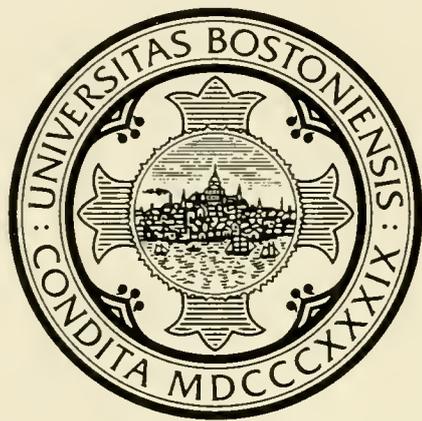


BIOGRAPHY OF
FATHER JAMES J. CONWAY
SOCIETY OF JESUS



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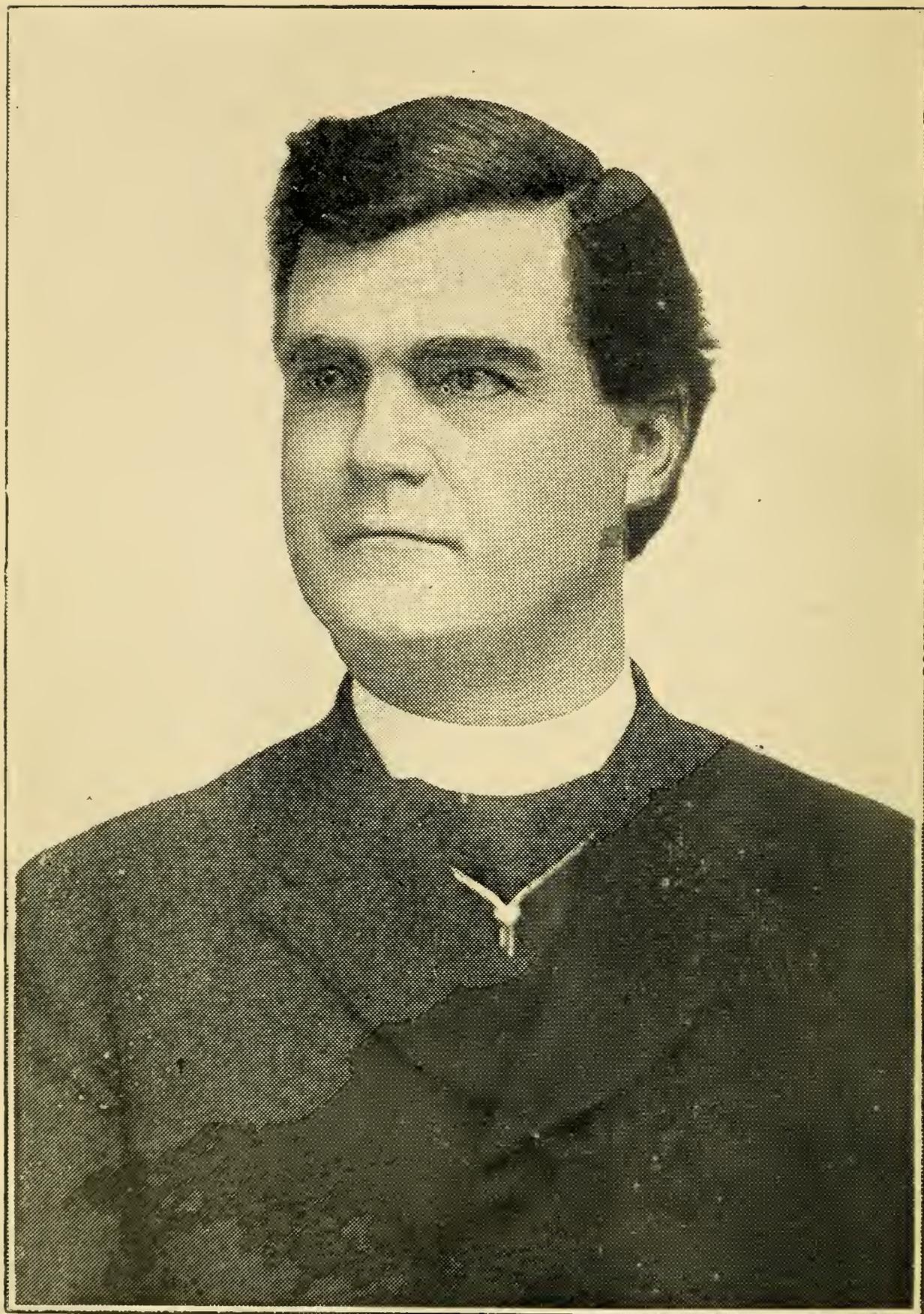
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BIOGRAPHY

OF

FATHER JAMES JOSEPH CONWAY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF JESUS

BY

M. LOUISE GARESCHÉ.

"He was beloved of God and men; whose
memory is in benediction."—ECCL. XLV., 1.

B. HERDER,

17 SOUTH BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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BY
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TO THE GREATER GLORY
OF THE DEAR MASTER
WHOM HE SERVED SO WELL:
IN HONOR
OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN
WHOM HE LOVED SO DEARLY:
AND
TO HIS OWN CHERISHED MEMORY,
THIS TRIBUTE
IS
LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

M. L. G.

Tabul Obstat :

F. G. HOLWECK,

St. Louis, 17 October, 1911.

Censor.

Imprimatur :

✠ JOANNES J. GLENNON,

Archiepiscopus Sti. Ludovici.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, 1911.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE

ST. LOUIS.

I would lay a flower, though it now be faded, on the grave of Father Conway—and that flower, though it be called a “Preface,” would be really a prayer for his precious soul. As I write these lines on All Soul’s Day, I hear the call of the faithful departed, “Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends.” If the “friends” of Father Conway would have in their hearts that “pity,” in part at least, such as he had in life for others—if all his friends had even half the “pity,” and if that pity were transformed into prayers, and if these prayers were symbolized by flowers, then would no chill blasts of November blow around his grave in Florissant; for higher than the mound where he rests with “The Fathers” would be crowded blossoms of their offering.

For Father Conway had many friends and he deserved them all. Those who heard him speak, those who read what he wrote, even those who only knew his friends, became in turn his friends and admirers.

And one of those who knew him best performs a task of love in writing this book. Those who read it will be edified and encouraged. They will learn all the more to admire Father Conway and to pray for him.

JOHN J. GLENNON,
Archbishop of St. Louis.

All Souls' Day, 1911.

INTRODUCTION.

Though I feel deeply how weak any words of mine must be to set forth the merit and glory of the noble priest, to portray the beautiful character of him whose biography I have undertaken to write, still, though I feel this, I feel also that I must make the effort. I am impelled to it, i. e., to put in the way of public notice the career of him, of whom it has been said by one who knew him well: "He was one of the greatest men God gave to the present generation." On the other hand, having, during twenty-one years, been blessed with his friendship, which the passing years only deepened and strengthened, I know full well his great and unaffected humility, and, I am, therefore, conscious that this tribute to his memory would not be according to his wishes. However, if, by the perusal of these pages, even one soul be induced to renewed efforts in the service of God, the greater glory of his Divine Master will overrule any objections his modesty would put forward.

Every nation has its heroes, every diocese its heroic men. St. Louis has many such upon her roll of honor, but, be it said without disparagement to others, no name has shed greater luster upon her than that of Father James Joseph Conway. "To be great in a Society in which one hardly ever finds the average man, is to be great indeed," states "The Republic" of Boston, July 24, 1909, in

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reference to Father Conway. And he was, indeed, truly great in every sense of the word; great according to the world, having achieved rare distinction as an orator of marvelous power and grace of language; a man of letters distinguished among his colleagues for scholarly ability and breadth of knowledge. Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, which Father Conway developed to a remarkable degree.

But great as were his learning and natural gifts, greater still was he in the possession of the spiritual endowments bestowed upon him, and in his imitation of the Divine Master. "Some of our best and highest states of mind are determined by far other motives than can be worked into a syllogism," and Fr. Conway did not steel his heart to the gentler and more delicate feelings of our nature to be guided by the pale blue light of reason alone. Indeed, if any one of the many beautiful traits of his character may be said to have shone out more conspicuously than others, it was assuredly his great kindness; "his charity like the simple grace of his words and manners extended to the very tips of his fingers."

Such was his personal magnetism that "none knew him but to love him." Strength was written on his brow, for he was strong with the strength of God; purity in his countenance as of the chosen one amongst the chosen "who shall follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, singing the canticle none other can sing;" a confessor who toiled, and suffered, and sorrowed for his dearly loved Master. His life was

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short in years, but long in what he accomplished: 'Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.' Sap. IV. 13.

I tender heartfelt thanks to the Religious of the Sacred Heart, Maryland Avenue, St. Louis, for the quiet and solitude, indispensable for writing, which were afforded me under their roof.

I also make grateful acknowledgment to the Honorable Richard C. Kerens, Ambassador to Austria; to Miss Jane M. Whitelaw; to Mr. W. J. Kinsella; to Miss Eva E. Murphy; Mrs. Chas. A. Faris; Miss Ethel Nast, and another friend, for their assistance in defraying the expense of publication.

I cannot more fittingly conclude this notice than to quote the encouraging words of a holy priest, a former professor of Fr. Conway, when he was a student of St. Louis University: "I praise you highly for the work of love you have so generously undertaken. May God help you in writing the biography productive of good in the Catholic community where the subject of it was so widely and lovingly known."

M. LOUISE GARESCHÉ.

October 2, 1911.

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CHAPTER I.

Birth and Education.

In the little town of Triadelphia, near Wheeling, West Virginia, James Joseph Conway was born January 12, 1855. By descent from both father and mother, he belonged to that race so strong in the Faith, and so noted for the virtue which likens men to angels, that we may in all truth apply to the Irish in particular: "Oh how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory, for the memory thereof is immortal, because it is known both with God and with men."—Wisdom IV.

No two virtues shone out more brilliantly and conspicuously in the whole life of James Conway, from the very tenderest years of childhood to the moment when he went to meet the God whom he had served so well, than faith and purity, the holy heritage to him from his Irish ancestors.

He possessed in a marked degree also other characteristics of the race, being ardent, enthusiastic, impulsive, and affectionate.

He was also of Welsh extraction, with a little admixture of Scotch, and though he had an unquenchable love for the people of the "Isle of Saints and Scholars," he also appreciated his Welsh lineage, combining in his moral make-up the characteristics of both peoples, having inherited from the latter a tenacity of purpose, and unswerving devotion to, and perseverance in the accomplishment of whatever he undertook.

And last, but not least, he was a thoroughgoing Ameri-

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can, standing for all that is highest and best in the land he loved most of all.

His father, Patrick Joseph Conway, was of a gentle disposition, tender hearted, and devoted to his children, bereft at an early age of the care of a mother. He never punished, and rarely scolded his sons; he had never found sufficient cause for inflicting any punishment upon James, and once only did he give his youngest son a few slaps, the occasion being, one time, that the little fellow was giving his brother James a ride in a wheelbarrow, and, arriving at a mud puddle, dropped him into it

James' mother was Anna MacAndre. Both Mr. and Mrs. Conway were from the maritime county of Mayo, province of Connaught, in the western part of Ireland. The whole of Ireland is beautiful, but perhaps there is no section of country in the world so rich in material for the painter as the county of Mayo. Few tourists visit this district, going to the better known Lakes of Killarney, Giants' Causeway, Blarney Castle, and other parts of Ireland, whereas Mayo abounds in the most picturesque scenery, varying from the grand and sublime, to the beautiful and graceful. A traveler who visited this county some years ago, wrote: "It is impossible to convey to those who can appreciate the grace and beauty of naked Nature an idea of the many and powerful fascinations that meet the eye at every step."

In addition to these beauties of Nature, there are many interesting associations of various kinds in this county, where there are also as many as four of those curious Round Towers which are found in other parts of Ireland and which have so puzzled the historian as to their use or purpose.

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There were numerous monasteries and castles in county Mayo, many of them of considerable importance, some of which are still standing, while others are in ruins. Though a large majority of the entire population of Ireland is Catholic, it is worthy of notice that in Mayo especially, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is very great. Not long ago, in a population of two hundred and thirty thousand, only about one thirty-fifth were Protestants of different denominations. Another interesting fact of the same date is, that as many as 8,808 persons could speak Irish only, and 138,930 Irish and English, a proof that Mayo is largely Celtic, due perhaps to the fact that the whole province of Connaught remained nearly independent of British rule till the time of Elizabeth, and even after this period, native chieftains continued to exercise great authority.

At the time that Mr. and Mrs. Conway came to America, there was a great tide of emigration from Mayo; nearly 3,000 persons left this beautiful land yearly to seek homes elsewhere, for beautiful though it is, there was, in certain parts of the county, a great amount of waste and untillable land. When Father Conway's parents came to America they first located near Wheeling, West Virginia; some years later, accompanied by their three children, James, Thomas and John, they went to Kansas and settled near Ogden, Riley Co.

Kansas had been opened to settlement in 1854. When the Conway family moved there a few years later, the press, all over the land, but a short time previous, had set forth glowing descriptions of the loveliness, fertility and future greatness of the Kansas Territory, urging upon the people to migrate thither at once and avail themselves

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of the vast advantages of that new country, and secure it from the curse of slavery, for, be it recalled, that to the people of this Territory, aided by friends in the Free States, belongs the honor of first repelling the advances of Slavery, and of forever destroying its power. To facilitate emigration, societies had been formed by which many of the difficulties attending emigrants to an unsettled country were removed, but the chief object of these societies was to make Kansas a free state by settling her lands with a population adverse to slavery. Patrick Conway, James' father, was, therefore, one of the pioneer settlers upon the historic soil of Kansas.

It seems as though the name was to be inseparably connected with the early history of the state, for we find mentioned two brothers of another family of Conways, Martin and Jefferson, opponents of slavery. Martin F. Conway was the first State congressman from Kansas.

There are other Conways living in Council Grove, Kansas, the sons of James Conway, brother of Patrick Conway. Other relatives were distinguished members of the Catholic hierarchy in Ireland.

When Patrick Conway went to Kansas he engaged in farming for about two years. In 1861 his wife died very young, being about twenty-four years of age; a child, born shortly before, also died. Mrs. Conway is buried in the old cemetery near Fort Riley, Kansas.

At the time of his mother's death, James, six and a half years old, was very ill himself and his life was despaired of; he had always been a delicate child.

Shortly after Mrs. Conway's death, her three sons, James, Thomas and John, were taken care of by a friend, at whose home they remained until Mr. Conway made

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arrangements to place them at St. Mary's Mission School, Kansas. Although so very young, the three boys had attended school even before their mother's death; they had but a short distance to go, and moreover, it seems that in and about that part of the country children were sent to school when very young. When the little fellows started off in the morning, Mrs. Conway would always call James back, and making the sign of the cross upon him, said: "God bless you." He was his mother's favorite, and was like her, both in appearance and in disposition. Though he had no recollection whatever of his mother, he ever cherished her memory.

When at Mrs. X——'s the children continued to attend the public school in Ogden until they went to St. Mary's.

Two years had gone by since Mrs. Conway's death, when Mr. Conway placed his three boys at St. Mary's, Pottawatomie County, Kansas, an Indian school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and which bore the simple title of "St. Mary's Mission among the Pottawatomies."

It was among this tribe of Indians that the great Father de Smet, S. J., began his remarkable career as a missionary, though not at St. Mary's. There was a division of the Pottawatomie tribe known as "Prairie Indians," who dwelt in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Iowa, opposite the city of Omaha, and it was among these that Father de Smet's work began in 1833.

As early as 1841, the Jesuit Fathers had charge of the Indian schools established at Sugar Creek near the headwaters of the Osage River, but in 1848 the United States Government transferred the Indians to the locality on the Kaw River, which was afterwards named St. Mary's in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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It was here, in 1851, not long after his nomination as Vicar Apostolic, that Bishop J. B. Miège, titular Bishop of Messana, came and fixed his residence until his appointment as first Bishop of Leavenworth, whither he transferred his see in 1855. Jean Baptiste Miège was a member of the Society of Jesus when called upon to enter the ranks of the hierarchy. "After laboring heroically twenty-three years in our Western wilds, where he built up a great Christian commonwealth," he petitioned the Holy See to release him from his episcopal office and after many entreaties, his request was granted. In 1874, he laid down the mitre and the crozier, to resume the humble habit of the Jesuit. We find him later at Woodstock, Maryland, and at Detroit, when Father Conway, then Mr. Conway, S. J., was at these colleges.

In the work entitled "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the United States," the biographical sketch of Bishop Miège is from the pen of Father Conway. None better fitted than he to write of the man with whom he had in common many characteristic traits. Significant of Father Conway's appreciation of the Bishop's charity and kindness, is his comment: "How much easier it is to lead mankind than to drive them."

When James Conway was placed at St. Mary's Mission School, everything was still primitive in the extreme. Though the Government had given the Jesuits an allotment for each Indian in the school, the amount was so small that it was not sufficient to procure even the bare necessities of life.

The accommodations were very poor indeed; there were no beds; the boys slept on mattresses on the floor; the food was coarse, the meat so tough that it was really not

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fit to eat. There were many hardships to be endured, and very few, if any, comforts to be enjoyed. Such were the environments of James Conway when a very small boy; his companions and playmates were young savages. Notwithstanding the rough element with which he had to contend, at an age, too, most impressionable, when habits are easily formed, he preserved that innate refinement and gentleness of manner for which he was ever distinguished. He had within himself the elements of true greatness which made him rise superior to influences tending to impede, if not thwart, the growth and development of the gifts of heart and mind that he possessed.

The Jesuit Brothers felt deeply for the little motherless children confided to their care. One of the good Brothers, who is still living, at this writing, tells how he would take James, wrap him up in a cloak and lay him upon a bench. The object himself of a tender solicitude, which was likewise extended to his brothers, James, though the oldest of the three, was not quite nine years old, but his heart went out to his little brothers, and it must have been a most touching sight, when they assembled in the chapel for prayers, his brothers on either side of him, to see him looking down tenderly, almost with a motherly interest upon little John, as if to protect him.

It is said by those who knew him then and later on, that he never was a boy, that he was always a man, serious beyond his years, and that no one could ever find a fault in James Conway. He was pious and devout. During the first years that he was at St. Mary's a dominant trait of his character manifested itself, that is, his independence and his freedom from human respect; he performed his little devotions when he wanted, not because others did so, and not from routine.

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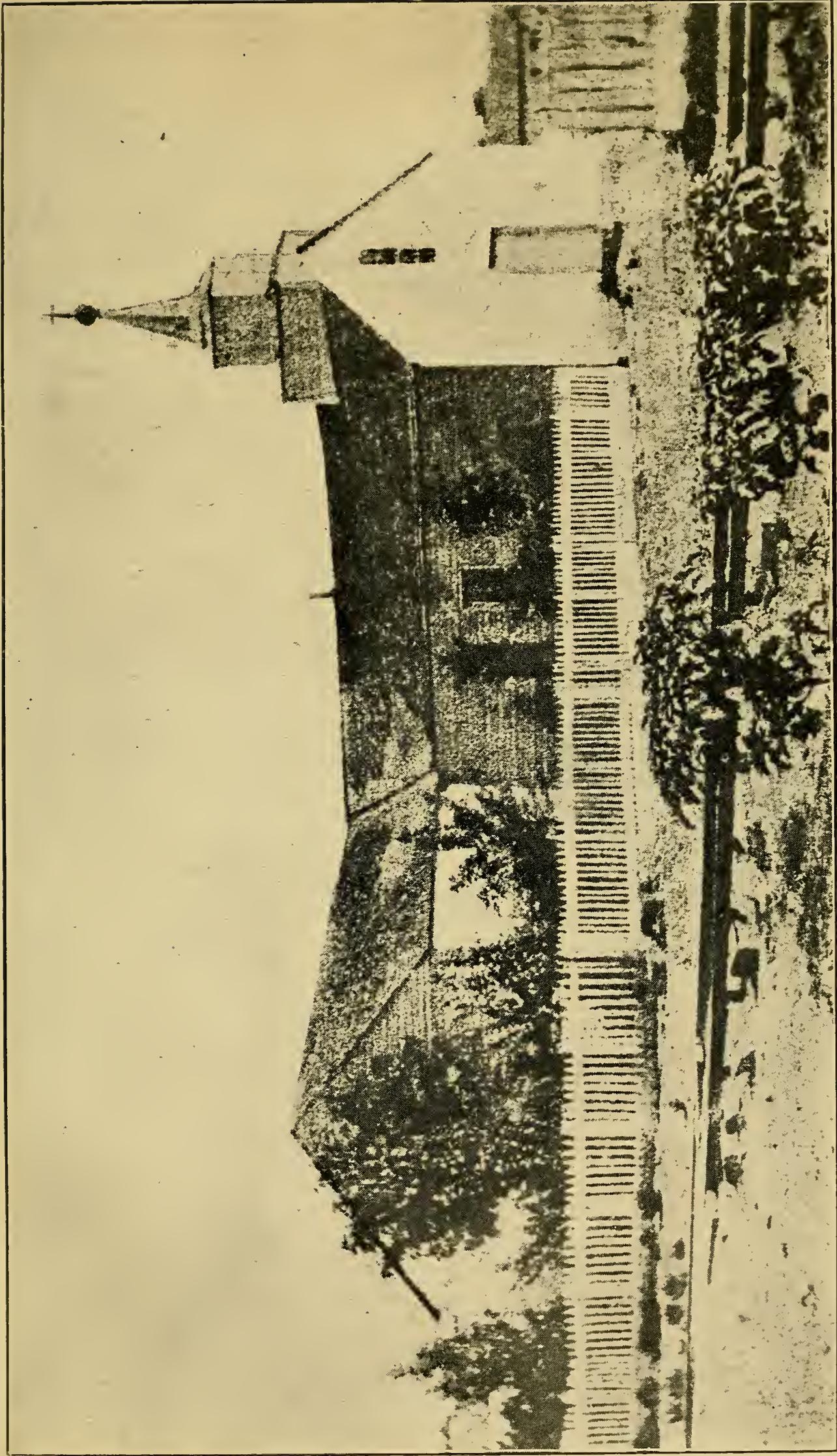
The greatest of all his devotions in after life, his intense love for the Blessed Sacrament, began in the humble little Indian church, which was destroyed many years ago; nothing of it remains; a mound marks the place of the altar.

So remarkable was James' spirit of recollection, that young as he was, he never looked about when in the chapel.

Our Blessed Lord longed to enter this soul and fill it with His Sacramental Presence, the soul of a child, it is true, but of such Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," and James had all those beautiful qualities of childhood which have such an attraction for the Heart of our divine Saviour and for which He showed His predilection when He was on earth. But in other respects James Conway was unlike the average small boy, with a depth of feeling, and an appreciative understanding of the things of God, the privilege of elect souls, for such indeed he was, this future minister of Christ, who in after years toiled so arduously and faithfully in the vineyard of the Master.

At that time it was not customary for young children to make their first communion, but in this particular case Divine Providence anticipated what Christ's Vicar, Pius X., has lately decreed, namely, that all children arriving at the age of reason and having the proper dispositions be permitted to approach the Holy Table.

A few months after his arrival at St. Mary's, James was allowed to make his first communion. In the little Indian church, on Holy Thursday, March 24, 1864, pure as an angel, this little friend of the Angels, whom, his life-long he loved so tenderly, received the Bread of Angels.



THE OLD INDIAN CHURCH, ST. MARY'S, KANSAS, WHERE JAMES JOSEPH CONWAY MADE HIS FIRST COMMUNION.

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Oh! the inexpressible happiness of that first communion! We may not lift the veil to see what passed between the soul of the innocent child and his God in that mystery of Love.

Father Conway never forgot the day of his first communion. During his last illness, when recurred the anniversary of that blessed day, his friend reminded him of it, but he had thought of it, and remarked that it was forty-five years ago! In remembrance of his first communion he chose Holy Thursday for the fulfillment of the obligation of the Easter communion, even after his ordination, whether he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice that day, or received communion from the hand of another.

Later on more white boys entered St. Mary's Mission. Among them was Pat Powers, who, together with James Conway, were recognized leaders among their companions. Pat, though a kind hearted and good-natured fellow, and really very fond of Jim, as he called James, was forever nagging at him; the latter, however gentle and kind, would stand a certain amount of this, but beyond that limit he would not allow his comrade to proceed without protesting. One time, at the breakfast table, Pat's pertinacious teasing was too much for patient endurance. Jim was roused, and quick as a flash, he picked up something and threw it at Pat. The incident having been reported to the Prefect of Studies, the boys were summoned to his room. Pat said: "Come on, Jim, and give an account of that shower about my head." According to Pat, Jim was the only one at fault, which made the latter furious. From a very early age, James had a keen sense of justice, which grew but more keen with years, thus rendering him very sensitive to trials of that nature,

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which none of us may hope to escape, it matters not where our lot may be cast.

This giving way to angry indignation, followed by impulsive action, for which, however, there had been such provocation, and which was done without any intention to wound, was the greatest fault laid at James Conway's door. We have not passed it over in silence for a purpose; it happened but once, giving proof of the control he exercised over himself even as a mere lad, for impulsive he was. In after years, to give him some cause for a little humiliation, which he always gladly accepted, someone asked him if his Superiors had never taken him to task for "flying off the handle", as he did. As he was kindness itself, there was nothing blameworthy in these momentary manifestations, but those who did not know him so well, judged him otherwise.

In November, 1867, Thomas Conway died at St. Mary's. He had been playing ball and threw himself on the ground to rest; he caught cold, and the trouble developed into typhoid fever which resulted in death. Mr. Conway grieved exceedingly over the loss of his son, Thomas, who was the strongest and most robust of the three boys. Thomas is buried at St. Mary's.

In March, 1902, Father Conway gave a retreat to the students at St. Mary's, and in the conference on death, alluding to the necessity of always being prepared, for we know not the day nor the hour when we may be summoned, he gave as an example of a sudden call the death of his brother Thomas. He spoke with so much feeling that he was moved to tears, and made an impression upon his hearers never to be forgotten.

At the first public exercises at St. Mary's for the close

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of school, James Conway spoke. In this, his maiden speech, he not only gave promise of the future orator, but on this very occasion his delivery and his choice of language were so remarkable in one so young, that a gentleman who was present was astonished and said that he spoke like a man.

So far there had been practically no regular nor graded course of studies at St. Mary's, which was still a Mission School for Indians, though there were now, many white boys amongst them. James having successfully gone through all the classes, his ambition was to enter St. Louis University, in preparation for which he had private tutoring. To Mr. Joseph Real, S. J. was entrusted the tuition of young Conway. With true appreciation he gauged the ability of the gifted youth committed to his care and spared no pains in his capacity of professor. In addition to the classical studies in which he was instructing his pupil, he gave him lessons in elocution; he would take him out into the woods and have him remain at some distance from him whilst he was speaking, in order to train his voice.

With prophetic insight, Mr. Real also foresaw in the talented youth, the future illustrious and distinguished Jesuit, when James confided to him his desire to join the ranks of Loyola's sons. Mr. Real, who possessed also true spiritual discernment, recognized at once in the young aspirant the marks of a true vocation. He never had any reason to change his opinion, nor did he ever for a moment doubt of James' perseverance.

During the years that James spent at St. Mary's, as well as later on, when a student at St. Louis University, he was distinguished for that thoughtful kindness of others,

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that gentleness and unobtrusiveness which were characteristic of him all through life. He had always been quiet and of a very reserved disposition, and these, too, were characteristic of him in a marked degree, until the last few years of his life, when he was not quite so reticent with people in general. He was not a play boy; he did not care for the sports of his companions. He was a great reader, and was often found buried in his book, utterly oblivious of what was going on around him.

His conduct in every respect was exemplary. So dear to him was the virtue which likens men to angels, that he avoided every appearance of danger, and the slightest irregularity either of conduct or language in any of his companions was enough to make him shun the company of such a one forever after; but this seldom or ever happened, for he commanded the respect, and had gained the hearts of all, and they, fully aware of his intolerance of anything contrary to holy purity, were on their good behavior when he approached them, and were heard to say: "Here comes James Conway, boys; we can't talk that way now."

Despite the vigilance exercised in Catholic educational institutions over the personal conduct of the students, particularly in regard to the point in question, we know that those who attend our schools are not all angels, and if it is the experience of those in charge that the influence of one bad boy, or girl, might be "the little leaven corrupting the whole mass," we may reason that, vice versa, the example of one whose very presence is a check upon what is unbecoming, is very far reaching in its effect for good.

That St. Mary's has been particularly blessed in its student body as a whole, and that an evil was detected before it could work harm, must certainly be due to the

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leading devotional feature of the institution from its very foundation, the filial love and fidelity of her sons to the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, thus drawing down upon them her very special protecting care.

St. Mary's most illustrious son, the subject of this biography, was assuredly one of Mary Immaculate's privileged children, whom she must have marked out as her own from his very birth, and for whom, he in turn, cherished a most tender love and chivalrous devotion, which remained a distinguishing and life-long trait. She would have him at her own school, St. Mary's, where his love and devotion to her were fostered, and grew as he grew in age.

It will be interesting to quote Father Conway's own words in view of this particular and very special cult of the students of St. Mary's to the Blessed Virgin; the quotation is from his sermon on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the Beautiful Gothic chapel of "The Immaculata," at St. Mary's, Kansas, December 9, 1907. Referring to the devotion of the St. Mary's boy to the patroness of his Alma Mater, and to the traditions of the institution in respect to Mary, Father Conway said: "Nor is this devotion a new life that has grown up in the College. For I am a witness to you all today that these traditions are not of yesterday nor of the day before. They date back to the very earliest years in the history of the institution. When I came here in 1863, devotion to Mary was,—if I may say this with reverence and appreciation for all other devotions—the only devotion that the boys universally practised. I can even yet recall how every morning after rising and rinsing the tips of our fingers in our little tin basins (of water), for a morning bath, we

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began our morning prayers with the Litany of Loretto, and finished the same with the sweet Memorare of St. Bernard. At the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which immediately followed, and which we all, to the tiniest kid in the fold, attended when the weather was not too bad, we recited the beads together, after which the Brother in charge read further devotional prayers to our Blessed Lady. In winter, when the snow was too deep, or the cold too intense, the Minims staid at home from Mass, and one of their number recited the rosary with them in Brother John Kilcullen's old classroom—the first play-room, gymnasium and assembly hall in St. Mary's College. It was, to describe it, the lower story of a squatty baraque, a primitive sort of contrivance in logs, mortar and clapboards, and dated away back in the forties, or to the early missionary days among the Pottawatomies. I still, in memory, enjoy those nice, cosy mornings in the bitter winter, nestling close alongside my fellow papooses to keep warm, and giving out the prayers to my companions with all the attention of a sleepy child. For I was reputed small in those days, and delicate enough to be kept from church, and apparently smart enough to stay at home and say the beads with my little copper comrades. For this reason I was detailed, for two or three winters in succession, to lead in these morning recitations of the rosary. In May, we had devotions in the church before and after class, under the conduct of Brother Murphy. After dinner, under the direction of the quixotic, albeit chivalrous and saintly Brother Louis DeVriend, the members of the choir sang portions of the Litany in the choir loft of the old cruciform church which was the pioneer cathedral of the new prosperous diocese of Leavenworth. Later on

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during my stay here, and some two or three years before the Whites with their big notions of education, their college airs, and their brick and stone equipment, began to invade our humble mission life, you could have seen every evening in the beautiful month of May, our entire host of big and little braves, strung out, two and two abreast in one long processional line, marching around from the old play-room, up the easy incline behind the ancient milk-house, to the top of this long, low bluff, and wending its slow and solemn way along the hill to the rustic pagoda of our Lady that crowns its eastern brow, reciting all the while, in two hundred small voices, loud and clear, the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Glory be to the Father," of the rosary, in response to the high-pitched tenor lead of that great servant of Mary, Brother John Murphy, the first prefect of studies at St. Mary's College". . . . "To these three men, Brothers John Murphy, Louis DeVriend and John F. Kilcullen, gentlemen, is due the origin and primitive ardor of that devotion to Our Blessed Lady, which has ever since their time distinguished a truly Catholic son of St. Mary's."

The Senior Sodality of the Blessed Virgin at St. Mary's was founded by Father Patrick J. Ward, December 8th, 1869, a few weeks previous to the date of the incorporation of the institution as a college by the Kansas State Legislature. James J. Conway was one of the charter members of the Sodality; his name is the first that appears on its membership rolls. From the same sermon quoted above, we subjoin Father Conway's beautiful tribute to the Sodalists of St. Mary's, in which here and there escapes a faint glimmering of the burning love in his own heart for the Immaculate One. "For there is one characteristic

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which in my experience at least, and I do not believe it is a solitary one, has everywhere distinguished the Sodality boy of St. Mary's College. He is loyal to his church, active in its interests, proud of the faith it teaches, the piety it inculcates, and the manifold holiness and splendor of the work which it has done and is today accomplishing in every corner of the land we live in. It could hardly be otherwise, in view of his long probation in the school of Mary's service. For years he and his fellows have been going forth from this nursery of letters, arts and sciences, proud of the school they come from, the records which they have made, and the scholastic trophies which they in their day have borne away. But at the same time these same young men have gone forth to their several fields of labor, past masters in a service which was to net them more salutary and more consoling results in their long struggle with an irreverent and almost godless world. And in the sunshine and gloom of after life their devotion to Mary has been to them, as it has been for all those who serve the Mother of our God, the bright inspiration that has ever cheered their exile here below, and the surest port in every storm that has overtaken their frail craft on its perilous voyage towards the eternal shore. It is then, little wonder to me, as I stand here today above the cornerstone of the Immaculata, that a monument, a splendid shrine and holy sanctuary, is now being raised to the honor and glory of their Mother and their Queen, by all these sons of the Immaculata. It is but the return of a love conceived long years ago in noble and affectionate hearts. It is but the harvest from the seeds of a solicitude sown long years ago amidst the budding activities of a thousand young hopes and promises. It is but the last and

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permanent expression of a culture whose dominant blazon has ever been the ardent chivalry with which the boys of St. Mary's have championed and exalted the sublime dignity and the incomparable prestige of the Immaculata."

Connected so intimately as Father Conway was with St. Mary's, it will be interesting to our readers to learn something more of the early days of that now far-famed College, and it is but fitting that we reproduce here an article from the pen of her most distinguished alumnus, Father Conway, himself, written in his own inimitable style for the Alumni Number of "The Dial," (St. Mary's Journal), July, 1899.

CHAPTER II.

Thirty Years Ago.

“To the Editor of the Dial: My Dear Sir:—When I promised you an article for the Alumni Number of The Dial, I honestly believe that I hardly intended to keep my word. I have not been well for some time, and even a little authorship of this description is calculated to interfere with the prescription I have been taking. Specifically, it is called, at least here, ‘light pastoral work’ ; generally, I think it is termed the ‘Rest Cure,’ a form of therapeutic treatment which you might classify under the category ‘Good easy time,’ —a gentle, agreeable, and withal, a fairly effective remedy, provided you can take a good dose of it.*

“But I allowed a reflection or two to prevail with me. *The Dial* has won growing favor with old-timers at St. Mary’s, who, like myself, have not been ignored by the younger generations at College. One good turn, therefore, I thought, deserves another. Then again, it does seem too bad, if indeed, it is not positively wrong, to omit a word in time for the good old days when your proud Institution was nothing but a “Reduction School” for the Indians of the Pottawatomie Reserve.

“And indeed those were good, albeit quaint, old times. I spent some four years at St. Mary’s in those days, and

*The period of his life referred to here, is that of the serious nervous breakdown he had in 1898. In the fall of that year he went to Detroit in hope that the change would benefit him, and it is here that the above article was written. To those who know what his condition was then, it will be a matter of surprise to learn that he was equal to any authorship of whatever description.

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although I must say it myself, I was rather closely in touch with the place, the characters and the events which went to make up the old 'Mission School'. When I came to St. Mary's, about Christmas time, 1863, and in the midst of one of the coldest winters I can recollect, there were no white boys at the School. I was therefore, in my own small way, a tiny little affair of four feet two or three inches, with an avoirdupois running up somewhere into the sixties, the pioneer white lad, the original bearer of the 'White Man's Burden' at the St. Mary's Mission School.

"Among my contemporaries, there were, it is true, a few half-breeds, some of whom I think are still living. Among these the Martels, Oliver and Charlie, were my first acquaintances and friends. These boys were the sons of an Irishman, born and orphaned at sea, adopted into a Canadian family distantly allied, I believe, to the Pottawatomies, and married to a woman of the 'Prairie Band,' or Pagan Pottawatomies. She was later baptized by Father De Smet, whom, so the pious legend is told, she had previously seen in a vision, exhorting her to relinquish the superstitions of her ancestors.

"Oliver, when I first knew him, was a nice fellow. In appearance, somewhat of a blonde, an almost unheard of feature in an Indian, athletic, full of animal spirits, and yet withal tractable, pious and not a hater of books. His brother Charlie, a shade graver in complexion and character, was a lad of decided talent, but of little energy. He was almost sinister in his retiring habits, and from the outset impressed me as a youth who would later have all he could do to master the lower currents of his nature.

"I do not know what became of these boys; but if some

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of the rumors that I heard of late years are true, they could and should have done much better than they did. These lads and myself constituted the first white colony in the yard. Later on, Lawrence Bertrand, William Hamilton, Tom and Paul Bourbonnais, David Laughton, Charles Vassar, and Joe Bertrand were added to the half-breeds, while Frank Palmer and the two Harding boys, joined me, swelling the number of pale-faces to four. The rest of the School, when I took my place upon its forms were full-blood Indians, mostly of the Pottawatomie tribe, with the exception of a few Osages, one or two Sioux, and a solitary Miami with a rich current of darkey blood in his veins. I cannot recall his name, but he was unpopular on account of his African blood and stayed but a short while with us.

“The Pottawatomie, unlike what we read of the Aztec, or even the Zuni, was not born for the pursuit of letters. I do not say that he was not in many instances, even highly gifted; for to cite but the case of Etienne Neobaukwa and Peter Moose, classmates of mine in '64 and '65, their career at school simply illustrated and determined the fact that the Pottawatomie boys were, in instances, gifted lads.

“Neobaukwa possessed a really phenomenal talent for mathematics, and, after two years' study, he wrote English with even a rhetorical finish, while he spoke it without any accent or the slightest trace whatever of the jabber or the talkee talkee of the 'Prairie Band' from which he came. I understand that Neobaukwa became later on a Government interpreter at Topeka at a very handsome monthly salary. Moose was a plodder, but an all-around-man in his studies. I never heard what he amounted to later, but to nothing, I am afraid; for his native ability

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and taste for books were seriously offset by the Indian's want of ambition and plan. Yet Moose and Neobaukwa were not the only clever Pottawatomies that I went to school with. There were many others just as bright as these, and brighter even than hundreds of white lads with whom I have dealt since. But their outlandish names puzzle me to recall them individually. Our organist, a full-blood, played well, read music accurately, and sang with much feeling and expression. The parish church choir was recruited from the schoolyard in those days, and, barring a peculiar nasal or rather stuffy, or better still, frothy vocalization, was not disagreeable to listen to, at least in chorus singing. The Waubskia boys were not bad students; there were one or two Nadeaux there at the time who were not lazy fellows, by any means; Okcommo, a slovenly, untidy daub otherwise, did not dislike books, and the wealthy—for a Pottawatomie—Occhoa of Cross Creek, had some nephews at St. Mary's who were a credit to his solicitude; for their uncle was the only Indian I ever met—and I had something to do, at one time or another with Pottawatomies, Pawnees, Sioux, Miamis and Cheyennes—who calculated upon the rainy days in his existence. And in my reminiscences of bright Pottawatomies I must not omit Big Ignatius—a fine, athletic, big-hearted, jolly Indian, who could do and study almost anything.

“But I distinguish between the cleverness of my Indian school fellows and their energy, determination, steadiness and pre-severance. These virtues the Pottawatomies did not possess. They were studious, and with the child of the forest, ‘sufficient for the day is the evil thereof’. It never occurs to him that the best thing for today is the provision for tomorrow. He went to school because, as

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a rule, the Fathers of the Mission made his folks understand that school, in his time of life, is the best place for him. He went to class at first, perhaps, for the novelty of the thing to him; later, more because he could not, with impunity, avoid going, or, it may be, because, it was, situated as he was, the conventional thing between one meal and another, between one frolic and another, between one sleep and another. Possibly in his school habits and his school endeavors, he was, as I have intimated, as wide awake as his pale-faced companions, but differed wholly from them in this, that his study—much or little, as it might be—failed to develop in him the suspicion of a future to be made, and to be made largely, if not entirely by himself and by himself alone. Hence the impression of blind routine which his school life, to all appearance, produced upon him. The object of his training was fixed for him by another; the pursuit of this object was conducted by and through agencies foreign to his inherited instincts. He took to his studies, therefore, not a little like as a time-prisoner to his jail-work; with, however, this difference, that the element of confinement and penalty was tempered for him by his surroundings into a sense akin to apprenticeship or hostage to the Mission by reason of some little questioned, but irksome relation between his tribe, the government and the Fathers.

“Yet, while at the Mission, my Pottawatomie school-mates were by no means idlers, nor did they fail to cover, during their curriculum, a fair course of elementary and high-school training. They differed, as far as my experience of four years with them bears me out, very little from white boys of their own age in general capacity, diversity of talent, judgment, taste, memory, curiosity, faculty for

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observation, expression, reach and sequence of thought. They were at times like the 'white boys,' first, second, last, anywhere and everywhere, in their classes, illustrating the fact that their inferiority as a race of boys, to us of Caucasian pretensions—and I think that for Irish, Yankee and Dutch we were a fair sample of the virtues and vices of Japhetic Aryans—was much more assumed in theory than illustrated in fact.

“And to impress upon you that their school training at St. Mary's meant something, let me tell you a thing or two about studies, classes, class-work and teachers, at St. Mary's from 1863 or thereabouts to 1867. We studied penmanship, reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, rhetoric, geography, algebra, geometry, bookkeeping, history,—not a bad course of studies for some of your very best modern High Schools. Moreover, our texts were, I believe, among the best in use at the time. In penmanship we had a copy set for us upon the blackboard by Brother 'The Glorious' Kilcullin and Brother John Murphy, both extremely neat and graceful penmen. But besides these blackboard drills, we used the Spencerian Copy Books for all grades, and let me tell you that some of our Pottawatomie caligraphers graded away up into the ideal. Let me see; yes, McGuffey, I'm sure, was our reader. I say our reader, for, although I had, at home, gone through all the forms of my own district school before coming to the Mission, I spent a pleasant winter in '63-'64, with Brother Kilcullin, acquiring from that really very fine reader some of that artistic finish which appears to have been neglected by Miss Wilson, my public school teacher. I also spelled a winter with Brother Kilcullin. I fancied, before he began to handle me, that I was a truly famous

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orthographer, or perhaps better, orthoepist. But Brother Kilcullin could and did teach me a thing or two in spelling, and his boast that Kithoog, the left handed—his Irish endearment for Charlie Martel, who was left-handed and my running mate in class—was more than a match for the ‘white fellow,’ was by no means an idle one. But this able, witted and industrious, *ludi magister*, was a veritable Henri Mon Dieu at figures. I do not recall now the author of our texts in arithmetic. I think, however, that we used Ray; but seriously, we got our education in ciphering, not so much from our text, as from the inimitable art of the master. Brother Kilcullin was a sort of Homeric Euclid or Euclidian Homer, bound in the choicest of all that is good in the green. His multiplication table—a permanent feature of our blackboard from September to June—was as grandiose, as pompous and every way as epic in its rythm, its sense, and the subtle interest of its divers combinations, as the catalogue of the Grecian ships. I wish you could have heard us recite it. If you could have heard a hundred healthy Pottawatomie papooses and one white one discoursing in stout lunged chorus all the mighty things done by, through and with figures, from twice two are four, to twenty-five times twenty-five are six hundred and twenty-five, you might, indeed, without too highly stimulating you phrensy with visions of the Archaic, have fancied yourself standing—among others, say with Ajax Oileus, the nearest approach in classic myths to a wild Indian—upon the wind shifting sands of old Homer’s *poluphlois-boio thalasses*. For we did, of a fact, make a far-resounding noise—at least in a certain sense—in arithmetic. But Brother Kilcullin was not an excellent teacher of figures only. As I said, we learned to read with him—a lost art

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in so many Colleges; and, will I ever be pardoned for saying it, in some very ambitious convents, too—but he taught geography, Bible History, the History of the United States, catechism and grammar, with inimitable zeal and discipline. I say zeal designedly; for Brother Kilcullin was not simply a teacher by appointment of the Superiors of his Order, but a teacher by instinct, who loved and relished his work, and, in consequence, put his whole heart into his class-drill. And oh, dear me! how he did drill! He never, I believe, used his text-book in class. He studied the lesson himself before he exacted it from us; and let me assure you that he was clear-headed, thorough, and no trifler in what he required of us. And yet I do not remember that he ever physically punished one of his lads. He was too much of a father to every child under him, and was naturally so kind hearted that he would not strike a boy. But he 'sent us back to our places' until we had our lessons, and that meant until we knew that matter as he wanted us to know it, if it took a week; and I think I can recall instances in which it took longer than that.

"In my time at the Mission, Brother John Murphy, first alone, and later together with Father John Colleton and Father Joseph Rimmele, taught the upper classes, or more correctly, the upper room, in as much as there hardly existed any very precise division of classes until the growing influx of the whites about 1867 and 1868 demanded it, in view of a definite course of studies and the cost of tuition to the whites. In these upper classes Brother Murphy taught us history, bookkeeping, algebra, Christian doctrine and elocution. Father Colleton gave us lessons in rhetoric and taught us geometry. Father Rimmele—a name which,

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I understand, stood for all manner of troubles and sore spots with the Leather Heads and June Numbers of a later epoch—was the pioneer of classic studies at St. Mary's—a sort of Pottawatomie Reuchlin of the Renaissance in the Kaw Valley. He was indeed a sort of philological enthusiast; for it is of good Father Rimmele, I think, that the story is told, how at one time in his own studies he was much occupied in establishing the existence of the Hebrew alphabet on the back of the turtle.

“The scholastic routine in this upper room was not so determined as in the lower room. In Brother Kilcullin's department everything moved with the watch and on straight lines, albeit with gentleness and great decorum. Every class in its turn filed around Brother's desk, beside, not back of, which he always sat when we recited to him. Although not tall, he was a large man, and looked very comfortable and patriarchal as he sat with his little natives gathered about him in a circle. Each one straightened up, threw back his shoulders, and after the invariable *Propter Te Domine*, with which Brother Kilcullin began every class recitation, each lad waited and with perfect, although not at all a fear-imposed order, for his turn to recite. When all had told the lesson, or his part of it, all of us together repeated after Brother, ‘Deo Gratias’ and filed back in splendid pageant to our cottonwood forms, to give place to another class which went through the same drill, and thus, throughout the day, and day after day. Between the recitations Brother Kilcullin prayed and strung beads for Father Gailland and the other Fathers.

“In the upper room things were not in every way the same, nor half so congenial. Brother Murphy, and, at times Brother Corcoran, who occupied his chair, gathered us

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about his desk where we stood like prisoners at the dock. Brother Murphy was really a kind man and a first-class teacher, but he worshipped at the altar of the blindest justice. We boys simply feared the man, for even his pleasant humor was distressingly equitable. The ferule was truly his sceptre, and no fiction was it, mind you, but the identical thing, nearly a foot and a half long, an inch square, of walnut or oak, and with edges that would satisfy the most mutinous of its majesty and latent energy. And, of course, he sometimes used it? Sometimes, mildly illustrates the frequency of its ravages and the sovereignty of its sway. Yet, I must say that I do not recall a single instance of an unjust triumph of its powers; for I do not believe that Brother Murphy ever punished in passion. In fact he appeared to have none. But he did possess an ascetical antipathy to insubordination and laziness. It was not, therefore, an unusual thing for him to reflect in a physico-mechanical way upon the hands or quarters of mischievous and lazy fellows. Yet, we learned things under Brother Murphy, some of us because we were afraid of him, but most of us because he put life and interest into things. He taught us Ancient and Modern History, with good old Fredet for our text, Scripture History from Kearney, I think it was, geography from Mitchell's large descriptive text and the accompanying maps, catechism by oral instruction upon Butler's once popular primer. His classes were interesting. He illustrated and explained very fully, entertainingly and always pertinently to the text; he probed and cross-examined and pitted us one against the other, and in many other little ways put us upon our metal to show what we could do. I recall my days with Brother John Murphy with eminent satisfaction and

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thanksgiving for the interest this very excellent Jesuit took in my own and the improvement of my school-fellows.

“Father Colleton was connected with the School the last year I was there. He taught us rhetoric, Hart’s Composition, algebra and geometry. I never looked upon Father Colleton as a star in the class-room, whatever his reserved abilities were. His forte was the Missions, and he later became the Apostle of Southern Kansas. I believe that my most habitual concept, as a boy, of Father Colleton’s mathematical preceptorship, was, in a sense, extraordinary. I remember how it used to puzzle me to understand how, in geometry class, he knew what we were doing at the blackboard, when he was so often and so profoundly asleep. For he was of a fact phenomenally drowsy in mathematics, which—and young and facile digesters would not know how to allow for this inclination in their elders—was very shortly after dinner. In rhetoric he did not sleep that I can recall, but not infrequently said his Breviary while we copied some choice passage to improve our style. I do not remember that we composed originally to any extent. But another task he often set us, both for the improvement of our style and the still further betterment of our spelling, was to write from his dictation some choice bit of literature from one of the authors or from one of the selections in the text. Father Colleton loved good spelling intensely, to judge from his zeal to promote it in us. And after all, why not, *bonum enim est diffusivum sui*. At all events, he made this exercise a veritable *Pons Asinorum*, and the species flourishes, you know, in our American institutions. What did he do if he found errors in your copy? He made you rewrite every mis-

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spelled word often enough to dishearten Hercules, or, at least, often enough to radically disgust yourself with every possible temptation to indulge in the same irregularities again. I remember that one day I spelled 'until' with two ls. I handed in my copy somewhere about 9 o'clock in the morning, and I even yet am disturbed with visions of my rewriting the correct spelling of that conjunction all day long. I am sure I spent the rest of the morning writing 'until.'

"I would like to go on and say a word or two about Father Rimmele and the original Latin class at St. Mary's, and about the disposition of our school year, about our sports, our outings, about the Christmas holidays, the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday. But, really, I am afraid that I have already presumed upon your space and patience. There are times when, if you start me on St. Mary's Mission days, I am at a loss when to cry a halt on myself. Let me hope, however, sir, that my ramblings and giddy correspondence will not bore your readers. I meant well, and if I have not been as fortunate in judgment as I have tried to be prone in will to contribute to the interest of your forthcoming Alumni Number, your readers will please understand that they are at liberty to insist upon my doing better the next time. Thanking you, sir, for the compliment and favor of your pages, I am, sir,

Yours sincerely,

FATHER CONWAY, S. J."

CHAPTER III.

At College.

Having been prepared for a classical course, James Conway bade farewell to St. Mary's he loved so well, and, in September, 1870, his name was registered upon the College list of St. Louis University. He entered the 2d Humanities Class; at the half-year he was promoted to the 1st Humanities, thus making two classes the first year he was at College, the only student in the Classical Course that achieved this feat, and there were many bright, clever youths among his companions and in his own class, one especially who might have been considered a rival.

At the end of the scholastic year 1870-71, besides receiving a premium for promotion during the session, James carried off the first premium in German, was "Distinguished in Penmanship," and his name was amongst those who excelled in examination at the end of the year. Having been but a half-year in each of the Humanities, he could not get premiums in any of the studies of these classes; the prizes had to be awarded to those who had been members of the classes during an entire year. James had also a Distinction for good conduct and diligence.

The following year, in September, 1871, having excelled in examination the previous June, James entered the Poetry Class, and here again, he left his classmates behind, and at the end of the first session was promoted to Rhetoric, again making two classes in one year. At the end of this year also, in addition to a premium for promotion

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during the year, he had a Distinction in Conduct and Diligence, and was awarded 1st Premium in Evidences of Christianity, 1st in Chemistry, and 2d in Physics; the same reasons holding good this year also, for his not getting any premiums in his regular class. At the end of 1871-72, again do we find his name among the successful candidates in examination, so that had he returned to the University the following September, he would have been in Philosophy Class.

His remarkable application to study and the success he achieved in his classes, are all the more to his credit, in that he was working against such odds, owing to his delicate constitution. Moreover, he had a severe spell of sickness during the time he was at the University; he had erysipelas of so dangerous a form that there was fear of its attacking the heart.

His teachers and companions, one and all, are unanimous in their praise, both as to his intellectual ability and his exemplary deportment. His professor of 2d Humanities said that he showed remarkable ability in his compositions, that his descriptions were simply admirable, and that even at this period of his life he possessed that great fluency of speech, for which, later, he became so noted.

The following is from his Professor in Rhetoric: "The many years that have flown by since the period you allude to, have somewhat dimmed my recollections; still, the figure of young Conway as a student in the St. Louis University appears to me more distinct than others, whose names have vanished from my memory. Yes, I remember him a serious student, whose application was sustained and conscientious. He cared little for outside amuse-

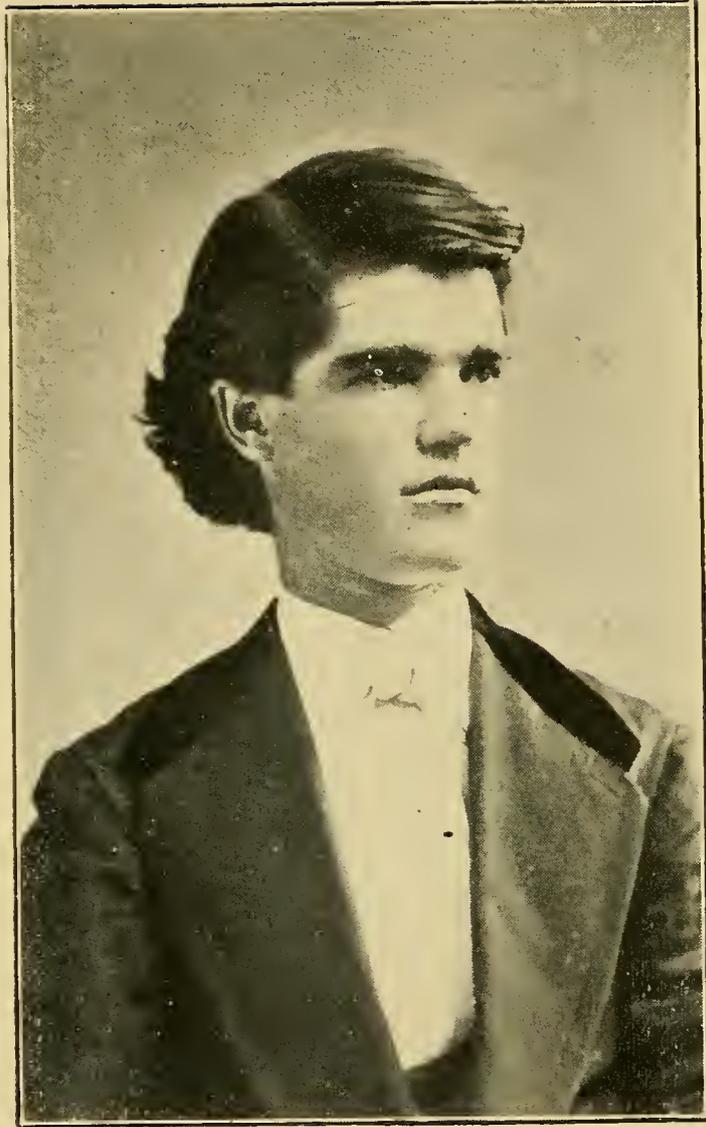
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ments and showed himself that early a lover of books. He was highly esteemed by his fellows and looked up to as a model. He was genial and kind to all and highly respected. He always showed himself deferent to authority."

His piety and excellence in deportment merited for him the honor and distinction of having been chosen Prefect of The Senior Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, his dearly loved Mother. He was also a member of the Acolytical Society.

In those good old times, when athletics were indulged in moderately, and were thus an invigorating influence on mind and body, when the world was not yet running mad after athleticism, when the esteem for excellence in scholarship took the lead, there were three public exhibitions during the course of the year at St. Louis University, one by the Poetry Class, one by Rhetoric, and one by the Philathletic Society, besides the Commencement exercises in June. At one of these exhibitions, James Conway was chosen to speak and acquitted himself, as was his wont, with great honor. On another occasion, at an entertainment on Washington's birthday, a drama, entitled "St. Louis in Chains" was given by the students. James, though not the leading character in the play, acted his part so well, that in the memory of one who was present, he stands out from amongst all the others, having made an indelible impression.

Of his many and varied gifts, that of oratory was unmistakably his from the time he was a mere lad. When he was a student at St. Louis University, on a certain occasion, the 1st Humanities Class gave a little exhibition to which several other classes were invited. At the close of the exercises, James, who was then in Poetry, got up



JAMES JOSEPH CONWAY, AT SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

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and made an extemporaneous address. A member of the class that was entertaining the others, distinctly recalls this occasion and says: "He (James Conway) spoke well and seemed to have a good command of language, and was not at all embarrassed as most boys would have been. His words flowed freely, and he impressed me then, boy as I was, for I was only fifteen, that one day he might be a good orator."

During his College days James had opportunities for the exercise of this talent, in the Philalethic Society of which he was a member. A thinker, a writer, a speaker, good in debate, he took a prominent part in the meetings of this society. We quote again from his Professor in Rhetoric: "Where he exhibited a great talent for oratory was in the debating society of which I was president; it was called the Philalethic Debating Society. He manifested quite a talent for elocution, and on various occasions he astonished me with impromptu discourses which marked an exuberant imagination and a remarkable power of language."

The members of "The Philalethic" were required to write essays at stated periods; these essays were read before the society, their respective merits decided upon by votes of the members, and the result approved of by the presiding officer, or moderator, always one of the Jesuit professors. The best of these essays were then copied in a record kept for the purpose. In the year 1872, there were three essays deemed worthy of the honor of being recorded, and one of these, "The Poet's Dream," was James Conway's.

CHAPTER IV.

The Jesuit Novice and Scholastic.

When at St. Mary's, and also when at St. Louis University, James spent his vacations with his father and his brother John, at Ogden, Kansas.

James was a chosen vessel from his youth; "Jesus looking upon him, loved him, and said to him, 'come follow Me'." Unlike the young man in the Gospel, James heeded the words of eternal life. He was of that heroic stamp of character, that when once the call had been heard, he would break down every barrier that stood in the way of the fulfillment of its behest. He had broached the subject of his vocation to his father, but the fond parent refused his approval. It was asking a great sacrifice, and poor human nature was not equal to it. Though Mr. Conway was a good, practical Catholic, he was a most tender-hearted father, very much attached to his children, and need we add, justly proud of his gifted son, James, who would, indeed, have achieved a brilliant success in whatever career he had entered. James did engage in some worldly pursuit, but only for a short while. "His Beloved had spoken to him, and his heart had been moved at His words, and he would not let Him go whom his soul loved." So, after finishing Rhetoric, James decided to approach his father again about his becoming a Jesuit. If this separation was a great trial for the father, it was also painful for the dutiful son, but as Father Conway said, speaking of it years after, this was his last temptation. He had

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despised the flickering lights of earth, and now, he shall gently but firmly, resist the pleadings of an earthly father, to follow more closely Him who had loved him with an eternal love.

On July 27, 1872, James entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, at the age of seventeen years and a half, the same age, within two weeks, that St. John Berchmans entered the Society. "He was," now, "under the shadow of Him whom he desired, and the fruit of the tree of life was sweet to his taste."

Mr. Patrick Conway and his son John, left Kansas and came to Florissant to live, to be near James.

The January following James' admission to the Novitiate, he and his fellow novices entered upon the long retreat, the retreat of thirty days, which a Jesuit makes twice, the first time in the Novitiate; and lastly during the year of his Third Probation.

More than once, had James piously followed the exercises of retreats, which though conducted on the plan and according to the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, are made suitable to the capacity of school boys and College students. But now he is to perform the Exercises exactly as they are laid down by the holy Founder.

It will not be a digression to enlarge somewhat on the merits of this wonderful Book of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, one of the few books that have had a share in deciding the fate of humanity; a book of which an infinite number of copies have been printed, and of which more than 400 commentaries have been written; a book, which, said St. Francis De Sales, "has converted more sinners than there are letters in the whole volume." A book, in fine, which has been pronounced by some persons to

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be the greatest book in the world, save the Bible. To expatiate upon its merits will be but in accord with the wishes of the dear subject of this biography, who entered so thoroughly into the spirit of these Exercises, when year after year he made his eight-days retreat, as also when he conducted the Exercises for others, with so much profit to their souls.

As its name implies, this Book sets forth rules for the development, not of the body, but of the immaterial part of man, the soul. "Mens sana in corpore sano," is a wise saying, but it has been much abused, and in fact has overreached the limit by furnishing the plea for the undue attention that is now given to athletics. We have called attention to this subject before, but offer no excuse for again referring to it, considering that, according to Malcolm Kenneth Gordon, Master in St. Paul's School, "there is an abnormal development of athletics in the wrong channels," thereby jeopardizing our national integrity.

If in the quotation, "Mens sana in corpore sano," the term "mind" is restricted to what the philosopher designates as the thinking principle in man, we refer to it, in view of the Spiritual Exercises, as that "inscrutable entity", called the soul, or more specifically, the spiritual and immortal part of man made to the image and likeness of God.

There is no exposition of the end for which we are created, no setting forth of the means whereby to attain that end, so remarkable as to simplicity and clearness on the one hand, and so practical and efficacious on the other, as the method used by St. Ignatius in his Spiritual Exercises.

In the preface of "Manresa," or, "The Spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius," we read: "Those who come to the

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school of St. Ignatius to make a retreat are called upon to use the faculties of their understanding and their heart. They come to act for themselves, not to see another act; in acting they come to exert themselves, not to give themselves up to barren contemplation; they come to exercise their soul and its chief powers—the understanding and the will.”

It may be that the great success and efficacy of the Exercises are due, as much, if not more, to the appeal made to the understanding, to the exercise of the faculty of reason, as to the method employed to move and direct the will. The will is not readily moved to embrace what is not comprehended. However, we do not include here those great mysteries of Faith which are beyond the power of the human mind to grasp. We can not love that of which we have no knowledge. A spiritual writer tells us: “Divine love is but an opening of the spiritual eyes to beauties hitherto unsuspected.”—The same author says: “St. Ignatius was instinctively an opponent of the theory which, on a misunderstanding of a Gospel maxim, divorces intelligence from will in the work of sanctification.” “Sanctify them in Thy truth,” prayed our Saviour for His disciples; “Thy word is Truth.”

People very often err through ignorance, though they may have the very best of intentions. They are, then not so culpable. True, but is it not more in conformity with our dignity as rational beings that we develop to its fullest capacity the intelligence God has given us? That to the belief in revealed dogma, we may come to a better understanding of the same, and, therefore, have a better appreciation of it.

We are not advocating the development of the under-

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standing to the detriment of the will. On the contrary, with Cardinal Newman, we believe that "our strength in this world is to be the subjects of reason, and our liberty to be the captives of truth." It is the exercise of both powers according to St. Ignatius' method that will enable the soul to arrive at the ideal proposed by this great Master of the Spiritual life, which ideal, if not expressed in definite terms in the Book of the Exercises, is as a refrain, the harmony of which vibrates throughout the entire Book, the burden being: "Exercise thyself; all the faculties of thy mind and the power of thy will; have them at thy command; in a word, become master of thyself 'to act'."

Entered into with the proper dispositions, and faithfully performed throughout, "the Exercises" can not fail to produce spiritual athletes, trained to the minute, fully equipped to enter that arena, where to every successful contestant is awarded the only prize worth having, eternal salvation! "What exchange shall a man give for his soul?"—Mathew XVI., 26.

In his company, Loyola wants men of action, who having become masters of themselves, will go forth "to act" with a particular end in view. His favorite maxim, from Corinthians I., 9, that the Jesuit must become "all to all, to gain all to Christ" and thus promote the greater glory of God, gives us the key note to the life and character of the holy Founder, and is the exemplar he holds up to his followers.

The necessary preparation for this conquest of souls is, first of all, mastery of himself. The intellectual training of his subjects, though strenuously insisted upon by St. Ignatius, and for which the members of the Society of Jesus

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are pre-eminently distinguished the world over, is second in importance to the other. "Once master of thyself, sanctify and perfect thyself, then be ready to sacrifice thyself in the service of the Church," is, we may say, the development of Ignatius' ideal for the members of his Society.

To prepare the way for the realization of this lofty ideal in himself, James Conway entered upon the long retreat. It has already been seen what control he exercised over himself when still quite young, and that he was pious and exemplary in every way. At the end of the first week of the Exercises, the Novices were assembled together, when James uttered a loud cry and fell to the floor. He was carried out of the hall and taken to the infirmary. The trouble developed into typhoid-pneumonia. He became dangerously ill and received the Last Sacraments. It is quite probable that this severe spell of sickness was caused by his earnest application to the requirements of the retreat. Moreover, the solemn and serious nature of the meditations and considerations of the First Week, such as sin, judgment, and hell, could not fail to impress one so highly wrought, of such a serious turn of mind, vivid imagination, and tender conscience. The shock proved too great for his delicate constitution. Though the call had been a close one, his time had not come. The beauty and charm of innocence of life were to be enhanced by the dignity and merit of the Confessor. His life was to be rounded out and completed according to God's plan in his regard. When the end did come, alas! for those who knew him that the span of years allotted to him had not been greater!

He passed through successively the different phases of the life of a Jesuit novice: one termed the "Manualia", or

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month spent with the Brother novices, proved an interesting period for the latter in his way of entertaining them, and a source of edification to them in the prompt and regular attention and care with which he performed all the duties of the "Manualia."

One of the tasks assigned him during his noviceship was to teach the catechism of the Christian Doctrine to the negro children living in "the Bottoms", land along the Missouri River, between the Charbonnière and St. Charles. The Charbonnière is a bluff on the Missouri River at a distance of a little more than a mile from St. Stanislaus' Novitiate.

As in everything that he undertook, he was painstaking and thorough, so was he in this unattractive and apparently fruitless undertaking. His patience and forbearance were sorely tried. An instance in point is the following: there was a little darkey among his pupils to whom he had given special attention on account of the difficulty he had in learning the Apostles' Creed. The little fellow could not pronounce the words "Pontius Pilate," and always came to a full stop when he arrived at this insurmountable obstacle. His kind teacher struggled with him, and tried every means to help him overcome the difficulty. One day, after having gone over and over the words with him, he told the child not to stop, but to go right on, and that the next time he came to Catechism class, that is what he must do, and in a gentle, persuasive way, he added: "Now, you'll know it, won't you, for the next time?" The little darkey promised he would. When "the next time" came and he was told to recite the Creed, there was a full stop, as usual, at the words "Pontius Pilate." The patient teacher remarked: "Why you said

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you would know that; now think, who killed Our Lord?" The little fellow answered: "General Harrison." We fail to see the connection, unless it be that the child must have heard of General Benjamin Harrison, of Civil War fame, and associating him with killing, and, being pressed for an answer, accused the great General of unlawful homicide.

Though all his painstaking had been for nothing, the young Jesuit novice was much amused and told the story to his fellow novices. Notwithstanding this discouraging experience with this specimen of the race, such was Fr. Conway's zeal for the uplifting of all classes of human beings, such his desire for the universal brotherhood of mankind, such his optimism as to the development morally and intellectually of creatures endowed by their Maker with reason and free will, that many years later he gave a lecture, of which the subject was: "The Colored Man, his own Reformer." We doubt whether any champion of the cause has ever entered more thoroughly into the subject, or treated the question so exhaustively from every point of view, as did Father Conway in this lecture.

Mr. Conway's Master of Novices was the saintly Father Isidore Boudreaux, whom he held in such high esteem, that some years after he wrote his life, going South in quest of data.

It was by the advice of this same holy Father Boudreaux that the students of St. Louis University promised to adorn the statue of the Blessed Virgin with a silver crown if their institution be spared a visit from the fearful cholera scourge that ravaged St. Louis in 1849. Not a single case occurred in the University, and the promise was fulfilled. The statue, and the record of the event inscribed in let-

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ters of gold on a marble slab, were removed from the old church on Ninth Street and Washington Avenue, and placed in the south vestibule of the new St. Xavier's.

In the humble and hidden life of the Novitiate, like that of Jesus at Nazareth, Mr. Conway laid the foundation of that spiritual edifice which he built so wisely and so well, and prepared himself for the laborious life that awaited him.

From the quiet and seclusion of St. Stanislaus Seminary, he was to go forth, not immediately, it is true, to preach to the multitudes, to fulfill that magnificent apostolate of the pulpit for which God had endowed him so liberally.

The two years noviceship were at an end, and the time had come for him to pronounce his first vows, when he was to bind himself by the triple tie of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience to the service of his dear Lord and Master. On the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1874, James Joseph Conway took the simple vows as a member of the Society of Jesus. The following are his own words, not on this occasion, however, but which are appropriate here: "Who has chosen me? God, the omnipotent King of kings, Who needs nobody. He called me before millions more worthy to His sanctuary, to be His companion, who possessed nothing to deserve it, nay, had perhaps by sin rendered myself unfit for this call, and by my ingratitude unworthy of it. For what end did He call me? Surely not for the good things of this life; but that I might go from virtue to virtue—to sanctify myself; that I might become conformable to the image of His Son by denying myself, carrying my cross in meekness and humility; by observing my vows faithfully and keeping my rules sacredly."

After the Noviceship, passed in pious exercises and vari-

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ous trials to test the vocation of the candidates, the latter pass into what is called the Juniorate, where it goes without saying, the spiritual life is still of paramount importance, but where also the young Jesuit takes up the study of the classics and of Rhetoric. This generally extends over a period of two years.

One of Mr. Conway's professors at this time, tells us that he was always "hammering" at him not to use so many big words. But, there was that great fertility of imagination, abundance of thought and extraordinary command of language which made it a difficult matter indeed, for the young student to repress the wonderful facility he possessed for giving expression to the thoughts that came crowding in upon him; and, not until after he had made his philosophy, and had been a teacher himself, having to bring himself down to the capacity of his pupils, did he learn how to convert these gifts into disposable forces which became so great a power for good in the service of his God, his Order and his fellowmen.

After his Juniorate, Mr. Conway, S. J., went to Woodstock, Maryland, to make his Philosophy. As at that time there was no Scholasticate for the Missouri Province, the students of philosophy and theology of this province went to Woodstock to pursue their higher studies. It is well known that the professors of this college have always been noted for their virtue and learning. When Mr. Conway made his philosophy there in 1876-'79, the Rector was Father James Perron, a man of great ability and charming personality; the Spiritual Father was Rev. John B. Miège, to whom we have already referred. The two first years the Prefect of Studies was Fr. Camillus Mazella, an American citizen, afterward a distinguished Cardinal in Rome,

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and the author of four standard volumes of dogmatic theology, universally known and appreciated by theologians. During Mr. Conway's third year of philosophy, the Spiritual Father was Rev. Charles Piccirillo, who had been the confessor of Pope Pius IX., and whom Mr. Conway esteemed highly. For many years he carried about with him a crucifix attached to his beads, which he valued greatly because Father Piccirillo had blessed it. His professor of philosophy during the entire course was Father Blasius Schiffini.

Though Mr. Conway had a diversity of gifts, he had a special aptitude for philosophical studies; he was very fond of abstract thought. The three years he spent in the study and investigation of metaphysical problems, and later, the four years he devoted to theology, "the Queen of Sciences", were some of the happiest of his life. He was so deeply interested in his work that even at recreation he was always talking about his studies in philosophy.

As a diversion and innocent past-time, it is the custom for the scholastics to get up little plays and take part in them; but Mr. Conway never cared to do so. He was always studying; his most intimate companion was a book. But if he showed no inclination to join in these diversions, not so when there was question of helping anyone. He was ever ready to do a kind act, sacrificing his own convenience to help others. Favored with so many natural gifts which he further developed by serious study and close application, he was much sought after by those less favored, and never failed them in their need. He was of great assistance to his fellow-scholastics when it was their turn to preach for the community.

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His health still continued as poor as in his childhood and boyhood. When he was in the Novitiate, also when at Woodstock, he showed symptoms of great weakness of stomach, a life-long trouble; but there never resulted therefrom, as is the case with disorders of such nature, any irritability of temper, which, considering the provocation, would readily have been pardoned. No, he was always affable and kind, and, moreover, never complained.

Thomas à Kempis tells us: "You will have to put up either with bodily pain or spiritual trouble." This is the inevitable lot of all mortals. God uses pain and suffering for the spiritual formation of His children, and it will be noticed in the lives of His servants, whatsoever be their state or condition in life, that those whom He calls to a closer union with Himself, have rarely, if ever, been exempt from those trials in the supernatural order which reach sometimes even unto that subtle division of the soul from the spirit.

And God so willed for the greater sanctification and merit of his servant, that during the course of the three years he spent at Woodstock, he go down into the darkness of His agony and taste of His chalice. "*Et anima ejus turbata fuit valde.*" He could have cried out with Job: "Thou mayest know that I have done no impious thing; but there is no man that can escape out of Thy hand."

The sacredness of confidence forbids any further explanation of this trial, except to say that this privileged soul, preserved in all the beauty and purity of its baptismal innocence, came forth from the severe ordeal, not only unharmed, but still more purified, and chastened, and stronger for having wrestled with and overcome the pow-

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ers of darkness. "He was given a strong conflict that he might overcome."—Wisdom X., 12.

Having finished his course in philosophy, his Superiors sent him to Detroit College to teach, where Rev. J. B. Miège, S. J., was Rector. Mr. Conway was appointed Professor of the 1st Academic Class. The second year, 1880-1881, he was professor of the 1st Humanities. In 1881-82 he had two classes, Humanities and Poëtry. The fourth year he had the 1st Humanities. During the four years he spent at Detroit College, he was president of the Students' Library.

Though Mr. Conway was very reserved and retiring, in the classroom, his pupils benefitted by the culture of that mind singularly gifted by nature, keen and sagacious, and richly stored with information acquired by arduous research and painstaking study; and though those whom he instructed at this time were not of an age and intellectual capacity to think with him, the influence of his scholarly ability, his controlling power as a teacher, and we may add, his own personality, could not fail to have exercised over his pupils that ascendancy that mind exerts over mind.

It will be in place here to give his idea of the relations that should exist between the members of the Society and their pupils. In the latter, he would have none of that suspicious reserve which is so frequently deplored. He thought they should, of course, be respectful and as reverent as could be wished, but "they must not be afraid of us", for if so, such an attitude would not be helpful in the natural development of character, and is conducive in a large measure to a life of hypocrisy within the College walls. He believed there should be a cordial intercourse of home-life between teachers and pupils in order that a

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sincere and lasting friendship be cultivated between "our boys", as he said, and the Society, that becoming attached to their professors while they are at College, they may not avoid them when they have left, for even after they have ceased to be pupils, zeal for their interests should dictate the permission of a friendly intercourse on their part with their former professors. This theory of regard for present pupils and former students, Father Conway carried out in practice, and in after years, when he was removed from the College and appointed to the important position of professor in the Jesuit Scholasticate, when the "old boys" came around, they could not complain that Father Conway had no time for them. He gave them a warm and courteous welcome and as much of his time as he could conscientiously spare from his many and varied obligations.

Mr. Conway became quite well-known in Detroit, where he had a number of devoted and admiring friends. One of the Fathers knowing his sympathetic nature and how eager he was to help anyone and to do good, invited him sometimes to accompany him on sick calls. Mr. Conway did not have to be pressed. These opportunities for relieving distress were dear to his sympathetic, loving heart, and he would return from such visits renewed in spirit, for he often had moments of great depression. He had been able to satisfy, to some extent, the longing he had to do good. These visits afforded him a vent for the outpouring of some of the sympathy with which his heart was overflowing for every form of human misery, moral or physical. For, though devoted to intellectual pursuits, a student *par excellence*, he was, above all, the Christ-like man, in his zeal for souls, and in his tender and loving sympathy for suffering humanity.

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During his stay in Detroit, in November, 1880, he preached the panegyric of St. Catherine of Alexandria, for the Young Ladies' Sodality. He was a scholastic, and but twenty-five years of age, but this sermon, in addition to its didactic excellence, in an exposition of what constitutes true greatness of mind and nobility of intellect, contains paragraphs of finished oratory, which, when we consider the youth of the preacher, his ascetic appearance, and attractive personality, must have made a profound impression upon his hearers.

As Mr. Conway's term of teaching was drawing to a close, his father, Mr. Patrick J. Conway, died in Kansas City, Missouri, May, 1883. He had ardently desired to see his beloved son, James, before his departure from this world, but James did not reach his dying parent's bedside. He was present at his funeral, when his grief and that of his brother, John, was such, that it touched the hearts of those who beheld them.

The next step in the life of Mr. Conway, S. J., was the course in theology, preparatory to the attainment of his highest ambition, his heart's greatest desire, his ordination. Accordingly, in September, 1883, we find him again at Woodstock. The rector at this time was the saintly Father Joseph E. Keller, who, fourteen years previous, when he was provincial of the Maryland Province, had solemnly inaugurated Woodstock College. In 1877 he had been installed president of St. Louis University. The Spiritual Father, was Rev. John Verdin, also a former rector of St. Louis University. The Father Minister was Rev. William H. Judge, the well-known Alaska missionary.

Mr. Conway's professors in dogmatic theology, before his ordination, were Fathers de Augustinus and Frederick

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Brambring. The former, an able professor of theology, and author of works on the subject of recognized value, was some time after appointed Rector of the Gregorian College in Rome. Father Brambring was a remarkable man, and master of the science he professed. The much lamented Father Sabetti, his professor in moral theology, was one of the most distinguished of the Woodstock professors. He was held in high repute throughout the country for his efficiency in the special branch he taught, and was beloved for his gentle ways and big heartedness. As a teacher he was never satisfied until all proposed difficulties had been solved. Such were the men whom Mr. Conway had for professors, and full worthy was the pupil of the teachers. A man of his attainments and mental caliber must needs have for instructors men of superior intellectual powers to bring to further perfection one of his ability and capacity.

The "Ratio Studiorum" for Jesuit Scholastics, requires that in their course of philosophy and theology, they be called upon, some to attack, others to defend theses in the various branches they are studying. To these disputations outsiders were usually invited. At Woodstock, there were often very distinguished guests. Sometimes his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons was present. Those taking part in these disputations are subjected to a prolonged mental strain. A very thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion is required and, therefore, the best students are chosen.

On one of these occasions, Mr. Conway was called upon to defend some theses in theology. One of the scholastics in the philosophy course, now a Professed Father of the Society, who was present, remembers the defense; that

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Mr. Conway's grasp of the subject, and his choice of language challenged the admiration of his listeners, for he had not only a remarkable command of English but he was also master of Latin, in which tongue these disputations are always carried on.

On the occasion of another visit of Cardinal Gibbons to Woodstock, Mr. Conway was appointed to give the address of welcome. He wrote it in Latin and read the address before His Eminence.

CHAPTER V.

Ordination.

"How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord."—Ps. LXXXIII., 1.

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."—Ps. XXV., 8.

"*Desiderium animae ejus tribuisti ei Domine, et voluntate labiorum ejus non frandasti enim,*" so the time had come for Mr. Conway to receive Holy Orders. At the end of his three years' course in theology, he was ordained in the chapel of Woodstock College, by Cardinal Gibbons, August 28, 1886, feast of the great St. Augustine, Doctor of the Church. He could now enter the Holy of Holies, and with annointed hands offer the clean Oblation, the Holy, Immaculate Host, and the Chalice of Everlasting salvation. "*Tu es sacerdos in aeternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech.*"—Ps. CIX., 4. He had the happiness of saying his first mass the following day, August 29, feast of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist. He remained another year at Woodstock to complete his theological studies. During this term he had for professor, Rev. Salvator M. Brandi, another foreigner who had become an American citizen, but who returned to Rome and became editor of the learned Catholic magazine, the *Civilta Catholica*.

During the course of this, his last year of theology, Father Conway preached in various towns not far distant from Woodstock. One time it was the Passion, another time, the Easter sermon that he preached; and on another occasion his subject was "the Blessed Trinity."

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Up to this time Father Conway had been occupied mainly with his own sanctification. He had had, however, some occasions to help others in various ways, and had to some extent come in contact with the world, but the good he had been able to accomplish was but a shadow of that which he was to do thereafter. During these comparatively hidden years of his life, he had grasped every opportunity to improve himself, especially in respect to his sanctification. He had "put on Christ" ever more and more, co-operating with graces received, rising gradually from height to height towards the summit of perfection.

Some persons are helped on the road to perfection in one way, some in another; some, perhaps, by striving more earnestly in the practice of one particular virtue, which will be the means of their becoming perfect in all. The motive power of Father Conway's growth in perfection, of his progress in the interior life, nay, the light which guided not only the inner, but which also illumined the whole of his beautiful life, was his great regard for, and his ardent desire to conform himself in all things to the will of God. The following is from his pen: "When we start out in the pursuit of perfection we have very definite ideas of what we want and how we are going to get it. But the nearer we approach the goal, the more indistinguishably does all good become identified with the Will of God, until we want nothing in particular, but only that that all Holy Will may be fulfilled regardless of time, place or circumstance." He also wrote: "Were we in earnest about our progress, we would set aside our own purposes and inclinations to accept the will of God, and to respond to every impulse, how little of moment and consequence this will of God may seem to be; it is instinct

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with power to advance us, as nothing else could, on the way of perfection.”

His very desire to sanctify himself was because God willed it, as St. Paul tells us, in his first Epistle to the Thessalonians, IV Chapter, 3: “For it is the will of God, your sanctification.”

To the question: “What do you desire most from God? What is the favor or grace for which you wish prayers said?” Father Conway’s answer was almost invariably: “Oh! the will of God! That I may do His will perfectly!” Not that there were not other graces and favors he desired for himself and for others, to obtain which he implored Heaven’s assistance so perseveringly and with so much confidence, but the burden of his petitions was that he might do the Will, the Holy and perfect Will of God! In asking prayers for this, the expression of his face and the tone of his voice bespoke the truth of his words if further evidence had been needed.

Interested as he was in everything he undertook, he seemed at times to have attained to that holy indifference that abandons the issue of an enterprise, be it failure or success, wholly to God’s Providence. Indeed, that disinterestedness we should have, seeking only the will of God even in works of zeal for Him, Father Conway fully appreciated. He said: “Those whose hearts are consecrated to spiritual interests, sometimes suffer untold anguish in their zeal for those in whose welfare they are concerned. This suffering seems to imply great love of God and souls, yet it may be but the writhings of nature crucified in its desires to further its own ends of personal honor and triumph. Even when we have made some progress in the knowledge and love of truth, self-interest easily

takes the lead of the glory of God and the good of the neighbor, so that it is difficult to distinguish which is our chief concern. If it is the advancement of truth, it is strange that only in specific instances do we experience this anguish of soul. We are continually coming in contact with many whom we have every reason to believe are wandering ever further from the goal of peace and happiness, yet their fate occasions in us but a passing sentiment of pity and sorrow, quite unlike the pain that gripes down into the quick of consciousness when there is question of others to whom we are bound by no closer ties. Whenever zeal places the soul thus on the rack, there is good reason to believe that nature is more involved than the good of the neighbor, for conformity to the will of God tempers all excesses of disinterested zeal."

Whence proceeded this intense desire on his part to do the will of God? From his ardent love for Our Lord. "Love", Father Conway said, "is the crown of every virtue. We cannot attain perfection in any virtue until we love perfectly, because love is the only motive strong enough to sustain us in the heroic exercise of any act. We may be moved to humility by the consideration of God's greatness and our own nothingness, but we shall not be grounded in it until love blinds the soul to everything but God." How well this explains St. Paul's exhortation to the Colossians, III., 14: "Have charity, which is the bond of perfection"; and the passage we find in Thomas à Kempis, Book III., Chapter IX.; "Divine love overcomes all things and expands all the powers of the soul."

"Viam mandatorum cucurri cum dilatasti cor meum." Truly had he run in the way of the counsels since God

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had enlarged his heart. And whilst his chief care had been to make himself conformable to Christ in all things, and second in importance to acquire a profound and thorough knowledge of the nature and problems of philosophy in all its branches, and to obtain a comprehensive and practical acquaintance with the most important of all, theology, he had not neglected any of the branches of profane learning, so that the range and compass of his knowledge extended to the arts, literature, the natural sciences, and modern and ancient culture generally. He had moreover, made a study of languages. In addition to English and Latin, the latter was as familiar to him as the mother tongue, so much so, that it was the language of his thoughts, he had a reading knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Italian, and to some extent could speak several of these. Toward the last years of his life, he had taken up the study of Celtic.

The poet tells us that "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." This is certainly Ignatian in principle, for the holy Founder desired that those who should compose the Society of Jesus be learned and enlightened men in order to labor more efficaciously for the salvation and sanctification of their neighbor, and the better to champion the cause of the Church. And, indeed, in the life time of the Founder, the Jesuits had already acquired such a reputation for learning that the greater number of the universities were opposed to them as a body of teachers, the most distinguished among the professors considering them in no other light than that of rivals.

If St. Paul warns us that "knowledge puffeth up," he adds that "charity edifieth," and if one is as diligent, nay,

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more, in acquiring charity as in the pursuit of learning, "he will be little in his own eyes and make no account of any height of honor:" "To them that love God all things work together unto good."—Romans, VIII., 28.

Father Conway was truly humble, and his beautiful simplicity was the secret charm of his attractiveness: "Being enriched in all things he abounded unto all simplicity." Humility does not consist in depreciating ourselves. "To belittle ourselves is no guarantee of humility. On the contrary, it may be the very quintessence of pride," said Father Conway. He appreciated the truth that "to further the glory of God and the salvation of souls in any notable degree, we must be filled with the gifts of God," and that "when we become detached from all personal desires, God can entrust us with the untold riches of His mercy and make us glorious examples of His infinite goodness and omnipotence. He requires neither natural nor acquired talents to accomplish this, only humility, the seal and sum of all virtue." It is true humility to recognize what God has given us, and at the same time not to forget that what we have received are gifts: "What have we that we have not received?" And to quote Father Conway's emphatic words: "To God alone belongs the glory, and all are thieves and liars who claim it as their own." He insisted upon the acquisition of humility for everyone who would serve God, and more especially for those aspiring to perfection. He was, as we have said, truly humble, not with a humility of the lips only; he possessed true humility of heart and had a deep and abiding conviction of his own unworthiness, deeming himself of no consequence, naturally or supernaturally.

St. Augustine tells us that when one can speak to an-

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other person as one could to one's self, no fear need be entertained either to acknowledge one's failings or to make known one's progress in the spiritual life. Not that Father Conway ever admitted to another that he possessed the virtue of humility for he did not admit it to himself. On the contrary, he deplored the want of it, for according to his own estimate of himself, he was not humble. It was also the verdict passed upon him by those who did not know him, judging from an exterior and mien which many considered proud and haughty. He had a dignified way of carrying himself, and was, besides, very reserved, all of which was put down to his credit as pride. He knew that such was the opinion many persons had of him, and for this he was not at all concerned, except in so far as it might interfere with the good that, otherwise, he would be able to do. One time, as he was passing by a person, he happened to brush up against him; he stopped, and said: "Please excuse me ——." The latter remarked: "Oh! indeed! I was not aware that you knew how to say that; you look so proud!" Father Conway replied gently: "Oh——, is that what you think of me!" The little conversation that ensued deeply affected the person who had misjudged him, so that ever after he had quite a different opinion of Father Conway.

In this little incident, Father Conway's chief concern, indeed, his only concern was, not that he was adjudged proud, but that he would have so little consideration for another person, as not to regret, and express the same, for aught he had done, though unintentionally, to annoy or hurt in any way. As for the case in question, ordinary courtesy, leaving aside Christian civility, would prompt one to offer some apology; and, as Father Conway was

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decidedly of the opinion that a priest must not think that because he is a priest, he is exempted from the obligations of polite society, but on the contrary, that as "noblesse oblige", he must be every inch a gentleman, which he verified in himself, is an additional reason why he should not have been so misjudged.

With abilities so very far above the common, and a keen perception and appreciation of what others lacked, or what through their own fault they had failed to acquire, he might have been disposed to be very critical, but his humility, as well as his charity and his natural kindness of heart, made him most tolerant of the deficiencies of other people and considerate and tactful almost to a fault.

But let us return to Woodstock, which Father Conway was about to leave. Having now completed the entire course required by the Society before a member can enter upon the sacred duties of the ministry, or be eligible for the more important and responsible positions in the Order, Father Conway returned to his own Province, and was assigned to St. Louis.

CHAPTER VI.

St. Louis University.

In September, 1887, Father Conway was appointed professor of Poetry Class at St. Louis University, and lecturer on Evidences of Religion. He was also Director of the Senior Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. One would think that these duties would constitute a well-filled program for the second year of a young priest's life, but he was also appointed one of the lecturers in the Post-Graduate Course, a private series of lectures which had been introduced into the University, October, 1879. The subjects upon which he lectured were Psychology and Archaeology. Had he had two kindred subjects, as for instance, Psychology and Psychological Research, the latter having been also one of the series, his range of subject matter would have been confined within closer limits.

Following are the divisions of the Subjects he handled:

Psychology—Mind Life and Cell Theory.

- | | | |
|-------|--------------------|--------------------------------------|
| I. | Cerebral Mechanism |Sensory Centers |
| II. | “ | “Localization of Functions |
| III. | “ | “Cell Forces |
| IV. | “ | Statics.....Histological Sensibility |
| V. | “ | “Organic Phosphorescence |
| VI. | “ | “Automatism |
| VII. | “ | “Mental Heredity |
| VIII. | “ | DynamicsIdeation |
| IX. | “ | “Ratiocination |
| X. | “ | “ Animism |

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Archaeology.—The Noachian Deluge.

- I. Its Existence.....A fact in Fable
- II. Its Geographical Universality.
- III. Its Ethnographical Universality, and Tradition.
- IV. Its Ethnographical Universality and Science.
- V. Its Ethnographical Universality and the Bible.

It will be seen from this index what discrimination was brought into play to narrow down to ten lectures the treatment of the essential elements of such a subject as Psychology. The divisions of Archaeology call for an immense amount of research.

Besides the private lectures, there were several public lectures given in connection with the Post-Graduate Course, and of these, Father Conway gave one. His subject, "Leo XIII and the Modern Powers", called for a thorough acquaintance with current history, and a knowledge and careful investigation of the important questions at issue during the pontificate of the great Pope. But his thoroughness and comprehensive treatment of the subject were such, that after describing the distinction between Church and State, he took up the different epochs of the conflict between the two, beginning with pagan Rome, then through the Middle Ages, to Henry VIII., and Napoleon I., down to the pontificate of Leo XIII, the great leader of men.

There was a mine of information in this lecture that the average student could obtain only after long and laborious research. This, his first professional appearance before the public gives an idea of the erudite scholar that he was, of the thought, thoroughness and care he brought to everything he undertook, never sparing himself, never reckoning with his delicate constitution, until after some ten years of prodigious labor the poor body cried a halt,

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and he was forced to give up. And Father Conway was a young man, having but just entered upon the threshold of his professional career, but his grasp of a subject and the way he handled it, was that of a master. Add to this his marvelous command of language, his clear and resonant voice, and his exceptional oratorical powers, and need we wonder that from the very outset, he riveted the attention of his auditors. But as heretofore, from the days of his youth, indeed, from his very boyhood, and all through life, he believed and carried out the belief in practice, that if a thing were worth doing at all, it was worth doing well. As we have seen, and shall see more and more clearly as we proceed, there was no subject in any department of knowledge, human and divine, with which he was not familiar. And this man so gifted, of such universal scholarship, was reticent and retiring. He was never obtrusive; but ask him any question, go to him for information, "it was", as one of his confrères remarked, "as a very fountain of learning bursting forth, but otherwise," said the same Jesuit Father, "he was like the Sphinx; you might walk around and around it, and it would never emit a sound unless you called it forth."

"Thy cell, if thou continue in it, grows sweet," says the author of the Imitation. Father Conway lived in his room. He loved silence and solitude, and continued in this way more or less, even after his public life began, though his activities were numerous and varied, but he was more partial to those that afforded him the quiet and solitude of his own room. Towards the latter part of his life, however, he practised what he had preached to another lover of solitude, who, in the summer of 1892, had, in a letter to him, been moralizing upon the subject. He wrote in

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answer: "Throw off some of your solitariness; man is a social animal; you have all year to be alone, and I think it is but due to the gifts God has given you that you mingle more with your fellows and do them good for our dear God's sake."

It was during the year, 1887-88, having finished his studies, and when he was professor of Poetry at St. Louis University, that occurred the first opportunity in his own city of approving his great talent and power as a preacher. He preached in the Holy Angels Church on the Divinity of Christ.

In the "Old College Church," on Easter Sunday, 1888, he preached such a soul-inspiring sermon, that one felt indeed: "This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad therein!" The biographer was present and shall never forget the impression made; it seemed as though "the doors of heaven had been opened," that we caught a glimpse of the glory thereof, and that faint echoes of the eternal alleluias had reached us. Many years have gone by since then, but the memory of that beautiful Easter sermon still lingers on.

In the summer of 1888, the St. Louis University moved from its old quarters on 9th Street and Washington Avenue to its present site on Grand Avenue and Pine Street. This property had been purchased by the Jesuits in 1864, but it was only on June 8th, 1884, that the cornerstone of the new St. Xavier's church was laid. A temporary chapel was finished in the basement, where divine services were held, two priests being in charge. Work was begun on the college buildings, which were ready for occupancy, July, 1888.

Father Conway was appointed to assist the pastors, and

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accordingly during the months of July and August part of his time was occupied in pastoral work. He was given a confessional, and very soon, the parishioners realized that, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he needed no letters of commendation to them. His apostolic zeal, his Christ-like charity, his kindness, and his unselfish sacrifice of time to those who sought his ministrations were such, that his departure for Florissant in the early part of September caused great regret. The impression he made during his brief stay at St. Xavier's was but the foreshadowing of the influence he was to exert over souls later on, though the hearing of confessions was never, in after years, a regularly appointed duty.

Father Conway left St. Louis, September, 1888, for Florissant, to make another year of Noviceship, that is, to make his "Tertianship." After the many years spent in the rather distracting work of studying and teaching, this year is set apart for the young Jesuit priests as a time for a renewal of their first fervor, a year to be spent in spiritual exercises. As in everything human, so in the spiritual life here below, there is always room for improvement. Father Conway's zeal, ardor and devotion had ever been increasing, and the graces of his ordination had affixed as with a seal all his high and holy purposes, but we have from his own pen: "No matter how well we have learned the lesson of life and how indelibly it may have been imprinted in our heart, we forget it in the accumulation of later memories, and need to rehearse it again in additional experience."

During his year of the Third Probation, Father Conway made the Thirty-Days' Retreat. In Lent the third year Fathers leave their solitude for a short while and go

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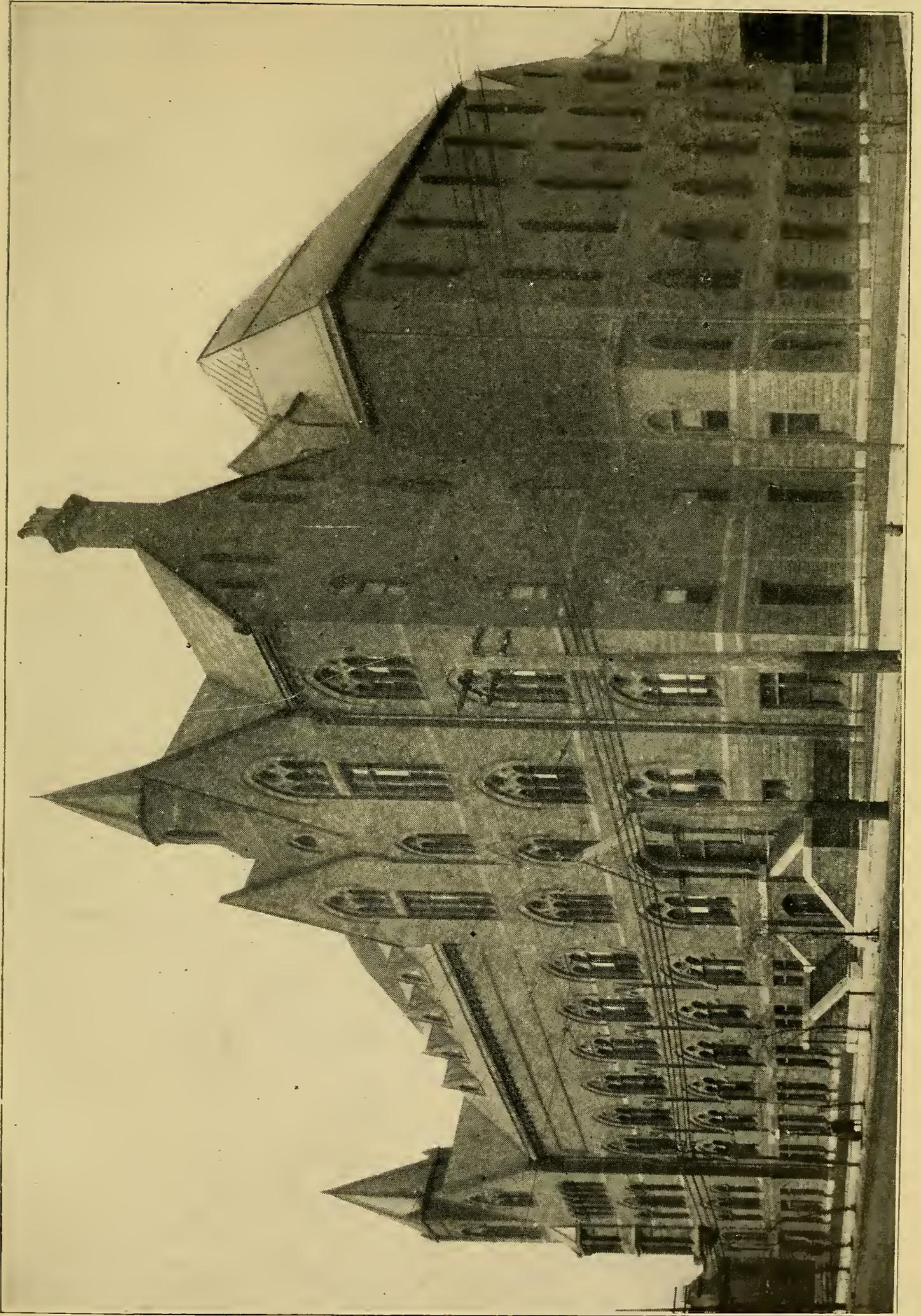
abroad to give retreats and missions, the latter in conjunction with the Fathers of the regular missionary band. In the Lent of 1889, Father Conway was assigned to St. Xavier's, St. Louis, to the great happiness of the parishioners and others who made the mission. As he had no other obligations at this time, he could, and did, give himself wholly to the work of preaching, hearing confessions, receiving all who called upon him for instruction and counsel. He was untiring and most self-sacrificing and spent himself in the service of souls; his zeal was unbounded: "The zeal of my Father's house has devoured me." After Lent, Father Conway returned to Florissant to finish out the term of his Tertianship.

Several months later, on August 15th, in St. Xavier's church, St. Louis, at 6 o'clock mass, he pronounced his solemn vows, and was now a Professed Father of the Society.

In September, 1889, a post-graduate school of Philosophy and Science was added to the curriculum of St. Louis University. Very Rev. J. P. Frieden, who was at that time Provincial of the Missouri Province, appointed Father Conway Professor of the first year of philosophy.

From now on, the golden cycle of his years, in priestly ministrations, in works of zeal, charity and philanthropy, in the professorial chair, in oratorical triumph in the pulpit and upon the public platform, was interrupted by a period spent under the shadow of the cross, but returned with mellowed radiance to be rounded up by the crowning work of his life, the founding of the St. Louis University Institute of Law.

His duty, first in order, and which he considered the most important, was that of teaching the young Jesuit



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Scholastics; this took precedence of all other obligations. When he first assumed this responsibility, it is not surprising that he gave a very careful preparation to the subject he was to handle, but as time wore on, and the same matter was treated year after year, so that he became very familiar with it, nevertheless he never allowed anything to interfere with the immediate preparation of the subject to be treated, always reserving the hour preceding the time for class, for a consideration of the subject-matter.

Though conscientiously conservative, Father Conway was an earnest and ardent advocate of progress, uniting in himself a rare combination of opposing qualities, but capable of striking the just balance between them. He had a receptive mind, but was, above all, an original thinker, having the reconstructive power of the latter, and the receptivity of an eclectic. Whilst adhering strictly to the scholastic method, with St. Thomas, the great Aquinas, as guide, he introduced an innovation in the teaching of philosophy. This boldness on his part was, at first, looked upon with disfavor, but the value of what it advocated was afterwards recognized, and his views were adopted and incorporated into the system of philosophy as taught by his co-professors.

Besides his class hours, he had, in his capacity of professor, to be present twice a week at what is known as "the Circle", which supplements the work of the regular philosophy course.

Hand in hand with his work in the Scholasticate and many other duties, he had more than his share of preaching to do, for he often preached not only in St. Xavier's church, but in various other churches of the city. For some time, years, if we remember aright, rarely a Sunday passed by

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that he did not preach somewhere. Apart from his zeal to make known the word of God, he was so kind-hearted and obliging, that he did not know how to refuse a poor parish priest, who had perhaps, to bear alone the burden of the pastoral work connected with his church.

And not only in his own city was he called upon to preach, but also in other parts of the country; and these calls, whether at home or abroad, were not alone for the customary Sunday sermon, but for all imaginable kinds of occasions to which he was always equal, such as dedication of churches, laying of corner-stones, jubilee of priests and religious, of institutions and of parishes, on the occasion of a young priest's first mass, opening of classes, beatification and canonization of saints, celebration of saints' feast days, and the like. He might have prepared these sermons and elaborated them into masterpieces of their kind, as indeed they were, but he never could have delivered them, had he not been gifted with an extraordinary memory, which has not been given to all great orators. In what may be called the golden period of French eloquence, there were two unusually talented preachers who were not thus gifted. The great Massillon once stopped short when preaching before Louis XIV. How much he valued the gift which he did not possess, is known by his answer, when the King asked him one time, what he considered his best sermon? "The one I know the best by heart," said Massillon.

Father Conway's power of memorizing was simply marvelous. He was called upon a number of times for jubilee sermons, not only golden jubilees, but on one occasion it was a diamond jubilee, and on another, a centenary celebration. Collecting data alone for these

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is no small task. He would give the whole history of these institutions from the foundation down to the time of the celebration, and biographical sketches of the principal persons connected with the organizations. Listening to him one might have thought it was the history of his own institution. He never faltered, but went right on from beginning to end, as though he had rehearsed it all his life. He stated the plain, hard facts which always abound in like histories in such beautiful language, introducing, or dismissing them with such happy figures of speech, giving praise to whom praise is due and the discourse so harmonious throughout, that any listener, interested or not in the institution of which he was speaking, drank in every word that fell from his gifted lips.

We have in mind particularly a lecture which Father Conway delivered on the occasion of the Parochial Centenary of the church at St. Charles, Missouri, October 16, 1892. The lecture is entitled: "Historical Sketch of the Church and Parish of St. Charles Borromeo." Father Conway spoke for two hours and ten minutes, and though he had copious notes he did not use them at all. Bishop Ryan of Alton was present and was an interested listener. The lecture was printed by request and constitutes a pamphlet of fifty-six pages averaging 325 words to the page. Apart from the interest attached to the beginnings of Catholicity in the country west of the Mississippi River, the lecture reads like a beautiful story.

As a preacher Father Conway produced a powerful effect, not alone by the force of his burning eloquence, which rose to such heights sometimes, that he seemed to be inspired, not alone by his depth of feeling and impassioned appeals, but also by his intellectual strength, the philo-

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sophical breadth and unity of his thought, as well as by his devotional spirit, when the subject was of a nature that called for a manifestation of it. He appealed both to the emotions and to the reasoning powers of his auditors. He usually introduced the subject of his sermons by most beautiful and appropriate texts. He was original in the choice of these, rarely using trite quotations; his remarkable memory as well as his extensive reading were of great service to him in this connection.

He was absolutely fearless in denouncing existing abuses, moral, political, and along all lines. A pet theme of his was graft in business and politics. On one occasion after a sermon on this subject, an account of which had been published in one of the St. Louis dailies, he received a letter from a gentleman, unknown to him, residing in one of the Southern states, highly approving the sermon and expressing a wish that more priests might be as fearless in attacking the evil.

Other evils which he denounced most forcibly and frequently, and which he considered the most offensive to modern society, were divorce and race suicide. His language was scathing and scorching in his denunciation of these social plagues. Words could not be too strong for him to express his disgust, when speaking of the marriages of divorced persons, as a "stench in the nostrils of a Christian community, that their rottenness fills the halls of litigation with a smut and foulness which no statute can palliate."

In sermons of another nature he was equally forcible. We call to mind one in particular, and though we do not remember the text, we distinctly recall his appeal to those who were listening to him to look upon Jesus scourged!

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His picture of the Flagellation was depicted so vividly that one could almost see with bodily eyes the bleeding figure of our Saviour at the pillar. As Father Conway spoke, his whole soul seemed to be plunged in grief. He pleaded with his auditors in a voice bespeaking his anguish, to look upon that "Beautiful One", scourged, lashed, and torn to pieces, but beautiful, venerable, and glorious in that fearful hour of His disfigurement and the shame of His scourging! It was an impassioned appeal, and could not fail to stir one's soul to its depths. This sermon was delivered at St. Xavier's church, St. Louis, in 1906. Years before, in the Lent of 1896, or '97, he preached the Passion sermon at the Jesuits' church in Milwaukee; a most beautiful sermon when he also gave a very vivid description of the sufferings of Christ. A person who was present, spoke many years afterwards of the impression it had made upon him and others, and that, though Father Conway had spoken at great length, he could have listened to him still longer.

Another unusually fine sermon, delivered at St. Patrick's church, St. Louis, March 17, 1908, well merits the praise bestowed by the press, from which we quote: . . .

. . . "But the crowning feature of the celebration was the sermon by Rev. James J. Conway, S. J., of St. Louis University. Probably never before in the history of St. Patrick's church have its walls reverberated with such a wealth of incomparable eloquence as flowed, last Tuesday, from the lips of the brilliant Jesuit. Father Conway's sermon, lasting an hour and a half, was a magnificent compendium of St. Patrick's life and works, and the immeasurable influence exerted by Irish character upon the development and progressive life of other nations and countries."

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The year before, that is, in 1907, on November 3, the Irish Nationalists held their annual commemorative exercises at Celtic Cross, Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis. Father Conway was chosen to give the principal address: "Irish Saints and Martyrs." He spoke out of the abundance of his heart, so that, together with his knowledge of the subject and his overpowering eloquence, he delivered an oratorical epitome of Irish history. On this occasion also, he spoke fully an hour and a half, out in the open air, his head uncovered, though the weather was chilly and damp.

The subject of the sermon at St. Patrick's, to which we referred above, was very similar in character to that of his address at the Cemetery, but it was an easy task for him to vary the treatment of one and the same subject.

On another occasion, there was a great Irish Home Rule Demonstration at the Odeon, St. Louis, under the auspices of the "United Irish League of America." There were addresses by Father Conway, Mr. Michael J. Ryan, the National President, and Messrs. Richard Hazleton and T. M. Kettel, members of Parliament for Galway and Tyrone. If Father Conway had been a member of Parliament; had he lived in the midst of the agitation for Home Rule, he could not have given a better account of the struggle, nor a fuller exposition of Ireland's political situation in all its bearings, than he did in his address on this occasion. It contained as much information as those of the representatives from the Emerald Isle. His interest in the Shamrock's cause was as great as theirs. If we add to this, his rare oratorical powers, his address was the greatest treat of the evening.

The most callous persons could not fail to be impressed

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by his sermons. His flow of fine language, simply remarkable, never stopping for words, his voice clear and ringing, the expression of his face, his graceful gestures, his whole appearance, and his oblivion to everything but the subject of which he was speaking, would perforce make his auditors think with him, and feel with him. They could not listen to him and not be incited to nobler deeds, inspired with loftier ideals. His words thrilled through the soul, lifting it from earth, upwards, higher and higher to God. If those who listened to him had had sufficient courage to yield to the stimulating influence he exerted upon soul, and mind and heart, though soldiers in the army of the Lord, they would have left the rank and file to attempt and achieve great things for God, to become heroes in the battle of the Cross.

Many instances could be cited, illustrative of the impression he produced upon his hearers. We note the following: a non-Catholic, whose life was anything but edifying, had heard Fr. Conway preach. He was so carried away by the sermon, and so powerfully attracted by the personality of the preacher, that he asked his name, made inquiries about him, expressing a desire to make his acquaintance, and remarked that if the Church is made up of men such as he, everybody should be Catholic! What greater tribute! It needs no comment! We would, though, ask any, and every member of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, to reflect and ponder upon the lesson that the above would teach us. For, is not every child of the Church, how humble soever be his or her position, called upon, especially in this age of apostasy and unbelief, to bear witness to the Divinity of Jesus, by unhesitatingly proclaiming with Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of

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the living God"? And as actions speak louder than words, Catholics should make their lives bear testimony to their belief, that others seeing their goodness, may imitate them. "You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" Matt. v., 13.

Father Conway had been accused sometimes of talking over the heads of his auditors. In reference to this, a person, knowing he would enjoy a little speech confirming the above, wrote him as follows, when he was in Omaha whither he had gone for his health: ". . . . I must tell you a good thing I heard, oh! some time ago. After one of your flights of eloquence in St. Xavier's pulpit, no flattery, just thank God for the gift, as the people were coming out of church, a good, old Irish woman was singing your praises, when some one questioned her regarding some matters of which you had treated in the course of your sermon. She answered, very much surprised: 'Do you think I'd have the impudence to understand him!'" Father Conway wrote in answer: ". . . . "You did well, this time, to hide yourself behind the old Irish woman. But it was wicked of you for all that, to attack me in that way. I forgive you, I always do, X———. Don't tell me any more that I cannot speak English so as to be understood by a poor old Irish woman. Alas! God help—and this from you. *Parcat tibi Deus et anima mea, carissima.*"

In addition to the natural gift of oratory he possessed, he had left no means untried in the cultivation of the same, reading the best authors on eloquence until they were thoroughly understood, sometimes studying point for point a description or a narrative, then writing original ones himself, and at one period of his life he wrote something

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every day for practice in eloquence. In the first years of his priesthood, he never delivered a sermon that he had not written out word for word, though in after years, generally, he simply made an analysis of his sermons, with, however, a careful and thoughtful preparation of the same, sometimes of an hour, or more, for, though gifted as he was, and quite able for any extempore speaking, he considered it unfitting not to prepare when called upon to preach or speak in public. On the other hand, he deemed it a weakness for the preacher to be affected by his audience, should he notice that they are not with him. He said that he should put himself above that and not allow it to influence him. Considering the thoroughness of the preparation he gave to speaking, it is not surprising that he refused to preach or speak if not allowed ample time to do justice to the subject he was to handle. He preferred not doing a thing at all, unless he could do it well.

One time he had been asked by the Missouri Teachers' Association to read a paper at one of their meetings, but as they were not sure that he would be permitted the time to read it, he declined to prepare it.

The following affords an illustration of his facility and ease in speaking, also an instance of his willingness to oblige. Rev. J. B. de Schryver, S. J., had built a church in Chicago for the Belgians residing in that city, and in 1906, in the month of August, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone, he asked Father Conway, who was passing through the city, if he would deliver the English address in case the priest who had been formally invited to do so, failed to appear. There seemed to be some doubt about his keeping his appointment. Father

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Conway consented immediately, though the ceremony was to take place the next day, when the Belgian Minister from Washington was to be present. An address in French also, was a feature of the program. Though the weather was very inclement, and the new church at a considerable distance from the Jesuits' College, Father Conway went out to the place to speak, in case the priest who had been asked to do so was not there, but the latter kept his appointment.

When Father Conway preached or spoke on different occasions, he threw himself into his subject with all the intensity of his ardent nature, so that often when he finished speaking he stepped down from the pulpit or rostrum utterly exhausted. So strenuous were his efforts on these occasions, causing so profuse a perspiration, that it made it necessary for him when preaching in another church than his own, to take with him a complete change of linen. He had often said that he thought he would die when preaching, that he would rupture something, and it was his habit before ascending the pulpit to fasten his cincture about him as tight as he could possibly bear it.

His great success as an orator only made him more humble. In the words of the great St. Paul, he would say to those with whom he lived: "All you, my friends must pray for me, that I, after having preached so much to others, may not myself become a cast away."

Father Conway liked to preach. He was pleased to be able to control multitudes for God's sake. He had the qualifications for an ideal and successful missionary, and had often been urged to go on the missions, but he could never have stood the wear and tear of missionary life. Besides, he had always been a student, and though ever

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ready and willing for any work imposed upon him by obedience, Superiors had catered to his instincts, without, however, his ever seeking this support.

He had asked to be sent on the Honduras Mission, but the Provincial refused to let him go. It was not alone that he was physically unfitted for such labors, but such was his efficiency that he could ill be spared from other fields.

He had often deplored the fact of his delicate health which would not allow of his being sent on any such mission. And oh! how he longed, like another Xavier, to carry the light of Faith to the heathens, to win those benighted ones to Christ. In his last illness, he referred to his desire for the Missions and wished that he had been allowed to go to Honduras. One of the windows of his room at the hospital looked out on a street where, every day, a number of negro children gambled and frolicked right out in the open street, as though they had been on their own premises. Father Conway liked to watch them, and remarked that those little "pickaninnies" did him more good than some pious people, that theirs is a simple morality. He was very unconventional, and now that the hand of death was upon him, "forms were melting like snow before his burning eyes," as he gazed more intently than ever into the spirit world beyond. And as day after day he watched those simple and untutored little ones, whose freedom from all conventionality appealed to him, he thought of the uncivilized tribes among whom he had wished to live, of those simple children of Nature, often nearer to Nature's God, than so-called civilized people.

In 1891, there was a series of four lectures given under the auspices of the Marquette Club, an organization

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founded in St. Louis in 1886, by Rev. James Hoeffler, S. J., for literary Catholic gentlemen and for the furtherance of Catholic interests.

Father Conway gave the last lecture of the series, selecting for his subject, "Cardinal Woolsey and his Times," which he treated with his usual thoroughness and with the breadth of view which he took of all questions. The great English prime-minister could not have fared better than at his hands. In historical questions and controversies, Father Conway never forgot that what was the past for him, was the dark uncertain future to the people of the period or epoch under consideration; therefore, placing himself from their viewpoint and looking out upon the issue of any question or policy as they would be apt to foresee it, he threw a new light upon matters, or made clear some things that had heretofore been involved in doubt and uncertainty. We regret that this particular lecture, "Cardinal Woolsey and his Times" has not been preserved, that we might reproduce it here, for though the subject has been treated by many a master hand, Father Conway's presentation of it would be of immense value to those seeking unbiased opinions upon historical questions.

A few years later, in 1894, a course of ten lectures on History was given under the auspices of the Young Men's Sodality, St. Francis Xavier's church. Father Conway gave three of these: "The Successors of Charlemagne"; "Kings of France and England"; and "Princes of the Reformation". In the first one, "The Successors of Charlemagne", he spoke at length of Gregory VII., and lay investiture. A person who was present remarked that much as she had read and heard on the subject, she had never thoroughly understood it until Father Conway explained

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it in "his clear and lucid way." In this lecture he gave also an exposition of the frightful abuses that existed in the Church, in the extirpation of which the great Hildebrand had made such progress. He did not mince matters. He did not pass over in silence the deplorable condition of the clergy, as some uncandid, though well meaning lecturers might have done. It was an historical subject he was handling, and he would state the whole truth. For this he was severely censured and reported to his superiors. But it was an easy matter to vindicate his position, which he did at once to the full satisfaction of those in authority over him.

We cannot call attention too often to his intrepidity and fearlessness in the pulpit and from the rostrum, in marked contrast to many who fear to offend. None more careful than he not to wound another's feelings, but he also possessed the moral courage and energy which inspired him to cry out against injustice, to protest against abuses, and to denounce in forcible and unmistakable language the failings and sins of those in high places. Like the tender-hearted but courageous Chrysostom, "the golden-mouth", who braved the anger of a vain and passionate Empress, and thereby suffered exile, the intrepid apostle in the twentieth century, the civilization of which, for corruption and degeneracy, has been likened to that of pagan Rome in its decline, but which is, for all that, a century of concessions, of palliations,—this intrepid apostle, Father Conway, after daring to raise his voice in unmitigated denunciation of the evils of his day, could, with St. Chrysostom of the Vth century, add: "As for the doctrine of Christ, it began not with me, nor shall it die with me."

But more pertinent to the subject to which we referred

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above, is Father Conway's manner of handling historical subjects, in justification of which we can quote no less an authority than Pope Gregory the Great, himself: "*Melius est ut scandalum oriatur, quam ut veritas relinquatur.*" "It were better that scandal should arise, than that truth be suppressed." And we add, with one of the most zealous champions of the rights of the Church, in later times, the Count de Maistre: "*On ne doit aux papes que la vérité, et ils n' ont besoin que d'elle.*" "We owe to the Popes the truth only; they need but her." In our own day, Leo XIII., of holy memory, the great "*Lumen in cœlo*" of the 19th century, threw open the doors of the Vatican archives to students of history, inviting, encouraging all, irrespective of religious creed, to avail themselves of the privilege thus extended to them.

In a letter of Pope Leo XIII., addressed to the Cardinals De Luca, Pitra and Hergenrother, which letter deals with the study of History and the facilities afforded for it by the treasures of the Vatican Library, we find the following: "If one brings a quiet and unprejudiced mind to bear upon the surviving monuments of past events, these, by their own witness and of their own accord, furnish a magnificent defense of the Church and of the Pontificate.

. . . The great effort should be to refute all false and trumped-up statements, by having recourse to the first sources of History, and this ought to be the prime maxim before the minds of the writers, that it is the first law of History never to dare to say anything that is not true—and always to dare to say whatever is the truth; so that their writings may bear no trace either of partizanship or of animosity." Writers of History outside the pale of the Church would do well to profit by the above wise and

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just recommendation of the enlightened Leo; and those of her children who would handle historical subjects should bear in mind, "always to dare to say whatever is the truth."

While delivering one of these lectures on History, before referred to, Father Conway was taken very ill. All at once he stopped speaking of his subject, and said very composedly: "Ladies and Gentlemen, you'll have to excuse—". He could not finish; he fell backwards, his full length on the platform, before anyone could come to his assistance. Immediately, several gentlemen rushed forward to help him. He was wholly unconscious. Restoratives were administered, but his condition was such, that he had to be carried on a stretcher to the University, two blocks distant from the Sodality Hall. Some time passed before his strength fully returned. A week after this had occurred, he was still very weak, and paler, if possible, than usual, for he never had any color. As we mentioned before, he had one of these attacks shortly after entering the Novitiate, and they recurred from time to time, sometimes when he was walking on the street. As late as 1904, when giving a retreat in Chicago, he had one of these attacks as he was going up stairs, and he fell down the steps. He thought his heart might be weak. It was examined, but was found to be sound. Perhaps the trouble which caused his death had already begun its work, for, when, finally it became known what that trouble was, Father Conway was convinced that it had been of long standing.

During the summer of 1894, he went to Chicago to attend to some business. From here he wrote a friend on the approaching death of a relative.

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“St. Ignatius College, Chicago, July 1, 1894.”

“My Dear Friend:—

“I just received your letter and will say Mass for Y—— to-morrow, the Feast of the Visitation. It is, then, as I suspected. But, is it not the Will of our God? It is a great consolation to know that you all take it so bravely. And I am so gratified that your dear Mother realizes that she must be discreet. Even with her greatest caution and prudence, she will be carried at times to extremes, I know. I am sure Y—— is resigned to the Will of God in her regard. It seems that Our Lord aims only through this long suffering with which He has afflicted her to purify her entirely that there may be no anguish or trial awaiting her, and that it may please His Divine Majesty to receive her unto His eternal presence at once. You must all, as I intimated to you over a year ago look upon this separation in the supernatural way. Fortify yourselves by these certain principles of our Faith and Hope upon which we are beyond doubt certain. God’s Providence in our regard is bound some day to require these sacrifices of us, and, we but grieve His divine Mercy and Love in sending them to us, by murmuring and repining. Put your hope in God, and adore His Divine Counsels in all things.

“When I get back, I will see what chances there are of going down to Z——, for if it would be a solace to your dear ——— to see me, I would, if it is permitted, willingly run down for a day. I say, though, when I get back. For things are so threatening up here now, owing to the great Northwestern R. R. Strike, that it is difficult to get in or out of the city by rail. I will make an effort to get off to-night, but I do not know whether I shall succeed,

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or whether if I get out of town, when I shall reach St. Louis. The Strike is on everywhere, and the R. R. tie-up affects the whole length of Western and Northwestern Lines. Today things look very threatening on both sides; the Militia and Federal Troops are under arms on the one hand, and Strikers multiplying in numbers and defiance at all points west and northwest.

“Pray for me, that I may get home safe. Give my kindest regards and most cheering wishes to Y—— and my regards to the family, and your dear Mother. . . .”

As many persons can, perhaps recall, this R. R. strike is one of the worst on record in the United States, nevertheless, Father Conway returned to Chicago to give a retreat to the Christian Brothers at de La Salle Institute. It was taking one's life in one's hands to venture out into the streets of Chicago. However, Father Conway did so. Danger could not deter him when duty called him, and on this occasion, not only did he run an immense risk by thus venturing out, but he actually came face to face with imminent peril. He attributed the preservation of his life to the prayers said for him to his Guardian Angel at the moment when he was exposed to the greatest danger. By means of a written communication he had had knowledge of these prayers, and on his return home he further explained the coincidence.

The following letter was also written at this time.

“Chicago, July 10th, 1894.”

“My Very Dear Friend:—

“I was very much consoled to hear about Y——. I suspected what you stated in your note. I was not aware that it was you who called Sunday, otherwise, I would

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have come down. I had so disposed of myself that afternoon, that I would not hear any calls, as I was going away and was getting some things in order. Thanks for your prayers for my safe arrival in Chicago. My friends tried hard to keep me from coming; but I did not see why I should not expose myself a little to keep my appointments. The city is certainly in a critical condition, but I trust that the ubiquitous presence of the federal troops will somewhat awe the mobs. We were guarded from the city limits to the Union Depot by a long line of federal pickets. Every hour brings apprehension here now. There is great dread of incendiarism and the universal sway of the mob. In this case, X—, this is the proper place for me. And I am glad I am here and do not care to leave until it is all over. Pray for the success of my retreat. . . . I had great difficulty in getting to St. Louis. I left here on the night of the 2nd inst. with the full and reiterated assurance of the R. R. officials that I would get back to St. Louis without fail. We carried twenty-five well-armed deputy marshals, and everything was splendid until we reached Bloomington. When I woke up in the morning, I found I was side-tracked there and no hope on that road—C. & A.—of moving for a week. Naturally, I was not in an amicable humor, the more so, that the Erie, and Big Four, the other roads passing there were also tied up. I did Bloomington for three days and will not forget it. On the 4th the Big Four loosened up to Peoria and about 1,000 of us passengers—we were about 3,000 passengers in the 23 coaches tied up there—went to Peoria, whence I traveled to Galesburg and around to St. Louis. I do not know what the state of things will be by my return. They are desperate here

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now. I would not advise anybody, who was not called here by duty, to come to Chicago. Goodbye—give my great sympathy to your dear Mother. I will be back, if I can, on the 19th. God ever bless you. . . .”

“J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

In the following letter, Fr. Conway writes at length about the Catholic Summer School at Madison, Wisconsin.

“St. Ignatius College,
“413 W. 12th Street,
“Aug. 31st, 1895.

“My Very Dear Friend:—

“I have received all your very interesting letters—very interesting, indeed, to me. . . . I promised you another letter immediately I quitted my retreat. . . . But X——, I did not become definitely aware where to address you until I was about to leave St. Louis. . . . At Madison, my time was not all my own. Upon leaving that city, I was engaged in Chicago giving a retreat. After that retreat, I enjoyed a brief breathing spell, and it was during this time, about the 18th or 19th of August, that I wrote you at Z——, for you had directed me to send my mail there until further directed. . . .

“To gratify your solicitude on this point, is to digress upon the subject matter of myself which, even for a proud thing like me is, I must say it, a trifle too unimportant a thing to waste time and thought upon. Really X——, there is no use in doing it. As to my health, however, I can assure you that Our Dear Master has been very kind to me. I have enjoyed, apart from an occasional headache, remarkably good health. Even my throat, about which you inquired, I must assure you that it has been very strong.

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notwithstanding that I have allowed it no special rest or privileges. M—— or M—— are better judges of my life and work at Madison than I could be. No one is a just judge in his own cause. I may imagine that I did the work I was sent to do exceptionally well. Some people have been so bold as to say that I did passingly well, from which I would conclude that I did not make a downright fool of myself, or compromise the Order I represent. I was quite busy, I mentioned. For apart from the lectures I delivered, there were a thousand little details involving conferences, solution of difficulties; answering questions; going through the ordeal of acquaintances with; making a lot of necessary calls; some visits; stopping to talk to A. B..... X. Y. Z; making sure of hearing at least a bit of everybody else's lecture, so as to be sure of some grounds upon which to congratulate him; and a hundred odds and ends of which no one else can realize the teasing and worry but him whose place it is to undergo their interminableness. Withal, however, it was an agreeable time. I must say, even that I found it enjoyable. The work, in the first instance, was in itself an Apostolic one, and one too in which you were made to feel as you labored, that God was with you and in the work. I went to Madison full of prejudice against Summer Schools, and out of a sense of pure duty. I was sent there. But I was quite converted during my sojourn there, if not to every detail of the enterprise, at least to the more specific and profounder features of the work. There is, I am now satisfied, much good for religion to be accomplished and, I think further, to be easily attained in this manner. The wide clerical interest supporting it, indicates that the Church sees in it the finger of

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God pointing out a good thing to be done, considering the needs of the times. During the three weeks' session we were favored by the presence of nine or ten Archbishops and Bishops—Chicago, St. Paul, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, LaCrosse, Winona, Duluth, Jamison, Columbus—and over a hundred seculars and regulars, about sixty religious, and all told about 750 regular C. S. S. students, plus visitors to the number of about 800 more. It was a phenomenal opening, outstripping Plattsburgh in the hierarchical patronage it met with, the unexpected attendance, the public notice and interest manifested everywhere in it, and in the elevated tone and character of its lectures. Add to this the maturity, intelligence, social standing of the C. S. S. pupils, the absorbing, laborious, and uninterrupted interest and attention brought to the work, and you begin to realize that there was very much indeed, in it to effect quite a considerable reversion of my sentiments and appreciation; I now think it is a good thing indeed. . . . I wish to make sure that you get your next letter in time and to put your thoughts at rest about me. I am more concerned to know how you have been. . . . And now you are going to Rome. I shall pray hard that you may be very well while there, and if it is at all possible, may have a private audience with the Holy Father. Do not forget X—— my request and what I told you to tell him. Try too, to see the Fathers I directed you to. . . . I will be in St. Louis, God willing, by the 8th of September. But goodbye now, and don't worry. Our dear Master and His beloved Mother love you too sincerely X——, to permit any evil to happen to you. I shall pray as before for you, and God bless you every way. Goodbye. . . .”

“Fr. J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

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The summer School at Madison was also known at that time as, "The Western Catholic Summer School," to distinguish it from the Plattsburgh Summer School in New York.

Father Conway delivered five lectures on "Ethics" during the session of 1895. These lectures were, by request, printed in book form. The volume bears the title: "The Fundamental Principles of Christian Ethics." We subjoin some of the Press notices of the book.

(From the Ave Maria.) "Christian Ethics, by the Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J., D. H. McBride & Co."

"This masterly statement of the principles of Christian ethics is another volume of the Catholic 'Summer and Winter School Library'. The name of the author and the immediate occasion of the lectures sufficiently indicate the character and quality of the contents. Like all that Father Conway has done, these lectures exhibit the grasp of the master."

(From "The Monitor," San Francisco.) "Father Conway has done his work excellently. He has succeeded in presenting in popular form and with as few technical expressions as possible, a subject which is wide and philosophical."

(From the Sacred Heart Review, Boston.) "The latest issue in the Catholic Summer and Winter School Library, published by Messrs. D. H. McBride & Co., Chicago, bears the title of "The Fundamental Principles of Christian Ethics," and consists of five lectures on that topic by Rev. James Joseph Conway, S. J., of the St. Louis University, St. Louis. These five lectures consider respectively the subject matter of ethics, the ethical standard, the natural law, the tribunal of conscience, and the doctrine of right.

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In the first lecture, the distinguished author describes in detail and very lucidly the aim, principles and condition of the human act. The criterion of good and bad in human actions is set forth in the second lecture. The primitive grounds of moral conduct are stated in the third one; how conscience acts as an individual arbiter is explained in the fourth; and the ultimate source of man's juridical powers and claims is defined in the closing lecture. Father Conway, it will be seen from the foregoing summary of his lectures, has treated his subject in a very thorough and comprehensive way. His work is very timely and valuable in view of the many erroneous and false ethical notions that certain non-Catholic writers have recently seen fit to publish."

In respect to the closing sentence of the above extract, we call attention to the second lecture of "Christian Ethics," "The Ethical Standard," remarkable for its comprehensiveness in so short a space. In this lecture, Father Conway not only shows the distinction between the two broad schools of morality, the Positivist and the Naturalist, and explains the different theories which prevail in the divisions and subdivisions of these two schools, but he has also exposed and defined the opinions of the leading exponents of these ethical theories, and in the last part of the lecture explains distinctly and plainly the Ethical Standard according to Catholic philosophy, in other words, the only true standard.

Naturally, owing to the short time allowed him, the subject matter of the lectures had to be presented and treated in a very succinct way, but which Father Conway succeeded in doing in so clear a way, and so easy of comprehension that we doubt whether the student of Ethics

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who has neither time, nor perhaps in some cases, inclination to plunge deeper into the subject, will find anywhere else anything that will so well suit his purpose. Whereas, those who wish to make deeper researches into the entire subject matter, will find at the end of this admirable little volume a complete bibliography of works and Review Articles on Ethics, in English, French, Italian and German.

Letter to a person in trouble:

“St. Louis University,
September 29, 1895.”

“My very dear Friend:—I am at length at some liberty to write you. . . . While you are extremely sensitive X——, you ordinarily have complete mastery of your peace of soul. I begin to realize now that it is the will of our Divine Master that you should undergo that torment, persecution, trial. Try to see it in this light. All things happen at the appointment of a sweetly disposing Providence. How long that sweet Providence tenderly trained and raised you, with now the experience of a sudden, passing trial, now a hurt feeling, now labor, now weariness, now worry, until He had made you strong! He has led you by somewhat hard paths it is true, to stand beneath His cross. . . . Did He not, in His far-seeing mercy, aim to inure your shoulders to the rough burden; to prepare your head for the thorns, your hands and feet for the nails. Has He not taken and laid you upon the cross. The abandonment is awful; the pain in your side is an agony; the crown of hurt feelings that press in and around and back and through your weary head is an

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excruciating torment; the toilsome trudging the nails that pierce your feet. . . . Your longings and your solicitude for is that hopeless yearning for beloved ones which will not, during your passion be ever satisfied. How you are always crying out, X——: “My God, that this chalice would pass from me!” Have you ever thought of these things. Do so, they give you strength, they merit grace, they bring peace. And now, my dear X——, let me take another view of your situation. It is too bad that you must suffer so intensely and so alone the matters which torment you should not come from the source from which they mainly arise. There is no excuse for Y. Z. but that which Our Divine Lord made for the good thief and the Jews: “They know not what they do.” . . . My dear friend, think that it will all soon be over, buoy yourself up with this thought; and remember what I said, in, I think my last letter to you; don’t let the evil one persuade you that you are doing wrong in anything; the trifles that occur to you are nothing; they must not keep you from the Holy Table. Do not worry about your interior, about your tepidity, distractions, bitterness of mind, despondency. Much of all this is wholly beyond your control. It is in almost every instance involuntary. . . .

“You will find few changes on your return. You have, of course, learned of the death of good Father Harts, and of that very estimable man, Mr. P. Fox; they died within a week of each other; Father Harts on the 3rd of September and Mr. Fox a week or so previously.

“The church is at last under roof; it is indeed, a beautiful temple. . . . I will drop you another note in a week. Take care of yourself, don’t worry; be firm; and

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may Our Dear Lord bless you night and day is the prayer of

“Your Father and friend,

J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

Until 1892, Father Conway had the first year philosophy in the department of Philosophy and Science, when he was appointed professor of Special Metaphysics of the second year. In 1893, he was Professor of the same branch, but of the third year. He continued this work until 1896, when he was appointed to the chair of Ethics and Natural Law, also of the third year. He was lecturer also in the Post-Baccalaureate Course. Since 1889, the first year of his professorship in the Scholasticate, he had, in addition to his other tasks, been teacher of elocution and oratory, and examiner of the young Jesuit students. In 1891, he was appointed “Censor of Books,” and in 1894, writer of the history of the Province, all of which important trusts he continued to discharge until the spring of 1898.

In 1897, the Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis asked Father Conway to write a paper on the Catholic Church in St. Louis. He complied with the request and entitled his paper “The Beginnings of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction in the Archdiocese of St. Louis, which paper he read at an open meeting of the Society, March 11, 1897. We call attention again to the thoroughness he brought to everything he undertook, and in this case, what that involved; untiring and wide research, and very painstaking labor, for in the beginnings of the Church in St. Louis, its ordinary exercised jurisdiction over that part of the State of Missouri lying east of the Chariton river, and east of the west lines of Cole, Maries, Pulaski, Texas and

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Howell counties. To quote Fr. Conway's own words: ". . . we experience at the outset no little dissatisfaction in determining the accurate bearings of the early genealogy of the Mother Church". . . . "To begin with, the ecclesiastical historian is at a loss, for a moment to know who was the first bishop of St. Louis; or, to put it more correctly, he is at a loss to determine conclusively, from whose jurisdiction the first priests in St. Louis derived their faculties to exercise spiritual functions here. The question is not as easy to answer as it at starting looks to be. Moreover, the answer to it is very largely dependent upon a review of the acts of the two Vicars-General with whose missionary labors in this city and vicinity the beginnings of ecclesiastical jurisdiction are contemporary. Hence, the study of these beginnings will lead me into repeated and perhaps lengthy digressions upon the labors and characters of these two pioneers who have been unaccountably but practically ignored by nearly all our local traditions and historians." These "lengthy digressions" were, nevertheless, not in the least tiresome to those who had the good fortune to hear this paper read by Fr. Conway; his manner of reading, his clear enunciation and expressive voice, also the commentary remarks on the text, all lending additional interest to the subject-matter of the paper. Moreover, these digressions might have been still more lengthy and been interesting, for, "the labors and characters of the two pioneers," Father Meurin, S. J., and Father Pierre Gibault, "the Patriot Priest of the West," the first two Vicars-General, as related by Father Conway, are most edifying and instructive.

This paper, "The Beginnings of Ecclesiastical Jurisdic-

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tion in the Archdiocese of Saint Louis, 1764-1776, by Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J.," was printed and published by the Missouri Historical Society. It is illustrated and contains the autographs of Fathers Meurin and Gibault. It goes without saying that this pamphlet constitutes an important and integral addition to the records of the Missouri Historical Society.

In the summer of 1897, Father Conway was asked to give the retreat to the priests of the Archdiocese of Chicago. They met at Kankakee, about 56 miles from Chicago, a very hot place, though the heat was extreme everywhere that summer.

Father Conway was not satisfied with preaching the retreat, work strenuous enough for anyone, but especially for him, considering how he threw his whole soul into his sermons and exhortations, but he must, besides, do the reading during dinner for those following the Exercises. This absolute and entire surrender of himself, which was not expected of him, nor customary, together with the excessive heat, prostrated him. He became dangerously ill with congestion of the brain. He grew black in the face, and when such a condition is brought on, the disease generally proves fatal. As soon as he was able to be moved he was taken to St. Ignatius College, Chicago, where he could have better care. When he had recovered sufficiently to travel, he returned to St. Louis.

In answer to inquiries made about Father Conway's condition, the following note, from the Rev. Father Rector in Chicago, was sent to St. Louis.

"St. Ignatius College,

"Chicago, Ill., July 23rd, 1897.

" . . . Father Conway gave us a bad scare, solemn

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warning, etc., but changed his mind about going to heaven ahead of us, and is determined to go to St. Louis as the next best place. He will probably be in St. Louis by Sunday, for he intends to start tonight. I hope the journey will not injure him. . . .”

Another Father of the Society went to Kankakee to finish the retreat. At the close, on Friday, Fr. Dalton, a colored priest who had followed the Exercises, died that very evening, overcome by the heat. A German priest, another retreatant, died the following day, prostrated by the heat.

We may well exclaim: “His ways, who shall understand?” Eccles. XVI., 26. Father Conway was as near death as the two other priests, but “the Lord took him by the hand and preserved him for a light of the gentiles,” “that he might open the eyes of the blind, and bring forth the prisoner out of the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house.” Isaias XLII., 6.

This servant of the Lord was to labor still longer and accomplish much for the greater glory of God. He was to be for a while longer a shining and guiding light to those sitting in the midst of the shadows of death. But over and above all the gifts of God to this elect soul, He had in reserve for him a long and severe trial. “Who is greater,” exclaims St. Chrysostom, “Paul in chains, or Paul, the teacher of the people? Paul in chains is greater.”

From his very tender years, as we have seen, sufferings, the graces of choice which are given to the favorites of God, had been Father Conway’s portion, a precious legacy from the Sorrowful Mother and her Divine Son, “a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” As the Master, so must the disciple be, and a heavier cross than he had ever borne must be laid upon his shoulders.

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In September, he resumed his duties of Professor of Ethics, but he was far from well. Self-sacrificing to a degree of almost entire forgetfulness of self, he gave himself to others as completely as he had done heretofore, but foreboding signs appeared, presaging the break-down that came some months later.

It had been noticed, with increasing anxiety, that with his depleted strength, he could not hold out much longer, did he not spare himself; but pleading with him was of no avail. We could not begin to enumerate the manifold obligations he had assumed, which for years he had taken upon himself, some of which should have been relinquished, now, that his health was much impaired by the serious illness he had had in the summer.

Besides his duties of Professor, his preaching in church, speaking from the rostrum, instructions at convents, his literary work, visits to the sick, and other like duties he was constantly called to the parlor during the day, and in the evening received men in his room. Under such pressure, some persons might be inclined to picture him, elbowing everything out of his way in order to get in on schedule-time with his only real obligations, those enjoined on him by obedience—and to accomplish besides, all he had imposed upon himself. But not at all; there was no precipitance; he “made haste slowly,” effected all he intended, and graciously received all who called upon him. But all this could not be done, even by a person in robust health, without great expenditure of nerve force. Besides, the ordinary day was not long enough for him; he frequently sat up until the small hours of the morning, but did not for this reason ask to be exempted from rising at the early hour prescribed by the Rule.

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The strain was, indeed, at times, more than he could stand, and it was suggested that at least he limit the number of callers, for it was this incessant interruption that seemed to wear on his nerves. But he could not bring himself to refuse anyone, in some cases fearing to hurt people's feelings, and in others, loath to leave undone the good that could be accomplished in this way.

But the crash came, and more violently than had been anticipated. It was on the eve of Ash-Wednesday, 1898. In the morning he had spent about two hours with a person he was instructing for baptism. In the early afternoon, shortly after dinner, he was called to the confessional for a special case, for he was not one of the confessors in the church. Here again, he was detained a very long time, but he spared neither time nor trouble when the good of a soul was at stake. At three o'clock, he was at his post in the Scholasticate for his class in Ethics, but when his lecture was about half finished, he grew very sick and fell to the floor; he was taken to his room. Little did he and others suspect at the time what the trouble was. It was a complete nervous break-down, not only unfitting him for absolutely no work whatever, but of so serious a nature that his ultimate recovery was despaired of.

This trial was one of the greatest of his life. His mental sufferings, physical weakness and bodily pains; the forced inactivity to which he was reduced, all uniting to test severely his conformity to the will of God, which had been, as we have mentioned before, the guiding principle of his life. Well might he have exclaimed: "What shall I say? Father save me from this hour. But for this cause I came unto this hour." John XII., 27. And Father Conway's words, commenting upon this text, find a most fitting place here:

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“For this, and nothing else. So that no matter what trial it may be, it is God’s greatest gift—His Will. It was devised by His wisdom, power and love from all eternity. The heavenly hosts are waiting in concern its reception. My eternity depends upon my co-operation with it. Shall I regret it for a fancy? For it is only a fancy that makes the difficulty too hard to be borne. I can do what I choose to do. I choose to do God’s will.”

During the time that he remained in St. Louis, that is, until the month of July following, for some time he was so weak, that he was unable to leave his bed. He suffered, too, in every part of his body, and the pains were agonizing: he suffered even in his sleep. After a while, when the pains were not stationary, but on the contrary, extremely vagrant, and that he was able to move about, he alternated between his room and the infirmary, the latter being on the same floor. This was a little change for him, though not always for the better, for in the infirmary he often sat at the window, and as persons passed by, would moralize as to their spiritual condition, and as it happened, he saw some who, he had reason to know, were not in a state of grace. He was already very much depressed, and this but saddened him the more, and to such a degree that he was forced to return to his room, situated differently from the infirmary. It was not well for him, weak and suffering as he was, to dwell upon subjects of this nature, which, even when in health, he felt so keenly, and which had caused him to exclaim: “Isn’t it amazing how some people heap sin upon sin, as if there were no God, no hereafter!” In his charity, he had added: “Poor creatures, I hope their ignorance will excuse them.” Another time, he wrote: “We shall share in Our Lord’s sufferings in the measure that we love Him. We cannot

love Him without agonizing over the loss of those who do not love Him. Love is the Gethsemane of the soul; for there, steeped in the infinite goodness of God, the soul is wrung by the blindness and malice of men." And so, during the period of this great mental depression, brought on by extreme bodily weakness, his thoughts had to be diverted, as much as possible, from such a trend.

He could not read, not even his Breviary; nor could he say mass. This condition lasted for several months,—a heart-felt trial for his friends, who realized indeed, that "whom God loveth, he chastiseth," and that, as Father Conway himself wrote: "There comes a time to faithful and generous souls when God gives them no respite in His incessant demands for absolute renunciation. To become efficient instruments of His Will, we must become pliable by continual self-denial until there is nothing that we cannot sacrifice in peace. To this end God puts us through every ordeal that the infinite ingenuity of His love can devise, and the soul entering into His designs, possesses nothing but for sacrifice."

Prayers innumerable and pious works of all kinds were offered for him. Novena after novena was made for his recovery; Heaven was stormed; finally it was determined to take it by assault. In April, a great novena to Our Blessed Lady was organized, to end in her honor, on the 1st day of May, which is also the feast of St. James, one of Father Conway's patron saints. Most of the Religious Orders in the city, some in other cities, also a great number of other pious persons, in all, several hundred, were invited to make this novena, without, however, the intention having been made known, except to a few persons. Father Conway, himself, joined in

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the novena. The following extracts are from a letter written by him at this time :

“St. Louis University,
“April 22, 1898.

“. . . . I proposed to reply to your last at once, but was not quite able. . . . I will certainly join you in this great novena. I know God will hear all those prayers. He has heard your prayers, for I am now getting stronger. Of course, it must be slowly, from the nature of the case. What I need is patience and courage. . . . Now have patience with me and all will be well. . . . Had I been consulted you never would have copied that long address of Justice Prim's. What a work! God bless your zeal. . . . Have you any of the Water of Lourdes? . . . May our dear, good God bless you.”

The novena was begun. Great hopes were entertained that the dear Mother, whose praises he had so often sung, whom he loved so tenderly, would be propitious, and hear the united petitions of so many of her children interceding for her beloved client.

It is the first day of the month of May. The sun has risen all resplendent. His flashing beams of gold are spreading over the town, bringing joy and brightness where'er they penetrate. The tender green of the leafy trees is refreshing to behold. The scent of Spring blossoms fills the air. The azure blue of the cloudless sky seems to reflect heaven's own light, and floods the soul with a blessed hope and confidence. Our Heavenly Mother must have done something. Seven o'clock mass is over at St. Xavier's. With hurried step, and soul within with high expectation filled,—a friend hastens over to the University. The door is no sooner

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opened, than immediately, without any question being asked, the cheery voice of Brother D—— rings out: "He said mass this morning, and there was not a word about it the day before, no indication pointing that way." Praised be God! The special favor for which the novena had been made, namely, that Father Conway would say mass, had been granted. That he be restored at once to health, was not expected, not that this was impossible with God, either directly, or through the intercession of His Blessed Mother. But a great point had been gained. Father Conway had not said mass since February. When his strength had begun to return, slowly it is true, but after some time sufficiently, to all appearance, to permit his saying mass, that distressing concomitant of nervous trouble, fear, prevented his attempting the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries; though, indeed, it was equally a matter of prudence on his part, for he still often experienced a fainting prostration, which might have come upon him when at the altar.

But Our Blessed Lady obtained not alone a very perceptible return of physical strength, but arranged that on the threshold of her chosen month, then, and ever after, her brave and loyal knight, who, heretofore had been without fear, as well as without reproach, should be inspired with sufficient confidence and courage to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

And from now on he continued to improve, but, as he wrote in the letter quoted above, "it was slowly, from the nature of the case." Indeed, so serious had been the case, that it was several years before he was restored to his former self.

He was quite cognizant of his condition, and fully aware of the fears entertained on his account. He had diagnosed his case as well as any physician could.

By degrees his courage returned, so that he consented to

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go out now and then, sometimes for a walk, at other times for a drive. But a change of climate and surroundings was deemed absolutely necessary, so he was induced to go spend the summer at Waupaca, after which he was not to return to St. Louis, but was to go wherever he chose, his Superiors judging, in this instance, that the choice had best be left with him. In the Society great consideration is shown to the sick members, according to the spirit of the holy Founder.

At Waupaca, Wisconsin, the Missouri Province owns a villa beautifully situated, where the Jesuit Scholastic-teachers enjoy, during the summer, a much needed outing.

The change benefited Father Conway as much as could be expected. Leaving Waupaca after the 15th of August, he went to Milwaukee for a brief stay. From here he wrote a letter from which we quote the following extracts:

"Marquette College,
"Aug. 29th, 1898.

"Dear X———:

"Just a word, for I do not write much now. I am doing very well indeed, thank God; and with the approach of the cold weather, I expect to be myself again, at least in an incipient way. . . .

"Don't leave Z——, God sent you that creature, yes, to show you where you are to work. Have patience, X——, have patience. With God it is the will, not the deed, which sanctifies. I will, I think, be in Milwaukee until September 10, or thereabouts; I will then remove to Chicago for three weeks or so. By the first week of October I propose to go to Detroit. I will try to stay there until Spring. You know then where to address me meanwhile. . . .

"Goodbye; don't be gloomy but always hopeful. God

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loves you dearly, and that should assure you when our enemy seeks to depress you. . . . May our Bl. Lord bless you hourly with His choicest gifts is the prayer and petition of

Yours ever in Dno”

This letter all through, was more like his old self, and though he stated at the outset that he would write but a word, that he didn't write much now, the letter was quite long. From Chicago, September 18, he wrote still more at length, and also in the spirit of his former self. But it was painful to read: “. . . As to my courage, it is coming back only inch by inch. I am afraid yet to walk far from the house alone. But with time, God will, I hope be propitious to me. If not, then His most perfect Will be done. . . .”

His resignation to the will of God, and his perfect patience during this long drawn-out trial were most touching and edifying. A man of his ability, and in his prime; full of zeal and activity, who had said: “How short are the days! I wish every day had three hours more, so that we could work more!” Of whom, after he had been called to his rest, two of his confrères said that, in his short life he had accomplished more than most of them could have done in a hundred years; for such a one to be prostrated, there was need of great virtue on his part to accept the trial with resignation.

We quote again from the last letter: “. . . I am doing satisfactorily; getting strength gradually, doing absolutely nothing—the hardest part of life. . . . I can read, but on principle do not yet read but precious little. I will, I think, try my breviary when I get to Detroit. As to the papers, while I do read what you mark, I have heretofore not

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looked at any. But when I get to Detroit, you might send me the papers, say the Watchman, the Republic or the P. D., but **only** when there is something in them which you are sure I would be pleased to be posted about . . . Oh, dear me, how truly you say that I am unlike St. John.* Yea, in all things, but I am going to try harder to save my little, miserable soul notwithstanding in my own small fashion . . . am I really so crabbed; then pray the more for the mildness and gentleness of

“Yours in Dno,

“J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

From the foregoing, it will be seen that he was beginning to take some interest in things generally.

*St. John Chrysostom.

CHAPTER VII.

Letters From Detroit.

From Detroit, Father Conway writes, October 10, 1898:

“. . . I wrote you before I left Chicago, and a day or two ago, I mailed you a copy of the ‘Tamarack.’ I have no reason to think that you are not in receipt of both. . . . You wish to know how I am Well, I must say that I am very well pleased with the condition of things. I go out morning and evening for 35 or 40 minutes, and without—except on two occasions—experiencing that terrible fainting prostration. This is a sign that the nervous system is improving . . . With time and God’s merciful disposition, I hope to be my old self. My interest, too, in all things, and the old buoyancy of spirit is coming back, and unless Our Divine Lord wishes to purify me still more—and in this may His Perfect Will be most perfectly accomplished—I think there are fair prospects for a return of health. As yet I do simply nothing at all—an awful torment. I shall soon, however, begin to try my Breviary.

“Are you well and in good spirits? . . . Do not forget to pray. I received my ticket. . . . Did you go to Chicago? I left there on the evening of the 29th with Fr. C——. Pray on for me. I do not forget you especially, and the family at the Holy Sacrifice. . . .”

“Detroit College,

“Jefferson Ave.,

“Detroit, Mich., Nov. 10, 1898.

“: . . .

“I did not intend to write you until I had received the

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paper I wrote you about. But your last letter was so genuinely a piece with old times, that I could not put off just a short line. Yes, indeed, your last letter was good—so much like you; and you know, I do like to hear you, or read what you write in the midst of your mental storms. I see that difficulty on original sin will not down. The next time I discourse upon it, I will, I think, make you ‘think with the Church’ upon that issue. All that you said in relation to your attitude of mind, need give you no scruple. It is sufficiently orthodox. . . .

“So you did not go to the Smoker? The adage used to be of ‘new brooms sweeping clean’ when new offices were assumed; possibly it is now that a fumigation is the fad? . . . Just a word about myself, for there is no call now for details. I am, thank God, and the prayers of my friends, doing excellently. The weather as a rule has been miserable, yet I feel that I grow stronger every week. The pains are not at all so exhausting and my fainting spells have not returned since Oct. 8. I hope they are gone. . . . I said mass on the 8th (a) in thanksgiving for your baptism, (b) for your special intentions . . . God bless you and bless you, is the prayer of

“Yours ever in Dno,

J. J. C.”

The above extracts are from a long letter proving him to be quite himself. The following confirm the above—and also evidence the interest he is taking again in literary subjects:

“Detroit, Mich., Nov. 24, 1898.

“. . . The ‘Vox Urbis’* is everything I hoped it would be.

*A Latin newspaper, appearing bi-monthly, and published in Rome.

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The Latin is simply delightful, so elegant and so classical. The matter of the number I. is, of course, largely introductory, yet it is amply interesting. In form it is a large folio—of the shape of the Brooklyn Review, or London Tablet—containing eight pages of three columns each—all solid print, devoted to the matter of the paper. The advertisements are confined to the three inner pages of the cover, which is a neat grey paper. The type, large pica, is new and clean-cut, and the typography is perfect.

“The opening page contains a letter from the Card. Vicar of Rome, Lucidus M. Parochi, in high commendation of the review as 1st, a solution of the problem of a universal language among the learned, and 2ndly a high sanction of the wise policy of choosing the Latin as this language.

“There are articles upon the fitness of the name of the paper ‘Vox Urbis’ by the editor; upon the precursor of the scheme of a Latin newspaper: a pretty piece of poetry on the Bicycle, entitled the ‘**Birota Velocissima**,’ from which heading I take this occasion of coining a new and, it seems to me, more convenient (at least for pronunciation) term for the popular wheel, viz. the *Birote*—pronounced *Bīrōt*. What do you think? There is another poem in Latin pentameters by a Miss Aloisia Anzoletti entitled ‘*Summo Pontifici Leoni XIII. Latinorum suae aetatis Poetarum facile principi*’—i. e., ‘To the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., the Prince of Latin Poets in his Age.’ Miss Anzoletti is somewhat ahead of her American sisters. Yet, I have among my papers a poem by Y—— which is certainly as Horatian in its finish as Miss Anzoletti’s pentameters are Ovidian in their flow. And so on through the paper. In this numero there are two very neat xylographs, one of the Temple of Vesta on the Tiber, and the other a view of the city from the Janiculum

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(Conspectus Urbis Janiculo) I am so pleased with it. It is so well gotten up and so truly up-to-date; why there are even Latin jokes here and there. These, however, are a trifle too classical to suffer a version. . . . How am I? Really, I am getting quite strong. The other day I walked an hour and five minutes and hardly perceived it when I got to my room. Besides it is an ordinary thing for me now to walk 40, 45, 50 minutes morning and evening, alone, and to feel refreshed on my return. And I can do much more were it not for this miserable fear that still hangs about me. Oh, pray that I may subdue it **and yet be prudent**. I will, with next month, Heaven in this also aiding me, begin my Breviary. And are you a bit better? Do you yet worry over anything—what a question. . . . But adieu—God bless you in everything. . . .

“Detroit, Mich., Dec. 19, 1898.

“. . . When will I begin my Breviary!! I have begun, and with the great blessing of God, I am saying it daily. I began on the feast of the Patronage, or I was fully prepared to begin that day, but after looking in vain through my Breviary for the office of the Patronage, I could not find it. But I did ‘go ahead’ the next day. So thank our dear Lord and Lady for me. . . . The next thing to which I insist on calling your attention is your work. You have entirely too many irons in the fire, my dear X——. Just note this . . . Why, you can not do all this and have a sound nerve in your system. Now, X——, take an old fool’s advice and simplify, oh simplify, all this . . . Meanwhile remember Goethe’s advice. He was an old pagan, for that matter, but often said a good thing: To succeed, do one thing at a time. It is nearly St. John Berchman’s motto: *Age quod agis*. ‘Do what you are at,’ and let other things alone mean-

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while. . . . Thanks from my heart for all the prayers and devotions you have offered and undertaken for me. May God bless you with every heavenly gift at His Natal Feast And do pray yet for me. . . . You ask me how I am and what I do all day. I am well, but shall tell the rest in my next. God bless you and give you a Happy Xmas and a Happy New Year. . . .

“J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

He had his good and his bad days; encouraged sometimes about his health, and again very much depressed. On January 20, 1899, though he writes that he is well, he adds: “Time hangs very heavily on my hands. But it is God’s will and so be it!”

A few days later, January 23, he writes in a recalcitrant humor, with fitting touches of irony here and there. “. . . Now is your hour and the season of your indiscretion. Work now as hard as you can, eat nothing, go to bed at 2, and get up at 2:30 A. M., not P. M.; hear mass at 5, 5:30, 6, 6:30, 7; study all morning; worry, meanwhile for recreation; take a quart of Y— Street fresh air for luncheon; then go to the Z—, and wear away what is left of limbs and arms and eyes and brain; go home and only light the gas for tea, then read and meditate until after the owl hours, and you will be as sure as I am, that you will baffle all the ills that flesh is heir to.

“Now, I fancy you **wish** you had not written him that last letter; for he is just choke full of cranks this morning. Yea, it is good for you that I haven’t your ears rather than your eyes But how can you expect me not to get into a very figurative condition over many of your ways which expose you to the whims of every fever in the Mississippi Valley?

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You never seem to realize that man was not created to run up hill pulling the valley after him. Do try to fix this little proposition in your thoughts, or like the Hebrews wear it as a phylactery upon your forehead.

“Gracious goodness, Fr. Conway is improving fast; he actually objurates with the soft sibilance and sweet murmur of the open Polar Sea bear. Amen, says the clerke; but mind you put a pin in his remarks and use them for a blotter. For yes, X——, all words aside, you must take more care of yourself.

“I am quite well and still crawling upward with a steady assimilation of epithelial cells. Yet do not abate your prayers. . . . Kindest regards to the family, and to your own tireless self, health and every grace from Our Lord. . . .”

Father Conway remained in Detroit until June, when he went to Omaha before coming down to St. Louis to attend a meeting of the Professed Fathers which takes place every three or four years. Though his health was so much better, during the few days that he was in St. Louis he had a weak spell. The trouble, however, was entirely ephemeral, due, as he said at the time, to an old-time disorderly stomach. But it stranded him, so that he went nowhere thereafter.

On leaving St. Louis, he went to Loyola Villa, Waupaca, from where he wrote shortly after his arrival that he was “very well now.” A little later he writes again, a long letter, quite in the spirit of his old self. He is to be in Omaha the following year.

“Loyola Villa, Aug. 24, 1899.

“. . . Do not worry, I am as anxious as you that I do something next year. I hope to do a little teaching—probably philosophy . . . I am feeling quite well now and

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realize that my physical strength is coming back. I must have patience. It is a question of crawling out of the condition in which I was placed. But with your good prayers and the intercession of my Bl. Mother, St. Joseph, St. Barbara, F. F. Ignatius and Xavier, I will, in a year or two, be my old self again. . . .”

CHAPTER VIII.

Creighton University.

Father Conway left Waupaca about September 1, stopped in Chicago en route to Omaha, where he arrived September 8. His first letter from here, shortly after his arrival, was cheerful. He had a Latin and a Greek class, and other occupations besides. Though he experienced great fatigue at the end of the day, he was encouraged and felt that gradually he would become less and less fatigued and faint.

He had been at Creighton University but a short while, when he was appointed "Minister." This was an office well suited to distract him, and, as he said, kept him at times, very much awake. He was the right man in the right place, being the quintessence of order and cleanliness. Later on he was appointed extraordinary confessor to the Poor Clares, and to the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

From the very first year that he was in Omaha and during the three years that he remained there, his correspondence was voluminous. He alludes to it in the following: "Oct. 9, 1899. . . . Although I wanted to say something to you about what you wrote in your last two letters, I am kept from doing so by a package of letters, and many of them clamoring for a word in reply, which I must look to, as I have neglected them so long. I shall not make you wait, of course, until I have answered all—there are 22—but only some of the most neglected. So I shall write as often as I can under the circumstances. Only don't wait for me. . . ."

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One of Father Conway's favorite devotions was to the Angels. He had a tender love for his Guardian Angel. In respect to his devotion to these Heavenly Spirits, we quote the following from one of his letters: "Oct. 25, 1899. . . . It is after those to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady, one of my favorite devotions. From now on I shall ask these Beloved Spirits to watch over you in a special manner. Tomorrow is St. Raphael's day. I always offer a mass on the feast of the Angels in their honor, exclusively to do with it as they choose. I owe much to my angel friends. They are always about me. They are often more of a reality to me than the people about me. They will protect you henceforth in a special manner. . . . My mass tomorrow will be for your intentions, but I will say one on the 31st of October for yourself alone. . . . Good-bye. God ever bless you and be with you, my dear X——, and in your charity forbear and pray for . . .

"J. J. CONWAY, S. J."

He continued steadily to improve. In addition to his class work and other appointments to which we have referred, he gave religious conferences from time to time to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and to the Sisters of Mercy of St. Berchman's Academy. And, besides keeping up a very active correspondence, it was in Omaha that he began to write a work on Ethics, which was to be so thorough and comprehensive that he considered it a life work.

Alluding again to his correspondence: "February 27, 1900. . . . It grows in number and alas! swells in size. . . . In fact, I am morally sure that if it were not that I must tell you of the masses, I would be another week

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behind-hand. These will be on the 17th, the Patron of all those who hold fast to the Faith; on the 19th, the feast of our dear old Patriarch, St. Joseph, and on the 25th, the feast of Our Bl. Lady of the Annunciation. . . .”

When Father Conway was in Omaha, he had more leisure, but some years after when he returned to St. Louis, and was able to resume all his former obligations, this letter writing was a great source of worry to him, “for,” he said, “to keep up such an extensive correspondence simply amounted to going through life without accomplishing anything at all.”

Indeed, epistolary correspondence has crippled the literary activity of some of the best men in the Church. Cardinal Newman, after his conversion, complains in his letters to Father Coleridge that he has not time even to write a review article, so enormous is his mail. Cardinal Manning was overwhelmed with correspondents. And so was Father Conway, and it worried him, and kept him on an eternal edge to be, as he expressed it, “so busily wasting” the time God had given him.

The following gives some idea of his own estimate of himself; nor, as he says, was there any mock humility about it. It was sincere and honest. He was truly humble and unassuming as a child:

“. . . It is too bad that I have left the impression in some quarters that I am of any consequence naturally or supernaturally. All I am conscious is that I would like to be. If I were known for what I am, and as God sees me, my best friends would loathe me. Dear me, but it is a terrible thing to have been born a hypocrite. . . . Score my vanity. . . . I am vain and conceited, besides being otherwise a sink of every kind of corruption. Nor is there

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any mock humility about this, nor would I tell this to everybody. . . . Only pray for me, my dearest friend, that God may be merciful to me, and that all unworthy as I am, I may not in my life or ministrations, be a scandal to others, or a stumbling block to the advance of those who trust in me and the gifts God has loaned to His most unworthy servant.

“I had hoped in this letter to make some remarks upon your article on the Jesuits, but in looking for the paper yesterday and today, I failed to find it. I haven’t lost it, and as soon as I get it, I will now send it on. I will then write to you upon the pronunciation of the Latin language. I follow myself, the Italian pronunciation, often termed, too, the continental, to which advanced students are now trying to get back; I mean non-Catholic students, for the continental pronunciation is, in a measure, identical with the pronunciation of Latin which obtains pretty generally throughout the Church, at least in non-English Europe. . . . Your masses in April will be the 6th, feast of the 7 Dolors; on Easter Sunday, and on the 27th feast of Blessed Peter Canisius, S. J. Good-bye, and God, His sweet Mother, and all heaven bless you night and day, is my daily prayer. . . .”

“J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

“Creighton University,
“Omaha, Neb. 4, 14, '00.

“Dear X——.

“Haec est dies quam fecit Dominus, exultemus et laetemur in ei. No, I am not writing a letter—a brief note—a new Easter note—a little word of joy on the day of the great argument of our Faith. I will answer yours of April 1

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betimes before May, but just to be with you on Easter Day. Now don't be sick, don't be worried about those awful ruffians. Leave them to the designs of God. Be bright, be strong, be glad. Yes, oh yes, you tell me of horrid things done around about you;* but God sees all of it—He will be glorified. Do not worry for our Divine Master. But it was fearful, this spoliation, this desecration of God and the Holy Place. . . . Yes, I am well, and as things go with me, very well.. I wish, indeed, you were as well. I will write Y—— in Easter week. . . . Don't wonder at your trials, X——; 'Whom God loves, He chastizes.' . . . In any case, be brave, do as I have said so often; for the other thing, . . . you simply indulge in so much want of confidence in God's sweet mercy and mysterious ways when you repine over it. Have courage; you are doing nicely this year, notwithstanding that you have torn yourself away from all earthly help. All the joy of Easter in your soul today X——, and pray for

"Yours,

"J. J. CONWAY, S. J."

"Creighton University,

"4, 21, '00.

"If Z—— has not kept her counsels to herself, which, however, she is pretty well known to do, you are probably forewarned of this messenger. Yet, while you may be prepared againts its advent, you are not on your guard touching its sentiment. If I understand it rightly myself, it is one of regret and self-accusation. It is ever so many

*Referring to the desecration of the Blessed Sacrament in some convent chapels.

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moons since I followed my changed fortunes, and still further disturbed feelings and 'trekked' to these northern places to find, I hope, peace and quiet and rest and strength. . . . I have not been at all in the dark as to the comings and goings of all of you. I know of Y——'s photographic triumph. . . . Did I like the picture? Yes, I did, but while I claim to be able to recognize a good photo, I was some puzzled to understand just what is deemed the touch of genius in what, for a better name, I shall call 'the art of kodakery.' It is not in the picture objectively taken. That is nature. It is not in the nature of the plate. That is chemistry. I would hardly say that it is in the development. That I would adjudge to simple practice and experience. Am I right, then, when I say that, to my mind, the genius of a photographer is in the disposition he takes of light combined with the point of his perspective and the ideal he seeks to reveal or interpret or create in his object? Of course, I can not judge of Y——'s manipulation of light and shade. I must see the original. . . . But I know I liked the picture, myself, very much. . . . Tell Q—— that in writing this letter to you, I have the memory of a long-standing penitent; I remember the sins of my past life. He wrote me at Waupaca the first summer I was there, but I was so crushed at the time that a page was a cross to me, that I procrastinated until the reception of that letter has become one of the paleontological phases of my existence. Yet Q—— deserved a letter from me. . . .”

For a year or two after Father Conway had been so ill, his annual retreat had to be given up, but he was now again able to follow the Exercises, and writes in May, 1900, “. . . I am trying to make a retreat—I need it badly,

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. . . and now adios once more . . . and pray for
me always. J. J. C.”

“Omaha, 6, 12, '00.

“. . . As to myself, I do not know what will become of me. I am not fully my old self, and another year would be very useful towards a complete rehabilitation. However, I have put the matter before Superiors just as it stands, and I will await their ruling, which for me is the evident will of God. Of course, I regret being kept so long from study, writing and books, but it is not what we do which sanctifies us, but how we do it. Only pray ever more and more that the will of the Most High be most completely done in me. Father, Thy will be done. I will probably run out to St. Mary's for a few days for the occasion of the Alumni Meet, unless it is too warm, for you know I have a mortal fear of the summer heat, and with reason, for it has twice well nigh undone me. I will go out Monday evening, I think, and may be away for a few days. . . . Meanwhile, let us pray even more than usual for one another. Adios. . . .”

“J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

The climate of Omaha agreed with him, and the quiet and comparative solitude he enjoyed there were also most beneficial to him. But it being extremely warm there in summer, it was deemed advisable that he go to Waupaca. Accordingly he left Omaha June 28, and remained at the Villa until the latter part of August.

Though in ill health himself, the following gives an idea of his solicitude and affectionate concern, in minutely prescribing for a person, whose health had also been sensibly impaired:

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“Loyola Villa,
“Waupaca, Wis.,
“July 11, 1900.

“. . . You were very correct in your surmises. I was, indeed, anxious about you. You looked, it is true, better than I had ever seen you, but I know how weak you are, and what outrageous weather you were to expect. It was entirely too bad that you had to wait so long in Milwaukee. It is, perhaps, a trifle cooler than Chicago, but you would, I imagine, have been better off in the Z——. But thank our dear God that you are with ——. From what you tell me, the place is an ideal one. I wonder if I would like it better than I do Loyola? I shall see when you send me a picture of it. Have you a room to yourself? I know you prefer this, and who would not—and it is, I think, well for you that you should room alone, since it adds to your comfort and quiet so much.

But now rest your head and your heart. **Don't read, don't write, don't worry, don't even think.** Why? Because you are at —— simply and solely to build up. Don't forget your lunches, your walks, your exercises.. Can you row, and is it safe? Then do so. It is a pity the water is not salt. How much good it would do you! But even that it is not, I would like to hear that you go in once a day about 10 a. m., or 3 p. m., unless the water is too cold, or the atmosphere. But about this don't be too particular. Try to harden yourself. And don't forget your sleep. Turn in early and sleep long—till seven, say, or eight or even nine. And take your siesta. You see how particularly I prescribe for you. Well, there is reason in this, for I wish you to build up. So now, above all things, set all things aside that worry. As to next year, why . . .

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“As to your spiritual life, you have to begin with your morning prayers and your meditation. After this I would make a spiritual communion. Before dinner make a brief examen of conscience. After your siesta or bath, say your beads and read Thos. à Kempis. Before retiring, you ought to look again into your soul, and if you have the time, a quarter of an hour spiritual reading, before going to bed. If the weather permit, you might arrange with the pastor to go to communion once a week, but if the weather or the roads are bad, you need not go to mass even on Sunday. Make up for this by some extra meditation or reading Sunday morning.

“Don’t worry about me—I am doing well, and as you suggest, will try to reduce myself. . . . You should not fear to cultivate the physical for the benefit of the spiritual and the intellectual. My kindest regards to M—— and M——. Now, God bless you a thousand times day and night. I always pray for you, although your unworthy Friend and father in Xt.

“J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

“I forgot your days, although they were uppermost in my mind. They will be late, but as you know, better late than never; 25th St. James, Ap.; 26, St. Anne, Mother of Our Bl. Lady; 2, B. B. Rudolph and Companions, S. J., Martyrs. Remember why you are at Z——, to rest and recruit. But pray for me.”

“Yours in Dno.,

“J. J. C., S. J.”

Again, from Waupaca: “. . . I have been very well, thank Heaven, and barring the last three days, awfully hot, have enjoyed my time here wonderfully, indeed. If I have

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any worry it is about you. . . . I thought of the masses some time previous to my last two notes, and when sending them forgot all about reminding you. I would not regret it so much, but that the first was on the 13th St. J. Berchman's day. However, you did not lose the effect, as I offer them for yourself, should you fail to make an intention.

From Omaha, in September: “. . . I am all that I could wish, and only hope that I will continue to improve as I have been. I am going to do some work this year, with God's help. . . .”

He was still “Minister,” and had the cases of conscience for the house. Extraordinary for the two communities previously mentioned, and gave a short instruction in the church every week to the university students. His Latin and Greek class, numbering about twenty, most of whom were men, kept him busy for two hours every morning.

Besides these occupations, he was engaged in editing a little work of a spiritual nature.

Always kind, and charity itself, he made it a loving duty to visit, at least once every day, one of the Fathers in the house, who was dying of cancer. He had always had a predilection for helping persons in distress of any kind; to visit the sick did him as much good as it did them. But in this particular instance his charity was heroic. The poor Father who was ill had a malignant cancer, which was very offensive; notwithstanding that Father Conway was extremely sensitive to anything of the kind, he never omitted a daily visit to this sick room.

Letter to a person who had to undergo an operation:

“12, 10, '00.

“. . . I was deeply grieved, X——, to hear that you

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were in so invalid a condition. It is unnecessary for me to assure you of how sincerely I sympathize with you. X—— has told me how serious is the trouble and the extreme measures that must be resorted to, to relieve you. Severe as these certainly are, and, of course, repugnant to you, I do pray Heaven that in their choice you will find escape from the greater evil of pain and slow death, which you are doomed to, unless you shall take them. I must say that your courageous and Christian resignation, both to this operation and to the affliction itself, is an edification to us all, and Our Dear Lord will surely bless you for this martyr-like resignation to His Divine Will. We are, as you truly wrote, in the hands of God. And can we be in safer custody? My dear Friend, I shall truly do what I can for you, and if my poor prayers avail anything, you shall not want the best and the most of them now. But in your present strain of mind, it will be well for you, yourself, to make complete resignation to the Divine Will your daily and most ardent prayer. If you are able, it would be very good of you to drop me occasionally just a note saying how you are. Meanwhile, ——, be brave, and don't think much of your condition, or of what you must undergo. It will help you all the more. May God be very kind to you and bless you ever, is the prayer of

“Yours with great sympathy,

“J. J. CONWAY, S. J.”

To the same:

“2, 21, '01.

“You should have had this letter on Sunday, but I have been a trifle rushed for the last few days, and was unable to forward my sincerest congratulations to you. And, Our Lord knows but too well that I am deeply thankful

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to Him for the success of this operation. Yet, I will say that it would have painfully surprised me had Dr. Z—— not succeeded. The nature of the trouble, as I imagined it to be, was one, in the first place, which is quite well known to the profession, and in the second place, I had every confidence in your surgeon. . . . Yet any one ever so skilled, may make a mistake and just in our case; besides, the human body is a mystery presided over by that very impalpable principle, life, and you can not tell when it may be mortally affected.

“Now, your imperious duty is precaution, prudence and the strictest adherence in everything to the doctor’s directions. . . . Of course, you would, I believe, with St. Paul, rather be dissolved and be with Christ. But this longing gives you no right to trifle or be careless with a life which, in the Providence of God, is meant for much and great work *ad majorem Dei Gloriam*. I will continue to commend you specially to Our Lord, until your physician dismisses you. Do not worry about answering my letters; X—— will keep me in touch with your progress. Only be cheerful and very hopeful, for now I think, you will be ever so much stronger and full of life. . . .”

To the same:

“Omaha, Neb., 5, 11, 01.

“. . . From an expression in a late letter from X—— I would gather that you do not get out yet. . . . I see that while Dr. Z—— has been doing for your body, you have been interesting yourself in her soul. I shall join you—have already—in a petition to Heaven that she may receive the grace to see the truth. It would please me much to hear that she were converted. For Dr. Z—— has been instrumental in doing great physical good to yourself

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and another dear little friend of mine, and if for no other motive I would certainly interest myself in her soul's behalf. Try to get Dr. Z—— to study our faith. There are so many excellent manuals which help in this way. Have her come to church, to mass and benediction; the very fact of going into the Real Presence has a salutary effect in the right direction. But I shall be good to Dr. Z——, who has been good to my dear friends. . . .”

To the same:

“8, 1, '01.

“. . . I have read Mr. Newell's Bible Lesson, and find it nothing new in the subject matter, viz.:—our justification through Christ, only his reflections, I might call them teachings, are of such a kind that he practically teaches what Luther did in the early stages of his apostasy: pecca fortiter, crede fortuis, i. e., **sin bravely, believe more stoutly.** Mr. Newell's whole teaching upon Romans VI., I, II, amounts to this: “It matters very little what we may feel and experience touching our being in the state of sin and our constant inclination to sin—it matters very little whether we sin and go on sinning, or what we “feel” about either, if we believe God's word that we as **sinner**s died with Christ upon the cross, we may feel and experience that we are sinners, have been sinners and will continue to be sinners, it amounts to nothing, we are not sinners, if we believed that we **sinner**s died with Christ upon the cross. This doctrine—and it amounts to this—is about as immoral a teaching as a man could promulgate. It simply means provided you believe that all sinners died with Christ upon the cross, go on sinning as much as you please, you **are** justified. It also practically does away with the doctrine of eternal punishment, for if we are all unchangeably justified by Christ's

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death and our own with Him upon the cross, there is no one who will be deserving of reprobation. This is, in truth, hallelujah doctrine for the sinner, but it is, notwithstanding, very horrible. Now, you know, there is, first, no such thing as justification by faith alone. Faith, indeed, is necessary for salvation, for without faith we can not please God. But this faith without good works is dead, and these goods works are penance and the practice of virtue. Second, it is true that we all died in Christ. That is we all died to sin in Christ. To live in sin is to do the works of sin and to be in the bondage of sin. And until Christ came we were in the bondage of sin, through the Fall of our First Parents—the works of the First Adam—and we did the works of sin, because of the nature we inherited from Adam, a nature inclined to sin from its youth. But Christ, by His death, freed our nature, which he had assumed to the Godhead, from a bondage of sin and thenceforth we were, in our emancipated nature, dead to sin; that is, we were unable to do the works of sin. For one who is dead can not act. But, third, that each individual of our race be dead to sin and free with the freedom of the children of God, we must die with Christ and be incorporated not into the physical body of Christ, but into the mystical body of Christ; the life of the Church of Christ—the soul of the Church Christ founded to continue and to dispense the effects of His atoning death. We die to sin and are incorporated into the mystical body of Christ through the grace of God infused into our souls and likening us to Christ, and making us the adopted children of God. Now, this grace is infused into our souls, and Christ's redemption applied to each of us, first, by the sacrament of Faith, Baptism, and secondly, should sin again abound, by the Sacrament of Purifica-

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tion, or Penance, by which we die anew to sin; and thirdly, by the other sacraments through which we grow in grace to the stature of Christ, and the justification to which the Father has called those whom He has called and has destined to the lot of adopted children and heirs with Jesus Christ.

“Perhaps, ——, if you were to write Dr. Z—— these truths, if might cool her ardor for Mr. Newell’s novelties, and dampen her enthusiasm for his Lessons. I believe the man means to do well and say the right thing, but he does not know how. And how could he”

“Omaha, Neb., Dec. 16.

“Dear X——.

“Of course you wondered a bit why among the masses for December I did not assign your favorite feast day. The reason is a simple one when told. I was afraid that if I placed it at your own disposal, you might give it away. So I made the intention for that day myself. I offered the first and principal intention, of course, for you only; the second I offered for myself. That reason is simple enough, is it not? . . . How is Y——? And this rush? Are you adding still to the thirty hours of the day! Talk prudence to me and temperance! *Medica cura te ipsum!* Give all up. No body is bound to do the impossible. Or to quote another old adage: *Prius est vivere.* Pay attention to this, X——. . . . I return the MSS. which you sent me for inspection, and must say that I am heartily ashamed of myself for detaining them so long. But you know by this time who I am and what I am. . . . Did you find my delay too provoking, or did you need the MSS.? I do hope I shall improve in this respect. And, oh, this reminds me of something else you said in your letter. Just

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listen to this: 'often I have asked myself, would it not be more for the glory of God, were I to occupy myself more with the interests of sinners in my prayers'—. . . oh, dear me, but did it not burn into my soul, and did it not flush out on my face the thought that you are so deceived in me. Sinners! Why, my dear X——, if you were to search carefully through the state of Nebraska, I have my doubts whether you would find one who—and a truth I say—needs your prayers as a sinner, and a great sinner, too. I told you, once before, that you must not judge by appearances. I know, and God knows that I am a veritable sink of corruption, and no sham humility about it. . . . Oh, humbug that I am, and I do not care who knows it, a mighty common specimen of a priest, a religious and even of a Christian. I am trying to save my soul, and I profoundly feel and acknowledge, that were it not for the prayers of such persons as yourself and the corresponding grace of God that I unworthily receive, I would find it a very hard task to be what I ought to be and save my soul. . . .

"So you thought the pocket lexicon was another piece of meanness, and that I was through it reflecting upon your spelling. Really, you are tantalizing, are you not? When I wish to perpetrate a thing of that description and seek to throw stones at somebody, I make it a very sure thing to get out of my own glass house first. And you may rest assured that I shall be very careful not to call even the remotest attention to any other person's spelling, until my own is in more ship-shape. The fact is that, for some time I shall, I am afraid, be a trifle nervous in writing to you, lest now you be on the lookout for my remarkable efforts in writing the king's English. . . . And finally, about my health, I am pleased to tell you, X——, that I am pretty

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nearly what I was before. . . . I think I am about as you would wish to see me. I only wish that you were as well. And, please Our Good God, you will get better and finally perfectly well in Z——. I will write no more now. Adieu, and may our dear God ever bless and keep you for Himself.

“Yours in Corde Jesu,

“J. J. C., S. J.”

“1, 10, '01. . . . Are you not out of patience with me? I am with myself when I look at the heap of letters I must answer. Before Christmas I had liquidated every debt, and there was not a letter against me. My pigeonholes were empty and my desk was clear. And how is it now? I have thirty-five without today's mail, to account for . . . Your dates this month will be the 18th, The Chair of St. Peter at Rome; 20th, the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus; 29th, St. F. de Sales. Don't forget me on the 12th. How much I have to be thankful for, and oh, me, what resolutions I must make to atone for the time and the graces which I have squandered in the past. May the Great Good God help and save my baseness, my vileness and my infidelities. Oh, yes, pray for me on the recurrence of that day upon which I was thrust mercifully—into the life and the ways that are to make or unmake me for eternity. You came to this valley some years after myself. I hope that we will merit to be with God some day. Let us pray for one another. X——, I sometimes feel strangely, that I will not live long and will soon be in purgatory—I hope—but alas, how long?

“Tell me all about yourself in your next—I mean your health and how your soul is holding its own. How is

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M——? I shall write her as soon as I get a little untangled.
Adieu, pray, pray, pray for me!!

“Tuus in Domino,

“J. J. C., S. J.”

He often spoke of the presentiment he had, though he did not call it such, on the contrary, he said he was a scorner of presentiments, that he would not live long. Speaking of this to some one several years before his death, he said: “I will go before you, but you will not be long after.” However, at other times, he would say that he would never be old, that is, in heart and mind, even though he might be in years. When he broke down with nervous prostration, and that others thought he would not get well; also, when his last illness came upon him, he did not think he was going to die.

“Creighton University. . . . Will you please tell me what has happened? Here it is two, perhaps three weeks, and I have not heard a word from you or about Y——. For several days gone, I have been apprehensive lest your troubles had finally culminated in a serious illness, unfitting you for all pen-work and application. . . . So now, tell me, have you been prostrated to the extent I feared, and if so, can you get somebody to tell me about your present condition? Or, has your long silence been an act of mercy that you disliked to write until I had evacuated the mountain of correspondence that rose up against me during the helpless days of la grippe? If so, I certainly ought to feel, and do, when I dwell upon the delicate consideration which you exercise, feel deeply grateful for your pity upon me. But do you realize, X——, that I much prefer that you would be merciless rather than merciful? . . . But I

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am truly anxious now, and must know soon whether you are ill, which I suspect.

“I have again read Y——’s articles upon the ‘Mind of the Church,’ and noted carefully the passages marked by yourself. The passages are certainly acutely observed. But my dear X——, your tone of mind, a thing, however, well known to me for years back, is not fully ultramontane. Z—— and you are not unlike in mental construction, although he is much more of a Rationalist than you. You are not rationalistic, but your mental sequences and courses take on an independence which has a strange flavor of that critico-judicial attitude of rationalism which insists that nothing is certain, nothing is to be held, yielded to finally, which has not the approval of the evidence demanded by Reason. The underlying assumption of this caste of mind is, that no knowledge comes to us except through Reason, that nothing is certain which is not founded upon evidence. This is false, and no persons illustrate its falseness more practically than the pseudo-scientists who will admit the wildest theory upon the testimony of some expert in their own realm of thought. Knowledge comes to us through reason alone, or through reason aided by the previous experience of our senses; or knowledge is attained to through faith—sometimes **human** faith, when the truths at issue are within the reach of human testimony; sometimes **divine** faith, when what we ascertain to can be vouched for only by the testimony of God. In both cases the certainty of our knowledge rests upon evidence; **finally**: in the knowledge acquired by reason, through sense, upon the evidence of the thing itself that is known. In the knowledge acquired through faith, upon the evidence of the **veracity** of the witness or witnesses who testify to what we know through

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faith. Now, I do not say that you are rationalistic—far from it. The humility of your faith is too profound to permit of such a caste of thought in you. But you balk at a simple accordance—in what the Church teaches and believes—rather demanding an insight into things where often the true insight is the ‘Mind of the Church’ dictating, either in practice or belief the true sense of what is in question. A mind like yours is liable to have opinions of its own as opposed to the sense of the faithful; it is liable to want simplicity in its acquiescence in dogma that are not of faith. Hence the faith of such a mind is lacking in quiet, in submission. It is often irritated at what, to it, is nonsense, oddity, old-fashioned, monkish, old-womanish, trifling, out of hinge with the thought, progress, spirit of the times. I don’t say, X——, that this is an individual diagnosis. I wish to imply that your thinking leans that way, owing not to any adverse feeling to any teaching of Holy Church, any imbuing of your mind with hypercriticism; but owing largely to your critical and analytical temperament. . . . But enough now. I may take this up with you later by pen or speech. . . .”

“Creighton University, 3, 29, ’01.

“Just a word, X——, to say that I am going into retreat tonight and beg of you and Y—— to pray that I may make a fruitful one. I have your last and will reply to it upon leaving my retreat. . . . And pray in a special manner, and without putting yourself to too great inconvenience, have others pray for that intention I asked you to pray for last February. I thought it had been granted to me, and was about to write you to that effect, but here these last few days, I find that its concession seems as far off as ever.

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. . . Goodbye, and pray for my poor, indolent soul.
. . .”

“Creighton University. . . . I had a couple of long talks with Father X—— about dear, old St. Louis, and its dearer, good people. And yet there are some who do not like you all. Isn't it odd? And yet, it is the best Catholic city we have. . . . I like the idea of your lecturing. It is a good field; it pays well, and it gives a needed change to quotidian duties, besides affording you an opportunity of producing something. A receptive life may be a useful life to one's self, and indeed education is, as Newman and others show, an end in itself, but is it not better and more natural to give out at times, some of the many things the mind has taken in? . . . This month, X——, your days are Corpus Xt., 6th; the Sacred Heart, 14th; St. Aloysius, 21st. Be sure to tell me when you write how everything is with you. . . . But let us pray. Our Lord will not let you suffer too long. . . . I am doing very well indeed. I have not at present anything to complain of except my sins, and dear knows they are worry enough, so pray hard for Tuus in Corde Jesu.

“J. J. C., S. J.”

Father Conway remained in Omaha during the summer of 1901. The heat was extreme that year all over the country, but especially throughout Nebraska; however, he was quite satisfied to be in Omaha. Waupaca had done him a world of good, but the accommodations at this resort were limited, and this summer especially the congestion at both villas, Waupaca and Beulah, had been so great, that to relieve it, some fifteen of the Scholastics had volunteered to go to St. Mary's. Father Conway, ever forgetful of self,

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not only did not seek to be sent there, but did not even desire to go, deeming that others needed the outing more than he.

But, having exerted himself very much, he had a little weak spell; so great, however, was his desire to get well, such his determination to surmount every obstacle that might stand in the way, that he would pay no attention to this, and tried to persuade himself that it was imagination.

He had been asked to give a triduum at York, Nebraska, about 120 miles west of Omaha, but at the last moment he hesitated, and fortunately heeded the voice of prudence by not going, and the event illustrated the wisdom of his refusal, for, with electric fans throughout the Exercise-rooms, the temperature during the entire three days ranged between 85 degrees and 90 degrees. It would, indeed, have been a risk for him to have undertaken to preach, and might have undone the good that well-nigh three years had taken to bring about. It was only after the stern experience of '98 that he could bring himself to refuse compliance with such requests and even in this instance he had contemplated accepting, for which there was no justification.

He was relieved of the Ministership during the summer, had no retreats to give, no special duties, as the heat was so great, the thermometer rarely registering, during three weeks, below 100 degrees, and reaching as high as 120 degrees on the street. On two occasions he was nearly overcome; but he pulled through wonderfully well. He did a great deal of reading and was able to keep up his correspondence.

Though not solicitous for himself, he is for others, that they get away from the heat; he writes: “. . . But do

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not delay in getting to Z——, and do try earnestly to make the best of your outing. I expect this letter to reach you before you start. Dominus tecum.”

During his stay at Omaha, he had improved so much, that by the return of the scholastic year, he fondly cherished the hope that his health could now be no obstacle in the way of whatever Superiors might elect for him to do. But he writes in July: “. . . I am afraid that I shall be ‘un Jésuite fainéant’ next year also. Well, God’s will be done, only pray that I may not become discouraged at having so many years dropped from my life, at least looking at things naturally. . . .”

Yes, only looking at things naturally, for during these years of comparative inactivity for him, he was growing in nearness to Jesus, and the love of Him was deepening in his heart. This trial had not been of his own choosing. The ingenious touch of the hand of his dear Master had laid the cross where its weight would be heaviest. In His jealous love, He had, from Eternity, computed its weight and measured its dimensions for His elect one, nor would He have him deprived of this signal proof of His predilection. He had not to wait for the fiat of His faithful servant. As we have shown before, the Holy Will of God had ever been his foremost and guiding principle, and now, as time wears on and the trial continues, though not in its first acute form, suffering has become more and more the shining light of God’s strength in his soul, and prepared him for that complete abandonment, in reference to which, Father Conway, himself, said: “The renunciation that God exacts of His elect is absolute. The soul of His predilection must be ever so suspended in detachment from everything, that no accession or privation of anything spiritual or temporal

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may cause any vibration of joy or grief to clash with the harmony of His Will.”

Referring again later, as to what was to become of him the next year, he writes: “. . . I have long since left this matter in the hands of God. Pray then, my dear X——, that only God’s blessed will be done, no matter what is to be. . . .”

His patience and resignation had not only brought him nearer and nearer in likeness to his Divine Model, but were further rewarded in that, while not doing a giant’s work, he was able to undertake more this year, even preaching in church five or six times during the course of the year, than he had been able to do since February, 1898. Still, he was not yet considered fully off the sick list, for, indeed, he had during the year seven or eight shocks, very light, it is true, but of sufficient evidence to make him realize that he must go slowly. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception he preached at high mass, for nearly three-quarters of an hour, upon the Historical Development of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, with a return of his old spirit and manner, which in his humility he attributed to the prayers of others so unceasingly and fervently offered for him. He felt greatly encouraged. He writes: “. . . If I am prudent this year and the next, I do not see why I should not be a stronger man than I ever was. Ast, fiat voluntas Dei. . . .”

He was relieved entirely of the “Ministership,” also of the two classes of Latin and Greek, in favor of the Higher Mathematics which he taught from 1 to 3 p. m., four days a week. He was confessor of a religious community, and gave them an instruction every other week, one also once a month to the Girls’ Sodality at St. Catherine’s Academy,

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and to the students of his own college. Twice a week he explained Christian Doctrine. He was instructor of Converts, and the rest of his time he devoted to the extensive work on Ethics he had begun. He was assuredly getting into a busy way again.

“Creighton University,
“Omaha, Neb., 12, 24, '01.

“I am simply come, X——, to wish you a most Happy Xmas and a very Happy New Year. We have known each other now for many years, and while to all external appearance, we are still moving onward in the same unbroken way, I can not but feel, with the instinct of Faith, that we are grown to be different in the eyes of God.

“It is a mystery—this inner life we lead, in grace, before God, a mystery—yet how blessed. It is the veil that shuts out from even our own curious eyes, what our value is with God. We still, it is true, are sinners. We still have our passions, our habits, our difficult nature. But it is impossible that we should not have made some step forward and not have attained some likeness to our Model and Master, Christ. Has it ever come home to you, how well it will be with us, if Our Lord Himself—for a single, final act, promised heaven to Dydimus? It can not be that those who have been in earnest all their days, not merely to follow Christ, but to be like Christ—it can not be that their lot will be rejection, when the perennial course of Heaven's wondrous ways has been to save and crown any one who even at the last moment will turn and come to God.

This thought often consoles me, for at times, when I have much to be troubled at spiritually, I say to myself: For what have been all those years? But they have been

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for much, and at moments when the light of Faith shines through and through myself—and I must say that God has never permitted a moment's weakness of faith in me—I feel strong in the assurance that Our Good God has not allowed me to fall so often, to rise, to fall again, but to keep me dependent upon Him until the end, when we shall no longer see things darkly as in a vision, but all things in the light of God's wisdom.

“These are the thoughts that are uppermost in mind tonight as I pen my Xmas greetings to you and which will be before me tomorrow when I hope to offer the sacred mysteries for you and all your holy intentions. Don't forget me, my dear X——, for the farther I get from earth, and the nearer I get to the grave, the more I beg for the prayers of those who have my eternal weal at heart. Good-night, my good, good friend. I am strangely serious tonight. Oh! Jesu mi, miserere mei. Adieu, as ever. . . .

“J. J. C., S. J.”

“1, 4, '02. . . . Just a pen full of words before the mail man gets around. . . . And don't forget poor old me on the 12th. It was the day my globe-trotting began. I am getting into the thick wood, X——, and will soon be on the other banks of the Jordan. . . . How are you? Tell me. Of course your last letter was good and long, but remember, my dear X——, I am sometimes in a villainous humor, and I notice that this, for me, the rarus scriptor; is the third letter to your one. . . . Can you read this scribble? I don't want you to miss your mass Monday, and must get the mail man.

“And oh, again, a Happy New Year to you from my own

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heart. Goodbye. Goodbye. All God's blessings and favors to your soul. And pray as ever for

“J. J. C., S. J.”

In the spring of this year, 1902, Father Conway went to St. Mary's, Kansas, to conduct a retreat for the students. The latter part of June he went to St. Louis to attend a meeting of the Professed Fathers, returning to Omaha by way of Kansas City. Though the weather was very warm, he suffered no bad effects from the journey. In July he went to Quincy to give a retreat, but after the third day he had to give up, and a Father from St. Louis finished it. From the very first day of Father Conway's arrival in Quincy he could eat nothing, and had but an excuse for a sleep any night. The weather was extremely warm, and as he had said, the heat and he did not get along harmoniously—that he always came off second best—notwithstanding he made the effort, so anxious was he to do everything as he had formerly done. But now, since his terrible experience, no one could impugn his practice of the cardinal virtue of prudence, for, much as it cost him, he gave up the retreat. And indeed, it would have been seriously imprudent had he continued it for even one day longer.

However, his health was so much better, that Superiors thought he could try again his former work in the Scholasticate. He was to resume this only on trial, for, if even after a few months it was plain that he could not continue, he was to have other work. So St. Louis was his destination for the year '02-03. He made his annual retreat before leaving Omaha, and arrived in St. Louis early in September. In Omaha, as in every other place he ever lived, he endeared himself to those with whom he came in contact, so that his departure from this city was greatly regretted.

CHAPTER IX.

Return to St. Louis.

Leaving the bracing and invigorating climate of Omaha, for though very hot at times, it is, nevertheless, strengthening, for a climate somewhat malarious and debilitating, had a depressing effect upon him, even though he had spent the greater part of his life in St. Louis. But this was to be expected, considering his state of health, for he had not fully recovered from the effects of nervous prostration, besides which it is probable that the insidious trouble which caused his death already existed. Also the repeating now, more or less uninteresting chapters of a once active life, the outlook was not conducive to cheerfulness, but he was perfectly satisfied; his ever-ready panacea, "God wills it," smoothed away all difficulties.

The following passages occur in letters he wrote a month or so later: ". . . My past is here (St. Louis) and I hope my future will be with those with whom my youth and strength were spent. . . . I think I can do more good here than elsewhere, even apart from my scholastic and student life. . . . St. Louis—and I have thought it over long and carefully—is, I think, the place in which I ought to be and in which I should try to live the rest of my days, as I suppose I will. . . . You know Father X——. He is not expected to live many days. They gave him, last summer, until Christmas to live, and it appears that the forecast was correct. He is now extremely low and will hardly pull through. Pray for him. Vicar Gen. Muelh-

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siepen is also in a dying condition and can not recover. Besides, he is quite well on in years. Thus we all come, sooner or later, to answer the great summons. . . . I pray for you every day—and now don't forget me, but forget my faults. Goodbye. God bless you ever. Pray for me always. . . .”

“Oct. 30, 1902. . . . I am very well, thank God, and if anything even better than when I got here; my spirits are bright and—which possibly you may suspect—quite cheerful. . . . I wish to send you my heartfelt greetings for the loving Christmas day. You will remember your mass on that day, and don't forget to pray for poor me. . . . We buried poor Fr. X—— last Sunday. He died in Cincinnati, Dec. 6th, of cancer of the bowels. It is too bad. He was a good man and would have been useful for many years. Pray for him and for me. . . . As regards myself, I try to be what you always pray Heaven that I should be. God ever bless you, by dear X——, and keep you for Himself. . . .”

We find him from the early part of January, 1903, getting into deep water again. His most important appointed duty was that of professor in the Scholasticate, where he resumed, not the work of the second year philosophy, as was first intended, and which was not so congenial to him, but as Providence would have it, he took up again the work of the third year, Ethics. Though he had gone over it before, the matter was agreeable to him. When he first returned to St. Louis, he did little appointed work outside his class, and could therefore devote a great deal of time to his work on Ethics. But it was not long before he was burdening himself again with all kinds of extras; papers to write on time, articles to correct for publication, attendance at meetings

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of the Missouri Teachers' Association, calls to the parlor during the day, gentlemen visitors in his room in the evening, and so on. Though he had not yet been appointed to preach in his own church, he did so several times in other churches to help some hard-pressed pastors. He gave addresses on various occasions, and in the Spring gave a retreat to the older students of St. Louis University. His letters were so appreciated and sought for that he still had no respite on this score, his correspondence accumulating to such an extent in a short time that he would have as many as twenty-eight and thirty-five letters to answer.

He had very much at heart the progress of the University, which in May of this year added a medical department to its courses, the President then in office, Rev. W. Banks Rogers, having bought the Marion-Sims-Beaumont Medical College, alluding to which Father Conway writes: ". . . Fr. Rogers is negotiating hard for a Law School, which I hope will soon be a reality, too. . . . Pray for our work. . . ."

Little did he think at the time that he was to be the founder and organizer of the Law Institute, after which he, "sooner" than he, himself, or any one else had expected, was "to answer the great summons."

The following extracts are from a very beautiful letter to a person, announcing the approaching death of a near relative:

"St. Louis University,
"May 10th, 1903.

"My Dear X——.

"I never expected to have to write this letter, and now that God's Providence so ordains it, I beg of you before you

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read a single line further, to kneel down and place your confidence, trust and love in your Heavenly Father more fully than you ever have in your life. . . . If you ask what I think, I will be frank with you. F—— may live a month, even two, but he is growing so weak of late that unless he rallies he may not live even a month. . . . You will ask what I think. I will again be plain with you at this critical time, as I have been in other matters of moment to you. I certainly think you should not come home. I think that while you will feel F——'s death bitterly, beyond expression, you will not permit it to undo you. . . . Now, X——, let me trust you for what I have always taken you to be, a servant of God, who sees God's hand in everything. I pray every day for F—— and for you. Now be brave, X——, and throw yourself upon the bosom of God. God bless and strengthen you. . . .”

To the same, a few days later: “. . . By this time you know the worst. . . . Now, X——, I hope you will be brave. Your position is, I see, a cruel and a desolate one. But as everything went well with F——, I will expect you to be resigned and even grateful to Heaven. I don't ask you to drive the thought of F——'s death out of your mind. Oh, no, you are to think of F——. . . . You must pray for him silently amidst your tears. . . . So now promise me that you will be a true Christian under this trial, X——. I expect it of you, and I know you will not disappoint me. . . . I commend you more than ever to God. Be brave. I will write you again in three or four days. . . .”

We quote from a letter written some months later: “. . . . All things told, I think you will find me, first, a little older; second, a little more sour; third, much less in-

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teresting, and, fourth, generally about the same useless soul and body conspiracy that I always was. . . . I pray for you every day. . . . I am crowded with intentions these days, but never forget you at the altar. . . . And now, my dear X——, may our blessed Jesus bless you with all His treasures and clasp you closer and closer to His Sacred Heart. I will pray for you Christmas morning, and if my masses are not all forced from me, I will offer one for you and your intentions. Don't forget me to the Holy Infant, and my uppermost intentions. Giving you over again to God and His Holy Guard, I wish you a Merry and Holy Christmas and a Happy New Year. . . .”

We stated above that not long after his return to St. Louis, he was getting into his old way again, burdening himself with extras. During the course of the year following his return, he was appointed Director of the Young Men's Sodality (St. Xavier's Church), Chaplain at St. John's Hospital, extraordinary confessor for the members of a religious community, Instructor to another, and to his own community. He was still Professor of Ethics, and continued writing his work on the same subject. He was visited nightly by young men of all shades of mind and heart. Given to the parlor Thursday mornings, and Sundays almost all day. He was getting up a lecture course (by others) for the Young Men's Sodality; making speeches here and there; doing some preaching; making professional visits, etc. No wonder that he was worried sick at times to make things meet, nevertheless, in place of cutting short this well-filled program, he kept adding more and more numbers until the very end, that is, until he became definitely aware of the nature of the trouble of which he died, for though he had been suffering more or less for some

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time before, he never relaxed, nor abated one iota in the strenuousness of his laborious life.

Before entering upon the last chapter of this volume, we wish to say something more detailed of his work and characteristics during the eight years preceding his death, that is, from the time he returned to St. Louis from Omaha.

His appointment as Director of the Young Men's Sodality and to the chaplaincy of St. John's Hospital, did more for Father Conway in certain directions, than anything he had been given to do. He was now forced to mingle more with people; he had been too much of a recluse heretofore, not that he had not made hosts of friends, professional and otherwise, wherever he lived, even as a scholastic in Detroit, as we have stated, where he thought he was even better known than in St. Louis.

We have often marvelled that in spite of his retiring disposition he had become so well known as the consoler of the afflicted, the father of the poor, the counselor and adviser of all who needed direction, so that men and women of every station of life, old and young, went to him, not only in their troubles and tribulations, but also on matters pertaining to their daily affairs. Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he had become "all to all men, to win all to Christ." And among his own confrères he had acquired the same reputation; as one of them said: "He was a little man to whom you could always go." Others, "that there was but one Father Conway." He would give himself no end of trouble in order that all who had sought his aid might obtain entire satisfaction. When it was in the domain of knowledge of any kind that his assistance was asked for, either by his colleagues or other persons, there was seldom need of any research on his part; he had

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off-hand the desired information ; besides which, and he was remarkable in this, he could tell his inquirers just in what book, or books, such or such reference could be found.

It would be impossible to specify the many and various needs to which he lent a helping hand. All the troubles and ills to which human nature is heir, found in him a deep sympathizer and a ready helper. Any one in need of a service, spiritual or temporal, could apply to him, sure of his assistance. Sometimes it was to help persons write papers for certain occasions. He gave Latin lessons to others. We have already referred to the help he extended to various pastors in preaching for them. Young men preparing for the priesthood were encouraged and aided by his wise counsels, also by his assistance in other respects, going to such lengths as, for instance, to writing a miniature manual, as it were, with rules and regulations, and indicating what authors to read, for future pulpit speakers. He was constantly on the lookout for positions for young men. He was equally kind to women, condescending to such details as looking out for proper board and lodging for young women, calling, himself, at places where he thought such could be found. He was concerned also that they put by something for a rainy day, inducing them to open a bank account, which he looked into himself at stated times. He also interested himself in having them invest their money profitably. Some persons even applied to him for servants. There was scarcely a need, if any, spiritual or temporal, for which his help and advice were not sought. He was among the most approachable of men, and so unselfish that he gave himself to others in season and out of season, and, indeed, his kindness and charity were often abused.

He was very considerate of Religious, always ready to

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minister to their various spiritual wants. He never refused, if he could possibly get time to do so, to give them an instruction or sermon, realizing that, though their consecrated life possessed other advantages, they were very often deprived of this help and consolation. Each one of the many different Religious Orders that he befriended claimed him as a special benefactor. "He was such a good friend to our Community;" "He was a brother to us;" "To us he was a father," and so on.

In the latter years of his life he became in a degree more expansive and communicative with a greater number of people than he had been theretofore, which, together with his universal charity, broad sympathies, and his tender and affectionate concern for those who applied to him, made each one think that he or she was the special object of his solicitude. He had a keen, innate sense of the eternal fitness of things, and of what was due to each one; he knew just what to say to each one—what would please him or her most, or what he or she needed most. Honest and sincere, despising sham and hypocrisy in every form, his delicate tact made him a master in the art of adjusting the balance to such a nicety, that sincerity on one side, and kindness on the other, were in perfect equipoise. But such a character and nature as his knew and appreciated what true and close personal friendship is, and fully realized how beautiful and rare a thing it is!

In his intercourse with people of all degrees of intelligence, as well as of spiritual ken, he brought himself down to the level of each one, or rather, he never made others feel his superiority, or be conscious of their inferiority, so that the most lowly felt instinctively that he could be approached. Poor men, whom he met on the street, would

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accost him with some passing remark, merely to speak to him. Colored porters on the train took for granted that he was their friend.

A poor woman connected with St. John's Hospital in the capacity of a servant, asked him one time if he would make a novena with her, and that when it was finished she would tell him the intention, and, moreover, that he alone could give her that for which she was praying. It is needless to say that he immediately consented to join in the novena. As for the request, that he would grant it if he possibly could. At the end of the novena she told him the intention; she wanted his photograph! Could he refuse her? Never! Such things touched him deeply. He gave her one. Now, her duties were such that she saw but little of him, but all who worked about the hospital entertained the same feeling for him. He had a kind word, or a glance of recognition as he passed them when making his round of visits to the sick, and all, without exception, loved him.

A person once remarked that she did not see how Father Conway could receive in his room, as a friend, such a man as the one to whom she referred, who, besides having very little education, was wanting in refinement, but was, withal, a good man. The person who made this remark did not know Father Conway personally. He said that all good persons who needed help and encouragement were in one sense, friends.

His love for the poor was a distinguishing trait; he declared he would have taken the coat off his back to give to a poor man. One time he did take his rubbers off and gave them to a person, who, he feared would take cold by getting wet.

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On many occasions he preached in favor of the poor, and these sermons were always touching, but one time especially, when, somewhere in the 90's, he preached on this subject at St. Xavier's, St. Louis, when he contrasted the neglected condition of the children of the poor with that of the pet animals of wealthy persons; that these dumb, brute creatures have costly blanket coats made to order at fashionable tailors, to protect them from the cold, whereas the shivering limbs of God's own little ones have but the flimsiest excuse of a covering. When, he told also of the treatment of the poor man who dares present himself at the front door of a palatial residence and is rudely and harshly sent to the back door, but the pampered pet poodle must sit beside its mistress or on her lap when she rides out in her luxurious equipage! This sermon was not alone touching, but was severely condemnatory in its keen and caustic exposure of this worse than ridiculous fad! We have here another, of the many proofs, of his fearlessness in attacking existing abuses.

He was the friend of the workingman and working-woman, demanding for them shorter hours and more pay. He would wax strong and grow indignant at the despotic imperialism of capital that would deprive of their just wages "the toiling and moiling masses of the hewers of wood and drawers of water." In his last illness, when he was at the hospital, every evening, men and women, boys and girls, in great numbers, returning from their day's work, walked along the street where he could see them; gazing wistfully upon these wage-earners as they passed by his window, his face wore a mournful expression as he commented upon their lot.

We have alluded several times to his devotedness to, and

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his special predilection for the sick. His hospital work was, therefore, most congenial, and here he was again the right man in the right place. "The compassionate Christ, when on earth, felt deeply the infirmities of those whom he loved, and He chooses the hearts of His servants—those after His own heart—as His instruments in bringing relief to His dear, afflicted ones."

Father Conway was an angel of consolation to the sick. The more pitiable their condition and the poorer they were in the goods of this world, the kinder and the more attentive was he. During the years that he was chaplain at St. John's Hospital, we call attention to one especially of the many sad cases that claimed his care. A young girl of seventeen who had been burned when attending to a gasoline stove. There was no hope for her recovery, and she lay at the hospital for months, suffering from the cruel wounds caused by the burning. Her mother was dead; her father was addicted to liquor, and so insensible to her misfortune that not once even, did he go to see her. She had brothers, and one sister, the latter much younger than herself, and it was her relation to this little one that appealed especially to Father Conway. In the midst of her agonizing pains, her one thought was to get well in order to support and take care of her little sister. Father Conway would kneel by her bed, tears streaming down his face. Busy as he was, he rarely left the house without paying a visit to the bedside of this poor, little victim. It was habitual with him to make the rounds every day, but sometimes it happened that the pressure of work was too great to allow him to stop for even one visit, much to his regret.

Another inmate of the hospital, also an especial object

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of his solicitude, was a poor, old woman, an octogenarian. She was not the sufferer that the young girl mentioned above was. With this good, old woman, it was her patience, sweetness and gentleness, also her evident and demonstrative appreciation of Father Conway that touched him. No sooner did he appear at the threshold of her room, than she opened wide her arms in welcome.

To one and all of these sick people, his visits were the one bright spot in their afflicted lives, so that after the visit of one day, they looked forward to that of the next.

As pity for bodily ills is not the highest form of charity, but is essential, and in order to the soul, therefore, Father Conway was most solicitous about the sick at the hospital who were also afflicted with spiritual ills, and for these his zealous charity spared neither time nor trouble. Theirs were not always ordinary cases of conscience to be settled, but cases for which he had to apply to the Archbishop for special faculties; crooked marriages to be straightened out, etc. Nor were these of such rare occurrence as one might imagine, hence the demands upon his time.

The Catholic inmates were not the only ones to reap the benefit of his ministrations. He drew all hearts to him. His self-sacrificing devotion, his loving kindness to the afflicted drew men as by a spell, and their hearts responded to his unspoken words: "If you did but know the gift of God!" And they asked to drink of "the living water springing up into life everlasting." He gave to them abundantly; baptizing, and administering the last Sacraments to some on their death-bed; instructing and baptizing others before they left the hospital, and to some others, continuing his ministrations even after they had returned to their homes.

Besides these converts, he had others, many of whom he

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never lost sight of, and for whom he had a special solicitude.

When he was in Omaha, as before stated, instructing adults in preparation for baptism was one of his occupations; in fact, it was rare at any period of his priestly life, and occasionally before his ordination, that he was not thus occupied, more or less. Not long before his last illness he had begun to instruct three converts to the Faith, but it was at the time when he was so hard pressed with the founding and organizing of the St. Louis University Law Institute, so, partial as he was to this work of zeal, he had to resign it to another. He was exacting, though kindly so, in what he required of his catechumens, never receiving them into the Church, until they were fully instructed and prepared, though this, necessarily involved more time and trouble on his part. He deplored the fact that converts were sometimes admitted before they were sufficiently instructed.

He was an exceptionally good confessor and spiritual director. His Superiors had offered him a confessional, but he refused, for, in the first place, he did not care much for that in itself, and secondly, it involved an expenditure of time, to say the least, a calling forth of his sympathies, and so strong an appeal to his zeal for souls, that, considering how completely he gave himself to whatever he undertook, it would have been impossible for him to hear confessions regularly, and accomplish all that he did, besides. He did not refuse, though, to hear the confessions of some persons when there was a special reason for his so doing. At one time when there were more demands upon him than usual, for the exercise of this ministration, he wrote: “. . . I wonder if my destiny lies somewhat in this direction. If

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so, beg Our Lord that I may be worthy enough for it. . . .” He was an experienced and enlightened confessor, whose policy it was to let pious and educated penitents alone, except in the rarest instances, when the direction of the penitent, or the integrity of the Sacrament called for further assistance. However, he never refused whether in or out of the confessional, advice and counsel when sought for in matters spiritual, either to beginners in the ways of God, or to others, well exercised in the spiritual life. But it was his opinion that among the latter there are those who can direct themselves, and that they should have more self-reliance; “that their constant endeavor should be to possess in themselves the support they found in others, so that in all difficulties and necessities they might always have at hand provision against failure.” He was for the making of strong souls, dependent, of course, upon the grace of God, without Whom we can do nothing, but in Whom we can do all things. We quote his own words: “If we make a habit of depending upon others for the solution of our own individual problems, we shall be the prey of ignorance and weakness. Each destiny is a unique creation, and no man can fathom another’s by his own. He who would reach the summit must find it for himself. The province of counsel is to outline general principles, not to fit them to the particular case. Therefore, though we take the nectar that every flower offers, the honey must be our own product.”

The office of Director of the Young Men’s Sodality was no sinecure, especially as Father Conway conceived it; he compared it to the care of a parish. The Sodality has a membership of 500 and more. He visited the sick members, and those who were dangerously ill, he visited every day.

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He was much concerned about the delinquent members, and left no means untried until he had brought about their return. Others, though, whose example was not edifying, he dropped from the membership roll. He was not influenced by human respect, nor did he cater to the prevailing trend of the times, that would make possible the service of two Masters.

He reorganized the Sodality Choir, and was present at the weekly rehearsals.

When appointed Director, the Sodality was in debt, which he cleared off by degrees, and even opened up a bank account. He made some necessary repairs and improvements in the Sodality building, and had other extensive and radical ones in contemplation, one of which he cherished especially, namely, converting the chapel into a hall, which was to be extended out further than the limits of the chapel as originally built. He was public-spirited and Catholic-spirited, and wanted to erect a first-class hall that could be rented at a reasonable rate by any Catholic organization for entertainments, meetings, etc. There is no hall in St. Louis, as he contemplated having. He intended building a chapel above the hall.

The St. Louis branch of the "American Federation of Catholic Societies" holds its regular monthly meetings, free of charge, at the Sodality Hall, having first been invited to do so by Father Conway. He was one of the foremost promoters of this great Catholic Union in his own city, and had intended extending his activities in this direction to the state of Missouri at large. These meetings were under Father Conway's direction, and he was, besides, chairman of the Committee on Education and Literature.

Before he became identified with the Federation, he had

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not taken much interest in its work, as he was unacquainted with its ends, aims and methods. But in 1906, on the occasion of the fifth National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, held at Buffalo, New York, Father Conway was appointed by his Superior to represent St. Louis University. The delegates here assembled were not slow in discovering the ability of the St. Louis representative, and named Father Conway Secretary of the Resolution Committee on Education. From now on his interest in the Federation never abated. During his last illness, he had, in his room at the hospital, some of the Bulletins issued by this society.

He fell right in line with the ends and aims of the Federation, one especially, which he had so much at heart, namely, to develop a Catholic Public sentiment. Another, that the Catholic laity "must be up and doing, with a heart for any fate," to achieve effective work and obtain practical results in all questions affecting Catholic interests, and, "pursuing, learn to labor" as faithfully and profitably in the broad field of the Catholic world, as he, himself, had done in the Vineyard of the Lord.

In the address by Father Conway at an open meeting of the Lucas County, Ohio, Federation, in April, 1908, he laid great stress upon the responsibilities that the Catholic laity should assume, and declared that "it is their mission to impress and engraft upon the minds of those around us the great principles of our religion." That "The apostolate of the layman is the vital thing needed to overcome the indifference that has sprung up as the result perhaps of an over-confidence in the supernatural and spiritual."

At the first meeting of the St. Louis Federation, after Father Conway's death, the following resolution was adopt-

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ed: "The Federation of Catholic Societies of St. Louis, in humble submission to the inscrutable decrees of Divine Providence, testifies by this resolution its profound sense of loss in the untimely ending of the active and useful life of the Reverend J. J. Conway, S. J., at a moment, too, when his zeal for the federation promised to yield its richest results.

"In his death our federation deploras the loss of a sincere friend and valued counselor, the Commonwealth a conscientious and able citizen, the church a zealous and distinguished priest.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be inscribed upon our records and copies be given to the Catholic and secular press."

On September 3, 1909, the Federation had a solemn Requiem Mass said for Father Conway at the College Church.

Another organization in which Father Conway was deeply interested, and which he foresaw was destined to accomplish much good, is the Young Men's Catholic Institute. He not only cherished the idea of founding a branch in St. Louis, but hoped, and was planning to have the idea materialize.

He was one of the organizers and Charter members of the "American Sons of Erin," which society was organized January 8, 1907, for the purpose of celebrating St. Patrick's Day with befitting feasts and ceremonies, on which occasions the great men of our country are invited to speak. At the first banquet, given at the Planters Hotel, March 17, 1907, the Board of Directors asked Father Conway, in recognition of his services, to respond to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate."

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After Father Conway's death, "The American Sons of Erin" held memorial exercises in the Sodality Hall, as a tribute to his excellent work among them. They issued invitations to all the members of the Sodality, and to other persons. The invitation read as follows: "The American Sons of Erin cordially invite you to be present at Memorial Exercises in Memory of our late beloved Rev. James J. Conway, S. J., Wednesday Evening, January 12, 1910, Eight O'clock, Sodality Hall, No. 15 N. Grand Ave."

Printed programs of the exercises, with a fine portrait of Father Conway on the title page, were given to all persons present. Several addresses were made; there was an appropriate selection of vocal music rendered, and, on behalf of the society, the Secretary made a presentation of a life-size portrait of Father Conway, a crayon etching, to the Young Men's Sodality.

Father Conway was as broad in his sympathies as he was versatile in talents and gifts.

Of an altogether different character from the associations mentioned above, and in which he was also interested, is "The St. Louis Advertising Men's League." At one of their banquets, in response to a toast, "The Business Man's Place in American Life," Father Conway said: "The typical American business man is a great general. Follow him, if you will, in his vast and manifold campaigning in every section of the land, and you will find that in every instance, he invariably has everything that the grand army of the people want to buy, at the right place and in the right time, in the style and at popular prices."

His subject dealt with very prosaic realities, but he could be figurative, and even eloquent on any theme. As to the practical side of the question, he was well qualified to speak,

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for, besides being Professor of Economics at St. Louis University, and a keen observer of men and things, with a clear insight into the American mind and temperament, he was, moreover, well informed of existing conditions in the American business world, and we may add, in the commercial world at large.

He had, indeed, his finger on the pulse of time. He was pre-eminently a man of letters, thoroughly acquainted with the development, progress and status of the intellectual world, both in the Western and Eastern hemispheres, but he was, also, up to date in the world's politics; solicitous for the prosperity of the commercial and industrial fields; vitally concerned in the advancement of professional pursuits; interested in all human activities, with a speculative ardor for, and lending practical aid, whenever he had the opportunity, to all progressive movements, intellectual, philanthropic, social, economic.

It is said that the American mind has a veritable passion for a perfected scholastic system, and that to this passion "America owes the absence of extreme ignorance in the masses and the leveling influence of a widely spread medium degree of culture."

Father Conway was a notable example of this caste of mind. He was intensely interested in all that pertains to education in general, and to Catholic education in particular. He was abreast of the times as to improved methods in pedagogy; an advocate of the higher education of women; an ardent promoter of all progress along educational lines, but he "kept steadily in view that the primary scope of education is the formation of character, the cultivation of taste and the humanizing of the moral and rational faculties" in the growing child, the young man and the

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young woman. He insisted upon the necessity of religion as the basic principle of all education. That "the means at hand to the Church are as manifold as the departments of thought, of science and of art, that go to round out the circle of human knowledge. Catechism, Church history, theology, in a word, religion, must be, and everywhere is, the broad basis of Catholic education."

Father Conway was so identified with the cause, that the *Western Watchman* printed his photograph, one year, in its educational number, without a word of explanation.

He spoke on the subject on many important occasions. In July, 1906, he attended the Catholic Educational Congress at Cleveland, Ohio, when he read a very able paper on "The Need of Catholic Higher Education for the Catholic Body."* We quote from the *Catholic Universe*, of July 13, 1906: "A very thoughtful, scholarly and comprehensive exposition of 'The Need of Catholic Higher Education for the Catholic Body,' was made by the Rev. James J. Conway, S. J., of St. Louis University. Father Conway went into the subject with the thoroughness and perspicacity which is always expected of him."

Father Conway possessed the gift of Faith to a degree with which few persons are favored. In a letter, before quoted, he wrote that God had never permitted in him one moment's weakness of faith, speaking of which, some years after, on being told that it was a great grace, he answered: "It is a great blessing." He had an insight into that profoundest of the divine mysteries, "The Blessed Trinity." At the same time he was as simple as a child in the devotional practices of our holy religion. He had great confidence in the wearing of the scapular, never leav-

*See page 206.

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ing his off for a minute, which some persons might be tempted to brand as superstitious; but his intense love for the Church made him appreciate and cling tenaciously to practices approved of and recommended by Her. His enlightened piety penetrated beyond the mere exterior and material, to the spiritual meaning of these devotional practices. He also eagerly availed himself of any opportunity to obtain certain privileges for dispensing the treasures of the Church, as for instance, though not a pastor, he had had for many years, faculties for indulging beads with the Dominican Indulgence. Not long before his death, he obtained permission to give the Crozier Indulgence.

In the sphere of those revealed truths which can also be arrived at by rational investigation, he made reason the hand-maid of this great gift of faith, thereby further developing and strengthening it.

His imagination was so vivid and clear that in his meditations on heavenly things, he said that he soared to the heights of heaven, and there found the sweetest consolation; that he also penetrated to the depths of hell to see the awfulness of misery, the justice of God.

He had a vivid realization of the presence of God, which sometimes overpowered him, as it were. In his last illness, in answer to the reference made about God's goodness to him, he said: "Yes, and I love Him. . . . I imagine myself going about with Our Lord and the Apostles. I see Him; I talk to Him." "How?" was asked. "Oh, I see Him right near, in front of me, there;" and as he said this, he looked with fixed attention before him as though he did, indeed, see the Lord Jesus with bodily eyes.

He had a personal love for Our Lord. He took liberties with Him. "Perfect love casteth out fear," and though his

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humility would not permit him to be absolutely fearless, he had come to the enjoyment of that liberty, the fruit of love, for which we have the authority of the great Saint of Hippo, who tells us: "Love God, and do what you please."

In answer to the reference made to this happy boldness on his part, he said: "Yes, I sometimes think I am too bold." Following are his own words on the text: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty." II Cor., 3, 17. "God always gives the soul strength proportioned to what he wants of her. Therefore, we should respond with confidence to every invitation to something higher, no matter how far beyond our present weakness it may be. Those who hedge in their every movement with mistrust never advance beyond the region of fears, doubts and low achievement; while those who launch boldly forth in everything that has the sanction of God's will, know no limit either to their resources or their attainments. We do God signal injustice when we walk in the way of perfection as if it were a narrow ledge between two precipices. When our whole desire is to please God, we may count upon having infinite goodness and omnipotence at our command to enable us to succeed, and we should go about it with the liberty of sons and heirs of God."

"When the soul reaches that degree of union where she doubts neither her love for God, nor God's love for her, she attains a wonderful liberty. Although all her desires and efforts are concentrated on pleasing Him perfectly, she falls into many imperfections and even sins through natural infirmity. But these rarely interrupt, even for an instant, her habitual relations with Him. Their mutual love excludes all question of intentional infidelity on her part, or

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His displeasure. She regards herself as He does, as an abyss of infirmity and misery for the outpourings of His infinite mercy, and the whole activity of their love is centered on removing every obstacle to union. This is not accomplished in a month or a year. It is true, that by a single act of His omnipotent Will, He could elevate her at once to the summit of perfection, but love craves love's co-operation in every single stage of the process of becoming a new creature. He lets her stumble and fall all the way up the arduous heights, that she may know herself and Him, and in the light and strength found in this practical experience of her misery and His greatness, she advances from height to height in the plenitude of peace."

We have given some idea of his humility. To those in the Society who knew him well, and to some other persons he was known to be a very humble man, but as we have shown, he was not adjudged so by others. The beautiful simplicity of his character, his unaffected piety, his freedom from any outward appearance of asceticism, made him a truly hidden soul. And if, as he wrote, "this mystery of the inner life is the veil which shuts out from even our own curious eyes what our value is with God;" also that, "no creature howsoever near and dear can penetrate into the innermost recesses of the soul—the 'Holy of Holies'—" it is, indeed, only in Heaven, when soul greets soul, that we shall gaze enraptured upon the full beauty of the elect ones of God, of which we caught but glimpses, as it were, here below.

A lover of holy purity from his earliest childhood, never suffering a wrong thought to enter his heart, and having control of his imagination in respect to this virtue; purity, so eminently characteristic of him, and which was so dear

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to him, could be felt when in his presence, and left an impression even afterwards. Though so careful on this point, there was nothing in the least squeamish or prudish about him. We may well apply to him, in respect to this virtue in particular, his own words as to the best way to do good in general: "Our influence over others is determined not by studied speech and planned action, but by the unconscious and uncalculated assertion of what we are. This is apparent through every covering and disguise, and it is this that enhances or counteracts the effect of all that we would be. Therefore, the best way to do good, is to be good."

Charity, that is, the theological virtue of charity, is, we may say, the synthesis of all the virtues; "Who has charity has all." We shall not dwell upon the ardent and intense love that Father Conway had for his dear Lord and Master, but would again call attention to his fulfillment of the second part of the first and greatest commandment, "love thy neighbor as thyself." We know of his self-sacrificing devotion to others, but we would now speak of the "charity that thinketh no evil." His discernment was too keen not to discover flaws where they existed, but when it was not his duty to reprove, he shut his eyes to them, or tried to find an excuse for them. He was an expert specialist in this branch. He said that there were always extenuating circumstances to every sin. Also, that: "We shall be continually illumined and vivified by the good in those about us, if we have our attention turned in that direction—so much of it is lost upon us because we are intent on what is evil."

When it was his duty to reprove he did so without passion. His humility was such, that in reproving others he

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made them feel that he, himself, was not without faults. Commenting upon the text: "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" he said: "We may with propriety admonish and rebuke, but indignation ill befits us who unceasingly test the patience of God and revolt His justice."

His greatest devotion was to the Blessed Sacrament. He never left the house without paying a little visit to his Eucharistic Lord, nor passed by a church without saying a special and chosen prayer to Jesus, hidden under the sacramental veils. He was most devout and recollected when celebrating the Sacred Mysteries. So great was his reverence that, to cite an instance: On one occasion, when saying mass, his thoughts reverted to a project he had in view for the glory of God; but as soon as he realized what he was doing, he recollected himself immediately, but was so overcome that he had to hold on to the altar for support.

When chaplain at the hospital, he was obliged to leave the University at an early hour, but would sometimes seek his confessor before starting out, fearful of the least blemish upon his soul, at any time, but particularly when preparing to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

He had great devotion to the Sacred Heart. A chivalrous, tender and personal love for the Blessed Virgin, of whom he spoke as of one he might have seen in the flesh. On one occasion, when his heart seemed to be overflowing with love for the Virgin of Virgins, he was asked by a parting friend: "What can I do for you?" Visibly moved, he replied, with reverence mingled with love: "Send me Our Blessed Lady!"

We have dwelt upon his devotion to the Angels, especially his Guardian Angel. Among his patron saints, he honored

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St. Joseph very particularly. He thought we should have more confidence in him, that we are so unlike the Little Sisters of the Poor in this respect. Though "Joseph" was his second name, he gave it the preference over James, not that the latter was neglected, especially as it was St. James, the Less, cousin of Our Lord, upon which relation Father Conway laid special stress. For St. Ignatius, his holy Father, he had the greatest love and reverence, and most exalted opinion. He had a very special devotion to St. Mary Magdalen, whom, he said, was so dear to the Heart of Our Lord. He would ask to be particularly remembered in prayer on her feast. In his last illness, when told that the Penitents at the Good Shepherd Convent were requested to join in novenas for him, because the prayers of those who have been unfortunate and who are looked down upon by the rest of the world, are often very acceptable to God. "Yes, there's something in that," he remarked; "Our Lord had Mary Magdalen almost as near to Him as His Mother."

There were other members of the heavenly hierarchy whom he had chosen as patrons.

He had great love for the Holy Souls in Purgatory, whom he called his distant friends. He frequently spoke of the time when he would be in Purgatory, of how long he would have to remain there. Some months before he died he remarked to some one that when he would be in Heaven, and even when in Purgatory, he could do more for his friends than he could on earth, and added: "Oh, when I am there, I'll pray, oh, I'll pray so for you! I can pray there, indeed, I can. It's a good place to be; you'll be thankful to get there."

Father Conway had great respect for old age, especially when he knew how much such or such a one had toiled

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for his God. He was very kind and attentive to the old Religious, members of his own community. During the St. Louis World's Fair, 1904, he devoted much time to accompanying one of the old Fathers out to the Fair Grounds, visiting the different buildings with him, and doing all in his power to help him, a number of times, pass some pleasant hours. He had several old lady friends to whom he paid his respects regularly. He had great reverence for good, old people, men and women, simple souls, whom he revered for their solid piety, and for whom he had a real affection on account of their genuine simplicity, which had such an attraction for him.

Of a highly wrought nature, his delicately attuned sensibilities responded quickly to the touch of pity, sorrow or sympathy, so that he was often moved to tears, not only in respect to persons bound to him by the ties of friendship, or by the kindly interest he took in others, but often on account of the cause at issue, or of principles involved. Or again, it might have been an event, combining circumstances or conditions fitted to appeal to one of such tender susceptibilities, as, for instance, when the Jesuits in St. Louis were moving from Ninth Street and Washington Avenue to new quarters, and the old church was being dismantled, Father Conway looked upon the scene and wept. In this connection, we may mention how much he cherished venerable and revered associations; nor would he break with these lightly. When the Society contemplated giving up their property at St. Charles, Missouri, where their church, St. Charles Borromeo, is one of the oldest west of the Mississippi, Father Conway used all the influence he could bring to bear to have the idea abandoned.

He truly combined in his character the elements requisite

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to the perfection of a human being, as in the words of Paul Janet: "Joindre les grâces du cœur aux mâles beautés de l'énergie virile, c'est la perfection de l'être humain."

Father Conway liked all that was elevating and refining, amongst other things, he had a great partiality for flowers, which, had it not been for the sake of denying himself, as well as to do in no wise differently from the rest of the community, it would have been a gratification to him to have had flowers always in his room; for, in respect to all the beautiful things in nature, "he looked up to Nature's God," but it was to the God of love. We quote from one of his letters: ". . . I am very fond of the grandeur of the mountains, the reaches of the gorgeous southern savannahs, the brilliancy of the flowery valley, the quiet of the deep forest, the richness of domestic hillsides—but all combined constitute for me the best in nature—the goodness of our God. The ocean is grand, its motion eternal, its shores the farthest infinite—the starry sky is brilliant, it is full of language, it is near to God. But oh, me, these speak and tell of the God of the Old Testament, the God of might, of hosts, of the awful ministry of the brute elements. They do not speak so much of the good God—the God of love, of sacrifice for man, of devotion to him, as shown in the goodness, sacrifice, universal effort of the God-man for the interest of us, His unworthy children. Always try to think of God as the good God, not the terrible, the mighty Deity. . . ." Of the effects that the beauties of nature should have upon us, he wrote: ". . . Did we but love God as we should love Him, we would feel in the midst of nature's marvels as lovers in the presence of the beloved's glory. The profusion of nature's charms that floods in upon the soul through the avenue

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of the senses, would raise us in an ecstasy of thanksgiving, love and praise to the Creator Who has thus mirrored His perfections in such infinite variety. But we do not love God as we should, and so are deprived of that insight and appreciation which are love's peculiar privilege, and which alone makes earth a prelude to heaven."

In the summer of 1906, having gone to Cleveland to attend the Catholic Educational Convention, he made quite an extended trip. From Detroit he went to Milwaukee via Mackinac, a trip around the Lakes, of which he wrote: ". . . that while I was alone, yet I enjoyed myself extremely in the midst of the water and the sky. . . ."

Another appreciation of his sense of refinement was his abstention in the way of food, of the coarser kind, which some persons might be tempted to qualify as fastidiousness on his part, but such it was not, nor was it a want of mortification. He willingly partook of what was placed before him, wishing in this particular also, to avoid any singularity, but if left a choice he preferred what was more delicate, whether pleasing to the palate or not, from his innate love for all that refines and purifies.

For eleven years previous to his death he had not used tobacco in any shape or form, and even before that time had used it very sparingly. He had never tasted whiskey, unless, as he said, referring to this many years before his last illness, it had been given to him medicinally and that he was not conscious of the fact. After a very weak spell during his last illness, when he thought he was dying, they revived him by giving him a preparation containing whiskey, about which he remarked an hour or so later, when he felt stronger: "I haven't taken any whiskey for 54 years."

Though of a very serious disposition, he had a great

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sense of humor. He enjoyed an innocent joke and a good story, of which he had a reserve supply, upon which he drew for necessary relaxation, both for himself and for others. It is needless to add that he never indulged in any witticism at the expense of the feelings of others.

We have called attention to the happy blending in Father Conway of the seemingly opposed attributes of liberality and breadth of view, with conservatism, the latter being restricted mainly to his ultramontane devotion and loyalty to the Church, which he loved with all the ardor and devotedness of his intense and loving nature. Not a jot or tittle of her teaching would he allow to be called into question, and his critical discernment was so acute that he detected immediately anything savoring of the heretical.

He was democratic in his ideas, and independent in thought and action. He was just towards woman. He would not have her deprived of any advantages, moral, intellectual, professional, economic, which belong to her by right, as to a being endowed with reason. When he was Director of the Young Men's Sodality, he wanted a lady to give one of the lectures in the annual Lecture Course given under the auspices of the Sodality. But his motion was overruled; not so, though, his determination to carry it into effect at some future time.

As he was very resolute and persevering in carrying out his own designs, so, too, he did not discourage or dispirit those who applied to him for advice or counsel in regard to a contemplated undertaking, unless he judged it wholly impracticable. He was an enthusiastic believer in the great possibilities of the human character, and was not, therefore, one of those who are only too ready to throw cold water on a projected enterprise. On the contrary, he

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was an inspiration to those who sought his support. He urged them to move onward, be the difficulties many and great! How often have the rising aspirations of youth been nipped in the bud, and the noble efforts of maturer years been doomed to utter failure for want of encouragement, for lack of sympathy! Far from dampening one's ardor in the desire to attempt greater achievement in various spheres of human activity, it was often Father Conway who took the initiative, rousing latent energies, which he foresaw needed but the stimuli of approval and encouragement to labor and action.

We have not, in the course of our narrative of this beautiful life, touched upon his practice of the virtue of poverty, which, together with obedience, is more than others, specifically distinctive of the religious state. But Father Conway's desire to be in all things like Christ, and his appreciation of the excellence of the religious life, would imply not only a love and practice of all the virtues, but especially a close following of the evangelical counsels. And, indeed, he was so very particular in regard to poverty, that although poor in spirit and detached from all that the world esteems, seeking no exemptions from the rules of his Institute, he was, nevertheless, very exacting with himself on this point, accusing himself, unjustly, of having taken liberties in respect to what was needed, and what had been allowed him for the work intrusted to him.

He was much given to introspection, which he said many people feared and avoided. He compared this looking inward to cleanse and purify, to the letting in of the light, and putting in order of a material dwelling. "Keep daily supervision of order and cleanliness," he said, "and there is no abode this side of heaven

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that affords such comfort, peace and happiness as our immortal souls." Far from fearing this self-examination, he was too introspective, so much so, that he was told he must desist. He had an analytical mind, and his spiritual interests being of paramount importance, the operations of his soul, in respect to the acquisition of virtues, or imperfections to be atoned for, must continually be subjected to that crucial process of analysis, which making both more cognizant, rendered them easier, to his well-disposed will, the ones to acquire, the others to avoid.

We have dwelt upon Father Conway's virtues and spiritual endowments, traits of character and natural gifts. He was, as we have seen, a profound thinker and a good philosopher, but he considered that one's scope is narrowed in the mere teaching of philosophy.

Had he been given the opportunity he would have been a shining light in the realm of dogmatic theology, for which he had a special aptitude and very decided bias.

When he became connected with the Law School, he intended to read law, but he was already so familiar with the terms, that one of the students asked whether Father Conway had ever studied law. Whether in the different branches of theology, or in whatsoever profession he would have entered, he would have achieved distinction. The army might have been his choice, for he said that had he not been a Jesuit he might have chosen that career. True to the high and noble patriotism that filled his soul, he might have entered the army—the army of "the land of the free and the home of the brave," to follow the fortunes of the "Stars and the Stripes." But rallying to the standard of the Conqueror over death and hell, Christ Jesus, in the ranks of Loyola's militia, he chose to cast his lot. He put

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on "the helmet of salvation and the buckler of Jesus Christ." Never losing sight of the saving banner of the Cross—and the war-cry, "Who is like to God!" ever echoing in his soul—he fought the good fight in Poverty, Chastity and Obedience,

"All bearing, all attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield."

CHAPTER X.

Last Illness and Death.

When a Medical Department was added to the St. Louis University in May, 1903, by the purchase of the Marion-Sims-Beaumont College of Medicine, the project of a Law School was not only under consideration, but active means were being taken to make it a reality. With the advent to the Presidency of the University, of the Very Rev. J. P. Frieden, S. J., the progressive policy of his able predecessor was not only immediately recognized by his worthy successor, but from the very beginning of his term of office, Father Frieden has left no means untried to make the University worthy of the high rank which it holds, not alone by right of priority, being the first university institution west of the Mississippi, but especially, and above all by reason of the excellence of its methods of instruction, and the efficient corps of learned men with which it is so richly endowed.

Under the wise and effective administration of Father Frieden, the Law School project matured and became a settled thing.

In the early summer of 1908, the Rev. President called a meeting, when he named Father James J. Conway as the man best fitted to be entrusted with the accomplishment of the design in question. All the members of the committee concurred with the President in his choice.

The secret of good government depends not alone upon the general ability and competency of the chief executive,



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but also upon his discriminating power in the choice of subordinates to carry out a certain end in view.

Never was there a better choice of means to an end, as was verified in the result. The Rev. President had implicit confidence in Father Conway.

But the undertaking which had been committed to him was not easy of accomplishment. There were almost insurmountable difficulties to be overcome. But Father Conway was of the same stamp of character as the renowned man who said that "impossible is a word to be found only in the fool's dictionary."

This stamp impressed by nature, fixed more deeply by education and by his own strength of mind and will, was brought out still more forcibly, by his trust and confidence in God, so that, like his holy and illustrious Father, St. Ignatius, nothing daunted, he worked as though all depended upon himself, and prayed as though all depended upon God.

In July, Father Conway began operations. He got together the Faculty, and this was no easy matter, attended as it was, with specific difficulties. Where to locate the school was another vexed question, bringing with it, its own share of obstacles to be overcome, and was, moreover, the source of a great and keen disappointment, in regard to which Father Conway wrote, July 28, 1908, ". . . So storm Heaven for me and pester St. Ignatius to remove all my difficulties. They are many, but then there is a God. . . ."

The heat was extreme that summer, but he worked on, his ardor in nothing abated. He wrote the following laconic message to a friend: "St. L. U., Aug. 15, 1908." "I am very well, very busy, and very hot." "C." And a little later:

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“Dear N——. Am very well, not quite so hot, but very, very busy. J. J. C., S. J.”

When it was decided to rent the building, in which the Institute is at present located, Father Conway attended in all its details, domestic and otherwise, to the equipment of the School, selecting himself even the wallpaper and the furniture. He had some of the latter made to order, not having been able to find ready-made what he wanted. The whole building, in the repairs he required made, its furnishings, etc., is a credit to the refined and artistic taste of the founder.

It was he, also, who made out the Course of Studies, which is so complete and perfect that when he submitted it for examination, or change if need be, to one of the Faculty versed in the theory, and thoroughly experienced in the practice of law, but few minor changes were deemed necessary.

The arrangement of the schedule of the Course of Studies, also Father Conway's work, is a model, and has since been adopted by other law schools in the country. The Prospectus of the Institute is also his work.

That he was eminently qualified for the work entrusted to him is evidenced in the whole organization of the Institute, one point especially being particularly worthy of notice, namely, his provision of a Practice Court, a distinctive and important feature of the School. In its material appointments and in the training it gives the students in the practical experience of law, render it a miniature Circuit or Supreme Court of Missouri.

In September, Father Conway went to Chicago to buy the law library.

The founding and organizing of such an institution, and

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all by Father Conway, were accomplished in an amazingly short space of time, for in October the School was opened with an attendance of nearly ninety registered students.

But now, the supreme hour in his life was about to strike, the one fraught with the greatest moment to all of us; he was soon "to answer the great summons." But for his indomitable will-power, and unrelenting energy, he could not have worked as he did, for though to all appearance he seemed well, the insidious trouble which caused his death had been slowly but only too surely committing its ravages, and, indeed, for some time past had betrayed unmistakable symptoms, which, however, were not verified until a few months later, when he had an X-ray examination. Besides suffering acute pain at times, he experienced great distress of the stomach, especially in the morning before rising, and after meals. He spent many sleepless nights, unfitting him for work, so that he had to make up this sleep during the day, something he never did, unless, as in the case in question, it was absolutely necessary to enable him to meet his obligations. The rule of the Society permits a siesta after the noon recreation, but Father Conway had made it a practice never to lie down during the day; he availed himself of this permission by merely dozing for a short while in his chair.

Towards the end of November, two days before Thanksgiving, he felt so wretchedly that he sought quiet and rest by going out to St. Charles, Missouri. He returned to St. Louis the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, in order to keep an engagement he had with a gentleman. He never failed to keep his appointments, unless a physical impossibility intervened. Earlier in the month, though feeling very badly, he had gone, according to promise, to a little town in Illinois, to deliver the sermon on a very special occasion.

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The distress from which he was suffering grew worse and worse, so that by December 14, he had to give up saying mass at St. John's Hospital; but he was not confined to the house, and though sick himself, he went to the hospital and other places through the course of the day, to visit the sick. But he grew much worse, so much so that it was decided to have an examination to ascertain the exact nature of the trouble. Accordingly, on December 19, Dr. S—— made an X-ray examination, and found that Father Conway had cancer of the stomach, and that an operation was imperative. The gravity and exact nature of his trouble were advisedly concealed from him, though two days later, he was told that he must undergo an operation. This was a great shock to him, and he was very much affected, for in spite of this mortal disease and its concomitants of suffering and physical weakness, he was still full of life and energy. He was much younger in appearance and in every way than he was in years, though in reality he was not much past the prime of life. He had said that he never would be old; therefore, to be brought face to face with death was a trial to him, the depth of which no one but Our Lord Himself fathomed. It is well enough to say that Religious should welcome death. It is known of a holy, old Jesuit Father, who died but a short time after Father Conway, that he had often said he could not understand how a Religious could fear death. When the end came, he met it with a welcome smile. But we also know of another veteran of the Society, who had had a very active and laborious life, 64 years of religious life, and 52 of arduous labors in the holy priesthood; revered and loved for his piety, charity and broad sympathies; a member of the Order so highly esteemed, that the Father-General in Rome wrote him

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shortly before his death, in 1902, that "he had deserved well of the Society, and that he could not omit thanking him for the many labors he had undergone for the Greater Glory of God." We are told that when this holy Religious was well-nigh 80 years old, and his infirmities growing, that "he was naturally attached to life as most persons are," but that after some years of persistent and grave ill-health, he was quite willing to die, and that he received the Last Sacraments with great resignation to God's will, and died like a saint.

Is it a matter of surprise, then, that one so much younger, so capable and able, so eager to labor for God and accomplish more for His glory, should be shocked when told that death was so near at hand! For, indeed, the operation was a vital one, and though, "while there is life, there is hope," there was but little hope for a successful result.

If all his hours of suffering in the past were divine hours, this surely was "God's hour in his life," and this last and supreme trial that Our Lord had had in reserve for His faithful servant, was but the seal of His love for him.

A few days after the examination, Father Conway said: "Oh, I don't mind it now. I did the first two days; I was weak from that pumping of the stomach, starving me, and the X-ray examination. I'd like to live longer, but I'm not afraid to die. . . ." He remarked several times that his trouble was of a peculiar kind, and would thereby be of service to science. Though to the very end, he must needs make acts of submission to the will of God, his resignation was most edifying: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me, but not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

He said that he felt very happy; that he had had time,

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for this was before he left for Rochester, Minn., to get everything in readiness, which he hadn't had before, alluding to the serious nervous breakdown in 1898. He added: "And that is what I felt so much. God has been very good to me; I have everything ready." He had arranged all his papers, and other things, in perfect order before leaving St. Louis, January 4.

At other times, referring to the probability of his getting well: ". . . I am a young man yet; I can work. . . . I don't say these things through vanity, at least, I don't want to." But then again, when he thought he would not recover: "But we're soldiers of Jesus Christ, and what has He not done for us! He has established the Church, given us the Sacraments. . . . What greater love! I love Jesus Christ. I am glad to go to Heaven. I would like to have lived longer, but if I were to go tomorrow, I wouldn't care." Another time, when it was raining, and the gloom and dreariness of the weather were such as to depress any one, going to the window and looking out, he said: "Look at all that dirt and material filthiness; I wish I were out of this world."

As he was not confined to his bed, nor even to his room, time weighed heavily upon him, though he occupied himself to some extent. "What a stupid life I'm leading," he said. "Well, you can sanctify yourself," he was answered; "this is not so agreeable as attending to the affairs of your Law Institute." "Yes," he replied, "of course, I can;" and continuing the subject of the Law School, he remarked that some one else could run it much better than he. "There is but one issue in life," he went on to say; the person to whom he was speaking, interrupting him to say, "Yes, to save our soul," at which he was about to interpose, when

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the other, divining his thought, quickly added: "to sanctify ourselves, to perfect ourselves." "Yes," he made answer, "now you're coming to the solid rock."

In addition to the efforts he made to school himself to a more and more perfect submission to the will of God, he was detaching himself from everyone and everything. Writing at this time to a very dear friend, one of his confrères, towards the end of the letter, though it was one on business, he was very much affected, even unto tears, but dashing these aside, as a weakness, he chided himself, saying: "Here, you fool, this must stop."

The surgeon in attendance upon Father Conway advised that the case be given over to the Doctors Mayo, brothers, specialists, at Rochester, Minnesota. Accordingly, on January 4, 1909, Father Conway, accompanied by Dr. D——, left St. Louis for Rochester.

Some days before, he had asked pardon of everybody in the house. Just before leaving, he knelt down to get Rev. Father Provincial's blessing, and told him that he was ready to go; that is, to die. When the moment arrived for his departure, there was a sad leave-taking. Both he, and those who had assembled at the front door to bid him good-bye, were affected unto tears. Father Conway did not linger, but walked down the long flight of stone steps outside the building, with a firm step, and bearing erect as a soldier, and stepped into the carriage waiting for him. Brother S——, the devoted infirmarian, accompanied him and Dr. D—— as far as the railroad station.

Arriving in Rochester, a few days elapsed before anything could be done. On Friday, the eighth day of January, a telegram from St. Mary's Hospital was, by request, sent to St. Louis. It was received at 7:15 a. m., and stated:

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“Father Conway will have his operation at ten this morning.” From that hour until noon, and again from 12:30 until three o’clock, prayers were unceasingly offered in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, that the operation might be successful. The incision was made, but the disease had progressed so far and had ramified to such an extent, that it would have been death to operate. Nothing could be done; the wound was closed.

In accordance with the wish of his Superior, Father Conway was kept in ignorance of what had not been done. He took for granted that he had been operated upon, and during his stay at the hospital was making plans for the future.

Here, as everywhere, he soon made himself beloved. He won the hearts of the doctors and Sisters by his gentleness and considerate kindness for everyone. And they nursed him with the tenderest care. Following is an extract from a letter of the Sister Superior, written about a month after Father Conway had left Rochester: “. . . I was pleased with all you wrote me, and should so like to hear from you occasionally about our dear Father Conway. . . . Yes, he endeared himself to us all, though his stay with us was short. . . .”

That he might not be without any of his own brethren, at Father Conway’s request, Father Zahm, from Prairie du Chien joined him in Rochester and remained with him until his return to St. Louis.

They left St. Mary’s Hospital, January 18, and went to Mankato, Minn., where the Jesuits have a house, but Father Conway needed the care and attention that a hospital gives, so he went to St. Joseph’s Hospital, in charge of the Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother. During the course of his stay at Mankato he took a little trip to Rochester, the doctors hav-

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ing asked him to return. After a day or two he went back to Mankato. He was so very much better for a time, that Father Zahm was surprised, and wondered at his improvement, to all appearance, miraculous. But another times he writes that though "under the circumstances, Father Conway is doing very nicely. . . . Still it is evident that only a direct intervention of Divine Providence can save him. . . ."

Whilst Father Conway was at Mankato, the Father-General of the Society sent him his blessing, and wrote of the affection he had for him. He would probably have written directly to Father Conway, a most worthy son, and one, too, who had deserved well of the Society, but knowing how ill he was, he did not know but that he might pass away before the letter reached America.

It was deemed best now to tell Father Conway of his condition, namely, that there had been no operation. This was another shock to him, and another opportunity for an heroic act of conformity to the will of God. His great desire was to return to St. Louis, and he told the Rector at Mankato to get him home as quickly as he could. Speaking of this afterwards, he said: "There was a Providence in it," that he had been kept in ignorance of the true state of things.

On his way to St. Louis, he stopped in Milwaukee and Chicago. In the latter city an old Jesuit Father threw his arms about his younger brother, and told him that he would give his own life for his. Several other persons had made the same offering. Shortly after his return home, when referring to this, as also to all the prayers that were offered for him, he was touched to tears, and said: "Why all this? Why should they be said for me? What have I

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done to merit them? I can't see. What good am I? Poor human nature! Perhaps if I get well, I might not be saved, and now I'm prepared."

The trip from Milwaukee to St. Louis was trying and very fatiguing for him. He arrived home the evening of February 28. The next day, though not suffering any pain, he seemed crushed in spirit. He had been very nervous, but he was now quiet and calm. He said to a friend: "I'm all broken up; oh! the old man isn't long for this world." To keep up his courage, he was told not to talk that way; "for what are all those prayers?" "Yes, I have faith," he answered. "But I can not do more than unite myself in spirit to these novenas. I can't say the prayers of all of them. I haven't said mass for two months—I can't even go to communion."

The retrun home, and all the associations connected therewith, brought about a change for the worst, both in his mental and physical condition. He had intended remaining at the University as long as possible, going to the hospital only when it became absolutely necessary on account of the care which his case would require, and which, at the University, it was impossible to obtain. But, a few days after his return, he realized himself, that it were best for him to go to the hospital at once. To remain amidst the surroundings of his former active and useful life, those surroundings now invested with an altogether different aspect, was very trying to one of such tender sensibilities, hence, on March 3, he was taken in a carriage to St. John's Hospital, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. Arriving here, amidst other scenes of his former labors, was the cause of a most affecting meeting with those assembled in the corridor to greet him.

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He had been at the hospital but a few days, when a telegram was received at the University announcing his brother's sudden death in Kansas City. In his weakened condition, the news had to be broken to him gently. He received it quietly and composedly, but later, in the evening, and the following day, he was visibly affected. Under the circumstances, this death was unusually trying, but his spirit of resignation to the will of God, taught him to look upon everything that happened as for the best; and in view of his own approaching death, he said: "If I am to go, it is a mercy that my brother went before me." He felt that he was, to some degree, responsible for his brother's spiritual welfare, and was, therefore, resigned that he go before him. He found it hard, though, that he could not say mass for him, which, however, he was able to do later on, for by May 6, he had said twelve masses for the repose of his brother's soul.

Shortly after Father Conway's arrival at the hospital, he began to improve in every way. Prayers and novenas for his recovery were going on all the time. He had not, as he said, been able, heretofore, to join in any of them, but now, he would make the novena to Our Lady of Pellevoisin, that was to begin March 25; he would say the required prayer. His great devotion to the Sacred Heart made him desire ardently the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary. He said that there ought to be a saint of the Sacred Heart. After Beatification, there are usually required two first-class miracles for Canonization. One is still wanting for Blessed Margaret Mary. Many persons hoped that this miracle might be vouchsafed for Father Conway's cure—and he said, jokingly, in his familiar parlance of saints: "Blessed Margaret Mary has to cure me; if she doesn't,

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I'll have it in for her when I get to heaven. I'll prevent all the miracles on earth."

A word here in respect to the prayers that were offered for Father Conway. Some one remarked that he was sure never had so many prayers been offered in the United States for any other person. From December 19, 1908, till the moment when God took his faithful servant to Himself, an incessant petition went up to heaven from all parts of the country, north, south, east and west, and even in Europe, for the preservation of a life so precious. A Novena of masses at Paray-le-Monial in honor of Blessed Margaret Mary. One at the church of the Gesù in Rome, at the altar of St. Ignatius, where candles were kept burning during nine days, and in which novena thousands of persons joined, including the members of 45 different Religious Orders. It was a source of great satisfaction to Father Conway that the Father-General and the whole Missouri Province made this novena.

There was also a novena of masses at the miraculous shrine of Our Lady of Pellevoisin, in France, in which as great a number of Religious and other pious persons joined as in the novena to St. Ignatius. Masses were offered at other celebrated shrines: Notre Dame des Victoires and Montmartre in Paris; Our Lady of Victory in New York. There were other novenas equally as extensive, one especially, in which a number of the parishes in St. Louis joined, Sodalities and other religious bodies offering their communion for the same intention.

This union of prayers brought about a little incident which was much appreciated by Father Conway. A pious lady in St. Louis, member of St. Gabriel's Union, had a correspondent, a poor, old woman, 80 years old, an in-

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mate of St. Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia. The lady sent her protégée a number of the leaflets containing the prayer to Our Lady of Pellevoisin, requesting her to distribute them and to ask those to whom she gave them to make a novena for Father Conway's complete recovery. In answer, the good, old woman wrote that she had done as was requested, and had given one of the leaflets to Father G——, S. J., also an inmate of the hospital, and that he, and she, too, would pray very fervently. This letter was read to Father Conway. Its simple style and earnestness touched him. But he was particularly pleased that he was at such a time brought into communication with Father G——, who had been one of his classmates, a fellow-student in theology at Woodstock. They had been together seven years. Father Conway sent him word that he remembered the time they spent together, and that he, in turn, would pray for him. For the kind, old lady, he promised a memento in his mass every day.

As soon as it became generally known that Father Conway was at St. John's Hospital, not a day passed without many persons calling to see him. He received every one, saying that when Our Lord was on earth He let every one come to Him, except the proud and the hypocrites. He said also, that he was a public man and would remain so until the end. All the time he did not give to others he spent in prayer and in self-introspection. It fatigued him very much at times to see people, and he would fain have refused, but his charity and kindness would not permit him, and until he became very weak, visitors were admitted to see him. Moreover, when able, he went to call on those who could not come to him, namely, to several of the convents. He went out for a short walk also whenever his strength and the weather permitted.

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On March 17, he was able to say mass, the first time since January 4, the day he left St. Louis for Rochester. Some time before this, he had been able to receive holy communion every day. He was so much better in every respect that people marveled and began to think that he was going to be cured. He greatly appreciated a remark that one of his confrères made, namely: "Well, Conway, you may have cancer, but cancer hasn't got you." Father Conway said that he did not know to whom to attribute this improvement, as there were prayers said to so many -- that he attributed it simply to the efficacy of prayer. He said: "The Lord may let me live for His own designs." And, alluding to the special formula of prayer he was saying to St. Ignatius: "I'm going to keep this up until the job is finished," and that he was also keeping up the prayer to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart of Pellevoisin, "Mother All-Merciful." On March 25 he was invested with the scapular bearing this title. He received it with the greatest devotion, in his own room, but went up to the chapel immediately afterwards, where he prayed with great fervor. His faith and confidence were touching. He would not take off this scapular; no, not for an instant, and died with it on.

Another instance of his earnest faith and childlike confidence, is, that one time, during the night, he called for the sister on night duty. She thought he was feeling worse, but he wanted her to give him a little card, telling her where to find it, on which had been copied a prayer to Our Lady of Lourdes, to whom a novena was then being made; he had forgotten to say the prayer that day.

He alternated between hope and fear. He had given his breviaries to Father-Minister before going to the hos-

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pital, saying that he knew he would not need them, that he was going to die. On the other hand, he said: "Is Our Lord going to do anything for me; is He going to cure me? It would be wonderful if something were not done by Him; prayers are being offered all over." "I'm so much better; it looks as though the cancer were dissipated. If I am cured there will be some remarkable phenomena, because I'm normal in every way—I have only this trouble." "I have been at death's door several times, and I never felt as if I were going to die, and I don't feel that I am now." But sometimes he would add, for instance: "Well, if Our Lord doesn't cure me, I'm resigned. If I'm to go, I'm ready." "Oh, I'll be at rest soon." "Sometimes I think I don't want to live; I long for the Eternal Hills!"

Before he went to the hospital, never dreaming that he would be there so long, he had said, with a look which spoke volumes: "Oh! I see myself sick in bed down there!" The forced inactivity to which he was subjected, which he felt all the more keenly when not obliged to keep to his bed, was a sore test to his patience, and a trial to his ideals, as he exclaimed: "This godless life! Eating and sleeping and drinking! And drinking and eating and sleeping! And sleeping and eating and drinking! It's pretty hard to be here! . . ." When he was reminded that it is not so much "what" we do that counts with God, "Yes," he answered, "that's true. Y—— wrote me to take in a good dose of spirituality now. Yes, I need it."

His humility would not suffer that he be told that Our Lord chastises those whom He loves, not that he doubted God's love for him, but he would not have it that he merited any special favor from Him. He would rather have it that he was unworthy of such, saying, it was not only

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those whom God loves that He chastises. But when told, with insistence, that, at least, those whom He does love He chastises, he answered: "Yes, oh, yes! That's another thing."

How very few people, whether they be worthy of love or hatred, attribute the trials and tribulations that befall them to their own demerits, want of knowledge, or foresight, as the case may be. How few stop to consider that we reap what we sow, and that sometimes the innocent must suffer for the guilty. That if the laws of nature are broken, we must bear the consequences. That effects follow causes. No, they are always ready to lay the blame upon the Lord for all their trials and sufferings, and pious and devout people comfort themselves with the thought that God loves those whom He chastises. Not any more, not as much, as a loving, earthly father, will the God of love punish His children if they do not deserve punishment. He permitted His only-begotten and well-beloved Son to suffer the untold agony of His passion and death on the Cross, and that the sinless Mother of that Son, "a sword of sorrow her soul should pierce." And so, He permits, what in His omniscience He knows will befall His faithful and best beloved ones. Nor will He avert these sufferings from them, which increase their merit and render them more conformable to Jesus, their model.

But Father Conway, a lover of Jesus from his childhood; who had served his God from the days of his youth; who had taken an intelligent care of his health in order to labor more profitably in the service of the Master; Father Conway, who was not responsible for the mortal trouble with which he was now afflicted, judges himself, nevertheless, as deservedly chastised. Nor would he suffer,

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sometimes, reference made to a resemblance between him and Jesus, "the Man of Sorrows," exclaiming: "There's a great difference between the worm and the Creator!"

Thus does his great humility, the fruit of his own efforts, assisted by the all-powerful grace of God, without which we can neither will, nor act, along with the gratuitous favors vouchsafed him, challenge our admiration. Not the least among the latter are sufferings, which, despite his humility, we know are a proof that he was near and dear to the Divine Master; trials not of his own choice, but the measure of God's love for him. We may, indeed, say to him in the words of St. Paul, who places sufferings on a level with faith: "It has been given you not only to believe, but also to suffer."

In all these sufferings, that which Father Conway ever bore in mind above all considerations, was, that it is the supreme will of God that rules everything, and his greatest desire and most strenuous efforts were directed to rendering himself more and more conformable to that Blessed Will.

From the beginning of his illness he wanted to be left to himself, which may seem contradictory to his expressed desire that everyone be allowed to see him, also, that an attendant be always with him later on, as he grew worse. We have already referred to his reason why no one should be denied admittance. As for not wishing to be left alone, this was because of the attention which he knew his case required, and to his realization of what sick people in general needed. One of the Sisters at the hospital was taken quite ill in April and was removed to another house of the Order, about which Father Conway remarked, that it was better she should be there, as some one could be with her all the time.

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But in thought he was alone with God, spending part of the time left entirely at his disposal in prayer, and part in introspection, as we mentioned above; taking himself to task for things done with the best possible intention, for the greater glory of God, but in which his keen spiritual insight found flaws and imperfections, regarding which he said, "we can not be too particular," that there are many things to be thought over, and that he must humble himself before God; that he must do this now, adding: "I can't do any of it later when I'm in an agony." He was confident he would have an agony, that everything pointed that way.

One time that he was much better, referring to his improved condition, he said that this would continue two or three months longer, that he would then get down to such a pass! "I know," he continued, "I'm not shutting my eyes to the fact; it will come to that, and then God will, perhaps, work a miracle. You know, things must come to a crisis. This way no one would believe I was cured; they would not give the glory to God. The doctors are saying there was a wrong diagnosis. You can't expect a miracle this way." But he added, in depreciation of himself: "I'm a fine subject for a miracle!" Another time he said: "I'll keep on praying to Father Ignatius; he can cure me in his quiet way; he doesn't need a miracle. If he wants me for the Society, I'll get well."

He had remarkable confidence in the efficacy of prayer. When he became so much better, it was reported that he was cured. This report reached even Rome, at which he was very much concerned, for, he said, "they'll stop praying."

He had been able to say mass daily, with but few ex-

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ceptions, since March 17, but it was a surprise to everyone, considering the nature of his trouble. It was only his great devotion for the Sacred Mysteries that made him surmount all difficulties. It was painful to see him say mass; it was all he could do sometimes to go on till the very end of the Holy Sacrifice. Nor did he omit the celebration during Holy Week, for though it would have been impossible for him to read the long mass proper to those solemn days, he said a votive mass of the Passion.

About May 1 he was not so well, and was again suffering acute pain, for there had been times before this when he had had less pain, though he was never altogether free from it. But he welcomed these sufferings, saying that they were more nails in the Cross, that he was more like Our Lord, that he wanted to suffer.

A change in his condition would naturally make him consider as to what the final outcome was to be, in reference to which he said: "If God wants me to live. . . . But I can't know until the end, if it is His will." When told to keep up his courage, he replied: "I do. I have the same dispositions now as I had before. The will of God is what I want. I tremble and fear—and when they pray they must ask that the will of God may be done." He feared, yes, lest prayers be offered for anything contrary to the will of God. But he was not afraid to die. He was not worrying about anything; he said that he was dying, and that he was not even worrying about that.

On May 8 he was not able to say mass, much as he desired to do so. He rose at about noon, but shortly afterwards had a very weak spell, referring to which he said a few hours later, that he thought he was "going," and that if he had been annointed he wouldn't have minded going.

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He remarked also: "I made another general confession today of the last ten days." He blamed himself for the least movement of impatience he might experience, though indeed, in this respect, as in every other, he was an edification to every one. He was very much broken up after this great weakness. When told that it was nothing but a passing spell—that Our Lord was trying him . . . that he was on the Cross. "Yes," he answered, "He has me nailed there. Well, if it will but unite me to Him!"

From now on he had but very little respite from pain, which was often so intense, that he had to take powders that he might get some sleep, and even with this help, there were nights when he got but one hour's sleep, and some nights none at all. Even before this time, he often had to have recourse to artificial means to make him sleep, nevertheless, he could not be prevailed upon to lie down during the day, but remained faithful to his old-time practice of resting in his chair. It was only after he had been at the hospital for two months and more that he consented to rest more comfortably.

After the beginning of May his condition became so much worse that he was confined to his bed. On May 12 he was annointed. Though he could take but little nourishment because he could not keep anything on his stomach, notwithstanding, he received holy communion daily, nor was he deprived of this privilege one single day, thanks to the great goodness of God! It was a matter of wonder to everyone that he was able to receive every day, when his stomach was in such a condition that he could not retain even the smallest quantity of water.

He seemed to be convinced now that it was the will of God that he should die, and expressed a desire that, if God

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so willed, he might go on the Ascension, May 20. But on the eve of the feast he was a little better and able to sit up in bed. On the feast itself, however, he was again very weak. He rallied now and then, but his condition remained about the same until June 6. He was so weak sometimes that he was not able to speak, but, nevertheless, he received his friends and gave them his blessing. He was suffering continually. Asked one day as to his condition, when it was more than usually distressing, so that he had exclaimed: "This is awful! I am dying!" In answer, he said: "I have pain all the time, thank God!"

Many of the city parishes and great numbers of persons in different parts of the country were making a novena, for him, to Our Lady of Pellevoisin, which was to end, June 7. Referring to it, and speaking of Our Blessed Lady, whom he loved so tenderly, Father Conway said: "If nothing else comes from my sickness, this devotion to Our Lady of Pellevoisin will be spread. . . . She said in the revelation, 'let them pray.' This want of prayer is the crying sin of the age. They don't pray enough to her. Our Holy Father is doing a great deal to increase devotion to Our Blessed Lady; it is falling off."

It will be, not only in place here, but we feel it a sacred duty, considering what Father Conway further said, to say a few words about the devotion which this loving son of Mary wished to have propagated, that more honor be given to that Mother of whom he had spoken in such burning eloquence, and whom he was soon to behold in all her beauty and majesty.

Pellevoisin is the most recent in date of the great shrines of France. It was there, in 1876, that the Blessed Virgin appeared a number of times to a humble virgin, Estelle

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Faguette. In one of the apparitions, the Blessed Virgin showed Estelle a badge on which there was a red heart in relief, asking that her own image be engraved on another badge, to be joined to the first one, thus making a real scapular. And this is the scapular of the Sacred Heart, the perfection of the universally known badge, revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary in 1674.

When Estelle was received in private audience by His Holiness, Leo XIII., she transmitted to him the secrets which the Blessed Virgin had entrusted to her for him, and offered him a scapular which he passed over his shoulders, and pressing it against his heart, said: "Yes, it's really the one." The following April a decree approving the scapular was proclaimed. Those wearing it are accorded many plenary and partial indulgences.

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On June 6 Father Conway, though very weak, sat up in his chair for a few hours. The next day he was not so well.

An extensive novena to the Sacred Heart, to end on the feast, June 18, was in preparation. At Father Conway's request it was made through the intercession of Our Lady of Pellevoisin. During the following days he grew worse, and on the eve of the feast it was feared that he would pass away. He was so oppressed that two of the Sisters, one on either side of his bed, had to fan him continually. He asked that all the Sisters be called that he might give them his blessing. He blessed each one separately, and other persons also. He gave a long blessing, though he was so weak that his arm had to be supported, and his voice was scarcely audible, as his lips moved in fervent prayer.

One morning previous to this, so great was his desire to receive holy communion that he repeated several times:



OUR LADY OF PELLEVOISIN.
MOTHER-ALL-MERCIFUL.

“When is the priest coming; when is the priest coming?” And when the door bell was heard at five o’clock, a. m., he wanted to know if that were Father ——. The Sister in charge telephoned to ask that the chaplain come a little earlier that morning.

He longed for his heavenly home, repeating: “I want to go home; I want to go home.”

On the feast of the Sacred Heart, though the great oppression of the previous evening had passed away, he was extremely weak, and there was an expression on his face that bespoke more forcibly than any words could that the end was near. But as heaven had been stormed for his recovery, he remarked that “a miracle may have been wrought;” that “it couldn’t be known yet;” that “we may have to wait until evening.” But he added that he, himself, did not want a miracle; that he would never be so well prepared to die as he was then, but that God might want him to live and work.

For several days following the feast he was stronger than he had been for some time, but shortly after, he grew weaker and weaker. As he was unable to retain anything, he feared he would not be able to continue receiving holy communion, and for several days, about June 23, he had to wait until a late hour in the morning before receiving, so he said, that he supposed these would be his last communions. But the great devotion of his life, his ardent love for Jesus, in the Sacrament of the Altar, was to receive its full complement in these, his last days upon earth, when his Eucharistic Lord came to him daily until the very end, contrary to all expectation, and unheard of in the experience of some, in the case of one dying of cancer of the stomach. To the last, also, the directing principle which

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had influenced his whole life, conformity to the will of God, was to be tested to the very utmost, to find its consummation in the heroic sacrifice he made of his life.

On June 29th he became so much worse that Father M—— said the prayers for the dying; and again on July 3. The next day he rallied a little. In the evening, about 6 o'clock, he asked to receive holy communion, but was told that he had received that morning. All during the night he asked for communion. He had not slept ten minutes during the entire night. For some days past he had had a most distressing hiccough, which was heart-rending to hear, and for which there was no alleviation, until finally extreme weakness and utter exhaustion brought a cessation.

At this hospital, too, the Sisters and attendants nursed him all through his long illness with the tenderest solicitude. They spent themselves in devoted care of him, and spared nothing that could add to his comfort in any way. He was of an intensely appreciative nature, and had a deep sense of gratitude, never forgetting a favor or benefit bestowed upon him. Therefore, in this, his last extremity, he was most grateful to the Sisters for their care and devotedness, sensible to the very last of the services rendered him, manifesting his appreciation in many little ways, even when he was too weak to speak; and promising them to pray for them as soon as he reached heaven.

As the end drew nearer and nearer, he became more and more oblivious to everything that would divert his thoughts from God, seldom speaking unless spoken to, but answering with his usual kindness and consideration, though often only in monosyllables.

His mind retained its vigor to the very last. Once in

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a while, owing to the extreme weakness to which he was reduced, it became somewhat cloudy, but he could always be roused by hearing the Holy Names and other prayers repeated aloud which he tried to answer. Sometimes, too, his mind wandered a little, but the instant he was spoken to, he was himself again. For many weeks he had not taken any solid food, and for several weeks before the end he was able to take but a few spoonfuls of liquid. He slept but little, night or day.

Also several days before the end, he hardly noticed anything, though he was conscious all the time—his eyes sometimes half-closed, at other times, wide open and looking up.

On Sunday, July 11, the doctor said that he could not live through the night. From 4 o'clock a. m. his condition had been such that it was surprising he lived any hours at all. At noon he asked to be raised up in bed; he was so weak that he made known what he wanted more by the pleading expression of his face, saying only: "Help, help!" After which he lay motionless until he died.

He had been so careful not to give way to any impatience, even when in great pain, but fearing he might have betrayed some, he wanted to go to confession, and had done so earlier during the day. But now that Father Conway could not speak, Father M—— asked him if he wanted absolution again; he nodded assent. He was perfectly conscious. He did not close his eyes at all. He frequently looked upwards as he had done so often during the preceding days. From time to time he looked at his crucifix. He did not speak at all, though during the course of the afternoon, when the Sister in attendance said the aspirations: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart, my soul and my life," etc., Father Conway repeated the Holy

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Names, inaudibly, after which he himself added, and this was distinctly heard: "My Jesus, mercy!" This was one of his favorite ejaculations, and they were his last words.

He was suffering a great deal. Father M—— told him it would not be long now. He had been in very close attendance upon Father Conway, thinking the end would come any minute. He had been with him for some time, when, at about 3 o'clock he left the room. Scarcely had he gone, when he was recalled. He told Father Conway they would say the prayers for the dying; did he want them to do so? Father Conway again inclined his head in assent. When the prayers were about concluded, Father M——, perceiving that the end had come, placed the crucifix to Father Conway's lips. He gasped once or twice; there was a slight quivering of the muscles of the face, and all was over!

The veil is removed! "Our Good God," as Father Conway so frequently spoke of Him, took unto Himself the beautiful soul of him who had hearkened to the voice that called him: "Come, follow Me." He had arisen. He submitted to His yoke. He drank of His chalice. "He walked worthy of God, in all things pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, increasing in the knowledge of God," until, "in patience and long-suffering with joy," he merited to hear from the lips of the Divine Master: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."

"The strife and the toil are o'er;
The Angel of God, calm and mild,
Said he need fight no more.
He bade the din of the battle cease,
Took banner and spear from his falling hand,
And proclaimed an eternal peace!"

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The funeral services were held at St. Francis Xavier's church, Tuesday morning, July 13. The Mass of Requiem was offered by the Provincial, Very Rev. Rudolph J. Meyer, and the final absolution was pronounced by Archbishop Glennon.

The sacred edifice was filled, for "none knew him but to love him," and all had come to pay a last tribute of reverence and affection. All classes were represented. Besides His Grace, the Most Rev. John J. Glennon; the Provincial of the Missouri Province, Very Rev. R. J. Meyer; the Very Rev. Rector of the University, Father John P. Frieden, and other members of the Society of Jesus, there were also present a great number of the secular clergy, Christian Brothers, representatives from various Religious Orders, and delegations from the American Sons of Erin and the Federated Catholic Societies of St. Louis. A large number of the Young Men's Sodality attended in a body. They wore the insignia of their confraternity, a large medal of the Blessed Virgin attached to a blue ribbon. As the casket was borne from the church, they formed in line, and walking bare-headed, on either side of the hearse, they followed the remains of their devoted Director along Lindell Boulevard, as far as the Archbishop's residence. The funeral cortege continued its march to Florissant, where the interment was in the grounds of the Jesuit Novitiate of St. Stanislaus.

A simple tombstone and still simpler inscription, mark his last resting place. But memorials of him are graven not in stone, are sculptured not in marble, but are inscribed upon the imperishable tablet of the hearts of those who knew him but to love him!

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“We should live soberly and justly and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ.”—Tit. II. 12, 13.

Sermon preached by Father Conway at St. Louis, New Year's Day, 1890.*

We have once more, Brethren, rung out the old, rung in the new. For last night, again, the great angel of time smote his loud tocsin above the face of the slumbering city. At its peal the rich man smiled upon his yielding couch and the poor man sighed upon his pallet of straw. They thought of the day that was dawning, of the year that was looming; and the son of a plenteous future swooned away softly amid the gentle texture of his ample robes, while the child of an endless want waxes coldly still 'neath the scant rags of his misery. Robes and rags, two worlds settling down with a various grit for another space in their destinies; two fortunes on the threshold of unborn days; two creatures, like in soul and fleshed from the equal womb of woman, yet in all things else unpaired, untwined to cope with the uneven mystery of human life: this is the riddle of the breaking year. Nor years, nor centuries have ever wrought a change in the manifold unlikeness of man's lot. Years have come and years have gone and still every array of passing days beams down anew upon a world of unmatched men and homes of uneven-

*Grateful acknowledgment is made to the Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis University for the loan of the MS. of above sermon.

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fated women. There is then, naught so new beneath the glorious sunburst of the rising year as the strange sameness of our unsameness; nothing, therefore, so uneven as the countless meanings of our social greeting: A Happy New Year. New Year, indeed, it is for all the world; but happy? Ah, there, have a care how and wherefore you hazard the thousand imports of that short phrase. Happy is a word that was erstwhile borrowed from heaven and lent to earth to say how men and to tell how women live upward through time to God. For happiness in that which makes it what it is, is found only in heaven; it is the eternal gaze of the saved soul in the face of God, the serene repose, the unabated revel, the changeless rapture of the beatified spirit in the beauty and wealth of God. In a phrase, the endless vision of the Great God. This vision, and therefore true happiness, is not, of course, of the earth, earthy. For here we have no lasting mansion, and save beneath the sacramental veil we never see God but as in a glass and dimly. Yet neither man nor woman at any pass or counter-pass within the opening and the closing cycle of his days is happy, truly happy, but when his life, like the steps of the wanderer in a far distant land, are ever turned towards the bourne of this vision, is never at rest but when and while his soul is erect with the blessed pledge of this eternal repose, revel, rapture. And that year only, accordingly, is a Happy New Year within the compass of whose slipping days, my life and your life has been founded deeper and builded higher in the blessed hope of some day pressing our souls to the lips of God, some day folding our hearts within the bosom of God and some day merging our being into the depths of God. For this we live, for this we die. All else, my Brethren, is but a changing scene, a gilded

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seeming, the trappings and the hollow shape of a blessedness to vanish with the crack and smother of our earthly doom. And, O my God, what a restfulness, what a surcease from the weary sameness of living, what a lifting solace in the thought that life is not the brief, uneven sham and show it seems to be, but real and earnest of a pledge of something after life—for the grave is not its goal.

And now, my Brethren, if this true happiness is man's real peace and joy, allow me amid the social stir and lavish greetings of the hour, but one brief query dropping oddly, it may be, into the merry round of your New Year thoughts. Have you, since you quit your warm sleep this morning, paused within your inmost soul and asked: Is this peace mine; am I truly happy in the pledge of this blessed hope; is all well here, for that is the test, or do I but seem that without, which I never can be within:—happy through and through? All indeed is not well, surely, where the central pulses of the heart are weak with secret aching, sacred pining. For true happiness is interior, the root joy of man is born and grows most inly, budding and flowering along the hidden paths of the heart long before the ways of the outer man are redolent with the divine odor of its presence. It must be so, for the thrill of true joy is God's touch upon the very heart strings, and no heart then is ever truly happy, let it riot in a very whirl and maze of alien pleasures whose secret springs are poisoned, whose inmost closets are wreaking sepulchres.

Is it all well with us, then, on this New Year morn, and do we hold a pledge of the blessed and future vision of our God? If so, we are indeed happy through and through, for Heaven itself, as it should be, is the foundation of our joy. But it is just what you say that puzzles; we do not

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know, in fact, who will tell us, who will set a test that we may know, if all is well within and every heart of us is happy from the center to the surface of its life. But why hesitate? there is little cause for puzzle. Has not the test been set, the law been long since spoken by St. Paul by which all men may be happy with a Christian's peace and joy? I have said it in the text, this three-fold rule of a Christian life: That "we must live soberly, justly, godly in this world, if we would look forward to the blessed hope and the coming of the Great God." Here is your test, the rule by which to know how well within, how happy you are today and every day. For in this life is the true source of mental quiet, spiritual joy and the hidden spring of mortal happiness. In the principle of this life, as in some crowning aim, we see the great leveling excellence in man which equalizes every lot and tempers every fate. In a sober, just and Godly life there is a fortune which is one for man, the same for woman, not smiling here and frowning there, but that in the beggar which it is in the prince, as open to the pursuits of the lowly as it is easy to the bold career of ambition. In it there is a spirit checking the forward step of pleasure, urging the lingering gait of sorrow; rousing the slothful, staying the ardent; soothing the mourner, chafing the trifler; warning the sinner, cheering the saint. It is a life that is as graceful in tatters and dirt as it is gentle in crimson and gold; as peaceful upon a mattress of pain, as it is restful upon the pillow of health; as pleasant and glad in the breast of the old, as it is easy and gay in the heart of the young. It is a life which embodies a doctrine, a precept, a saving perfection for all. The priest is its preacher, the people its audience. The rich man is made poor by it, the poor man made rich by it;

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the beauty is screened by it, her sister redeemed by it. It is a law for the merchant, a rule for his dealers; a duty for the physician, an obligation for his patient; a principle with the lawyer, a code for his client; a tenet for the teacher, a text for his pupil; it is a scripture for the pastor, a gospel for his flock; it is a mission for the Church, a vocation for the faithful; it is the invitation of Christ, the sanctification of Christians; the will of the Creator, the earthly consummation of the creature. In its pursuit all men are equal, all women at one; man may emulate woman and woman may rival man; the child is as the parent, the parent as the child; the father as the mother, sister in all things as her brother.

If, now, my Brethren, we seek a law, require a text that we may know if we are happy at the heart amid the joy and merry circumstances of the budding year, we have it here in a sober, just and Godly life. Is this our fortune, is its spirit at home in our breasts, do we lead this life, profess this doctrine, follow this percept, cultivate this perfection? If so, then all is well, and the merry carol of the New Year's tide, but mirrors faintly the sweet harmony of Christian peace and joy alive in our souls.

But alas! you cry, what a test, what a rule, what a principle of happiness. It is trite as and common-place as the age of Christendom, and as broad as the Gospel code itself. Have you nothing new suiting just me, and something else fitting this one and the other at my side? Is not your rule our nurse's early preachment and the lesson we conned at our Sunday School, "Be good, be good, be good and you will be happy all of you?"

Like all the soul's great anchor truths this, too, is ancient, for it began to live on earth with Chirst; yet for you and me its practical teaching dates no further back than our

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first conscious sense and aspiration after a happiness that does not cloy. For moral principles and checks are, usefully at least, no older for the soul than the hour it first felt their empire. Broad, too, in itself, this principle is of the sober, just and Godly life as the code itself of Christianity, yet narrowed in its virtue to the grasp of our individual effort after happiness and Christian peace. For one may be good, you know, and good and good; yet not every goodness is the germ of true happiness, no more than the sweet content and inward joy of the saint flows from a goodness found only in the sinner. The goodness that gives a sturdy root and sterling body to a Christian's peace of soul is precisely the sobriety, justice, godliness of the whole man centering in a chastened heart. For sobriety mortifies the carnal man, justice founds him in a universal charity and godliness builds him up to heaven: on these three—detachment, charity, faith, sunk deep in the Christian's heart, like triply-strengthened bases, rises the serene temple of a Christian's peace and happiness, is founded the blessed hope of heaven and the coming of the Great God.

The sober man is a happy man; for the thousand avenues leading through the body to the city of the soul are closed or guarded steadfastly, lest through any inlet an undue affection might invade the breast, an over-balanced attachment might overturn God's tabernacle in the heart. The just man is happy, for no creature is more to him or less to him than its native value in the eyes of God. The Godly man is happy, for his mind is on God and his will is fixed in heaven. Sobriety weans from the worship of creatures, justice turns all creatures to God, while godliness raises us through creatures to the creator. Sobriety purges and cleanses the heart, justice tones and tempers it, godliness

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elevates and sanctifies it. Sobriety, in a word, leaves man in the world, but raises his heart out of it; justice permits him the whole world, but guards his heart's freedom in the midst of it; godliness dwells with man in the world, but only in a heart that yearns for things beyond it.

'Tis true, as you say, that sobriety, justice, godliness will make only a good man. For the sober man is, indeed, only a good man. Just so; but mark that his goodness is a sleepless watch over every sense and faculty he lives in, lest he fall from God and worship self, the world and the devil. The just man is again only a good man. Only so, 'tis true, but note that his goodness is that nice discernment of a delicate conscience which weighs all things in the scales of the sanctuary, lest the mind set the excellence of any creature over against the perfection of the Creator. The Godly man, finally, is only a good man, but his goodness is that fixed gaze of the soul upon the things of Faith, lest at any time his spirit should forget that it is but an exile in this vale of time. For the goodness of a sober, just and Godly life is the goodness of that triple chastity which merges man into the sanctity of God: the chastity of the outer man which empties the heart of the undue attachments of sense, the chastity of the mind which frees our judgments of all earthly bias, the chastity of the will which purges out desires of all but God. It is the goodness, in a word, of the man and the holiness of the woman whose feelings, whose thoughts, whose desires are habitually at the dictate of virtue, never at the mercy of sin; whose senses are under the control of reason, whose reason is alight with Faith and whose will is the will of God.

If we are good, my Friends, with this goodness, we must of a need be truly happy, howsoever various our lot, how-

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soever strange our fate. It is the test while it is the pledge of the blessed hope as the years roll by. It is the law spoken by the Apostle by which we may know at any tide in the flow of our time if all is well within and we are truly waiting for the coming of the Great God, our hope hereafter, the germ and flower of our happiness here:—the test and the pledge of a sober, just and Godly heart, the law and the rule of a sober, just and Godly life. Call it, if you will, the old test, but give it daily a new trial; call it, if you so fancy, the broad dictate of Christian virtue, but apply it with a daily, nicer measure to the movements of your own heart. If you yearn at break of day and groan upon your nightly couch with the craving of sense, be sober and chasten your heart till it is purged of its passions; if you sorrow with the opening and closing of weeks and your sadness goes back to a mind that has builded on schemes that have failed and is resting on hopes that are doomed; be just to earth and to Heaven and value all things upon earth but as far as they lead you to God; if you grieve with the coming and going of months and your soreness is deep in a will that is faithless to grace, be Godly and long for the things up above till your wishes by habit are prompted by grace, and your aims and ambitions suggested by faith. Pluck the last lurking twitch from your breasts, tone the last earthly weakness in your mind, cleanse the last ugly spot in your souls, rouse the last halting bias in your wills until all is well every day with you and (you are within, what you seem without, happy through and through) and then, my Friends, the years may come and the years may go, but never a year will come or go whatever your lot, whatever your fate, which ever can be but that which I wish, and from my heart today I pray, a Happy New Year to you.

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“The Need of Higher Catholic Education for the Catholic Body.”

By Rev. James J. Conway, S. J., St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

In view of the object of this paper, which is to set forth the nature of the need of a higher Catholic education for the Catholic body, and to suggest some provisions for supplying this need; I do not believe that it would prove at all profitable to first establish the actual existence of such a need, for I think that it is pretty generally admitted that such a need truly exists, and that it has for its source the moral, educational and social disadvantages under which the Catholic body is at present laboring without the equipment of a higher Catholic education.

Assuming, therefore, that the need is evident, I shall briefly call your attention (1) to the character of the higher education that is called for to supply it, and (2) to the equipment in our educational system which to me seems necessary for imparting this higher education to the Catholic body.

Before, therefore, taking up either point, it will further matters considerably to determine what we here understand by the Catholic body. There are several possible meanings of the term. In any use of the word, we understand, of course, the lay body of the church. When, however, there is a question of higher Catholic education, some divide this body into the educated and the ignorant class. Higher Catholic education, we are told, is for the educated, not for the ignorant class of Catholics. Others divide all Catholics

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into a leisure class and a busy class. Higher education, according to this distinction, is for the leisure class, not for the busy class. Others again, see in the great Catholic body, professional folks, business people, and wage-earners. Catholics in the professions and the Catholic business body do, we are told, sadly need advanced Catholic studies, but the working people are far better off without this higher education. Finally, the Catholic lay body, as some see it, is made up of people of influence and the unimportant crowd—the *aristoi* and the *hoi polloi*. We must polish up our elite a little more, we are told, but we need never mind the masses. They have the catechism and the Sunday school, and that is all the Catholic education they will ever need.

Now I have no fault to find with these views. They are all taken from intelligible standpoints. But it seems to me that the Catholic body we here speak of, is, and ought to be more miscellaneous. It is, as I look at it, any class of Catholics who need a more complete Catholic education to fit them for the conditions of modern society, whether they enjoy a liberal education or do not, whether they are people of leisure, belong to the professions, exert a social influence, or are simply busy people of the crowd who have to toil and moil for a livelihood side by side with unbelievers, scoffers and critics. For the need of a higher Catholic education is not founded in the distinction of classes and avocations among Catholics. It is essentially determined by the call for an adequate equipment of Catholics, as Catholics, against the social, moral and doctrinal evils which in the present constitution of American society are a serious menace to the faith, morals and piety of every class of our Catholic people. By the Catholic body, therefore, I mean, in this paper, the rank and file of Catholic men and women whose

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destiny in life it is to be made representatives of their church in the midst of a hostile world, to form Catholic public opinion, and to do daily service in the field and on the firing line between Catholicity and all forms of non-Catholic error and misrepresentation.

Now for the Catholic body so described, there exists, we all, I think, admit, a need of higher Catholic education. The question is, in what it shall consist. In answering this question, I want to say that I do not fully accept the usual definition of education. Education is in its usual sense, the due and effective cultivation or formation of all our mental faculties. This cultivation and formation may be, and I believe is, the physical outcome and result of the process of education. But it is by no means the sum of education. This function is far more emphatically the imparting of speculative and practical truth. This is at least, the chief office of Catholic education, as I understand it. Now in as far as education consists in the due evolution of the rational faculties, I, for one, do not believe that there exists, in this country at least, any more need of higher education for Catholics than for any other class of American citizens. At least I do not admit that there exists any need of such an education which is not yearly more and more efficiently provided for by those who are carrying on the work of Catholic education in this country. It is true that, in most cases, if not indeed in every case, the education of Catholics in this country in merely secular knowledge, is not imparted with the same copious resource and with the same amplitude of material equipment as this same education is imparted to non-Catholics. But the zeal and industry of our institutions, and the generosity of the faithful have more than compensated for this yearly lessening discrepancy.

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But there is, I do contend, a very far reaching need of a more extensive and thorough knowledge of speculative and practical Catholic truth among even otherwise highly educated Catholic people. Personally, I have come to this conclusion from observations which any one of us can make, if he will just pause to contemplate the situation. For, to narrow our study down to the product of our institutions, we are yearly turning out of our colleges and academies, men and women with a keen relish for and a lively interest in the questions of the day; men and women who, at a very early age, are brought into the closest contact with politics, philanthropy, religion, ethics, and who are put face to face with all the disturbed and distorted questions of history, philosophy, literature and science. For it is in these fields and in these departments of human thought and activity, that all the serious movements of today are taking place.

Now is our Catholic body, even with the excellent liberal training we give our men and women, able to take care of itself in the midst of these movements? Is it able to cope successfully with the questions, the problems, and the situations arising daily in these fields and departments of human activity and modern thought? Is it able to preserve itself against indifference, liberalism, leakage and confusion? Is it a power or a weakness in the hands of the church? Is it a light to the world around it sitting in darkness? For our Catholic people have a two-fold mission in modern society: to keep the faith themselves in the midst of every inducement to lose it, and to spread that faith among a fair-minded and inquiring people. It is a mistake to think that a higher Catholic education is advocated by the Church as a mere policy of defense, and not

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rather, and even more so, as an equipment for an aggressive crusade against the errors in possession of modern society. And never indeed, was a crusade of this kind so necessary as it is to-day. For to ignore the crude principles of American party politics—that madness in which the faith of so many thousands of Catholic men has perished—it cannot be questioned but that the religions and even the ethical atmosphere of American life is filled with poison for the faith, the morals and the piety of our Catholic people.

The cardinal evil of our day and of our country especially, is the banishment of dogmatic religion. This is due to four powerful operating causes: the internal dissolution of Protestantism, the extreme secularism of our press, our Godless schools, and our worldliness, or that intense pursuit of material life which takes no interest whatever in revealed religion. The result is that the bias of American life is to triturate and dissolve the elements of all creeds into a vague system of ethics which will interfere as little as possible with the machinery of its artificial life. No graver condition could exist for the faith of Catholics, than the popularity of this cult of indifference. And the condition grows all the more serious when we consider that, side by side, with the rejection of revelation and the supernatural, there has grown up around us a civilization which is saturated with luxury, with pagan and sensuous refinement; a culture which is characterized by license of speculation, an absence of moral convictions, the exploitation of fraud, an oriental looseness of morals, and by all grades of private and public infamy. There never was a time in the United States when the standard of virtue was so vital an issue, and the need of men and women who will

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set the right standard of virtue so widespread and imperative.

Our Catholic people have no more subtle and domestic evil to contend with than the perverse notion of virtue which prevails in the non-Catholic world. It pervades our life, our literature and our institutions. It is part of every study which is concerned with human arts, energies, aspirations and emotions, and is in every way subversive of our Catholic standard and practice of virtue. That standard is saintliness of life. The standard which we find in modern society is consistent, harmonious, intelligible, only in its contempt for saintliness of life. Modern society has no positive moral or ascetic theory of its own. If it has, it regards courage, loftiness of spirit, zeal for political liberty, the honor of the flag, love of science, as infinitely higher virtues than humility, purity, charity, mortification, and the fear and love of God.

Nor is it surprising that the moral tone of American society is so harmful to our people, when that which passes for the philosophies of the time is so irreligious. If modern philosophy is not all atheistic, it is, to an alarming extent, materialistic. The result is that even cultured Catholics who dabble in this sort of reading, or who otherwise come under its influence, almost invariably assimilate its godless principles, if they are left without any carefully devised training against such reading. I have no doubt that many a young man and woman has actually apostatized under the influence of this sort of thought picked up from books, reviews, magazines, newspapers and from his literary environment generally. If they do not apostatize, they grow up a noxious school of disloyal, minimizing, anti-Roman Catholics—Catholics in profession and affiliation; anti-

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Catholics in spirit. That is, they develop into Catholics who seek to square their religion with their false principles, and who are in consequence a source of constant anxiety to the church. For they find the greatest difficulty in submitting to its authority, to the discipline of their Bishops, and to the teachings of the Holy See. They constitute a standing nuisance, scandal and obstruction in a parish, and their children or grandchildren almost invariably go to the devil, sooner or later. The reason is not far to find. They lack culture in Catholic philosophy and Catholic thought. In consequence they have gradually lost hold of those momentous, consistent and long-established principles of truth and moral practice, which Catholics unconsciously learn, and which the reading of modern philosophy has taught them to question, eschew or even contradict.

What I have said of philosophy and science is even more true of history. I cannot, of course, speak for others, but personally I do not know of any department of thought which is so profoundly irreligious as English works on history, or so utterly unreliable wherever the factor of Catholicity enters into the concerns of men. Facts which the Catholic interprets in the Church's sense, are so disposed as to read the very opposite, without the apparent distortion or suppression of a single essential feature. I do not assume, and I would not like to think, that misinterpretation is intentional in all modern non-Catholic historians. I rather believe that, under pressure of Catholic censure, and in virtue of a growing sense of fairness, there is often a desire to put things in their proper light, and to do justice to the Church and to Catholics. But the fact remains, that non-Catholic historians, even where there is not the slightest trace of bigotry or prejudice, are up

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against a moral impossibility. They can no more appreciate Catholic peoples, Catholic movements and Catholic periods, than a blind man can appreciate or interpret, the lights and shades, the figures and groupings of a great historical canvas. The native perspective of history is wanting in their works—the supernatural destiny of man. The highest law of history is ignored—the law of Christ. The instinct of historical accuracy is impossible, because in these works the pivotal factor in modern history, the Church of Christ, is persistently misunderstood and therefore necessarily misinterpreted. After what I have said of history, philosophy and ethics, it would be superfluous to dwell upon the dangers of modern literature. Its dangers are a well-worn theme with us, and it is enough simply to repeat that English literature is all hostile, subversive or critical of the faith of Catholics. As a great essayist puts it, English literature has grown up since the Reformation in an anti-Catholic soil, in the midst of an anti-Catholic atmosphere, and from an anti-Catholic stem. The natural action of such literature is to sully, infect and to utterly corrupt Catholic feeling and principles. It will not necessarily render the Catholic mind non-Catholic, but it will unsettle it and send it adrift. It will wear out, or pluck away its truths without putting others in their place. It will relax and, in a word deaden the whole spiritual man. In the garb of old Protestantism, of disguised infidelity, or, more frequently still, in the form of an imposing and fashionable rationalism, it inculcates a complete license of thought, irreverence of intellect, mental pride, impatience of authority, and an independence and flippancy of judgment in things the most sacred and august. And what is even more deplorable is, that this poisonous literature almost imper-

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ceptibly invades the minds and hearts of our Catholic readers by its tenderness, its delicacy, its sensitiveness, its refinement, its gentleness of manner, its charming address, its plausible reasoning, and its highly embellished style.

This very brief survey gives us some idea of the character of the dangers that beset Catholics in the departments of modern thought and of the corresponding nature of the higher Catholic education needed today by the Catholic body here in the United States.

The great and intrinsic difficulty under which this body is laboring, is that the literary, historical, philosophical and even ethical knowledge imparted to it, has been, speaking generally, without any adequate, and in very many instances, without even sufficient information and drill in religious principles. The education of the Catholic body has been without any systematic course in those helps and lights which are called for in our day to explain the apparent inconsistencies of some facts of secular knowledge with the Catholic religion and with Revelation in general. This body is being turned out of our institutions lacking in ability to convert the discoveries of science into evidences of religion, and without that religious culture which is trained to illustrate in all things the harmony which exists between natural and supernatural truth, between Catholic beliefs and the authenticated facts and principles of philosophy, history, literature and science. Such a Catholic education is, both in kind and scope, distressingly wanting in the Catholic body at large today.

This lack exists not only in the miscellaneous mass of Catholic men and women whose life work brings them into individual contact with a vigorous, and self-sufficient anti-Catholic bigotry, ignorance and criticism, but it is as fre-

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quently observed, comparatively speaking, in your College graduate, your Catholic of leisure, even in your professional folks, your literary men and women, and in the growing multitude of Catholic lay and religious school teachers throughout the country.

However, I must not be misunderstood. When speaking of a lack of religious knowledge, I do not attribute to the Catholic body an ignorance of such knowledge of their faith as is of precept, nor any want of appointment in the ordinary topics and stock arguments of Catholic controversy. This knowledge and education I believe they, as a rule, amply possess. What I do claim to be wanting, is a clear and full insight into the spiritual nature, authority, and destiny of the Church. That knowledge of their religion is wanting among Catholics which implies an intimate and sound perception not only of single doctrines, but of the leading Catholic truths and of the spirit that pervades them and combines them into one whole, so that the Catholic, whoever he be, adequately appreciates their grandeur, sees their connection with one another, and feels their native adaptation to the spiritual wants of man; that knowledge which enables him to see in a clear light the utter absurdity of all that contradicts Catholic truth and the utter deformity of all that caricatures it.

For the present day, it is more than ever necessary that those who cultivate secular learning, or those who are forced into contact with the wisdom of the world, should have acquired a stock of sacred learning sufficient to counteract the false and impious tendencies of these days, to judge the supernatural by the natural, the ways of God by the ways of men; the wisdom that is from above by the wisdom that is of this world. Such learning is indeed rare even among those who most need it today.

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It will be observed here, I imagine, that to supply the need of a higher Catholic education such as I contemplate, implies little short of a full course of theology. Well, it certainly does consider a definite and very considerate portion of direct doctrinal teaching of a superior order to be absolutely indispensable. I have no time now, however, to go into details as to the features and extent of this doctrinal instruction. Nevertheless there are some few general observations which I beg to submit, and which may prove suggestive in discussing this higher education, and which at the same time may throw some light upon the equipment which we at present possess in our educational system for imparting this education.

In the first place, I see no very convincing reason why this higher Catholic education should not take the form of a systematic course of Catholic theology, at least in our higher institutions, embracing dogma, church history, liturgy and the general principles of canon and moral law. For it is precisely in a systematic and thorough course in these Catholic studies that the need of a higher Catholic education radically consists. On the other hand, I see no more objection to a lay theologian or a lay canonist, than I do to a clerical physician, or attorney or engineer. In fact, I do not see so much objection. The fear, on the other hand, of doctrinal insubordination, of liberalism, or of other abuses growing out of theological knowledge in laymen is a trifle narrow, I think, and only a bugbear, when we observe the results of the concrete possession of this knowledge by Catholic laymen and women. The career of such lay Catholics as McMasters, Brownson, Webb, Onahan, Walter George Smith, Clinch, Starr, Repplier, Egan, Pallen, Herbermann, Preuss and others in the United

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States; of the Wards, the Allieses, Murray, Lilly, Vieullot, Ozanam, Lucas, De Vere, Windthorst, Herder, Cortez, Lieber, Stone, Drane and a host of others in Europe, go a very long way, indeed to practically illustrate what glory to the Church, and what a benefit to society and what a strength in fine, to the faithful, Catholic men and women are when gifted with the superior doctrinal training, education and instinct. Of course, this doctrinal instruction would differ in many important respects from the professional teaching received by seminarians, and would be contained in a much smaller compass. It would, nevertheless, include a real and careful study of the leading Catholic truths in their relation to each other and to the principles of reason and the facts of research and experience. On the other hand, the bearing of Catholicity on the various secular sciences and questions would be cultivated much more fully in laymen than in the professional cleric, inasmuch as secular questions and issues are, with the layman a far more daily and vital concern than with the cleric.

A second observation that I would make in this connection is, that the doctrinal instruction to which I here allude, or better still, the higher education of which we are speaking, should be co-extensive with our schools of higher learning. To centralize this instruction would be in a large measure, simply to render it impossible to the large number of the faithful. Such centralization would tend to elevate Catholic higher education to the rank of a specialty, and would eventually and in effect at least, discredit all other schools of higher studies as institutions in which a higher Catholic education could be attained. One central university is quite within the scope of this higher Catholic education as an institution of special pursuits, of post-

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graduate studies, of research-work, or as a school of specialties for graduate students of theology, whether lay or clerical. But as there is here question only of affording the Catholic body every opportunity for higher Catholic education, the practical supply of such advantages would and should require, that this advanced doctrinal instruction and drill should be given in every Catholic school of higher studies in the country.

The practical phase of the question as things are now in our institutions is: whether these schools, as they are now conducted, are equipped to impart this advanced doctrinal training. In answer to this question, I will not contend that no equipment for this higher education exists anywhere in our present system of education. For there are lectures in Christian doctrine given in all our colleges, and a series of catechetical conferences in our high schools and academies. Nor can it be truthfully asserted that this instruction is not of a superior kind, and that in the case of many institutions it results in a very full catechetical and even controversial formation of the Catholic student. The fault I find with it is, that it fails to do all the work we want it to do. It is for the most part a merely torpid and otiose reception of Catholic truths. Now a merely passive information in Christian doctrine is not an adequate educational result. The Catholic cannot be said to know his religion except in proportion as he has mastered it in such a manner, that he views under its light, and estimates by its standards, the whole range of human facts, whether they be psychological, historical, political or social. Such knowledge calls for more than lectures in Christian doctrine and catechetical conferences. But does it call for an advanced theological instruction such as I have outlined, to

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be introduced into our universities, colleges and academies? And is this special course of theology the required equipment which I would advocate for imparting a higher Catholic education to the Catholic body? The answer to this question leads me to my third and last suggestion.

Where a course of theology, such as I have outlined is evidently practical both from the standpoint of demand and of adjustment to the existing course of studies, and where such a course could be handled by a readily attainable corps of professors, I certainly would advocate its gradual introduction into Catholic universities and colleges. But a higher Catholic education such as is needed today, does not depend upon a course of theology even in our university schools. It depends, it seems to me, simply upon the manner in which we teach the higher secular studies, Ethics, Philosophy, History, Science and Literature. All our institutions of higher studies teach these branches of learning. Is the secular knowledge imparted through these studies sufficiently and in some instances, in any way whatever, imbued with Catholic teachings, that is, Catholic doctrine and principles? I am afraid not. Moreover, it is, it seems to me, in this defect of teaching, rather than in the absence of any course of theology, that the need of a higher Catholic education exists. And yet the defect, as it has come under my observation, does not grow out of the fact that these branches do not afford an opportunity for inculcating Catholic teaching. For no department of thought is more in touch with all phases of the Church's doctrines, principles and laws than these very studies. Nor does the defect lie in the want of time. For the idea is that these studies shall be pursued simultaneously from the standpoint of Catholic truth and that of secular information.

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The defect, to my way of looking at things, lies first, in the fact that the teachers of these branches are not themselves competent to teach history, philosophy, science, literature in the light of Catholic doctrine and Catholic history. Secondly, this defect lies in the fact that these studies are not pursued in the critical spirit of modern thought, but are rather imparted in the merely catechetical and non-apologetic method of secular schools and teachers. A good Catholic teacher of history, philosophy, literature, ethics, or science ought to be, if not a priest, at least a fairly good theologian and church historian. He should have his faculty of criticism, his religious instinct, and his power and fund of Catholic erudition developed to a very high degree. A third reason why these studies, as they are pursued in our schools, do not develop a body of Catholics who look at the world of history, science, literature and philosophy from the standpoint of Catholicity and in the light of Catholic truths, is the eagerness of our schools and teachers to ape the methods, the texts and the tests of non-Catholic schools. This emulation necessarily eliminates the religious, not to say the Catholic, atmosphere from the studies, and emphasizes their purely secular side and value entirely. The result must necessarily be, even in our Catholic schools, that these branches are taught in a non-Catholic manner, or at least with an un-Catholic result.

As I must be brief, I would therefore venture to suggest that, since there exists a great need of higher Catholic education in the Catholic body, this need is practically and competently supplied by the introduction of advanced courses or classes of history, philosophy, science, ethics and literature into our colleges. I would further insist that where these courses are introduced, they be conducted

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not after the manner of our non-Catholic schools, but by men and women who conduct all education in the light of Catholic truth, who are themselves competent to conduct these studies under the guidance and influence of a Catholic formation; and who are, besides, themselves possessed of that apologetic faculty, that religious instinct, and that Catholic erudition which is the surest, if it is not the only guarantee that, what is taught will be imparted from the standpoint of the Church's teaching, and that it will be imbued with the supernatural spirit and scope of all Catholic education.

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“The Church of the Living God is the Pillar and the Ground of Truth.”

Sermon preached by Father Conway at the laying of the cornerstone of St. Patrick's Church, Decatur, Ill., June 28, 1908.

As I survey this splendid outpouring of men and women, as I watch the long files of uniformed fraternities, and of societies unadorned with any blazon or regalia, arrayed far and about the cornerstone of this new temple of the Catholic Church, I find myself casting about for the motive, for the impulse which has brought so many men and women here today. The novelty of the occasion, and the prominence of the parish engaged in these festivities will, of course, account for the presence of many. Others come to hear the music and see the uniforms and to witness the grandeur of the march and the maneuver.

But to see the cornerstone put in its place, to see the costumed parade, even to testify your esteem and appreciation of your zealous and energetic pastor will not explain to the thinking and observant man these days, the deeper meaning and the more universal impulse which urges Catholics to celebrate an event like this one with so great ceremony and demonstration. The spirit of this gathering is religion and all that his faith means for a devout child of the great Catholic Church.

You are here today, if I know your sympathies, to testify your widespread interest in the upbuilding of this new temple of God, to take your part in laying the foundations

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of a grander monument to religion, and raising a nobler institution for the cultivation and spread of Christian culture. For this every Catholic Church in truth is, and must be, a temple to God, a monument to religion, and a school of Christian culture.

The mission of the Church to modern times is the promotion of Christian culture. Christian culture is impossible without the practice of revealed dogmatic religion; and the home of dogmatic religion is the Catholic Church, the altar, the pulpit—the holy word of God and the sacramental grace of God. Christian culture, the instinct of the Catholic for the culture that comes from the faith and grace of Christ, is at the bottom of this widespread zeal which is filling this land with so many and so splendid Catholic churches, and which is today fixing the eyes of all America upon her as the only bulwark against the immoral paganism which is sapping the very foundations of our civilization.

And when I make this statement I am not aiming at mere effect, nor am I carried away by the impulse of the moment, nor giving a loose rein to oratorical license. I speak by the record of the times, and in sympathy with fast growing sentiment of all men and women who realize the magnitude of the social menace and the nature of the institution which is called for to stem the tide of immorality and save the country from a godless paganism and a refined barbarism. For there is a three-fold menace threatening our civilization—an education which teaches no moral law, and which by the inherent construction and handicap of the system, cannot impart any ethical training. There is the menace of absolute divorce, which has at this very day grown to be of so malignant and widespread a distemper, that it is eating into the very vitals of our social organiza-

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tion like a vast national cancer. And last, although by no means least, there is with us to keep our economic life in a perpetual fret and fever, the social question, which like the ghost of Banquo, will never down. It sets the poor against the rich, the laborer against his employer, the union against the trust, and labor against capital. No greater menace can over-cloud the prospects of a nation, or sap the life-springs of a nation's power and prestige, than this trinity of legalized revolt—revolt against God in the minds of the growing citizen, revolt against the family by a legalized promiscuity of sexes in the very midst of a Christian or once Christian people; and the revolt against the brotherhood of our common citizenship, in the wildly raging battle between the great economic forces of our industrial existence—the broad conflict of labor and capital.

For the nation which has exiled God from the school house, the indissoluble principle of unity and love from the home, equity and humanity from the shop; is fast becoming a barbarism. It may indeed, be a barbarism, pampered like the Persian Saidism of to-day, or the Ottoman Fatalism of two centuries ago with a gorgeous and ravishing luxury. It may be illustrious for the material advance of its enterprises and institutions. Its armies may be invincible in the field, and its navy and its marine may be the terror or the envy of every sea. It is nevertheless at home a dull and a hopeless barbarism. A people that ceases to be enlightened by the light of the world, the doctrines of Christ; a man whose daily life is the dull routine of the office, the shop, the theater, social functions, physical sport, or political excitement, is no farther removed from the savage than that he wears a more modern garment, eats a more dressed and formal meal, if he can get it, and gar-

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nishes the coarseness of his appetite and the low yearnings of his sensualities, with the conventionalities of fashion, of the admitted ways of a condoning custom. Without the check and goad of the supernatural, man is filled with passions of so domineering and ravishing a thirst that nothing but the positive, the revealed law of God is able to cope with them, and control them to the higher and better interests of human beings created for the glory of God's interests on earth and the possession of his beautifying vision in heaven.

Now what is this darkness, which in the boast of the modern French atheist will most surely put out the lights of heaven in the firmament of a nation's life? It is the school, the university, at whose portals the light of the world knocks in vain. It is that education which forbids that religion, or a morality founded on religion, be imparted to the young. It is that formation of mind and heart in the rising generation which eliminates the supernatural, creates a profound and popular indifference to religion, and replaces the moral law of Christ by the opinions and changing judgment of men. This is the first great menace that threatens the land. Some among us affect to ignore its awful import. Others ridicule the superstition and the unprogressive attitude which fails to see in this but another proof of the great law of moral and social evolution and advance. But when we look around us and realize that the old time heresies, the denominations of all colors of doctrines and error, are daily being honeycombed with fakes and fakirism to such an extent that the Protestant churches, through the sheer want of members who believe anything or have anything to believe in them, are disintegrating before the ridicule and criticism of public opinion; when

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we realize that the oath upon which the sanctity of the law rests, has no force to purify the courts of the land of the most flagrant and criminal perjury and venality when we see the Lord's day profaned, and men and women working on Sunday in the United States as they do in China, Japan, India, or the land of the hopeless Turk; when we understand how many and how learned are the laws which men have passed to show that the great commands of the decalogue given by the Lord to Moses: "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not kill," must be overridden, violated, or bluffed out of court when the thief is big enough before the law, when the community dare not throw the first stone at the adulterer, and when the murderer has eminently learned counsel; when finally, we have it upon the authority of the official census that of eighty millions of people in the land, only twenty-three millions are baptized; when, I say, all these facts—and they are by no means all—when these facts have been weighed for all that they mean and import for the on-coming generations—we must pause to recognize that God is fast losing his hold upon the land, that Christianity and Christian civilization are going out of the country, and that the deep, dull night and moral darkness of a new Paganism—more cursed than its ancient prototype because the apostacy which fosters it is a robbery of the people's faith, and a usurpation of God's right to the homage and service of men—is settling down upon the life and institutions of our land.

But there is, I said, another menace—the revolt of family against the unity and love which guarantee the perpetuity and sanctity of marriage. It is the national cancer of divorce. It is, with its accompanying horror of race suicide,

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the most offensive evil of modern society. There is nothing more revolting to the sense of decent people than to witness daily—and viewing the national field of the pestilence—than to witness hourly people, who once pronounced solemnly before the witnesses of their union and before the concourse of their friends this vow: “I take thee for my lawful husband or wife to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part;” to stand up again, and a third time, and a fourth time, and to my personal knowledge, a fifth time, make this same solemn vow to other men and to other women, in the presence of these same friends and relatives, the partners of their first vows, and their second vows and their third vows and their fourth and their fifth vows not only still among the living, but too often even among the audience, nay witnesses, sometimes, grooms or maids to the new partners of their former mates. These same grooms and maids have often, meanwhile, vowed themselves until death would them part to some other loving and devoted husband or wife, who, in his or her turn, had divorced one or two or three or more, as humor, sport, fortune, lust or the easy letter, and readier administration of the law, urged or permitted these disgusting poligamists to trifle with the sacred and divinely founded institution of matrimony. For what else is this horrible condition of things in which one man is at the same time the husband of several living women, and one woman is the wife of several living men, but that which decent men and women reprobate as poligamy.

But I am told that this state of affairs is legalized and recognized by custom. But I say with Christ and His Church, “What God has joined together let no man put

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asunder." And history is my witness that, when and where man has interfered with nature's contracts, and the sacrament of the church, great evils have afflicted society. And divorce, legalize it as you please, is a curse upon society, that barbarizes it sooner than war, robbery, ignorance, or indolence. It is upon us now, and see what ravages it is silently but surely working. It promotes a repudiation of faith, or nothing so dechristianizes a family, as to build it upon a purely animal basis, upon broken pledges and vows, and upon the violation of the law of Christ, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

It is war upon the great institution of marriage. It disrupts one family; sets up another which has not the title of the first to existence, has the blot upon it of false vows, and the outlook of a kindred fate staring it in the face. It is a gospel and a cult which casts children adrift in a heartless world with the bitterest memories to start out with, a horrible example to go by, and with no hope that their next brace of caretakers will have any more faith in each other or love for them than those they were taught to call father and mother.

The marriages of divorcees are a stench in the nostrils of a Christian community, and that the more so when solemnized beneath the arboreal canopy of the palmetto and the oleander, in waves of snowy silks and satins, and perfumed with the scent and odor of the flower, or the sweetly wrought flavor of precious oils and costly essences.

Their rottenness fills the halls of litigation with a smut and foulness which no statute will palliate, which no legal ability can dissipate, no judge extenuate or jury ever be capable of making a decent practice in decent society. For divorce let it be ever so often repeated and legalized, is a

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shock to the moral sense of a decent community and is a corrosive rot in the very foundation of the social fabric. It legalizes an open attack upon the chaste mandate of Jesus Christ, desecrates a holy sacrament and the natural contract of wedlock. It invades the rights of the church, spurns the teachings of revealed religion, and is a sweeping repudiation of the most elementary instincts of the natural law.

A third menace which is looming ominously over the horizon of our future, is the manifold threat and menace of the social or economic question. Even in its mildest phases it is an awfully serious question. The slums in our big cities are like festering blotches on the municipal body. From these hotbeds of discontent and unrest, socialism and anarchy are sure to spring up sooner or later. For the gospel preached to these men and women is the gospel of class hatred, the gospel of revolt against authority, and the gospel of the economic value and equality of all men. It is a serious outlook to contemplate, the thousands of boys and girls employed in the vast mammoths of industry throughout the country, whence so few lads ever emerge without the inoculation of a hundred social poisons, and reeking with the disease of a score of evil habits and practices. From these same pest houses our young girls may come forth chaste and untouched. But they come forth with bodies jaded and run down beyond that repair and vitality which is to fit them for the mission and function of mothers of our forthcoming generations. For it is, as things now appear, to these children of the people that the country is to look for its future population. The cottages of the decent poor, the homes of the righteous middle classes, and the immigrant ship, are the nurseries of the nation, and the only hope of a perennial supply of men and women to popu-

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late the land. For the palaces of power and wealth and fashion are fast becoming vast and silent mausoleums within which the gaunt spectre of race-suicide stalks gloomily through every luxurious chamber, gilded hall, and storied gallery.

But these and other like phases aside, the social question is more vital with trepidation and fearful in the kind and portent of its big and agitating menace. For, on the one hand, there is the gigantic and despotic imperialism of capital, prepared to build pyramids of the bones of labor, and to drive its mighty rails and engines of industry through the very heart of the people. Its power and compass is apparent everywhere in the increase of monopolizing policies in every field of enterprise, in the venality and class character of industrial legislation, and in the arbitrary fluctuation of all kinds of the prices of the things which persons must eat and drink and wear, and in the wages which mean life, liberty and happiness to the toiling and moiling masses of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, our nation of free men and independent women.

On the other hand is the ubiquitous conspiracy of labor ever lying in wait for the movements of capital, and year by year setting the world of those who have nothing, rankling against those who have everything. It is a conspiracy engendered by a widespread and profound discontent with the arrogance and tyranny of capital, distrust of government, and a lost hope in any possible measure of state or federal legislation. It is a mighty massing of the forces of the working class for home rule in its own interests and business, and whose strength is daily fostered and promoted by the power it feels to paralyze trade, bankrupt capital, and defy the nation.

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In this triple menace we have that triple revolt of which I spoke. It is a revolt, which to all superficial appearance, affects the individual alone, in as much as it limits his hopes and destiny to this world, renders him everywhere that religion—dogmatic religion—has no control over him, restless under all restraint upon his mind and heart and passions. It goads him forward, like a second nature in the pursuit of merely earthly happiness. Yet this same revolt, upon closer study, will be seen and felt to affect the family as well. For according to this new departure from the teachings of faith and nature, the family has become a mere experiment, whose end is not legitimate offspring in the interest of society and God, but animal gratification, whose motive is the accident of cast, the caprice or violence of passion, the lust of power or the example of a shameless fashion.

But worst of all, this triple revolt of the modern world is slowly but yet surely reaping its rich harvest of ominous signs and forerunners in the broad, deep masses of our social world. The result is everywhere an alarming sense of Godlessness, not indeed, as an aggressive atheism, or a coarse materialism, but as a practical carelessness about the truth of a revelation, the fact of a church or the existence of a God. This carries along with it the sinking of the higher law of the religious and supernatural conscience to give place to the coercive rule of civil authority as the ultimate criterion of right and wrong, good and bad, virtue and vice.

Now this divorce of man and the institutions of society from God, from the ultimate hope of man's heart and the supreme law and aspiration of man's mind, is laying the broad foundations of the anarchy we see about us today, even in our beloved land, not to advert to the chaotic and

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volcanic condition of society in European and other lands. For on the one hand, with no word from the other world, with no certain word from God through revealed religion, assuring them that there is a bourne before them of blessedness, unconditioned by the vicissitudes of this life, men see no solace whatsoever in the dreary life before them, and their children and their children's children; and the desperate feature of all of it is, that the poor are forever, by the accident of birth, opportunity or lack of patronage, handicapped even in their unequal struggle for the paltry little which this world holds out to them.

On the other hand, among the classes, prosperity is everywhere developing into a limitless appetite for further greed. The well-equipped selfishness of the rich brooks no barrier but the unattainable. They seek to mold the lives, the rights and fortunes of their fellow men to the fashion of their own unconditioned cravings, and often utterly lawless desires.

Now, in this upgrowing chaos of Godlessness, carried forward in the pursuit of material cravings, and encouraged by a repudiation of every religious restraint upon the individual, the family and the social body, there cannot be but a most fearful menace to the civilized nature of our national existence, if not indeed, to the very existence itself of our splendid polity and magnificent institutions. Conservative men and women are those who see, as all expert readers of human history have always seen, that the true solution of all human problems is God; who realize that the most salutary life of a people is the practice of dogmatic religion, and who recognize that the most conservative tribunal of human affairs, and our greatest cultural institution is the church of God, feel, and are daily

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made more and more to admit, that in the Catholic church we have the panacea of all the ills of modern times, we have the most enduring and the loftiest breakwater against the ocean of modern errors and the floods of revolutionary movements. For the three-fold menace, upon which I have dwelt, can be balked and ultimately baffled in the compass of its desolating and barbarizing propaganda, only by the widespread and deep-rooted principles and life of Catholic culture. For, from the great mass of the people, whose secularized education has deprived them of the knowledge and love and service of a God, storms are surging upwards from minds without any anchor in faith, and hearts sick with the evils of the times, impatient of days of everlasting work, and nights of miserable rest; at war with the power interests that enslave and crush them; hostile to the law, because to them it is one-sided; to the people because it is heartless, and to the government because it is bought and sold to further enslave and crush them.

At the same time there are storms lowering down upon the land from high places. Men in whose hands are the mind and heart of the great masses—the notorious, sectional demagogues, the powerful chiefs of labor, and the unscrupulous political leaders; men in whose pockets is the material destiny of the American world—the princes of finance, the lords of trade, and the mighty engineers of industry; men who wield the divided sceptre of our country's power, the executives of our many commonwealths, the leaders of the people, and the tremendous force of an irresponsible press, are at war in the very field against every other interest, save that of party, combine, trust, syndicate and individual interest or aggrandizement. So that it is not to be wondered at

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that the chronic buffet of these opposing disturbances so defined and violent in the economic and political world, should first and foremostly discredit the fundamental function of legislation itself, exercised as it too often is at the dictate of the lobby, by the bigotry of mere party concerns and in the interest of corporate protection.

What wonder is it that a legislation of this creation should be criticized by the people, ignored or manipulated at will by the imperious industries it seeks to control, and contemptuously antagonized or ridiculed by the great voice of the press. For the people foster the bitterest antipathy to a power openly prostituted to corruption. The industrial world is restless under the exercise of a function which some hate, others despise and all will belittle when they can.

Nor is it legislation alone that is going by the board in the work of the restless spirit that is abroad. The very executive himself has been weighed in the balance of the new civilization and has been found sadly wanting. His person has been visited with expressions of public contempt not merely by the rabble, but by the people and the press. His foreign policy has been misinterpreted or maligned, and his efforts at internal peace and the regulation of the lawless conditions of industry have been misconstrued as a usurpation and an arrogant abuse of power. And yet this radicalism of the new atheism, the last phase of the philosophies and the socialistic economics is not to be marveled at so greatly, when we realize that the supreme tribunal of the land itself has had its integrity challenged, its ruling impeached, and its very construction and personnel made an issue of partisan politics and partisan dictatorship.

A remedy, therefore, is called for; a safeguard is wanted

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where so much is at stake, and not a little actually in peril. It will not do to say that we possess ample safeguards in our republican institutions. For where these very institutions are not themselves in jeopardy, they are so machined that they are simply out of commission, when there is question of reform or a better condition of things.

Some will tell us that the restrictions of our past are an ample guarantee for our behavior in the future. But we are not the people we used to be. We possess no all 'round valid warrant that the principles which made our forefathers a great and a God-revering people, will make us even tolerable to God or men.

I am assured that the religious bias of our people, the moral temperament of our nation, and the supernatural culture of our society will preserve us from the ravages of godless education, from our loose marriage laws, and from the vicious germs in our economic life. But this assurance is as hollow as it is boastful. We have no religious bias. As a people, we have no religion, and unless there is a money consideration in it, or some art features about it, we are not even drawn to it in theory or practice. Our moral temperament is selfishness, which is at the root of all evils, whereas our supernatural culture is—outside the Catholic church, at least—as evident as it is in the Turk or the Fiji Islanders. Outside the church the very meaning, not to speak of the existence, of supernatural culture, is a riddle and an unintelligible expression.

Religion is in truth the natural and congenial antidote for the evils that are invading our life. But it must not be a religion which professes that which it combats, which practices that which it reprobates. A religion, the unity of whose doctrinal teachings, the integrity of whose moral

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institutes, and the completeness of whose social aids are at the mercy of every man's judgment, is no help to a people who need the light of divine truth, a fixed and severe moral code, and the eternal principles of justice in the conduct of social affairs. Such a religion sacrifices the first law of the human mind, faith; such a religion sacrifices the first law of the human heart, sinlessness; such a religion, in fine, sacrifices the first law of human passion, divine grace, which alone will save a man from becoming a beast, the home from becoming a harem, and the nation from becoming a barbarism.

It is true, indeed, that religion is the congenial barrier against the inroads of moral evils into society. But it must be a religion whose authority transcends the human in its origin, its scope, and in its social appointments. It must be a religion which is in native conflict with the weaknesses and limitations of the human mind and the license and violence of the human heart. It must be a religion whose teachings are at the mercy of no theories, which shirks no problem of human existence, and which never has and never can err in what it undertakes to teach. It must be a religion whose mission is to all time, to every place, and to all nations—their people and their rulers. This religion is the basis of civilization, the prop of society, and the true guardian of states. For it is an infallible teacher and counselor, not a theorist and a speculator. It is a sure guide in philosophy and science, conforming reason and experience with revealed and dogmatic truth. It alone, therefore, is capable of counteracting the aberrations of the individual mind and the riotousness of the individual heart. For it is the religion of faith, of the sacraments and of divine grace. It alone is the savior

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of the family. For it founds the marriage bond on faith and God. It damns the destroyer of the child as a murderer, and it cherishes virginity while it blesses maternity. It alone, in the arena of industry, dare say to the modern Shylock, "Thou shalt not steal;" to the hard-hearted sweater of the poor, "Dare thou to defraud the honest laborer of his just wage, and thy sin shall cry to Heaven for vengeance on thee and thine, for the laborer is worthy of his hire." To the riotous agitator and the mischief-brewing and walking delegate, she says in the solemn warning of Christ: "Those who live by the sword shall die by the sword." To the world she proclaims that before God all men are equal, and every man is entitled to his just rights before man.

Hence she declares to the capitalist that while he may enjoy his privileges, he must fulfill his obligations; and to the laborer that while he should agitate his just rights, he must observe his bounden duties; for while anarchy, socialism, communism, riots, strikes, are not of God, neither are trusts, syndicates, pools, stock-gambling and the like justifiable in the sight of Heaven. This church alone comes upon the arena of public opinion with the gospel that God's truth and God's law must pervade all education, that an editor is responsible for every word that falls from his pen, for the lies he tells, for the scandals he floats, and for the hearts and minds he has poisoned. To the preacher she is forever crying aloud: "Cursed be the lips that speak error; cursed be the voice that leads others from truth and virtue; cursed be the throat that utters vain and foolish things."

Now, outside the pale of Catholic truth and sanctity, there exists no church in our own or any other land,

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equipped for the mission of securing modern society from the ills of these evil times. The apostolicity of her origin, the catholicity of her sway, and the infallible stability of her deposit of faith, mark her as the institution of God for the betterment and salvation of men and states. Moreover, her priesthood in touch with the thousand needs of men, her sisterhoods in contact with the infinite demands of women, her hierarchy everywhere emulating the prestige and consequence of the great and powerful, her everlasting flow of sacramental life and supernatural vigor solacing the multitudinous cravings of the human heart with the hopeful balsam of life eternal, and the universality of her profound and minute teachings covering every question that can be raised on earth touching the destiny of man, make the Catholic church the one institution and the solitary principle which is to save the souls of men, civilize society and preserve states from the Godlessness that every day threatens them more and more.

The Catholic church has an experience coexistent with every phase of human development. The Catholic church has presided at the birth and death of a hundred states and policies. The Catholic church is more familiar with the workings of the human heart in its grovelings, its levels and its aspirations than any other institution that has ever existed or has ever been conceived of the mind of man or God.

This grand old institution has been the great champion of the family, the dignity and the rights of woman, and the true interests of the child and the mother.

By promoting its untold works of mercy, by controlling the cupidity of avarice, moderating the discontent of labor, insisting on individual and corporate justice, and maintain-

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ing the integrity of the contract, this great institution has done more for society than all the laws of men combined. She has never feared to tell the truth to corrupt legislators, to insist upon the moral law with venal judges, and to hold God's sublime authority over the heads of kings and rulers of this world.

There is no other institution whose wisdom is so infallible and far-reaching. Her theology verges downward from the nature of God Himself to the tiniest velleity in the heart of man, or the smallest movement of human sense. Her prudence, her grasp of conditions, her universal appointment in philosophy, in science, in government precludes every error in which the faith and moral conduct of the world is involved. The purity and sublimity of her ethical system stands guard over the natural and the positive law, and is a light to every soul in the darkest mazes of temptation and in the clouded onset of the subtlest vice.

A breadth of political insight, and a conservativeness of views and methods which has put her at home with every state, and has made her one with the best interests of every Christian land, has made her the sage of empires and the oracle of every political community which aims at the best interests of man and the loftiest purposes of the Christian state.

She is a teacher come from God, in whom the people have an infallible and sympathetic guide, society an ever vigilant and devoted friend, and the state her truest and most indefatigable counselor and patriotic defender.

From the beginning, this great, old church of the Apostles, of the Fathers and of the centuries, has been no stranger in our midst. And today she has no rival in her confines, save the flag itself.

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She has never had a compeer in her zeal for the people's rights. She has never yet found her superior in the glory with which she is crowned by her history and her institutions, in her allegiance to the sublimest interests of the union. And yet she has no favor to ask, but to speak the truth of God and to dispense the grace of God to all the people all the time. She pursues no policy but that of Christ, her master. She has no work that she seeks to accomplish, but to bring back the mind of the nation to the true faith, the heart of the nation to justice and purity, the family to the Christian concept, society to the practice of the supernatural life of divine grace, the state to the imitation of the Eternal Lawgiver, Ruler, and Judge of all things—to renew all things in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now this renewal, this work of the church is that Christian culture which is to save the individual to God, to keep the family Christian, and the state civilized. Its foundation is faith and its activity is the life of divine grace. Its center and its source is the church—the pulpit, the altar, the confessional.

This culture the church has promoted all through her long life of twenty centuries. This work leavening the world and society with the truth of God and the grace of His Holy Spirit, has called forth all the energy with which Heaven has endowed her, to ever oppose the World-Spirit of evil with which she is forced to contend. The purpose of this culture has always remained the same. The aim of her work has never varied. The methods of her culture and the way she has carried on her great work, these only have changed, have varied.

In the early days of the Caesars and the Antonines—in the days of the church's baptism of blood—the faithful

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rushed from every quarter of the Roman empire into the arena, to testify to the divine embassy of the church and to plant the truth in the blood of countless martyrs. Later came the invaders and the despoilers of Roman splendor and the imperial power. Barbarism was, in its turn, tamed, civilized, Christianized, through the universal movement of monasticism, under the missionary guidance of the Irish apostles of medieval Europe. The triumph of the church against barbarism made half the world monks and nuns, but, through them, it preserved to all time the literary treasures of Greece and Rome, and laid the foundation of the present boasted culture and civilization of the western world.

The Crusades followed the great monastic revivals from the sixth to the twelfth century. At the instance of Holy Church all Europe rose in arms against the Ottoman and the Turk. These were then the menace of Christendom. The strong arm of the Christian forces was the weapon with which the church routed their devastating strength on the plains of Tours, in the waters of Lepanto and before the fortresses of Rhodes and Malta. The Renaissance was a far more insidious evil than that of the Saracen, the Turk or the Osmanli. It was the decadence of Christian society under the influence of eastern life and thought. The medieval federation of Catholics was dissolved and was replaced by distinct nationalities, jealousies, rivalries. Heresies reappeared. The old religious orders had lost their primitive spirit. Theology was abandoned, philosophy was ridiculed, the scholastic methods of the schools were supplanted by the literary methods of the Humanists, and the exclusive study of antiquity, its arts, its letters, its false principles and its spurious virtues constituted the

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culture, the life, the thought of all the people. But the Renaissance had its antidote in the religious orders, and in the new galaxy of saints that now appeared in the Catholic church.

Thirty-nine orders or congregations sprang up in the church in the fourteenth century alone. In these the truest piety, the most austere mortification, the sublimest celibacy and the noblest orders of charity shone forth under the most varied forms that went to meet the new wants of society.

This was the age of Catherine of Sienna, of Catherine of Sweden, and her mother, Bridget of Sweden, of St. Clare de Monte Falco, of Agnes of Monte Pulciano, of St. Gertrude the Great, St. Juliana Falconieri, Blessed Clare of Rimini, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Elizabeth of Portugal.

This was the age of the Celites, who devoted themselves to visiting the sick, attending the dying and burying the dead.

It was the age of St. John Columbini, and the Jesuits, of St. Peter of Armangol, Nicholas, Tolentino, of Blessed Francis, Oderic, Conrad and Angelo of the ancient orders of the church.

The Renaissance ended in the Reformation. And the Reformation was, from its very start checked, gradually crippled in its propagation, and today has become permanently disintegrated by a universal revival, faith and devotion among the faithful and the world-wide spread of Catholic schools.

The education movement of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has killed the Reformation. St. Ignatius, St. John Baptist de LaSalle, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Liguori, St. Jane Francis Fremiot de Chantal, St. Paul

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of the Cross, Blessed Sophie Barat, and other saintly educators represent a combined social and educational reaction, a spirit of devotion and prayer which the dislocated forces of modern sectarianism were absolutely incapable to withstand.

But unfortunately with the gradual discrediting of modern heresies and the upspring of infidelity, rationalism and materialism, the church is called upon to face a new and more alarming condition steadily settling down into a world fact, and exhibiting in its downward activity the three-fold menace to Christian society on which conservative men of all shades of thought look with consternation.

This condition is the appalling unconcern of civilized society for dogmatic religion. It is the de-Christianizing of the standards of human conduct. It is the ostracism of Christ from society.

This paganism and cultured anarchy of modern life is maintained and everywhere persistently kept to the front in the affairs of men by the mighty engines of modern social activity—the press, the legislature and the lodge. The press creates the public opinion from which God, religion and the Church are daily more and more eliminated. The legislature makes the laws which spoliage, or persecute, or at least annoy the Church of God. The lodges, the great closed orders of men, the secret fraternities, the mighty commercial and political combines own the legislatures, fix the laws, and control the daily papers, the magazine world, and the home and foreign news agencies.

And what is the result? It is not always persecution of the church. On the contrary, where the church can be put to their uses, where the Catholic vote, the influence of the clergy, the authority of the hierarchy, or the prestige

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and ability of Catholic laymen will serve their purposes, these three mighty social forces, will cater to the Catholic and his church, will fawn upon the political power of the Catholic population, and even single out the Catholic laymen for distinction, preferment or even power, if it will serve the one aim of the forces which control modern life and thought. This one aim, as I said, is the elimination of supernatural religion from the life of man, and from the concerns of society. This one aim, whether it is openly avowed or not, is the secularizing, the naturalizing, the paganizing of the individual, the home, the state. In France and Italy this aim is today pursued with violence and spoliation, in virtue of the anti-Christian supremacy of the press, the government and especially the lodges. In Germany this aim is carried out through the traditional bigotry of the reigning house, and the scientific paganism of the press and the universities. In Spain it is the rabid radicalism of the Cortes. In Austria the imbecility of the crown and the apathy of the Catholic block are creating the power of this modern paganism. In England it is the combined effect of naturalism among the titled classes, commercialism, ignorance and bigotry among the middle and lower classes, and the agnostic rationalism of the press, the clubs, the universities and the parliament, which is making Englishmen well-groomed, well-fed and well-spoken barbarians.

In the United States it is the God-State, the substitution of the State for God; it is the School Fetish; it is the sporadic annihilation of the sects before the triumphant Juggernaut of higher criticism that is making downright pagans of every man and woman who is not a practical Catholic, or at least a practicing Christian. In a word, both

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here and in our midst, and everywhere, it is the great social forces of society which are in league against Christ and against His Church.

But they are against the Christ and His Church all in vain. He Himself has first of all declared that the gates of hell shall never prevail against His Church. History has further always shown that these powers have never prevailed against the church.

For a time the Spouse of Christ has mourned in every age of her existence. But that but proves that time is with her enemies, while the eternities are with the church.

Today the gates of hell plot and plan in vain against the church. In France, it is true the furies of evil have been let loose. In Italy and Germany the State silently pursues the Church of God. But all the world besides is turning loving, hopeful eyes upwards to the City on the Mountain. The world is fast coming to discriminate. The people see in the Catholic church their teacher, their guide, their mother. Rulers see in her the majesty of the Most High. Society hopes in her as it never did before. The family looks to her to keep it Christian.

All men look to the church as the institution which fills all places and fills all time with an organism beyond the skill and wit and power of man to rival or overwhelm. And her multitudinous household of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, so aptly represented and illustrated in the vast concourse massed around about the first stone in this new temple of truth and grace, tell far beyond the words of man to speak it, how her children flock to her, trust in her, and hope in her to keep them, in this modern Babylon of error and evils, in the ways that lead to God and heaven, to make their families shrines of all the supernatural virtues, and their country the home of the graces and blessings of Christian civilization.



