtue and learning at the historic Benedictine abbey of Einsiedeln. Thence he was sent at an early age to pursue his literary studies at Brieg, where he made the acquaintance of two other Swiss youths, Peter Tschieder and his cousin, Anthony Anderledy. This acquaintanceship soon ripened into a close and life-long friendship. Together the three companions engaged in the sports of a student's life; together they indulged in dreams of future greatness. Suddenly, on September 30, 1837, young Weber abandoned his prospects of worldly ambition for the quiet life of the Jesuit novice. His two friends, surprised at his resolve, accompanied him to the door of the novitiate and bade him farewell. "Farewell," replied Joseph, "but not forever; I will not cease praying until you follow me into my retreat." He prayed, and they followed much sooner than either he or they had thought. They followed him to the novitiate; and in later years they followed him, as exiles from their own country, to the hospitable shores of America. Father Tschieder, after sharing for many years the labors of Father Weber at St. Joseph's church, is still active in the ministry at the church of the Sacred Heart in Chicago. Father Anderledy, having been ordained a priest by the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis and having labored for some years among the Germans of the West and Northwest, was recalled to Europe, where, after having filled several important offices in the Society, he was elected General of the Order in 1882.

Father Weber, who had been the first to embrace the re-

ligious life, was also the first to be promoted to the priesthood. He was ordained at Freiburg, in Switzerland, on December 31, 1846. The following year he was sent to France to make his tertianship. The revolutionary spirit was then beginning to break out, and the mob was about to drag away Father Weber, when his quick mother-wit, which never failed him rescued him from their hands. He proclaimed himself a free-born Swiss republican, and forthwith the *canaille* changed their jeers and taunts into deafening *hurrahs*.

With such a disposition, Father Weber easily made himself at home in the United States. He had only to substitute the word *Canton* for *State*, to feel as if he were back again in his own Alpine home. After arriving in this country with his expatriated brethren, on April 15, 1848, he was at once engaged in country missions; and though of a weak and delicate constitution, he did the work of a giant. His first field of labor was at *White Oak*, near Cincinnati, Ohio, where he served during the cholera season of 1849 and 1850, often spending whole days and nights without almost any food or rest, yet always ready for more labor and fatigue. Thence he was transferred by his superiors to *Rich Fountain*, Missouri, where he is still well remembered by the inhabitants for his outspoken zeal and his eloquence. It was here that a learned brother priest first styled him the German Bourdaloue, a name which his hearers must have considered very appropriate.

Prostrated by a dangerous illness, of which he believed himself to have been cured by miracle, he made his way with no little difficulty to St. Louis in the fall of 1853. From that date he was stationed without interruption, at St. Joseph's church filling for several years the office of Superior of the Jesuit community in charge of the church, and for a still longer term the office of Treasurer. He collected and disbursed much of the money contributed for the enlargement of the old church, for the erection of the large and commodious parish schools and of the grand new church, which is still the pride of the congregation. The parochial school was the object of his special solicitude. He looked upon it as the nursery of the Church and continued to visit it almost to the last, catechising the children and encouraging the efforts of the teachers. Every work of piety or charity undertaken in the parish, every enterprise calculated to promote the good of religion was certain to have the support of his voice and his influence. He founded or directed several of the flourishing sodalities connected with the church. Whether the cause of the orphan was to be pleaded or a demonstration to be organized, he was always the moving spirit.

He retained, even in his old age, all the elasticity and *abandon* of youth. His heart was on his lips and went forth to his flock. With true pastoral freedom he entreated, exhorted

and reproved, in season and out of season. Yet even the reproofs, which he was not slow to administer when he thought it necessary, were evidently prompted by charity. His words might sting; but they left no venom behind them. His frank and generous character was a guarantee of his sincerity and of his disinterested zeal. And his zeal knew no bounds save the impossible. It was often greater than his physical strength and made it difficult for him to resign himself to a forced inactivity. When a year ago, he lost his hearing, his chief regret was that he was unable to hear confessions; and he wished for its restoration that he might at least be in a condition to administer comfort and consolation to bruised and afflicted souls in the holy tribunal of penance.

But God willed otherwise. The loss of hearing was a warning of a general decline of strength. His weak, bodily constitution, worn out with age and labor, gradually gave way, and some weeks ago he was confined to his bed to rise no more. He had run his race, he had fought the good fight, and every one foresaw that the end was not far off. Yet when it came, the news awakened the liveliest feeling of regret among his devoted flock. All felt that in him they had lost a father. No wonder then that, when his remains were exposed in the Church on the day before his burial, his faithful children came in crowds to gaze for the last time on the features which they had known so long and well, and to moisten his coffin with their tears.

The funeral services, which took place at St. Joseph's church on August 19, were attended by an immense concourse of people. The spacious church was thronged. The sodalities, the school children, the orphans, all were there. Over fifty representatives of the clergy were in the sanctuary to do honor to their departed brother priest. The Provincial Rev. Father Frieden, sang the solemn high Mass of requiem in the presence of the Right Rev. Bishop Jansen of Belleville. The Rev. Father Goller, pastor of St. Peter and Paul's church, made a short address, in which he dwelt feelingly upon the zeal and the labors of the deceased. Many a stout heart was moved and many an eye filled with tears as he spoke; and when the body had been carried out of the church, the streets for several blocks were packed with spectators who followed the hearse with straining eyes.

A large number of coaches and other vehicles accompanied the funeral procession to the quiet little cemetery at the novitiate near Florissant, where the remains were laid by the side of Father Patchowski, his predecessor as Superior, and of other fathers who had labored with him at St. Joseph's church. There he rests at last who never rested before. "Amodo jam dicit Spiritus ut requiescant a laboribus suis; opera enim illorum sequuntur illos."

MR. HENRY WECKX.

Departed this life at the College of the Sacred Heart, Denver, Colo., on August 7, Mr. Henry Weckx, a scholastic of the Society of Jesus, in the 24th year of his age.

Mr. Weckx was born in the town of Overpelt, in the province of Limburg, Belgium, Feb. 3, 1866. After receiving a primary education in his native place, he entered the Apostolic school of Turnhout with a view of preparing himself for holy orders, and giving his life-work to foreign missions. He finished there his course of studies as far as the completion of rhetoric, and his talent and energy enabled him to do so with great success. He then asked to be allowed to join the Jesuit mission of Colorado and New Mexico. On being received, he went to Naples for the years of his novitiate, and then began his college life in America with the opening of the Sacred Heart College in Denver Highlands. During all these years his health had been delicate; but his rapid improvement on coming to Colorado had led everyone to believe that the serious throat trouble with which he had so long been afflicted would eventually pass away and leave him fully established in the best health of young manhood.

Divine Providence, however, saw fit to let Mr. Weckx teach high and beautiful lessons in a better way than by books. Besides, the influence of his silent apostolate was to affect not only the students of the college, but all and everyone who came in contact with him; and the most venerable of his religious brethren could not but catch some measure of delight from the brightness of example set by one who, in a worldly sense, was of but little service, but who, in the true sense, was the living rule. A blessing seemed to follow him, and minds were called higher and hearts made gladder wherever he came. His study for the welfare of others, and his total forgetfulness of self could not fail of attracting universal attention, and one had to live with him only a short time to find out that his principles of fraternal charity were of the highest order, and that he lived up to them always and everywhere.

From a human standpoint the loss of Mr. Weckx is one which any educational institution would feel deeply, inasmuch as he could speak some five or six languages, and loved dearly whatever pertained to school-rooms, books and college boys. But seen in a supernatural light, which is the only light in which human life should be looked at, his death is indeed his victory, and his grave more glorious than any throne. His handful of youthful years are worth much more than many a long life; and though no worldly honors came to him and no worldly fame was won, he plucked and enjoyed

the rare ripe fruits of virtue which even the longest life rarely reaches.

Others will pray for him in the spirit of christian charity, but it is hardly probable that any of those who knew him intimately will ever kneel at his grave without feeling that it would be well for themselves if they could emulate some of his virtues, and even touch the high plane of his young and perfect life.—R. I. P.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUPPLEMENT.

FR. ANDREW FRANCIS MONROE.

— *Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1871.*

Fr. Monroe, a grand-nephew of James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States, was born at Charlottesville, Va., on March 5, 1824. He was among the first graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and held a naval commission in the Mexican war. Soon after his conversion to the Catholic faith, in 1853, he set out on an expedition to Japan. During this expedition, whenever he landed at any Japanese or Chinese port, he sent to the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* descriptions of the Catholic missions, chapels, etc., which so impressed the editor that he wrote to him: "The sanctuary and not the navy is the place for you." This was in Easter week, 1854, when the young naval officer, in one of the ports of China (Canton, it is supposed), was leading a band of Catholic soldiers and sailors not to battle but to Mass and the sacraments. On returning to his ship, he was ordered by his superior officer to send the sailors and marines to Protestant service. His answer was that he would recommend the men to attend whatever service might agree with the dictates of their own consciences, but that he did not wish to give any positive orders in a matter of this nature. For this he was put under arrest and deprived of his sword, but a few days later he was liberated and his sword restored to him. He refused at first to accept it until the case was tried under martial law; but on second thought, wishing to free his superior officer from an annoyance, which might only aggravate a mental weakness that was already manifest and that afterwards developed into insanity, he generously resigned his commission. In the following year, he applied and was admitted to the Society by Very Rev. Fr. General, on August 11, made his noviceship at Angers in France, continued his studies at Laval, and then returned to America. He was ordained priest in Montreal in 1860, and for several years taught rhetoric, mathematics, and astronomy in Montreal, Fordham, and St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y. He spent his third year of probation, 1868-69, in Frederick, Md., and afterwards labored as preacher and professor in Montreal and New York, attracting all by his cheerful politeness as much as by his learning. For several years he was a sufferer from an organic trouble which finally necessitated the painful operation which caused his death. Notwithstanding his acute sufferings, his remarkable urbanity remained until the last moment, and while scarcely able to bear the pain that he was suffering, he did not fail to thank most politely the father who administered extreme unction.

MR. CHARLES QUINN.

Died at Fordham, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1871.

A youth of remarkable innocence and kindness, Mr. Quinn was born in New York, May 6, 1848, and studied at St. Francis Xavier's. He entered the Society, Aug. 11, 1865, and from the beginning showed remarkable zeal for souls. After his first vows he was sent to Quebec for his juniorate, and next to Fordham College, where his labors as teacher and prefect were blessed with marked success. Consumption, however, soon forced him to give up all work, and for several months he edified all by his patience in suffering, and his tender love of the Blessed Virgin. Fortified by the last sacraments, he died a most holy death on the feast of our Lady's Purification.

MR. WILLIAM MCKAY.

Died at Sault-au-Recollet, Can., Aug. 6, 1871.

Born in Canada, Nov. 3, 1848, Mr. McKay died while still a scholastic novice. He had given promise of a brilliant future by his successful course of literary studies and his good natural qualities. Consumption carried him off during the second year of his noviceship; not, however, before he had edified all around him by his wonderful innocence, sweetness of disposition, patience and charity.

BR. PATRICK ROONEY.

Died at Fordham, N. Y., March 9, 1871.

Br. Rooney was born in Ireland, March 16, 1844. Before his entrance to the Society he had been a school teacher for some time, afterwards a member of the Irish Constabulary for four years, and after his coming to America, a merchant in New Haven, Conn. Whilst attending a mission given by some of our fathers, he felt a great desire to embrace the religious state, and soon afterwards sought for and obtained admission to the Society on Dec. 24, 1867. After his noviceship he was assigned to the work of the house at Fordham, but soon, his health failing, he was called to the Society in heaven, after he had patiently borne the cross of suffering for several months.

FR. AUGUSTUS KOHLER.

Died on Lake Superior, Oct. 15, 1871.

Poor Fr. Kohler, whose name has appeared in the *Letters* in connection with the mission of Lake Superior, met his death by shipwreck while on his way from the Indian Missions to Detroit. He was born in Colmar, France, Aug. 10, 1821, and after his literary studies in his native town and in Friburg, was admitted to the Society on July 19, 1842. Desirous to labor on the Indian Missions, he was sent to America in 1845, and after a brief course of theology was ordained and sent to the mission on Manitoulin Island. He labored also at Sault Ste. Marie and Garden River, devoting himself untiringly to his beloved Indians until 1869. In that year he was sent to France, partly in the hope that the trip would improve his failing health; but he returned in the following year to his missions. It was when answering a call of his superior to come to New York that he met with shipwreck and death. He had taken his last vows on March 27, 1853. His memory is held in benediction among the Indians.

BR. THOMAS MOREAUX.

Died at Montreal, Can., Jan. 12, 1872.

Br. Moreaux was a Frenchman, born on Dec. 21, 1815, and after a brief military service, asked and obtained admission to the Society, June 20, 1842. After five years spent in various domestic occupations in Paris, he was sent to Montreal in 1847, and there he spent the rest of his life, a most faithful buyer, dispenser, and sacristan. He took his last vows Feb. 2, 1853. His

labors in the early days of our college in Montreal were long remembered by many who spoke of him as "Fr. Martin's man." After a long sickness, borne with remarkable patience, he died a pious and edifying death, leaving behind him an example of true abnegation.

BR. FRANCIS X. BARRÉ.

Died in Quebec, March 3, 1872.

Br. Barré was born in Canada, Oct. 7, 1820, entered the Society Jan. 21, 1846, and after laboring in various domestic occupations for several years in Montreal, Quebec, La Prairie, Fort William, Troy, and New York, he was sent in 1863 to Buffalo as manufacturer of novices. There his mind became disturbed and when his case became hopeless he was sent to the asylum at Quebec. His tender love of the Society and great desire for religious life did not desert him during this affliction, and once he managed to escape and journeyed without a hat back to the novitiate. With some difficulty he was brought back to the asylum, where he recovered sufficiently, some time before his death, to be able to receive holy Communion and to make his spiritual exercises. On May 3, 1872, after receiving the holy Viaticum, he rendered up his holy soul to God. He had taken his last vows on Jan. 27, 1848.

FR. JAMES SHERLOCK.

Died at Guelph, Can., Aug. 13, 1872.

Born in England, Feb. 14, 1831, Fr. Sherlock was admitted to the Society by Fr. Clement Boulanger, Oct. 4, 1853. He was ordained priest at Laval, France, and then spent a year as prefect at Poitiers. After that he returned to America, and spent several years teaching grammar at Fordham and St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y. He was afterwards engaged in parish work at Montreal, Troy, and Guelph. His wonderful tact in instructing the young is still remembered by those who as boys were drawn by his kindly manner and graphic illustrations. It was while laboring with great zeal and success at Guelph that he met with the accident that caused his death. He was endeavoring to quiet his horse which had become frightened by an approaching train, when the animal jumped upon him and injured him so severely that he died after a few days of acute suffering borne with wonderful patience.

BR. MALACHI BYRNE.

Died at Fordham, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1873.

Born in Ireland, Feb. 2, 1815, Br. Byrne was admitted to the Society on May 28, 1857. After his noviceship he was engaged first at Guelph, Can., in various domestic occupations, and afterwards at Fordham as a stone mason. He took his last vows Aug. 15, 1867. After prolonged suffering from several infirmities, which he bore with patience and humility, he died a pious death at St. John's, Fordham.

FR. ARAHILLES SARRIA.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., June 28, 1873.

This father was an Italian who belonged to the Mexican Province of the Society. Having vigorously denounced the freemasons in the city of Mexico, he was informed after the sermon that the police were waiting for him outside the church. He therefore left by a back door and escaped to Vera Cruz, from which place he hastened with all possible speed to New York. On the way he contracted yellow fever, from which he died a few days after finding a refuge with his brethren of the Society in New York.

BR. BERNARD CUNNINGHAM.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., March 11, 1874.

Born in Colony, county Sligo, Ireland, on July 1, 1817, Br. Cunningham

entered the Society on Sept. 9, 1853. He took his last vows on Feb. 2, 1864. His Father Rector testified that he was a most simple and faithful brother, always most desirous of advancing in the way of perfection.

BR. WILLIAM DOYLE.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., April 5, 1874.

Br. Doyle was born in Liberty, county Kilkenny, Ireland, on the last day of the year 1811. He entered the Society on Nov. 17, 1851, and always showed himself a pious and faithful observer of the rules and an example of all the virtues of a good lay-brother.

MR. CHARLES VIAU.

Died at Spring Hill, Ala., June 30, 1874.

Born in Canada, Oct. 12, 1849, Mr. Viau, after a course of studies at St. Mary's College, Montreal, entered the Society on Aug. 14, 1869. After his juniorate he was sent, in 1872, to St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., where he taught grammar for a while. Soon, however, he was obliged to stop teaching on account of consumption, and was sent by his superiors to Spring Hill. The disease, however, had advanced too far to be checked by this change of climate, and he soon wasted away and died peacefully and piously, fortified by the last sacraments.

BR. DAVID SHANNON.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., July 16, 1874.

Born on March 12, 1831, in the diocese of Dromore, Ireland, Br. Shannon came to America in 1852 and after laboring as a mechanic for 4 years, entered the Society on May 16, 1856. He took his last vows on Aug. 15, 1866. Most of his life in the Society was spent at Fordham as dispenser, farmer, and director of the servants. He was for several years a patient sufferer, edifying all by his humility and charity. He died on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, 1874.

BR. MARTIN STOECKLIN.

Died at Fordham, N. Y., April 9, 1875.

Br. Stoecklin was born in France, June 24, 1826, and entered the Society June 7, 1854. Before he had taken his first vows he was sent to the mission on Manitoulin Island. He remained among the Indians, engaged in domestic occupations until 1866, when he was transferred to Buffalo, where he spent four years as sacristan, buyer, and carpenter. When his health broke down, he was sent to Fordham, where he died a holy death after a long and painful illness. He had taken his last vows on Feb. 2, 1865.

FR. PETER TISSOT.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., June 19, 1875.

Born in Savoy, on the feast of St. Theresa, 1823, Fr. Tissot studied grammar, humanities, and rhetoric in the college of the Society at Melun. He entered the Society at Avignon, Oct. 10, 1842, and after his noviceship went to Brugelette to review his rhetoric. While engaged in the study of philosophy he was sent at his own request to the American mission in 1846. He completed his philosophy at Fordham, at the same time that he filled the office of prefect. There also he taught the sciences for some years, studied theology and was ordained priest in 1853. From 1854 to 1857 he was minister and procurator, in which offices he was again engaged after his tertianship. Then, too, he began to realize the hope of his life by being allowed to engage in the work of *operarius*, in which he displayed such zeal and tact that he was finally permitted to devote himself entirely to missionary work. For three years of the civil war he was engaged as chaplain in

the army. He was once captured by the Confederates and imprisoned at Richmond, where he continued to draw souls to Christ by his zeal and by his patience in bearing the disease from which he was suffering. After the war he was again occupied as minister, procurator, and for a time as vice-rector, still uniting with these offices a zealous exercise of the ministry. About this time he wrote several brief treatises on devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin. Being finally allowed to devote himself entirely to missionary work, he gave missions and retreats all over the country with indefatigable zeal and wonderful success, devoting his efforts principally to the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart and to frequent Communion. During all these labors he was a sufferer from a complication of infirmities, which finally developed into a triple cancer, obliging him to desist from his missionary work. But in this forced inactivity he did not cease to edify by his wonderful patience as much as he had done before by his untiring zeal. In these pious dispositions he passed quietly away, leaving his name in benediction among clergy and laity. He had been professed of the four vows on Aug. 15, 1860.

BR. JEREMIAH GARVEY.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., July 28, 1875.

Born in the city of Cork, Ireland, on Jan. 1, 1794, Br. Garvey entered the Society on July 1, 1845, and took his last vows on the feast of the Annunciation, 1857. Already advanced in years when he entered the Society, he was for many years able to do nothing more than take care of his health, on account of partial paralysis. The greater part of the day he spent in prayer, especially in telling his beads. He died at the advanced age of eighty-two years, thirty of which he spent in the Society.

BR. DÉSIÉ VAURENTERGHEN.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1875.

Born in Ghent on Jan. 7, 1824, Br. Vaurenterghen entered the Society on July 20, 1860. He was a model lay-brother, as remarkable for his piety and regularity as for his skill as a workman. He fell a victim to a malignant form of black typhus which carried him off in a few days. He had taken his last vows on Aug. 15, 1870.

BR. PATRICK O'CARROLL.

Died in Montreal, Can., Jan. 16, 1876.

Br. O'Carroll was born in Ireland, June 1, 1814, and entered the Society Feb. 1, 1855. At the end of his noviceship he was sent to St. Mary's College, Montreal, where he spent the whole of his religious life in domestic occupations. There too he died piously as he had lived, at the age of 62. He had taken his last vows on Feb. 2, 1865.

BR. CHARLES ALSBERGE.

Died at Fordham, N. Y., March 16, 1876.

Br. Alsberge was born in Belgium, Dec. 31, 1789, and after a long probation was admitted to the Society by Fr. Godinot on Oct. 8, 1827. After his noviceship at Montrouge, he served faithfully as tailor and sacristan in various houses of the Society in Belgium until 1836, when he was sent to the New Orleans Mission. There he labored for ten years, and was then sent to Fordham College, which had come into the hands of Ours shortly before, and where he spent the rest of his life. He was a simple, pious and obedient brother, and his whole life in the Society was a model of the life of a faithful lay-brother. The delight with which, even when advanced in years and almost blind, he labored for the Society, in the most lowly occupations was truly wonderful. Finally, all his physical vigor having faded away, rather than broken by any disease, he quietly fell asleep in the Lord at the advanced age of 87. He had taken his last vows on July 31, 1838.

FR. THOMAS LEGOUAIS.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., May 15, 1876.

Fr. Legouais was born in Bretagne, France, on April 26, 1793. Such was the disturbed state of the times that he was twenty-seven months old before he was baptized. His health was always feeble and his stature small and frail, yet he lived to the advanced age of eighty-three years. His father procured for him a good early education, and he met with great success in all his studies. He spent six years in the study of Latin and Greek grammar, then two years at rhetoric. He was especially skilful in Latin versification, for which, as well as for Greek and French and for general excellence he received many rewards and honors. After a year spent in the study of philosophy, he devoted two years to physics and mathematics in which he met with like success. When about twenty years old he concluded to study law, and on Nov. 9, 1815, we find him receiving his bachelor's degree at Paris. In the following year, on Aug. 13, he won his licentiate, and the degree of doctor of laws on May 8, 1818. He did not remain long, however, in this avocation, as he had finished only two years of *stage* (the period that had to elapse between the licentiate and admission to the bar), and pleaded but one case, when he consecrated himself to God's service in the seminary of St. Sulpice, early in the year 1819. He received tonsure in the parish church of St. Sulpice, Dec. 18, 1819, and minor orders at the end of the following year. On the last day of October, 1821, he entered the novitiate of the Society, and after his noviceship, applied himself to the study of theology. In September, 1825, he was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Hyacinth de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris. After his ordination he must have continued the study of theology, as it is evident from his letters that he spent five years altogether in that study. He taught philosophy for a year in the college of our fathers at Billon, and theology at St. Acheul. Then going as an exile from France to Spain, he again taught philosophy in our college at Passage de la Guardia. He was one of three priests sent to the Kentucky missions in 1832. There he made his profession, Aug. 15, 1835, and spent fourteen years at St. Mary's College as master of novices and teacher of various branches in the college. He was next sent to Fordham, where he became loved and esteemed as a spiritual director. There too he taught theology and philosophy, and was master of novices for ten years. He was then sent back to France in the hope that the change would benefit his failing health. On his return to America he again became spiritual father at Fordham and directed with wisdom and with profit not only Ours, but also the students of the college, who always had a great love for him.

In 1869 he was sent to St. Francis Xavier's, where he was for years the favorite confessor of the students, and the young people of the parish. It was only after his death, when the other confessors felt the increase in the number of their penitents, that they fully realized the amount of work done in the confessional by this frail little father. A pigmy in stature (his height was a trifle under five feet), he was a giant in the vineyard of the Lord. The last years of his life were entirely devoted to his beloved penitents. Sometimes they came in groups at the regular hours for confession, but many came at other times, singly or in small parties, on appointed days and hours, but at such intervals that the saintly father was seen tottering slowly from his room to the confessional, from morning till night, week in and week out, not only without a murmur, but always cheerful and full of consolation for himself and others. So feeble did the spark of life become towards the end, that it threatened more than once to go out, and was as often as four or five times revived by the repeated administration of extreme unction. The end finally came in the month of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he always had such a tender devotion, and on the feast of St. John Nepomucene. Well and tenderly is his name remembered by the myriads of his spiritual children whose number is known only to God.

BR. JOHN BUCKLEY.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., July 21, 1876.

Br. Buckley was born in Limerick, Ireland, June 23, 1842. He had not been long in this country when the civil war broke out and he enlisted in

the northern army where he served for four years. In 1871 he applied for admission to the Society and was received as a lay-brother on Aug. 29. After his noviceship, he was sent to Fordham where he helped on the farm with edifying fidelity. He had been fostering, however, the germs of disease for several years and he was finally forced to desist from hard labor. His superiors then sent him to St. Francis Xavier's where he might the more easily and oftener have the benefit of good medical treatment. He died, however, soon after, fortified by the last sacraments, and edifying those about him by his patience. He was only thirty-four years old, and had been only five years in the Society.

BR. MICHAEL HICKEY.

Died in Montreal, Can., Nov. 3, 1876.

Born in Ireland, Jan. 6, 1819, Br. Hickey after the death of his father, had to undertake, at the age of twelve years, the care and support of the rest of the family. For twelve years he continued to manage his father's business and afterwards taught school for a while. At the age of thirty, he came to America, and was at once engaged by Bishop Baraga in teaching a school for boys. From his early youth he had always desired to embrace somewhere the religious life, and when he heard that the Society admitted lay-brothers to do the work of the house he sought for and obtained admission, Aug. 30, 1857. After one year in the Canadian novitiate, he was sent on the Indian missions, where he taught boys and labored in various domestic duties, first, at Sault Ste. Marie, and afterwards, at Fort William. In 1867, he was sent to the residence of Ours at Guelph, where he labored for two years, until he was again sent to work among the Indians on Manitoulin Island. There he remained until September, 1876, when he was sent to Montreal for medical treatment and relief from his labors. The relief soon came in God's own way; for after a brief period of patient suffering, and fortified by the last sacraments, he was called away to his eternal rest. He had taken his last vows on Aug. 15, 1868.

MR. MICHAEL S. MURPHY.

Died in Frederick, Jan. 20, 1880.

Mr. Murphy died during his noviceship. He was born Feb. 10, 1862, and entered the Society Sept. 19, 1879. His mother was a holy soul who had been suffering for a long time from a cancer, and she begged of God to call her son to the Society of Jesus, and to take him to heaven from the novitiate, like St. Stanislaus, before she herself might die, so that she might have the consolation before death of knowing that he was safe from the dangers of the world. God heard her prayer; her innocent child went before her to heaven after an illness of only two or three weeks, and she followed him ten days later. During his five months of noviceship he was a source of the greatest edification to the whole community on account of his singular innocence and simplicity.

BR. THOMAS O'CONNOR.

Died at Georgetown, May 22, 1880.

Born on December 21, 1819, Br. O'Connor entered the Society Aug. 2, 1851, and took his last vows on Aug. 15, 1861. During nearly the whole of his twenty-nine years in the Society he was gardener at Georgetown, always edifying his brethren by his fidelity and simplicity. God called him to his reward after a brief illness in the sixty-first year of his life.

BR. PHILIP LEDORÉ.

Died at Fordham, N. Y., April 4, 1881.

Br. Ledoré was born in France, Feb. 13, 1800, entered the Society Oct. 11, 1822, and took his last vows Feb. 2, 1835. In this same year he came to America landing in New York with Fr. William Murphy, and Fr. Nicholas Point, on Dec. 13. He went at once to St. Mary's College, Kentucky, where he served as cook at first and afterwards as farmer for twenty years. He was then transferred to Fordham where he fulfilled various offices with the greatest fidelity until his death.

BR. FRANCIS McCLOSKEY.

Died in New York, Jan. 10, 1883.

Born in Killyblught, Londonderry, Ireland, on June 24, 1841, Br. McCloskey felt called to the religious life at an early age, but was prevented by his parents from answering the call. He read and wrote English well and learnt the trade of a carpenter. He left Ireland for America in March, 1860. In 1865 finding an opportunity to answer the call that he had so often heard, he applied at Fordham for admission to the Society and was received. He began his noviceship under Fr. James Perron at Sault-au-Recollet on Aug. 14, 1865, and took his first vows in Montreal on Aug. 15, 1867. He proved to be a skillful carpenter, and worked at his trade in Montreal from 1867 to 1871, next at Fordham until 1877, and afterwards at St. Francis Xavier's from 1877 to 1882, when he was given charge of the furnaces and supervision of the workmen. He took his last vows at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., on Aug. 15, 1875. In the first days of Jan. 1885, while engaged in taking care of the furnaces he was attacked by pneumonia which carried him off on Jan. 10. He was a very valuable brother and his loss was felt by the whole community.

BR. RICHARD PURCELL.

Died at West Park, N. Y., March 31, 1883.

Br. Purcell was born in Ireland, at Ballingary, county Tipperary, on May 1, 1838. He was received into the novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, Canada, on May 1, 1875, by Fr. James Perron. He finished his noviceship under Fr. Isidore Daubresse at West Park, where he took his first vows on May 1, 1877. He was assistant farmer at Sault-au-Recollet and at West Park. He was remarkable for his great devotion to the holy rosary and to the sign of the cross, which he was seen making very devoutly at all hours of the day. His mother, to whom he was much devoted, died not long before him, on March 23, and when Fr. Gleason, informing him of her death, asked him if he would like to be with her, he answered that he would if it was God's will. He was taken sick a few days later, and during his sufferings from an abscess in the throat edified all those around him by his wonderful confidence. "Glory be to God" and "Thanks be to God"—the ejaculations so familiar to those who lived with him—were on his lips to the last.

BR. NICHOLAS LITIQUE.

Died at St. Francis Xavier's; N. Y., March 6, 1885.

Br. Litique was a Frenchman, born at Ste. Croix-aux-Mines, in the diocese of Strasburg, on Feb. 2, 1817. As he had a good knowledge of his native language he spent some years as a school-master, but for some reason gave this up at the age of twenty-three to learn the tailor's trade. All this time he was thinking of entering some religious community, and about 1842 he applied for admission to a community of teaching brothers in Villerhoff, Upper-Rhine, where he remained as a postulant for 19 months. Not finding here the rest he sought, he came to America and spent three years in New York, working at his trade as tailor. In 1848, he applied to Fr. Clement Boulanger for admission to the Society, was received, and began his noviceship at Fordham on the 7th of December. He took his first vows at Fordham on Dec. 8, 1850, and his last vows in the same place on Aug. 15, 1860. From 1852 until 1878 he filled the offices of tailor, porter, and infirmarian at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. In 1878 he was relieved

of all but the office of tailor which he held until about a year before his death, when stricken by paralysis he was forced to give up all work. From this infirmity he suffered for about a year when death brought relief on March 6, 1885.

BR. JOHN BRADY.

Died in New York, April 12, 1885.

Born of Irish parents in Providence, Rhode Island, Br. Brady spent some years as book agent and as salesman before entering the Society. While engaged as salesman for a New York merchant he heard and answered the call to religion, and was admitted to the novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet by Fr. L. Saché. He began his noviceship on July 30, 1868, and took his first vows at Fordham in 1871. From 1869 to 1871 he was engaged as assistant cook in St. Mary's College, Montreal; thence he was sent to Fordham where he served as assistant infirmarian and sacristan until 1875, when he returned to Montreal for a year as refectorian. He held the same office during the following year at St. Francis Xavier's, New York. In 1877-78, he was cook at the novitiate, West Park, and in 1878 he was sent to serve in the same office at Manitoulin Island. In 1882 he was sent to the Gesù, Philadelphia, where he filled the offices of refectorian and wardrobe-keeper until 1884, when he was again sent to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, to fill the office of refectorian. In February 1885 he was sent to St. Vincent's hospital where he died on the 12th of the following April.

BR. JOHN WELSH.

Died in New York, June 6, 1885.

Born in Thomastown, county Kilkenny, Ireland, on Dec. 31, 1817, Br. Welsh lived there with his parents until 1849, when he came to America. Soon after his arrival in New York he heard of Fordham College, and applied there for admission to the Society. Fr. Thomas Legouais received him, and he began his noviceship there on Nov. 23, of the same year. He took his first vows on Nov. 24, 1851 in the community chapel at Fordham, and worked at the college as a stone mason until 1855. He then went to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, where he took charge of the furnaces and general repairs around the house for the rest of his life. He took his last vows there on Feb. 11, 1860. In addition to his other work he was given general supervision of the workmen engaged at the college, in 1870. In 1881 another brother was placed over the workmen and Br. Welsh was appointed his assistant, in which office he remained till 1885 when old age and sickness so undermined his health that he was sent to St. Vincent's hospital where he died on June 6, of the same year.

BR. JOHN CULLIN.

Died in Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 3, 1885.

Born in Tantern, county Wexford, Ireland, on March 1, 1814, Br. John Cullin lived and labored with his parents until he was 30 years old. Then he went with one of his brothers to St. John's, Newfoundland, where he and his brother worked together as carpenters for five years. He next went to New London, Connecticut, to meet another brother who had just come from Ireland. He remained with him for three years working at the same trade. Thoughts of entering religion came during this period, and he was directed by his confessor to go to St. John's, Fordham, N. Y. Fr. Clement Boulanger, then superior of the New York and Canada Mission received him, and he began his noviceship on Feb. 13, 1853, under the direction of Fr. Thomas Legouais. He took his first vows on Feb. 14, 1855, at Fordham, and his last on Aug. 15, 1863, at Sault-au-Recollet, near Montreal, Canada. He was for many years a patient sufferer from rheumatism. From 1854 to 1861 he held the office of wardrobe-keeper at Fordham; he was then sent to fulfil the same office at St. Mary's College, Montreal. He was at Manresa, West Park, from 1877 to 1880, when he was sent to St. Peter's College, Jersey City, where he remained as wardrobe-keeper and assistant tailor until his death.

VARIA.

We desire to thank most sincerely all those who have sent us notes for the VARIA. To our inquiry for information every college in this country and in Canada has answered promptly, and this has enabled us to give many valuable and interesting facts, which otherwise it would have been impossible to procure. It is not easy to give each individual credit for what has been sent, so this general acknowledgment of gratitude is offered to one and all. It is also difficult for us to give in every case the source from which we have drawn our foreign items. We gladly express here our indebtedness to the Letters and Notices, the Lettres de Jersey, de Mold, d'Uclés, and the semi-monthly letters of Père Pfister.

Auriesville. *At the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs.*—The fifth pilgrimage from St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y., to the shrine at Auriesville took place on August 17. During the week preceding the pilgrimage a preparatory retreat was given the people by Fathers W. Carroll and D. O'Sullivan. The beads, the litany of the Blessed Virgin, an instruction and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament made up the devotional exercises each evening of the retreat. Thus the people were prepared for what they understood to be a spiritual exercise and were stimulated with a desire to dispose themselves to receive worthily the graces bestowed on a day so holy in all its associations. Confessions were heard every day during the week, yet on the Saturday preceding the pilgrimage ten fathers were busy in the tribunal until late into the night. The morning of the 17th was calm and clear, and at four o'clock when Mass was offered in St. Joseph's Church, a large crowd of the pilgrims had already gathered. At 5 A. M. the sodalities had formed in line according to directions and the procession moved down Jackson St., headed by cross-bearer and altar boys. The march to the cars was a short one of three blocks but there was something indescribably touching in it. As the procession started the different choirs along the line began to chant the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. It was familiar to every one, but this morning there was something in it never heard before. It was something that brought tears to the eyes. It may have been in the beauty of the words or in the sweetness and fervor of the voices joined with the recollected demeanor of the pilgrims, it may have been in the calm and holiness of the morning or perhaps in the souls of the listeners. It was a grace to thank God for and remember, not to analyse or define. Two trains of sixteen cars each took the pilgrims to the shrine. During the journey the murmur of prayer was heard from car to car as the pilgrims joined in the recitation of the beads and Litany of the Blessed Virgin. During intervals of silence a walk through the different cars, save for the motion of the cars and the shifting panorama of the Mohawk Valley, rich in historic interest, where two centuries ago our fathers carved the sign of our redemption on the trunks of the trees and made the wilderness resound with hymns of praise to Him they had come to make known to the Indians, was like a walk down the aisle of a church, so great was the silence and so recollected the pilgrims as they told their beads or read their prayer books, intent only on a careful preparation to receive worthily their Lord on a spot sacred in holy memories. At 8.30 Auriesville was reached and the pilgrims marched

up the hill to the shrine while the choirs chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. As the last notes died away the pilgrims gathered under a large tent in front of the modest shrine that crowns the hill-top above the railroad station at Auriesville; they had entered on the Ossernenon of the olden days where Father Jogues and the novice René Goupil had given up their lives under the cruel blows of the Iroquois while preaching to them the gospel of peace and mercy. Five Masses were offered at the shrine, one early in the morning by Rev. F. Brady, S. J., of the *Messenger* staff who had conducted a pilgrimage to the shrine on the feast of the Assumption. This pilgrimage left Amsterdam on the 15th and was made up of the members of the sodalities belonging to St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam, and some promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart from Philadelphia. After the arrival of the Troy pilgrims Father McQuaid, pastor of St. Joseph's, Troy; Fr. Carroll of St. Joseph's; Fr. O'Connor, pastor of St. Lawrence's, New York; Fr. Chester of Georgetown College offered up Masses for the pilgrims. Seventeen hundred of the two thousand gathered around the shrine received holy Communion. After the last Mass there was an interruption for lunch, but many of the pilgrims joined fasting with their prayer and ate nothing until they returned to the city in the evening. After the interruption the pilgrims gathered under the tent and a sermon was preached by Fr. O'Sullivan. After the sermon Fr. Chester conducted the Stations of the Cross and concluded the services by a short *ferrovina* on "The day, its motives and its lessons." A short time was devoted to visiting the Memorial Cross, the Calvary and other points of interest. This is but a cold outline of a day rich in its associations of holy and beautiful things. The flowers about the statue of our Lady at the foot of the Calvary are faded now, the hymns are only a memory; the silken banners are furled. But through the long days of another year, this day will shine out fair and sweet, an inspiration to better deeds, an anthem of praise whose echo cannot die, a prayer of love that can only be realized at the foot of the altar. The Fathers of St. Joseph's who spared no labor that the pilgrimage might be a success are to be congratulated on this fresh proof that faith is not dead and the spirit of piety still lives, evinced by the genuine and whole-souled devotion of those who knelt at the shrine of our Lady of Martyrs on the 17th of August.

Austria.—The Austrian province has received from Card. de Fürstenberg, Archbishop of Olmutz, at the express desire of the Emperor, a new residence in Moravia, near the oldest church of the land, said to have been built by St. Methodius. This new house has accommodations for several hundred persons. It will be a place of retreat for Slavonic priests, as well as a tertianship for our Slavonic fathers. In our province six different languages are in use: the Hungarian, German, Bohemian, Servian, Slovenian and Slovachian, a fact which is a source of continual embarrassment. The Emperor is very fond of Ours, and on every occasion gives them his protection. Fr. Jung, professor of Moral at Innsbrück for 30 years, died last January. He had heard more than 700,000 ordinary confessions, and 38,000 general confessions. In 1888 alone he heard 28,000. His death was caused by apoplexy, just as he returned from a sick call.

Baltimore, Loyola College.—A gymnasium for the students is in course of erection. Incandescent lamps and new stations of the Cross have been put in the basement of the church.

The following subjects will be treated, during the coming season, by the

Loyola Reading Circle: Labor and Law; Degradation of Labor; Dignity of Labor; Work and Wages; Wealth and Wages; Associated Capital; Associated Labor; Grievances of Labor; Complaints of Capital.

Belgium, Louvain.—Many of Ours will regret to hear of the death of Fr. Libert. He was in his 69th year, and died while making a pilgrimage on foot to Notre Dame de Montaignu. He had been 15 years spiritual father at Louvain.

Books:—Recent Publications:—

Principles of Anthropology and Biology. By Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J. 2nd Edition. Benziger Brothers.

This is a neat and handy little volume of very sensible shape and form. The table of contents, with references, is comfortably complete; and it serves as an excellent guide for those who are not well acquainted with these two branches of science. The subject matter of the various paragraphs is well condensed in "side heads" of black-letter type. The binding is flexible; and, altogether, it is a very shapely book. Father Hughes is an old student in matters of this kind; and the volume represents a course of lectures delivered by him before the Alumni of the Jesuit College in Detroit. Those who are interested in "advanced thought," would do well to give it place in their library.—*The Highlander* of Denver.

We are indebted to Fr. Hughes for a copy of this work.

De Philosophia Morali Prælectiones.—By Rev. N. Russo, S. J.—Benziger Brothers. Fr. Russo's lectures on Moral Philosophy, were delivered during the scholastic year 1889-'90, to the graduating class of Georgetown College. Our American Catholic colleges and the European institutions in which Fr. Russo's *Summa Philosophica* has been introduced will welcome his new book as completing the course of philosophy, and embodying the excellences which characterise his former writings. The general reader as well as the student will find in this work the popular questions of *Property in Land, Strikes, Divorce, Parental and State Rights in Education* treated clearly and fully. This book, being the outcome of lectures delivered to the graduating class of 1890, warrants the prediction that its practical nature will commend it to professors as a suitable text-book for the class of Moral Philosophy.

Father James Conway has given us a new work on a difficult but important subject entitled:—*The Rights of Our Little Ones; or First Principles of Education in catechetical form.* Benziger Bros.

The *Roman Hymnal* by Fr. Young, of St. Francis Xavier's N. Y., has reached a sixth edition; it has a large circulation. The first edition of 5000 was exhausted in six months and a new edition has been called for every year since its publication five years ago.

Fr. Nilles of Innsbruck continues his *Commentaria in Concilium Plenarium Baltimoreense Tertium*. Pars 1, Acta Concilii; Pars 2, Decreta Concilii have been issued by Pustet.

We have received from the Codialboil Press, Mangalore,—*The Holy Water of St. Ignatius.*—The pamphlet is an abridged translation of the Original French of the late Rev. Fr. P. Terwecoren S. J., with an appendix of some recent facts. Price, 1 anna per copy. We are glad to notice that among the "recent facts" are some American cures quoted from the LETTERS.

Father Grauderach has just published the last volume of the important series of the *Collecta Lacensis*, which contains the *Acta Concilii Vaticani*.

Father Spillmau of the German Province has written *Through Asia; a Picture Book for the Young.* It is admirably illustrated.

and compared with the original French by a Father of the Society; a new life of the author, with a table of chapters to be read on Sundays and feast days and readings suitable for a retreat have been added.

A new English *Life of St. Francis de Geronimo*, or as he is sometimes known under a French translation of his family name, *Jerome*, and *Lives of St. Peter Claver* and of *Blessed Peter Favre*, also in English and original, are in preparation and will shortly appear. In preparation for the *Quarterly Series*, under its new editor, Father John Morris, are two volumes of *Acts of the English Martyrs*. Lady Herbert's *A Martyr from the Quarter-Deck*—Alexis Clerc, S. J., the Paris hostage martyred by the Commune, condensed from the French of P ere Daniel for the same series, is in the press.

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Father Lacontre, of the Province of Champagne, is preparing a *Concordance* on the lines of the well known *Manuale Concordantium* of Father de Ray. As in that valuable book, the words of the new work are arranged in grammatical order. No word is repeated, but a dash supplies its place, till a fresh word occurs. By this means space is gained so as to be able to give fuller texts, without increasing the dimensions of the book. But the principal merit of the new *Concordance* lies in a series of valuable synoptical tables, a number of proper names of persons and places, genealogical charts, the journeys of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, of the Israelites in the desert, and of St. Paul, lists of the towns belonging to each tribe, etc.

Father Desan is publishing at Louvain his theological lectures *De Deo*.

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Boston College.—Up to Oct. 1, Boston College records something like 315 names for the catalogue. It may be added that the increase over last year—the catalogue of 1889-'90 contained 291 names—is getting daily larger. The result is that against the 12 teachers of last year the college now employs 14. The graduates of '90 were but 13, while this year 21 hope to receive A. B. The other classes, with the exception of rhetoric, are proportionately large, poetry numbering 35, first grammar, 34, second, 44, third, 33, while first rudiments gives occupation to 2 teachers. Algebra A, algebra B, and fourth French are all double classes. The English course advances one grade this year. Third English numbers 8, while fourth has reached the sum of 18. The hopes of the future of Boston's Catholic English high school are not all empty. Most of the class-rooms were remodelled last year and refitted during the summer. It would not be easy now to find neater rooms of the kind. The last touches are also being put on the residence—the parlors have been made like new, the corridors are gradually taking on a finished appearance and the old rooms are undergoing a thorough renovation. The Young Men's apartments

Father John Rickaby has published his *General Metaphysics* and Mr. Maher his *Psychology* which go far to complete the Stonyhurst Series of English Manuals of Catholic Philosophy.

The Catholic Truth Society has just published a new small *Life of St. Ignatius* by Father Goldie. This life is suitable for distribution among the people.

The life of *Father Perry*, the Jesuit astronomer by Mr. Cortie, a scholastic, has reached a second edition, it is also published by the Catholic Truth Society. Their agent in America is the Catholic Publication Society.

Mr. Robert Beauclerk one of our scholastics at present teaching rhetoric at Beaumont College has published his *Summary of English History to 1792* with a view to the style and standard of the London University Matriculation Examination.

Father Vogelwied has just published at Bruges *P. Pietrasanta, Rectification historique*. This defence of the well-known Jesuit Visitor of the Scolopi, in the time of St. Joseph Calesanz, is based on Boero, and answers the old calumny lately brought again to the fore, which makes the fathers responsible for the troubles which saddened the last years of the good Saint's life.

Les Indulgences par R. R. Beringer has just been translated into French by Peres Abt and Fegerstein. It is the most complete and authentic work on this subject yet published.

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* says of Fr. Hills's new book, *A Short Cut to the True Faith*: "Short Cut is a valuable addition to Fr. de Bruno's *Catholic Belief*; Fr. Russo's *True Religion*, and Cardinal Gibbons' *Faith of Our Fathers*; and, for a first book to be given to enquirers, we prefer it to any of them."

Books in the press or in preparation:—

The President and Faculty of Georgetown College announce the completion of the first volume of the great mathematical work upon which the Rev. John B. Hagen has been engaged for the past twenty years. Fr. Hagen's book is a Synopsis of the Higher Mathematics, and will be of incalculable benefit to mathematicians as an encyclopædia in which may be found every essential formula and all the data requisite for the solving of problems in higher mathematics. The manuscript is now being revised for publication.

Rev. Edward Connolly, prefect of studies in Georgetown College, will soon have ready for the press a new edition of Du Cygne's Rhetoric on an enlarged and improved plan. Amongst the important additions, for example, will be a chapter on the Passions. Thus for a third time Georgetown University has had the honor of editing and adapting this Rhetoric for the use of American colleges. The demand for a third edition is a proof of its worth and a guarantee of its popularity.

The *Life of Christ, according to the Gospel History*, by Father Anthony Maas, our Professor of Hebrew, is announced by B. Hoerder and Company to be ready at Christmas or in the early spring. It will consist of a harmony of the four Gospels, with a commentary brought up to the latest discoveries in the Holy Land, and will have over 400 pages. This work will be valuable for all those who wish to have a thorough knowledge of the Life of our Lord as portrayed in the Gospel. Priests will find it of value in preparing their sermons, and it will form an excellent book for those who wish to prepare their own points of meditation.

A new edition of the *Interior of Jesus and Mary* by Father Grou is announced for Christmas by the Catholic Publication Society. This work has been out of print for a long time. This new edition has been carefully revised

and compared with the original French by a Father of the Society; a new life of the author, with a table of chapters to be read on Sundays and feast days and readings suitable for a retreat have been added.

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are, with the exception of their Hall of Legislature, beautifully and, indeed, sumptuously, appointed. Report has it that they will hold their grand opening exercises on the 15th of this month, or thereabouts, and rumor adds that a number of varied entertainments are already on the programme. It seems their intention is to make this the great year of their existence.

The librarian is rapidly revolutionizing things in the domestic library. He has already rearranged all the theological works and hopes soon to be at the alcoves of history and literature. A great feature of the overhauling of the library will be the thorough revision and filling up of the room-libraries of the teachers. These books are not to be marked for the library proper, but will be stamped "Prof. of rhetoric," "of poetry," etc., and recorded in the catalogue as belonging to the room of the several professors. The teachers have to thank superiors for many valuable additions to their general reference library also. The devotion of the *Bona Mors* has lately been re-established in the Immaculate Conception and is to take the place of vespers one Sunday in the month. The college choir has resumed its former custom of singing at the students' Mass.

Buffalo, Canisius College.—A magnificent organ was lately put up in St. Michael's Church of which we are in charge. It was built in Milwaukee by Mr. Schüllke under the direction of Mr. Philip Benbrett; it has 42 registers; value \$7000. It will be blessed on Sunday Oct. 5; in the evening a sacred concert will take place. The church has also got a new hot water heating apparatus; moreover a beautiful life-sized statue of St. Peter Claver, carved in wood, representing the Saint in the act of relieving a poor dying negro.

California.—The Fathers of this Mission gave some twenty-five retreats during the summer months. Of these, two were to priests, by Father Mans at Santa Clara and by Father Gallagher at Helena, Mont.; one was the thirty days' retreat given to the Christian Brothers by Father Baffo; another was given to the Brothers of Mercy, the rest being chiefly in convents. Father Jacoby has just been appointed Rector and novice master at Los Gatos. Father Miller, of the Buffalo mission, had been acting as novice master since the death of Father Mans. He will now act as spiritual father for the juniors. Father James O'Sullivan has been appointed to teach the classics to the juniors. Fathers McKey, Mahony and Hickey are now in the tertianship at Florissant. Father Raggio and Dossola have just erected a pretty little chapel at Long Bridge, a village lost in the mountain fastnesses back of Saratoga. The prospects of a church being soon built at Saratoga are very fair. In connection with our article on the Franciscans at Santa Clara, we clip the following from the *Hollister Advance*: "J. W. Coombs of San Jose has the contract to make a monument in memory of Father Junipero Serra, which is to be placed at the spot where he landed in Monterey in 1770. The monument will rest on a substantial foundation, and will be crowned with a figure in marble representing Father Serra. Mr. Coombs made a sketch of the marble figure from one of the friars at the Pajaro Valley Asylum. The monument will cost \$5,000 and the expenses will be met by Mrs. Governor Stanford. The unveiling will take place upon her return from Europe. The great improvements going on in St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco, continue briskly, but will hardly be finished before St. Aloysius' day."

Canada, St. Mary's College, Montreal.—When I look back to my first experience as a teacher here 20 years ago, I do gratefully marvel at the change

in our social status. Then we felt that Ours had indeed done much for this country and city, but that the reward was not forthcoming. Without reckoning the immense services rendered to religion and patriotism in Canada by the fathers of the old Society—services which the recent life of the first bishop of Quebec have made still more evident—we could not help seeing that Ours of the restored Society had done wonders in making sound moral and doctrinal opinions fashionable, in improving the sermons of the clergy, in fighting minimizers, in giving new life to sodalities and literary associations, in raising the standard of classical, mathematical and scientific studies, in teaching French Canadians how better to use their beautiful tongue, in promoting higher intellectual and spiritual culture of every kind. All this stared us in the face twenty years ago, and yet we were hopelessly in debt. To me and to many others who thought we knew the temper of men's minds in Canada, the talk of recovering even an indemnity for our estates seemed the veriest dreaming. To-day we are, thank God! not rich, but safe from desperate entanglements. The number of our boys is increasing so fast that we must very soon build. We are not at open war with any of our Catholic household. We have no political parasites. In a word, we are reaping the fruits sown by our predecessors, and our hearts are full of thankfulness to them and to the Author and Dispenser of all good gifts.—*Letter from Fr. Drummond.*

St. Boniface.—Results of University competition: of the philosophers of the 2nd year, A. Belivan who graduated with 1st class honors, and a \$100 scholarship, is now in the Grand Seminaire, Montreal.

Roger Goulet a philosopher of the 1st year averaged 92 per cent, in each of the eight papers: got 1st class honors with \$100 scholarship.

In the same class, Wilfried Jubinville averaged 83 per cent, got 1st class honors with \$60 scholarship.

In rhetoric there were 36 competitors, only 3 of whom were from St. Boniface. Gustave Jean got 3rd and 1st class with scholarship of \$100.—Jos. Dubuc got 4th with scholarship of \$80 for French.

In Belles Lettres, out of 33 we had 5 and secured the following ranks: 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th—all in 1st class; the 1st, Gustave Dubuc, got the \$100 scholarship; the 4th, Jos. Clement, got a \$60 scholarship. There were only four scholarships in that class; and we carried away two of them. The whole amount for scholarships, won by our students, who were only 14, is \$600. It is the largest amount we have yet won in any year.

The decrease in the number of our students does not fall on the classical course in which there were 45 last year and this year the same number. The sisters have a select school for boys which attracts a certain class of students. Besides, the crops had been poor in 1888, and poorer still in 1889; so we have very few sons of the native inhabitants, the class on which we depend mostly.

Cleveland, Ohio, St. Ignatius College.—There are nine fathers and six scholastics employed in the college. We are now erecting an addition to our college. It is the same style as the present structure, viz., the North German Gothic. Its dimensions are 95 feet by 60, 65, 75. It consists of a basement, four stories, and a tower. The tower will be 157 feet high. The whole is of sandstone and brick.

Colleges.—The list of the number of students in our colleges Oct. 1, 1890, to be found at the end of the *Varia*, has been made up from returns received from each one during the past month. In nearly all the increase of students

over last year is remarkable, and in some colleges the actual attendance is greater than the total attendance the past year. Should there be any mistake in what we print, we beg to be informed, that we may correct it in our next issue.

Denver, Colorado.—On the 9th of Sept., after the solemn high Mass of the Holy Ghost, the statue of the Sacred Heart in front of the college was blessed by his Lordship Bishop Matz. The statue is life size and on a pedestal 13 feet high. On the sides of the pedestal are carved the following inscriptions:

HIC · AGER
 TVO · MVNERE · LÆTVS
 TIBI · OLET
 NOSTRÆ · ALVMNORVM · PVBI
 DA · PIETATE · FIRMA
 TIBI · OLERE

QVORVM · OPERA
 IN · HIS · EDIBVS · A · SOLO
 EXCITANDIS
 TVO · SACRO · CORDI · DICATIS
 TV · BONVS · VSVS · ES
 OMNES · IN · BEATO · ÆVO
 TIBI · ADSTENT

HAS · EDES
 ADOLESCENTIBVS
 PIETATE · BONISQVE · ARTIBVS
 EXCOLENDIS
 TV · TIBI · PARASTI
 TVÆ · SVNT
 TIBI · EAS · AVGRTO · SERVATO

O · QVI · CORDA · REGIS · OMNIVM
 QVOS · NOBIS · FAVTORES
 ALVMNOSQVE
 IN · TERRIS · COMPARAS
 EORVM · IN · CÆLIS · SOCIETATE
 NOS · VTI · IVBETO

England.—In the recent Intermediate Examinations in Arts of the London University four of Ours and one Stonyhurst philosopher have been successful in obtaining honors in Latin, viz., Brother Alban Goodier, who stands second, with prize marks, in the first class; Brothers Donlevy, Bullen, and Gardner, respectively first, second, and third (bracketed), in the second class, and Mr. John More O'Ferrall (Stonyhurst philosopher), first in the third class.

Fordham.—The corner stone of the new community building was laid Aug. 17, by Bishop Conroy, a vice-president of St. John's in its early days. Fr. William A. Dunphy, was the orator of the occasion. The 2nd division boys are now in full possession of their new building. About Oct. 15, the philosophers will go into their rooms on the top floor of 2nd division. The rules governing them will of course be strict and a given number of demerits will bring delinquent philosophers down to study hall again. The annual three

days' retreat given this year by Fr. Ryan, S. J., was a great success. Everything points to this being one of the most successful years in the history of the college.

France, The Retreats for Men.—Not a year ago a new house of retreats for men was opened at Monbeton in the Province of Toulouse. A wonderful success has attended it. The retreats are not *preached* but *given*. The Father Instructor in a few simple words puts before the exercitants the great truths, leaving it to each to apply them to himself by personal reflection. These retreats are of three days, and are like a voyage of three stages. The first puts us in presence of the end for which we were created, the second draws us out of the depths of our miseries and casts us upon the mercy of God; this is a laborious work, often watered with tears of repentance. The third stage is a march forward following our Lord. The exercitant here sees the grandeur of a Christian; he begins to listen to Jesus Christ, who importunes him by His repeated appeals, and he promises love and fidelity to the Divine King. Such is the plan of these retreats for men, and it is none other than that of St. Ignatius in the Exercises. They are given to different classes of people who assemble at stated times to spend three days together. Thus in a list before us we have:

- 1st Retreat 21, 22, 23 April, for members of the clergy.
- 2nd " 1, 2, 3 May, general retreat.
- 3rd " 12, 13, 14 " for the end of studies.
- 4th " 25, 26, 27 " for workmen.

The retreats begin at 8.30 the evening before the first day indicated. The general retreats are those which are not addressed to any particular class. (*Messageur du Cœur de Jesus.*)

Canterbury, St. Mary's.—The College of St. Mary's ended its ten years of existence on Aug. 21. Its students have left with deep regret the beautiful college, and its still more beautiful surroundings, and that regret was shared by all the community. The expressions of regard which the city authorities and all classes of society at Canterbury expressed for Père du Lac, and for the whole college under his care—a regard which nothing but the modesty of Superiors prevented their proving in a material way—could not have been surpassed; and the members of St. Mary's leave behind them the best of memories, which the constant courtesy and kindness of the community and the admirable behavior of the boys have richly merited. As a consolation at their departure, an extraordinary measure of success in the various governmental and university examinations gave a fitting crown to the last days of the college. The uniform kindness and hospitality extended to all of our Province makes their leaving a matter of personal regret to so many of Ours who have so often experienced their thoughtful charity. The community of Slough have taken the place of those who are gone; while St. Joseph's House is awaiting a purchaser.—*Letters and Notices.*

Georgetown College.—The Riggs library is now in the hands of the painters, and will be ready for the books about Christmas. Mr. Raymond has introduced congregational singing at the boys' Mass, Benediction and the sodality exercises. A consoling feature of this year's school is the return of a large number of desirable boys and the absence of the undesirable ones. Five members of last year's graduating class of the college of the Sacred Heart, Denver, have entered Georgetown: two the school of Arts, one the school of Medicine and two the school of Law.

Germany.—We cannot but be most delighted at the unaltered favor which the German Catholics manifest towards our banished fathers. During the late Catholic Conference at Coblenz the mention of the name of Jesuit was received with marked good will, and when Doctor Vogel, representative of the Archbishop of Saragossa, explained the flourishing condition of the faith in Spain, pointing among other proofs to the presence among them of the Society, the applause of the immense assembly was prolonged, and its meaning quite unmistakable. While we are rejoiced to be able to chronicle such signs that our fathers are not forgotten, nor likely to lose their places in the hearts of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, it is also our misfortune to have to add that there is no practical prospect at present of the Government allowing their return. May God continue to give them that patience which overcomes all trials however long!—

The Emperor William has allowed two of our fathers to stay in Berlin, on condition that they preach on Socialism.

Ireland.—The results of the Royal University of Ireland Examinations for this year are most satisfactory for the colleges of the Society, and they have surpassed in results even the richly-endowed Queen's Colleges of Cork and Galway. In the first and second Arts and Bachelor of Arts' Examinations, University College, St. Stephen's Green, has 51, Clongowes 13; against Queen's College, Galway, 28, and Queen's College, Cork, 29.

In the first and second class honors, University College obtained 35 honors, Clongowes Wood, 4; while Queen's College, Galway, had 6, Queen's College, Cork, 5.

In exhibitions University College gained 17, and Clongowes Wood 1.

In the Intermediate Examinations, the colleges of the Society have achieved a no less brilliant success.

Limerick College has the first place in Middle Grade in all Ireland. Clongowes is at the head of the list of all the colleges with 12 exhibitions, and also considerably ahead of all in the total number of distinctions and of prizes. Belvidere is the second of all Catholic colleges with 7 exhibitions.

Italy, Rome.—The Holy Father has given another striking testimony to his practical esteem of the Exercises of St. Ignatius. In the early summer of this year he ordered that two consecutive retreats should be given for the entire clergy of the Vatican, one half at a time, during which they were not allowed to go outside the precincts. Later on he extended this measure to the Roman parochial clergy, to whom our Fathers have given different retreats, four at the German, and four at the South American College.

Leo XIII. also continues to show his appreciation of the scholastic work of the Society. He has contributed largely, if not exclusively, to the erection of the immense hall which was so much needed at the Gregorian University. He still takes personal interest in the articles of the *Civiltà*, and has notably given his strongest encouragement to the *History of the Popes from Gregory the Great to the Renaissance* at which Father Grisar—formerly of Innsbruck—is now working in Rome.

Military service of a scholastic.—As our readers are aware, our scholastics in Italy are subject to be drafted into the army at any moment. The following is a brief account of what they have to undergo, prepared for the LETTERS at our request, by a scholastic who spent three months of his religious life in the Italian army:

In your last letter you asked me to give you an account of the life which I

spent under the shadow of the tri-color banner. I'll make a long story short.

Should you desire to get a glimpse of your humble servant, in military costume, you have only to replace the Jesuit cassock by the tight-fitting jacket, with a double row of shining buttons and two five-pointed stars, adorning the front of its broad collar; to imagine, instead of ordinary pantaloons, blue trowsers with a red band running down along either leg; in place of the cincture, a soldier's belt; instead of beads, a glistening bayonet; for biretta, a peaked cap, and instead of a clean shaven face, imagine the upper lip adorned with a dark moustache. If again you wish to have an idea of his appearance, when engaged in the labor which falls to the soldier's lot, change the blue trowsers of the last picture for gray: put on his back a knapsack; on his shoulder a musket; in front a cartridge-pouch; and behold him thus equipped, emerging from the barrack at half past four o'clock in the morning. All the companies come back after seven hours and a half, soaking wet with perspiration and so covered with dust that it is impossible to tell the color of their uniform. On all long marches of this kind we had with us always 14 or more trumpeters in order to keep time with the music; this music was helpful too, because it made us gay and less sensible of the inconvenience arising at one time from the roughness of the roads, at another from the arduous ascent of the hills, or again from the marshes and long grass which we met while on the march through a dry river-bed. On our return, about two hours' and a half distance from the city we met on the road the military band of our regiment. At once, on our appearance the band struck up a lively march; and as if by magic, the countenances of the soldiers were lit up, their step became brisk and elastic, and the whole being of each man seemed on fire with life and animation. The trumpeters and the band played alternately. In this manner we came to the city, marched up the principal street called "Corso Cavour," were inspected by a curious crowd which lined each side of the street, went to the old novitiate of our Society, where the 34th regiment to which I am attached is now stationed. In the barrack, the first thing was to polish the rifle and then wash ourselves and change our uniforms.

When there was no military excursion we were not less fatigued from exercise. At five o'clock a trumpeter sounded the reveille, a quarter past five clothed in the same uniform as for marching, preceded by ten trumpeters we went to S. Raineri where we remained four hours occupied continually in drill exercises or target practice. At half past nine we returned to the barrack for first refection (the second refection was at two o'clock); after one hour went again to the same place till half past four. From half past five o'clock we were at liberty to do as we pleased until 8 o'clock when in different parts of the city many trumpeters sounded the retreat; at this sound every soldier ran at full speed to the barrack. At half past 8 the whole company was in double file in the middle of a very long and large dormitory; here a quarter-master called the roll, read the *diary* for the next day, and the names of the punished soldiers; afterwards we had one hour's instruction concerning the duty of a soldier in time of peace, in times of siege and of war, the duties towards the officers of all grades, the duty of the sentinel, etc. The day before Easter the quarter-master read out the following amongst the orders for the morrow: "Extra leave in the morning is conceded by General R. for those who desire to make their Easter duty." In consequence of this, not a few of the soldiers, many especially of the artillery, betook themselves the next day to the splendid cathedral of M. and there received the sacraments. The sacred edifice was crowded with people, astonished at the unwonted sight

of soldiers unsheathing their swords, and laying them down on the brick pavement, preparatory to receiving holy communion. The same custom of drawing out the sword is also followed before going to confession.

On one occasion I was informed by an officer, my friend, that the men of the 34th Regiment were most exemplary in their conduct while here, and this in a great measure, was owing to the commandant of the post at the time. He was a most fervent Catholic; and very often put on citizens' clothes and went the rounds of all the saloons in the locality, in order to discover what soldiers frequented them, and woe to the unfortunate sinner, who happened to be thus caught; for severe punishments were meted out to him.

As regards morality I think it better to keep silence, because it would shock modest ears to hear what I would say. I tell you only this: the first night I slept in the barrack I thought that I was in the midst of incarnate devils, in a hell without visible flames.

Malta.—A thorough reaction has set in at Malta, and both clergy and people are most desirous to make all amends to the Archbishop for the abuse and disrespectful language used against him in the late crisis. The *Movimento*, an *Italianissimo* paper conducted by Dr. Manaro, has entirely collapsed, because refused by the clubs and public establishments, and the editor has left the island. *Public Opinion* still attacks the Rector, the editor being the *ci-devant* head of the Maltese University. Dr. Mizzi, whose respectable paper the *Malta* allowed itself to be carried away by the excitement and took sides against Mgr. Pace, has submitted, but he has brought out his paper under a new name, *Gazetta di Malta*. The College has between ninety and one hundred boys, and is eminently successful.

Missouri Province, Chicago, St. Ignatius.—The students' library comprises about two thousand volumes of select works, three hundred of which have been added during the past month. The departments of biography, history, poetry, and fiction are nearly complete. It is the intention to secure only standard works and rigorously exclude whatever may be prejudicial to truth or morality.

The library has been transferred to the new reading room, a large and well lighted apartment, which will soon be carpeted and decorated. A taste for good literature is evinced in all the classes, and it is the object of the reading room to encourage and develop this taste by presenting the choicest current literature along with works of established excellence.

Amongst the Catholic educators, who assembled in Chicago, on October 8, to make arrangements for a Catholic educational exhibit at the World's Fair, were Fathers Higgins, Grimmelman and John J. Murphy. St. Ignatius College entertained President Walsh of Notre Dame University, Maurice Egan, and others of the delegates during their stay in the city.

Rev. Father Tschieder celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his religious life, in the Sacred Heart church, on the first Sunday of October. The parishioners and sodalists took occasion of the joyous event, to show their appreciation of his zealous labors in their behalf. Fr. Tschieder is the twelfth member of the Missouri Province to celebrate his golden jubilee.

The Academic branch of the college, which was opened two years ago, on the North Side, has been closed.

Cincinnati, St. Xavier's is putting up the last wing of the college, which will complete the magnificent plans begun by Fr. Hill in 1867.

The two missionary bands, on starting out on their apostolic tour in Sep-

tember, had a sufficient number of applications for missions, to keep them busy for a whole year.

Jubilee of St. Xavier's. St. Xavier College of Cincinnati, Ohio, completed last June its fiftieth year under Jesuit control. It has always maintained a reputation for scholarship and piety; but a few facts may serve better than anything else to illustrate the work that has been done.

Of the 290 fathers and scholastics, who now compose the Missouri Province, 61, or more than one-fifth, are pupils of St. Xavier's. Beginning with the vicar general and running through the entire list of secular clergy of the archdiocese of Cincinnati, we find that 40 out of a total of 168, or about one-fourth, received their classical training at the hands of Ours. If now we remember that another score of the college students are laboring as priests in other dioceses or various religious orders, and that its pupils are found in the university of Innsbruck and Louvain, in the American college at Rome, and in different seminaries of America, we can form some idea of the consoling result of college work in Cincinnati. During the scholastic year, ending July 1, 1889, 131 adults were received into the Church by the fathers of the church and college; while in the twelve months ending Oct. 1, or thereabouts, the number of adult baptisms, in the whole archdiocese of Cincinnati, is reckoned in Hoffman's Directory at 256. From this it appears that over one-half the converts in the archdiocese of Cincinnati are made by our fathers.

To celebrate the jubilee becomingly, an elaborate programme of exercises was laid out to begin on Monday, June 16, and to last a whole week.

The following account of the exercises is taken mainly from the *Catholic Telegraph*. The jubilee exercises began on Monday morning with grand pontifical high Mass for the alumni. Admission to the church was by card only. Promptly at the hour mentioned, the procession of the bishops and clergy formed at the college and proceeded to the church. Four bishops were present in the sanctuary and about fifty priests, the celebrant of the Mass being Bishop Richter of Grand Rapids, and the preacher, Bishop Watterson of Columbus. The sermon was an eloquent exposition of the advantages and triumphs of the Catholic Church as a promoter of education, encourager of poetry and the fine arts, and as an inspirer of patriotism. The music, which was rendered by a chorus of 72 voices and Weber's orchestra of 40 pieces, was of a high order.

Monday evening was devoted to the alumni literary exercises, which were opened by Mr. Francis Cloud, of the class of '63, president of the alumni association, who, after a few introductory remarks, introduced Mr. Louis O'Shaughnessy, the poet of the celebration. The Jubilee Ode was followed by the eloquent and forcible oration of Mr. Wm. Byrne, city solicitor of Covington. At this point of the exercises, the orchestra played the well-known air "The Campbells are coming," and the Rev. Father Schapman, President of the college, came upon the stage, followed by Governor Campbell. The Governor was vigorously applauded, and rewarded the audience with a speech brimming with wit and delicate compliment to his hearers. The last speech of the evening, Mr. Onahan's, was a panegyric of the Society and its work.

The alumni banquet at the Gibson House, Tuesday evening, was a refined, social, and eminently enjoyable affair. About one hundred and fifty members of the alumni, and a number of invited guests, among them Bishop Maes and Mayor Mosby, were seated at the elegantly decorated tables, and discussed a menu that was elaborate in scope, and withal daintily arranged and deftly served. The responses to the toasts, which were interlarded with musical selections by the orchestra, were models of after-dinner oratory.

On Wednesday, the usual annual commencement of the college was given in the Grand Opera House.

On Friday, there was a solemn requiem Mass in the church for the departed pupils and professors of the college, and the departed members of the congregation. This feature of the jubilee was highly appreciated by all. A military band and a select choir of male voices lent solemnity to the Mass.

On Saturday, the panegyric of St. Aloysius was preached; and Sunday was reserved for the congregation, the participating clergy on this day having all been raised or born in the parish. Pontifical Vespers at night brought to a happy and successful close the great jubilee celebration of 1890.

Detroit.—A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* has discovered the remains of the oldest printing press in Michigan, if not in the country. It was imported from France early in the 18th century by the Jesuit Father Jonois, one of the band of intrepid missionaries of the North-west. The press was of wood and was used by the Jesuits to print a Bible in the Ottawa language for use in the mission schools, and also circular letters at stated periods, which antedated by more than three-quarters of a century, the first newspaper in Detroit.

Kansas City.—The corner stone of St. Aloysius church, Eleventh and Prospect avenue, was laid by Bishop Hogan, assisted by the priests of the city, July 27, 1890. Divisions of the A. O. H. from Armourdale, Argentine and Kansas City, Kan., and divisions from St. John's church, Southwest boulevard, and West Kansas took part. St. Patrick's cathedral and Dominican branches of the Catholic Knights of America, and St. Aloysius, Cathedral and St. Patrick's councils of the Knights of Father Matthew were in the line.

St. Aloysius church is located on Eleventh street and Prospect avenue and will be, when completed, one of the most commodious as well as one of the most substantial and beautiful churches in the city. It is built of stone and brick. The basement, which is fifteen feet in the clear, is built principally of cut stone in range courses, rock face. The dimensions of the church will be as follow: total depth from front to rear, 134 feet; total width, 66 and a half feet.

The general style of the building is early English Gothic, carried out in the exterior and interior. The front is adorned with a central tower and spire 166 feet high. The spire and roof will be covered with metal and slate. The sides of the building will be broken with the transept gables, which have each five windows below and one large gable tracery window above. The peculiarity of this tracery window is that the tracery is formed entirely of threes; there are three outside circles and all subsequent sub-divisions are composed of three circles, although there are many different forms of these circles. The columns forming the side aisles run up and form the support of the clerestory. From the columns the arches spring that form the groined ceiling which is ornamented with moulded ribs, foliated bases and capitals. The capitals of the columns will be emblematical, such as the vine, the wheat, etc., representing the "Bread of Life," "I am the True Vine," etc., each being different. This will also apply to the great arch over the chancel.

St. Mary's College is about to erect to the east of the class-rooms, a brick building which will correspond in size and appearance with the residence.

St. Louis Scholasticate.—We have 20 philosophers in the second year; 22 in the first year; Fr. R. J. Meyer is prefect of studies and professor of the second year; Fr. James Conway teaches the first year.

The Province of Missouri numbers 144 priests, 150 scholastics, 113 brothers, 407 in all, an increase of 20 since last year. Of these there are 4 tertians, 19

theologians, 40 philosophers, 22 juniors, 38 scholastic novices, 11 coadjutor novices.

New Jersey, St. Peter's.—Extensive improvements have been made in the parish school: a new flooring has been laid down, the old desks and seats have been replaced by new ones, the entire school has been painted inside and outside, and a fire escape has been put up. The cost of these improvements will be a little over \$3000.

New Orleans Mission, Galveston, St. Mary's.—The number of students entered on the rolls for the year ending June 26, barely reached 100, but we opened on September 1, with a substantial increase on the opening attendance of last year. The fact that our course is entirely classical, and that magnificent public school buildings richly endowed, have been recently presented to the city, will not only account for the comparatively small number of our students, but occasion surprise that so much progress has been made. Our beautiful church of the Sacred Heart is advancing rapidly. Our Sunday school is attended by over 200 children. Fr. W. Power who was stationed here last year, has been recalled to New Orleans, but has found a worthy successor in the pulpit, in Fr. de la Morinière. A Catholic Club has been established here lately under very favorable auspices. Our citizens are jubilant just now over the passage of the river and harbor Bill, a clause of which allots \$500,000 annually to secure deep water for the port of Galveston. When this is effected, our city will become, they say, one of the great ports of North America.

The diocese of Galveston has been recently divided, Dallas being the seat of the new diocese. The name of its future bishop has not yet been announced.

Immaculate Conception.—Our college opened on the 1st Sept. It is at present in a most flourishing condition, our roll reaching on Oct. 1, the unprecedented number of 415. Fr. Gaffney replaces Fr. Miles as vice president.

The teaching staff is:—phil., Mr. Raby; physics, Mr. Moring; rhetoric, Mr. Mattern; belles lettres, Mr. Lawton; 1st gram., Mr. Roch; 2d gram., Mr. Brown; 3d gram., Fr. O'Leary and Mr. Devine; 1st com., Mr. Cronin; 2d com., Mr. Ashton; prepar., FF. Davis, Hugh, Courtot, McGuire and Gore.

Golden Jubilee of Father Anthony Free.—Fr. Free, well known in this city, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus, at the church of the Immaculate Conception Wednesday, Aug., 6. There was solemn high Mass at 8 o'clock with the Jubilarian as celebrant, at which Rev. J. O'Shanahan, S. J., preached.

Father Free was born of pious and Christian parents in Hungary, Austria, Nov. 10, 1823. From his earliest youth he was religiously inclined and God blessed him and his brother with a vocation; the latter is now Prior of a Monastery in Europe. He entered the Austrian Province of the Order in 1840 (Aug. 6), and after having gone through his novitiate at Kalksburg, he taught at the celebrated college of Feldkirch. In 1846 he made his philosophy at Grätz, where he cultivated the friendship of the Emperor Ferdinand. In October, 1848, he embarked from Marseilles, France, on the good ship Tonka, with Fathers Curioz, Usannaz and nineteen others, making a band of twenty-two. Mass was celebrated daily during the trip, the crew joining in the religious exercises with the seminarians.

After an eventful voyage of sixty days they arrived safely in New Orleans.

From 1849 to 1861 Father Free taught at the different colleges of the mission, filling the chair of rhetoric with great eclat. He was ordained by Rt. Rev. A. M. Martin, D. D., first Bishop of Natchitoches, October 15, 1861, said

his first Mass on Oct. 20, and was then appointed vice-president of St. Charles college, Grand Coteau.

In 1864 he went to Georgetown to pursue his theological studies, and in 1867 to Frederick, Md., for his tertianship. He taught rhetoric at Spring Hill from 1868, to 1871, and in New Orleans from 1871 to 1872; was appointed director of the Bona Mors society from 1873 to 1880.

Father Free is a linguist, a connoisseur in music, a gentleman of refined manners, a deep thinker and an agreeable conversationalist. His kind and fatherly smile, intellectual face, massive and finely proportioned head plentifully covered with snow-white hair, give him a truly patriarchal appearance. *New Orleans Star.*

Macon, Ga., Novitiate.—We received but five new novices this year, four from abroad and one from New Orleans. Fr. Semple and Fr. Bieder are professors of the juniors who number 11.

Our brothers are to wear the cassock on the feast of their patron St. Alphonsus—thence and forever.

Scholasticate.—In the scholasticate there are nine philosophers, one of whom is just recovering from a serious attack of fever. Fr. de Potter is the Minister, prefect of studies and professor; Fr. Wagner teaches mathematics. The Faculty have chapel and refectory in common with them but separation is otherwise so strict that, as some one facetiously remarked, we are afraid to look at them. Tongiorgi is their author for the 1st year. I suppose they will fall back on Van der Aa for the rest. They follow Woodstock order for the most part; however they have only forty-five minutes for recreation every evening. Don't they enjoy their daily bath in the lake. How I wish by the way that I could give you a little deep blue sky we have been enjoying here for the past two weeks in the sweet sunny South. The philosophers are to give two sermons each. Mr. Sherry is their beadle. Mr. Foulkes has charge of our domestic chapel. Class begins at 9.30. Recreations are nearly all obligatory.

Spring Hill. — The college exhibition at the close of last year was an acknowledged success. The play was a new feature in the programme, and its success was due in no small degree to the new scene arrangement which involved an expense of over \$200.

During vacations a new reading room was built for the large division. Other rooms were so remodelled and beautified as to present an entirely new appearance. The study-rooms were removed from the 2nd story to the ground-floor. A hand-ball alley has been erected, and rumor has it that a gymnasium is to be built before the close of the year. We have one more student now than we had at half-session last year. The outlook is therefore very bright.

Rumor has it that we are to start a college at Nashville, Tennessee. It seems the announcement was published in the papers. Two of our boys of last year have passed successful examinations for West Point.

New York, St. Francis Xavier's—The wing adjoining the residence will be finished and the library arranged about Christmas. The students' retreat closed Oct. 1, with Mass, communion and act of consecration to the Sacred Heart. The points were given in the College by Fr. Pardow and in the Preparatory by Fr. J. O'Connor. There are 53 students attending the night class.

Choir.—A choir has been started in the Preparatory. The church choir has recently begun to sing Palestrina music extensively. The system of teaching music in the parochial schools has been so changed that now 15 minutes

are given daily to each class. By this means, children 10 years old have a trained voice and read music with ease.

Church.—The retreat for the members of the society of St. Vincent de Paul will commence Nov. 9, and that for the Xavier Alumni sodality on Dec. 8. On the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary there will be solemn high Mass, and a panegyric by Fr. Pardow.

The preachers in the church are Frs. Provincial, Rector, Socius, McKinnon, Denny, Pardow, Halpin, Van Renssaeler, J. O'Connor.

During the Sundays of November, Fr. O'Connor will preach on these subjects: Christ in prophecy; Christ in history; Christ the Man-God; Christ the Redeemer. During the Sundays of advent Fr. Pardow will preach on The Kingdom of Christ; Its Unity; Its Visibility; Its Indefectibility.

Xavier Club.—The club has already taken possession of its new quarters, which will be formally opened on the feast of St. Francis Xavier. It has now 820 members.

Philadelphia.—The total number of students in our college on Oct. 1, was just 110, the maximum of our expectations for the 2nd year. In the beginning it looked as if the opening of the Catholic high school were destined to do us serious harm; but in a short time it became evident that we could get just as many as we can accommodate for the present year, and perhaps more desirable subjects than presented themselves last year. Those who would prefer to pay for the education of their children are becoming reconciled to a free college, as they see that the boys are respectable in appearance and well conducted. The total number of those who attended the college last year was 84, though we had no more than 78 present at any time.

The fact that priests only are engaged this year is apt to work in favor of our success, as, in the estimation of the public, the prestige of the priest surpasses that of a religious who is not in orders. The following will give an idea of what is required at present of those seeking admission:

Examination for admission to St. Joseph's College.—*Arithmetic.*—Exercises in weights and measures; compound or denominate numbers; addition, subtraction, multiplication and division of fractions, both common and decimal; factoring, cancellation, conversion of common fractions into decimals, and vice versa. Pupils, besides knowing the rules thoroughly, must display ease and rapidity in applying them.—*Grammar.*—Parts of speech, number and definition; different classes of nouns, pronouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs; the meaning and value of tenses, moods and voices; the constituents of sentences—simple, complex. It is not enough to give the words of some text book, the pupil must be able to add an explanation in his own words to test his knowledge of the matter.—*Geography.*—Map of the United States; the capitals and principal cities of the States and Territories; the principal rivers, lakes, mountains, bays. The chief countries of Europe; their capitals, principal rivers, mountains, lakes, islands.

Philippine Islands, Manila.—We are indebted to our Fathers at Manila for the *Cartas de las Filipinas* and a large sheet containing *Estado General en 1890*. The mission is very flourishing and contains 33 parishes, 171 reductions 172,221 christians. During the past year there were 11,004 baptisms, 2256 marriages, 7045 deaths, 3596 pagans baptized. The large number of deaths is due to the cholera which has been raging in many places.

Fr. Barrado has just completed a map showing the course of the Rio

Grande from its source to its mouth. This discovery seemed well-nigh impossible on account of the many dangers. Fr. Barrado made his way through tribes of savages who had never seen any whites, and through the villages of fanatical and hostile Moors. His life was more than once in danger. He found the savages well disposed to be instructed. He also discovered a new means of communication between Davao and the district of the Mitamis.

Prayers. The Prayer *O Domina mea, Sancta Maria*, attributed to St. Aloysius:—

Amicus Aloysius, sed magis amica veritas. Such is the case in the present instance. The prayer *O Domina mea, Sancta Maria* is not by St. Aloysius, though it was very familiar to him. Here is the proof of the assertion. In the beautiful prayer-book *Prières à la Vierge* of Léon Gautier, a well known French writer, we find, page 113, the following prayer:

Visite à la chapelle de la Vierge.

Madame Sainte Marie, je viens placer mon âme et mon corps sous votre garde et protection spéciale, et en quelque manière dans le sein de votre miséricorde, non pas seulement pour aujourd'hui, mais pour tous les jours que je vivrai, et en particulier pour l'heure de ma mort. Je remets également entre vos mains toutes mes espérances et toutes mes angoisses, avec toutes mes misères. Je vous confie ma vie et la fin de ma vie. Ce que je voudrais, Vierge sainte, obtenir par vos mérites et votre intercession, c'est que toutes mes actions fussent désormais conformes à votre volonté et à celle de votre Fils. Amen.—(*Biblioth. de l'arsenal, 15 siècle.—Precationum Thesaurus, Paris 1563.*)

From this we see, that the prayer dates as far back as the 16th century, and was found identical with the familiar Latin version, in a prayer-book published 1563, that is, precisely five years before St. Aloysius was born. The conclusion is self-evident. Something similar happened to a number of prayers and hymns that were erroneously attributed to the wrong author. A recent historian of St. Anselm furnishes an interesting instance. The hymn *Omni die dic Mariæ*, which is commonly believed to be the work of St. Casimir, because a copy of it was found in his grave, was attributed by French monks to St. Bernard, but is now demonstrated to be an integral part of St. Anselm's *Mariæ* which contains 539 stanzas. But let us see the later history of our prayer. In an authentic collection of indulgences, bearing the approbation of the Roman Congreg., January 15, 1867, I read of an indulgence of 3 years *toties quoties*, granted to it on January 20, 1855, by a rescript of Pope Pius IX, at the request of Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans, France; the notice says besides that this prayer is "of frequent use in seminaries, and was familiar to St. Francis of Assisi and to St. Aloysius." The latter sentence should read "familiar to St. Francis Xavier;" for one of the last aspirations of the holy apostle of India, dying on his lonely isle, was "O Domina mea!" Besides, the above indulgence is not mentioned in the *New Raccolta*, either because it was not granted *in perpetuum*, or because a copy of the rescript had not been transmitted in time to the Roman Congregation; but, very recently, on March 15, 1890, Pope Leo XIII, at the request of Card. Lavigerie, primate of Africa, has granted *in perpetuum* an indulgence of 200 days, to be gained once daily and applicable to the souls in purgatory. The accompanying notice has this time a different statement. It says that "the authorship of the prayer is attributed by some to St. Aloysius Gonzaga, by others to St. Charles Borromeo." We know now what to think about it.

Speaking of prayers that are of special interest to Ours, I may be allowed to give here a list of the indulgenced prayers composed by or attributed to our saints, as far at least as I know:

St. Ignatius: *Anima Christi*, 300 days each time, 7 years, after saying Mass or Communion, plenary once a month. (Pius IX, 1854.) *Suscipe*, 300 days once a day. (Leo XIII, 1883.)

St. Francis Xavier: *Eternæ rerum omnium*, a prayer for the conversion of pagans (and not *unbelievers*, as the *New Raccolta* has it), 300 days once a day. (Pius IX, 1847.)

St. John Berchmans: *Sit tibi Domine, obsecro*, a prayer after the priest's own confession, 100 days. (Leo XIII, 1882.)

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record mentions the following lately-indulged prayers:—"Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has by a Decree dated March 15, 1890 granted an indulgence of 100 days applicable to souls in purgatory, to be gained once a day, to the following aspiration, which St. Ignatius was accustomed to repeat: " *Domine mi, fac ut amem te, et ut præmium amoris mei sit amare te magis in dies.*

And also on the same date an indulgence of 200 days, applicable to souls in purgatory, to be gained once a day, to the following "Prayer of St. Aloysius to the Blessed Virgin:"—

"O Domina mea, sancta Maria, me in tuam benedictam fidem ac singularem custodiam et in sinum misericordiæ tuæ, hodie et quotidie, et in hora exitus mei animam meam et corpus meum tibi commendo; omnem spem meam et consolationem meam, omnes angustias et misérias meas, vitam et finem vitæ meæ tibi committo: ut per tuam sanctissimam intercessionem, et per tua merita, omnia mea dirigantur et disponantur opera secundum tuam tuique Filii voluntatem. Amen."

Rocky Mountain Mission, Spokane Falls, Gonzaga College.—Next spring will witness the beginning of our new college, which has been contemplated for the last three or four years. The college we have at present cannot accommodate more than 50 students; it is too small for the number of boys that present themselves. Rev. Father Rector has been obliged to refuse a good many students.

Russia.—Some of our Polish fathers and lay-brothers are living over again for the sake of their Catholic countrymen the life of peril and hardship which the early fathers of our province led in the days of persecution. Disguised as peddlars or professors of music they cross the Russian frontier at the risk of a most cruel imprisonment. Three of them have already fallen into the hands of the Russian police. One of these passed eighteen months, another three years in captivity of the most brutal kind. The Holy Father hopes against hope to bring his negotiations with the Czar to a happy termination, and though he knows all he is perforce silent.—*Lettres de Jersey.*

Scientific Notes.—The observatory of Zi-ka-Wei, near Shanghai, has published Vol. xv. of its *Bulletin Mensuel* for the year 1889. This observatory is equipped with the best self-recording and other instruments, and the volume in question contains, in addition to the usual tables of hourly observations, diagrams of the mean diurnal variations, and of the track of the typhoons, as well as comparisons of the monthly mean of magnetical and meteorological observations for the year 1889, and those of the previous 17 years. An appeal was made to the missionaries of the province of Kiang-nan to record thunderstorm observations, and some interesting results are published for each month. These storms occur most frequently between noon and midnight, generally proceed from west to east, and mostly occur

in July and August; there is also a second maximum in April; they most frequently occur with a falling barometer, and are generally accompanied with rain, but very rarely with hail. The work also contains interesting general remarks upon the depressions and cyclones of the coast of China.—

Nature.

Georgetown College Observatory.—The staff at the Observatory this year consists of Rev. John B. Hagen, S. J., Director; Rev. George A. Fargis, S. J., Assistant Astronomer; Br. John J. O'Keefe, S. J., Attendant.

Besides prosecuting the general and special work of the Observatory, the Director and the Assistant Astronomer are engaged upon a series of original experiments with the equatorial and transit instruments. These experiments which are being made in two new branches of astronomical science, give promise of resulting in an invention that will be of the greatest utility to astronomers.

It is hoped that the new 12-inch equatorial will be in position by Christmas. The lens, which was cast in Europe, is now in the hands of Mr. Clacey, of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Saegmuller, of Washington, is working upon the mounting, which will be of the latest pattern. One of its features will be a photographic corrector (a third lens), which will cost \$860 extra. The driving clock of the telescope will be under an electric control. The old equatorial, which has done such good work, will be mounted upon a separate pier.

Havana.—Padre Vines, a celebrated Jesuit priest in Havana, has for the past quarter of a century been making weather predictions at Havana.

It was the Padre who several days ago predicted a hurricane, and the reports from Havana yesterday verified the prediction. He is regarded by navigators and meteorologists all over the world as one of the most correct and reliable weather scientists of the age.

For the past quarter of a century Padre Vines has made this work purely a labor of love. He is a highly cultured gentleman, unassuming, and a profound scholar. Fully appreciating the valuable services rendered by the padre some time since the United States Government offered him a handsome salary in recognition of his past services. This offer he promptly declined, because the rules of the Jesuit order prohibited it.

Capt. J. McBaker of the steamship Hutchinson of the Southern Pacific system is well acquainted with the padre, and in speaking of him to a *Times-Democrat* reporter yesterday, he said: "For the many years that I have been navigating the Gulf I have never touched at Havana without calling on the padre when the opportunity presented itself. During the hurricane season his opinion is always anxiously sought after. Before the connections with the Windward Islands were perfected the padre's predictions were always looked for anxiously by navigators. To-day the cables only recently laid give him a large scope and make his forecasts more reliable and important to commerce."—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

Spain, The Estanislao.—Our fathers have just formed a new sodality for children, who are received from their tenderest years to the age of twelve. St. Stanislaus was chosen as their patron saint; hence these young people are commonly styled *Estanislao*. The little ones love their patron very much, and some will recite for you whole passages from the saint's life. On Sundays, they all gather in the church, where they learn their prayers, the catechism and various pious hymns. One peculiar little practice helped from the very start to swell their numbers considerably, as well as to attract parents and friends. Two diminutive orators, chosen for the occasion and clad in red

cassocks, would appear in the pulpit, one facing the other, and recite with wonderful cleverness a short dialogue, bearing on some point of Christian doctrine. At Manresa, they number already over one thousand. A pretty good brass band was organized among them, with instruments suited to their age. These little musicians *Estanislaos* played in the splendid procession, held at Vich in honor of St. Joseph, to the delight and admiration of all. Two of the cleverer ones spoke eloquently, from the great pulpit of the church, the praises of their new sodality, and invited the children of Vich to join the ranks of the *Estanislaos*.

Valencia.—The disturbances of last spring at Valencia were much more serious than they appeared to be from the accounts which found their way to English periodicals. The new Jesuit church and residence in the city, and the new Jesuit College at its gates have naturally been objects of hate to the irreligious and revolutionary section of the people. An infernal machine with a slow match lighted and attached to it was found last Lent in the church. An effort to cause a serious breach of the peace on Good Friday during the "Three Hours" in that church was with some difficulty repressed.

On the Thursday in Holy Week a Carlist demonstration gave the excuse for a counter-manifestation. While a desperate attack was being made on a Carlist nobleman, a band of some eighty men marched to the residence, burnt down the doors, smashed the furniture on the ground floor, piled the fragments in a heap, and soaked them with petroleum. One brother rushed to the *capitan general*, another went to warn the community. Some of these escaped; the rest gathered in the domestic chapel, and prepared by confession for the death they expected at the hands of the mob. A whole hour and a half of anxiety elapsed before the *capitan general*, seeing that the governor of the city was not about to act, sent a captain with a picket of cavalry. Several false alarms of the arrival of troops on the part of friends had scared the mob more than once from their work, and they had just set fire to the house, when the clatter of the cavalry made the assailants fly. But they only changed their venue for the church, to which they were going to set fire, when a fresh picket of cavalry arrived on the spot.

The mob then, headed by a crowd of boys with a red flag, marched towards the college. The fathers hoisted the British flag, but a third picket of cavalry arrived just before the populace, and a hundred infantry with the cavalry guarded the college through the night.—*Lettres de Jersey*.

St. Inigoes.—When the scholastics reached the villa last July, they were greatly surprised to find that a number of improvements had been made. Among others, there is an artesian well, 290 feet deep; and four fire escapes have been placed on the large house. The zealous pastor has placed a fine large bell on St. Michael's church. One of the scholastics gladdened the heart of the good pastor by tuning the large organ in the parish church.

Venice, The Dispersed Province of Venice.—In Austria.—The Venetian Province is unable, on account of the open persecution still raging against the Society in Lombardy, to keep a large community on Italian soil. The scholastics have, consequently, to be trained in a foreign country, and to bring about this important result has been a difficult problem for the past twenty years. When the dispersion first took place, South Tirol seeming the most desirable spot for a scholasticate, the novices, juniors, and philosophers were sent first to Brixen, then to Eppan, and finally to Tramin. But, after a few years, difficulties arose with the Austrian government, and the Venetian Jes-

uits were told to seek an asylum elsewhere; for it was feared that they might take part in the growing agitation, for annexation with Italy, which was then spreading through the Trentino. This was a great blow to the exiles; for it had been possible from South Tirol to keep up close communication with the fathers still laboring quietly in Northern Italy, and a new field of labor had been opened up among the almost exclusively Italian population of this part of the Austrian kingdom.

In France.—To their great relief a noble-hearted French gentleman, who had heard of their difficulties from the Provincial of France, offered them the Chateau des Alleux, near Laval to be used as a scholasticate. The offer was gladly accepted and novices, juniors and philosophers were soon transferred to their new home, where they were welcomed with that hearty and disinterested generosity which the French Catholics have ever shown to the stranger and to those in trouble. The novices, juniors and philosophers of the Roman Province joined the Venetian Jesuits here, and the unusual sight was witnessed of one master of novices training the future hope of two provinces. Seven pleasant years passed away quietly, but then came the storm for France. For the French republic issued a decree on the 29th of March, 1880, by virtue of which all religious were ordered to withdraw from the country and that within three months, unless the community had charge of a college where public studies were in progress, in which case, five months were given for the settling up of all business transactions. The Society and many other religious orders vigorously protested against this act of injustice, but without avail, and on the 20th of June of that same year, soldiers and police were sent to the various religious houses to put into effect by force the iniquitous decree of the previous March. The members of the Roman Province returned to Italy before this eventful day, but those of the Venetian Province, to the number of about 70, remained. On the day above mentioned, all were called to the refectory about 5 o'clock in the evening, where the decree was solemnly read to them by the government officials, who informed them that they would have to leave the Chateau as soon as possible, and that not more than four or five would be allowed to live together in the same house, and this concession was granted only until the next day, when all were to depart from Craon early in the morning. It was, indeed, a time of deep anxiety for Fr. Rector; but he was again the recipient of so many offers from the noble French families of the neighborhood, that everybody was able to find a comfortable home for the night preceding their new pilgrimage. But whither were they to go?

In Spain.—Superiors had chosen Spain as the best place in which to pass a few years until an opportunity was given them of returning either to Italy or to the borders of Lombardy. Fr. Mutti, procurator of the Mission of Mangalore, but then in Europe on business, was able to secure a ship on moderate terms from the Transatlantique Compagnie, and on July the 2nd all were on board at Hayre and ready to sail southwards. We were the only passengers and met with every possible attention from the good captain of the vessel. He had to call at several ports on his journey and a glimpse was thus had of Bordeaux, Lisbon, and Gibraltar. On the 13th of July, the harbor of Grao de Valencia was entered and the scholastics were driven in wagons of the Spanish style to the house that had been previously secured for a few years. This had been formerly a Carthusian Monastery and bore the name of Cartuja de Ara Christi. It was a change indeed from the large airy rooms of the Chateau to the tiny cells of the monks, but it would have been difficult to find a more cheerful and contented community. The people of the country

soon learned who we were and manifested great joy at having Jesuits in their midst. They aided us in a very practical manner to repair the chapel and attended the services with a zeal and regularity almost beyond belief. Even the inhabitants of Valentia were attracted by the beauty of our ceremonies and the benediction on Sundays was attended by large numbers from that city. Everything seemed to prosper, when a new and unlooked for difficulty arose. The grounds in the vicinity were used for the cultivation of rice and were consequently very swampy. The air was, naturally enough, damp and fever began to show itself in the community. For two years every effort was made to withstand the inroads of this weakening disease, but it was finally found necessary to bid farewell to Cartuja de Ara Christi, and another old Carthusian Monastery called Cartuja de Ara Coeli, situated in the mountains, was rented by Rev. Fr. Provincial. The monastery was in a dilapidated condition and several scholastics had to sleep in garrets under the roof where the windows consisted of stout pieces of card-board nailed to very primitive-looking apertures. The church, however, was in a state of almost perfect preservation and adorned with quaint and rich specimens of woodwork carved by the skillful hands of the monks who had occupied the monastery until the suppression of the religious orders in 1835. Cartuja de Porta Coeli had, nevertheless, soon to be given up on account of the difficulty of communication with the houses which the province still had in Italy.

In Croatia.—Fortunately, about that time, a large house in Portorè near Fiume in Croatia was obtained by Ours, and the community of Cartuja de Ara Coeli took up their abode in Portorè in October, 1883. The house which we so fortunately obtained was known as "Castello Frangipanis," and had formerly been part of the possessions of that illustrious family. The castle is built upon an elevated strip of ground, which juts out into the Adriatic sea whose waves break at the foot of an uninviting precipice. When the Society took possession of the castle there were still in existence underground dungeons for prisoners, which bore but too evident traces of long and continued use. These, however, have since been turned to more practical purposes and make excellent storage vaults for wine. The castle was a low massive building in the form of a square, with towers at each angle. But for our numerous community it was found entirely too small and hence another story has been added to the original building. The community usually amounts to about one hundred persons. The people are quite friendly to us, and the scholastics try to master the Croatian language, which is by no means an easy task. Nevertheless we are making progress little by little in that direction, and the philosophers have undertaken to teach catechism to the children of the neighborhood. The interior part of the castle is built around a magnificently paved court-yard provided on all sides with enormous stone cloisters. There are two drawbacks to this quiet retreat. One arises from the fact that Portorè is only a small village and hence provisions have to be brought at great expense from Fiume, the nearest town of any importance. The original price of food is on this account nearly doubled. Another difficulty comes from the violent winds which rage along the Croatian coast and are often fatal to persons suffering from weak lungs.

Its Missions.—The province of Venice has mission stations in Dalmatia, Albania and Croatia. The seminary at Zara is under the charge of Ours and the Archbishop is very devoted to us. He has great influence at the court of Vienna and we have had many reasons to be deeply grateful for his intercession. Ours had charge also of the seminary at Ragusa, but that was taken

from us some years ago. We have still a residence there which was built by our fathers in the time of St. Ignatius. For the Republic of that day requested our Holy Father to send some members of the Society there to give the Spiritual Exercises to the clergy. To comply with their wishes St. Ignatius sent Bobadilla to Ragusa, and so well pleased were the Senators with him that they asked to have some fathers of the Society always in their midst. This wish was also granted, and later on a college was erected there. Although the city could never boast of more than 6000 inhabitants it gave 60 of its sons to the old Society, the most illustrious of whom was the erudite Fr. Boskovich.

In Albania.—We have also a college at Scutari in Albania and the Pontifical Seminary of that city is under the care of Ours. The country is under Turkish rule and the government officials are not disposed to deal gently with us, but fear of giving offence to the foreign consuls has thus far protected us from insult. It will be remembered, however, that Frater Pastore was cruelly assassinated some years ago not far from Scutari. Frater Pastore's murderers were brought to trial, but, for reasons unknown to the public, acquitted. The Catholics of Albania already regard him as a martyr, for it has been proved beyond doubt that he was killed out of hatred to the faith. Fr. Pastore seems to have had a presentiment of his death; for when he bade good-bye to Rev. Fr. Provincial at Mutina on his way to Scutari, he said: "I am overjoyed at the thought of being sent to Scutari; as I feel sure that the Mohammedans will kill me." He frequently made such remarks while in Scutari, but little attention was paid to them until his lifeless body was brought home to the college on the memorable day of his murder. Perhaps he has been chosen to bedew with his blood the barren soil of Albania.

Missionary Excursions.—Our fathers have also begun a series of missionary excursions over the mountainous regions of this country where they find many Catholics living in a state of deep degradation and ignorance, the outcome of centuries of persecution at the hands of the Turks. This work is difficult in the extreme, for zigzag precipitous mountain paths have to be traversed; no food is obtainable except the black bread and crudely prepared vegetables of the peasantry, and the missionary has to sleep not only in the same room with restless animals, but also to endure the frequent attacks of countless, wary insects, which make him thankfully welcome the first peep of dawn. The missionaries devote all their energies to the eradication of the so-called "blood vengeance" (*vindicta sanguinis*), which is one of the greatest obstacles to the practice of true Christian virtue among these mountaineers. The *vindicta sanguinis* means that if a man has been killed by another, the relatives of the murdered man are bound by the most solemn obligations to hunt down the assassin and to take his blood. This undying passion to avenge the wrongs done to a kinsman, and the scornful treatment which those receive who show the slightest sign of faltering in this so-called sacred duty are sad obstacles in the missionary's path. Nevertheless we are gradually making an impression on the hearts of these fervid people, and winning them back to the practice of our holy religion.

In Italy itself our Fathers are quietly at work in Venice, Milan, Padua, Mantua, Cremona and Brescia. Nearly everything we formerly possessed has been taken from us; but a small residence in the large cities is still left us. The greatest prudence has to be exercised on all occasions, otherwise we would again arouse the hostility of those opposed to us. God grant that peace may soon dawn upon the persecuted Church in fair Italy.—*Kindly communicated by P. Gattin and Fr. Rerecic.*

Washington, Gonzaga College.—The number of students is now as great as the number of all those who attended during the whole of last year. There are indeed but seventy, but it must be remembered, students are taught here only until they have finished second grammar. After that class they are sent to Georgetown College.

Worcester, Holy Cross College.—The attendance this year surpasses all former records. The house is crowded and Fr. Rector has been obliged to turn boys away. He says that he cannot in conscience receive any more. This is unfortunate, but it cannot be avoided. Class rooms, dormitories, study hall, are taxed to their utmost. The number of students is: boarders, 213; day scholars, 57. When the 200th boarder was entered on the roll, the boys were given a dinner and holiday and the community a first class feast. So here is one item of interest. Tell the Society that Worcester is flourishing, has the largest number of students ever seen here, and has been obliged to send away others for want of room. The only other news I can give is about the League of the Sacred Heart. Thanks to the energy and zeal of Fr. Jones, who has charge of it, it has been inspired with a new life, and the devotion will, I think, become solidly established among our boys. Fr. Jones has not neglected the external part of the devotion, and last Saturday afternoon, Sept. 27, whilst most of the boys were down in the city at a ball game, he erected outside the chapel door a handsome little shrine to the Sacred Heart. The boys have seconded his efforts very generously, as one or two very handsome gifts have been made. I mention especially a pair of beautiful vases worth \$15, which was presented by a member of special classics. Within one week the work made very encouraging progress. Fifteen offered themselves as promoters, and over one hundred and fifty were enrolled as members of the League. Every morning at Mass the boys say aloud the morning offering. Quite a large number have volunteered to make the weekly Communion of reparation.

Zambesi.—An English company, with Mr. Rhodes at its head, was formed some months ago to cultivate the *Métabébéland*, the *Mashonaland*, etc., the area of which covers the greater part of our missions. The company is in a flourishing condition; troops have been recruited and the services of our fathers were accepted for the ambulances. This seems to give a new phase to our work. Rev. Fr. Daignault, the superior of the mission, is in the interior, making all necessary arrangements.

Father Czimmerrmans has been largely successful in his *quête* in Austria; he not only obtained a good round sum of money, but secured a great many subjects for the missions of the Lower Zambesi. He left Lisbon on the 4th of May with eight other Jesuits and eight nuns of St. Joseph de Cluny. He placed seven novices in the Portuguese Noviceship at Baro, near Lisbon. Two of the fathers and four of the nuns on their arrival in Africa were to be placed at Lourenzo Marques, where a native queen is anxious to have our fathers to instruct her people. The other four nuns were destined for Boroma, where there is an orphanage for black children. Father Czimmerrmans himself was going with some others to found a mission at Kafukwé, to the west of Zambo.

The Portuguese Government, besides grants of money, has given to the mission entire possession of the great *prazo* Boroma and the use of another Whoandé, where thousands of negroes will be under the care of Ours.

Father Prestage is acting as chaplain, with the honorary rank of chaplain

to the British troops advancing towards Mashonaland. He has with him five Dominicanesses, who are acting as nurses to the force. This corps was encamped at the Makwatoï river, in the disputed territory between Khania and Old Ben. Another column was prepared to march into Mashonaland, and was accompanied by Father Temming as chaplain. It is hoped that soon several excellent stations will be established in that country.

Father Horning has made a number of conversions in Keilands. He baptized thirty last Easter. There are now two hundred Catholics in that mission, which was founded by Father Fraser (R. I. P.). Father Horning spent a week in a kraal near Thomas river. They pressed him to stay there, and forty Kafirs asked to be baptized.

A letter of the 14th of August says, "Father Nicot is going to Vlaschfonteyn to await the opportunity of advancing further into the interior. Father Prestage hoped to be in Mashonaland by September.

"In Lower Zambesi a new mission has been founded by Father Pupeyron and Mr. Delenne at Melange, half-way between Quilimane and the Nyassa lake, not far from the Shiré, apparently a very healthy station as it is 8000 feet (3000?) above the level of the sea. The seventeen missionaries who have lately arrived are now distributed about the country.

"Rumor says that missions will probably be founded at Imhamtane, on the Kafukwé, as well as Lourenzo Marques."

Home News.—On October 9, Rev. Edward V. Boursaud was appointed Rector of Woodstock. Fr. Racicot after laying down the burdens of office departed for the Immaculate Conception, Boston.

Ordinations.—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons conferred the order of sub-deaconship on Friday, August 22, deaconship on Saturday and priesthood on Sunday. The new priests for the Maryland-New York Province were as follows:—John J. Rodock, John C. Hart, Thomas E. Murphy, Patrick J. Casey, William F. Clarke, John J. Wynne, John F. Galligan; Patrick T. Kernan, Abraham J. Emerick, Patrick A. McQuillan, John B. Pittar, Joseph A. Mattson and Ernest R. Ryan; for the Missouri Province—William F. Rigge, Francis B. Klocker, Henry J. de Laak, William B. Rogers, James J. Sullivan; for the New Orleans Mission—Joseph P. O'Reilly and Patrick J. Kennedy; for the California Mission—Henry Woods.

A few of the new priests have gone out from Woodstock. Frs. Murphy and Hart, to both of whom the LETTERS is so deeply indebted, have gone to the tertianship; Fr. Rodock to St. Peter's College, Jersey City; Fr. Mattson to St. Joseph College, Philadelphia; Fr. Pittar to Fordham; Fr. Clarke to Louvain to finish his theology and Fr. Woods to Canada, for the same purpose. At the close of the ordination service His Eminence administered confirmed confirmation in St. Alphonsus' church to a few members of Fr. Brandi's flock.

Fr. D. O'Sullivan was ordained in Troy Seminary at Pentecost.

Faculty Notes.—Fr. Conway is prefect of studies and teaches the evening dogma. He is explaining the treatise *de Penitentia*; Fr. Brandi, the morning dogma and explains the treatise *de Virtutibus Infusis*. The short course is taught by Fr. O'Brien, who is explaining *De Deo Uno et Trino* as contained in 2nd vol. of Hurter. Fr. Prendergast is explaining Isaias. The second and third years, as in Louvain, come together for their metaphysics which is taught by Fr. Brett; Fr. Smith has Ethics and Fr. T. Brosnahan the first year. Fr. Freeman teaches physics and chemistry; Fr. D. O'Sullivan astronomy and higher mathematics and Fr. J. Brosnahan the mathematics of first year.

The number of theologians is greater than ever before. There are 72 in the long course, 23 in the short course, 95 in all. The philosophers number 49, the faculty 14, and the brothers 23, making a community of 181. Woodstock is still as it has been for a number of years the largest scholasticate and most numerous community in the whole Society.

Five scholastics from the Ecuador Mission have recently entered the class of theology. Scholastics from the said mission usually make their studies in Spain, but thanks to the cholera now raging in that country, Woodstock will have the honor of their training, and will enjoy for a few years the benefit and charm of their edification.

Library.—Our thanks are due to the Very Rev. Superior of the Mission of Ecuador, who has presented us with a copy of the complete works of St. Teresa in Spanish, bound in half morocco.

Through the generous contribution of Very Rev. Fr. General, and the kind assistance of Rev. Fr. Boursaud, now Rector of Woodstock College, 22 years of our collection of province catalogues are now completed. They embrace the years 1866–1882 (incl.), 1885, 1886, 1888–1890 (incl.). For the convenience of those who are willing to furnish us catalogues of years and of provinces, which we want, or to exchange the same for our duplicates, we insert a list of catalogues lacking in our collection:—

Prov. Romana.—1850. 1849. 1831–1827. 1825. 1823–1821 and all earlier catalogues.

Neapol.—1849. 1833 and earlier catalogues.

Sicula.—1833. 1860. 1849. 1844. 1840. 1834. 1832–1830. 1818 and all earlier catalogues.

Taurinensis.—1850–1848, 1834, 1832 and all earlier catalogues.

Veneta.—1850–1849. 1840–1842. 1836 and all earlier catalogues.

Francia.—1860. Lugdunensis.—1863. 1856. 1846. Tolosana.—1887.

Gallia.—1829 and all earlier catalogues.

Germania.—1855. 1853. 1851. 1844. 1839–1837. 1834. 1832–1830. 1828 and all earlier catalogues.

Austria.—1887. 1860. 2854. 1852. 1851. 1845–1841.

Belg.—1884. 1865. Galiciana.—1862. 1852 and all earlier catalogues.

Aragon.—1887. 1865. Castellana.—1887.

Mexico.—1865–1868. 1856. 1854 and all earlier catalogues.

Hispania.—1857–1851. 1848. 1842. 1839–1835. 1831. 1829 and all earlier catalogues.

Anglia.—1850–1848. 1843. 1839 and all earlier catalogues.

Hibern.—1850–1848, 1846, 1845, 1843 and all earlier catalogues.

Missour.—1859, 1856, 1854, 1763, 1851, 1849. 1844, 1840, 1839, 1836, 1834 and all earlier catalogues.

Zambes.—1884.

Italia.—all except 1885, 1818, 1820, 1827, 1829, 1830, 1831.

Austr. Gal.—1838, 1837, 1834, 1833 and all earlier catalogues.

A new hand-ball alley is being built on the spot where the barn used to stand.

The completion of Father Sabetti's new road and tunnel was duly celebrated in speeches, poetry and music, on his feast day, June 21.

Office of the Letters.—The obituaries of Fr. Prachkensky, Br. Hennen, Fr. Miles, Fr. William F. Clarke and Br. Duncan are in preparation. The sketch of Fr. Bapst and the History of Gonzaga College will be resumed in our next issue. Fr. Nash has suspended "at least for a time" the printing of his "Letters from a Chaplain in the War of 1861."

Colleges of the Society

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	1889-90		1888-89	
			STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.	STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.....	Loyola College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	109	2	114	...
Boston, Mass.....	Boston College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	278	13	278	18
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Canisius' College.....	German.....	298	1	353	...
Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius' College*.....	Missouri.....	292	5	259	5
Cincinnati, O.....	St. Xavier College*.....	".....	407	12	380	4
Cleveland, O.....	St. Ignatius' College*.....	German.....	142	...	124	...
Denver, Col.....	Sacred Heart College.....	Naples.....	159	4	152	...
Detroit, Mich.....	Detroit College*.....	Missouri.....	270	6	255	10
Fordham, N. Y.....	St. John's College.....	Md. N. Y.....	312	15	298	11
Galveston, Texas.....	St. Mary's Univ.*.....	N. O. Miss.....	100	...	117	...
Georgetown, D. C.....	Georgetown College.....	Md. N. Y.....	231	8	220	12
Grand Coteau, La.....	St. Charles' College.....	N. O. Miss.....	109	2	117	2
Jersey City, N. J.....	St. Peter's College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	90	4	108	4
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Marquette College*.....	Missouri.....	219	8	223	...
Montreal, Can.....	Collège Ste. Marie.....	Miss. of Can.....	385	8	340	3
New York, N. Y.....	St. Franc. Xav. Coll*.....	Md. N. Y.....	470	12	423	11
New Orleans, La.....	Im. Concept. College*.....	N. O. Miss.....	453	13	395	10
Omaha, Neb.....	Creighton College*.....	Missouri.....	219	...	182	...
Philadelphia, Pa.....	St. Joseph's College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	84
St. Boniface, Manitoba.....	College of St. Joseph.....	Miss. of Can.....	95	...	115	...
Santa Clara, Cal.....	Santa Clara College.....	Turin.....	244	...	274	2
San Francisco, Cal.....	St. Ignatius' College*.....	".....	602	...	729	...
San José, Cal.....	St. Joseph's College*.....	".....	192	...	132	...
Spokane Falls, Wash.....	Gonzaga College.....	".....	43	...	35	...
St. Louis, Mo.....	St. Louis Univ.*.....	Missouri.....	441	5	435	4
St. Mary's, Kan.....	St. Mary's College.....	".....	245	9	250	4
Spring Hill, Ala.....	St. Joseph's College.....	N. O. Miss.....	127	8	119	8
Washington, D. C.....	Gonzaga College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	70	...	85	...
Worcester, Mass.....	Holy Cross College.....	Md. N. Y.....	233	31	223	20
Total			6919	159	6735	128

* Day Schools.

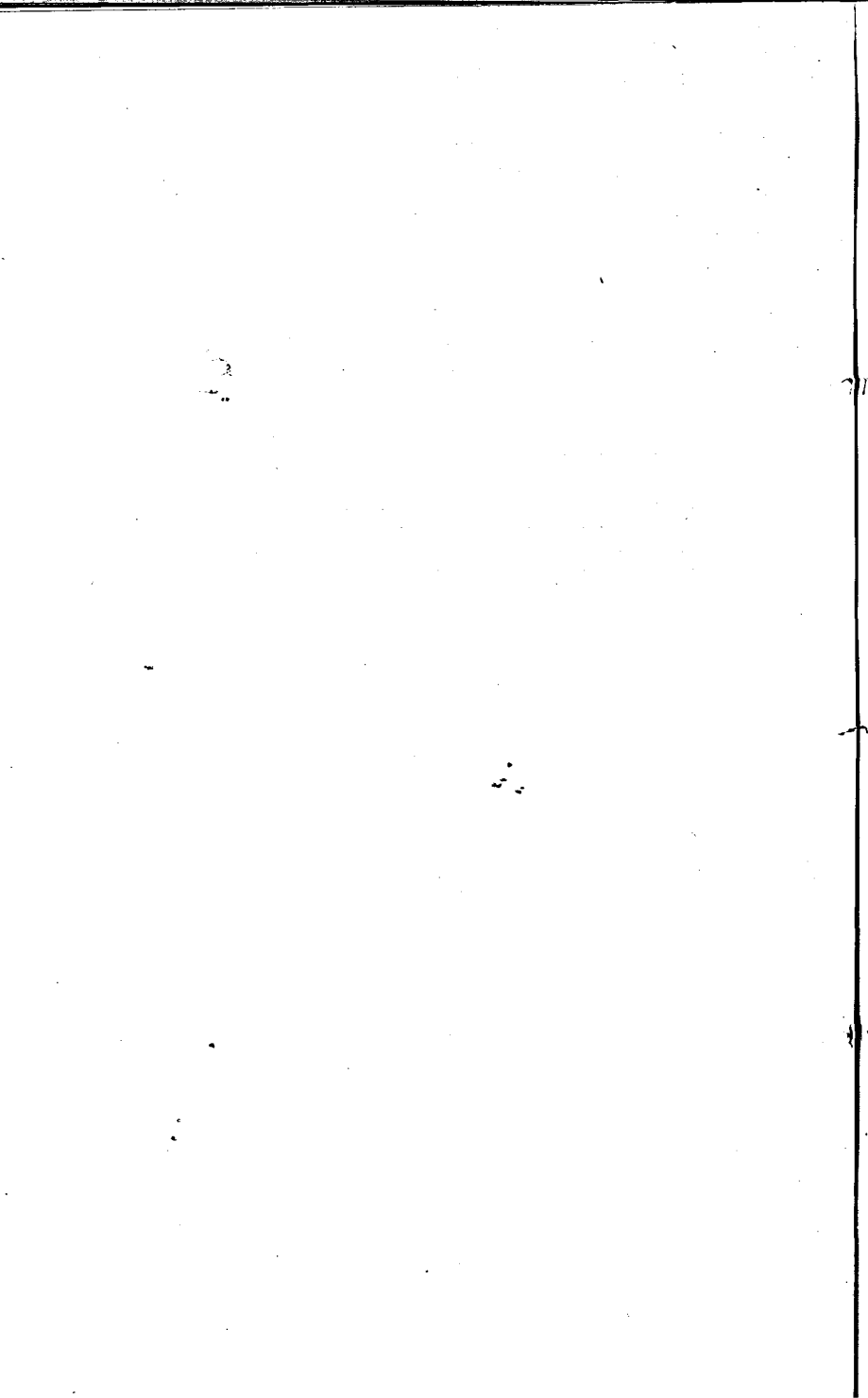
Students, total number 1888-89,	6735
" " " 1889-90,	6919
Increase of students,	184
Graduates, A. B. 1888-89,	128
" " 1889-90,	159
Increase of Graduates,	31

Increase of students in N. Y. Md.,	128
" " Graduates " " "	9

Number of students in our Colleges in the United States and Canada Oct. 1, 1890.

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COLLEGES	BOARDERS	DAY SCHOLARS	TOTAL	REMARKS
St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y.	474	474	Exclusively Classical course ; 328 College—146 Preparatory. 126 Classical ; 42 English ; 176 Preparatory ; 128 Elementary.
St. Ignatius', Cal.	472	472	
St. Mary's, Montreal	221	220	441	Boarders include 55 half-boarders ; Classical and English course. Classical and English.
Immaculate Conception, N. O.	415	415	
St. Louis University, Missouri	386	386	" " "
St. Xavier, Cincinnati	374	374	" " "
Canisius College, Buffalo	150	185	335	" " "
Boston College, Mass.	315	315	289 Classical ; 26 English course.
Fordham College, N. Y.	243	60	303	212 Classical 51 English ; 40 Preparatory.
Holy Cross College, Worcester	213	57	270	Exclusively Classical.
Detroit College, Mich.	262	262	Classical and English.
St. Ignatius, Chicago	255	255	Exclusively Classical.
St. Mary's, Kansas	200	25	225	Classical and English.
Georgetown College, D. C.	135	68	203	Exclusively Classical.
Santa Clara, Cal.	130	70	200	Classical and English.
Marquette College, Milwaukee	200	200	" " "
Creighton College, Omaha	189	189	" " "
Sacred Heart College, Denver	120	30	150	" " "
Spring Hill College, Ala.	130	..	130	" " "
St. Ignatius' College, Cleveland	125	125	" " "
St. Joseph's, Philadelphia	110	110	Exclusively Classical ; (<i>free college.</i>)
Loyola College, Baltimore	105	105	" " "
St. Peter's College, Jersey City	97	97	" " "
San Jose College, Cal.	95	95	Classical and English.
St. Charles, Grand Coteau, La.	90	..	90	" " "
St. Mary's, Galveston, Texas	91	91	" " "
St. Boniface, Manitoba	80	..	80	" " "
Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.	70	70	Exclusively Classical.
Gonzaga, Spokane Falls, Wash.	45	..	45	Classical and English.
Total	1754	4750	6504	

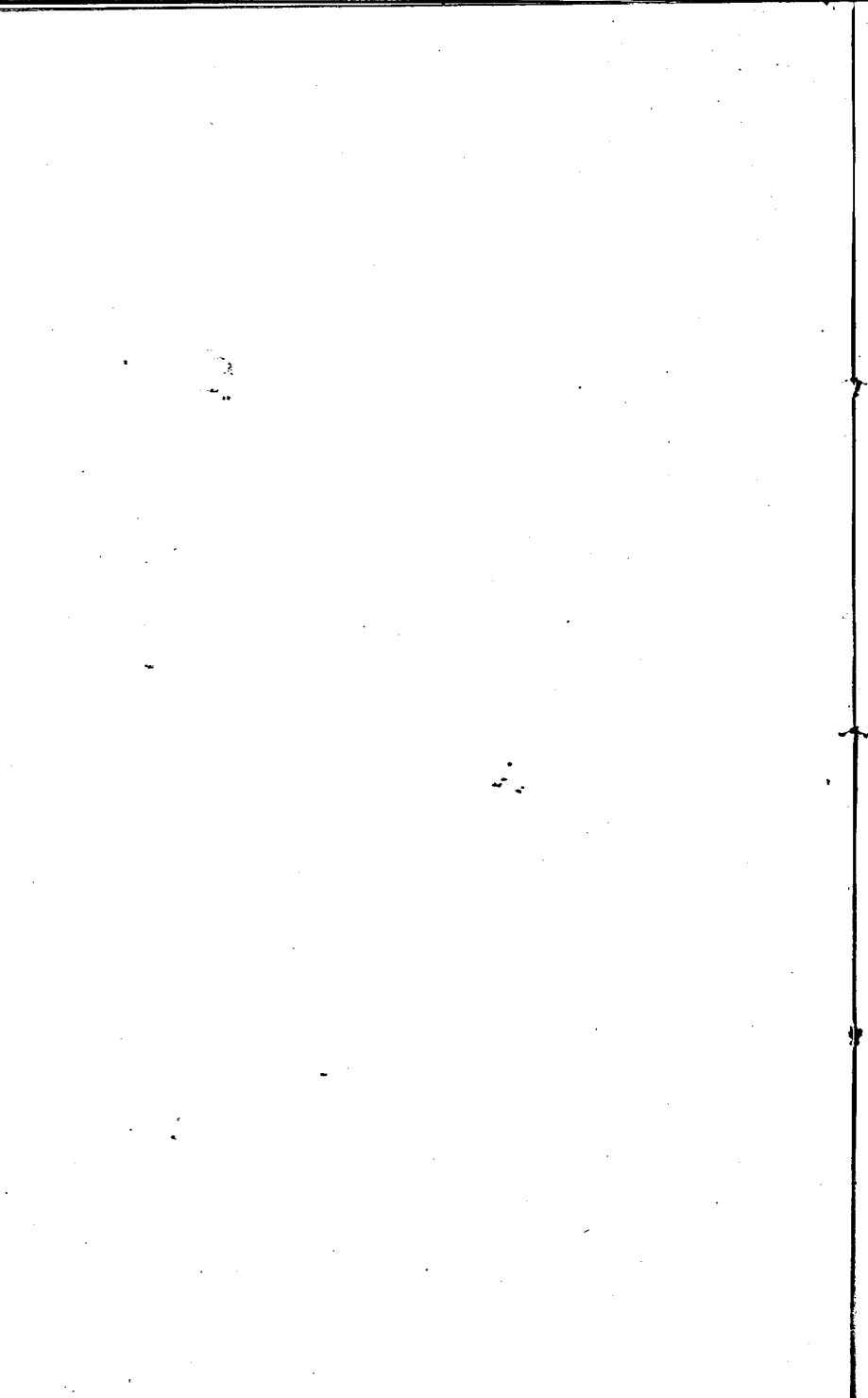


Parochia Spiritualia Prov. Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1^o Jul. 1889 ad diem 1^{am} Jul. 1890

DOMICILIA	Baptizati	Heret. Convers.	Confess. partic.	Confess. gen.	Com. extra T.	Com. in T.	Matrim. benedic.	Matrim. revald.	Extrem. Unction.	Catecheses	Parati ad 1 ^{am} Com.	Parati ad Confirma.	Echortationes	Conciones	Fidelis SS. Cordis	Exerc. Spir. Sacerd.	Exerc. Spir. Relig.	Exerc. Spir. Stud.	Exerc. Spir. priv.	Mission. (quot hebdom.)	Novenge	Tridua	Visit. Hospit.	Visit. Carcer.	Visit. Infirm.	Sodalitates	Sodales	Pueri in schol. paroch.	Puell. in schol. paroch.	Schol. Domin.	
.....	80	5	7000	20	200	9946	18	31	207	93	189	109	640	2	3	5	2	251	200	95	160	250	
.....	65	24	63000	214	517	66000	37	1	39	521	141	166	241	138	4100	3	9	13	2	12	2	5	313	326	610	4	770	450	
.....	9	3	1069	12	21	358	1	14	114	8	118	180	28	42	
.....	10	25	96000	820	9895	80000	294	470	300	60	234	258	10257	2	3	1	5	4	1028	927	7	1718	1200	
.....	259	17	88923	485	755	96000	98	326	176	200	270	125	6513	5	3	1411	7	3600	600	580	175	
.....	261	4	24431	303	196	16470	63	68	542	72	121	186	59	1043	579	5	3250	230	250	
.....	24	11	12800	457	10150	2	20	122	69	44	7	3	256	99	
.....	95	8	19855	257	7586	13800	27	3	58	148	214	233	87	91	350	6	1	7	6	242	5	850	200	239	280	
.....	22	2	22483	926	16312	18410	24	99	165	96	111	75	223	1384	5	7	1	2	3	5	162	434	6	220	60	60	320	
.....	63	17	14052	111	10780	8899	20	52	706	77	86	216	650	6	1	2	2	19	41	629	6	230	
.....	10	10	10899	173	18130	2100	1	5	79	9	33	60	85	59	3	175	
.....	190	11	21660	67	179	22300	30	6	65	114	70	400	160	73	750	6	320	2	896	310	328	638	
.....	327	6	60880	868	644	38451	89	196	102	277	264	177	152	4000	7	1	3	2	4	15	1	855	8	780	400	500	800
.....	1400	25	400	12	1	12	6	1
.....	46	52	93306	15590	580	16	40	96	464	805	982	1133	739	2	6	105
.....	331	20	16878	80	31	16400	73	95	131	102	140	198
.....	274	56	141355	1815	16700	128341	194	358	794	319	376	369	201	15	3	15	5	3	6	222	1265	10	7	250
.....	251	14	82290	912	75459	59700	68	5	238	209	209	390	118	1500	5	3	1	2	6	4	261	1	819	13	1330	210	225	650
.....	567	100	33174	1280	8223	13700	1	7	1537	402	188	11	215	332	350	9155	
.....	148	59	91552	1285	13313	88922	59	1	229	111	95	20	308	29044	3	2	5	3	3	251	262	307	2	530	109	210	800	
.....	145	35	81427	372	313	45825	35	23	136	130	135	12	41	127	4000	4	2	300	7	3197	165	205	600	
.....	174	26931	44	483	24840	50	1	208	124	135	169	148	89	2710	3	2	28	1503	4	810	194	386	
.....	102	15	5200	90	400	4000	14	49	50	30	102	200	4	180	
.....	132	5920	45	428	5585	14	74	148	86	110	105	435	1	300	
.....	277	11	52828	338	1341	41530	35	272	35	176	214	125	3700	1	3	64	918	6	2470	555	595	500	
.....	230	20	43200	228	300	40000	59	2	205	250	236	2	303	4241	1	2	5	400	520	4	650	145	400	900	
.....	66	29	3400	102	3	3900	5	2	21	97	135	224	38	73	180	92	2	218	330	
.....	28	6	5569	244	556	2070	5	1	25	227	11	33	17	117	120	40	2	44	152	
.....	16	3	17056	1043	502	4050	2	157	91	25	25	78	121	310	2	140	

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