

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1916

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LEST WE FORGET

As the bells ring out the Old Year with its vast and varied accumulation of experiences, personal echoes of the awful calamity which still falls like a blight upon Europe, the question which puts itself to even the wisest is, "What will the future bring?"

Shallow minds may only find room for speculation as to the course of naval and military events; the collapse of Teutonic might and the terms of an imposed peace limit their mental horizon. We must not judge them harshly. They have suffered in so many ways. The ploughshare of war has made long deep furrows; their little interests have been swept aside as the frail habitations of the tiny folk are overwhelmed when the ploughman does his work. The mouse over whose ruin Burns so musically mourned was not more helpless before a force of which it knew nothing than the peasant whose home is wrecked and whose future becomes an insoluble problem when the storm of conflict exhausts itself. We who are sheltered against the dire horrors of fire and sword ought to bend our imaginations to the task of realizing at least the slow agony of those who survive their fellows and have to rebuild in some sort their shattered fortunes. In so doing we shall best solemnize the passing hour, gratefully recalling our own merits while vowing fealty to the law of brotherhood which knits us closely to our suffering kind near or far.

Yet, as there is no help or strength in gloomy thoughts, no power for service to be snatched from tragic happenings, which harrow the sensitive soul, it is well to turn to sources of fresh inspiration which lie near to us in this time of trial. What the chief source of all is we surely need not try to put into words; indeed no words can contain or express the great unquenchable confidence that has borne mankind onward through storm and stress in pursuit of the Chief Good.

OUR BROTHERS

Tremendous issues are being decided in the extended theatre of conflict. Milton's Ode to the Nativity no longer suits the mood of the moment and we need all our reserve forces of moral courage to cope with the foes of peace. It goes without saying that our first care this Christmas should be for the comfort and encouragement of those, our kinsmen and fellow-citizens, who are bearing the brunt of the German onslaught in foreign parts, whether as actual fighters or as belonging to the various auxiliary services for supply and rescue. Happily there is no lack of channels through which help and solace reach our brave troops; so many and persuasive indeed are these that a good deal of discrimination is called for in the choice of articles that may best suit the personal needs of the exiles and express the unutterable depth of home feeling in view of their absence from the Christmas circle, their exposure to hourly perils from which they are saving us.

CHARITY

The storm will die of exhaustion. It may be that the sky will be clearer, the outlook brighter, the signs of the new earth and heaven more manifest to the toiling millions when crowns have fallen and thrones been shaken than they have for a long time.

Christmas is an undying symbol of the triumph that awaits the cause of humanity. Evil is moral suicide; good has the promise of the world's maturity. Here are the eternal years, for the universe is held together by the love that climbs to power by stooping to lift the lowly and fallen, the subtle force that will yet spread peace and good-will towards men. Now charity and good will are summoned to unheard of sacrifices. A new intensity of meaning flashes out from the old watchwords. How many of us are capable of rising to the level of the day's requirements? We have long talked and written about the obliga-

tion and reward of loving our neighbor as ourselves; are we ready to make good our words? If so, then indeed, out of the blackness of this fell disaster, light will arise. The joy of suffering for others, the pure delight of staunching humanity's wounds and bearing the heavy burdens of those drawn for painful service; the yielding up of time and means for the common good: these will reinterpret the Christmas message in terms of living power. No longer shall the Angels' song ring as a faint echo in our ears; love's triumph shall be a truth of experience. Doubt shall fade, certainty grow. The night of fear shall melt into the dawn of a better day. As with the dear ones whom we know to be secure from Time's destroying hand, so of the world which is doomed to be saved. No longer shall we debate the times and the seasons of the great regeneration, for we shall be sure that

"The brotherhood which He loved is more than a saintly thought, And the wars and strifes which we mourn are lost in the peace He taught."

THE QUESTION OF "MERRY" AND "HAPPY"

Gilbert K. Chesterton, in America

In the dark house of infancy I can still dimly trace the outline of an aged member of my family, more than one of whose phrases have lingered in the later generations. In his creed and atmosphere he was what I should call Puritan; he was one of the last of the old Wesleyans and one of the first of the new total abstainers. But because he belonged to the old England rather than the new, there was a certain heartiness in his prejudices and preferences. One of the things against which, Puritan that he was, he had a hearty prejudice, was the salutation "Happy Christmas." In his youth, he said, it was always a "Merry Christmas" and, with one foot in the grave, he considered it an impertinence to suggest that he was not still in his youth. If he had lived long enough he might have seen the noble ideal of merriment even lower than the comparatively vulgar ideal of happiness. The sects or heresies since his time do not make or buy or send Christmas cards at all. But how horrible they would be if they could be sent! The Theosophists, as their name implies, would wish us "A Wise Christmas." The pessimists, between arabesques of holly and mistletoe, would wish us "A Resigned Christmas." The supermen, an unlucky little Puritan sect, would wish us all a "Strong Christmas." But then the supermen are by their nature incapable of corporate action; and their tall, watery, card, full of Tritons and waterpots, would never be printed at all.

On the whole I range myself on the side of my faintly remembered forbear, I am on the side of "merry" against "happy." At any rate I am very certain about one thing. Some persons, for some reasons, did call ancient England "Merry England." No person, for any reason, has ever dared to call modern England "Happy England." Moreover, the word "happy" may apply to an infinite number of levels or platforms above that of pure despair. The word "merry" cannot be used by any people except the people in a certain pacific temperate of high spirits. We may talk of people being negatively happy. Nobody could talk of people being negatively merry. Merriment is a positive victory and, like most positive victories, it is rare.

On this, as on most other subjects, the cynic is wrong; and the cynic is most wrong when he is really a wit. One cynic who was certainly a wit, said, "Be good and you will be happy, but you will not have a jolly time." This epigram has every intellectual merit except truth, for cynicism is the exact opposite of the truth. The psychological truth of the matter is something like this: "Be good and you will be unhappy; but you will always be capable of having a jolly time. Even if you have had a miserable year, you may still have a merry Christmas—merry, not happy." Satisfied and secure happiness does not come to him that has taken up his cross or taken up his common day's work. Satisfied and secure happiness comes to him who has taken up his neighbors' landmark; to him who has taken bribes, to him who has taken drugs, most of all, perhaps, to him who has taken his own life. Solid, stolid happiness is a morbid symptom. It means paralysis or death or a philosophy that is worse than death. In such cases the power to be happy may mean nothing more than the incapacity to be unhappy; indeed, it will generally be found that the impotence for tears goes along with the impotence for laughter.

But "Merry Christmas" is quite a different question. The power of expressing, not negative happiness, but positive hilarity, that is the thing which we all know when we see it or even when we hear it, half a mile down the road. It is this power of rising into the seventh heaven of mere temper the moment a strain is relaxed; of being cut loose like a captive balloon or springing skyward like a released rocket, that is really the reward of virtue. It is not the power of saying, "Let us feast; for tomorrow we die." It is the power of saying, "Let us feast; for tomorrow we feast."

This is the true meaning of that concentration on special days, on special seasons of rejoicing, which has always marked not only the highest but the most high-spirited societies. This is what has especially marked our own Christian European society. Our joy of life has always risen into peaks and towers and turrets, into superhuman exceptions, exceptions which really prove the rule. Our art has always been religious art, in its literature, in its being restricted and dedicated. Our poetry has always been occasional poetry, in the true sense of being written for an occasion. That is why "A Merry Christmas" was the right inscription and "A Happy Christmas" was the beginning of our decadence. The phrase "happy" in that connection was no more than any good man should wish another for any day of his life. To tell everyone to be happy might be to make oneself responsible for a Utopia, a light enterprise. But to tell everyone to be merry is to make oneself responsible for a Saturnalia, a sacred responsibility, only to be undertaken once a year.

QUEBEC TO REDUCE NUMBER OF HOTELS

Will Abolish Treating

(Special Despatch to the Globe) Quebec, Dec. 19.—The long-awaited license bill was introduced to-night in the Assembly. It proved to have all the features foretold, and some more. It may be classified into three sections:

One regards the liquor traffic, another imposes a Provincial tax on tickets to race tracks, and raises rates of license fees on amusement places, that is, on the proprietors. As regards the liquor business, wholesale reductions in the number of hotels are made all over the Province, and there is to be no compensation whatever. Those that remain, furthermore, are to pay increased fees to make up to the Government what will be lost because of the cutting off of the others. In Montreal fifty places are to be cut off next May, and in May of 1918 this will be followed by one hundred more, bringing the number down to two hundred. The hours of sale are to be from 9 in the morning to 9 p. m. No renewal of licenses is to be given to hotels with less than twenty-five bedrooms. There is to be no treating, and this restriction is to come in immediately following the sanction of the Government. Presumably, therefore, by Saturday there will be no treating, if the law is followed.

GROGERS AND CLUBS The licensed grocers in Montreal are to be cut down to three hundred and fifty in May next, and by May of 1918 there are to be only twenty left in Montreal. Those remaining will pay more.

The clubs are included in the changes. The hotelmen get one concession. They have until May of 1918 to replace the bar with the cafe. These are the main provisions of the bill regarding hotels. Groceries also have to 1918 to separate their business from liquors.

THE DRUG EVIL

The discovery of the amazing growth of the drug habit in New York city, and the threatening danger that it may become a national evil, is alarming but not surprising. It is believed that at present there are 200,000 hopeless drug addicts in the metropolis alone. Among them are judges, physicians, lawyers, ministers and even mere boys. "I remember," affirmed Dr. Bishop, the gentleman in charge of the narcotic wards on Blackwell's Island, "when victims sent to us were men, some of them aged, but now they are chiefly young men and boys."

These revelations indicate a serious and shocking moral bankruptcy far too prevalent to be viewed lightly. But is this condition all surprising? For many years past self-restraint has been held in small esteem both at home and in the school. Our children have been trained to the easier way by precept and example, and the only reliable stays against temptation, the Divine sanctions so frequently and emphatically urged by Christ, have been recklessly replaced by a fatuous code of "social ethics" neither better nor worse than the passions which gave it birth. As a consequence our boys and girls shrink from struggle and pain, and pursue pleasure with an

abandon that reckons nothing of ways and means and give no thought to consequences. The music of the fiddler must tremble in their ears incessantly; they are unhappy else, and insist on a quest for new experiences, regardless of propriety, if not of the very decencies of life. Even the leaping fire of passion has no terror for them, and what careless moth ever flitted in and out a flame and did not leave its charred remains below, symbol of a ruined soul?

Sad to say this scorn of abnegation is a national trait that betrays itself in most diverse ways. A vast many of the statutes that roll out of our capitol in huge bundles are witness to the fact that legislators sense the evil and have come to the vain conclusion that men can be dragged into virtue, coerced like oxen, driven like sheep, while their hearts are untouched by the breath of God. This perhaps is the most discouraging feature of the problem. For if the leaders in Israel are blind to the true inwardness of the evil, what can be expected of the smaller vision, who, though ready to throw their twenty night-caps high in air, will not follow on? Nothing except contempt for prohibition and for injunctions against traffic in drugs and women and so forth. It is the heart of the citizen that enforces law, not the club of the officer nor the sentence of the judge. And until parents and teachers and statesmen recognize this simple fact and promote moral training through religion, the liquor problem, the drug problem and other problems that turn around sin will remain completely unsolved.—America.

TRIBUTES TO CANADA

Toronto Daily News The only two living ex Presidents of the United States agree in honoring Canada for the contribution which her people are making to the Allied cause. Mr. W. H. Taft has written Mrs. Robert Grant, of the Allied Bazaar Committee in Boston:

"I have never failed when opportunity has offered to express my profound admiration for the supreme sacrifice Canada is making in this great war. I have seen the men and women, and three of them have been those of the war. The patriotism and filial loyalty of her sons reveal a moral fibre that leaves no doubt of her strong growth into a great nation. She has assumed a great burden of debt, she has laid on the altar of her love for her Motherland her finest and her best, but when peace comes, she will have found herself and in her conscious strength her load will be light and her Dominion's future will dwarf the past."

Colonel Roosevelt has written a great and noble part in the world war; showing that combination of high idealism and mastery efficiency which must exist in any people that is to play a mighty part in the world. Neither quality is enough in itself; and Canada has proved her possession of both qualities. No nation achieves greatness except at the cost of labor and suffering, except by showing strength and valor, except by showing the power to dare and die at need. No woman is fit for anything but the position of a slave if she does not raise her boy to be a soldier whenever his country calls; and no man is fit for citizenship in a free, self-governing nation unless he possesses the high spiritual quality and the trained physical prowess and hardihood which will make him proudly eager to fight in his country's cause and thoroughly competent to do that fighting in an efficient manner. Canada has shown that her sons and daughters belong to these types. Through their valor and devotion she has won an honorable position, a high position, in history, and at the council board of nations.

These tributes to the Canadian people and Government should be incentives to increased efforts by Canadians who have not yet risen to their full responsibilities in presence of the gravest of crises. While the war is in the way of being won, victory is not yet achieved. Therefore it is that Sir Robert Borden, Sir Thomas White and other members of the Government are appealing to every section of Canada for greater self-sacrifice and firmer co-operation for the attainment of the great end in view. The call is one which no true man or woman can ignore. We have done well, we must do better.

THEOLOGY FOR NON-CATHOLICS

PROTESTANTS PAY HIGHLY TO HEAR A DOMINICAN LECTURE

It is certainly a sign of reviving interest in religion when non-Catholics are found ready to pay 5 shillings—\$1.25—a ticket to hear a Dominican monk lecture on the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas and expound its theories and doctrines to a Protestant audience. Yet this interesting experiment is being tried in London at the present time and has proved

so successful that the Dominicans have booked Caxton Hall, Westminster, for several weeks and are charging 4 guineas—\$17—per course ticket. The Fathers state that so many people seem in danger of losing belief in God Himself that they feel that the need of the day is an exposition of Christian theology for these unhappy souls, from which afterwards they will naturally be led to realize that it is the Catholic Church which has preserved these truths for them.—St. Paul Bulletin.

BROTHER MINISTERS RECEIVED IN CHURCH

LATEST CONVERSIONS FROM ANGLICAN MINISTRY ARE THOSE OF ARTHUR AND REGINALD WEBB

London, Nov. 30, 1916.—Two notable converts have been received during the past few days at the Benedictine Abbey near Bath. They are two brothers who were both in the Anglican ministry, and are both Oxford University men. The Rev. Arthur Webb has done missionary work in Zanzibar, has seen a good deal of the poverty of the East end of London, and was curate at St. Michael's, Brighton, when he resigned to enter the Catholic Church. The Rev. Reginald Webb has served as curate in Reading and at the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill, London, which he left to receive instruction in the Catholic faith. The two brothers have spent a few days at Downside abbey, and will probably both study for the priesthood.

MEXICO

CARRANZISTAS CONTINUE TO PROFANE CHURCHES

The persecution of the Mexican Catholic Church and the hatred of the bandits now enthroned in Mexico increase unspasmodically. The churches in Mexico City had hitherto been respected, but during November many of them were profaned and eliminated as places of public worship. The Carranzistas chose the very hour of Mass celebration to enter the San Juan de Dios Church and profane it. The faithful people were put out, like the priests, not allowing these to take any of their things. Through many entreaties they obtained permission to take away the Host, but under the promise of the immediate devotion of the ciborium.

The temples of La Profesa Santa Teresa, Santa Catalina, Corpus Christi, San Felipe de Jesus and many others have suffered the same fate. The chief object of the so-called Carranza government is to insult the Catholic faith of Mexican people. The temple of Santa Felipe de Jesus, which is devoted to the expiatory worship, and where the Most Blessed Sacrament was daily exposed, now has been seized and is to be devoted to the worship of Madera and Suarez! The temple of San Juan de Dios will be a Masonic temple!

It would be ridiculous, if it were not so monstrous, this robbing of Catholics of their churches, alleging that there are too many churches in the Mexican towns, and then turning them over to the Protestants, Masons, Spiritualists or Atheists to celebrate therein their worship.

Some days ago seven hundred of the most distinguished ladies in Mexico City went to Mrs. Carranza requesting her to obtain for them from her husband an audience. Mrs. Carranza telephoned to the First Chief and entreated him to receive the ladies. Carranza answered granting the audience for which the Catholic ladies went to the National Palace. But Carranza, acting not as a gentleman but as a Carranzista, then did not receive them. The pious ladies then went back to Mrs. Carranza and handed her a vigorous protest against the religious persecution.

In many towns all Catholic churches have been closed. In some states not one priest can be found. Carranza is aiming to carry on the most terrible persecution against the Catholic Church, performing in this way, the plans of Mr. Lind.—Providence Visitor.

THE OLIVE BRANCH

EARNEST THAT THE BAD OLD ORDER CHANGETH GIVING PLACE TO THE NEW

London, Dec. 21.—The Government has decided to release the Irish rebellion in Ireland, Henry E. Duke, chief secretary for Ireland, announced in the House of Commons to-day.

"The time has come when the advantages of releasing these men far outweigh the risk, and I have so advised the Government. Steps therefore were taken today to proceed, with the least possible delay, to return the interned prisoners to their homes."

According to the statement of the secretary for home affairs in the Commons last October there were 576 Irishmen interned in connection with the recent rebellion.

SLAVE-RAIDING IN BELGIUM

The massacre at Dinant, the destruction of Louvain, the sinking of the Lusitania, the Zeppelin raids over the United Kingdom, the shelling of Rheims Cathedral, were examples of German savagery in warfare that shocked and astounded the people of neutral nations. As horror followed upon horror they asked themselves how much further the Prussian warlords would descend toward primitive barbarism.

The bottom has been reached in the recent slave raids throughout Belgium. No Arab slave-trader ever pined his devilish calling in the heart of Africa with more deliberate and calculated cruelty than has been shown in the organization of the system of compulsory labor in Belgium. A hundred thousand Belgians between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five have been sent to Germany to aid their country's enemies by doing work that would otherwise have to be done by able-bodied Germans. If they refuse, imprisonment, degrading punishments, and ultimately death will be their portion, while at home in Belgium their wives and daughters will be exposed to the dangers from a licentious soldiery that Belgian women have so great reason to dread.

A man of education and standing, who escaped from the little town of Nivelles while a thousand men were being swept into captivity, has told the story of how the slave-raiders operated there. Orders were issued by the military Governor for the assemblage of all the males above seventeen years of age in the public square. Those above fifty-five years of age and under eighteen were dismissed. The others were surrounded by soldiers and marched in companies into a large room, where all were offered work. The narrator says that: "They were told that they could save their family from starvation, and they would get a high salary. What joy would be in their homes when their wives would get wealthy in these terrible times. They would go back some day and see their families—nay, they would not have to leave Belgium. Would they not work for the German authorities? Some of the men went white as a sheet. They all answered by categorically refusing. Some of them said: 'I do not sign any agreement; I don't want to work against my country. Some even vehemently protested, complaining of the violence they were subjected to, protesting loudly that they were neither workmen nor unemployed. At 5.30 p. m. the train was full. It consisted of thirty-two carriages, including no less than one thousand men from the little town of Nivelles itself, taken haphazard, employed and unemployed. I was awakened out of my thoughts by a thundering chorus coming from the train. 'Long Live the King! Long Live Belgium!' and out of all the carriages there rose with wonderful suddenness the chant of Brabanconne and the Marseillaise."

The people of Holland, of the United States, and of other neutral countries are protesting against slave-raiding throughout Belgium in stinging words that disclose the depth of their resentment. They begin to understand that Prussian autocracy is prepared to sweep aside every natural right of mankind if by so doing it can strengthen itself in carrying on the war. Some of them see what undying hatred of Germany these measures are kindling not only in Belgium, but throughout the world wherever the spirit of freedom lives. John O'Keefe, in The New York World, pictures the situation in the Belgian Slave Song:

"Led at the conqueror's cannon wheel,
With unseem chains on limb,
Their eyes speak out the slave's appeal,
Sad, sodden, sullen, grim;
And as through alien fields they reel,
Hark to the whispered hymn:
"Sow and sow the vengeance grain,
Sprouting from the hearts of slain!
Be its harvest wheat of woe!
Sow! sow! sow!
"The frenzy of the fighting folk
Has passed and left these bent,
As if a blinding lightning stroke
Seared the soul's tenement;
But though the eyes are dulled with smoke,
Behind, the fire is pent.
"Sow and sow the seed of hate!
Sprouting, it shall split a State!
Lifting, thrones it shall overthrow!
Sow! sow! sow!"

The slave-raiders of Belgium have done much toward filling up the cup of Hohenzollern iniquity. The seed of hate sown in Belgium may not only split the fabric of the German States system, but destroy forever the dynasty which claims to rule by divine right and to enslave the weak by the favor and aid of the Most High. Were the British Government to declare that it would make no peace with the Hohenzollerns it would rightly interpret the feelings of the Anglo-Saxon race.—Globe.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Ireland, two new universities have been established and a third is desired. Higher education has been advanced.

The Catholic population of the Archdiocese of Dublin, Ireland, is 434,586; of the diocese of Cork, 171,575; of the Archdiocese of Tuam, 193,768.

The Rev. Bernard Francis Meyer, of Stuart, Iowa, was ordained at Maryknoll on the eve of the feast of St. Francis Xavier. This is the fifth ordination in the short history of the American Foreign Society. He was ordained by the Right Rev. Austin Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Des Moines.

A New York architect and landscape artist has been engaged to prepare plans for new buildings and enlargements of St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa. The project will entail an expenditure of \$500,000, and Mr. Charles Schwab will contribute half of the money required.

The number of Catholic priests in China, including both European and natives, is 2,225. Protestants have 5,118 European missionaries, besides a large number of native helpers. The comparison between the Catholic and the Protestant population is more consoling. Catholics number 1,628,254, and Protestants, 235,308.

Cardinal Farley had the gratifying experience recently of dedicating a magnificent new school in St. Peter's parish, New Brighton, S. I., where he had preached his first sermon forty-four years ago. He recalled the little church of that day "way down under the bank and the small frame house where he lived with the pastor."

The Rev. Father R. A. McEachen, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Barton, O., recently sailed for Rome and will later become an instructor in the Catholic University at Washington. Father McEachen has mastered thirteen different languages. He came into nationwide prominence by his relief work among the coal miners and their families during the fourteen months coal strike in Eastern Ohio.

The Right Rev. William T. Russell, D. D., rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, has been appointed Bishop of Charleston. The Bishop-elect is descended from one of the oldest families in Maryland. He was educated at St. Charles' College, Ellcott City, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and the American College, Rome. Monsignor Russell served as Secretary to Cardinal Gibbons for fourteen years.

The National Conference of Catholic Charities is to have an official organ entitled "The Catholic Charities Review" and will be published monthly, beginning January, 1917. It will be issued from the Catholic University. The Rev. John A. Ryan of the faculty has been appointed editor. Dr. Ryan is widely known for his lectures and writings on social problems.

Castle Knock, whose ruins are in County Dublin, Ireland, dates prior to 1288. In the thirteenth century an abbey was founded there. Tradition says the castle had an open window on whose sill a candle burnt in the highest wind or storm as quietly as in a perfect calm, and that the castle's well was poisonous to animals but wholesome to human bodies.

The great work of codifying the Canon Law, begun under the late Pontiff Pius X. in 1914, has just been completed, and it stated that the new Code will be promulgated towards the end of the present year. His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to the present Holy Father was at the head of the Commission that had the work in charge, and the success of the undertaking is due in great measure to his learning and energy.

To the recent conversion in England of a Protestant clergyman and the wife of a well-known general has now to be added that of a whole family. Mrs. Romanes, widow of a well-known free-thinking professor at Oxford and owner of an important property in Rosshire, Scotland, has been received into the Church with all her children; together with the tutor of the latter, who was a Scottish Episcopal minister and the Protestant chaplain to the family who had their own chapel on the estate. This will now become Catholic. The news has created a deep impression in the district.

The Rev. Theobald Butler, the patriarch of the Southern Province of the Society of the Jesus, died a few days ago at St. Stanislaus College, Macon, Ga. He was in his eighty-seventh year and the oldest Jesuit in the south. Born in Tipperary, a cousin of the gallant General Sir William Butler, and with all the virtues of his family imbedded in his nature, when scarcely more than a boy, he entered the Society of Jesus in France. By a romantic series of events, he was led sixty-eight years ago to the Jesuit mission of New Orleans, in which, with the exception of the years spent in study in France and Rome, he passed his life.