

JESUIT MISSIONS



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Rajput Temple, Udaipur, India



A Pleasure Island, Udaipur, in the Heart of Pagandom.

The Little Flower and The Gods of India

JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.



EARLY in November, Father W. Eline, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, summoned me to headquarters for a consultation with His Lordship, Bishop Van Hoeck, and then sent me off to open up a new mission station in an entirely pagan field. My present sphere of activity is no small one. The parish (1), excluding two other Christian settlements attended to by Fathers Pettit and Sontag (with headquarters at Bettiah) and by Father Forster (with headquarters at Chuhari), is just one hundred and eight miles long and some fifty to sixty miles in width. It contains no more than eighty to one hundred Catholics and nearly a million pagans and Mohammedans. Naturally I cannot tramp over the entire distance daily or even weekly, but I do visit the principal centres at regular intervals. As a matter of fact, I am now very seldom "at home." Frequently I leave at midnight, say Mass at one of the outposts, gather up the catechumens and Christians and then dash off to some other "mud town."

Slums of India

Oh, these towns over here! I mean in my district. Picture to yourself

OVER in India an American Jesuit has opened up, in a new mission dedicated to the Little Flower. In that sector the missionary who rejoices in the face of difficulties most stout-hearted? This first instalment will give a view of the trials attendant upon the opening of a sector which contains nearly one million pagans and Mohammedans. India will soon begin to totter. For what forces can resist the Little Flower and a zealot? It is to appal the readers a good mission.

the slums of an American town, some forsaken alley, multiply the misery and squalor one hundred per cent, and you approach the reality of an Indian village. The streets are as straight as a corkscrew, as clean as an ash or garbage barrel, and the sanitary conditions second only to the immediate surroundings of a stagnant cesspool. Some of my stations I can get to by train, others I must walk to or reach by bike. I have made forty-five to fifty miles per day on my bicycle. I have a motorcycle sent me by my father, but this is useless half the year, when the dry season is on and the loose dry sand is a foot deep.

Little Flower Headquarters

However, I must tell you something about my new "home" or headquarters. On the morning of December 8th I walked into what is now

"The Little Flower" and surveyed the prospect. It was an auspicious day. My eyes were opened to the reality of an Indian village. The streets are as straight as a corkscrew, as clean as an ash or garbage barrel, and the sanitary conditions second only to the immediate surroundings of a stagnant cesspool. Some of my stations I can get to by train, others I must walk to or reach by bike. I have made forty-five to fifty miles per day on my bicycle. I have a motorcycle sent me by my father, but this is useless half the year, when the dry season is on and the loose dry sand is a foot deep.

A huge view of the roof of which

almost reaches the ground, shuts out all available light from the three rooms within and so gives them a dungeon-like aspect and tower-like feeling. There are no windows in my home and no bars. All the light I have comes through the upper half of the door from which the glass has long since disappeared. I use paper and cloth as a substitute for glass for the time being until "my ship comes in."

Well, here we are! Come right in! There are no spooks waiting to throttle you nor skeletons standing up against the walls to make your blood run cold. That humming and buzzing discord you hear, comes from a myriad of mosquitoes—man-eaters—thirsting for human blood. They have not tasted that savory juice for some time. Never mind the rats and cockroaches and lizards and toads and a hundred varieties of other usurpers. They will let you share their holes with them.

Calvary on Pagan Soil

But don't look towards the roof. You are likely to get entangled in interlacing festoons and intricate geometrical figures of time-honored cobwebs. Don't mind that damp, mouldy, sepulchral odor! It will soon be dissipated. Of course, there is no need fingering for an electric button. We use God's own free light and tallow-light if we can get it cheap (now at last I have a few kerosene lanterns and the Bishop's "Dietmar" or Austrian lamp which my caressing eloquence won as a prize).

Take off your spectacles and give them a good dusting. You need every square inch of their area, if you want to see the interior of my "home, sweet home." Look, up against that dark



Mystified India?

wall sends a dark object. It is the altar of God, the Calvary on pagan soil, the crib of my modern Bethlehem. It used to have a coat or two of paint or varnish, I don't know which, but that was long ago. If you notice, there are no altar cloths on it, no candlesticks, no flower vases, no crucifix. Those things are still strapped to my aching back, if you are accompanying me on the day of my first coming here. Since then things have improved a bit, but that will be another chapter.

The Attack on Paganism

It is now 7:30 A. M., and the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. That's the day I chose to begin my attack on paganism at Motihari. I look about for some one to serve my Mass, but not a ghost in sight! Nevertheless, the altar is arranged. I take off

the load of Church goods from my back. Every bit in that bundle I picked up here and there and everywhere, from clients and lovers of the Little Flower, for this is her mission and she will be responsible for all its needs. Just as I approach the altar, a half-awake yawning individual scuffles up and addresses me with those gladdening words:

"Jesu ki baril!" "May Jesus Christ be praised."

"Yes," I added in my heart, "and a thousand times over may He be praised and extolled in this very haunt, in this pagan locality where only devil worship was known since the beginning of time!"

First Mass

I need not dwell on the emotions and feelings that surged in my sad and happy heart as the Mass progressed. Shall I succeed, shall I fail? I leave it to you to guess what graces I implored at the "Memento" for the living, what I asked of the Little Flower, of the Blessed Virgin, of Saint Joseph, of the Lower of blood-redeemed immortal souls. That's too sacred to talk about publicly. All I will say is that I left the altar as happy as a soul snatched from the flames of Purgatory. I felt assured, why I don't know that this living hell and sanctuary of Lucifer would soon put on a different aspect, that Satan must go down in defeat and the adorable King of kings would reign in His place. God grant that my hopes and ambitions be soon realized!

A Missionary's Picnic

My thanksgiving over, I looked about for a bite to eat. Yes, we get hungry in India, and very hungry at times too. Luckily the good Sisters at Patna, always provident and more than generous, had provided me with a large hamper of good things. So I squatted down on the ground and undid the precious article. There was no chair, no table, no bench, no bed, no stove, no kitchen, no knife, no fork, no axe, absolutely nothing. So you see I had a "clean start." For the next few days mother earth was my chair, my table, my bed, my prieditie, my all. Real picnic-like, eh? But sometimes picnics also have their inconveniences and hardships. I had no sociable companions, no companionable surroundings. Trespassers there were in copious abundance. At night, especially my first night, the hungry mosquitoes and stinking chachundars (a very odoriferous rat) let loose on me. Guard as I would, their savagery knew no bounds.



A little flower of India and Father Pettit, S.J.

(Continued on page 138)

Northern Lights

DAVID P. McASTOCKER, S.J.



DEATH OF FATHER RUPERT, S.J.

*"While musing o'er the ice-clad plain,
Amid the falling snow and rain,
To bring Christ's joys and simple toys
And gifts to orphaned girls and boys,
He fell a victim to the storm."*



T given times of the year and in certain localities one may see the Northern Lights in the skies; but there is a northern light that shines the whole year through and may be perceived not alone in one isolated spot but from every town, village or city in the civilized world. The light I speak of is the light of modern chivalry and courage which the missionaries have displayed in conquering Alaska's coldness and Alaska's loneliness, and winning that desolate land to the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ.

The Holy Father is quoted as saying on one occasion that the most difficult missionary field in the whole known world is the Mission of Alaska. This not alone because of the severities of its climate and the extreme

loneliness of its solitudes, but especially because of the unsatisfactory

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S

New York to Paris non-stop flight probably did more to cultivate friendly relations between the United States and France than could have been hoped for by hundreds of speeches or thousands of official documents. The heroic deeds of modest missionaries frequently achieve a similar result in cultivating a widespread, better understanding of the Catholic Church. "Why send missionaries to far distant lands to work for a few souls, when there are so many pagans at home unconverted?" This is a question that is found frequently on the lips of sincere religion-minded men. The present article furnishes one of the many effective answers that might be made to that question. The deeds of its heroes set the pulse of the whole Church beating with higher enthusiasm for Christ. The battle of God's Church is not an isolated one. Victories or defeats in one sector have their effects for good or evil on the whole battle-line.

smallness of the Eskimo population and to their migratory habits. However, there is an aspect of the work of the Jesuit Fathers in Alaska which is seldom mentioned, and which, were it stressed sufficiently, would result, I am sure, in breaking down the parochial spirit which actuates most of us, and win for them a unique place in the heart of every zealous Catholic in the land.

Reflected Glory

Seldom do we stop to ponder on the fact that, if heroic men and women in distant lands and climes uphold the honor and glory of Christ, the King, the "good odor" reacts to the benefit of every parish and diocese in the land. And Alaska is uniquely situated for starting a reaction of this kind. Government clerks, scientific research men, military officers go to Alaska for a few years and are then transferred. They tell of their contacts and the friends they met in that northern clime, and naturally the grand work of the Church comes in for a just meed of praise.

The officers at Fort Yukon were among the first to publish the exploit of the late Father Jetté. This saintly Jesuit, while at Kokrines, some eighty miles from Fort Yukon, heard that a former pupil of the Sisters, who had married a Protestant, was seriously ill at the Fort. The good man had no dogs, no means of traveling except to walk the whole eighty miles. With a stout heart he set out on the arduous journey. After three days, he arrived, footsore and weary, at his destination. Immediately he baptized the child and gave the Last Sacraments to the Indian woman, who died shortly afterwards. At the burial, the officers of the Fort were plainly mystified. Finally one of them came to the priest.

"Father, please explain to us," he



Sisters setting out from a Mission.

nature of the missionary work itself due in most part to the comparative



On the Yukon—Esquimaux Fish Wheel.

said, "why a Catholic priest comes eighty miles on foot to visit a dying Indian woman?"

We may be sure Father Jetté made good use of the favorable opportunity afforded him.

Real Missionaries

Father Rossi, another Jesuit who recently died in Alaska, was returning one day down the Kouliuk River. He was dressed in a shabby pair of overalls and had nothing but a birch canoe and a little hunchback to help him. The steamer, with miners aboard and also an archdeacon of the Episcopal Church, left the wharf about the same time. An old miner turned to the archdeacon, and, pointing to the Father, said:

"There's a real missionary. You men are only make-believe missionaries. You do not know what hardships are."

Father Rossi himself used to narrate a conversation he once had with a certain clerk in one of the trading companies of the north. This man called the Father aside one day and said:

"You may not have known it; but for twenty-five years I have been watching you men to see whether you were traders or really missionaries. In that long space of time I have never bought a skin from a Jesuit, and I am convinced that you are here for but one purpose, the salvation of souls."

Scientists Learn a Lesson

This same Father was conducting services one Sunday in Nulato. The boat stopped in the evening at his station just as services were about to

begin. Three men disembarked at the landing, and strolled towards the church. Two of these were quite young, perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. The third was older, and the leader of the party. They entered the church while Father Rossi was addressing the Indians in the Ten'a language. The strangers were greatly impressed. After the sermon the Indians sang the "Credo" and Act of Contrition in their native tongue. Tears began to well up in the eyes of the older man; and, after Benediction, he called Father Bruno, who happened to be in the back of the church and said:

"I have read history and know that in the centuries past the Catholic

Church kept alive the spark of civilization which otherwise would have been smothered out; but I did not know that in this day and age the Catholic Church was sending such brilliant missionaries to this forsaken land."

A New Light in the Church

This gentleman was then invited over to the Fathers' residence, and shown the books Father Jetté had compiled on the languages of the north. These books have since been published by the British Government. As he glanced over the pages where the good Father had laboriously worked out the conjugations of the verbs, the stranger's admiration knew no bounds. Here were real men toiling not by words but by deeds for the betterment of civilization. And then he spoke of himself. He was a professor of geology and connected with the Rockefeller foundation. These young men were his assistants: they were studying coal formations in and about Nulato. And so they left the Fathers' house with a deeper, firmer understanding of the Church and her mission than they ever possessed before.

This summer the Provincial of the Western Jesuits will send three priests to Alaska. Fathers Rossi and Jetté are dead. Their places must be filled; a new station is to be opened. Twelve men have volunteered for this work, and out of the twelve, three will be chosen. They go to loneliness, to privation, to hard labor—even to death. And yet they are will-

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Esquimaux of Today.



COCOA WORKER.

The fruit of these trees helps support Father Sullivan's School at Tagalaan, Misamis.

A Deflowering of Catholicism

F. X. A. BYRNE, S.J.

THE heart of Catholic America has bled at the spectacle of a crucified Catholic Mexico. Every possible effort has been made to bring whatever help might prove availing. But mystery of mysteries, the heart of Catholic America remains cold and unmoved at the spectacle of the "Deflowering of Catholicism" in the Philippine Islands! The author of this article can speak with authority. He was the first American Rector of the Ateneo de Manila and fought the battles of the Church with every legitimate weapon. At his departure the Catholic cause had assumed a new aspect. The battle at Manila is developing lustily under the leadership of such hardy fighters as Fathers Avery, Haberstroh, McNeal, Mulry and McNulty of the Society of Jesus. The new Rector of the Ateneo, Reverend Richard A. O'Brien, saw service in France as chaplain in the Second Division. We expect great results from his leadership in our Far-Eastern front.

THE Philosopher of Archie Row once observed to his friend, Mr. Hennessey, that most of our people did not know whether the Filipinos were a new breakfast food or just nuts. As a matter of fact it is most surprising how little the average American knows about our beautiful island possessions, and how little interest he takes in the extraordinary, progressive, and lovable people placed under our care by Divine Providence. For over three centuries the Filipinos have been loyal and devout children of the Catholic Church. Their traditions, their national, civic, and domestic customs, and their holidays are all Catholic. The art, the music, the literature and

the habits of thought of the Filipino have all had their highest inspiration in his Catholic Faith. For over three centuries, the fire of Divine Faith burned brightly and made the Filipinos the only Christian people of the Orient, a people whose God was the Lord.

Wolves in the Fold

Then came withering misgovernment and oppression with a dark trail of discontent, secret societies, mutual distrust, insurrection, fire and sword. Churches were looted and destroyed, monasteries were despoiled and burned, priests and monks imprisoned or sent into exile. Church schools practically ceased to exist. The lambs

of God were left without shepherds and without shepherds. The little ones of Christ were hungry for the Bread of Life and through many years there was no one to break it for them. Education was sadly neglected, and ignorance of the truths of religion, that most fertile field for the culture and growth of the false sects, became common among the youth of the land.

The Godless School

The United States after the cession of the Islands by Spain, brought into the Christian, Catholic Philippines the Godless school. Teachers came who not only had no sympathy with the Faith of the majority of the



THE ATENED CADETS ON PARADE.

Many of these lads are soldiers of Christ; on their summer vacations they gather the children of their villages and teach them catechism.

Filipinos, but who were actually hostile. Many of them came from the Middle West where the "Menace" thrived and blatant preachers warned against the curse of Rome and dreaded the hypnotic influence of the Jesuits. Many of these teachers used ridicule, the most fatal of all poisons, against the little Faith that ignorance had left in the hearts of the Filipino children. Deliberately, they spread and fostered the false impression that America is Protestant, and that to become American the Filipino must become Protestant.

Propagandism

The Evangelical missionary in the Philippines was not slow to recognize in the insatiable desire of the Filipino for an education, his best point of vantage for attack. Organizers, leaders and almost limitless supplies of American money began to pour in. Dormitories were built in school centres and great schools were built and manned, where the poor and middle-class Filipino boy and girl could be helped to get the yearned-for learning, at prices within reach. The condition of help was always faithful attendance at Evangelical worship and the result, ultimate apostasy and sacrifice of the religion of their fathers and forefathers. The Filipinos paid the whole price and still pay it the more readily, because he has no facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the

Catholic Faith, owing to the lack of priests and religious teachers. Experience shows that a relatively small



A READING CENTRE.

Father Monahan established many of these and distributed hundreds of thousands of Catholic magazines collected in the States to disprove the idea that America was Protestant.

number of Filipinos become practical Evangelicals, but most of the apostates become haters of Catholicism and scoffers at religion.

Filipino Evangelicals

From the beginning, the Evangelical leaders selected promising young men and women and sent them to Evangelical schools in the States, or to the Seminary in Manila, where they were well trained for the work of destroying the Faith of their fellow Filipino students. These young people are usually attractive, well instructed, good speakers and self-confident and they speak English and the dialects well. As most of the children of the Philippines are in Godless schools and have no means of getting instruction in their religion, they are a natural and easy prey to these proselytizers, who work principally in the rural districts, and among public school students.

The Church Handicapped

In the meantime, the Church in the Philippines has been under a dreadful handicap, being without priests and without the means of properly training them to meet existing new conditions. Ignorance of the truths of religion is not a field in which the flower of vocation to the priesthood grows

well and blooms. There is but one priest for each twelve thousand souls in the Islands. Some pastors have the care of as many as twenty thousand people. What can one shepherd do to feed so many sheep? How can he protect so many from the wolves? How can one teacher instruct so many in the eternal truths? The language of the youth of the islands is English and it is through this medium the student body is best reached. But for many priests and religious English is an unknown tongue and too difficult to master amid exacting duties.

America Awake!

And in the meantime the Catholics

(Continued on page 138)



At the top is a picture of children of Pampanga who thought the missionary-photographer very funny; in the middle is a view of the famous Ateneo de Manila; at the bottom a group of Negritos of Luzon, "the nearest thing to the caveman," writes Father R. O'Brien, Rector of the Ateneo.



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"These are not Tears of Sorrow"

To the sound of martial music and the beat of drums, with flags waving and thousands cheering from crowded streets and every coign of advantage, ten years ago the American Doughboy was off for the battlefields of France, carrying with him the remembrance of a parting that must have heartened him in every trial. In thousands of village railroad stations and in hundreds of massive terminals, tearful good-byes were whispered and mothers pressed their khaki-clad boys to bosoms that were bursting with sorrow.

On May 28th of this year, we stood in the Lackawanna Station in Hoboken and witnessed another departure. There was no blare of martial music, there was no beating of warlike drums; only little groups, in the centre of each one of which there stood a black-clad youthful son of Saint Ignatius, a soldier of Christ. They too were off for war and their mission would carry them half way around the world to our far-Eastern possessions in the Philippines.

There were tears of course in mothers' and sisters' eyes, holy tears, such as Mary might have shed, when three years before His death, Jesus bade His Mother farewell and set forth to make a beginning of His public career and of that battle which is still afoot and has shaken and still shakes the hearts of men to their profoundest depths.

"These are not tears of sorrow," one mother said. "It hurts to have my boy go so far away, but I am glad for Him."

"These are not tears of sorrow." There are tears in the eyes of many a Jesuit mother today. Young men graduating from college or high school, young men with the sweet-smelling oils of priestly consecration still fresh upon sacerdotal fingers, are saying farewell and setting forth either to take their place for the

first time in the ranks of God's army in the novitiate or to pour forth the gathered strength of years of discipline on some hard-pressed sector of the far-flung battle-line of Christ.

"These are not tears of sorrow," or if they be, they are sanctified tears of sorrow, conquered in the joy of sacrificing a noble boy to the cause of Christ.

"These are not tears of sorrow," or if they be, they are tears made holy by mingling with the tears that Mary shed as she stood beneath the Cross and offered up thereon her Lamb for the salvation of the world.

"These are not tears of sorrow," or if they be, they are sacrificial tears, pearls of value in the sight of God, pearls whose price will pay the ransom of many a goodly soul.

Throughout the States and the big world at this time there are tears glistening in Mary-mothers' eyes, tears that cannot obscure the dauntless courage of the Catholic mother's love for her boy and for the Christ Boy, as she testifies to her superabundant love for both, by sacrificing the one for the Other.

"These are not tears of sorrow," or if they be, they are tears that will bring Christ-joy to many a darkened pagan soul and many a heart, long traitorous to the cause of Christ.

From the day of Mary's first farewell to Jesus at Nazareth, the great battle has been raging fiercely, and the legions of Christ fight lustily because of the remembrance of the other Mary-mothers whose hearts are dauntless amidst the mist of tears. Oh! it is a glorious battle that calls forth such hidden heroism. Young men, Christ-lovers, snapping their fingers at the call of the world and pleasure; young men, conquering a meaner self to be absorbed in the superb personality of the Son of God; young men, steeled with His courage, fired with His zeal, emulators of His sacrifice, this is what the battle means in part. But it means much more than that. It means mothers at home and sisters at home, united with the ideal mother Mary, praying, toiling, working for their Christ-soldier, that his arm may be strengthened in the battle and that his standard may never be lowered.

And the cause of Christ will conquer, must conquer, and the Catholic mothers will be comforted. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Our soldier boys will have their homecoming; such a homecoming as God alone knows how to give. Then there will be martial music and the sound of many voices and the standard of the Cross will be triumphant in the skies, and you Jesuit mothers will be there, gold-star mothers of God, in all your glory.

Truly, "these are not tears of sorrow," or if they be, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away."



IT was over eight weeks since Father James Marquette, S. J., with Louis Joliet and their woodsmen had reached the Mississippi. They had gone down the mighty stream as far as the Arkansas. Now the two birchbark canoes are turned northward and the fatigues of "The Long Paddle" have exhausted the Blackrobe. He learns there is a better route north, through the river and lake of the Illinois and decides to follow it. But go on with the story from here.

PART VII

The River of the Illinois

THE bad weather of the past few days had further weakened the Blackrobe. He was obliged to lie on a reed mat in his canoe and let the others take up the burden of the Long Paddle. Endlessly his rosary slipped through his fingers, as he petitioned Mary Immaculate for the souls of these red men he had met along her mighty river.

Crow Dog with his master's glasses to his eyes called attention to the discovery of animals on either bank. Twice the slave boy sighted stray groups of buffaloes, grazing close to the bank. Another time, he pointed out some spotted deer who stood like alert statuettes in the shoal water and watched the feet of canoes pass. Once, he discovered a wild cat sleeping on a branch. Again, when the canoes were being paddled in the easy water close under a grass-fringed shore, his quick action sent an arrow through an imprudent swamp rabbit. The boy dove over and swam back triumphantly with his warm captive.

As the canoes were coming abreast of a gloomy pine-crested point, Crow Dog through the glasses made out figures on the further shore.

Gradually a dozen brownish cabins came into sight. They were arched over a framework of poles, covered with rush mats closely interwoven.

Each was large enough to contain three or four fires; that is, six or eight families.

When the voyagers disembarked on the sandy strip before the cluster of cabins, a group of Cohakias awaited them. On the bare upper parts of the men's bodies were tattooed panels with the rude outlines of bears, turtles, buffaloes—the manitous of their clans. The Cohakia captain singled out the Blackrobe and greeted him kindly.

"You are the one who prays and instructs. I knew from our brothers, the Peorias, that you had paddled downstream. We have some squaws here who heard your words, when you lived in the cabins by the shores of the Lake of Copper. I am Old Fish. They have told me. My brothers and I are poor, but what we have is yours. Go into all our cabins. Sleep on the best mats. Eat from any kettle. They are all yours, white man, who prays and instructs. We see that you are weak. Our hearts are heavy, for we wish you to speak the Manitou words to us."

Marquette rose above his weariness and, having presented Old Fish with a gift of beads and a clasp knife, was assisted by Joliet and Peter to a flat rock that stood to the north of the cabins. The whole village grouped around the Blackrobe. He told the assembly:

"My children, for a long time I have desired to see you. Now that I have the happiness, my heart is bursting. Think of the joy that a father

has who tenderly loves his children, when he sees them after they have been in great danger. This joy is mine. Although you do not follow the Prayer, yet I look on you as my children and have a father's tenderness towards you. For all of you are the children of the Great Manitou who has given life to you as well as to those who follow the Prayer. He has made a happy hunting land up there, and He has made it for you, as well as for those who pray. He loves you, as He loves them. Yet I am sorrowful thinking that you may not enter that beautiful land of delights.

"My children, I see by the poles and emblems before your cabins that you worship the Sun, whom you call the Old Man Above. I wish to teach you to worship the Manitou who made the sun and the earth and all creatures.

"Your captain, Old Fish, has told me that many here desire that I remain and teach them the Prayer. You see how weak I am. It is difficult for me to raise my hand. With my companions I have paddled down and now up the Great Water. It has made me very weak. I cannot stay with you, for I must go back to the north where my Mission of Saint Francis Xavier is. There I will spend the time necessary for me to restore my strength.

"You know no sorcerer can say of me that my mocassins have no bottom. I speak truth."

Loosening the crucifix that hung

at his belt, the Blackrobe lifted it freely.

"See, this is the sign of Him who made Heaven and earth. By it I pledge you my word. If I get strong again, I will surely come back to this country of the Illinois and go from village to village and teach you all the words you must hear to follow the Prayer."

While the white men were eating, an old squaw pushed through the fringe of villagers that silently watched the voyagers. To the Blackrobe's surprise she spoke in Huron:

"You who pray and instruct, hear Black Crow Wing. My brave, my two tall sons, my daughter listened to your Manitou words when you spoke in the Prayer Cabin on the shores of the Lake of Copper. You made them followers of the Prayer. I said they had no sense. It was foolish to pray to the Manitou of the white men, for he does not love Hurons. He drives them from land to land. He loves only their enemies. I did not speak with a split tongue. For my brave and my two tall sons, the summer after they followed the Prayer, were taken by raiding Sioux. They never came back to my cabin. That next time my daughter died of smallpox. Black Crow Wing was left alone. I met this Old Fish. I became his squaw. Now you come to his village. I am afraid he will listen to your Manitou words and I will be alone again."

The Blackrobe listened patiently to the wrinkled old squaw's torrent of words. He was explaining that the followers of the Prayer were happy in the cabins of the Manitou above, when shouts from the shore broke up the interview.

A large war party of Kaskaskias had come down the River of the Illinois and was rounding the point. As they paddled towards the village, the white men counted the war fleet. There were twenty odd canoes and nearly fifty warriors.

Later, Crow Dog came running up to Marquette with the information: "There are three Peoria warriors with these Kaskaskias. They are coming to meet you."

On the slave boy's heels came the painted Peoria braves carrying their long battle-shields. The Blackrobe did not remember them; but they had evidently been present when he visited Red Calumet's villages. One finished his speech by saying:

"Blackrobe, your tree still stands above the bank that leads to our villages. Whenever we see it, we remember your promise. Once when two of our warriors had their knives raised to slay each other, Red Calumet pointed to it and said to them, 'Behold the tree of the Blackrobe! He

teaches us to pray and not lose our tempers.' When he said this both warriors lowered their knives."

Seeing Crow Dog standing eagerly at Marquette's side, the Peoria beckoned him to come nearer. Then the warrior asked:

"Blackrobe, Red Calumet sent this young slave with you down the Great Water. Has he been faithful?"

"Most faithful," the Blackrobe assured the warrior.

"Then you should not look so weak."

Turning to the silent Crow Dog, the Peoria commanded:

"Slave boy, you say near this Blackrobe and do what Red Calumet would do, if he were near. Stay with him all through the white months, when the snow is on the ground and the water is locked in the rivers. And while you are with the Blackrobe in his cabin in the north, listen attentively and learn the Prayer. Then when you come back to Moingwena and Red Calumet asks you questions, you can answer like the Blackrobe."

"You speak wise words," said Marquette. "When my Crow Dog knows enough, I myself will pour the Saving Waters on his forehead and make him a follower of the Prayer. This I promise him and you."

"The Blackrobe always says wise words," said the Peorias.

Red Calumet's three warriors had not been gone long, when Black Crow Wing again sought the Blackrobe. She had a young squaw with her.

"You who pray and instruct, listen to Black Crow Wing. I told you my daughter followed the Prayer and she died. You say she is happy in the cabins of the Great Manitou. Black Crow Wing does not understand this. She will tell you why."

"In my Huron cabin my daughter had ten slaves. They got the wood. They drew the water. They kept up the fire. My daughter had to do none of these things. Then she died of the smallpox and you say she went to the cabins of the Manitou. There she will have great difficulty in learning how to do squaw's work. So she cannot be happy."

"Since you came to this village, I have thought how to make her happy. This young slave is mine. She knows how to get wood and draw water. She keeps the fire bright. Instruct her in the words of the Prayer. When she knows them, I will kill her with my tomahawk and then she will go to the Manitou's cabins and be my daughter's slave. My daughter will be happy then. Do this favor for me, you who pray and instruct, and I will give you five buffalo robes. There are not five finer robes in this village."

Black Crow Wing did not understand the Blackrobe's firm refusal, and she raised her offer to eight—ten robes—all she had.

In anger Black Crow Wing left the cabin.

The Dying Man Who Walks

The old squaw, Black Crow Wing, was hardly gone, when Louis Joliet came up.

"My Father," he reported, "I have had the woodsmen erect a large cross on the point where it will be visible from the Great Water and this River of the Illinois we ascend on the morrow. Come now and bless it."

Very weakly Marquette rose and walked beside his companion towards the point.

"Verily, he is the Dying Man Who Walks" thought Joliet, as he remembered the name the Cohakias were calling the Blackrobe.

The two came to the sandy strip where the rivers met. Here a crowd of curious Cohakias were watching in wonder the rude French record of the voyage that Peter and Jean had just finished.

As the worn-looking Blackrobe approached, leaning heavily on the arm of Joliet the woodsmen fell away. In silence they watched Marquette, as he made the Sign of the Cross over this high cross that would be visible to any white men who would come after them.

When the blessing was over, the Blackrobe seated himself on a fallen bit of gray driftwood that the last flood had flung on the point. The effort to walk this far had exhausted him and he was glad to rest there, with his eyes fixed on the deep shadows of the distant western shore of the River of the Conception. Marquette was soon lost in reverie.

Seeing this, Joliet and the woodsmen withdrew and left the solitary Blackrobe to his thoughts.

These were pleasant, for he was thinking of this mighty stream and the weeks he had spent on its bosom—those he had met—their wants—their ignorance—his meagre successes. And there came into his mind that verse, "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Across the calm waters, above the shadowy bluff the whole sky was a gorgeous glory, where gold and gray islands and continents were divided by broad rivers and seas of Mary Immaculate's deep blue.

"The Dying Man Who Walks" looked long into his last sunset over the Great Water and he seemed to see in it a fulfilment of this verse and his own life. The glory of the sunset

would shortly die out—his day was far spent—he had not brought forth the fruit he would have desired. Softly he murmured:

"Yet what consolation, O my Mother, even in my blundering way to have made Your Son known to those who have never heard of Him!"

Alone he sat there while the glory in the heavens imperceptibly blurred, islands ran into rivers and merged into new groupings of vaster, distant, golden continents. The Blackrobe was seeing beyond this sunset. . . . How long he had been there he did not know but suddenly he realized that his fellow explorer was seated on the same driftlog.

When Joliet saw that Marquette had noticed him he began to quote enthusiastically:

"I am going to report to Monsieur, the Governor, at Quebec, that settlers in this country need not spend ten years cutting and burning down trees. A settler could plow the day of his arrival. If no oxen from France could be brought here, he could use the buffalo of these prairies. He could plant vines, graft fruit trees, dress hides for shoes. From the hair of the buffalo his wife could spin clothes finer than most of those brought from Europe. The only thing wanting to our settlers, as far as my observations go, is salt!"

"And that, Louis, I have heard our Fathers at Three Rivers say is found plentifully in the lands of the Iroquois. Soon that land will be open."

"The Iroquois—they are snakes in the grass! I would exterminate them as we do wolves in France, when winter hunger drives them into the towns. I would never trust them, my father," vehemently exclaimed Louis Joliet.

"Poor Iroquois!" commented the Blackrobe, his eyes fixed on the gorgeous western scenery. "God alone can give firmness to their fickle minds and touch their hearts, while we Blackrobes stammer in their ears. Yet I firmly believe that like the grain of wheat that fell into the ground, the blood of our good Father Jogues will bring forth much fruit there. His pleadings these twenty-seven years before the Throne of Grace will yet win those neglected wild children, and that land will one day be as peaceful as it is fruitful."

"It has happened thus in all the countries where Christianity flourishes today. First poor pagans, neglected children of God. Then missionaries, some of whom were worthy to join that precious white-robed company that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goes, and then came grace into those lands and the seeds the pioneer priests planted, and died in the planting—" Marquette lovingly repeated this last phrase. "—and died in the

planting, became mighty trees. So it will happen, as well in the Iroquois cantons as in this mid-American wilderness."

"Not in my day, Louis, which is close unto evening, nor in yours, but later. This I know, as I know that God lives. This is my hope and my consolation!"

"Ah!" the Blackrobe continued, his brown eyes lighting with zeal, "I believe that these weary weeks on the River of the Conception have not been in vain. Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid. And I have reason to believe this when I remember Long Fox—that sorcerer's papoose—little Found in the Grass. They were the first reapings."

Marquette stood up. He had forgotten his companion. His eyes were traced. . . . Joliet heard him whispering:

"So there is ahead of me a bitter winter—another—and then on a blue-skied morning, above blue lonely waters, the lovely death of Francis Xavier!"

The voice died away and Louis Joliet instinctively dropped to his knees, knowing he had heard words that were not for his ears. He saw that his beloved Blackrobe was gazing into the glory that was beyond the sunset. What he was seeing there brought a pleased smile to his worn features. The voice began again:

"What a harvest! What a mighty harvest! Ah, Mother Immaculate, what a privilege to let thy unworthy son start this mid-American planting!" And again, "What a mighty harvest! Greater than Xavier's!"

When the Blackrobe noticed his silent companion, he cried:

"Louis, Louis, I have seen with the eyes of Faith my worthier successors gathering in a mighty harvest—not alone of these red children, but of the children of your settlers, who, in the days after our days, will people these fertile prairies."

The Dying Man Who Walks sank back.

"I grow weaker, Louis mine. It is God's will. He and His Immaculate Mother are very good to me. Leave me here yet a while."

Reverently Louis Joliet withdrew. He looked back once the trees hid the point. Marquette bathed in the rays of the setting sun, was still gazing fixedly out across his River of the Conception and what he was seeing was most desirable. Joliet never forgot the memory of that indelible picture.

When the sun was well under the distant bluff, Joliet called Crow Dog and sent him to the point. As the

slave boy with No Flesh bounding at his heels raced up, he stopped suddenly. His master's eyes were swollen with weeping. The boy asked:

"Blackrobe Master, your heart is sad?"

Marquette shook his head. "Words apart from sadness, Crow Doggie."

He smiled down and changed the subject.

"So here are my faithful hound and my more than faithful son! It is time to go back to the cabins, for we start early for this portage that will lead us quickly to the Mission of Saint Francis Xavier."

The Blackrobe put his hand affectionately on the slave boy's shoulder and said:

"Remember what that Peoria warrior told you. Listen attentively at the mission and in due time I will pour the Saving Waters on your forehead and make you a follower of the Prayer. Come now and help me back to the cabins, for my strength is that of a papoose."

Slowly the Blackrobe, leaning on the proud shoulder of his slave boy, walked back from the point and left behind him the fading western skies.

In the gray dawn of the following morning the two canoes, with the escort Rushing Wind had furnished to show the portage into the lake, turned the point where the cross stood out prominently and started up the River of the Illinois. Marquette told Jean and René, who were at the paddles, to let the canoe drop behind. The two green points closed in and the vast expanse of the River of the Conception was cut off; only visible was the wide tide and the dark bluff on the far shore. Humbly the Blackrobe petitioned:

"Mary Immaculate, guard this mighty stream. Send them Blackrobes more worthy than I, who in a better day will gather in that mighty harvest."

Marquette dipped his hand affectionately into the clear stream and letting the water fall again, whispered:

"O Mary Immaculate, Mother of God, Mother of Grace, remember them!"

Reluctantly he gave the order to paddle after the others who were far ahead.

The worn birchbark canoe that was now symbolic of his own worn-out body, rounded into the first bend. The twin points closed in and the River of the Conception passed forever from the mortal eyes of its first Blackrobe. It was the warm morning of August 3, 1673.

Flowers of old Japan

in the

Gardens of new Brazil

J. J. MERRICK, S.J.

AMERICAN statesmen will doubtless soon be looking askance at the peaceful penetration of 250,000 Japanese into South American Brazil, a country territorially larger than the United States and incredibly rich in natural resources. Alarmists will be quick to find an implied danger in this advent to American shores of a hardy and determined Eastern race. The Catholic will think of the souls of these emigrant children of the flowery kingdom and lay plans for the winning of them to Christ. Already the seeds of Catholicity have been planted in the hearts of some of these newcomers to the Western world. The harvest is beginning to ripen. May Saint Francis Xavier, first Apostle of Japan, through his powerful intercession prosper and speed the work! The illustrations of this article were furnished through the courtesy of the Pan American Union.



NE of the treats of Washington is the magnificent bloom of its Japanese cherry trees in the warm breezes of mid-April. Like an army in array they stand facing the benign Lincoln sitting thoughtfully in his Memorial, or as some have said: "They are the children of the Far East, dimpling and smiling to the Capitol and White House."

Wisely or unwisely, however, the United States have forsworn the children of Old Japan, but luckily for the Flowery Kingdom not so South America. Japan's more than 60,000,000 are swarming like busy ants over its often barren soil and the policy of "live and let live" drives them out of their island homes into the lands of great wide spaces. If North America will not shelter them, South America welcomes them with hope and promise. Already Peru counts 10,000 Japanese, while Brazil numbers nearly 50,000. The rest of South America counts several thousand more.

Welcomed by South America

In the 16th century Spain and Portugal, led by the genius of Saint Francis Xavier, penetrated the exasperating obscurity and paganism of Japan, and built up a Catholic Church which in a short time became the marvel of Europe, only to see it trampled upon and destroyed until nothing



Avenue of Palms, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

ing save a secret vestige remained.

A Happy Calamity

Today in this twentieth century Japan comes to the political children of Spain and Portugal, the great republics of Peru and Brazil. She could once command the stranger in her gates to learn her language and defer to her laws. Today she must learn their languages and obey their mandates. She comes seeking bread and they do not offer her a stone.

What Spain and Portugal offered 350 years ago, their children offer also today. That same supreme Faith and high morality of the Catholic Church, which the Jesuits of 1549 offered to Japan's children, is offered to her children's children by the spiritual successors of those early Jesuit pioneers. In 1921, in Lima, Peru, a young Japanese and his wife started teaching in a college for the Japanese of the city. However, in a short time both were taken grievously ill. Father Joseph Pinedo, S.J., heard of their plight and at once proceeded to visit and console them. His efforts to bring them back to health were partially unavailing. But if he failed to give life to the body, he had the consolation of bestowing it upon the soul. The young bride died, cleansed with the waters of Baptism. Eventually the young man recovered, and the president of the college, Mr. Yokoshe, love shown by the Christian he invited him to teach catechism weekly to the children of the school. Already Baptisms, first Communions, exquisite congregational singing, daily Masses and all the fervor and panoply of sincere conversions are the outcome of this apostolate. Thirty Catholics out of one hundred and seventeen students, plus forty catechumens, and all within six years, is certainly a splendid victory for offering love to those who only asked



Coffee Plantation in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil.

for bread. Now the Chinese of Lima have opened their college and the Father is planning to teach them catechism also.

Christianizing the Oriental

It is the good fortune of a Jesuit that he can find a house or college of the Society in every important centre in the world. So Father Albacete, S.J., was sent to China in 1923 to learn Chinese from the Jesuits working there. Three years of study gave him splendid proficiency and now in the hospitals, in the large ranches and farms, in two Chinese and one Japanese lower schools and even in private residences both Fathers are hard at work winning these industrious and intelligent peoples to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ.

When in 1759 the brave Montcalm surrendered to the English commander Wolf, the little French colony of New France numbered scarcely 60,000 souls. Today, less than two centuries later, there are 2,700,000 French Canadian Catholics, the offspring of that tenacious, bold and prolific stock. Of just such a type is your modern Japanese. Industrious, intelligent, prolific, he has a soul naturally Catholic when put in Catholic surroundings. In South America today he numbers even more than did the French Canadians of 1759, and instead of the supply being in danger of retrenchment, immigration from both China and Japan will go on steadily increasing.

Culling the Flowers

It is easy to imagine what prestige, stability and talent will be brought to the Church of God, if the apos-

tolate of the Jesuits among these Eastern peoples should prove successful. A Japanese priest was brought to assist in this important work, but he is now old and unable to undertake the long journeys that the apostolate demands. Last August Father Drenéuf, the Vice-Provincial of Central Brazil, appointed Father Guido del Toro, S.J., to work amongst the students and young men of Sao Paulo and this Father has already achieved notable success. In three months he baptized fifty students ranging from nine to seventeen years of age.

Shortly after this a Japanese of influence came to Father del Toro and told him that an entire Japanese settlement was ready to embrace Catholicity en masse. Moreover they knew Portuguese and could be readily instructed. Father del Toro baptized another group of fifty in February and will probably continue to baptize at the rate of fifty every three months.

Other Jesuits have begun to take notice of the magnificent prospects and the Jesuits of Tokio, Japan, have arranged with the different emigration agencies to cooperate in directing Catholic Japanese to Catholic surroundings in Brazil and to facilitate the work of conversion of the non-Catholics.

Sowing the Tares

The fly in all this ointment is Protestant propaganda from the United States. A budget of \$55,000,000 annually, to be expended to a large extent in preying on Roman Catholic countries, is a tremendous monster that yields no quarter. Millions of it go into South America every year, heralding the superiority of Protestant nations and Protestantism. Money talks, though it does not convert, and so the poor Catholics of South America are hard put to it to oppose the Protestant invasion. They have done very well in holding their own without resources against cunning adversaries. If they have done

(Continued on page 138)



Gloria Church, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

FROM MANY CLIMES

PATNA

Mr. Paul E. Dent, S.J., a scholastic of the Missouri Province who left the States last August after repeated and earnest entreaties that he might be dedicated to the India Mission, has contributed many beautiful stories and poems to the Patna Mission Letter, an intensely interesting publication of Patna Mission. Here is a bit of his verse we have culled from the April number of that publication.

Star-Light on Patna's Plains

I walk into the starry night,
And many are the thoughts that
come,—
A lonely thought of far-off home,
A happy thought of Heaven's light;

And for the weary men about,
With midnight on their kindly heart,
A thought that some angelic art
May help us light the darkness out.

I walk into the lonely night,
And many are the thoughts that
come:
O God, for whom we left our home,
Flood on us all Thy sacred light.

Tigers and Bears

From the same number we take the following: "Father Creane, S.J., an American of Patna Mission, who wished to see with his own eyes the methods employed in Chota Nagpur, where the missionaries have had such marvelous success, spent some weeks in visiting various stations. Among other things he learned that some of our brother-missionaries at times have a gay time.

"Tigers there are plenty here, and man-eaters too. Shortly after I left the station at Majatoli, for instance, three men were killed there by a tiger. In the neighborhood of Noadh, where I spent some time, about two hundred men have been killed by tigers during the last couple of years. At Katkahi I stood at the grave of one of our Belgian Jesuits who was mauled by a tiger in 1912. Not unfrequently, as I rode through the jungles, my companion would point out to me a spot with the remark: "A

man was killed by a tiger there last year." When going through the jungles and over the mountains on horseback to Ambakona, I was half expecting to see a tiger spring out at me any minute. Nor did I feel any too secure when making the last long run of forty-five miles on bike from Katkahi to Lohardaga. One of the first thrills I got after my arrival in the mission was the news that three little girls who were gathering fire wood, were chased by bears and one of them severely injured before she could be rescued. Another day one of the native priests reported that a man had been brought into the station with his nose bitten off by a bear.

"Man-eaters are not in the ring daily at any of the stations in Patna Mission, at least not just at present; though some years ago a Capuchin Father was mauled by a tiger 'at Ramnagar, one of the out-posts. But for all that, life in Patna Mission is anything but monotonous.

"To the student of human nature, and even more to a lover of humankind, this seething mass of humanity is a kaleidoscope of fascinating interest. And while on the one hand one feels that there is less 'wearing the mask' here than in a more literate land, that people are for the most part simply their own plain selves without any pretence or acting, yet on the other hand, as you look into those almost provokingly calm eyes, and imposingly unperturbed countenances, you are constantly wondering what, in the homely phrase, 'is in the back of their head, anyway.' O India, Land of Mystery! Shall we ever understand you?

"At times, to be sure, when a storm of petty persecution bursts over one of the stations, as recently at Victoria Mission, the thoughts of some hearts at least are revealed with alarming clearness."

Holy Cross College

"Practising the Precept from Classroom to Parish" is the title of a neat little mission pamphlet written by the Reverend John D. Wheeler, S.J., zealous director of the mission unit at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. In it the author explains the

methods he has adopted to achieve remarkable results in the financial aid of mission endeavor. In the course of two years the eight hundred students have contributed \$8,652 for mission activities. In the beginning of the year each student finds in his post office box a notice containing all the details of mission work, past successes and future plans:

"The Holy Cross Mission Unit of the Students' Mission Crusade has distinguished itself in its work for souls. Last year \$1,350 was collected by the envelope system and distributed to missions in all parts of the world. Great good was done by our contributions in Jamaica, B. W. I., Philippine Islands, China, India, Czecho-Slovakia, Zambesi in South Africa, Germany, Holland, Italy, Canada, and Indian Missions in the western part of the United States. Besides money, 2,000 pieces of clothing, weighing in all one ton, were sent to the Indians of South Dakota and Montana, and over 5,000 Catholic papers were forwarded to the Philippines, Zambesi and Jamaica. What the missionaries think of the Holy Cross Crusaders is evident from the letters posted on the Bulletin Board.

"Envelopes will be distributed weekly in the P. O. boxes, and each student is urged to contribute ten cents each week to this worthy cause. We expect to receive and distribute this year \$3,500.00 for missionary work, and we can use Catholic papers, clothing, shoes, caps, etc., in our missionary work. Collection of envelopes will be made each Sunday at the Students' Mass by the four class presidents. Those who absent themselves or forget their envelope may deposit their offering in the Mite Boxes of the Office."

Father Sullivan Gets His Ford

Holy Cross College is blazing a mission trail which all Catholic schools might well imitate and emulate. Independent of the substantial help thus resulting to the missions, the intensification of the students' Christian life, which in the inevitable result of such practical charity, is an end worth seeking in itself, which is cheap at any price.

In acknowledging the receipt of the Ford presented to him by the Holy Cross Mission Unit, Father Sullivan writes to Father Wheeler: "On February 26, the car landed in Gagayan, Misamis, 'knocked down' and well packed in a big case. . . . Last Sunday with the assistance of a local chauffeur, I started the Ford on its missionary career. . . . It was to one of my Barrios, Agusan. . . . I sent word to the principal teacher I would come there first, say Mass, and organize the catechism class. Just five times the best congregation I ever had there before was on hand. I got four classes of children, forty-seven in all, led by their public school teachers, off to a good start on their catechism. Twenty-five children knew no English. To these I gave Visayan catechisms. . . . How necessary it is to have the children learn their prayers you will gather from this, that boys ranging from seventeen to twenty years of age have never learned the simplest prayers. . . . That Ford will enable me to cover the ground of at least three priests without such conveyance. Is that not a consolation to you and to all who so generously answered your appeal?"

THE PHILIPPINES

A First-Hand Witness

In a letter to the Editor, Father Eugene McGuinness, Vice-President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, who has just returned to the States after a personal investigation of religious conditions in the Philippine Islands, writes: "I have much, indeed, to say of the splendid activities of the American Jesuits in the diocese of Zamboanga. Though I did not get to all of the missions, I had the good fortune (?) to see the terrible homes in which some of them are living, and they are utterly impossible."

AFRICA

The Belgian Congo—Belgian Jesuits

The King of the Belgians took his stand in 1920 on this impressive platform: "Colonization is one of the highest functions of a government that has reached any great degree of civilization. But it is not a function without a duty and the first of all duties is that of emancipation which it behooves the mother-country to work out sincerely for the well-being of these primitive peoples."

Now one of the most efficacious of colonizing agencies are medical missions and a sanitary organization that will meet the needs of the impoverished natives. On this point Mr. Destré, a former Minister of the

Belgian Cabinet, had remarked in 1924: "Schools, workshops, leper-asylums, hospitals, churches, the missionary erects them wherever he goes."

It is in line with his remark and that of King Albert that the Jesuits of the Belgian Congo are to have a real medical mission with a splendid array of hospitals and equipment under the auspices of the "Medical Society of St. Luke" and encouraged by the special protection of the King. Any mission has taken a new orientation and a tremendous leap forward when it has equipped itself to take care of every ill that afflicts human nature whether of body or of soul. It cannot fail to win the inmost heart of the people it seeks to serve.

sonaries is the "school" which is proving a fruitful means of conversion. The following incident is an indubitable proof that education of the mission field is the handmaid of the propagation of the Faith.

St. Martin's out-school had been opened less than twelve months. Misodzi was a poor ignorant pagan girl of less than fifteen years, entirely unknown to the visiting Superintendent. She was not on the school register, for her pagan parents, fearful lest she should become a Christian, had kept her well in the background whenever the shadow of the priest darkened their village.

The first mention of Misodzi's name came in connection with a charge of



Missionaries at an Indian Temple

Cape Colony and Southern Rhodesia —English Jesuits

This mission was confided to the Society of Jesus in 1879 and has continued to flourish in the midst of continuous disputes among the European Powers who have occupied the district, and despite strong Protestant propaganda.

The missionaries who were sent to these regions at first experienced great difficulty with the climate. In a short time a number were broken in health and so many died that the district became known as the "Jesuits' Grave." With better housing conditions and by taking other precautions the initial difficulties have to a great extent been overcome.

Witchcraft and the Baptism of Desire

One of the chief cares of the mis-

witchcraft against the school teacher. He had been present at a dance in a neighborhood village. Misodzi had also been there. Returning home after the dance, Misodzi fell sick and died within three days of the fateful visit. The teacher was absent at the time of her death and so what clearer proof could the innocent father and mother need to charge the innocent teacher with casting a spell of witchcraft about their daughter, thus causing her sudden death? It was idle for the priest on his visit to reason with the parents. No one dies a natural death. The absence of the teacher showed himself convicted. With heavy heart the sad father told his daughter had been sought him with her dying breath not to have the divining bones cast concerning her death.

"If you leave me to do this," she said, "you will find my spirit has passed away before your return."

The superstitious parent was not able to resist the temptation. On his return he found his child dead.

"If only I could have Baptism," she had murmured in her father's ear on the morning of her death.

She knew that the teacher was absent and the nearest Christian was in the place where in the mind of her parents the fatal spell had been cast upon her.

So Misodzi with the desire of Baptism on her lips breathed forth her Christian soul to her Creator. But not before she had charged her pagan parents with the fierce vehemence of the herid-born Faith that the roll of the Chidzimba drum should not be heard beside her tomb nor the obscene songs of pagan debauchery disturb her rest in Christian peace.

THE LITTLE FLOWER AND THE GODS OF INDIA

(Continued from page 124)

Christmas was only two weeks off and a lot to be done. There was no time for folding arms in blissful serenity and indulging in pleasant day-dreams. Walls had to be torn down and heaps of mud and fallen roof, tiles and bamboo and other species of rubbish had to be cleared away to make a fit abode for the newborn King and I had to do it or at least pitch in and show how it could be accomplished. Little did I dream that before the task was long under way, a young energetic brother Jesuit just over from America, would come along . . . but that is the happy second chapter of my story which I shall save for next issue.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Continued from page 126)

ing; they are not forced. They are volunteers, free-lancers of the Great King, eager to safeguard His honor, on fire to advance His interests. It might seem that their efforts will be hidden away from the eyes of men, but their zeal will enkindle "Northern Lights" which will be seen in many places and will perhaps illumine the darkness of many minds groping for the true Church of Christ.

A DEFLOWERING OF CATHOLICISM

(Continued from page 129)

of America have been sleeping! Is it possible they have not known the facts, that Evangelical Americans have known well, and of which they were so quick to take advantage? True, a

few stalwart champions of Christ did come, and some died on the field of battle in the defence of Christ's little ones. But these were too few. Today, the hope of the Church in the Philippines is in the hands of the Catholics of America. Catholics of America must send men and money; first of all, however, men, American priests to work among the student class and to train the Filipino priests in the ways of meeting and overcoming the proselytizing that is going on all over the Islands. Religious educators, men and women, with money to build and maintain parish schools everywhere in the islands must go quickly to the rescue. Men and women well trained in social activities, and boy leaders are a crying need, but they must be supported from America. If Catholic America would but take the work in hand with half the zeal of the enemy, it would not be many years before the Church in the Philippines could carry on the work itself. The greatest need is Catholic education.

FLOWERS OF OLD JAPAN IN THE GARDENS OF NEW BRAZIL

(Continued from page 135)

more and made sallies into the ranks of Japanese and Chinese, so much the more to their credit.

With American-educated and American-financed Japanese ministers entering the lists against them they will surely find themselves at a decided disadvantage. Yet the Protestant mission boards of the States are sending these Japanese recruits into South America in increasing volume. It is a challenge to the Catholicity of the United States. If they can send Japanese ministers, why cannot we send American-trained Japanese priests? We must be internationally-minded not merely in theory but in practice, as the Protestants are. We must go out and bring in the Japanese of America, make them priests and then send them as missionaries to their own people here and abroad.

Notice is given to Subscribers that there is no issue of JESUIT MISSIONS in August. The next issue will appear in September.

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|--|----------|
| For the Süchow Mission: | |
| Miss A., Quebec, for the construction of a chapel. | 1,000.00 |
| Mission Society, Emmanuel College, Boston, Mass. | 50.00 |
| F. D., Lowell, Mass. | 25.00 |
| Rhetoric, Class A, St. Mary's College, Montreal | 22.00 |
| L. D., Quebec. | 5.00 |
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| | |
|---|------|
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| | |
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| | |
|---|-------|
| Offerings for Masses: | |
| Good Shepherd Sisters, Peoria, Ill. | 19.00 |

| | |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| Catherine D., New York City | 5.00 |
| M. W., Buffalo, N. Y. | 5.00 |

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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 | 286 | |

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

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