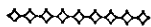


O'Gorman and I were in philosophy. This was so in the beginning: afterwards we all three read together the same treatise. Ireland and O'Gorman were never intended to be Marists, whereas I aspired to join the Society, of which I am proud to be a member—and the first Archbishop of the same Society.

How came these two seculars to be my fellow-students in a Marist Scholasticate? Here is the explanation. Bishop Cretin, the first Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, was a great friend of the saintly founder of the Society of Mary, Father Colin. John Ireland, and Thomas O'Gorman were boys of slightly different ages from Ireland, and both, in Bishop Cretin's mind, were promising candidates for the priesthood. Accordingly, he sent them for their classical course to Meximieux (Ain), France. The little Seminary there, which once had Father Colin for its superior, was noted for its good studies; and there, indeed, the two boys got an excellent classical training up to philosophy. Bishop Cretin, who wanted them looked after more especially than was possible in the great Seminary of Lyons, appealed to his friend for a great and exceptional favor, namely, that the two boys should follow the Marist course of philosophy and theology, observe the common rule, but should be exempt from the special Marist religious training. For once—to oblige his friend—Father Colin granted the favor, never to be repeated; and thus I came to know them. At the end of their theological course they both were ordained in America, and there finished their glorious careers.

On the advice of my spiritual director, I interrupted my studies in order to settle my vocation and make my year's novitiate at St. Foy near Lyons. And one day, only one day, after its termination, the Provincial of Paris, Father Martin, S.M., came to claim me, to replace in Dundalk, Ireland, a professor of Latin and Greek, Mr. Reid, who had fallen ill, and a substitute was urgently needed. I was in due time to make my vows and finish my ecclesiastical studies in Ireland, which I afterwards did. We started, Father Martin and I, by the express train for Paris, the next morning, and, by the fastest possible trains and steamers reached Dundalk in May, 1863. There and then I took the place vacated by Mr. Reid.



## Archbishop Redwood's Life

(Extracts from his *Reminiscences*.)

### A PROFESSOR IN IRELAND.

During the year after my arrival in Dundalk, namely 1864, I continued to teach Latin and Greek to the school-boys, at St. Mary's College, while I resumed, as a Marist scholastic, my study of theology, both dogmatic and moral. My professors were Very Rev. Father Leterrier, S.M., Superior of the house, and Father Pestre, S.M., both eminent theologians. For erudition in theology it were hard to find Father Pestre's equal. He had studied profoundly and analysed, pen in hand, all the greatest theological masters, ancient and modern. Father Leterrier was also a deep and well-read theologian, and a man who had thoroughly assimilated his book-knowledge and made it his own. He was more remarkable for deep and original thinking than for erudition.

While part of my day was spent in teaching Latin and Greek, I had to employ the rest in theological study, and in giving to the Marist scholastics a course of rhetoric and English literature; and, in addition, at a later period, I gave some lectures to the students on the dignity and duties of the priesthood. Among the scholars was J. J. Grimes, afterwards first Bishop of Christchurch, but then teacher of English to the college boys, while still, like myself, a student in theology and other branches of ecclesiastical knowledge. He had studied classics in the Marist College, at Bar-le-Duc (France).

We led a hard and strenuous life. The rule, too, in the first years of the Marist Fathers' residence in Dundalk, was over severe for the Irish climate; tea and water were our only beverage, except on feast-days. We rose from bed at 4 a.m., for a year or two; and generally our austere lives won for us, with the people who frequented our lowly chapel, the name of the "Holy Fathers." One of the local clergy once said to Father Crouzet, S.M., the

procurator: "Ah! you get up at four in the morning—you won't do that long in Ireland, in our short winter days and long nights, your gas bill will cure you of that. Fancy artificial light from three in the afternoon till 8 a.m. next day." He was right; our rising hour was made six. Our beverage allowance was also advantageously altered, not to speak of our improved diet. The Continental regime was replaced by the Irish.

Among my pupils in the college was Felix Watters, for whom, in later years, I obtained from Leo XIII. the dignity of *ad honorem* Doctor of Divinity, and whom I chose as first Rector of St. Patrick's College, Wellington. I taught him Latin and Greek, and I may say he was an apt student.

On January 6 (Feast of the Epiphany), 1864, I made my religious profession and so became a Marist. In that year, also, I received Tonsure, Minor Orders, and Subdeaconship. In 1865 I was ordained Deacon, and on June 6 of the same year, at Maynooth, I was raised to the high and awful dignity of the priesthood. I went to Maynooth purposely for the ordination on the morrow, and the whole of the night of June 5, I spent in prayer. I may remark, by the way, that it was strange how many different prelates helped to promote me to the priesthood. I was confirmed at Lyons by Cardinal de Bonaud, in his private chapel, during the year of my fifth class at St. Chamond. I received Tonsure and Minor Orders from Bishop Whelan at All Hallows, Dublin; Subdeaconship from Archbishop Cullen (not yet Cardinal), in his private chapel, Dublin; Deaconship from Archbishop Dixon, in the chapel of the nuns of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at Armagh; and priesthood from Dr. Whelan, formerly Bishop of Bombay. My first Mass was a high Mass in the Marists' chapel of Dundalk. It was by my ordination, at Armagh, that I came to know the nuns of the Sacred Heart, for whom I often said Mass in their chapels, in or near Dublin; and when, in later years, Father Chatagnier, S.M., wanted to establish them in Timaru, I went to America to get them from Maryville, St. Louis. Timaru was their first house west of the Pacific.

Shortly after, another intellectual burden was put upon me: I had to prepare myself for the degree of licentiate in theology, while Father Pestre was to obtain the Doctorate, though already, in theological science, he was pre-eminently a Doctor, and fit to examine his examiners. His examination, when it did come off, was most brilliant, and his eloquence in Latin astonished the Board of Examiners. Later on, he sat with the Board that examined me for the licentiate. This Board of Examiners in Dublin was procured by the favor and influence of Mgr. Woodlock—a great friend of Father Leterrier—from the renowned College of Maynooth. Two professors from Maynooth, together with Rev. Father O'Reilly, S.J., and Father Pestre, formed the board at my examination.

To obtain his Doctorate Father Pestre had to present a hundred theses in writing, and stand an oral examination upon them. I, for the licentiate, was to undergo an oral examination upon an ordinary course of dogmatic and moral theology, and to write a given thesis, with no assistance but a Bible. My oral examination lasted four hours, two in the morning and two in the afternoon; and in the same afternoon I wrote in two hours and a half my thesis. The oral examination was all in Latin, which I then spoke very fluently, and was but a series of objections taken from any tract of theology at the examiner's option. In none of the objections was I unable to find a principle of solution, and so answer to the objector's satisfaction. I was successful also in my written thesis, and thus won my licentiate degree. So intense was my struggle with the varied and subtle objections that, both morning and afternoon, the two hours seemed to me about three-quarters of an hour. I owed a deep debt of gratitude to good Father Pestre, who assisted me so much for my examination, and discussed with me, again and again, the most formidable objections to be found in a course of theology. This stood me in good stead at the oral examination.

### A WINTER IN ROME.

My health bore the strain very well until a neglected cold, caught in the mountain of La Salette in France,