

JESUIT MISSIONS





Ignatius of Loyola and Francis Xavier at the University of Paris.

"Ignatius . . . hovered about Xavier like a ministering angel, and had a way of bringing him back from glorious visions of human applause by the simple question: 'Francis, what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

Saint Francis Xavier

Crusader

for

Souls



"They laid him down sick unto death in a little shack that faced the China Sea!"



ANCTITY is self-made. A hero of God is beaten out and moulded on a thousand interior battlefields; else he is not an hero nor yet a Saint. It is a common thought that Saints are born, not made; that sanctity is the result of birth or heredity or the miraculous. In general false, all this is particularly false of St. Francis Xavier, crusader for souls.

The College Boy

Xavier came, a noble of the proud nobility of Navarre, to the University of Paris, a stripling at the age of nineteen. He was young, he was proud, he was passionate. He came to a University that could and would, if not resisted, stimulate all these weaknesses to the ruination of himself. In its fifty colleges were gathered youth from all nations and it was not unknown that master and pupil joined in unholy riotous revel. Here the strongest virtue might well quail before the incessant incentives to sin. The pagan revival of learning added fuel to the flame with its rejuvenation of pagan ideals. Besides this the minds of men were disturbed and fired by the opening up of new worlds, geographic, scientific and literary. Amidst all this ferment there were fierce questionings of the fundamentals of Christianity as heresies gained headway on all sides.

The Call to Battle

Xavier was only a youth amidst all this swirling of false ideals and false learning. He probably early conquered temptations of the grosser sort, but his brilliant talents and the applause they merited might easily have wrecked his career for God. It was here that the influence of a great friend helped

IT was like unleashing a thunderbolt of God, when Ignatius sent Francis Xavier to the Far East. Since the days of St. Paul there had been nothing like Xavier, in watchings, in long journeyings, in shipwrecks, in high-vaulting schemes for the conquest of whole nations to the cause of Christ. Read this appreciation of his life and perhaps you will understand better why he has been chosen Heavenly patron of all missionary enterprise, why during the Novena of Grace every year the churches are not big enough to hold the hundreds of thousands who invoke his intercession, and why the Novena reaps a heaped-up harvest of answered prayers. St. Francis Xavier, inflame the hearts of all of us with sparks of your zeal and make us all apostles for the conversion of the pagan world to the cause of Christ!

win the complete victory for Christ. That friend was the knightly Ignatius of Loyola, who, though he had won glory on the battlefield, had fought out and won on the soil of his heart a more significant battle. And so it was that Ignatius hovered like a ministering angel about Xavier and had a way of bringing him back from glorious visions of human applause by the simple question: "Francis, what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The call of the world and the call of Christ, which will Francis answer? The siren call of the world was sweet

and alluring and was re-echoed by youth, pride, passion and environment. Xavier was the normal young man and had he failed to answer the insistent single question of Ignatius aright, a career for God were nipped in the bud and kingdoms were unconquered to the cause of Christ. Yet louder than the call of the world there drummed in the brain of Xavier the eternal question: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

A Crusader's Answer

Big men never do things by half and small men always do. In answer to the question: "What doth it profit?" the small man would answer that it profiteth nothing and then would proceed to mould his life as if it profiteth a good deal.

Xavier was a big man, big in mind and big in heart. He was too sincere, too honest, to let his intellect go one way and his conduct the other. He did not answer the question at once. It was a long struggle, but when Xavier answered the question correctly that it profiteth nothing to gain the whole world and lose one's own soul, he did not wince at the practical demands the answer made in the regulation of his life.

The Crusader's Cross

The erstwhile soldier, Ignatius, had gathered about him other knights of God. Then on a thrice memorable dawn, the feast of the Assumption, 1534, in a little underground chapel at Montmartre in Paris, the holy mount of martyrs, Ignatius and Xavier and five others took the vows that made them God's crusaders. Whilst Europe and Paris slept they took their vows there, these heroic seven, a small band

but a mighty force. Soon all Europe rang with the mighty blows they struck for Christ and the true Church. It was the crusader's vow that Xavier took. He saw his King and Leader in poverty, in suffering, and on the cross, and he pledged himself to the King's cause and the King's campaign: "As the Lord liveth and the Lord, my King liveth, whosoever my King shall be, whether it shall be in life or in death, there shall His servant be."

God's Manual of Arms

One act of the will, however, does not make the Saint and Xavier had to win to the side of Christ blow by blow. Here it was that the assistance of Ignatius with his little book of the Spiritual Exercises was invaluable. These are God's manual of arms to make us God's men-at-arms. Francis entered the exercises as Xavier, God's recruit, and came forth from them the full panoplied knight of Christ.

There are amongst many others two very striking meditations in this manual of arms which must have appealed to Xavier with especial force, the meditation on the Kingdom of Christ and the one on the Two Standards. The first is a call to enlist not only intellect but also heart, emotions, the whole man, in the cause of Christ; the second is a study in the methods of Christ and His opponent, Satan. In these meditations Xavier visualized the King's cause and the King's campaign and the plan and methods that alone could bring victory, namely, prayer, mortification, self-annihilation, the emptying of self to be clothed with Christ. In reality Xavier conquered the Far East when he conquered himself. Europe swept by heresy must be brought back to Christ and Christ must be brought to the millions sitting in the shadows of paganism.

Skirmishes in Italy

Warfare is for the most part skirmishes. The major engagements are few; the skirmishes many, but in the latter the soldier is hammered out and on him depends the outcome of the campaign and the fate of nations. Xavier found his skirmishes in Italy.

Venice of the hundred isles first felt the force of the new crusader. Here Francis worked in the hospitals and swept the floors and washed the sores and ulcers of the sick. He had lectured at Paris before applauding throngs and here the children of Venice, though they may have smiled at his broken Italian, drank in his burning words that told of sin, of God, of Heaven, and of Christ, the King.

Before Pope Paul III

Rome, majestic on her seven hills, next welcomed Francis. The Pope,

Paul III, was pleased with the humility and the intellectual acumen of this new knight of God, as Xavier disputed before him on questions of philosophy and theology. It was Bologna, the proud university town, that next recognized the fact that a new power had arisen in the Church of God. Here in the streets and in the hospitals, in the churches and in the university courtyards, Xavier spoke in simple words that came hot from a heart aflame with love and loyalty to Christ the King. The poor and the rich, the learned and the ignorant, listened spellbound by his zeal and fervor.

A Talisman of Strength

A soldier is no greater than his morale; that is the force behind all his achievement. Xavier was now a priest. It was at the Mass and before the Eucharist, in audience with the King, that Francis drew his strength and inspiration. On shipboard amidst the ocean's wastes, in the jungles of India, amidst the weird strange sights and ever present dangers of Japan, the Mass will be his secret talisman of strength. Wherever possible, his few short hours of rest will be snatched with head resting on the first step of the altar.

Voices of the East

In Italy it was only skirmishing. The gentle youthful Parisian professor was on the anvil, the Saint and the crusader were in the forging. Great events were brewing. The King of Portugal called on Ignatius to supply missionaries for his new possessions in the Indies. The mystic East was calling. Ignatius heard the voices of the East and watched and prayed. The voices of the East grew louder. Ignatius summoned Xavier. Would Xavier go? All the soldier blood of the old nobility of Navarre, all the Christly crusader's blood of the newborn Saint throbbed in his veins. Cavalier and knight of the cross, Xavier's answer was never in doubt, as the words flashed to his smiling lips:

"Forward! Here I am!" On these words depended the fate of India and the Far East. The skirmishes are gone; in the future is a major offensive for the glory of God and the conquest of the East.

Eastward Ho!

Service means sacrifice; God's service means the highest sacrifice. God demands the complete subordination of our wishes to His will. Xavier in accepting the call of Ignatius to go to India, sacrificed Ignatius, the friend he loved, his beloved Europe, and the intellectual life so dear to his heart. On the seventh of April, 1541, the sacrifice began. All Lisbon was abustle

as the Indian fleet prepared to sail. The people could never witness the departure of the fleet without emotion. Here had set forth great men in Portugal, Diaz, Vasco da Gama, Albuquerque. These were great names and great men, but none greater than Xavier, crusader for souls.

A Hell-ship and a Saint

The journey was no Sunday school picnic. Idlers and pleasure-seekers did not go to India those days. Adventurers, pardoned criminals, knightrant, unscrupulous merchants, men careless of speech and lax of morals, these were the comrades of the thirteen months' trip to India. It was with such that the polite and polished Xavier companioned and took his food. He mingled in their games, played cards and swapped stories with them, made himself all things to all men with the single dominant purpose of leading all men to Christ. The fleet lay becalmed for weeks beneath the blazing tropical sun or was tossed by fierce southern storms. Fever broke out, the food putrefied, the water crawled. The galleons of Portugal became infernos of misery. Xavier was an angel of mercy. Sick himself, he converted his cabin into an hospital. He soothed the fever-stricken, consoled the dying, smiled upon and encouraged the well.

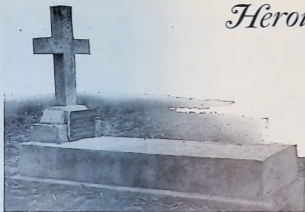
Great Heart

Xavier's great heart never broke down. He changed a hell-ship into a Christian community. Xavier was never greater than during the thirteen months of that painful and perilous journey to the East. At last the fleet dropped anchor in the bay of Goa, the Venice of the East, and the greedy eyes of Xavier fed on India, the land of his dreams. Here was India at last; India with its mysterious rites and grotesque temples and its hideous worship and its teeming millions untouched by the redeeming Blood of Christ. Xavier had reached his destination, but even if that had never been, Xavier was still great, still a crusader for souls. The great are always great. Their greatness is independent of their tasks. The spirit which dominates them elevates and ennobles their smallest deeds. No task makes a man great; it is he that invests the task with greatness by his personality. Xavier did not pass over the living present in empty dreams of future conquest. He had already accomplished a great Christian task on his journey, before he reached the shores of India.

Battlefields of India

No battlefields of the world are
(Continued on page 55)

Heroic Mothers and Gold Star Sons



"Mighty in Death"
Grave of Gabriel G. Buchner, S.J.

MARTIN I. CARRABINE, S.J.

THE closing scene of the "Giant-killer," that splendid mission masque written and directed by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., for the St. Louis Conference of the C. S. M. C. last November, is stirring for American hearts, old as well as young.

For a moment Jack stands exultingly victorious over the Giant, Paganism, amidst a host of slaves made free. Comes then a multitudinous, thousand-tongued voice from an every-where; the arches of stage and auditorium are lighted and are seen thronging with hideous shapes of diverse pagan deities.

"Hark to me, Jack, Paganism never dies; it stalks the world. Are there enough crusaders in the world to slay these giants?"

Then the cry of Jack to the audience and beyond:

"Youth of America, you have heard the challenge! Youth of America, Jack of the new crusade speaks, calling for new crusaders, new giant-killers! Are there enough to conquer him?"

From the audience, then, a march begins that sets even old and stolid hearts atingle. The youth of America advances. From work and play and pleasure, gayly, light-heartedly, jauntily, American-wise, with American faults and virtues as well, they come. With their country's flag in the lead, and with school colors flying, they advance through the auditorium. With choking pride you watch them crowd around Jack and the cross in their eagerness to enlist in Christ's cause against the foe and to spread Christ's Kingdom abroad.

Just Symbolism

Thus far the pageant.

"Beautiful symbolism, very nice sentiment," may be the comment of

THE dead heroes of this tale of short missionary service were members of the St. Louis Conference of Mission Crusaders. A blessed mist will veil your eyes as you read this simple story of rugged sacrifice, ending in death, made by two Jesuit Scholastics and their heroic mothers. The final parting between Jesus and Mary was made through a mist of tears which have sanctified all the tears shed through the Christian centuries by mothers giving up their children to God's service and by heroic youth sacrificing the world and its dreams, self and its ambitions, life even in its springtide, all for the cause of Christ. Of old they sang that to die for one's country is glory. Catholics have died for country in unford numbers, but they know that to work, to suffer, to die for God, is a sacrifice unspeakably more sublime.

the realist who knows well the feel of an opera seat, "but sentiment is frothy stuff. And symbolism! It's nothing, unless there's hard reality behind it."

But there is a symbol there on the stage which the critic has missed. Behind the group, behind the cross that draws them there, floats a service flag. Red stars are on it more numerous than the white stars on the blue field of our national colors; and in the center gleam two soft golden stars. Each star stands a mute sign of a sacred fact, each betokens a person, most likely a jaunty, pleasure-loving person like so many of the group on the

stage, just an American youth, who heard the King and has heeded His call. Please God, the King will call again often, and He shall gain response!

Reality

The gold stars interested me most. They gleamed for two young men of the St. Louis Conference of Mission Crusaders, who heard the King and fought unto death, while in their passing there was no pageantry—none, at least, that human eye discerned.

You may clear the stage now, and change the scene. But mark, this is reality! Let the setting be a rough, unfinished room in a very poor Central American school. A young man lies on a bed, painfully, wearily sick. He was known once intimately by the hundreds who watched the pageantry of Jack, the new crusader. Viaticum and Extreme Unction have been administered. But to those that stand near him it is painfully evident that healing of body is not to be God's will in these last Sacraments.

A True Crusader

The young man is Mr. William P. Gormaly, S.J., a former student of St. Louis University. In the classrooms of that institution he had sat as a lad; in its chapel he had heard God's call to a higher service. In its philosophy halls he had later studied as a young religious. From its doors he had set out cheerily, bidding farewell to the mother who still lives, to become a teacher in the single, struggling little College of the Mission of British Honduras.

There he had worked for but one brief year. Then on a hot day in June in thoughtless eagerness over his work for his Central American boys he incautiously exposed himself to the trop-



Mr. Wm. P. Gormaly, S.J.

ic sun. Very soon a serious kidney ailment developed, and with a suddenness that was alarming to his brethren the disease became critical and fatal.

It is hard for youth to die, hard even when youth's ambitions are not lofty, and Mr. Gormaly's aims soared high. He had nourished high ambitions and had planned great work, all for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in the hearts of men. His private and voluminous notes left behind showed all this.

"I've accomplished so little, that's what's hard," he confided to a brother religious who was near him at the end.

But even this hard thing he overcame, and yielded his will and the surrender of his own glowing plans for God's work. He must have learned soon after he left the first and only scene of his apostolic labors that his King was One who judged efforts and motives more than accomplishment.

The Mother of a Giant-killer

The second gold star marks the sacrifice of a younger man whose apostolic career was even briefer than that of Mr. Gormaly. For it lasted just one month and two days. And again the scene, the work, the conquest, is at St. John's College, Belize, in the Mission of British Honduras. The crusader is Mr. Gabriel G. Bachner, S.J.

It is just a little more than six years ago that Mr. Bachner and I stood on the wharf at New Orleans and looked over the good ship "Coppename" that

was to carry us to Belize. Only three weeks before he had returned from Spain where he had made the last two years of his philosophy course. In the interval there had been time for him to make his annual retreat, and to enjoy a hurried visit of three days with his widowed mother. Just three days together—and he an only son! And then she gave him back to God and to the work of God, miles, long miles away. Some day and somewhere there will be a dazzling service flag for such unknown and unsung heroines.

Dreaming for God

We were three days in crossing the Gulf of Mexico. During idle hours, of which there were so many aboard ship, as our slow old fruit-steamer reeled off its monotonous twelve knots per hour, we joined the threads of a score of common interests we had known in novitiate and juniorate days. Much that he said revealed finer and holier dreams than I had ever suspected, though I had long before conceived a holy esteem for this man with whom God's blessed Providence had thrown my work. But there is not space, nor is this the place to write of such intimacies.

This journey to Belize, I learned, meant for him the sacrifice of a dear dream of work for God, that had partially emerged into alluring reality in the preceding year. He had put the dream aside and volunteered for Belize. He said that he recognized in his knowledge of Spanish a trace of God's desires, and felt he must offer himself.

The American Way

"Father Provincial accepted me at once."

There was the old smile, but his will screwed it up. Gabriel Bachner nursed no thrill of anticipation in his early mission career. He was doing a great thing in a characteristically American method—nonchalantly. Let the critic of the opera seat forgive me, if I boast.

We arrived in Belize on August 8, 1921, and Mr. Bachner was in the midst of his work on the follow-

ing day. The Central American boys have an almost constitutional antipathy to all "Gringos." Yet they capitulated completely to the hearty laugh, delicate sympathy and virile ways of this new "Gringo" prefect. Mr. Bachner was a success in his work from the very start.

Yellow Fever!

The solid unflinching joy that always comes after a man has paid the dear coin of sacrifice that hurts, was fast becoming his. Then one day, exactly the tenth after his arrival in Belize, three cases of dread yellow fever appeared among the servants of the College. Many a story-book tells with what potent reasons the people of the tropics fear yellow fever. An epidemic of it was in the College and threatened the city of Belize. The epidemic, its terrors and progress, and its comforts—for there were these,—would be a story in themselves. With the first sign of the disease the Government took the situation in hand, and efficiently.

By a weird coincidence, on the very first inspection by the doctors, Mr. Bachner registered a temperature of 102 degrees—a bad sign. He smiled incredulously and protested he did not feel ill. Developments later that evening showed how reasonable were his doubts. It was discovered that there had been a defect in the clinic thermometer that had been placed in his mouth. His real temperature was subnormal.

(Continued on page 58)



Mr. Gabriel G. Bachner, S.J.



Father Sullivan learns Bisayan from the children.

From
College
Halls
To
Cocoanut
Groves

DANIEL H. SULLIVAN,
S.J.

TWO years ago when as Dean of the Physics Department at Holy Cross College I witnessed Father Wheeler's splendid efforts to assist the Foreign and Home Missions, I little thought that in so short a time the opportunity would come to me, to travel to a far distant land, to engage in apostolic work, and to experience the need of the same assistance which he was giving so whole-heartedly to others. Such, however, is the fact. Here I am in Mindanao, so far removed from all that I hold dear, that if I were to travel any farther, I should find myself on the way home. The work which was begun with the leave-taking of father, mother, brothers and sisters, my radio plans, and all the interests that afforded me such abundant natural consolations, presents all the opportunities which Paul, Luke, John and Peter had, to merit the hundredfold and deserve the promise of eternal life.

A Mission of Three Hundred Square Miles

My mission is in the northeast section of the Island of Mindanao. It embraces over three hundred square miles and includes 18,000 Catholics, 2,000 of whom dwell in Tagalooan. The other 16,000 live in eleven Barrios or suburbs as we call them in the States. Here in Tagalooan, there is a large unfinished church. From the outside it would pass for a large barn, if the cross were removed. On the inside, if you stand with your back to the altar, the impression of a big barn is

NOT so long ago the author of this article was teaching in the Jesuit College at Worcester, Massachusetts. Suddenly hailed to the other side of the globe, with a new orientation, he realized better than ever that the Holy Cross Mission Crusade Unit was a bigger thing than the famous Holy Cross baseball team. Needing an automobile to multiply his efforts, he wrote this account to stimulate the Holy Cross boys to make the desired gift. Not that they needed much stimulation. Under the dynamic leadership of Father John D. Wheeler, S.J., the Holy Cross Mission Crusade has already contributed four automobiles to missionaries, and what is more, is contributing and distributing every year \$4,000 for mission needs. By the generosity of Holy Cross boys, Father Sullivan's automobile is already speeding across the Pacific. JESUIT MISSIONS owes a debt of gratitude also to the Unit for its successful aid in a drive for subscriptions. A Catholic Education shot through with such Christian Charity will save the world and no other will. May all Catholic Colleges in America try to equal the record of Holy Cross!

complete. There are no pews to meet your view, just the big beams supporting the corrugated roof which is rusted through in a number of places.

"And They Laid Him in a Manger"

In each of the eleven Barrios there is a chapel, old, dilapidated and falling to ruin. Worse than that, the chapels are so open and unprotected that animals, for the most part goats, make a stable of them, befouling the floor, whilst numerous bats, nesting above the altars, soil the Holy Table itself. My first impression on seeing these chapels was that it was surely an insult to God to offer in them the Holy Sacrifice. Although the priest can only rarely get to the chapels to say Mass, nevertheless, Sundays and Holydays the people assemble there to light candles before the faded pictures of the Blessed Mother.

Four Eggs for Rosario

The people are simple and because of this simplicity, at least in part. Protestant missionaries have had some success in sections of the Island that have been without a priest for many years. Simplicity stands out in the children. Outside of my window is a crowd of children on their way to school. Wisomely they ask:

"Padre, give me Rosario?"

This is their greeting whenever I meet them on the street. One afternoon recently about thirty-five surrounded me on the road and asked in that wonderfully innocent way little children have:



"There is a chapel, old, dilapidated and falling to ruin."

"Padre, give us Rosario?"

I said to them:

"How can I give you Rosario? Rosario cost money. I have no money." Looking up to me with touching earnestness, they pleaded:

"Padre, how much cost Rosario?"

I replied:

"Twenty centavos!"

This is ten cents in American money.

"Padre, you take four eggs for Rosario?"

I pretended to be wiping away perspiration, but it was the kind that comes from the eyes.

The people are also fun-loving. Let some youngsters gather and play a scrub game of basketball. In less time than it takes to tell it, a large interested crowd will be attracted and hang on as long as the boys play. If one stops to take a picture, an appreciative gathering will assemble with nothing else in mind seemingly than to enjoy a spectacle.

Primitive Life

The ways of the natives are primitive. Their homes are mostly nipa huts raised up on bamboo poles and reached by wide bamboo ladders. For furniture there is a table, a bench to sit on, a suspended oil lamp, and a sort of straw mat which when unrolled on the floor serves as a bed. In some of the huts a partition is built of nipa to provide a separate compartment for the parents or for a son-in-law. They bathe themselves and wash their clothes in the river. They carry their drinking water from the river in five-gallon Standard Oil cans and many take it without boiling. They are satisfied with the bare necessities. Coconuts, rice, maize, fruits grow in abundance. We do not have ice, though it is made at Cagayan and peddled here. We cannot afford that yet. It never came home to me be-

fore what it means to be without ice, especially in warm weather, which is with us always here. It means eating out of tin cans to begin with and then it means a lack of variety. Whatever is on hand must be served at every meal until it is consumed. Let me illustrate. Some pungent Chinese sausages were on hand for breakfast one morning. I could not eat them. Again they appeared at dinner time. Again I avoided them. When they greeted me at supper, the next meal, I was forced to eat them from sheer hunger.

No Style-plus Clothes

The question of clothes is not a problem for the people. They dress so lightly that, as I am told, ten dollars suffices to clothe a family of ten for the year. The men on week days wear what we call in America a running slip, though not so well made. On Sundays a long-pants suit of white duck is their raiment. The women wear ordinarily a slip and a wrapper. On Sundays they come to Mass in their native costume, which is pretty and seems to last a lifetime. Shoes, stockings, hats, handkerchiefs are rarely seen. However, the American school system is operating throughout the Island and as a result in the larger towns American dress is beginning to be adopted.

Non-Support

From what has been said you will not be surprised to learn that the natives are not accustomed to contribute to the support of their pastors, certainly not as we understand the term at home. There is no such thing as a Sunday collection. From fees for baptisms, marriages and funerals does the Padre support himself mainly. The fee for a baptism is twenty-five cents; for a funeral, four dollars. The

latter includes the burial plot and supposes that the relatives of the deceased have the four dollars. If it were not for assistance sent from home, I do not know how the priest would make out. Nothing in what I have said should suggest a note of complaint or discouragement. I am only trying to set forth in my poor way what I thought might be of interest.

How the Padre Lives

And now what about the living quarters of the priest? Here in Taga-loan is my residence. It is a wooden structure two stories high. On account of the dampness from the frequent and excessive rains it is necessary to live well up above the ground. Hence my room is on the second floor. Rough sawed boards constitute the floor and the partitions. The spaces between the boards in the floor catch one's toes. In the partitions wide open spaces also prevail. One can get neither privacy nor quiet. Underneath my room is the Parochial School. Nearly eighty boys are crowded in the big cellar where the pastor and two lay teachers convey knowledge by the chorus method. For four hours every day the funeral drone of the youngsters repeating their lessons in Bisayan, the language of the natives, and English, which is quite unintelligible, tries one's patience beyond the telling. I can look down through the spaces in the floor and view the whole proceedings. The lay teachers receive ten dollars a month. The school is supported from a coconut grove in my backyard, wherein there is not even a path on which I might walk and say my Office. There are in the garden one hundred and eight fruit-bearing coconut trees from which in bountiful seasons a revenue of three hundred dollars is derived. Out of this sum also the parochial school for girls conducted by three Filipino nuns is partly maintained.

Studying the Language

Every day, except Saturdays and Sundays, I take a lesson of an hour and a half's duration in the native language, Bisayan. It is wholly unlike any language we Americans encounter and its acquisition is not easy. Frequently I interrupt study to mop my face and neck with a bath towel. Here one perspires continually. Except at night and in the early morning the body is covered with a film of moisture, which is most uncomfortable. Study must be done by day. If I tried to work at night with the aid of an oil lamp, I would be quickly routed by bats, moths, and flying cockroaches

two inches long, contact with which makes a cold shiver run down one's back.

Filipino Rapid Transit

On Saturdays and Sundays I am engaged in the work of the ministry either here or in one of the Barrios. In each of the latter there is a nipa hut in which the Padre sleeps and prepares his meals. From what I have seen of these huts they have never been cared for since they were first built. Five of the Barrios are accessible by auto this year. We are in expectation that next year paths, not roads, will be cut through the cocoon groves which will make it possible to approach more Barrios by auto. As to the remaining Barrios, they can only be reached by foot or by pony. You will note that I do not say by horse. The horse in the Philippines is about the size of the American pony. When the Spanish Padre whom I am succeeding saw me and my two hundred and twenty pounds, he threw up his hands with an exclamation which meant, "Where shall we get an animal to carry the American Padre?" I am not discouraged. The pony carries my altar equipment, bedding and food. I can keep my muscles in good shape by walking. The Barrios which can only be reached by pony or on foot are from twelve to thirty kilometers away.

A Ford Multiplies the Priest

At present two Masses are said in Tagaloan every Sunday. I plan to say only one Mass here and every Sunday to say another Mass in another Barrio. I want to start Sunday Schools in all the Barrios and personally supervise them, visiting one or two different ones every Sunday. I want to be able to give Extreme Unction to many more of my parishioners than are now able to receive this saving Sacrament. That is why I feel that my first and most important need is a Ford. There are very many other needs important enough but all these must wait. The big need is to bring the Sacraments to more souls, to five times as many as are now able to receive them.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Father John D. Wheeler, S.J., acting for the Holy Cross College Mission Unit, immediately sent the Ford to Father Sullivan. Doubtless by this time it has been instrumental in bringing salvation to some neglected souls, as happened on the first trip of an automobile sent by Holy Cross students to Jamaica, B. W. I.

Two Famous Jesuit Bishops in the States

THE almost simultaneous arrival of two prominent Jesuit Bishops in the States bears witness to the varied activities of the Society of Jesus. Both Bishops are natives of the country in which their pastoral care is exercised. The family of Bishop Tsu was converted in China by Jesuit missionaries three hundred years ago. Bishop Diaz is an American of Americans, being on his mother's side a Jalisco Indian. The countries of both the Bishops are storm centers in international politics today and are in the throes of civil war. Bishop Tsu is hurrying back to China, in which there are anti-foreign disturbances. Bishop Diaz has been exiled from his native land, because of his fearless defence of the rights of the Church against usurping politicians.

A Happy Event

Right Reverend Simon Tsu, S.J., was one of the six Chinese Bishops recently consecrated by the Holy Father himself, an event that marked the inception of a native hierarchy for China. How happy and opportune this event proves itself to be is manifest by the continuance of the anti-foreign movement in China. Bishop Tsu arrived on the Rochambeau, January 22, accompanied by Father Morrissey, S.J., of the Roman Province, destined for the Chinese mission.

On Sunday, January 23, Bishop Tsu was extended an inspiring reception by the faculty and students of Maryknoll, all of whom are dedicated to the work of the conversion of China. In the following days the Bishop made hurried trips to Boston, to the Canadian Jesuit Seminary at Montreal, to the Jesuit Seminary at Woodstock, Maryland. Thence he departed for

the West and set sail from Seattle on the President Grant, February 15. Bishop Tsu hopes to celebrate the Holy Week ceremonies in his own Vicariate of Hai-men, China.

"The Mercier of Mexico"

Bishop Pascual Diaz, S.J., was greeted as the "Mercier of Mexico" on his arrival at New York, February 1. In a sermon at the Pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Bishop the following Sunday at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, Father Martin Scott, S.J., greeted the Bishop as a "Martyr of Christ." How true were his words is evident to all those who have followed the activities of the politicians who are exercising the powers of government in Mexico in defiance of essential human rights. Bishop Diaz was secretary and spokesman of the Mexican Episcopate and has withstood President Calles and his henchmen not only with heroic Christian fortitude, but with a logic that has proved unanswerable. The relations between Bishop Diaz and the Mexican officials reached a climax when the clear and convincing answers of the Bishop to a non-Catholic American investigating committee were published in American newspapers. Like another Thomas à Becket, Bishop Diaz is now an exile because he puts the rights of conscience and of Church above the decrees of a tyrannical cabal. The interviews given by the "Exile of Christ" to the New York papers are remarkable for a Christian absence of anything like bitterness towards the persecutors and for a calm assurance that the Church will arise triumphant from the conflict.



"These chapels are so open . . . that animals stable themselves in them."

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To the gentle and loving St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies and Heavenly Patron of all Catholic missions, this issue is affectionately dedicated. In his life and works you may discover the spirit and the inspiration of modern Catholic missionaries. They are all crusaders for souls, toiling, suffering, praying and dying that the Kingdom of Christ, the King, may embrace all peoples of every clime.

* * *

How well his spirit has been preserved in the Society of Jesus, of which, with St. Ignatius, Xavier was the co-founder, will be evident to anyone who reads carefully the pages of this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. Herein is unfolded another chapter in the life of that explorer for Christ, Père Marquette, who made Xavier's life and Xavier's death the model of his own. He lived, toiled, traveled like Xavier, and his lonely death in the wilds of American forests was similar in minute details to the death of his patron. You will be touched by the story of the two Scholastics, who, though their missionary career was short, died in British Honduras after having made as Xavier did the sacrifice of loved ones and country for Christ.

* * *

The modest memoirs of Father J. Cataldo, S.J., which grow in charm and refreshing simplicity with each succeeding instalment, disclose in **The Spirit of Xavier** the long journeys and conquests for Christ which they narrate that spirit of Xavier which is the precious heritage passed on to every Jesuit novice from the very first moment he enters the novitiate. It makes no difference whether his lot is to be cast in the humdrum life of the classroom or face to face with the difficulties

and hardships now confronting Father Daniel Sullivan, S.J., and his confrères on the Mindanao mission; it is the spirit of Xavier which leads the way and covers the drabness of daily monotonous tasks with the glory of deeds done for Christ. Examine the activities of Bishop Tsu or Bishop Diaz or of hundreds of Jesuit missionaries throughout the world and you will find in an untold diversity of tasks a similarity of performance that is due to the spirit of Xavier drawn in with almost every breath in the precious days of the novitiate, where the cadets of Christ are formed to the mould of future crusaders.

* * *

This spirit of Xavier is not confined to those whose whole lives are consecrated to the missionary ideal.

Amongst the first means suggested by **Lay Xaviers** His Holiness, Pius XI, for the spread of the Faith stands forth prayer. All can join in the crusade of prayer for souls.

Only let the prayer be specific. Let us join in prayer for all Catholic missionaries at the front and then for a Pentecostal increase of mission vocations amongst our boys and girls. Those will make the best missionaries who desire from the very first days of youth with an ardent longing to carry the Faith to far distant lands. We can all encourage mission vocations by seeing to it that mission literature falls into the hands of the young. Such literature will prove an effective antidote to much of the reading matter that is presented to the youth of our day. Heroic mothers who sacrifice their sons and daughters for the missions are in a very true sense like the Blessed Mother, Queen of the Apostles. Zealous souls who turn the thoughts of youth towards mission fields and foster mission vocations are participating in and perpetuating the spirit of Xavier.

* * *

For those who are seeking a way to reduce to practice the spirit of the approaching Lent, we recommend the offering up to God of numerous little acts of self-denial for the advancement of the missions. A zealous, though not over rich, Catholic once brought to a priest friend a fairly large-sized box filled with silver coins and dollar bills.

"This, Father, is for the missions."

"But you can't afford all that," exclaimed the priest.

"Father," replied the zealous Catholic, "the dimes represent cigars unpurchased; the dollar bills are symbolic of unoccupied theatre seats; the other coins are signs of luxuries foregone."

The zealous Catholic has shown to all of us how to combine the spirit of Lent with very substantial help for the missions.



MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

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

ON June 17, 1673, Father James Marquette, S. J., with Louis Joliet and their five woodsmen reached the Mississippi. They came upon some villages of friendly Peorias. Red Calumet, the Great Captain of the Peorias, gave the Blackrobe a small slave boy. Now in the two birchbark canoes the expedition had voyaged for days down the silent banked Father of Waters. Then—but go on with the story from here.

PART III

Thunder Bird



HE expedition looked immensely tiny against the high bluff that sheered up along the left bank. The two canoes had been sweeping by these bluffs for several hours. As usual the furl-capped woodsmen paddled as silently as Indians and Father Marquette in the bow was watching the opening river ahead.

"O Mary Immaculate," he petitioned as he resumed his paddle, "guide me to the new nations that live along these strange shores and put on my lips words that will make these, your other children, know and love your Son."

He repeated his favorite prayer:

"O Mary Immaculate, Mother of God, Mother of Grace, remember me—and them."

The Blackrobe glanced back and saw that Crow Dog had tired of fondling No Flesh. Now he was crouching down between the bags of Indian corn. He had the expedition's compass before him and he was in the act of sprinkling a handful of tobacco on it. The slave boy looked up.

"Blackrobe, great Manitou in there. Crow Dog offers him tobacco that he will be friendly to you white men."

The Blackrobe smiled with pity on the little pagan.

"That is no Manitou, Crow Dog.

The Manitou who is friendly to all of us is up there."

He pointed to the skies.

Father Marquette was interrupted by a shout from Crow Dog. No Flesh barked at the sudden cry. Jean and Peter steadied the canoe on her course. Excitedly the slave boy pointed to the sheer side of the bluff ahead.

"Look up, Master, for the Great Demon himself looks down on us. We are dead men!"

What had caused Crow Dog's alarm was not at first discernible to the rest of the party. But at the boy's repeated cries and gestures, all eyes were focused on the bluff. There on the sheer side, seemingly accessible only to an eagle, was carved the figure of a painted monster.

Without a word the red-sashed woodsmen gazed in awe, as the current carried the canoes along and the figure grew larger. All could make it out now. It had a long squat body, covered with scales; square-shouldered wings, also scaled. The face was that of a man. The eyes were red. It had the horns of a deer and was bearded as is a tiger. The serpentine tail wound about the green-scaled body and passing over the head in a great loop showed again between the legs, where it terminated in a fish's tail. Fearsome, in reds and greens and blacks, this monster, that some ancient hand had painted, stared down on the approaching expedition.

Terror was in the hearts of the

woodsmen and Crow Dog had cowered down beside the hound in the bottom of the canoe. Something of his fear had communicated itself to the yellowish animal, for the dog began to whimper. Jean muttered:

"This river gets more dangerous. It is only a step from painted beasts that no man ever saw before to hungry live ones. Before all Heaven, I declare I wish I was back on the island of Mackinaw!"

Marquette looked back to note the details of the painted monster and then he happened to notice his cowering slave.

"Crow Dog, straighten up and be a brave. Colored paint and carved stone never yet hurt anybody."

Very reluctantly the slave boy raised his head and peered fearfully over the side of the canoe at the sheer bluff they were skirting. Reassured by the fact that the painted monster was behind them, the boy grinned.

"No Flesh, master's dog, was trembling so at the sight of that—that—"

He paused and the Blackrobe good-naturedly catching the lad's humor, added:

"Thunder Bird."

"Was that the Thunder Bird?" whispered Crow Dog, instinctively casting a startled glance over his left shoulder. "In the cabins of Red Calumet I have heard the squaws tell their bad children they would call the Thunder Bird. The children would be good then."

The boy cast another glance back at

the painted monster, high above them. "I also have heard the legend of this Thunder Bird from an old Pottawatonic chief."

"What was it you heard, master?" inquired Crow Dog.

"This is what the chief told me."

Encouraged, the small slave crept forward till he was right behind the Blackrobe.

"He said many, many moons ago, when the first Illinois tribe came to this region, there was a monster, all wings and claws and teeth who lived in the bluffs over the Great Water. This was the Thunder Bird. It would fly to the north and the south. It would fly to the east and the west. It would swoop down like lightning out of a black cloud and in its claws it always held its victim.

"Many children and squaws and warriors this Thunder Bird caught and their cabins knew them no more. This kept up till the tribes met in a great council and deliberated. Some were in favor of leaving the prairies and fleeing beyond the flight of the Thunder Bird."

"Speak louder, my Father," interrupted Jean.

Marquette smiled and raised his voice.

"At this council was a young warrior. When he returned from the war-path, many captives came with him. Rows of enemies' scalp locks hung in his cabin. He was young, but his exploits had already made him a captain.

"He it was who arose when the older men of the council were silent. He claimed Sun had sent him this plan in a dream. Let the warriors who were unafraid go with him to the nest of the Thunder Bird when the monster was away. There let them tie him before the rocky cave and hide nearby. When the Thunder Bird returned and saw the victim, it would swoop down. Then let them shoot their arrows with poison tips: a whole cloud of them, into the body of the monster and kill him.

"When the great council heard this warrior's words, the squaws who were sitting behind the braves, raised their Mourning Song. For they thought this young captain was already a dead man."

"And that he was, master!" put in Crow Dog most solemnly.

"But this captain," the Blackrobe continued, "bade the squaws stop their song and wipe away their tears, saying it was true he would be dead, but the poisoned arrows would quickly make the Thunder Bird follow him. Then there would be safety for all the tribes in the lands along the Great Water.

"The plan of the young captain was accepted. The bravest captains of the tribes went with him the next time the

scoots reported that the Thunder Bird was raiding to the north. They tied this captain with his arms free and his legs outstretched, after the manner of captives for the torture. Then they hid behind rocks and trees and in the underbrush that was before the monster's cave.

"A night and almost a day they waited, till a keen-eyed captain saw a black speck in the northern skies.

"When the Thunder Bird saw the fresh figure of the young captain stretched out before the entrance to its cave, it dropped like a minnow darts and fastened its claws in the body. The captain grasped the cruel claws with his hands and held the Thunder Bird captive.

"At once the other captains rose up and arrow after arrow buried itself in the struggling two.

"All the tribes came to honor the young captain in his funeral. After they had sung and bound his body in a tree a mighty council was held. The chiefs decided to make a painting to remember the bravery of this young captain. And that painting is what we have just seen."

"Master," added Crow Dog, "in Red Calumet's cabin I have heard a sorcerer tell that it is the custom when a warrior passed this place he should shoot a poison arrow at the Thunder Bird."

"And we did not do so," commented Jean, who had been listening attentively to the legend.

Father Marquette was silent for a while and then he seemed to speak his thoughts aloud:

"That ancient young captain, who sacrificed himself for his people, reminds me of our own Great Captain. He also gave His life for His people and by His death conquered a monster greater than the Thunder Bird; one who feeds, not on the frail passing bodies, but the everlasting souls."

"Master, will you tell me the story of this other Great Captain some time?" hopefully inquired Crow Dog.

"That I will," promised the Blackrobe heartily, "in good time."

Found in the Grass

The quick eye of Crow Dog was the first to sight the small figure that sat on the low bank, not more than several hundred feet from the approaching canoes. He was a copper-hued boy with but an amulet on his breast and he was fishing. He still sat watching his lines, as the silent party in the two canoes swept down upon him.

At Marquette's whispered command, Crow Dog shouted in Illinois. No Fish barked excitedly. The strange fisher boy leaped up. He hooked a string of glistening fish out of the wa-

ter. Then, like a startled young buck, he hurled himself backward into the brush to disappear over the bank.

"Let us stop!" shouted Marquette to Joliet in the other craft. "Where there is a boy fishing, there must be other Indians."

Jean dropped the sail and paddled the canoe quickly into the yellow eddy under the bank. As the boat swung about, Marquette and Crow Dog caught an overhanging limb and brought the canoe up sharply.

Over the top they saw a sparsely wooded grove up the narrow valley and in the middle distance the copper-hued boy running towards an Indian, who was bending over a fire cooking his meal. When the older Indian saw Marquette, he checked the speeding boy and grabbing up his bow started to run forward. The Blackrobe stopped, and raising his right hand in the peace gesture, awaited the man's approach. At once the Indian halted.

"We come in peace," the Blackrobe shouted in Illinois.

The strange Indian answered in the same tongue and Marquette learned these were a Tuscarora father and son out hunting. On the Blackrobe's invitation the two hunters came down to the bank. The Indian told the voyagers that a large Tuscarora hunting party was camped downstream, and the buffaloes were plentiful only a league away. It was decided that Joliet and the woodsmen should hunt buffaloes, as the expedition's supply of meat was low. The Indian father for a present of beads volunteered to go with Joliet.

After the woodsmen had departed, Marquette read his breviary and then he discovered Crow Dog and the Tuscarora lad talking at a great streak. Both had lines in the river and were eating blue berries. The Blackrobe drew near and sitting on the bank, inquired:

"Crow Dog, what is this mighty noise that I hear over here between you and your new friend?"

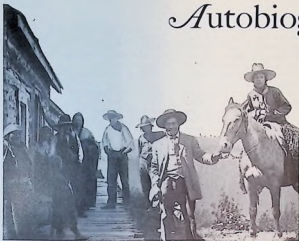
Crow Dog put in patronizingly. "This Found in the Grass is out on his first buffalo hunt. His father has taken him. Listen, master, Found in the Grass will tell you what he did yesterday."

The slim Tuscarora was not unwilling.

"White man, I left the main hunting party yesterday morning while it was very dark. He Hurls a Good Spear, who is my father, took me. We walked while the sun climbed high in the skies. Then we came to a small ridge and beyond were the buffaloes, like the whitecaps on the Great River when the wind blows against the current. More than that even.

"He Hurls a Good Spear loosened
(Continued on page 57)

Autobiography of Kauilks Metatcopnin



Today at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.

PART III

IT was the fourth of March, 1867, when Father Cataldo left his mission among the Spokanes to obey his Superior's bidding and return to the Coeur d'Alène Mission. When he reached the main camp of the Coeur d'Alène Indians on the lower end of the lake, there were two feet of snow on the ground. The Father told the Indians that it was his intention to push on the next morning to the Mission, but they sought to dissuade him, saying that it was impossible because of the roads. Some of them who had been hunting stated that there were four or five feet of snow on the divide in the mountains.

"I must go," replied the priest, "and you will furnish me with snowshoes and a companion."

A chief answered him:

"You cannot attempt the trip on snowshoes; you are too delicate. Your Spokane name S'chilúése (Dry or Lean Salmon) is perfectly true; you are altogether too delicate, too thin; you cannot stand the trip, you will die on the way."

"No," said Father Cataldo, "I will not die on the way. I need only a companion. I have been practising short trips on snowshoes to get accustomed to them."

"Do you mean to say that a few short trips of one hour or so have made you accustomed to a trip of two or perhaps three days? I tell you, you cannot go. You had better return to the Spokanes."

Courage Wins

The missionary maintained that he must go to the Mission, and the In-

WHAT would you do if a whole tribe of Indians told you that death was the only prospect in the attempt to cross a mountain-divide which lay buried in five feet of snow? Father Joseph Cataldo, S.J., tells us in his third instalment of his memoirs what he did and unwittingly gives us the secret of the tremendous influence he has exercised over the Indians of the Northwest for sixty years. This autobiography written in the third person is charming in its simplicity and unconsciously reveals a soul-greatness truly inspiring.

dians, seeing his resolution, held council among themselves. They concluded that three companions would be needed for the Father, two to precede him to show the way, and one behind to help him should he fall. Volunteers were called upon to accompany him. The younger men of the camp all replied that they would be very glad to go with him, but they feared that they would see him perish on the way. Father Cataldo then said that, if there was no one who had the courage to accompany him, he would go alone; if he died on the way, they would be responsible.

Laid Low

Immediately a young Indian said: "No, Father, you shall not go alone, I will be your companion."

He then called by name another young Indian and said to him:

"You will come along also. I do not think we need a third one. One

of us will show the way and the other will walk with the Father."

The next morning the Blackrobe and his two companions set out for the mission. For the first few miles there was no trouble; then, in order to shorten the journey, instead of following the trail, they cut across the lake, which was frozen solidly. Here the difficulties began for Father Cataldo. There was little snow on the ice, and as it was very slippery, he found it hard to keep his footing with the snowshoes. After a few minutes, finding that he did not fall, the Father confidently increased his pace to keep up with the Indians. Suddenly his feet went from under him and the back of his head struck the ice. He lay stunned. The Indian behind him in dismay cried out to his companion: "Tagog (He is dead)."

Together they hastened to lift the fallen priest and whilst they were doing so, were surprised to hear him say:

"Lut tagog (He is not dead)."

With joy they helped their Blackrobe to his feet to find that he was uninjured and able to continue the journey.

A Blanket of Snow

After walking some miles they left the lake and turned again to the mountains. Here they found the snow becoming deeper and deeper. The Father fell frequently and the Indians were forced to stop and help him to his feet. Night came upon them and after a light supper they went to bed, a blanket on the snow and a buffalo robe for covering. The next morning the Indians, after having prepared the breakfast called Father Cataldo, who, when he tried to rise, found he was not able.

"What is the matter?" he said. "I can't get up."

They replied:

"There is nothing the matter. Only you have about two feet of snow on your covering."

They took away part of the snow and the Father was able to rise. In the evening they reached Coeur d'Alene Mission, and greatly astonished the Fathers there, who never imagined that Father Cataldo would return through so much snow.

Summoned to Montana

Father Cataldo reported to his Superior the dispositions of the Spokane Indians and their earnest petition for a priest to live among them. The Superior allowed Father Cataldo to return to his first mission at Easter time. But his second stay was very short. A letter came one day, summoning him to St. Ignatius Mission in Montana. As it was too early in Spring to attempt such a long trip, he waited till May. A party of Indians and half-breeds passed through the Spokane Mission on its way to Montana. A fellow Jesuit from the Colville Mission, Father Van Gorp, was amongst them; so Father Cataldo immediately joined them. It took them seventeen days to reach St. Ignatius Mission. The same trip can be made now in seven hours.

Hurt on a Sick Call

At a place in Montana called Thomson's Falls, an Indian met the party and told them that some whites going to the mines had quarreled with a band of Indians. There had been some shooting and a white man and an Indian were wounded. The Indian was in a dying condition; a priest had been called from St. Ignatius Mission but it was feared that the man would die before the priest arrived. When a camp had been made, Father Cataldo asked a young Indian to accompany him to the place where the fight had occurred. They started off at a gallop. During the ride the missionary's horse being very tired, stumbled and fell, and Father Cataldo hurt his foot somewhat. He mounted again, and at length reached the camp and the dying Indian. The priest heard his confession and consoled his relatives who were very glad to have the priest in time.

Broken Leg

When the Blackrobe rejoined his party, they saw that he was limping and immediately gave him the name "Kaushin" (Broken Leg). This name was thoroughly confirmed a little more than a year later when the father

really broke his leg. The next day the party met Father Tosi, S.J., coming from St. Ignatius Mission to assist the dying Indian. They directed him to the place and the man received the last Sacraments.

Arriving at St. Ignatius the Vice-Superior of the Missions, Father Grassi, S.J., was surprised to see Father Cataldo. The letter which had summoned Father Cataldo, had been intended for another missionary, but had been addressed to Father Cataldo by mistake.

"However," said Father Grassi, "it is good you are here, because I must travel; so you can stay and take charge of the Mission."

Another Jesuit was sent to the mission among the spokaneans.

Failure

About this time Father Grassi received an urgent request from Right Reverend Bishop Blanchet, of Nesqueally, and from his Vicar General, Father Brouillet, that a Jesuit father be sent to establish a mission among the Nez Percé Indians in Central Idaho. Occasionally a Father visited these Indians from the Coeur d'Alene Mission, but with very poor results. In October, 1867, the Jesuit Superior, in reply to the request of Bishop Blanchet, sent Father Cataldo to Lapwai, an Indian village about eleven miles southeast of Lewiston, there to take charge of a small Government day school for Indians and thus to begin missionary work. On Father Cataldo's arrival, the agent at Lapwai who had previously tested the disposition of the Indians, advised him to remain in Lewiston, as the chiefs were not then disposed to receive him. The source of the opposition to a priest taking charge of the school came from an old chief called by the Canadian traders L'Avocat, because he was a great talker. This L'Avocat, by telling the Indians that the priest would sell their lands and reduce them to poverty, stirred such feeling that those of the tribe who were favorable to Father Cataldo were forced to yield in silence. Father Cataldo lived in Lewiston, visiting a few nearby Indian camps on the Clearwater River and administering to the Catholic miners and traders of the town.

Forcing Through

In January, 1868, he decided to build a school without the sanction of L'Avocat and his hostile friends. The agent granted the priest permission on condition that the log cabin would not cost anything either to himself or the Government. The site chosen for the school was on the land of Stupputin (Hair-cut-short) generally called

Stuptup, who declared himself a Catholic, though he was not baptized, and who wished to have the priest reside on his place.

After a short delay, Father Cataldo obtained the services of three Catholic miners and began the work for his cabin. When the logs were cut, he asked the Indians for their ponies to drag them to Stuptup's place. The Indians objected that the ponies were not equal to the task and suggested that the agent might lend a few head of oxen. After some resistance the agent gave two yoke of oxen, and so the logs were hauled to the site of the future church and school. When the four walls were built, the difficulty confronting the missionary was transferred to the roof. Where could he get shingles? After an extensive search a number of boards were found; these served as a foundation for a cake of loam and clay that was to cover this poor little temple of the great living God. The cabin when finished measured twenty by eighteen feet. The miners made a rough table and covered it with a piece of white calico; this was the altar on which the great Sacrifice of the Mass was to be offered.

A New Obstacle

In spite of all his efforts to establish a mission among the Nez Percé and to bring them into the church, Father Cataldo met with failure. He studied the language without books or manuscripts from the lips of Stuptup, with the Flathead language, which both knew, serving as a medium. He translated prayers, canticles, and some of the catechism into Nez Percé. When he felt sure that the translations were correct he began to teach them to the Indians, especially to the children. But when many of them were ready for Baptism and when he asked permission to baptize them, they positively refused him. As a reason they said that it was useless to be baptized, as long as they were addicted to superstition and not yet resolved to become Catholics, and good Catholics. Back of this was another reason. One chief told the missionary:

"We want to be practical Catholics, but we can't be, on account of our difficulty with the Government. What good will it do if we are now baptized and the next day we fight the Government?"

He was referring to the feelings of the Nez Percé Indians who bitterly resented the encroachments of the whites on their reservations, and of their attitude towards the Government which failed to protect them. These feelings a few years later gave rise to the Nez Percé War.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CRUSADER FOR SOULS

(Continued from page 44)

filled with more dramatic or tragic aspects than those which mark the Napoleonic era. Here was one man, inspired by untold ambitions, aiming to subject to himself a continent. The magnitude of his schemes was only equaled by their lightninglike execution. Paris was the center and out from Paris went Napoleon. The Alps, Italy, Marengo, Rome, Austerlitz, Jena, the pyramids of Egypt, Moscow, Waterloo, what memories they summon of the daring and the energy of this restless adventurer!

Yet to critical and sober thought the battlefields of Napoleon do not rank with the battlefields of India which marked the progress of Xavier, crusader for souls. Compare Xavier and Napoleon as you will in natural qualities, in ambition, in energy, in speed of execution, in rapidity of motion, in ability to surmount difficulties, in personal bravery in the face of danger, in greatness of soul in face of discouragement, and Xavier will not suffer by the comparison. After all, Napoleon headed the best trained troops in Europe, his enemies were disunited and poorly led, he only conquered men's bodies.

Xavier was only one man, and this one man conquered the heart and the soul of a continent for Christ. One knows not whether to marvel most at the difficulties he conquered single-handed, or his untold ambition, or the rapidity with which he struck his telling blows.

Conquering a Continent

Xavier's headquarters were naturally Goa. With few exceptions almost everything was against him. The Christianity of the colony was all but a farce. The so-called Christians out-paganed the sensual East in their life and manners. Pride, lust, venality, were so many cancerous growths eating out the heart of the community. Xavier aimed to convert the Christians to Christianity and to bring into the Church the unpromising material offered by the Brahmins and idolaters.

The brain reels when it considers the energy, the zeal, the rapidity, the success with which Xavier did his work. He was only ten years in the East. From Goa to Cape Comorin, the fishery coast is six hundred miles. Xavier accomplished that distance either through jungle or in open boat thirteen times in ten years, a distance of eight thousand miles. Then one finds him at Malacca, sixteen hundred miles from Ceylon, where he had been a short time before. Then he is two thousand miles further east at the

Moluccas, where he is studying and making his plans for the Japanese conquest. It has been calculated that he traveled 75,000 miles in those years. All this time he was subject to lurking disease and death. Goa, Ormuz, Comorin, Ceylon, Calcutta, Borneo, Sumatra, Singapore, the Moluccas, what memories they summon up of the battlefields of India!

Napoleonic Power of Organization

And in all this Xavier showed the organizing power of a Caesar or a Napoleon. He established hospitals, leper settlements, a college for native clergy, and negotiated with Rome and Lisbon. He flayed the existing vices, public and private. He rang his bell and gathered the children about him and sang to them of God, of Heaven, and of Christ the King. He would baptize as many as ten thousand in a few days, and it is said that he received into the Church over a million in those short ten years.

And all this time he was Xavier the man. He smiled, he was gracious, he sang. Men either loved or hated him, but they were not indifferent. Mostly he was loved, for his heart was big and tender. He longed like a child for letters from St. Ignatius and the friends he loved. He carried their names about his neck and doubtless they were poured out in prayer beneath the starlit eastern skies or as he journeyed by day the monotonous seas.

The Conquest of Japan

We are told that when Alexander heard the theory of other worlds he wept because he had not yet conquered one; when Xavier heard of the existence of the Island Empire of Japan he did not weep; he laid plans for its conquest. Francis Xavier, like St. Paul, always kept to the trade routes of the sea. In his ceaseless voyaging, he learned of strange lands. But the stories he heard of Japan and its chivalrous warlike people held a peculiar fascination for him and his resolution was made to win this land and this people for Christ. There is something boylike in the eagerness and enthusiasm with which he entered his holy crusade against the Land of the Rising Sun.

Tornado-swept Seas

But for all that he planned long and carefully. He knew that the task he had set himself was one for a giant and he did not quail. Japanese customs and language were studied; the creed and the prayers and the fundamental notions were translated into this unwonted tongue. Then armed

with letters-patent to the princes of the land, Xavier started off in a lumbering Chinese junk on his journey of three thousand miles through tornado-swept seas to Christianize a warlike and unknown people.

At the Japanese Versailles

The junk landed on the southernmost isle in the harbor of Kagoshima. But Xavier aimed higher. The Emperor was at the Japanese Versailles on an island further north. Thither Xavier hurried through many dangers. For days and weeks he waited for an interview with the Emperor which never came. He was forced to return to his base. Here he changed his tactics; decked himself out as the Ambassador of Goa, which indeed he was, strutted about in golden state and beneath the parasol of nobility and gained a hearing where his poverty had failed.

Tilting with the Bonzes

The Buddhist priests and bonzes attacked the intellectual basis of Christianity with all their eastern cunning. Here we see the crusader in a new rôle. He meets the enemy at their own game. All the intellectual skill gained in many a bloodless battle in the philosophical halls of Paris were brought to play, and the wise men of Japan quailed before this intellectual champion of Christianity.

For two years Xavier labored and the harvest was only two thousand souls when he was compelled to hurry back to India. But his converts were of the most tenacious. A few years after Xavier's death, there were 600,000 Christians in the sparsely settled regions of Japan. When, three centuries after the death of the Saint and over two hundred years after the departure of the last priest, Catholic missionaries regained entrance into Japan, they found the Faith that had apparently been overwhelmed by terrific persecution still living in the hearts of thousands.

Aiming at China

The complete conquest of Japan was halted by one fact. The Japanese had received all their culture, their ideals, their religion from the Chinese whom they looked upon as their masters and their superiors. "If Christianity is true," said the Japanese, "how is it that the Chinese know nothing about it?" The key to the conquest of the East was China. Henceforth China will be the objective of Xavier's crusade for Christ. The very daring of the scheme, the coolness with which this one man single-handed planned such a gigantic undertaking simply takes our breath

away. There had been nothing like it since the days of St. Paul.

Preparing for the Battle

Xavier hurried back his three thousand miles to Malacca and to Goa. He had been appointed Provincial of the East. His reserves had arrived; there were Jesuit communities in Goa and Ormuz. These were busy organizing the conquered territory. "Good general that he was, Xavier took a last look over the battlefield of India over which his soldiers were fighting. He strengthens his outposts in the Moluccas, calls on his reserves at Goa and Cochín, shifts his men from one point of the threatened field to another and gives the last marching and battle orders." For himself he reserves the key position and the point of danger. It was death for a European to set foot in China. Xavier had made his plans. He had Pereira, his merchant friend, appointed ambassador to China. He would accompany the embassy. At the last moment, the commandant, the son of Vasco da Gama, through envy and jealousy, forbids the expedition. But Xavier is the papal envoy of Pope Paul III. He excommunicates the commandant, prays for his soul and starts alone on his crusade for the conquest of China.

Sanchan

It was on the little island of Sanchan within sight of the shores of China that the Portuguese and Chinese merchants exchanged their wares. Here Xavier waited for months to gain entrance into the land of his desire. All his efforts failed. He promised a large sum of money to the owner of a Chinese junk to set him on the shores of China and the heart of Xavier almost broke, when the day appointed arrived and the boat did not appear. But though the courage of Francis never broke down, his war-worn body did. The gates of China were barred, but the portals of Heaven were opening. They laid him down sick unto death in a little shack that faced the China sea. Only a Chinese boy stood by and Xavier watched the shores of China a stone's throw away.

Dead on the Field of Battle

The fever gained and Xavier's mind wandered. Jesus, Mary, Ignatius, beloved names, were on his lips. Did he see in his fever-dreams the old boyhood scenes, the gray walls of the castle of Navarre, Sainte Barbe, his college at Paris, Montmartre, where he took the crusader's vow, Venice, Rome, Vicenza, where he said his first Mass, Lisbon, Mozambique, Goa, Or-

muz, the Malabar Coast, and after that the stretches of the China sea and the quaint townships of Japan?

It was two hours after midnight on the morning of December 3, 1552. Xavier, stirred and looked out on the quiet sea which was lapping the nearby shores of China. No priestly hand was raised over him, imparting the last absolution. He was not strengthened for the last journey by the Eucharistic bread which had been his mainstay in life. He was only forty-six. His eyes fell on the forbidden land, his lips gently moved in prayer. Christ's crusader was dead on the field of battle.

Xavier Lives

All Europe was soon telling the story of Xavier. The crusader's life and the crusader's death were on everyone's lips. Xavier was never more powerful than in his passing. His deeds were a trumpet-tongued summons to follow in his footsteps for the cause of the King. The name of Xavier became a battle-cry. His brother Jesuit, John de Britto, heard and became the apostle of the Brahmins. The Jesuits, Ricci and Verbiest, heard and penetrated to the Emperor's palace at Peking and unfurled the standard of the cross over the Imperial city. Charles Spinola and other Jesuits heard and were crucified on the flaming bluffs of Nagasaki in Japan. Jogues and Brébeuf heard and died butchered by savage Iroquois. Marquette heard and preached Christ along lonely forest trail and by Indian campfire, until having discovered the Mississippi, he died lonely and alone in the great forests of America, as indeed he had prayed that he might, in imitation of Xavier. From the sixteenth to our own century, Xavier has inspired and led the ever-increasing battalions of God's crusaders. He has been declared by Mother Church the Heavenly patron of all missionary activity. The unquenchable flame that burned in the heart of Xavier still is with us and here in America is kindling apostolic fires in the hearts of the young, leading them to do all and dare all in the crusade for Christ.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This appreciation of the Apostle of the Far East was written with no intention of publication. In its preparation the author availed himself freely of many splendid pamphlets, the titles of which have been long forgotten. The author is sorry that he cannot give full credit for many excerpts which have been incorporated in this little study. He recalls, however, a special indebtedness to the inspiring booklet on St. Francis Xavier by John C. Reville, S.J.

*The Holy Father
Appoints a Mission
Sunday*

OUR Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has just appointed the second last Sunday of October to be celebrated throughout the world as Mission Sunday, a day of prayer and of missionary propaganda.

The announcement of this new manifestation of interest on the part of the Holy See in the mission work of the Church is made in the latest number of the "Acta Apostolicæ Sedis" for January 15, 1927, copies of which have just reached this country. The Holy Father's action is in response to an appeal made by the Superior General Council of the Pontifical Work of the Propagation of the Faith. The letter addressed by the Council to Pope Pius XI, is given in full. In it they pay tribute to the Apostolic solicitude of His Holiness for mission works in all parts of the world. The Holy Father has approved of the following regulations, leaving it to the prudent judgment of the Bishops how to carry them out.

1st. The second last Sunday of October is designated as a day of prayer and missionary propaganda throughout the whole Catholic world.

2d. On that Sunday the prayer "Pro Propagatione Fidei" is to be recited at all Masses.

3d. The sermon on that Sunday is to be of a missionary character, dwelling particularly on the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and urging the faithful to join.

4th. A Plenary Indulgence applicable to the Souls in Purgatory is granted to all who will go to Holy Communion on that Sunday and pray for the conversion of infidels.

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MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

(Continued from page 52)

his hunting bow and I loosened mine. We both crept like two snakes, a big one and a little one, through the grass. The wind was blowing from the herd towards us, which is right.

"When we had come within the flight of an arrow from a grazing buffalo, my father whispered, 'No, let him go. He is too old. He is not good to eat.' So we crept around the edge of the herd, never showing ourselves, till my father sighted a young bull, which was eating grass and had very foolishly strayed from the herd. My father said Sun made him do such a foolish thing to fill our bellies.

"We crept nearer and my father sent me to go beyond the young buffalo and when I heard my father give the cry of the duck twice, I was to stand up and show myself to the young buffalo. I crept around so silently that the birds did not fly up. Then I heard the cry of the duck twice and I rose up. The young buffalo winded me and he twitched his tail and started to move slowly towards the grass where my father lay hidden. I advanced closer and the young buffalo moved faster. When he came within easy arrow flight, my father stood up and all in the same motion let fly his first arrow. As quickly as the wild cat strikes, my father shot another and another and another arrow. They all clustered as close together as grass grows, just behind the shoulder of the buffalo.

"The bull wheeled to charge, as they do when wounded, but my father had disappeared in the grass. The young buffalo did not go more than five times his length, when his knees gave out and his shaggy head sank down to the earth.

"Before it reached the prairie grass, my father glided to the buffalo's side and struck with his knife. It was done so quickly that the rest of the herd, grazing not so far away, went on grazing. The buffaloes have no sense, whiteman.

"When I came creeping up to He Hurls a Good Spear, he had already begun to cut out the tongue. The young buffalo was lean, so we did not take any more meat from him."

Here Crow Dog got a bite and in triumph landed a three pound catfish. As it flopped on the wet bank, Found in the Grass struck it expertly and the fish lay still. The Tuscarora boy continued:

"Then my turn came. I had never hunted a buffalo before and I was very anxious to kill one. We glided through the grass till He Hurls a Good Spear sighted a half-grown calf. It had no sense, for it was grazing too far from its squaw.

"This time I lay low in the grass and my father glided around as softly as a breath of wind. I watched through the opening between two stones till the calf twitched its tail. Then I gave the cry of the duck twice and my father let the calf see him.

"The calf was excited. It came dashing near where I lay. I rose up and shot my arrows. But the first hit the calf in the flank. The second and third were nearer the shoulder, but too low. One was good though, for it broke a foreleg.

"Some of the calf's excitement got into me. I stood watching and forgot to drop into the grass. That was a foolish thing to do for the struggling calf called its mother and the old squaw buffalo wheeled and saw me.

"I should have dropped into the grass, but this was my first buffalo and I did not wish to lose my first kill. All the boys in my village would jeer at me, if He Hurls a Good Spear told them I had missed. For I am very good with the bow and arrow. So I ran on and plunged my bone knife into the spot that reaches the calf's heart.

"Then I heard the squaw buffalo charging. I never knew a squaw buffalo could run so fast. I started to run. My father shouted: 'Lie down.' But just then my flying legs caught in a prairie dog's hole and I pitched headfirst.

"I felt the ground tremble and heard the old squaw breathing heavily. Then the breathing stopped and my father was beside me. He helped me to my feet and I looked about me.

"There with its head close up to the prairie dog's hole lay the squaw buffalo and four of my father's arrows were so close together, just behind the left shoulder, that the palm of my hand would cover the place where the stone-tipped heads had entered the buffalo's side. My hunting amulet that the sorcerer hung about my neck, when I left my village, had saved me.

"He Hurls a Good Spear said I had no sense, but when we went back to where the calf lay and he saw the bone hit of my knife sticking out, he said I had a little sense. I did not mind what my father said; for I had killed my first buffalo.

"This morning I killed another young calf and my four arrows all struck right. This, white man, is what I told your slave."

"He Hurls a Good Spear has taught you well," complimented the Blackrobe.

Then he requested:

"Found in the Grass, there is your bow and quiver, and yonder on that cottonwood is your mark. Show Crow Dog and me a sample of your marksmanship."

The small Tuscarora sprang up and

slipped his cougar-tail quiver over his shoulder.

"White man, have your slave touch the spot where the arrows should cluster."

Crow Dog dropped his lines and raced about fifteen paces to the tree. He reached out and touched a torn strip of bark, no larger than an apple.

"Now, white man," demanded Found in the Grass, "tell me where I must stand."

"Just where you are."

At the words, Found in the Grass fitted an arrow, the bow twanged, and as swiftly as a snake strikes, the boy reached back for another arrow and sped it on its way. Then another. The three arrowheads pinned the bark to the cottonwood. So close were they that Crow Dog with difficulty inserted his index finger between the three heads. Father Marquette went to his canoe and gave the small archer a string of beads.

"The boys in my village," Found in the Grass boasted, "have many games with the bow and arrow. That is how we learn. Sometimes a boy will shoot an arrow up into a tree till it lodges there. Then the others shoot at this arrow and the one who knocks it down gets all the arrows.

"But the game I like best is when three boys shoot arrows. A warrior counts and the boy who has the most arrows in the air at once wins all the arrows in the air at once wins all."

"Among the Sioux, when I was with my master, Bear's Head," put in Crow Dog, "the boys played a game in autumn that I liked.

"What was that?" the Blackrobe asked with interest.

"The Sioux boys make small arrows of green switches before the leaves fall. These switch arrows they stick into the fire till the end is charred to a point. Then the boys play the dogs are buffaloes. Some stalk them about the cabins, while the rest lie in the grass by the bank, where the thirsty dogs will come to get a drink. The dogs do not charge like bull buffaloes. They howl and run away. But sometimes a squaw who owns a dog will charge. Then the boys run away."

"And if the squaw catch a boy?" inquired the Blackrobe.

"She will drag him to the water and duck him. That is a way to punish the boys."

"Then I know the boys in those villages are more obedient in winter time than in summer," the Tuscarora boy observed wisely.

The Blackrobe and the two boys were interrupted by a shout from the valley. They spun about and saw Peter, the woodsman. Behind him appeared René and Francis. They were loaded down with buffalo steaks.

(To Be Continued)

HEROIC MOTHERS AND
GOLD STAR SONS

(Continued from page 46)

The Blow Falls

Mr. Bachner's relief was great and showed itself most of all in work, of which he had more than his customary large share, for a number of the faculty had been ordered to bed. It was imperative to keep the boys occupied and distracted from the dread thing that was among us. In the effort to accomplish this the new prefect put forth all the energy of his athletic "six feet plus," and all his native amiability and charm, until the evening of September 2, the First Friday.

That night he admitted that he was not feeling fit. A clinic thermometer, and not a defective one, registered his temperature as higher than 102. For two days the doctor and his brethren sought to comfort themselves in the belief that he suffered only from influenza, a number of cases of which were in the sick-rooms. But the third day the signs were too plainly evident. He was a yellow-fever victim.

He was placed in the improvised, and for that very reason, none too comfortable hospital, the classrooms of the first floor. Natural remedies and supernatural aid in all its forms were his, but to no avail. He received Viaticum and Extreme Unction on September 7, but his great strength ebbed daily until the end which came in the quiet evening hours of September 10. The Father who came to me to break the news of his death, concluded:

"Our loss is Heaven's gain."

I had heard the saying before under other circumstances and its import had never pierced me. But that night it was pregnant with meaning.

Mighty in Death

Thus it was that the two gold stars found their place on the service flag of the St. Louis Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. They are symbols of the faith and sacrifice of two young American Crusaders, strong-hearted as any Giant-killer, dreamers of great dreams and doers of noble deeds. The work for which they gave their lives still goes on in British Honduras. Other young crusaders are "carrying on," stimulated and inspired by the memory of the two departed. Much has been done among the natives in the "Bush" and in the school at Belize. Much more could be accomplished, were there men and means sufficient to do it. But God's blessing must sanctify the mission work in British Honduras, hallowed by the sacrifice of these two young Crusaders of Christ.

Death of a Southern Jesuit Missionary

"I Will Pray for Vocations"

HENRY WINSTON BOLTZ

DEATH claimed a zealous missionary in the person of the Rev. Louis H. Stagg, S.J., on January 4, at Selma, Ala. For twelve years he had labored in the missions of Central Alabama and no one but God will ever know what he had to endure from the loneliness and the privations which are the lot of the priest in this portion of God's vineyard.

Born May 28, 1865, at Washington, La., Father Stagg made his early studies at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La. In 1889, at the age of twenty-four, he entered the Society of Jesus at Macon, Ga., and was ordained a quarter of a century ago at Woodstock College, Maryland, by the late Cardinal Gibbons. After his ordination he returned to the South and his life since then has been a record of faithful service.

If I lay stress on the years he spent as a missionary in the Diocese of Mobile, I do so because it is here that his best and most needed work was done. As the Director of the Alabama Catholic Truth Society, I cheerfully bear testimony to all this organization owes him. Father Stagg wrote its Constitution and was until his death its Chaplain. It was through this Society that I became acquainted with him and penning these lines I am with him again, as we journeyed together to one or other of his forty mission stations where, on a table or box or perhaps on so many boards placed together for an improvised altar, he would offer up the Holy Sacrifice. Frequently Mass had to be said out of doors and on one of these occasions he turned to me as he unvested to say:

"I feel as if I were officiating in some vast Cathedral. Isn't it wonderful to say Mass in the open with the sky as canopy for the altar?"

His mission field, embracing eleven counties, included forty stations and stretched from the coal fields near Birmingham to within a short run of Mobile. At each of these mission stations there were always a few faithful souls watching and waiting for the "good Father." As I knelt at his deathbed in Selma and prayed that God might spare him to us, he clasped my hand and gave me his last blessing for the missions.

"Tell them," he said as his breath came with difficulty, "that I love them and that I will pray God when I reach Him for an increase of vocations to the priesthood in the South, so that

there may be a priest and an altar in every town and hamlet."

Father Stagg was particularly fitted for the work he had to do in Alabama. He had an easy and cordial approach, rare good sense, and the happy faculty of being able to interest himself in the things closest to the hearts of his people. But above all he had great humility. And God blessed his work, for out of small beginnings and great denials he has left a record of achievement for the Church here in Alabama that would be difficult to match. According to his last wish, may God grant in the South an increase of vocations to the Altar so that there may be a priest in every hamlet and at all our crossroads!

Have You Kept Yours?

Almost every mail brings us requests for copies of our January issue, the supply of which has been exhausted for weeks. While we welcome this latent tribute to the favor which JESUIT MISSIONS has found, we unfortunately cannot oblige these anxious patrons, unless, perchance, those of our readers who have finished with their January number might send it to us for re-mailing. A two-cent stamp will cover the postage.

In This Issue:

	Page
Saint Francis Xavier, Crusader for Souls	43
Heroic Mothers and Gold Star Sons—Martin I. Carabine, S.J.	45
From College Halls to Coconut Groves. Daniel H. Sullivan, S.J.	47
Two Famous Jesuit Bishops in the States	49
Editorial	50
Mississippi's Blackrobe, Part Three. Neil Boyton, S.J.	51
Autobiography of Kauliaks Metacopline. Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J.	53
The Holy Father Appoints a Mission Sunday	56
Acknowledgments	56
Death of Southern Jesuit Missionary. Henry Winston Boltz	58

Home and Foreign Missions of North American Jesuits

AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Idaho (3)
Montana (3)
Oregon (1)
So. Dakota (2)
Washington (2)
Wyoming (1)

CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Quebec (1)
Ontario (7)
Other Missions (3)

OTHER HOME MISSIONS

Alaska
Missions (13)
New Mexico
Various Stations
Mindanao, P. I.
Missions (6)

FOREIGN MISSIONS

British Honduras
Missions (8)
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