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"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 Citadel of the Faith

in the
Land
of
The Bonzes



Joichi Daigaku at Tokio



FEW months ago in a private audience the Holy Father insisted strongly: "It is necessary at all costs to maintain this university, the honor of the Catholic Church is at stake before the pagan of the Far East." He was talking about the Jesuit University at Tokio, "Joichi Daigaku," at this moment face to face with a tremendous crisis which threatens its destruction. Planned by His Holiness Pius X., carefully nurtured by its Jesuit founders, then triumphant over persecution, and earthquake, shall it fall before this new menace? But let us recall the past.

After Three Centuries.

The great Apostle of Japan was St. Francis Xavier. He and his followers planted the faith deep in Japanese hearts. The missionaries under successive persecution, died on flaming funeral pyres on the bluffs of Nagasaki, but the faith of their converts lived until, when after three centuries, Japan was opened to the world by Admiral Perry. Catholicism could still claim 60,000 adherents.

A Christian Revenge.

The faith that had been outlawed, persecuted by fire and sword, scored a real Christian revenge when His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell then Bishop of Portland arrived in Yokohama on the 29th of October, 1905, as delegate from His Holiness Pius X. to the Emperor of Japan. His reception was a triumph. A leading article in the Journal "Nihon" recalled the fact that the ambassador belonged to the ancient Roman Catholic religion, which surviving three centuries of persecution had known how to retain in Japan 60,000 adherents.

Welcome by the University World

On the 18th of November the university world spontaneously organized a reception in honor of Bishop O'Connell. Students, professors,

THIS citadel and beacon-light of the Faith rose silently to its majestic heights after the completion of the diplomatic mission of his Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, to the court of the Mikado in the fall of 1905. It was a magnificent intellectual gesture that put Catholicism on a new basis in the eyes of Japanese intellectuals. It has withstood constant assaults. The forces of good and evil have battled for its success or failure, for as His Holiness, Pius XI, has said, in its maintenance the honor of the Catholic Church is at stake before the pagans of the Far East. The forces of evil seem to have the ascendancy. Will it survive or perish? Who will be its saviour?

journalists, functionaries, men of every opinion and color crowded the largest hall in Tokio to hear the Pope's envoy. Mr. Ozaka, Mayor of the capital, recalled that four centuries earlier another Pope had sent Xavier to Japan to carry to it the benefits of civilization. The student whose duty it was to announce the speakers declared that it was quite natural for the two oldest sovereigns in the world to wish to establish friendly relations. A Buddhist, Dr.

Anezaki, professor of comparative religion, developed the theme that true Christianity was found at Rome. A Japanese priest, the Abbé Maeda, refuted the false ideas against the Papacy propagated by European journals. All these speakers, and others who followed them succeeded in awakening a veritable enthusiasm for the Catholic religion.

What the Japanese Church Needed

During banquets and receptions organized by ministers, Bishop O'Connell was able to assure himself that princes, statesmen, admirals and generals, industrial and commercial magnates, in a word all the superior classes of Japanese society professed a sincere admiration for the Catholic Church. But it was also frankly said: "You Catholics ought to assert yourselves more." Two Catholics of note, Vice Admiral Ito, and the future Admiral Togo, made it clear that missionaries ought to take means to attract the attention of the intellectuals and of the governing classes.

On the 25th of November the Papal Delegate re-embarked at Yokohama. On the occasion of the Delegate's visit, the Christians of Nagasaki sent an address to the Holy Father asking for the return of the Jesuits and recalling the ties which bound them in a special way, as being the sons of the martyrs, to their first missionaries. They complained of the prominence given to Protestant activities whilst Catholicism remained in obscurity and begged the Holy Father to apply a remedy. Then it was that Pius X resolved to establish a Catholic University in Japan in order to form amongst the



His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell after whose diplomatic mission to the Mikado the Catholic University of Tokio was founded

intellectual classes a Catholic élite. His Holiness deigned to entrust this difficult task to the Society of Jesus.

A Fight for Place

But it is one thing to plan a university, and another to bring these plans to fruition. Japan from the opening up of her country to Western ideas in 1858—to the advent of the Papal legation in 1905, had transformed herself in a way that stands unparalleled in the history of nations. In fifty short years Japan had covered the distance that separated her from the feudal system, and her industry and arms ranked her amongst the great powers. The Jesuits on entering Tokio found a city endowed with every modern organization. It had its college and universities. The bookshelves of its libraries displayed together with Japanese books, the works of Darwin, Spencer, Tolstoy, as well as the latest French novels translated into Japanese. In the midst of this invasion from the West the first thing to be done was to secure one's "place in the sun" and to justify one's right to work. The honor of the Catholic Church demanded something swift and great. To affirm her existence before the University world, to overcome governmental distrust, to

vanquish hostile resistance, to buy land, build a college, draw up a plan of studies, and, in order to ensure the attendance of the students, to win the right of granting diplomas were so many stages and obstacles which it was imperative speedily to surmount. To bring all this to a successful conclusion there was but a handful of men, who had to begin by giving their time to study of a difficult language if they wished to render their work fruitful.

Persecution Conquered

But the Jesuits selected for this task met all difficulties and were just upon the point of purchasing property for their new venture, when a storm of persecution broke out in the press against them precisely because they were members of the Society, which had been formerly hunted out of the country. When hope seemed dim, the whole horizon brightened by the arrival of Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., whose relations with King Edward VII of England were well known. A short time after his departure, the Minister of Worship, who was favorable to Catholicism announced to the Fathers over the telephone:

"I have just signed the warrant which allows you to open your school."

Hopes Realized

The official title given by the government to the new university was "Jochi Daigaku" which indicated that the establishment was devoted to higher education. On October 12, 1913, His Holiness Pius X sent a letter expressing the desire that the educational work progress to the greater glory of God. In the autumn of 1914 an imposing building was finished with accommodations for five hundred students.

Successes!

Now a word concerning the results obtained to date. First of all people came to the University because the education was excellent. The students easily obtained situations and it was told they are appreciated as much as those coming from the Imperial University. The Inspector General of Private Universities said, when confiding to the University the care of his own son, that it was the best school under his jurisdiction. The Government itself recognizes the merit of the professors; in fact two of the professors give language courses at the Imperial University, a third teaches in one of the principal State high schools. Thanks to the relations which are created, the Fathers have also been invited to give religious conferences in the best universities. Thus it was that in 1923 Father Hoffmann was asked to give a conference in a Buddhist University; he had the hardihood to take for his subject, "Christ Is the Way Which Leads to Truth." As regards the direct Apostolate, the Fathers have had the consolation of seeing no single year pass by without the administration of Baptism to some students. And amongst the Catholic students there have been so far three vocations to the Society and one to the secular clergy. During the first six months of this year four persons were baptized, of whom one was a professor at the Imperial University, while two other University professors are preparing for Baptism.

War, Earthquake and Finances.

These promising results have been attained in spite of most serious handicaps, one of which imperils the very life of the University. It was at the moment when, after so many difficulties, a start was about to be made that three unexpected trials befell the new enterprise. Nobody had foreseen the great war. The University, which had only limited resources, saw the principal sources of its support dry up.

Another difficulty arose from the Japanese Government. Peace had scarcely been concluded when on December 5, 1918, the Minister of

(Continued on Page 38 Column 1)



"China proved to be as quaint and strange as the land of the Mikado"

The Story of An Outgoing Missionary

New York to Mindanao

JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S.J.



LAST, here we are among the banana and cocoanut groves in the Land of Manana. Quite a change from Boston, New York, Poughkeepsie and Washington! Our trip across country was most beautiful, though we were too tired to enjoy it fully. The ocean voyage on the "Empress of Canada" was both restful and delightful. Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun, afforded many strange sights, indeed; the most interesting of which was the dress especially of the women. They look like great baby dolls in their vari-colored kimonos. The men's dress was interesting, and not a little instructive for those destined for warmer climes.

From Hong Kong to Manila.

Leaving the Land of the Rising Sun we sped through the Inland to the Yellow Sea, toward the Celestial Empire. The sunsets here were the most beautiful I have ever witnessed. Each evening we beheld a scene of unimaginable beauty. When the great flaming disc of the sun sank into the ocean, the whole heaven was tinged with gold, and the clouds seemed like haloes encircling the mountain tops.

China proved to be as quaint and strange as the Land of the Mikado, but saddening, too, because of the poverty witnessed there. Here the Maryknoll Fathers gave us wondrous welcome. Hongkong was the hottest place on earth during the three days of our stay there, and we were indeed glad that it was not our destination. At Manila all our Fathers and the Collegians of the Ateneo were on the dock to greet us and the reunion was a joyous one.

Skidding in Two Typhoons

Our trip from Manila to Mindanao was worthy of a St. Paul or a Xavier. We came down in a cattle and freight boat, just sixty times smaller than the "Empress of Canada," and drove head-

HEREIN is related with the cheery optimism born of the love of God, the experiences of a Jesuit who last August set forth, for Cagayan de Misamis. He discourses on the strangeness of Oriental life to Occidental eyes, on typhoons, rats and snakes, and passes off with a smile his painful reception by a tarantula and scorpion.

long into two typhoons. Our little ship skidded and danced, twisted and turned, rocked and tossed. Tons and tons of water swept over the decks, and all our precious possessions were waterlogged. We roamed the deck with half a dozen pigs and about thirty dogs, and plagued by every kind of tropical insect. We were not sorry when Cagayan came in sight, and we saw Father Daly awaiting us on the dock. A large sign greeted us, and on it was one word "Paradise." It was the name of the owner of the dock, but after two typhoons and six days and nights of tropical rain, it was, in truth, a paradise.

A Tarantula and a Scorpion.

We remained at Cagayan for a few days, and then were scattered to various parts of Bukidnon, Lanao and

Misamis? I was appointed to Balingasag, in Misamis, though it sounds like a city in Ireland. As Fr. Corliss knew no Spanish and the Spanish Fathers knew no English, Father Corliss came with me. We were the first American priests that those people had ever seen, and the whole populace was on the shore to see us. Totally surrounded by the mob we journeyed slowly to the church, which commands a view of the sea, thence to the Convento, a very dignified name for a very old, dilapidated barn. Rumor has it that the inside was whitewashed when erected in 1879, but the charge could certainly not be upheld in any court of law today. Some pigs, horses, chickens and pigeons inhabit the ground floor, while we occupy the floor above. Lizards of all colors, sizes and shapes infest the walls, and crouch us to sleep at night. Night life is interesting, if not comfortable, for we never know what will creep or fly into the house. So far I have had a disagreeable experience with both a tarantula and a scorpion, the former hitting me in the neck, and the latter on the finger. Red hot needles are icicles compared to their shooting irons. Ants are in everything, especially in the woodwork and food, but we eat our daily share, and formic acid seems to agree with our digestion. Mosquitoes by the thousands take their daily quota of "white blood," though the natives seem to be immune.

Oh! for a Glass of Ice Water.

Some one has said that successful mission work is not in "striving to.

have, but learning to do without." Well, we have learned to do without many things that before we thought necessary, but it brings us closer to God, and that is everything. The food is not half bad, though it was hard to miss such common aids as salt, milk, tea, ice, etc., in the beginning. Rain water, caught from the roof, is the only safe drink, and with the constant rain each day and night, we have plenty. But do give me second intention on the next glass of ice-water you drink.

A Stable-Church

The heat during the days is very intense, but the nights are fairly cool. The language difficult, though great, is not insuperable as many of the children know English. I don't think the Lord ever intended the Visayan language for any civilized white man, but I expect to have enough in three months to shrive and marry the natives. The church in Balingasag is large, but unfinished and saving the Lord's Presence, its characteristic virtue seems to be dirt. No doubt the people have heard that the Lord was born in a stable, and think that He prefers this dwelling above all others. Bats and lizards are there in abundance, and an occasional scorpion or snake does a dance or a wriggle up the middle aisle. What the church is for is more than I have been able to figure out yet. Perhaps it will come in handy, if we can get the people to frequent the Sacraments.

The Fruit of the Public School.

Besides Balingasag we have 12 barrios, all within a radius of thirty-five miles, probably about 25,000 people in all. And not a Catholic school in any one of them. There is an up-to-date public school in each one, but as soon as the children enter the public school they are finished with the Church. The climate, housing conditions, filth and dirt harm morality, and lack of religious teaching does the rest. Here at Balingasag, three little Filipino Sisters have a school for girls, four grades, and graduate their children into the first grade of the public school. I visit-of their place the other day and came away sick at heart. School was held in the cellar. It was so dark I could hardly see.

Mr. Snake to the Rescue

Just now I tried to kill a gekko who almost frightened the life out of me. As they can travel like the wind I waited in breathless suspense and got a chunk of wood. Just as I was about to execute vengeance a huge snake about five feet long wriggled into the room, and made short work of Mr. Gekko.

I thought I might finish Mr. Snake and threw a stick of wood, which went wide of its mark, and Mr. Snake quickly betook himself down-stairs where he belongs. Generally they make for the attic in order to catch rats, and the old Father laughs heartily when I tell him I am going to kill every one I see, and order some "Rough on Rats" for the rodents. He has seen some rough life here, and fears nothing that crawls or creeps. As I had to pass through many rivers, I asked him the other day, if there were any alligators or crocodiles round about. He replied in the negative, but assured me that in the past he had funerals of an arm or leg of men, women and children, and lo and behold! a few days afterwards, I beheld a huge crocodile about thirteen feet long some natives had killed. I thought it strange that no natives go swimming, but they told me it was because of the sharks. Just pray that my little skiff, about a foot wide, does not turn over some fine day.

Heroic Nuns.

These are a few of the thrills of our mission life! I am certainly writing this letter under difficulties, for I had to stop again to kill a tarantula—oh so cautiously! Managed to get him before he got me—funeral notice later. To continue the narrative, the school was dark, there was one book to every three or four girls, and a tiny little blackboard in the front. All classes were huddled together, and those who could not find a bench squatted on the floor. I then took a look around up-stairs. The three nuns have a little room, just big enough for three cots. Next to them was a little room, about the same size, where sixteen orphan girls sleep on the floor. Mattresses are unknown here. Beds are simply up-rights and instead of a spring there is cane like those on the back of old-fashioned chairs. The first few nights are hard, but one soon gets used to them. The nuns were sorry they

could offer me nothing, because they had been living on fruit exclusively for some time past, though rice, the common food is only \$5.00 a bag. I had \$30.00 with which I was going to hire a teacher to teach me Visayan, but I thought they needed something to eat more than I need Visayan; so I gave it to them. They cried, kissed my hand, and jabbered away in Visayan, so that you would think a revolution was going on. The poverty everywhere is intense, and it will be long indeed before it is alleviated. If they work for a day and get the high salary of a peso, fifty cents, they quit work until it is spent.

PLEASE! Some School Books!

Existence here is pretty precarious, and as I don't know how long I am going to last, I have decided to throw all energies into getting a school going next term here at Balingasag. I will try also to start the first grade in all the barrios. The good Lord will have to take care of the old folks, while I try to take care of the coming generation. What we shall do for buildings, I don't know, but if you know any Sisters who can help us out with any sort of school equipment,—readers, spellers, simple story-books, geographies, simple histories, maps, pictures, and the like, you will all have God's sweetest blessing on you, I am sure, and our gratitude, if you would only send them this way. It does not matter how old, out of date, or used they are.

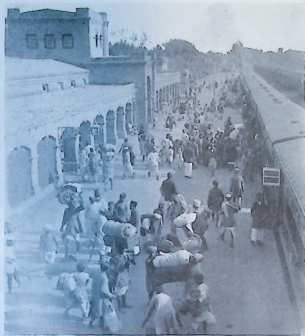
Head and Shoulders Above Water.

It is raining pitchforks just at present and may continue for twenty-four hours. When it rains here as it does continually with intermissions of five or six hours there is no doubt but that it rains. Once in a great while you see a rainstorm in the States such as we have here every day and night.

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"Here we are among the cocoanut groves in the land of Manana"



"As the Punjab mail halted, . . . five stalwart young men stepped smilingly from the coach"

Along The Patna Mission Trail

ALOYSIUS S. PETTIT, S.J.



HERE is nothing, perhaps, more necessary for the missionary in this vast vineyard of India than a sublime Christian optimism. The heritage of Christian joy that Christ won for us not only stands us in good stead in the apostolic work, but is a prime requisite, like faith and prayer.

For if any life has its ups and downs, its moments of sublime bliss, and almost paralyzing discouragement, it is the life of the missionary. A medley indeed it is, of joys, disappointments, successes, failures, glorious victories and blasting defeats. And running through it all like a dominant, harmonizing chord, must be a cheerful optimism born of faith, hope, clarity.

Missionaries Arrive

We experienced one of the joys a few months ago. In October the new missionaries arrived from St. Louis to give a cheering touch of encouragement to their brethren in Patna. When the Punjab Mail halted at the Bankipore Station, five stalwart young men stepped smilingly from the coach, radiating energy and zeal and the buoyancy of American youth.

There was just a moment of disappointment. The disappointment was not in the hearts of the five stalwarts; they were as glad as children coming

home. Nor were we who welcomed them disappointed in the new arrivals, but rather in the non-arrival of one. For we had expected six new men.

A Kaleidoscopic view of a missionary's daily program. Just a sketch of the joys and woes that meet the missionary's eyes in India; the burning of the dead, the Christian's passing, the pagan sacrifices of bulls and oxen.

and we are jealously keen on having all we can.

But the disappointment was for a moment only; for we soon learned that Father Charles Miller, S. J., would be along as soon as he could secure passage from England. He has, in fact, already arrived.

Made for India

After a brief rest-up at Bishop's House, Bankipore, the new men scattered to the various mission stations, with the intention of seeing a little of their future field of labor before resuming their course of studies. About the beginning of the year Father Edward J. O'Leary will go to Ranchi, where he and Father Frank

will make their Tertianship; Father Raymond J. Conway and Mr. Francis I. Stoy will go to Kursong to complete their Theology; and Mr. Paul E. Dent and Mr. Francis N. Loesch will go to the Philosopate at Shembaganur.

We wouldn't for the world say anything that might make our young men feel uncomfortable, but someone remarked that, "They look as if they were made for India." And it would be hard to say who is the happier now,—they to get here, or we to receive them.

Would that all our days were as colorful as October 5th! But life in India has more somber aspects.

Burning the Dead

There is something consoling, as we all have felt, even in a Christian burial. For despite all heartache that is associated with the open grave, there is, withal, so much of the beautiful interwoven with its sorrow, that our "City of the Dead" far from being a place that fills us with dread, inspires the visitor with sweet and tender thoughts. The Catholic cemetery is like a visible link between earth and Heaven; a garden which, we know, will one day leap into bloom so bewilderingly beautiful, that even the



Mother Ganges receives the dead and the living

pen of poet cannot describe it. In a word, the Catholic churchyard is, as our forebears so fittingly called it, God's Acre,—the field where the Divine Gardener bids us plant what is corruptible, that it may ... in corruption.

But it is hard to us at least who have the Faith—to conjure up any poetic or even tender sentiments at a pagan burning ghat. For the burning ghat, like all things pagan, is painfully lacking in all that savors of tenderness.

Hindi Grief

Only yesterday Gopal Babu came around for work as usual and, apparently quite incidentally, remarked that his mother died last night. I ventured to remark that some people did not seem to grieve very much over the death of a very near relative, when that relative happened to be "only a woman."

"How not grieve?" he said rather vehemently, "didn't it cost me Rupees ten for the burning? And the trouble we had when she was sick?"

And he is a high caste Hindu, one of the leading men in his village, and regarded as a religious man.

Most of our readers will probably have a vague notion that the burning of a dead human body must be a very gruesome sight. But when properly carried out, there is certainly nothing horrifying about it. At least here at the burning ghat which is about a mile from my bungalow, and where a dozen cremations more or less take place every day, the bodies are usually so completely covered with the wood which serves as fuel, that even tender nerves could witness the operation without being shocked. In the rains, of course, or when the relatives are too poor to supply sufficient fuel, the result is at times a little disconcerting,

and Mata Ganga, the Ganges, must be called upon to receive the remains into her merciful bosom.

Infants and little children are not burned, but either buried in any convenient spot or flung into the river. In times of plague the Ganges is sometimes literally strewn with the bodies, not only of children, but also of adults.

A SLOGAN OF PRAYER

The Catholic University of Tokio is threatened with destruction; pray and it will be saved. A few Jesuits are trying to convert twenty-five millions of the erring sheep of Christ in Patna, India; pray and light and grace will be brought to these poor souls. In Mindanao, there are in some places only one Jesuit for twenty thousand souls, whilst the wolves are entering to lay waste the sheepfold of Christ; pray and the Lord will send reapers and pastor-priests. Pray and by prayer become real missionaries of Christ. Pray and by prayer win grace and mercy for your own souls. Pray and remember: "Whatever you ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive." Matthew xxi, 22.

Seldom indeed will you find any expression of grief at the burning. And the hope of once more being united with their loved ones,—never. For they know not "The Resurrection and the Life"—they know not Christ.

When God Calls Them Home

One would travel far, however to witness more Christian deaths than those of many of God's little ones here in India.

Some time ago my companion priest had told me in the evening that he had heard the Confession of a sick girl of about fifteen, and that he had promised that I should bring her Holy Communion in the morning. So in the morning before my Mass, I brought the Blessed Sacrament to her house, where she lay as closed in as is usual with the women in India. She could scarcely speak as phthisis had affected her throat; but she was perfectly conscious and devout in receiving the Divine Healer and the Companion of the last journey. I left her quiet.

Immediately after Mass I was called again. She was worse they said, and though she had given no apparent sign of imminent danger when I had been there, I went at once with the Holy Oils. She was evidently pleased when I came and nodded a ready assent when I spoke of the Last Sacraments. After their reception she again signified that now she was ready to die. Die she did that day at noon, quietly, peacefully, even gladly.

Often is this the case with our Christians at death. They go to Jesu, to Mata Maria; they are satisfied. And if they have a dread, it is this—that they may not receive the Last Sacraments.

The Blood of Goats and of Oxen

Paganism in all its revolting practices, however, is still rampant and appears at every turn. The big Indian fair or mela which takes place each year during the Durga puja at Bettiah, is a grand oriental mixture of business, entertainment, and religion. The religious aspect of the occasion reaches its climax at the Palace Temple of the Raj on the feast of the goddess, when the great final sacrificial rite is performed in the presence of the awe-stricken multitude.

Two hundred young goats, and eleven young bullocks were slain at the Palace Temple alone during this year's mela.

All during the eight days preceding the principal feast day, the walled quadrangle enclosing the Palace Temple is thronged with people who come to worship or at least to admire the glittering idol. To us the Durga idol is anything but winsome in appearance. The idol is made anew each year of clay and straw, and after being very gaudily painted, is decked out with gold and silver leaf and jewels till the effect is truly dazzling.

When the Goddess Comes

On the appointed day, about a week before the feast, the Brahmin priest performs the ceremony by which the spirit of the goddess is believed to become present in the idol. As a Hindi friend described it: "Just as in the Christian rite the bread and wine are only ordinary bread and wine until the priest consecrates them, so these images are ordinary clay and paint until the Brahmin duly consecrates them for worship. To the ordinary people (sic) the image is, by the words of the Brahmin, converted into the living deity or goddess invoked." The formula which the Brahmin uses is: "Come here, stay here, here may I meditate on thee."

Throughout the day there is a continual shuffle and struggle by people pressing through the crowd to make their offering to the idol. These offerings consist for the most part of flowers and sweetmeats, which are carried in folded hands and deposited at the feet of the goddess. Each day, in a constantly augmented number, goats were sacrificed. But the principal sacrifice is reserved for the last day, when one hundred and sixty-five kids and eleven young bullocks were slain.

The bloody offering was scheduled to begin at 11:30 a. m. As the appointed time drew near, the excitement amongst the crowd became intense.

The high priest now appeared, and standing before the idol, applied three crimson dots of paint to a heavy sword three feet in length, which he then handed, very ceremoniously, to the headsmen.

Meanwhile a rope was stretched around four posts to form a square outside the temple. In the center of this enclosure was another square of loosely dug earth, where the victims were to be slaughtered.

Is It the 20th Century?

The solemn moment draws near. The headsmen proudly grasps the hilt of the sword with both hands, bows profoundly before the idol, and steps forward. He is escorted by three other assistants, one of whom carries an armful of earthen bowls.

All take up their appointed places in the plot where the slaying is done. One of the assistants washes the neck of each victim, and hands it over to the other two assistants, who seize it, one by the rope about its neck, the other by the loins, while the headsmen lifts the sword high above his head and with one blow severs the victim's head from the body. The head, to-

gether with some of the blood which has been caught up in the earthen vessel, is then quickly carried up and placed in front or at the side of the idol. The body of the victim is returned to the person who has made the offering. And thus the operation is repeated till all the victims have been sacrificed.

And less than 300 yards away rises, high above the loftiest turret of castle or temple, the Cross. . . .

The Tide That Is Turning

Following upon all this comes a bit of news like a clarion trumpet tone from America. It is an item clipped from the letter of a priest who attended the Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Dayton, Ohio.

"I wish you missionaries could have seen the strong, well-directed en-

thusiasm. How earnestly and practically they spoke! Something big is going to come of all this; but meantime we must have patience. It takes time for a wave in the ocean to rise to its height; and the wave of American mission zeal is only just beginning to swell up from the broad, deep ocean of American Catholicity. . . . You may have to work and sweat, and fret about the inadequacy of means, but your work and prayer are hastening the great tide that will sweep over India in God's own time." . . .

These are but a few of the joys and a few of the disappointments—a medley indeed of strange contrasts, but coloring it all is the confidence of spreading God's Kingdom and winning the millions of little souls here in India to the love and service of the Master.



Rajkut Temple, where paganism still reigns

Jesuit Missions

A Magazine of Apostolic Endeavor

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A Curtain Call

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the many who sent in letters of appreciation on the appearance of the first issue of "Jesuit Missions." We had hoped that our efforts would give satisfaction and merit approval, but we were taken quite unprepared by the sincere and glowing tributes that came to our willing ears. It is a matter of regret that lack of space forbids us to print these testimonials, but the authors may rest assured that we are not only highly grateful but strongly encouraged by their kind and appreciative words. We shall always welcome letters, suggesting improvements or modifications, and especially those asking any questions referring to mission matters.

* *

A Magazine To Be Read

The letters had for us this additional consolation that they were a clear manifestation that "Jesuit Missions" had been thoroughly read. It has come to our notice that all too many Catholics subscribe to many Catholic periodicals as a matter of duty and there the interest ceases. Too many Catholic magazines never have the wrapper removed from them, whilst more secular magazines are eagerly devoured. No matter how successful a magazine may be financially, it fails of its purpose unless it grips the minds and imaginations of its readers, unless indeed, its main purpose is to make money. This certainly is not the main purpose of "Jesuit Missions." Its purpose is educational, to tell the story of the triumphs and failures of Jesuit missionaries, and as a result stimulate interest in and vocations for the missionary phase of Jesuit activity. These two purposes attained, Jesuit missionary activity will be successful, provided there is added to it one more element, that of prayer.

An Indispensable Element

Money, men, material resources are without value in the conversion of the heathen world unless missionary work is begun by prayer, sustained by prayer, continued by prayer. We remember as a novice listening to Father De La Motte, a distinguished Jesuit Missionary of the great Northwest. His words burned their way into our consciousness never to be forgotten. "The first thing we do in opening a mission for the conversion of an Indian tribe," he said, "is to teach the Indians to pray. Without prayer they will not get the grace of conversion." What he meant was that the Indians themselves must pray or others must pray for them. You will find a striking confirmation of this in the words of the Indian to Father Cataldo, quoted in the memoirs of the Father appearing in this issue, where the Indian warns the Blackrobe not to be proud. It is precisely by prayer that we are urging all our subscribers to join in the missionary purposes of "Jesuit Missions" and to become themselves missionaries by prayer.

* *

The Lord's Day

You remember on one occasion, after our Lord had made a missionary tour, "healing every sickness and every disease." "And seeing the multitudes. He had compassion on them; because they were distressed, and lying as sheep having no shepherd. Then He saith to His disciples: 'the harvest, indeed, is great but the laborers are few. Pray, ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into his harvest.'" St. Matthew ix. 35-38. Now our Lord certainly wanted these poor sheep to be cared for, He wanted this spiritual harvest to be reaped, but He made the coming of the shepherds and the reapers dependent upon prayer.

* *

Satisfy Christ's Soul-Hunger

Now if we asked you for money, or for hundreds of subscribers, you might be unable to give these things. What we do ask for you can easily give and you yourselves will be enriched by the gift. What we earnestly ask is that you will pray every day for the success of this magazine, and that you pray every day even more earnestly for the success of the Catholic missionary. Adopt a missionary by prayer. He needs courage, strength, cheerfulness, patience, God's superabundant blessing on his works. All these are in your hands. You have only to take the golden key of prayer and open up the treasure-house for the missionary of your choice. Thus you will help to win souls for Christ.



MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

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

ON the afternoon of June 17, 1673, Father James Marquette, Louis Joliet, and their five woodsmen paddled out of the river that was to be known as the Wisconsin into a new world of water. True to his promise to Mary Immaculate, the Blackrobe christened this mighty stream "the River of the Conception." Now in the two birchbark canoes the tiny expedition had voyaged for days down the great silent-banked Father of Waters. Then—but go on with the story from here.

PART II.

The Friendly Peorias

IT was the Sieur Joliet who first discovered the tracks in the wet sand. There they were; the innumerable markings of naked feet. The discovery of footprints had been quite accidental. It was the eighth day after reaching the great river and the Blackrobe's canoe was well in the current which was sweeping close under the western shore. The woodsmen's canoe was fifty yards astern.

When the two stood on the ridge and saw the vast prairie that extended towards the west, Joliet suggested:

"What of taking Peter or Charles or our brave Jean along with us?" Marquette negatived this.

"They are all full of the old squaw's tales they heard in the Fox and Mascouten villages. Poor Jean is on the point of seeing a legion of Satan's subjects in yonder prairie. If this is to be a hazardous walk, you and I will expose ourselves to the mercy of these unknown people alone. As ever, Mary Immaculate will be our body-guard."

Then the explorers set out confidently. They had gone but a short distance, when a familiar whine at Marquette's heel informed him that No Flesh had joined the expedition. He was sent back to the canoes.

An hour's hot walk across the prairie into the blinding sun along an evident trail brought them near a village of

prairie dogs, whose sentries barked a warning and all the sturdy little animals whisked out of sight, as the two approached.

Game was plentiful. They sighted an immense herd of buffaloes, flocks of turkeys, and a whole cloud of wood pigeons. Quail whirred up under their very mocassins.

Beneath the welcome shade of a grove of magnificent spreading oaks they rested and noted that the beaten track turned here sharply to the north.

Half a league further they disturbed a dozen buzzards, who rose and circled sluggishly. They came on the remains of a slain buffalo. Several broken arrows lay by the carcass. The skin had been removed and a yellowish animal slunk away as they approached. But the explorers' attention was distracted, for through a break in the trees, they saw the sparkle of water ahead, and soon they were standing in the willow fringe that banked another river.

This new stream curved by them in a wide sweep and well in the curve on a gentle bluff stood the rush-matted cabins of a village. Beyond it, fields of corn and tobacco extended. Tiny copper-colored figures moved about, some near the water and others before the cabins. On the side of another hill, distant about half a league from the first, two other brown clusters of cabins with smoke rising into the still air denoted other villages.

"Soon we shall know, Louis mine," joked Marquette, "whether we are to

be feasted or furnish the staple of a Big Kettle."

"You have the courage, my Father," objected Joliet, "to dread nothing, where everything is to be feared."

Joliet piously blessed himself and the two advanced along the broadening trail till they heard the high shouts and joyous barks of children and dogs at play. Later, there came to them clearly the shrill voices of squaws smoking meat before the village.

They walked to where the woods ceased and the trail led across a field in which grew beans and squashes. Joliet, putting his hands to his lips, shouted lustily. The nearer squaws looked around at the sound. Some boys, diving and swimming in the warm waters at the foot of the bank, straightened up as Father Marquette in his long black robe advanced out of the shadows of the woods into the strong sunlight of the fields, one of the glistening boys dashed from the water and ran screaming loudly towards the nearest rush-walled cabin. At once a drum sounded. The children and squaws vanished. Red-skinned braves with bows and war-clubs swarmed out of the cabins. Marquette and Joliet stood quietly watching the spreading excitement.

"They see, my Father," spoke Joliet, "we come peacefully and have given notice of our arrival."

The Blackrobe nodded and added: "I was just thinking what would have happened in my native Laon, if two of our red brothers suddenly ap-

peared at the gates of the city and hailed the guard."

"They would have been shot down like prowling wolves," promptly answered Louis Joliet. "But, see, here comes order out of disorder."

Four old men, clad in square cloth breechclouts, with their long hair braided and hanging over each shoulder, were advancing. The two who wore the red scarfs of captains carried in their raised right hands, long feathered pipes, from which issued gentle plumes of smoke.

The Indians walked slowly towards the waiting white men. Their metal armbands flashed as they caught the sun's rays, and their necklaces of elk teeth and shells rattled. At every five or six steps they turned silently towards the west and raised the pipes, as though offering them to the sun.

The four spent a long time crossing the clearing between the village cabins and the waiting two. Never a word was spoken in the interval. All the while, the entire population of the village was gathering behind the fringe of warriors and with eager fingers pointed out and discussed the trappings of the white men.

When the four red men were, maybe, twenty feet away, they came to a stop and for the last time offering the pipe to the sun, they stood in silence watching Marquette and his companion.

"These are friendly, Louis mine," whispered the Blackrobe. "Note their lack of red warpaint, their cloth coverings, and, see, their motions are the motions of peace, not of war."

Then raising his voice, Marquette addressed the four in Illinois:

"Who are you, men?"

The oldest of the pipe-bearers answered gravely:

"We are Peorias."

"Then you are Illinois friends of our friends," responded Marquette heartily. "For we come in peace from the lands to the north, where the Ottawas dwell along the shores of the Lake of Copper."

At this the oldest Peoria invited the white men to sit down. The four Peorias squatted in a semicircle. The captain put the pipe to his lips and inhaling blew the gray smoke into the air. Each of the others did the same and the last passed the pipe to Marquette and motioned him to smoke. The Blackrobe gravely put the calumet to his lips and blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, passed the pipe to his companion.

The first Peoria now invited the visitors to accompany them into the cabins. As the group crossed the clearing, the silent Indians gave way; even the grave children, all eyes, shrank back. Only the papooses, strapped to the boards that hung

from the cabin-poles, looked on in stolid wonder. A venturesome black puppy, all wagging tail, waddled into the path and a small girl, risking all to rescue her pet, dove and captured the puppy.

With it was hot and the sun's rays streamed through cracks in the rush roof. By this sifful light Marquette saw that a crowd of elderly Peorias were seated around the cabin walls. They looked curiously on the Blackrobe and his companion. Occasionally they repeated the welcome chant, spoken in a low chorus:

"How good it is, my brothers, that you should visit us."

On new reed mats the visitors were seated. Again the calumet was produced and after the wrinkled elders of the village, had smoked each in turn, the pipe of peace was passed to Marquette and Joliet.

The Blackrobe spoke and presented gifts, stating the nature of his voyage.

Then the captain addressed the guests:

"This is Peourea, my village, that you have honored by entering, but in Moingwena, which is four hundred paces from here, is Red Calumet, our Great Captain. He has already heard of your visit, my brothers, for I have dispatched a runner. He would wish to hold a council with you."

"If our brothers are rested, let us walk to Moingwena."

All the way to the village of the Great Captain, Peorias lay in the grass by the trail-side and watched the white men in wondering silence. When the little group had passed on, some would run in a wide circle across the prairie and come to the trail again to feast their eyes on this sight of the white men they had heard about, but had never seen before.

Red Calumet

In the center of Moingwena, before several totem posts, topped with dried buffalo heads painted green, stood Red Calumet. The Great Captain of the Peorias was between two older men. All three stood erect holding their smoking feather-adorned peace pipes turned towards the sun.

Marquette and Joliet were conducted into a large cabin and seated on reed mats. Again they smoked the calumet and listened to words of welcome.

The Blackrobe arose and laying a string of red Martinique beads at the feet of the Great Captain, began:

"This is a present to make glad your heart and to tell you we are seven white men in two canoes. We are journeying peacefully to visit the nations dwelling on the Great Water.

"And this,"—the Blackrobe laid before the Great Captain a belt of porcelain, in which the blue beads made

a number of crosses against the white bead background—this is a present to tell you good tidings of great joy. For I come as the Ambassador of the Manitou who made all things. For many moons you have been ignorant of Him. In His great love He has had pity on you Peoria Illinois. He wishes to make Himself known to all of your tribe. I am sent by Him for that purpose. Your brothers to the North, who have received the Prayer call such as me a Blackrobe."

Again Marquette laid a handful of bright glass beads at Red Calumet's feet.

"This last present is to open your hearts that you will gladly give us all the information you possess about the Great Water and the nations who dwell along its lower banks."

When the Blackrobe had concluded his speech, a Peoria elder took from the hands of a young squaw a large wooden bark dish, heaped with a sagamite. Filling a spoon with this mixture of Indian corn, seasoned with bear's fat, he put the food into the mouth of the Blackrobe. Again and again he fed Father Marquette as though he were a little child. Another elder fed Joliet.

The next course consisted of a platter on which were three fish that Marquette recognized as smaller specimens of the strange fish that had frightened his woodsmen. Red Calumet told the Blackrobe they were catfish and some of them grew to vast size.

When this smoking dish was placed before the guests, the Peoria elder carefully removed all bones and then blowing on the particles, he put them into the Blackrobe's mouth.

The third course the squaws carried in was a yellow dog, the weight of No Flesh, that could not have been dead ten minutes. When Red Calumet noticed that his guests were not accustomed to eating such flesh, this large bark platter was immediately removed from before them and the Peoria squaws brought in the last course, a great Indian delicacy. This was the steaming tongue of a buffalo. It was divided and cooled and placed on the lips of both the white men. As with all the courses, the two guests were first served and only then Red Calumet and his captains touched the food.

All during the feasting the sides of the cabin were filled with the silent fringe of Peorias. These came and went; their places being taken by others of the village, who feasted their eyes on the unique sight of white men. When the last dish had been eaten the Great Captain of the Peorias stood before his guests.

"I thank you, Blackrobe, and you,

(Continued on Page 37)



An Indian Chief

Autobiography of Kauilks Metatcopnin

PART II.



FEW days after Fr. Cataldo received the appointment of his Superior, Father Grassi, to pass the winter among the Spokane Indians, he set out from the Coeur d'Alene Mission with an Indian boy as companion and guide, and came to the camp of Baptiste Peon. Peon then was living about two miles northeast of the present scholasticate of Mount St. Michael's in a prairie now called after him, Peone Prairie. The main camp of the Spokanes was at that time some miles to the west, at the junction of the Little Spokane and the Spokane Rivers.

In Face of Prejudice

Father Cataldo announced to Peon that he was come to build a house to serve as a chapel and to stay with him the whole winter, as Peon and the other Spokanes had asked. To this Peon replied that he was glad to have the priest, but he could not allow him to build a house because the great chief of the Spokanes, known as Spokane Garry, was absent. This Spokane Garry was a Protestant and bitterly opposed to the Church. He had been converted by some Protestant ministers and had been educated in a college of theirs in the East, where he had been imbued with his prejudices against the Catholic Church. In after years his own sister and grand-daughter were converted by Father Cataldo. His great grandson, Chief Garry and his daughter Alice Garry, crowned Princess America I at the first National Indian Congress of Spokane 1925, are staunch Catholics. Father Cataldo inquired then, when Garry would be

HEREIN Father Joseph Cataldo, S.J. modestly, in the third person, continues his interesting memoirs. Last month he told how amidst the dire predictions of death from tuberculosis, he set forth on horseback to ride forty miles a day to evangelize the Spokane Indians. On St. Patrick's Day, this year, Father Cataldo will celebrate his ninetieth birthday and in the following December will have have been seventy-five years a Jesuit. He is still active.

back. Peon answered that he was gone east of the main range of the Rockies to hunt buffalo and would not be back before five or six months.

Discouragement

This news was very discouraging to the missionary and he tried to argue with Peon that they would build a hut in the meantime and then they could either keep it or destroy it, when Spokane Garry would return. But Peon persisted in his refusal, saying he had not the authority to allow it. The Father then visited and consulted other Indians of the tribe on this matter and they all discouraged him. One of these, an old ex-chief Polotkan by name, called some of the Indians to his tepee for a sort of council. But they also agreed that Father Cataldo had better wait till he should meet Spokane Garry, when he returned from the hunt.

A Man's Choice

The Father returned to his tent and made arrangements to instruct the few

children who were around. It was the very least he could do, and he earnestly prayed to the Almighty to move the hearts of the Indians to allow him to build a house and stay for the winter. On the other hand, he feared that if he yielded and went back to the Coeur d'Alene Mission without having done any good to the Spokanes, it would be a serious check to the conversion of this tribe, as Superiors would be very unwilling to send another Father to them. So whenever some few Indians came to see him and to ask what his intentions were, the Blackrobe always told them that he was certainly going to stay with them that winter, even if he had to live in a tent.

After about a month, with the first fall of snow, the Indian boy, who had come with him from Coeur d'Alene, asked leave to go home. At first, the Father was unwilling to let him go, as he did not want to stay alone, but on second thought he considered it providential, for with his guide gone he would be in a way forced to remain.

The boy left, and again the Father went to Peon and told him that, as he was alone, everything should be done to have a house built.

Pluck Wins

Peon, when he saw the Father so determined and as he himself was anxious to have the Father stay for the winter, called together a few of the Indians. The Father spoke to them in these words:

"You have invited me to come for the winter which would be for about four months. I must have a little house and you have so much timber here. Why not let me put up a hut for the

four months and those who desire to become Christians can come to it to be instructed and baptized? When the four months are up, I will go leaving the house in your possession. When Spokane Garry returns from buffalo-hunting, he will either be pleased or not. If he is pleased, well and good. If he is not, then just burn the house."

The Indians finally agreed that they would go again to Polotkan and induce him to give his consent; then they themselves would help to build the house. After visiting Polotkan they returned to Father Cataldo and said they were ready to help him build his chapel.

A few other Indians were called and they set out for a nearby pine forest. They insisted, however, that the Blackrobe should go with them; so the Father took his axe and followed.

The Sign of the Cross

When they reached the woods, they all hesitated, waiting for some one to be the first to chop down a tree. So Father Cataldo, after making the Sign of the Cross, began chopping. When the Indians saw the frail priest thus fearlessly beginning a work which was sure to arouse the anger of their chief, Garry, they took heart and followed his example. In a few days, sufficient trees were felled and split and hauled to the Father's camping place. By the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception the house was practically finished. The roof, fireplace, and chimney were made of a plaster of mud, sticks and straw; the hut was to serve as a chapel, rectory, classroom and meeting-house.

Around the Mission Church

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception 1866, after blessing it and placing it under the protection of St. Michael, Father Cataldo celebrated Mass for the first time in his new mission church. When the news spread, the Indians began to come and camp around the hut. They attended Mass and catechetical instruction every morning, and in the evenings received an instruction and said prayers in common. After breakfast and dinner, the Father would call the children for a class in catechism, and many of the older people would also attend. And as the Indians were very fond of singing, the Blackrobe had to act as teacher in this art also. Quite a camp had formed around the chapel and as all the Indians were eager to learn, Father Cataldo was kept very busy. One of Peon's daughters would come in the morning and give him a cup of coffee, and in the evening he would prepare his own supper. He had time for but two meals, as he was forced to give most of his day to the Indians.

An Indian Night School

One evening after prayers and instruction Baptiste Peon, Pierre Quinchistilis and several of the old men came to the Father to ask for a catechism class of their own. They complained that they could not learn as fast as the children, and they wanted an opportunity by themselves. Accordingly a night school in catechism was begun, which grew rapidly in numbers. The Indians became so interested in these classes, that they would detain Father Cataldo till ten or eleven o'clock and sometimes he had to dismiss them almost by force at half past eleven.

Christmas, 1866

On Christmas Day, the little hut was so very crowded that it "looked like a barrel filled with Indian humanity;" a large number besides were obliged to hear Mass from the outside. God blessing the work of the winter, on the 2nd of February 1867, after three and a half months of continual instruction and teaching, about one hundred of the Indians were baptized and fifty-five made their First Communion. Not only were the converts very enthusiastic and happy in their new religion, but even those of the camp who had not been baptized shared in the general rejoicing.

"God Touched Our Hearts"

One of these, an elderly man, came one day to see the Blackrobe in private. He told the Father that all the people were rejoicing over their conversion, and that he himself, though not baptized, was well pleased and was thinking very seriously of joining the Church.

"I am very glad," he said. "Are you glad, Blackgown?"

The Father replied that he was, exceedingly so.

"Ah," said the Indian, "perhaps you are proud. Don't be proud, Blackgown for our conversion. It was not you that converted us. See, we were visited by Fr. De Smet, he told us the very same things you have said. But we were bad people, we did not listen to him. Then we were visited several times by Fr. Joset; he said the same things and we were bad, we did not listen to him. Afterwards Fr. Menetrey visited us, and then Fr. Giorda, and later on Fr. Caruana. They all said the same things, but we were bad. We did not listen. Last fall you came. You began to teach us and you said just what the other Fathers had said. But God touched our hearts and we were converted. See, now, we were not converted because you came and spoke, but because God touched our hearts. So don't get proud! It is not *your* work; it is the work of God."

In all his days Fr. Cataldo never received advice better than this.

How Catholicity Triumphed

Early in March, Fr. Cataldo received a letter from the Coeur d'Alene Mission telling him to return. He announced this to the Indians and they expressed great sorrow. Peon and some of the men came to tell him he should not go. The Father reminded them of the opposition they had offered him when he had first come among them. He had fulfilled the period he promised them, he was now leaving, they could burn the hut. To this Peon answered:

"We are not going to burn the house. We want this church to remain until we build a better one, and we want the priest to stay with us. We objected in the beginning, because we knew no better, but now that we are fervent practical Catholics we want to have our church and our priest. If Chief Garry when he returns from buffalo-hunting, is not pleased, we will tell him we have done only what was our right. If he is not satisfied, he may go somewhere else."

"Who Is Behind the Door?"

Father Cataldo, however replied by saying that he must go as it was God who called him. Peon in his simplicity and earnestness argued that it was not God, but the devil. The Blackrobe tried to explain to him that the voice of the Superior was as the voice of God, and so when the Superior ordered him off, it was God who did so. But the Indian did not understand, and pointing to the door, said:

"Kualiks (Blackgown), look at the door and see who is there."

The Father looked and declared he saw no one.

"Look sharp," insisted Peon. "The fellow is behind the door."

"Who is behind the door?" asked the priest.

In a loud solemn voice the Indian answered:

"Don't you see the devil is there behind the door; he is waiting for you to go out that he may come in and destroy all your good work. You must stay!"

But Fr. Cataldo had to leave and he told the Indians that he was appointing Peon in his place to take good care of them and have them every morning and evening say their prayers, as if the priest were there. He promised also to induce his Superior to send back to them in a few weeks either himself or some other Blackrobe. Then taking his horse, he left his first Mission among the Indians and set out over the mountains in the direction of the Coeur d'Alene Mission.

Holding Up A Chinese Army!

JOSEPH LOUIS LAVOIE, S.J.

THE author tells simply enough how he refused to permit Chinese soldiery to confiscate his mules. It was a long ride and a hard one but he returned in triumph to the joy of his faithful parishioners.

LAST Saturday I sent two of my servants to Tangshan to fetch some mortar for the chapel I am rebuilding. Just as they arrived at their destination, (it must have been about eleven o'clock in the morning) one of the armies was beginning to retreat towards the North. The soldiers immediately pounced upon my cart and mules and forced one of my servants to hitch himself to a loaded wheelbarrow. This chap, being very near-sighted and as thin as Ichabod Crane, could not keep up with his captors, who thereupon beat him severely. Finally at about eight o'clock that night he was set free. He squatted down at the foot of a tree and dozed off. At early dawn he was making for Howkiachwang as fast as his legs could carry him, arriving here at eleven o'clock.

"Father," said he, "things are going badly. The soldiers stole your mules and thrashed me."

And so saying, he showed me the marks which covered his body.

"Well," thought I, "if they robbed me, all they have to do is to give me back my property."

In Hot Pursuit

"I found out that the army was heading for Funghsien, a town situated about twenty miles Northeast from Howkiachwang. After a quick lunch I galloped off, for I had to make haste, if I wanted to overtake the retreating army. Otherwise I ran the risk of never again seeing my goods and chattels, or at best of being obliged to seek for them at a much greater distance. On that memorable ride I discovered what speed my horse could make and what solid shock-absorbers the Lord gave me. My two-in-one cook and coachman rode ahead of me on an excellent mule I had borrowed for the occasion.

Taken for Bandits

But what an experience was awaiting us! About half-way to Funghsien the people in the different hamlets along the road, on seeing two horsemen at breakneck speed, took us for

the Lord that my skin was still unscathed.

"Since I heard that shot," I reflected, "it's a sign I'm not dead yet."

Little by little I calmed myself by remembering what poor shots Chinese are. Or rather, they aim well, but

thought I recognized my mules. But Way Funging, (my "two-in-one"), would say with a laugh:

"Pu-see." (Those are not yours).

At the door of the Mission compound, Father Roberfroïd announced the glad news that my mules were eating in his stable. My second



A part of the garrison Howkiachwang

bandits and started firing on us. At each rifle-shot, my horse would make terrible leaps, while I kept thanking when about to fire, they close their eyes out of fear, and thus the bullet goes off on a joy-ride. You have to be pretty foolish to go and meet it. This interesting little rifle-music lasted a good quarter of an hour.

About twenty hamlets greeted us in this royal fashion. My "two-in-one" preceded me all the time and not once did he turn around to see if I was still following him or rather if I wasn't stretched out on the road pierced by a hundred bullets. I would shout to him now and then:

"Fang sin." (Don't be afraid!)

And he would answer:

"Waw pu hai pai." (I'm not afraid).

The Mules Recovered

Both of us finally arrived at Funghsien alive. The town was crowded

with soldiers, cavalry and wagons. Almost impossible to walk through it all. One has to see a Chinese city in such circumstances to realize what it means. It's useless to attempt a description. Every once in a while I servant had followed them and on arriving in town he acquainted the missionary with the robbery. Off went good Father Roberfroïd to claim the animals, but the soldiers refused to release them. He then appealed to the officers who were more obliging. The poor creatures had left my house at eight in the morning and had travelled continually until midnight without even the smell of hay or straw. But now that they were safely within the Mission walls, I had only the pleasant duty of thanking Divine Providence and Father Roberfroïd.

Saving the Blessed Sacrament

Father Roberfroïd, seeing this army of soldiers in retreat and more or less

undisciplined, expected to be robbed and pillaged and consequently had consumed the Eucharistic species. My calm reassured him somewhat. We decided to go sightseeing through the town. On the way, one of my parishioners, on recognizing me, threw himself on his knees before me in the street and begged me to save his master's cart and three cows that had been stolen. I searched for them, found them and had them returned to this faithful servant, who was in tears from sheer joy. We paid a visit to the General and invited him to supper. He received us kindly but declined our invitation, promising us however a squad of soldiers to protect the Mission and the girls' school during the night.

A Triumphant Entry

Monday noon, under a drizzling rain, we returned to Howkiachwang. Way Fujung in the lead, the cart in second place, and I as the rear-guard. Everything went well this time. There was no firing along the road, but our mounts were rather tired. Night was beginning to fall as we entered the home village. That did not prevent our entry from being a real triumph. The worthy village folk had imagined that we should never return. As soon as we were sighted in the distance, all gathered at the Eastern gate. At our arrival there was but one cry on all sides, repeated over and over again:

"Father has come back. Father has come back."

And a big parade it was all the way to my house! The donkeys, hitched up along the road, started a terrible chorus, accompanied in tenor voice by all the pigs of the neighborhood. Everybody was laughing and shouting. As for myself I felt like crying. I had never imagined that the missionary was so dear to these people.

No Prohibition

At the Mission gate, the women courtesied and retired, while the men followed me in to feel the animals over at their ease and fully realize that they were really and truly the same as before and unharmed. Brother Souigny was awaiting me at the door of the house to give me a hearty handshake and a merry welcome to supper. With his engaging smile the Brother bade me take a glass of wine with a little brandy to counteract the possible effects of the rain and the emotions of the last thirty-six hours. Like a docile patient, I followed the instructions of my "doctor." We may have handits with us, thought I, we may suffer from civil war, but thank goodness, when prudence or necessity dictates the use of a little alcoholic grape-juice, we don't have to fear prohibition laws.

THE STORY OF AN OUT-GOING MISSIONARY

(Continued from Page 26)

Perhaps it is wrong but I am praying that no sick call will come in tonight. There is not a light anywhere after sunset at 5:30 p.m. and no roads. Mud and water everywhere and every stream flooded. Last Sunday I said Mass at Dogunian, a barrio about ten miles away. Mud above the horses' knees every step of the way and about sixty streams to cross. My Mass kit received a bath at every stream, and in most of them the horse's head and my head and shoulders were the only things out of water. I said Mass and started home, a four hour journey, in the blazing sun, but as I got a bath in every stream, I managed to keep cool. Although I have been in the saddle continually for the past week I have not covered sixty miles; so you can see the difficulty of travel in the rainy season.

To Save the Father.

The snake just decided to pay Father Corliss a visit and made him jump a mile. They are affectionate creatures and playful too, but we both decided that we prefer the rats, though you would not become fond of these beasts either. The other day one skidded by us. The old Father shouted to one of the boys to catch it and in about two minutes the little fellow returned holding the live rat in his hands, and it was as big as a good-sized cat. They are very fat because they have rice and lizzards in abundance to live upon. No doubt you will think I am exaggerating in order to give you the creeps, but I assure you that all these things happen in the municipality. The old Father assures us of many other thrills when we have to remain at

one of the barrios, or on the roadside overnight and I believe him. Sometimes it looks like a bleak prospect, with little hope of seeing any results in our short lifetime, but there is no discouragement, no loneliness, for we feel that the Lord is close indeed, and that in His own good time He will make our labors fructify and bear fruit. If you can interest anyone in the school project I will bless you forever, as this is the only work worth while. Should the Protestants get in here before we get started, and offer material things which we cannot, the people will readily go to them. At Gagayan Fr. Daly has started a Club and angered the Protestants, because many of those who had left the Church and gone over to Protestantism, have now left the Protestants to join the Club and Church. Fortunately no Protestant has ever come here; so the people are Catholics in name though some of the younger generation who have been with the Protestants at Gagayan are spreading their ideas about.

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As they travel in Mindanao

MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

(Continued from Page 32)

White Captain," (so Red Calumet addressed Joliet) "for having taken so much trouble to come and visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as today. Never has our river been so calm, nor so clear of rocks, which your canoes have removed in passing. Never has our tobacco tasted so good, nor our corn appeared so fine as we now see it."

Here the Great Captain took from an elder, seated behind him, a string of elk teeth.

"These I wish to give you, Blackrobe, to show you my heart. May your heart be softened towards me and all my nation! For we have heard from Illinois who dwell beyond the other side of the Great Water and have been to the land of the Ottawas, rumors of you and the Prayer. You know the Great Spirit who made us all. It is you who speak to Him and hear His words. Beg Him to give my people good hunting and many scalps of our enemies, the Sioux."

One of the old men handed the Captain a scarf such as Peoria chiefs wear. It was woven of bears' and buffaloes' hair, dyed bright red and yellow and gray.

"This," said Red Calumet, "is to go about your neck and hold you here in Moingwena. For further down the Great Water are many tribes. They are all at war one with another. These belong to the powerful nation of the Chickasaws. They use long wooden canoes. They are so warlike that they do not hesitate to go towards the lands of the Iroquois and there raid and burn. The hearts of all these people will not be right towards the Blackrobe and the Prayer. They will take away his life as that of an enemy. They will eat his body and the bodies of all his companions."

At the end of the Great Captain's warning, Father Marquette told him that he knew of no happiness so great as losing his life for the glory of the Great Spirit who made all things. Gravely Red Calumet replied that he did not understand the words of the Blackrobe, but he knew he did not speak with a split tongue.

The following noon Red Calumet escorted Father Marquette and Louis Joliet back to the banks of the Great Water. This time they were not alone, for more than six hundred of the friendly Peorias accompanied them across the waving prairie.

When the banks of the mighty river were reached Red Calumet and his elders noticed the two canoes. Eagerly they examined them, praising the white men's way of stiffening the birch bark sides with cedar splints. Their curiosity satisfied, the

Great Captain motioned the white men to sit down and then, with the painted elders of his village squatting in a large semicircle and behind them the curves of the Peorias, he began a long warning of the monsters of air and water who lay in wait in the lower river for those who paddled canoes.

"Against these, Blackrobe," Red Calumet concluded, "I can offer no aid, but I know your Manitou, the Great Spirit, who made heaven and earth, is more powerful than all monsters. May He protect you, and bring you back to us who wish to know the Prayer!"

An elder handed the Great Captain a polished red stone pipe. Its long stem was gorgeously decorated with green and gray and white feathers and the heads and necks of birds.

Red Calumet walked across the sand and most reverently placing this pipe in the lap of Marquette, straightened up and said:

"My heart, Blackrobe, will be at ease, if you will accept this gift. Against the monsters of the Great Water, it will not aid you and your companions, but if you show it at the approach of the warring tribes downstream, they will put the arrow back in the quiver and hang their war-clubs at their belt. I assure you, if you raise this pipe above the bows of your canoes, they will know you are on a mission of peace. You will be permitted to pass unharmed along their shores. All tribes respect this, for this is the Calumet of the Sun."

Red Calumet sat down and there was a general shout of approval. Father Marquette, speaking in Illinois, thanked the Great Captain for his gifts. Then he renewed his promise, assuring the Peorias:

"We must paddle down the Great Water to bring the Prayer to these nations to the south. Next year I will come back and live in your cabins and teach you all the words of God, that you call the Prayer. For you have hearts open to receive the Prayer and the Blackrobe will not forget this. Should it be that I cannot return, I will send a message on a piece of bark to the Great Blackrobe, and he will order another Blackrobe to come to your villages. This I promise to do and you know that I do not speak with a split tongue. See, I will leave you a remembrance of my promise."

The Blackrobe drew his crucifix from his cincture and holding it aloft, he circled the points of the compass, so that all the Peorias might see the crucifix.

"This, Peorias, is the sign of Him who made heaven and earth. If it please you, Red Calumet, give the order and have the squaws make a large sign like this and place it here."

The Blackrobe indicated a small mound near by. When the Great Captain understood Marquette's wish, he dispatched squaws and quickly they cut down a twenty-five foot tree and a smaller one. When they had the cross erected on the mound, Marquette stood under it and spoke:

"This, Red Calumet, and Peorias, is my farewell gift to you. This is the Tree of the Blackrobe."

As Marquette ceased speaking, the Great Captain threw several handfuls of tobacco on the cross to show his respect. Then he took his red scarf of interwoven bear and buffalo hair and looping the symbol of his rank through the air, hung it on the high cross-bar. Thus it came under Red Calumet's protection, a thing sacred to all Peorias.

As the Blackrobe was about to step into his canoe, he gave the small slave boy who had attended him a handful of beads. The boy smiled brightly. Red Calumet stepped forward and resting his hand on the black hair of the slave boy, said:

"Blackrobe, this is Crow Dog, my slave son. I have noticed that you look kindly on him. He has been faithful to me, since I took him prisoner. Now I send him with you to remind you always that we await your return to our villages."

The Great Captain of the Peorias dropped his hand to the boy's bare shoulder and ordered:

"Crow Dog, go into your master's canoe and obey him as you have obeyed me. Go."

The slave boy sprang lightly, into Marquette's canoe and squatted down alongside the friendly No Flesh. Once more the expedition headed out into the swift current of the Great Water. Before the towhead of a wooded island hid the sight from view, Father Marquette stopped paddling and looking back saw the Peorias were still lining the bank. He waved and before his hand was lowered lines of the Peorias were waving back. Their cries came across the waters and the heart of the Blackrobe was gladdened. He thought how he had come in doubt to a strange people and they, from their Great Captain down, had received him as a friend, as one expected and loved. Tears came into Marquette's eyes and he spoke huskily to Joliet:

"It is worth every hardship and discomfort to bring the Word of God to a people as well disposed as these Peorias. Ah, Louis, you may have your fame and your favor of the Governor. We Blackrobes have consolation in the thought of these children of the American wilderness who are so eager to know the true God."

(To be continued)



Tokyo University after the earthquake

A CITADEL OF THE FAITH IN THE LAND OF THE BONZES

(Continued from Page 24)

Public Instruction promulgated a decree obliging all private universities which desired to retain or acquire the right of conferring academic degrees to deposit at the Nation Bank a fixed deposit of 500,000 yens for the first faculty and 100,000 yens for each of the others. Every university which could not fulfil these conditions had to descend from the degree of University Daigaku to that of a "Special School" (Sennen kotto). The deposit would not be entirely lost but would produce interest to the benefit of the depositing school. This measure was taken by the government in order to reduce the excessive number of private universities and to assure itself of their financial ability to maintain a professional staff at a high degree of excellence.

Another trial soon befell the University. On September 1, 1923, at midday, the city of Tokio was shaken by a violent earthquake half an hour after the first shock more than 100 conflagrations burst out, mounting towards the imperial palace which they

surrounded on three sides. Though, as if by special Providence, the sector in which the University stood was saved from the flames, still the violent shocks had so destroyed the upper floors that only the ground floor had remained inhabitable.

At the present moment a modest wooden construction has replaced the destroyed building and normal life has been resumed. Such is a brief exposition of the facts.

The Future Dark

Since the decree of 1918, all the other private universities to the number of seventeen, of which many are Buddhist and three are Protestant, have been able to comply with the governmental financial demands, except the Catholic University, which for that reason can no longer give diplomas. Applications for admission fell to 120 in 1924, to 50 in 1925, and in 1926 to 25.

The cause is clear, no diplomas, no scholars. Unless help comes to the University it will be clear to everybody that the Catholic Church has been unable to maintain even one little university. All this for want of \$200,000.

May Xavier Help

It was Xavier who first started the movement for learned men in Japan. Three hundred years ago he pleaded in his letters for scholars who might go direct to the universities of the Bonzes. Let us pray that this great work of the Catholic University, which so fills the ideal of Xavier, that has been favored by two Popes, and fostered by the care of the Jesuit Fathers perseveringly in the face of tremendous odds may not perish. The Eastern world looks to Japan for ideas. The Catholic University is trying to make those ideas Catholic.

NO UNANSWERED PRAYER

*F*EAR not that your prayer will pass unanswered. "Amen, amen, I say to you; if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you." St. John xvi, 23. Ponder well the words of St. James; "Elias . . . prayed that it might not rain upon the earth and it rained not for three years and six months. And he prayed again and the heaven gave rain and the earth brought forth her fruits. My brethren, if any of you err from truth and one convert him, he must know that he that causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death and shall cover a multitude of sins." St. James v, 17-20

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