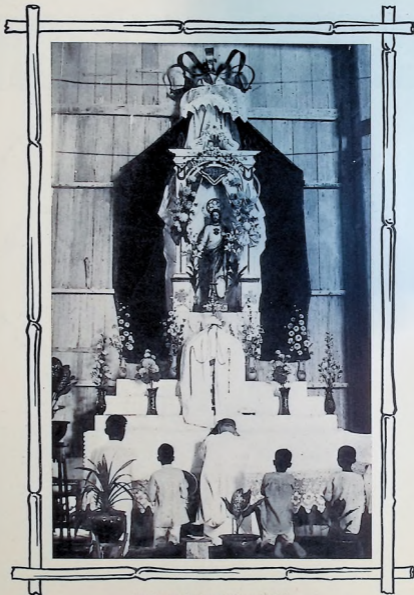


JESUIT MISSIONS





Praying to the Sacred Heart for help

A Spanish-Jesuit of Mindanao, surrounded by some of his youthful flock, is kneeling in prayer. A part of the "help" that came is shown on page one hundred and four. Will you pray during the month of June for more vocations to the Society of Jesus?



On the right, Father J. J. Monahan, S.J., who has been aptly called "A Spendthrift for Christ." He went from Barrio to Barrio in Mindanao like a good shepherd, gathering about him God's little ones and died on May 8, 1926, worn out by his whirlwind campaign for Christ.

The Philippine Mission

An Inspiring Challenge to American Jesuits

GEORGE WILLMANN, S.J.



N Easter Sunday, 1927, occurred a momentous event in American Jesuit annals. On that day by official decree of the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, the Jesuit Mission of the Philippines was formally transferred from the Spanish Jesuit province of Aragon to the American Jesuit province of Maryland-New York. The apostolic works affected by this decree are very extensive. Included are fifty-nine parishes, twenty-four parochial schools, several hundred mission stations, a seminary for priests, a classical college and high school, a scientific observatory, numerous chaplaincies and other spiritual undertakings. The Jesuits who are affected by this decree, number one hundred and seventy-five priests, scholastics and lay-brothers.

An Oasis in Pagandom

An American dependency for the last twenty-eight years, the Philippine Islands are well-known to Americans as fertile tropical islands in the Pacific Ocean, several hundred miles east of China and an equal dis-

THE Philippine Mission, recently entrusted to the care of American Jesuits with its varied work, ranging from those of highly scientific character at the Manila observatory and from at times a fierce polemical campaign amongst Manila's polyglot population and intelligentsia down to the lowliest tasks of missionary endeavor amongst the tree-dwellers and Moro Mohammedans of Mindanao and the Sulú Islands, puts upon the shoulders of American Jesuits already weighted down with labors of great moment at home a responsibility that appalls, whilst at the same time it challenges and inspires. Many more vocations for the Jesuit priesthood and brotherhood will be needed, if this great campaign for Christ is to be successfully waged. "The harvest, indeed, is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His harvest."

tance south of Japan. Their area, about 115,000 square miles, is slightly less than that of Japan, slightly more than that of the British Isles. Their population numbers 11,000,000, nearly all Malay by race, and remarkable among Oriental peoples in that the vast majority, nine millions of them, are Catholics. In scarcely any other Oriental nation has even five per cent of the total population embraced the true Faith.

In this blessed country, the single

bright garden-spot in the wilderness of vast pagan Asia, there is at present a lamentable religious crisis: the priesthood is fearfully undermined, with only about 1,200 priests for the 9,000,000 Catholics. To remedy the situation, the training of native Filipino priests is being energetically promoted. Nevertheless, for at least a generation or two, European and American priests must come to the rescue, if the Faith is to be fully preserved.

Jesuits From Three Nations

The 175 Jesuits of the Filipino Mission belong to three nationalities, as follows:

| | American | Spanish | Filipino |
|-----------------|----------|---------|----------|
| Priests | 26 | 45 | 7 |
| Scholastics ... | 25 | 2 | 30 |
| Lay-brothers.. | 2 | 29 | 9 |
| Total | 53 | 76 | 46 |
| | 175 | | |

The Spanish Jesuits, who are at present the most numerous, have labored in the Islands with but a single interruption since their arrival with the great Dominican Bishop Salazar in 1581. However, there is a critical need for American priests. Notwithstanding the deep-founded Spanish culture, this country has been under the United States since 1899 and has been greatly influenced by American governmental and educational ideas. So it is very important that it receive a proportional share of American Catholic influence. This the Jesuits of Maryland-New York province are trying to supply; and though it taxes their strength severely, and forces a curtailment of expansion at home, they have sent workers to this mission-field in large numbers during the last few years.

A Long Battle Line

Extremely gratifying, too, has been the recent growth in the ranks of the Filipino Jesuits. The Mission is blessed at present with a high rate of native vocations, and if this continues



Landing passengers and freight at Misamis, Mindanao

the Filipinos will be able in the not too distant future, to take over a large share of the works of the Mission.

The apostolic works affected by this decree of transfer are many and important. Geographically they extend from Manila in the great northern island of Luzon down past the leper colony of Culi6n in the mid-Visayan sea to Mindanao and Sul6, whose southernmost regions are less than five degrees north of the Equator.

As capital of the Philippines, the city of Manila boasts of a comparative importance possessed by the capitals of few other countries. It is five times as populous as the next largest city, Cebu; it is the almost top-heavy centre of the whole political, educational, and commercial life of the archipelago. In this busy city is found the headquarters of the Superior of the Mission. Very Reverend James J. Carlin, S.J., who has just been appointed the first American incumbent of this office, is familiar to

American Catholics as Rector of Holy Cross College in Worcester from 1918-1924. Here is also the office of the Father Procurator, who supervises the finances of the Mission and sees to it that necessary support and supplies are shipped to the ill-equipped mission-stations of Mindanao. In addition, there are about seventy other Jesuits in the city, nearly all engaged in educational or scientific work at the observatory of Manila, the seminary of San Jos6, and the college of the Ateneo de Manila.

Manila Observatory

The Observatory and Weather Bureau is a famous institution situated on Padre Faura Avenue, just opposite the great government University of the Philippines. It was founded first in 1865 as a branch of the Ateneo de Manila, and in 1867 Padre Faura, after whom the avenue is now named, took charge and became the first great director. The Spanish and American governments successively designated it as the national Observatory and Weather Bureau, and so supplied it with funds for equipment and salaries that in 1924 the organization had one hundred and sixty-two official meteorological stations throughout the Islands, with seventy additional volunteer stations, and a magnificent central observatory that is probably the finest in all Asia. Five Jesuit scientists, four Spanish and one American, direct this important work, with Father Miguel Selga, S.J., as Director-in-chief, aided by over one hundred salaried assistants. The official government weather reports and forecasts, the official time determination, astronomical, seismological and volcanic studies are made by this Bureau. In the locating of typhoons the studies of the Bureau are invaluable to Asiatic commerce and shipping; and they offer a conspicuous proof to the Orient of the Catholic Church's zeal for science and humanity.

Seminary of San Jos6

Adjoining the Observatory is the College of San Jos6, an apostolic school and seminary for the training of secular priests. Though this seminary is very young, having been founded in 1918, it has at the present time about thirty-five students of theology and philosophy, and sixty-five students in its preparatory



Father D. J. Sullivan in the "heart of the Moro country"

courses. The faculty is composed of twelve Jesuits. Notwithstanding the exacting course of priestly studies the seminary is very popular. Last year twenty applicants had to be rejected for lack of means. These aspirants for the priesthood were poor boys unable to pay their own tuition, and the seminary was unable to help them. Of the present one hundred students, the large majority pay nothing or only a small sum for their support and education.

Ateneo de Manila

On the other side of Manila, within the historic old walled city, is situated the famous college of the Ateneo de Manila. Since 1921, the Ateneo has been manned by American Jesuits, and the following courses are given: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Pre-Medical, Pre-Legal, High School, and Preparatory School. Father John A. Morning, S.J., is the Dean of the high school and college departments, and Father William F. Jordan, S.J., is the Headmaster of the Preparatory School.

For generations this college has been one of the leading educational institutions of the Philippines. Its graduates are prominent in every walk of business and public life, and because of its prestige, its present roster of 1,000 students includes sons of prominent families from almost every worth-while town in the archipelago. Hence it offers to American Jesuits another field of wide influence. Just as in the seminary of San José, they can equip apostolic priests for the sacred ministry, so in the Ateneo de Manila, they are afforded the opportunity of using the tested principles of Jesuit education to produce upright citizens and Catholic lay-leaders for every section of the country. Unfortunately, as San José, so the Ateneo is financially unable to expand properly, and its old building is at the best a makeshift for imperative present needs.

Mindanao

This educational and scientific work in Manila employs about one-half of the Jesuits in the Philippines. Approximately the other half are engaged in the parishes and mission-stations of the islands of Mindanao



Atás, a pagan tribe, at Bungan, Mindanao

and the Sulú Archipelago. To their lot falls mission work "in the bush" of a very different nature from that of their Manila brethren.

This island of Mindanao, with the adjoining Sulú Islands, possesses an area almost as great as that of the State of Pennsylvania. Very mountainous country, it boasts no railroads and few ordinary vehicle roads. Travel is slow and tortuous. This entire vast and difficult region is entrusted to the Society of Jesus, with the single exception of the small province of Surigao, whose 100,000 souls are administered by the Dutch Fathers of the Sacred Heart. Jesuit missionaries, therefore, must care for 400,000 Catholics, and must try to

bring into the fold 100,000 Aglipayan schismatics and 600,000 pagans and infidels.

Mindanao Catholics

At the present time, the efforts of the Fathers are centred almost exclusively on the Catholic population, whose numbers seem myriad to the overwhelmed missionaries. Forty-two Spanish and American Jesuit priests labor here; but what are they among 400,000? Fifty-nine parishes and several hundred mission-stations have been established; and to each priest falls the impossible task of tending to 10,000 Catholics! Evidently this number of priests must be doubled and quadrupled, if the Catholic population alone is to be cared for.

Paganism and Mohammedanism

And when this question shall have been solved, attention must be given to the other problem of the conversion of the pagans and infidels. This, too, is staggering. Mindanao and Sulú are the last strongholds of Mohammedanism in the Philippines. Fanatical Mohammedans are always difficult to convert, but in this section of the Philippines they live by the hundreds of thousands in mountain fastnesses or on tiny islands that are difficult even to reach. Yet the Holy See, through the General of the Society of Jesus, has designated the



The "help" which came: Left to right: D. J. Sullivan, S.J.; A. M. Thibbitt, S.J.; J. T. Hayes, S.J.; P. Rafferty, S.J.; R. E. Holland, S.J.; James G. Daly, S.J.

(Continued on page 116)

The Mayas of Southern Yucatan

W. E. MARQUARD, S. J.



A Maya relic of Guatemala

SOME dozen years ago the dory of a schooner just arrived from Yucatan put ashore at Belize, British Honduras. Awaiting its coming at the wharf was a physician of that town. He was greeted by the captain of the schooner:

"Here are your cocoanuts, doctor," and a bulging sack was heaved at the doctor's feet.

Had the skipper realized the nature of his "cocoanuts" he might have handled that part of his cargo with greater care. In fact, he might not have handled it at all. The cocoanut sack was nothing more nor less than a bag full of a dead man's bones.

No, this is not a mystery story, at least not of the kind that might be connected with a sack of bones. Mystery there is a-plenty in the lands washed by the Caribbean Sea. Many a tale could those waters tell, of Spanish galleons and hardy buccaneers, of hidden treasure and bloody battle, of voyages of adventure and exploration, and the no less adventurous exploits of the early seekers of souls who inevitably followed up and often enough anticipated the builders of empire.

A People of Mystery

Not the least of these mysteries is that connected with the rise and fall of the race which once peopled the land to the west of the Caribbean. It is the mystery of a people who

came upon the stage from no one knows where, played their part, and vanished, leaving behind them mute evidence of former greatness in the shape of ruined temples and cities and a number of undecipherable records. Only enough is left to tell of a once vast civilization where now the all-embracing tropical wilderness reigns supreme. Like a shroud the "bush" envelops the faded glory of a people that at one time covered a great part of Central America. Men of the present day are working hard in an endeavor to pierce the veil and make the dead give up the story of their former life.

British Honduras, one of the missions of the mid-West Jesuits, is surrounded on all sides by innumerable traces of the former Maya empire. The colony itself contains several sites of once large cities. Some of the Maya cities, from the evidence shown by their ruins, seem to have been large enough to hold a population well up in the hundreds of thousands.

White Men's Bones

The bones which the doctor had been waiting for were not those of any of this mysterious people. They were the bones of white men, of Spaniards. They had come from Bacalar, a town on the lake of that name in southern Yucatan. There they had lain amid the ruins of the town since the day that their owners had been massacred back in the

fifties of the last century during one of the last struggles for independence against the whites on the part of one of the tribes still remaining of the Maya people.

It so happened that a white man had once again ventured into the district, not, however, without the permission of the chief of the tribe. He was in search of mahogany or of chicle, that all essential element in the smooth running of these United States, for which men have toiled and fought and died in the depths of the tropical bush. He had come upon the ruins and the bleaching bones. On his return to Belize, he told the doctor about them, who, being a medical man, was willing enough to acquire a complete skeleton. The chicle man on his next trip gathered up a sackful of bones and sent them down the coast to Belize.

The Living Mayas

But the interest of the missionary is rather with the living than with the dead. There are still a number of Mayas in existence. Little evidence remains to show that they are the survivors of what must have been a highly cultured race in its day. The present-day Mayas are split up into numerous tribes, which have settled down into a state of semi-civilization in the republics of Guatemala and Honduras, and in Yucatan and the western and northern sections of British Honduras. They are an intelligent and docile people. Most of

them are at least nominal Catholics, though, owing to lack of priests and to hostility towards the Church on the part of the governments bordering on British Honduras, they are sadly neglected, except in that colony. Even there much more could be done, were men and means available for the work.

Conflict and Suspicion

The Indians of southern Yucatan, to whom we shall confine the rest of this sketch, have maintained their independence. Little is known of their present number or condition. They are divided apparently into two tribes, the Icaiche and the Santa Cruz, who live in perpetual enmity and have fought many a battle in the little-known territory occupied by them. Only in their hostility to the whites do they seem to be one.

The last serious raid upon the Colony of British Honduras was in 1872, when the Icaiches attacked Orange Walk, a town in the north. They were repulsed by a detachment of troops, and their chief, Marcos Canul, was killed. Since that time the only open threat was in the form of a letter to the Lieutenant-Governor in 1882 from their chief, Santiago Peche. The threat was never carried out.

The Indians are very suspicious of the whites, and it is only with great difficulty that an outsider can obtain permission to enter their territory. Even with permission, he may not penetrate into the interior. From time to time a band of the Santa Cruz makes its appearance in the town of Corozal, in British Honduras, to make a number of necessary purchases. At first, their appearance was the signal for the disappearance of the citizens of the town behind barred doors. But their presence

causes no comment now. Indian file, they march in silence through the streets, looking neither to left nor right. Their objective is the principal store of the town. With their purchases on their backs they file off, to be swallowed up once more by the forests beyond the river whence they came.

A Lost Faith

The Indians at one time came under the influence of the Church. The very name of one tribe, the Santa Cruz, is evidence of this. They have retained to some extent the principles and practices which they learned from the Spanish priests. But how far these have been corrupted by inclusion with the superstitious and idolatrous rites of their pagan ancestors, is not known. Though they will allow no priest among them, the Santa Cruz retain, or did retain up to a few years ago, a "sacristano," one of their own number, who seems to supply the place of a priest. Baptism and marriage are still in vogue. Individuals sometimes have recourse to the Fathers at Corozal or Orange Walk to have their marriages blessed. But the fact that their ceremonies are often performed before the "Santa Cruz," around which their religious life centers, is often the source of considerable annoyance. This is especially true in regard to their baptisms, which are sometimes administered "in the name of the Holy Cross," and are in consequence invalid.

The "Santa Cruz" mentioned above is a cross in possession of the Indians of that name. Its veneration has been perverted to a form of idolatry. It is used as an oracle to settle questions to the advantage of those in power. If the necessity arises of removing an influential rival, the "oracle" sees to the disappearance

of the rival. It is also consulted whenever there is question of raiding the villages of the neighboring Icaiches.

Missionary Attempts

It is to be regretted that the suspicion of the Indians extends to the priests who would minister to their wants. Unfortunately opportunities of working among them are rare. Living, as they do, in Yucatan, they are under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Merida. But the restrictions placed upon the clergy of that district by a bitterly hostile government have ruined the work of centuries and there is no help to be expected from that source.

Attempts have been made from time to time by the Jesuit Fathers of the mission of British Honduras to reestablish posts among the Indians in order to bring them back to the Fold. Beyond a few visits at long intervals to the settlements on their borders, nothing of a permanent nature has been accomplished. At present, these Fathers have all they can do to attend to the needs of their own flocks.

A Challenge

What is required is a man, or a number of men, who could give all their time to the work of caring for the Indians. This work would most likely have to be done without the sanction of the civil authorities of Yucatan. Here is a real missionary field. The man who would undertake the work of conversion, or reconversion, must be prepared to face all that deavor. A new language, an unfriendly people, a life of hardship in the midst of the tropical wilderness,

(Continued on page 116)

A Jesuit Mission

in

British Honduras



Through Perilous China on Foot

PAUL GAGNON, S.J.



A Gateway, Sūchow, where the Canadian Jesuits have a mission

THIS is the first authentic account we have of the details of the deaths of Father C. Vanara, S.J., and Father Henry Dugout, S.J., at Nanking, the pictures of whom we published in the *May* issue. Father Paul Gagnon, S.J., returning last November from India, tried to travel overland through China. What he experienced and what he suffered will give a clear insight into the present condition of China. It will also make us all more fervent in prayer that by the sweat, toil and blood of Catholic missionaries, China may be soon won to the Faith.



FROM Taming-fu in the province of Chihli, China, to Ranchi, India, is the rather long trip I had to make to reach Manresa House where my Superiors sent me for the third year of probation that every Jesuit undergoes after his theological studies. On my return trip, instead of traveling mainly by water as I had done on my way down, for very special reasons I decided to try the land journey. All kinds of hardships and perils were awaiting me and finally the voyage ended up in a compromise, half and half, land and water. If I had only been able to take to the air, what costly loss of time I would have avoided!

The Kingdom of Satan

It was last November on All Souls' Day that I left Ranchi by auto bus. The next hop, from Calcutta to Rangoon, Burmah, was made by steamer. In this paradise of Buddhism, I was treated to a most fairy-like spectacle. The thousands of temples of the city, all elaborately illuminated by electricity, make a unique and never-to-be-forgotten sight. But oh, the sadness of it all! Such beautiful and so numerous temples for the hideous idols of paganism, whilst Almighty God is still the great Unknown in this kingdom of Satan! Would that all these architectural marvels and this lavish wealth were consecrated to the service of the Divine Master, whose

doctrines would bring to these peoples of the Far East the light, the peace and the happiness which they desire!

From Rangoon to Mandalay of Kipling fame and from there to Bhamo was a mere trifle, as the miles were eaten up either by boat or by train. In the latter city, what a pleasure it was to meet a fellow-countryman and chat away at ease about familiar men, towns and cities, thousands of miles away at the other end of the earth! After all, thought I, the world is not so very large, and all over it you meet Apostles of all nationalities, toiling zealously in the vineyard of the Lord. If only more young men would heed the call of the Divine Master to reap the mellow harvest, ripening in the Far East and rotting, one might say, on the fields where they lie, because the workmen are all too few.

Modern traveling conveniences however, were left behind at Bhamo. It



French Marines behind sandbags

was now a question of "footing" it. Only 120 miles was the first lap to the nearest important city of China, Tengyueh in the province of Yunnan.

Footing it Through China

Dressed up in Chinese garb, I followed my Chinese guide through the jungle, up mountain paths, down into ravines and gorges, through mountain torrents, along cliffs and dangerous precipices. The scenery was gorgeous and many a time was I tempted to stop for a snapshot, but my imperious guide, anxious to arrive at his home town, refused to linger and maintained a pace that would have made a champion globe-trotter jealous. I preferred losing the scenery to losing my way through this country infested with bandits. Minor incidents, sometimes of an amusing kind were not lacking. Amongst others, I happened to meet a middle-aged woman in the throes of some strange malady which rendered breathing very difficult. Her husband was pounding her on the back, thinking this, no doubt, to be the most efficacious method of bringing back either normal respiration or death. I intervened and offered a strong dose of boiling coffee, which I had immediately started to prepare out of my provisions. The remedy gave prompt relief, perhaps to the despair of the man, anyhow to the extreme joy of the poor suffering woman.

A Prisoner of War

Arriving at Tengyueh on the 30th of November, I was greeted by the British consul, Mr. Harding, with a cordial, though somewhat unusual, welcome.

"Father, just make yourself at home. But I regret to say that you are now a prisoner."

Well, if all prisons were like the one I enjoyed in Tengyueh, a prisoner's life would not be so gloomy. The

only cloud on the horizon was the uncertainty of our situation. We never knew just how it would all turn out, and the morrow might have seen us lined up in front of a firing squad, with a cross on our hearts to serve as targets for shooting practice. And then again the delay was most annoying. It was only on the 24th of December that I succeeded in continuing my journey.

Brigands and Soldiers

Prisoner? Whose prisoner? Why? A thousand and one similar questions I aimed at Mr. Harding. This is what I learned. An army of brigands had captured the city and held all foreigners as hostages. Mr. Harding was forced to negotiate terms of peace with the provincial army about to attack the rebels. If the terms were not satisfactory, we had the pleasant prospect of being carried off into the mountains and some day perhaps leisurely disposed of, as too cumbersome baggage. Luckily Mr. Harding succeeded in obtaining what the rebels desired. After the departure of our captors, came the regulars. But my prison days were not yet over. The prison walls were, as before, the city limits, and I was allowed to enjoy the social life of the little foreign colony of the city, but not to resume my journey, for I would be sure to fall once more into robbers' hands. I finally moved on to Ta-li-fu and from there to Yun-nan-fu, but—as army excess baggage. Never again shall I have such a splendid escort. Soldiers in front of me, soldiers behind me, well protected indeed was I by this light brigade of 1,500 men. Nevertheless, the soldier's life I shared would make no one envious.

Just plain rice and tea tonic, sometimes three times a day; long and tedious marches along muddy mountain roads with nothing but ramshackle huts and abandoned stables for lodging. Christmas night I spent in one of these stables. Imagine the wonderful setting I had for meditating on that memorable night in Bethlehem when the Christ-Child chose similar surroundings for His entrance into the world. But the consolation was not mine of offering up the Holy Sacrifice until the 6th of January in Ta-li-fu. Would that the sweet little Babe of Bethlehem were loved and adored by more wise men of the East!

An American Carmelite

In Yun-nan-fu where I arrived on the 30th of January, I decided to give up my trip through China on account of the country's unsettled and troubled conditions. So by train and

automobile I made my way to Haiphong in Tonking. In Hanoi I had the pleasure of meeting, or rather of speaking to, a Carmelite nun, born in the United States. Her hidden life of prayer and sacrifice, within monastery walls in the Far East, for the conversion of the millions of heathens around her, seemed to make her all the more joyous and light-hearted, if I am to judge by the merry voice and laughter that came from behind the veil and grate. The world cannot imagine the peace and joy which overwhelm those who generously abandon for our God and King all that the world prizes most.

Shanghai in War-time

When I landed in Shanghai the 5th of March, four months after leaving Ranchi, scenes of warfare again fell upon my eyes. Men-of-war in the harbor, the streets of the foreign settlement decorated with sand-bags and barbed wire, foreign soldiers of all nationalities busy constructing defence works. Seventeen days later, severe fighting between Northerners and Cantonese took place near the Railway Station in the Chapel quarter. The nuns in the Institution of the Holy Family together with their pupils, orphan girls, old women and refugees, some 300 in all, found themselves suddenly under cross-fire. Bullets and shells were soon flying through their house, so the inmates were forced to take shelter in the cellar. A fire then broke out in the chapel and several nuns worked feverishly to extinguish it. After two days of anguish and suffering in this precarious situation, they were finally saved by Father Jacquinot, who took advantage of a lull in the fighting to bring all the inmates of the convent to foreign soil. The British consul also tried to intervene but was refused safe passage. So Father Jacquinot took his chances alone. He was twice wounded, though not seriously, during his act of heroism.

How Two Jesuits Died!

On the 25th we learned by radio of



Faithful Mission boys. Such as these tried in vain to save Fathers Vanara and Dugout.

the deaths of two of our Fathers, killed the day previous in Nanking, during the now famous taking of that city by the Cantonese. Fathers Dugout, S.J., and Vanara, S.J., were eating breakfast, when a servant hurried in and told them to escape immediately, for the soldiers were out to kill them. Both hastily left by one of the side doors. But already sentinels were in waiting and as they passed by, the two Jesuits were shot down in cold blood. Father Vanara's beard was burned by the powder, so close to him had the soldiers fired. Death was instantaneous. Father Dugout was badly wounded and abandoned by his murderers. Had not the Chinese Red Cross refused to give him the medical assistance a faithful servant implored for him, on the grounds that he was "a foreign devil," who knows but he might have been saved? The two other Fathers in the College managed to hide in the houses of Chinese Catholics. Other Fathers from outlying districts arrived in Shanghai after narrowly escaping death many a time, giving us details as to how the Cantonese wantonly destroyed

(Continued on page 116)

JUNE, 1927.

VOLUME I, No. 6.

Jesuit Missions

A Magazine of Apostolic Endeavor

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

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Communications pertaining to editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief; those referring to business matters to the Managing Editor.

Six years ago, in March, 1921, a small band of American Jesuits from the Missouri Province, took possession of the mission of Patna, India, with its many miles of territory and its twenty millions of Pagans to be evangelized and won for Christ. Had JESUIT MISSIONS been in existence at that time, it would have hastened to congratulate the mid-western Jesuits on the rare privilege which was theirs in assuming so arduous and difficult a mission field. As it is, we can now bear testimony to the fact that the apostolic work of the Missouri Jesuits in the Patna Mission has not only born rich fruits in that far-distant field, but has fanned to a flame missionary zeal in the hearts of fellow Jesuits at home and in the hearts of those who profit by their ministry.

On Easter Sunday, April 17, 1927, an event similar in importance to the Patna transfer happened, to the advantage of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus. On **The Philippine Mission** that day by a decree of the Very Reverend Father General of the Society, the Philippine Mission with its colleges, seminaries, schools, parishes, and mission stations was transferred to the Eastern Jesuits and removed from the jurisdiction of the Spanish Jesuits of the Aragon Province. JESUIT MISSIONS offers its hearty congratulations to the Eastern Jesuits on the acquisition of this new apostolic task; all the more so because it is a task so big and complicated that it will tax their zeal, their man-power, their resources to the uttermost.

A perusal of the first article of this issue will convince the most casual reader of the singular difficulty of this new task. There is a significance in the event,

however, that might escape not only the casual but the very careful reader. The chances for the triumph of the Faith in other far-eastern countries are certain to be profoundly affected **A Strategic Point** favorably or unfavorably according as the fight to retain the Filipinos in the ranks of Catholic peoples is successful or unsuccessful. The success of Protestantism in the Philippines would, we think, react badly on Catholic missionary efforts elsewhere in the Far East. A glance at the map will show that the Philippines lie directly in the path of all the trade-routes of the Far East. The islands militantly Catholic would do much in aid of the conversion of India and China. If there is anywhere a strategic position of supreme importance in the far-flung missionary line of Catholicism, that position is the Philippines today.

And yet since the American occupation American Catholics have been strangely indifferent to the new tests which have been put upon the Faith **America's Failure** of our Filipino wards and which they were unprepared to meet. Writing in the *Extension Magazine* for May, 1927, the Reverend Eugene McGuinness, LL.D., who has just completed a personal investigation of the Philippines says: "To the everlasting discredit of the United States, little concern was felt for the spiritual care of this island possession, and save for the continued interest of the Philadelphia Archdiocese, small help in the way of personnel has been given. Were it not that an 'S. O. S.' call went to the countries of Europe to supply priests, the fifteen from the 'States' would have made little impress upon a people taught to look upon the American nation as Protestant. Today there are but forty-five Americans doing missionary work in the Philippines, forty of whom are Jesuits."

We have in our possession a pamphlet entitled: "Why Protestants are needed in the Philippines?" which is sold by a Protestant publishing house in the Philippine Islands. The answer to that pamphlet should be the **Philippines DO Need** sending to the Philippines in ever increasing numbers Catholic priests who

will teach the Filipinos how to battle according to the American Catholic way in defence of the religion of their birth and their ancestors for the last four hundred years. The defence of Catholicity in our Island possessions is a task which beckons to the whole Church in America. It is not a task that can be adequately handled by any one single organization. A grand alliance could definitely win in a few years the battle to keep the Philippines wholly Catholic and to train the Filipinos for their own defence.



MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

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

IT has been a month since Father James Marquette, S. J., with Louis Joliet and their woodsmen reached the Mississippi. They are received in friendship by Peorias, Tuxcaroras, and Akameas. From the latter they learn definitely that the endless river empties into the Mexican Gulf. Now their two birchbark canoes are turned northward and—but go on with the story from here.

PART VI

The Long Paddle



WHEN began what came to be known in the expedition as "The Long Paddle." It had been comparatively easy to descend the Great Water and, after the fashioning of the raft, easier. But now when they left the Akamea village astern and turned their bows northward, new difficulties met the voyagers.

Wearry league after league the little party, now shaggy-haired and long-bearded, fought their way up the silent mile-wide tide. They avoided the main current as much as possible by seeking the opposite bank or the easy water back of black islands. The constant paddling upstream taxed the energies of each to the utmost, and they were able to ascend at the most four or five leagues, paddling from dusk to dawn.

They were working up a low cut-bank through a narrow chute back of an island where the sycamores almost met overhead. Marquette's canoe was an hundred feet ahead of Joliet's and was taking a sharp bend in the cut-off when it suddenly came upon a raft, being poled rapidly downstream. On the raft were an Indian, his squaw, and three children.

Quick steering averted a collision. The brave drooped his pole and sprang for his studded war club. Jean and Peter had their guns raised, as Marquette held up the calumet that always lay beside him. When the

brave saw the peace pipe he lowered his club.

"We come in peace," cried the Blackrobe in Illinois and he was delighted to hear the strange Indian answer him in the same language.

"We also have peace in all our hearts."

The two boys and a girl who were on the raft had stubbed its progress and Joliet's canoe, now coming up, lay beyond Marquette's. The Blackrobe covered for a long time with the Indian. Then he translated aloud:

"This is Struck By Cow, with his squaw and children. The brave says a large party of Chickasaws crossed the river above us last night and is raiding and burning. His boy here, Squirrel Legs, caught sight of the Chickasaws' canoes and the family had time to hide and flee downstream. Struck By Cow says the Chickasaws will head for his village which is about two leagues above. There will be much fighting, for there is a large body of warriors in the village and they will have several scores to settle with their enemies."

Marquette and Joliet made a present of food and beads to the refugee family and when they had disappeared around the lower turn in the chute, the two white men went into council.

Their decision was to camp and sleep till it was dark. Then paddle upstream and try to escape the notice of the raiding Chickasaws.

It turned out to be a black night with no stars. The expedition paddled out of the chute and into the vaster blackness of the river.

Two hours later, the canoes were coming to the upper end of a reach and rounding a point, when they began to notice, reflected in the skies, the glow of a distant fire. With the dark bulk of the point astern and while they were padding across the wide river to get out of the current, the glow became yellow flames mounting high into the sky.

Something bumped into Marquette's canoe. Before it caromed off into the darkness astern, the Blackrobe looked down and saw a huddled stranger with streaks of pale paint in strange designs. Crow Dog whispered: "Ugh! Master, it is not good to meet a dead body in the water."

As the canoes crept along the slave boy had the glasses on the distant glow in the skies. He exclaimed:

"That is not a forest fire! Master look through Makes Far Away Come Near and you will see cabins. That is the village of the fleeing family being put to the flame."

The river was about a mile wide here and even under the further bank, along which the two canoes crept, the reflection began to make a reddish glow. A sudden change of wind brought the war cries across the water. The trees and dense undergrowth on an island before the village, that up to this had obstructed the view, slid out of the way. The white men in the two canoes suddenly had an unforgettable sight of a raid in progress.

The Blackrobe held his glasses to his eyes. Against the leaping flames

of the flimsy reed cabins were silhouetted the dark figures of warriors fighting furiously. The ruddy glare threw dancing shadows high up on the trees. A tiny group almost over the water's edge were struggling, and further along another silent group showed where the squaws and children captives were held.

Again the wind brought the harsh war cries, faint from the distance, and the wailing songs of the captives.

Needlessly, Joliet urged the woodsmen to greater exertion and the canoes were paddled on until the burning village ceased to light up the bearded faces in the canoes and the waving reflections were lost on the water.

Then Crow Dog's sharp eye discovered another cutoff. Marquette drove his canoe into the dark tunnel and a few turns shut off all sounds of the fighting across the river.

Several hours later, before the gray of dawn broke, the tired voyagers went ashore in a thick growth that dripped with moss.

All that next day, sentries woke their successors and then dropped into exhausted sleep. When night came, the Long Paddle against the current of the Great Water was resumed.

Buffaloes' Leap

An uneventful week of heart-breaking paddling followed. Dusk had fallen an hour ago on a hard day and Marquette and Joliet had not yet decided on the night's camp. Then as they were taking advantage of an eddy and drawing away from the dark mass of an island, Crow Dog whispered excitedly:

"Blackrobe Master, look!"

Quite distinctly upstream appeared several moving lights. Their reflection showed that they were over the water. Joliet called across from the other canoe:

"My Father, it will be prudent to anchor here and investigate. That may be a Chickasaw encampment, though I think we are above their usual territory and approaching the place where we met the Tuscarora hunting party."

So the two canoes were turned into the dark western shore. As they drew nearer they made out the blacker bulk of a low cliff and below a narrow shelving shore. Here out of the main current anchors were let go and a guard posted.

Again the lights upstream moved and Joliet, when the Blackrobe relieved him, reported that he thought he had heard shoutings. During Marquette's watch growlings came from the neighboring cliff and once he heard animals fighting furiously. He

recognized the howlings of wolves and the sharp yelps of coyotes.

Once the listening Blackrobe thought he heard in the distance dogs barking. He reasoned:

"Where there are dogs there are friendly Indians. For if these forest children were on the warpath they would leave their dogs in the villages."

No Flesh at Marquette's side was alert all night and growled repeatedly. Whenever the Blackrobe put his hand on his bound he found him trembling.

When the weird night was almost over the snarlings beyond the cliff ceased. The Blackrobe, his rosary slipping through his fingers, watched the first break in the eastern horizon broaden. Sounds multiplied the awakening chirp of birds—the songs of mockers—especially loud was the far-off hammering of a woodpecker. A jay with flash of blue wing sat on a twig over the water. The shadows deserted the tangled purple underbrush. Then came the cool dim gray of the late July morning. The increasing light showed that the low cliff terminated scarcely two hundred yards upstream.

As Marquette prayed and watched he saw something swimming downstream. At first, he thought it was an animal. Then as the swimming thing came closer, through his glasses he made it out to be a boy. With splashing overhand strokes the boy headed for the anchored canoes. The Blackrobe woke Crow Dog. The slave boy took the glasses and recognized the swimmer.

"Ugh! Master, that is Found in the Grass. I will meet him."

Crow Dog dove over the side and struck out towards the Tuscarora lad. When the two were alongside, Found in the Grass smiled up and announced:

"He Hurls a Good Spear, my father, saw you from the cliff. He sent me to tell you that Stands First is upstream. We know the captain wishes you to share his fire."

The small Tuscarora gladly climbed over the stern of the Blackrobe's canoe. Soon the canoes were driven around the end of the point and there above the low shore were the hunting cabins of a large party of Tuscaroras.

Stands First welcomed the white men gravely. At the conclusion of his speech he opened the amulet pouch that hung on his breast and took out a small medal of Mary Immaculate.

"White man with the blackrobe, this is good war medicine. I have worn it in my amulet since you gave it to me. You paddled downstream and bad news came to our cabins. The squaws raised the Death Song. All our brothers who crossed the Great Water were ambushed by our ene-

mies, the Chickasaws. I took a larger party. We crossed the Great Water. Our spies followed the trail and saw the Chickasaws. They did not see our spies. We fell on them at dawn. Many Chickasaws did not see the sun again. I took six scalp-locks of our enemies. My warriors took more. We crossed back with nine captives. When they died our brothers were avenged. This is good war medicine you gave me. My heart is grateful. White man with the blackrobe, stay with us awhile and we will fill your bellies with meat, for the buffaloes are plentiful."

Stands First told Marquette that his Tuscaroras were preparing for a great slaughter of buffaloes. The white men decided to remain for it.

Early next morning Marquette with Crow Dog and Found in the Grass set out for the place where they could watch the great hunt. The three followed a beaten trail along the bank of the Great Water till they came to a small grove of oaks that grew near the edge of a ravine.

"White man and Crow Dog, you come with me and I will show you where to watch the hunt," called out Found in the Grass importantly.

The small Tuscarora had led his companions to an oak tree near the edge of the ravine. Like a pair of squirrels the two boys climbed till they were hidden in the branches. Found in the Grass called down:

"White man, come up quickly, for already I see the decoys."

Somewhat slower, the Blackrobe climbed up the tree. Near the eager boys, he braced himself in a crotch between stout branches.

He discovered that the oak overlooked the water where the expedition had anchored for the night. Westward the elevation commanded a view of a rolling prairie. South of the oaks lay the ravine, with a drop of, maybe, thirty feet.

Marquette turned his glasses and saw the dust raised by a slowly moving mass of buffaloes. Found in the Grass estimated them to be a herd of, at least, five hundred animals.

"Five hundred buffaloes!" exclaimed the Blackrobe, "the Tuscaroras will not need that much meat, will they?"

"No," replied Found in the Grass. "When the herd goes over this cliff here, there will be brown-and-red heaps of buffaloes piled twenty feet high. The squaws will attack these with their knives. They only take the tongue and the flesh from the ribs. This flesh is divided into half and then spread on wooden gratings, three or four feet high. Bright fires smoke this meat. When it is rolled and dried it will keep for a long time."

"But what of the rest of carcasses?"

"White man, they belong to the wolves." Found in the Grass informed him. "The crows will tell them. All the wolves and coyotes within a day's lope from from here will arrive tonight at this ravine we call Buffalo's Leap. You will hear them. They fight over the flesh. You come back with me tomorrow and you will see the buzzards will have many wolves bodies, besides buffaloes to feast on."

"What a useless slaughter!" thought Marquette. "These Tuscaroras will eat their fill now and very likely starve when the winter comes. The Indians are all heedless children!"

The Blackrobe looked again and saw that the herd had moved nearer. The keen-sighted Found in the Grass informed him:

"The hunters have surrounded that herd and they are all dead buffaloes. The foolish animals do not know it yet, but our hunters are already driving them over Buffalo's Leap."

Marquette glanced down at the steep cut in the earth and now noticed for the first time the bleached skulls and bones that lay about the bottom of the ravine.

"Twice a year," the Tuscarora had informed him, "our hunters drive the buffaloes over this cliff. It is easier than hunting them with bows and arrows."

Crow Dog saw the bleached skulls and they reminded him:

"Blackrobe Master, when I was with my master, Bear's Head, the Sioux boys used such skulls. They called them Buffalo Canoes. They would save the large ones from the hunt till the snow came. Then they would take their skulls to the hillside where it was slippery. Ugh! It was much fun to sit in the skull and race down the frozen hill, guiding the Buffalo Canoe by the twin horns. Sometimes the canoes would collide and we would roll over and over till we were buried in a snowbank at the foot of the hill. It was much fun! I saw two boys break their legs once."

The Blackrobe interrupted his story:

"Found in the Grass, are these hunters too?"

Marquette pointed. Some Tuscaroras were coming up under the oaks and their squaws dragged huge buffalo skins. Found in the Grass explained:

"These decoys will show themselves, when the herd is close. They will lead them towards the ravine. Wait and see."

The herd was being invisibly driven near and nearer to the oak grove. Father Marquette swept the horizon with his glasses. He saw no signs of

Tuscaroras, though he knew a hundred hunters were scattered in an invisible circle around the doomed herd. Then into his vision came several wolves.

"They are not real wolves, white man," Found in the Grass replied, when Marquette called out his discovery. "They are creeping Tuscarora decoys hidden under wolf heads. The buffalo allow wolves near them. But when the time comes these men will stand up and throw off their skins."

The nearby decoys had crept under the buffalo skins and had taken their places beyond the oak grove. Several old bulls on the outer edge of the herd were rolling on the ground like horses in a field. Beyond them a cow with her calf grazing nearby, was throwing up eddies of dust with her hoofs.

An old bull now noticed one of the prairie wolves. He raised his massive head suspiciously. Then reassured, the bull looked fixedly at the seemingly harmless smaller animal. He lowered his head and uttered a dull and muffled roar. After that he went on grazing. The prairie wolf edged closer and the bull and cow and calf moved nearer to the oak grove. The two Indian boys sat silently watching their elders skillfully driving the herd to its destruction.

Now the Tuscaroras with the buffalo heads and skins imperceptibly rose out of the prairie grass and showed themselves to the advancing herd. Several bulls eyed the lone buffaloes suspiciously and then resumed their grazing. Suddenly Found in the Grass whispered:

"Watch now, white man. See those three old bulls there." He pointed to the nearer animals. "See their tails are twitching. They have winded some hunters. They know that men are near and they are suspicious. Those are sure signs. Soon the hunters will show themselves. But we must not yell, for we are in the way the buffaloes are to pass and we must not frighten them."

Through the glasses it was evident that a feeling of uneasiness was spreading over the entire herd. Dull and muffled bellowings had increased. The calves sought the sides of their mothers. Massive bulls were gathering in an outer fringe around the herd. They were furiously pawing the ground like angry rams. Marquette could imagine their reddish eyes glaring under bristling tufts of brown hair.

Then a bull on the further edge of the herd tossed his head and bellowed. As if that was the pre-arranged signal the circle of prairie wolves threw off their skins and stood up. Arrow after arrow was dis-

charged into the violently whirling mass. Somewhere off to the westward guns boomed and Crow Dog shouted:

"The woodsmen are firing their thundersticks! The woodsmen are firing their thundersticks!"

A ring of arrows encircled the trapped herd on all sides except towards the oak grove and the hidden ravine. The watchers saw the huge animals move towards them.

Now the decoy buffaloes that had been standing as if grazing threw up their shaggy heads and began to lumber nearer. Close behind them came the van of the thundering herd, now headed directly for the ravine. When the Tuscarora decoys were under the oaks they suddenly threw off the buffalo hides and swung into the branches overhead.

The first of the maddened animals were scarcely a hundred feet away. The Blackrobe and the two boys felt the ground shake and the oak swayed as though an earthquake was on. All three clung to the branches. Through the clouds of dust that rose up and choked them, they had occasional glimpses of the almost solid brown tide that poured by underneath their oak. Bulls and cows milled about, tiny dead calves lifted up by the crush of many bodies were carried along on the backs of the adult animals.

One caught in a lower branch. Found in the Grass, yelling at the top of his voice, scrambled down to push it off. The boy was jarred loose and lost his balance. He clutched wildly and a branch snapped. Down he fell on the struggling calf. Both dropped lower and landed on the back of an immense bull. The boy grabbed the hairy hide and was carried along.

Crow Dog shouted and Marquette saw the small Tuscarora clutch desperately at a branch of a tree nearer the edge of the ravine. Then a dust cloud rolled up. Crow Dog shouted above the din: "Master, hold on! This tree will go and we will go with it. We are all dead men!"

But the Blackrobe did not hear him. He was thinking of the cheerful little Tuscarora who had been swept to his death. He prayed:

"Mary Immaculate, keep him here until I have the opportunity to reach him! If you have ever heard my prayers, hear them now!"

Below like a brown river in flood the rest of the herd milled by.

Father Marquette remembered the ravine and he shifted his position. There, behind them, where the sheer side of the cliff began, he saw the maddened buffaloes disappearing into the depths of the ravine like logs over

(Continued on page 116)



Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J.

Autobiography of Kauilks Metatcopnin

WITH this issue Father Joseph Cataldo, S.J., closes the series of his edifying memoirs, which began in the January number and have charmed hundreds of our readers. The experiences narrated were selected from many which marked an apostolic career of sixty years amongst the Indians of the Northwest. The Blackrobe is now over ninety years of age and though "three times broken," which is the signification of his Indian name, still "carries on" for Christ, leading his Indian charges to a deeper love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus.



HE Nez Percé War of 1877 ruined the bright prospects that Father Cataldo held for converting practically this whole tribe. The Indians themselves had become embittered and suspicious besides being scattered, and the crowning obstacle was the opening of the reservation to the whites.

In June of the same year, 1877, Father Cataldo had been appointed Superior of all the missions of the Society of Jesus in the Northwest. The duties of his new office obliged him to appoint another priest to tend the needs of the Catholic Nez Percé Indians. As Superior it was his duty to visit in the course of each year the Jesuit missions scattered on both slopes of the Rockies in Montana, in the timber clearings of Idaho, along the water-courses of Washington. There were over 50,000 Indians under the spiritual care of the Jesuit missionaries.

A College at Spokane

Wishing to have for his headquarters some central point between all these missions, Father Cataldo chose Spokane Falls as most suitable for this purpose. After some difficulty, land was acquired in 1882 and the plans for a college at Spokane Falls were drawn up. The college was the first brick building in what is now the city of Spokane; its establishment greatly influenced the future of the then struggling village of wooden shanties. The years 1884 and 1885 saw the Superior far from his mountain missions, but still engaged earnestly in their behalf. He attended the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and after its close, at the repeated request of Archbishop Seghers,

set sail for Europe to recruit missionaries for the Rocky Mountain Missions and for the Archbishop's cherished plan: a mission in Alaska. Returning from this enterprise late in 1885, Father Cataldo assigned two Fathers and a Brother to undertake under Archbishop Seghers' guidance the arduous task of bringing the Faith of Christ to the Eskimos of Alaska.

So through the years of his Superiorship Father Cataldo was taken up with the work of the Indian Missions on a larger and more extensive scale, but he was not altogether taken away from intimate contact with his beloved Indians. When he was not visiting the missions, he was devoting himself as much as he could to the Spokanes and Nez Percés. Among the interesting incidents that occurred at this time are the following:

Cruelty and Murder

Once when Bishop Brondel was passing through Spokane Falls on his way to assume his newly delegated duties of Vicar-Apostolic of Montana, a shameful and cruel act was perpetrated against a young Spokane Indian. Some whites who were driving cattle through the village struck with a cow-whip this young Indian, who naturally enough was enraged at the insult and mistreatment. He went to his tepee, stripped himself, painted and greased his body in Indian war fashion, took his gun, and returned to town to search for and kill the man who had whipped him. Some of the townspeople told the authorities; a sheriff disarmed and arrested the revengeful brave. As there was no jail he was chained to the wall of an empty cabin. Some hours later, a gun was pushed through the window

of the shack and fired at the young Indian, mortally wounding him. The murderer himself, or another person, informed the officials, who sent word to the Indian's relatives to come and take him to their tepee.

Christian Forgiveness

The Indians carried the wounded man as far as the College grounds, and as his condition prevented them from going further, they put up a tepee for him alongside the house of the Fathers. Father Joset went to attend the dying man. The parent of the young Indian told the priest that, if his son died, he would kill every white man he could, even though they should finally kill him. Father Joset called Father Cataldo to the case. He went, spoke to the dying man and told him he should make a good Confession to prepare himself to appear before the tribunal of Almighty God. After a short exhortation the Indian declared himself ready to do what was necessary to save his soul. Before he confessed, when Father Cataldo asked him whether he would forgive his enemy, the young Indian answered:

"Did you not tell me that I must prepare myself to die well, that I must make a good confession? How could I dare to ask pardon from God, if I did not pardon my enemy? You speak to me the words of God, and in the place of God, so I am ready to do all you tell me, and I forgive my enemy."

An Afflicted Father

After he had made his Confession and received the Last Sacraments, the Indian urged the Blackrobe to soften his father's heart against the assass-

sin. Father Cataldo called the dying man's father and exhorted him to accede to his son's request: to forgive their enemy and to give up his plan for revenge. The Indian listened respectfully, but refused to suppress his desire for vengeance, and when the priest continued to urge him, he broke down and replied:

"You, Blackgown, are very good. You say good things, I should listen to your words. I know that they are the words of God. But I am a poor old Indian; how can I forgive the man who killed my son and remain here on earth destitute? It is better for me to die, but before dying I must have a good revenge."

As the old Indian seemed fixed in his purpose, Father Cataldo returned to the College and told Bishop Brondel all that had happened. He then requested the Bishop to visit the dying man and also to speak to his father. The Bishop very willingly complied and spoke to both. When the old man saw and heard the Bishop, he said:

"Great Blackgown, you don't know in what condition I am; so you think it is easy for me to forgive. My son is not only a son to me, but also a father. I am too old now to work and obtain the necessities of life, but my son gives me all I need. Now that he dies, I lose my son and father. How can I forgive and live? Is it not better for me to die after having my revenge? Yet I should like to forgive, if I could. Pray for me, perhaps God will give me His help to do what you tell me I should do."

"Now, I Will Forgive"

In a short time the young Indian died. His funeral was a very solemn one, Bishop Brondel officiating, and the burial was at St. Michael's Mission. After the funeral Father Cataldo again called the old man and sought to persuade him to forgive the criminal act. His reply now was:

"Do you really think that my son is saved? If you can assure me that he is, perhaps I may make up my mind to forgive his murderer."

The Blackrobe told him that as his son had forgiven his enemy, assuredly Almighty God had forgiven him, and if he had any sorrow it would be caused by his father's obstinacy in not forgiving also. Then the old man said:

"For the sake of my son I will do anything. I will try to save my soul in order to see my son again in Heaven. Now I will forgive."

A Difficult Question

At Slickpoo one of the most fervent of the Nez Percé neophytes was Mat-

thew, whose office it was to announce all events connected with the Church. Before the feast days and special services he would go through the Indian camp announcing in a loud voice what was to take place in the church. In the mornings also he might be heard shouting to the Indians:

"Get up and wash your faces and go to Church! Get up fast and don't be lazy."

One day he surprised Father Cataldo by saying:

"Blackrobe, I have a serious question to ask, but do not laugh at me. How is Jesus dressed in Heaven?"

The priest smiled, but the good man earnestly went on:



Father Cataldo's Church at Slickpoo

"I told you not to laugh at me, and now you are making fun of me: I asked this question to see whether my dream of last night at Benediction was true or not. I saw Jesus blessing all of us in the congregation and He was attended on each side by both of you Fathers."

The missionary told him that he must have been drowsy and had a nice dream; that Jesus in Heaven is dressed in such a beautiful light that we cannot comprehend it.

Another time Matthew came and very seriously told Father Cataldo that the way Confessions were heard in the church was not the proper way, because, as there was no witness present, the Indians would accuse themselves of only half their sins.

"You, Blackgown, when you hear the Confessions of the Indians again, you call me, Matthew, to the confessional and let me hear what each one says, and when each one says he has no more sins, then I, Matthew, will tell what I know he has done and did not accuse himself of."

He was answered that Confession is a part of the Sacrament instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and the priest was to follow the method of Jesus and not Matthew's.

Nuns to the Rescue

Father Cataldo was relieved of Superiorship of the missions in 1893. The years that followed saw him engaged in various places; for a time he labored among the Crow Indians in Eastern Montana; he was stationed with the Umatilla Indians in Oregon; for two years he devoted himself to the Indians of Alaska at Nome and Nulato; finally in August, 1904, he

found himself again assigned to his own Catholic Nez Percés at Slickpoo. A school for the Indian children had been started there in 1901, but as very few Sisters could be found to conduct the classes, the Indians complained that it was not what they wanted for their children. On his arrival, Father Cataldo found but one nun, a Sister of St. Joseph, and two novices in charge of the school. All three were rather delicate but they were teaching, cooking for all the children, mending and laundering the clothes, prefecting and caring for all, both boys and girls. Seeing that it was impossible to continue in that fashion, Father Cataldo returned to Spokane and stated the need of nuns to his Superior. The Bishop of Boise was informed of the matter but, as he was unable to furnish help, he recommended that the missionary should go East to obtain volunteers and recruits for the Nez Percé Mission. The Blackrobe made Philadelphia the scene of his campaign. With the permission and assistance of Archbishop

Ryan, and God blessing the project, he was able to return with twelve postulants for the Sisterhood at St. Joseph's Mission, Slickpoo. Three years later when Father Cataldo was again summoned to other labors, this community of Sisters at Slickpoo numbered about forty devoted and zealous members.

The Past Twelve Years

It was not till 1915 that the missionary returned again to the Nez Percé Indians at Slickpoo. He has been there with them ever since. A few events have occurred during this time that are noteworthy.

In August, 1916, the school buildings at Slickpoo were almost totally destroyed by fire. Wooden sheds were constructed with the hope that new and permanent accommodations would be provided in the spring to shelter the Sisters and children. A collection for funds was started, but help was slow in coming. Some of these buildings are still in use.

The name, "Kauiliks Metacopnin," was given to Father Cataldo in 1923, after he had received the third bone fracture of his career. Falling one day, he fractured a hip; it has been very slow in mending.

A Heartrending Tragedy

In October, 1924, another fire broke out in Slickpoo, this time with more tragic results. It is thought an overheated lamp exploded, starting the fire that destroyed the boys' dormitory building. The young Indians had but shortly retired when the flames broke out. Fortunately, Sister Superior saw the fire and with heroic calm and presence of mind, she aroused the boys and guided them all from the building to safety. Four of the youngsters had, in the hurry to escape, left behind some clothes, and as the night was cool they rushed back into the building to recover them. Trapped by the flames, only their charred remains were found after the fire had burnt itself out. In the chill of the night, another youth caught cold which developed into pneumonia. He died a few days later. An appeal for help sent to the Catholic friends of the Indian Missions met with a generous and immediate response. This tragedy was the most heart-rending experience of all Father Cataldo's years on the Indian Missions. Since this fire, a concrete fire-proof building has been erected to accommodate the Indian boys of the Mission. Father Cataldo hopes to see a similar building erected soon for the girls.

(THE END)

THE PHILIPPINE MISSION

(Continued from page 105)

Maryland-New York province of Jesuits to bring them the light of Faith. What an honor this implies! What a vista it opens to our eyes of years of ceaseless hidden toil in mountain and jungle, of countless American lives spent, perhaps even in bloody holocaust, to help bring the knowledge of Christ to souls who know Him not!

Lesser Apostolic Works

Besides these two great divisions—the educational enterprises in Manila and the rough mission work in Mindanao—there are at present conducted by Jesuits in the Philippines a number of other works, important in themselves, though less conspicuous as we attempt to survey the great field of labor as a whole. Among these must be included the chaplaincy of Culián, the largest leper colony in the world, where are stationed two Fathers and a lay-brother; the Collegiate Church of San Ignacio in Manila with its magnificent sodality for Manila ladies; the parish of American Catholics in Manila; the retreats for priests and for laymen at the retreat-house of Santa Ana; the polemical work on lecture-platform and in press by Fathers Haberstroh, Avery, Mulry and McNeal, and numerous and difficult chaplaincies in Manila, such as that of the huge Bilibid penitentiary, of the General Hospital, of Saint Paul's Hospital, of San Lazaro Leper Hospital, of the University dormitories, of the Good Shepherd Convent, and of the sailors of the American Fleet.

Your Prayerful Help

This Philippines Mission then is a varied field of labor,—from its highly polemical campaign among Manila's "intelligentsia," to its elementary teaching of catechism to primitive tree-dwellers in Mindanao's mountains. Since 1581 this territory has been ardently cultivated by Spanish Jesuits; with what success, is testified even by those bitter anti-clericals who gave evidence before the Taft Commission in 1901. Quite naturally now, with the Philippine Islands under American control, the Jesuit Mission in the Philippines is placed under the direction of the American Jesuits. Their responsibility is very great; their task entirely beyond their strength, unless aided ceaselessly by veritable torrents of God's all-conquering grace. The prayerful cooperation of all American friends is earnestly requested.

THE MAYAS OF SOUTHERN YUCATAN

(Continued from page 107)

a more or less complete separation from the outside world; these and more would be the lot of one who would venture among the Mayas of southern Yucatan. It is the price required for bringing these people back, not perhaps to the glory of the earthly empire which once was theirs, but to the glory of the children of God.

THROUGH PERILOUS CHINA ON FOOT

(Continued from page 109)

statues and holy pictures, desecrated churches, pillaged the mission property, and when they did not put the owner out, prevented him from exercising his ministry. What times of anguish and hardship the Church in China is going through! May that poor country soon find the peace she so badly needs! May the untold sufferings and trials of the missionaries and faithful lead to an era of numerous conversions to the only Church of Christ, and may the terrible loss the Mission has suffered in the deaths of the heroic Fathers Dugout and Vanara not be in vain. Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come in China!

MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

(Continued from page 113)

a falls. Fifty of the shaggy animals went over and another fifty crowded and milled and were pushed onward to their own destruction.

Sick at heart Marquette turned away, thinking of the small Tuscarora beneath those struggling beasts. A shout from Crow Dog attracted the Blackrobe. There, a few paces from the edge, lying where the cruel hoofs had grounded it, was the trampled body of Found in the Grass. Marquette stopped and gathered up in his arms the small Tuscarora. He felt the heart. There was still a faint beat.

"Thank God and His Immaculate Mother!" breathed the Blackrobe.

Quickly he carried his light burden till he knelt beside a spring. As the Saving Waters fell on the boy's brow, there was a slight twitching of the eyelids. They opened and the black eyes of little Found in the Grass were looking directly into Marquette's face. But they did not see the weeping Blackrobe. . . .

(To be continued)

FROM MANY CLIMES

A Window on the World

In the Jesuit Scholasticate at Weston, Mass., is a mission board whereon by means of pegs the youthful Jesuits mark their daily offering of prayers and good works for some favorite mission or missionary. Peter the Great built mighty Petrograd as a "window" through which he might look out on Europe. Through the modest frame of their mission board, the Jesuit Scholastics at Weston are getting glimpses of the whole world, and can see waving fields ripe unto the harvest.

From Weston to Manila

From this Scholasticate the following young Jesuits have been appointed to work in Manila, P. I.: Raymond H. Kennedy, S.J., J. C. Murray, S.J., Joseph A. Priestner, S.J., John W. Lynch, S.J., Edward L. Murphy, S.J., Thomas A. Reilly, S.J., Edward J. Reiser, S.J., Charles H. Rohleder, S.J., Stephen A. Shea, S.J., Francis X. Rooney, S.J., J. E. Ramirez, S.J. This band left New York on Saturday, May 28, 1927, after attending a private Mass at the Church of Saint Francis Xavier. They were joined by Walter F. Hyland, S.J., who has just completed his philosophical studies at Mount Saint Michael's, Hillyard, Washington.

American Nuns for Patna, India

One of the latest developments of America's fast increasing participation in the work of the foreign missions is the announcement just made that the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross, of the Holy Cross Convent, Merrill, Wisconsin, will accept American candidates who enter with the express purpose of future missionary work in Patna, India.

This mission is entrusted to the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. It is one of the largest missions in the world, containing over

twenty million pagans within its boundaries.

The mission was conducted by Capuchins until 1919. These latter introduced the Sisters of the Holy Cross, as they are generally known, from Switzerland. The occupation of the mission by American Jesuits,

ALASKA

Death of Father Crispin Rossi, S.J.

News comes from the Superior of the American Jesuits in Alaska of the loss of the fourth zealous missionary within the last six months. The Lord called Fathers Treca and Jette and Brother Marchisio and now Father Rossi is gone.

At the age of seventy and after thirty-eight years of harvesting Father Rossi was still tilling the snow fields, when pneumonia brought his long apostolate to a close. His last message to his American friends was significant: "May the Holy Ghost enkindle American zeal a hundredfold! The field here is vast. I am going back to northernmost Nulato in the Spring, perhaps, although I am now worn out and able to do but little. It is God's work for me. May He grant me the favor of dying and being buried under the Alaskan ice!"

A Mission Book and a Pamphlet

The *Maryknoll Movement* by George C. Powers, A.F.M., recently published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, is an inspiring account of the birth and development of a movement that now puts the United States on a par with the countries of Europe who have had their foreign mission seminaries and have sent forth year by year their zealous missionaries into the vineyard. American Catholics have watched with supreme satisfaction the growth and development of Maryknoll. This book will put them in intimate acquaintance with the men who started and have directed the movement to its present flourishing conditions.

Leaves from the *Letters of Xavier*, a pamphlet by Douglas A. Pearl, S.J., is a neat selection from the letters of Saint Francis Xavier which gives us an insight into the heart of the Saint.



Mission Board.
Jesuit Scholasticate, Weston, Mass.

however, made it especially advisable that English-speaking Sisters also should be brought to the mission. It is to supply this demand that the Congregation will accept American subjects specifically for this field.

It is hoped that there will be many aspirants for this mission.

Florissant Mission Academy

The young Jesuit students at Florissant, Missouri, have formed a mission academy for the study of the lives and work of famous Jesuit missionaries. Such an academy is peculiarly proper at the Florissant house of studies, for there in the historic graveyard lie the remains of some of the greatest missionaries of our own country, De Smet, Damen, Weninger, Stanton and others. The entire background of the Florissant house of studies is missionary and from it have gone forth more than a score of missionaries who have done not a little to Catholicize the Middle and Far West.

Among the subjects studied at the meetings of the academy this year were: "Missions in the Early Society of Jesus"; "The Missouri Missionaries Among the Indians"; "The Example of St. Francis Xavier Lead to the Opening of Missions on Every Continent"; "The First Ambition of Ignatius of Loyola Was for the Missions."

A mission library has been begun and already contains a number of valuable books. The same missionary zeal that characterized the early Jesuits in Florissant, still flourishes among their young successors who hope to do, by God's grace, deeds similar to those of their sainted predecessors.

THE JESUITS IN FLORIDA

ANYONE visiting the beautiful Jesuit Church in Miami will find in its sanctuary two remarkable statues. One is of St. Pius V; the other is of St. Francis Borgia. It was by the command of these two saints that the first Jesuits were sent to Florida.

The expedition that brought the first Jesuit, Father Pedro Martinez, left Spain on the 28th of June, 1566. They went first to Havana and from there set sail for St. Augustine, Florida. After floundering around for about a month, without a pilot, they found themselves near some "unknown" land. This was the 14th of September. After

We could use to advantage any copies of the January or February issue which kind readers might be able to return to us. The demand for these first numbers still continues. Of subsequent issues we have a sufficient supply to answer prospective demands.



Convent of Sisters, Patna Mission.

a series of adventures, Father Martinez was seized by some Indians and killed by having his head split open. Thus, on the 6th of October, 1566, this holy man was the first Jesuit to shed his blood in Florida.

After the death of Father Martinez, many Jesuits offered themselves for the missions of Florida. Menendez de Aviles, the Governor of Florida, gladly accepted their offer, as he wished to pacify the region. In 1570, a new band of missionaries went out to St. Augustine. Father Bautista Segura was named Vice-Provincial of Florida. With him were Father Luis de Quiros and six lay Brothers, Gabriel de Solis, and Cristobal Redondo.

Finishing their work around St. Augustine very unfruitful, the missionaries sailed away and landed 170 leagues to the north, at the Bay of Santa Maria, on September 11, 1570. The chief, Luis, whom the missionaries had instructed in Spain and who had now come with them as an apostle to his people and as interpreter for the missionaries, left them soon after they landed and went back to his savage life. He it was who later martyred in cold blood these noble heralds of Christ. On the 4th of February, 1571, fell Father de Quiros, and Brothers de Solis, Mendez and a novice brother, who was a native Indian of Florida. On the 8th of the same month fell Father Segura and Brothers Gomez, de Linares, de Zavallos and Redondo.

Thus ended the Jesuit Mission or Vice-Province of Florida. Only about two centuries later do we find the Jesuits resuming work in this Mission which had cost so much blood of the sons of St. Ignatius.

HERE AND THERE

TONGO is a village in the Belgian Mission about 250 miles west of Calcutta. Its community consists of Father Dwelshauvers, a Belgian, Father Carbery an Englishman, Father Ford, an Irishman, and Father Arlandoo a native Indian, all Jesuits. Where outside the religious orders of

the Catholic Church could a parallel be found? Only supernatural obedience can so unite men.

Robert Edgren considers the Tarahumaras the greatest runners the modern world can show. This tribe, one of the few pagan Indian tribes in Mexico, was being Christianized and civilized until Calles appeared on the scene. Now the Jesuits have to take the road again and retrogression claims one more victory.

Grateful Acknowledgments

| | |
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| Dr. T. A. B., New York City | ..\$25.00 |
| V. Grade, St. Patrick's School, Hartford, Conn. | 15.00 |
| J. P. O'Brien, New York City | 10.00 |
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*At Present, 286 Members of the Jesuit Provinces of
the United States and Canada Are Laboring in
15 Mission Fields:*

| | | |
|--|------------|---|
| PATNA, INDIA | 23 | Jesuits of the Missouri Province |
| SUCHOW, CHINA | 5 | Jesuits of the Lower Canadian Province |
| JAMAICA, BRITISH WEST INDIES | 8 | Jesuits of the New England Province |
| | 17 | Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province |
| BRITISH HONDURAS | 33 | Jesuits of the Missouri Province |
| ALASKA | 35 | Jesuits of the California Province |
| PHILIPPINE ISLANDS | 29 | Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province |
| | 24 | Jesuits of the New England Province |
| INDIAN MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.... | 26 | Jesuits of the California Province |
| | 38 | Jesuits of the Missouri Province |
| INDIAN MISSIONS IN CANADA | 31 | Jesuits of both the Canadian Provinces |
| NEGRO MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES ... | 10 | Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province |
| In other places—JAPAN | | |
| LITHUANIA | | |
| SO. AMERICA | | |
| SO. AFRICA | 7 | Jesuits of various American Provinces |
| Total | <u>286</u> | |

(In addition, 58 Native Jesuits are aggregated to the respective Missions of India, Jamaica, the Philippines, and the Canadian Indians.)

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