

JESUIT MISSIONS





An Indian Mother and Child.

"The squaws had brought their papooses in those wonderful Indian cradles they carry on their backs" (See page 63).

A Visit to the Odjibways of Nipigon

VERY REVEREND J. M. FILION, S.J.

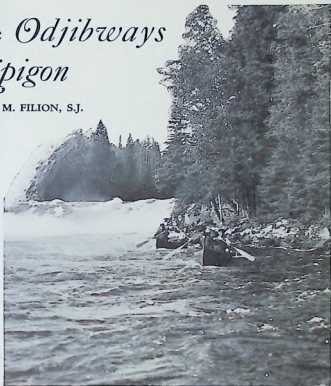


HE Nipigon River and Lake are known to many tourists. Along the shores of these are Indian missions in charge of the Canadian Jesuit Fathers. The largest mission is Nipigon. Last year, it was my privilege to spend Christmas, perhaps my happiest, at this little station. A diplomatic letter from Father Couture, S.J., invited me to stop off on my return from Spokane to Toronto, and to celebrate midnight Mass for the Nipigon Indians. Father Couture, who has the care of twenty mission posts, was to officiate a hundred miles farther north. The midnight Mass is the greatest event in the liturgical year for the Indians. Not wishing to disappoint them and especially desirous to give the consolations of Christmas Mass to two heroic nuns, living on the Reserve in the depths of the forest, I accepted the invitation.

Dog-team Travel

It was rather mild in Manitoba when I wired my acceptance; it was bitterly cold three days later when I left the Canadian Pacific train at the little lonely station at Nipigon. At first it seemed as if there were no one there to meet me. As the train pulled out, however, a young Indian appeared over the snow-bank and led me to his dog-team a quarter of a mile away.

John Odjibwens, for that was my guide's name, disintangled his dogs and invited me to sit down in his toboggan. No cushions! No rugs! Just a bare sled! How I wished that my good overcoat were four feet longer to protect my shivering knees and chilled feet. The first part of the journey through a dense forest was rather pleasant. The driver ran ahead of his four huskies, beating a trail through the deep snow. I dodged the branches and kept my seat. The hardest part of the journey was across ice-bound Lake Helen, swept by a snow-storm. The blood in my knees and feet was by this time very near to 32° Fahrenheit mark. I envied John's and John Odjibwens' heavy stockings and I deerskin moccasins. However, John's panoply had a weak spot. Deceived by the previous mild weather, or perhaps prompted by vanity, John had set out with a white felt hat like the one worn



At Virgin Falls, Nipigon

FROM the journey by dog-team until the end of the Christmas festivities, this account of a visit to the Nipigon Reserve by a Jesuit Provincial will prove delightfully interesting. May God inspire many of our youths, both boys and girls, with a desire for this apostolate, which was begun by the Canadian martyrs and sanctified by their blood! The hardships in this field are as great, the consolations as sweet, as those in many missions far from the homeland. The pictures of the Indian woman with her papoose and of the Virgin Falls of Nipigon are by the courtesy of the Canadian National Railways.

by the Prince of Wales, when he spent a week at Nipigon in 1920. We had not gone far when John's hat blew off his head and was carried over the snowdrifts. John halted his dogs and, without a word, looked at me and then at his hat, which was by this time some hundred feet away from the

trail. Either I had to hold the dogs or go after that hat.

Between the Devil and the Deep Sea

At the point of embarkation, the dogs, especially "Shorty" and "Buster," tried to pick a quarrel with me which I politely declined. These wolf-dogs, whatever their color, are always the fear of the missionaries, when they visit strange huts. Vicious and treacherous, they are always hostile to the whites. Just a month before my arrival, a traveler on Lake Nipigon had been mangled to death by such dogs. There on the lake, our dogs looked back at me, licked their lips, and seemed to say:

"If only John goes after his hat, we'll have some fun."

I had to choose between the Devil and the deep sea, or, more literally, between the dogs and the deep snow. I chose the deep snow. Then I realized how inadequate is modern apparel for such ventures. Modern trousers, even newly creased; modern shoes, though freshly polished by a Pullman porter; modern cashmere socks; all make at best a sorry out-

fit for wading through a snowdrift. I ploughed through one and like Kipling's "boy from Quebec," I was in it "to my neck." I brought back the hat and a supply of snow; snow in my shoes, snow in my socks. Well, I was thankful that I had not taken to the "sailor" trousers.

We continued our journey and it was a relief to discern through drifting snow the little mission church nestling among the evergreens of the opposite shore. The original chapel was built forty-three years ago and has a legend. When it was a building, so the story goes, it was haunted. The Indians heard unearthly noises at night and feared to work by day. Father Hebert was summoned. He tried to sleep in the chapel, but an infernal pandemonium kept him awake all night. Finally he exorcised the chapel and blessed the ground, and then only did the powers of darkness depart from their hitherto undisputed territory. Thus runs the legend.

I was impressed by the size of the schoolhouse. The Indian huts, strewn in disorder over the sloping bank, impressed me less. The reception on the shore was a howling success, for all the dogs in the village rushed out to meet our huskies. A general mix-up followed. I thought it best to remain neutral and to let them fight it out. Soon John had disentangled his dogs and the remainder of the journey was a triumphal ride through the village up to the schoolhouse.

Heroic Nuns

The school is in charge of two nuns of the congregation, "Daughters of Mary." The motherhouses of this congregation are at Buffalo, 135 Cleveland Avenue, and at Montreal. There are about thirty-five nuns of the congregation, several of them Americans, working in our Indian missions. These good religious leave the motherhouse early in September and go off two by two to these distant Indian missions, where they spend ten months away from civilization. They are the friends, the educators, the nurses and, above all, the zealous catechists of the Indians on the Reserve. They teach all the ordinary classes and besides give lessons in cooking, sewing, housekeeping, gardening, and even in carpentering. They are all too few for the vast territory to be covered. Surely Holy Providence will call, in the near future, more such noble-hearted girls to fill up the depleted ranks of these zealous apostles.

Entertainment for the Indians

At Nipigon the nuns use the schoolhouse as a sort of parish hall. Here

they have regular entertainments to attract the red-men and their squaws and thus to keep them away from the dance-halls and home-brew dens of the Finlander hamlet adjoining their Reserve. The Superior, Miss Leutch, has trained an embryo brass band, an orchestra, and a respectable choir. When I entered the schoolhouse, the choir was rehearsing Wuerth's "First Mass in C in four parts." Operations were suspended to give me a cordial reception. Sister Superior put plenty



"The little mission church nestling among the evergreens!"

of wood in the big stove. The heat thawed out my knees and feet and incidentally all the snow I had brought from the drifts. I soon began to feel as if I had fallen into the lake.

Christmas Eve

After dinner I went over to the chapel to find there a busy army of decorators. The little crib was worthy of a New York church. The colorfulness of the interior of the chapel and of the high altar, and especially of the exquisite bead-work on the Tabernacle would have aroused the envy of a Rambusch artist.

The missionaries had often told me how the Indians give them little rest during a stay at the mission. In Nipigon, the little sacristsy is also the Father's living room and bedroom. I had arisen at three forty-five that morning to catch the train and had hoped to get a little sleep before the midnight Mass; but the Indians visited me in twos and threes and fives, first to sit down in silence for fully five minutes, then reticently to ask for a medal, scapular, or pair of beads. They were slow in making their choice and then waited another silent ten minutes before making their departure. Thus passed the whole afternoon.

A Busy Night

At ten-thirty there was a lull in the Confessions, begun at seven o'clock in the evening. I put out the light and was making for the couch, when a knock at the door shattered my last hope. There were eight Indians waiting to come in, who hailed from a little post ten miles up the river. They had walked those ten miles to attend the midnight Mass. Two of the squaws had brought their papooses in those wonderful Indian cradles, which they carry on their backs. I lighted the lamp and it was to stay lighted until three o'clock in the morning; for I had to hear Confessions again until midnight, say two Masses, and at two-thirty receive the "Merry Christmas" felicitation of the chiefs and ex-chiefs.

The Midnight Mass

The strains of "Holy Night," sung in the melodious Odjibway tongue, ushered in the midnight Mass. The little chapel was packed. Piety and reverence were plainly marked on the swarthy, rugged countenances of the Indians. Every adult present received Holy Communion. The deep-seated faith of the Indians of this Reserve was very consoling. Wuerth's Mass was well rendered; in fact, much better than the Preface. At the second Mass, the best of the Christmas hymns, translated by our Fathers into the Indian tongue, were sung with the *entrain* of French Canada. Even the "Adeste Fideles," with the string accompaniment, was not wanting. All the Indians know these hymns since Father Couture had the happy thought of preparing, with the help of other musical missionaries, phonograph records of them. Every second Indian house has a phonograph, and wherever there is a phonograph, will be found records of these hymns.

The plans for Christmas included another High Mass at ten o'clock. The same choir sang a different Mass in four parts. I was told that the celebrant, presumably not to be outdone, also sang the Preface differently. At this Mass the chapel was again crowded. It was much to my surprise; for I knew that the Indians after their two early morning Masses had protracted their vigil to indulge in some elaborate feast.

Christmas Festivities

The Christmas-tree presents were distributed to the school children in the afternoon. There was joy in every face, but not the slightest trace of excitement. Calmness is innate in the Indian. As his life is lived in the

(Continued on page 74)



The landing place at Mtra, India

Bright Spots in Patna Mission

B. J. SULLIVAN, S. J.



HE Hindus had their annual Holi celebration and as usual the young set went to the full extent of license that always characterizes this worst of the Hindu bad feasts, one of the many waves that deluged the Heart of Christ with stifling sorrow in the Garden of Olives. It was the twenty-seventh of February. Across the street from our orphanage for Indian girls in Bankipore was a center of pagan revelry. By blessed contrast the Indian girls were gathered around the altar, which they have erected in the one large hall that serves as living room, dormitory, and recreation room. They were in the midst of a Novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception; and, as the revelry across the street ran high, the orphans were reciting the Rosary and singing the hymn in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes. A bright spot, this orphanage, in the black storm-cloud that broke on the Saviour long ago and continues to overcast this land of Satan.

Joseph Seeks a Bride

The Sisters of the orphanage are doing their work well and under difficulties. It is from this orphanage that

THE writer, an American Jesuit, gives us a cheery, inside view of two of the most cherished projects of Bishop Louis Van Hoeck S.J., for the development of Patna Mission. From the orphanage, it is hoped, there will come many aspirants to the congregation of native nuns which the Bishop has already established. From the Apostolic School, where the native Indian lads are receiving a thorough education, must come the catechists, the schoolmasters, and the Indian priests of tomorrow. One of the first boys enrolled in the school has already applied for admission to the Society of Jesus and there is more material waiting. The story of Joseph and his bride will show that from these two schools also will come the educated Christian fathers and mothers of the future.

some of the first native nuns are to come for the native religious community, which His Lordship, Bishop Van Hoeck, S.J., has founded. Not all the members of the orphanage however, contemplate the life of religious.

I was taking the evening train from Gaya, one of the mission posts supplied from Bankipore, when Francis, an old Catholic, made up to me with his son Joseph, a boy of some twenty years. Joseph was in quest of a Catholic girl to wed, and the thoughtful father urged me to take him to Bankipore and help him in his worthy purpose. At once Joseph became the companion of my journey. When we arrived at Bankipore, I stowed him away for the night in the Bishop's bungalow. In the morning, having called the boy for Mass, I assured him that I would speak to the Sister in charge concerning his matrimonial search.

Joseph Wins a Bride

In answer to my inquiry about furthering the matrimonial ambitions of my young charge, the Sister in charge was quick to answer:

"There is no one, just at this time, who wishes to marry."

"This was hard news for my young brave, and I broke it to him as gently as possible. But Joseph was insistent. He was better informed than I suspected. There had been a matrimonial plot afoot which was soon to disclose itself. Thus does matrimony laugh at obstacles.

"There is a girl amongst the orphans," insisted the young gallant, "who is ambitious, and I know her name."

This answer called for reflection. So I assured my friend that the Reverend Mother would be home next day and I would speak to her about Mary. The Reverend Mother on hearing the reason of my embassy was also certain that none of the girls was just then contemplating the holy state of Matrimony. I was diplomatic. At the proper moment I mentioned the name of Mary with the innuendo that she might be willing to accommodate my young friend. Mary was summoned and the case put before her. Mary answered that she was quite ready to enter the state of wedlock. In the meantime the anxious Joseph was waiting in the parlor of the Bishop's bungalow. Thither we bent our steps, the Reverend Mother, Mary, and myself. The Mother put the question to Mary in the presence of Joseph. Would Mary accept him? It did not take the girl a second to make up her mind. "Yes!" was Mary's laconic reply.

A Matrimonial Plot Triumphant

It seemed rapid action for India. But it was not so rapid after all for those who knew the details. Rosalia, a pious lady who worked in the kitchen with Mary, had some time before made all the arrangements with old Francis. The arrangements took place at two o'clock P. M. Joseph presented his betrothed with a comb, a mirror, and a handkerchief. There is no symbolism in any of these gifts. They are just practical. Now Mary is working more faithfully than ever, as a means of bringing God's blessing on her future life. She is just one of the many who have come here as little girls, have been shielded from the pagan world about them, and who



"Suffer the little children to come to Me"

know the one true God and love Him. Mary told me that she was taking occasion during Lent of offering any unpleasantness coming into her work, to the Sacred Heart, in return for all the blessings she had received and the hope of eternal life.

A Beautiful Answer

There are others, too, who gladden the Sacred Heart by their devotion. The Sister in charge has been disabled for some time with a sore foot which made it impossible for her to walk to the chapel. Some of the big girls, who had been accustomed to carry her to the chapel each day, went on a strike as a protest against a rebuke, which had been administered to them. It fell to the lot of the little girls to see the Sister safe to Mass in her improvised palanquin. No easy task this, as the Sister remarked to

them! From one of the girls, who had just been to Holy Communion the remark brought forth this beautiful reply:

"Nothing is hard after one has been strengthened by the Body and Blood of Our Lord."

Such sayings, too, as, "My one desire is to go through life without a grievous sin," and again, "My earnest prayer is that I may learn to find all my pleasure in the companionship of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," are balm to the Sacred Heart in Patna, where the weary Christ has to sit by and watch the thousands go past without even a reverence.

An Apostolic School

Patna City, once the hallowed home of the saintly Bishop Hartmann, and, for some time, the repository of his sacred remains, now a center of Mussulman corruption, has also its bright spots. Whilst hideous orgies arise from Mohammedan lives to break the Heart of Christ, little boys gather in the Apostolic School, to learn their lessons in English and Hindi, to say their prayers, and to shape their lives with a view to become apostles some day. Their purpose is noble and their response to training gratifying. They serve Mass with enviable precision and can chant with no little skill. Being real boys, they can enjoy Jackie Coogan, and being future apostles, can appreciate a refusal to go to a cinema that is not so desirable.

Thanks to the kindness of the members of St. Joseph's Men's Sodality, Bankipore, St. Joseph's day is always a big one for the boys of the Apostolic School. They grace the sanctuary of the pro-cathedral at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on the Feast of St. Joseph each year. After the religious services they sit down to a banquet of sweets and rice, provided for them by the Sisters, at the expense of the Sodalists. They have friends in America, too, who remember them in their prayers and help them by donations, made in some cases at no little sacrifice.

What Our Work Means

Obviously our work in this particular sector of the Patna mission is not fraught with the thrills and romance of the open missionary life of some of our brothers, but it is none the less Christ's own work, and as such has its deeply gratifying features along with its burdens. Our work brings honor and glory to the Sacred Heart in a land deluged with pagan corruption, and will in due time produce not only good boys and girls, but also worthy priests and devout nuns. The prayers of all the reavers of Jesuit Missions will help.



Bankipore, just south of the Bishop's house

Beautiful Culi6n

Isle of Sorrows

EUGENE A. GISEL, S. J.

A leper am I; torn away
From the home of my love,
I live in Culi6n, banished,
In the isle of Sorrow.

Culi6n Leper Song.



"The houses, . . . are quite closely clustered together; and run from the water's edge . . ."



HE Leper colony at Culi6n contains in its hospitals, dormitories, and private houses, about six thousand of those afflicted with leprosy in various stages of the disease. It is the largest leper colony in the world. The voyage to Culi6n can be made either on one of the few privately owned freight boats that stop at Culi6n, or on a government revenue cutter, which makes the trip once a month; the latter method was used by the writer. We were fortunate to have as a fellow voyager, Dr. Jos6 Avellana, the director of Culi6n Leper Colony, a Filipino of sterling character and a fine practical Catholic, who was on his way back to his work at Culi6n.

Culi6n Island is about 250 miles from Manila, more to the south than the southwest, and the trip thither usually consumes about twenty-four hours. Our boat, however, was delayed by a typhoon, one of these severe storms of the Eastern seas that resemble the hurricane of the West Indies.

Culi6n from the Boat

As one approaches the island, the village appears like any other ordinary Filipino village. The houses, made of bamboo and thatched with grass or roofed with galvanized iron, are quite closely clustered together, and run from the water's edge half way up the rather steep hill that hangs

WHAT Damien was to Molokai, Father Felipe Mill6n, S. J., was to Culi6n, isle of lengthened shadows. It was there he went, eleven years ago, a voluntary exile for Christ, to share the lot of nearly six thousand human beings exiled by that cruel tyrant of the East, leprosy. To the afflicted lepers, outcasts of society he dedicated the last years of his life, pouring out for his flock like a spendthrift the riches of his zeal. If there is joy, resignation, religion, occupation for hand and mind in Culi6n today, it is due in large measure to Father Mill6n and the heroic nuns who shared in his apostolate. This account of the stage-setting for the drama of the Padre's life is from the pen of an American Scholastic of the Society of Jesus, a professor of the Ateneo de Manila, the famous Jesuit college, and correspondent of JESUIT MISSIONS.

over the village. Here and there, a hospital or dispensary, with concrete walls and roof of tile, relieves the monotony of smaller huts. On a promontory overlooking town and sea, is the huge stone Catholic church, moss-grown and decaying here and there, with one of its walls bulging most dangerously. A few cocoanut trees, scattered throughout the village,

and some small shade trees, planted in recent years, serve as the only protection from the terrific heat of the tropical sun. To one side of the colony and adjoining it, is a group of more substantial buildings, the homes of the doctors, nurses, and non-leprosy workmen of the colony.

From the non-leper colony a small pier juts out into the harbor, and we found it crowded with people awaiting the monthly mail and the return of their relatives or friends from Manila; while over in the leper colony the shore was lined with children waving their hands or caps to their relatives on the boat. Some of the older lepers even put off from shore on the light bamboo rafts and paddled them around our boat, keeping at some distance. We finally docked, and were welcomed on shore by Fathers Mill6n and Mico, Spanish fellow-Jesuits, who are chaplains at Culi6n and with whom we were to stay during our visit there.

When the American army arrived in the Philippines in 1898 it found lepers scattered all over the islands in a more or less abandoned state, and cared for in a few places only by the few faithful priests and nuns. After our country came into possession of the Islands, it was early decided to segregate the unfortunates in one place with the purpose of preventing the spread of the disease, giving the lepers better treatment and, if possible, of effecting a cure and driving leprosy entirely out of the Islands.



Dispensary to the extreme right; waiting shed in the foreground

As a site for the future colony, Culi6n Island was selected at once, one of the most beautiful of seven thousand odd islands, having a central location and few inhabitants.

Unsung Heroines

The solicitude of the Catholic Church for lepers is not of recent date. Towards the latter part of the Middle Ages, when leprosy was by no means uncommon in Europe, she established leper colonies; provided for the spiritual and physical welfare of the poor unfortunates and eventually conquered the disease. In our own day much has been written of the heroic sacrifice of Father Damien, who went to Molokai of the Hawaiian Islands and there died of the disease. Since then, the Christian sacrifice and courage of priests and nuns have not died out, and many are the unsung heroes and heroines who are carrying on the work and following in the path beaten down during the centuries. Culi6n, too, has its heroes and heroines. The Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, four French and six Filipinos, are doing noble work in caring for those lepers who are in the worst and the most advanced stages of the disease. Two of the nuns have been here for nineteen years, ever since the establishment of the colony, arriving, in fact, before the first group of lepers came to Culi6n. The devotion of the Sisters to their patients is inspiring; no others could whisper such sweet words of consolation and peace to the poor wretches, who lying on their narrow cots are awaiting the slow disintegration of the body and the passing to a happier life. The doctors, few in number, after all, leave these hopeless cases to the good Sisters and busy themselves with those lepers who have a greater likelihood

of being cured. The Sisters are even allowed to perform minor surgical operations, the repulsive character of which would cause most men to shrink such as the amputation of fingers and toes. Besides their work of nursing, they also have charge of a pharmacy where they dispense medicines for minor ailments. The surprising thing about the work of the Sisters is that it receives so little publicity; in all newspaper articles about Culi6n, and many such have appeared during the past six months in Manila papers, not a word has been written in commendation of their work; neither has anything been mentioned in the articles written for magazines in the States.

The Damien of Culi6n

The two Spanish Fathers who were in charge of the spiritual welfare of the lepers at the time of my visit, were

Jesuits, Fathers Mill6n and Mico. Since my visit, Father Mill6n died unexpectedly on October 23, 1926. He was the Father Damien of Culi6n. He gave up high positions in the Society of Jesus to volunteer for this heroic work of self-sacrifice amongst the lepers of Culi6n. In his comparatively short apostolate he worked wonders. Father Mill6n was tireless in his efforts to improve the lot of the lepers, and the amount of work he performed, in the double capacity of parish priest and chaplain at all the hospitals, was truly astounding. His spiritual duties which consisted, for the most part, in making an almost continuous round of the hospitals in order to bring Holy Viaticum to the dying, in hearing Confessions and administering the Last Sacraments, did not prevent him from aiding his charges in a material way. With money received as donations he built or bought five buildings which he used as dormitories for the young men, young women and girls, the boys and the older people. He provided work for the lepers and saw to it that their minds were occupied. He wrote words and music for songs and taught the young people to sing them; he formed a brass band, trained the musicians and furnished them with instruments and uniforms. I had an opportunity to hear the quality of music rendered by band and choir at a welcoming entertainment given in our honor, and it was really excellent. Some of the songs were very touching, referring to the sad lot of the exiled leper, and when set to the sweet music of old Spain, they made a vivid impression on the hearer. A part of one of the songs is freely translated as follows:

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Entrance to the leper colony

A Call to Southland's Catholic Sons

P. H. TALLON, S.J.



HE native missionary is overdue in the South. The field awaiting him is almost continental in extent. It includes the vast territory stretching as far south and west as Mexico and Arizona; as far north as Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, and Virginia; while its eastern boundary is the Atlantic seaboard from the Florida Keys to Norfolk, Va. Surely this is a harvest field for any missionary, and one that would have attracted a Xavier, who sighed like Alexander for new worlds to conquer.

But even apart from special conditions in the South, the missionary ideal is vital to all Christian life, and failure to realize this may cause incalculable harm in any section by engendering apathy and inaction in the work of spreading the Gospel. But now a new spirit is in the air; a new spirit among the laity, evidenced by the Georgia Laymen's Association, which has done pioneer work in furthering Christian liberality and tolerance in Georgia; a new spirit among the clergy, of which our share in JESUIT MISSIONS is an indication.

The voice of the new spirit is publicity. From pulpit and platform and press the new message will be given the wings of the wind. We know we have the best thing in the world, and we are going to take every legitimate means in our power to spread it. If we could place JESUIT MISSIONS in every Catholic home in the South, we know we should bring the missionary idea and tradition into these homes; and thus create untold interest in our mission field and arouse more numerous vocations to the priesthood.

For, after all, it is really in the home that the seeds of vocation are sown; it is there the tender aspirations after higher things are nurtured and sheltered; and there that the full flower of sacrifice is realized. How many priests will tell you, "I owe my vocation to the influences of home and most of all, to my mother"! It is principally because mothers have been truly Christian that any missionary work has been done in the Church. Thank God, in the South also there have been mothers who gave their sons generously to the work of evangelizing and saving souls.

As a native of the South, I take pride in paying tribute to the Catholic homes from which our vocations come. To the hierarchy, Southern

homes have furnished the Most Reverend John W. Shaw, D.D., Archbishop of New Orleans, and Rt. Reverend R. O. Gerow, D.D., Bishop of Natchez, Miss., both natives of Mobile, Ala.; and Rt. Reverend Jules B. Jeannard, D.D., Bishop of Lafayette, La., who is a native of Breaux Bridge, La. The

MORE than eighty per cent of the smaller cities and settlements of the South are without a resident priest. A plan was outlined in the first issue of JESUIT MISSIONS to foster a more Christian spirit among people of all religious beliefs by multiplying priests who are supported by an endowment fund. Response to the plea for such an endowment by Very Reverend E. Cummings, S.J., Provincial of the Southern Jesuits, and by Reverend P. A. Ryan, S.J., director of the fund, has been more than gratifying. Men, however, are needed more than money. This article is a plea for vocations to the priesthood among native Catholic Southerners.

late Monsignor Wm. Ketcham, of Indian Mission fame, who was a nationally known Churchman, was educated at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., and from this same college five young Southerners, contemporaries of Ketcham, gave themselves to the cause of religion in the Society of Jesus. One of their number, the Reverend L. H. Stagg, S.J., has just died, a martyr to the mission cause in Central Alabama.

Such homes, however, have been too few. In the main our clergy have come to us from Europe and our Southern homes are under indictment until they furnish their quota of candidates for the priesthood. For more than any other agency, because more inclusive in its influence, the home is the moulder of vocations.

What do we mean by a vocation? Failure on the part of parents and children to realize what constitutes a call to the priesthood belongs to an ignorance of the missionary life often deplored. Vocation means the possession of the necessary mental, moral and physical equipment, and added to these, good will or willingness to serve God and make some sacrifices for Him. One normally constituted boy possessing sufficient health and intel-

ligence and a generosity of soul which will prompt him to make those sacrifices for God which a soldier gladly makes for his country, can be said to have a vocation. This reasonable, common-sense view of a vocation, approved by the Church, must gain wide acceptance before we can hope to create a real missionary spirit in the Catholic homes of the South, and as a consequence, a native priesthood. Thus we are brought back once more to the Catholic home.

Perhaps it is not always positive worldliness that is the foe of vocations. Carelessness on the part of children and parents in applying to this matter the same criteria that guide them in their other duties will account for its neglect. The very day that war was declared against Germany, ten years ago, I knew ten or fifteen young men of eighteen who volunteered for the United States Marines. Had you asked anyone of these boys: "Are you bound to go?" the answer would have been: "Why no, but I want to go." A truly noble answer, and one repeated over the length and breadth of the land at that time. But suppose you had previously asked those boys:

"Do you want to be priests?" the response in nine cases out of ten would have been:

"I don't feel I have a vocation."

The root of the difficulty is right here. Vocation is not a matter of feeling in the sense in which this word is used by parents and children who want a respectable alibi for what is mere selfishness. No normal man "feels" like rising at five in the morning, or paying his taxes, or making the sacrifices that the legal or medical profession involve; but every normal man admits that, if it is his duty to rise at five in the morning, pay his taxes, or fit himself for a legal or medical career, that these are worth what they cost. And similarly, the young man who has a vocation to the priesthood from God, may not "feel" like being a priest, but it is his bounden duty to ignore his feelings in the matter and make the sacrifices involved.

God's arm is not shortened in the South. All the means necessary for the spreading of the Gospel are at our hand. But we must use them. We must broadcast a knowledge of the missions and vocations; but above all, we must urge parents and children to take their share in the great task that remains for them of preaching the Gospel in the South.

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IGNATIUS W. COX, S.J., Editor-in-Chief
PETER J. DOLAN, S.J., Managing Editor
Associate Editors

GASTON A. ARTUS, S.J.,
Schreiber
Ontario, Canada

G. A. FRIZGIBSONS, S.J.,
626 N. Vandeventer Ave.
St. Louis, Missouri

GEORGE MARYN, S.J.,
1043 Rue Rachel Est
Montreal, Canada

DAVID MCSTOCKER, S.J.,
710 South 13th Street
Tacoma, Washington

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.,
Spring Hill College
Mobile, Alabama

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In this month of April, we are again recalling the great mysteries upon which are founded Christianity and every human hope, rising above things of sense and time. The Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ are a drama of death and life. We are surrounded by death and life, not only of such visible things as plants, animals, our human bodies, but also by the invisible life and death of human souls.

It was that death of the souls of all men, original sin, which was the primary reason why Jesus Christ died on the Cross. By that sin the whole human race, collectively and individually, was stricken with a soul-death incomparably more horrible than any death of the body. It was original sin that snuffed out the Divine life of human souls, and destroyed that sanctifying grace, by which our first parents and their children were destined during their earthly days to share in the life of God Himself, and in virtue of which they had a claim to enjoy that life forever in Heaven.

Jesus Christ came on earth, the Divine Physician, to restore to mankind the wonderful Divine life of the soul and to atone for the sins, original and actual, by which it was and is lost. Our beloved Saviour had to buy back this supernatural life for us at a great price, and the price He paid was His own Precious Blood. "Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold or silver, from your vain conversation of the tradition of your fathers: but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled" (I Peter i. 18, 19). Having paid the price of our life by His death, our Saviour rose triumphant over death. His glorious Resurrection is the token and the pledge of a

Divine life restored to mankind, which is to begin on earth and to be perpetuated in Heaven.

* * *

How sorry, hopeless, despairing a thing is mortal existence without Christ's redemption and the promise of Divine life, is evident to any one who takes the trouble to think. Human life is a warfare within and without. It is a struggle against disease, sorrow and an untold multitude of carking cares.

Merely natural life can offer no recompenses worthy of pursuit, because temporal death, no matter how long delayed, makes shallow or empty all the natural rewards that life can offer.

* * *

But temporal life united with the grace won by Christ, temporal life elevated to a Divine life by that sharing in the Divinity which is the meaning of sanctifying grace, temporal life of which the destiny is absorption in the life of God for all eternity, that is a priceless possession, illuminated by the glory of the Divinity itself.

If we realize in ever so small a measure the meaning of the Divine life which Jesus Christ has purchased for us at a Divine price, His own Precious Blood, then shall we cultivate this life in our souls with all diligence by prayer, by the Sacraments, and by conformity with the smallest details of Christ's teaching, as expounded especially in the sermon on the Mount. Under the impulse of this realization, we shall guard the Divine life of our souls more carefully than all earthly possessions.

* * *

More than this, when we look upon the weariness, the desolation, the hopelessness of the poor souls, who are ignorant of the glory of this Divine life, who do not possess it, whose struggles are unrelieved by the hope of future eternal joy, then, our charity and zeal will be inflamed to a fever heat to apply to such souls the redeeming power of Christ's Blood. Our Divine Lord makes the application of His Precious Blood to infidel souls dependent upon our cooperation. What a limitless field for the exercise of zeal and love!

Two-thirds of the human race do not know Christ, to two-thirds of our fellow men the Blood of Christ has not been applied, and for them the sacrifice of Calvary was in vain. Every prayer offered to God, every act of self-denial made for God, every alms given in the name of God, every individual act of our lives, if done with the intention of spreading Christ's Kingdom to the infidel world, will be an application of the Blood of Christ for the salvation of souls.



MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

by Neil Boynton, 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 woodsmen reached the Mississippi. The voyagers stopped with friendly Peorias and received a present of Crow Dog, a slave boy. They met a Tuscarora hunting party, who warned them against the Downstream People. And now in the two birch bark canoes the expedition has paddled many leagues down the silent-banked Father of Waters. New, unsuspected dangers are near—but go on with the story from here.

PART IV

Falling Trees

THE next afternoon the sun disappeared, while the expedition was out on the broad bosom of the Great Water. Clouds, yellow and black, came over the western bank. It came a race for shelter; and, while the two canoes were still several hundred yards from the shore of the long, thick-timbered island ahead, the wind was upon them. In no time the brown current was whipped into brown foam.

Fortunately the woodsmen won; and once under the lee of the island they were able to paddle safely and make a landing on a narrow shingle.

The clouds upstream had changed to blue black, ripped with lightning, and were racing along. Quickly the woodsmen with their tomahawks cut down striplings and threw together a rude shelter. Then the rains were upon them.

Fires were out of the question. All were drenched to the skin by the flying spray. So darkness fell on the cold and hungry voyagers. Nobody slept and no watch was necessary. Hour after hour, the expedition listened to the thunder and in every vivid lightning flash saw further destruction.

About midnight the advancing water forced a change of camp site. Joliet ordered the woodsmen to remove all the bags of records and supplies and store them on the ridge of

the island. Two feet of raging current hurled itself over the spot where the white men had first camped. A blinding flash revealed the channel between the island and the shore. The flood was whirled along, its surface thick with yellowcaps.

The Blackrobe heard Crow Dog chanting in his terror:

"The river demons will eat us! The river demons will eat us!"

The hound, No Flesh, was crouched at the slave boy's feet, terror-stricken by the incessant batteries of thunder overhead.

Crow Dog shouted in Marquette's ear:

"I know a way to appease the river demon," and he was off.

The Blackrobe saw the boy reach down and gather up the cowering hound in his arms. Blackness descended. In the play of lightning Marquette saw Crow Dog standing on the bank. He was in the act of hurling No Flesh into the flood. Blackness again once more. When the next lightning forked the skies, the hound was struggling helplessly and being hurried along down the waters, while the slave boy had his arms raised in supplication.

Then the rising flood and the gale began to fell trees. Crash after crash, louder than the storm-noises, sounded from the timbered blackness about them. Bending trees threatened the party. Through the slanting veils of driven rain another jagged flash revealed a tall cottonwood that had stood on the bluff of the western shore of the island hurled into the

mad waters. As blackness descended on the drenched voyagers, a tree not fifteen feet from where they huddled was struck by lightning and crashed through the undergrowth. Its branches scratched several of the woodsmen.

It was impossible to hear one another with the ear-splitting, appalling thunder peals. Father Marquette gave general abtusion and awaited what was to come with a prayer on his lips.

Many times before the welcome dawn grayed in the east, the woodsmen felt that the expedition had ended.

But the coming of light brought the knowledge of further disaster. Crow Dog tried to shout his discovery at the Blackrobe. Then he pointed towards the general wreckage that was strewn on all sides. The two canoes were nowhere in sight. This catastrophe forced the dripping woodsmen out of their leaking shelter. The storm was forgotten in the news of this loss. Out into the driving spray and rain all went. But they soon found that any passage through the tangled and destroyed growths on the island was impossible. With the advancing day the terrible storm died down. Soon with flint and steel a welcome fire was kindled and soothing pipes were lit. To Joliet's complaint at the loss of the canoes, Father Marquette replied:

"Louis, Louis, long ago in this new land I learned that one must not hope that he can avoid crosses and the best means of living here contentedly is not to fear any of them and to expect from God's goodness, while enjoying

the smaller crosses, to have much heavier ones."

Seeing his companion's dejection, Marquette went on:

"An old Christian Huron captain told me when I was a very young missionary something that I have never forgotten. 'Remember,' he said, 'that it is Christ and His Cross that we must seek and if we aim at anything else, we'll get nothing but affliction for body and soul.'

"Louis, you are too eager to seek the things that may please Caesar on this voyage, and I believe that I am wiser in seeking only those that are God's."

"But the loss of the canoes! I must report to the Governor at Quebec!"

"Suppose they are gone. We have trees already felled." The Blackrobe pointed whimsically to the fallen timber that was everywhere. "And we have hatchets and strong right arms."

With the ending of the storm the flood stage of the river subsided rapidly and by the middle of the afternoon the woodsmen were able to search the lower end of the island for traces of the lost canoes.

No success attended the search. To his companions' despondent report, Marquette replied:

"I have prayed Mary Immaculate to continue her protection of the voyage and she never yet has failed me. Why should we lose confidence in her now, when we need her aid most?"

As if in answer to his trust, Crow Dog came running up with the lost No Flesh at his heels. The brown hound hurled himself delightedly into the Blackrobe's arms. The small slave explained:

"When I threw No Flesh into the current last night to soften the river demon's anger, I thought he was a dead hound. And my heart in here was sad, for I like No Flesh as you do, Blackrobe Master. I went with Jean and Charles. I saw some berries and I left the woodsmen. Then I heard a barking. I tried to get to the barking. But the trees and wreckage left no trail open. I pushed off a bit of driftwood and swam with it till I was close to the lower end of this island. I swam in and there was No Flesh, barking and jumping around. Near him, wedged in the branches of a tree, was the Blackrobe's canoe. I have been all over it. It is not badly damaged."

"Thanks be to Mary Immaculate!" exclaimed Marquette and his eyes shone with triumph as he turned to Jolie.

An immediate start was made to recover the lost canoes. Following the slave boy's example, the woodsmen threw together a raft and poled themselves down the inshore side of the island.

The next day was spent in fixing the canoes and fighting the swarms of mosquitoes that the storm seemed to have brought to the island.

"I verily believe, Louis, that these little mosquitoes have caused more profanity among our woodsmen than there has ever been since the beginning of the world. I feel as if little sparks were continuously falling on my body."

Marquette spoke ruefully to his companion, as they stood on the bar of the island and watched the work of the woodsmen. Under Jean's directions they had bound trees together and over this insecure flooring erected the two sails they carried, as a protection against the small pests that now were everywhere. The raft had been Marquette's idea and Joliet had added to it by erecting the two sails, as a protection again the fierce rays of the July sun.

When the construction was finished, the repaired canoes were secured either side of the raft; and again the explorers poled off into the current. Gladly they left astern this island, that had almost brought the party to an untimely end.

With everybody smoking some protection was gained against the mosquito pest and the new raft plan was highly approved.

Crow Dog, especially, liked it; for he could dive overboard and swim alongside, while No Flesh raced up and down, barking excitedly. At other long times the boy and the hound would squat and watch the lines astern. Whenever a catfish was hooked, a warwhoop announced the fact to all.

Marquette and Joliet discussed the probable course of this river. Their instruments told them they were now below the latitude of the English settlement, called Virginia, so they felt sure the Great Water did not flow into the Atlantic Ocean. It still remained doubtful whether this River of the Conception emptied into the Vermilion Sea that washed the shores of the lands of California, or into the Mexican Gulf. Joliet concluded:

"And so, my Father, I agree with you. We must go on till we settle this all-important point. The next Indians we meet, if they do not slay us, should be able to give definite information about the mouth of this seemingly endless river."

The river below them was in some places almost a league in width. High brown bluffs would appear on either side and when the current swept the raft almost under the shadow of the dense canebreak, they would occasionally see a grave bear watching them. No Flesh would bark his defiance, while the bear sat up motionless and followed the raft with his head

till it swept out of sight around another bend.

Sometimes the river would box the compass. Now flowing to the south, then swinging to the east and into a sharp bend that would carry them for a league or more due north. Then would come the inevitable bend, a reach to the west, and the Great Water would straighten out on its southern course again.

For three days they sailed downward on their raft. Never once, during the daytime, did the watch sight a trace of an Indian. By nights they floated along, smoking when awake to discourage the mosquitoes that found their way out on the wide tide. An occasional drift log would bump and slip by, white and still. Then ahead out of the dark the darker timber of an island would loom. It would stand out as they slid down one shore, big and black and solid, like a dimly remembered castle on some far distant European stream. The raft proved the best protection the party had yet devised; and so they did not land, except to gather berries and wood for the fires.

On one of these evenings when the raft lay moored under a cutbank, Crow Dog came running to the Blackrobe with a small dead bird in his hand.

"I saw it on a bush, Master, and I shot my arrow. See, it is a new kind of bird."

Marquette examined the soft little thing. It was a parrotlet. Its tiny head was partly red and partly yellow. Its neck was yellow and the body a bright green. The Blackrobe took the dead bird and going to one of his bags lifted out the plumed calumet.

"See, Crow Dog, this bird is of the same species as these the Peorias used to decorate the stem of our peace pipe."

"It is a good omen then," said the slave boy earnestly. "I will make an amulet out of it, and it will carry me safely back to Red Calumet far away in the north."

Marquette looked kindly on his small slave.

"I will give you a better amulet." He searched through one of the bags that held gifts, until he found what he wanted. "Crow Doggie, you have heard me speak about the Manitou who came down and died for all of us. Here is a picture on this medal of His Mother. She is the Squaw in Blue, who has a tender pity in her heart for all small slave boys. So put this medal of God's Mother in your amulet. I assure you you will have greater protection than any parrotlet's feathers can give you."

"Master says wise words. I will do as you say. I like the Squaw in Blue."

The boy danced aft to his lines.

At Mitchigamea

The expedition had come into the late afternoon of July 8. The raft was abreast of the end of a league-long island. Joliet had been scanning the main shore, as it was revealed across the sandy bar. He lowered his glasses and handing them to Father Marquette remarked:

"My Father, pardon my interrupting your reading of your Office, but look and tell me what you make out there below those giant cottonwoods on the western bank."

The Blackrobe swept the landscape downstream. At first his vision took in the green, thickly-wooded bank—dense canebrake, elms and bass and towering cottonwoods. Then as he turned the glasses further down the Great Water, suddenly a large village came into his view. He was looking on the reed-thatched roofs of many cabins—a hundred and fifty, two hundred easily. There were squaws going and coming between the cabins and the bank. Red-skinned children ran about and smoke rose from the vents in the roofs of the cabins.

"This is the largest village we have ever seen on this river, Louis. It is clear that they have not sighted us yet."

Marquette laid aside the glasses and knelt on the rudely lashed together raft. Again he prayed Mary Immaculate's protection. When he had concluded he smiled up at Louis Joliet.

"No one has even called on her in vain. And neither have we, who drift down her river, seeking to make known her Son's Kingdom to other souls."

"Of a truth, good Father, you seek the things that are God's. But I must remember I seek the things that are Caesar's, and I wish to report to the Governor when I see him."

"You will have a whole skin, when again you climb the rock of Quebec. Never fear, my friend," promised the Blackrobe. "Take all necessary precautions, of course. But remember we always rely on higher aid than shot and powder-horn."

Further discoveries were interrupted by Joliet's shouted orders.

"Move all supply bags back to the canoes. We will abandon the raft and paddle by this village that is opening up before us."

The canoes were hardly separated from the raft, when it was clear that the expedition had been sighted at the village.

Joliet held his glasses before his eyes, as he called triumphantly across the intervening waters to Marquette:

"My Father, the shore is humming like an angry beehive. Braves are

running to the water's edge and launching great war canoes. I count four—five—and one of these giant canoes has thirty warriors, at least, on board!"

Now shouts and warcries carried clearly across the waters. A cottonwood canoe, easily fifty feet in length, was coming swiftly up the inshore eddy. The cries of its warriors made Crow Dog crouch lower in the canoe and hug No Flesh for comfort. Two other equally large, long canoes were standing far out in the middle of the wide river, while the remaining two had steered downstream to cut off escape, if the expedition should get by the upstream warriors.

Marquette, when the inshore canoe was sixty yards off, knelt up and raised the plumed calumet. He prayed quietly, as he held aloft the Indian emblem of peace:

"Mary Immaculate, Mother of God and Mother of all grace, remember us!"

The long canoe turned, when it breasted the tiny crafts of the white-men's party and keeping thirty yards off, paddled downstream. Marquette, kneeling so that all could clearly see him, kept holding aloft the calumet. The din from the landing ahead, where several hundred warriors were advancing and retreating at the water's edge, was now deafening.

There was a group of older men, standing well up the shore, and gravely watching the approaching canoes. They took no part in the leaping dances. Rightly the Blackrobe judged these were the captains of the village. He directed the canoes to be headed to land on the sandy beach below this group. Again he held aloft the calumet and lowering it, placed the stem to his lips and pretended to smoke and blow the fumes to the four points of the compass.

The canoes were almost abreast of the village shore by this time and about a score of the warriors rushed into the water and began to swim towards them. Still confident in Our Lady's protection, Marquette invoked her again.

"Mary Immaculate, remember us!"

This time he stood up in the cranky canoe and, balancing himself by placing one hand on the head of the cowering Crow Dog, raised aloft the plumed calumet for the last time. He extended it towards the group of older men, who remained standing apart from the shrieking, dancing savages.

Marquette took in the scene. The swimming warriors almost ready to clutch the bark sides of his canoe, the screaming squaws and children before the reed-thatched sides of the cabins, the leaping warriors on the water's edge: some brandishing their clubs and tomahawks: some already firing

arrows to their bows. Joliet called quietly to Marquette:

"They mean war. The calumet has failed us. We must shoot our way out."

The Blackrobe shook his head.

"We still have Mary Immaculate's protection. She can move the most savage hearts."

"And once more he held aloft the calumet of the Sun. It seemed as if the older men in the group on the shore recognized for the first time the calumet. Orders in a strange tongue were shouted and the hostile gestures of the warriors changed, as suddenly as a bird swoops. The great war canoe, filled with the vermilion-stained men, shot alongside and its captain directed Marquette in sign language to turn his canoe inshore.

Obediently the Blackrobe gave the order to Jean and Peter. When the first canoe was within twenty feet of the bank, in the midst of the swimming and wading savages, the Blackrobe saw two of the older men come running into the water. Each carried a bow and quiver. These weapons they cast into Marquette's canoe. Joliet called:

"That is the most peaceful sign we have yet seen!"

One of the older men by signs invited the party to disembark.

Seated in the cabin on a reed mat, Marquette spoke in the six Indian tongues that he knew. Finally, he returned to Illinois. Here one of the captains spoke to a young warrior, and he came back with a very old man. Again the Blackrobe spoke, and the old man replied in Illinois. Using him as an interpreter, Marquette made presents of a string of black-and-white striped glass beads, several round bucklers, and a large clasp knife with a horn handle.

Then he told the captain the purpose of his party was not warlike, but peaceful. They were sailing down the Great Water, seeking the sea. He asked if the chiefs could give him and his companions any information. When the old man had interpreted this, he listened silently to the captain's reply. Then he said to Marquette:

"This village is called Mitchigamea. These people are Mitchigameas. This captain is Waving Grass. He says at first they did not recognize the calumet. They always respect it. He says four bends of the Great Water below there is a larger village of the Downstream People. It is called Akamea. Waving Grass says your presents are very good. He wishes the white men to eat with him and sleep this night in his cabins. Tomorrow he will send a canoe that will lead you to Akamea."

(To be continued)



"... It is in the hospitals that the really harrowing sights are to be met with..."

Beautiful Culión— Isle of Sorrows

(Continued from page 68)

The Cry of the Leper

A leper am I; torn away
From the home of my love,
I live in Culión, banished,
In the Isle of Sorrow!

High mountains tower over me,
A boundless sea imprisons me.
There is no hope; in life, in death,
Always, always, here I must abide!

Woe is me! . . .
Always here, hopeless of cure
And dwelling
Without parents, country or home,
Far, very far
From brothers and children beloved,
Forever lost,
The light of my grieved soul.

My friends and kindred
Have forsaken me;
My parents, too, my brothers and sons
Have abandoned me!

Not even a gift, not an alms,
Not a letter or remembrance
From them I receive!
Only oblivion eternal.

Such is the plaintive burden of most
of the songs, though in all of them,
as in another verse of this one, there
is a strong note of Christian fortitude
and resignation.

Isle of Sorrows

The lepers one meets on the streets
of Culión give evidence of the disease
in the more or less blotched appearance
of the skin or in the absence of
some of their digits, and their condition
is quite pitiful to look on; but it

is in the hospitals that the really harrowing sights are to be met with, especially in the hospitals for cripples. One sightless old man and his wife, neither of them having a finger between them, yet with the stumps left, gathered some beautiful specimens of coral and sent them to the Mission Exhibit at Rome as a mark of their love and devotion to the Holy Father. Scarcely a day passes that does not see a procession of crossbearers, acolytes, and a long line of the faithful, accompanying the priest as he bears the Healer of all ills to the bedside of a sick person who at last is about to depart for his Home in a far-off country. Hardly ever does the sun set but that a long narrow box draped in black is carried down to the boat landing and ferried across the silent



Unclean! Unclean!

waters to the gentle slope of the hill opposite, there to obtain its long-sought-for peace, and await the day when it will be called back to a life of immortal health. It is indeed only when one passes through the hospitals of Culión that one realizes the truth of all the terrible tales that have been told.

A Visit to the Odjibways of Nipigon

(Continued from page 64)

midst of perils on land and water, he cannot afford to be excitable. At the second Mass, an alarming fire broke out. The crib was enveloped in flames. There was a slight murmur amongst the women, presumably the decorators, but not a move. The chiefs came forward and with the dexterity which comes with calmness, soon extinguished the flames.

After all the presents were distributed, the children staged a playlet, entitled, "There was No Room in the Inn." It was well done. When all was over, the crowd still lingered on to listen to the orchestra far into the night. How did these musicians keep it up? What with the rehearsals of the previous day, the three Masses, the banquet, the Christmas Tree, the playlet, they had fingered their instruments for almost twenty-four hours. The Indians seemed not to grow weary of the music, but I did, and retired to my sacristy bedroom for a welcome rest.

Musings

This visit was my first intimate experience of life on our Indian missions. It brought some hardships, and yet it left a sweet fragrance in my soul. I had always admired our Indian missionaries. Now at times I detect myself envying them. There are eighteen Jesuit Fathers, acquainted with the Indian language, looking after Indian missions, spread out over a territory greater than England, Ireland and Scotland combined. Many of our missionaries are getting old and must soon join in Heaven the Blessed Canadian Martyrs, who sowed the seeds of Faith in these parts and watered them with their blood. The harvest is ripe and the Master calls trumpet-tongued for reapers. Thank God, chivalrous youths from all parts of America are responding to the call of the foreign missions. Let us not forget the Aborigines of North America at our very doors! "They, who instruct many unto justice, shall shine like stars for all eternity."

Autobiography of Kauilks Metatcopnin



Nez Percé Chiefs



S the labor of three years among the Nez Percés seemed to bear very little fruit, Father Cataldo's Superior determined to withdraw him and place him at another mission. A few accidents which befall the missionary also helped to strengthen this decision.

Once the Clearwater River was jammed with ice from shore to shore, Father Cataldo attempted to cross it on foot. The ice gave way beneath him and he found himself in the freezing water. With one arm he was able to hold on to the ice until a soldier from Fort Lapwai, who fortunately had witnessed the accident, came to his assistance. On another occasion, when the Blackrobe tried to ford the river for the third time in the same day, he narrowly escaped drowning and was rescued by the timely aid of an Indian from Stuptup's Camp. During Holy Week, 1869, he received a letter, requesting that he administer the last Sacraments to a woman who was dying in Orofino, a mining town forty miles away. After two days of traveling Father Cataldo reached Orofino, said Mass and administered the last Sacraments to the sick woman, and then prepared to return to Lewiston, Idaho. The miners sought to induce him to stay; but, as it was Holy Thursday, the Father wished to return to Lewiston as soon as possible.

Facing a Lonely Death

On the homeward journey the horse slipped on the ice and fell, while Father Cataldo was thrown from the saddle. The horse, scared by the fall and finding himself without a rider,

TWO narrow escapes from drowning, an accident on horseback which left him with a broken leg and face to face with death from starvation on the lonely plains, a whole tribe of Indians asking to be received into the Church, and a bigamist chieftain insisting that the missionary designate the wife to be dismissed, the pathetic and Christian conduct of the departing wife, these are some of the interesting incidents which Father Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., tells us in this, the most striking portion of the memoirs which we have so far published. "What a man of God!" one instinctively exclaims. "No wonder the Indians were willing and eager to receive Baptism at his hands!"

ran off, leaving the priest on the lonely snow-covered road. When he tried to rise, Father Cataldo realized that his leg was broken. The pain was intense, and he saw that he was face to face with a possible death from cold and exposure. He endeavored a few times to lessen the distance between himself and Orofino by crawling, but the fatigue and agony he suffered in doing so forced him to lie still. In this helpless condition he resigned himself to the will of God and prepared himself for death.

Indians to the Rescue

After some time, two Indians who were hunting happened upon the crippled

pled Blackrobe and learned of his misfortune.

"Where is your mother?" one of them asked.

"What does it matter who or where she is?" replied the missionary. "She is far away beyond the big lake (the ocean). Help me back to Orofino."

"So your mother is not an Indian! How then do you speak our language?"

From this Father Cataldo understood that they thought his mother was an Indian and wished to inform her of his plight.

"Don't you know me?" he asked. "I am Samgh-Zimugh-Zimugh (the Blackrobe)."

"No, we do not know you," they replied; "but how can we help you?"

"One of you," said the Father, "might go to Orofino and tell the miners about my accident; the other might carry me on his shoulder towards the mining camp."

At the Mining Camp

The Indians obeyed and after two memorable hours Father Cataldo saw a crowd of white men and women coming towards him. The people expressed condolence in a variety of ways and hurried the missionary back to the town. A messenger was dispatched to Lewiston for a doctor who arrived three days later and skillfully reduced the swelling. The Father was placed in a small hotel in which two aged Presbyterians, man and wife, treated him with great kindness for forty days.

A Secret Exit

Towards the end of this period Fa-

ther Cataldo became uneasy and expressed his wish to return to Lewiston; but the miners, fearing another accident, would not allow him to return then. One day, however, a pack train was leaving the town and the missionary secretly arranged with the leader of it to furnish him with a very quiet horse and to take care of him until they reached Lewiston. The man kindly agreed to do so and Father Cataldo left Orofino with the pack train before the people knew of it.

On the second night of the return trip, the priest was informed that the Lay Brother, whom he had left in Lewiston, had suffered a stroke ten days before and was then in a very serious condition. Surprised that he had not been told sooner, the Father asked the young man to set out with him immediately. The man generously obtained two horses, put Father Cataldo on one, and, by riding all night cautiously and slowly, brought the priest into Lewiston in the morning. The Brother received the last Sacraments from the hands of Father Cataldo and some days later died piously.

"Save My Soul!"

The following is the sequel to this episode of the broken leg. A few years after the accident, when the Blackrobe was at another Indian mission, an Indian came to him and addressed him in the Nez Percé tongue. "I have come to see you," said the Indian.

Surprised, the Father asked why. The Indian, finding that he was not recognized, said:

"Do you forget the man who saved your life, when your leg was broken in the forest?"

This was enough for the priest to recall his benefactor, but the Indian went on:

"I have heard that you were here, and I have come to see you, that the man, whose life I saved, may in turn save my soul."

Needless to say, Father Cataldo joyfully instructed and baptized him.

A Ripening Harvest

As was said in the beginning, these incidents occurred before Father Cataldo's removal from the Nez Percé mission. For two years these Indians were without a Blackrobe except for the occasional trips Father Cataldo would make to them from the Coeur d'Aléne mission. In June, 1871, the missionary was on one of these trips to Lewiston. On the twenty-eighth of the month, Yumleligh-Kinig, brother of Stuptup, called the Blackrobe to the little log church to baptize his twenty-

year-old daughter, who was dying of consumption. This girl received the name of Mary in Baptism, and died the following October. It seems as if she went to plead the cause of her people before Almighty God, for a few days after her death, Lakoskan, a Nez Percé, who had been baptized by Father Cataldo, arrived at the Coeur d'Aléne mission, having been sent by some Nez Percé chiefs to beg the missionary to return to their country at once and to remain with them.

"Blackgown," said the Indian, "you know I am the only man you baptized among the Nez Percés; that is why the chiefs sent me. Blackgown, our people did not listen to you, or rather to God, for more than two years, and so you left us. But now we are all sorry; we want you back and we promise to be baptized. You must come at once, or you will lose most of the people, for now at the agency nearly every one is a preacher. So come at once."

The Blackrobe replied that he had not left the Nez Percés of his own accord, and that he could not go back without the consent of his Superior. He would, however, try to obtain leave to return.

Indian Children as Apostles

It was not until April, 1872, that Father Cataldo obtained permission from his Superior to return to Lewiston. On Sunday, April 28, just before Mass, to his great surprise he saw a large crowd of Indians coming toward the church. As the church could not hold them together with the congregation which was present for Mass, Father Cataldo told them that after Mass he would call them in and say prayers in Indian. When the time came and he began the Indian prayers, he was surprised to hear them recite aloud with him, as if they had been accustomed to do so. After the service he asked how they had learned the prayers. Chief Zimchilgipusse (which name was abbreviated by the whites to Slickpoo) answered:

"You, Blackgown, taught those prayers to our children. When you left, the children were very sorry and they blamed their parents for your absence. They induced us to learn the prayers from them and they begged us to call you back. This we have done."

The missionary asked whether the Indians meant only to recite the prayers, or truly intended to be baptized and become Christians. The chief, answering for all present, said they wished to become sincere converts. The Father then told them to choose a place and to camp there ten or fifteen days during which he would instruct and prepare them for Baptism.

A Chief With Two Wives

When the Indians were ready for Baptism, Father Cataldo appointed a day for the ceremony. Three days before the day appointed, he read aloud the names of those to be baptized. The Indians were disappointed on not hearing the name of Chief Uyakasit. This chief had frequented the little church, but he did so mainly to please his little daughter and to hear her sing. He desired to be of the Faith, but he had two wives and was not disposed to relinquish either of them. The Indians had urged the chief to renounce bigamy, but in vain. Father Cataldo also reasoned with him, but to no avail. In the afternoon of the day that the list of catechumens was announced, the missionary took Uyakasit with him on a sick call, as a companion. As they set out, the Chief asked when the Indians were to be baptized.

"In three days," replied the Blackrobe.

"What shall I do?" Uyakasit asked. "Why, you must wait until you make up your mind."

"But I wish to be baptized at once; I fear to die without Baptism."

"Good! But are you ready to give up one of your wives?"

"Well, Blackgown, I thought surely you would have pity on me."

"Do you want to be baptized and yet retain both wives? That would make things worse than before."

"No, I do not mean that. I know I may have only one wife, but as I cannot make up my mind to send away either of them, I thought you would have pity on me and send one away for me."

"You are joking now."

"No, Blackgown, I am very serious; but my heart is not strong enough to bear the cruel act of sending away a loving wife. Yet it is a duty; and who can perform such a duty better than you? Tell me which wife must be sent away and I shall agree."

"Uyakasit," replied Father Cataldo, "tonight let us call the chiefs in council and decide what shall be done. Your sacrifice is great, but God will give you a strong heart."

Christian at Any Cost

That night at the council it was decided to send away Uyakasit's younger wife; that she should have a lodge of her own in the camp at a distance from that of Uyakasit and she should retain her little son. When the squaw was summoned to receive the decision, she refused to answer. Father Cataldo sent for her and she responded. At the meeting she refused to accept the decree and angrily

(Continued on page 78)

My First Christmas in the Süchow Mission

EDOUARD LAFORTUNE, S.J.



One of the outlying chapels, Süchow Mission



AVING landed in Shanghai towards the end of 1925, it was not until this year that I had my first real Christmas experience as a missionary in China. After having read this brief description of the big event, the reader may well imagine how indelibly it will ever remain in my memory.

December 23

After the customary test and examination, forty-three catechumens are found worthy of receiving Holy Baptism. As tomorrow would be no exception to the general rule that there are only twenty-four hours in a day, of which the greater part would have to be given over to the hearing of Confessions, the two missionaries of Tangshan decided to divide between themselves the consoling task of baptizing the catechumens. In the morning twenty-three women and young girls were lined up, before Father Hamon opened the church door. A few children amongst them, several mothers with babes in their arms, even old grandmothers; every age and condition was present. In the afternoon came my turn to baptize, this time the men and boys, twenty in all. After the long but very touching prayers and ceremonies prescribed by the Ritual, you cannot imagine what joy was mine, as I finally poured on all these foreheads the saving waters of Baptism. In a single day, to wrest forty-three souls from the cruel bondage of Satan and superstitious practices and place them, full of gratitude and devotedness, at the service of the Divine Master, was a source of happiness that can hardly be fancied. What spiritual gladness enlightened all the faces of the newly baptized, when after the ceremony they prostrated themselves before the missionary to thank him and ask him for his blessing!

COMPARE this description of a Christmas celebration in far-off China with the one contained in the first article of this issue, of *Christmastide festivities amongst our Catholic Canadian aborigines*. Truly Christmas is the same the world over, amongst every race in every clime, but it means unspeakably more to the poor and lowly than to the rich. The first worshippers were shepherds and peasants, and it is such as these that the Christ-Child loves to fill with His superabundant joy, as they gather around His manger-crib.

December 24

Nothing but life and most exuberant joy this morning about the church of Tangshan. Since the twenty-second, the sacristan, with the help of four pupils from our school, had worked like a Trojan, preparing the traditional Christmas crib. In the morning, somewhat uneasy I must admit, I went over to see how the sacristan would manage to build a little something out of nothing. But what a surprise was awaiting me! Where two days previously lay an odd heap of sorghum stalks, string, lame candlesticks, pieces of lace, mouldy and torn wrapping-paper, behold, by some mysterious sleight-of-hand trick, there now arose a rocky mountain cliff, a real cliff; above it shone a big star; at the bottom of the cliff, a ramshackle stable was awaiting the crib and the Christ-Child.

Our parishioners arrived in the afternoon: from the North, South, East and West they came. Each of our twelve outlying stations was well represented. Several hours of Confessions followed. Everything went perfectly well until nightfall. But then

came the problem. Where were we to lodge all our guests? Impossible to find lodging in town: much less could these people pass the night in the open. The catechumens and school dormitories were already practically filled to capacity. 'Twas then I realized how little is required to make poverty and misery contented. At about eight o'clock, after the pupils and catechumens had retired, I ordered our country visitors to see what they could make of the school classroom. A forty-yard dash! Books and desks were piled in one corner, and on four large mats, found in the attic, the older gentlemen and smaller boys were closely lined up. No room was lost.

"Now for the other school," said I to the large group still remaining.

But no more mats were to be found and the brick flooring was icy cold.

"A little straw would do the trick," I told one of the leaders.

In a jiffy several lads were back from the stable with enormous stacks of straw, on which five minutes later everybody was stretched out, sans pillows, sans blankets, sans mattress, sans sheets, sans everything, nevertheless many of them happy, thus to find better beds than those they possess in their own miserable little shacks.

Christmas!

Nine o'clock had not struck when all were sleeping heavily, so much so that at eleven-thirty the bell had to be rung in each dormitory to awaken our worthy guests. At 11:45 all were in the church. At 11:50, preceded by eight altar-boys in their finest clothes, Father Hamon made his solemn entry from the rear of the church, holding in his arms the crib with the Infant Jesus. Slowly he advanced to the miniature stable of Bethlehem, where he placed the sweet little Babe he was carrying. Then broke out, to the air

of a well known Christmas carol, the sound of a pretty Chinese hymn, sung by thirty schoolboys I had painstakingly exercised for several weeks previously. It was not the choir of the Sistine Chapel, but I am sure the Christ-Child appreciated fully our youngsters' efforts and blessed them accordingly.

Although there was to be a sermon at the morning Mass, the pastor knew a few words at this hour would please his little flock, so capable of understanding what that memorable night in the stable of Bethlehem must have been for our Lady, and why our Divine Saviour wanted humble shepherds to be the first to adore Him. Judging by the respectful attention of his audience, the missionary knew the warm welcome his hearers would give our Divine Lord, when a few minutes later, they would receive Him into their simple hearts. After the prayers of thanksgiving, another hymn was sung and then, the second Mass being over, all retired to their lowly beds of straw.

As all our guests stayed for the morning Mass, and were added to the numerous others, who arrived at about seven o'clock, the church, although of fair dimensions, could scarcely contain the crowd. The Mass, begun only after all the Confessions had been heard, was followed by the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin, a consecration which took place in all the churches of the Vicariate Apostolic of Nankin. Then came the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. It was only at 10 o'clock that everything was over, after more than two hours and a half in church.

The Shepherd and His Flock

But that is not the end of the missionary's labor. After a quick lunch, he receives the members of his flock, who all come to greet him in groups. Then he must interview privately and in turn all those catechists who have some important matter to settle, for instance, a marriage to straighten out, the new catechisms to be received, and other affairs. Now is the time also to give a little medical aid or advice to those who are too poor to consult a doctor, or to distribute a few alms to those in extreme want. In a word, the missionary then truly tries to be a real father to everyone, without giving overdue thought to the scarcity of his means, scanty indeed, when he finds himself confronted with numberless cases of hardship that call for urgent relief. When I found myself alone in my room at last, it was about one o'clock in the afternoon. I could say in truth that for the last twenty-four hours I had not found a

second to think of my own miserable little self.

This description of my first Christmas in this country is incomplete. The main touch is wanting to the sketch I have tried to draw. I mean the indescribable and most wonderful work of Divine grace in the souls of our Catholic Chinese, most of whom were baptized but recently and whose religious instruction is of course still rather elementary. The consolation felt in witnessing this work of Divine grace in these souls cannot be told. The missionary can only say to those who seek other than earthly joys: "Come and behold what you have not seen elsewhere."

Autobiography of Kauilks Metacopnin

(Continued from page 76)

declared that she would go to her relatives, arouse their indignation, and that they would surely take revenge for the injury done her. Then Uyakasit arose and exhorted her to conform. He said that he wished to be a Christian whatever it cost, and he desired also that she and the little boy be baptized. When he finished the woman rose as if to go, taking her little boy with her. But she turned to the Blackrobe, and weeping, said:

"I will not oppose any longer my husband's and God's will. Here is my child (she raised the little boy); tomorrow I will bring him to you and you will baptize us both."

Three days later, May 14, 1872, they were baptized with the others, the boy was named George, the mother, Magdalen. Twenty-five in all were baptized on this occasion and a few days later the same number, including Stupp-tup, his father and brother. At last the blight on the Blackrobe's work had ended and the labors of four years were beginning to bear fruit.

Death of Jesuit Missionary and Scientist

Father Julius Jette, S.J., died at Akulurak, Alaska, on March first. An only son of a former Governor of Quebec, he was born in 1864. In 1882, Father Jette entered the Society of Jesus. He volunteered for the Alaskan Missions in 1898 and has la-

bored there for the last twenty-nine years. Father Jette was not only a missionary of rare zeal but he was a scientist and linguist as well. He had a remarkable mastery of the Eskimo and the Tena languages and up to the moment of his death was engaged in the production of a dictionary in the Eskimo language. R. I. P.

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