

A. M. D. G.

# WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

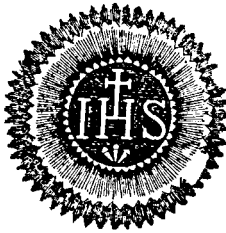
A RECORD

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

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VOL. II.

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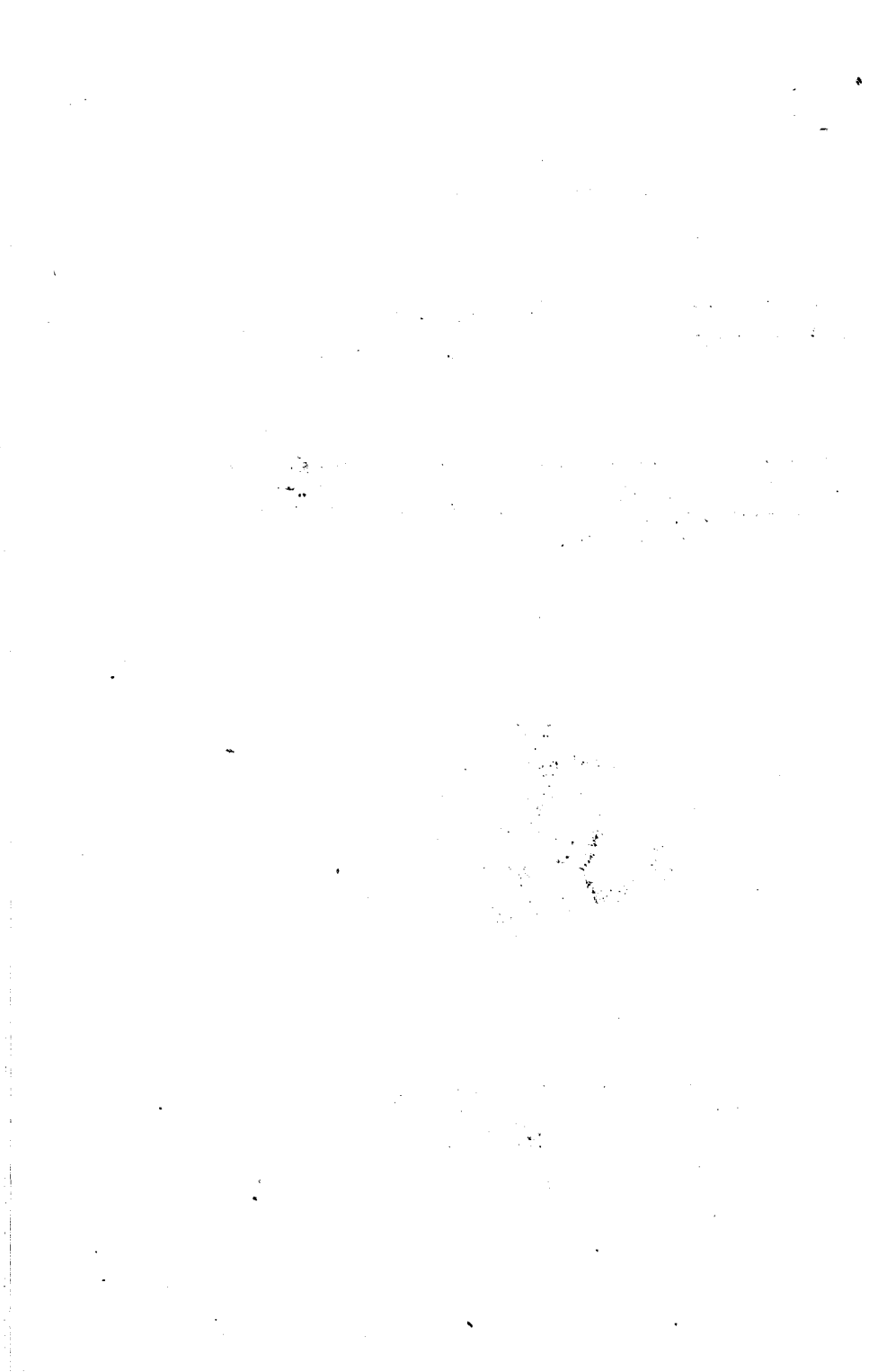


WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,

1873.

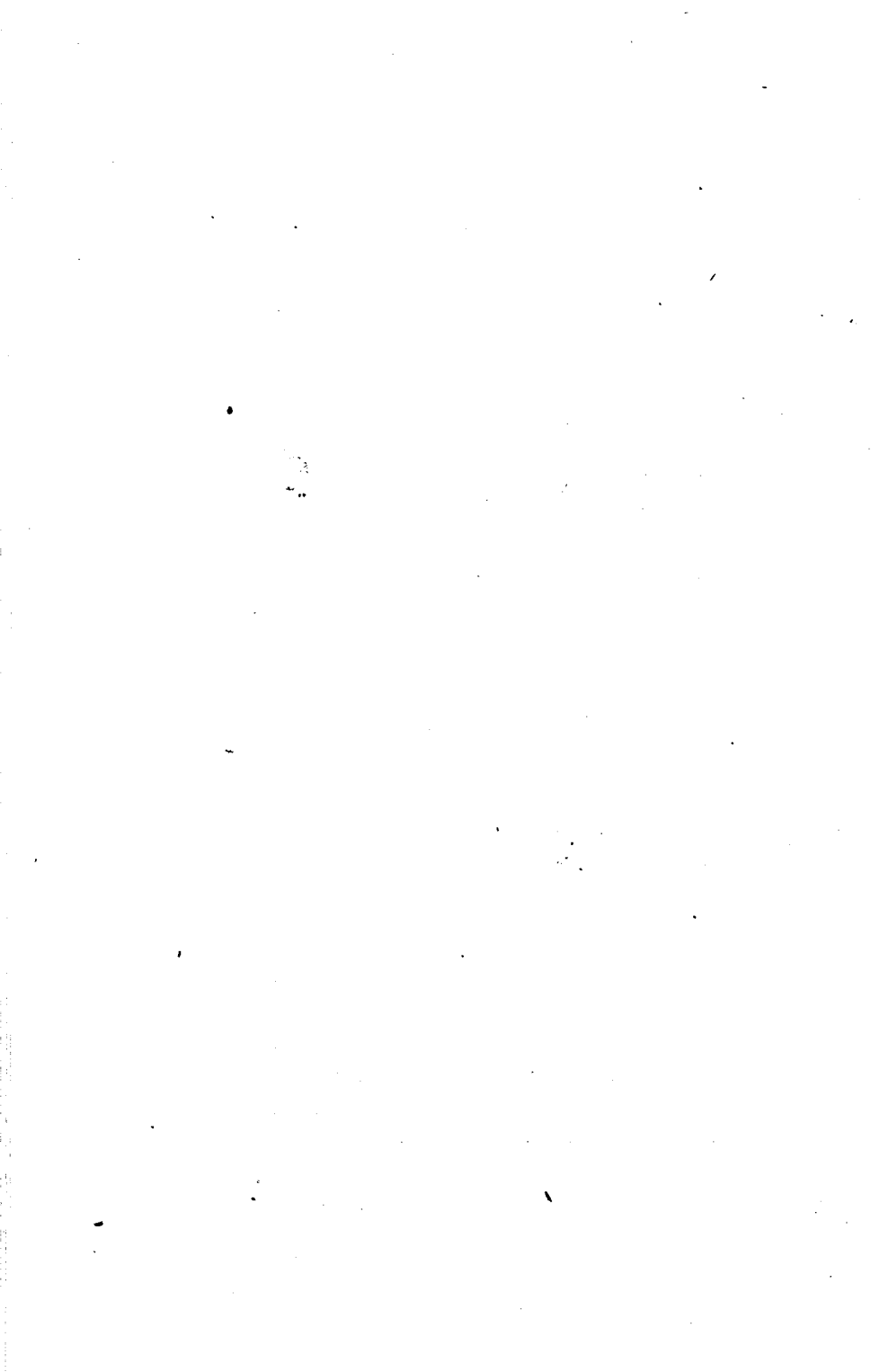
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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Father White's Relation.—Settlement in Maryland . . . . .	1
Annals of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia . . . . .	14, 85, 172
Fr. Weninger on the Pacific Coast . . . . .	31, 218
Woodstock.—Its Surroundings and Associations . . . . .	41
Coeur d'Alene Mission, Idaho.—Letter from Fr. Cataldo . . . . .	57
Fr. Michael O'Connor . . . . .	59
Ward's Island, N. Y.—Letter from Fr. J. Prachensky . . . . .	70
St. Francis Xavier's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .	76
Death of Mr. J. Moynihan . . . . .	80
New York and Canada Mission.—Historical Sketch . . . . .	109, 189
The Apostleship of Prayer . . . . .	125
Missionary Life . . . . .	128
Brazil.—Letter of Fr. Cybeo . . . . .	133
Chinamen in America.—Extract from a Letter of Fr. Weninger . . . . .	142
Missions in Pennsylvania and Delaware . . . . .	146
New Catholic Stations in Kansas.—From Letters of Father Ponziglione . . . . .	149
A Visit to the Kootenais.—Extract of a letter of Father U. Grassi to Father Valente . . . . .	157
China.—Nankin Mission.—Fr. Pfister to Fr. Valente . . . . .	161
De Statu Causarum Servorum Dei, Soc. Jesu . . . . .	165
Current Items . . . . .	166
Miraculous Picture of St. Francis Xavier . . . . .	169
A Visit to Chicago . . . . .	205
Brazil.—Mission of Fortaleza.—From a Letter of Fr. Onorati . . . . .	212
Feast of the S. Heart of Jesus at Woodstock . . . . .	231
Churchville, Berks Co., Pa.—Baptism of a Protestant Minister . . . . .	242
Obituary . . . . .	243





# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. II., No. 1.

## FATHER WHITE'S RELATION.

### SETTLEMENT IN MARYLAND.

Having now arrived at the wished-for country, we appointed names as occasion served. And, indeed, the point which is at the south we consecrated under the title of St. Gregory; designating the northern point, we consecrated it to St. Michael, in honor of all the angels. A larger or more beautiful river I have never seen. The Thames, compared with it, can scarcely be considered a rivulet. It is not rendered impure by marshes, but on each bank of solid earth rise beautiful groves of trees, not choked up with an undergrowth of brambles and bushes, but as if laid out by the

*Jam optata potiti regione, nomina pro re nata distribuebamus. Et quidem promontorium quod est ad austrum titulo S. Gregorii consecravimus, aquilonare S. Michaeli in honorem omnium angelorum indigitantes. Major jucundiusve flumen aspexi nunquam. Thamesis illi comparatus vix rivulus videri potest. Nullis inficitur paludibus, sed solida utrinque terra assurgunt decentes arborum silvae, non clausae vepretis, vel nascentibus surculis, sed quasi manu laxa consitae ut libere quadrigam*

hand, in a manner so open, that you might freely drive a four horse chariot in the midst of the trees.

At the very mouth of the river we beheld the natives armed. That night fires were kindled through the whole region, and since so large a ship had never been seen by them, messengers were sent every where to announce, "that a canoe as large as an island had brought as many men as there were trees in the forests." We proceeded, however, to the Heron Islands, so called from the immense flocks, of birds of this kind. The first which presented itself, we called St. Clement's; the second, St. Catharine's; the third, St. Cecilia's. We landed first at St. Clement's, to which there is no access except by fording, because of the shelving nature of the shore. Here the young women, who had landed for the purpose of washing, were nearly drowned by the upsetting of the boat—a great portion of my linen being lost—no trifling misfortune in these parts.

This island abounds in cedar, sassafras, and the herbs and flowers for making salads of every kind, with the nut of a wild tree, which bears a very hard nut, in a thick shell, with a kernel very small but remarkably pleasant. However, since it was only four hundred acres in extent, it did

inter medias arbores agitare possis. In ipso ostio fluminis armatos indigenas conspeximus. Ea nocte ignes tota regione arserunt, et quoniam nunquam illis tam magna navis conspecta fuit, nuntii hinc inde missi narrabant *Canoam* insulae similem adventasse tot homines quot in sylvis arbores. Processimus tamen ad Insulas Ardearum, sic dictas ab inauditis examinibus hujusmodi volucrum. Primam quae occurrit Sancti Clementis nomine appellavimus, secundam S. Catharinae, tertiam S. Ceciliae. Descendimus primum ad S. Clementis, ad quam nisi vado non patet accessus propter declive littus. Hic ancillae quae ad lavandum excenderant, inverso lintre pene submersae sunt, magna parte meorum etiam linteorum deperdita, jactura in his partibus non mediocri.

Abundat haec insula cedro, saxifragio, herbis et floribus ad omnis generis acetaria componenda, nuce etiam sylvestri, quae juglandem fert praeduram, spisso putamine, nucleo parvo, sed mire grato. Cum tamen quadringentorum tantum jugerum latitudine visa est non ampla satis fu-

not appear to be a sufficiently large location for a new settlement. Nevertheless, a place was sought for building a fort to prohibit foreigners from the trade of the river, and to protect our boundaries, for that is the narrowest crossing of the river.

On the festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the year 1634, we offered in this island, for the first time, the sacrifice of the mass; in this region of the world it had never been celebrated before. The sacrifice being ended, having taken up on our shoulders the great cross which we had hewn from a tree, and going in procession to the place that had been designated, the Governor, Commissioners and other Catholics participating in the ceremony, we erected it as a trophy to Christ the Saviour, while the Litany of the Holy Cross was chaunted humbly on our bended knees, with great emotion of soul.

But when the Governor had understood that many sachems are subject to the chieftain of Piscataway, he resolved to visit him, that the cause of our coming being explained, and this one's good will being conciliated, a more easy access might be gained to the minds of the others. Therefore, having added to our pinnace another which he had bought in Virginia, and having left the ship anchored at St. Clem-

tura sedes novae plantationis. Quaesitus est tamen locus castro aedificando ad prohibendos externos fluvii commercio, finesque tutandos, is enim erat angustissimus fluminis trajectus.

Die Annuntiationis S. Virginis Mariae anno 1634 primum in hac insula litavimus; in hac coeli regione nunquam antea id factum. Sacrificio peracto sublata in humeros ingenti cruce quam ex arbore dedolaveramus, ad locum designatum ordine procedentes, Praefecto et Commissariis, caeterisque Catholicis adjuvantibus, trophaeum Christo Servatori erexitur, Litanis Sanctae Crucis humiliter flexis genibus, magna animorum commotione recitatis.

Cum autem intellexisset Praefectus Imperatori Pascatawaye complures parere regulos, illum adire statuit ut explicata itineris nostri causa, et ejus unius conciliata voluntate, facillior ad caeterorum animos pateret ingressus. Itaque juncta celoci nostrae altera, quam in Virginia conduxerat, et navi in anchoris relicta ad Sanctum Clementem, cursu circumac-

ent's, retracing his course, he landed at the south side of the river. And when he had found out that the savages had fled into the interior, he proceeded to a village which is also called Potomac, a name derived from the river. Here was the young king's guardian, named Archihu; he was his uncle and administered the government in place of the youth—a grave man and prudent.

To Father John Altham, who had come as companion of the Governor, (for he left me with the baggage,) he willingly gave ear while explaining, through an interpreter, certain things concerning the errors of the heathens and now and then acknowledged his own; and when informed that we had not come thither for the purpose of war, but for the sake of benevolence, that we might imbue a rude race with the precepts of civilization, and open the way to heaven, as well as impart to them the comforts of distant regions, he signified that we had come acceptably. The interpreter was one of the Protestants of Virginia. Therefore, when the father could not discuss matters further for want of time, he promised that he would return before long "This is agreeable to my mind," said Archihu, "we will use one table; my attendants shall go hunt for you, and all things shall be common between us."

to ad australem partem fluminis excedit. Cumque barbaros ad interiora fugisse comperisset, progressus est ad civitatem quae a flumine desumpto nomine Potomeach etiam dicitur. Hic Regi puero tutor erat patruus nomine Archihu puerique vices in regno habebat vir gravis et prudens. Is P. Altham (Joannis) qui comes additus erat Praefecto (me etenim etiamnum detinebat ad Sarcinas) quaedam per interpretem de gentilium erroribus explicanti, libenter aures dabat, suos identidem agnoscens; atque edoctus nos non belli causa, sed benevolentiae gratia eo appulisse, ut gentem rudem civilibus praeceptis imbueremus et viam ad coelum aperiremus, simul regionum longin quarum commoda iis impertituros, gratos advenisse monstravit. Interpretes erat ex protestantibus Virginiae. Itaque cum plura pro tempore disserere non posset Pater, promisit se non ita multo post reversurum. Id mihi ex animo accidit, inquit Archihu, una mensa utemur, mei quoque asseclae pro te venatum ibunt, eruntque inter nos omnia communia.

From this we went to Piscataway, at which place all flew to arms. About five hundred men, equipped with bows, stood on the shore with their chieftain. Signs of peace being given them, the chief laying aside his apprehensions, came on board the pinnace, and when he heard that our intentions were friendly, he gave us permission to settle in whatever part of his country we might wish.

In the meantime, while the Governor was on his visit to the chieftain, the savages at St. Clement's having grown more bold, mingled familiarly with our guards, for we kept guard day and night, to protect our wood-cutters from sudden attacks, as well as the brigantine brought by us and which we were constructing of planks and beams. It was amusing to hear them admiring every thing. Above all, where in the world did so large a tree grow, from which so immense a mass of a ship could be hewn? for they thought that it was hollowed from the trunk of a single tree, after the manner of an Indian dug-out. Our cannon struck them all with consternation, as they were much more resonant than their twanging bows, and loud as thunder.

The Governor in his visit to the chieftain had taken as companion, Captain Henry Fleet, a resident of Virginia, a

Hinc itum ad Pascatawaye, ubi omnes ad arma convolarunt. Quingenti circiter arcubus instructi in littore cum Imperatore constiterant. Signis pacis datis, Imperator metu posito celocem conscendit et audito nostrorum benevolo erga eas gentes animo, facultatem dedit qua imperii ejus parte vellemus habitandi.

Interim dum Praefectus apud Imperatorem in itinere est, barbari ad S. Clementem audentiores facti, se vigilibus nostris familiarius admiscebant. Excubias enim interdiu, noctuque agebamus, tum ut lignatores nostros, tum ut aprhaectum, quem tabulis, costisque solutis allatum aedificabamus, ab repentibus insultibus tutaremur. Voluptati erat audire admirantes singula. In primis ubinam terrarum tanta arbor excrevisset, ex qua tam immensa moles navis dedolaretur, excisam enim arbitrabantur quemadmodum indicae canoae ex uno aliquo arboris trunco. Tormenta majora attonitos omnes tenebant, haud paulo quippe vocaliora erant stridulis ipsorum arcubus, et tonitruii paria.

Praefectus socium itineris adhibuerat ad Imperatorem Henricum Fleet Capitaneum ex iis qui in Virginia commorantur, hominem barbaris in

man very much beloved by the savages, and acquainted with their language and settlements. At the first he was very friendly to us; afterwards, seduced by the evil counsels of a certain Claiborne, he became most hostile and stirred up the minds of the natives against us with all the art of which he was master. In the meantime, however, while he remained as a friend among us, he pointed out to the Governor a place for a settlement, such that Europe cannot show a better for agreeableness of situation.

From St. Clement's, having proceeded about nine leagues towards the north, we entered the mouth of a river, to which we gave the name of St. George. This river, in a course from south to north, runs about twenty miles before it is freed from its salt taste—not unlike the Thames. Two bays appeared at its mouth, capable of containing three hundred ships of the largest class. One of the bays we consecrated to St. George; the other bay, more inland, to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The left bank of the river was the residence of King Yoacomico. We landed on the right, and having advanced about a thousand paces from the shore, we gave the name of St. Mary's to the intended city; and that we might avoid all appearance of injury and of hostility, having paid in exchange axes, hatchets, hoes, and some yards of

*primis gratum, et linguae locorumque peritum. Hic initio nobis perfamiliaris, deinde Claborni cujusdam sinisteris seductus consiliis, infensissimus effectus, indigenarum animos qua arte potest adversus nos accendit. Interim tamen dum inter nos amicus ageret, sedem Praefecto monstravit qualem vix Europa meliorem loci benignitate ostendere potest.*

*A Sancto Clemente circiter leucas novem progressi ad Aquilonem fluminis ostio illapsi sumus cui a S. Georgio nomen indidimus. Id flumen ab Austro ad Aquilonem ad viginti circiter milliaria procurrit antequam salsedine marina exuatur, Thamesi non dissimile. In ejus ostio duo visuntur sinus 300 navium immensae molis capaces. Sinum unum Sancto Georgio consecravimus, alterum interius B. Virgini Mariae. Laeva pars fluminis sedes erat Regis Yoacomico; nos ad dexteram excedimus et ad mille passus a littore avulsi, civitati designatae nomen a S. Maria posuimus; utque omnem speciem injuriae, inimicitiarumque occasionem praeverteremus, appensis in commutationem securibus, asciis, rastris et*

cloth, we bought from the King thirty miles of his territory, which part goes by the name of Augusta Carolina.

The Susquehannoes, a tribe accustomed to wars, and particularly troublesome to King Yoacomico, in frequent incursions devastate all his lands, and compel the inhabitants, through fear of danger, to seek other habitations. This is the reason why so readily we obtained a part of his kingdom; by these means, God is opening the way for his law and for light eternal, since every day some of them move away and leave to us their houses, lands and fallow-fields. Truly this is like a miracle, that savage men, a few days before arrayed in arms against us, so readily trust themselves like lambs to us, and surrender to us themselves and their property. The finger of God is in this; and God designs some great good to this people. Some few have granted to them the privilege of remaining with us till the next year. But then the ground is to be given up to us, unencumbered.

The natives are of tall and comely stature, of a skin by nature somewhat tawny, which they make more hideous by daubing, for the most part, with red paint mixed with oil, to keep away the mosquitos; in this, more intent on their comfort than their beauty. They smear their faces also

*mensuris aliquot panni, eminus a Rege triginta terrae illius milliaria, cui regioni Augusta Carolina jam nomen est.*

*Sasquehanoes, gens bellis assueta, Regi Yoacomico praeceteris infesta, frequentibus incursibus omnem depopulatur agrum, et incolas ad alias quaerendas sedes, periculi metu adigit. Hoc causa est cur tam prompte partem ejus regni impetravimus. Deo viam legi suae et lumini aeterno huius adminiculis aperiente, migrant alii atque alii quotidie nobisque relinquunt domos, agros, novalia. Id profecto miraculo simile est, homines barbaros paucis ante diebus in armis adversum nos paratos, tam facile se nobis velut agnos permittere, nobis se suaque tradere. Digitus Dei est hic, et magnum aliquod emolumentum huic nationi meditatur Deus. Paucis tamen quibusdam permittitur sua inter nos habitatio in annum proximum. Tunc vero liber nobis relinquendus est ager.*

*Indigenae statura sunt procera et decenti, cute a natura subfusca, quam colore plerumque rubeo mixto oleo inficientes, ut culices arceant, tetricum reddunt, commodo suo magis intenti quam decori. Vultum aliis*

with other colors; from the nose upwards. seagreen; downwards, reddish, or the contrary, in a manner truly disgusting and terrific. And since they are without beard almost to the end of life, they make the representation of beard with paint, lines of various colors being drawn from the tip of the lips to the ears. They encourage the growth of the hair, which is generally black, and bind it with a fillet when brought round in a knot to the left ear, something which is held in estimation by them being added by way of ornament. Some bear upon their forehead the representation of a fish in copper. They encircle their necks with glass beads strung upon a thread, after the manner of chains; these beads, however, begin to be more common with them, and less useful for traffic.

They are generally dressed in deerskin, or like kind of covering, which flows behind after the manner of a cloak, and are girded about the middle with an apron; in other respects they are naked. Young boys and girls run about without any covering whatever. The soles of their feet being as hard as horn, they tread upon thorns and thistles without injury. Their weapons are bows, and arrows two cubits long, pointed with buck-horn or a piece of white, sharpened flintstone; they direct these with so much skill

etiam coloribus deturpant, a naso sursum coerulei, deorsum rubicundi vel e contra variis et sane faedis, terrificisque modis. Et quoniam barba in ultimam prope aetatem carent, pigmentis barbam simulant lineis varii coloris ab extimis labiis ad aures productis. Caesariem quam plerumque nigram nutriunt, in nodum ad sinistram aurem circumductam vitta astringunt, addito aliquo quod apud ipsos in pretio sit monili. Quidam in fronte praeferunt piscis figuram cupream. Colla muniunt vitreis globulis filo insertis more torquium, quamquam hi globuli viliores apud ipsos esse incipiunt et commercio minus utiles.

Vestiuntur ut plurimum pelle cervina vel similis generis velo, quod a tergo fluit in modum pallii, cincti ad umbilicum perizomatis, caetera nudi. Impubes pueri puellaeque nulla re tecti vagantur. Plantis pedum velut cornu duris spinas, tribulosque calcant illaesi. Arma sunt arcus et sagittae duos cubitos longae, cornu cervino, vel albo praeacutoque silice armatae: has tanta arte librant, ut passerem eminus medium configant.



that from a distance they can shoot a sparrow through the middle. And in order to practise themselves for skill, they throw up a thong on high, and transfix it with an arrow impelled from a bowstring, before it falls to the ground. As they do not use a well-strung bow, they cannot hit a distant mark. By means of these arms they live, and daily through the fields and woods, they hunt squirrels, partridges, turkeys, and wild beasts. For of all these there is great plenty, though we, ourselves, do not venture as yet to provide food by hunting, through fear of falling into an ambushade.

They live in huts of an oblong, oval form, built nine or ten feet high. Into these huts light is admitted from above, by a window, a cubit in extent; it serves also for removing the smoke; for they kindle a fire in the middle of the floor and sleep around the fire. The kings, however, and principal men have, as it were, their private apartments and bed, four posts being driven into the ground, and poles placed upon them to receive the bed. One of these huts has been allotted to me and my companions, in which we are accommodated sufficiently well for the time being, until more commodious dwellings shall be built. This house might be called the first chapel of Maryland, although not

Utque se ad peritiam exerceant, lorum in sublime jaciunt, tum impulsam nervo sagittam infigunt antequam decidat. Arcu quoniam non admodum contento utuntur, metam longe positam ferire non possunt. His armis vivunt et quotidie per agros et sylvas sciuros, perdices, pullos indicos, ferasque venantur. Horum enim omnium ingens est copia, quamquam nondum nobis ipsi expedire alimenta venatu audeamus metu insidiarum.

Domos habitant ovali forma oblonga constructas novem vel decem pedes altas. In has lumen a tecto admittitur fenestra cubitali: illa fumo etiam auferendo inservit; nam ignem medio in pavimento accendunt et circa ignem dormiunt. Reges tamen et principes viri sua habent velut conclavia, et lectum quatuor fulcris in terram adactis, et asseribus superpositis in stratum. Mihi et sociis ex his casulis una obtigit, in qua sat pro tempore commode habemur, donec aedificia parentur laxiora. Illam primum Marylandiae sacellum dixeris, quamquam haud paulo decentius

much better finished than when it was occupied by the Indians. The next voyage, if God prosper our undertaking, we shall not be destitute of the things which are found necessary in other houses.

The tribe has an ingenuous and cheerful disposition, and can understand a matter fairly when it is explained. In acuteness of taste and smell they excel Europeans, and they surpass them also in sharpness of sight. They live mostly on a pap which they call *pone* or *hominy*. Each of these is made of corn, and they sometimes add a fish or a beast or bird which they have taken in hunting. They keep themselves as much as possible from wine and warm drinks, nor are they easily induced to taste them, except those whom the English have infected with their vices. So far as pertains to chastity, I confess that I have not yet observed in man or woman any action which might savor even of levity, notwithstanding they are with us and among us daily, and are glad to enjoy our society. They come of their own accord, with a cheerful countenance, and offer whatever they have taken in hunting or fishing: they bring victuals also at times, and oysters boiled or roasted, having been invited to do this by the few words of their vernacular tongue which we have hitherto learned by signs as well

instructum quam cum ab Indis habitabatur. Proxima navigatione si Deus coeptis annuat, non deerunt Nostris, quae ceteris in domibus sunt usui necessaria.

Genti indoles ingenua est et laeta et quae rem probe capiat cum proponitur: gustu excellunt, et odoratu; visu etiam Europaeos superant. Victitant plerumque pulte, quem *Pone* et *Omini* appellant; utraque ex tritico conficitur, adduntque interdum piscem, vel quod venatu aucupioque assecuti sunt. Cavent sibi quum maxime a vino, et potionibus calidis, neque adducuntur facile ut eas degustent nisi quos Angli suis vitis infecerint. Quod ad castitatem attinet, fateor me nondum advertisse in viro vel femina actionem ullam quae vel levitatem saperet, quotidie tamen nobiscum et apud nos sunt et nostro gaudent uti consortio. Accurrunt sponte, vultu ad hilaritatem composito, et offerunt quae venati vel piscati fuerint, cibos etiam aliquando et ostrea cocta vel arsa, idque paucis invitati linguae ipsis vernaculae verbis, quae per signa hactenus utcumque didicimus.

as we could. Notwithstanding they keep many wives, they preserve conjugal faith inviolate. The countenances of the women are grave and modest. Upon the whole, they cultivate generous minds; whatever kindness you may confer, they repay. They determine nothing rashly, or when actuated by a sudden impulse of mind, but with reflection, so that when any thing of moment, is at any time, proposed, they are for a time silent in a thoughtful manner; then they answer briefly, Yes or No, and are very firm of their purpose. If these people be once imbued with christian principles, (and I see nothing to hinder it, except a want of acquaintance with the language spoken in these regions,) they will assuredly become worthy promoters of virtue and humanity. They are possessed with a wonderful desire of civilization and of the dress of Europeans, and they would have long since used their clothing had not the avarice of the traders prevented it, who do not exchange cloth except for beaver. But every one cannot hunt the beaver. Far from us be their avarice, that we should imitate it.

Ignorance of their language renders it still doubtful for me to state what views they entertain concerning religion; for we have not much confidence in protestant interpreters. These few things we have hurriedly learned. They recog-

*Plures ducunt uxores, integram tamen servant fidem conjugalem. Mulierum aspectus gravis est et modestus. In universum liberales nutriunt animos, quidquid beneficii contuleris rependunt. Nihil temere decernunt, aut subito arrepti motu animi, sed ratione; ideo cum quidquam momenti aliquando proponitur silent aliquando cogitabundi, tunc aiunt breviter, aut negant et propositi sunt tenacissimi. Hi profecto si semel praeceptis christianis imbuantur, (et quidem nihil obstare videtur praeter linguae his regionibus usitatae defectum) virtutis humanitatisque cultores egregii evadent. Miro tenentur desiderio civilis conversationis Europaeorumque indumentorum, jamque pridem vestibus fuissent usi, ni avaritia mercatorum obstitisset qui pannos nisi castore non commutant. Castorem vero unusquisque venari non potest. Absit ut horum avaritia nos imitemur.*

*Idiomatis ignorantia facit, ut quid porro de religione sentiant, nondum constet. Interpretibus enim Protestantibus minus fidimus: haec pauca raptim didicimus. Unum Deum caeli agnoscunt: quem Deum nostrum*

nize one God of heaven, whom they call "Our God"; nevertheless, they pay him no external worship, but by every means in their power, they endeavor to appease a certain evil spirit which they call *Ochre*, that he may not hurt them. They worship corn and fire, as I am informed, as gods wonderfully beneficent to the human race. Some of our men relate that they have seen the following ceremony in a temple at Barcluxem.

On an appointed day there assembled from many parts of the country around a great fire, all the men and women of all ages. Next to the fire stood the younger people; behind them those more advanced in life. A piece of deer's fat being then thrown into the fire, and hands and voices being uplifted to heaven, they cried out "Taho! Taho!" A space being cleared, some one produces a very large bag; in the bag is a pipe and some powder which they call *potu*. The pipe is such as our countrymen use for smoking tobacco, but much larger. Then the bag is carried around the fire, the boys and girls following, and in a pretty agreeable voice singing alternately, Taho! Taho! The circle being completed, the pipe is taken from the pouch with the powder. The *potu* is distributed to each of the bystanders; and every one smoking this when it is lit

vocant, nullum tamen externum honorem illi exhibent; omni vero ratione placere conantur fanaticum quendam spiritum, quem *Ochre* nominant, ut ne noceat; frumentum, ut audio, et ignem colunt ut Deos humano generi mire beneficos. Hanc ceremoniam quidam e nostris in templo Barcluxem vidisse se narrant. Die constituto a pluribus pagis convenere circa ingentem ignem omnes omnium aetatum viri, feminaeque. Proxime ad ignem stabant juniores, pone illos provectiores. Tum adipe cervina in ignem conjecta, et sublatis in coelum manibus et vocibus, clamabant *Taho! Taho!* Intervallo facto, profert unus aliquis bene magnam peram; in pera est tubus et pulvis, quem *Potu* nominant: tubus est quali nostrates utuntur ad exsugendum fumum Tabacchi, sed multo majori. Igitur pera circa ignem fertur sequentibus pueris et puellis, et voce satis grata alternantibus *Taho! Taho!* Circulo peracto, eximitur tubus a pera et pulvis. *Potu* in singulos astantes distribuitur, cujus in tubo accensi

in the pipe, puffs the smoke over all his limbs and consecrates them. I have not been able to learn more, except that they appear to have some knowledge of a flood by which the world perished, because of the sins of mankind.

We have been here only one month, and so other things must be reserved for the next sail. This I can say, that the soil appears particularly fertile, and strawberries, vines, sassafras, hickory nuts, and walnuts, we tread upon everywhere, in the thickest woods. The soil is dark and soft, a foot in thickness, and rests upon a rich, reddish clay. Everywhere there are very high trees, except where the ground is tilled by a scanty population. An abundance of springs affords water. No animals are seen except the deer, the beaver, and squirrels which are as large as the hares of Europe. There is an infinite number of birds of different colors, as eagles, herons, swans, geese, partridges, and ducks. From which you may infer, that there is not wanting to this land, whatever may contribute to the comfort and pleasure of its inhabitants.

fumum quisque exsugens, membra corporis sui singula perflat consecratque. Plura non licuit discere, nisi quod videantur notitiam aliquam habuisse diluvii quo mundus periit propter scelera hominum.

Uno tantum mense hic fuimus, itaque cetera proximae navigationi servanda sunt. Illud assero, solum videri in primis fertile, fragra, vites, saxifragium, glandes, juglandes passim densissimis in sylvis calcamus. Nigra et mollis terra unius pedis crassitudine insternitur pingui et rubenti argillae. Praecelsae ubique arbores, nisi ubi a paucis cultus ager. Copia fontium potum subministrat. Animalia nulla apparent praeter cervos, castorem et sciuros, qui lepores europaeos adaequant. Infinita vis avium est versicolorum ut aquilarum, ardearum, cynorum, anserum, perdicum, anatum. Ex quibus conjectura est non deesse regioni, quae vel commodis vel voluptati habitantium subserviant.

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# ANNALS OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

## PART FIRST.

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“The Little Church down the Alley”, one hundred and forty years since dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, under the patronage of the glorious Spouse of our Immaculate Mother, is invested with a peculiar interest to the American Jesuit, as not only one of the oldest churches in the United States, but the oldest Catholic Church in that part of America, formerly under the British rule.\*

The City of Philadelphia was founded in 1682 and as early as 1686 the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the “Quaker City”, probably by one of the Fathers from St. Inigoès in Maryland.

The first forty years of Philadelphia's history are veiled in darkness as to the Catholic Church. Although Penn's Friends fled from England on account of religious persecution, they have always evinced an active, if quiet, hostility to the religion of Penn's father: and, in the early years of the Colony, this hostility was augmented by the fear of offending the “hot-Church-party” in the Mother Country, if they should show any favor to the Papists.

What is known of the Church during the first half-century of Philadelphia's existence is rather surmise than fact. It is true some fifty years ago, there were many traditions, but these were scarcely reliable enough to constitute them *de fide*. The early settlers, as is well known, were Quakers. It was over thirteen years, before there could be found suf-

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\* DE COURCY—The Catholic Church in the U. S., 200.

ficient members of the Established Church to form a very small congregation.\* During the first twenty-five years there could have been little to wean the Catholic settlers from their preference to Mary's-land. The few who did come to Penn's City were chiefly Irish, with a very small number of Germans and English.

Vague and unreliable rumor points out three places as the site of the first Catholic Church. We know mass was celebrated in 1686, and Penn, in a letter to Governor Logan, dated 7 month, 29 day, 1708, complains of the frequent public celebration of the mass.† Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia" mentions the N. W. Corner of Front and Walnut Streets. But here serious difficulties arise. Penn's own mansion, the "Old-Slate-Roof House", was situated in Second above Walnut Street, while its grounds sloped down to "Dock Creek," now "Dock Street," which brings Front and Walnut Streets in the very heart of Penn's park; and is it likely that so timorous and intolerant a Quaker as William Penn would suffer the "scandal of a mass"‡ to be offered up on his own grounds, almost in sight of his house? Somewhat later, when the streets were laid out, the lot on the N. W. Corner of Front and Walnut Streets, was by patent deeded by Wm. Penn to Griffith Jones, a member of the Society of Friends, and remained in the possession of "Friends" until 1850, most of the time as a dwelling-house for the owners,|| and though they might possibly have, at times allowed an apartment in their house to be used for Catholic worship, they could scarcely have been expected to give it as a "Romish Chapel."

Watson also mentions, on the authority of an old lady "who had heard it said," that the house at the S. E. Corner

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\* Philadelphia and Its Environs.—Relics of the Past, 7.

† Here is a complaint against your government that you suffer publick mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here.

‡ Penn's letter to a friend.

|| "A History of Philadelphia," by Thompson Westcott. Ch. CXV.

of Second and Chestnut Streets had been built for a papal chapel. The dimensions of this building, however, were great, far too great, for the requirements of the Catholics at that time. Nearly fifty years after the building of this so-called church, Father Harding, S. J., numbered but one hundred and twenty, men, women, and children, in his congregation.

It is generally supposed in Philadelphia, that a Roman Catholic chapel was built near the City on the Road between Nicetown and Germantown. It is said, Miss Elizabeth M'Gawley, an Irish lady, brought over a number of her tenantry, and that they settled near Nicetown, and that she erected a chapel near her residence. At a short distance from the place designated is still extant a stone enclosure, containing a large marble tomb inscribed with a cross and the name "John Michael Brown. ob. 15th December, A. D. 1750. R. I. P." From the earliest settlement of the Colony the "Records of Deeds, &c" have been kept with Quaker-like precision, yet no one has been able to find the record of a deed or grant to the said Elizabeth M'Gawley, or any registry of her will. John Michael Brown was said to be the priest of this chapel, but as on the 2d. of May, 1747, Dr. John Michael Brown and Sarah his wife sold Father Greateon, S. J., for the sum of £92. fifteen and one half acres of ground fronting on Wingohocking creek; and as the first effort to introduce Greek orthodoxy into Philadelphia was made by the infamous Hogan in 1822, I naturally conclude that Dr. John Michael Brown was not a D. D. but an M. D. We can have little doubt of Dr. Brown's Catholicity, since in his will he bequeaths £10. for masses for the repose of his soul. He likewise devised to his sister, Mrs. Anastasia Dillon, "a suit of priestly vestments and a silver chalice," (probably not very handsome, as they were valued at fifteen shillings,) while he left to Rev. Theodore Schneider, S. J., the sum of £20. Catholic undoubtedly he was, but, as among his chattels are found "a sword, pistols



and a large quantity of female apparel," we would scarcely judge him to have been a priest. The executors of his last will and testament were Robert Meade, great-grand-father to Major General George A. Meade, U. S. A., Rev. Theodore Schneider, Pastor of St. Joseph's Chapel, and Robert Luther of "Mont Serat." Dr. Brown resided for some time in the West Indies where he had acquired a large fortune, and as he was living at a considerable distance from the built-up portion of the City, surrounded by the Meades, Crumps, and Masons, it is not improbable that he had a chapel in his house where Fathers Greaton and Schneider occasionally said mass for his household and the neighboring Catholics. "The Chapel near Nicetown," said to have been built in 1729—I judge to have been a myth. The greatest proof of its existence rests on the assertion of Deborah Logan, who "remembered having seen its ruins." This Deborah was the wife of James Logan, an Irish Quaker, who came over with Penn, and in 1729 must have been fifty years of age, and as the wife of one of the leading men of the Colony and an ex-governor, would have been likely to remember something more definite of this Chapel, than having seen its ruins. If ever there existed a chapel near Nicetown it must have been on the ground purchased by Father Greaton, and must have been built after 1747, more than fourteen years after St. Joseph's was erected.

Some thirty-odd years ago, when a lad of ten or eleven years, it was my happiness to be acquainted with a Mrs. Baker, (most probably the grand-mother of Mr. Drexel, the Senior member of the celebrated firm of "Drexel, Harjes & Co. Bankers. 3 Rue Scribe, Paris,) an old lady of mixed English and German descent, then more than four-score years and ten, who was born where St. Joseph's College now stands—a healthy, wholesome, brisk, chatty old-soul, full of anecdote, with a mind clear as crystal and a most retentive memory. During the first twenty years of her life she lived in the house of her birth, which was one of

those torn down to make way for St. Joseph's College. Always finding an attentive listener in the boy of ten, she delighted to tell, how one Sunday morning, her father, mother, sisters, and two elder brothers with herself were gathered, according to custom, in the "best room" while the father read the prayers for mass, when a friend, stopping at the window, said: "Why don't you go to hear mass?" "Father and Mother both replied; O, if we only could!" The tears would run down the dear old lady's cheeks, as she told how mass was said for years in the very next house, "and we knew nothing of it." This old lady told me that her mother had often been present at mass and instructions, in an old frame house that stood at the S. W. Corner of Front and Spruce Streets, and whenever she passed that house, she would make a profound courtesy, for she said it was holy ground.

From this I have concluded, and I think most will agree with me, that in Philadelphia the first Chapel built was old St. Joseph's, the "Mother of Churches"; and that previous to 1732, our Fathers who occasionally visited the City, said mass at different houses of the faithful, which will satisfactorily account for the various places assigned for the first mass.

In 1730, some say 1732, Father Joseph Greaton, S. J., a native of Lynton, North Devon, England, who had previously made frequent missionary visits to Philadelphia, was stationed there permanently; Thomas Westcott, in his History of Philadelphia, says the number of his congregation at that time consisted of eleven persons. The statements of Mr. Westcott are deserving of great confidence; his History of Philadelphia is prepared under very favorable circumstances; he has labored hard to secure accuracy, and he is a gentleman of diligence and erudition: but I think, in this instance, he has been mistaken. The late dearly loved Father Barbelin, S. J., during the many years he was stationed at St. Joseph's, collected from all

reliable sources, memoranda and valuable data, with regard to the history of the Church. At the time of his death these papers were nearly all scattered—I rescued but one or two from the dust-bin. When our late Father Provincial, Very Rev. Angelo Paresce, was preparing to leave for Rome, as Procurator of the Province of Maryland, I compiled, at the command of Father Joseph Felix Barbelin, Rector of St. Joseph's College, from these data, a "History of St. Joseph's Church," which Father Paresce carried to Rome, and I distinctly remember that a paper, I think one of the earliest numbers of the "Catholic Herald," stated that Father Greaton's first congregation was made up of eleven families, in all about forty persons. The descendants of some of these families are still living in Philadelphia, Alas! not all in the communion of the Church. Father Greaton, on his way to Philadelphia, stopped at the house of Mrs. Doyle a Catholic lady, who gave him a letter of introduction, it is said, to a wealthy Catholic gentleman residing at Walnut and Front Streets. The name of this gentleman has never been learned, nor can the house be pointed out. I have heard it said, I know not if on reliable authority, that this gentleman was a Mr. Corcoran, residing in Walnut above Third, in a house which stood west of the present North entrance to the Church. Father Greaton had before visited Lancaster and formed the nucleus of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, afterwards evangelized by Father Geisler, S. J., and over which the venerable Very Rev. Bernard Keenan, Vicar-General, and at one time Administrator, of the Diocese of Harrisburg, has so long presided. Rev. Mr. Keenan was ordained in 1821, being the first priest ordained in Philadelphia.

So little of that freedom of conscience, for the enjoyment of which Penn and his companions had left the English coasts, was allowed in Philadelphia at that time, that Father Greaton was accustomed to assume the garb of a Quaker, whenever he visited the City. Father Greaton's finances

must have been in a flourishing condition, for the residence which he commenced in 1732, and completed in 1733, was a large, substantially-built mansion; it is still standing and forms a part of the College of St. Joseph. It was a ten-roomed house, two stories high, three rooms on each floor, with four garrets. Father Greaton received about this time, from England, some valuable paintings, three of which are now extant. One of our Holy Founder, St. Ignatius, is in room No 9, commonly called the Provincial's Room; it is inserted in the wood-work forming the mantle. Another, a master-piece representing St. Francis of Assisium is in the principal parlor. The third, an *Ecce Homo* dark with age, is in the loft, keeping company with a fine painting of Saint Theresa, being pierced with the dart of divine love, a present of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The countenance of the Saint in this painting is truly angelic—the principal objection, however, is that the clothing of the Angel is not suited to the rigors of our winters. In the principal parlor are other valuable paintings; one is by Pennsylvania's great painter, Benjamin West. It was executed in Rome and sent to Father Farmer, S. J., as a token of gratitude for the letters of introduction given by him to various artists in the Eternal City. This picture is supposed by some to represent the flight of Agar, but an infant of four and five can scarcely be supposed to represent a healthy lad of sixteen and seventeen. My opinion is that West intended it for the return of the Holy Family from Egypt. Our Blessed Mother sits upon the grass-grown mound, giving to Her Son and Lord a refreshing drink, Gabriel stands ready to supply should more be needed, while our Holy Father stands in the distance, with joy contemplating his miraculous Spouse and Her still more miraculous Son, ministered to by a prince of Heaven. In this same parlor is another large painting, representing the Adoration of the Shepherds—it is a picture that requires study to appreciate its beauties. Little St. Joseph's is rich in paintings. In No 6., generally named

the "Willing's Alley Parlor"—is a fine painting brought from Rome by Father Ryder representing the Angel trumpeting to Saint Jerome the Judgment. This painting has been copied by artists from the North, and South, and West. In this same parlor is a portrait of St. Francis de Sales, taken during life, and kept as an heir-loom in the "Hayes Family," connections of the Bishop of Geneva, and presented by them to Father Barbelin. In the Church are many old and valuable paintings; not to speak of the Crucifixion and others by Don Pedro Martinez, of which I will have to speak hereafter, there are two very large ones, the first representing the death of St. Joseph, hung before the choir and another in the South gallery representing Queen Esther before King Assuerus and his courtiers, one of whom is gazing at the Queen through a modern eye-glass. In the galleries is a collection of paintings, valuable, if not for their artistic merits of which they are not deficient, at least for their age. There are in the body of the Church, a Madonna and a Crucifixion, brought from Rome, by Father Ryder, both greatly admired, as well as a splendid "St. Aloysius Gonzaga," which hangs over the East Confessional.

The original Church was a room eighteen feet by twenty-two, which had very much the appearance of an out-kitchen, and so it was considered by the family of Mrs. Baker of whom I have spoken before. Although adorned with a chimney instead of a cross, it did not long escape the notice of the vigilant Quakers. Indeed it could not well do so, as it was almost contiguous to what must have been one of the largest buildings of the times, the old "Quakers' Alms-House." This ancient edifice was some years ago torn down to make room for improvements. To an out-building, standing in the large garden, were added four small dwellings, the number of inmates at the time being five. The ground cannot be sold while any of the five live. They have all died but one maiden lady named Nancy Brewer, who lives in the old out-building covered with its green ivy and bright

trumpet flowers, and whose roses, pinks, sweet-williams, bird-eyes, ring-fingers, wandering-sailor, and our more flaunting tulips with modest lilies-of-the-valley often make fragrant our Mother's altar at St. Joseph's. Nearly three years since I met the ancient dame now much over her allotted three score years and ten, erect, active, having never used eye-glasses or a walking stick. I envied her, her memory. Nancy had come out into Willing's Alley to view the excavations for the gigantic offices of the "Pennsylvania Rail-Road Company." I was on my way to a not-very-pressing sick-call. Mrs L...s, our estimable next-door neighbour, who was doing the honors of the occasion, said: "Nancy, here is Father . . . . ., Susan Evan's son." "Her youngest," replied Nancy, "born after Patrick's death." She could tell me, in regular order, the names of my elder brothers and sisters, their ages, the color of their eyes, and seemed to have a pretty good idea of their disposition.

It would give me great pleasure to pay this venerable Friend—friend in two senses—an occasional visit, as I think I could glean from her conversation many interesting facts concerning the Church during the years preceding its restoration to the Society, but she is not a little superstitious, and as I have the fortune, good or bad, to be a posthumous, I am invested in her eyes with a supernatural power of curing diseases.

When a little boy, I was often sent to Nancy to buy dried herbs for cooking purposes. Nancy made much of me, I was her "white haired boy".—I am now one in reality. First, I was asked for one of my "coal-black locks", not "to keep away rats", but as an amulet to avert an impending attack of typhus. Next, the old simpleton regretted she had no tow (an easy conscience prevented any fear of hanging), "but wouldn't I return to twist some for her when she got it?" She intended to wear it on her right arm to cure the erysipelas in her left knee. The life of this venerable virgin is now of some importance to us, and I

often pray that she may be spared to sell her "eye-water" and "dried yarbs" to the *old* families of Philadelphia, for at least eighteen months longer. For, I am told, the "Old Quaker Alms-house ground" has been sold to the Pacific Rail Road Company, on condition that they obtain possession of it within three years; the possession depends on Nancy's death. Already twenty months have passed. If this company obtain possession within the specified time, it is their intention to raise another Rail Road Palace, which will bury old St. Joseph's, as in a tomb. Many join me in praying, that my venerable friend, Nancy Brewer, may live to do justice to a good New Year's dinner (the old lady likes good things) on the 1st of January, 1874.

The erection of a Romish Chapel did not long escape Quaker intolerance. As early as July 25th, 1734 (I quote from Westcott), the matter was brought to the notice of the Provincial Council. At a meeting of this august body, held on this date, over which Lieutenant Governor Patrick Gordon presided, and at which Thomas Penn, one of the proprietors was present, we find the following minutes:

"The Governor then informed the Board that he was under no small concern to hear that a house lately built in Walnut Street, in this City, had been set apart for the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and is commonly called the *Romish Chappel*, where several persons, he understands, resort on Sundays to hear mass openly celebrated by a Popish priest: that he conceives the tolerating of the publick exercise of that religion to be contrary to the laws of England, some of which (particularly the eleventh and twelfth of King William the Third) are extended to all his majesty's dominions. But those of that persuasion here, imagining they have a right to it from some general expressions in the charter of privileges granted to the inhabitants of this government by our late honorable Proprietor, he was desirous to know the sentiments of the Board on the subject

It was observed hereupon, that if any part of the said charter, was inconsistent with the laws of England, it could be of no force, it being contrary to the express terms of the royal charter to the Proprietary. But the council having sat long, the consideration thereof was adjourned to the next meeting, and the said laws and charters were then ordered to be laid before the Board."

So the matter rested for a month, a month, no doubt, of great anxiety to Father Greaton and his forty disciples. At the next meeting of the Council, held July 31st—the matter was again considered:

“The minutes of the preceding council being read and approved, the consideration of what the Governor then laid before the board touching the Popish chappell was resumed, and the charter of privileges, with the laws of the Province concerning liberty, being read, and likewise the statute of the eleventh and twelfth of King William the Third, chapter 4; it was questioned whether the said statute, notwithstanding the general words in it, “all others his majesty’s dominions,” did extend to the plantations in America, and, admitting it did, whether any prosecution could be carried on here by virtue thereof while the aforesaid law of this province, passed so long since as the fourth year of her late Majesty, Queen Anne, which is five years posterior to the said statute, stands unrepealed. And under this difficulty of concluding upon anything certain in the present case, it is left to the Governor, if he thinks fit, to represent the matter to our superiors at home, for their advice and directions in it.”

From this it would seem that our early “City Fathers” acted in a very deliberate and temporizing manner. But although Westcott says: “It is certain that there was no further attempt made to meddle with St. Joseph’s Church, which went on slowly increasing in numbers without molestation,”\* tradition tells that three times did the British soldiery level it with the ground, and that, on the fourth occasion, Father Henry Neale, S. J., used a little of the “prudence of the serpent,” vulgarly called “Jesuit cunning,” and by filling the stomachs of the Britishers saved the Church. Kalm, a Swedish traveler, shortly after this, in 1748—1750, speaking of the Chapel, says: “the Roman Catholics have in the southwest part of the town a great *house*, which is well adorned within, and has an organ.”† He speaks of the house of which the Chapel was an appendage. No account, I have met with, mentions the house as having been attacked, our early Church destroyers, unlike their imitators of 1844, respected private property.

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\*“History of Philadelphia,” Ch. CXV.

† Idem.



In our times, it is often asked, why was St. Joseph's built in so obscure, secluded a situation? Its very seclusion is to many its peculiar charm. How pleasant for its congregation, always noted for its union and friendly fellowship, to meet before and after each service, in its shady quadrangle and talk of Church and family matters. It is Sunday: as they crowd out after the early masses, how many an anxious enquiry, how many a word of sympathy and consolation is spoken? Then comes the children's mass at 8.30, happy urchins! they love St. Joseph's, they love it because they are happy there—the joyous shout that seems almost irreverent, springs irrepressibly from joyous hearts. So merry and so happy are they, they cannot help forgetting the Fourth commandment and being wanting in proper respect for the aged members of the “old-gentlemen's Sodality”, who are now assembling as chatty as “maidens of sixteen,” and who will soon make the venerable walls of that loved Church resound with notes, not acquired in the conservatories of Naples or of Paris, but notes which re-echo through Heavenly courts, and which angels accompany on well-tuned harps. How many a saint, now a member of St. Cecilia's choir, joyously smiles as he thinks of his “ora pro nobis” in the North aisle of lowly St. Joseph's. Now they are assembling for the late mass: here is a group of the “Fathers in Israel”; of what are they debating? the rise in Erie? the awards of Geneva? no! “Has that old woman in Gatzmer Street been visited?” “Why, that man, you know, with the club-foot, has three young children, two girls and one boy, we must do something for him. Let us, at least, send the girls to the Sisters' school.” There is a party of laughing, romping lads, what are they discussing? the last “Base Ball Match?” “the innings of the Athletics, or the fouls of the Red-Stockings?” no! “It's my turn to serve to-day.” “No, it isn't, we go up, we don't go down. John L... and Michael D.... served last Sunday, it's our turn to-day.” “Do you know your piece for this afternoon?

Father... will be jolly mad if you break down in Sunday School." "I don't care, he only gave me my part on Friday—I wouldn't have got it if Gerald hadn't been sick." Do you see that red, cheerful, smiling face, making all smile who look upon it, crowned with a halo of golden red hair? That face belongs to a true son of Ignatius. Not to the sainted founder of St. Joseph's, Joseph Greaton, but to the Apostle of Philadelphia, the loved Joseph Felix Barbelin. Listen to him as he comes limping down the steps, a decade of boys surround him; "Have you settled that difficulty with Mr. N . . . ?" "Father, it wasn't my fault." "Better get the lines,—if you don't deserve them this time, you have on many other occasions." "I didn't see you at communion on last Sunday! "Humph! humph! humph!" "How is your sister? will she be at Sunday School, this afternoon? Humph!"

As steel is drawn by the magnet, in the meanwhile, the veterans have been drawn nearer. "Humph! Yees—the tickets—all ready?"—"don't forget the advertisement in the Ledger, humph! humph!" "What's the matter with Mr. F . . . ? he hasn't been to the Sodality for two Sundays,—humph!" An old "apple-lady," who has been following his limping steps, with ill-shod feet, and lifted hands, and open mouth, and happy smiling face, now catches his eye and drops a profound courtesy—"Yes, Norah, next Friday will be the first Sunday in the month,—don't forget the Devotion to the Sacred Heart." Passing is a lady dressed in the height of the fashion—"Humph! Miss—eh! don't forget Sunday School to-day." A smile and a bow is his answer. Look at that old man with a cane, why does he hasten so? mass will not be begun for ten minutes yet. He wants to hear: "Good music to-day, Martin; Haydn's No 4; Father . . . preaches." So a word to most, a word like good seed, blessed by God, and a smile for all.

The late mass is over—see him again at his post, a word, a smile, a shake of the hand, the old and the young, the

rich and the poor, the saint and the sinner—the Irishman with his rich brogue, the German with his golden locks, the French Madame with her flowers and bows, the Italian with his swarthy complexion, the Spaniard or Mexican with his stately carriage—the American with his nonchalant air, yes—the humble African, carrying his cap in his hand, none can pass without raising the eye to see if he can gain an answering glance, to gladden his heart on his way home and form the staple of the dinner-table chat ; —while many stop to speak of a sad bereavement or to tell a sorrow and hear a word of consolation and encouragement—to whisper a coming joyful surprise and receive a word of sympathy. Happy quadrangle, blessed by such steps! Dinner is over. Listen to those laughs, hear those shouts, look at those wrestling boys, can this be Sunday in the Quaker City? Yes, it is the children, the happy children of St. Joseph's, waiting for the opening of the Sunday School, waiting for Father Barbelin (Alas ! no longer waiting for him, for he is gone, whither he was so desirous to take them, to Heaven.) He is gone, but they are there, and he is there in the "tablet in the Southern wall." One of St. Joseph's Sunday School's daughters, the talented, sweet-singing Eleanor C. Donnelly, thus writes :

"Once in his life he said—(God rest his soul !):  
When I am dead I would be glad to lie  
Near the old Church, where friends might see my grave,  
And breathe a prayer for me as they passed by.

O rare humility ! O saint-like fear !  
Which after years of zealous ministry,  
Rested with such a simple child-like faith,  
Upon the prayers of sinners such as we.

God's blessing on the earnest heart that held  
The words safe treasured :\*—and God's blessing fall

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\* The Compiler of this account, who feels most grateful for the blessing.

Like clearest sunshine, on the lives of those  
Who set this tablet in the Southern wall.\*

It was the one thing needed then and there :  
Not that his memory could grow dim and die,  
But it was good to see his pleasant face,  
And feel him, as a guardian angel, nigh.

The footsteps of the children come and go,  
Like sounds of summer leaves in pattering rain,  
And from the wall their Father's face looks down  
And seems to smile upon them once again.

Organ may peal, and consecrated chime  
Summon the faithful to the holy Mass,  
But surest magnet of them all—behold !  
The face that seems to brighten as they pass.

The sinner ling'ring at the gate,  
Afraid to enter and confess his sin,  
Hears from the marble lips : 'Come, come, dear child !'  
And mastered by old memories—goes in. †

Blest are the dead who in the Lord repose,  
For their works follow them,—yea, holy priest !  
The very meekness of the sculptured face  
Wins souls to Heaven, though thy life has ceased.

O Christ ! who wept when gentle Lazarus died—  
Send quiet rains upon this Tablet white ;  
And let thy sunshine gild his brow by day,  
Thy moonbeams softly silver it by night.

Silent, he seems to listen to the hum  
Of childish voices in the sunny yard,  
Within—the sweet Lord holds His court : without—  
Dear Father Barbelin keepeth watch and ward."  
June 8th, 1870.

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\* The Fr. Barbelin Memorial Association.

† This prediction has more than once been verified.

At length he appears, panting and short-breathed, but smiling still the while. Is the noise stilled? it but grows the louder, those infant hearts cannot but speak their happiness in joyous shouts. The Sunday School is over—the Sodalists have sung the office of their Heavenly Mother—again the quadrangle is alive with cheerful voices, not those of children now, but those of youths, the young gentlemen and young lady Sodalists who have finished their devotions and are waiting the beginning of Vespers. At length the organ sounds and the quadrangle is nearly deserted. A joyful “Te Deum” and a solemn “Laudate Dominum” are heard and crowds again stream out into the shady enclosure. Now it will soon be quiet for the day. Oh, no! the Rosary is to be recited—the library will soon be opened—the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul cannot disperse without their usual meeting, what would the poor do? Father This and Father That are to be told, that So and So are very ill, or to be asked: “couldn’t you bring Holy Communion some day this week to Mother?” or to be informed: “Father, my brother hasn’t been to his duties for years, and is now dying of the Consumption, he can’t last many days—we don’t live in this parish, we live way down in St.—’s parish. But, Father, he won’t have any body but you. Please, Father, do come and speak with him and get him to go to confession, and I’ll get Father—to anoint him.” Out of one door go four or five parties each carrying a little angel, that a short time before had come in a little d—l. In the other enters another party whose flowers and perfume announce a bridal.

The supper bell rings; surely now the quadrangle will be like a “banquet hall deserted!” Yes, for a while, except that some of the guests remain loth to depart. There is a last request to St. Joseph—a last “Hail Mary” to be said at our Mother’s Altar—“that she will not let my mother die, that Charley may come to confession”—a last visit to Jesus in His Tabernacle of Love—to beg for this favor, to pray that

that temptation may not overpower—"I cannot tear myself away," says an old lady! "it seems so much like Heaven."

The State House Bell—noble bell, even if you are cracked and useless—glorious old State House Bell—that pealed the birth-hymn of civil liberty—there is no necessity for me to sound your paean, soon your praises will be read in every paper throughout this vast republic. The present State House Bell strikes seven. What! are the duties of the day to begin again? No: But, perhaps, there's a meeting of the colored people, in the basement: perhaps, the particular Conference of St. Vincent de Paul meets at St. Joseph's, this evening: perhaps, the Sodality is to rehearse for the approaching celebration; perhaps,—but never mind! there they are, men and women, girls and boys, blackamoor and Celt, and there he is in the midst of them, listening to all, conversing with a score at a time, but working out his own plans the meanwhile. Dear Father, you seem as simple as the dove, but, I know, the cunning of the serpent is not wanting in you. At half-past nine the iron gate is closed, and then at last, after sixteen and a half hours, that quadrangle of St. Joseph's is, for a short while, empty and still. Blessed quadrangle! Could Father Greaton when he selected the secluded spot, beneath the spreading Walnut trees, have ever imagined such a scene? But then he had not the happiness of knowing Father Barbelin.

[*To be continued.*]



## FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

### SECOND LETTER.

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REV. AND VERY DEAR FATHER:  
P. C.

The main reason, which led the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany to desire my presence in San Francisco, was the hostile attitude of the German Catholics in that city. Their church, which was situated near the harbor amidst the din and bustle of business, had become unsuitable as a house of God. They were, therefore, thinking of selecting a more convenient site in the centre of the city, when serious difficulties broke out between the Archbishop and some self-willed, headstrong members of the Congregation. The matter was taken to the secular courts, and an open rupture ensued between the chief shepherd and this discontented, wayward flock. Meanwhile the old church, which was all of iron, had fallen into utter decay and become actually unsafe. The innocent, as well as the guilty, thus found themselves without a temple of their own and were obliged to offer their adorations in our old College church, which the Fathers at St. Ignatius had kindly placed at their disposal until they would be provided with more suitable accommodations.

Such was the state of the congregation on my arrival. I was expected to bring back these refractory spirits to a sense of duty, to harmonize these discordant elements, to adjust existing differences and to remove the scandal. I soon perceived that I had entered upon a new and unexplored field of experience. I felt that the people of California were widely different in character from any that I had

hitherto dealt with. They seemed to form a race apart, almost as unlike their Texan neighbors as they are unlike the New Englanders. But a mission moves on victoriously, even amid the most untoward circumstances. It is an irresistible steam-engine of grace, which can grind a heart of quartz to dust. I opened it at once and continued it for a fortnight with unequivocal signs of Heaven's approval.

Strengthened in their faith and renewed in spirit, the Germans resolved to be Catholics in deed as well as in name. They wished to buy another lot immediately, and without further delay to build a church and school-house of their own. But there were still great obstacles to remove. Up to that time, the Archbishop had refused giving his consent, until the law-suit would have been decided. Besides this, the authors of the trouble had spread the rumor that, even should they gain the case, his Grace would never allow the Germans to build a church for their own exclusive use.

I undertook to represent the case to the Archbishop during the course of the mission. I insisted that, if he wished it to be successful, he must accede to the present wishes of the Congregation, and that he must himself lay on the altar, in the presence of the people, the document entitling the Germans to erect a new church destined exclusively for their use. I even went so far as to dictate to him the words in which he was to address them, in order to allay their suspicions. The prelate agreed to my every proposal with edifying humility, and his lenient, conciliatory conduct produced the happiest results. A new lot was purchased for about thirty thousand dollars in a very eligible part of San Francisco, and a large building was erected containing under one roof a temporary church and school-house.

Immediately after this mission, I was invited to give one in English in the church of St. Francis of Assisi, which is under the direction of the Dominican Fathers. I answered



the call with the greatest pleasure, because the journey to San Francisco, for the sole purpose of giving one mission to a single German parish, really seemed too long. Having come so far, I wished to do as much good as possible along the Pacific Coast. I cannot give the reader a better idea of the success which attended my efforts and of the consolations which I enjoyed, than by quoting an extract from an article, which appeared on that occasion in the San Francisco *Monitor*.

“One of the most successful Missions ever given in California, closed on Monday evening last, at the Church of St. Francis in this city. The well established fame of the Missionary, his towering zeal for the reclamation of sinners, his forcible eloquence, his celebrity as an author of many important works of a devotional character, all naturally attracted great numbers to see and hear him. No one was disappointed.

“From the first day of the mission the confessionals were crowded. Certain days of the week were set apart for the special instructions of married men, married women, young men and young women, and the numbers which filled the beautiful church on all occasions bear testimony to the intense interest manifested by all classes. Ten Confessors were almost constantly in attendance.—Sunday morning last at half past five the Church was filled with men of all ages; women being excluded. Every member of that vast Congregation approached the altar; old, young, and middle aged—presenting a more edifying spectacle, than was ever witnessed within a Church in San Francisco.

“At last Mass, the renewal of the baptismal vows took place. At the close of the sermon the Sanctuary was crowded with boys and girls, a number of the latter dressed in white, with flowing veils and wearing wreaths of roses. In the centre of the platform, elevated above the children, who surrounded the altar dais, stood the Missionary. In a voice clear and distinct, he ordered the Congregation to stand up, and to every question, one loud and solemn reply attested the sublimity of that strong christian faith, which enables the sincere Catholic to hold himself in readiness, to die for his religion. The fervor of their responses, the voices of the children ringing in a clear treble above the

deeper tones of the Congregation, and again the solemn exhortations of Father Weninger, beseeching them to keep faith forever pure in their souls, sent an electric thrill through the people, which found vent in tears of ineffable joy.

"Monday evening the Blessing of the Mission Cross took place and the Papal Benediction was administered. For this occasion the Altar and Sanctuary were decorated with flowers and evergreens in extraordinary profusion. Hundreds of lights dazzled around and upon the Altar, and numerous little girls arrayed in white were ranged along the rails of the Sanctuary. A splendid instrumental band and an increased choir also lent additional interest to the ceremonies. The effect was grand and replete with those soul-elevating sensations, which the ceremonies of the Church of God can alone impart. Tuesday was set apart for the enrollment of hundreds of children in the Confraternity of the Holy Infants. The offering amounted to \$116 in gold. By this act the spiritual exercises in the parish of St. Francis were brought to a close,—a work which can never be effaced from the memory of any one who attended them.

"The splendid Mission Cross, some twelve feet in length, was placed in a niche over St. Joseph's Altar, and the magnificent inscription in gold letters across the arms, "He that shall persevere to the end, shall be saved," will always serve, to remind those, who attended the Mission of 1869, that their promises of amendment will avail them nothing, unless they keep them unsullied and unbroken, to the end.

"How consoling to the Missionary's heart must be the pleasure of this his first fruit among the English speaking Catholics of the Pacific Coast! In common with others we rejoiced, that in the midst of the tirades of an Anti-Catholic Press the Church moves forward with gigantic strides drawing still closer around her devoted children, and adding many a stray sheep, which is not yet of the flock, to the one fold and the one shepherd. Several professions of faith took place, and others are being instructed previous to their reception into the Church."

From San Francisco I passed on to Marysville and gave a Retreat to the clergy in the diocese of Grass Valley. It is presided over by Bishop O'Connell, who had wished me since many years back to give the spiritual exercises to his flock. Thanks be to Heaven, the first effects were most

consoling to his heart and to mine. Indeed, according to my experience, no mission is accompanied with such copious showers of grace as one given to priests.

As our Fathers are frequently called upon to give Retreats to the Clergy, they will not consider it out of place here to record what personal experience has taught concerning this particular kind of mission. In the first place, I regard an absolute silence as an indispensable condition for complete success. To ensure this point, a Retreat to all the priests in common should never exceed three or four days. A full *Triduum*, with an introduction on the eve of the first day and a concluding meditation on the morning of the fourth, is quite sufficient. Priests, as a general rule, are very willing to close their lips for three or four days, but no longer.

If it is not possible, for want of sufficient accommodation, to furnish them all with private rooms, the large halls in which they are lodged, should be partitioned off with curtains, and each one be provided with a separate compartment to which he may retire to avoid the temptation of speaking. Each of these little cells or rooms should be supplied with paper, pen and ink, but especially with some ascetical work or the life of a Saint.

During these three days, I am in the habit of giving eleven Meditations and three Conferences. I do not content myself with merely explaining the *points* to them, and then leaving them to meditate by themselves. As a general rule, they are not accustomed to meditate, and if abandoned to themselves are apt to spend the time in an idle, listless way with but little profit to their souls. It is much better to stay with them the whole hour and go through the Meditations with them, suggesting such pious affections and resolutions as the subject naturally calls forth. After this, they may withdraw to their own apartments and spend a quarter of an hour in pondering over what they have heard. This exercise, which our Holy Father calls the

"Regustatio Spiritus," often contributes more than the Meditation itself to inspire them with salutary resolutions. I also make the particular examen with them at noon and at night. This enables me to rekindle their fervor, to dwell upon the importance of silence and retirement and to move them to still greater fidelity during the following half day. At night, after the *points* have been explained, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed upon the altar, the "Miserere" is sung by all, the Benediction given and night prayers recited in common.

A Retreat conducted in this manner cannot fail, it seems to me, to be crowned with success. If, after eleven Meditations and three Conferences, a priest is not renewed in spirit, if he is not resolved to make a good confession and to lead a life worthy of his high calling, no good need be expected from him by protracting the exercises of the Retreat. He will only grow more and more weary of his present condition, because he is out of the common routine of daily life to which he has become accustomed, and probably deprived of many little creature comforts which he enjoys at home. If he has not been cured by the terror-striking considerations of the first three days, he is apt to nauseate less fearful subjects altogether, to turn the most wholesome spiritual food into deadly poison and only add to the weight of his accountability before God. At the very least, you must expect that he will throw off the irksome restraint put upon him and show but little regard for silence and recollection. I sometimes say, in connection with this subject: St. Paul had made a Retreat of but three days, when the scales fell from his eyes. If they do not fall from the eyes of a sinful priest after the same length of time, they will not fall off at all; on the contrary, there is danger of their hardening and becoming still more difficult to remove. A French Bishop has justly remarked; "Un prêtre, qui n'est pas converti à la troisième journée, est tué par la quatrième;—a priest, who is not converted on the third day, is killed by the fourth."

Besides, if the Retreat begins on Monday or Tuesday evening and finishes on Friday or Saturday morning, a goodly number of priests can attend without depriving their congregations for a single Sunday of divine worship. The priests themselves will be less reluctant to repeat such a Retreat, as often as an occasion offers; and the Father who gives it, will save time "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

While I was thus engaged, I received a letter from his Grace, Archbishop Blanchet of Oregon, inviting me to give missions in all his dioceses. He urged me to "seize time by the forelock" and be ahead of the cold season which would soon be upon us. The Bishop of Marysville, on the other hand, advised me to defer the missions in his diocese on account of the intense heat. Accordingly, I resolved to consult the wishes of both of these prelates as well as the comfort of the people, and to start immediately for Oregon. Before asking my readers to accompany me thither in spirit, I trust they will allow me to detain them a little on what has been to me a subject of heartfelt consolation.

In Marysville, which I was just going to quit for a season, I fell in with some distinguished American converts, who had been brought to the faith by reading my little volume on "Protestantism and Infidelity;" and elsewhere I discovered to my great surprise that, through that book, I was almost better known among Americans on the Pacific Coast than in the Atlantic Cities. The San Francisco *Monitor* almost reproduced the work in its columns; and in the Railway cars, as well as on the boats, converts addressed me who had perused its pages and who expressed the most cordial joy on seeing its author.

Among the unknown friends, whose acquaintance I thus unexpectedly made, was a man from the great "Indian Reservation" on the Pacific Coast, who once sent me a letter to Buffalo to announce an extraordinary conversion. Two stray copies of "Protestantism and Infidelity" had found their way to the "Reservation," and one of these had been put

into the hands of an American, who had been committed to prison for murder. He read it, recognized the claims of our holy Faith and was received into the bosom of the Church. While standing upon the gallows, previous to his execution, he addressed the crowd; and confessing his crime, he thanked God who out of so enormous an evil, had been pleased to draw so great a good for his soul. He expressed the firm confidence that being now a member of the true and only saving Church of Christ, he would appear cleansed from his sins in the presence of a merciful Judge, and despite his past iniquities would be admitted to the joys of heaven. As was expected his words made a deep impression on the people; and when I heard of the occurrence, I immediately sent fifty more copies for distribution among the protestants in that part of the country.

I have taken the liberty to state these particulars, not—as I hope—from any selfish satisfaction, but from a desire to confirm by fresh, living examples and personal experience what every member of the Society already knows from our annals and family traditions—that good books are one of the most powerful weapons, which we can wield as soldiers of the cross. Yet, often, perhaps, we practically underrate their importance and feel tempted to abandon the labor of composition altogether, for the more exciting and possibly more attractive duties of the pulpit.

Had I come to this country dumb, I would never regret having crossed the ocean, so long as I would have been allowed to use my pen, and spread my works abroad. Up to the present I have been enabled by my own exertions to circulate books to the amount of some two hundred thousand dollars; and I engage all my brethren to use their individual as well as their united efforts in a similar undertaking. Their eloquence can attract but a limited number of hearers, and at best must cease with their lives; their writings may be read and reread by millions and continue the good begun, when the authors themselves have

gone to their reward. I should only feel too happy, if a word of recommendation from me would induce many to walk in the footprints left by a Possevin and other distinguished writers of the Society, even at a time when the press was not yet that powerful engine of good or evil which it has become in our days, and when the Church did not yet urge her educated and sworn defenders so repeatedly and so earnestly as our own Pius has done, to counteract the pernicious influence of the infidel books, slanderous pamphlets and immoral squibs, which stock the literary market and which are bought up and devoured with such dangerous greed, owing to a want of more wholesome nourishment.

It is for us—who are particularly called upon to break to the hungry the bread of holy doctrine—to supply this urgent demand, to diminish this dearth of sound intellectual food and prevent the children of the household from famishing, or begging for a poisoned crumb at the door of a stranger. Great, beyond measure, was the encouragement I received, when the Holy Father himself wrote to me, that by my work on the “Infallible Authority of the Pope,” I had done more good than by all the missions which I had given throughout the States. Certain it is that, should God require me to renounce either the merits gained by my sermons or those gained by my books, I should exclaim without hesitation: “Leave me those of my books; I renounce those of my sermons.”

Such considerations as these were almost enough to attach my heart to Marysville. I embarked, however, for Oregon in the beginning of September, and felt happy in the thought that I was traveling on the same ocean, on which St. Francis Xavier had traveled in his missionary expeditions of old. It is called the Pacific; but along the shores of California up towards Oregon and Washington Territory, this appellation is seemingly a *lucus a non lucendo*. The tide nearly always runs high; and chafing with

reckless fury bears you along on a crest of foam. I particularly recollect the terror of a New Englander one stormy day, as he looked in horror out upon the seething mountains of water, and ever and anon repeated the significant exclamation "awful! awful!"

However as I had the first cabin on board, I was able to say Mass every day. I never sacrificed to Neptune on sea, and to my comfort I discovered, that though the Pacific was rough, its waves were quite different from those of the Atlantic. On the latter, particularly about the Gulf of Mexico, they are sharp and broken; on the former—possibly because of the difference in the temperature—they rise gradually like extensive hills, and consequently in stormy weather the motions of the steamer are not so violent.

As our route lay along the shore, we enjoyed the grand and truly picturesque scenery presented by the mountain chains, and particularly by the towering heights of Mt. Shasta. The deep too added its share to the romance of the trip. The many whales that perform their awkward gambols, apparently for the diversion of the traveler, and the seals or sea-lions that cover the passing rocks—all entertain him on his way and relieve that *ennui*, which is seen to come over the majority of men, when for days in succession they see nothing but the same monotonous expanse of sea and sky. The ocean itself was often to me an object of intense wonder and delight, when in the evening, at a certain angle of the setting sun, all its massive waves seemed to be changed into so much liquid silver and cast a brilliant sheen around us.

After a pleasant voyage, we approached at last the dreaded "Columbia Bar"—one of the most difficult places to pass, on account of the masses of sand gathered at the mouth of that mighty river. It is lined on both sides by fortifications—the one called *Fort Stevens*, the other *Fort Disappointment*. The name of the latter may have originated in the disappointment of those who had expected to come into port



there, but who sometimes had to wait for eight or ten days before they could cross the bar. Fortunately we experienced no difficulty, but went smoothly over to Astoria, and from thence to Portland, the "Empire City" of Oregon.

And here I must halt awhile, leaving my readers to muse over its real or imaginary grandeurs. More in my next.

With many regards

Yours affectionately in Dno.

F. X. WENINGER.



## WOODSTOCK,

### ITS SURROUNDINGS AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.



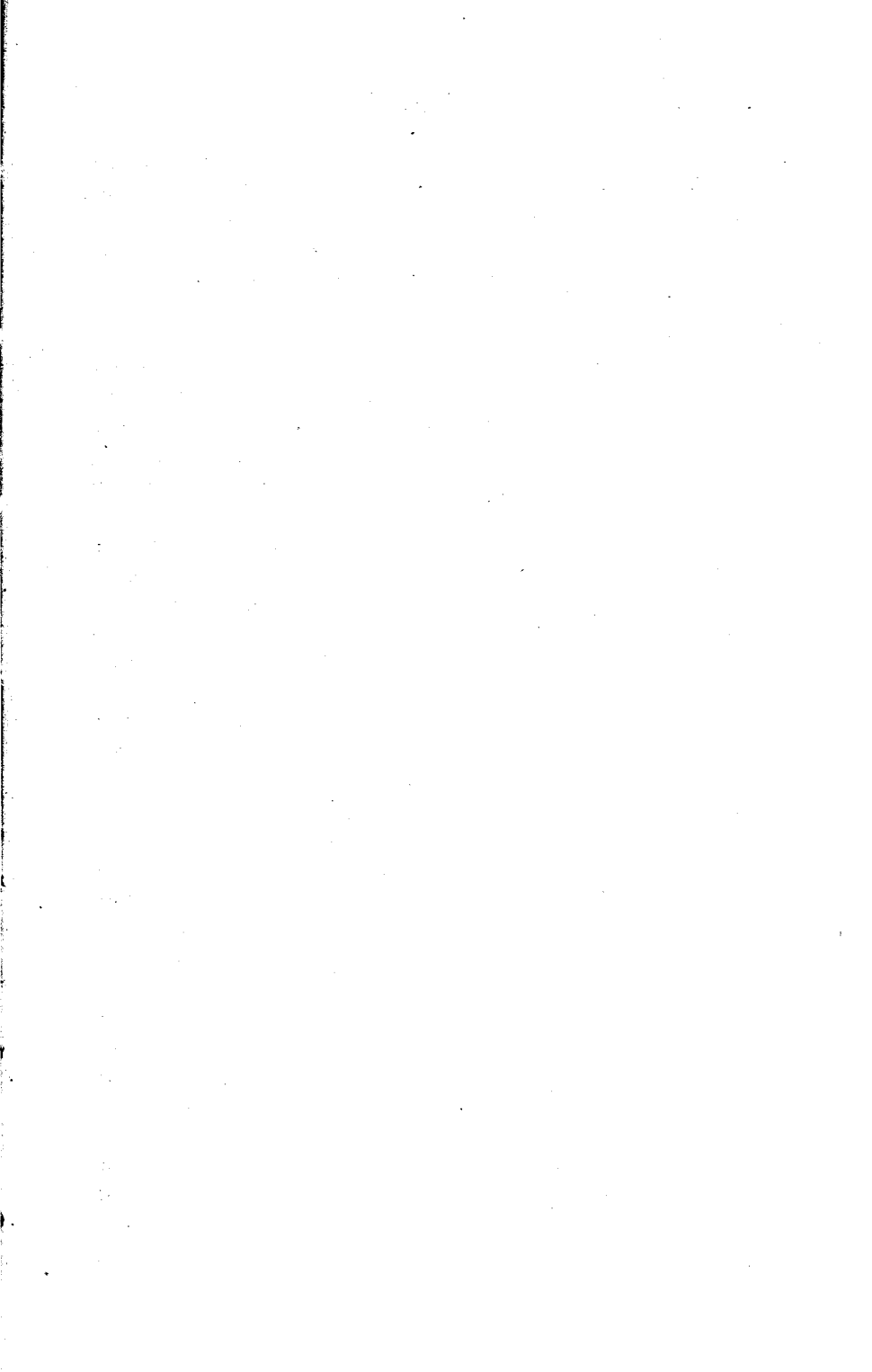
Our first modest attempts to emulate the example of the European Scholasticates, by publishing periodical letters and notices, has, in the remoter parts of our North American provinces and missions, excited a pardonable curiosity to know more about Woodstock. Anxious as not a few have shown themselves to glean, be it even from a stray letter, or from an occasional wayfarer, whatever information they can concerning this young Scholasticate, we must confess we are not a whit less so to gratify their desire, and fondly to dwell on what the Society has with no niggard hand provided for the formation and well-being of her children. It is for the present the only means of testifying our gratitude, though at best it is but a poor return for so much goodness and foresight.

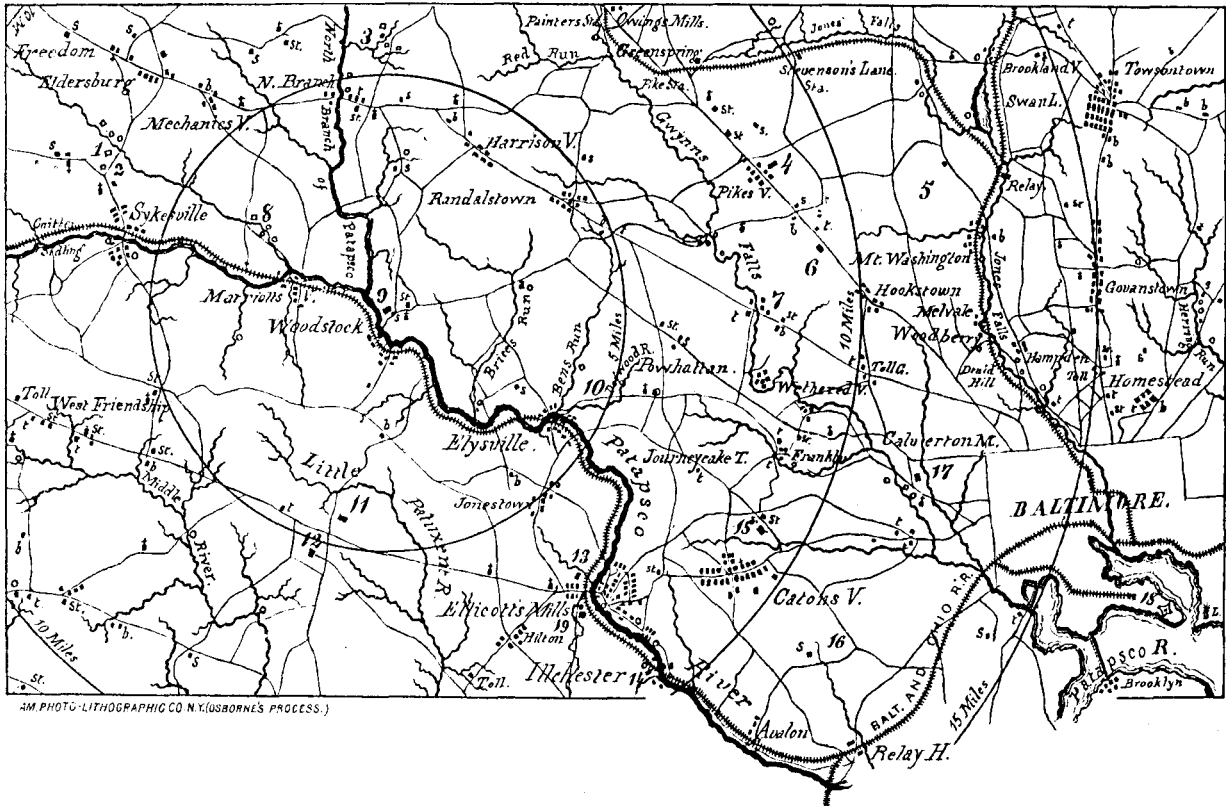
Under the above heading we purpose to crowd into a few pages the merest tithe of what may be said on, for us at least, so interesting a subject. Much will be left for those who follow in our wake to descant upon in more becoming phrase, and for this reason at the very outset we bespeak all possible indulgence.

Into the upper waters of the Chesapeake, that bay of many beauties, one hundred and fifty miles from the Ocean, the Patapsco discharges the tributes it has received from torrent, fount and stream among the uplands of what is here termed the Western Shore. Even ten miles from its mouth, the Patapsco is a broad expanse, for which *bay* or *inlet* would be no misnomer.

At this point, on a site of more than ordinary beauty, rise on hill-side and terrace the familiar domes and spires of the Monumental City. It bears, as we all know, the name of the elder Calvert; but with it is associated also the memory of those wholesouled men, who, without the savage bigotry of the puritan, dared like dangers, displayed equal fortitude, shook off the same religious intolerance and would have gained the same, if not greater applause from men, had they worshipped at any other altar save that of Truth.

It was befitting that under the shadow of the Metropolitan Church the general American Scholasticate should spring into life. May Providence vouchsafe to it a greater longevity than that enjoyed a decade of years ago by the first American Scholasticate, planted by some strange coincidence within two score miles of Plymouth rock. But while wishing it a more protracted term of usefulness, we could scarcely augur for it one of more unmingled happiness than that which fell to the lot of Boston College so long as it endured. There were we gathered together under the kindest of fathers, around whose brow beamed a something less in keeping with earth than mere human benevolence, a something suggestive of the halo of the





AM. PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC CO. N.Y. (USORNE'S PROCESS.)

## REFERENCES TO THE MAP.

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1. Florence Copper Mine.
  2. Springfield " "
  3. Chrome Ore Mines and Crushing Mills.
  4. U. S. Arsenal.
  5. Bare Hill Copper Mine.
  6. New Mount Hope Insane Asylum (Sisters of Charity).
  7. Powder Mills.
  8. Soap Stone Quarry.
  9. Woodstock Scholasticate.
  10. Asbestos Quarry.
  11. St. Charles' College (St. Sulpice).
  12. Carroll Manor (Hon. Charles Carroll of Carrollton).
  13. Patapsco Female Institute.
  14. House of Study (Redemptorists).
  15. Academy of Mount de Sales (Sisters of the Visitation).
  16. Sulphur Springs.
  17. Baltimore Alms House.
  18. Fort McHenry.
  19. Rock Hill College (Christian Brothers).

‡ Church or Meeting House.

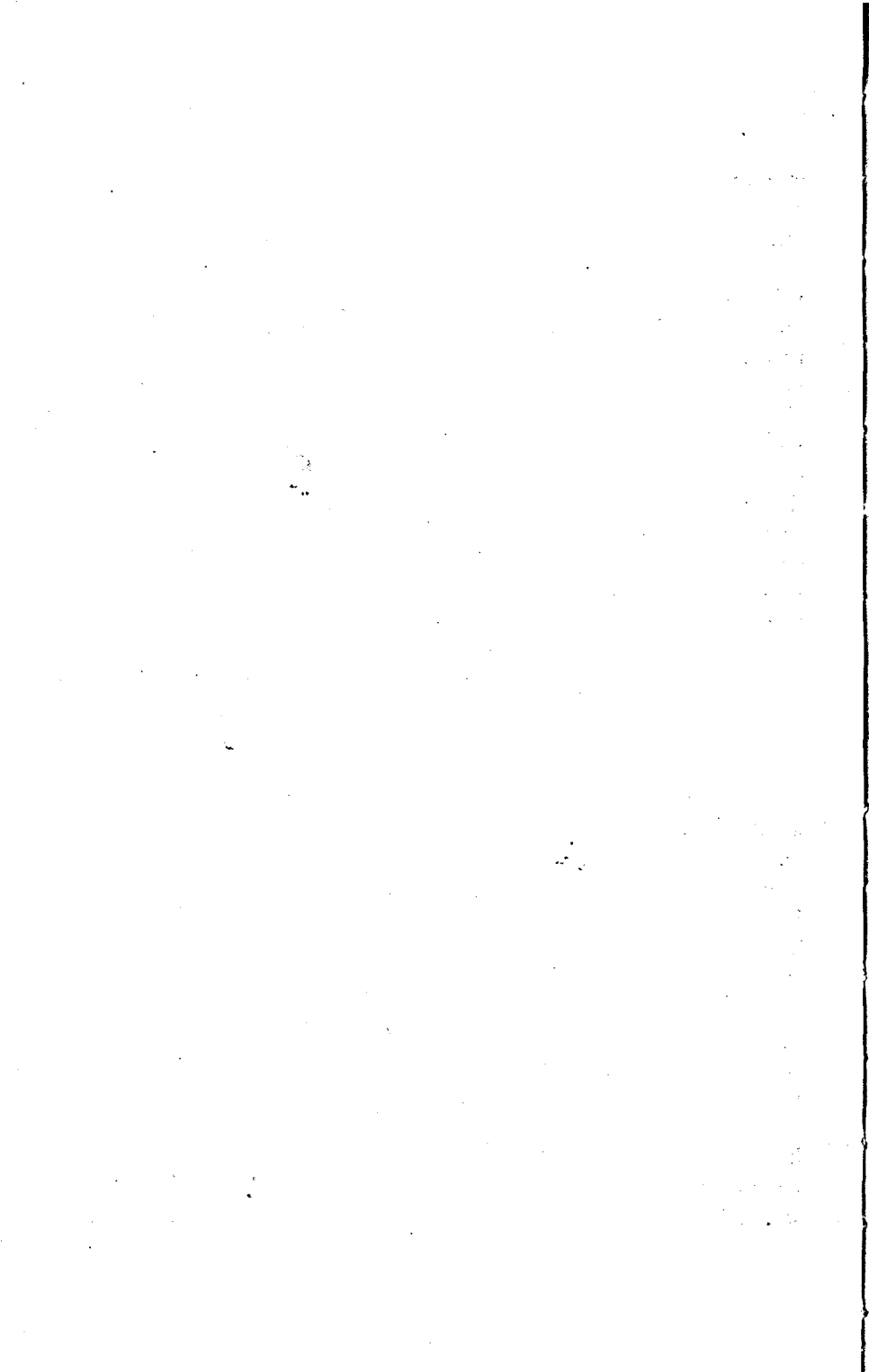
o Mill or Factory.

□ Mine.

s. School.

st. Country Store.

b. Blacksmith or Wheelwright.



martyr, a something akin to the seal the servants of God are to bear before this wicked world is stricken. Those who were fortunate enough to live under that mild sway, amidst brothers of many nations, of many minds, but of one heart, will easily conceive that no greater praise can be lavished on Woodstock than to say, it justly claims as its birthright and its inheritance the same public virtues: a similar kindness in the rulers and an equally close bond of fraternal charity amongst the ruled. This antonomastically is the virtue of the American Scholastic, and the Great Apostle or the Beloved Disciple were they to visit in body this religious community made up of so many nationalities could scarcely do else than marvel at what the world would call cosmopolitan good-fellowship, but which ennobled by a higher motive, hallowed by membership with Christ, can be termed naught else than universal Charity.

To dwell on the personnel of the house, or the professional staff, would be presumptuous. The Catholic countries of the Old World have been laid under contribution. We have but to thank our Mother the Society for her discernment. We repeat for the hundredth time it is true, but it will be a more emphatic declaration in these pages, that all are enraptured with their kindness, their devotedness and . . . . *reparabilis adsonat echo*.

Blest therefore by Providence, as is this house, with the best available talent of our European provinces, it is not the less favored by nature, when we consider the advantages of its position. As to what may have been the object of the founders of the Society in expressing the wish that its scholastic youth be trained in the great centres of the Old World, we shall not stop to enquire; but as things since then have undergone a radical change, and since the great catholic universities have all but ceased to exist, there are few drawbacks and many unquestionable advantages in solitude. It favours study and a religious spirit which should go hand in hand with learning; there are charms, as we were told in

youth in poetic strain, which sages have seen in the face of Solitude: to these charms Woodstock can lay claim, for Woodstock before all is a solitude.

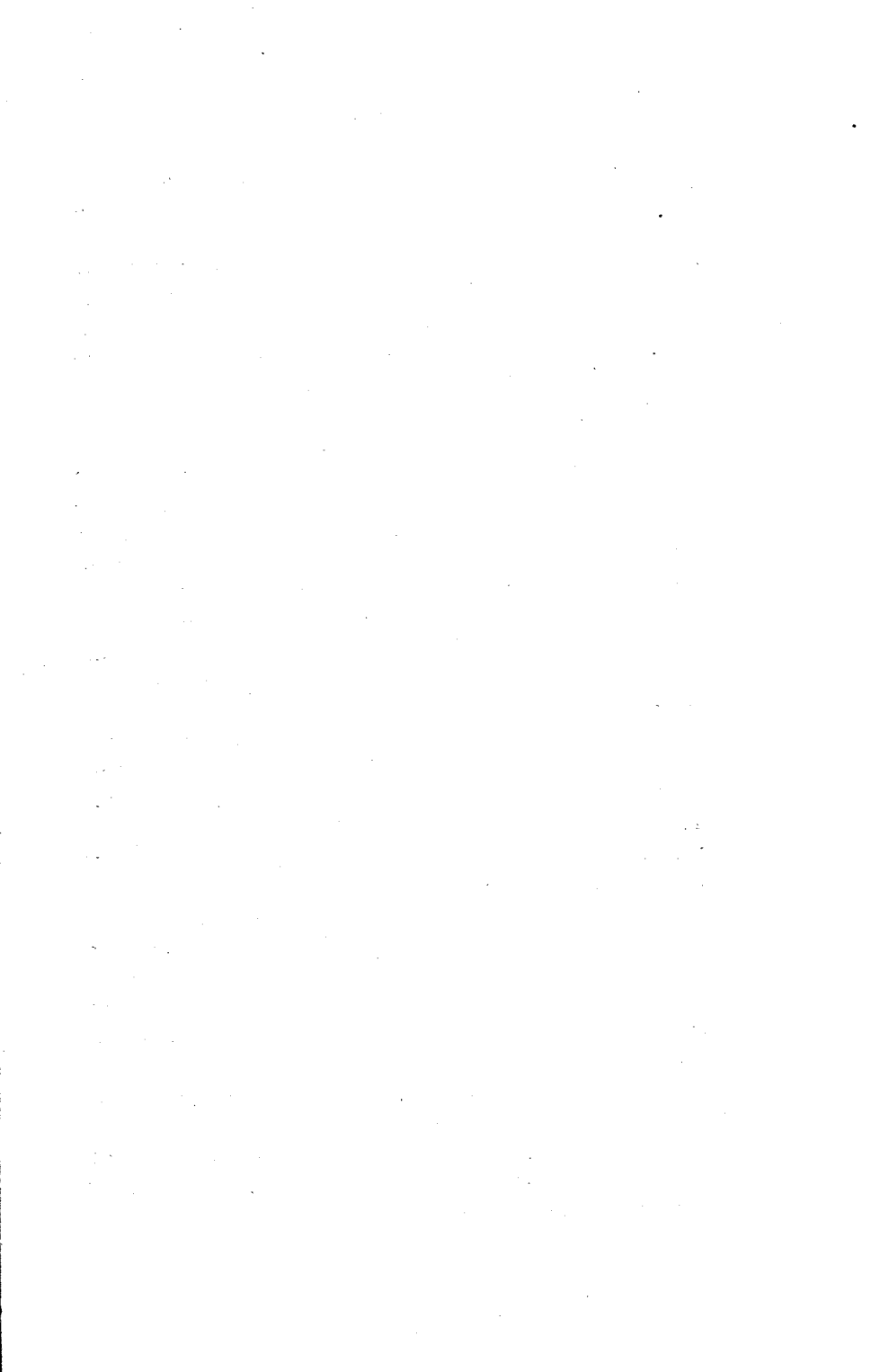
Some fifteen miles in a direct line from the city, it is fully five and twenty by rail, owing to the windings of the Patapsco which the Baltimore and Ohio railroad follows in its route. This great thoroughfare of western traffic on leaving Baltimore deviates, as may be seen by consulting the accompanying map, first to the southwest until it reaches the Relay House, where it effects a junction with the Washington line. Here it abruptly turns to the northwest, enters at Illchester the gorge hewn out of the solid rock during the lapse of ages by the falls of the Patapsco, traverses Ellicott's City, and crossing and re-crossing the river at Elysville, after many windings, finally passes the village of Woodstock on its way to the Cumberland coal region and the far West.

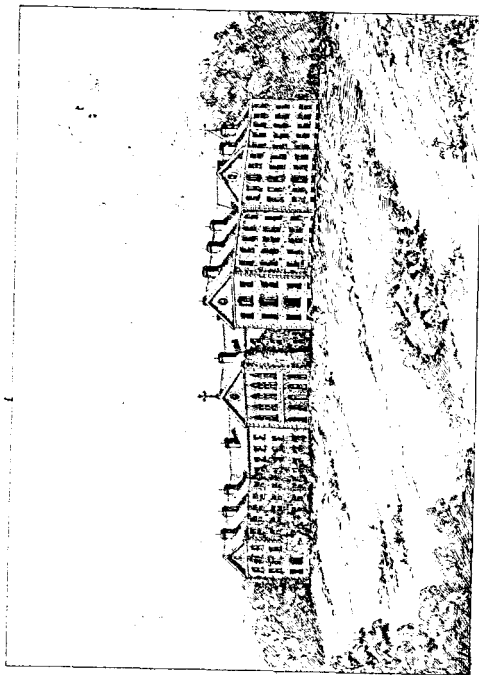
The hills on either side of the river are abrupt and in many places precipitous, crowned with cedar groves, or woods of oak, maple, hickory, the tulip poplar, the gum, the fragrant sassafras and the more humble dogwood, whose profuse white flowers in the full bloom of spring are in striking contrast with the crimson blossoms of the Judas-tree, and whose blood red berries in the glow of an Indian summer show even brighter than the brilliant hues of our American forests in autumn.

The rocky sides of the river-slopes are studded with mountain laurel, and so thoroughly are its branches interwoven, that it forms all but an impenetrable thicket, affording safe covert for rabbit, fox and quail, while the glades and snatches of neglected clearings or fallow lands are fairly resplendent with the beautiful azalea.

A hundred feet or more above the river bed stretches out a table land of more or less rolling country, broken more and more the nearer you approach the course of the numerous larger streams, which from north-west to south-east traverse the countries bordering on the Chesapeake.







AM. PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC CO. N.Y. (OSBORNE'S PROCESS)

It is on the brow of one of these eminences of more gradual ascent that we first catch a glimpse of the Scholasticate. Its appearance is about that portrayed in the accompanying sketch, which was taken from a point scarcely thirty feet below the level of the front garden. The main portion of the hill does not enter into the picture.

There is an object almost at the outskirts of the sparse woods fringing the crest of the hill which arrests our attention as we advance. It is a nondescript edifice as yet without roof, and bears, as it now stands, a striking resemblance to those platforms which adorn the *garten* of the Teuton.

From this position the scene is indeed one to be despised by no lover of nature. The serpentine course of the Patapsco, so far down beneath us that the noise of its waters as they dash over the rocks at the ford is toned down to a gentle murmur: the vista between the hills, whose rough contour is softened by the woodlands on their slopes: the strip of fertile meadow at the margin of the stream: the island with its rank growth of reeds and willows, the stream itself silvered by distance and the play of light: the pearly mist hanging veil-like midway down the valley, and the haze at the horizon, which, with more than artist's skill, heightens the atmospheric perspective: the stark piers of the broken bridge suggestive of scenes of violence amidst one of peace and beauty; such in a few hurried strokes is the rough outline of a charming picture, simple in itself, without grandeur in complex or detail, but one on which the eye reposes with pleasure, as in it, as in all else in nature, it finds the beauty of proportion and of color, it discovers the handiwork of Him who reared alike the ponderous peaks of the Matterhorn and unfolded the smiling plains of Andalusia or Touraine.

To this add the music of those many minstrels, which travelers could not have heard when they wrote down our forests as silent, those minstrels of gaudy plumage from the robin and mocking-bird of more sombre hue to the ori-

ole, the cardinal, the humming-bird, the mottled thrush and of a thousand others, all peculiar to our American shores, and these charms will be appreciated not by the foreigner alone. The unpretending hamlet of Woodstock, consisting of scarcely a dozen houses, nestles snugly in a fold of the hills halfway up the southern slope, seemingly unconscious that it lies within a score of miles of one of the great centres of American civilization.

We have delayed you long, perhaps too long, *ad limina Scholasticorum*. One pause more ere we reach the entrance. The garden with its grass plots and many colored platbands is of but two summers' growth. It is the result of patient toil on the part of the scholastics during their leisure hours.

Those who wish to inspect the interior of the house we refer to a back number of the *Letters and Notices*, (March 1870.) Those on the contrary who still delight to breathe the open air, we shall lead anon through the shady paths which have already been so often trodden, and which for many a coming year will be trodden still more frequently by the votaries of Philosophy and Theology.

And here it would be well to remark that a negative process in describing the site and vicinity of our house would perhaps afford more satisfaction to those who have sojourned at one or other of the scholasticates of France or England. Woodstock, it is needless to say, is neither Laval, St. Achœul, Vals, Fourvière, nor St. Beuno's.

At Laval, St. Michael's overlooks an antiquated city, with crooked streets and quaint old buildings. Here, on the contrary, you could easily imagine yourself in a country but recently settled. The click-clack of the hand-loom, which greets the ear of the scholastic as he saunters along the peacefully flowing Mayenne, has on the wild banks of the Patapsco at this point no corresponding sounds of industry save at times the measured stroke of the woodman's axe. Neither has the Woodstock student the advantage

during the midsummer vacation of being welcomed to a new home\* by the mother of a martyr and a saint.

.. St. Achœul possesses attractions of its own. Its shady alleys of linden, which with matchless symmetry, all but meet over head so as effectually to exclude the sun's rays and to catch at the same time the faintest breath of the breeze if stirring ; its incomparable garden laid out by a Le Nôtre, would scarcely remind an inmate of our house of the umbrageous by roads and meandering paths through woodlands planted by nature's hand alone, and left untutored in their wild and exuberant growth. The snug retreat of Cagny whence philosophy and the classics are banished for the nonce ; where, we might say without fear of being contradicted by those who have ever passed a fortnight of a summer's month amidst its bowers, the morning excitator assumes the agreeable form of a score or so of nightingales warbling with persistent energy at your window, and where the same welcome sound lulls you to repose at night: Boves with its ruins and the low turf fields of Longeau, so lately crimsoned with the noblest blood of France ; Wailly, Prousul, once the home of the hero of Castelfidardo, Picquigny and the abbatial ruins of Corbie have no place in our map—And oh ! the grand old aisles of Amiens Cathedral—ever within an easy stage, when the scholastic's only trouble is to decide whither to bend his steps, we find no term of comparison for them on this side of the Atlantic, much less in our immediate vicinity.

Fourvière, fostering in her bosom a sacred shrine, resort of pious pilgrims, looks down unconcerned upon the bustling streets of the second city of the Gauls. There at her feet the Rhone and Saône mingle their waters, bearing on their united floods silken fabrics to the ports of the Mediterranean, and far off in the east one can just catch a

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\* Villa of Grenousse—Country seat of Mde. Ducoudray.

glimpse of the eternal snows, which mantle the summit of Mount Blanc.

Who of us has not heard of Vals even on this side of the Atlantic? What few points of resemblance between that time-honored abode of learning, commanding from its terraced garden a view of Notre Dame de France and Mont Corneille, and our Woodstock, on whose walls the mortar is barely dry, round whose name clings as yet scarcely a memory of the past. Vals, region of incomparable walks, village of picturesque surroundings, did ever scholastic under your roof despair of finding a new object of interest to visit on the ever welcome Thursday or on any other auspicious day on that goodly list of extra *vacats*, which graced, better than vignette of gold, your venerable *diarium*? Extinct craters, mountains of basalt and trap, les Orgues d'Espally, le Gerbier, Polignac, Ceysac and a thousand other equally interesting spots, each claims a day for itself. Mons, of all villas the most agreeable, from whose keep the less inclined to physical exertion can scan a horizon of mountains and inhale the bracing air which sweeps up from the ravine of the Loire, we would welcome you bodily to our shores were it among the order of things possible. Where in all Velay, region built up by Titans, can be found a scene of such wild, rugged and sublime beauty as that which the philosopher or theologian commands when looking down upon Les Horreurs de la Loire? Throned on pinnacle of trap, or basaltic column, your eyes repose on the sombre forest of mountain-pine lying at your feet. Beyond they wander over luxuriant villages and vineclad slopes; then they take in the Loire with its all but impossible windings; still further on across the ever impetuous but pellucid torrent, mountain on mountain piled, with craggy sides dotted here and there with sunlit hamlets, or the white towers of feudal strongholds perched on unapproachable sites; then at the horizon high above the jagged outline of the Cevennes tower the snow-capped peaks of the Mezin, perhaps, if in a mild May, faintly wreathed in the vapors of its melting snow.

We must also confess that in the vicinity of Woodstock few of those spectacles of tender piety, peculiar to Catholic countries, but exotic in this heretical land, rejoice the religious heart, as they invariably do in the immediate neighborhood of Vals. No gatherings at their thresholds of indefatigable Ponottes, industriously occupied at their bobbin-work, weaving lace and singing motets in their own peculiar *patois*, not the less harmonious for not being understood.

• Your sister scholasticate does not forget that you are yet sorrowing, but in a religious spirit, for the loss of him whom all loved more tenderly than a second father. The name of your late amiable Rector\* is engraven on more than one heart in the far-off land and even under this hospitable roof; and as he will not be forgotten in our thoughts he will live also in our prayers ready in turn to bless and assist us should he already have reached the term of all his hopes and aspirations. The Scholasticate of Woodstock can well sympathize with you in your sorrow, for young as it is it has already to lament the long severance, until the day of final greeting, of eternal fellowship, from the kindest of teachers, the gentlest of hearts, the most beloved where all are held so dear.† The loss is wholly ours, and we mean not to repine, since he has already met with his reward for the many years he has toiled in the vineyard of his Master; and as we bend over the new-made grave in that little grove which crowns the hill, those sweet lines of Callanan break spontaneously from our lips:

Oh ! 'tis a placid rest ;  
 Who should deplore it !  
 Trance of the pure and blest,  
 Angels watch o'er it !  
 Sleep of his mortal night,  
 Sorrow can't break it ;  
 Heaven's own morning light  
 Alone shall awake it.

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\* Father J. B. Rouquayrol.

† Father Charles M. Maldonado.

Nobly thy course is run ;  
 Splendor is round it !  
 Bravely thy fight is won ;  
 Freedom hath crowned it !  
 In the high warfare  
 Of heaven grown hoary,  
 Thou'rt gone like the summer sun  
 Shrouded in glory.

St. Beuno's, last in our enumeration but not so on the roll of honor, we regret that we are not more familiar with your surroundings! We have heard of your superb walk in that land next to the Highlands of mountain and of glen; the fame of your noble oak has reached our ears; we have wandered in fancy to the beetling cliffs of Barmouth, or stood on its long jetty; we have all but bathed in the surf which breaks on the shingled beach. The little we can glean from what has been whispered across the waste of waters serves but to whet our curiosity and we stand ready to be enlightened when convenience or leisure may allow.

Such then are the physical features of the several Scholasticates enumerated. Different in many points, we all know that they are one in spirit, one in the mode of training, one in their object. All have been chosen with an eye to our comfort and convenience. The skilful gardener, when he sets out the young slip in the nursery grounds, chooses the richest soil, the best irrigated slope, the sunniest spot, the most sheltered from the northern blast. The nursery grounds of the Society are chosen with like discernment. We are in a word the spoilt children of the Society. Much as this is exemplified elsewhere it is not the less so here. We insist not on what is expended on our mental and spiritual culture, for in this each separate scholasticate is but the counterpart of the others; but with what has been done for our physical well-being we might fill pages. And in this particular we make bold to say that there is no scholasticate which enjoys so many advantages as Woodstock.



Were we even confined to our two hundred and fifty acres, we should certainly be more fortunate than others are in most houses of study. The grounds, though as yet but little improved by landscape gardening, are broken and hilly; agreeably diversified with knoll and dell, clad in their own wild beauty; here and there, though of rare occurrence we meet with a level stretch of meadow. The numerous streams with rocky beds and diminutive cascades are one of the features of the demesne. Springs abound, and send forth their little rills to refresh you at every turn; some are chalybeate, though their medicinal properties have not been thoroughly tested. The roads and paths which intersect the woods in every direction and wind along the Patapsco, seeing what little labour has been expended on them, are already the admiration of visitors, and when properly graded and protected from the wear of the rain will be incomparable. If we extend our walks beyond the College limits and beyond the range of the accompanying plot, towards the North and the North-East, we can follow for hours the forest roads without once emerging into the full glare of the summer sun.

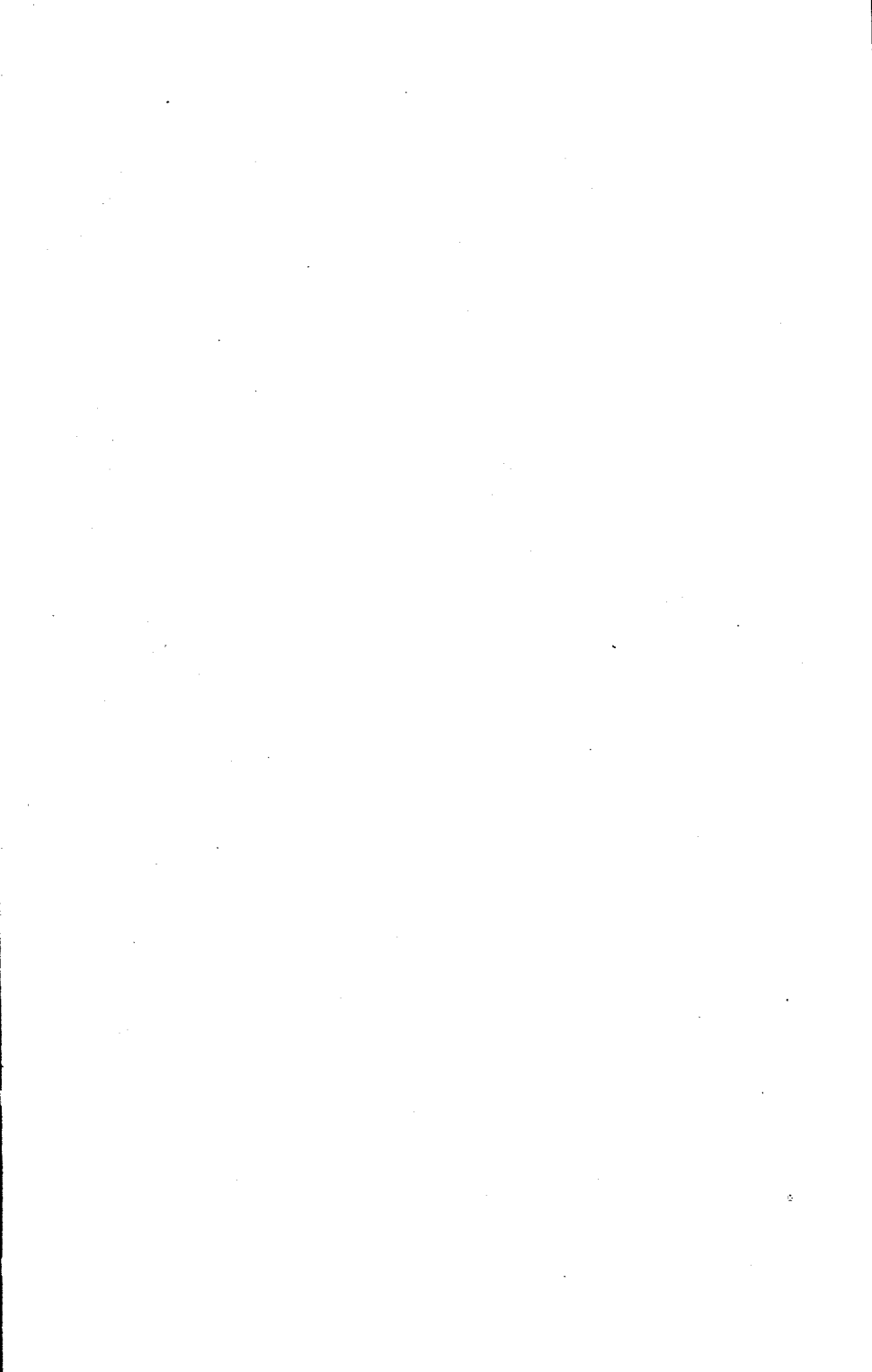
Our little river furnishes us in summer with many an hour of invigorating exercise. Our fleet at one time numbered seven galleys; and in the twilight hours of the *vacatio major* bore many a light-hearted crew gallantly up the Patapsco to the favourite rendezvous near the grotto. On more solemn occasions the little craft are decked out gaily with pennon and oriflamb. The shores resound with song and chorus and the merry laugh of a hundred hard worked mortals, who in these wilds, where their noisy outpourings are never heeded unless perhaps by the echoes of the hills, are bent on exercising their lungs and making the most of a few weeks of relaxation after the tugging and straining of a twelvemonth. We said that our fleet once numbered seven, and advisedly, for the treacherous little stream which with so innocent a murmur steals past our shores, swollen

by last September's rain, swept three from their moorings. A stray plank or painted gunwale riding the foaming, seething torrent was all that was ever seen of them after they passed the dams at Ellicott's Mills.

This was but one of the freaks of the Patapsco, for the tale of many a disaster can be read along its shores. Those who have visited the bend and the forks at the outlet of the North Branch will well remember the acres of debris of all kinds borne thither and there deposited by the stream. Bridge-girders, trestle-work, shafts and mill-wheels, stanchions of dams, giant trunks, all heaped up promiscuously, after leaving the marks of their passage along the banks; where trees are uprooted or bent to the ground with their tops imbedded in sand. In time they put forth new limbs while in this anomalous position, thus perpetuating the memory of the watery inroads. Railroad sleepers and odds and ends of all kinds are lodged high up in the clefts of trees; in one instance,—and many will recollect the curiosity as it remained in position a couple of years,—a wheelbarrow was entangled in the branches of a sapling and remained suspended at least twenty feet above the ground. Similar sights are familiar in the neighbourhood; but further down the stream at Ellicott's Mills, or above on Piney Run, which was at one time dotted with mills, ruins of what was once the most solid masonry fully attest the resistless fury of angry waters. Huge rocks and ponderous boulders have been borne down with all else and left high and dry in new sites when the waters abated.

It was during one of these floods, a little better than three years ago, that the Woodstock bridge yielded and in its downward trip swept with it to destruction a second bridge about a mile below the village, and Woodstock College was thus cut off from its base of supplies.

Near the extreme western angle of the property, high up on the bank there are further traces of violence; but this was the work of the winds and not of the flood. The Col-



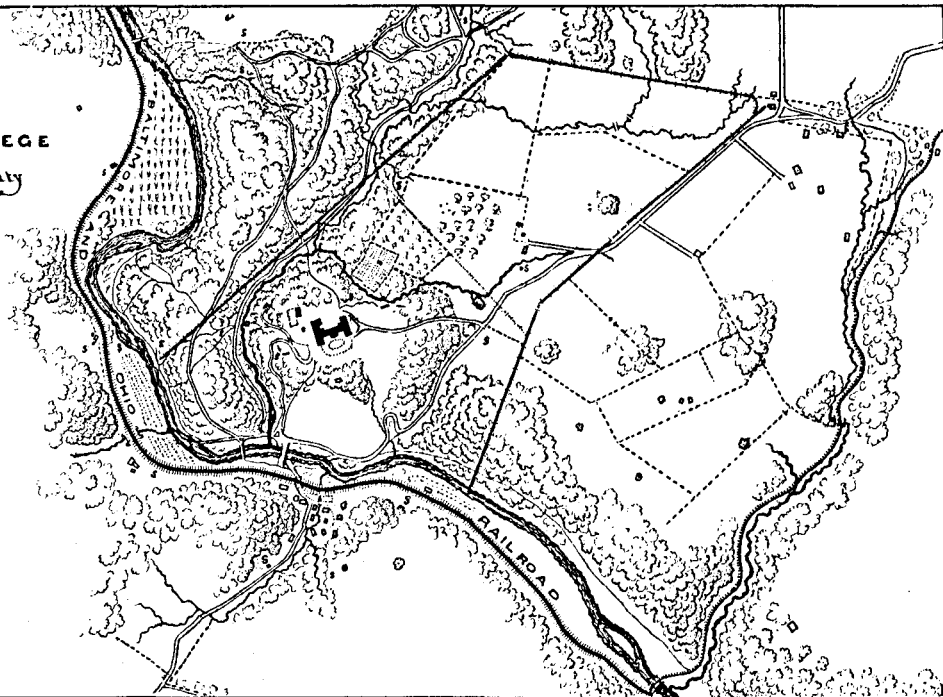
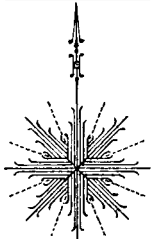
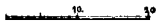
**WOODSTOCK COLLEGE**

*Grounds & Vicinity*

1872

- Roads ———
- Paths ———
- Fences - - - - -
- Tramway ———
- Springs ●
- Boundaries ———

Chains.



lege at the time of the occurrence was scarcely roofed in. A few of the laborers and the director of the works were then the sole inmates. It was during the dark hours of the night. The hurricane, for it can be called naught else, swept down the Patapsco and striking as we have said the extreme western corner of the property, spread ruin everywhere in its track. The sturdiest trunks were snapped asunder, the largest oaks and poplars were laid low and tossed together in the wildest confusion. The course of the whirlwind was eastward, up the steep bank, across the little stream to the west of the building and passing a short distance behind the house, whilst those within expected every minute to be buried beneath the walls, expended its force in the little valley at the foot of the garden. In a few brief minutes the most beautiful grove of the entire property, but a stone's throw to the rear of the College, became an unsightly mass of splintered trunks or a heap of uprooted trees. He who has set a limit to the billows and holds also the winds in check, that night extended a protecting hand over a house which was in days not distant to send forth many a sturdy warrior to do battle in His service. The founder of this edifice arrived the next day and saw to his dismay how much the storm had disfigured the surroundings of the scholasticate. He has since drawn good from evil. The greater part of the fallen timber has been corded and burned; but what still remains, at his suggestion, is hacked at unremittingly by our more delicately constituted brethren who swing an axe for an hour or so daily in quest of a more robust health.

During the cooler autumn months, the scholastic abandons the shore of the Patapsco and finds all the exercise he needs at the ball or bowling alleys. Both the Philosophers and the Theologians have at no little expense been provided with one of each. These alleys can, after close scrutiny, be descried on the map to the east and west of the house, distant a hundred yards or more.

When December and January have frozen the river over, the scholastic, fully alive to the fact that of all kinds of exercise skating is by far the most invigorating, burnishes up his somewhat rusted blades, the scholasticate once more pours out its little population, and the banks of the Patapsco again become a scene of exhilarating life.

With the return of spring come the long walks. The points of interest on such occasions, when something more than a mere picnic is determined on, are, St. Charles' College, Carroll Manor, New Mount Hope, and the Redemptorists' House of Study at Illchester. Or if the excursionists have a turn for blending the useful with the agreeable, the Sykesville copper and loadstone mines, the asbestos and soapstone quarries, or the chrome ore mines and crushing mills, are all within reach. The region is rich in almost every variety of minerals though it is not always easy to secure the best specimens. The entomologist could have no better field in which to prosecute his favorite study. The choicest specimens of Coleoptera, Lepidoptera, Neuroptera, etc., abound. Our collections are not yet sufficiently complete to make any offer of exchanges on a large scale; but we are willing to do our best to please correspondents and to receive with gratitude any foreign or rare specimens. There is no reason why the museums of all our colleges should not be complete since we have facilities so much greater than other scientific bodies.

After this rambling and rather gossiping communication on Woodstock, we can scarcely draw our remarks to a close without apologizing to our readers for having omitted many things of interest which might have been said, inserted others which might have been much better said, and touched upon not a few, perhaps, which might with advantage have been left out altogether. Whatever be the front of our offending, our intention, like that of many other weak but good-natured people, was the best. We were bent on offering something to those who have so often expressed a wish to know what sort of a place Woodstock is.

The subject indeed is one well deserving of further notice ; for upon this spot is centred the keenest interest not of one Province alone or of one country, but of an entire continent, whilst the Society in Europe cannot look with indifference on the prosperity of this house.

The old Catholic nations, hitherto so staunch in their faith, are convulsed. Persecution is again in vogue, and in spite of the reiterated boast of liberal civiliziers that its days were run, that it might stain a page of past history but could never crimson the spotless future ; in spite of the confident assurance that hereafter enlightenment alone was to dispel the superstitions of religion, or that at least against such shadowy forms no more efficient weapon need be resorted to ; in spite of much self-glorification and empty jargon, we find ourselves once more fairly stranded in the midst of those scenes of violence, in which forever revel religious revolutionists and reformers.

It has been found by the enemies of Holy Church, and be it to their confusion, that she prospers in the same ratio as education is extended to the masses and her liberty guaranteed. The consequence is that a different method must hereafter be followed if they would arrest her onward progress. Her teachers must be proscribed, and the intelligent youth of every country must be wrested from her sway.

Driven from the cradle lands of the Society our persecuted brethren must, if things run on in this groove much longer, finally look to America for a home. Their houses of study are either closed in most European countries or still endure by the merest sufferance of political rulers, who themselves are toyed with by the sects. Already our walls shelter the studying youth of many different nationalities, and not to mention countries severed from us by an Ocean, the Spanish islands, the missions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, as well as those washed by the Pacific, the New England States, the vast inland territories lying along the

Mississippi and the Missouri, the British maritime provinces and the Canadas are all represented in this house. Still will we welcome with outstretched arms all those whom ungrateful Europe will force to shake off her dust and to seek a home in the land of the stranger.

What God reserves in his mercy for this great continent the future alone can disclose. Could we but tear aside the veil which shuts out the morrow from our gaze, we might then speak with some assurance on the part this scholasticate is called upon to play. But judging by the vast strides our holy religion has already made, judging by the increasing numbers of the faithful, and the immense, nay, almost inconceivable extent of territory which still lies fallow in the West, though bound already together by all the modes of modern rapid travel, we may form some faint surmise of its future usefulness.

Those, whom it already fosters in its bosom, will in a few years be scattered over the face of this land. They will penetrate the fastnesses of the great table lands of the West, scour its boundless prairies in quest of souls, scale the rocky barrier which severs the Atlantic from the Pacific slope, witness in all probability the final extinction of the savage tribes, and lay their last warriors to rest shriven and fortified by the rites of Holy Church. They will bear the only truly freedom-imparting words to the manumitted race of the South, labour in the fields of the Divine Husbandman along the shores of the St. Lawrence and in the extreme North, proclaim in the heart of the great centres of population the principles of true civilization and of progress, or wear away their lives in training up new children to the Church and to society; in a word they will be the thews and sinews of a Catholic people, their labours will extend over an area of six million five hundred and ninety five thousand square miles, a world in itself, rescue from the throes of infidelity a nascent empire, and exercise perhaps an unseen but not less real influence on the immense



and restless energies of this rising nation, forming it to good or turning it from evil in the same proportion that their work is blessed by Heaven. God grant that this blessing may be abundant.



## INDIAN MISSIONS.

CŒUR D'ALENE MISSION, IDAHO TERRITORY,

APRIL 2, 1872.

REV. FR. DE SMET, S. J.

P. C.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

I do not know how to thank your Rev. for the many and great favors we have received from you. Even the Indians, slow as they are in matters of this kind, acknowledge with gratitude the many benefits you have conferred on them. In fact, this present letter is more theirs than my own. On Easter Sunday all the Chiefs assembled at the mission, held a meeting, and decided on sending an *haiminen* (a letter) to your Rev., their first Father Black-gown; after which they deputed one of their number to request me to write the *haiminen* to Black-gown De Smet, in their name, and thank him for his favors and kindness in their regard, with an ardent wish that he might visit them once more. I answered that I would willingly comply with their desire, but that I thought the request for a visit was rather bold, as Black-gown De Smet was now advanced in years, and no longer able to travel so great a distance on horseback. They coincided with me on this point, and added: "Should he not be able to come and see us, he will, at all events, be glad to

hear that the Cœur d'Alenes still retain a grateful remembrance of him." So I promised to write for them.

I can assure you, Rev. Father, that you have truly great motives to rejoice in being the founder of this mission; for these "poor Indians," as they are often styled, manifest a spirit of piety and morality which those who have never dwelt among them would hardly credit.

Yesterday before returning to their several camps to work their little farms, they signified their intention of coming back to the mission towards the end of the month, in order to be present at the devotions of the Month of Mary. I am confident they will keep their word as they did last year.

The day before yesterday, all the Indians, without a single exception, approached the Holy Sacraments. I think there is hardly another people or tribe on earth of which the same can be said.

Matrimonial affairs (which are in so disorderly a state among the different tribes that surround the Cœur d'Alenes, and worse perhaps amongst the whites in this new country) are in so edifying a condition among our dear neophytes, that they excite the admiration of all who come in contact with these Indians. The Chiefs of the several bands express the greatest satisfaction on this subject, and have only one lamentable exception to deplore.

Seltis and Vincent, the Chiefs, wish to be remembered in a special manner in the prayers of your Rev., and Vincent asks your prayers for the soul of his greatly beloved and only son, Ernest, who died some time ago.

Please accept the thanks and the respects of Rev. FF. Joset and Gazzoli, and let me recommend myself and the mission to your Reverence's holy sacrifices.

I remain,

Your Brother in Christ,  
J. M. CATALDO, S. J.



## FATHER MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

Father Michael O'Connor was born in the city of Cork, April 27, 1810, and was probably baptized two days later, on the Feast of the great Archangel whose name he therefore received. He obtained his primary classical education in the Grammar School of Mr. O'Dowd in Queenstown.

In 1824, at the age of fourteen he was sent to the Propaganda by the Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, being transferred to that diocese only on the morning of his departure from Cork for Rome. Whilst waiting for a companion he remained for a few months at a college in France.

At the Propaganda he completed his classical studies and went through the whole course of Philosophy and Theology. Besides distinguishing himself in the usual philosophical studies, he carried off the gold medal for being first in Mathematics. So great was his proficiency in this branch of science that his professor said of him that if he had devoted himself to it he would have become one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe. He had for companions in his class the present Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, and Mgr. Hassoun, the Armenian Patriarch. It is a curious fact that all his fellow-students of the same year became bishops. Francis Patrick Kenrick was his senior by a few years\*; Martin John Spalding, his junior by one year.

Dr. Grant, the present Rector of the Scotch College in Rome, was a student of Propaganda at the same time. He always looked on young O'Connor as destined to become one of the great men of the church. Long and thorough as it was Michael O'Connor finished his course of Theology before reaching the canonical age for ordination.

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\* Abp. Kenrick and his work—A lecture by M. O'Connor, S. J. p. 4.

On July 27, 1833, he won his Doctor's cap and ring by a Public Act. His thesis comprehended all theology and Scripture.

Prior Vaughan\* tells us what a severe test such a public defence was when St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure were made Doctors by the University of Paris. Cardinal Wiseman† says enough to show that the trial is as hard now as in the 13th century. His Eminence acknowledges that he has done his best to try the metal of the young combatants in such encounters, but that when he had Michael O'Connor to attack he "had no occasion to repent having well tempered his weapons and weighted his blows."

Through this terrible ordeal the young Propagandist passed, as his diploma says (dated March 31, 1834) *declarando, cruendo, comprobando, distinguendo, pro et contra arguendo, proponendo, dissolvendo, respondendo, etc.*, to the satisfaction of all the learned in Rome. A correspondent of the *Brooklyn Catholic Review* adds the following incident: When M. O'Connor came as usual to receive the Pope's blessing, Gregory XVI playfully twined his handkerchief around the brow of the young doctor saying: "If it were a crown of gold, you would deserve it." After his ordination, Dr. O'Connor acted for a short time as Vice Rector of the Irish College, and attended to the business of the Bishops of Ireland with the H. See. This brought him frequently to the presence of Gregory XVI, of whom he was a personal friend.

About this time he received an invitation from Dr. F. P. Kenrick, then Bishop Coadjutor and Administrator of Philadelphia, to accept the charge of President of his newly founded Seminary of S. Charles Borromeo, to which he intimated a favorable reply.

In 1834, after a ten years residence in Rome, and only twenty-four years of age, Dr. O'Connor returned to Ireland.

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\* Life and labors of St. Thomas of Aquin, Vol. II. chap. 1.

† Recollections of the last four Popes, pp. 271—3.

He was just in time to assist at the dying bed of his mother, who had with great sacrifice of her own feelings concealed her illness from him in order not to disturb the pleasure or shorten the time of his homeward journey.

Only three days after his return, she died. Her death gave him the charge of his younger brothers and sister, and made him relinquish for a while the thought of the American mission. He accepted the position of curate in Fermoy, and afterwards that of chaplain to the Presentation Convent in Doneraile. In the labours of these duties some three years passed.

He was preparing himself for a concursus for a Theological chair in Maynooth, when Dr. P. R. Kenrick, now Archbishop of St. Louis, on his way home from Rome, paid him a visit. He had been commissioned by his brother, the Bishop of Philadelphia, to repeat to Dr. O'Connor the offer of the office of President of the Seminary, and urge him to accept it.

Dr. O'Connor at once closed his book and prepared to start, leaving the theological chair to be gained by Dr. O'Reilly (who afterwards entered the Society of Jesus and became Provincial).

In 1838 he arrived in Philadelphia with his younger brother James (late President of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo), then just beginning his classical studies, and was at once installed by Dr. Kenrick in his new office. Besides his duties in the Seminary he had charge of the missions of Norristown and West Chester. He also accompanied Dr. Kenrick in some of his journeys through his large diocese. Some difficulties in Church matters having arisen in Pittsburg, he was sent there as Vicar General in 1841, and succeeded in arranging everything satisfactorily.

In 1843, Dr. O'Connor had good reason to suspect that the Bishops of the United States had determined to recommend him to the Holy See as Bishop of Pittsburg. This was an additional motive to induce him to put into action a

long cherished desire of entering the Society of Jesus, and thus to place the barrier of religious vows between him and the dreaded mitre.

On his way to Rome he called on the Papal Nuncio in Paris, Mgr. Fornari, afterwards Cardinal, who had been his Professor at Propaganda. Without telling his motive he prevailed on the Nuncio to write to the Prefect of Propaganda to ask a dispensation from his oath. Afterwards, however, being informed of the reasons Dr. O'Connor had for this step, he wrote again to Rome, retracting his former letter, and strongly urging the appointment of his former pupil to the newly created see. Meanwhile the letters of the American Bishops had also reached Rome. Gregory XVI delayed giving an audience to his old friend until these letters could be duly considered, and other necessary proofs and information obtained. At last Dr. O'Connor, with his heart already in the quiet of the Jesuit Novitiate, kneels at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. In reply to his humble petition Gregory XVI said: "You will be Bishop first and Jesuit afterwards. I will not let you rise from your knees until you promise to accept the Diocese of Pittsburg." Thus the heavy honors of the Church were accepted through obedience, and instead of washing dishes at S. Andrea, the would-be novice is crowned with a mitre in S. Agatha.

His consecration took place in the church of the Irish College, Aug. 15, 1843; Cardinal Fransoni being the consecrating Bishop. The close of the same year saw the new Bishop already at work in his Cathedral city, and with seven Sisters of Mercy from Carlow, the first of the Order in the United States. It is hard at this time to form any idea of the difficulties which met the first Bishop of Pittsburg thirty years ago on his arrival at his See, with no resources save those of his own head and heart. In those days his work could almost be called a creation, a real *productio rei ex nihilo*, since he had no money to build a church and no architect to design one.

The meditative theologian must now put forth the energies of a pioneer. The obedient student transformed into a commanding General, begins the battle which was to last for seventeen years. He came to some four or five thousand Catholics in his city, out of a population of 20,000 souls. He found the Redemptorists already at work at S. Philomena's. Besides this church there was St. Patrick's by the old canal bridge, and the Cathedral of S. Paul (dedicated in 1834), left almost high and dry by the grading of Grant St. There were but fifteen Priests in the whole Diocese. In ten years he had increased the number to eighty.\* The present complete organization of the Diocese is owing to the constructive genius of its first Bishop, who was one eminently *secundum mentem Tridentini*. The "Glenwood Hotel" becomes S. Michael's Diocesan Seminary. A farmhouse in Westmoreland County grows into the Benedictine Abbey of S. Vincent, with a Mitred Abbot. A half-ruined coal shed is the beginning of Mercy Hospital. The bleak steep side of Birmingham hill, honeycombed with deserted coal pits, declined by the Jesuits, is accepted by the Passionists as the site for their Monastery. Such institutions as the Catholic Orphan Asylum, the House of Industry, the College of the Franciscan Brothers, and the Convent of Mercy owe their existence to the restless zeal and ingenuity of Bishop O'Connor. Of the Convent of Mercy the present Mother Superior writes: "This House was built by him. Every room and corridor now reminds me how he measured it himself, and what care and labor he took to make everything comfortable for us." In addition to this minute and searching attention to the affairs of his Diocese his mind was constantly employed in examining all the great questions of the day whether political, scientific, moral, or religious. Yet such was his humility that he never wrote anything except when duty required. Activity

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\* The Catholic Church in the United States—De Courcy, p. 306.

was as much the element of the Bishop, as study had been that of the theologian. He was the *primum movens* but not *immobile*. As Fr. Clarke very happily said in his sermon at the solemn Requiem in Baltimore: "Like the mainspring of a watch he was always in motion and kept others moving. He was an almost constant traveller and yet a perpetual labourer."

He was present in Rome at the Definition of the Immaculate Conception in 1854. His name may be seen on the marble tablets erected in S. Peter's to commemorate that event, and also in S. Paul's, outside of the walls, in memory of the consecration of the new Basilica.

It was remarked by Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore that among the two hundred bishops, the *Corona Purpuratorum Patrum et Antistitum*, there present, none attracted more attention than Bishop Malou of Bruges and Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburg.

In 1853, at his own request, his diocese was divided and he himself transferred to Erie. But the Holy See, moved by the representations of both Bishops and people, restored him to Pittsburg in the following year.

The cathedral of St. Paul which escaped the great fire in Pittsburg in 1846, was burnt in 1851. The present cathedral, built by the exertions of the Bishop, was dedicated in 1855. In 1860 Bishop O'Connor accomplished the great desire of his life, which was to enter the Society of Jesus. The burden of the episcopate, *angelicis humeris formidandum*, became heavier to his growing years and failing health. His idea of the responsibility of a Bishop he afterwards expressed as follows: "It was the fear of failing to correspond to those high requirements of their state that made even the saints tremble when called to the episcopal office."\* He was glad to obtain permission to resign that which he had

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\*The nature and duties of the Episcopal office—A sermon, etc. by M. O'Connor, S. J.



accepted with fear. He made a preparatory retreat at the Novitiate in Frederick City before sailing for Europe, and entered the Novitiate at Gorheim, Sigmaringen, Dec. 22, 1860. Of his perfect and humble obedience as a novice, one who was with him bears ample testimony. No one but the Rector knew what he had been, until one day at mass he let a *Pax vobis* slip out instead of *Dominus vobiscum*. The model Bishop became the model novice. *Deus maximus in minimis*: so of his servants. The young novices were often astonished at the thoughtfulness and care with which his strong will observed the rules and customs of the Novitiate. His two years being completed, by a special dispensation of the Father General, Fr. O'Connor made his solemn profession of the four vows in Boston, Dec. 23, 1862, in the hands of Fr. Sopranis, the Visitor.

For a short time he taught theology in Boston College, then the scholasticate of the Society: afterwards he was appointed Socius to the Provincial of Maryland, which office he held until his death. With Loyola College for his headquarters, he was sent to preach, lecture and give retreats, especially to the clergy in all parts of the country. Notwithstanding his increasing infirmities, in 1870 he preached the Advent in Philadelphia and the following Lent in New Orleans.

On his return from Havana he was preparing to start for Nova Scotia to give a Retreat to the Clergy when Superiors determined to send him to London for medical advice. He returned in December in company with Dr. Vaughan, (now Bishop of Salford) and the Missionaries of S. Joseph's College. He assisted for the last time in any public function in the Sanctuary of S. Francis Xavier's Church for the colored people, in Calvert St., Baltimore, when the missionaries received their pastoral charge. This Church had been purchased and its congregation organized some years before by the efforts of Fr. O'Connor. He had even asked permission to devote himself to the slaves in Cuba.

Early in the Spring of this year (1872) Fr. O'Connor came to Woodstock. He knew it was to die. In May he thus wrote to one of our fathers: "I am now staying at Woodstock, and will probably remain here till the end. I am just well enough to live without pain, but gradually sinking—getting weaker from day to day. I wish I could withdraw my thoughts from everything that does not regard the welfare of my soul, as I ought to do. I consider it a great grace from God that he enables me to see the importance of doing this." On another occasion he asked a venerable father of the Society, who had come to see him, what exercise he thought was the best preparation for death. To many other friends he either wrote or dictated his last words of affection and charity. The summer he spent with us as one of ourselves. We can still see him slowly walking with his cane up and down the corridors, starting beforehand so as to be in time for some community duty, sitting on the Philosophers' benches under the trees, or silently enjoying the evening recreation with the Scholastics on their porch, always the same, with his cheerful, humble manner, asking for nothing, complaining of nothing, waiting for his turn like the rest, asking pardon of a lay brother for giving any little trouble, or keeping quiet at night so as not to disturb the rest of others. To one who asked him if he had much pain, "No, sir," he replied, "I have not the *honour* of suffering anything."

Once after speaking of some of the trials of his Episcopate, he added: "As far as I can see, it would have been better for me if I could have entered the Society when I first wanted to, but God knows best. Anyhow, it is a great blessing to be able to die in peace."

He said his last mass on the feast of his patron, Saint Michael. On Saturday afternoon, October 12, he received the last sacraments. Before this, he had asked Fr. Rector to allow him to be taken to the refectory to say his *culpa* and perform some public penance for all the "scandal" he had given to the community.

When the preparations were being made for administering the last sacraments, he said to Father Rector with the deepest emotion : "It would be impossible to thank you for your unspeakable kindness to me at all times ; and indeed that is what I always received from every one, no matter where I was. I can only ask your pardon for all the bad example I have given in the Society." Then turning to one from his old Diocese he continued : "Tell the people of Pittsburg that I remember them all to the last with the greatest affection, and how sorry I am that I could not have done more for them whilst I was with them : and even the little I did do was very imperfect." "Tell them all," he repeated, "the Bishop, the Clergy, the Religious and the Sisters that I pray for them and will remember them all to the end." When Father Minister entered the room with the Blessed Sacrament, the dying man, with great difficulty, slipped from his chair to his knees and, in profound adoration, received the Holy Viaticum. Afterwards, with his deep solemn voice, he joined in the responses when the Sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered.

He lingered for a few days in great suffering, borne with the most perfect resignation. When asked whether he was in great pain or if he wanted anything, he would only reply by shaking his head to say no. When he managed to speak it was only to ask some of his attendants to recite the Litany of the Holy Name or other prayers. At last, on the morning of Friday, Oct. 18, the Feast of St. Luke, sitting in his arm-chair, he bowed his head and gave up his spirit into the hands of the Master whom he had served so long and so well. The *De Profundis* bell tolled just at the end of the community Mass, and as all knew what had happened we united in prayers for the repose of the soul of our departed Father.

It is difficult to take in at a glance such a many-sided character, so eminent in head, will and heart ; so great a power and under such perfect control. His mental and

moral solidity was aptly epitomized by Fr. Clarke in the words: *Nihil tetigit quod non solidavit*. The Correspondent above referred to, says: "He had the power of grouping ideas, and condensing difficult matters within a very small compass; and when he spoke on any subject, there was little worth saying that he would leave unsaid." His great learning never was a burden to him but was always under the guidance of sound common sense, which would seize the substance of things in their last analysis and adapt it to times, places or persons, stript of all unnecessary accidents.

To this rare combination of masterful intellect, extensive learning, inflexible will, practical sense and solid virtue he added a most affectionate heart, full of thoughtful tenderness. He never forgot his old friends and they never forgot him. How many such expressions as these have reached us from Pittsburg and other places: "We have lost our best friend and father; such another we can never expect to find." An old friend who knew him well in the early days, writes: "After my own father, there is no one to whom I owe more than to Bishop O'Connor." The Sisters of Mercy say they now regard him as their "Cardinal Protector in Heaven."

The esteem and affection in which his memory is held was well shown by the numbers of Bishops, priests and people who were present at the Solemn Requiem in Baltimore, and at the "month's mind" held in the cathedral of Pittsburg.

But for us *inter parietes* the most wonderful thing about him was his humility. And of this he was perfectly unconscious. It seemed to be part of his nature, so much so that one might be with him a long time without noticing it. The definition of *sibi ipsi vilescere* would not hold good in his case, as he seemed to have no self at all to have any opinion about. Like the great Angelical who after his vision of Heavenly Truth, thought his *Summa* only "rubbish," so, in his measure, did F. O'Connor think of his

works and knowledge in the light of God. This appeared in his whole manner of action and conversation, whether he spoke of himself or any one else. His sermons showed the fruit of it. He was always ready and willing to take any one's place in preaching. The saying was true in his case: *In domo plena cito paratur cœna*. All he wanted was five or ten minutes walk up and down the corridor. When he spoke to the people his power was one of thought not of language. He never seemed conscious that he was saying anything; he was only thinking and loving aloud for God and His people. *Semper sui similis* whether in preaching, in talking, or in keeping silence, he was always the herald of the Great King, who had his message to deliver in the way it was given, whether men were pleased or not. There was too much sturdy vigour and robust earnestness about him to allow him to stop for fine phrases or cadencing periods. *Great strong thoughts in plain words* might serve to describe his preaching. The *sancta et virilis simplicitas* which was the mark of the man was likewise the note of his speech.

A boyhood of piety, a youth of study, ten years a Roman student, ten more a secular priest, professor and missionary, seventeen years a Bishop, and twelve years a Jesuit, make up the well-spent life of Fr. O'Connor.

He has left the record of his clear full mind in the Councils of Baltimore, the works of his intrepid energy in the Diocese of Pittsburg, the remembrance of his fatherly affection in the hearts of his spiritual children, and in the Society of Jesus, the example of religious simplicity, regular observance and marvellous humility.

He rests in our little hill-side cemetery, by the side of Fr. Maldonado, one taken in the glorious summer, the other sleeping under the autumn leaves.

*Simplicitas concurrens veritati in ipsa  
humilitate sublimis.*—S. Ambrose.

WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y.

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EMIGRANTS' REFUGE AND HOSPITAL,  
WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y., JULY, 1872.

REV. FATHER:

P. C.

I wrote to you last November informing you of my success in obtaining, under the patronage of St. Joseph, a grant of \$35,000 from the Commissioners of Education towards the building of a new Catholic Church. At the time I had no idea of the amount of opposition which the spirit of darkness would excite, as soon as the fact became known among the Protestants. The first battle I had to fight was about the selection of a site for the Church. I had chosen the most central position on the Island and they wanted to crowd me out to the extremities of the place, near the gas-works. In this effort I defeated them, however, and they have now that beautiful place left to themselves, if they ever wish to build a new prayer-shop. They next began to delay the work, hoping, if they gained time, something might turn up to baffle all my expectations. The surveying was not done until the 23rd of Jan., the feast of the Espousals of the B. V. Mary and St. Joseph. On that day we received a visit from the Imperial ambassador of Germany, Baron Von Bunsen, on his return from Chili, and I prevailed upon him, though a Protestant, to break the first sod for the new building. The first load of stones arrived in a schooner on St. Joseph's day, but the masons could not commence their work until the beginning of May. In the meanwhile another cloud of trouble, by far more seri-

ous, rose upon our new building and the whole Institution. The Protestant Children's-Aid Societies had been long ago anxious to get hold of the administration of this place in order to kidnap many Catholic children, to send them in squads Out West to be bound out to staunch Protestant families, as they do in other institutions. With the aid of a Jewish pervert to Protestantism, who now combines the hatred of a Jew against Christians with the hatred of a bigoted Protestant against Catholicity, they sent a bill to the Legislature in Albany, whose object was to upset the present Board of Commissioners of Emigration altogether and replace them by a new one composed of the most bigoted men among them with the Protestant Jew as "the only honest member of the old Board"—and only one Catholic, the president of the Irish Emigrant Society, who is a member of the board *ex officio*. Every body could see what would be the result if that bill became a law. I had recourse to St. Joseph and got the orphans of the Sisters of Charity to pray. In the meanwhile I went to lobbying, myself. I wrote to members of the Legislature who were Catholics or favorable to Catholics, and it was amusing to read in the papers how this bill passed from one house to the other and back again with modifications, one of which was the striking out of the name of the Protestant Jew, the chief agitator, himself. On the last day of the session, it passed both houses and went into the hands of the Governor, where, thanks to the protection of S. Joseph, it rests still. It never became a law. But even here the danger was not over. The indefatigable Protestant Jew, still a member of the old Board of Commissioners, showed fight in the meetings of the Board. He moved that the new church-building now in course of erection on Ward's Island should be a *simultaneous* church for all denominations. I was called upon to answer in writing—What reasons the Catholics on Ward's Island had to ask for a new church-edifice? What objections there were to making it a *simultaneous* church for all denominations?—

And what was the number of attendants in the Catholic and Protestant chapels? I give here my answer.

TO THE HON. RICHARD O'GORMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Hon. and Dear Sir:

Ever since I have been officiating as Catholic Chaplain on this island, I have found it necessary to avail myself of the privilege granted to the Priests of this country to offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass *twice* in the morning of every Sunday and festival of obligation in the year, as without such an arrangement, a great part of our Catholic people would be deprived of the opportunity of fulfilling their obligations. The present Chapel in the garret of the Nursery seats about 300 persons conveniently, and was nearly filled at both Masses during the summer season. But during winter it became so crowded, that many had to go back, because there was no room for them even to stand in the aisles. (What will it be when the emigration from Bohemia and Poland, whose population is nearly all Catholic, increases as it bids fair to do?)

Moreover, I find that many cripples, consumptive, asthmatic, convalescent and aged persons, who are well able to move on plain and even ground, have to give up all idea of climbing up so many stairs, and are deprived, the whole year around, of the comfort of attending divine service, or spending an hour of the dreary day in the house of God.

Besides, the building itself is not safe when the Chapel is crowded with people. It has been remarked that the floor then rises considerably in the middle and is lowering on the sides. Add to this the miasma and intolerably foul air, which fills the chapel in winter when doors and windows are closed, and the place crammed with human beings, and even the candles on the altar giving but a dim light. I am confident that this fact alone, if it were known to the Health Commissioners, might induce them to shut up that place altogether. In the hot season, even with doors and windows open, after 10 o'clock, A. M. a stay in the chapel, even when empty, is intolerable.

I will not allude to the fact that this is the only place on the island, where divine worship according to the rites of the Catholic Church is regularly celebrated on Sundays, and that Catholic inmates and officials of the other Institutions in charge of the Commissioners of Charity and Correction avail themselves of this opportunity to satisfy their spiritual wants, giving thereby good example to our own people; also that many non-catholic emigrants, who do not attend the service of the Lutheran Clergyman appointed as Protestant Chaplain on the Island, and who avail themselves of the American principle of liberty of conscience, add considerably to the number that are to be accommodated in our chapel. It would be inhuman and unchristian to exclude them. They would go neither to the one nor to the other place of worship and at best give up religion altogether.



Those, Honorable and Dear Sir, are the principal reasons why we Catholics are asking your Honorable Board for a larger and more convenient place of divine worship.

As to the question: Is it expedient that Catholics and Protestants should worship in the same Church-edifice? I may be permitted to answer entirely in the *negative*; for in the 1st place, the Protestants might well call it *their Church*, but we Catholics would *not* have what *we* call a Church. It never could be blessed and dedicated to God. We might worship there, as in missionary places Catholics worship sometimes in public halls, in school-houses, in private houses; but what, strictly speaking, we call a *Church*, we could *not* have. Let the building be ever so stylish and costly, we never could have the same feelings of reverence, respect and love for it, which we have for the *House of God*.

Whoever visited this island ever since Catholics and Protestants had their separate places of worship, was pleased with the arrangement, and gave credit to the wisdom and generous liberality of the Commissioners. The emigrant, who at home never heard of a Church common to both Catholics and Protestants, on arriving here felt himself at home in his *own* church, and many a one on entering the Chapel, shed tears of joy and forgot more easily the hardships of separation from home, because he saw that in his newly-adopted home every thing was the same in the Church as it had been at home. Shut up the Catholic altar behind folding doors and drive away the crowds of worshippers who would like to spend another hour in thanksgiving after Mass or holy communion, and tell them that they must go out now, for there is to come another people in this place who believe nothing in those things, and how will the poor emigrant feel? What will he think of his new land of adoption and of the Commissioners, who would not allow him to pray half an hour longer before the altar which contains all he loves and is living for?

Will the Catholic Priest be permitted to adorn the Church according to the different festivals of the year, without interference of the Protestant minister? And if he put up any statues or pictures of Catholic Saints, will they be looked upon favorably and respected by those, who are taught as a part of their creed, that Catholics are idolaters and that these pictures and statues are idols? Or if the Protestant minister puts up a Christmas-tree in the middle of the church, as he did last year in his chapel, will it remain in peaceful possession of all its contents, until the Protestant congregation arrives to worship around it? I do not only foresee an endless series of quarrels and contentions, but I seriously apprehend that it will come to riots and bloodshed, as there are enough, among our people, who, for their lives, will not be able to see quietly the sectarian preacher ministering within the same sanctuary, where the Priest, a while before, stood to dispense to the people the Holy of Holies.

If the example of the Institutions on Blackwell's Island is quoted, where Catholics and Protestants have to worship in the same places,

I answer : *In hoc non laudo!* Such an arrangement is not the best feature of those Institutions. We do not live under the imperial sway of the King of Prussia, where the system of common churches has been invented and kept up by force, in towns where the Protestants were not numerous enough, or not willing, to build places of worship for themselves. This may succeed well enough in *penal* Institutions—but we live in a free country, where everyone is permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; and the separation of the two religious professions is more congenial to the American spirit of liberty. Experience teaches that religion and piety flourish much better under the wings of untrammelled freedom than in the straight-jackets of imperialism.

As to the number of worshippers attending the Catholic Chapel, I can safely say that, at present, during summer, it averages from 400 to 500 persons, at both Masses, and in winter, from 600 to 700. If the new Church is finished, I do not doubt that it will increase by from 100 to 200 more; whereas the number of attendants in the Protestant Chapel is scarcely one tenth of our present number.—I had appointed a trust-worthy person to count them this morning (Sunday June 9). The following is the result:

10 o'clock service (English):	Men 19, Women 10, Boys 12, . .	41
Remained in Church for the 2nd service,		15
11 o'clock service (German):	Men 17, Women 13, . . .	30
	Infants and children, . . .	15
		<hr/> 101
Deducting the 15 who remained at both services,		30
		<hr/> 71

The grand total is 71

It must be observed that from the time when the movement of making the new Church-building a common Church began, the Protestant Minister exerted himself during the whole week, to stir up his people to come to Church, that he might be able to show large numbers of attendants to the Commissioners. If by such extraordinary exertions and under such inducements he could gather no more than 44 adults for the two services together, I have more reason to believe, what I was assured more than once, that on many Sundays he had no more than 5 or 6 persons to hear him in his Chapel!

The whole movement to obtain common possession of the new Church did not arise with the mass of Protestants on the island, but with one particular individual, who, although he hardly ever goes to any Church himself, is jealous enough to see the Catholics about to have a large building for a Church; and cannot be satisfied with the present Protestant Chapel though newly painted and large enough to accommodate five times as many worshippers as it actually has.—If the Commissioners of your Honorable Board think it proper to concede to his wishes, I have

not the slightest objection. Let them build a Protestant church of marble, and a parsonage as large as the Astor House for its Minister; I will be satisfied with my room under the garret of the vestry, if I have only the satisfaction of having a Church large enough and convenient enough for my people, so that *the lame and the blind and the feeble* be not excluded; and where we can worship our God according to the dictates of our consciences, in peace. If the Commission will do for the Catholics only what it would do for the Protestants, were they as numerous and similarly situated: we will be satisfied. As to the expenses of furnishing what is peculiar to our mode of worship, we shall be no burden to their treasury: we only wish for the liberty of worship in our *own Church*; and grant it willingly to others.

Most Respectfully Yours,

J. PRACHENSKY, *Catholic Chaplain, Ward's Island.*

Whether this document was ever presented before the Board of Commissioners at their regular meeting or communicated to the parties whom it concerned, privately, I had no means of ascertaining. Certain it is, that ever since the Protestant faction has held its peace, and the building of the church is going on steadily in the most approved Catholic style. I hope it will be finished in November and then I will write to you more about it.

Revæ. Vestræ,

Servus in Xto.

P. JOSEPH PRACHENSKY.

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, CINCINNATI,  
OHIO.

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ST. F. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, }  
CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOV. 7, 1872. }

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

On departing from Woodstock four months ago, that band of Western travellers, who were the first regular return made by Woodstock to the West, felt, if I may judge of all by one, a somewhat stray feeling, and looked a somewhat vacant look, on their Alma Mater subsiding out of view, and sinking down at the other end of that Baltimore and Ohio line. If it were not Cincinnati that stood here to reassure us, or if there were not St. Xavier's College to chafe our numbed feelings as with a new life, or if there were not a villa to administer the fresh country air to our overheated brows, we might have alighted from the Baltimore cars into a home-sickness, from which we had not recovered up to the present hour. For time is the only cure in such sickness, and four months are as no time. ○

The farm, which tops a Kentucky bluff on the Ohio, was famous for its pears—an attraction somewhat material, though good enough in its way. Yet it is a low way, after all; and that became quite clear to me, on our moving into the city. For here I found a new kind of farming, much more rich in its produce than Kentucky in its pears, and yielding that sort of fruit, to which the words are applied:—“My Beloved will come and eat the fruit of His apple-trees.” I refer, in general, to the state of St. Xavier's congregation, and in particular to the Sodalties.

Day after day, I have seen Communion at ordinary Masses, the daily fruit of devotion. Sunday after Sunday, 600. On the first Friday and first Sunday, 800. We may infer the number on principal feasts.

I have likewise heard on successive Sundays read out from the altar the public acts of this Sodality and that one, in the way of meetings, communions, prayers to be poured forth for the dead; and a comparison occurred to my mind, between these centres of manifold life which radiates in spiritual activity from the Sodalities, as they congregate thus, round the altar, and those centres of musical sound, which rolls so often and so loudly from the bells in the Church tower above. Indeed, the repeated tolling up there from early morning till noon, led one of your Woodstock students, who spent a single Sunday here, to think again of his own catholic Germany, all alive in his parts with the spirit of warm devotion. I came to desire afterwards, that he had likewise heard, besides the ringing of those church-bells above, the music of edification from these bells of the sanctuary below.

Here are, as I count them, seventeen societies: fourteen of them being Sodalities, not indeed different in kind, but multiplied into sections, under different titles of the Blessed Virgin, and different diplomas. To enumerate first the Sodalities:

MEN.—The Holy Family; number of members, 250.

YOUNG MEN.—The Immaculate Conception, 300. Boys: the older ones in the College, 69; the younger ones, 44; those of the parish school, 225; of the city shoe-blacks, 60; and young men of the same civil denomination, but a new Sodality title, viz., "St. Francis Xavier's Association for the Conversion of Sinners," 69.

WOMEN.—The Holy Family, from 1,100 to 1,200. The Holy Maternity, of married ladies, 100 and upwards. Young ladies, whose convent education has thrown them together, 60; three other sections, 400 all together. The Children of Mary, 400 to 500.

These figures give a grand total for the Sodalities of from 3068 to 3268.

Moreover there are the following Societies: the Arch-Confraternity of the Sacred Heart; the Altar Society of the Immaculate Conception, to honor the Blessed Virgin's feasts by approaching the Holy Table; and an Orphan Society.

As to the inner working of them, I have not inquired into more than a few, nor do I think it would serve the purpose of light and pleasant edification to go through the tedium of minutes and meetings. But a couple will serve as a sample of all.

There is close by the College, a Convent of Notre Dame. It enjoys an ancient glory and a new one. Its ancient glory is that of being mother to all the houses in this country; and its new one that of covering with its buildings nearly a whole square, of the large Cincinnati size. Like other things evangelical, it came forth from a little seed and has grown mighty.

I had the honor of being introduced to an apartment which I found to be a library, the property and appurtenance of the female Holy Family Sodality. Fr. Roelof was the founder of this Sodality, in November, 1857. He instituted it "to extirpate cursing, blasphemy and intemperance;" and the high praise became its due of being the entrance to newness of life for many a mother, and so for many a family. Entrance into this Sodality was embarking on the flood, which, taken in place of the ebbing tide of drunkenness led many to fortune. High and apostolic praise! Nevertheless, while it smiled fortune on those who entered it, the Sodality had not that aspect, which would attract the beams of fortune on itself, precisely because of its professed object. Accordingly, a rearrangement was made of its rules, whereby its original end was thrown considerably into the shade; and the consequence was that while the primary object of extirpating drunkenness continued to be silently effected,

another more specious, inasmuch as more ordinary, aspect was put on the Sodality, and it throve from that day. It counts, as I have said above, from 1100 to 1200 members. It has a council of 25; and 12 Visitors of the sick. It enrolls the names of dead members on a list, and mass is said for the deceased every week. Its title is the Immaculate Conception; its principal feasts the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, Christmas and the Assumption.

A year ago, it presented a piano and harmonium to the Children of Mary whose library is directly over that of the Holy Family. Though of not more than two years' standing, this collection of books belonging to the Enfants de Marie is about equal in number to that of their benefactors below-stairs. The Sodality itself numbers from 400 to 500. Its patron feast is that of the Immaculate Conception; its other principal ones, St. Aloysius and St. Joseph. Its meetings are on every alternate Sunday, in the Church after Vespers; while those of the Holy Family, (which is under the same director,) are on the intermediate Sundays at the same hour. And while the Holy Family communicates in the Church on the first Sunday of the month, the other, along with the three sections of young ladies, communicates on the fourth Sunday of the month. These three sections with the Children of Mary make a total of from 800 to 900 approaching the Holy Table. "My Beloved will come and eat the fruit of His apple-trees."

With one word more, I will take leave of Your Reverence. Woodstock is an orchard, and the first yield of fruit which it made to the West was composed of four Scholastics. Ten days ago we were four, and I knew not but we should always be four, hand in hand. Now we are three. R. I. P. The Beloved has come suddenly,

In whom I remain,

Yours humbly,

T. H.

## DEATH OF MR. JOHN MOYNIHAN, S. J.

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The allusion contained in the closing lines of the foregoing letter is to the sudden death of one of our Scholastics, Mr. John Moynihan, who died at St. Louis University, on the 19th of October last.

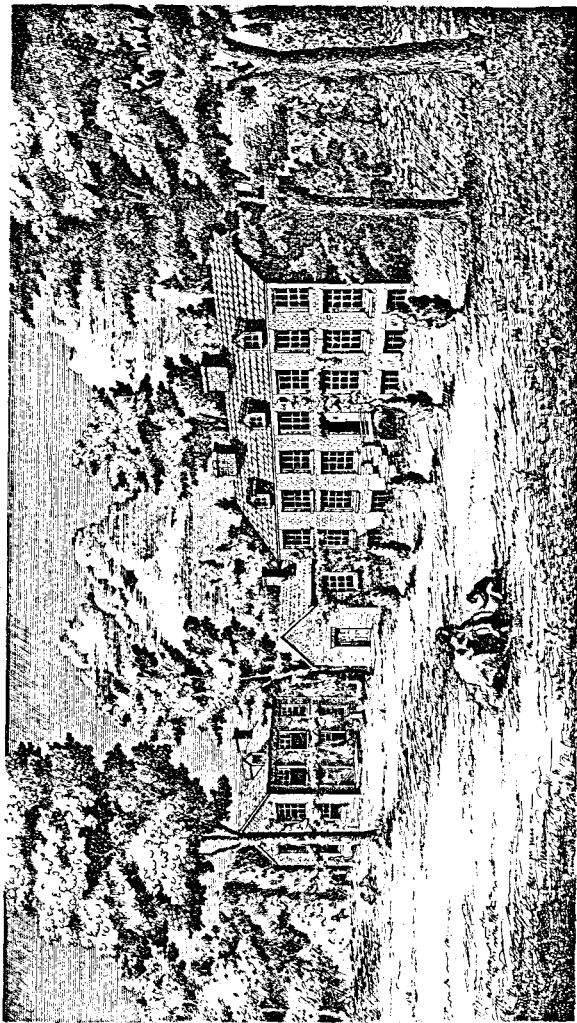
We do not hope to add to the affectionate regard in which Mr. Moynihan was held by all who knew him. We mean simply to lay our own humble tribute upon our brother's grave, for the years which he spent with us are so lately gone, and the memory of them is so fresh and green, that it is a pleasant and a beautiful task to weave the offering. A short time ago he bade us farewell with high hope and holy resolution, and we felt sure that he was going forth only to enter upon a career in which virtue and talent would win for him the crown of success. A few weeks later, and we received the news that he was on the point of death; but galloping consumption bore him away so rapidly that the grave had closed over him before his brethren at Woodstock had thus learned that he was even ill. He was confined to his room only three days; and the calm, holy, and beautiful death which he died, was but a reflex of his lifetime. One of his companions writes to us: "I was with him the evening before he died, when he made me read the points of meditation for him, and asked me to come again in the morning. When I went to him on the following day, I found him exceedingly low, yet hoping to recover. Still he then talked to me of the good chance he had of dying in the Society. I visited him frequently during the day, and found him at all times very fervent, eager to suffer and pray. He remained this way till about an hour before his death, and breathed his last, sitting in his chair with his habit.



on, while his brethren were reciting the prayers for his departing soul." What a beautiful close to his innocent, peaceful life! What a mild, sweet twilight after the day of sunshine!

Mr. Moynihan had taught four years before commencing the study of philosophy, and after finishing the first course of this science in Woodstock, had just returned to his province for college duty again, when he was called away to the better life. During the three years which he spent with us he was remarkable for his religious observance and for his close application to study. His course of philosophy was successful in the extreme. He found in it full play for the natural bent of his mind, and the pleasure which he took in it, together with the encouragement which marked success must necessarily bring about, served to strengthen the more his prime and principal motive for diligence—sense of duty. Nor did the efforts which he made after the acquisition of learning fail him in the end. His brilliant examination "De Universa" was the admiration of the Faculty: and the praises heaped upon it, though an unsought, were yet a merited reward.

But if our brother was persevering in the pursuit of knowledge, he was equally so in the observance of our religious duties. Nature had given him a simple, unobtrusive manner, and his good, warm heart was full of affection. Sensitive and timid himself, he could not easily fail in due regard for the feelings of his companions. He would not hear them blamed even in jest, and if the accused happened to be of his own delicate sensitiveness, and most of all, if he made no retort, the sympathy of mutual feeling was immediately awakened, and Mr. Moynihan ready to take his part. This was so noticeable in him that his companions, in their various games, sought opportunities of censure, simply to admire his readiness to shield the imaginary victim. Moreover he was so humble and so ready to yield to others the better part. Only a short time before he left us,



ST. JOSEPH'S—PHILADELPHIA. 1776.

# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. II., No. 2.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

PART FIRST.

[*Continued.*]

Father Greaton's choice is not so much to be wondered at. The intolerance of the colonists necessitated a retired situation. His prudent foresight foresaw it would soon be a most eligible position. In fact, for nearly a century after, it was in the very heart of West-end-dom, with its upper ten thousand. To the North and East were the commodious residences of the wealthy Friends, who knew the true value of an Irish Catholic servant; while to the South and West stood, in the early days of the Republic, the mansions of the foreign ambassadors, whose numerous domestics were the Fathers' frequent penitents. Within a quarter of a mile was the First President's House, and he who consid-

ered it no idolatry to have a full length painting of Mary Immaculate hanging at the head of his bed, saying to a future Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, D. D., "I cannot love the Son without honoring the Mother,"\* no doubt often directed his steps to "the little church down the alley." My venerable friend, Mrs. Baker, had spoken to me of this picture as well as of one, a life sized Good Shepherd, full twenty years before an aged brother in religion related to me the anecdote of the Archbishop. She also told how she had received many a courtly bow from the "Father of his Country" as he came from the "chapel" or the Priest's house. It was the proper position for a church, far enough from the Blue Anchor Tavern to escape the bustle of commerce and trade, and yet within easy access of the few families which formed its first congregation. As in 1844 the valuable property which surrounded it saved it from the incendiary's torch, so, no doubt, in 1744, its contiguity to the Quakers' Alms-House was its great protection.

Father Joseph Greaton, according to the most reliable data, was, as has been stated above, a native of Devonshire, England, though some, who give his name Josiah Creaton, claim him as a native of Connaught in Ireland.† He was born in the year 1680, studied on the continent, and entered the Society of Jesus, as a priest, July 5th, 1708. His vows as a professed Father, were pronounced on the feast of St Dominic, August 4th, 1719. He had more than once visited different parts of Pennsylvania and the Colony of Philadelphia, previous to his being stationed in the rectangular City. He appears to have been a man of great energy of character, laboring faithfully throughout the three states

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\* Archbishop Marechal's account to the Fathers at Georgetown.

† Among the memoranda collected by Fr. Barbelin was a letter from a lady friend, in Boston, to Father Joseph Greaton, in which she speaks of his father's beautiful place at Ilfracombe, near the magnificent headlands that skirt the Bristol Channel.

of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. About the time of his profession, he came into his patrimony, and contrary to the custom prevailing in our Society, he was granted permission to use his money for missionary purposes. It was with this money he purchased the grounds on the Nicetown Road, in other places in the City and State, and it was with Father Greaton's money that Father Harding, at a later period, procured a large lot of ground in Fourth Street above Spruce extending back to Fifth Street, and built the original St. Mary's Church, no appeal having been made to the faithful, and no grant having been obtained from the Proprietor. In 1750, he was recalled to Maryland, and on the 19th of September, 1753, died at our Residence at Bohemia Landing.

Father Greaton during his eighteen years' pastorship, always claimed to be a citizen of Philadelphia, and in his will called himself 'of Philadelphia.' This will bears date September 2nd, 1749. He devised all his worldly goods to his friend Robert Harding, of Philadelphia, gentleman: in the case of the death of Robert Harding before himself, to Robert Digges, of Prince George County, Maryland: the executor to be Mr. Harding or Mr. Digges. The witnesses to the will were Rev. Theodore Schneider, John Dixon and Patrick Carrol. This "last will and testament of Joseph Greaton" was proved in August of 1753.

Ten years before his removal Father Greaton's labors became so heavy as to call for an assistant, and the Rev. Henry Neale, S. J., who had come to this country from England in 1740, as a missionary, was on the 21st of April, 1741, appointed to St. Joseph's as colaborer with Father Greaton. He found the people living in a more luxurious manner than he had supposed; and having nothing but the allowance made him in England, in a letter to his superior written four days after his arrival in Philadelphia, April 25th, he says; "I find things otherwise than represented in England, I mean as regards a competent maintenance of

one in my station, for an annuity of £20, only, will not suffice." Father Henry Neale was an Englishman by birth, though related to the Maryland family of that name. He was born in 1702, entered the Society in 1724, and was professed in 1743.

In 1747, Father Henry Neale bought from the Proprietors of Pennsylvania, for the sum of £25, one hundred and twenty-one acres of land, at Goshenhoppen, now called "Churchville, Colebrookdale," Berks Co. This was increased in 1748, by three hundred and seventy three acres purchased by Father Greaton for the sum of £51. It was about this time that he, Father Greaton, bought "Pigeon hills," Adams Co., afterwards the site of the Little Seminary of the Sulpicians. Father Henry Neale's duties were onerous, and he died in Pennsylvania, on May 5th, 1748, leaving Father Greaton again alone in his charge of St. Joseph's, being occasionally assisted by Father Robert Harding, and Father Theodore Schneider, until his recall to Maryland.

Father Robert Harding, a native of England, who had arrived in this country in 1732, and had labored in Maryland and occasionally in Pennsylvania, was, upon the recall of Father Greaton, in 1750, appointed his successor at St. Joseph's. Father Theodore Schneider who was born in Bavaria in 1703, entering the Society in his eighteenth year, 1721, had, in 1741, founded the mission of Goshenhoppen, and in 1748 built the first chapel of the "Most Blessed Sacrament" on "the Goshenhoppen Farm." Father Schneider was a man of erudition, having professed Philosophy at Liege, and been Rector Magnificus at Heidelberg. For a short while, in his early labors at Goshenhoppen, he was assisted by Father William Wapeler, a native of Westphalia, born in 1711. He entered the Society in 1728, and in 1741 founded the mission at Conewago, Adams Co., Penna. Father Schneider visited Philadelphia, monthly, to assist Father Harding, and confess the Germans.

About this time, 1757, the original Chapel of St. Joseph's was lawfully and peaceably razed to the ground, to make room for an enlarged structure sixty by forty feet running East and West, the increase in the congregation rendering this enlargement necessary. In April of this year, Father Harding gave to the Provincial authorities an account of the members of his congregation. Of those over twelve years, who had made their first communion, there were seventy-eight females and seventy-two males, mostly Irish. The congregation of Father Schneider, consisted of one hundred and seven males and one hundred and twenty-one females, all Germans.

In the early part of 1759, Father Ferdinand Steinmeyer, assumed name Farmer, born in Swabia, Germany, Oct. 13, 1720, and who had entered the Society of Jesus at Landespergen, Sept. 26, 1743, was sent to St. Joseph's. Besides assisting Father Harding in the care of his congregation, Father Farmer journeyed throughout Pennsylvania, and New Jersey and New York (then called New Cæsarea), instructing, confessing, baptizing, anointing and celebrating the Dread Sacrifice. Every month, on horse-back, he visited New York, and so great were his labors there that he gained the grateful veneration of all the Catholics and was by them viewed as the real Apostle of the Faith in that city. When Father Carroll, afterwards the first Bishop, became superior of the American missions, he appointed Father Farmer, Vicar of New York, which he governed from St. Joseph's. It was just previous to one of his monthly visits to New York, that he was attacked by his last sickness, still he made, on horse-back, that journey of nearly a hundred miles, and returned on May the 7th, 1785, to linger until August, 1786, when he died. In our congregation are two maiden ladies of advanced age,\* whose mother was one of Father Farmer's converts, and who treasure, among

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\* The Misses Ann and Eliza Corcoran.

their most prized possessions, a little table presented by the holy Jesuit.

In the meanwhile, Father Harding was not idle at old St. Joseph's. He instructed the faithful and buried his beloved dead in the little "God's Acre" west of the Church, whose humble mounds were shaded by two gigantic Walnut trees. It was rather the increasing demand for resting places for those who "sleep in the Lord," than the increased number of those "fighting the combat" that induced Father Harding, in 1763, to employ the money of Father Greaton in purchasing "St. Mary's Burying Ground" and building that Church, which in 1810 was enlarged to its present noble dimensions. Father Harding also assisted Father Farmer in his missionary duties and so arduous were his labors that he died at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, on the 1st of September, 1771, beloved by all and keenly, bitterly and affectionately remembered.

Father Harding's successor in the pastorate of Saints Joseph's and Mary's was Rev. John Lewis, S. J., a native of England, who was soon recalled to Maryland, where he afterwards became Superior, and in 1783 presided at two meetings of the Missionaries of America.

The early Pastors of St. Joseph's were most careful in preserving the records of their baptisms and marriages. Those of Fathers Greaton, Henry Neale, and those of Father Harding, excepting such as are entered in the Registry of Father Farmer are lost. They were lent to some one seeking data for an Ecclesiastical work and never returned. This is a great pity, as they, no doubt, would throw much light on the earliest years of St. Joseph's.

Father Farmer's registries, however, are complete and in good preservation. They date from the 27th of August, 1758, and come down to within a fortnight of his death. They are written in a clear, legible hand, remarkable for their neatness—short, concise, in small books that have been carried thousands of miles, in the very heart of a hostile



army, during the darkest hours of our Country's strife. These records furnish matter for much interesting study.

The Baptism registry begins without any heading with this entry. "1758. Philadelphia. 17 September: *Jacobus* natus 14 Aug. huj. anni ex Josepho Kaufman Cath. & Anna Cathar. Prot. legitimis Conjugibus, Patrinis Joa<sup>n</sup>e Gatringer & Catharina Spenglerin, Cath'cis." and ends with "1786, Philadelphia. Juli 30. *Joa<sup>n</sup>. Nicolaus* natus 13 April h. a. ex Caspar Albert & Aña. P. Nicolao Steiner & Margaretha Hedinga C'is."

It was not long after his arrival that Father Farmer started out on his missionary excursions. As early as the beginning of November, we find him in Delaware County at Concord, or more properly speaking, at Ivy Mills—: "in Concord d. 5 Nov. *Maria* nata 13, Maji, a. 1756, ex David Lewis Pr. & Ida l. c. ut suppono. Patrinis Jacobo Willcox & Elizabetha Willcox Cath'cis."

This baptism took place in the chapel attached to the mansion of Mr. James Willcox, where mass has been offered as early as 1758, and where mass has continued to be offered up, from time to time until the building of the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle at Ivy Mills. Contiguous to this residence is a grave-yard containing many an ancient grave. The present head of this eminently Catholic family is Mark Willcox, Esqr., Proprietor of the "Catholic Standard," official organ of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Diocese.

De Courcy, in his work, "The Catholic Church in the United States," is very inaccurate in his dates, as I think I will later have occasion to show, and, I fear he is sometimes ill-informed as to his facts. Speaking of Fr. Farmer, he says: "The Revolution, which made New Jersey the battle-field between the contending armies, interrupted his visits."\*

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\* De Courcy—p. 406.

On August 30th, 1776, the American Army retreated from Long Island: from that time until June the 18th, 1778, New Jersey was occupied either by the Royal or Provincial troops. In Father Farmer's Registry we find this entry: "1776 in N. Caesar. Oct. 16 *Catharina*, nata 27. Sept. h. a. ex Joanne Ells & Anna Eliz, l. c. c. P. Conrad Philipps c. pro Jno. Willhelmo Schaffer c." October 17th, he was at Change Water, Oct. 20th at Mount Hope, Oct. 22nd at Charlottenburg, 26th at Long-Pond. At all these places, he offered up the ever-adorable "God of Peace," gave instructions on true patriotism, and baptized from one to ten infants or youths. The retreating Provincials, at this time, occupied all these places. On the 12th of December, he was back in Philadelphia, and we may imagine the feeling of this staunch lover of civil liberty, when Congress was obliged to retire from the City where the Declaration of Independence had been signed and proclaimed. On the 26th of September, 1777, General Howe occupied Philadelphia, but Father Farmer who could penetrate the American Army while besieging New York, was not afraid, and, while the hostile armies were exchanging leaden compliments, within hearing, at Chew's, near Germantown, the fearless Priest was quietly engaged at St. Joseph's making Christians of three little girls and one little boy, babies. As long as the British occupied Philadelphia, Father Farmer's labors were restricted to Philadelphia and its immediate neighborhood but when they evacuated the City, followed by Washington and his brave followers, among whom was the "Irish Brigade" raised, in great measure, by the persuasive words of a Molyneux and a Farmer, we find that by August 25th, he is already in Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., and back again by the beginning of September to Salem and Gloucester in New Jersey, and then without rest, that he returns before the end of the month to Mount Hope, to Charlottenburg, to Long Pond, to Hunterdon—surely he should belong to the 'Light Artillery'! And so on to the end. The warlike

throes of a great Nation's birth did not prevent immortal souls from making their entrance into this world and immortal souls from taking their exit, and where there was joy and where there was grief, Father Farmer felt that there he should be.

Father Farmer's Marriage Registries are also deserving of notice. The headings, each announced the standing of the priest. The first, begun in 1758, at his first arrival in Philadelphia, reads: "Sequentes, ego Ferdinandus Farmer Soc. Jesu Missionarius, interrogavi, eorumque mutuo consensu habito, solemniter per verba de praesenti Matrimonio conjunxi." The second, begun in 1769, has this heading: "Sequentes, ego Ferdinandus Farmer Soc. Jesu (usque ad dissolutionem ejusdem) Presbyter & Missionarius, interrogavi, eorumque mutuo consensu habito, solemniter per verba de praesenti Matrimonio conjunxi." The words in brackets were inserted after the suppression of our Society. How happy would this good Jesuit have been if he could have died *again*, the subject *in the Society* of his esteemed friend Father Molyneux. His third registry shows his position to be what the world would consider more exalted, but which, I am sure, he valued not near as much, as that of the humble Jesuit priest. It begins: "Sequentes, ego Ferdinandus Farmer Sacerdos & Missionarius Apost., interrogavi, eorumque mutuo consensu habito, per verba de praesenti solemniter Matrimonio conjunxi."

From these registries may be formed some slight idea of the stupendous amount of labor performed by this saintly missionary, though we cannot form any accurate notion of the baptisms and marriages performed by him, as all are not inscribed in the registry in our possession; many having been written in a registry kept in New York, as appears from a memorandum in his Baptismal registry.\* The Bishop of Newark, the Right Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley,

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\* Baptismal Registry p. 11

(at present, 1873, Archbishop of Baltimore) in his "Brief Sketch", speaks of his having visited Macoupin twice a year; I can find but one record of a baptism at Macoupin. The Bishop speaks of Geiger's being near Macoupin. I am inclined to think that it was in Geiger's house that the monthly mass was offered up in New York City. We are told that he visited that City every month; almost every month we find marriages and baptisms recorded as performed at Geiger's, and these marriages are generally preceded by the 'three denunciations', as Father Farmer naïvely styles what we more politely call 'proclamations'. In a memorandum, immediately after a record at Geiger's, he speaks of "walking to Wall Street." The record of the first baptism performed at Geiger's reads: "1759. In domo Matt. Geiger, 15 Mart., *Anna Maria* nata 20 December 1758 ex Martino Holder et Margaretha l. c. c., Patrinis Philippo Jacobi et Susanna Geigerin, Cath'cis."

In the same year we find the first recorded baptism of a catholic slave. "Philad. d. 25 Jul. Thomas, niger Jeremiae Savage. Patrina, Bridget Savage. ceremoniae supplendae usque ad Chrism."

In May, 1761, he commenced the missions at "Glass-house" north of New York City. "Glass-house: N. Y. d. 14 Maji *Joannes Adam*, natus 27 April h. a. ex Jo. Wilhelmo Wentzel, Cath. et Anna Maria Pr. L. C. Patrinis, JoaÑe Adamo Geiger, Cath. et Aña Aberhin, Pr." This baptism presents the novelty of a Protestant Godmother. In this same year we find him marrying ten couples, poor exiles from Acadia. In 1762, he begins in the house of Thomas M'Guire, the mission of Chester, which can now boast its St. Michael's Church, with two pastors. In 1765, he founds the missions of Pikesland, Ringwood and Haycock, Bucks Co., and Mary Fagan was the first christian baptized in the congregation of St. John the Baptist. In 1766. "Bascanridge": in 1767, "Gothland"; in 1768, "Charlottenburg" and "Reading-Furnace," are visited and congre-

gations formed. This year he baptized one hundred and ten.

In 1771, Pilesgrove mission is begun; in 1772, Long-Pond; in the latter part of the same year Cohanzey, in central New York; in 1774, New Hope, and also one in Sussex Co., in north western New Jersey, and Challosberg, in Essex Co.

Father Farmer, like his co-laborer Father Molyneux, was a staunch republican. He was present at Philadelphia on the glorious 4th of July, 1776, and although elated as only the true friends of the up-rising colonies could be elated, he did not neglect his priestly functions. In his marriage registry we read: "1776. Philadelphia, Julii 4 (cum Lic. Praes.) *Jacobum Welsh*, viduum, et *Honoram Mullarkey*, puellam, ambos Cath. ex hac missione. Praes. T. Dionysio Dougherty et Edwardo Cavanaugh, (q.)"

Frequently had Father Farmer visited Burlington, New Jersey, many a time had he confessed the Irish who, from time to time, had resided there; but our "Friends" had kept away the "scandal of a Baptism" until the middle of 1776. "In Com. Burlington. Jun. 18 *Joannes* natus 19. Aug. 1775 ex *Wilhelmo Egan* et *Eleonora L. c. c. P. Patricio Kearns* et *Margaretha Scot Cath'cis*." Having gained an entrance into the fortress of Jersey Quakerdom, Pennsylvania's citadel was soon surmounted: "Prope Bristol, Aug. 22. *Maria Jessop*, juncta *Thomae Martin c. P. Susanna Shaw. c. id. eod. Aug. 22. Richardus*, natus Dec. 1770, *Anna* nata 18 Aug. 1773. *Laurentius*, natus 10 Nov. 1775, omnes tres ex *Thoma Martin* et *Maria L. c. c. P. Daniele Shaw. Joanne Magonigel* et *Jacobo Robinson Cath'cis*."

The first time the famous municipality of Kensington appears in these records is "1776, Kensington. *Ioannes*, natus 28 Dec. 1775, ex *Joane Rittisheime* et *Catharina L. c. c. P. Laurentio Connor C. q. Anna Catharina* nata 7 Mart. h. a. ex iisdem. *M. Juliana Abteri C.*" Neither Father Farmer in 1775, nor Rev. Terence Donahue, when in 1833, he,

from St. Joseph's, built St. Michael's Church, dreamed that this portion of the city would, in 1872, contain eight churches, namely, St. Michael's, St. Peter's, St. Ann's, St. Bonifacius', the Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Dominic's, St. Joachim's and St. Veronica's.

The same year he opened a mission at Whiteland, west of New York City. In 1778, he began at Goshen, Orange Co., New York, the congregation that now worships in St. John's Church; at Salem, in lower New Jersey, the congregation of St. Mary's, and in Gloucester, N. J., another St. Mary's. In 1781, he founds the missions of Deerfield, Woodstown and Greenwich in New York State—visits Fishkill, Dutchess Co., the site of the present Church of "Our Lady of the Rosary," where in four days he baptizes fourteen and gives conditional baptism to six. In 1785, we find him in the neighborhood of Newark, the episcopal city of the diocese of Newark. "1785. Prope Newark. Oct. 3. *Sara nata* 1780, ex Henrico Foy c. et Sara L. c. P. Jacobo Weisenburger." The next day he founds the mission at West Hoboken and West Highland. In 1786, the last year of his eventful life, he founded the congregation of St. Stephen's, Warwick, Orange Co., New York, where he baptized seven.

Within three weeks of his death, this holy laborious missionary, who was accustomed to travel on horseback many thousands of miles each year, gathering into the fold the scattered sheep of the Shepherd, was, through weakness, no longer able to leave the house, but he could baptize and, within a few days of his departure to his eternal home, he crept down stairs to unite in the irrevocable bonds of holy matrimony two of his spiritual children, who had come more than a hundred miles to gain his blessing.

At the end of the third Marriage Registry of Father Farmer we read, in the hand-writing of Father Molyneux, these sorrowful, yet glorious, words: Hoc anno obiit piæ memoriæ R. Pater Ferdinandus Farmer, alias Steinmeyer,

17 die Augusti. Requiescat in pace. Amen.\*

Father Farmer was tall and upright, of a ruddy, pleasing countenance, graceful in manner and fluent in conversation, full of *bonhomie* and anecdotes. A frequent and welcome guest at the table of catholics and protestants, partaking moderately of the good things placed before him, not unfrequently called from the hospitable board of some wealthy citizen to anoint the dying or advise the doubting, and always leaving a void behind him. In his disposition he was gentle, like his Model, but showing by the bright flash of his light grey eye, that he could feel for his Master's honor and defend His cause. He was a philosopher and astronomer, intimate with the literati of his day, and, in 1779, one of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, soon to be Philadelphia's pride.†

Father Lewis, having been recalled to Maryland, was succeeded by Father Robert Molyneux (English not French pronunciation). Father Molyneux, like all his predecessors, was an Englishman by birth, having been born in Lancashire, June 24, 1738, and happily admitted into the Society of Jesus, in 1757. His was an eventful life, his it was to instruct the first Archbishop of Baltimore in Philosophy, his it was, while at St. Joseph's, to receive a copy of Bishop Challoner's letter informing the Fathers in England of the suppression of the Society of Jesus: his it was to direct St. Joseph's congregation when it no longer made a man a pariah to be a Catholic, but even a Quaker thought catholic influence of sufficient importance to be courted,—in the early days of the Revolutionary struggle. Father Molyneux was pastor, with Father Farmer as assistant, during the whole Revolutionary War, and in 1781, when a solemn service of Thanksgiving was offered to Almighty God for the assistance rendered by France to the

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\* Third Registry. p. 125.

† The description given by Mrs. Corcoran, for many years his penitent.

struggling Colonies. I have seen it stated, that Washington was present on that occasion, but I can find no authority for the statement, but tradition. Abbé Bandol, Chaplain to the French Minister, preached on the occasion.

In Father Farmer's Registry there is recorded a marriage blessed by this distinguished French clergyman. "1782 Philadelphia, Novembris vigesimo quarto, *Nicholaum Perrée*, oriundum de Grandville in Normandia, solutum, & *Annam Butler*, filiam Thomae Butler & Bridgitae Bennis, conjugum, oriundam de Limerico in Hibernia. Praesentibus testibus. notis qui subscripserunt

Témoins { L'Abbé Bandol, aumonier de son N. Perrée.  
Excellence le Ministre de France,  
Joseph Marino, Charles Carre. Ann Butler."\*

In a slip of old paper, I accidentally found in an Atlas, the title and date of said paper being unknown, it was stated that on Thursday, the 1st. of March, 1781—the day of the final ratification of the alliance and perpetual union of the States, "the Romish Church of St. Joseph's, back of Walnut Street was splendidly illuminated, in the afternoon; a solemn 'Te Deum' being chanted: the venerable Ferdinand Farmer being the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Robert Molyneux. M. de Luzerne, Minister of the King of France, with his suite was present."

The 25th. of August of same year—the birth day of the King of France, Louis XVI. was celebrated at St. Joseph's with much pomp. The French Minister was present at mass, his musicians accompanying the organ, and some of the gentlemen of his household singing. L' Abbé Bandol was celebrant and Father Molyneux, the Orator of the day.

Shortly after the death of Father Farmer, at the beginning of the year 1787, Father Molyneux began a new Marriage Registry. It is written with much care. Its title-page reads:

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\*Second Marriage Registry—1782.



## LIBER MATRIMONIORUM,

AB ANNO 1787

AD ANNUM 1799,

INCLUSIVE.

Quod Deus conjunxit, homo non separet. Matth: 19—  
6. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder. Qui bene eruditi sunt in fide catholicâ, noverunt quod Deus fecerit nuptias: et sicut conjunctio a Deo, ita divortium a diabolo sit. The instructed Catholic knows *God* to be the author of Marriage: and as the knot is tied by *God*, so it is loosed only by the devil.

St. Aug. Tr. 9. in *Jean*.

Then follow twenty-five pages of the index, after which we have a second title-page. Father Molyneux was exceedingly stout, which caused him to remain much at home. Father Farmer could have hardly found time to ornament the books that accompanied him on so many thousand miles of hard riding. After his index Father M. begins again thus:

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

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SEQUENTES

*Interrogati, eorumque mutuo consensu habito, per verba de præsentis sollemniter matrimonio conjuncti sunt a Missionariis*

CATHOLICIS PHILADELPHIÆ

Philadelphïæ Jan. 10.

A. Rev. Rob. Molyneux, tribus præmissis promulgationibus, Hugo M'Kinley C. et Catharina Quick Pr. —Præsentibus testibus Gul. M'Dermott, Sam. Harrison.

Father Molyneux remained at St. Joseph's only one year after so elaborately commencing this Registry. He was withdrawn by his former pupil, Father John Carroll, at the end of February, 1788.

During his pastorship he was by no means idle in the work of his Master, though it was while he was pastor of St. Joseph's, that began the scattering of the land and property bought by Fathers Greaton, Neale and Harding, most of which, during the interregnum of 1800—1834 passed into other hands. In Father Molyneux' private registry we find this memorandum: "Robertus Molyneux 1775—1. Maii. Mem. To speak to Mr. Cauffman, to sign over a warrant for the land in Pigeon Hills to Mr. Lewis." Almost immediately after the suppression of the Society, the purchases of Father Greaton began to pass to others.

The cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain was proclaimed by General Washington, on April 19, 1783. Before this, Father Molyneux, remembering the importance of educating the young for heaven, while their minds are being prepared for the duties of life, had his Parochial School erected. Then, as now, our schools had to be supported by the offerings of the faithful. In the early part of 1783, we find this account:

"Rec'd. by Robt. Molyneux, for the School :"

		£.	s.	d.
from	Alex. Rogers, pd.	0	15	0
	Felix McKernon, pd.	0	10	0
Subs'd.	Owen Garrigan, on Dr. Kennedy's place, pd.	0	15	0
	Lent him a catechism.			
Ditto.	John Cornely, pd.	3	0	0
	Daniel Fitzpatrick, pd.	0	7	6
	Jeremiah Sullivan, pd.	9	0	0
	Capt. John Walsh, pd.	15	0	0
	Patrick Crogan, pd.	3	0	0
	Monsr. Rendon, Spanish Agent, pd.	11	5	0
	Capt. Baxter's wife, pd.	10	0	0
	Felix McKernon, pd.*	5	2	6
	John Tracy, pd.	3	0	0
	Charles De Costes, pd.	3g.	0	0
		\$5	0	0
	Honor Lee, pd.†	3	0	0

\*Probably by individual collections. †Loose sheets Fr. M's Reg. Pag. 7.

During the suppression of the Society, this school-house, afterwards the first Ecclesiastical Seminary of the Diocese of Philadelphia, passed into the hands of trustees, when St. Mary's Church was incorporated by the Legislature, and trustees appointed, in 1788.

The opening of a Catholic school (it cannot properly be styled a Parochial School, as there was but one parish in the city and county at the time), soon necessitated the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation. The children and adults having been prepared by Fathers Molyneux and Farmer, the Sacrament was administered, for the first time in this country, in 1784, by Rev. Father John Carroll, Ecclesiastical Superior of the Missions.

It is not improbable that Bishop Carroll not unfrequently visited Philadelphia; though I find but one record of his. "1794, Oct 23. Matrimonio junxi *Mauritium Neagle* et *Susannam Taylor* utrumque Catholicum.

Joannes Epis. Baltrsis.

Testes fuere

Wm. M'Cormick, Patrick Whelan, Mary O'Donnell."

In 1788, Father Robert Molyneux was recalled to Maryland, where in 1806, with Rev. Charles Neale, Rev. Charles Sewell and Rev. Sylvester Boarman, former missionaries of the Society of Jesus, he petitioned Pius VII. for permission to form anew the Society in America. Bishop Carroll had already in 1803 written to Father Gruber, the Superior in Russia, begging him to readmit the Fathers living in the United States. The Holy Father having referred the petition to Father Gruber, he gave the necessary authority, and the Fathers mentioned above renewed their vows to Father Molyneux, who had been appointed Superior. Father Molyneux was twice President of Georgetown College, time and again refused the offer of the Coadjutorship of Baltimore, and died, Dec. 9, 1808. His remains, if I mistake not, were the first laid in "the lowly valley of the dead" at Georgetown College.

With the departure of Father Molyneux, St. Joseph's passed from the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, although until the removal of Father Leonard Neale, towards the end of 1799, at least one of the Fathers of the old Society was to be found at this venerable Church.

Upon the death of Father Farmer, Rev. Francis Beeston was sent as assistant to Father Molyneux. He filled the office until 1790, about which time, in 1789, the Church of Holy Trinity, at the N. W. Corner of Spruce & 6th Sts, was built. Father Beeston continued the Missionary journeys of Father Farmer through the States of New York and New Jersey—or as it was styled at the time, “the Mission of New Caesarea.” In the Registries of St. Joseph's, the Records of Rev. Francis Beeston and those of this mission, in a great measure, cease at this time, and it is probable both were transferred to Holy Trinity Church. But as Father Beeston continued to reside at the “Priests' House”—at St. Joseph's, we occasionally find him assisting his clerical brethren, by performing a marriage or a baptism. In 1787, Rev. Mr. Wm. O'Brien and Peter Helborn were for a short while assistants at St. Joseph's.

In the beginning of March, 1788, Rev. Lawrence Graessl became pastor of the Churches of St. Joseph and St. Mary, with a supervision of the mission of New Caesarea. He was born at Rumansfeldem, in Bavaria, August 18, 1753. During the six years he spent in Philadelphia, he was distinguished for piety and mildness. Bishop Carroll proposed him to Rome, as his Coadjutor, and but for his too early death, doubtless, he would have been appointed. He died, at St. Joseph's, October, 1793. Rev. Mr. Graessl's first record, written in a legible, scholarly hand reads thus :

1788.—Philad. Maji : à Rev. Laur. Graessl, tribus præmissis promulgationibus, *Adam Fox*, et *Margarita Nill*, c. c.

Testes adfuere { Antonius Seibert.  
Andreas Waldrink.\*

The last marriage blest by him was at Charlottensburg, September 19th, 1793.†

About this time he was succeeded by Father Leonard Neale, afterwards the second Archbishop of Baltimore. The assistants, from 1789, were Rev. Christopher V. Keating and Father Francis Anthony Fleming, a powerful controversialist, author of "The Calumnies of Verus: or, Catholics vindicated from certain old slanders lately revived; in a series of letters, published in different gazettes at Philadelphia, collected and revised by Verax, with the addition of a preface and a few notes. Philadelphia: Johnson & Justice, 1792."‡ He and Rev. Lawrence Louis Graessl died during the yellow fever epidemic in 1793, martyrs to their duty.§

\* Among his Marriage Records we read:

1790 | Feb. | Ab eodem *Mattheus Carcy* Juvenis et *Bri-*  
Ibid. | 24. | *gida Flaharen*, ambo Catholici.

Testes adfuere { Laur. Graessl  
Christopher V. Keating.¶

This Matthew Carey was a very distinguished citizen of Philadelphia, during the first quarter of this century, and senior member of the firm of Carey, Stewart & Co, who, in 1790, printed at Philadelphia, the first edition of the Catholic Bible; the second edition of the Bible that had appeared in America.

We also read:

1793 | April | Ab eodem *Joseph Wigmore* Juv. et *Han-*  
Ibid. | 4. | *nah Coty*, Puella, ambo Catholici.  
Testes { Hugo Green  
adfuere { et *Jacobus Gallagher*.¶

\* Marriage Registry of St. Joseph's Church, p. 12.

† " " " " p. 57.

‡ De Courcy—p. 221.

§ " " p. 221.

¶ Marriage Registry, p. 35.

¶ " " p. 53.

Joseph Wigmore became quite a celebrated character about St. Joseph's. For nearly half a century he and his wife lived in a small house on the East side of the Walnut Street entrance. In 1795, he became sexton of the Church and remained the Clergyman's right-hand man, until the destruction of the old Church.

In 1794, a large number of immigrants, white and black, arrived from San Domingo with the Rev. R. Boudet, as Pastor. The Marriage Records of this gentleman are a study, seldom taking less than a page of the registry, containing a biography of the contracting parties, and written in almost Chinese hieroglyphics. In this same year we find, in the Registry, a number of Baptisms recorded in an almost unintelligible scrawl, by "L'arroque V. Pref. de sa mission de Dominicains en Guadaloupe." Also a few by a Rev. Mr. Elling, who probably accompanied the Vicar, Prefect.

Before this time, the holy sacrifice was offered up, during the week, at St. Joseph's, and, on Sundays, Divine service was held at St. Mary's, the smaller Church remaining closed. But now, every Sunday morning and afternoon, it was filled with a most devout congregation of colored people, whose piety drew tears from many an eye, and whose singing, simple and stirring, filled many a heart with longing after the sweeter strains of Sion. Some of these immigrants lived to a very advanced age. One of them died a short time since at the venerable age of 107, and her weary bones were laid in Trinity Church graveyard. Alas! most of their descendants have, through neglect, been seduced by the charms of a Methodist shout, and have been lost to the Catholic Church. A very small number are among the frequent communicants of St. Joseph's.

De Courcy, page 223 of "The Catholic Church in the United States", says: "At the outset of this century, the Pennsylvania missions received a precious reinforcement in the person of Rev. Adolphus Louis de Barth, who was ap-

pointed to the mission of Lancaster, and there displayed the most admirable zeal". Rev. Mr. de Barth's real name was Adolph Louis de Barth Walback. He was brother to General Walback, U. S. A., who was buried, some years since, at Baltimore. He was born at Munster in 1774, studied at Bellay, and entered the Seminary at Strasbourg. His first baptismal record at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, was made October the 9th, 1795, in his twenty-second year. "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum" is an excellent adage. Still, the beauty of charitable truth is never marred by the recorded presence of some light error of judgment or feeling, in a whole lifetime, which was in other respects perfectly conformable to the christian model. In this connection, since I have had most excellent opportunities of learning his disposition, and manner of acting, during the most critical period of the existence of the Church in this City, one little phase of his character I have found, that appears somewhat strange, no doubt because it is not perfectly understood. Learned, accomplished, refined with child-like piety, laborious and filled with zeal, his many good qualities were said to have been accompanied by a rather cold feeling towards the Irish. This seemed to evince itself on various occasions during his life. It led, as I will have occasion to show in the second part of these annals, to mistakes of judgment, whose consequences were not so fruitful of general good, as his otherwise whole-souled devotion to the interests of religion.

In June, 1795, Rev. Michael Ennis was added to the corps of assistants at St. Joseph's. In 1795, Rev. Matthew Carr, O. S. A., D. D., arrived in America and, in 1796, was sent to St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, as pastor of St. Mary's, which about this time began to be a separate congregation. He immediately set about building St. Augustine's Church in North Fourth Street, which was dedicated in 1799.

In 1798, a marriage took place at St. Mary's which must have caused much excitement among the fashionables of

the Capital and which shows that, at that time, Father Carr O. S. A., was Pastor of St. Mary's but not of St. Joseph's, as has been stated in an account printed in the "Catholic Universe" in 1866.

Aprilis die 10ma 1798.

Infrascriptus Pastor Ecclesiae Catholicae apud Sanctam Mariam Philadelphiae Matrimonio junxi Nobilissimum et Illustrissimum Dominum Carolum Martinez de Yrujo, filium legitimum Manuelis Martinez de Yrujo et Dominae Narcisae Tacon et Cardenas de Regno Murciae in Hispaniâ, Equitem Ordinis Regalis et insignis Caroli Tertii, Legatum Extraordinarium et Ministrum Plenipotentiarium Catholicae suae Majestatis apud Status Unitos Faederatae Americae, et nobilem puellam Mariam Teresam Sara M'Kean, filiam legitimam Amplissimi Thomae M'Kean Supremi Judicis Status Pennsylvaniae in America, et Sarae Armitage ex altera parte coram testibus infrascriptis

Tho. M'Kean.

Le Chevalier d'Yrujo.

Le Chev. de Freire.

Maria Teresa Sarah.

Joseph Ignat. Drave.

Fr. Mattheus Carr (qui supra).

In 1797, the yellow fever again raged in Philadelphia with fearful severity. The priests were overpowered by their labors with the sick. At last, Rev. Michael Ennis and Rev. R. Boudet were both laid low with it. Father Neale and the other priests were all away on Missionary duties. The Rev. Gentlemen thought they were both to die, and were desirous of receiving the consolations of Religion. They were lying in different rooms in the attic of the house built sixty-five years before by Father Greaton. The house-keeper, a strong, buxom, young Irish maid was called, who carried Rev. Mr. Ennis into the room of Rev. Mr. Boudet. They confessed each to the other. Now the difficulty was to get the Blessed Sacrament, the dear Viaticum for the last dread journey. Honora again was summoned and ordered to take a clean towel and, going to the Church, to kneel and pray awhile, then to open the tabernacle and



bring the Ciborium to the room. At first she objected;—good pious soul, her reverence for the sacred species was too great;—but obedience gained the victory. They gave holy communion to each other and had the Ciborium, that little palace of palaces, placed where their dying gaze might rest upon it. Next morning Rev. Mr. Ennis carried it to the Church and Rev. R. Boudet, instead of dying, rose in a few days to bury the dead. Honora, the good housekeeper, afterwards became a lay sister among the Carmelites of Maryland.

In March, 1799, Father Leonard Neale was removed from St. Joseph's Church to become Rector of Georgetown College, D. C., and on the 7th of December, 1800, he was consecrated Bishop of Gortyna *in partibus* and Co-adjutor to the Archbishop of Baltimore. He took with him from Saint Joseph's three pious ladies, the venerable Alice Lalor, Mary Neale and Maria M'Dermott,—they were afterwards joined by a widow lady of some wealth, Mrs. Sharp,—from St. Joseph's congregation. These ladies, who had gained his esteem and affection by their true humility and sincere piety, he placed in a house in Georgetown, near the College grounds, where they lived in community; and this Community was the cradle of the great and good Order of the Visitation in the United States. A venerable priest\* related an amusing anecdote connected with their early history. After some time wishing to aggregate themselves to the order in Europe, they wrote to France for some of the sisters and a copy of the rules. An answer was received to the effect, that owing to the disturbed state of France, it would not be possible for any of the sisters to leave at that time. They, however, sent them a copy of the rules and by the next ship would send them a doll dressed as a nun of the order, from which they could copy and form their own garb. The good sisters were not busi-

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\*Father John McElroy, S. J.

ness women, so that when the ship arrived at New York, there was no invoice and the box had to be opened at the Custom House. The officers, as ignorant and prejudiced as some of their successors in our time, named it "one of the Gods the Papists worship" and kept it some time on exhibition as a proof of Romish idolatry.

Upon the departure of Father Leonard Neale, Father Matthew Carr, O. S. A., D. D., became pastor of St. Joseph's, as well as St. Mary's and St. Augustine's, and "Vicar General of the Arch-diocese of Baltimore, for the mission of Philadelphia," with Father John Rossiter, O. S. A., and Rev. John Bourke as assistants.

After the suppression of our Society, in 1773, some one of the former Fathers of the Society was always stationed at St. Joseph's Church, but with the departure of Rev. Leonard Neale, this state of things ceased. For thirty-four years the Church was under the care of the Augustinian, Franciscan and Dominican Fathers and the secular clergy.

With the end of the eighteenth Century, we will close the first part of this gossiping account of St. Joseph's Church. When Father Joseph Greaton built the little out-building, its congregation was forty; when Father Leonard Neale departed for other fields of labor, the number of Catholics under the charge of the Priests, residing at St. Joseph's, was between eight and nine thousand.

*(To be continued.)*

## AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

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About fourteen years after the happy day on which Pius VII. reestablished our least Society of Jesus, the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown, ever on the watch for new means of promoting God's glory in his vast diocese, solicited from Very Rev. Fr. Godinot, then Provincial of France, some missionaries to gather in the rich harvest of souls that lay, already ripe for the sickle, amid the green prairies of Kentucky.

As an earnest of his eagerness to welcome the fathers, he offered his own college of St. Joseph, in Bardstown, to be placed at their disposal. But at that time our apostolic laborers were unable to meet all the demands upon their charity even in their own country; so that, although it must have gladdened the heart of our Very Rev. Father Provincial to behold a new vista unfolding itself before the reestablished Society, in that land to which the old Society, in virtue of its martyred sons, had acquired so just a right; still, not a single harvester could be spared for these distant fields of America. The bursting crops could but bow their heads in humble submission to the Master's will, and abide the predestined moment of its due accomplishment. It came sooner than could have been expected. The Almighty who, in His providence, transfers the gift of Faith from a nation that has become unworthy of the precious deposit, to one more deserving, had already turned his benignant countenance towards that portion of America, hitherto less favored than many other parts of our continent; had heard its suppliant "*Rorate Cœli desuper,*" and

destined for these fields of the New World, many of the Apostles whom the Old World was on the point of proscribing.

The Revolutionists of 1830 were not slow in their work of proscription; and the Omnipotent made use of their very impiety to further his own merciful designs. The storm that swept over France served to waft the richly-laden vessels of benediction that rode at anchor in its but lately peaceful waters, towards other ports, and other lands. America received its share of the blessings.

The new Provincial of France, Very Rev. Fr. Druilhet, not unmindful of the application for missionaries made by Bishop Flaget, two years previous, and supposing that circumstances had remained unaltered in Bardstown, deemed it advisable, in the present state of affairs, to comply with the prelate's request. Fathers Chazelle, Ladavière and Petit, with the devoted brother Corne, were selected for this new mission; and having been kindly furnished with the means of defraying their expenses by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, they bade farewell to their friends, and their country, and sailed from Pauillac, near Bordeaux, Nov. 19th, 1830.

On the 5th of Jan., the eve of the Epiphany, the island of Guadaloupe hove in sight. Hère the ship cast anchor and our fathers once more gladly trod the earth, having been almost two months at sea. The following day, Rev. Fr. Chazelle had the happiness of opening his new career by preaching, at the request of the parish priest, on Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles. But the regions to which he and his little band were to bring the good tidings of the gospel were still far distant; so they reembarked without delay. Fifteen days more on the waves brought them to New Orleans, the terminus of their journey by sea. There still remained upwards of 1600 miles of overland travel, before they could reach Kentucky; but as the season was far advanced, and the rivers closed to naviga-

tion for the season, they were forced to tarry two months in New Orleans. This delay they turned to the greater glory of God: Rev. Fr. Chazelle flew to the prison cells of some slaves condemned to death, accompanied them with words of hope and consolation to the place of execution, and then devoted himself to the work of teaching catechism to the little children. The other Fathers were likewise employed in spiritual works of mercy.

Meantime Rev. Fr. Chazelle had written to acquaint Bishop Flaget with their arrival. The letter fell as a thunderbolt on His Lordship, as well as on the priests of his diocese: for when, in 1828, the saintly prelate had found it impossible to obtain any members of the Society, for the management of his college, he had handed it over to the secular clergy. His astonishment then, at seeing the Fathers present themselves to enter upon the discharge of their anticipated duties, was equalled only by the amazement of the Fathers themselves, when they learned that these duties were already fulfilled by others who looked on them almost as intruders. The Bishop scarcely knew what answer to give to Rev. Father Chazelle's letter; still he expressed a hope of finding some work in his diocese for the missionaries; and encouraged by the prelate's reply, Fr. Chazelle set out with Fr. Petit, leaving the rest of the little colony still at New Orleans.

Had naught been consulted but the good Bishop's love for the Society, there would not have been a moment's hesitation or delay; but as matters actually stood, the saintly prelate was at a loss how to act. To send back the Fathers after they had been so ardently longed for; when, after so many dangers, they were actually on the field, and on all sides the rich harvest was waving in the breeze, as if beckoning to them not to pass by: this he could not bring himself to do, and yet it was impossible to give them now what he had before intended.

The bishop was too truly a man of God, (*insignis pietatis*, says the MS.) to doubt, after the first moments of surprise were over, whither he should look for light in his perplexity. The wings of prayer bore him aloft to the throne of the Mighty Counsellor; into Whose Paternal Bosom his doubts, and his troubles and his fears were poured with a filial confidence.

The more surely to obtain what he sought, he enlisted St. Ignatius in his cause, by beginning in concert with Rev. Fr. Chazelle a novena preparatory to the feast of our Holy Founder. It would indeed have been surprising, had the loving Father of all mankind turned a deaf ear to the prayers of these devoted pastors of souls, offered as they were by the hands of the soul-enamoured Ignatius. And in fact, the novena was not yet concluded, when the bishop received an unexpected and extraordinary letter from a priest of his diocese, the Rev. William Byrne, a man, for a long time, by no means friendly to the Society, and especially of late, greatly opposed to the entrance of our Fathers into Kentucky.

It would not be very difficult for us to imagine what the purport of the letter might have been, but God Almighty alone could have made it what it really was. Suffice it to say that the Rev. Mr. Byrne offered to the Fathers the College of St. Mary's which, on ground given him by the bishop, he had built, and for twelve years had been improving and beautifying. It was situated about ten miles from Bardstown, and had attached to it a farm of nearly 300 acres. No price was stipulated; no condition or restriction whatever laid upon the grant, save that Father Byrne should continue to preside over the institution in the name of our Fathers, until they would be in a condition to undertake its full management themselves.

Father Byrne's kind offer was immediately referred to Rome, but as delays were unavoidable, it was only on the 7th of July of the following year, 1832, that letters from

Most Rev. Fr. Roothan announced his definitive approval of the acceptance of St. Mary's.

The little family, less numerous than that of St. Ignatius and his first companions, seemed hardly able to meet all the wants of a college; but, as in the still smaller family of Nazareth, Jesus was one of the number: with Him, all things were possible. The Fathers accordingly entered on the discharge of their new functions with all their energy. A kind providence was watching over them, and, one by one, new laborers joined them in the vineyard they were cultivating.

The first was Fr. Fouché, born in Paris, May 9th, 1789, and, at the time of which we speak, director of the Seminary of Bardstown. The second was Fr. Evremond Harisart, born in the same city, May 19th, 1792, and likewise superior, of a Seminary. They had both gone through a spiritual retreat, under Rev. Fr. Chazelle, the preceding year; and the result was but a repetition of the first victory of the Exercises, three hundred years ago. It was the same inspired book of the Exercises that was doing its work over again.

As our nascent mission could not then boast of a house of probation, the Province of Maryland, our elder sister, kindly placed at our disposal its Novitiate at Whitemarsh. Fr. Evremond was accordingly received within its friendly enclosure and began his noviceship at once. Fr. Fouché could not succeed in resigning his post in the Bardstown Seminary before September of the following year; and as our Most Rev. Fr. General had, by that time, decided that a Novitiate should be opened in Kentucky itself, under Rev. Fr. Chazelle as Master of Novices, Fr. Evremond bade adieu to Whitemarsh, and with many fond recollections of his first home lingering in his heart, joined Fr. Fouché at St. Mary's. Thus it was that the first two novices of our mission exchanged their lofty stations for the humble life of the Novitiate.

The 22nd of December, 1832, though astronomically one of those days on which the rays of the sun are most chary of their gladdening visits to our earth, was more than usually blithesome and sun-bright for our little family at St. Mary's; announcing, as it did, the arrival of three more Fathers from Europe. France had already sent her missionaries to the forests of Kentucky, and, this time, Spain, Italy and Switzerland furnished their quota. Not that the newcomers were natives of these parts of the globe, for Fr. Maguire was born in Ireland, and Fathers Gilles and Legouais in France, but they were actually laboring in these several countries, and these countries it was that made the sacrifice for the good of America.

With what heartfelt emotions Rev. Fr. Chazelle must have pressed to his bosom these brothers from the Old World, those alone who have left country, and family and home for Christ's sake can imagine. A day or two was allotted to repose after the fatigues of the journey, and then the five co-laborers entered on the regular life of the Society with all the punctuality and exactness observed in the oldest house in Europe.

The first need that made itself felt was a knowledge of the English tongue; and accordingly, all who were deficient in this respect, gave themselves up to the study of the language of the country, with incredible ardor: FF. Fouché and Evremond acting as professors of English literature to Fathers Gilles and Legouais. So really heroic was their desire to advance in their studies, that, as we find recorded in the MS. diary of those days, it was strictly forbidden to say a single word in French; and this generous sacrifice of what is so dear to everyone, the sweet music of his native tongue, was offered, as a pleasing holocaust to Mary, during her lovely month of May.

Hitherto some of the members of our mission had never met, but on the 13th of May, 1833, those Fathers who had remained, as we have seen, at New Orleans, aiding



the good Bishop of that diocese, joined their companions in Kentucky. Thus, for the first time, "sine quidem humano", says the MS., "non autem absque divino consilio", all the FF. of the French Province, then in America, with the exception of Father de Grivel, who filled the office of Master of Novices in the Province of Maryland, met together, in their common home, to the number of eight: "cum ingenti sane omnium gaudio, et mutua gratulatione." We are fain to believe that, if the edict expelling the French language from the community had not yet been repealed, the exile was recalled from his banishment, at least for a few hours; hours so swift-footed on such an occasion.\*

We have dwelt thus at length on the infancy of our mission, for the reason that there is always something sweetly attractive in tracing out the first beginnings of even the least of God's works; and because the halo of sanctity invariably encircles all pioneers on a new field of God's glory.

We have even overstepped a little the actual date, at which our sketch has now arrived, in order to display at

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\* The aged Fathers of our mission divide its history into three distinct periods: the *Heroic*, or *Fabulous*, the *Pre-Historic*, and the *Historic proper*. Thus far we have been treating of the Fabulous times, slightly encroaching, however, on the era that begins to be dimly historical. The appellation given to the first period could not be more appropriate, for, the MS. diary bears testimony to facts which, in our days, seem fabulous indeed. How the students, not a hundred in number, could be boarded and taught at the annual rate of \$60 each:—How turkeys were one of the cheapest articles of food to be found: twenty-five cents being sufficient to procure from any neighboring cabin a beautiful specimen already dressed, cooked and fit for the table:—How the receipts for tuition were seldom deposited in the hands of the treasurer, but driven by the farmer, into the barn-yard, in the shape of well-fed porkers, or else poured into the milk cans of the dairy.

The peculiar sort of book-keeping requisite in such circumstances, was perhaps, more complicated than ordinary Double Entry; and the disposal of the live-stock was not unfrequently the great event of the day. Thus, the only item of information we find recorded for Nov. 30th, 1833, is the terse, but fearfully significant sentence! "porcis plurimis dies fatalis;" and this fatal day, was probably of no rare occurrence in the domestic economy of St. Mary's.

once all the beauties of this picture of religious peace and happiness, lest the coming storm-clouds should prevent our noticing some of its less salient, but no less charming traits. Though, in very deed, the storm-clouds themselves form the most natural feature in every picture of the Society; and a scene in which no such signs of the continued prayers of Ignatius would be visible, either actually over the landscape, or already disappearing in the distance, or but just merging from the horizon, would be but a chilling prospect to every true son of our sainted Father: the finger of God would not be there. And of the three, perhaps the scene in which the storm is just appearing, is the most consoling: for, the peaceful traits are still undisturbed, but, at the same time, the rising clouds are an earnest that our peace is not the false tranquillity of the world; that it is a peace, not enervating, but strong and holy; and one that by no means clashes with the sword Christ brought on earth.

How much soever the great ones of the earth may at times seem to favor us, it will never cease to be true, that the birthplace of the Society was the mount of Martyrs; and that not one of its many colonies has belied our first home: not a single new province or mission has been founded, but has been blessed with its share of crosses, and consequent crowns. The first token of the coming storm was the advent of that messenger from above, that true scourge of God, the cholera. This fearful epidemic had, the preceding year, (1832) visited the shores of North America and harvested its victims by thousands, filling the land with mourning and desolation; but its work was not completed, and now it was once more on our shores, to glean what had escaped it before. Its approach was sudden: the first notice of its entrance into the immediate vicinity of our Fathers, was the cry for spiritual help from a woman attacked by the terrible plague, Monday, June 2nd, 1833. This was the moment, for devoted soldiers to fly to the post of danger; a moment, which might prove the recompense of years of toil

and privation, which might be the stepping stone to a martyr's crown. Yet (with the exception of one unacquainted with the language) not a priest was in the house, save Father Byrne; all our Fathers who were wont to betake themselves every Sunday, for the exercise of their ministry, to the neighboring villages, were still at their posts. But the zealous Father Byrne, though, in his feeble state of health, he might justly have feared to be, in the present case, the victim rather than the saviour, hesitated not an instant—he was beginning on earth a triduum of charity which he was to close in heaven. He visited the dying woman assiduously on the 3rd and 4th inst., but on the 5th, the eve of Corpus Christi, he read the smile of approval on his Master's countenance; he gazed for the last time on the veiled body of his Saviour, and was then admitted to behold It face to face, to celebrate the Feast of that adorable Body in the abode of bliss. Nine hours had not elapsed between the first struggle and the crown. The Master had come suddenly, but he found his servant watching, the lamp of faith burning brightly in his hands; the garment of charity closely girt around him. The spot for his tomb was, by permission of the Bishop, chosen on the ground of the deceased that amid the very fields on which he had toiled so long and with so much energy, and which he had, with noble disinterestedness, dedicated to God's glory, he might at last rest in peace. Father Byrne was by no means an old man, but he had lived for God, and

"Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures :  
That life is long which answers life's great end."

Rev. Fr. Chazelle had to enter immediately on the full administration of the College. His first concern was to provide for the safety of the students, but they themselves soon rendered all further measures of precaution impossible. A panic seized numbers of them, who, the very moment Fr. Byrne's obsequies were concluded, without a thought of asking leave, forsook the college precincts. Of the refugees

some passed the night in the neighboring farm-houses; others, less favored, after losing their way, were forced to lie down on the hard ground, with no shelter above them save the wide-spreading oak of the forest. Meanwhile the Fathers devoted themselves to their ministry untiringly, night and day. The calls upon their charity, whether by the plague-stricken, or those who only feared the approach of the epidemic, were so numerous, that the few laborers could scarcely respond to them all. Still, almost countless was the number of souls which this merciful visitation of the Almighty, Who loveth even while He chastiseth, gathered into the heavenly garner, and which, otherwise, would one day have been cast with the unprofitable cockle into eternal flames.

But God still demanded as a holocaust from our own number, one of the most useful of the little band—the price of Calvary's blessing on our future labors; at a moment, too, when every laborer was extending so strenuously the kingdom of God in the hearts of men: so little necessary for God's work, are even the most devoted.

The terrible devastator after carrying off two of the students who had remained, and one servant, came finally to Fr. Maguire. This zealous missionary felt that he had not long to live; he heard within him the call of death, and, piously avaricious, dreading the loss of the least particle of so precious a time, begged the assistants not to allow him to be overcome by lethargy, but to rouse him by frequent aspirations. Their task was a light one indeed—no external monitor was necessary to inflame the dying servant of God: his heart allowed no thoughts but those of heaven to enter; his lips gave passage to no words save those of eternity. Before his senses failed him, he earnestly begged that his crucifix, his rosary and his book of rules should repose upon his bosom; that as they had been the objects of his love in life, they might be his solace in death; and it was his special request that all care should be

taken, lest the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin which he had worn from infancy should by any chance be removed. An agony of excruciating intensity served to purify more and more the wedding garment of the departing soul; and as the holy religious had led a life of perfect obedience, so his last moments were the fulfilment to the letter of the recommendation of the Constitutions, (Pars VI. Cap. 4.) *In morte unusquisque de societate eniti et curare debet ut in ipso Deus ac Dominus noster Jesus Christus glorificetur et proximi ædificentur.* Fr. Maguire was only 33 years of age, and had been 8 years in the Society.

From the death bed of Fr. Maguire the holy viaticum was carried to the couch of Fr. L . . . . . whose recovery no one expected; whilst about the same time, Fr. Fouché, busy with the dying at the neighboring village of Loretto, was suddenly prostrated by the disease. It seemed indeed as though our little bark would never be able to weather the storm: one of the stalwart rowers had already been swept away; two more seemed about to share the same fate—and still the Divine Master slumbered. But the shadow that hung so darkly over us, was only that of the cross; the clouds that had gathered so fearfully and so threateningly around us, were of no deeper hue than those of Calvary—and Calvary had its Easter. Calvary saw the rising of its God—that God Who is ever able to inspire hope against hope.

At that very hour consolation was at hand, and though it seemed only a stray beam that had found its way between the dark masses of clouds, silvering for an instant all it met on its path to be followed next moment by a yet thicker darkness, still a long series of brighter days was not far off.

Fr. Fouché recovered after a week's illness; Fr. L . . . . ., though sustaining an attack of more than 12 days, was not so soon to be called to his rest; but was to be reserved for a long life of useful toil, becoming the spiritual Father of children unto the third and fourth generation.

The Cholera had disappeared, but God's chastening rod was still upraised. The 30th of December, 1833, was a memorable day in the early history of our mission. Father Chazelle had set out on horseback that afternoon to transact some business, intending to return before nightfall; but, as frequently happened to travellers in those days, when roads were a luxury rarely met with, and when more depended on the instinct of the beast of burden than the intelligence of the rider, he lost his way in the forest, and night coming on, was forced to seek shelter in a stranger's cabin. Thus, says the pious MS., did Divine Providence spare the guardian of the house, the sight of the fearful disaster that was about to fall upon it: sweet sleep, after a day spent in fatigue for God's service, soon closing his heavy eyelids, while his flock was suffering so keenly for want of its shepherd. But the kind Master for whom he had toiled, took the place of the care-worn servant; the Great Shepherd kept watch over the fold, and no harm was to come to it but what He, in His providence, permitted.

The students had just finished their night prayers in the chapel, and were crossing the yard on their way to the dormitory, situated in an adjoining building, when, on a sudden, a huge column of flame burst forth from the very building which they were approaching: There was a moment's stand-still in utter amazement and awe. Fire! fire! were the first words that rang out from the mouth of every student, on the clear, cold air of that winter's night; and then followed the usual rushing of persons madly to and fro, according as each one thought of some cherished object that might still be snatched from the flames, or imagined some new means of stemming the burning torrent. But, no water was to be had—not even a ladder could be procured—and, especially, there was no one to direct the willing hands that were wasting their strength in efforts, unavailing because not united. And, all this time, poor Fr. Chazelle was quietly reposing, a few miles away, utterly unconscious of the dread visitor of his little home.

Some of the students' beds, and a number of books was all that was rescued from the flames: the entire building, save the four outside walls that still stood amid the wreck, had become a heap of ruins. The work of destruction was completed in half an hour; but the pang it caused was of far longer duration, and was the more deeply felt as the authors of the conflagration were, some time afterwards, discovered to be two or three unruly students, who through a motive of fiendish revenge, had coolly plotted this terrible crime.

The Fathers, however, did not murmur at this new visitation from on high; on the contrary they found matter for sincere thanksgiving in the fact that amid such confusion and danger, not a single person had been injured; and it was a sweetly consoling thought in their personal distress, that though they had lost one of their own dwellings, the house of their loving Saviour, the temple of God had been spared. In fact, when the conflagration was at its height, and it seemed evident that not a single one of the buildings could escape, the wind had suddenly veered around in another direction.

During the whole time of the fire the students had given proofs of great devotedness and bravery, and though beds had been prepared for them in an adjoining building, but few cared to retire to rest. The greater number passed a wakeful night beside the still smoking ruins, and as they stood there, peering into the dying embers, their shadows cast darkly on the crisp ground behind them, manifold were their expressions of sincere condolence with their beloved instructors. But, at the same time, they could hardly have been able entirely to curb an undercurrent of less saddening reflections concerning themselves personally; and although they would probably have been better pleased had a few more beds been spared, even at the price of all the rescued books; they must have found a boyish consolation in the thought that many a hard puzzling lesson was

deeper down in the heaps of smouldering ashes before them, than it had ever been able to penetrate into their less pervious skulls, and many a dog-eared volume was now paying in the flames the penalty of having so often racked young, innocent brains.

It was a fearful blow for poor Fr. Chazelle when the next morning at day break, he was found and informed of the dire catastrophe. He was not, however, disheartened: the man who has placed his trust in heaven, earth's shocks can not overcome,

"Though tempest frowns,  
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n;  
To lean on Him on Whom Archangels lean !

His first act was to have recourse to the Giver of all life and strength. This done, he held a consultation, and, at its close, informed the students that the first session was at an end; that studies would be resumed towards the middle of the coming month.

That evening, the last of the old year, the community as customary in the Society, intoned the *Te Deum* with grateful hearts, for the blessings of the past twelvemonth; and, after litanies, presented with filial love, to the head of the house their best wishes for the coming year. Rev. Fr. Chazelle in his turn, thanked them with an overflowing heart, and with paternal kindness, exhorted all not to be depressed by their present misfortunes, but to labor strenuously and with union of wills to endow their institution, already proved by so many trials, with all possible stability, according to the measure of God's grace. It was the same vein of thought as that in which, a few days later, he wrote to Very Rev. Fr. Provincial. "Trials," said he in his letter, "must be accounted as graces, especially in the Society. As long as God will be pleased to afflict us, we are far from being unhappy, provided His crosses find us true sons of our Father, St. Ignatius."



The indomitable spirit that animated the head, actuated, likewise, all the members; and the work of repair was undertaken with ardor. Many of the students and neighbors imitated the example of the Fathers, who might be seen here collecting the scattered bricks, there hewing massive pieces of timber; or, when the building was roofed, nailing laths to the joists, and, owing, no doubt, to the inferior quality of the iron, breaking vast quantities of nails, during this their first apprenticeship in the carpenter's trade.

Where none were idle, the work must needs have rapidly progressed; and indeed, despite the asperity of the season, the very depth of winter, on the 23rd of January, the building was sufficiently repaired once more to receive the students.

Nothing of note, now disturbed the pleasant monotony of college life, previous to the 26th of July, 1834, the First Annual Commencement Day of St. Mary's College, since its full management had devolved on the Fathers. The exercises took place on a rustic stage erected under the shady trees that surrounded the house, and comprised, among other literary productions, a tragedy, composed by Rev. Fr. Chazelle, who, says his MS. biography, was convinced that to promote the glory of God in America, and in Kentucky, he must first become a real American, and a Kentuckian. The play was entitled "Redhawk," and was designed to illustrate the ancient customs of the Indians, and the labors of the early American settlers: all turning to praise of Christianity. The bright costumes of the natives, in which the actors were arrayed, contributed not a little to the success of the drama.

Perhaps it was owing to these and other sincere tokens of love for America, exhibited by the Fathers, that a deep-rooted affection towards them gradually took the place, in the hearts of the people, of that feeling of suspicion and distrust with which they had first looked upon the members of the Society. But whatever may have given it rise,

unequivocal proof that this affection really existed, was shown by a deputation from the citizens of the neighboring village of Lebanon, who waited on Rev. Fr. Chazelle, and offered to open a subscription for rebuilding the college on a much grander scale. The Father received them most affably and thanked them sincerely, regretting that he was unable to give them, at once, a definitive answer. The question was immediately referred to Rome, and after it had been agitated for a considerable time, and recourse to earnest prayer had been had on the part of all, it was finally brought to a close in 1836, when the foundations of the new wing were laid. During the years in which the building was in process of erection, the devout annalist informs us that God, in His fatherly providence so tempered the bitter with the sweet, that although new trials came to prevent our fathers from being too much elated by prosperity, new joys succeeded lest they should be too much cast down by adversity; and this, in so loving and merciful a way, that the dark and troublous days were always outnumbered by those of sunshine and peace.

[*To be continued.*]

NOTE—It will, no doubt, interest many readers of the "Letters" to peruse a page from the earliest Catalogue of France we have been able to procure, that makes mention of "Collegium Kentuckeense ad S. Mariam et convictus," ineunte MDCCCXXXVI.

R. P. Petrus Chazelle, V. Rector.

P. Thomas Legouais, Minister, Magister Novitiorum, Prof. Math., etc.

P. Gulielmus Murphy, Professor, etc.

P. Nicolaus Petit, Primus præfectus morum, etc.

P. Nicolaus Point, Præfectus studiorum, etc.

P. Simon Fouche, Prof. Math.; præfectus morum, etc.

P. Xaverius (Evremond) Herissart, Prof. linguæ Græcæ, etc.

P. Vitalis Gilles, Præfectus Spiritualis: Professor linguæ Gallicæ, etc.

Philippus Corne, Ad omnia.

Philippus Ledore, Coquus.

## THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

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The Rev. Director of the Apostleship for the U. S., residing at Woodstock, is constantly receiving numerous letters from all sections of the country, bringing with them the glad tidings of graces obtained from the bountiful Heart of Jesus in answer to the prayers of the Associates. From among the many instances which have thus been brought under his notice he has allowed us to select the following, which we present to our readers not so much because they are in themselves very extraordinary manifestations of the divine power and goodness, as because we wish to do honor in these pages to the Heart which it is our glory and our pride to serve, and to offer a feeble tribute of gratitude for the compassionate tenderness with which It has responded to our petitions. Might we not also say, or would it be thought presumption in us to suppose that the recital of such favors may, perhaps, be a source of encouragement for those whose duty it is to labor for the interests of this Adorable Heart?

The progress of the Apostleship, since its humble beginning as a private devotion in 1844, has been successful in the extreme, for to-day its records show a total of more than six millions of members. The Communities and Congregations throughout the U. S., which have been affiliated to it, may be found in the "Messenger" for January of the present year. It is a goodly list and well calculated to afford consolation to all who are truly zealous for the honor of the Sacred Heart. It shows a widely extended organization in this quarter of the New World, and, judging of other countries by what we thus know of our own, we have every

reason to hope for the speedy and perfect realization of the wishes of our divine Lord in regard to the diffusion of the spirit of prayer in these days. It is a sad thing to behold some of the most accomplished and educated men bowing down before the material world, over which God gave them dominion, and receding farther and farther from the Creator in proportion as multiplied evidences of his goodness rise up anew before them in their progress along the unexplored paths of knowledge. What is still more deplorable is their wonderful activity in spreading their doctrines. At this very moment there exists a powerful league of scientific men for the dissemination, by means of cleverly written articles, reviews, popular lectures etc., of Pantheism and Nature-Worship among all classes. Very lately the Christian world was shocked by a blasphemous attack upon the efficacy of prayer, and there cannot be a doubt that this very occurrence gave a new impulse to the exertions of those whom Jesus Christ has associated with Himself as collaborators for the interests of his Sacred Heart. Let us pray for these wandering minds and implore that the light of infinite Wisdom, shadowed forth in faintest glimmerings in events such as we subjoin below, may fall at length upon them and bring them to the knowledge of something better and nobler than the matter which engrosses them. Above all let us constantly labor and pray for a more universal establishment of that fountain of grace, the holy league of the Apostleship.

But our readers must be anxious for the extracts we have promised. We will give them verbatim as they were received, for they need no word of comment.

A Lady writes to her brother: "I have just received, a letter from a friend with an account of the beautiful death of her cousin Louis M. . . . who was brought back to the practice of his Faith through the powerful intercession of the Apostleship of Prayer. After having returned to his duties as a Catholic, he prayed that, if it were God's holy will, *he might not recover* from his long sickness, lest he should again wander from the right path. His prayer has been heard. He lingered for months, edifying his family and friends by his patience, piety and happiness in suffering for the love of his blessed Saviour, and died at last a pure and holy death,

full of angelic resignation to God's will. His death was so consoling that, although the only surviving son of the most devoted parents and the husband of a most admirable wife, it is almost a cause of rejoicing to them.—I have told you already of the remarkable conversion, through the Apostleship, of his aged father, who is now saint-like in his piety.”

A clergyman writes from New-York: “In my last letter I recommended to your prayers a Protestant gentleman, a person of intelligence and wealth. He was a Free-Mason and unbaptized, and, at the time of my writing, was on the point of death. This week he expressed a willingness to see a priest, was baptized this morning, and will receive Communion to-morrow.”

A letter from Philadelphia contains the following: “Heartfelt thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the happy death of the father of family whose reformation has been prayed for since last March. Rather more than a month ago he was prostrated on a bed of illness, and died last week fortified by all the rites of the Church. The answer to the prayer for him has been marked and wonderful, as his case seemed altogether hopeless. It should inspire every one in sorrow or difficulty with renewed confidence.”

From Winsted, Conn., comes an account of the conversion of an aged man who had lived for more than forty years in entire neglect of his religious duties. He was recommended to the prayers of the Associates, and a short time previous to his death, willingly saw a priest and received all the Sacraments with sentiments of great fervor.

Finally, a communication from Milwaukee, Wis., narrates the reception into the Church of a gentleman whose son recommended him to the mercy of the Sacred Heart some three years ago. He was a nominal Protestant, but altogether regardless of religion, and for twenty-two years had been a victim to intemperance. But a slow and weakening sickness came upon him; his thoughts were gradually directed to the salvation of his soul, and at length he asked for a priest, made a firm profession of faith, and received the sacraments of the Church with a fervor and piety most edifying to behold.”

We have here given a few facts selected almost at random from among hundreds of a similar nature, which show the efficacy of the Apostleship and which ought to stimulate our zeal as well as excite our hopes. If the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, which contains in each of its numbers not only a list of recommendations for prayers, but also a catalogue of wonderful answers to the supplications of the members of the Apostleship, were extensively circulated, no doubt, the recital of these wonders would inspire thousands with new hope for themselves and they would be the means of multiplying indefinitely the graces obtained from the Sacred Heart and thus furthering good work of every kind, converting heretics and sinners, and filling heaven with the glad fruits of prayer.

## MISSIONARY LIFE.

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I have often regretted that we do not know more about the nature of the popular missions given by the Fathers of the Old Society, in town and country. Undoubtedly they would be substantially the same for the members of the Society, in all times and places, namely, the Exercises of our Holy Founder; but it would be highly instructive and very interesting to be able to see how these have been varied in their application to the masses, comprising men of every age and condition. One great difference would exist in the missions as given in a Catholic country or in one like ours, comprising every shade of belief, in the presence or absence of a controversial element. It is even now a disputed point with some whether we should, on such occasions, take account of the attendance of non-Catholics. Other differences undoubtedly could be found in the ceremonies, the displays of every nature addressed to the feelings and senses, many of which highly useful in other times would be now out of taste, as out of date. It is from such considerations that I have thought proper in complying with your desire to write some papers on the missions, to commence with a detailed description of a mission as carried on by the members of the Province of Missouri. Your Journal may thus become indirectly the means of procuring an interchange of views on this powerful weapon for the conquest of souls.

We commence the missionary year in September and end in June, allowing an interval of one week between the several places, for repose and travel. Christmas and Eastertide are spent by us at home in the interchange of brotherly

offices, and in the assistance of the large parish to which the missionary house is at present attached. There are six\* fathers at present engaged in the work who unite for a large mission, and separate to cultivate simultaneously other and smaller portions of the vineyard.

Towards the end of August the fathers who have been employing the interval in giving retreats to religious houses, in making their own spiritual exercises, or in necessary relaxation, find themselves once more assembled at Chicago. From the various applications made during the preceding year, a list is prepared of the separate and common missions to be given by the two or three bands into which the whole body may be divided, trunks are packed, farewells exchanged and the campaign opens.

Let us follow one of the bands to a small mission. The two missionaries have commenced the journey by the recitation of the Litanies of the B. Virgin; they arrive at their destination on Saturday. An examination of the locality, and an enquiry into the nature of the population, their spiritual wants and necessities, are the occupations of the afternoon. Trunks are to be opened, confessionals to be erected or ordered, for, singularly enough, this most important adjunct to the mission is the very thing most generally overlooked; and finally the programme to be written or printed, and then posted at the Church door. Generally it is as follows. At 5 A. M. begins the first mass followed by sermon which does not last longer than 6 o'clock, when the second missionary celebrates the divine sacrifice. This mass and sermon are for those whose avocations prevent them from being present later in the day. I have known the church full at that hour though the weather was inclement and many had to come from long distances. In no

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\* I do not include in this number Fr. Weninger who gives missions to the Germans and Fr. Schulak who devotes himself to the Poles and Bohemians of whom there are great numbers in our Western States.

mission as yet have we failed to persuade the people to make this daily sacrifice of their morning rest. In one of our last missions, with the thermometer at 20° below zero, the tramping of their feet on the frozen sidewalks would arouse us a half an hour before the time to which we had set our alarm clocks. At 8.30 A. M. the pastor celebrates mass, and immediately afterwards the second sermon is delivered, the attendance being about equal, sometimes a little inferior to that of the 5 o'clock mass. In the afternoon the pastor and congregation make together the way of the cross. In the evening at 7.30, the pastor recites the beads of the B. Virgin with the congregation, and then follows the principal sermon of the day succeeded by benediction of the B. Sacrament.

During this sermon, in accordance with an invitation extended for weeks together before the mission, and enforced by an announcement at every one of the exercises, the assistant missionary receives in the school-room, the parlor of the pastoral residence, or some other suitable place, those persons over sixteen years of age who have never made their first communion. I regard this as one of the greatest fruits of the mission, and decidedly the most difficult and trying of all the exercises. The average of such cases is perhaps greater than you would suppose. In one mission where there were 1100 communicants, and where the pastor was noted for his zealous care for his flock, knowing almost every one by name, and where, too, there was little or no floating population, we unearthed about 20 such cases. I should think that the general average would prove to be about 40 to every thousand communicants.

The topics treated in the morning lectures are the integrity and sincerity of confession, and instructions on the proper way of making use of that sacrament, together with catechetical and familiar explanations of the commandments. In the evening discourses we intersperse doctrinal sermons with the matter treated in the first week of the exercises. At



the high mass of the first Sunday we speak of the advantages and objects of the mission and the spirit with which the people should enter on it, trying to move the hearts of the people by appeals to the memory of their deceased parents, their own early childhood, their possibly near end. In the afternoon at vespers the same subject is continued with a more direct treatment of the necessity of attending to their salvation. In the evening we dwell upon the creation of man, and the use of creatures. On Monday evening we lecture on the doctrine and use of penance in the Catholic Church, treating the subject catechetically and controversially. On Tuesday evening the subject is the nature and enormity of mortal sin. On Wednesday we treat of the Sacrament of the Eucharist. On Thursday we speak on personal sins making, as it were, a general confession of a sinful life. On Friday the sermon is on Judgment or on Hell, or on both combined. Here also we introduce the different kind of sin, especially those more enormous crimes of the age which are beginning to corrupt even the Catholic body and to which on less solemn occasions we scarcely dare more than allude. On Saturday we have no evening sermon. On the Second Sunday we treat at high mass of devotion to the B. Virgin as taught and practised by the Church; in the afternoon on devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and in the evening upon the one, true, visible and infallible Church of Christ. Monday evening sees the close of the mission in a sermon on perseverance and the ordinary means for attaining that final grace, the avoidance of occasion of sin, prayers, weekly mass, monthly or quarterly confession. Then come the Papal Benediction, and Benediction of the B. Sacrament. We sometimes have little children prepared, nicely dressed in white, one of whom reads in the name of the congregation an act of consecration to the Mother of God. We celebrate a mass of requiem for deceased friends and relatives on Tuesday morning, at which we speak on devotion to the blessed souls in

Purgatory, and in the evening give a public Lecture on some of the current Catholic topics of the day, on some doctrinal matter or point of controversy. Every day from 2 to 3 P. M. or after the evening sermons non-Catholics are invited to come and propose their doubts. On Tuesday we commence the confessions by the children who have made their first communion and are under sixteen years of age. On Wednesday and the other days that we remain in the place we are ready from 5 A. M. to 10.30 P. M. to hear confessions. The only intermissions are for meals, a half hour after breakfast, an hour after dinner, and another hour, including supper, before the evening service. When the situation of the confessionals allows it, we continue to receive penitents during the sermons, taking a recess, however, of a quarter of an hour after two hours work, according to rule. By hard and constant work we find that two missionaries, in a week such as I have described, can, unaided, prepare one thousand for communion. For any number exceeding this they have to appeal to neighboring clergymen. The pastor has always enough to do in superintending everything and in running after delinquent sheep. The Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday are spent in resting or travelling to the next mission. Hard work you will say, and yet I have known men who were worn out in College life regain their health and strength in this treadmill of the missions. The only exhausting part of the labor is the time spent in the confessional. Let not your readers waste their pity on the missionary. He sees the good he does, he receives praise and benediction from every mouth, he is 'the holy *commissioner*', the 'saintly father'. Pray God that in preaching to others he become not himself a castaway. In the mean time the real martyr, but, at the same time the privileged soul in spiritual things, is the poor professor in the college, whom few know, and fewer still appreciate. In the next paper, if you desire another, I shall try to give some incidents of the mission life, some glimpses at its hardships, trials and consolations.

I will close with a summary of the work of two of our band, in the course of the last four months, from September to December inclusively. I do not include however one grand mission in which all six reunited to work together in a large Eastern city.

Six missions were given. There were 7,050 communions, 275 adult first communicants, about 26 or rather more marriages revalidated, and 97 non-Catholics received into the Church besides many others who were not yet sufficiently prepared and were left under instruction; we travelled about 2,600 miles without a single accident, thanks be to God and His Holy Angels.

G.

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BRAZIL.—FR. CYBEO TO THE SCHOLASTICS  
OF LAVAL (FRANCE).

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LAGUNA, JULY 31, 1872.

Let me first give you a general idea of a Brazilian mission. The parishes here are for the most part very large, the parishioners being scattered over a considerable tract of country, some living in the midst of the forests or upon the hill-sides, others in the vast prairies. To reach the church, the people are often obliged to travel 10, 15 or even 20 leagues. It happens that quite a number of persons die without the Sacraments; but this will not surprise you much, if you bear in mind that, for the lack of priests, one is often charged with the care of two or three parishes; he visits them rarely and then only to say Mass and attend to

the Baptisms and Marriages. Poor abandoned flocks! yet they would be so docile to the voice of a pastor!—For many of these christians, the confession made during the mission is the first of their lives, and advantage must be taken of the same occasion to prepare them for their first communion, which often has to follow immediately. Remember too that it is often necessary to commence by teaching them the sign of the cross and the principal mysteries, a work not done without great difficulty, especially when we have to deal with the poor blacks whose intelligence is generally so limited. Add to these duties the Baptisms and Marriages and you will have an idea of the work devolving on two missionaries.

Every mission lasts 15 days, 3 weeks or even a month; that time alas! is often too short and many of our Christians, after waiting in vain several days, are obliged to return to their homes without going to confession or receiving Nesso-Peii (Our Father), for by this name they designate the Holy Eucharist. Is it surprising when a single parish often numbers 6000 or 8000 souls and even more? If all were here at the commencement of the mission it would not be so bad; but no! the poor and those living at a distance do not come before the last few days and then we see them huddled together by thousands, in their wagons, under their tents or wholly exposed to the inclemency of the season. It may not be uninteresting to give you some idea of the respect, not to say veneration, with which these good people regard the missionaries. The title usually given them is that of Padre Santo (Holy Father); but there are variations, such as My Lord Bishop, Your Charity, Your Paternity, Your Holiness, Your Majesty. These appellations appear strong enough, but you must reserve a part of your admiration for the title bestowed on my companion: at every hour of the day people come to ask in all simplicity and devotion for "My Creator." From this you can easily comprehend the demonstrations of which

we are the objects. On our arrival there are rejoicings and fireworks; each one wishes to salute the missionaries and offer them his little present; often they go so far as to kiss our feet. When the moment of departure comes they accompany us as far as possible, taking leave of us only with tears, which might at times be more properly called cries of despair. Still it is unhappily too true that these poor Christians after some days of grace and happiness will fall back into a sad and almost complete forgetfulness and neglect.

But now let us say a few words about the distribution of time on the mission. Rising at a very early hour we begin by performing the duties of sacristan, sound the Angelus and open the Church door; a large crowd invariably stands waiting, sometimes in the rain. We begin at once to hear confessions, charitably dividing the work, so that one hears the men, the other, the women. Towards 6 o'clock we have the first Mass after which confessions continue till the mission Mass which is celebrated at 9 o'clock. During the latter, we recite the Rosary of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors—a devotion highly esteemed in Brazil. After Mass comes the sermon, the subject of which for seven consecutive days is one of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin. The sermon is ordinarily followed by the blessing of scapulars, medals and similar objects of devotion. Apropos of this I must give you a sample of native simplicity. It is quite common to hear these good Christians assimilate the blessing of images and statues to a baptism; they come often with charming naïvete to say: "my saint is still a pagan; won't you please baptise him?" If by accident they break a statue so baptised they are in consternation and with scrupulous care collect the fragments to preserve them or bury them in the cemetery. But to return to the exercises of the mission; after mass we take our frugal breakfast which it is necessary to despatch with haste and often in the Sacristy. Until 1 or 2 o'clock in the

afternoon we remain in the confessional, leaving it only from time to time for the purpose of giving Holy Communion: After dinner, say about 3 o'clock, the children are instructed for First Communion; it is needless to remark that a great number of them have long since reached the required age. If you wish to win the favor of all your pupils you must not fail to form them into a procession headed by cross and bells; and the sound of their joyous hymns as they pass through the streets awakens the silent echos of the neighborhood. Catechism finished, we resume confessions which are continued till the evening exercise. This begins with the Rosary, followed by hymns, an instruction on the Sacrament of Penance, hymns again, a meditation and finally Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament. The women then withdraw, but the men remain for confession till midnight at which hour the missionaries retire to take a rest of 4 or 5 hours at most. Every day of the mission is similar, and at its close without respite or repose they go to open another.

Since February we have given seven missions in succession, still under this hard regime the health is so far from suffering that it seems daily to improve. This is an evident proof of our Good Lord's protection of the poor workmen who labor for His glory, and is, besides, a powerful encouragement to throw ourselves entirely on His paternal Providence.

So far I have only spoken of the ordinary exercises of the mission; a word now about our solemnities and first of all that of the First Communion. This ceremony which is so touching and makes such a salutary, not to say indelible impression, is unhappily little known in Brazil; and it has been our endeavor by every possible means to raise it in the esteem of the people. By the help of God we have so far succeeded well enough, and more than once on seeing the children with recollected mien enter the church, taper in hand, the little girls wearing their white dresses and beauti-

ful blue sashes on which is traced in golden letters the monogram of Mary, the happy missionary would almost persuade himself that all was an illusion and that he was in reality assisting at the imposing ceremonies of Europe. The children are promptly on hand for the afternoon procession; a sodality is at the head, after which come the little ones with their banners and a considerable number of oriflams; there is vocal and instrumental music, nor are the fireworks spared. After the procession the consecration to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph takes place. The ceremonies conclude with a distribution of First Communion souvenirs which consist of beads, medals, statues and pictures. The joyous transports of our dear little children this moment are indescribable.

A second solemnity is called the penitential procession. It generally takes place at night and all those engaged are expected as far as possible to provide themselves with a taper. The men come first, preceded by a statue representing our Lord falling under the weight of the cross, the women next, having in advance a statue of our Lady of the Seven Dolors. The procession stops not far from the entrance of the Church, at the place designed for the erection of the mission cross. All the preparations have been made beforehand, a raised pedestal awaits the cross which lies at some distance. The Sermon begins and at the words "Let the cross then be raised amongst us" it is elevated and fixed in the pedestal. Immediately the bells are rung, the sky-rockets with a thousand detonations send forth their luminous balls of flame into the darkness of the night; the bystanders weep and send up to heaven their shouts of joy, repeating without end "Glory to the cross." At this moment a Father bearing the remonstrance accompanied by the Confraternity of the Most Blessed Sacrament comes out of the Church and mounting the pedestal gives benediction to the crowd who sing with transports "En vos adoro a cada momento." Thus the ceremony is termi-

nated, but before retiring to rest every one feels bound to come and kiss the cross.

We have a commemoration of the dead which also produces a good effect, at least if we can judge by the tears that are shed.

We try also to consecrate one day of the mission to the Holy Guardian Angels, a Wednesday to St. Joseph, a Friday, particularly the 1st of the month, to the Sacred Heart, explaining and recommending these devotions which are so well calculated to preserve and insure the fruits of the mission.

We reach finally the last day ; it is a solemn feast, devoted to general Communion. All, even those who have communicated during the course of the exercises, are invited to approach once again "Our Father," and the Communion is offered to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in atonement for the outrages committed against Him especially in that parish. The people are arranged in order in the Church, only enough space being left for the Fathers who distribute Holy Communion to pass through the kneeling ranks. How beautiful and consoling it is to see so many persons, especially men, approach the Holy Table, in a country where the Sacrament of Love is almost entirely unknown ! This first ceremony finishes with an act of réparation to the Sacred Heart. At 11 o'clock Solemn Mass takes place followed by Papal benediction. A magnificent procession of religious confraternities, at which all possible pomp and solemnity are displayed, comes off in the afternoon. The Societies in uniform with the banners of their patrons, next the children dressed as on the day of their first Communion, precede the Blessed Sacrament, which is carried along under a canopy and followed by all the people. The procession returns towards nightfall and is terminated with a solemn Te Deum and Benediction.

There is yet another very touching ceremony which is usually postponed till the next day ; it is called "Beija-mão



de Nossa Senhora" (the farewell to Our Lady). Upon an altar, adorned with flowers and brilliantly lighted, is raised the statue of our Lady of the Seven Dolors. A sermon suitable to the occasion is followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; after which the celebrant advances towards the statue, incenses it and finishes by kissing its hand. The whole congregation follows in turn, respectfully kissing the hand of the statue, happy thus to offer their homage to Mary and give her a last pledge of their love and fidelity. May this Good Mother ever keep fresh in their hearts the remembrance of this ceremony and aid her children to remain faithful to their engagements.

Such are the details I can give you of our Brazilian missions. I have done little more than narrate briefly the labors and method of Fr. Schembri for twenty years a missionary, whose disciple and unworthy colleague I have the happiness to be.

But to give some particular details:—

*Mission of Laguna*—Laguna is a rich commercial town of 10,000 inhabitants served by a single curé without an assistant. The mission, for some reason, had not been announced beforehand, so that our arrival was not marked with the usual welcome. Many greeted us from the doors and windows, but none came to meet us. At last a gentleman came up and announced himself as the curé, for in Brazil it is unhappily the established custom for priests to dress as laymen. The curé conducted us to his house, offering, with great civility, to quit it so as to leave it entirely at our disposition. To this we absolutely refused to agree, so he established himself on a sofa in his dining room, wishing us by all means to make use of his own apartment. As to the mission, he said we might open it at once and continue it for nine days; but, as will appear, a mission of nine weeks would not have been too much for Laguna. Before starting to work we resolved to study the nature of the soil. The very next day happened to be Holy Thurs-

day, a most happy opportunity for our observations ; because in Brazil, all who are practical Catholics approach the Holy Table on this day. But., can you guess how many attended the services at Laguna that day? Just seven—two men and five women. Holy Thursday and Good Friday, a sullen silence reigns in the town and not a person is at Church. What is to be done? We must be content, said Fr. Schembri, to catechise the children and prepare them for first Communion. But this is Good Friday; would it not be well to place the mission under the protection of our Lady of the Seven Dolours? How would it do to try "la desolata," the exercise in vogue in Italy on Good Friday night? We set to work at once, assisting by word and example in the preparation of Mount Calvary, arranging a cross, and statue of the Blessed Virgin thereon. It is soon noised about the city that the missionaries intend to inaugurate a new exercise. Music had not been forgotten so that the four little sermons were to be interspersed by some stanzas of the *Stabat Mater*. Night comes at last and all is ready; but, strange to say, not a person presents himself. A half hour of painful suspense slowly drags along when all at once people, both men and women, pour into the Church, which is soon filled. Fr. Schembri ascended the pulpit and preached four sermons with his own touching and persuasive eloquence. For an hour and a half he was listened to attentively—the city was won and our Lady had the victory.

The mission succeeded marvellously, and instead of nine days it lasted eighteen; the accustomed celebrations and processions were attended with much devotion. Picture to yourself a people famishing for the truths of religion and the Sacraments! The church, a very spacious one, was too small, especially for the evening exercises. All came to confession, workmen, employers, merchants, sailors; young and old sometimes remained fasting till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in order to receive Holy Communion. Our

confessionals were of the most simple description imaginable: a grating raised on the railing in the very centre of the church and no curtains. One might imagine that the grand ladies of the upper class with their black silk dresses would not approach; but they all came, nevertheless, just as the others. The catechism is explained every morning to the boys and in the evening to the girls. At the same time with these, the College of Marines proceed to the church, making themselves remarkable by their piety and admirable bearing. The first Communion was splendid and touching, likewise the penitential procession. For the latter solemnity the Marines carried the cross, which, by a peculiar movement, they elevated in the air with incredible swiftness. The day of the religious Societies' procession, though a Monday, was observed as a holiday by the whole city. It was marked by a magnificent general Communion of men, interruption of business, closing of warehouses and general abandonment of all the vessels at port. The image of our Lady of the Seven Dolors had put off its mourning to appear vested in all the splendor of an embroidered velvet mantle, valued at about 1500 francs, exclusive of the diamonds which adorned it. Mary had opened and specially protected the mission; it was but just that she herself should terminate it amidst the grateful honors due to Her.

I finish with some news about Brazil; our colleges of Pernambuco, Itu and St. Leopold (German) are in a prosperous condition, especially that of Itu.

The Brazilian Bishops are much harassed and attacked, more especially by the free-masons, who are recognized here as a public institution: they make no attempt to conceal their temples and lodges, and their emblematic devices are exposed in open day. Still the Episcopacy is united and defends itself with energy.—*Laval Letters.*

## CHINAMEN IN AMERICA.—FROM A LETTER OF FATHER WENINGER.

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The "Coolies" have not the faintest conception of what is essentially called religion. They are absolutely ignorant of God, the true Creator and sovereign Ruler of the universe. Instead of this, they acknowledge with a kind of superstitious, diabolical worship, certain spirits or genii, whom they suppose to preside over the elements of nature, such as fire, water, earth and air—and over the several departments of social life, such as commerce, war &c.. They believe these spirits to be of a malignant nature, and try to propitiate them by a string of unmeaning prayers and foolish sacrifices.

Yet the New-York papers had spoken, in boastful terms of the grand and imposing religious ceremonial of these same Chinamen, and of their gorgeous temples, whose walls were reported to be incrustated with gold. There, it was said, the rich and the poor were on an equal footing and might worship unmolested, to the reproach and confusion of some Christian churches, in which an invidious distinction is too often made.

My curiosity to see these magnificent Pagodas ran high. "To make assurance doubly sure," I asked our friend, the Catechist, to lead me to the very finest in San Francisco; and he agreed to do so. But oh! what a disappointment! We entered a narrow, murky street; and there, fronting on that street, stood the grandest Chinese temple—a small shabby-looking three story brick building, with but one room to each story, and painted on the outside only by the soot and smoke. After crossing the threshold of the lowest

floor, we found ourselves in a shrine sacred to the memory of departed relatives. It was a dismal, dingy cell, so dark that the eye could not discern anything lying on the floor. The air was charged with the stench of burning little oil lamps, and of lavender sticks which they fancy to be particularly wholesome and grateful to the departed. Not being able to see in the dark, and not attempting it either, because I had not apprehended the need of it, I suddenly found myself, to my great surprise and to the still greater surprise of my victim, stepping on something rather softer than the common floor. It was a poor Chinese worshipper who had fallen asleep through devotion.

We now proceeded to the next story. If the first apartment was suitable for a *sleepy* worshipper, the second was no less so for a *hungry* one. A number of Chinamen were seated on the floor and addressed themselves with great *gusto* to their favorite rice. It was forsooth with the intention of honoring some spirit, that they swallowed it with so much greed!

We ascended at last to the third story, which was the temple properly so called. Here then I expected to see those walls, covered — as the New York papers would have it — with heavily gilt arabesques. What a delusion! They were only plastered over with common gold-paper. The altar, too, showed no very great signs of architectural skill; to be plain, it was simply a sort of decorated tent not unlike a wood-shed, with a table in it. On the table stood three horribly-painted idols with red faces and immensely long black beards. They looked for all the world like three drunken sailors. Before them were a number of little oil lamps, which — as I learned to my great mortification — are kept burning before the devil, whilst in but too many churches it is found impossible to keep alive the flame of a single lamp before the Holy of Holies.

Close to these lamps were urns with different kinds of *sortileges* or divining lots, used for the purpose of finding

out the future through the medium of the spirits. The Chinese also offer various sacrifices for the same end, and for the purpose of reconciling the offended spirits or of obtaining their special favors. One of these sacrifices is, at the very best, a little singular. They write the sum of money which they intend to offer to the spirit, upon a piece of gold-paper, which they burn before the idol, in the belief that, as the curling smoke ascends on high, the spirit will become possessed of the promised amount. Methought our Procurators would not be overmuch pleased, if a person offering them assistance for Colleges and Churches, should content himself with jotting down enormous figures upon paper and then burn the note as incense in their presence.

The "Coolies" also make offerings of roasted pigs, but they return after a while to see whether the idol has eaten them or not. If any body has seen fit to appropriate them during their absence—and this is no difficult matter, because often the Pagoda is not visited the whole day long—they never claim them again. But if the offering remains untouched, they take it home and feast on it with their families.

They do not divide the month into weeks as other nations do. Instead of Sunday, they observe the *first* and *fifteenth* of the lunar month; and unless they have some special reasons, they visit the temple only on these two days. Even then they do not stay in the Pagoda to pray, but turn it into a place of religious rendez-vous.

In their social intercourse with the whites, the Chinese act like civilized people. Their gait is more steady and polished than that of the lower classes among other nations. They scarcely move their arms while walking, and dress very neatly. But at home they live buried in filth, and besides being given to other disgusting practices, they feed upon rats. By the bye, some of those who have been in the country for a while, are beginning to adopt the American costume. They also tie up their sacred "pig-tail" or

cue of braided hair, because John Chinaman soon learned to his cost that when allowed to float it was not secure against profanation. It too often happened that knavish boys and grown-up rougns clipped it as he walked unsuspectingly through the streets. The appearance of all is so very similar, that they seem to have been cast in the same mould. The features of different individuals are even less distinctive than among the blacks; and, what is worse than all, very few have beards and look so much like females, that they cannot be distinguished from them except by the size; for the women are of exceedingly diminutive stature, and owing to the absurd practice—not without its counterpart among civilized nations—of keeping their feet, from childhood up, in iron shoes in order to prevent them from growing, they walk with great difficulty; in fact, they can do little more than hobble along.

It is very remarkable, how cordially the Indians of the Pacific Coast hate the Chinese. The red man looks to the "pale-faces" from Europe as to his masters and the favored children of "the great spirit." The Chinese, on the contrary, he regards as his rivals, or rather as leeches clinging to the American soil and sucking the fat of the country in order to carry it off with them to Asia. Hence the "Coolies" are greatly afraid to meet an Indian in a solitary place—and not without reason; for the Indian would not be likely to show them much mercy, but would dispatch them without ceremony to the "spirit-land".

When the Chinese have made as much money as they wish, they usually return to their own country, carrying with them the remains of their deceased kinsmen. The ships crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to China are often laden with human skeletons. This devotion to their dead is a sign that they have at least a faint idea of a future life, and that a vestige of the primitive revelation concerning the resurrection is still preserved among them. Poor people! It is a pity, that so little is done to gain them over

to our holy faith. Missionaries are sent to China, at enormous expenses at the risk of precious lives; and yet but very feeble efforts—if indeed they can be called efforts at all—are made to enlighten them whilst they are in our midst and surrounded by professed christians. One single room, which serves both for saying Mass and for instructing some children, is all that can be spared for them on the whole Pacific Coast of America. And meanwhile the fumes of the oil-lamps and smoke of lavender go on ascending in adoration of hideous idols, and prayer temples make mock of the Christian churches hard by. Yet, who will say what incalculable good might be done to this heathen population, which we are encouraging to come to our shores.

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MISSIONS IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA,  
AND IN WILMINGTON, DEL.

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FREDERICK, NOVEMBER 7th, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR FR. PROVINCIAL:

The four missions in Susquehanna Co., Pa. gave the highest satisfaction to the people, the resident priests and myself. In the first two, many persons made their appearance, who were not known to be Catholics even to their nearest neighbours. Scores of them, though from 20 to 40 years of age, made their first confession.

In the first mission, the priest was completely deceived in his calculation. "If all come," he said to me, "you will have from 700 to 800." At the close of the mission about 1100 had received Holy Communion. Here we had also 74



children for first Communion ; not however during the mission, but 12 days later after the close of the second exercises ; as nearly one half of them had to learn a part of the catechism. On the day fixed, all were at hand. I myself examined every one of them and their concise answers were the best proof that parents had taken the matter in hand and showed great interest. It was a glorious day for Friendsville, the solemn administration of first Communion never having been witnessed in this Church ; for Catholics are scattered over a radius of 12 miles, and children are not easily brought together. Here also about 500 persons were invested with the scapular of Mount Carmel. These country missions are, in my judgment, preferable to those in cities, chiefly if the weather is favorable. Nearly all are present about 8 o'clock in the morning and they are under the missionary's eyes till 6, P. M., whilst in cities the attendance during the day amounts to a few pious females. The impression made is also generally deeper and the fruit of the mission more lasting. At the close of our second little mission the people were exhorted to secure the services of a resident priest, by contributing towards the erection of a house for his dwelling, and in less than an hour over \$2000 were obtained. Here many persons walked a distance of 16 miles to attend the exercises, and we made a clean sweep of the district.

The third and fourth missions were equally successful. We heard about 2800 confessions, of which number at least 1500 were of persons who had been absent from the Sacrament of Penance for long periods.

From Susquehanna Co. we started for Wilmington, Del. Strange to say, three missions opened here on the same day. The Paulists commenced at the Cathedral, the Redemptorists at St. Mary's, the church of the V. General, and we at St. James'. On my arrival, I paid my respects to Bp. Becker, who received me with extraordinary kind-

ness ; and on the day of our departure, his kindness was, if possible, even on the increase. The mission itself was as much of a success as those in Northern Pennsylvania, perhaps even more so. Here we had all with three or four exceptions. Though the whole congregation does not amount to 500 members, all of the poorer class who work in the factories, still every morning at 5 o'clock we had over 200 at first Mass and instruction, and about 100 more at 8 o'clock ; but in the evening at 7, every body was present and the Church was crowded during the entire week. On Sunday afternoon the congregation was consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. F. Denny preached on the love of God, and the whole congregation was in tears. Whether the three missions at one time were by chance or were premeditated, I know not, but the arrangement was the work of Providence. If ours had been the only one, we would not have effected the good which resulted from our labors. The confessionals would have been crowded all day long with devout females, and no chance would have offered itself to the men. As it was, we devoted all our time to those for whom the mission was intended. From the number of confessions heard, it was evident that we had some from other parishes, as they amounted to nearly 600.

I shall give more particulars when your Reverence will be with us next week.

Your devoted servant in Christ.

J. B. Emig, S. J.

NEW CATHOLIC STATIONS IN KANSAS.  
FROM TWO LETTERS OF FR. PON ZIGLIONE.

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OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,  
JULY 1st, 1872.

On the last day of the past year, I started on a sick call to Independence, in Montgomery County. It was bitter cold. The prairie was covered with snow, and a strong North-easter was blowing its best. I had never been to the place; and to the inconvenience of the having to travel a rough and unknown road for more than fifty miles, was added that of a darkness almost extreme. However, by divine mercy, and despite the darkness and the long, rough way, I reached my journey's end without any very great trouble, and at 8 o'clock, P. M. found myself at Independence.

The one who had sent for me was a poor young man who, while working in a coal mine, was buried alive by the caving in of the embankment. Fortunately for him, a large rock in falling lodged just above him, thus saving him from being crushed to death: and assistance coming in time, he was found alive, though so bruised that from his waist to his feet his body was beyond all feeling of pain. Imagine how happy the poor sufferer was at seeing me with the consolations of religion which I brought! Next morning I said Mass in his room, gave him the Holy Viaticum, and administered Extreme Unction. These last sacraments filled his heart with consolation. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "truly the Mother of God has obtained this grace for me!" This poor fellow had been well educated in his young days, and though for a time he went astray, as foolish boys will do, yet the good principles which he had imbibed in his youth were

not without their influence, and, corresponding to God's grace, he sincerely repented. He has since passed away, and we hope, to a better life.

Having called upon the Catholics of Elk City and New Boston, I paid my first visit to Cedar Vale, a little town in the southwest corner of Howard Co. Some few Catholic families have settled here, but as most of them were absent when I called, I hastened on to another new Catholic settlement, only ten miles distant and situate in the southeast corner of the adjoining county of Cowley. As this little settlement owes its origin to a lot of lively Limerick lads, no one will wonder that it rejoices in the name of Garryowen. I met with much welcome and determined to give these good people an opportunity of complying with their Christian duties. On hearing this, word was immediately sent inviting all in the neighborhood to attend Mass on the following day—the Feast of the Epiphany. The eve of this Feast was a stormy one indeed. A high wind had set in upon us, which grew keener every moment, until night came on and brought with it a heavy fall of snow. There was no question of remaining out of doors, and yet the question was how to get in doors. We had to huddle together in an underground excavation used as a cellar, which had, it is true, the framework of a house above it, but unfortunately the so-called room had no ceiling, and the windows had not even sashes, much less panes. It was perfectly fearful. The wind and snow poured in upon us most generously, and in fact, we might just as well have been out in the open air, for we had no fireplace, and the whole of our comfort consisted in a little cooking stove 18 inches by 6, and a few pieces of bark to burn. There was no thought of passing the night with the neighbors, for the house which we were in was considered the best in the whole settlement; and we could not go to the woods, for we were on a high prairie and four miles from timber land. God only knows how much we suffered! But He mercifully

spared us; for, humanly speaking, all chances were against us, and we seemed to be doomed to freeze to death. Of course the night seemed ever so long; and though the morning came at last, it did not drive the storm away. The few who attended Mass did so at the risk of their life, but the fire of holy love which glowed in their hearts burned all the brighter, and more than counteracted the killing cold from without. I was surprised at the fervor with which they approached Holy Communion. Though the altar was erected close by the side of our little stove which was kept aglow during the time of Mass; yet I had to warm the Chalice several times in order that I might be able to consume the sacred species. It was only towards night that the storm subsided. We went through this second night, thank God, without much suffering.

The following day was Sunday. After Mass I started for Winfield, a little town just building on a beautiful prairie which lies along the left bank of the Walnut River, twelve miles above its confluence with the Arkansas. It is surrounded by fertile farming lands, and is at present the County Seat of Cowley. The Catholics here are few in number, but they seem to be of very good will, and almost all approached Holy Communion with much devotion. From the 9th of this month, the day on which I first celebrated Mass here, will date the foundation of a missionary Station at this place.

As soon as Mass was over I left Winfield for Douglas, which lies on the same bank of the Walnut, some fifteen miles northward. Long before sun-down I arrived at the house of a Catholic family about four miles south-east of the last named town, and having baptized the mother's darling in presence of quite a number of Protestants, who were anxious to see the novel spectacle, I retired to rest only to be awakened at midnight, myself to see a spectacle far more novel to me.

About 11 o'clock the sound of rolling wheels was heard, and in a few moments up drove three wagons filled with young men and women shouting and yelling and cursing at the top of their voices. Immediately we arose, and immediately, too, they swarmed into the house. What a sight! Doubtless you wonder who they are. Well, they are a set of ruffians who call themselves a dancing club, and they are gathering together parties for a big dance which is going on at a house some distance off. Without the least ceremony the leader of the motley band gives his orders, and as a refusal to comply with them would most likely lead to a difficulty, all hasten to do his bidding. I, being a stranger, am fortunately excused, and in a quarter of an hour I am alone with a little boy, keeping house for them while they dance. Just think of it! Though this bacchanalian club was some distance away, yet in the stillness of the night I could hear their stamping and yelling and furious hooting. In their excitement they were singing: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!"

While I was at this house I learned with sorrow that, since my last visit, a young man, Michael N., had been cruelly killed by a mob, or self-styled Vigilance Committee. Michael and nine others were taken and without a trial hanged to a tree on mere suspicion. The poor fellow protested, assuring them that he was innocent, but it was of no avail. Finally, seeing that all hope was gone he begged them to let him send me word in order that I might come to assist him in his last hour, but meeting with only laughter and mockery, he threw himself on his knees at the foot of the tree from which he was to be hanged, and in a loud voice recited all his prayers. When he had finished he stood up, and calling on a lady that was present (the same one in whose house I passed the night) he besought her to let his mother and myself know that he was innocent, that he was killed without having given any

offence whatsoever. Then turning to the executioner he said: "I am ready, do with me what you please." In a few moments he was a corpse. Cases of this kind are of frequent occurrence in these remote parts where municipalities are only forming, where nothing, as yet, is well organized, and where the people, on the whole, pay very little regard to law and authority.

From Douglas I started for Augusta, a little town situated at the meeting of the White Waters and the Walnut. The country around is rich and well settled, and the U. S. Land Office which is established there draws to it the commerce of several of the adjoining counties. I passed the night on Turkey Creek, where I celebrated Mass the next morning, and then left for Eldorado, the county seat of Butler. On the following day, the 12th of Jan., I offered the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in this town, after which I started on my way homeward, taking a course due east through the counties of Greenwood, Woodson, Allen, and Neosho. I arrived at the Mission on the 18th.

In the beginning of Feb., I again set out on my Western tour, and began by calling to Mass the Catholics of St. Francis Regis in Wilson Co. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, in consequence of which we had quite a large attendance; but I could not remain long with them, for I had to visit Fredonia to baptize some little children, and to give the adults an opportunity of complying with their duties; and besides, the new Catholic settlements of Neodisha and Thyre, as well as those of Chitopa and Dry Creek, stood in need of my services for the same purpose. I visited them all. During the night which I spent in Fredonia, the little town was almost destroyed by fire. The business part of it was entirely consumed, but fortunately the house in which we were to have Mass was not in the business part, so despite the fire, the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated at the appointed time. On the 12th of Feb. I returned to the Mission.

From February till April we were busy enough at home. The spring season was very sickly here, consequently we were kept going on sick calls nearly all the time; and as our good people are scattered far and wide around us it is no small matter to attend them. You may judge of the truth of this from the fact that I had, this Spring, a call to a bed-side one hundred and thirty miles away on the Canadian River. I was fortunate in finding the patient alive, for generally in calls of this kind we come too late. How can it be helped!

Our Right Rev. Bishop Coadjutor having again entrusted Marion and Sedgwick Counties to our care, I left the Mission on the 9th of April to visit them, and following the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroad I arrived at Newton, one hundred and eighty five miles west of Atchison. Newton may be called the "City of the Desert." It is situated on an extensive sandy prairie six miles from any woodland whatever, and anything like fuel must come from a distance of more than one hundred miles. Water is not always to be had, for in some seasons the whole country is perfectly dry, and the only way to obviate the inconvenience is by digging cisterns of immense capacity. However, despite all this, the town is daily increasing, and business is very brisk; for a line of railway from this place to Ouichita, at the confluence of the Little and Great Arkansas brings in a great deal of trade. Many Catholics are settling in this neighborhood, and I hope, ere long, to establish here a good missionary Station.

After visiting a German Settlement in Montgomery Co., where I celebrated Mass and baptized some children, I went down to Parker, in the same County. The citizens of this place have built a nice frame church, 30 by 50, with money collected almost exclusively from Protestants, almost all of whom are very favorable to Catholics. This good disposition on their part is quite common, for experience has taught them that wherever Catholics settle and build a



church, no matter how poor a shanty it may be, business will flourish. On the 5th, of May I dedicated this little church to the most Holy Name of Jesus, and on the following day returned home in order to give Father Colleton a chance to visit his missions on the railroad.

DEC. 31st, 1872.

I passed the warmest days of last summer, West of the 96th meridian, about 150 miles distant from this mission. That country is no longer a desert; for except in some localities, you everywhere meet with the industrious and patient settler trying to make himself a home.

I visited different stations on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. Road, seeing to the building of two small churches—one in Marion Centre, Marion Co., the other in Ouichita, Sedgwick Co. I also established two mission Stations—one in Sedgwick City, the other in Hutchinson, Reno Co. The settlers everywhere received me kindly, and I found them all eager to attend to their Christian duties. Generally speaking, these people are pious and well disposed. Many are very poor, and most of them live in shanties or barracks, while some, unable to find either planks or logs, dig for themselves habitations in the ground, and cover them over with sods.

A child of an Arapahoe half-breed woman was dying this summer in Ouichita. The mother, a most devout Catholic, was perfectly resigned to make a sacrifice of her little boy, yet she was very much distressed because he had for many hours been in a state of unconsciousness, and seemed to be doomed to die without giving her the look of love and the smile of tenderness for which her maternal heart longed. Full of faith, however, she prayed for awhile, then, taking some holy water, she sprinkled it upon the child's face, whereupon the little fellow opened his eyes, and recognizing his mother, caressed her for the last time. This little circumstance was

noticed by some Protestants who were present and it made them acknowledge that the prayers of Catholics avail much.

Such facts as this are consoling, and give courage to the Missionary. But this is only one side of the picture, and as every picture has its shades, so ours have theirs, and very dark ones too. Though some of our Catholics are very fervent, still, others are deplorably negligent; and the spirit of indifferentism, so widely spread over this country, is heart-rending. Unfortunately, morality is frequently a *desideratum* in many of our new towns, and no wonder, for the full measure of iniquity seems to pour in upon us from the oldest and most substantial cities of this great continent. To give you an idea of this, I shall simply state what I was told while in Newton last summer, that of the thirty-six persons buried in that place, only one had died a natural death. Such is the field which we are working.

On the 8th of Sept., I said Mass for the first time in the beautiful little town of Augusta, in Butler Co. As it was a novelty for them, there was a good attendance both of Catholics and Protestants. I placed this station under the patronage of the Immaculate Virgin whose Nativity we that day celebrated, and then started for Howard City, passing through Douglas, Winfield and New Boston. I stopped for a short time at the source of Silver Creek in order to give some Catholic families an opportunity of approaching the sacraments. After promising the Catholics of Howard City, some of whom were strangers to me, that I would return as soon as practicable, I started on the 17th of Sept. for home.

I soon left again for the far West. On this occasion I visited the Counties of Montgomery, Howard, Cowley, Sedgwick, Butler, and Greenwood, and as the people had been notified beforehand, I found them all ready to come to their duties.

A VISIT TO THE KOOTENAI. EXTRACTS FROM  
A LETTER OF FR. U. GRASSI TO FR. VALENTE.

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ATTANAM, JAKIMA CO., WASH. TER.

DEC. 14th, 1872.

Towards the end of October a clerk of the Hudson Bay Company told me he was going to the Middle Kootenai. I offered to keep him company; he gladly accepted, and we started without further ado.

On arriving at Michel's Camp I found but a few lodges, for I had visited them in August, and they were not expecting from me a second visit that year. I remained with them three days, then the clerk was ready to return. The morning of the fourth day I gathered them for prayer and told them how much I yearned to see the other farther tribe, that had I found amongst them, last August, more readiness in furnishing me with what help I needed, I would have gone over to them; but as it was I had to put it off, and mean time who would answer for those of them that would die without baptism. I said that I was ready to play the part of the good Samaritan with them, but I could not. I spoke at some length in this strain; they listened to me with astonishment and confusion; there was a dead silence the whole time. Having said the conclusion prayer, I was going to leave the lodge, when one took me by the hem of my cassock saying in a low voice: "please wait a while."

I sat down and he began: "We never thought we had been in your way hindering you from going to visit the other tribe and now we are ready to make up for it if we did hinder you last August." "But now," I answered, "it is too late in the season." Half a foot of snow had fallen the

previous night for the first time. "Don't fear this snow," interposed a second, "it will go away again." "I will give you a horse," said a third, "and as to provisions, there will be no difficulty." I saw that they were in earnest, and their earnestness almost troubled me, for I did not know how far I would have to go, how long it would take me, and consequently I was calculating my chances of getting back before winter—chances, which appeared to me rather slim. I made a last objection, "But now" I said, "they do not know I am coming to them, consequently I will not find them, for they are scattered for their winter hunt." "If you hurry up," answered the first speaker, "you may find them gathered together, for they wait for the Hudson Bay Company train which passes by them previous to their scattering for the winter hunt." I thought to myself: there is no evading the trip: so I mustered up courage and told them that I was ready for the journey. I left the lodge to tell the clerk of the Bay Company that I would have to go further. He remonstrated against it as an imprudence, but my mind was made up, and I returned to my Indians. I found not one but two *Azarias* ready for a long march: a goodly package of provisions was behind the saddle of each horse for my Indian guides: and my own saddle was already girded on a splendid roadster. I mounted with an ardent heart and started.

On the third day I met the Hudson Bay train; and the apprehension of not finding the Indians (for we had still to travel a day and a half), somewhat troubled me. We hastened on, and arrived. From the summit of the hill we saw the place where the Indians had been, but they were no more. One single family remained, and they were about to start; the children already on horseback, and man and wife finishing what little more packing up there was to be done. Oh, how glad I was to have arrived just in time! My Indians hallooed, and one ran ahead to stop them. When I arrived they had already unpacked and put up a

lodge, where I entered. Directly the man went in search of his hunting companions. We had reached the place in the afternoon, and by evening some twelve lodges had come back; in the night they kept arriving, and I awoke in the morning to see the whole camp gathered together, with the exception of one lodge that had started first, and which now could not be found. Dear Father, what a joy I felt that morning on seeing the overflow of joy depicted on the faces of those poor Indians!

The children up to the age of 20 years had never seen a Black-gown. Rev. Fr. De Smet had gone that way more than 20 years previous to my visit, but they told me that since that time no Black-gown had ever visited their settlement. I fancied I should have to show them how to make the sign of the cross when I would see them first; but I was mistaken. When I said the prayers they followed me in such a manner that I could well understand that their tongue was by no means inexperienced in those words. They knew besides the principal points of our holy faith, so that after three days I had the happiness of baptizing about 260 adults, and blessing 40 marriages. But my stay was to be short, and though they earnestly entreated me to remain a little longer, I could not. After pointing out a place where they should build a chapel, and promising that if God spared me I would visit them next year, I started.

I kept my word, and next year I went to visit them. They had built the chapel—a nice log chapel—where we could more conveniently go through our religious exercises. On my return all Michel's camp had rallied, and they were anxiously waiting for me in order that they might approach the sacraments. I heard confessions in the chapel. After all had come, I saw a man approaching with slow and feeble steps. He had four or five days before fired on a bear and only wounded him. Being unable to escape, he abandoned himself a despondent prey to the brute. His face was all disfigured—his nose and cheeks completely eaten

away and his scalp so torn from his skull as to leave great gashes. His body, too, had been stripped of much of its flesh, and he was left all bloody and mangled. When other Indians came up to him, they thought he was dead; but on seeing their mistake, they carried him to his lodge and bandaged him all over: four or five days after, having heard of my return, he had himself dragged to the camp, and after a short rest came in for confession.

On the same occasion, I witnessed another instance of the astonishing *toughness* of Indian flesh. It was of a young man who on the Buffalo hunt had been surprised by the Black-feet, scalped and left for dead. After some time he got up and managed to go towards his people, who were camped not far away: within a few days he got entirely well. Instead of a scalp, he put on his head a piece of white cotton cloth, and so he goes fishing and hunting as well as ever. But it is not the toughness of the flesh, which they have in common with all other Indians, that astonished me in these. What struck me most is their virtuous feature. Often I had not in adults matter for absolution. And if their morality endears them to God and his missionaries, the whites too have good reason to praise them highly, for their honesty has become proverbial. When I arrived amongst them the first time, I found an Indian in the Hudson Bay store, in the absence of the clerk, and on my showing surprise at it afterwards, the clerk answered me that they are perfectly trusty. Americans told me that they left here and there handkerchiefs, pieces of tobacco, a pocket-knife, or such other trifle to have an experimental knowledge of their honesty, and never had anything been missed. Once three youths found a purse of gold dust at a place where Americans had camped the previous night, and brought it to Michel, the Chief, who immediately sent them after the Americans. On overtaking them, after proper questioning they instantly handed the purse to its owner, and on the Americans wishing to compensate them,

they declined to accept anything, for Michel had enjoined them to receive no reward.

Many whites may find in them, you see, instances of virtue worthy of imitation.

After a week's residence among them, I started, promising that either myself or another missionary would henceforward visit them yearly.

Yours truly,

U. Grassi, S. J.

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CHINA—NANKIN MISSION.  
FR. PFISTER TO FR. VALENTE.

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CHANG-HAI, JUNE AND SEPT., 1872.

I have completed a catalogue of all of "Ours" who have come to China from the time of St. Francis Xavier until the Suppression, giving, besides the name, a short notice of each one, or a list of works which he has written. I am also working on a set of geographical charts of the Province of Kiang-Nan; there will be twenty-six of them, one for each prefecture.

At present we are left undisturbed here in China. This does not exempt us from local difficulties and vexations, which, however, do not retard our work, so that, thanks be to God, we are making progress. Our works are beginning to assume an appearance of solidity. The Carmelite Convent is established on a firm footing. The first Chinese postulants have been received into the novitiate—all, however, for the white veil, as the nuns deem it proper to make some delay before receiving postulants for the choir. The "Religieuses Auxiliatrices" are succeeding admirably in

forming young females, called here "good virgins," for teaching schools, administering baptism, and giving instructions to females, etc. The progress on all sides is evident, our schools are becoming more developed—our old Christians are better instructed and hence practise their religious duties more exactly.

The liberty that we enjoy has encouraged us to build a number of new churches, and to restore several that were built by Fathers of the old Society. On the summit of a little hill, some seven or eight leagues from this place, we have finished a spacious and beautiful church which is dedicated to "Our Lady of Good Help," in order to thank our dear Mother for her unceasing protection over us. It is already quite a pilgrimage, and the numerous miraculous cures and other favors obtained seem to indicate that our Lady is pleased with the homage paid to her in this new shrine. We have good hopes that it will become much frequented, and bring down from heaven abundant benedictions on this arid and thorny waste of paganism.

We have opened a school for the daughters of Europeans residing in Chang-Hai; and Father De Prévoisin never allows a month to pass by without leading back, at least one of the Protestant pupils to the good old faith of her ancestors.

So much for Chang-Hai and its environs. I say nothing of the Scholasticate except that it has been removed to Zi-ka-wei on account of a severe sickness which had broken out among the scholastics at Tong-ka-tou.

At some distance from us Fathers Pouplard and Royer are laboring in the midst of consolations. The former has baptized during the present year no fewer than 600 adults and 2000 children—all pagans. Yet there are many difficulties with which they have to struggle. They are in a district where catechumens are numerous, but where, at the same time quarrels are very frequent. There is a petty war continually going on, now for one reason, and now for



another. Father Pouplard has a special gift for treating such cases, and obtaining justice for the wronged party; his stately carriage, his large expressive eyes, his long beard, his ready and ardent speech contribute not a little, after the grace of God, to his success. Father Royer is the very man for the catechumens; he is everywhere establishing new institutions, and yet he is continually bewailing his poverty. If you have five thousand dollars to give him he can find immediate use for them in fifteen or twenty new centres which are in want of everything.

In Nankin, Fr. Couvreur is engaged in opening a preparatory seminary (inchoatum). Father Colombel is charged with the meteorologic and magnetic observations, at which he has relieved me. Father Heude continues attached to the famous and flourishing Academy of the natural sciences in Kiang-nan. Father Ravary, abandoning himself to his zeal, travels backward and forward through the whole of Ning-koue-fou, where a remarkable movement towards the Catholic religion has been going on during the last eight months. Father Ravary conjectures that there are between 50,000 and 80,000 persons engaged in this movement. We have received deputations composed respectively of 10, 20, 50 and 70 heads of families, who came to invite our Fathers to reside among them, and one of these deputations, which assembled at Sia-Hen (the centre of one section), on the last feast of the Assumption, numbered no fewer than 400 or 500 persons. In return for the Fathers they offer land for the building of churches and schools. Notwithstanding this favorable aspect of things there is some room for disquiet. We know by experience that in China such movements are always actuated by motives of policy or even by other motives still less admissible; so that we find it necessary to take the most minute precautions and to act with the strictest reserve lest we ourselves or our holy religion should be in any way compromised. The number of catechumens in Father Ravary's district at present is

very great. In the month of June they numbered 3500; to-day it would be impossible to enumerate them. The majority of them are steadfast and determined, and have fewer difficulties to overcome than they would have to encounter elsewhere; for there the "Men of Letters" throw no obstacles in the way, as indeed there are none left to do so. The population is composed of immigrants from other provinces, brought thither by the Mandarins to repeople the land formerly devastated by the rebels. The destruction caused by them is almost incredible; there are entire villages in which there is not a single house standing, not a single inhabitant surviving. All the pagodas, and with them of course the bonzes, have disappeared; thus freeing us from another source of opposition; and besides, though the land is extremely fertile, the people are very poor as yet, which fact makes their conversion all the more easy.

At Ngan-kin, Father Seckinger has to fight his way step by step. He is, however, well established there. He devotes himself especially to the suburbs. In his district, religious movements have been going on likewise, but unfortunately they are actuated by the same human motives as in Ning-koue-fou. Father Seckinger was forced to send away one half of his catechumens, who had disgraced the name of religion by the acts of robbery, extortion and plunder which they perpetrated against their pagan neighbors; and his conduct in doing so has contributed not a little towards repairing the honor of the Faith and restoring the authority of the missionaries. At Kien-se, the theatre of the persecution of two years ago, he has established several new centres of Christianity.

The new French Minister to Peking has arrived. We hope that the present revision of the treaties will bring about some solid guarantee for the safety of strangers in China, and will ensure freedom of religious profession. China is at present hedged in by difficulties on every side, so that it must, in spite of itself, submit to European influ-

ence. "Et habitabit Japhet in tabernaculis Sem." It is our duty to turn to our profit all possible means for the salvation of souls; assist us I beseech you with your prayers.

I remain your devoted brother in the SS. HH. of Jesus and Mary,

A. Pfister, S. J.

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DE STATU CAUSARUM SERVORUM DEI, SOC. JESU.

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1. Proxime ad Canonizationem sunt Causae B. B. Petri Claver, Joannis Berchmans, et Alfonsi Rodriguez. Jam confecti sunt Processus Apostolici super novis miraculis in Belgio, in Hispania et in America Septentrionali. Ideoque statim ac probata fuerint eorumdem miracula, procedi poterit ad Canonizationem.

2. Ad Beatificationem prae ceteris proximior est Causa V. Rodulphi Aquavivae et aliorum quatuor MM.—Deest enim una tantum Congregatio, qua declaretur, procedi posse ad Beatificationem cum iis signis, seu miraculis, quae proposita sunt.

3. Post hanc venit immediate Causa V. Bernardini Realini.—Desunt tantum duae Congregationes pro approbatione miraculorum.

4. Circa virtutes in gradu heroico pendet Causa V. Antonii Balducci. Deest ultima Congregatio, proxime habenda, super iisdem virtutibus.

5. Pariter una tantum Congregatio desideratur ad absolvendum ac dirimendum dubium de virtutibus in Causa V. Roberti Bellarmini Card. et Episc.

6. Agitantur praeterea in S. R. C., Causae sequentes: VV. MM. Cassoviensium, Marci Crisini Canonici Strigoniensis, et PP. Melchioris Grodzecii, et P. Pongratz S. J.—Agendum est in tribus Congregationibus de Martyrio et de signis.

V. P. Juliani Maunoir.—Agendum est de introductione Causae.

V. P. Emanuelis Padial.—Agendum est de virtutibus in gradu heroico.

7. Die 16 mensis Octobris 1872, hora 10. matutina, coram Illustrissimo Archiep. Parisiensi inchoatus est Processus super Martyrio quinque Patrum S. J. ab impiis in odium Religionis necatorum.

Atque hae sunt Causae, quae in praesenti aguntur.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

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*Alexandria, Va.*—When failing health obliged the late Father Kroes to relinquish, a few weeks before his death, the care of the congregation of St. Mary's Church in this city, Father O'Kane was appointed to succeed him. The new pastor has laid a good foundation for his future work in the ministry, by securing to his flock the blessing of a Spiritual Retreat. The exercises were conducted by Father Glackmeyer of New York, and the result left nothing wanting to satisfy the desires of the new pastor.

We hear with gratification that the members of St. Mary's congregation intend erecting in the Church grounds a suitable monument to the zealous pastor who served them so faithfully and so long. This monument to Father Kroes will stand as companion piece of the beautiful memorial to Father Blox erected by this same grateful people, to whom that good Father devoted many years of his fruitful life.

*Philadelphia.*—The interior of St. Joseph's Church in this city has been thoroughly renovated, and with its newly frescoed walls and rich paintings, presents the appearance of a new church. Commerce has encroached greatly on the territory of the parish, and many former members of the congregation have been forced to seek homes in distant portions of the city. Nevertheless the work in the confessional is in no way diminished, and as shown in the extract from a private letter which we subjoin, the fruits and consolations of their holy ministry are abundantly granted the Fathers of the old Church.

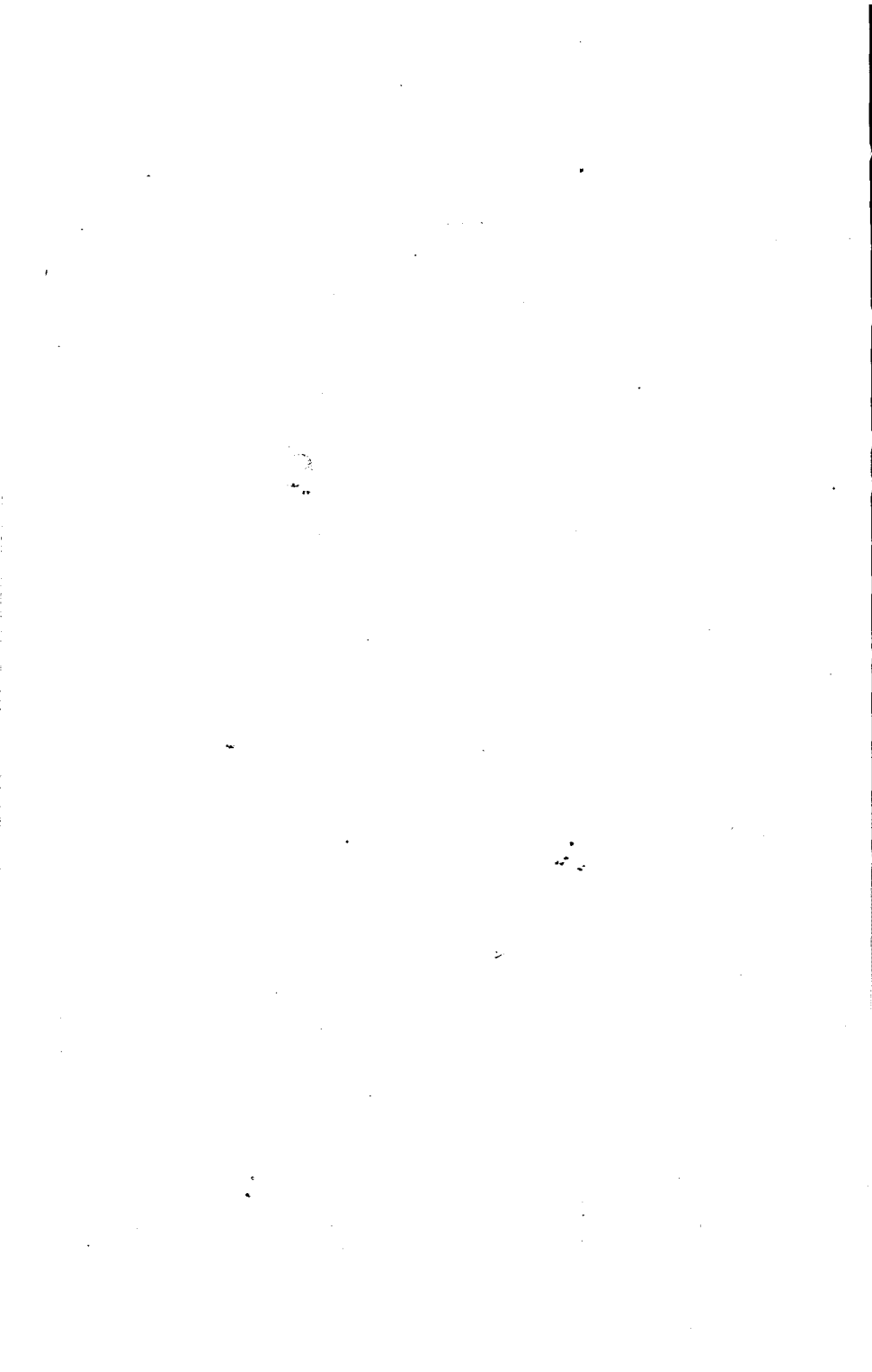
"We have much consolation in the great number of conversions from Protestantism, and in the very extraordinary returns to God after years of neglect; seven, ten, fifteen, yes forty, fifty years without confession, and back they come, thanks be to God. To-morrow, if able, I have to see three persons, two women and a man, born of Catholic parents, made their First Communion, began to associate with Protestants, left the Church, and now in their last sickness after twenty, forty and forty-six years neglect wish to come back to the Mother they deserted.—I perform the funeral services to-morrow over a young man, whom I baptized last Monday evening. He could not recollect that his father or mother ever told him there was a God; had no remembrance of having been inside a church; was a printer by trade, and had met with the prayer, *Mother of God pray for a sinner*, which he frequently repeated during the last ten years of his life. In Cunningham's window had seen my portrait with

my name underneath. When he was dying, the doctor asked him if he would have a parson; he answered: "Yes, parson J. . . . ." I hurried round, instructed him as much as the circumstances would allow, and baptized him. I attribute this and similar conversions to the consecration of our congregations to the Sacred Heart of our divine Lord."

Of the mission that closed in St. Joseph's Church on Palm Sunday, one of the fathers who conducted it writes:

"God blessed our labors in a most wonderful manner. The crowds from early morning till late at night were immense. Not only the Church, through the pews, aisles and galleries, was one living mass of human beings, but the sacristy and all avenues leading to the Church were crowded. There was no abatement of fervor throughout the week. The confessional kept all busy until a late hour every night, and amongst the people a real enthusiasm prevailed."

D. O. M.



# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. II., No. 3.

## MIRACULOUS PICTURE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

In the chapel of the College of St. Ildefonso, one of the four which the Society had in the City of Mexico until its expulsion, June, 1767, hangs a half-length picture of St. Francis Xavier, a true work of art and most devotional in expression. It was quite usual at one time for devout persons to come to the chapel at night to pray and discipline themselves before this image. On the night of the 6th of March, in the year 1670, two of the Collegians, D. Pedro Vidarte and D. Maximiliano Pro, who had come to the chapel for the pious purpose just mentioned, were astonished at seeing the countenance of the Holy Apostle shooting forth bright flames, as if on fire. They drew nearer to ascertain the cause of the strange appearance, when the bright inflamed color of the face quickly changed to a deadly paleness. The young men hastened to commu-

nicate the wonderful occurrence to the Rector of the College, Father José Vidal, who at once hastened to the chapel, with all the students, to verify the statement. One of the party, Father Prudencio de Mesa, Professor of Philosophy in the *Colegio Maximo*, testified on oath that for several days before he had noticed, while saying Mass at the Saint's altar, that the face of the picture seemed to sweat profusely, but mistrusting the avouchment of his own senses in so strange and important a matter he had abstained from mentioning the fact until it was now brought to notice by the testimony of so many eye-witnesses. He now put on a surplice and approaching the picture wiped off the perspiration, which, notwithstanding, continued to flow freely for several days. The Rector instituted a careful examination to ascertain whether the strange occurrence might not be due to some dampness in the walls; but they were perfectly dry, and moreover the other pictures which hung around that of the Saint were in no way affected; the pallor which had overspread the Saint's countenance remained, though the hands retained their former color. There was no doubt then, in the minds of all, that the event was clearly miraculous; and though, at the time, there was nothing that could throw any light upon the causes that might lead to so wonderful a manifestation, it was afterwards generally believed to portend the martyrdom of the venerable and apostolic Father Diego Luis de Sanvitores, which occurred one year later in the Mariana Islands. This belief was founded on the very intimate relations which had existed between the holy martyr and Father Vidal, who was at that time Procurator of the Mariana Mission.

The Rector, desirous to foster and increase the devotion towards the holy Apostle to which this remarkable occurrence had given a new impetus, sent for a very skilful artist to prepare and to decorate a special chapel for the reception of the miraculous image; but, impatient of the delay which



attended the execution of his orders, he had the picture removed to the splendid altar of St. Francis in the chapel of the *Colegio Maximo*, where it remained several years. Many copies of it were made to satisfy the devotion of those who had witnessed the miracle or who wished to testify their devotion to this new Thaumaturgus of the Church. Later, the College of St. Ildefonso asserted its right to the possession of the precious work of art, which was accordingly transferred to the new and magnificent chapel of the college and set up in a costly silver frame at the expense of Dr. Manuel Rojo, Canon of the Metropolitan church and a distinguished alumnus of the college. 'Many signal favors were bestowed upon the college in return for the honors paid to the Saint. One, taken at random from the many recorded, may suffice to show how efficacious was the aid of him whom the college had taken as the protector, especially of the general health of the house.

In the year 1725, a violent epidemic fever of a very malignant type was raging in the city, most of the cases proving fatal. Sixty of the students were attacked besides the Minister, Father Antonio de Figueroa. The miraculous picture was borne in procession to the rooms of the patients, but whether through forgetfulness, or inadvertence, or perhaps, by some special disposition of divine Providence, the picture was not brought to Father de Figueroa: moreover, in confirmation of the latter supposition, an old father of the *Colegio Maximo*, on discovering this omission, went on three different occasions to the College of St. Ildefonso for the express purpose of taking the picture to Father Figueroa, but at each visit his mind was completely diverted from the principal object of his coming, by a number of incidental occurrences or occupations. Not one of the students died: Father de Figueroa was the only victim of the disease in the College, though he left behind him a strong conviction, founded on his religious virtue and his fervently pious preparation for death, that he had but passed from temporal to eternal life.

## ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

### PART SECOND.

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The year 1800 opened in Philadelphia with four churches, St. Joseph's, and her eldest daughters, St. Mary's, Holy Trinity and St. Augustine's, which last had been lately dedicated. The daughters were all considerably larger and handsomer than the mother, with pretensions to architectural beauty. Two of them are still standing but the third, ere she had reached the mature age of forty-five, perished, not through decay, but by the hands of rioters. The first and second were gifts to the Philadelphians; the third and fourth were erected from their offerings with some assistance from Europe. Especially was this the case with regard to St. Augustine's; for Very Rev. Father Carr, when coming to America, brought with him in the form of *£. s. d.* solid marks of the confidence of his Order.

After the suppression of our Society in 1773, the material help received from the English Province ceased and the ever to be lamented system of trusteeism was introduced into Philadelphia. This evil became, as it were, ingrafted into the spirit of Church government when in 1788, St. Mary's Church was chartered by the legislature of the State of Pennsylvania. During the first third of this century it was the evil of the diocese, hanging over its fair fields of budding promise, like an unsightly mist obscuring the beauty of the scene, and debarring the warmth and light that the rising sun of our religion had begun so propitiously to shed on the region it had destined to be so fruitful in the future. In 1797, its first pernicious germ showed itself in Trinity Church, and for sixty years it made

that congregation a continual cause of anxiety to *the rulers of the house of the Lord*, until the saintly Bishop Neumann, by a masterly piece of policy obtained for this Church a new charter, dispensing with trustees and placing the government of its temporalities in its pastors, appointed by the Bishop. There are now, I think, in the Diocese of Philadelphia, but two churches with trustees, St. Mary's and St. Michael's; those of the latter have never given any trouble, and those of the former, a few years since, entered into an arrangement by which the pastor is virtually the board of trustees.

At this time all the priests of Philadelphia, with the exception of those interdicted at Holy Trinity, resided at St. Joseph's. From the Baptismal and Marriage Registries we find thirteen officiating there at times during the year; viz.—Very Rev. Mathew Carr, O. S. A., D. D., V. G., Pastor of Sts. Joseph's, Mary's and Augustine's, Rev. John Rossiter, O. S. A., Fr. A. T. R. Fm De Kersauson de Kerjean, ptre Cath. Rom., Rev. George Staunton, O. S. A., Rev. John Bourke, Rev. Bartholomew Augustine M'Mahon, O. S. A., Rev. Peter Helborn, Rev. Nicholas Brennan, Rev. Francis Beeston, Rev. D. Boury, Rev. Philip Stafford, O. S. A., Rev. William O'Brien and Rev. Michael Lacy. Of these the first three seem to have been the regular pastors of St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, the others officiating at St. Augustine's and on the missions.

During the previous year, the mission at Trenton had been commenced by Rev. D. Boury. The first baptism in that City, which now counts its thousands of Catholics, with three fine churches, schools, a hospital, and an asylum, is thus recorded in St. Joseph's Registry :\* Die 4a Oct. 1799 a Revdo. D. Boury, Trenton New Jersey, Joannes Warren, natus de Joanne et Anna Mount c. c. l. c. Susceptoribus Francisco de Mouzeuil et Margarita Charlotta D'Auquin Reynard.

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\* Bapt. Registry pag. 334.

The first Philadelphian made a Christian in the nineteenth century seems to have been a negro slave:\* "1800. Januarii Die 1a a Rev. M. Carr—Caesar, natus 13a Sept. 1799 de Josephina Ducombe. Patrino Emanuele Torres."

In 1790 most of the German families, who had worshipped at St. Joseph's from the time of Father Schneider, S. J. left and took pews in the German Church of Holy Trinity. But the troubles between the Trustees and the Ecclesiastical Authorities caused many of them in 1801 to return, and their names are again found in the Registries.

In the Baptismal Registry for 1802 we find this record: "1802. Oct. 17a a Rev. M. Carr. Isaac Augustinus Hayes natus die 21a Aug. h. a. de Patricio, Cath. et Elizabeth Keen, Aca. Susceptor fuit Joannes Barry."† The God-father was the celebrated Commodore John Barry Father of the American Navy. And the father of the Child, Patrick Hayes, was on the mother's side connected with the family of St. Francis de Sales. He it was who presented to Father Barbelin, S. J. a portrait, taken from life, of this great saint.

In the following month Father Rossiter received into the church a distinguished convert: Nov. 28a a. R. I. Rossiter, Cornelius Tiers natus in statu New York a viginti circiter duobis annis, cooptatus fuit in ecclesiam; patrinus fuit Timotheus Collins ‡. Mr. Tiers became a firm and leading Catholic. His descendants to the third generation are still respected in the diocese. For many years he was the coadjutor of Father Hurley, O. S. A., in providing for the orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum, which Father Leonard Neale, of St. Joseph's Church, had established in 1797, but which in the early years of this century had a hard struggle to maintain its existence.

Sometime during this year, Very Rev. Father Carr removed from St. Joseph's to the pastoral Residence of St. Augustine's, a house in N. Fourth Street, immediately south

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\* Baptismal Registry, p. 337.

† Do. p. 148.

‡ Do.

of the Church. He left Rev. Raphael Fitzpatrick, as pastor of St. Joseph's, with Father Rossiter, O. S. A., and Rev. Michael Lacy as his assistants. He, however, continued Vicar General, and to a certain extent, Administrator of Philadelphia and the missions. Father Carr was a man of untiring zeal, much loved by those who knew him, but too dignified to please the *vulgus profanum*. He was in all respects a man of learning and virtue, but Father Rossiter it was who gained the hearts of the people. It has been my happiness to comfort the last hours of some of the venerable Catholics of Philadelphia, who having known me almost from infancy, and my father and mother before me, found great pleasure in talking with me of the early days of St. Joseph's Church. My delight in listening was no less than theirs in narrating. Father Carr, Father John Bourke, Father Nick Brennan and Father Stafford are all familiar names, but Fr. Rossiter's is the name that lingers most fondly on the lip and often draws tears from the eye. One octogenary who died lately, Sept. 9th, 1872, and of whom, I think, I will have occasion to speak hereafter, forgetting the passage of time, would imagine me Fr. Rossiter, and throwing his arms around my neck, try to call to my recollection the times when his saintly mother and mine roved, hand-in-hand, the verdant fields of Connaught. The old man himself was my mother's senior by twelve years, and I do not think she was ever out of the Middle States—She may have been in Maryland.

1803 finds the priests of St. Joseph's and St. Augustine's two distinct families, but most agreeable neighbors. And so, thank God, they have ever continued, members of two great orders, laboring for the same great object, and indulging no petty jealousies.

In the early part of this year, Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., arrived in Philadelphia. He came to supersede Very Rev. Dr. Carr, O. S. A., in the Vicar-general-ship, but at Father Carr's desire and, I think, at his request. He spent

some days at St. Augustine's Residence, and preached on Sunday in the Church, wearing the habit and cord of St. Francis. On this occasion, I have been told, Fr. Carr for the first time, assumed the dress of the Augustinians, and was present in the Sanctuary: Father Paul Stafford, O. S. A. sang the mass. Neither Father Carr nor the loved Father Hurley, his successor in the superiorship of the Augustinians, wore the habit of their order as their ordinary dress, but only on occasions appeared in it.

The first official act of Vicar General Michael Egan, O. S. F., was a baptism whose record will be interesting, as being the first performed by him, who was afterwards Philadelphia's first Bishop. 1803 11a Aprilis, a Rev. M. Egan, Hanna Mullins nata 3a Aprilis 1803 Phila. de Jacobo Mullins et Barbara Murray c. c. L. c. Susceptores fuere Dionisius M'Makin et Catharina Murray.\*

I have heard an old lady, whose name I have forgotten, speak of Father Egan's appearance. Her recollections of him, I cannot say how much to be depended on, present him as tall, spare, but very straight, nearly six feet high, of sallow complexion, with very black curly hair, mild, pleasing countenance, with eyes modestly cast down. His "memory" certainly "is with praises", in the Church of Philadelphia. Even when a boy, I felt an interest in the first Bishop of my native city, my friends had not seen him, but had heard much of him. A current story of the time was his having been seen in a rapture or an ecstasy, before the picture of St. Francis, then and now, in the room called "the front parlor" of St. Joseph's. In boyhood, I often heard the account of this ecstasy, from old friends, and my venerable friend of Connaught-rambles-remiscences, twice referred to it. The general recollection seemed to be that Bishop Egan was mild in appearance as he was saintly in character.

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\* Baptismal Registry, p. 284.

For a short while, Rev. Mr. Egan had the assistance of Rev. Ambrose Marshal, twin-brother of our Brother Joseph Marshal, but he soon sent him to the missions in the interior of the state where he did much good.

The baptisms of St. Joseph's and St. Mary's this year numbered 284.

On the 25th of April, 1804, we find a baptism by Rev. Michael Hurley, O. S. A., \* only remarkable as showing that then, as ever since have existed good feelings between the pastors of St. Augustine's and St. Joseph's, and as the first performed by that holy man in St. Joseph's Church. I wish the bounds I have placed to my religious gossip would but allow me to relate some of the accounts of this remarkable priest, who, in very difficult times, was the evangelizer of Philadelphia.

In the latter part of 1808 the distinguished Dominican Father, William Vincent Harold, O. S. D., arrived to assist Fathers Egan, O. S. F., and Rossiter, O. S. A. The first notice of his presence at St. Joseph's is a nuptial blessing given to John Ward and Rebeca Ward on the 25th of Nov. † These three Reverend gentlemen, members of three different orders, each as peculiar in his personal appearance as in his natural disposition, and each holy in his own manner, lived together, for three years in the most perfect harmony. "Having gifts differing according to the grace which is given them," but each being "zealous for the better gifts." The saintly and scholarly Franciscan, gentle as a Sister of Mercy, but timorous, fearful of giving offense, remaining much at home, but equally accessible to poor and rich. The beloved and bustling Augustinian, abroad much of the time, but working "the works of God," visiting more in the hovels of Shippen and German Streets, than in the stately mansions of East Fourth Street. And the eloquent and elegant Dominican, who whilst "the

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\* Baptismal Registry, p. 230.

† Marriage Registry, p. 76.

father of the orphans and the judge of the widows," was frequently found in the drawing room, or as it was then called the parlor, and at the social board of those whom Providence had blessed with an abundance of this world's goods.

For nearly forty years the Catholics of the South-eastern part of the City had, on Sundays, attended divine service at St. Mary's Church, but the gentleness of Father Egan and the eloquence of Father Harold had attracted such numbers, that in 1809 it was resolved to enlarge the church. This enlargement was begun in the Spring and finished in the Autumn of 1810, giving St. Mary's Church its present noble dimensions.

On the 20th of October of this year, Fathers Egan and Harold went to Baltimore, leaving Rev. Patrick Kenny with the care of St. Mary's, while Father Rossiter still watched over St. Joseph's. On the 28th of this month, Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F. was consecrated, in Baltimore the first Bishop of Philadelphia, by Bishop John Carroll, assisted by Rt. Rev. Leonard Neale, former pastor of St. Joseph's. Father Wm. Vincent Harold, O. S. D., preached the consecration sermon, and this he did at the particular request of the new prelate, who was accustomed to style him, "the brother of my heart."

They returned to this city in the latter part of November. Father Egan's first record, in his new character as Bishop, is: "Dec. 1a a Revsimo Michl Egan, James Bertrand Gardette natus Philadel. die 19a Dec. 1807 de James Gardette et Mary L. Carisse c. c. L. c. sus. fuerunt Bertrand Cuillavet et Fanny Louise Gardette." †

The entries of Bishop Egan in the different registries of St. Joseph's are remarkable for the peculiarity of the writing. They are perfectly neat and legible, but if gazed at for any length of time, they give one a sensation, as if reading with the book upside down.

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† Baptismal Registry, p. 42.



One of the first acts of the new Bishop was to appoint Father Wm. Vincent Harold, O. S. D., his Vicar-general.

In the month of April 1811, Rev. James Harold, O. S. D., uncle to the Vicar-general, arrived from Ireland and was stationed at St. Joseph's:—his first record being on April 18th.\*

De Courcy says: "In 1810, it became necessary to enlarge the edifice (St. Mary's), and these new erections gave rise to conflicts of authority with the Bishop, at the same time that the trustees set up claims to be consulted in the choice of their pastors, and unfortunately, Father Harold and his uncle arrayed themselves in a measure against the Bishop. This was the more, to be regretted, as the younger Harold, though a man of eminent qualities and striking defects, was full of real eloquence and virtue, but marred his transcendent merit by the asperity of his temper."†

This statement, which has been copied by the estimable author of the "Lives of the Deceased Bishops," is incorrect in many particulars. The enlargement of St. Mary's was begun and ended, without any opposition from the trustees, before the consecration of Father Egan. At the time of the consecration the kindest feeling existed between the two priests, as evinced by Father Egan's requesting Father Harold to preach the consecration sermon and his afterwards appointing him as his Vicar-general, when very many thought Very Rev. Michael Hurley O. S. A., should have received that appointment. The elder Harold did not arrive in Philadelphia until nearly eighteen months after the enlargement was *un fait accompli*. "The right of appointing a pastor" was a difficulty brought upon the tapis in 1820 during the Hogan trouble. And as to the "anonymous printed appeals,‡ the first heard of them was during

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\* Baptismal Registry, p. 74.

† The Catholic Church in the United States, p. 225.

‡ Vol. I. p. 191.

the correspondence between Father Harold, as Secretary to the second Bishop of Philadelphia, and the infamous Wm. Hogan. Father Harold denied from the pulpit of St. Joseph's, not only having been the author of such pamphlets, but that any such had been circulated, and called upon his accusers to produce one of them.\*

Until 1800, the Catholics of Philadelphia, with the exception of a few families, the Hayes, Careys, Eslings, Meades, Barrys, Fitzsimmons, Moylans, O'Bryans, Powels and Keefes, were not only poor, but exceedingly humble as to their social standing. During the first decade of the century, many of them had been very successful in commerce and in mercantile pursuits, and, with the acquisition of wealth, put on the airs of the parvenu. One of the greatest objects of their ambition was to associate with the aristocratic members of the late "State Church." To be known by the members of St. Peter's was the ultima thule of their ambition.

St. Mary's, though exceedingly plain, the walls being painted a dull blue and the ceiling a more vivid shade of the same color, studded at regular intervals of twelve inches with very sleepy stars, was not devoid of architectural beauty, its arch is to the present day an object of envy to some of the architects of the country.

These new made gentlemen and ladies, who thought our Divine Saviour was not up to the age when He said, "No servant can serve two masters" and intended to show the Church and God that they could "serve God and mammon," at the same time, thought a fine church called for a fine preacher. Now, Father Harold was a fine preacher. "Yes, sir," said Mr. A, . . . "Father Harold is a fine preacher, he, sir, is an orator, sir." Two Latin sermons preserved in the Library of St. Joseph's attest his eloquence in the tongue of Cicero, as well as that of Hawthorne. He could not

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\* Mr. Eugene Murphy, a Hoganite, and at one time employed by the trustees of St. Mary's to correct Mr. Hogan's literary efforts.

however be in truth styled a very fluent speaker, as three weeks were required for the preparation and production of each sermon, every word of it having to be written and conned as by a school-boy. He was, at the time, the only polished speaker among the Catholic clergy. Mr. John R. G. Hassard, in his life of Archbishop Hughes, speaks of Father Harold and Dr. Hurley being both eloquent preachers. There are many in Philadelphia with whom Father Hurley is one whose "memory is in benediction," and who will descant by the hour on his virtues, but I have never met one who called him an orator.—He instructed by his words and preached most eloquently by his actions.

Wishing to monopolize to themselves Father Wm. Vincent Harold, the trustees determined to erect a pastoral residence near St. Mary's, and had already selected a lot at the S. W. corner of 4th and Prune streets, and entered into negotiations for the purchase of it. Father Wm. Vincent was pleased with the idea; Father James Harold warmly urged it—but Bishop Egan very wisely disapproved of it. First, as he saw no necessity for a separate residence; and, secondly, and principally, because the movement had been taken, not only without his approval as President of the Board of Trustees, but even without his being consulted.

This was the first act of insubordination of the Trustees of St. Mary's to their Bishop, and the one in which they were encouraged by Fathers Harold. Father Wm. Vincent was inclined to yield, but his uncle, Father James, influenced him to place himself in opposition to his former friend and present Bishop. This sad state of affairs lasted but for a short while, when, in 1813, the nephew and uncle returned to Ireland. The Sunday before their departure, Bishop Egan preached at St. Mary's, and stated that there had never been an unkind word between him and the "brother of his heart," and that he considered "Father James" the cause of all the trouble.\*

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\*Mr. John O'Keefe.

This occurred nearly a score of years before my appearance upon the stage of action, but at that time and for years afterwards my father was teacher of St. Joseph's Parochial School, living, with his young family, in a house almost adjoining the North East end of the Church, and was on the most intimate terms with all the clergymen, and had every opportunity of knowing the true state of the case. The financial system on which this school was conducted I would recommend to economical pastors. The teacher was permitted to rent a house (it being required that he should be a married man) and school, pay the rent, and teach a stipulated number of pupils, male and female, for the *honor* of being teacher of "St. Joseph's School,"—the pay he received from the other pupils to be his compensation.

The vacancy, caused by the departure of the Fathers Harold, was filled by Rev. Wm. O'Brien\* and Patrick Kenny.†

In August of this year, 1813, we find a member of a fourth Religious order domiciled in the house of the Jesuit Greaton. "Die 29a Aug., a Rev. Patre Vincent de Paul, Trappista, Jane Haviland nata Philadelphiae, 24 huj. mens. de John Haviland et de Grace Glacken c. c. L. c. sus. fr. James McClosky et Anne Haviland."‡ This, I have been told, was a nephew of the Right Rev. Bishop. In September, the sacerdotal corps was increased by the arrival of the Rev. Charles Winters, who was soon sent to the missions. The good Rev. Terence M'Girr arrived in the middle of October.§ During my noviceship, it was said that our improvement in writing kept pace with our improvement in spirituality. I cannot imagine what must have been Rev. Mr. M'Girr's style, when he first began the spiritual life if such frightful hieroglyphics indicate his well-known, exalted virtue.

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\*Baptismal Registry, p. 104. †Do. p. 128. ‡Do. p. 138  
 § Do. Do. p. 151.

In 1814, at the request of the Right Rev. Bishop, Rev. John Grassi S. J. visited St. Joseph's, and for a short time performed parochial duties.\* It was not his intention to remain, but Bishop Egan had known him in Rome and, having a premonition of his death, requested a visit from him that he might assist him in his preparations for the final struggle. In Father Barbelin's collection was the letter of Father Grassi, dated at Georgetown College, accepting the invitation, a letter full of encouragement and breathing the spirit of an Apostle. He was accompanied by a Rev. Clement Garcia, whether a Jesuit I know not, and who appears to have administered the sacraments for but a short time.†

Bishop Egan until almost the very day of his death lamented the departure of Father Wm. Vincent Harold. In his last sickness he still called him, "the brother of my heart." And from his many affectionate remarks concerning him, I feel confident that if he had had the satisfaction of nominating his successor, Wm. Vincent Harold, O. S. D., would have stood upon the list "dignissimus." The Right Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., First Bishop of Philadelphia died at St. Joseph's, on the 22nd of July, 1814, in Room No. 3., stretched in the form of a cross upon the floor before the picture of his loved patron, St. Francis of Assisium. He was universally regarded as a saint. His funeral took place at St. Mary's; Father Hurley, O. S. A., was his panegyrist, and, if I mistake not, Father Grassi, S. J., sang the Mass. The sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg, whom he had introduced into the diocese, with the orphans from St. Joseph's Asylum, which had been established by Father Leonard Neale, in 1797, and the matrons with the orphans from St. Vincent's Asylum were present on the sad occasion.

Immediately upon the death of Bishop Egan, Archbishop Neale appointed Rev. Lewis de Barth, or as he almost invariably signs himself Ludovicus Barth, then in charge of

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\* Baptismal Registry, p. 152.

† Do. p. 153.

our church and missions at Conewago, administrator of the diocese. The appointment was not a fortunate one. I question not the piety, the learning, the zeal of the Rev. gentleman, but there are Fathers still living in this province who knew him before his retirement to Georgetown College, where he died, and I do not think one of them will say he was well suited for that office.

Father de Barth upon his appointment did not retire from the care of the mission of Conewago but travelled backwards and forwards, almost monthly, between that place and Philadelphia, his first visit being on August 24th.\* From that time until the arrival of Bishop Conwell, he was a frequent and honored guest at the house of my parents, and the only source of communication between my mother and grandmother and their Quaker relatives in Adams County. Not unfrequently would he visit the school-house before the parsonage, and old Mrs. Evans knew well what to give "the old man" for supper. It was the only house in the city at which he felt at home, and many a time would he unburden his mind of pastoral cares which he would not mention to his confreres at the other side of the Church, and about 8 o'clock, P. M. he would glide around through the graveyard, go to his room, say his prayers, and next morning after an early Mass, mount his horse for Conewago. My poor mother thought there was no one like Father de Barth, she would have considered it an unfortunate day, if one of her children had pronounced him not perfect—she little thought her own anecdotes were somewhat prejudicing one of those children against him.

At this time many of the Catholics of Philadelphia held a very high position in what is called society, and as this, for some of them, was a new thing, they were very nervous lest their priests should do anything that might shame their gentility. Father Hurley, O. S. A., the leading priest of the city, a holy and amiable man, laughed at and ridiculed

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\* Baptismal Registry, p. 159.

their airs, and took delight in violating their rules of etiquette, and in generally shocking their sensibilities. I will here relate an amusing anecdote of this saintly man. In St. Augustine's Church, they had adopted the European custom of having a Swiss guard to preserve order. Our Swiss was born in the Emerald Isle, one Thomas O'Shaughnessy by name. One of his principal duties was to remove the hats of those who kept covered in the presence of the Ever-Adorable, and for this purpose our Swiss was furnished with a long rod hooked at the end, with which Mr. O'Shaughnessy caused many an amusing gyration to be performed on different occasions. One Sunday afternoon at the monthly Vespers, Father Hurley noticed Robert Wharton, a leading Friend and one of Philadelphia's wealthiest citizens stalk up the middle aisle, head covered with an ash-colored broad-brim. The Swiss, for once, was awed by the respectable position of the offender. The uppertendom of Philadelphia Catholicity trembled lest they might see that respectable beaver, circling in the air for a foot or two and then rolling gracefully up the aisle. But no! Thomas was intently watching some little tow-headed boys under the gallery stairs. Little escaped the keen eye of Rev. Michael Hurley, O. S. A. Here was the opportunity long desired, of shocking their delicate sense of the deference due to wealth. Father Hurley did not usually speak with a brogue, but when he ascended the platform of the Altar, to give the instruction, while every eye was fixed upon him, and many a heart beat quickly, he quietly surveyed the congregation for a moment, and then in a loud rough voice he cried: "Tom, mon, I say, mon, oaf with auld Wharton's hat." Mr. O'Shaughnessy did not wait for a second bidding, but gravely marching up the aisle, instead of sending the hat whirling in the air, he gracefully raised it on his hook and slowly retracing his steps to the door of the Church, he pitched it into Fourth Street. And as my informant\*

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\* My God-mother, Miss Mary Tierney.

hastened, handkerchief to mouth out of Church, Tom quietly remarked: "tut, tut, guirl, ain't you ashamed to laugh at the praste?"

This good Augustinian did not confine himself to shocking the sensibilities of the elite. Wherever there was a scandal to be corrected in either of the two parishes of St. Joseph's or St. Augustine's, there the zealous Father Hurley was to be found. He did not believe in wearing kid gloves when scouring the sink, his speech on these occasions was loud and caustic: Once, one whom he had been severely reprimanding, raised his arm to strike this "anointed of the Lord;" although he lived more than fifteen years afterwards, he never lowered it. I, myself, have more than once seen this person. He sincerely repented his sin. Father Hurley prayed God to pardon him, and at his, Father Hurley's request, Father Dubuisson, S. J., interceded with our Holy Founder, but heaven was deaf. The body with the arm raised was laid in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Father Hurley left many warm friends among the Protestants, as well as devoted children among the Catholics. Some of his Protestant friends delight to this day to recount his arduous apostolic labors. At a dinner, at which the Rev. Rector of Woodstock College, then Provincial of the Province of Maryland, was present, Mr. B. . . ., of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, related the following incident: "I called late in the evening, just after supper, to see Father Hurley on important business. It was a fearful night. Outside was one of those old-fashioned storms that we used to have some twenty years ago. After transacting business, Father Hurley insisted upon my spending the night with him. He brought out the poteen, and I can tell you he kept a good article in that line." "Oh, yes," interrupted Rev. J. C. D. . . ., "I can bear testimony to that." "He brewed a good strong punch for each. He then read his priestly service, while I balanced some accounts. About ten we retired for the night, he occupying his own room,



the second story front, and I a small room over the passage. I had just fallen into a doze, when I was wakened by Father Hurley, who, having finished his prayers, was getting into bed. It was not long before I could hear him snoring the snore of the—of the—Augustinians. I tell you what, it was pleasant lying there, snugly wrapped up in blankets, listening to the howling storm without. I had just fallen into my first sleep, when I was suddenly roused by a terrific knocking at the front door. Immediately I heard Father Hurley bounce out of bed, the mercury must have gotten so far below zero that it had serious doubts if it would ever get up again. Up went the sash. 'Who's there?' 'Your Reverence, it's I.' 'Is it indeed? and who may I be?' 'Your Reverence, there's a man dying in Schuylkill—first Street above Gallushill.' Schuylkill first and Callowhill Street, at that time, was far beyond the limits of the built-up part of the City, and the reputation of that part of the municipality was not the best. 'What's the matter with him?' 'Your Reverence, he's bad intirely, he's taken with a colic, saving your Reverence's presence, in the belly. He's dying your Reverence.' 'Have you had a doctor?' 'Yes, your Reverence, Mick, my brother, has gone for his honor. O come, your Reverence, for it's a taring cold night for a man to be out.' 'Where did you say he lives?' 'In Schuylkill first Street above Gallushill, you can't mistake the house, seeing it's the only one there within a square. Come at once, your Reverence, for I know he'll be dead before you get there.' 'You two men go home and tell them that the priest, Father Hurley, is coming. I'll get the oils and the holy sacrament and follow you as soon as I can.' I jumped out of my warm bed, knocked at the old gentleman's door, and offered to accompany him. 'Get back to your bed, you — what could a heretic do when a christian is dying?' The old man dressed quickly, came into my room with a half-pint of poteen, lest I should take cold, fumbled for some time about his room, went to the Church,

and soon slammed the door as only Father Hurley could slam doors. It was a fearful night—cold! we don't know now-a-days what such cold is, the wind was blowing like a hurricane, the hail and sleet driving against the windows, like—like—I can't think, just now, like what, unless like—excuse me, gentlemen—like h—ll, and, to cap all, it had been snowing continuously the two days previous. It was now near one o'clock; I lay in bed, picturing to myself the old man, out at such an hour, in such a neighborhood, and in the midst of such a storm. In those days, in some places, the streets were not paved above 8th or 10th street, and I knew the snow must be nearly breast high. Father Hurley, though strong as a lion, was pretty well advanced in years. About 3 o'clock, he returned, puffing like a porpoise. He came into my room. 'Well, Father Hurley, how's the sick man?' 'He won't die, didn't see him.' 'What! was there no person sick?' 'Yes—oh, but this is terrible weather,' said the old gentleman, blowing his finger-tips, 'when I got to Schuylkill 7th and Callowhill, I met two men coming back to tell me not to come. 'Your Reverence,' they said, 'the sick man's well.' 'Well? you scoundrels,' said I. 'Yes, your Reverence, he took a little, just a leetle, too much of the crature, and we thought we had better have a priest.' Father Hurley was up and said Church before 7 o'clock."

It must not be supposed that Father Hurley was the only priest of whom the old people delight to relate anecdotes: as I have mentioned before, his brother Augustinian at St. Joseph's, Father John Rossiter, wound himself into the affections and around the hearts of the faithful, while Fathers Kenny and M'Girr had a large circle of warm admirers.

*(To be continued.)*

## AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

(Continued.)

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Up to the period our sketch has now reached, St. Mary's enjoyed, only by privilege, the title of College; but in 1836, after a sharp contest, in the Legislature, between our friends and our enemies, it received its charter as a University. This victory was, in great measure, due to the influence of Fr. Murphy, who had lately arrived in Kentucky, and who devoted himself unsparingly to promote the good of the College.

But it was not only by thus perfecting what our Fathers had already undertaken, that He for whom alone they toiled, gave His blessing to their unassuming labors: in His providence He destined for the little colony of St. Mary's a still wider, and far distant field of action. For it He reserved the honor of sending the first pioneers of the new Society to a land which had been crimsoned with some of the noblest blood of the old, to inherit the mantle which had fallen from a Brebeuf and a Lalemant, as they rose into Heaven amid the whirlwind of savage persecution, and to revive their spirit in the hearts of those who guarded so jealously the precious deposit of their glorious bodies.

Mgr. Bourget, the zealous and devoted Bishop of Montreal, ardently wishing to see the Society once more at work in its heavenly-appointed vineyard, invited Rev. Fr. Chazelle, in the year 1839, to conduct the annual ecclesiastical retreat for the priests of the diocese.

His presence awoke, throughout the whole of Canada, fond and saintly memories which long had slumbered. Forthwith, the brothers of those heroes that had died in blessing the land, and blessed the land in dying, were eagerly pressed to re-enter the country; and no later than 1842 this new branch of our mission was founded. So desirous to see the Fathers at once established in his diocese was Mgr. Bourget, whose attachment to the Society has ever displayed itself in an unceasing solicitude for the welfare of its members, that he could not wait till a suitable building should be erected, but kindly interested in their behalf the pious Mr. Rodier, then a distinguished member of the Bar, but some years later the still more distinguished Mayor of Montreal. This worthy representative of genuine catholic charity declared to the Fathers that he would consider it a personal favor if they would accept half of his own house, to be their home as long as they wished. What was offered with such noble disinterestedness was received with heartfelt gratitude. As the spacious mansion had already been partitioned off into two, the Fathers soon after took possession of their quarters, and, on Sept. 9th, 1843, gave the habit of the Society to our first Canadian novice. This favored subject, in less than a month, gave, in his turn, the warm embrace of the Society to a fellow-novice, and both together, began the ascent of the rugged road of perfection, helped by each other's example.\* Of course, our ordinary means of subsistence were not, as yet, secured, but

"He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,"

provided, no less bountifully, for the well-being of his servants. The alms of the faithful were abundant, and if want

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\* Respect for the feelings of the living banished from the text the names of these first-fruits of the new Society in Canada; but here in the foot-notes the desire to be useful to future annalists, allows us to mention, the names of Fr. Regnier, now "operarius" in Troy; and of R. Fr. H. Hudon our kind Rector at St. Francis Xavier's.

were occasionally felt, it served only to give zest to succeeding plenty. Such being the case it is hard to understand how it became noised abroad, through the city, that the fathers were dying of hunger. The rumor came to the ears of our best of friends, his Lordship, the Bishop, and grieved him to the heart. He started without delay for our residence, and calling for Fr. Luiset, the Master of novices, asked him, in a voice in which loving tenderness struggled with paternal severity, how he could have had so little confidence in him, as not to inform him of the straits to which the community was reduced. Fr. Luiset was at a loss for a reply:—a few moments however, cleared up the mystery; the fears of the good Bishop were dispelled, and had he sat down with the community at the next meal, he would have been convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, of the want of foundation of the rumor, and seen, to his great satisfaction, that, owing to the charity of their friends, they were far from starving. Many more must have been the trials of paternal solicitude on the part of Monseigneur, and many too the pleasing incidents that occurred, during the year, when the quiet occupation of the Jesuit novices ran side by side with the already busy life of the future magistrate—church and state in such close and harmonious relations;—but, owing to our distance from the source of information, we are forced to leave the record of these facts, as well as the *heroic* days of our college of St. Mary's, in Montreal, to some of our more favored brothers of the North.\* We, ourselves, however, still love to remember

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\*A little anecdote has been related to us, the artless simplicity of which is too charming to be lost. "Shortly after breakfast every day during the summer months," says one of the novices of those times, now a venerable Father, "the bell was rung for 'Manualia,' and at once we three novices repaired to our little garden, to dig potatoes for the community dinner. The task was almost Herculean, for the good brother charged with planting the potatoes had a favorite theory, based on what principle of horticulture he never told us, that the deeper they were sunk into the ground, the more plentiful would be the crop. Accordingly he had procured a stout pole, about six feet long, and, applying it somewhat

with what fatherly affection the venerable Mr. Rodier welcomed to his bountiful table, only a few years ago, all the novices from the Sault-au-Récollet; with what pleasure he spoke of the days when his house was our only novitiate, and assured us, with tears in his eyes, that they were the happiest of his life. May the eternal Father repay his charity a hundred fold:

The stranger and the poor by God are sent  
And what to these we give, to God is lent.\*

That hearts so loving and devoted as those of our generous friends really were, should crowd around the cradle of the Canada Mission, when, without them, it could not

after the manner of a modern pile-driver, had succeeded in burying the forlorn seedling as far out of sight as possible; trusting perhaps that their proximity to the central fires of the earth would keep them from freezing, should Spring, as was *sometimes* the case in those regions, prove rather backward; and the ice in the St. Lawrence refuse to forsake its adopted home till Summer was on its heels.

"The good brother took great delight in superintending the labors of the poor novices, and pointing out the exact spot in which his novel implement of husbandry had descended; and when any of us, having dug a ditch some three feet in depth and two in width without even the sign of a potato, would turn to him in despair, and, pointing to the small mountain beside us, monument of our labor, ask imploringly, 'how much farther down?' he would deliberately gauge, with his eye, the heap of clay at his feet, and then, in his most soothing voice reply, that we must be near them now; they could not be more than two feet deeper.

"Under such circumstances, you may imagine how great was our delight to see, on the other side of the low rail fence that divided the garden, good Mr. Rodier coming into his orchard. We were not disappointed: the first thing our kind neighbor would do, would be to shake down some of the largest and ripest apples that hung on his trees; then, leaning for a few seconds on our fence, he would exclaim: 'Pauvres freres, pauvres freres! Here, my children, you must be tired by this time; you have dug enough for this morning;' and with these words he would toss us the rosy-cheeked fruits. Oh! how pretty they looked, in comparison

\* Homer says:

Ἦρὸς γὰρ δὴός εἰσιν ἅπαντες  
Ξεῖνοι τε πτωχοί τε. Odys. VI. 208.

have long survived its birth, was owing, no doubt, in great measure, to the prayers of the saintly men who, at this time, successively filled the office of Master of Novices. The line began with Father Luiset, already mentioned, who, in fact, may be said to have taken actual possession of Canada in the name of the Society. In 1843, on the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the very day after his arrival at Montreal with some other Fathers from France, he preached, at the invitation of Monseigneur Bourget, in the grand cathedral, since destroyed by fire. He chose for his text the words of St. Paul: "In nomine Jesu omne genu flectatur, coelestium, terrestrium, et infernorum" (Phil. 2. 10.), and, by the strain after strain of fervid eloquence which he poured forth on the glories of the Redeemer, completely won the hearts of his vast audience.

The knowledge of Christ, and Him crucified, which the zealous missionary had unfolded to his hearers in the populous city, he afterwards diffused through the villages and hamlets for miles around, with so much unction and vigor as to electrify those who came within reach of his burning words, and to cause all, priests and laity, actually to clamor for the entrance of the Fathers into their parishes.

From his apostolic journeys, in which he had scattered broadcast over an extensive portion of the Lord's vineyard, the fertile seed of the Divine Word, he returned to the secluded garden where bloomed the Almighty's flowers of predilection; to the care of these, few though they were, he devoted his unwearied attention. To his novices, Father

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with the spectral potatoes that had been haunting our minds so long. Fr. Master allowed us 'Deo Gratias,' and had given general permission to eat whatever Mr. Rodier might think proper to offer. The good brother was the only one that seemed crest-fallen at our leaving off when bushels of potatoes were so near. To console him, we would offer, with generous magnanimity, to the author of our woes, a share in our good fortunes; asking, in return, only one thing, that next Spring, when about to plant his potatoes, he would use a somewhat shorter pole for a spade."

Luiset displayed the same image of the Redeemer, that he had exhibited in the cities and the villages, and, as they were called to the perfect imitation of the divine Model, he descended into every detail, and showed by his solid conferences, and by the example of his daily life, how the spirit of the cross was to actuate their every thought, word and deed.

But nothing, perhaps, proved more conclusively that what he had so long preached was really from the abundance of the heart, and that the cross had struck deep roots therein, than his edifying conduct under the terrible affliction which, during the third year of his office as Master of Novices, God was pleased to send him. An operation performed by a celebrated oculist for the cure of some slight ailment of his eyes, resulted in total blindness for the rest of his life. This severe trial, far from wringing from him the least complaint, only caused him to exclaim with patient Job: "If we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil?" (Job. 2. 10.) He did not even yield to the subtle temptation that he would thenceforth be less able to work for God's glory, but assured that

"God doth not need

Either man's works, or His own gifts; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best,"\*

he reposed with such perfect resignation on the divine will, that, though frequently pressed to make a novena for the recovery of his sight, he constantly refused, saying: "It is God's holy will I should be blind, and God's will is mine." The truth was, he scarcely looked upon his affliction as an evil at all, and, charmed at being no longer disturbed by the sight of created things, he centred his gaze more steadily than ever on the Creator, and drank in with fewer distractions the vision of his God.

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\* Milton. Ode on his blindness.



But if the bodies of men had vanished, with the whole visible world, forever from his sight, their souls still appeared to him of priceless value, and such was his zeal to rescue these from Satan's power, that he easily overcame all the obstacles his blindness placed in his way. At the conclusion of his three years as Master of Novices, he was sent to Quebec, where he preached with his wonted fire. Such was his conviction of the responsibility of this apostolic duty, that he delivered no sermons but such as he had carefully written out before, and which he still remembered, or had read to him before ascending the pulpit. The clear sequence of ideas that runs through these sermons, some of which are still extant, the striking reflections they embody, and the beautiful language in which they are expressed, prove the thoughtful care and labor expended on their composition; while the glow of divine love that animates the whole, shows the man of prayer clothed with the learning of the scholar and the eloquence of the orator.

However, to do good to souls then, he no longer needed such preparation; for he had already preached most forcibly even before uttering one word of his prepared sermon, and all hearts were deeply moved by beholding the zealous old man still so vigorous, but obliged to be led by the hand to the foot of the pulpit, then slowly groping his way up the steps, and finally turning his sightless eyes on his audience, hushed in the deepest attention: no more efficacious exhortation could be given—to rejoice in the midst of affliction, and to kiss the hand that chastiseth.

After a year spent in Quebec he returned to the novitiate, in the capacity of Socius of the Master of Novices, and prevented from ascending the pulpit, as his superiors judged it better for him not to preach any more by word of mouth, his zeal sought an outlet in his assiduous attendance in the confessional. His exactness to follow in this, as in all other respects, the least prescription of our holy rules, nay what he considered to be their spirit, even when the letter was

silent amounted almost to scruple, and gave rise to the following amusing incident :

It was Fr. Luiset's custom to be at his post especially about 6 o'clock in the evening to receive men on their return from work. In summer, of course, it was light at that hour, but as winter came on, knowing it must then be getting dark he called one of the novices and bade him place a candle near the confessional, saying it was not becoming for one of ours to hear anyone's confession, in his room, after nightfall without a light. The young religious not quite yet as blind in his obedience, as the good father in his sight, was at a loss how to apply this to the case of the exact servant of God, and fearing some accident from fire, ran off in haste, as a true novice, to unbosom himself in his perplexity to Father Master. His spiritual Father smiling told him he might get the candle, take it unlit to the father's room and retire. The good novice did as directed and was leaving the room, when to his surprise, Fr. Luiset solemnly said : "Bring hither the candle and put it beside me." Prompt obedience this time on the part of the novice, but still with a vague fear for the consequences. And well he might fear ; for the precise old man, taking hold of the candlestick, deliberately ran his hand along the candle towards the wick. Fain would the trembling novice have lighted the taper, even at the eleventh hour ; but the eleventh hour unfortunately was a very short one :—it was already over ; Fr. Luiset had reached the top, and feeling no heat, turned sharply around on this remorse-stricken culprit and exclaimed with all his animation : "What ! brother, is it possible you wish to deceive me ! Have you no more respect for our holy rules ?" The speechless novice suddenly felt as if he would just then like to unbosom himself again to Father Master and, with all possible haste, flung out of the room.

Fr. Luiset's unbounded respect for even the least rule, naturally led him to observe with extraordinary precision

that continual mortification in all things, and that application to spiritual pursuits on which St. Ignatius so repeatedly insists. That this mortification extended itself to his refreshment of the body, and that even at his meals his spirit was far away from the earthly objects around him, the same novice had daily occasion to witness. Instead of going through some of the usual "experimenta" of our novitiates (which circumstances then rendered impossible) he was appointed to bring the blind father his breakfast, and help him to what he might need. Whether the novice still felt a little chafed on the subject of the father's scrupulous exactitude, and was anxious to overcome a too natural impulse by a generous revenge, or whether, in reading the life of St. Ignatius, he had been more struck by that part which narrates the guileless tricks of Fr. Ribadineira on our Holy Founder, than by some other portions of the same life, we dare not decide; but certain it is that he observed with surprise how Fr. Luiset had prescribed to himself a very limited amount of daily food, and that this limit he never overstepped. The abstemious religious would cut the small slice of dry bread handed to him, into five or six still smaller squares, and then, seated at some distance from the table, would alternately, with one hand slowly raise to his mouth a spoonful of coffee, and with the other one of the morsels of bread: while, at each mouthful, he would turn his countenance towards heaven, whence every good gift descends. The charitable attendant thought with dismay on the sorry plight to which his own young fibres and ardent spirits would soon be reduced if allowed only so scanty a supply of "nitrogenous aliments;" and, convinced that such lenten diet was utterly insufficient to repair the daily waste of bone and sinew in the blind but vehement old man, he so far presumed on his charge's infirmity as, the moment one mouthful of bread disappeared, quietly to replace it by another, and as the coffee gradually diminished in the cup, noiselessly to pour in some more.

The unsuspecting Father, who was always very exact in eating whatever he had cut for himself, and sipping his coffee, spoonful after spoonful, till all was gone, kept on at his meal, as usual, wholly occupied with other thoughts. Perhaps even then he was reflecting on the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes; but if so, his mind was so intent on the goodness of God in this miracle as to take no notice of the present multiplication of bread and coffee, by which he was, so unwittingly, being benefitted. At last, however, through sheer fatigue at raising the spoon to his lips so much oftener than usual, he turned quietly to his kind-hearted attendant, and remarked: "Cette tasse est bien grande, mon frère." The novice did not attempt to deny the fact, but was warned by this how far he could go in his charitable fraud without awakening suspicion: and so frequently did he ever after (with permission of the Master of Novices) regulate his perpetual miracle, that he had time to see the poor blind Father actually thriving under his treatment.

Father Luiset continued to edify the Novices by his exact observance of the rules, and his spirit of mortification till his death in 1855, at the age of 67.

The second equally saintly man to whose prayers and holy life the early days of the Canada Mission owed so many heavenly blessings was Father George Schneider, who had succeeded Fr. Luiset as Master of Novices, in 1848. Unable, for want of space, to dwell at any length on the life of this fervent religious, we give, in a word, its correct epitome when we say that it was one continued act of devotion to St. Joseph, and of unbounded confidence in this holy Patriarch, repaid by countless favors of all kinds. Were we deficient in example to prove that St. Joseph is the same as in the past to those that fly to him, the example of this devout Father alone would be sufficient.

He first entrusted to this holy Patriarch the care of the whole house, even down to the pantry itself; and from the

manner in which the faithful steward discharged this last part of his commission we may judge how he fulfilled the rest. Occasionally indeed instead of the expected sound of the breakfast-bell the silvery voice of Fr. Schneider would greet the ears of the novices, as he stepped into their room, and told them, with a smile, that although they had not yet taken a vow of poverty, the Almighty was pleased to try them a little on the score of that virtue even then; that they would have to wait a while for breakfast, as there was not a mouthful to eat in the house: but that it would not be long; St. Joseph had never failed them yet. On such occasions, the good novices were only too glad to suffer something in view of their future vow, and with perhaps a short invocation to St. Joseph that he would not tarry *too* long, cheerfully resumed their mental repast, while awaiting that which was to refresh the body. Fr. Schneider had spoken truly: they had not to wait long; for never, no, not once, during all the years he was Master of Novices, did an hour pass ere in came from some one, often they knew not from whom, a supply of provision sufficient for the community.

Having thus secured, forever, food for his novices, the next step was to procure novices. Fr. Schneider had seen with deep concern how few vocations had as yet developed, since the arrival of the Fathers in Montreal, and looking with anxiety to the future, he referred the matter to his heavenly counsellor. The result was a recommendation to the novices to unite with Fr. Master, during the nine days preceding the feast of St. Joseph, in a fervent novena for the obtaining of new members. The effect of this appeal to the holy Patriarch was almost miraculous; for whereas, previously, only two or three scholastic novices had been received each year, after the novena four or five begged admittance into the Society before the month was over, and during the following month the number ran up to eight. Ever since then the novitiate has received a very fair yearly

increase, and of late years, after a general novena to the same heavenly Procurator, made by order of Rev. Father Bapst, in all the houses of the mission, a most extraordinary supply of new members.

Fr. Schneider knowing that he was far from having exhausted St. Joseph's liberality, was, on his part, far from desisting in his petitions. He had obtained food and subjects; there was still wanting a novitiate. To build this he had not a single dollar, and, moreover, knew not where to find one; but his generous Treasurer knew where they could be had in abundance. Permission to begin the building had been refused until enough money had been collected to cover all expenses. Fr. Schneider starts for Quebec, on a mission of some weeks' duration; returns at the end of that time with the required amount. The year 1853 saw the completion of the large Novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet, about eight miles from Montreal; and Father Schneider, through gratitude towards its heavenly Founder, and to secure its future prosperity, placed it under his invocation. The novices had about a year before left the home where they had been so charitably sheltered for so many years, and, calling down many blessings upon their benefactors, taken up their abode in St. Mary's College, which had been in successful operation since Sept. 20th, 1848. Now that their own home was ready to receive them, they repaired with joy from the crowded city to their peaceful retreat amid the fields.

These favors, great though they were, were far from being all that Fr. Schneider owed to his glorious Patron. The devout religious saw with deep grief the seminary of some Protestant sect just in front of our first novitiate, and remarked that it was a pity to have the work of Satan in such close proximity to the work of God. He complained of it to St. Joseph, during the month of March, the period of the year when all his special requests were made; the month was hardly over, when the building was sold, at a great

bargain to the Catholics, and became St. Patrick's Hospital. In later years, he set his heart on obtaining a certain piece of ground, near our College in Montreal, to build thereon a church in honor of the Sacred Heart. He prayed to St. Joseph, and that very piece of ground was presented to him by one of our kind benefactors. He often had obdurate sinners to convert: he entrusted their conversion to St. Joseph, and such was his certainty of success that, on one occasion, speaking of one of them, he exclaimed with sudden animation: "He is mine to-night."

This short account of Fr. Schneider's devotion to St. Joseph and of a few of the favors with which it was rewarded, forestalls all necessity of adding a word about his sanctity. St. Theresa tells us in her autobiography, that she never knew anyone who had a true devotion to St. Joseph, who was not advanced by it in virtue. Now if such be the case, as it most undoubtedly is, we may easily imagine what a height of perfection Father Schneider attained, when his whole life was impregnated with so constant and so filial a devotion to the foster father of Sanctity itself. St. Joseph who had been his consoler in life, smoothed likewise his passage to eternity: and Fr. Schneider's death in 1868 was, like that of the Faithful Servant himself, the bright dawn of eternal day.

Not to sever the cord of triple strand, of charity on the one side, and of zeal and gratitude on the other, that linked the early days of the Canada Mission one with the other, and bound them all to Rev. Father Chazelle, we have considerably outrun our dates. When most of these results just described were actually realized, this indefatigable laborer had already been called to his rest. He had returned to Kentucky, in October, 1839, and was, the following year, succeeded in his double office of Superior and President of St. Mary's by Rev. Fr. W. Murphy. Soon afterwards he departed on matters of business for Rome, and returned again to the country of his adoption as Superior of the

little band of missionaries, including Fathers Tellier, F. Martin, D. Duranquet, Luiset and three lay brothers, which, at the request of Mgr. Bourget left Europe in 1842 for the Canada branch of our mission, and was occupied, prior to the erection of St. Mary's College, in our residence of the Assumption at Sandwich, and of St. Francis Xavier, at La Prairie.

As Rev. Father Chazelle now ceases to figure in our sketch, we cannot dismiss his name without a few words on the death of this saintly religious, the father of our mission. In the Summer of 1845, Very Rev. Fr. Boulanger, and his companion, Rev. Fr. Hus, extended their visit to the Indian Missions of Upper Canada.

The good missionaries in these regions, deprived in great measure of the community-life of the Society, and almost perfect strangers to those family joys it knows so well how to foster, had looked forward with unbounded delight to this visit, as to the dawn of a new era for their apostolic labors. A letter written some months later by Fr. P. Point, says that when they actually saw among them these representatives of the head of the Society, they gave themselves up unreservedly to the joys of the present and hopes of the future. But it adds: "Will not, perhaps these last prove an illusion? For we are not wont, we children of St. Ignatius, long to bask in the sunshine." The good Father was right in his apprehensions, and this very letter was to bring to V. R. F. Boulanger the first news of the sickness and death of him on whom most of their hopes for the future were based.

At the conclusion of the visit it was determined to push the labors of the Society more to the North-West, and revive if possible the old settlements of our first Fathers in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie. Fr. Chazelle was deputed to visit that part of the country, and to decide on the possibility of founding a residence there to be the nucleus of future missionary labors through the surrounding country.



On the 8th of August, full of joy at the prospect of opening a new field for God's glory, Fr. Chazelle started for Detroit, where he was to take the steamboat for Mackinaw, and there find another which would carry him to the Sault. Having arrived at Mackinaw, he found no vessel ready to start, so he travelled on as far as Green Bay, to see if it might not be possible to start a permanent residence among the tribes bordering on the Rivière du Loup—a river along which, almost two hundred years before, Fr. Marquette had travelled in the voyage which led to the discovery of the Mississippi. The very day after his arrival at Green Bay, Fr. Chazelle had a slight attack of fever, which increased to such an extent that, shortly after, he was forced to take to his bed. While in this state of suffering, he heard that a steamboat was on the point of starting for Mackinaw. At this news it was impossible to keep him back:—sick as he was, he literally leaped from his bed into the saddle, and hastened towards the wharf. But God, for whose glory he sought these new fatigues, was satisfied with his good will; and the same loving Master who, years before, in Kentucky, had sent him forth on an errand of charity that he might not be an eye-witness of the calamity that was to befall his flock, this time, with like fatherly providence, prevented his setting out; lest, as his end was approaching, he who had been an angel of consolation at so many death-beds, should himself die where he must needs be deprived of the last consolations of his religion.

Despite all his haste, Father Chazelle learned to his sorrow, that he was too late; the boat had already started, and he had no alternative but to retrace his steps. Once more at the house, he again sank under his illness, now, owing, perhaps, to the excitement his late effort had caused, more violent than before. In the midst of his acute pains, as if to gain strength from the example of his suffering mother, he often reverted to the Society and its recent trials in Europe. It was in the same spirit in which, about a

month before, hearing of new persecutions excited against us by the English Government, he had cried out with sudden enthusiasm: Wicked men that they are; they wish to kill my mother!

The missionary priest of Green Bay attended him in his sickness, and despairing of his recovery, administered to him the last sacraments. Almost immediately the holy religious fell into a protracted agony which ended only with his life, four days later, Sept. 4th, 1845. He was fifty-six years old, and had been twenty-three years in the Society.

The Indians, for whom he was planning works fraught with so much good, carried his remains to an humble resting place in the quiet cemetery near "The Fathers' Rapids." This place belonged of old to the missionaries of the Society in these regions; and it was a strange contrast to the "long, long views" of poor devising man, that he who hoped to revive these once flourishing missions, and instil new life into these neglected works, should expose himself to numberless dangers and fatigues, and arrive on the spot, only to be received, he too, as they had been, into the arms of all-absorbing death. It is indeed the same contrast as is exhibited in man's very nature:

"An heir to glory: a frail child of dust."

But Father Chazelle had now ceased to be the frail child of dust, and had entered on his inheritance of glory.

Worthy brother of St. Francis Xavier, whose burning zeal seemed, in him, to live again, he died, as his holy predecessor, far away from his brethren, with none but strangers to receive his last sigh, and with his eyes turned yearningly towards the fields he had already in spirit conquered for Christ. These indeed were kindred spirits, "one in willing and in not willing the same;" and the voice that called away the pure soul of Father Chazelle, was that of the loving Master of both, about to give to beings such as they, one in spirit, one abode.

(To be continued.)

## A VISIT TO CHICAGO.

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FLORISSANT, MARCH 28th, 1873.

REV. DEAR FATHER :

P. C.

On Tuesday, the 18th inst., I reached Chicago, by the Illinois Central R. R., whose depot is on the lake, in the heart of the lately burned district. I was rather surprised not to see around me that bleak charred plain, of which so much was said and written after last year's terrible conflagration. As I walked up to State street, and rode in the street cars along State and Madison streets, I saw, it is true, some empty spots and remnants of fires; but nearly all the houses had been rebuilt for miles around, and that on a grander scale and in a more elegant style than before. I had heard much of the enterprise of the Chicago people, but of such work, as I saw had been done here, I never had had any conception. It is not my purpose to give a sketch of the wordly, but of the spiritual life of this great city. Still I may say that such buildings as are rare beauties in rival Western cities, stand here in long rows along entire squares, all the rapid growth of the last twelve months, and still substantial five and six story edifices, with richly wrought and handsomely adorned fronts. No wonder the inhabitants are said to be getting prouder of their city than ever.

I arrived at our Church in the Western part of the city, about 8½, A. M., and from that moment have not ceased to wonder and rejoice at the rich harvest, which is here being gathered in for the granaries of our dear Lord. Our Fathers and Brethren of Chicago will, I hope, excuse me

if I reveal some glimpse of the spiritual treasures which they are so laboriously hoarding up, and which their modesty or want of leisure, or both, keep from the knowledge of others. It must be remembered that, sixteen years ago, Chicago did not yet figure in the catalogue of our province, Soon after a residence was founded, and thus all that is the the subject of edification here is the work of a few years.

When I reached our Church on 12th street, near Blue Island Avenue, the last Mass was just over: though a common week day, a large congregation was pouring from the capacious-basement, where minor services are held in winter. The Church itself is a noble structure, the finest I have seen in America. It is 214 ft. long by 73 with a transept of 120, interior height 100 ft. Some twelve years ago, one of our most esteemed Fathers remarked of it: "A magnificent Church, but standing in the wilderness—*Vox clamantis in deserto*"; and such it was. It had been built in the prairie, some miles away from what was then Chicago. But its pastor and builder had rightly understood the place and its prospects; Catholics soon flocked around the new Church, purchased small and cheap lots, and built modest dwellings. Many of these settlers owe their sober habits, as well as their temporal prosperity, entirely to the exertions of their zealous pastors. From the beginning, schools were established, the families frequently visited, and various societies organized. Soon the ladies of the Sacred Heart were induced to build a convent in the parish, and, besides their Academy for boarders and day scholars, to open a school for the parish children. About ten years ago a fire consumed the boys' school next to the Church. It was a master-stroke of Providence. Advantage was taken of this by the energetic pastor to build a splendid school, which the city common schools should look up to with envy. Meanwhile the parish spread rapidly. When I visited Chicago four years ago, the Church, seen from the top of the Court House, looked to me like a huge elephant standing

in the midst of a countless herd of sheep. Two stations had been opened for schools, and one for Sunday service, in remote parts of the parish. A second sisterhood had been called in to aid in the education of the girls. Having seen all this formerly, I was prepared to be much edified at what I was going once more to behold. But I was not prepared to witness the progress since made. The very first scene delighted me. There stood before me not only that huge Church, but, next to it, a College newly built, by the side of which the Church looked like a dwarf. The photographed pictures of the College are far from doing justice to the magnificence of its front. The cordial reception, which greeted me at the threshold, made me feel once again, what I had often experienced before, that for one home left in the world, we have gained many in religion. I hastened to offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, when a new surprise delighted me. Though the morning was advanced, and all the services were over, I found a respectable congregation at once gathered before the altar, such as I could not help reflecting I could not meet on many a winter Sunday, at the two Masses of the little country Church, in which I exercised the ministry. Most justly it is said, "Amat magnas Ignatius urbes." On the next day, the feast of St. Joseph, holy communions were plentiful, but as I did not intend then to write this account, I did not take the trouble of inquiring how many. That night at 7½, there was a congregation of probably some fourteen hundred people to hear the praises of St. Joseph and receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Friday night a much larger congregation still assisted at the Way of the Cross. These are nearly all working people, who, after the fatigue of a busy day, (such as business is in Chicago, where every vehicle and every pedestrian hurries along as if the city were still on fire) can be gathered at any time, and to any number for devotional services in their beloved Church. In fact, every day had its own edifying sights.

It would make this sketch unreasonably long were I to attempt a description of this Church's interior decorations. In fact, though I spent a long time in it, I did not see all; it would take several hours to explore all its beauties. Its high altar is magnificent, in its ornaments, and in symmetry with the entire edifice. Every stained window with its varied figures and designs, every confessional with its appropriately carved emblems and statues, the new stations of the "via crucis," the pulpit, nay every carved panel of the communion railing with its suggestive devices, might furnish subjects for separate comment. Large as the building was at first, it has had to be extended already by the addition of 40 feet to the front. Above the entrance is a gallery as capacious as many a city church, and above this is the organ-loft with that superb organ, the largest church organ in the United States, which it had been the noble ambition of our much-lamented Fr. Smarius, and the object of his zealous exertions during the last years of his life to erect to the honor of God;—that, when his own eloquent voice should no longer send its thunders through the arches of the vast building, and charm the ears of a delighted audience, the organ might take up and prolong the strain of praise unto distant generations. He did not live to hear therich music issue from its wilderness of pipes; but the first time they sent forth the tones of requiem, was at a funeral Mass for the repose of his departed spirit.

I had taken the leisure time of one afternoon to examine the Church; that of another afternoon was devoted to see the College. Its interior division of rooms and halls does not appear to be so happy and appropriate as it is liberal and grand. But other objects of observation were most gratifying and surprising. Though less than three years has elapsed since the College was built and opened, it counts already over 170 pupils and bids fair to count four or five hundred in a few years more. About one third of these boys come from the parochial school, which serves

the purpose of a preparatory course to the College; all but a dozen are Catholics, and that not in name only, but in spirit also. The institution is already provided with a very large and select library and a very valuable collection of minerals, the finest I have ever seen in any of our Colleges. As good Father Smarius procured the organ, so another of the zealous missionaries, who is passionately fond of natural history, never returns from his excursions without bringing along some trunks full of the choicest specimens.—But it was on Sunday my enthusiasm of joy and admiration reached its height. I will not speak of numerous congregations crowding the Church every hour of the morning, as in many other Catholic churches; but only mention what is peculiar and that briefly. At 7 o'clock, A. M., the drum and fife were heard, and a band of young musicians was seen marching from the school-house to the Church, at the head of a procession of some three hundred boys. The drums were deposited near the side altar, and all the boys received holy communion. We were three priests distributing holy communion at that mass, and I was tired when it was over. The Church was crowded and at the same time another congregation was hearing Mass in the basement. Every Sunday has some sodality or other at communion. That of the married men counts five hundred members, that of the women three hundred; there is one of young men lately started, and counting already about one hundred and fifty, another of young ladies, I believe, three hundred. On the Sunday of my visit some twelve hundred sacred hosts were distributed though there had been many communions on St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's days, during the foregoing week. At 9 o'clock I saw about eight hundred girls at Mass in the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, who have one of the parish schools. The pupils booked this year amount to over a thousand—about seven hundred and fifty in daily attendance. There are seven hundred and eighty at the parish school of the

Ladies of the Sacred Heart, besides seventy boarders and fifty day scholars of their Academy. The boys amount to twenty-one hundred, besides the College students, daily attendance being between sixteen and eighteen hundred. I saw some thirteen hundred of them at Mass, and listened to the instruction given them. It was an explanation of the catechism well adapted to their youthful minds.— In the afternoon there were the various Sunday schools. To attract pupils to these, there are three different papers published by the Sunday School Board, viz., two monthlies and one bi-monthly, so that every Sunday a paper is given gratis to all who come in time; where more than one child belongs to the same family, pictures are given to the younger ones. That day about twenty-six hundred papers were thus given out. The usual number distributed each month is eleven thousand. During the week twenty secular teachers are employed in the boys' school alone, five men and fifteen women. Whence comes the money to pay all these, and to support the sisterhood, and furnish the publications? Every school is self-supporting: there are no poor schools, and still all the poor children are received, and treated exactly like the others. This is one of the chief sources of success. The schools are thus made respectable; in fact they are far ahead of the common schools of the neighborhood, whose class rooms are partly vacant. Another source of success is the incomparable tact and indefatigable industry of the one Father and one Brother who manage all these schools and edit the three periodicals mentioned. Their industry is admirably imitated by the Sisters, who educate the female portion. If the boys march in the procession with military bands and uniforms, the varied scarfs and endless lines of the girls delight parents and strangers, and an enthusiasm for the schools, which seems to be peculiar to the Chicago people, has thus been produced and supported for years and years; it must be witnessed to be fully appreciated. What



the two just mentioned are doing for the parish schools, others of our members are accomplishing for the new College, others for the sodalities of the parish, and others on the missions. Every one has a wide field for his zeal; five Fathers would at once find more work than they could attend to; in fact, the calls for laborers would be indefinite.

But I find, dear Father, that if I were to describe all that consoled me at Chicago, my letter too would run to an indefinite length. It is too long already, and still I have not yet described the branch schools for boys and for girls established in two remote parts of the parish, nor the Church of St. Stanislaus, similarly situated and till lately used for Sunday service alone. But now two Fathers have taken up their residence there. By taking in galleries and school rooms, this Church has been made capable of receiving many hundreds, and yet it is so crowded on Sundays, passages and stairs-cases and school yard included, that, as one of the sisters quaintly remarked to me, there is no use for a lady to faint, she cannot be taken out anyhow. This Summer a large Church is to be built there, with a basement fourteen feet high, and extending the whole length of the edifice so as to furnish two Churches at once.

As I am only relating a visit I need not speak of the missionaries whose base of operations is at Chicago. A letter, which arrived while I was there, announced to Father Rector the happy conclusion of a mission at Scranton with twelve thousand communions, nineteen converts, two hundred adult first communicants, etc., but I found it was scarcely minded, such items being commonplace there. All these gratifying works of salvation are of course performed by many hands. But there is one man, who has been constantly the soul and heart of this vigorous body of laborers, whose name is written in the hearts, not only of all his thousands of parishioners, but of

many more thousands of the faithful scattered over this wide country. I need not add that it is likewise written in the hearts of his loving brethren. I remain,

Rev. Dear Father,

Respectfully yours in the S. Heart,  
C. C., S. J.

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BRAZIL—MISSION OF FORTALEZA.  
EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF FR. ONORATI.

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FORTALEZA, JUNE 3rd, 1872.

After conferences at Fortaleza during the whole month of April, I was requested by the Bishop to conduct the exercises of May. I soon learned that the devotions of that month were very popular here, for not only do they take place in the Churches, but also with much fervor even in families. Nevertheless they seldom amount to more than a sermon, some hymns, and the customary fireworks. I was told, however, that for three years past the Bishop had forbidden the usual devotion at the Cathedral, on account of scandal arising from the conduct of some young libertines, who choose this occasion for the profanation of the holy place. This news rather cooled my ardor, the more so as the Bishop's previous kindness led me to think that he had concealed the difficulties out of pure condescension. I had almost concluded to quit Fortaleza, and, seeing how matters stood, I deemed it advisable to cancel the engagement I had made to remain for the month of Mary; but the Vicar General insisted that the people relied upon me

to preach, that the singers were ready, that our fears were exaggerated and that it would be a pity to disappoint the congregation. My doubts were renewed: still all this parley brought us to the month of May, and, as I was forced to await the arrival of a steamer, I began the instructions. From the-very first day the Church was crowded, the majority of the congregation being men, and this, too, while similar exercises were going on in the other Churches, colleges and religious institutions. At the Cathedral all went on well. During the first week, indeed, I heard some complaints, but, upon inquiring into the matter myself, I was happy to find that the faults committed were not grievous, and, better still, that they were not numerous.

As I conducted the exercises according to Fr. Muzzarelli's method, I waited till the meditation on *scandals*; then I inveighed against the profanation of Churches with all the vehemence of which I was capable, saying whatever zealous indignation suggested. It would not have been surprising had they stoned me after the sermon; but nothing of the kind happened. I obtained what I desired, and, without any falling off in the number of hearers, greater decorum was observed. I was desirous of preaching to the free-masons during this month, so as to lead them to confession; but no one at all came to confession the first week, not even the women. Then to obtain the desired effect, I thought of disposing the meditations more in accordance with the exercises of St. Ignatius. What admirable graces are attached to the exercises! the meditations upon Confession and Hell roused even many free-masons from their torpor; and from that time forward I was so incessantly occupied in the confessional, that, till the end of the month, I had scarcely a moment of repose night or day.

I must not omit to mention the consolation I experienced in the spirit and conduct of my penitents. The month of Mary produced great fruit among the free-masons. I have

heard the confessions of many, some of whom were of a high grade, as was clear from the diplomas they handed me. One of the newspapers, a most impious sheet, contained long articles ridiculing those who had been caught in the Jesuit nets. I must not pass over an edifying fact in this connection. The first of these advanced free-masons gave me his diploma, which I conveyed under secret, as was my duty, to the Bishop. A few days after I read in the above-mentioned journal that the certificate in question had found its way into the hands of the Bishop's Secretary. I was very much troubled, fearing that some of the Bishop's household had let out the secret; and as the convert attended all the May devotions regularly, I sought him immediately and explained all the precautions I had taken in the matter, as well as my astonishment at seeing the fact made public. He grasped my hand and told me not to mind it, because he took pleasure in being thus taunted.

Another free-mason, of a still higher grade, was if possible turned into still greater ridicule by the *Cearense*. He had formerly been an apostle of free-masonry, now he dissuades others from joining by explaining to them the anti-Christian machinations of the order, secrets with which he was well acquainted, having once been proposed as Secretary of the *Grand-Orient*. This man had not missed a single one of my conferences and had proposed all his doubts, out of confession, before solemnly renouncing the sect.

Next to the free-masons, those who gave me most consolation were the pupils of the Lyceum and the *Caixeiros* (warehouse clerks). The influence of this class in Brazil is well known. The Bishop was more surprised at the success than anyone else, because they had gone so far as to insult his Lordship in the public streets. They came in crowds to me, so that confessions of students and clerks became proverbial in the whole city. These young people encouraged one another to approach the Holy Tribunal. They

confessed and communicated separately and returned for Corpus Christi. These are now our most intimate friends and that for more than one reason, as you will soon see.

As the Blessed Virgin recompensed my labor and fatigue with so much liberality, I proposed to have on the feast of Corpus Christi something unknown in this country—a general communion. Hearing too that no procession had taken place for some years, owing to want of funds, I proposed from the pulpit to renew this act of religion. I succeeded in both undertakings beyond my expectations. More than one thousand of the faithful received communion from the hands of the Bishop, and, for greater convenience, about five hundred others communicated in other Churches. Altogether nearly three thousand received Holy Communion. A well-informed person told me to-day that there were not so many Communion in the whole city during the last ten years as in the Cathedral alone on Corpus Christi. Nearly all the recently-converted free-masons, many men of every rank, young people and children, not excepting those who had but lately made their first communion, and in fine a great number of ladies took part in this general communion. I distributed as souvenirs of the month of Mary the prayer of Fr. Zucchi to the Blessed Virgin, the prayer of St. Aloysius, and the hymns of the month, in a Portuguese translation. I had read them several days in succession, and the people relished them so much, that many, to avoid forgetting them, wrote whilst I was saying them, and others came to ask me for them.

As to the procession of Corpus Christi, the President of the Province was the first to lend his assistance and contributed two thousand francs. This man came often to the conferences and gave me much encouragement. He ordered two battalions to accompany the procession, and he himself with all the high functionaries joined in the celebration with much display. But what proves how well

my words were attended to is, that having mentioned the European custom of strewing flowers on the streets and decorating the houses (a thing never done here), nearly all the private houses were adorned with hangings and the streets strewed with flowers. On our return to the Church I said a few words about the Holy Sacrament and retired; I had not entered the Sacristy when I was informed that the people were waiting for the exercises of the month of May; and that if I did not intend to have the accustomed devotions it would be well to announce it from the pulpit. The Church, nave and tribune, was filled with people; I judged at once that it would not be advisable to omit the ordinary sermon. I hastened to the Bishop's house to get my book, and on my return I had to wait half an hour for the musicians. During the interval the happy thought occurred to me of putting off the closing exercise until the following Sunday. Besides I felt urged to recommend in the last discourse devotion to the Blessed Virgin and St. Aloysius, to obtain for the people the virtue of purity, so difficult in this country. I made the announcement, telling them that I would for two days discourse on the Blessed Virgin, the Patron of Chastity, and finish on the following Sunday with an act of consecration to our Holy Mother. My words excited so much devotion towards St. Aloysius, that as we had neither statue nor painting of this Saint, the Bishop suggested that we might obtain from Messegiana a statue given by the old Society. I encouraged all the young men to form in procession on the day assigned, recommending likewise the whole population to give an honorable reception to their Patron; and went myself for the statue, Messegiana being two leagues from Fortaleza. I have today informed the President of my plans, that he may take all the precautions necessary for maintaining order. I hope that St. Louis of Gonzaga will do much for the youth of this city. The Bishop, whose name is Louis, had commenced a church in honor of his Patron, but, as it was too

small, all the work so far done was thrown down and a larger edifice begun. The President told me that the Architect had finished the new plan and that the Government would contribute 50,000 francs towards the erection of the new building. To-day (4th of June) I went to Messeggiana, where the Society formerly had a residence, to teach catechism to the Indians. The Church alone remains, the house having been razed to the ground with a Vandalism of which none but the partisans of Pombal could be guilty. I have seen the statue of St. Louis of Gonzaga: but in point of fact it is but the representation of St. Ignatius with the head of a child. Imagine a Saint clothed in the habit of the Society pointing with his right hand to an open book which he holds in his left, and judge if that is intended for a statue of St. Louis Gonzaga. Still the people honor it all the same, and this statue will certainly be liked by the young folks.

Another fruit of this month of Mary was the establishment of a society for Catholic instruction, proposed and in part planned by myself. Its object is to advance in knowledge its own members as well as others; and connected with it will be a newspaper, a printing office and a private library; a sermon and Benediction will be given for it in the Cathedral every Sunday. The Bishop is the Director of this association which was founded on the Feast of Corpus Christi.

(Another letter from Pernambuco completes the details given in the preceding.)

PERNAMBUCO, JUNE 22nd, 1872.

Fr. Onorati writes to tell us how he succeeded in conveying the statue of St. Aloysius from Messeggiana to Fortaleza. The inhabitants of the former city were at first unwilling to let him have the statue and difficulty was anticipated. Fr. Onorati remained with them for some days,

and so far won their good-will as to prevail on them to lend their statue to the people of Fortaleza. The contract for the loan (I do not know for how long a time) was drawn up with great solemnity in the Church, in the presence of a notary. Men and women, great and small, young and old, insisted on accompanying the statue by the almost impassable route. Fr. Onorati alone, with surplice and stole, went on horseback. When the procession arrived at some distance from Fortaleza, the whole city poured out to meet it, making the welkin ring with their joyous acclamations. Fr. Onorati says he never in his life saw so consoling a spectacle; he estimated the number present at about 25,000. At the city gates the military band joined them, and the statue of St. Aloysius was borne into the city with solemn ceremonies.

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## FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

### FOURTH LETTER.

REV. AND VERY DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

When last I took leave of my readers, I left them to muse over the beauties of Portland, the Archiepiscopal See of Oregon. It is the most important city of the State with a population of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is comfortably located on the banks of the Willamette river, some twenty miles above its confluence with the Columbia. It is connected by rail, and partly also by water, with the interior of the country and with Salem, the capital of the State.

From the convent and Academy conducted by the Sisters of the "*Names of Jesus and Mary*," and situated in an



elevated part of the city, a truly ravishing panorama is spread out before the gaze of the beholder. Everything there tells of nature's exhaustless resources and inimitable grandeur. But what chiefly lends sublimity to the picture, are the glaciers and snow-capped peaks of the Cascade Mountains. There are Mt. Hellen, Mt. Adams, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Jefferson and the Two Sisters—every one of them with an elevation of about twelve thousand feet; but far above them all towers aloft the giant form of Mt. Hood to a height of fourteen thousand feet—an eternal monument of Almighty power, compared to which the Titanic efforts of ambitious mortals are less than a grain of dust in the balance.

The Catholic population of Portland is almost exclusively Irish. I found only some forty German Catholic families, and a very slight sprinkling of French. In fact, along the whole Pacific Coast the Catholic element is represented by the ubiquitous sons of the Emerald Isle. Germans, French and Spaniards form but an insignificant minority. At the commencement of my missionary campaign in 1869, the Germans had not a single church of their own, until in San Francisco they secured the provisional one mentioned in a former communication. I also succeeded, after great efforts, in obtaining another for them at Marysville, dedicated to Saint Theresa. In all other places they were obliged to go to the English or French Churches.

I had heard much of the influx of German Catholics to this part of the world, but a little personal experience soon corrected any misconceptions on this point. There is in reality no German Catholic Emigration worthy of the name to the Pacific. Even in San Francisco I found scarcely one fifth of the number accredited to that city. Instead of twenty thousand, as report would have it, I do not think that there are more than three or four thousand in all, practical and non-practical. In other localities, in which vast numbers were said to have congregated, I came across

only a few scattered families. I succeeded at last in tracing these exaggerated statements to their source. The priests, who are mostly Irish, French or Mexicans, took for granted that the Germans whom they knew, were nearly all Catholics, though not practical. You may imagine the surprise of these good pastors, when most of these supposed Catholics turned out to be either Protestants or Jews.

The reasons, which have so far kept the tide of German Catholic Emigration from flowing in this direction, are simple enough. California and the Pacific slope were first settled by adventurers, goaded on by an insatiate greed of gold and willing to do without any settled domicile or habitation. Such a life may suit the beggared *chevalier de fortune*, restless as the "Wandering Jew"—or the reckless *voyageur*, equally ready to pitch his tent upon the barren plain to-day and, like the roving Arabs, to fold it and plunge into deeper, lonelier solitude to-morrow. But your honest Catholic German, whose domestic virtues are proverbial, is none of these. He loves to linger about his homestead however humble, and to gather his children around the family hearth. It must go very hard with him before he can make up his mind to sunder the dearest, holiest ties that nature knows—those of kindred and of home.

Another reason was the difficulty of reaching the Pacific Coast in former times. To cross the never-ending plains with a team of oxen, which crept along at a snail's pace, was feasible for a Yankee or a Missouri farmer, but not for a German. To go by water and tempt the deep again, after the first experiment in the steerage of a leaky sailing vessel, was perhaps tolerable for an exile of Erin, accustomed from childhood up to see the threatening breakers dash against his native island, but it was not very inviting for an immigrant from the continent of Europe.

But more than all, the inland states had peculiar charms of their own. The region watered by the Mississippi and its

many tributaries was the "El Dorado" of the German. There he saw fertile fields, that were a more unfailing source of honest wealth than boasted mines of gold. Thither, too, many of his countrymen had already preceded him, and this fact alone was magic to his soul; for of the Germans in particular it is true, that "birds of a feather flock together." Hence it is, that throughout Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, they form the larger and wealthier Congregations, while in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic States they are but slimly represented. This obliged me to preach almost exclusively in English, and to content the Germans by hearing their confessions and giving them the leading points of the meditation or instruction in their own tongue.

The French, as far as I am aware, have four congregations on the Pacific Coast; and I gave missions to them also in their own churches. Where they had no separate parishes, but lived mixed up with the English speaking population, I did with them as I did with the Germans.

What a blessing it would be, if every missionary in the United States had the Apostolic gift granted to St. Francis Xavier! Then all his hearers might say of him as the Jews did on Pentecost day: "We have heard him in our own tongues speaking the wonderful works of God."

I have learned by sad experience to realize the difficulty of addressing congregations composed of different nationalities. It generally doubles the number of sermons and instructions to be given; and, as a mission usually lasts from eight to ten days, it becomes necessary to address the people in each language from thirty to forty times. In such cases the sermons and instructions are, of course, shortened; still they take up a considerable time and are much more fatiguing for the preacher than when he has to speak only in one language.

Even when one nationality is very slimly represented, and only the leading points of the meditations or instructions

are given, the work is not without its own peculiar inconveniences. Under the pressure of such circumstances I sometimes say jestingly to the pastors, that I would like to suggest, as an addition to the Litanies: "From mixed Congregations, deliver us, O Lord!" Even the Pastors themselves find it impossible to satisfy all the various nationalities that frequently make up the same congregation. Nor is this at all surprising since even the Apostles experienced this difficulty in their own day. For we read in Holy Writ: "Et factus est murmur inter Graecos et Hebraeos." Wherever it is possible, it is desirable for each nationality to have its own church; the peace and harmony thus secured are enough to outweigh any other considerations.

The first mission in Oregon took place in the Cathedral of Portland. It had been already announced, and began immediately upon my arrival there. Supposing that the reader would rather see an account by one who witnessed it than by the one who gave it, I send you an article from the pen of a certain Mr. McCormick, one of the most respectable members of the Congregation. Each one will know how to make allowance for the enthusiasm of first impressions, in a region of the earth where the labors of a priest are apt to excite a degree of astonishment which they would not excite any where else; so, he will guard against ascribing to the missionary more than he would dare to claim for himself in the secrets of his own heart.

Oregon, Oct. 5th, 1869.

"The Catholics of Portland have recently enjoyed the rare blessing of a glorious mission conducted by the zealous missionary, Father F. X. Weninger, S. J., through whose perseverance and pious admonitions a most happy result has been accomplished. Our situation prior to the labors of the good missionary may well be compared to a garden which had been suffered to remain uncultivated for many years, where noxious weeds had supplanted the beautiful flowers which had hitherto blossomed within its boundaries. But Fr. Weninger came, and like a skilful gardener he uprooted the weeds of sin, and made the garden of our holy faith a blooming sanctuary of saved souls.

His plain language makes a lasting impression on the heart; but neither language nor eloquence can express the zeal which he infuses

into the hearts of his hearers, and the enthusiasm with which they enroll themselves under the standard of the Cross. With the blessing of God, all the good Father requires is that a tiny spark of Catholic faith should smoulder in the hearts of those who listen to him; and if they are true to themselves, and listen to his practical admonitions, he will not only fan that spark into a flame, but he will enkindle the fire of divine love in the hearts of all the faithful.

To say that his mission was a success, gives but a faint idea of the work achieved. The amount of good accomplished was almost miraculous. Many a poor soul who had wandered about for years, never knowing the consolations of our holy creed, and never tasting of the fruit of the tree of eternal life, has been recovered to purity and peace of conscience. God strengthen the good Father in his great work. May he live many years, so that he may be enabled to give renewals of the missions to every parish where he has erected a mission cross; and thus have the inexpressible joy of beholding visibly the fruit of his labors."

From the Capital of Oregon, I started to give a mission to a Canadian Congregation at a station called St. Louis. It was a relief to find that nearly all were French and acquainted with "la belle langue." Among those, who go by the name of French in the United States, and especially in Oregon, but few are natives of France; many are Canadians who have exchanged their own country for the States in order to improve their temporal condition. Quite a number of them pour into the North-Western portion of our Republic to trade and live with the Indians. They frequently intermarry with the wild men of the forests, and their children are called *Métives* or half-breeds. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that the French, who are the representatives of social refinement, are drawn, as it were, by a sort of fascination to amalgamate with these savages. Even Frenchmen of wealth and standing are found here, who prefer to link their fortunes to those of an Indian squaw rather than to a lady of their own race. It is a startling confirmation of the well-known proverb: "extrema tangunt,—extremes meet." The *Métives* or offspring of such marriages are a mixture of French and Indian in character as well as in blood; and it is interesting to note in them the vivacity of

one parent combined with the meditative seriousness of the other. On leaving the church after a sermon, these *Metics* may be often seen solitary and pensive, leaning on a fence and musing over what they have heard. Many of them speak, or at least understand, French enough to profit by a sermon. If they are unable to confess in French they do it by an interpreter.

And here I cannot but remark in passing, that the efficacy and power of a mission seem to be pretty much the same for all nationalities. The enlightening, touching and strengthening power of divine grace is equally great, no matter who are the hearers of God's holy Word. Though it has been my duty and my consolation for these twenty-five years to give missions in all the States from New York to Vancouver's Island, I have always found new reasons to admire the wonderful changes produced by the exercises of our Holy Founder, in all hearts and under all sorts of circumstances. What is especially remarkable is the unmistakable fact that these results are by no means due to the exertions of the Missionary, but purely to the mercy of Him, who says: "Miserebor cujus misereor, et misericordiam praestabo cujus misereor." It would really seem that the missionary, who sees these results for which he knows himself to be utterly insufficient, ought to be exempt from any failings of self-complacency and feel like exclaiming: "Digitus Dei est hic."

All nationalities evince the same zeal to profit by the affluence of graces, which generally attends the Spiritual Exercises and which at the very dawn of the Society made a Xavier, a Borgia and a Faber. The delicate, the sluggish and the indifferent, nay those who openly scoff at religion and profess a practical infidelity, feel the magic influence of the mission and brave heat and cold, snow and ice. One instance just now occurs to my mind. Last Winter, on one of the coldest days, a weak and infirm Irish lady came for a distance of thirteen miles, on foot and fasting, to

receive Communion and to assist at the mission. She was obliged to leave home shortly after two o'clock A. M. It was a bitter cold night, on the shores of Lake Michigan; and she was all alone. But faith can surmount all obstacles.

The zeal of the Germans was known to me of old in their own country. In the Tyrol, they would cross the Alps every day in winter, at an elevation of three or four thousand feet in order to attend a mission. They would form into caravans, all wearing snow-shoes; and joining hands they would form a long line across the mountains with the stoutest men at the head, and the weakest boys, girls and aged people making up the rear. Sometimes, as early as four o'clock in the morning, they would stand all covered with snow at the doors of the church. Still these sturdy mountaineers did not show more zeal to assist at a mission than do their countrymen in their adopted country on this side of the Atlantic. I shall refer to but one instance among many. I was giving a mission in Iowa. It was the day set apart for the special instruction of the married men and fathers of families.

At the very moment when the ceremony was to have begun the alarm was given that a prairie fire was raging in the neighborhood. We all proceeded to the door of the Church. The flames were advancing just in the direction of the barns, fences and houses of my audience. Instead of running at once to save their homesteads and crops, they called on me, ready to stay or go, as I should decide; for they were determined to stay and hear the sermon out, even at the risk of seeing their houses laid in ashes. I could not help exclaiming: "That's glorious!—I thank you for this example of zeal which you have given to hear the word of God. But hasten home now and save your worldly possessions; this is the will of God to-day." They did as I had bid them, and left me to admire their heroic determination to profit by the grace of the mission.

The same eagerness is found in the French. I should rather say that they distinguish themselves at a mission by more manifest signs of enthusiasm. At a mission given in a French country congregation, where even at Easter there had not been more than nine communicants, a hundred and nine young men stood before the confessional on the day set apart for them. I had to spend the whole night to hear them and to admit them to the Holy Table on the following day. In another French congregation the trustees of the Church advanced towards me on their knees to thank me in the name of the congregation for the mission I had given. Such edifying incidents might be multiplied *ad indefinitum*; but I must return to my movements on the Pacific Coast.

During the mission at St. Louis a letter arrived from the Rev. Fr. Rector of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, with a request to open a mission in the College Church on the Sunday before Advent and to continue it until the feast of the Immaculate Conception, on which day the Œcumenical Council at the Vatican was to be opened.—I had therefore, to return immediately to San Francisco.

Immediately after the close of the mission I took the stage from St. Louis to Portland. What a dreadful journey! It suggested another addition to the Litanies: "From a stage ride in Oregon and Washington Territory, deliver us, O Lord!" One day's travelling on such a vehicle and on such a road shakes one's bones a hundred times more than the thousands of miles from Cincinnati to San Francisco.

I often thank heaven for the application of steam to travelling purposes, while I recall the humorous remark ascribed to the great St. Philip Neri "All is vanity except a carriage on a muddy road." Steam and Electricity make us almost ubiquitous, and give us advantages for the promotion of God's greater glory, never possessed by our zealous fore-fathers. What precious auxiliaries they are to a Jesuit whose first rule says: "Nostrae vocationis est



*diversa loca peragraré.*" If it were only as easy to observe all our Rules as this, I should not have much reason to envy Blessed Berchmans and feel ashamed of myself.

On arriving at Columbia Bar, we found the Pacific in a fearful state of commotion. One steamer had lain for eight days beyond the bar unable to cross it; our position was worse, for we had the storm and the Pacific Ocean full against us. It was already Winter; and in Winter the South wind almost continually lashes the Pacific Ocean into a fury and dashes its maddened waves against the Bar; whilst in Summer the North wind predominates, driving the waves of the Ocean back from the Bar and aiding the course of navigation.

On the first day we tried twice to cross the Bar, but the steamer was only tossed to and fro and exposed to constant danger of being lost. All was useless. We had to give it up and draw back.—During the day I frequently heard the exclamation: "Some Jonas aboard." Such is the superstition of a certain class of seamen, resting on the Scripture story about the disobedient prophet, that they look upon the presence of a priest as a presage of storm and disaster. But observing a change in the air and trusting to a coming northern breeze, I too exclaimed in a loud voice: "Yes, some Jonas aboard; but to-morrow you'll be glad of it, because we shall pass over the Bar." In fact during the night, a strong northern gale arose. We crossed the Bar and moved rapidly onward. The effect was that even Jews, who had laughed when they heard Jonas mentioned, now said publicly: "'Tis a good thing, after all, to have a missionary aboard."

There is a large number of Jews on the Pacific Coast; but most of them belong to the so-called Reformed Israelites, who are, compared to the legal, old Asiatic or Polish Jews, what Protestants are to Catholics. They make light of the Old Law and believe what they please. Very often they are simply Deists, believing in the existence of a God

and nothing else. There is also a number of orthodox Jews on the coast, who have their own synagogues apart from the others. These, as might be expected, are scandalized by the lawless behavior of their Reformed brethren; and they became quite exasperated at table, when they heard the Reformed Jews calling with a loud voice for "ham!! ham!!"

I was particularly amused by the presence of a man who belonged to the so-called sect of the Millenarians. These fanatics think that the elect will celebrate the millenium or revel of a thousand years on earth, and that the time for it is at hand. They have a kind of meeting-house in San Francisco, and pretend that Adam and Eve are already back on Earth, waiting for the commencement of this fabled era. Who would believe that well-educated persons would be so blind as to throw themselves into the arms of this absurd denomination. Yet such is actually the fact. The man I refer to, indulged in scribbling poems during our voyage, and certainly possessed some ability and training. I asked him where Adam and Eve might be found. He answered with a solemn countenance and in dead earnest: "They live in the Blue Mountains of Oregon; I have just visited them, and brought them a collection from the members of our denomination in San Francisco." Poor Adam and Eve, who have to subsist on a collection taken up for them in San Francisco!! They certainly deserve our pity. They must feel rather uncomfortable in their Paradise among the Blue Mountains of Oregon.

This gentleman also told me, that the members of his denomination will try to spread over the globe and make proselytes. "I guess you are a missionary?" said he to me; "so am I." I asked him if he meant to make me also a member of his sect. "Certainly," replied he, and looked at me with an expression characteristic of methodist preachers. "If so," said I, "let me have a little talk with you;—do you believe that the Holy Scripture is the word of God and contains the truth?" "Yes, we do."—"How then do you

expect a millenium now, before the resurrection?"—He denied a future resurrection, and said that his sect admits only a kind of transmigration of souls. I then urged the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians. Seeing that he could not escape, he became so excited that he broke up the interview, exclaiming: "I don't care anyhow what St. Paul says. He was a proud man, and a proud man cannot be trusted." I smiled, and he gave up the hope of my conversion. After a very prosperous voyage, we reached San Francisco on the fourth day, in good time to begin the mission at St. Ignatius'.

This mission lasted twelve (12) days and was a source of great consolation to me. As our congregation in San Francisco is very numerous and the occasion was a very solemn one, the concourse of people was immense. At the instruction for the girls alone over two thousand were present, and there were about ten thousand communions in all. At the renewal of the baptismal vows, the younger members of our sodalities, who had just made the first communion, surrounded the baptismal font in the sanctuary. They were decorated with their badges, and behaved in so edifying a manner, and were so earnest in their responses, that the whole congregation which packed the Church lifted up their hands to heaven, and made the arches of the large edifice resound with the words: "A Catholic I am, a Catholic I will remain, a Catholic I will live, a Catholic I will die. Amen, amen." Never will those present at the time forget this impressive scene. On the last day, after the blessing of the mission cross, I usually allow the mothers to come with all their children, including their babes, in order to bless them, and to start the Society of the Holy Infancy. This time at St. Ignatius' the children offered 250 dollars in gold.

I had still to give a mission to the French before the close of the year. They have a Church of their own in San Francisco; but only some females used to frequent it. Indeed, it was said that, with very few exceptions, French-

men were no longer seen at Church in San Francisco. An occasion soon offered itself to convince me of their sad condition. Happening to meet a French workman in the yard of the priest's house, whilst giving the mission at St. Francis, I asked him, "Are you a Frenchman?" "Oui, mon père." "Then I suppose you are a Catholic?" "Oui, je suis un Catholique, Romain, Apostolique." "Do you understand English?" "Oui, mon père." "Do you come to the mission?" "Non, mon père." "Why not?" "Il faut travailler." "But in the evening?" "Je suis fatigué." "Mais le dimanche?" "Il faut se promener." "When did you go to confession last?" "Oh ! c'est long temps passé." "Why do you not go to confession?" "Je n'aime pas la confession." "And you say that you are a Catholic?" "Oui, je vous l'ai déjà dit, je suis un Catholique Romain, Apostolique."

There is a great difference between the Frenchman and German. The Frenchman, though he does not practice his religion, so long as he does not become a positive infidel, always retains in his heart some esteem for our holy faith. In this, as in other points, he resembles his Irish brother.

However disheartening this state of things might be, I determined to make the best of it. I began the mission, trusting in nothing but the infinite mercy of God, and I was not disappointed.—There were even more men than women at the sermons and confessions: and the most consoling thing of all was that the fruit of the mission proved lasting. The pastor told me that during the following Eastertide more than seven hundred persons approached the sacred table, while before the mission there had been but few Easter confessions. I celebrated Christmastide with the German congregation—preached on the evening of the last day of the year, and together with them chanted the "*Te Deum*," thanking God especially for the graces bestowed on me and my labors during the missions on the Pacific Coast.

Yours truly,

F. X. WENINGER, S. J.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS  
AT WOODSTOCK.

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COLLEGIUM SACRATISSIMI CORDIS JESU.

WOODSTOCK, JUNE 20th, 1873.

The scholastic year, just passed away with its fleetness of ceaseless action, has left on Woodstock the impress of many a beautiful change. Not only has the shaggy back of the hill which looked bleak into the house, given way to the practical skill of some and the devoted self-sacrifice of others; not only have we smoothed with green the lawn that takes its place, circled it with pines, and set its centre with ornamental vases; not only have we girded the beauty of the garden and lawn with a walk that winds in the shadow of the trees which crown the hill: but over the beds of our flowering garden, over the valley, its river, and the wooded hills beyond, we have set the crown of all, the image of the Eternal son of God with His Sacred Heart, as the remembrancer of a great and memorable event, as the seal of the solemn and perpetual consecration of Woodstock College to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Why this house has been specially consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, may be gathered from the introduction of Very Rev. Fr. Provincial's Exhortation, given to the community on the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and which we desire to preface with a brief account of the consecration, and of the dedication of its memorial.

Roth took place on the evening of the Feast. At the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, 6 o'clock, P. M., and immediately before the *Tantum Ergo*, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial solemnly read the act of consecration of the College to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Immediately after the Benediction, we left the chapel and went in procession to the front of the house. All bore burning tapers and in the way chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Arrived at the monument, the ranks filed off into the garden walks, while Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, assisted by Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Sestini, remained in front of the statue, in order to perform the blessing.

There was no unveiling of the statue to gratify the vanity of an artist, or to fill with admiration the first gaze of a multitude in suspense. To our thoughts the image unveiled the figure of the unseen God, the beautiful form of the Lord pointing to His Sacred Heart. Nor was there a festive oration to awaken the great thoughts that slumber in the souls of men, for such a one we had heard the evening before, and the eloquent voice of Him, "like whom none ever spoke," sounded in secret through the hearts of many and filled them with thoughts no less than divine. But there was the solemn chant of the choir, there was the holy presence of a religious community, and, at last, the blessing of the monument according to the short but sacred rite of the Church.

When Very Rev. Fr. Provincial had finished this ceremony, we returned in procession to the house, singing as we went the "*Laudamus Dominum*"—our song of praise and thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the blessings with which It had crowned Its own Feast in this Its own College, and among us, the students of the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

A few words now about the monument. It is situated in the centre of our little flower garden, about one hundred feet from the house, and opposite the main entrance. Upon six feet of mason-work, which rises three feet above the level of the garden and is covered with a green mound, there rests a pedestal of granite, massive and simple, with marble tablets in its four sides. This base is seven feet eight inches high. Upon it stands the statue which is made

of zinc, is painted white, and at some distance looks like marble. The monument faces the South, and the marble tablet on this side bears the following inscription in the lapidary style:

CORDI  
IESV · SERVATORIS  
SANCTISSIMO  
IN · CVIVS · FIDE  
COLLEGII · AEDES  
SVNT  
AEREVM · SIGNVM  
SODALES  
AMORIS  
ET · GRATI · ANIMI  
CAVSSA  
PP ·

below which the date is engraven on polished granite.

X̄ · KAL · IVL · AN · M̄ · DCCC · LXXIII

The following inscriptions are on the tablets facing East, West and North, respectively:

O · CAELI  
TERRAEQVE · POTENS  
CLIENTVM · PRECIBVS  
FAVETO  
ELEMENTORVM · IRAS  
AB · AEDIBVS  
TARTAREI · HOSTIS  
INSIDIAS  
ET · VISOS  
INVISOSQVE · MORBOS  
AB · INCOLIS  
DEFENDITO

TIBI  
 HAEC · ARVA · RIDENT  
 ATQVE  
 AGGERE · COMPLANATO  
 HAE · FLORIBVS  
 NITENT · AREOLAE  
 ET  
 PVBES · VNDIQVE · ACCITA  
 VIRTVTIBVS  
 SCIENTIIS · QVE  
 ADOLESCIT.

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QVAS  
 CIRCVM · CERNIS  
 CHRISTO · VRNAE  
 FLORIBVS · HALANT  
 NE · CARPE  
 INCESTO · POLLICE  
 QVISQVE · FVAS

Looking at the monument as it stands, there is nothing that might be called strikingly grand. But it nevertheless embodies the truest conception of the Man-God. The broad, solid, and enduring base of granite reminds one of the unshaken and immovable throne of God. On it stands the white statue, calm and majestic, imaging the Lord as He appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. The calm countenance bends down upon you with heavenly serenity, the left hand points to the Heart of Love, while the right holds the fold of the sacred robe. Lower, perhaps, and nearer the earth than some would have it, the image stands before you with the attractive majesty of our Leader, and the divine humility of the Man-God.

Such is the memorial of the solemn consecration of this College to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, such the divine seal that has been stamped upon this irrevocable act. May it re-



mind us and those who come after us of the deep meaning of this solemn consecration in thoughts, if not so beautiful, still ever as salutary, as those which, on the eve of the Feast, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial proposed for our consideration.

CONSECRATION OF WOODSTOCK COLLEGE TO THE SACRED HEART  
OF JESUS ON THE FEAST OF THE S. HEART, 20 June, 1873.

*"I have sanctified this house to put my name there forever: and my eyes and my heart shall be there always."* (iii. Kings 9.)

Reverend Fathers and dearly beloved Brethren in the Sacred Heart of Jesus:

At the close of the last visitation of this house, the following words were recorded in the book of the memorials:

"At a meeting of the Fathers called during the official visit to this house, on the 24th of April, 1873, it was proposed and unanimously resolved that Woodstock College should be specially consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and that its title in the Catalogue of the Province should be 'Collegium Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu';\* and that the Sacred Heart of Jesus should be considered as the principal Patron, and its Feast the Titular Feast of the College."

We have reason to thank God for this pious inspiration which He sent, and for the happy resolution which it prompted and which we fulfil on this ever-memorable day. We may look upon it as an evidence of God's special love; since He designs to apply to this house, with a peculiar significance those wonderful and consoling words: "I have sanctified this house to put my name there forever; and my eyes and my heart shall be there always." Henceforth this house shall be a holy house; a temple sacred to the

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\* The legal title remains as fixed in the Charter: "Woodstock College;"—and the Post-office address continues as before.

Divine Heart, which is to reign in it forever as its King, to dwell in it as its Father. And we, who dwell here with this Divine Heart, and all those who shall follow us, will be the servants of this glorious Master, the children of the tenderest of Fathers. On us His eyes will ever rest with pleasure; on us His Heart will ever shed Its best love, Its choicest graces.

The Spirit of God, which fills the whole earth, and which is the animating principle of the Church, has, in all ages, suggested and inspired the means best adapted to ward off the dangers that threatened the faithful at various times, and has produced in the Church a sort of divine instinct, secret but irresistible, unconscious but infallible, which urged the faithful now to one, now to another precaution, caused now this devotion to predominate, now that pious practice to be adopted; pointed to-day to one danger as it arose, to-morrow to another which succeeded. And thus forewarned and forearmed, the Church has baffled the best-laid plans for her destruction and triumphed over the hidden, as well as over the open assaults of her enemies. In our days, if there is one feeling in the great heart of the Church more intense, if there is one impulse of that divine instinct more powerful than another, who can doubt that it is the feeling which inspires confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the impulse which presses the faithful to fly to it, as to a city of refuge, to dwell in it, as in a secure asylum? A spirit has gone forth upon the Church in all lands; it has breathed upon all peoples. The captive Pontiff has felt it on his throne. The Princes of the Church have been moved by its power. Cities and Dioceses, Kingdoms and nations have owned its influence; and down to the humblest of the children of the Church, the gentle whispering of that spirit has been heard. It is the spirit of consecration, of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This spirit has taken possession of the entire body of the Church; it has permeated all its members; and to the eye

of faith, the Church presents to-day a spectacle similar to that which was witnessed in the days that preceded the deluge;—a long, earnest, fearful, yet hopeful procession from every land under heaven, of those who are not to perish, crowding towards the Ark of Salvation, taking refuge in the Heart of Jesus. A mysterious voice seems to have spoken to the heart of the Church, and told of evil days that are at hand, of dark storms lurking behind the horizon; but at the same time, suggested the refuge in which her children would be secure. And therefore we have heard of cities and dioceses consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; of kingdoms and nations, of entire Religious Orders, of associations, of congregations, communities, civil and military as well as religious, devoting themselves by public and solemn acts of consecration to the same Divine Heart. Our Society was specially favored by being among the first to feel this holy and salutary inspiration, and we still remember with joy and gratitude, the consolation, the courage, the hope which our solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart diffused throughout all the provinces and houses of the Society.

And as we had reason then to praise the goodness of our Lord for drawing the Society to a more intimate union with His Sacred Heart, so we may thank Him again to-day for deigning to unite us and this house to It in the still closer bonds of a special consecration.

There is indeed a deep significance in the grace vouchsafed to us on this day. It is a warning; it is a protection; it is a promise of a glorious victory.

1. It is a warning. For, this divine impulse which bids us devote ourselves entirely to the Sacred Heart, signifies to us that there are special dangers to be met, more subtle, or more violent attacks to be sustained, against which our only defence will be the power, the love, the compassion of that Heart, in which power, love and compassion are infinite. It is a warning which tells us, in a manner which ex-

cludes all doubt or hesitation, that unless we shelter ourselves in this Heart, we shall find no other asylum equally secure against the coming dangers. It is a warning, because it bids us understand what is meant by being consecrated entirely and unreservedly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. For, our consecration must not be a mere passing ceremony, splendid and consoling while it lasts, but soon to be forgotten and leaving no trace after it. If we are truly consecrated to the Sacred Heart, our lives must give evidence of it; our minds, our hearts, our time, our labor, our energies must be sacrificed on the Altar of the Sacred Heart, and our entire being must be devoted to Its glory. To be consecrated to the Sacred Heart, is to be totally vowed to Its interests, to the increase of love towards It, to the diffusion of Its graces over the hearts of men. It is to be the faithful and zealous servants of that Divine Heart, ever watchful, ever laboriously promoting Its glory; ever lovingly devising new proofs of attachment. It is, to be the valiant soldier of the Sacred Heart, never sleeping at his post, never deserting his standard, never shrinking from hardship in Its service, ever eager to defend Its honor, to extend Its conquests, to lead the hearts of men captive to Its love.

Such is the warning we receive to-day; and such should be our life-long interpretation of its meaning.

2. And if we thus understand the warning, then our consecration to the Sacred Heart will be real, sincere and lasting; and therefore, it will also be a defence and a protection, as well as a promise of victory.

Now, since our vocation is, to sanctify our own soul and to labor successfully for the salvation of others, that which most effectually secures this twofold object, will be at once our safety against a fall, our help to advance in perfection, and a fruitful benediction on our labors for others. But what can be a more abundant source of grace for our own advancement in virtue than that Heart in which all virtue

is centred, from which alone all virtue proceeds? what means can be more efficacious for our own sanctification than that devotion to which our Lord Himself has promised the most boundless effusion of every grace? To be a perfect Religious, a worthy companion of Jesus, is to be truly humble, obedient, poor, chaste, mortified, patient, charitable, meek and uncomplaining. O look at that Divine Heart, and tell me where you will find those virtues in equal perfection and with equal eagerness to well up from their deep fountains and to pour themselves out in copious streams, to flood your hearts with their heavenly wealth of beauty, of joy and of merit? If you desire to find Religion a Paradise of delights, an Eden of endless fertility and of unbroken peace, let it be the Paradise of the Sacred Heart, with Its warm sunshine to illumine and Its rich streams to give birth to the flowers and the fruits. Live in this Heart, feast upon Its manna, grow into Its likeness, imbibe Its spirit, imitate Its virtues: in a word, be devout to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and not only shall you be secure against all danger of being overcome by the deceits of your enemies, but you will find the practice of religious virtue a delight, you will advance in perfection, as it were, without effort, as if you were borne along by a power not your own; you will be the ornaments of your holy mother, the Society of Jesus, the true children of St. Ignatius.

3. And if your hearts are then filled with the spirit and the virtues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; if you go forth from this house armed with this devotion and animated with the zeal which it will produce within you, can you doubt that you have a promise of victory; can you doubt that your labors will be blessed with abundant fruit; that you will repulse with triumphant energy every assault of the devil and the world upon the citadel entrusted to your valor? . . . the Sacred Heart itself is your warrant of success. It has promised victory to its followers and has told

them that no power should resist them. The hardest hearts shall melt at their word; the most obstinate sinners shall be conquered by their zeal; the most inveterate abuses shall yield to their gentle but mysteriously invincible power.

And all these promises both of grace for ourselves and of power over the souls of others, are peculiarly our own. It is to us, in a special manner, that this treasure is confided to enrich our own hearts and to adorn the hearts of our neighbors. The Divine Heart of Jesus draws us to itself with special predilection and looks to us for the extension of its love, the spread of its devotion. And to-day, it receives us into the ranks of its most devoted followers, into the number of its Apostles. This house becomes a sanctuary of the Sacred Heart; a sacred school in which we shall learn from It how we must combat, how we may triumph. Here, in this happy abode, our hearts will be filled with the choicest graces, with the zeal, the prudence, the charity, the ardent love for God, the heroic fortitude, the divine and all-subduing power, which we shall need in future years on the battle-fields of the world. This house becomes a centre of apostolic fervor, a brightly burning furnace of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and from this centre that apostolic fervor will carry this devotion in rays of purest light to the ends of the earth, everywhere dissipating the darkness of error, ending the long night of sin and shedding life and beauty, grace and strength upon the hearts of men.

May this house then be ever worthy of the glorious title which this day bestows upon it :

“THE COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.”

College, because it is a house in which many are assembled for a common purpose; College, because its members are devoted to the study of science: but College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, because they are assembled in that Name and cultivate science for the glory of that Heart: College

of the Sacred Heart, because they that dwell in it are the servants, the clients, the children, the disciples of that Heart; because their only study is to learn the lessons which that Heart teaches and because all other study is directed to this end, animated and elevated by this intention, sanctified by the ardent desire to enlighten the hearts of others with this heavenly wisdom; College of the Sacred Heart, because that Divine Heart presides over it as its chief and only true Superior and Father; and all its inmates obey its voice, love its commands, fulfil its precepts and strive in all things to merit its approval: because that Heart is the Master whose lessons are heard and esteemed above all other lessons; whose wisdom guides all other study, and in whose truly divine science alone all other sciences find their origin and first principles, their truth, the solution of their difficulties and the beauty of their final perfection. In a word, College of the Sacred Heart, because it educates the Apostles of devotion to it. This is to be the chief glory of this house, the brightest ornament in its crown, as well as the chief and sole end of its existence and its labors.

Its aim henceforward is, to train up men filled with the spirit of the Sacred Heart and send them forth to pour out this spirit, which alone can renew the face of the earth; its joy shall be to witness this glorious renewal effected by its Apostles; its crown—truly a crown of joy and a diadem of exultation, such as no mortal monarch ever bound around his brow,—hearts, once blackened with crimes, once wounded and bleeding, now healed, purified, made beautiful in their resemblance to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; hearts won by these Apostles of the Sacred Heart and brought back as a tribute and as trophies to this source of their happiness and their salvation.

## CHURCHVILLE, BERKS CO., PA.

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From a letter to Revd. Fr. Provincial, from Fr. Bally, S. J., Pastor of the Catholic Church in Churchville, Berks Co., Pa., we quote the following :

“On last Sunday, (July 6th) our Church was the scene of a most consoling and edifying ceremony. The Revd. Edward Forney, Pastor of the German Reformed Church in Norristown, made a formal abjuration of heresy, according to the formula adopted by the last Council of Baltimore, and was received into the Catholic Church. Mr. George Wolff, Editor of the Philadelphia Catholic Standard, and Professor Budd, also of Philadelphia, both converts, were present at the ceremony, the former acting as sponsor. Fr. Schleuter and Revd. Fr. McDermott, of St. John's Church, Philadelphia, assisted in the administration of the Sacrament. Everything was done in Latin, with which all those present were familiar. Mr. Forney made a triduum preparatory to his reception into the Church, to the devotions of which he was strongly attached even before the time of his abjuration; indeed it has even been his habit for the last two years to recite daily the Rosary of the B. V. Mary. Though but twenty-two years old, Mr. Forney has graduated in two Colleges and is an excellent English and Classical scholar. Being unmarried, he will be free to follow, without difficulty, his natural inclination, to enter the ecclesiastical state, though he will take a month to reflect and decide upon the course he will now adopt. Before his abjuration he took leave of his former congregation in an affectionate letter, stating that though reason and conscience forced him to embrace the Catholic faith, still he would always continue to think kindly of them and pray for them as before. He is not without great hope that some of his former flock will follow his example.”



## OBITUARY.

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Since our last issue, two members of our community have been called to their rest; on June the 19th, the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Father Dominic Franchini departed this life, and about a month later, July 15th, Father Felix Cicaterri. In making this announcement, we do not propose to give any account of their holy and laborious lives, but, leaving the meritorious record to our Lord, who knows and will reward it, we beg for our dear departed the prayers of all our brethren whom this news will reach.

Father Franchini had been in America but one year, and this he spent in Woodstock, as Professor of Moral Theology. Before he came, the very delicate state of his health was well known to superiors, but not a little hope of staying the progress of his decline was based on his residence in a new climate. With the exception of very few days, he taught his class regularly, and resigned it only when entering on the four weeks' sickness which closed his holy life. His gentle, cheerful and saintly disposition received fresh development during his last illness; resigned to die, or rather joyous in the anticipation of his early release, he had but one source of anxiety, the dread of being an annoyance to others, and to the last the most trifling service rendered never failed to win from him a word, or at least a smile, of grateful recognition. His ardent devotion to our Lord's Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, his tender, filial trust in Mary's help, and his truly singular purity of soul, met their reward in his last hour. Calmly, and with very little struggle, he breathed his last a few minutes before 10, P. M., on the Eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. Not for his

learning or labors, though eminent in the one and prodigal in the other, was he most precious whilst here, or is he now deplored: the virtues of his soul, native and unadorned, and those new ones that grace and coöperation gained for him, were his greatest treasure and our greatest loss; a loss however that we bear not with sorrow, but with sweet joy for the gain it has brought to our dear Father.

About 2, P. M., on July the 15th, the feast of B. Azevedo and his martyred companions, the venerable Fr. Cicaterri entered into rest. In January last, he came to Woodstock to assume the post of Spiritual Father, and in the service of our community he bravely spent the last months of an eventful life. For many years a complication of diseases made him a terrible sufferer, but his indomitable will and wonderful force of character seemed to render him superior to physical weakness. His condition grew alarming about the beginning of June, and it was evident that no human means would avail to save his life. Just at that time workmen were laying the foundations of the monument to the Sacred Heart, the erection of which is noticed in these pages, and, receiving a new impulse from the happy occasion that was drawing near, the whole community confidently turned to our Lord, and sought from Him the lives of our two sick Fathers. God willed otherwise; on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Father Franchini was, we hope, among the Sacred Heart's adorers in heaven. Father Cicaterri gathered strength to drag himself to the window of his room, whence he witnessed the ceremony of blessing the statue, but he never afterwards left his room.

The closing scenes of his life were in example a worthy complement of the exhortations with which for so many years he had urged on his brethren in the path of virtue. The remarkable spirit of prayer, which had characterized his life from the noviceship up, failed him not at its close. He prayed always and with great unction. Even when his weakness was such that he was forced to keep his bed

throughout the day, he would make an heroic effort and struggle to the Altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Superiors remonstrated with him for so severely taxing his waning strength, but he answered: "Do not, I beg of you, deprive me of a single Mass; they are all precious to me now. The time is coming soon when I would give anything to offer the Holy Sacrifice, and I shall not be able."

The last weeks of his life greatly intensified his sufferings, but his patience and courage grew in proportion. When the hour of death came, it found him composed and hopefully waiting for the command to go forth. Surrounded by the members of the community, not a few of whom had been his novices, while the prayers of the Church were being recited, his purified soul passed out of this life.

*"Lactentur omnes qui sperant in te: in aeternum exultabunt et habitabis in eis.*

[Ps. v.]

D. O. M.

