

JESUIT MISSIONS





"MADRE AFLIGIDA EN POLO"

A Typical Filipino Virgin

The Crowning

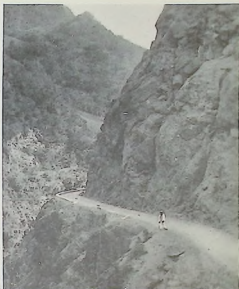
of the

Virgin

of

Manaoag

JOSEPH J. MULRY, S.J.



"The drop of five thousand feet . . . meant a high leap in the thermometer"



W E started for Manaoag, Pangasinan, from Baguio in the late afternoon. The writer was the companion of the Archbishop of Manila, His Grace, Michael J. O'Doherty, who was to be the celebrant of the Mass and together with the Apostolic Delegate was to put the crown of gold upon the Virgin and Child. The drop of five thousand feet meant a correspondingly high leap in the thermometer. We prepared for the worst and we were not disappointed. Pangasinan is one of the richest provinces in the Islands, the wealth consisting of rice and coconuts, but rice usually means low lands, and low lands are unspeakably warm in May, the peak of the Filipino summer.

At the Ford

Thousands of people, as we neared the barrio of Manaoag, were walking or riding in their "covered wagons," to the fiesta. At the ford, for bridges are uncertain and shortlived in these lands, we waited nearly half an hour before crossing. If you want a typical Filipino scene, stop awhile at a ford; it is very much like a "steal" from the Bible. After a few more miles of cautious driving, for the crowd was growing greater, we arrived at the plaza outside the Dominican Church of Our Lady of the Rosary of Pangasinan. Then the fun began.

FROM the pen of a scion of one of New York's best known Catholic families, a Jesuit Professor of the Ateneo de Manila, we have this breezy, inspiring account and interpretation of a great Filipino Fête. The Faith of our wards, the Filipinos, assailed by propaganda on all sides, is hard pressed, the while Catholic America dreams. After the American occupation the Friars were withdrawn from the Philippines. Many of the old clergy have died; others are incapacitated by age. Entirely new conditions have put the Faith of the Filipinos to a severe test. Meanwhile rich Catholic America sits idly by, whilst the flock of Christ, which in a very true sense is a ward of America, is grievously assailed. In our zeal for the conversion of the pagans of the Far East is it sound strategy to allow a Catholic nation to become perverted? Our obligation towards baptized Catholics would seem to be greater than any towards pagans. Oh, for an Apostolic School in America devoted to the training of American youth for priestly work in the Philippines! Such a school alone could turn the tide in favor of the Faith. Friends of Christ, pray long and earnestly for the crisis is very acute.

If the Archbishop were not my host, I would have had no chance to get into the celebration. There were a hundred thousand people between us and a haven. I shouted "Arzobispo" but my American Spanish was wasted. At last, a cordon of priests caught the insignia of my distinguished companion and opened up a pathway through which we slowly and perilously moved, until we arrived at the Convento. I plucked the Archbishop's sleeve and asked him to think well of me, when the accommodations were being distributed. He was a true friend; he introduced me as "mi secretario" and thereafter the world or, at least, Manaoag was mine. They hunted up an American bed with a "mosquetero" (netting) and put it into the room reserved for his Grace. Meanwhile any dignity under a Bishop was put into a crowded room, where a cot was luxury. Thus do the unworthy flourish.

Fireworks of Joy

We arrived at seven in the evening, and supper was to be served at ten. Meantime, the festival was in process in the plaza. Fireworks, bands, processions, all functioning and sputtering in a crowd of one hundred thousand, made up the program. From the window the Archbishop and I looked on the spectacle with youthful glee. I have rarely seen such beautiful fireworks outside of a summer-resort display; skyrockets with the most as-

tonishing showers of sparks, giant pin-wheels and lastly the masterpiece, a bower of fire for the banner of our Lady. But do not forget that Chinese and Japanese are numerous here. And China and Japan, homes of pyrotechnic experts, are at our doors.

A Multitude of Faithful

After supper the clergy retired, but not the people or the bands. Most of them camped in the plaza overnight, and one band was still going, though feebly, at three o'clock in the morning. For us, after Baguio, the night was restless and torrid.

Next morning I wanted to say Mass on the feast of my patron and chose the half hour before the big celebration. I asked the brother the shortest way to the sacristy and he led me to the choir, from which steps descended to the church floor. The place was crowded (and that verb is proof that my literary restraint is phenomenal). It consumed a half hour to go from the back to the front of the church. And I am remorseful to this day for the ruthless way my passage had to be made. All the innocent people I stepped on (for many were squatting on the floor), all the poor, slight Filipinos brushed out of the way, all the lighted candles extinguished before they set me on fire, all the flowers crushed, fill me with

grief. But once started, I had to advance, and a worrisome half hour I had to reach a door through which I came to the Sacristy.

The Coronation

At seven o'clock the Solemn High Mass was sung by the Archbishop of Manila. Seven other Bishops and a mitred abbot participated in full episcopal robes. In the plaza, there was erected a huge platform for the ceremony and the altar was thus in easy view of the huge crowd. The statue was elevated behind the altar and an approach of steps led to the smaller platform upon which the enthronization was to take place. Hundreds of priests, secular and religious, occupied the outer circles about the altar. Pontifical High Mass, with choir and orchestra, proceeded quickly to the finish. A sermon, rather short as sermons go in the Philippines, interrupted the ceremony. Cries of "Viva" were taken up by the crowd and shook the welkin.

Immediately after Mass, all the Bishops were grouped before the Statue. A postulatum was read, and afterwards the Apostolic Delegate blessed the Virgin of Manaoag, with special prayers and formula, that included Apostolic approval and benediction. Then, the Delegate and his Grace, the Archbishop of Manila, mounted the stairs, held the crowns

for the people to see, blessed the crowns, and fixed them upon the Virgin and Child. The bands blared the Filipino National hymn and the people cried out a welcome to the newly crowned Queen of Manaoag. The ceremonies closed with a short Spanish sermon preached by Monsignor Piani, Apostolic Delegate.

At the banquet, all the orations were in Spanish; the orator of Manila, Mr. Ravago, surpassing himself in his humorous and serious thoughts for the event. Archbishop O'Doherty brought in a pleasant comparison between the faith of the Irish and the faith of the real Filipino. And thus ended the crowning of the Virgin, patroness of Pangasinan.

An Interpretation

The incident may sound bizarre to America, but may we be permitted to interpret the message of this great Catholic display? The Faith is still the beginning of things in the Philippines. In spite of twenty years of protestantization, the people are still staunch, in spite of the rebellion of Aglipay, no serious national defection can be honestly admitted. And in spite of the tragic death of priests, in spite of the almost complete ignoring of the Filipino crisis by America, in spite of the fact that only one

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Benediction by the Archbishop of Manila on an old bastion of the city wall; Ateneo cadets drawn up at attention

*An
Example
of
Filipino
Devotion*



The Shrine of Our Lady on the summit of the hill of Zo-sè; to the right the astronomical observatory

The Celestial Queen of China

Shrines and Pilgrimages in Catholic Cathay

GEORGE MARIN, S.J.



HE 30th of April, eight o'clock in the evening. A starlit sky gazes down on a small quadrangle behind the old building of Saint Ignatius' College, Zikawei. From the right, the Senior division of Catholic boys in their long Chinese gowns, followed by the Juniors and the Minims, silently file into their places, while from the left in the direction of the Seminaries, emerge our young levites, the hope of the mission. Three sides of the quadrangle are now lined with human figures, all devoutly turned towards the radiant and brightly bedecked statue of the Blessed Virgin. No sooner does the Rector of the College appear on the scene, than trumpets and drums break the stillness of the night with the thrilling notes of a martial salute to the Celestial Queen of China, whose statue is suddenly illumined by hundreds of colored electric lights, the white rockets and giant fire-crackers in true Chinese fashion proclaim to the surrounding country the veneration of our Catholic Chinese for the Mother of God.

Celestial Chant

Sweet children's voices, first in Chinese and then in French, sing time-worn, but always dearly cherished, hymns to our Mother Mary. Then

THE news despatches for some time have centered the attention of the world on China. They have told a harrowing tale of war, bloodshed and death. How refreshing in contrast is this simple story of Catholic Chinese devotion to the Mother of God! The logical Oriental grasps with ease a truth which escapes many a sophisticated Occidental, that Faith in Jesus Christ must necessarily imply veneration of His Immaculate Mother. With the presence of such devotion to Mary as herein described, what high hopes may we not entertain of the speedy conversion of China!

kneeling on the grass, the throng chants in the customary, somewhat plaintive, notes that most beautiful chain of praises to the glory of our heavenly Mother, the Litanies of Loretto. Rarely have I been more deeply touched than on hearing these young men and boys of another race, in that far-off distant land, chanting with all their heart and soul their deeply felt and sincere devotion to our Blessed Lady. Three invocations in Latin to Mary, Help of Christians, and once more crackers, trumpets, and drums

resound in Mary's honor. It is in this royal fashion, repeated each Saturday of the month, that May devotions are held year by year at the College of Zikawei, near Shanghai.

Pagan Girls and Mary

Some six hundred yards distant, in a different but no less touching way, may be witnessed another scene of Chinese devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In front of the "Morning Star" School, an institution of higher education exclusively for pagan girls, under the direction of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, stands a very beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin. No religious ceremonies are obligatory at this school; so that pagans may the more easily be inclined to send their children to be educated by the nuns. Nevertheless, during recreation hours, you may often see one or more girls, at different intervals, leaving momentarily their games, to go and kneel devoutly at the feet of the dear Lady they have learned to admire and then to love. What touching colloquies many of them no doubt pour forth to the motherly heart of Mary, what ardent desires of Baptism are often there expressed, what burning prayers pronounced for the conversion of their parents and friends! At the feet of Mary, fresh flowers are daily deposited by her de-

voted pagan children during the month of May, and at their own expense each night her statue is electrically lighted. Even the statue was paid for by the pupils of the school.

A Gift to Their Mother

When, in 1917, the former location was abandoned for the present building, the girls begged the Sisters to transfer to their new home the Blessed Virgin's statue that used to protect their previous lodgings. But that could not be. Was not her protection still necessary for the building to be occupied by other girls? Not in the least daunted by this refusal, each girl out of her savings managed to donate her quota towards the purchase of the present work of art that adorns the grounds of the new "Morning Star" School. Can anyone doubt of Mary's love for these devoted children of hers still outside the fold, but most of whom long for the day when their parents will consent to their admission into the Church of her Divine Son?

"Maleeya," a Favorite Name

If you ask a Chinaman his name, he gives you first his family name and then his "first name"—in a Chinaman's case really his "second name." But this second name, generally consisting of two words of poetic and benign meaning, even in the case of our Chinese Catholics, is not a Christian name. They do possess a Christian name received at Baptism, but unless you ask a Chinaman explicitly what his "sheng ming" (holy name) is, you will probably never know it until his death, when you receive his death notice or mortuary card, where his "sheng ming" is then printed in very prominent type. The men have a marked preference for "Joseph," while perhaps four out of five women, at least in the vicinity of Shanghai, bear the beautiful name of Mary, "Maleeya" as it is said in Chinese, ("K" does not exist in the Chinese language.) Is not the frequency of this name in China a touching tribute to the affection of the Chinese for the Immaculate Mother?

Mary Shrine at Zo-sé

Although there is only one Lourdes

in the world, China is not without its sanctuaries consecrated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Many of these have become famous in that country as pilgrimage shrines. The Vicariate Apostolic of Nanking deems itself most favored in possessing two of these, each of which owes its origin to some extraordinary favor obtained through the powerful intercession of the "Help of Christians." The most popular shrine, that of Zo-sé, dates back to 1873 when a church was erected on the summit of the highest of nine little hills in fulfillment of a vow made by the Mission Superior,



The Sodality members, Saint Ignatius College, Zikawei

if the Mission were spared the terrible sufferings and even massacres that other Missions endured in the uprisings of 1870.

A Fisherman's Shrine

Tsing-yang had its sanctuary built after the cure of one of its inhabitants. An old woman had been abandoned by the doctors as a hopeless case, after two years of unspeaking suffering. For some time she had been unable to eat and for months had scarcely closed an eye, when one night she suddenly beheld a beautiful lady who bade her eat of the herbs she would find near the church. Her husband on being told to fetch her some of these, thought his wife had lost her senses, but nevertheless consented to gratify what he called another of her whims. After eating of the herbs, the woman became covered with a deathly sweat, after which she fell into a deep sleep, such as she had never enjoyed since the beginning of her illness. On her awakening, she felt perfectly well, and as a

matter of fact from that day on, her health was restored. Out of gratitude to the beautiful Lady of the vision, the Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes, according to the woman's belief, the present church was built. There during the month of May flock from all sides the poor Catholic fishermen of the province, notable for their simple, childlike faith and their love for Mary.

Bishop Tsu's Shrine

Even the new Vicariate of Hai-men, entrusted to the care of Bishop Tsu, S.J., can boast of an island shrine. On an island not far from the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang River, in 1875, stood a little chapel, dedicated to Our Lady, Help of Christians. The current rapidly wore away the yellow soil separating the chapel from the river's turbid waters, so that in 1886 but a narrow strip of land still protected the chapel. The high tides of September would surely carry it away. Father Gain, the pastor, together with his parishioners, vowed to erect a church in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, if the chapel were spared. On the fifteenth of August, a terrific typhoon dropped down on the country. Undoubtedly everything would be washed away. The Christians rushed to the chapel and there renewed their vow. And to their unbounded joy, the wind suddenly veered. When the waters had withdrawn, the current no longer passed on the north side of the island. Since then the river has continued to deposit its alluvium, so that today, the island of forty years ago forms part of the mainland. The shrine of Mu-yeu-dong thus became famous throughout that section of the country.

May Pilgrimages

In the month of May, provided the shrine be within reasonable distance, it is the ambition of all Chinese Catholics to visit one of them and there pay homage to the Blessed Virgin, tell her of their love and gratitude and ask her to continue her favors in their behalf. The throngs of pilgrims, the numberless boats that practically block the canals around

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Among the Vanishing Sioux

GEORGE WARTH, S.J.



God's Indian acre; winter scene at Saint Francis Mission



HE cross of Christ borne aloft by massive piles of gray concrete, flung up on the treeless Dakota prairie and preaching His life to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear—this is Saint Francis Mission. And here, and in sister missions, reside the remnants of that proud, fierce race, the Sioux, whose very name, for generations, struck terror alike in the hearts of the Indian and the white of the Middle West.

Such has been the earnestness and devotedness of Saint Francis Mission during her half century of existence, that today she is a mighty factor, exerting her influence for good throughout the Rosebud Agency. Her chapels dot her vast parish of five thousand square miles. Her missionaries are almost constantly on the road, visiting the Catholic Indians and each year bringing new sheep into Christ's fold. The hardships endured by the early pioneers were little worse than those suffered by their worthy successors.

Mode of Travel

True it is, that the Indians are more civilized. But the climate is as rugged as ever. And to make visits to the various districts, to offer Holy Mass and to administer the Sacraments to their flocks, is no easy matter, for these trips entail days of travel. With a team of broncos and a

HERE is a story of constructive work done for God and Country that the carping critics of American Catholicity might well ponder over and take to heart. Religion is a reality among the vanishing Sioux and shows itself in the fast-growing practice of daily Communion and in a most tender devotion to the Mother of God. These Indians are children of Heaven, but they are none the less normal boys and girls. The boys have learned the sports of civilization and excel in them; the needlework of the girls excites the admiration of all visitors. Your Catholic hearts will expand with pride in the knowledge of the great work for God being accomplished by Saint Francis Mission in spite of limited resources.

buggy, with bedding, grub-box and Mass kit strapped aboard, the missionary sets out on a weary all-day drive. The horses trudge along, while the Father reads his Office. The burning sun beats upon him; his canteen grows hot and its contents tepid.

The horses are prairie-bred and the dangers of the region are instinctively known to them. A coyote, a rolling bush which in the dusk looks like a loping animal, or the challenge

of the rattlesnake is sufficient to cause a runaway that often results in torn harness and smashed buggy.

Dangers and Difficulties

Bridges are few in this sparsely settled country. Hence the missionary must either ford the rivers or trust himself to the ice. To drive into a stream only to find "the bottom gone" is no new experience. "The Man Under the Water" is a name given to a missionary at Saint Francis who made such a discovery. Another Father, attempting to cross a river on the thin ice, lost horses, buggy, Mass kit, and all his personal belongings. All he saved was his life, and that almost by a miracle.

In winter the hardships are terrible. South Dakota is a land of wind. Most to be feared are the fierce Dakota blizzards. The temperature keeps well below zero. The snow driven by a fifty-mile gale stings and blinds. It is impossible to face the storm, and shelter may be miles away. To be caught in these circumstances may mean death.

These dangers the Fathers constantly meet in making their rounds to the Camps and in answering sick-calls. The sufferings entailed are gladly endured, if only souls can be saved.

School

But the work of Saint Francis Mis-



"The Missionary sets out on a weary all-day drive"

sion is not confined to the Camps. Early in her career she began a school. Last year four hundred and eighty-five boys and girls were enrolled, making Saint Francis the largest Catholic Indian School in the United States. Besides all the advantages of the regular grade and junior high school, the girls are taught domestic science, music and fancy needlework, while the boys receive instruction in music and manual training.

Religious Instruction

Much stress is laid on religious instruction. The great truths of Catholicity are explained and brought home to the children so frequently that they cannot forget them. They are taught, what we might often consider and profit by, namely, that to be real Catholics they must practice their religion in their daily lives, that they must live their religion.

Sodalities for both boys and girls are conducted by the Fathers. So successfully has the Sodality fostered the love of the Mother of God in the Indian hearts, that devotion to Mary is one of their favorite practices. If one were to attend Mass at the Mission Church, one would be agreeably surprised at the outward devotion manifested. The children love to sing their favorite songs to God and His Mother. The prayers are prayed in a loud, ringing tone, to ensure perhaps their reaching the Heavenly Portals. And thanks be to God, the practice of weekly Communion is universal, while daily Communion is fast becoming the common practice. That God loves His Sioux children cannot be doubted. That they love the Sacred Heart is little less doubtful.

The results of this are graces innumerable, enabling the children to lead clean, pure lives. It builds up in them a piety which stands them in good stead, when the school can no longer shelter them against the world. It ensures them the protection of the Blessed Mother in their last hour, and Christ's welcome when their souls reach the throne of God. Oh, how

often have even mortal eyes seen proof of this!

Manual Training

For their success in studies and manual training great credit is due both boys and girls. Hindered by language and environment, they have overcome their natural restlessness and applied themselves earnestly, until their work nearly equals and in some branches exceeds that of their white brothers and sisters.

The needlework of the girls is the special object of much superlative praise. After the first surprise at finding such finery executed by Indians, visitors can scarcely find words to express their admiration. The native patience and deftness of finger make the Indian girl especially suited for such work.

Let one think that the manual training course for the boys consists of a set of toy tools it might be remarked that the boys do all the shoe-repairing for the Mission. They bake the bread, care for the stock, paint



One hundred per cent Americans at play

the buildings. They helped in erecting all the buildings and even made the beautiful altar and pews for the church. The present carpenter boys have an auditorium, two dairy barns, and three small dwellings to their credit. Where are the white boys who can make a like boast?

A Love of Music

The Indian children have a great love and talent for music. Perhaps it is the monotonous beat of the tom-tom heard from babyhood that accounts for this native ability. The girls become real artists on the piano. But for the boys, a horn is the thing. The band of Saint Francis School is the pride of the Rosebud. Some sixty aspiring musicians receive instructions from a Jesuit Brother and such is their progress that there is not a band in the whole of southern South Dakota their equal. At every public function in the Rosebud the services of the Band are requested and always the resulting comment is surprised admiration.

But all is not study and work at Saint Francis. With equal success have the Indian children taken to the white man's games. All American games are played.

Basketball, however, is their favorite pastime. So agile have they become at this game, that they now hold the Indian Championship of the State.

A Heavy Burden

The great work of the Mission has been going on during these past forty-three years, years filled with arduous labor, self-sacrifice and hardship. To continue this work demands the same virtues and sufferings. Today as in earlier years Saint Francis' needs assistance, and for it looks to friends far and wide. Will they help as they helped in former times? The need is not less imperative. The four hundred and eighty-five children in the Mission School must be cared for by the Mission. School supplies, recreational facilities, food, clothing, medicines, in a word all that parents must procure for their children Saint Francis' must supply her boys and girls. The burden this entails can better be told than realized. 3,600 pounds of flour each week or 180,000 pounds a year; 75,000 pounds of meat; 3,000 bushels of potatoes; tons of other vegetables, besides coffee, milk, butter, jelly, etc., all this must be furnished by the Mission during one school year. The clothing costs thousands of dollars. Each child at its arrival must be fitted out with Sunday and every-day clothes.

Labor of Love

The work entailed in cooking, sewing and mending for all these children, only a mother can comprehend. And all this without a cent of tuition! But the Sisters do all this and cheerfully, because it is for Christ's little ones. There is but one sadness borne at Saint Francis. It is that each year many of Christ's little ones must be turned away, because there is no room.

No doubt the hearts of our readers

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Christ's Indian pages

FROM MANY CLIMES

CHINA

Two French Jesuits Put to Death at Nanking

Father George Marin, S.J., Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, who labored for three years in China before he returned to Canada to complete his studies, has sent us the following items.

"The papers here reported the death of two of our Fathers at Nanking during the recent uprising. They were Father Vanara, S.J., Prefect of the new Ricci College there, and formerly Prefect of Saint Ignatius College, Zikawei, for many years; and Father Henry Dugout, Professor and Procurator at Ricci College, Nanking. The latter used to write articles on China for "Les Etudes," and made several sectional maps of China. I knew both of them very well."

One-Armed Jesuit, a Hero

"The papers also carried an item about another one of our Fathers. This time the scene was Shanghai. Father Jacquinot, a Jesuit priest of the Sacred Heart parish, saved five hundred girls, women, and nuns, who for two days had been huddled together in the cellar of their institution, so as not to be hit by the flying bullets and shells during the hand-to-hand fighting which took place in the Chapel quarter of the Chinese city in the taking of Shanghai by the Southern army. Father Jacquinot with the British Consul tried to stop the battle so as to save the inmates of the institution of the Holy Family. While going to their rescue and bringing them to safety, he was wounded three times. He is now in the hospital and out of danger. Father Jacquinot has only one arm."

KURSEONG

A Training Place for Jesuit Missionaries

On the slopes that ascend towards

Mount Everest and the snow-capped line of mountains that separates India from Thibet stands the Theological College of the Jesuit Fathers who work in India and Ceylon. For four years the young students of Saint Mary's are taken away from the bat-



Seated in the center of the group is Father G. Vanara, S.J., whom despatches report as slain in the recent disturbances at Nanking. On his right is Father Froc, S.J., for many years director of the famous Zikawei Observatory.

tle-field and are trained for their future work. Of course the study of theology is their main occupation, but this is not all. What is the use of knowledge, if it cannot be conveyed to others? The students must occupy themselves also with a study of languages, such as Hindi, Bengali, Tamil, Konkani, Singhalese, and Marathi. No easy task this!

A Special Library

To prepare for the fight against the enemy, a special library filled with books on Indian subjects is placed at the disposal of the young theologians. Indian philosophy and ideas, the various religions of the land, folk-lore and anthropology are discussed once a week in a meeting of the Indian Academy. It would not do to let the students leave Kurseong without



To the left, standing, is Father Henry Dugout, S.J., also reported killed in the Nanking riots.

having a peep, at least, into the Indian mind so complex and difficult for an outsider to fathom.

Steady Growth

On the twenty-sixth of July, 1889, Saint Mary's was opened on a very modest scale. The staff and students together numbered only twenty-three. This year that number has grown to sixty-three. To accommodate these, every corner of the house has to be utilized, for the builders of Saint Mary's never dreamed of such an increase. This number, however, will keep on growing. Some seventy are expected for the scholastic year of 1927. For Saint Mary's is the central House of Studies for all the Jesuit missions in India and Ceylon.

A Parliament of Nations

This seminary represents a fine work of international co-operation. Fancy a house, wherein young men from all over the world are gathered to be trained to the details of their Christly crusade. Here you will meet Belgians and Frenchmen, Spaniards and Italians. Sicily has sent her sons, so has Jugo-Slavia. Even America has sent some of her youth to the rescue. Of course India is well represented; from

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In the account which St. Luke gives us of the Adoration of the Magi, we read: "They found the Child with Mary, His Mother." From that day until this all true seekers after **Mother** Jesus Christ find Him as the Magi did, **of the** "with Mary, His Mother." Mary was **Redeemer** the God-chosen instrument by which the only Begotten Son was clothed in human flesh and became "like us in all things, sin excepted." By her share in the Incarnation, Mary is in all truth the Mother of God. Hence, she holds in the divine dispensation of the Redemption, a place which is altogether unique. Through her the source of our Redemption, Jesus Christ, was given to the world.

Jesus and Mary are inseparable; inseparable in God's plan of the Redemption; inseparable as that plan was worked out in the mortal days of Jesus; inseparable in death; and inseparable now as Mary with her earthly **Jesús and** body gloriously assumed into Heaven, **Mary** reigns there with her Divine Son. **Inseparable**

But Mary and Jesus are inseparable in still another sense, for Mary's work was not completed when she had given birth to the Saviour of the world, nurtured Him, and brought Him to the day on which, three years before His death, He commenced the apostolate of His public life. Mary, too, had an apostolic task to perform. She was always in the background of the picture of Christ's public apostolate, and when that was completed, and the Resurrection and the Ascension of Jesus Christ were historical facts, Mary appeared again in the foreground of the picture of the first days of Christianity and took her place as the Mother of the Church. The Church was brought forth under her protecting mantle. It was in union with her that the Apostles made the first Chris-

tian Novena in preparation for the Descent of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost Sunday, which marked the birthday of the Catholic and Christian Church. During the years that followed, the Apostles sought Mary's advice and counsel and she remained as the visible witness and proof of the reality of Christ's Incarnation. From her lips must have come the Gospel of the Infancy which has been so beautifully set forth by the Evangelist Luke. Her eyes watched over the rising Church and her incomparable Faith was a beacon light for the first Christians.

And just as Mary stands forth as the Mother from whom Christ received the flesh of His humanity; just as she is in a real sense the Mother of **Queen of** the Church; so too she is really, though **the** mystically, the Mother of every Christian soul, which is incorporated by Faith **Apostles** in the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church. As Mary gave Jesus to the world over nine hundred years ago, so after Jesus, she is the greatest of Apostles, the guardian of the truth which Christ the Redeemer taught, the protector of His doctrines, and burns with desire to give her Divine Son to the world collectively and individually. Queen of the Apostles, she has ever held that place in the hearts of all real apostles, from the days of the "Twelve" down to our modern times. Devotion to Mary stirs up the fires of Christian zeal in the hearts of her clients. You can trace the footsteps of real apostles by the devotion to Mary, which they always enkindle in their neophytes.

During this beautiful month of May, our hearts will glow with renewed love and devotion for the Blessed Mother of God, who by God's **Queen** goodness is at the same time our **of Our** Blessed Mother. Let us not forget that **Apostolate** we can do nothing more pleasing to her than to share in her apostolate by manifesting Jesus Christ to the world. Loving Mary as we do, we cannot fail to strive ever more earnestly to conform our hearts to the Heart of Christ and our conduct to the moral doctrine which He has given us. By this we shall in truth make Christ manifest to the world. Loving Mary as we do, we cannot fail to desire earnestly and to pray for the conversion of the infidel world, uniting our prayers for that purpose to the prayers of the Queen of the Apostles. Mindful that Mary is Queen of the Apostles, because she is the Mother of our Redeemer, the Man of Sorrows, and purchased her title by pain and tears, we too shall be stirred to make sacrifices in money and in material comfort to promote the Christian and Catholic Apostolate over which our Blessed Mother reigns as Queen.



MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

by Neil Boyton, S. J.

Author of "Mangled Hands," "In God's Country," etc.

FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE, S. J., with Louis Joliet reached the Mississippi on June 17, 1673. The voyagers were received kindly, for they carried the calumet, a gift from the first Indians they met. Now the two birch-bark canoes have carried the party to the Akameas. They learn definitely at the council that, ten days paddling down stream, the river empties into the great Blue Water. Go on with the story from here.

PART V

Shadow of the Sun



UNTIL the coming of black night, Marquette and his companions were escorted to sleeping cabins, roofed with cane. These were constructed on platforms elevated to the height of a man. A ladder gave entrance to each. Below the platforms, fires of green wood were smoldering. The ascending smoke, penetrating through the floor, kept the mosquitoes and maddening gnats away and made some sleep possible. When Marquette and Joliet were seated on the rush mats, they held a secret consultation.

"And so, my Father," concluded Joliet, "while you were speaking through that young man interpreter, I was studying the faces of the braves and sorcerers, who crowded before this Feigus-to-Sleep's cabin. And I must say, though I speak not a word of their language, I read on many of their countenances the strong desire to have our scalps and possessions. Particularly, I watched that chief sorcerer who wears the necklace of bears' teeth. He plots evil against us."

"The sorcerers," Marquette agreed, "may plot evil against our little party. But, Louis mine, I do not think this Akamea chief will permit a violation of the calumet. All these Indians along the River of the Conception, as we have found, consider that plumed calumet sacred and, if these Akameas minded to kill us, they would

have done so at the water's edge this afternoon, when we landed.

"You recall how Feigus-to-Sleep insisted that the Natchez downstream did not honor the calumet. Thereby he implied that his people did. Let us post a sentry and then turn in, confident in that constant protection of our Patroness we have experienced, and will experience, until we ground our canoes on the beach at Mackinaw."

At the close of his first watch, Joliet touched the sleeping Blackrobe. Instantly Marquette sat up. When his fellow-explorer was breathing deeply, the Blackrobe changed his position to sit where he could see the silent village. In the next cabin No Flesh rose from the side of Crow Dog and bending himself into a half bow, yawned. Then the hound came clawing up the ladder and lay down at his master's side. His tail thumped the flooring, as Marquette petted him. No Flesh sighed contentedly and was asleep again.

Looking over the shadowy collection of cabins, great love for these painted, neglected children of God filled the Blackrobe's breast. He raised his hand and blessed the Akameas and the desire came, strong as a command, to pray that he might make at least one conquest for Christ here, before he departed from these friendly new people.

The Blackrobe had felt this desire before and it had been gratified. He looked down on the faithful No Flesh at his side, and he remembered the night in the canoe on the other river when he had petitioned that Mary Im-

maculate would direct him to some favorite soul. Next day he had stumbled on the Illinois party that were burnt by the exploding powder keg. He remembered the hounds master—Long Fox was his name, wasn't it?—who had seemed to be but waiting in confidence for the Saving Waters before departing this life.

So Father Marquette put his thought into familiar words: "O Mary Immaculate, there is little hope of convincing the adults of this village, but there must be somewhere among these poor Akameas a little paopoe about to die. Through thy Son's mercy obtain that I pour the Saving Waters on his forehead ere he departs, and thus these people will have a powerful intercessor before the Throne."

On watch there alone, the missionary prayed many minutes for these souls to whom he wished to explain the Prayer. Fatherly he blessed them once more; his hand rising and falling. In his benediction, he included those who slept under the still palms nearby and those other sheep—the unknown Natchez—whose villages were further down the wide black tide of the Great River.

Fly rose in his heart as he pictured again the emblems of each near-by cabin. He remembered the idol in the middle of an Akamea cabin he had entered that afternoon—the bear's head with eyes and snout painted green; below it, the black glossy pelt drooped about the raised pole—the squaws invoking this—the little black-eyed children standing reverently in

the cabin shadows. He recalled the freshly killed soft white woolly puppy that hung on the end of a smaller pole, a sacrifice to this bear deity; and that other glimpse within the sorcerer's cabin of the serpent idol that was the Great Captains' surrounded by the painted snake skins and the hideous dance masks and the grim, bleached grinning skulls.

Then into the watching Blackrobe's mind came the picture of the sorcerers of this tribe, standing scowlingly about, when the young man who spoke Illinois was translating his words at the council about the Manitou, who made Heaven and earth, bears and serpents, and all men. . . .

When it was the end of the Blackrobe's watch, he woke Jean in the next cabin. Marquette took off his frayed robe and rolling it into a little bundle placed it beneath his head. Consigning himself to the care of the Guardian Angels of these Akameas and especially, to the Queen of the Angels, he prepared to rest.

Sleepily he felt No Flesh curl up at his feet, and later, he dimly heard Jean at the end of his watch have difficulties awakening the woodsman, Peter. . . .

Marquette shot up from the depths of dreamless slumber to feel soft fingers passing over his breast. He stirred and instantly a pair of steel-like hands clutched his throat and a greasy palm was clapped over his mouth.

He tried to struggle and shout. It was in vain. A lithe, foul body clamped down on him. Something, that seemed like the claws of a bear trailed across his face. In his struggles he identified them as an amulet. He was choking.

"Mary! Jesus!"

Then the Blackrobe was released. A dark figure leapt out of the entrance and down the ladder. Marquette knelt up to see a darker shadow running down the palm-shadowed village street. He turned to Joliet and found him deep in sleep. The Blackrobe made his way to the next cabin. The guard, Peter, sat with his head between his knees and he was snoring.

"Thank God, it was not murder that was in that visitor's heart, or we should all have gone to God ere this!"

Marquette shook the sleeping Peter and with an oath the woodsman sprang up and grasped his gun.

"What is it? My Father!" cried Peter. "What is it?"

"Quiet! The Sieur and I have had a visitor and, if my suspicions are correct, it was one of the sorcerers."

Marquette went back to his mat and discovered that the bundle of his blackrobe, which had been under his

head, was missing. Also, some pictures of the French King and Queen that he had shown to the Akameas last evening, were gone. Though he searched and even descended the ladder and looked around the smudge he could find no trace of these articles. A sleeping village cur slunk away with a yelp, when Marquette accidentally stepped on him.

Then Marquette realized that No Flesh had disappeared. He whistled, but no friendly hound came bounding. Returning to his cabin, the Blackrobe puzzled over his midnight visitor and, still puzzled, he stood the rest of the watch.

In the grayling of the dawn, No Flesh came back. He scrambled up the ladder and threw himself on his master. A cruel wound around his jaws showed clearly why he had not barked a warning. The Blackrobe was attending his hound, when the young man interpreter climbed up the ladder.

More Toes explained:

"The sorcerer, Shadow of the Sun, sent me to say these words to the white man. When Shadow of the Sun went to his sleeping mat, he had a dream. This was his dream. Sun came to him and said: 'Go to the cabin of the white men. Take the blackrobe that the white sorcerer wears. Put it on and walk the length of the village street three times before the day comes. Then you will be able to make greater medicine the next time the warriors go on the warpath against our blood enemies, the Natchez.'

"Shadow of the Sun came last night while you slept. He took the white man's dog before he could bark. He tied his jaws tight, but he did not hurt the dog, for his dream had not commanded that. Shadow of the Sun took your robe. He walked the length of the village street in it three times before the day came. And now he wishes to restore to the white sorcerer his robe."

"Where is it?" asked Marquette.

"Shadow of the Sun has it in his cabin." More Toes began.

"Take me to him."

The interpreter objected, but the Blackrobe strode off alone towards the sorcerer's cabin. Before he reached the door, More Toes was at his side.

"Tell Shadow of the Sun the white man wants his robe and his pictures."

The interpreter disappeared and shortly after Shadow of the Sun came forth. Marquette recognized the amulet of bears' claws and teeth that had trailed across his bosom when he had been awakened during the night. Again the Blackrobe asked for the return of his property. More Toes translated the sorcerer's words.

"Shadow of the Sun says he intended to bring them back, but you came to his cabin so early that he had not time."

"I will save him the trouble," dryly explained Marquette.

Shadow of the Sun reentered his cabin and came out with the missing robe. He handed it to the Blackrobe.

"Where are pictures of the Great White Captain and his squaw?"

Again the sorcerer disappeared within his cabin. When he returned, he carried the pictures most respectfully.

"Never have I seen such real painting. These seem almost to be alive. Tell me this, white sorcerer. When the Great White Captain or his squaw dies, do these pictures close their eyes?"

"No," Marquette explained gravely. "The pictures still gaze at you."

"And the village of this Great White Captain, where is it?"

"His village is called Paris and it is many days paddling away—across the Great Blue Water."

"It must be very large and splendid?"

"Yes; he has as many subjects as there are leaves on the palms that you see about you."

The Blackrobe thought it opportune to impress the sorcerer.

"In this White Captain's village there are some large cabins made of five cabins, one on top of another. They are almost as high as cottonwoods. The Great White Captain, when he goes through his village, rides in a cabin of leather that moves. It is drawn by six—eight animals."

Gravely Shadow of the Sun thanked the Blackrobe for his words, and said if he had known this he would never have offended the pictures by taking them. He invited Marquette to have breakfast with him and they sat on reed mats before the cabin and ate the sagamite and fruit the slave squaws brought. All through the meal the Blackrobe answered the sorcerer's questions.

Towards the close of the repast, Marquette heard a squaw start the wailing notes of the Death Song. The sounds came from the cabin behind. At length, the Blackrobe asked and learnt that the singer was Shadow of the Sun's squaw and her papoose was dying. With a whispered prayer to Mary Immaculate, Marquette asked if he might see the papoose.

Shadow of the Sun rose and led the way into his cabin. The Blackrobe saw again the idols and skins and rows of skulls. But he passed on to one corner, where a young squaw was seated and in her arms she held a papoose. It was almost dead. Marquette stooped and attempted to make the Sign of the Cross over the pa-

poose. The squaw withdrew her child. More Toes explained:

"This Pretty Bird Woman, she is afraid. She has heard you are a white sorcerer. Her papoose dies soon, anyway."

"Then I cannot hurt it, can I?"

"Nothing is more certain," replied the young man.

The Blackrobe looked around the cabin. Nearby stood an earthenware vessel of water. He took his handkerchief and dampened it.

Addressing Shadow of the Sun, he said:

"Tell Pretty Bird Woman I will not hurt her child. Let me touch its forehead."

More Toes spoke in hurried words and the squaw at an order from the sorcerer, reluctantly came closer to the white man. When the squaw held the gasping papoose up in her arms, Marquette bathed the tiny hot forehead, making the Sign of the Cross and repeating the formula of Baptism.

"Tell Pretty Bird Woman that I can do nothing for her papoose's body. It is too late."

At the Blackrobe's words, the young squaw sank down upon her mat and resumed the Death Song. Great joy was in the heart of James Marquette as he walked from the cabin of Shadow of the Sun. His prayer of the night had been heard. He knew that very shortly these Akameas would have a newly arrived intercessor before the Throne of the real Great Captain.

The Dance of the Calumet

"Blackrobe Master," said Crow Dog the morning of the third day Marquette and his party were among the Akameas, "I have spoken with the squaw of the young brave who speaks Illinois. It is not good what she says."

"Keep your words till later then," whispered the Blackrobe.

When the two were alone the Blackrobe remembered the boy's warning words.

"What were the dreadful things More Toes' squaw told you?"

Crow Dog dropped his voice to a whisper.

"She says she was in her cabin last night when Shadow of the Sun, that sorcerer, and five young braves came before the cabin and spoke together. It was not good that they said. They plan to come to your sleeping cabins when the moon goes away tonight and break all the white men's heads and take their bundles. Ugh! It is not good—"

Marquette listened and smiled.

The Blackrobe instructed Crow Dog to go through the village and keep his eyes open. Then he sought Joliet and found him working with

Jean and the other woodsmen repairing the canoes. Calling Joliet aside, Marquette related Crow Dog's words.

"My Father, I also have been watching the faces of the sorcerers and the young braves. There is evidently divided counsel in this palmy village. Some wish our goods and some are afraid of our guns. I wish I knew which faction is the stronger."

Nothing more was learned, but Crow Dog coming back reported that the Great Captain, Feigns-to-Sleep, was holding a council with the elders in his cabin.

That afternoon the interpreter appeared at Marquette's cabin.

"When the shadow of your roof falls on this stick," More Toes pointed to a small stake in the ground, "come to the dancing place. Feigns-to-Sleep wishes to dance the Captain's Dance in honor of the Blackrobe and his brothers."

Promptly at the appointed time five of the elders came to the white men's cabins to escort them through the deserted village. To the west was a grove of tall cottonwoods. On the edge of this grove, where the gigantic shadows fell across the prairie the party found most of the Akameas already assembled.

While the white men were noting these things, the buffalo drums began their monotonous thumping. Five rows of young braves with wild cat-tails attached to their heels and their whole body covered with yellow and green stripes, moved into the open space and began to sing and dance with slow movements. The singing was taken up by the rest of the village till the whole assembly was repeating the song. Marquette, though he recalled his six Indian languages, could not make out the words.

Then, as the dance drew to its close, the dancers, singing in unison, approached the Manitou. The sorcerer, Shadow of the Sun, had lit the calumet and the leader of each row took the pipe, inhaled, and blew a cloud of smoke on the green wooden serpent. Throughout all this ceremony, the Indians in each row danced, imitating exactly their leader's motions.

When the last of the dancers had honored the Manitou of the Great Captain, all retired into the seated ranks and Feigns-to-Sleep appeared alone. His body was yellow-streaked and his headpiece was a bonnet of eagle-feathers, dyed green. On his breast hung an amulet of enormous bear's claws.

The Great Captain of the Akameas danced, singing the same words the chorus had used. Approaching the serpent image, he took the plumed calumet and spreading the wings of birds with which the long stem was

decorated, the Great Captain faced the sinking sun and offered the calumet to it. Then turning directly towards the image, he put the mouth of the pipe to the lips of the serpent and seemed to invite it to smoke. After this ceremony he retired to his mat.

The space before the white men was cleared. Then came seven warriors and a boy, leading a yellow hound. These divided into two groups and kneeling as though in canoes, pretended to paddle vigorously. All the rest of the audience sang the song that had been sung when Marquette landed at the village. More Toes told the Blackrobe this was the Akamea Welcome Song. The words were:

"Today the sun shine upon us. You bring the brightest day this village has ever known. Our fathers and grandfathers never had such happiness!"

Looking towards Feigns-to-Sleep, Marquette saw he was surrounded by his elders and sorcerers. The paddlers approached and were welcomed with gifts and speeches. Then they were conducted to a place apart and by signs were urged to eat and later sleep.

The eight impersonators lay down and all were silent. Then one of the actors began to snore.

"I believe," suddenly cried Father Marquette, "these eight represent our party. There are the two leaders and the five woodsmen and Crow Dog with No Flesh."

While the seven pretended to sleep and the watcher snored, a new party of war-painted young men came up. They sat in council and in pantomime planned to creep up and with tomahawks break the heads of the sleepers and steal their bundles. Here Feigns-to-Sleep strode into the council. He spoke angry words and by signs showed the young plotters that the serpent was angry, because the eight had smoked the calumet and they were protected while they slept.

The young braves came creeping towards the wooden serpent and they lay in the dust till Feigns-to-Sleep took the calumet and having offered it to the lips of the serpent went from one to the other and urged them to smoke and blow the smoke over the image. When this was done all left the open space, but Feigns-to-Sleep. He beckoned More Toes to come forward and through his lips explained:

"Blackrobe and companions, I have danced the Captain's Calumet before you to show you what wicked thoughts were in the minds of some of my young men, who have no sense. They wished to break your heads and

(Continued on page 98)



Indians in the field; Saint Francis Mission looms in the distance

AMONG THE VANISHING SIOUX

(Continued from page 88)

go out in sympathy to the descendants of the noble, warlike Sioux, who once roamed free over the wide expanse of the Western prairies, prairies they could call their own. Confined now to the barren lands of the Reservation they are deprived of that freedom, which once was their proud possession. The world has not played them fair, and so, guided by the missionaries, they have come to seek their strength in the cross of Christ and in the things of Heaven.

The Priests and the Sisters are spending themselves to bring spiritual and material aid to the Sioux of Dakota. Their work is a labor of love and a labor that is gladly done in spite of trial and hardship. What part will Catholic America play in all this?

THE CROWNING OF THE VIRGIN OF MANAOAG

(Continued from page 84)

American priest has given his life to work as a parish priest among the natives, the people have still remained faithful, are still in the mass Catholic, are still devoted to Catholic ideals. How long will this last? God knows. The solution for the future is easily given. America must send priests to serve in the hundreds of parishes now without them. America must, because America has assumed the responsibility for these islands. Manaoag is but one of a hundred places, all as eager to be truly Catholic. The people cannot be true Catholics without Mass and there can be no Mass without priests. Will there rise another Maryknoll to send forth American missionaries to the Philippines? Give

the Islands a hundred priests and in five years the Faith will be back as crown-jewel of the only Catholic nation in the far East. But let the people be deprived of the Sacraments and instruction and there are no words to describe the devastation. God send America another Father Walsh, and the Philippines another band of glorious priests like our good friends across the China Sea!

THE CELESTIAL QUEEN OF CHINA

(Continued from page 86)

Zo-sè during that season bear witness to the solid and true devotion of our Chinese Catholics to their heavenly Mother.

Bishop Tsu relates how in his boyhood days he yearned to visit Rome, the centre of Catholicity, as well as the sacred spot of Lourdes, and how on entering the Seminary and the Society of Jesus, he had to sacrifice this great desire of his. But oh, the wonderful and unexpected way in which his youthful hopes were realized! The Holy Father himself summoned him to Rome to confer on him the fulness of the priesthood and at the same time, Mary beckoned him on to Lourdes. How like a Mother she rewarded the deep love and devotion of a little Chinese boy!

May the Celestial Queen of China, to whom in 1924 the assembled Bishops of that country dedicated their adopted land, ever cherish and protect her dear children and draw in ever increasing numbers to the Church of her Divine Son the millions still wandering and groping after the Light, ignorant of the richness of her love and power!

HISTORIC MISSION GIVEN TO EASTERN JESUITS

THE Philippine Mission of the Spanish Jesuits which was inaugurated by them four centuries ago has been transferred to the care of the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province. By a decree of Very Reverend W. Ledochowski, General of the Society of Jesus, which was to take effect on Easter Sunday, 1927, "The Philippine Mission with all its colleges, houses, and stations, is separated from the Province of Aragon and allocated to the Province of Maryland-New York."



Father Joseph I. Lucas, S.J., on the left and Father William V. Corliss, S.J., on the right are starting out from their base at Balingasag, Mindanao, P. I. Father Lucas wrote an article for our February number entitled: "The Story of an Outgoing Missionary," which was very well received. He is here pictured as "outgoing" in another sense.

Autobiography of Kauilks Metatcopnin



Old mission church at Cataldo, Idaho

THROUGHOUT the summer and fall of 1872 the Nez Percé Indians continued to come in small groups to Father Cataldo for instruction and Baptism. One Indian Presbyterian preacher, Waptestameneh by name, was among the converts. He had put off his conversion for some time because, as he claimed, he dreaded the task of committing the prayers to memory.

An Indian Wag

Naturally the numerous conversions caused ill-feeling among the Presbyterian preachers who were also on the reservation. In the beginning, the Rev. Mr. X often spoke well of the Catholic Church and said it was nearly as good as the Presbyterian, but when many of the Indians left his church to become Catholics, his attitude changed. Old Benedict Awlishwampu, a Catholic Indian and quite a wag, heard of some of the invectives Mr. X. was directing against the Blackrobe and the Church. Doubting the information, he went one Sunday to hear the minister preach. Part of the discourse was as follows:

"Yes, my children, the priest will go to hell, and burn forever, and all his followers will follow him there and burn with him; so you must not go to the Catholic Church."

Benedict felt prompted to rise then and there and ask Mr. X. if he had forgotten his own words, that the Catholic Church was almost as good as the Presbyterian, but he restrained himself and planned to talk things over after service. When the congregation had left, he went to the minister's house but did not enter. Mr. X., coming to him, extended his hand.

"No, Mr. X." said the Indian, "you know I am your friend and so I cannot shake hands with you. Do you remember how, some years ago, my brother and I saved your life, when

IN this, the fifth instalment of his memoirs, Father Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., tells how by the aid of non-Catholics he triumphed over the forces of bigotry; of how an Indian friend treated a brewer of bigotry; of the influence for peace exercised by the Blackrobes when the passions of war were stirring; and of the Nez Percé revolt and its outcome. As the life and work of this pioneer of Christ unfold themselves in this charming autobiography, we see how all obstacles, poor health, difficulties arising from nature or the perverse wills of men, melt away before the single-mindedness and unflinching purpose of this great soul.

the Presbyterian Indians wanted to kill you?"

"And that," answered Mr. X., "is just the reason why we should shake hands together."

"No, my friend," said Benedict, "as I saved your life before, so I want to save it again. If I shake hands with you I shall burn your hand with mine, since I am a follower of the priest, but I do not like to have you burn with me."

So saying he went away.

Indian May Devotions

Father Cataldo had to return to the Cœur d'Alène Mission about the middle of November, 1872. Many of the converted Nez Percés went there for Christmas week. In April, 1873, the Blackrobe returned to the Nez Percé country and baptized more than sixty of the Indians by the middle of June. The May devotions this same year were conducted in grand style. The Indians built a great shed, open on one side and covered with white

muslin. Four hundred people could be accommodated in it. The tipis of the Indians were erected around the shed and during the month the Indians heard Mass, instructions, and performed devotions in honor of the Mother of God. The end of May saw a colorful May procession around the camp. Many non-Catholics were converted on this occasion. Whereupon some preachers and their friends became angry, and, after holding a meeting, sent word to Father Cataldo not to visit the Indians any more or come to the reservation; they added that President Grant had entrusted the spiritual care of the Nez Percés to the Presbyterians. One of the preachers, a white man, contrived to meet the Blackrobe and told him that he ought to keep away from these Indians, as President Grant had given the mission to the Presbyterians. The priest smiled and said:

"Well, Mr. —, do you believe that President Grant is greater than Almighty God? I do believe that the President sent you, but I also believe that Almighty God sent me."

The preacher shook hands with the priest and went away.

Non-Catholics Quell Bigotry

The number of Catholic Nez Percé Indians and the number of those being converted required that a church, with resident priest, be built on the reservation. To this there were two obstacles: the permission of the Government and the money to build. Catholic authorities had broached the subject at Washington, but had received a flat refusal. The Indians themselves made a petition, but it was not even acknowledged. Someone in Washington, D. C., took hold of the Government's refusal and published it in the papers; other papers copied it and so it came back to Lewiston. The people here, though not Catholics, were indignant that the Indians had been denied by the United States the

right to worship God according to their belief. They sent to Father Cataldo and told him to build a church immediately on the reservation for his Indians; they would see to the permission of the Government. When the priest replied that he had no means, they answered that the white people of Lewiston and of the mines would contribute, he had only to make up a subscription list and pass it around. The Blackrobe answered:

"Gentlemen I never heard or read that a Catholic Church for Indians was ever built by the subscriptions of white people."

"Father, this is an exception; it is not exactly for the sake of the Church, nor for the Indians, but for the sake of our common American freedom that the people of Lewiston want to teach a lesson to those preachers."

To show that they were in earnest, they returned to the priest that very evening with more than \$400 subscribed. So Father Cataldo went around collecting. Not only did the whites and Indians contribute but even the Chinamen working in the mines.

The Slickpoo Church

In the face of such indignation and enthusiasm the employees at the agency, who had caused the refusal, wrote to Washington, D. C., and had the decision reversed. Now in possession of both funds and permission, the Indians set about looking for a suitable place on the reservation to build their Church and Mission buildings. They would not locate it at Lewiston or Fort Lapwai, the agency, because of the bad examples to be seen there in some corrupted Indians, and also whites. After searching and deliberating, they decided on a little valley forty miles from Lewiston which they called Assinima, from a medicinal plant which abounds in that place. They renamed it Slickpoo in honor of Zimchilgipussi, who was the first chief of the tribe to become a Catholic. A frame church, fifty by twenty-five feet, with two rooms in the rear, was erected. A log cabin was put up for a residence. This was replaced in 1888 by a frame building, the same which Father Cataldo and his fellow-Jesuits now occupy. The Mission was placed under the patronage of St. Joseph, and opened on November 1, 1874. Father Morville, S.J., was the first priest to reside here; Father Cataldo visited it from time to time from the Cœur d'Alène Mission.

Infidel Chiefs

In January, 1877, while on a sick

call to an Indian, Father Cataldo went to the camp of Joseph, a very influential Nez Percé chief, to pay him a long promised visit. Though old Joseph's father had been a Presbyterian, he had died an infidel. His two sons, Chief Joseph (who was to become famous five months later in the Nez Percé War) and young Joseph, or Allocat, were infidels, but friendly towards the Blackrobe and they received him with great courtesy. They listened to his exhortations, but they would not then become Catholics. When the dispute over their territory was settled, they would see to it. After discussing religion, the Indians asked the priest what was his opinion of the injustice of the Government in dealing with their territory of Wallawa Valley, then claimed by settlers. The Blackrobe answered that he had come on an exclusively spiritual mission and had nothing to do with the Government or with land questions.

An Indian War

Later on, in April, Chief Joseph came to see Father Cataldo and asked his advice about the trouble over the Wallawa Valley. The Father said:

"Do what you think is best, provided everything is done peacefully. For my part, I would like to see you all near the mission."

This pleased Joseph very much. In June, 1877, the Indians of Wallawa Valley, not having moved to Lapwai in the time prescribed by the Government, and some Indians having killed two white men, war broke out. In the first encounter the Indians routed the soldiers; after two other attacks, Chief Joseph took his followers and their families across the Bitter Root Mountains to Montana. Father Cataldo from the middle of June until August was obliged to travel continuously from Lapwai to Lewiston, then north to Desmet Mission in order to reassure both Indians and whites. The Catholic Nez Percés, who had gathered at Slickpoo, were afraid that the whites would come and massacre them, and the whites in and about Lewiston were afraid that the Cœur d'Alènes and Spokanes would join the Nez Percés in an attempt to exterminate them. Rumors of impending dangers were everywhere; so the missionary was kept busy tranquillizing the people.

A Great Council-fire

Consequent on these rumors, General Wheaton encamped with several companies of infantry near the Spokane Falls, and invited the friendly tribes to meet and discuss their difficulties. As the Blackrobes of Lapwai

and Cœur d'Alène were invited to the council which was held to dissuade these tribes from joining the war, Fathers Joset, Giorda and Cataldo responded. Seltées, the Cœur d'Alène chief, made several excellent speeches declaring he would take the side of the soldiers, if he were forced to go to war, and exhorted the Indians to similar resolutions. All the Catholic chiefs expressed similar sentiments. Spokane Garry, the Protestant chief, disappointed everyone, openly advocating war.

This great council pacified and settled the fears of both Indians and whites and averted much bloodshed.

Embittered Indians

In Montana the Nez Percé warriors encamped near the Flatheads. When Chief Joseph went to see the Catholic chief, Charloo, he said:

"We Flatheads have always been friends of the Nez Percés but just now I cannot shake hands with you. I request you to pass over to some other place; don't stay in my country."

The next night the Nez Percés were attacked by the troops. According to some this was the only time Chief Joseph was seen to fight personally. It appears he did not plan or begin the war, but was drawn into it by his friends. When he was taken prisoner, he said to his captors: "You pretend to civilize us Indians and yet you kill our women and children. Tell me when did the Nez Percés ever kill any white women or children?"

The prisoners of war were sent to Fort Leavenworth and later to Indian Territory, but in a brief period many were stricken down with disease and died. The survivors were returned north and settled on the Colville Reservation in Washington. After the war some few Nez Percés were received into the Church, but the warriors and their families embittered at their unjust and cruel treatment, hated anything coming from the whites and turned also against Catholicism, even those of them who had been favorable to the Church and who had intended to be instructed and baptized. So the hopes of the Blackrobes of converting the whole tribe were shattered. Several of the Missionaries tried to reconcile them, went to the Colville Reservation, camped among them, reasoned and sympathized with them, but all in vain. Other preachers had spoken nicely to them before, but had deceived them. Today the descendants of these Indians still have the motto, "The white man cannot be trusted."

(To be continued)

The Smiling Father of the Tena

GERALD D. FLYNN, S.J.

AKULARAK is Alaska's most desolate mission. A wretched slough on the southern fork of Yukon Delta! No hills! No trees! No vegetation! No song of birds! Nothing but a tiny stream of dirty water, lazily meandering through a solitary section of tundra! In the center of this vast nothingness, at the forty-eighth turning in the river, stand two rough structures, the Jesuit Mission. To the right of the smallest building is a rude cross with the simple epitaph: "Here lies the body of Julius Jette, Priest of the Society of Jesus, who died in the active missionary service of Christ, The King, on March 1, 1927, after twenty-nine toilsome years on the snow fields of Alaska."

Though his life in Alaska was but a fragment, a moment between two eternities, it was influenced by the heroes of the Cross that preceded and will influence those that follow. He did not merely commit to memory God's Commandments and Counsels, he lived them. He climbed the mountain of sacrifice to preach the good tidings; there God's peace flowed into his soul with the sunshine of his smile; there breezes of grace brought freshness of spirit; and there the storms of suffering brought energy for the combat.

A Linguist

We honor the sons of the mighty. Father Jette was the son of a Governor General of Canada. We respect the learned. Father Jette was learned in Science and Literature, in Philosophy and Theology. Higher Mathematics and Languages served as pastimes. He was the author of several pioneer books on the Innuin and Tena Languages. His first publication in Innuin was entitled, "Yoyit Rokanaga," meaning, "Heavenly Words," and consisted of one hundred and twenty pages of prayers, devotions, and hymns. His Tena Grammar and Dictionary, as well as numerous ethnological articles, received favorable attention in American and European Reviews. His History of Alaska will be the most scientific of all his writings. He was a cultured gentleman par-excellence, able to converse fluently on all subjects in seven languages.

Heroic Holiness

We admire the heroic. Father Jette was a hero. At the spirited age of eighteen, he left a home of luxury to

consecrate himself to God in the Society of Jesus and, thereafter called himself the lowest servant in the army of Christ. He sacrificed the honored rôle of Professor of Higher Mathematics to toil amid the filth and cold and superstitions of one of the most desolate missions in the world. Kokrine, Tanana, and Nulato are the places that he made comfortable for the Tena Indians. He is universally heralded as "The Smiling Father of the Tena."

We esteem virtue and love the



Father Julius Jette, S.J., Apostle of the Tena

virtuosity. Father Jette was the holiest Jesuit I have ever met, the holiest I say, if bearing the most intense suffering with a smile be a sign of holiness, if humility, charity, patience, mildness, long suffering, be signs. For two years I was daily edified by the manifestation of such qualities. Just three years ago, he suffered a very severe attack of hernia, suffered it twelve days before a doctor arrived from a distance of five hundred miles. The doctor performed a rude operation, which seemed to make matters worse. Attended by a Father, he was carried by sled and ship to Seattle, bearing with Christ-like patience a Purgatory on earth. The Seattle doctors declared his case hopeless. As he whispered: "God's

Will Be done," the Dean of Surgeons decided to experiment. An incision was made in each side of his abdomen and drains were inserted. A year of experiments and agony followed, which proved to be after all a triumph of failure. Father Jette's zeal was greater than his strength, for he immediately undertook the offices of Spiritual Father, Professor of French, at Seattle College. Last August he asked permission to return to his beloved Tena. Traveling down the Yukon for the spring mission, he was attacked again by his ailment. Bereft of medical aid, he offered his final holocaust to Jesus, in the arms of his Brother Jesuit, Father Lonneaux.

Grateful Acknowledgments

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MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

(Continued from page 93)

cast your bodies in the Great Water and then divide your goods. But I learned of it and I forbade them. You are under the protection of the calumet."

"That evening as soon as Marquette and Joliet were able to get away from Feign-to-Sleep and his subjects, they talked over the situation.

"What is the use of going further?" questioned Joliet. "We are not able to withstand these warlike savages downstream, they call the Natchez. They have guns, evidently, and we would be dead men. Even if we did succeed in escaping their knives and arrows and descended this river, the chances are that the white men below—"

He broke off suddenly to inquire:

"You're convinced that they are Spanish, aren't you?"

"Yes, Louis; in a talk with Feign-to-Sleep yesterday he told me these white men pray the same as we do, they use rosaries, and have bells calling to their Prayer Cabins. All these things More Toes described most accurately. There is no doubt the Spaniards are below us."

"Then, my Father, these Spanish would take us French prisoners. Long months would drag by before they sent us to Spain and we were exchanged. So the fruits of our expedition would be lost and we might never see Quebec again."

"There is weight in your words, Louis mine," agreed Father Marquette, "and there is another and weightier reason that moves me."

"Speak what is in your mind, my Father."

"I have had in my heart to return to the country of the Illinois and preach the Gospel to those poor people. Constantly in my thoughts are Red Calumet and his Peorias, that first tribe we met on this River of the Conception. I promised them to return or have another Blackrobe come and live in their cabins."

The Blackrobe was silent while his lips moved in his favorite prayer to Mary Immaculate. Then he turned to his fellow-voyager and announced:

"We have accomplished the purpose of this expedition; for it is evident that the River of the Conception empties into no body of water but the Mexican Gulf. We have settled that;



Saint Mary's, Kurseong

so in God's Name let us turn the prows of our canoes to the north once more. Then you may report to Quebec and I—I may prepare to shepherd the other sheep and lambs who cry out to me so constantly."

(To be continued)

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FROM MANY CLIMES

(Continued from page 89)

the North and South, East and West they come. Even China is represented.

The Future Battlefield

And these will soon go back to the firing line; to the great colleges of Calcutta and Trichinopoly, where the young Bengali and Tamilian are studying the arts and sciences; to the jungles of Chota-Nagpur amidst the Oraons and the Mundas, simple races very little affected by civilization; to the hot plains of the Madras Mission of undying memories and an illustrious past; to the fields of Mangalore in the West. They will work near the Sacred Ganges in the Patna Mission (American Jesuit) amidst the Hindus of the Hindus of the lowest of the low; under the cocoanut trees that wave their branches along the Ceylon coast; in the mission of Galle or Tricomali. Others will go far away on the Bombay side, along the Indian Ocean and in the Poona diocese. They are all eager to save souls and to put in practice what they have learned at Saint Mary's. The great problem now is to find means to expand Saint Mary's in order that she may train up more and more future apostles.

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