

RESUIT MISSIONS



January, 1927

"The Blood of Martyrs Is the Seed of Christians"

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"As often as we recollect that there are 1,000,000,000 Pagans, we find
no peace of spirit. . . ."—His Holiness, Pius XI.

A to Z in Jesuit Mission Fields

The Christ Child,
The Ball and the Cross

GERALD D. FLYNN, S.J.



CHALLENGING and intriguing is the missionary history of the Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus, who are seeking for the North Soul and the South Soul, for the Souls of the Orient and the Occident, from Aurora Borealis Land to the Zambesi of Africa, from the China Sea to the Caribbean.

The Universal Patron of Catholic Missions is St. Francis Xavier, S.J. St. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the Negroes, was a Jesuit. Saints Paul Miki, James Kisai, and John de Goto, among the first Japanese Martyrs, were Jesuits. Sons of St. Ignatius have the signal honor of being the first Blessed of North America, Brazil, and the realm of the Great Mogul. Father Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, discovered the Mississippi. The Apostle of the Rocky Mountain Indians was none other than the rugged Belgian, Pierre De Smet, S.J. A Jesuit missionary, Lafitau, was the founder of modern ethnology. Matthew Ricci and Schall von Bell were the official astronomers of the Chinese Emperor. They revised the Chinese maps and calendars. Verbiest was the first foreign President of the Chinese Royal Academy. And so on down the distinguished list of Jesuit missionaries, which includes ninety-eight Saints and Blessed, and one hundred and fifty-six missionaries, among the Venerable. It is explicitly mentioned in the lives of the other Jesuit Saints and Blessed that they too aspired to the missions. How can we explain this mission spirit of which we have given only a few facts?

YOU have often seen in pictures, the Christ Child in the arms of His Immaculate Mother, holding tight in His little fingers a ball surmounted by a cross. The ball is the globe which is His by right, but the forces of evil are trying to uproot the cross. The following article shows how Jesuit missionaries the world over are trying to keep the cross firmly implanted in Christ's globe. Will you help them?

A resumé of Jesuit history makes apparent to all that the Society of Jesus from its very foundation has been essentially a missionary organization.

Among 200,000,000 Pagans.

Of the nineteen thousand Jesuits, working in every land under the sun, teaching, preaching, writing, praying and sacrificing, three thousand four hundred and ninety are actively engaged in the mission fields. If we limit ourselves to the strictly heathen lands, we discover that two thousand two hundred and forty-six Jesuits labor in forty-four missions among two hundred million pagans. Over two hundred Jesuits are yearly hastening to man's ever advancing frontiers. Marshalling the forces of prayer, gathering legions of sacrifice, araying the phalanx of knowledge, armed with the shield of Faith, the helmet of Hope, and the lance of Love, the Companions of Jesus have so advanced unflinchingly to spiritual conquest, that on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1927, they will be able to lay at the crib of their King and Sovereign Lord a goodly harvest of souls and a year's record achievement.

Globe Trotters' Greeting.

Let us see if the treasure-trove of Epiphany Day is Magi-like. The globe-trotter from Alaska's frosty tundras to watery Zambesi will be welcomed by Blackrobes in the following hierarchical order: two residential Archbishops, six residential Bishops and thirteen titular Archbishops and Bishops, who tinge their robes of black or white with purple; two prefects Apostolic; two hundred and sixty-three priests, five hundred and thirty-eight Scholastics; eight hundred and sixty-six Brothers. Confining ourselves to the territory of absolute paganism, we see that the educational institutions and works of charity, directed by the "1926" Jesuits, include 41 hospitals, 133 dispensaries, 10 leper settlements, 20 seminaries, 4 novitiates, 9 universities, 6 astronomical observatories, 109 high schools, 60 professional schools, 110 orphanages, and 7574 lower schools.

Spiritual Sheafs.

Realizing only too keenly that myriads are consigned to the Evil One by the deluding force of idolatry, these workers are concentrating more and more on spiritual ministrations, with



Father La Fortune, S.J., of Nome and His Pal

the genuine hundredfold: 6807 churches and chapels were cared for; 1,859,593 Catholics were attended to; 26,244 catechumens were instructed; 15,000 catechists were busy among outlying villages; 1,051,530 were trained in their wayside hospices and best of all they baptized 195,179, confirmed 59,270, absolved 8,622,667, distributed 21,042,240 Communion; administered 15,611 Extreme Unctions, and assisted at 21,094 marriages.

A to Z

It is the happy lot of the Society of Jesus to have every letter in the alphabet represent one of their missions.

Alaska, Albania, Anking, Armenia, Australia, Batavia, Bengal, Betsilio, Bolivia, Bombay, Bosnia, Brazil, Calcutta, Calicut, Canadian Indians, Canton, Cape Colony, Caroline Islands, Cochin, Cuba, Constantinople, Dakota Indians, Denmark, Egypt, Equador, Esthonia, Fianarantsoa, Galle, Goa, Greece, Guiana, Hiroshima, Honduras, Hwaise, Islands of Philippines, Jamaica, Kandy, Kwango, Lebanon, Lithuania, Madura, Mangalore, Marianne and Marshall Islands, Mauritius, Mindanao, Nanking, Ngan-Hoei, Nicaragua, Oceania, Patna, Peru, Podlachia, Poona, Reunion Island, Rhodesia, Rocky Mountain Indians, Roumania, Russia, San Salvador, Serbia, Shiu-King, Shanghai, Sien-hsien, Sweden, Syria, Tananarive, Tarahumara, Tcheli, Tokio, Trichinopoly, Trincomali, Tuticorin, Uruguay, Venezuela, Wuhu, Xingu, Yamagueli, Zambesi.

Lighting the Dark Continent.

North American Jesuit Missions in Alaska, Canada, Honduras, Jamaica, Patna, Philippines, and Rocky Mountains, have already been featured in the magazine of which this is the successor, so just a word on the high

lights of the four largest Jesuit Catholicizing sectors, Africa, China, India, and Oceania.

Nine Jesuit missions illuminate even the gloomiest parts of the Dark Continent. Alexandria and Cairo, are brightened by the charity of French Jesuits; Kwango, embracing 106,250 square miles of the Belgian Congo, was confided to the Belgian Jesuits in 1892. The government's testimony to their ministry among the stricken aborigines and the yearly harvest of 30,000 catechumens, speak eloquently. One hundred and fifteen French Jesuits are laboring in the Madagascar missions of Fianarantsoa and Tananarive. Visualize if you can 1317 parishes in 47 districts and you will have a graphic picture of their expansive work in murky Madagascar. Mauritius welcomed the Ignatian ambassadors in 1850, as did Reunion Island. Despite disputes amongst European powers and alluring Protestant propaganda, the Light of Faith has been increasing unto the dawn of a

Catholic era in Rhodesia and Zambesi. The success of this very hard mission in Africa is due to the incessant toil of one hundred and fifteen English and Polish Jesuits.

Oriental Mission Trails.

Xavier died at the gateway of China. His was not to be the hand that opened the "Closed Door." But his influence protects the six flourishing Jesuit Missions that have been opened in Chinese land; Anking, Canton, Hwaise, Nanking, Tcheli, and Wuhu.

Anking, dependent on the Vicariate Apostolic of Ngan-Hoei and comprising 20 districts with 8,000,000 Pagans, 18,900 Catholics, and 10,289 catechumens, is being cultivated by 26 Jesuits from Spain.

The Portuguese Fathers, expelled in 1910 from Macao, were summoned on July 16, 1913, by the Bishop of Canton to commence work in the Prefecture of Shiu-King. The sweep of their Catholicizing spirit embraces 1,020,000 "Children of Buddha" and 16,860 Catholics.

In 1910 the Italian Jesuits entered Hwaise and cooperated with their French confreres until 1921, when they were given charge of eight million pagans in fourteen districts.

The whole of the vast territory of Kiang-nan, where the first Jesuits had once harvested, was entrusted in 1855 to their religious brothers from Paris. In 1921 it was divided into two Vicariates, the French Jesuits keeping Nanking. There are numerous vocations among the young Orientals, many of whom have been admitted into the Society. There are two novitiates for them at Sien-hsien and Tiaming-fou. One hundred and seventy-three Blackrobes have the direction of 786 districts which include Seminaries,

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Father Rafferty, S.J., Visiting Moros
There is no priest for these Pagans.



The Whole Family

IN 1924 Canadian Jesuits accepted the task of taking over a mission sector in China. The author of this article spent three years there before his ordination to the priesthood. He is now associate editor of JESUIT MISSIONS and will regale our readers with many a missionary account of old Cathay.

SÜCHOW is only one out of many cities in China, which on account of its peculiar ending, to an American mind, calls up visions of variegated pickles. But as a matter of fact pickle factories are unknown in Süchow. It is none the less the most important city in the Chinese Mission, lately entrusted to the care of the Jesuit Fathers of the Province of Lower Canada.

The first Canadian Jesuits to leave for China were Father Goulet and Mr. Paul Gagnon. That was in 1918. Father Goulet worked with the French Fathers for five years in the Nankin Mission and then left for Rome where he still is actively engaged in Mission work as Secretary for the Missions of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Gagnon was given over to the Chihli Mission where he is actually sowing the good seed of the Kingdom of God, after having been ordained priest in China three years ago. This departure of two men for China struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of others, so that two years later, in 1920, three more scholastics left for that country, Mr. A. Gagnon, S. J., E. Côté, S. J., and Mr. George Marin, S. J. After three years spent in studying the language and customs as well as teaching in St. Ignatius' College of Zikawei, they returned to Canada for their theological studies and now, after having been raised to the priesthood, are anxiously awaiting orders to leave once more for the land of their adoption. But until 1924, nothing had been undertaken by the Province as such. Individuals alone had volun-

teered to work in another Province's field of labor. Finally in 1924, the Province of Lower Canada accepted the responsibility of sending men over to China yearly. When the number of Canadians proves sufficient, a section of the Nankin Mission will be definitely detached and handed over to us. This section will be what we shall henceforth call the Süchow Mission, where Fathers Lavoie and Lafortune together with Brother Souliquy are already hard at labor at the Lord's good work. Father Beaulieu is studying the language in Zikawei, preparatory to leaving for Süchow, while a scholastic, Mr. Proulx, is teaching at St. Ignatius College in the same village.

Süchow

Now that the missionaries have been introduced, let us get acquainted with the geography of the country, so as to be able to visualize things when we read our missionaries' letters. If you take a "President" liner from San Francisco or Seattle, the first port of call is Shanghai, China's New York. This metropolis, situated in the Province of Kiangsu, squats on the Western shore of one of the affluents of the Yangtsekiang River, not far from its mouth. Now, if from Shanghai you board a train for Pekin, after going slightly Northwest to Nankin—where you have to cross the Yangtsekiang on a ferry boat—you shoot definitely Northwards towards Pekin. About 15 hours after leaving Shanghai, the train puffs into Süchow, or rather into its outskirts. (No railroad has succeeded

In the Süchow Mission

GEORGE MARIN, S. J.

in penetrating into the "sacred" precincts of the walled cities of China). Süchow on account of its importance gives its name to the whole Canadian mission. You there find a railroad junction which enables you to cross the whole of our territory from East to West on the Lung-Hai Line, an advantage which few missions in China enjoy.

250,000 to a Priest

The Jesuit Fathers of Lower Canada have to evangelize the northernmost of what we might call the five counties of Kiangsu Province, Sü-Hai County as it is called, Sü-Hai being an abbreviation for its two main cities, Süchow and Haichow. Sü-Hai is a strip of land about 200 miles long from East to West and about 60 miles wide or an average. In the United States it would cover a little less than the distance from New York to Washington, on an average of 30 miles each side of the railroad track. But this tract of country is densely populated. Although the cities are not large,—Süchow boasts of about 100,000 inhabitants—it is estimated that from five to six million Chinese live in these 12,000 square miles. (A regular house to house census has never been taken). 25 missionaries are now laboring in this part of China. Consequently each priest has about 250,000 pagans who depend on him for the revelation of the Faith. What a superhuman task! The situation is about equivalent to that of the population of New York were it to have only 20 priests to minister to its spiritual needs! How many would receive Baptism, how many could be instructed in their holy religion, how many would hear Mass and receive Holy Communion? Or rather, how few would ever reach Heaven!

Chinese Farming

Most of the inhabitants of Sü-Hai take up farming as a means of livelihood. Do not imagine the immense wheat fields of Minnesota with modern farming machinery and motor tractors. Methods and implements are still primitive and the plots of land small, so that wealthy gentlemen farmers are extremely rare. Ranches are unknown. The cattle, raised first and foremost for work, only secondarily for the butcher shop, never dream of rich pasture lands, as every foot of ground available is under cultivation. Winter not being severe,—latitude 35 degrees—the wheat sown in the autumn rises under the first rays of the March sun and is harvested about the end of April or the beginning of May. During the summer, sorghum is chiefly grown, its stalk and leaves much resembling those of our Indian corn. But it grows to a greater height, so that during the month of August, robbers find in the fields bordering the highways excellent hiding places from which to emerge to divest travellers of their belongings.

Daily Menu

That all Chinamen are rice eaters is an erroneous opinion many people have. The fact that the greater part of Chinamen in America hail from Canton or its surroundings has caused this mistake. Southern Chinamen eat rice instead of bread, but northern Chinamen eat bread, although they do not make it our way. Sorghum bread, of a light violet color, is of course inferior in quality to wheat bread. And so Chinese always keep a certain quantity of wheat flour in stock for the celebration of New Year's Day. Besides the cereals, a great variety of vegetables are found in the Süchow Mission, such as beans, pumpkins, squashes, cabbages of various species, etc. Pork or poultry generally form part of a Chinese menu, unless poverty restricts the use of meat to certain rare occasions during the year.

Khaki Landscape

Chinamen have no taste for soliditude; they like company and even crowds. You never see an isolated house in Sü-Hai; homes are always built in clusters. The larger villages are surrounded by earthen walls, while cities have a double or a triple belt of defense works to protect them, made of brick, stone or clay. The whole Mission of Süchow, an immense plain formerly watered by the Yellow River, still keeps traces of this bygone friend, not only in the wide and deep bed it left behind after sauntering away one morning, but also in the light brown color of the

soil, the monotony of which in autumn is not even broken by the houses or hovels of the natives, since most of these are built of this same soil mixed with straw. The whole scenery is warlike, one might say, khaki-colored.

A Sterling People

The inhabitants of Sü-Hai, poor, intimately acquainted with hardships in all its forms, often obliged to fight against robbers and bandits, are pre-



Father Lavoie, S.J.

cisely on that account rather rude and coarse in character. But underneath this rough bark, generally relieved however by something sympathetic in their features, they conceal real sterling qualities. Father Chevallier-Chantepie, who died but two years ago in full apostolic activity, after having labored amongst these folk for sixteen years, wrote of them: "Enduring, impassible, conciliating, polite (especially in words), submissive, capable of gratitude and devotedness, the Chinaman is also—contrast and blending found in all races—egotistical, deceitful, covetous, lazy, fatalist, vindictive, suspicious and arrogant." As a rule, gay, sober, optimistic and patient in character, many of these worthy folk, naturally simple and upright, only await the arrival of a missionary to become excellent Catholics. The proof of this assertion lies in the fact that Süchow Mission, evangelized and slowly developed during less than forty years, already numbers 50,111 Catholics in 1926. Moreover, about 19,000 persons are inscribed as catechumens.

A to Z in Jesuit Mission Fields

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colleges, observations, training schools, orphanages, hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, printing presses, in and around Zikawei and Shanghai.

Eight Million Yellow Sheep.

Tcheli in the South East was established in 1856 by the Fathers from the Champagne Province of France. Ninety-three Jesuits are in search of eight million Yellow Sheep scattered over an immense territory of thirty-six Sub-Prefectures. So far 118,072 have been converted; 440 churches and chapels have been erected; 1,640 schools and a variety of novitiates, seminaries, colleges, orphanages, asylums, hospitals, dispensaries, factories, and publications have been established.

Wuhu with a population of 9,200,000 people, comprising 29,585 Catholics, 14,620 catechumens, 230 churches and schools, 55 chapels in 25 districts, is manned by thirty-four Spanish Jesuits.

In Nippon Land.

Other parts of Asia are calling for my wandering scrawl; but my pen must linger yet awhile in the Land of the Rising Sun to delineate the Nippon Folk, who were sanctified in the heroic days of yore by St. Francis Xavier and a noble band of eighty-four Martyrs. In 1913 the German Jesuits opened a magnificent University in Tokyo; and in 1921 they were given charge of the Vicariate Apostolic of Hiroshima, comprising the five Provinces of Hiroshima, Okoyama, Shimane, Totori, and Yamaguelt. This Mission is particularly dear to the Jesuits as it recalls the successful Catholicizing campaign of Xavier. Here it was that he challenged and routed the Buddhist sages, here it was that he established the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church with a congregation of 600,000 converts.

Answering India's Call

Their first flourishing missions watered by martyrs' blood collapsed upon the suppression of the Jesuits. After a century of struggle the restored Society has built anew in Bombay, Calcutta, Calicut, Galle, Goa, Kandy, Madura, Mangalore, Patna, Poona, Trincomali, and Tuticorin. Realizing that the mill will never grind with the water that is passed they did not rest with the achievements of the past but embodied in their new missions the collective insight and experience of three centuries of sacrifice.

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Ten Years on the Jamaica Missions

JOSEPH F. FORD, S.J.



Going to Sunday Mass

IT is a lonely life, we surmise, for an American Jesuit, working in the out stations of the Jamaica Mission, but then there are hurricanes and watchful canines and memories reaching back to the days of Columbus, above all, souls to be saved!



T will be ten years this August since I first saw the island of Jamaica. Good Father Williams, author of "Whisperings of the Carribean," was there on the wharf to give me a warm brotherly welcome. Another kind of welcome was in store for me, for within twenty-four hours after my arrival, as we sat down to our dinner, on our Lady's Assumption, a hurricane of the kind described so graphically in Father Williams' book, arrived with its furious handshake for me. That meal was eaten by the light of candles, and the backs of those of us on the weather side were wet, and we had to walk on our heels out of the refectory.

A West Indian Hurricane

Much of the destructive nature of this visitor was lost on me, as I did not see what it had done in the country parts. A year later, however, I met my second hurricane, while staying at the Superintendent's house, in an industrial institution in the country, and I increased in respect for its powers, and am ready to subscribe to all the data, set down in Father Williams' chapter on that interesting phase of Jamaica. From eight at night until eleven a. m. on Sunday, I and the household were mostly huddled in

one small room, the only one, whose roof kept out the rain. At midday I drove back with difficulty to Kingston and found out a few days later that my school at one mission was leaning over a precipitous gulley, with most of its zinc roofing far down the same. Many warnings have come during the other of my nine years here, but, thank God, the series of four in succession ended then, and we have been spared its terrors for awhile.

In the Mission Field

I now take up the chronicle of my nine years of extra-urban activity. "Above Rocks," hallowed with the memories of the activities of Fathers Collins and Mulry, our American pioneers, was my first assignment. It being war-time nearly all the able-bodied and representative men were in camp or at the front, and the principal church was existing only as three rough-looking walls. Two years before work had stopped on this chapel, which was to replace the one, destroyed in the earthquake of 1907. The schoolroom had served as a substitute all these years.

In my innocence, I felt myself rich with a few hundred dollars, left me by my predecessor, and determined at least to put the roof on what looked

more like a war ruin than a new church. The contractor led me to distances beyond my first imaginings, and far beyond my purse, but a pretty new church was the result there, and a career of church building opened up for me, that now totals six new chapels.

The Missioner's Delight

Of all the missions in the purely country sections, "Above Rocks" stands out as a model. Our Lady's Sodality has activities that would gladden the heart of any Jesuit, due in a great measure after the priests to two families of ardent Catholics, one of whose daughters is now a nun of the Notre Dame order in America. The Men's Brigade functions in a very edifying manner. It is not uncommon to have over 200 Communions at the early morning Mass.

Old Blake, the Black!

Amongst the interesting characters, I met, was an old black man, named Blake. He had all the manners of a Spanish grandee and welcomed a priest with such Latin effusiveness as to arouse one's interest. He could talk Spanish and stories of his earlier days (he was then over eighty), were told of how he and his followers would

come to church in a sort of parade, giving external manifestation of ardent faith all along the route. The full story of Blake only came to me, four or five years later, when I was working on another mission some fifty miles away from "Above Rocks."

Sold into Slavery

It seems that early in the nineteenth century, a boatload of slaves from Cuba, going apparently to another Spanish island, was captured by the English and the people sold in a body as slaves to someone in this section of Jamaica. Not knowing of the existence of any priest on the island, their leaders used to go to the various churches in Port Maria, a town nearby, to see if the minister talked with their conception of the priest. Each time they returned home disappointed, until around 1840 they heard that a priest was coming to a Catholic bushier nearby and they saw Father Duperron, whom they recognized at once as a priest. The joy was mutual, and a mission was soon started, and it was the custom of the leader to carry the priest's vestments all the fifty miles to "Above Rocks," where some of them afterwards settled. All of this came to light as I was opening a church in Port Maria. From the maps of Spanish time, the place is marked, and Columbus is supposed to have landed some twenty-five miles away.

A Zealous Flock!

Our older missions were generally founded on some estate of French refugees of the Haytian revolution of 1800 or thereabouts. Of late, however, the towns, like Port Maria, are opening up as fruitful fields, partly due to the many graduates of the Kingston convents and schools, who are going into some service that takes them thither. Another helpful reason for our success is the fact that the Jamaican Catholic, with any zeal at all, is very proud of his faith, and makes it color all his activities. Nowhere have I heard religion so ably discussed, and seen it so consistently lived up to, as here in Jamaica.

Our Lady's Dowry

Everywhere one meets with names of places commemorating a religious tradition. The political section I am living in, corresponding to our county is called the parish of St. Marys. Twelve Catholic missions are within its borders, making it the best supplied of all the parishes outside of Kingston. Naturally Our Lady's titles would abound in such a soil, so we hear St. Mary's Our Lady, Star of the Sea, Our Lady Help of Christians. The latter, situated at Richmond is the cen-

ter for the priest, who attends eleven missions, four of them not in St. Marys, and two of them respectively, seventy-five and eighty-seven miles away. This apparently impossible program is accomplished by means of a Ford runabout.

Beware of the Dog!

Nearly all my missions have quarters for the priest, but on the newer foundations he is generally taken care of by some Catholics. Last week I stayed at a large country home, where nine dogs and two cats provided the excitement. All appear at meal times and the cat takes its place on the table near the lady's left. You can imagine the excitement as the nine clamor for



Father Ford, S.J., Ready for the Trail

attention. At another country house, the three dogs, one a Cuban bloodhound, mistook me for a stranger and made a rush for me. The bloodhound put his jaws on my shoulders, his head over-topping mine, and bayed notes at me, which had no music in them. He made half attempts at biting, but seemed puzzled that I didn't run away. This came not so much from lack of desire as lack of opportunity. In the excitement I forgot the name of the big fellow, but I called up the huskiest tones at my command and ordered him to get down. To my surprise he obeyed me, although he

repeated the performance twice before I reached the house. After that I circumscribed my wanderings to much smaller limits.

The Danger of Early Rising

A third instance and I shall have done with my canine experiences. While setting out the vestments for Mass at one of these houses, at early dawn, while the people were not yet up and around, I was distracted by a slight brushing against my leg, where to my great surprise, not to say anything stronger, I saw a large specimen of English bull dog, trying to recall if he had met me before. It is true he saw me in what appeared compromising circumstances for a canine, apparently rifling a suit-case and I would not have blamed him, if he had taken a bite. Fortunately he remembered me, and I went on with my preparations, inwardly determined to locate all the dogs in the various households before moving about.

Growing Popularity

These incidents are not cited to show that hospitality of the highest order was not shown, as the priest always has been a welcome guest, even in the days when our numbers were few. Now, however, a new element has added to our popularity among all people, especially the poor, who see the priest come, in all weathers and at all times, to their spiritual succor. In conclusion, I may finally say, that everywhere in Jamaica, but especially in Kingston, our influence far surpasses the percentage our numbers call for, as we are only 40,000 Catholics amongst 900,000.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Alaska, A Mission Investigation. By Gerald D. Flynn, S.J. Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Price, 50 cents.

Principles of the Religious Life. By Cotel, S. J., Jombart, S.J., Bouscaren, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price net, \$1.75.

An Angel of Mercy. A book of Short Prayers for Catholic Nurses.

Compiled by Rev. F. A. Reuter and Rev. E. J. Ahern. John W. Winterich, Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio.

Convent Echoes. Devotional Verses. By Sister M. Parachita, Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price net, \$1.00.



MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

by Neil Boyton, S. J.
Author of "Mangled Hands", "In God's Country," etc.

PART ONE

CHAPTER I

No Flesh

DOWN that broad, undiscovered river which was to be known as the Wisconsin, two canoes crept. They carried seven white men. Five of these bronzed paddlers wore the fringed coats and skin trousers, the pudding-bag caps and gray red sashes that proclaimed the woodsman. But he who plied the bow paddle of the first canoe was dressed differently. The faded black gown that covered his lean figure was frayed. Long and dark brown was the hair that the wide-brimmed hat hid. At his girdle hung the crucifix of his Saviour. And with every dip of his paddle, the Breviary, suspended by a cord from his neck, swayed and threatened to pitch into quiet waters.

A smile of expectancy lit up this Blackrobe's features as the canoe breasted the pine wooded point. This smile faded away as another stretch of the unknown river unfolded before his gaze. He called over his shoulder: "Still the Great Water eludes us, Louis."

The man in blanket coat and jaunty cap of beaver, whom he addressed, ceased his exertions, while the gentle current carried the canoe onward.

"I never believed half the old wives' tales those Fox and Mascouten Indians told us. It is a month since we left the beach at Mackinaw. We have already come weary leagues beyond our calculations and always, good Father Marquette, this river opens up another stretch. It seems—"

The Blackrobe interrupted the man. Undaunted certainty shone in his eyes.

"Louis—Louis Joliet! Where is your faith! Neither of us must lose sight of our purpose on this voyage into the unknown. You paddle towards the South Sea to seek new nations of these red children and win them for the King, I, to teach them to know our great God, of whom they have hitherto been pitifully ignorant. Neither of us shall fail, with Mary Immaculate's aid."

There came into James Marquette's countenance the tender expression of one who has heard a well beloved name.

Again the three took up their paddles and Joliet signalled the four woodsmen in the second canoe that he was crossing the current towards the other still shore.

The filial devotion that Mary Immaculate's name kindled in Marquette's eyes yet lingered, and his thoughts, as he plied his paddle, turned back to that last Mass he had said a month ago in the little birchbark chapel of the Mission of Saint Ignace the morning this expedition had started to seek the Great Water.

This thought led to another consolation. For Father Marquette recalled that it was on December 8th last, the very feast of the Immaculate Conception, that Louis Joliet, his companion explorer, had come paddling through the ice to the Mackinaw shore with the long expected permission from Superiors in distant Quebec, to sail and seek the unknown river.

The two had spent the long winter, gathering from the stray Ottawa, Illinois, and Pottawattomic bands, who came to the bleak mission, every scrap of information and rumor about the mighty stream that flowed through the unknown lands to the west.

An hour later, the woodsmen's canoe had forged ahead, and now Joliet's keen eye noted they stopt with drip-

ping paddles across the bark sides and listened intently. He saw Peter, the bow paddle, reach back for his gun that lay atop a bundle of gift beads.

Then on the clear air broke the quavering opening notes of a most mournful song. The notes rose and fell, and their sound was utter sorrow. Suddenly Father Marquette's hand went up.

"I have heard that song before, my dear children. I have heard it when I was stationed at the abandoned Mission of the Holy Spirit on Lake Superior. It is the one the Illinois call, 'The Song to Go Above.'" He turned to his fellow explorer and said:

"Louis, let us leave the men on guard and go ashore. Some poor Illinois is far along the way when he raises his Death Chant. I am needed."

The Blackrobe, followed by his companion, disappeared into the shadows that the thickly growing pines cast. Those on guard in the canoes heard a twig snap—a cone fall. Then silence settled on the waters once more.

In the mean time, breaking through the underbrush, the two moss-covered voyagers had come upon a scene that made the soul-hunger gnaw at the breast of the Blackrobe.

There was a small clearing, maybe an hundred steps behind the bank of the river and here on the southern pine wall the new green growths of mid-June were all burnt away to black wires. Marquette and Joliet halted as though struck. For there on the ground in twisted, grotesque positions, mute witnesses to the agony in which they had expired, lay two, three, four seared corpses.

On the charred branches of a tall scorched pine, hurled as one might cast mud on a wall, sprawled the black-

(Continued on Page 16)

Jesuit Missions

A Magazine of Apostolic Endeavor

Published monthly except in August by THE JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

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The Jesuits and the Missions In the blushing dawn of the new year, this feast of the Circumcision 1927, the day on which Holy Church celebrates the name-taking of the Saviour, blushing and youthful, we make our bow and wish our readers a bright, holy and happy New Year! A few years ago the writer attended the Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Dayton, Ohio. In order to impress the student delegates with the work and problems of the mission fields, an invitation was sent to all organizations engaged in mission work to erect a booth to advertise their missions and their needs in the hall of mission exhibits.

After much planning and labor, we students of the De Smet Unit, prepared our exhibit and carried in on to Dayton. There we erected it, carefully and zealously, and after putting up the finishing touch, the huge sign in large letters bearing the conspicuous legend, "The Jesuit Missions," we waited for the grand parade of enthusiasts to file into the hall.

We were due for a surprise, a real one, too, but not of the kind we expected. We hoped our booth would be attractive and secretly visioned huge crowds of spectators gazing in rapt admiration at our masterpiece. We had the crowds standing there, indeed. And we read the awe that was pictured on their countenances. But before we had time even mentally to congratulate ourselves, the shock came. For the amazement that was registered so patently on the faces before us was not caused by our work of art, but by the bold-lettered caption hung full across the top of our booth. We followed their gaze and saw that it was riveted on "The Jesuit Missions."

The Cat Out Then the reason of it all came of the Bag forth. "Jesuit Missions! Why, have the Jesuits missions?"

"Goodness, I never heard of the Jesuit missions. I thought the Jesuits taught schools." "Oh, look at this, Jesuit Missions! Who ever heard of the Jesuits having missions?"

The cat had been let out of the bag. It was our turn to register amazement, and, no doubt, we must have appeared as if we saw an ichthyosaurus. Of all things, this was the least expected. Jesuit missionaries in the four corners of the earth and on the islands of the seven seas, and now we hear from this gathering of Catholic youth, students of the missions, the startling remark, "Why, have the Jesuits missions?" They did not know there was a Jesuit Mission and no doubt believed that since the days of Francis Xavier there had been no Jesuit missionaries.

Two years later, at the Convention held at the University of Notre Dame; and again this summer at the University of Dayton, we had the same experience. It was not quite as general, thank Heaven, but too frequently for our comfort and patience was the remark overheard, "Have the Jesuits missions?"

✻ ✻

A reason for Existence Do you see now, dear reader, why, this magazine, "Jesuit Missions" is making its appearance?

Do you understand now why we are breaking into print, broadcasting not only to the few but to the entire American public the fact that there are Jesuit missions, and Jesuit missionaries, black-robed and white-robed sons of Ignatius and Francis Xavier, laboring, suffering, and praying all over this wide world trying to bring light and salvation to the millions of heathens? And do you know that they are in need of your help, spiritual and material, to make their labors efficacious?

This is the reason of "Jesuit Missions." We wish you to know that there are Jesuit missions and missionaries. And especially do we wish to let you know that they look to you for encouragement, prayer, and alms. After the first effects of the shock at Dayton and Notre Dame had worn off, we realized that, after all, the reason why our Catholic people did not know of the existence of our mission fields and their needs was because we did not make them known. We determined then and there that, as far as we could help it, the world should no longer be in ignorance of the Jesuit missions. And if a few should remain unaware of their existence and their needs, the fault could not be placed upon us.

G. A. F.

FROM MANY CLIMES

Twenty-five Million Souls And One Hundred Priests *Missouri Jesuits' Great Task*

"From Many Climes" is devoted to the fascinating activities of men who with one hand paint the most spiritual glories of Heaven in words or on canvas and with the other carve their way through the jungle of superstition, starvation and ungrateful paganism. There are 3,500 of them and 360 of these are natives. There is not a nation in the world nor a color of man from which God has not drawn upon to fill up the quota that makes the Society of Jesus.

Suppose you were to take an area the size of Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin combined. Suppose you treble the population of these States. Suppose you place these twenty-six millions of souls scattered about that territory in charge of about ninety men. Then you have an idea of the missions, the task, and the souls that are under the spiritual care of the Jesuits of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus.

Since the time of the great DeSmet, the Jesuits of the Missouri Province have been active in the apostolic work of converting the heathen. Since 1840, when the first Blackrobe visited the Sioux, the missionary work has continued apace and has spread out even to other fields. The spirit of De Smet still lives among his brethren of the Middle West burning as brightly as ever, and luring others to follow in his footsteps.

At present three mission fields are under the care of the Jesuits of the Missouri Province. They are the American Indians of South Dakota and Wyoming, the Missions of British Honduras, and the missions of Patna India. These fields are cared for by almost one hundred Jesuits from the Province. One hundred Jesuits with the spiritual care of about twenty-five and a half million souls.

And unfortunately, the care of these missionaries does not stop with the

souls of their charges. The heathen must be educated, the sick and the orphans must be housed, and not infrequently these poor children must be clothed and fed. There is no end to the cares and duties of the missionaries. There is no respite in their labors. Take for instance the missions of Patna and Nepal in India. There are exactly 20 Jesuits of the Missouri Province working in those fields, with about twenty-five million souls under their care, scattered about in countless villages and settlements, in need of practically everything. If each of these twenty missionaries could bring the Gospel to 100 souls each day, and if each missionary could work 360 days of the year, it would take over thirty years for these twenty Jesuits to bring the Gospel to the pagans under their care. And remember that our supposition is that each missionary work 360 days a year and have none but the spiritual care of these souls. Such service naturally is impossible. For the missionaries must make their retreat of

eight days, they must spend many days in travelling from one settlement to another, they are frequently forced to rest either from illness or fatigue, and they must use much time in assisting and in superintending the building of chapels, schools, etc.

Each of these missions has its own peculiar difficulties and its own peculiar needs. Each is clamoring for more missionaries, more prayers, more funds. Each one has its thousands of souls ripe for the harvest, but because of lack of men, money and time, it is impossible to reach them and garner them for Christ. The missionary's life is a life of tremendous possibilities, staggering disappointments and great sufferings. It has its joys, too, the greatest of which is the opportunity to win souls.



CANADA Indian Missions

The Canadian Indians are no more the ferocious beings that danced with pleasure while some of the most expert among them tortured to death their missionaries. They are now all tamed and partly civilized, and no more is anything to be feared from them. Living with them does not necessarily deprive the missionary of all commodities of life.

But they remain a people apart, poor, backward, according to the white-man



Father Soutay, S.J., Against a Dark Background

ways, and generally despised by those of the world, and it is surely not a mere human inclination that might induce a young man to pass his life among them and for them. But they have souls to save, and it behooves the humble successors of the Jesuit heroes who, at the cost of their sweat and their blood have planted in these lands the seeds of Christianity, to gather up what remains yet standing in the field.

A few thousands only are left, scattered in Ontario, that is, in the region entrusted to the Fathers of the Vice-Province of Upper Canada. In a little pamphlet published last year by Rev. Father Lecompte, S. J., we read: "Ontario possesses more than 29,000 Indians, belonging to the two great races, Algonquin and Huron—Iroquois, 11,000 in number, of whom 10,000 are Protestants and 1,000 pagans who have proved so far impervious to Catholicity. They live along the lakes, Huron, Erie, Ontario and Simcoe. The others are all of the Algonquin family. Towards the North and West (Ecmiscamingne, Lake of the Woods, James Bay, and Hudson Bay) the Oblate Fathers attend to Montagnais Cris and Mouskegons. The Jesuit missions include a few Mouskegons in the North, in the center a good many Ottawas, but especially Otechipwes. There are of these about 9,000 souls in all, with 7,600 Catholics, 1,210 Protestants and 130 pagans.



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

"The Society of Jesus is and was ever essentially a Missionary organization." This clarion challenge to high ideals was uttered by the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus at the Jesuit Mission Congress held in Rome in the Jubilee year. It is a challenge to every individual Jesuit and to every person with whom he comes in contact. Above all it is a challenge to Jesuit colleges.

Missionary activity offers a wide field to graduates of Jesuit colleges and indeed to every Catholic college graduate. Two spots in this vast field are strikingly ripe for the harvest. The first is in the high schools of the Philippine Islands, the second among the vast concourse of foreign students that invade American lecture halls from Seattle to Florida.

The Catholic population of the Philippines is over 8,500,000 or 75 per cent of the total population of the archipelago. And yet we find the total of children receiving any kind of Catholic education in this Catholic land to be at the maximum, 100,000.

On the other hand 1,300,000 are receiving the manifestly dangerous because unspiritual and un-religious education of the public school.

A writer in "America," the Catholic weekly, points out four salient factors in any scheme for the re-invigorating of the Catholic life of the Islands. The last two are especially important here. They are (1) to have paid catechists who will strive to make up the deficiencies and lacunas due to the failure of the public school to provide for religious teaching, and above all (2) to enlist graduates of our Catholic colleges as teachers in the public schools.

Not by what they say, for in the classroom they must eschew religion, but by what they do not say and most important by what they do, by the magnificent argument of living sincere Catholic example, will they restore Catholicity to its ancient place of honor and its proper and intellectual basis. About 500 graduates are needed. No written examination is necessary. Passage to and from the Islands is free. Salaries are from \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year and the contract runs for two years. Consult the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D.C. for further information.

If however you do not care to leave America the development of Catholic life among the foreign students of America offers a splendid prospect. To unite them into organizations sufficiently nationalistic to appeal to their pride and sufficiently spiritual to draw them into a strong and fervent Catholic life—here certainly is ample room for any man who loves the Catholic Church and has the gift of organization.



INDIA

Famous Jesuit Archbishop Resigns

The Holy See accepted on October 1st the resignation of His Grace Archbishop Goodier, S.J., of Bombay, the only English Bishop in India. Dr. Goodier was sent to Bombay from a fruitful apostolate in England in 1914 when the war brought a crisis in the German Jesuit Mission.

The personality that had made him so fruitful a laborer at home soon won recognition for him in the mission as a scholar, an executive and a skilled administrator. It was no surprise that after a summons to Rome in 1919 Father Goodier was appointed to the See of Bombay made vacant by the death of the venerable Archbishop Jürgens in 1916. Numerous educational and charitable organizations were either founded by him or re-organized and put upon a firm footing. His zeal was conspicuous when exercised in the cause of Catholic education. Archbishop Goodier was known

throughout India as a splendid orator and a prelate of charming and affable disposition. Ill health was the reason for Archbishop Goodier's resignation.

Mangalore

This mission has suffered a great loss in the death of Father F. Corti, S.J. The "Examiner" says:

"Fr. Corti was a typical Missionary who had mastered Kanarese, Konkani and Tulu—all the vernaculars of the district. One who saw him at work in his mission station at Narol says that Fr. Corti recalled the great Jesuit missionaries in India since the days of St. Francis Xavier, in his long and fatiguing journeys, barefoot and often on foot, in his severe poverty, in his prolonged prayer, and in his narrow escapes from infuriated pagan Jains who sought to kill him. God blessed his work with about 10,000 converts. Seducer istel! He spoke their Tulu language, ate their rice in an earthen platter, loved their company and was for them their physician, judge and father."

Victoria Mission

Father Westropp, S.J., a missionary Jesuit doing wonderful work in Victoria Mission, Champaran District, India, has formed a company called, The Mission Stamp Company. He wants a charitable agent in every place, for the association is formed of charitable persons in all parts of the world who collect and help to sell large quantities of stamps.



JAVA

First Native Priest

August 15th last was a memorable day for the Catholic Church in Java, as well as for all the Catholic missions in the Dutch East Indies. It marked the ordination at Maas-tricht, Holland, of the first Javanese priest, Rev. Francis Xavier Satiman, S.J.

It is a happy sign of the great development of Christianity in Java, that so many vocations have arisen among the first converts of Moentian. The latest graduating classes of the normal school have almost always numbered one or more candidates for the priesthood. At this moment the Jesuit Mission counts four Javanese theologians, seven philosophers, and two novices, all Jesuits. There are twelve pupils in the Junior Seminary of Moentian and twenty-five in that of Djokjakarta. Thus the first Javanese priest in all probability will soon see his fellow-countrymen offering the Adorable Sacrifice!—"Die katholischen Missionen."



Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J.

Autobiography of Kauilks Metatcopnin

If you like tales, not fictitious ones, of real men, who have faced death fearlessly, day after day for years, and won great external victories while waging a deadly warfare within, then you will devour these personal reminiscences of Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., who "Three-times-broken," according to his Indian name, now at the age of ninety is actively engaged with his beloved Indians. He impressed me as the most spiritual soul I had ever seen," writes a contributor to the Catholic World. The reason why is laid bare in these pages.

MEMOIRS OF A BLACKROBE

(Part One)

N September, 1865, a frail young priest took his departure from Santa Clara College, California, to make his way northward to the frontier of Catholicism and civilization—the missions among the Indian tribes of the Northwest. The leaving-taking was attended by lugubrious forebodings and prophecies on the part of the remaining Fathers and Brothers of the college, for the future missionary was in the advanced stage of consumption. Indeed, but three years previous, while engaged in the study of theology, in Boston, the doctors gave him but a very short time to live. He outlived, however, their predictions; and now as he is about to undertake the hardships and rigors of mission life he hears re-echoed the doleful prognoses. Some of his fellow-religious gave him three months of life; others six months; one said: "I must be generous, very liberal; I give you one year, and not one day more." With these parting forecasts sounding in his ears, Joseph Benjamin Mary Cataldo turned his face to the land of his desires and to the field of his apostolate, where Almighty God deigned to bless him with sixty long years of zealous, fruitful labors among the Indians.

Consumptive and Missionary

A high purpose and a strong call from God for work in the missions had enabled Father Cataldo to surmount an almost impassable barrier of impaired health. Discouraging reports from doctors and religious Superiors were shown to dissuade him from his resolve, but as he had re-

ceived his appointment to the missions from the Rev. Father Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus, he persisted in his desire. Often he was asked by Fr. Villiger, then Superior of the California Mission, to remain in California and think no more of the Rocky Mountains, and always his reply was.

"I am willing to do what Superiors would order me to do and I am indifferent to any place or office; but, if my own opinion is asked, I must say that I belong to the Rocky Mountain Mission according to the destination of Father General."

At last a positive order arrived from Father Beckx, and the young consumptive priest was made a missionary.

Forty Miles a Day by Horseback

He arrived in Portland, Oregon, in October, 1865. Here he was met by Father Giorda, Superior of the missions. Immediately they set out by a river-boat for Wallula, a small town on the Columbia River. From Wallula they continued their journey on horseback, a new mode of travel to Father Cataldo. Walla Walla was reached after about 8 or 9 hours of riding. A stop was made here for a day to obtain provisions, and needless to say, Father Cataldo, after his first long ride on horseback, made it a day of rest. At that time Walla Walla was a town of about 1,000 people, sprung up three years before because of the mines discovered in Montana. It had already a little chapel with a resident priest, and a convent school with four Sisters of Providence. The few provisions bought, they again set out on horseback for Spokane, travelling by what was then known as the Mullan Road. Not being accustomed to such long rides, when they stopped at night after riding about forty miles, Father

Cataldo found himself quite exhausted and sore all over. He was unable to eat supper or sleep. His bed after such a fatiguing day was two blankets spread on the ground with his saddle for a pillow. When he asked Father Giorda whether it would not be better for them to stop a day at a house which accommodated prospectors on their way to the mines, Father Giorda replied that by continuing their travel he would become inured and would more quickly regain his former self. So the next day another forty miles were traversed and again they camped out at night.

With the Spokanes

At last, after six days, they emerged from the woods and saw the Spokane Prairie stretched out before them. A few miles more of travel brought them to the banks of a turbulent river (now known as the Spokane) and here Father Cataldo made his first intimate acquaintance with Indian life. A band of Coeur d'Alene Indians with their chief, Seltecs, were encamped by the river, laying up a store of fish for the winter. As Seltecs and practically all the Indians of his tribe were Catholics, the Fathers were cordially welcomed. Seltecs, whose mother was a Spokane Indian, told Father Cataldo many things about the Spokane Indians, and insisted that these Indians should be attended by the Fathers, as many of them were well disposed to the Catholic religion. In fact some who had learned of the Catholic religion from the Kalispel and Coeur d'Alene Indians attended Mass at Christmas or Easter in the old Sacred Heart Mission among the Coeur d'Alenes.

Father Cataldo took these words to his heart, and began to think of the possibility of establishing a mission

among the Spokanes, and to pray for the fulfilment of the desires of Seltees. Seltees offered the missionaries some dried salmon to eat. To oblige him they accepted and tried to eat of it. When the chief asked Father Cataldo how he liked it, he replied, "It is very good," meaning a good mortification.

Crowley's Bridge

Since the missionaries had as their destination the Coeur d'Alene Mission in Idaho, the question now arose as to how they would cross the river. Between them they discussed attempting to ford it or to go a little below to where Antoine Plant, a half-breed Cree Indian, had built a ferry boat. Seltees however told them that it was not safe to ford the river; scarcely an Indian would do it, and it was too far to go to the ferry boat. But if they travelled a few miles up the river they would find a new bridge built by some white men for the miners. The Indians called the bridge "Upzin-sing-alehus." It was later known in Spokane as Crowley's Bridge.

De Smet's Indians

The Fathers following the advice of Seltees, crossed the river at the bridge and that evening camped at a Coeur d'Alene Indian village, where the city of Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) now stands. It was in this same place that Father Peter De Smet had taught the Indians their daily prayers in one day. After supper Father Giorda called together the Indians for night prayers. The devotion and fervor of the Indians greatly edified the younger missionary and he was also impressed by the singing of their hymns and canticles. After the prayers all the Indians went to Confession; they expressed their deep regret that there was no chapel in which the Fathers might say Mass and give them Holy Communion in the morning.

Learning the Language

At last having reached the Sacred Heart Mission among the Coeur d'Alenes, Father Cataldo devoted himself to the study of the Kalispel language, the mother tongue of many of the Indian tribes of the Northwest. His instructor in this study was Father Joseph Caruana. Often they would discuss together the need of a missionary for the Spokane Indians. After a few months, when Father Cataldo had acquired sufficient fluency in the native tongue, he offered himself for work among the Spokanes. His Superior favored the plan, but circumstances prevented his immediate undertaking of this new mission. Finally in September, 1866, together with Father Tosi and an Indian com-

panion, Father Cataldo set out for the Spokane country.

The Spokane Falls

When they reached the Spokane river, the two priests and their guide crossed it at the place where the Orphanage of St. Joseph now stands in the city of Spokane. Going down the stream about a mile, the Indian suddenly left the trail and went towards the bank of the river, telling the Fathers to follow him. Not knowing what he wanted the Fathers hesitated. After walking a few hundred feet the Indian turned and said, "Come and see." They went and for the first time saw in all their primitive beauty the Falls of the Spokane River. It was also a source of surprise to the Fathers to learn that the Indian was so great an admirer of nature and could display such enthusiasm over natural beauty as had their guide.

Several miles down the river they happened upon a camp of Coeur d'Alene Indians who were fishing for white salmon. A two day stay was made here. During this time all the Indians went to Confession and Communion. The children were taught the catechism and sermons were preached to the men and women. Morning and night prayers were said in common.

With the Spokanes

While the Fathers were in this camp they were visited by some Spokane Indians, who urged them to pay a visit to their people encamped near by. A promise was made, and after the work among the Coeur d'Alene was finished, the Fathers set out for the camp of the Spokanes. Here at last Father Cataldo was among the people whom he longed to win over to the knowledge and love of God and His Church. The eagerness with which they received the Fathers was an added incentive to him to labor strenuously to carry out his desires.

As very few of the Spokanes, about a dozen or so, were at that time Catholics, the attendance at the service which the Fathers held after their arrival in the camp, was very small. After the prayers, Baptiste Peon and Pierre Quinchistilla who were both baptized together with some members of their families, asked the Fathers the all-important question, "How long will you stay among us?" Father Cataldo answered, "We may stay three or five, or even ten days if necessary." The Indians replied, "Do you think that you will convert our people in ten days? You must come and live with us at least the whole of the coming winter." Baptiste Peon added, "Look at me. I am a half-breed. Two years ago I asked Father

De Smet to send a missionary to instruct me and my family and to baptize us. He promised he would send Father Caruana. Father Caruana came last year, was with us a few days teaching us, and he baptized us in a great hurry. I forgot all the little I could learn then. So I am baptized without knowing anything! And no one will dare to receive Baptism that way."

Then Pierre Quinchistilla spoke, "I went to Coeur d'Alene Mission and stopped there about two weeks to be instructed and baptized. I was baptized but I learned very little. So now we want to be instructed, and our people may also come to be instructed and converted if you stay with us long enough—not less than four months."

A Permanent Mission

Father Cataldo told them that his mission was at most for two weeks, and that he had orders to leave before the snow fell on the "divide" between the Spokane and Coeur d'Alene countries. He promised however to speak to his Superior, and if he was allowed he would return and stay with them the whole winter. The Fathers also spoke with several chiefs of the tribe who likewise expressed themselves as desirous of having a missionary to work among their people. A few days afterwards the Fathers broke camp and went back to the Coeur d'Alene Mission.

Here fortunately, Father Cataldo met Father Grassi, his Superior, who was on his way to Montana. All the words and desires of the Spokanes were reported to him. He was very much interested and asked Father Cataldo if he thought he would be strong enough to pass the winter among the Indians. Father Cataldo replied that he thought he was sufficiently strong if obedience would send him.

"Very well, then," said the Superior. "Go! Go!"

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Exorcising the Devil of Bigotry

Southland Jesuits Plan New Campaign

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

HOW powerful, compelling, hypnotic is the sway of anti-Catholic prejudice in the South is manifested by almost daily signs. Bigotry and bias must be driven out by the talisman of an educational and fair play drive if Catholicity is to make headway south of the Mason and Dixon line. Lovers of truth will welcome this campaign planned by the Southern Jesuits.



HE Jesuit Fathers of the New Orleans Province desire to acquaint their friends with another major movement about to be launched by them for the salvation of souls and the fostering of a more Christian spirit among people of all religious beliefs in the South. It was hate that burned the libraries in Alexandria and spoiled the Parthenon in Athens and looted the palaces of Italy and ruined the Cathedrals of France—and it is hate, religious hate, that is destroying the solidarity of our American people and poisoning their social and political lives. Cardinal Newman has said that one cannot read history and be a Protestant. Not otherwise it may be said that one cannot know the Catholic Church and hate her or her people.

Accordingly a campaign of education to be carried into the smaller cities and rural communities of the South has long been advocated by both the clergy and the laity. But the problem of meeting the expenses of such a campaign has so far delayed action. More than eighty per cent of the smaller cities and settlements of the Southern States are unable to maintain a resident priest and the time will never come when conditions in this respect will improve, unless the Church is brought to these people in the way of lectures by missionary priests who are self-supporting.

Recognizing this and encouraged by the warm approval of ecclesiastical Superiors, the Jesuit Fathers of the New Orleans Province have an important movement under way to meet the needs of these rural communities. They are confident that those Catholics whom God has blessed with success will recognize in this movement the best effort that can be put forth by religion and patriotism looking to the salvation of souls and the true interests of the South.

Into what conditions, social, political and religious, Catholic children and their children's children are to be born in the South, what the prejudices of the men and women with whom they are to associate, are matters of momentous importance, and

these will depend largely on the success or failure of this new plan of the Jesuit Fathers to extend their missionary work in the South.

A little child once asked: "Why don't God kill the devil"? The English is not correct but the question does not lose its value on that account. The answer, however, to the child's question is correct enough: "God does not kill the devil because He has turned the task over to us." Someone may be tempted to ask why does not God destroy the devil of religious hate in the South? Again it may be said that God does not destroy the devil of religious hate in the South because He has turned that task over to you and to me. Let us then slay that devil forever with the weapons which religion and patriotism are placing in our hands.

Unfortunately we have our pacifists who tell us to throw away our weapons, for there is no enemy; we have our pacifists who tell us to keep the treasure of truth to ourselves. Rich men buy masterpieces and withdraw them from the people and hide them

in their little parlors, and there are some Catholics who feel they have done full duty if they keep their Faith and beliefs to themselves. But the treasure is not ours—it is God's—and we must hand it on. The genius of the Church is enshrined in the words: "Go and teach"—"Trade herewith till I come"—"Ye shall be witnesses of Me"—"Make disciples of all the nations." This is the charter alike of laymen and priest. These words have some meaning for the laity as well as the clergy.

There is nothing more satisfying in social and civil life than the prosperous and cultured Catholic who is also an humble Christian devoutly interested in the welfare of the Church. Thank God we have many of these—men and women who recognize that only one value is permanent—that gold, land, offices and friends are only scaffoldings for the house, equipment for the march, weapons while the battle is on. And to these we look for help which will enable us to realize the high hopes we have for the New South.



Father P. Ryan, S.J., at Catechism Center, Wheelerville, Alabama

A to Z in Jesuit Mission Fields

(Continued from Page 6)
From Bombay to Kandy.

Bombay welcomed the German Jesuits in 1856. They founded 128 stations, 120 schools, 3 orphanages, 2 hospitals, a leper settlement, a university, and 4 papers. As the World War forced them to leave in 1916, Spanish, French and Swiss Jesuits to the number of ninety-eight took their places.

Calcutta is cared for by two hundred and fifty Belgian Jesuits. Since 1859 they have been tilling a territory that is eight times the size of their native Belgium. 812 churches and 921 Schools have been founded in Behar, Bengal, Calcutta, Chota-Nagpur, Orissa, and 27 federated states, among a population of 29,000,000.

Calicut was confided to the Italian Fathers in 1878. They have built 36 churches and 67 schools and brought 8,000 into the True Fold.

Galle, comprising two provinces of Ceylon with an area of 6507 square miles, has been blessed by the ministrations of 34 Belgians, who have converted 13,000, and established 67 churches and 43 schools.

Goa's Archbishop called the Portuguese Jesuits in 1890. Churches and colleges have been founded in Alleppee, Belgaum, Cochin, and Goa.

Kandy is the home of India's Seminary. Pope Leo XIII founded a Pontifical college for the flower of the native clergy and entrusted it to the Belgian Jesuits. Up to date this Seminary numbers amongst its alumni four Bishops and more than two hundred priests.

Madura to Trincomali

Madura saw the return of Jesuit missionaries in 1837. French Jesuits have the pastorate of 6,599,990 heathen and 278,500 Catholics within a radius of 10,300 square miles. 263 fathers and brothers direct 1,118 churches, 4 seminaries, 2 universities, 484 schools, 9 orphanages and 4 magazines.

Mangalore was the scene of the devotion of Italian Jesuits from 1878 to 1923. After building a seminary, a college, 88 churches, 85 schools and various hospitals, orphanages and leper settlements, they turned the Diocese over to the native alumni of their seminary whilst retaining control of the seminary and college.

Poona is administered by the Swiss and Spanish Jesuits, 23,000 of the 11,000,000 have been converted, 55 churches and 198 schools organized.

Trincomali, comprising a fifth part of Ceylon, is directed by the French Jesuits. 31 churches and 48 schools bless the Island. In 1859 the Dutch Jesuits entered the Dutch colonies of

India and labored with great success in the education of the youth and the conversion of the sons of Vishnu, Siva, and Brahma. They are now concentrating on the Island of Java with the notable result of 42,623 Catholics, 51 churches, 104 schools, 6 orphanages, 2 hospitals, 3 periodicals and the ever distinctive Jesuit college.

Oceania, South America, Syria.

The Caroline, Marshall and Mariann Islands of the Oceanic Archipelago, already bathed in the sweat and blood of the Society were restored to the Spanish Jesuits in 1919. 32 Christian settlements, 36 churches, and 50 schools are dynamic witnesses of their genuine love of the Apostolate.



American Jesuits at an Indian Temple

Lebanon and Syria received the energizing forces of Loyola in 1831. Renewing the combat of their ancestors they have valiantly pushed back the Turkish errors, even unto martyrdom. Five Fathers and two Scholastics have succumbed to the attacks of the Drusi. The most important centre of the mission is the University of Beyrouth. An Auxiliary "Flying Mission" is gathering into the fold the lost sheep of Albania, Armenia, Roumania, and Russia. The work of American Jesuits in directing Papal relief in Russia must also be classified as a fine missionary endeavor.

Stimulation.

This record is furnished as a stimulation to all the friends of the Society of Jesus to concentrate their attention and prayers to make Jesuit missionary work still more fruitful in the future. It also is a vital evidence that the labors of Jesuits are not confined to schools and colleges.

Mississippi's Blackrobe

(Continued from Page 9)

cued trunk of another Indian. The charred legs and arms were outspread in a pathetic, supplicating attitude.

"In the Name of God!" exclaimed Joliet in an awed whisper. "What new devilry of this benighted wilderness have we stumbled on, good Father Marquette?"

Before the Blackrobe could reply, from the further edge of the scorched clearing, came again the high quivering notes of the Death Song. To these now was added the howl of a dog.

Noislessly the two stepped across the charred area, around the dreadful dead, and entered the green undergrowth beyond. A few steps and they were gazing down upon the powder-blackened body of an old Indian.

Seated on his haunches by his master's side, with head upturned, was a lean brownish yellow hound.

Seeing the two, the hound tilted his head to a steeper angle and emitted a lingering howl.

The Death Song stopped in the middle of a quivering note and the hand of the lone singer sought and closed on a charred war club. He lifted himself feebly to brandish the weapon in the direction of the Blackrobe.

Then it was that Joliet with pity in his tones whispered:

"See, my Father, the Indian's sight has been blasted away."

"On guard, No Flesh!" The Indian commanded in the Illinois tongue.

"Wolves! Wolves! At last!"

The lean hound ceased howling and standing with one paw on the Indian's breast and every tooth showing, faced the two men.

"No, brother," spoke Marquette, "not wolves, but a shepherd. What dreadful thing has happened to you and your party?"

The Indian turned to face the one he could not see.

"Who is the white man that speaks to Long Fox with Illinois words?" he demanded.

Marquette smiled.

"Long Fox, I am the one who prays and instructs."

The hunt hand dropt the war club and with sightless eyes the Illinois searched the face of the Blackrobe.

"You are a Blackrobe. It is good," replied Long Fox, "Now I know your voice. Moons ago I sat in your Prayer-Cabin on the shores of the Lake of Copper (Lake Superior) and listened to your words of wisdom. I kept them in my breast. Since I lay here I have asked the Manitou, who made Heaven and earth, that the road I follow after death be the same as yours."

When the old Illinois had finished, the Blackrobe translated for the other.

"Long Fox says there were six Illinois in his party. They stole a powder keg from some trappers who have a cabin, that I think must have been some leagues south of the large Mascouten village, where five days ago we got the two Miami guides to show us the portage to this river.

"Long Fox and his party were on their way to the Illinois country to the south. The day before yesterday they camped here and his grandson rolled the keg too close to the camp fire. Long Fox says suddenly the devil of the trappers came out of the keg in scorching flames.

"Long Fox says it has been night since. He thought of the Prayer he had heard taught the Ottawas in the chapel at Holy Spirit Mission, and he prayed our Blessed Lord—

Tears had come into Marquette's eyes and he added huskily:

"Tell Jean and the woodsmen to come ashore and you bring me water."

When Joliet was gone, the Blackrobe bent lower and instructed.

"The Good Manitou, who made Heaven and earth, has surely sent me to your side. Listen, you have been through wars with the Sioux and you realize—for you had started your Death Chant—that the rest of your journey is short. What must one do, to go to that land of delights where death and disease are forever banished?"

"Blackrobe, one must believe in the Prayer; so I heard you teach the Ottawas."

"Well, then?"

"Then I believe, Blackrobe."

"And one must pray."

"Very well, I wish to pray but I have not the sense to do so. Teach me, Blackrobe."

Quickly Marquette instructed this well-disposed soul.

There was a crunching of burnt pine cones and Joliet and several of the woodsmen came into view.

Repeating the formula of the Sacrament, the Blackrobe poured the saving waters on the blistered brow of the old Illinois.

"It is good," said Long Fox. "Now I am ready to go along the right trail."

He turned to the hound who had been watching the party.

"No Flesh, come here."

The hound crept closer and buried his muzzle in Long Fox's hand.

"This dog, Blackrobe, is faithful. He brought me a squirrel and kept me alive. He would have died with me. He lives and I give him to you."

Long Fox patted the brown head. "No Flesh, Blackrobe is your master now. Go to him."

Obediently the lean hound walked over to Father Marquette and sat look-

ing up into his new owner's countenance. The tail wagged as if asking, "What orders, Master?"

Soon the woodsmen carried the Indian as gently as they could, across the charred clearing and into the pine forest. But before they came to the canoes at the bank, Long Fox struggled in their arms and they halted. They lowered the poor, burnt body to the ground. Again the Death Song of the Illinois came high and clear. There was a note of triumph in it now.

Then it quivered and broke off sharply. The hound, No Flesh, squatted back on his haunches and howled.

Marquette said to his companion:

"I gave Long Fox the name of Mary in Baptism. And if I never pour the waters of salvation on another head this voyage, I feel that our expedition has been successful.

"Surely, this was a predestined one. Louis, we were almost visibly led to his side ere the end. Not in vain have I invoked Mary Immaculate. She is the leader of this expedition, and she claims her own on the way.

"And did you notice how she has given me a fine, faithful hound?"

The Blackrobe bent low.

"Come here, No Flesh."

He petted the brownish, yellow head.

"There is a place for you in my canoe and at my fireside."

Once more on the broad still bosom of the river, they weighed the body of the Illinois, and in midcurrent consigned it to the waters.

As the canoes were paddled along the river that was to be known as the Wisconsin, the two in Marquette's canoe were silent, till the Blackrobe exclaimed:

"I recall that old Illinois now. Long Fox came often to my cabin at Holy Spirit Mission to look at the religious paintings I showed and listen to the instructions I gave about them. Then one day he disappeared. I thought in my ignorance that the seed had fallen on hard soil. How blind even the keenest-sighted of us are! Ah, Louis, my friend, we have been witnesses to the happy death of one who tried to follow our Master."

"Happy, yes, but, my father," exclaimed Joliet. "If I had my choice of a death, it would be fighting—to go down gloriously for King—"

"Or Kingdom," put in Marquette, "as did our blessed martyred brothers, —good Father Jogues and Brébeuf twenty odd years ago on the Iroquois and the Huron Missions."

The Blackrobe sighed. "But a martyr's death is granted only to chosen souls. For others are left lonely deaths, as died our good Father Menard who wore out seeking the scattered red children of His Master,

to the north of us, twelve years ago; or, better yet, glorious St. Francis Xavier or that desolate Chinese island.

"These deaths are my models. To wear out as a shepherd should and then to die alone and abandoned, this is my ideal. And it has been ever since I was a wee lad in my native Laon, and the good God first put into my curly head the desire of serving Him here in the mid-American wilderness. But how I chatter, and you paddle!"

Jean, the woodsman, drove his paddle into the water viciously.

"They can have their going down gloriously for the King in France and their lonely deaths, but if I had my way, I'd like, please God, to die in my bed."

"Shame, Jean," chided the Blackrobe. "We paddle under the protection of her who is more powerful than all the red warriors in the New World. Is not that correct, No Flesh?"

The Blackrobe looked down upon his dog, lying on a reed mat in the bottom of the canoe. The yellowish brown hound wagged his tail contentedly.

CHAPTER II

The Great Water

The next morning the clear blue sky of a June day opened above the party.

Hot high noon blazed down upon them and the twisting river widened. Oaks and walnuts and basswood crowded either shore. More islands, thick wooded with willows and aspens, rose ahead, drew near, and dropped astern of the tireless paddlers. The scallops of green clad hills back of the flood plains of this river unbent and straightened away. A group of woody delta islands were about the canoes. It was mid-afternoon of the seventeenth of June, 1673.

The little expedition paddled on, keeping full in the current, close to the green northern shore. There came into the mind of Joliet fragments of the warnings of the elder of the Miami guides had given as they bade the voyagers good-bye at the Wisconsin portage. "Whitemen, strange monsters lie in wait for such venturesome ones as you. . . . Evil spirits of air and water will plot your disaster. . . . We will not see you again. . . . We go no further."

The canoe swept around a willow point and Joliet was about to speak when Marquette turned back from his bow position. At once Louis Joliet noted the rapture that shone on the tanned face of the Blackrobe.

Marquette pointed ahead at the new world of water that was being revealed to them.

"We have reached the Great Water! Oh! Louis, my friend, I cannot express to you the joy that floods my breast. So long have I prayed the aid of Mary Immaculate that it might be permitted to me, all unworthy as I am, to behold this river of rivers and to bring the Prayer to her Son's red-skinned children, who dwell along its banks."

Tears were in Marquette's eyes and, unashamed, he let them course down his cheeks.

The two canoes were paddled side by side, and as they floated along, the vastness of this mighty stream awed into silence the first of white men to behold its upper reaches.

At Marquette's command the prows of the canoes were turned into the northern shore and a landing was made on the sunlit point. Here he and Joliet turned scientists and unpacking their instruments took the sun.

When their calculations were finished, Marquette announced. "If my figures are correct, it is near 42½ degrees where this river we are leaving pours its waters into the—"

The Blackrobe checked himself. "I was almost forgetting a promise I made to Mary Immaculate long ago."

Marquette stopped where the swift current ran and cupping his hands, lifted some of the water. He poured the drops into the clear current, saying:

"O greatest of streams, I christen you henceforth with the name of Mary's unique prerogative. I christen you the River of the Conception."

Re-embarking in the two canoes, the voyagers pushed away from the muddy point and with a few strokes they were out on the choppy expanse of the swift current of the newly christened river. It was very still on that world of strange waters. The green high bluffs to the left slid by and shut off the view of the woody islands at the mouth of the river the canoes had descended.

Suddenly Joliet called to the Blackrobe at the bow paddled:

"My Father, I have just remembered. You christened this river, the red men call Mississippi, after Mary's Immaculate Conception, and did you know that twenty-eight years ago next September in the Upper Town of Quebec, I was christened in the Church of the Immaculate Conception?"

The Blackrobe shook his head.

"I did not know that, Louis, but I do know you and I would be unworthy sons of Mary Immaculate if we did not confide in her powerful protection the length of this voyage."

When the sun sank behind the western bluff the seven were close to an island and though they had not seen

any sign of Indians, the leaders deemed it safer to camp there rather than to land under one of the bluffs.

No Flesh dashed ashore as the two canoes were drawn up on the sands and Peter and Francis asked permission to go out into the current and cast their nets for sturgeon.

"I assure you, my Father," claimed Peter, "I have seen several since we paddled out on this monstrous river."

Marquette gave the permission and then lifting the Breviary from his neck began to say some of his Office before light failed.

A half hour went by and then wild shouts from the fishermen startled all on the island. They saw the canoe being furiously paddled towards the campfire.

René caught the prow of the canoe and steadied it while Peter and Francis tumbled out. It was Peter who found his voice first.

My Father!—Sieur!—the Mascoutens were right! It is a river of monsters. Would that I were back at Mackinaw! Would that I had never left the Rock of Quebec! Would that I were safe in beautiful France!

Marquette motioned the excited woodsman into silence and demanded of Francis an explanation. It came with a torrent of words.

"We—Peter and I—had caught three sturgeons and were congratulating ourselves that we would have more than smoked fish and Indian corn for our dinner, when—when—"

Peter burst in:

"When I saw it clearly. It was coming directly towards the side of the canoe and my gun was an shore."

"What was?" demanded Louis Joliet.

"I know not, Sieur. I know about fish. I have fished since I was no taller than the width of our canoe, but the devil I never laid eyes on till I saw him swimming towards us."

"What stroke was he using?" queried Marquette with twitching lips.

His question was ignored. Francis put in:

"Then I saw him, and I never wish to lay eyes on him again!"

He shook his pudding-bag most emphatically.

"He had the head of a tiger," Peter began to describe the apparition, "with whiskers, and straight, erect ears, and the sharp nose of a wildcat. The head was gray and the neck—"

Francis continued the description: "The neck was black as that powder burnt Illinois I helped bury yesterday."

"Then you decided to paddle ashore?"

"That we did, my Father. And I will swear to my dying day it was Lucifer himself who came swimming towards us."

"Do not be childish, my bearded one," the Blackrobe chided Peter.

Joliet had stepped to the canoe and he exclaimed: "What these two brave children saw was some new fish. Naturally, on strange waters we are liable to meet with new species. Very likely they are tasty."

He turned to the nearest woodsman. "Charles, take these sturgeons that our valiant fishermen neglected to throw at the devil and prepare them."

Looking at Peter and Francis, he added:

"Maybe, after you children have eaten and smoked and slept, you will feel better."

The group broke up laughing, and soon dinner was cooked and eaten.

Then as night closed in, the fire was put out. The two canoes were anchored some little distance from the island shore. Joliet and the woodsman crouched down as they could and dropt into the sound sleep of tired men. But Marquette, with no Flesh curled contentedly at his side and rosary slipping between his fingers, sat out the first watch.

Aloft the vague, vast sweep of stars looked down and the day of the discovery, June 17, 1673, passed into history.

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