

of every age who have ventured for God where the merchant would not venture for gold nor the soldier for glory, in the name of humanity whom he loved and served with such sublime self-sacrifice, in the name of America, the scene of his labors and the land of his predilection, in the name of the invisible multitudes whose lives were touched and sanctified by his consecrated hand, in the name of Flaget and Nerinckx and David and the other noble priests who labored with him in the wilderness, in the name of the venerable religious of Loretto here present, into whose souls come rushing back so many sacred memories to-day, in the name of the Holy Catholic Church whose loyal and faithful priest he was, in the name of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph whose names he magnified, in the name of Him, the Father of us all, whom he served and loved with almost perfect love and perfect service—I say unveil the statue of Badin.

ADDRESS

COMMENCEMENT DAY AT LORETO ACADEMY,
THE HONORABLE EDWARD J. McDERMOTT, LIEU-
TENANT-GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

LORETO, KENTUCKY, JUNE 5, 1912.

I am greatly pleased to attend this Commencement at Loretto in its centennial year. This beautiful and thriving academy is closely and honorably associated with the history of our State. One hundred years ago, when Kentucky was still sparsely settled by our hardy pioneers, three Catholic women of Maryland ancestry dedicated their lives here to the work of teaching and, under the wise guidance of good Father Nerinckx, they established this school, Loretto, and laid the foundation for this splendid institution. They began their work in a wretched log-cabin hardly fit for a home even in those days. This was the beginning of the first American religious order, and it has since spread its schools far and wide. After a century of growth and usefulness, and well-deserved honors, Loretto has invited us to this Commencement at the

pily united to giant physical strength and unwearying energy of mind. But best of all his heart was Christ-like, and out of his love for little children sprang the greatest of his works, the founding of the illustrious teaching Order of the Sisters of Loretto. Who shall say that the saintly Nerinckx is dead, so long as his spirit lives in his loyal and devoted daughters?

It is fitting that Notre Dame should waft this greeting to Loretto during these jubilee days, for Notre Dame like Loretto is dedicated to the principle that the heart of culture is culture of the heart; that the soul of improvement is improvement of the soul; that the making of a life is incomparably greater than the making of a living; that great epochs, creative epochs, the epochs that have glorified human history, have invariably been epochs of strong religious belief; that faith watches over the cradles of nations while unbelief doubts and argues above their graves.

It is right that Notre Dame should thus salute Nerinckx, for our forefathers in the University also suffered poverty and hardship and showed forth zeal and faith and piety.

Above all, it is a duty of filial love for me to proclaim publicly the indebtedness of Notre Dame and the Congregation of the Holy Cross to the noble pioneer priest, Father Badin, who was the first to give the Eucharistic God a permanent home among the Pottawatomies, and whose mem-

ory they venerated. For he came to them not with the sword that slays but with the cross that saves and purifies, not breathing words of angry menace or vengeance but whispering the sweet message of peace and mercy and forgiveness, and while he thus labored for the humble children of the forest his prophetic eye looked forward to the day when dome and spire and academic pile should leap into the sky from the sod where his log chapel stood. It was he who procured from the government the large domain on which Notre Dame is set, and I know that from their place near Christ this day, Sorin and Granger and Vincent and Francis lean over the battlements of Heaven and smile approval when I name Father Badin co-founder of the University.

No man who needs a monument to commemorate his memory ought ever to have one. Unless the story of the man's achievements lives in the hearts of his fellow-men no statue however high, can lift his name out of oblivion. History has already reared Father Badin's monument but to-day the generous Sisters have demanded that the noble features and the manly figure of this great priest should be preserved for generations that never looked on him in life.

Therefore in the name of the sainted apostles who, like him, bore the cross into the heart of paganism, in the name of the holy missionaries

rarely been suffered to fall into disuse in the households of their descendants."

I like to believe that among this fervent people the memory of Father Badin and those who labored and anguished with him in the wilderness, is still in benediction. Inheritors of the great traditions of those heroic days, it is meet that they and their children should show to these apostles the tribute of veneration and imitation. What though the eye of criticism discovers in Badin an extreme severity towards the social pleasures of his pioneer flock? It was the spirit of the time and it was shared by the venerated Prince Gallitzin and the saintly Nerinckx; and who shall say that the world is better for the softer discipline of these comfortable days? What if his action sometimes seemed arbitrary? The hardships he bore, his remoteness from ecclesiastical superiors during many laborious years, the necessity of relying habitually on his own judgment, would have hardened and solidified meekness itself. What if his character seemed at times whimsical and eccentric? His isolation might naturally make him so. Again and again he found himself alone on the Kentucky mission. Once he was for nearly three years the only priest in this vast region, once he was so remote from a brother-priest that for twenty-one months he could not go to Confession. Moreover, he was a strong man and strong men, having the de-

fects of their qualities, are not usually complaisant. Doubtless there are among his critics, gentle, restrained, and moderate spirits who will never either amuse us by such eccentricities as his, nor inspire us by his apostolic zeal and heroic mortification. And so he stands forth in clear outline, a priest of blameless life, a pioneer with courage that knew no fear, a missionary to whom the saving of a soul was more than the conquest of an empire, a pastor who showed his people the affection as well as the sternness of a father, the proto-priest whom Father Nerinckx calls "The Founder of the Church in Kentucky."

It is well that the name of the saintly Nerinckx has been associated with that of Father Badin in the holy memories of this hour. For seven years they lived together on this sacred spot; for many more years they shared each other's daily life of zeal and privation. It was the chief of God's mercies to Father Badin that He gave him Father Nerinckx as a companion and co-laborer during these missionary years. Himself like Badin, an exile from Europe, he found in Kentucky a mission that drew out all his wonderful powers. As an apostle among the poor in Belgium he had won distinction; as a victim of the persecuting governments he had labored by stealth four years among the people from whom he was believed to have been banished. His apostolic zeal was hap-

often dogged his steps so that announcement was frequently made of his death. The record of these heroic exploits are not to be found on papyrus or parchment; they are graven on no stone and cast on no everlasting bronze; but in the radiant halls of Paradise the pictures of these deeds of heroism and endurance and zeal live eternally, for they are painted on the "unforgetting intelligences of the angels," and the story of them is written in the books of God.

As St. Paul denounced worldliness and self-indulgence and frivolity in words of fire, so Badin was indefatigable in his efforts to arouse fervor and to restore Church discipline among his people. As St. Paul was insistent in preaching the word of God in season and out of season, preaching indeed far into the night so that one who sat by the window was overcome with fatigue and fell to his death, so Father Badin was zealous by day and by night to preach to his people and to catechize children and servants. The very length of his sermons, though not always appreciated by captious hearers, was a proof of his zeal and his fervor. If he sternly rebuked abuses among his people, if he scourged with whips of scorn the paganism that he observed about him, does it not seem like an echo of the thundering denunciations of the Epistles? And as St. Paul was able to glory in the virtue of his converts whom he looked on as his pride

and his glory and the apple of his eye, might not Father Badin and those who shared in his labors make a modest boast that the grace of God had not been void in them? "It is a gratifying fact," says your great Catholic historian—"It is a gratifying fact in the history of Catholicity in Kentucky that with rare exceptions the descendants of the early colonists from Maryland are keeping up in their families to the present day, the pious practices introduced into those of their forefathers by Fathers Badin, Nerinckx, Fournier, and Fenwick. Still, night and morning, the households meet for prayer in common, still the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin is recited at fixed intervals. Still, once in the week, and sometimes every day, the children are brought together for catechetical instruction. Still, when the family, or certain of its members, are prevented, for any cause, from being present at the Holy sacrifice on Sundays or holidays of obligation, the custom remains of reciting the prayers for Mass in common at home. Still, the chapter of pious reading follows the evening orisons, and men and women and children sink to slumber only after having made emblematic profession of their Faith by signing themselves with the sign of the cross. All these practices, inculcated with so much persistency upon the minds of their fathers by Father Badin and his early associates of the priesthood in Kentucky, have

that journey there were confessions and a sermon, and after the Mass another sermon, so that he seldom broke his fast before three o'clock in the afternoon. Archbishop Spalding tells us that he often suffered for the very necessaries of life, that his clothing was scant and fashioned from the rough fabrics of the country, that his food was of the coarsest and seldom of sufficient quantity, that at one time he was for days without bread until a kindly layman learning of his great need sent him the necessaries of life. Father Badin need not have been homeless. He might have interpreted his duty more narrowly; he might have confined his priestly administrations within a smaller sphere and lived with some degree of comfort under his own humble roof in the safety of the settlement and amid the affection of his people. We have even heard the insinuation of reproach that he did not do so, that instead of settling down in a single parish he moved from place to place covering all of Kentucky and large parts of Illinois and Indiana and Ohio in his labor; but it is easy for the modern historian in easy chair and slippers, seated in the comfort of his warm, well-lighted study, to find fault with the hardy pioneer who blazed a trail through the wilderness, who could not rest content if he knew that somewhere a Catholic family long deprived of priestly ministrations stretched forth hands of supplication and entreaty. What

is zeal that it is to be accounted an imperfection in a priest, and what but zeal could have tempted Badin to choose the dangers and discomforts of these long pilgrimages? Was St. Paul lacking in the wisdom of God when he entered upon his great journeyings and took the whole world for his parish? Shall we think it a reproach and not rather a glory that he was able to say, "In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren; in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness, beside those things which are without: my daily instance, the solicitude for all the churches." (II. Cor. xi. 26, 27, 28.) Indeed, the comparison here suggested between St. Paul and Father Badin is recalled by a score of parallelisms in their lives. Both were men of small stature, both men of intense temperament. As St. Paul had suffered many perils, so Badin was often in danger of death from the white man and the red, from hunger and cold. The bark of the wolf and the shriek of the panther often awoke him from his scant slumber on the cold, hard ground. The swollen impassable river often bore him close to death. Even murder itself sometimes stalked at his heels, and hatred

day for what the world calls the Great Renunciation, but for him it was a day of exultation. For him that day fulfilled the dream of many a year. When first he ascended the steps of the sanctuary to perform the miracle of the Altar, his heart beat tumultuously with such a joy and such an awe as must have filled the soul of Holy Mary that first Christmas when the cry of a little Child was heard in the night and the mighty God lay a trembling infant on a bed of straw. From that morning until the day when his hands lay folded white and cold upon his bosom there was no priestly work that he did not perform. The diocese of Bishop Carroll embraced the whole United States and Father Badin was the first fruit of his consecrated hand. To Badin will ever remain the glory of being the first priest ordained in the United States.

At this time the Catholics of Kentucky had no priest and his diffidence in his own power, his inexperience, his imperfect knowledge of English, made the young priest shrink from taking up the work in Kentucky to which Bishop Carroll had appointed him. There was no lack of courage and no recoiling from self-sacrifice, but only a modest fear that he might not be able to cope with the emergencies of priestly work on the frontier. When the Bishop convinced him that the call to Kentucky was the voice of God his fears vanished and he set out joyfully to the

distant and dangerous mission. Two Irish priests had preceded him for a brief period and had had only a modest measure of success in their work, yet in this day of triumph let the names of Father Whelan and Father de Rohan be mentioned with honor. From the day when Badin first turned his face to this new field of labor he entered upon a career of zeal and self-sacrifice which continued with little mitigation until he laid his worn and wasted body down in death. It was prophetic of all that was to follow that on setting out for Kentucky he walked with a staff in his hand from Baltimore to Pittsburg over a rough and muddy road, and that after leaving the boat in his journey from Maysville to Lexington one cold night in late November, he slept without covering in an old mill where he had sought shelter. During his missionary journeys he traveled one hundred thousand miles in the saddle. Oftentimes a sick call summoned him fifty and even eighty miles into the forests in the dead of night, in the coldest weather, sometimes even without a guide and always over rough and difficult roads. When he came to Kentucky a young, active, energetic priest, people wondered even then how he could accomplish so much and endure so much, but even unto his patriarchal years he continued the labors and hardships of his youth. Usually he rode twenty or thirty miles before saying his Mass and after

It was the hour of the triumph of evil, the abomination of desolation was standing in the holy place. France, eldest daughter of the Church, has not yet fully recovered from that carnival of crime, but we cannot doubt that in the mercy of God the time of her deliverance and her triumph will soon come. We cannot fully see how France has been purified and strengthened by that bloody crucifixion, but long ago the ways of Providence were justified in the great companies of missionaries that have gone over the world to harvest the fields white for the sickle. The French Revolution still remains a hideous nightmare in the memory of mankind, but the French missionary and the Belgian missionary who suffered exile with him have won unto the shining heights of immortality.

To do honor to one of the noblest of these exiled priests we meet this day beside the cradle of Catholicity in Kentucky. No marvelous star in the skies heralded the birth of Stephen Theodore Badin, no halo of wonderful portent encircled his brow. Born in the beautiful and historic city of Orleans, France, on July 17, 1768, this child of destiny was privileged to grow up under the eye of pious and God-fearing parents. In the morning of life he vowed his soul and body unreservedly to religion. His childish play was of the sanctuary and to a wondering congregation of smaller children he played the

pastor, giving Mass and blessing and exhortation. As one elect of Heaven he chose his companions from among the fairest and manliest around him, and so he passed the innocent years of his youth, learning in safe ways and through holy channels the meaning of life, the sins and sorrows of men, the duty and the dignity of the priesthood. As naturally as the bird turns home to its nest, his face turned to the sanctuary; and in the cloisters of the seminary, surrounded by learned and holy men, he grew into the perfect stature of Christian manhood. Adown the vista of the years he beheld the vision of an altar and on it a chalice waiting for him, and when it seemed that at last the chalice was within reach of his anointed hand, his course was interrupted by the weakness of his religious superior and his own strong Catholic Faith. His disloyal bishop had taken the odious constitutional oath and Badin refused to accept from him the priestly ordination. Persecution with its hundred hands at once stretched out to seize him. Suffering and privation became his daily experience, but the providence of God at last plucked him out of this thorny garden and transplanted him to a new field of labor in America. Received as a sub-deacon by the venerable Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, he completed his ecclesiastical studies and mastered the rudiments of English. On May 25, 1793, came the

up in mills and factories and farms the voice of praise and prayer. And just as the builders bore the stone and steel and lumber unwittingly to their places in the beautiful building, knowing not that their work was to fulfill the architect's dream, so these brutal forces of persecution and tyranny knew not that they were working out the plans of the great Architect of the universe and furthering the purposes of Providence.

It was to such a spasm of persecution that we owe the sacred memories to which these Loretto days are consecrated. The drums of Bunker Hill that first woke the echoes of liberty amid the hills and valleys of New England aroused more savage response among the oppressed peasantry of France. The return of Lafayette and Rochambeau clothed with the honors of war and shining in the glory of new-born liberty in America, shook the pillars of the ancient dynasty of France. The people, aroused from the lethargy of centuries, clamored for the rights of which they had been despoiled by the tyranny of Kings and the greed of nobility. But there was one great difference between the struggle for liberty in America and the aspiration for freedom in the Old World. The makers of our Fatherland put into the very charter of our liberty an acknowledgment of the existence of God and our dependence on His providence. They were religious men and in their darkest hours they

acknowledged joyfully that "unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. Unless the Lord guard the city, he watcheth in vain who keepeth it." The people of France, on the other hand, acknowledged as leaders men in whose hearts burned the fires of hatred against all that was called God and worshiped. They sought to lift up the standard of the rights of man by pulling down the standard of the rights of God. Instead of the orderly march from tyranny to freedom they fell into all the excesses of libertinism. When the shameless one was set upon the altars of Notre Dame in Paris and worshiped in an orgy of licentiousness and blasphemy, she typified fitly the spirit of that debauched and godless movement. And so while America was laying broad and deep the foundations of permanent freedom, while America was sending up shouts of worship and singing grateful Te Deums upon a thousand cross-crowned hills, the streets of the Old World ran riot in blood and sin. Her schools were closed, her monasteries were turned into stables and drinking halls, her exquisite cathedrals became theaters or restaurants, her bishops were hunted like wild beasts, a price was set upon the heads of her priests, her nuns were banished and her faithful children slain as they knelt around the altars, or they were driven into the desert places where thousands perished of cold and hunger.

and uses them as torches to light his pleasure garden. Caligula persecutes the followers of Christianity with every torment that the genius of hell could devise and the malice of men execute. The tyrant knows not that he is contributing a stone to the upbuilding of the house of God, but the Christians flee into the country places to become new centers of propaganda for the Faith of the crucified Nazarene, and all over the world wherever the Roman eagle is borne, the Roman cross is uplifted to spread the Faith of God and work the salvation of men. The infidel despoils the holy places of Palestine and tramples under foot the most sacred traditions of the children of God, and he believes he is obliterating the last vestiges of the consecrated land made adorable forever by the foot-prints of the crucified Christ. He has no thought that he too is fulfilling the plans of Providence. His purpose is to crush out forever the memories of the Man of Galilee. and lo! out of the west is heard the shout of a mighty multitude and the crusader rides forth on richly caparisoned steed, holding aloft the banners of Christ until the land that once trembled with ecstasy under the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus resounds and quivers under the hoofs of cavalry and the steady beat of the soldiers' march. And wherever the crusader went he carried with him the grace and the power of God and the triumphant sword of His spirit.

The religious revolt of the sixteenth century which ministers to the unrestrained passion of men, threatens to shatter for ever, in the fury of an hour, the towering edifice of the old Faith. Disaster follows disaster, desertion follows desertion until there seems nothing left to the Church but the comforting promise of Christ that she shall not fail for ever. Rebellion for the moment seems victorious and the powers of evil set their heel in triumph on the fallen majesty of Rome. And here again the wrath of man believes it has destroyed the work of God, but far out in the jungles of India and deep into the heart of China and Japan the banished armies of God go thundering forth to new conquests, extending the knowledge and the love of Christ to nations which, had the times been tranquil, might have sat for centuries in the valley of darkness and in the shadow of death. Catholic Ireland, cursed by the domination of a strong heretical power, lies bleeding and prostrate under the sword of her traditional enemy, and again man thinks he is thwarting the plans of the Almighty; but girded by virtue and helmeted with Faith, her giant armies go forth unto the ends of the earth, and Ireland fulfills her providential destiny by carrying out the plans of God. Catholic Poland suffers a like fate from the great schismatic power of the north and her children populate the cities and plains of America and lift

abundant results. Such colonization is still going on throughout our country and it had its part even in the establishment of the original states. It will continue so long as great multitudes of people are herded densely in the older countries and as long as broad prairies and fertile valleys and waving forests in America lie vacant and smiling to the sun.

The other cause, some need of the soul, has borne the larger part in colonization from the beginning of time. The revolt against tyranny, the desire to escape from extreme or unjust legislation, the flight of the weak from the power of the strong, the desire to escape religious persecution, in a word, whatever ministers to enlargement of mental or religious freedom, has always been the chief cause of colonization.

And indeed, nothing shows more clearly the providential government of the world than the results of these changing conditions. A man may be puzzled about many questions of life and death and destiny. I can understand that a man might doubt many propositions of philosophy and find difficulty in some formulations of dogma, but I cannot understand how a man looking upon the history of the world and the development of civilization, the rise and fall of dynasties, the growth and decay of principalities and powers, can have any doubt that high over the workings of this world, seated serenely above the vicis-

situdes of time and the changing fortunes of men, there is a governing Power which is Essential Wisdom, Essential Goodness, and Essential Force, which "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly." That the world should have come to its present state by the mere chance of fortune is the philosophy of a fool — of the fool who saith in his heart, not in his intellect, "There is no God." It is as incredible as that the elements which compose these majestic buildings have sprung mysteriously from their places in forest and quarry and mine, and have by merest accident arranged themselves to produce these beautiful results. We know that the architect with mind anoint of God had first to dream this dream of beauty before steel and stone and lumber at the bidding of industry leaped into their places to fulfill the architect's dream. The simple workmen who turned these arches, the men who laboriously brought material to the place where it was to be set, the toilers who placed stone upon stone and adjusted element to element, may not have known, may not have foreseen, may not have even dimly guessed the superb and finished beauty to which they were blind contributors; but the building stands forth perfect and symmetrical as the prophetic vision of the architect had planned it. Even so it is with the workings of Providence. A Nero shrouds the bodies of Christians in pitch

FATHER BADIN

VERY REVEREND JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.
PRESIDENT OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.
AT LORETO, KENTUCKY, MAY 22, 1912.

The most powerful force in the world is religion. The mainspring of lofty action in every age of the world has been religion. The great civilizer has been, not money, not culture, not even personal or national ambition, but religion which first seized on the scattered families of men and wrought them into the primitive social unity.

The great educator has been religion, which in the beginning took hold of savage tribes, strong in the strength of the earth, and bent their stubborn necks to the yoke of obedience and restraint. The primary function of the Church, of course, is to make men holy rather than cultured, but because in the accomplishment of her high mission she has felt constrained to invoke all the aids and instrumentalities by which men may be influenced for their betterment, the Church as a matter of fact, has been found in history to have been a school of music and poetry and eloquence, and painting and archi-

tecture. A famous art critic has made a list of the twelve greatest pictures and every picture of these supreme twelve portrays a religious subject. The most beautiful structures ever reared by the genius of man are the cathedrals of Europe. The most exquisite music has been woven around the words of the Mass.

The great colonizer has been religion, which has done over the whole world what it did here in our own America — gathered up little groups of men, torn them away from their own homes, planted them in fresh fields, under alien skies, "where they might find the liberty denied them at home to worship God according to conscience, to build their own altars, to light their own sacrificial fires, to utter in fuller freedom those petitions for help and strength and consolation that in a hundred tongues and in temples of a thousand shapes men every day send up to God."

It is true that the history of the world shows two chief causes of colonization; the first is some need of the body, the second some necessity of the soul. The first sends the laity chiefly into colonies; the second banishes both laity and clergy. When a country becomes over populated so that its people can with difficulty scourge a meager living out of the reluctant soil, men, like bees swarming from the parental hive, cast about for some less crowded field where in more primitive labor they may reap simpler but more