

FATHER DAMIEN AND THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION AT MOLOKAI

Wonderful Work of the Famous Priest Who Devoted His Later Life to Ministering to the Unclean—Was First Stationed On Hawaii When He Came to These Islands.

THE history of Father Damien is the history of the Catholic Church at Molokai; it is a history thrilling with pathos, interesting as a romance, and ending like a tragedy.

public was directed by his superiors to prepare himself for the voyage to Hawaii, then better known as the Sandwich Islands. These beautiful islands had been placed in 1825 by Pope Leo XII in the special care of the "Picpus" Congregation, their chief duty being the "preaching of the gospel to the heathen."

Tremelo, France, is a small village in the level lands of Brabant. It lies in the south of these lands and almost under the shadow of Louvain, that famous university town, being but six miles to the north of it.

But, no sooner had Father Pamphile received his commission, than he was prostrated by an attack of typhus fever. His passage in an outward-bound vessel had been engaged and his preparations for his departure completed, but for some months he could not hope to enter upon so arduous a duty as had been allotted to him.

There was born January 3rd, 1840, Joseph Damien de Veuster, the seventh of eight children of whom two were nuns and two were priests. He was very early in life noted for the simplicity and purity of his character.

That very day without one word of farewell Father Damien embarked with the Bishop on a small vessel that had touched at the island of Maui with a consignment of fifty lepers bound for the settlement of Molokai. Upon their arrival at the settlement, the Bishop called all the people together and addressed them in a voice quivering with emotion: "So far, my children, said he, you have been left alone and uncared for. But you shall be no longer. Behold, I have brought you one who will be a father to you, and who loves you so much that for your welfare, and for the sake of your immortal souls, he does not hesitate to become one of you, to love and die with you."

THE ISLAND OF MOLOKAI AS SEEN OFF KALAUPAPA.

The sports of childhood did not attract him, yet he was a healthy, robust lad, not given to brooding. He loved the fields that encircled his native village; he wandered there wrapped in childish reveries—a poet with out passion, dreaming the dreams that no one but himself could interpret. He followed the sheep to their pasture, and sported with the lambs, and he was known by all the shepherds thereabout and was called fondly and familiarly "the little shepherd."

Immediately to these far away islands, lost in the immensity of the great Pacific. On the feast day of his patron, St. Joseph, March 19th, 1854, Father Damien landed at Honolulu. For thirty-eight years the "Picpus" Fathers had been established in the Hawaiian Islands when this, the youngest member of the congregation arrived. He was twenty-four years of age, fresh from the University of Louvain, having had no practical experience as a teacher or a preacher in the church or in the world; his services were sorely needed, but he had yet to be ordained before he could be forwarded to the field of action. It was not long, however, before he received his ordination. He said his first mass at Whitsuntide, 1854, and immediately afterwards set forth upon his duties as a priest.

So passed his younger days in the hamlet, that but for the fate and renown he made for himself in Molokai, might never have been known or named abroad. The young de Veuster was in no wise encouraged to consider the life of a priest with its manifold trials. He was sent to the "Cours Moyer" at Braine le Comte, where he received a commercial education. While he was at this school the Redemptorist Fathers gave a mission in the neighborhood. Joseph attended it. He was profoundly impressed. His cousin, says of him at this time: "Joseph came home from that mission evidently struck by something that had been said, for instead of retiring to rest, he used to stay up a good part of the night praying earnestly to God."

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CEMETERY AT THE LEPER SETTLEMENT, MOLOKAI.

While in this serious vein he resolved upon entering a religious order. His brother Augustus was then an ecclesiastical student of the Religious Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, better known as the "Picpus" Fathers, and so-called from the name of the house in the Janbourg St. Ontario, in Paris, where they were first established. To his brother Joseph he made his wishes known, and was advised by him to follow in the footsteps of the fathers of Picpus. With what reluctance we know not, the father's consent was obtained and Joseph became a Lay Brother in the Congregation he was ultimately to adorn as one of its greatest lights.

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or shine. He said mass, in turn, at his several widely scattered chapels. These chapels he built with such help as he could command. He painted and decorated them to suit the taste of the natives and kept them in repair. There were three thousand natives in his district and of these he said: "Well, I certainly love my savages, who will soon be more civilized than Europeans. They all here know how to read and write, and are quite well dressed on Sundays."

one another—these unfortunate outcasts of society. Kindness to hand, charity to the needy, a sympathetic ear to the sufferers and the dying in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to the listeners—these were the constant means of introducing moral habits among the lepers. The following extract from one of Father Damien's letters, addressed to his brother, will give an idea of Father Damien's mission: "These ten years I have been on the mission, I have built a church and a chapel every year; I am not ashamed to act as a carpenter or mason when it is for the glory of God. . . . I was a little annoyed at seeing my last letter printed in the 'Annales Catholiques.' Once for all, let me tell you I don't like that. I want to be an unknown to the world, and now I find that I am being talked about on all sides, even in America."

But, no sooner had Father Pamphile received his commission, than he was prostrated by an attack of typhus fever. His passage in an outward-bound vessel had been engaged and his preparations for his departure completed, but for some months he could not hope to enter upon so arduous a duty as had been allotted to him. What was to be done? An inspiration seized Father Damien. He hastened to the bedside of his brother and asked if it would be a consolation to him if he were to offer himself as a substitute. His prayer was granted and after he had said the last farewell to his family—after he had given a last and fond look at the land of his birth he loved so well, Father Damien embarked on the vessel which set sail

in a sketch so brief as this it is not possible to enter into the details of the life of Father Damien at Molokai. The beautiful church standing there now, which he built with his own hands, and under the shadow of which he sleeps an eternal sleep, is an eloquent monument to his memory. Father Damien was the veritable shepherd of his flock. In less than six years after he had taken charge of his people at the settlement, sixteen hundred lepers had been buried under his immediate ministrations, acting as priest, undertaker and carpenter, making the coffins and digging the graves himself.

Thus, in his thirty-third year, Father Damien voluntarily entered upon his mission among the lepers, a mission that was at last crowned with glorious martyrdom. As is well known, the island of Molokai is forty miles in length and but seven miles in the widest part. From the superb cliffs that line its northern shore it tapers to a narrow desert in the south. One may pass in a few hours' ride from Gardens of Eden, walled in by fern and palisades and fed by slender waterfalls, that seem to leap from the very clouds, and are trebled in volume after every shower, to a land that has never drunk a drop of rain—where the trade wind clouds dry before they reach their "cast" shadow in it, and from shore to shore it is a living desolation. Under those rain fed windward cliffs

one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid him came from the heart of one who is not a Catholic. The ex-Queen Liliuokalani, wrote this to Father Damien in 1881: "Reverend Sir: I desire to express to you my admiration for the heroic and disinterested service you are rendering to the most unhappy of my subjects. I know well that your labors and sacrifices have no other motive than the desire to do good to those in distress, and that you look for no reward but from the Great God, our Sovereign Lord who directs and inspires you. Nevertheless, to content my own earnest desire, I beg of you, Reverend Father, to accept the decoration of night Commander of the Royal Order of Kalakaua, as a testimony of my admiration for the efforts you are making to relieve the distress and lessen the sufferings of these afflicted people, as the sufferings had occasion to see

on my recent visit to the settlement, I am. "Your friend, "LILIUOKALANI."

For more than sixteen years Father Damien ministered to the spiritual and temporal wants of the lepers of Molokai. For thirteen years he showed no signs of leprosy but he always felt that sooner or later his hour must come and that he must die of leprosy among his people. At last a letter was received from him containing these appalling words: "Having no doubt of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned and happier among my people. God alone knows what is best for my own satisfaction, and with that conviction I say daily, Fiat voluntas tua." Please pray for my afflicted friend, and commend me and my luckless people to all servants of the Lord."

That paragraph in print went around the world to give all men assurance that there are still priests of the church who are sacrificing their lives for the glory of God and the love of their fellow men. His life work was accomplished and it must forever remain one of the noblest examples of devotion and self-sacrifice in the world's history. The church he built is still there, in charge of Fathers Vendelin and Joseph, with four lay brothers and four Sisters of the Sacred Heart to help them in their work of abnegation and self-sacrifice. JEAN SEBAST.

As his sentence wears away the prisoner passes into different classes, which are shown by the facings on his jacket, with increasing privileges. At the last year of his sentence, if he has been a good-conductor throughout, may be spent in the special class, which gives him a blue dress, visit every two months and more frequent letters. The burden of penal servitude falls in with the perpetual servitude, which never relaxes. No man was so out of sight of the officer in charge of his party nor less behind him. He must not talk, laugh, nor even smile. He is not allowed any other article in his possession than a handkerchief. He can have no paper nor pencil, but one piece of soap, one towel one wooden spoon, one plate, tin cup and washbasin. He must be silent, obedient and, although the rules do not say so, he must look as miserable as it is intended to make him feel. The

CATHOLIC CHURCH AT MOLOKAI—SHOWING FATHER DAMIEN'S TOMB AND THE HISTORIC TREE.

lines a plateau, about six thousand acres in extent, washed on three sides by the turbulent sea, while the fourth side is guarded by a precipitous mountain wall two thousand feet in height. The land there is grassy and undulating, scantily supplied with trees as one approaches the cliff. The rocky shore affords no landing save in fair weather. Nature seems to have set the walls of adamant that shut it out from the heights and depths of surpassing beauty. The very walls themselves are decked with dangling cardons of flowers and ferns, festooned with pendulous vines that are but a fore-taste of the perennial loveliness of the verdant valleys beyond them.

Father Damien did not pause to contemplate the natural beauty of his environment, the sumptuous adornments of perpetual summer, the splendor of the sea. He had no time for the delights of the eye; his five senses failed him as he surveyed his painful exile. It was in May, 1857, that Father Damien arrived at Molokai. About eighty lepers were in the hospital; the others with a few helpers had taken their abode further up toward the valley. They had cut down the old "puhala" groves to build their houses, though a great many had nothing but branches of cactus and trees with which to construct their small shelters. These small frames were covered with sugar cane leaves; the best ones with "pili" grass. Father Damien was sheltered during several months under the single "pan-danus" tree which in spring brought up in the present time, and underneath which Father Damien is buried. Under such primitive roofs were living, pell-mell, without distinction of age or sex, old or new cases, all more or less stragglers to

AMELIORATION OF PRISON DISCIPLINE

SYSTEM IN VOGUE IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES. From the Time a Convict Enters British Prison He Proceeds in Degrees of Punishment Toward Liberty—Tickets of Leave.

THE amelioration of prison discipline in the last twenty years has been so marked that even those persons who rarely observe anything have noted the change. The abolition of the contract system, although not general in the United States, is practically so in all the Northern States, and it no longer exists in any European country. Its abuses were so varied and incalculable that it was necessary to root it out entirely, and this has been done, except in a few States in the South, where the social conditions are such as to prevent any radical changes unless pushed with persistent effort. That was the most important step made in prison reform, and its good effects upon the prisoners are so obvious that they cannot be questioned. There is, however, little harmony of method in the prisons of different States, or even in the quarters of the same State, the management of each institution being the author, for the most part, of its body of rules and regulations, although in New York a long step in the centralization of authority has been made, in the similar methods of administration.

In British Prisons. It is possible that with the frequent improvements made in the condition of prisons in recent years, those who profit by them may be interested in the methods employed in Great Britain, where the discipline is stern and unyielding, and every day of a sentence has twenty-four hours of time in it. It has fallen to my lot to do a long "jagging" in a public works prison in England, and the experience has no alleviating memory. It was simply unalloyed hades.

In no case is the sentence of the prisoner taken to a county prison to do nine months of separate confinement. This is spent in a large cell, well warmed, lighted and ventilated without a bed for the first three months, with a bed two nights in the week for another three months, and then with increasing frequency until the month, when a bed, with sheets, rug and pillow is given every night. The work is soiling bags and weaving, and the task is as much as a green hand can do with industry. The food is ample but unvaried—25 ounces of bread daily, made from unbleached flour; a pint of gruel for breakfast and supper, based upon 4 ounces of oatmeal; and a pint of soup for dinner, served in the cell, hot and is ample for a man not working in the open air.

No one except a keeper comes into the cell. The governor of the prison passes the open door daily, and the doctor comes if summoned. No books except a Bible, prayer book and hymn book are given, and there is no variation in this awful period, with the exception of a bed for the first three months, with a bed two nights in the week for another three months, and then with increasing frequency until the month, when a bed, with sheets, rug and pillow is given every night. The work is soiling bags and weaving, and the task is as much as a green hand can do with industry. The food is ample but unvaried—25 ounces of bread daily, made from unbleached flour; a pint of gruel for breakfast and supper, based upon 4 ounces of oatmeal; and a pint of soup for dinner, served in the cell, hot and is ample for a man not working in the open air.

The transfer is made in a prison cart, which is simply an exclusive carriage, and the traveler is not made the wretched victim of public curiosity. Arriving on the public works, the prisoner is assigned to outside work and kept at it. There is an average of one warder or assistant warder to every ten men, besides a battalion of the Royal Infantry for guard in the work stations. These warders are long service men with first-class discharges from the army, navy or marine corps, in which school they have learned that an order from a superior is sacred. They are forbidden to construe any offense they may observe in any other way than as a subject of report, and report means punishment in 999 cases out of 1,000.

Punishment consists of confinement in separate cells, light and warm, with one ounce of bread and one pint of water daily, loss of class, privileges of writing or receiving letters or visits. For assaults on officers the penalty is flogging with either the cat or birch, not more than thirty-nine strokes of either; but no man fails to be taken to the hospital who has received twenty cuts of the cat. The work is redeeming marsh land, building fortresses, quarrying stone or cutting it for building purposes. But the day's work, even in summer, is rarely more than seven hours. Meals are taken in the cells, and the food is not sufficient. There are no fat men in penal servitude. It is prescribed to the fraction of an ounce and if the prisoner feels that he has not his allowance he can, at all times, have it weighed or measured in his own presence.

Classes of Convicts. As his sentence wears away the prisoner passes into different classes, which are shown by the facings on his jacket, with increasing privileges. At the last year of his sentence, if he has been a good-conductor throughout, may be spent in the special class, which gives him a blue dress, visit every two months and more frequent letters. The burden of penal servitude falls in with the perpetual servitude, which never relaxes. No man was so out of sight of the officer in charge of his party nor less behind him. He must not talk, laugh, nor even smile. He is not allowed any other article in his possession than a handkerchief. He can have no paper nor pencil, but one piece of soap, one towel one wooden spoon, one plate, tin cup and washbasin. He must be silent, obedient and, although the rules do not say so, he must look as miserable as it is intended to make him feel. The

weekly dietary scale never changes. There are no holidays except Good Friday and Christmas, and these are only marked by chapel service, which never changes. No outsiders ever come to speak, nor are there any visitors ever admitted into the prison. In eight years I never heard a woman's voice in speech or song; never tasted fruit, nor any other vegetable than peas and potatoes; never spoke to a fellow-prisoner except in surveillance. During imprisonment the worst offense possible is to have tobacco. The best of an old pipe that is blowing about, snatched up, will cost six months' short time—if caught. Every man is searched five times a day; his cell is visited and searched two or three times a week, and yet the men do not get tobacco, and take long risks to get it.

On discharge the prisoner receives a ticket-of-leave, which may be canceled at any time before the expiration of the whole sentence; also, three to six pounds sterling gratuity (\$15 to \$30 of United States money). His hard treatment has done him no good, for 25 per cent. of the men in penal servitude are second-timers, and 20 per cent are third-timers. After that they are dead.

Something About the Hyphenated South African Leader. Marquis De Fontenay in Washington Post. In announcing the other day that General Kelly-Kenny had been appointed to the post of adjutant general of the British army, in succession to Sir Evelyn Wood, I omitted to state that he was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, hailing from the County Clare. He is the son of Thomas Kelly of Treanmanagh County Clare, and the Kelly is a surname which he added to his own on his succession to the landed property of an uncle. He is one of the few field officers whose reputation has not suffered in connection with the South African campaign, for military men are well aware that the principal credit for the surrender of General Cronje and of his forces—the first crushing blow inflicted by the English on the Boers—belongs to him.

Incidentally, I may state that General Sir William Butler has entirely recovered not only his military prestige but likewise the good will of the public. It may be remembered that just before the outbreak of the war Sir William, while acting Governor General at the Cape, protested in the strongest fashion against the foolishness of the policy which neglected to keep military preparations in line with the aggressiveness of the course to which the home government had committed him. Sir William declared that it would require at least 200,000 men to vanquish the Boers, as well as a great deal more ordnance than England at that time possessed in South Africa, and insisted that it was inadvisable to provoke war without being prepared for it. For this he was recalled, held up to public obloquy as something very much akin to a traitor, and subjected to so much public execration that when Queen Victoria visited Bristol to open the infirmary there he was requested to keep away and abstain from the position which he should have assumed by her side, as general in command of the district, lest the hooting and hissing with which it was expected he would be greeted by the populace should mar the pleasure of her majesty.

Every warning he uttered, however, has come true, and the English people now realize that there was at least one general clever enough to see things as they really were, and who had the courage to say so. Sir William is being treated with the most marked and distinguished consideration by the War Department under its new administration. Lord Roberts has been staying with him as his guest, and all the great officers of the staff, alternately at Plymouth, who abtained at first from calling on Lord Butler on account of the unpopularity of her husband, are now cruelly regretting that they were so short-sighted and that they did not show themselves more friendly when Sir William and his talented wife, the former minister of the "Roll Call," and of other stirring battle scenes, were under a totally undeserved cloud.

Responsibility of Common Carriers. From the Boston Transcript. The Maryland Court of Appeals has recently given a decision to the effect that common carriers are responsible for injuries to passengers in their conveyances, which may be inflicted by drunken and disorderly persons. The court reviewing a case that was brought before it says: "If there is danger, or after they ought to be warned, and the employees fail to remove, subdue or overpower the turbulent individual, after knowing that there is danger, or after they ought to have known that there was danger, if that failure is negligence, for the consequences of which the company is liable." The drunken passenger is always a nuisance and often a menace, and the court's words have a wide application outside of Maryland.

Plover in Place of Krag. From the Minneapolis Journal. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is at the head of a movement for sending modern agricultural implements to the Philippines. Soon the impulsive Tagal will be riding merrily on a native-made or a harvester "instead of mounting barbed steeds to fright the souls of fearful adversaries."

Honors Easy. She—You know, John, you promised me a sealskin wrap and— He—And you promised to keep my stockings darned, and you haven't done it. She—Well, you don't mean to say you'll break your promise on that account? He—Well, it's just this: You don't give a darn, and I don't give a wrap.

SOMETHING NEW IN BUILDING MATERIAL

Crushed Rock, Sand and Cement Now Being Used.

BRICK AND STONE MUST GIVE WAY THE NEW PROCESS IS KNOWN AS "POURED" METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

Several New Structures in Honolulu Built by the New Process and It Promises to Become Very Popular in This City. A NEW IDEA in building, which has only comparatively recently been adopted in cities of the mainland, has reached Hawaii and is being put into practice extensively in Honolulu. Brick and stone are dispensed with and a preparation of cement takes their place, the cement being "poured" into wooden molds or forms, which when the mass within them has hardened to rock-like firmness and solidity, are removed, leaving a perfect fireproof, and substantial wall, column, roof or whatever other portion of the building has been modeled.

These buildings have come to be known as "poured" buildings, and such a one in process of being constructed is the new Punahou Preparatory School, at Oahu College. A visit to the new building will be to most Honolulu a revelation. The walls of the structure are rapidly going up, the entire sides of the building being raised 18 inches during yesterday. The rapidity of the building and its comparative inexpensiveness are its chief elements of value. The peculiar conditions of the Hawaiian Islands render this method of building most desirable, since all the materials necessary for the substantial part of the structure are right at hand and do not need to be freighted across the ocean. The solid is formed of a mixture of crushed rock, rock sand and cement, with sufficient water to bring it to a plastic consistency, and into the molds that are prepared to receive it this mixture is poured, allowed to harden, and by this process becomes solid wall.

Process of Construction. The criss or forms into which the mixture is poured and molded are so built that the lower portion can be slipped off and placed on top of the upper, the upright fixtures being left stationary as the wall goes up, so that a firm grip may be kept on the wall and the perpendicular direction maintained. The cement mixture dries and hardens completely within a period of twelve hours, and as soon as one strata hardens the crib is removed from the slides on either side and placed in those above, forming another crib some three feet in height, ready for filling. In the wall structures, to increase the tensile strength, long, twisted iron rods are run through the space of the crib, and when the cement mixture is poured into the crib and hardens the twisted rods are imbedded in the formation. An ingenious piece of machinery is used for the mixing of the crushed rock and cement. Quantities of crushed rock and rock sand in the proper proportions are thrown into a revolving cylinder, and to this is added the prescribed amount of cement dust. Water from a pipe leading to the center of the cylinder, or barrel wheel, is then slowly allowed to run, and the wheel revolves, churning and mixing the materials thoroughly, until a tonk-mass of the mixture is ready for the wheelbarrows and the elevator, to be taken to the top of the wall and poured into the waiting cribs.

Elaborate Patterns Possible. The shape and imprint of the hardened mass is an exact reproduction of the inside of the crib, and in this process elaborate patterns in decoration can be molded into the hardened rock. The front of the Club stables was molded in this way, and the entire building of the Automobile stables is of "poured" material, as is also the foundation of the Young building and the Sachs building now going up. The cribs may be so arranged as to give the appearance of cut stone, the pattern being checked off in blocks. Elaborate castings are done on the columns and about the windows and over the arched doorways. At the new Preparatory School several columns of the smoothness of marble have been cast, the mixture being truly "poured" in this case, as in the casting of cylindrical columns and such work the preparation is used in almost liquid form. Moldings of beautiful decorative patterns are made in this way, and attached to the buildings when completed, or are imprinted in the main walls.

Practically Indestructible. As to the durability of the cement mixture, its champions point triumphantly to the cement rock of the ruins of Pompeii unearthed in modern times, the cement having been made 1,500 years before Christ. There is no doubt of its strength and durability. Thor-