



MARTYRS' SHRINE MESSAGE



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THE COVER The Crib of Bethlehem has always been a source of inspiration and wonder to those who know of it. The shepherds and the magi, the scholars and the uneducated have meditated on it with fruitful results. To none, however, did it give the same thrill and ecstatic joy as it gave to Mary the Mother of Jesus. As she gazed upon Him there, she knew that He was both her Son and her God. As both she loved Him with a love that was all but divine. The artist who painted the picture on the cover presents her to us as she knelt by the Crib before the new-born Infant the first Christmas morning.

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IMPRIMATUR
JACOBUS
CAROLUS
CARDINALIS
ARCHIEPISCOPUS
TORONTINUS

MARTYRS' SHRINE MESSAGE

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

When the Shrine closes in October it is not unusual for the Jesuit staff to be scattered to the four winds, but I do not believe that we have ever been as well scattered as we were this autumn. Father Charles Kanavy has gone to St. Mary's University in Halifax to teach; Father Joseph Fallon to the Novitiate in Guelph to rest and regain his former energy and vigour; Father Denis Hegarty is in Ireland where he will have an opportunity to visit his parents who recently celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Only I have remained within reasonable distance of our office in Toronto, although retreat work and preaching engagements have kept me away, if not very far away, most of the time. October 1961 at the Shrine was one of the finest on record. Happily so because it allowed us to get a good start on the new rectory we are building beside the other two. The reason for the new rectory is to permit us to add office space and rooms for consultation in the old. This will not be done this fall. It will have to wait till 1962.

His Grace Philip F. Pocock, D.D., paid his first visit to the Shrine since he was named Coadjutor Archbishop of Toronto, on August 6th, the Feast of the Transfiguration. A large crowd attended the Pontifical High Mass and heard His Grace speak about the Martyrs and their meaning to his archdiocese.

In September we enjoyed an unofficial visit from the Most Reverend Sebastiano Baggio, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to Canada. This was only one of several proofs which His Excellency gave during the summer of his interest and care for the Martyrs' Shrine and for which all of us who share his interest and care cannot be sufficiently grateful.

His Excellency Benjamin Webster, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, again accompanied the pilgrims from his diocese to the Shrine. Finally we close our list of distinguished visitors with His Excellency Francis Allen, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Toronto, who celebrated Mass on the Feast and presided at the clergy dinner which followed.

We hope to get this issue of the *Message* in the mails so that it will reach you before Christmas. Whether it reaches you before that date or not it will certainly be on its way to you before then. And when it leaves here it bears with it the sincerest wishes of all the members of the Shrine staff that you and yours will have a truly blessed Christmas and peace throughout the New Year. May God bless you.

Sincerely yours,
J. F. McCaffrey, S.J., DIRECTOR.

At Martyrs' Shrine 1961

His Excellency, Philip F. Pocock, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, celebrated Pontifical High Mass at Martyrs' Shrine on August 6th.



**VISITING PRELATES,
PRIESTS AND RELIGIOUS**

MARTYRS' SHRINE was blessed this season by a visit from an even larger number of bishops, monsignori, priests and religious than on previous years. His Eminence James Cardinal Mc-

Guigan, D.D., came for August 27th, the anniversary of the First Mass offered in Ontario, and said a Mass of Thanksgiving; Most Rev. Philip T. Pocock, D.D., sang a Pontifical High Mass on the first Sunday of August, the Sunday following the Feast of St.

Monsignor M. Shuba with the Slovak Pilgrims, July 2nd, 1961.



Ignatius; Most Rev. F. Allen, D.D., sang the High Mass on the Feast of the Martyrs, September 26th. Rev. James Collins, the Pastor of Norwood, Ontario, preached the sermon; as usual Most Rev. Benjamin I. Webster, D.D., led the people of the Peterborough Diocese in one of the largest pilgrimages of the summer. His Excellency, Most Rev. Sebastiano Baggio, D.D., the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, visited the Shrine during the summer and other distinguished members of the clergy came from different parts

of Canada and the United States.

PILGRIMAGES

The Poles, organized by Rev. J. D. Capiga, C.R., P.P., Very Rev. M. Smith, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblates and Rev. J. Sajewicz, O.M.I., Pastor of St. Casimir's Church, Toronto, again had a record number of pilgrims. It was estimated that there were at least six thousand present. Mass was celebrated at the 12th Station and in the afternoon, Benediction was given at a temporary altar placed on the

The German Pilgrims with Rev. W. T. Kroetsch, C.S.S.R.



steps in front of the church. The guest of honor and preacher of the day was the Most Rev. S. Woznicki, D.D., a Polish bishop now living in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Slovaks, with Rt. Rev. M. Shuba, D.P., P.P., had as large a pilgrimage as they have had in previous years, as did the Croatians, the Dutch, the Germans, the Hungarians, the Lithuanians, and the Slovenes. Each group held their own special ceremonies much as they have done in the past.

PARISH GROUPS

Most parishes that had organized pilgrimages sent members of a society rather than the whole parish. For example, the Christian Mothers of Kitchener sent one group from St. Mary's Parish and another from the Sacred Heart Parish; Father Jordan brought his Guild from Hanover and similar groups came from St. Mary of the Angels' Parish and St. Lucy's Society, Toronto; from Hamilton, Port Colborne, Welland and several other towns.

The Dutch Pilgrimage with Rev. A. Lannoye.





Very Rev. M. J. Smith, O.M.I., beginning Mass for the Polish Pilgrims on August 27th.

Among the bus tours that brought pilgrims to the Shrine were: one from Agincourt, under Father Harding; one from St. Michael's Parish, Fort Erie; one from All Souls Parish, Hamilton; one from Owen Sound; one from Christ the King Church and another under Father Regimbault, S.J., of Sudbury; one from St. Agnes Parish and one from St. Patrick's Church, Toronto—this latter is organized each year by Miss Mary Kerr. From the United States came St. Francis Xavier Guild, Boston, Mass.; The Rosary Guild, Buffalo, N.Y.; Franciscan Pilgrims from

New York under Rev. A. T. Brown, O.F.M.; a group organized by Mrs. J. Epoch of Syracuse, N.Y.; and smaller groups from other cities.

C.Y.O. GROUPS

Young people organized pilgrimages from North Bay, Oshawa, Sacred Heart Parish and St. Ann's Parish, Toronto, Trout Creek and Walkerton; Girl Guides came from Kitchener and Oakville.

SCHOOL GROUPS

In late May and all June, through the cooperation of school boards, principals and parent-teacher associa-



The Hungarian Pilgrimage accompanied by their Pastor.

tions, over three hundred schools sent one or more classes to the Shrine—on one day forty-eight schools registered. Each group was given a brief outline of the work of the Jesuits in Huronia, then a conducted tour of the church and grounds, ending at Ste Marie with an explanation of the excavations and the buildings and relics that had been found there. The children showed a keen interest in what they saw and in the stories that they heard.

SUNDAYS

From the opening of the season to the closing, each Sunday at the Shrine was a busy day. Generally the church was filled at each of the five last Masses and two or three priests heard confessions for several hours during the morning. On days when there were large pilgrimages the afternoons were nearly as busy as the mornings. Despite the cool, wet weather the total attendance for the season was approxi-

*The Knights of
Columbus, Huronia
Council, Father and Son
Communion Breakfast,
June 4th.*



mately the same as it had been in 1960.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Besides the events already mentioned, several others that were held last year or for several years past were held again this year. Among them were two retreats for married couples, one at the end of May, preached by Father D'Orsay, C.S.B., and the second in early October, preached by Father Moss; the Huronia Council of the Knights of Columbus held their Father and Son Communion Breakfast early in the season; 19 students from St. Michael's College, Toronto, made the Annual Walking Pilgrimage in September; and on October 4th the Catholic Women's League held their Annual

Day of Recollection. The preacher was Rev. J. P. McCarthy, S.J.

THE GROUNDS

A correspondent writes: "The eight thousand annual flowers planted this year produced one of the most showy displays so far in the various Shrine gardens." His was only one of many compliments extended to those in charge of the Shrine. The trees planted eight years ago and each year since then are beginning to make a good showing on different parts of the grounds, the work done to level off the rough spots, the care given to the lawns and the shrubs planted in front of the church and elsewhere—all these have done much to help "the eight



Pupils from St. Brigid's School, Toronto.

St. Matthews School pupils with Rev. L. P. Woods.



thousand annual flowers produce a showy display."

For several years it has been felt that something should be done to provide better accommodations in the rectory and better office space for those wishing to see one of the priests living in

the rectory. This year, shortly after the Feast of the Martyrs, a start was made by breaking ground for the building of another small rectory a few yards north of the present one. It is hoped that this project will be completed early next year.

Editor's Note: The scene pictured here is that of a home in a French-Canadian country village of a hundred years later than the time of the Martyrs, but the Christmas spirit depicted is the one that existed in the early days of the colony and still exists in the more secluded parts as yet untouched by modern materialism.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN OLD QUEBEC

by JEAN AMYOT, S.J.

THE DARKNESS of the evening had closed in hours ago. In the sleeping country around about the fires glowed dimly in the kitchens where the women still worked, the illuminated Christmas trees were like so many flares on the river, so many stars in the sky. Shortly before the chimes of the clock struck ten the snow began to fall. From the couch where I sat near the crackling hearth I could see the large flakes light up as they passed the window, stop as if to look inside, rise and disappear into the darkness. Surely this night was unique among all the nights of the year, filled as it was with mystery, joy and peace. After the long days of intensive preparation for the Festive Season it was good to relax and think a bit. For the last month we had talked of little else and spent all our spare time in making ready for it. Now in a few hours it would be here. The little ones were in bed, only their

elders kept vigil. As I sat there in the dim light from the fireplace, memories of other Christmas Eves came back to me, memories of those who had shared our joys then had since left us, some of them forever. In the church by and by we must pray for them. They will be with us in spirit.

In the church presently Christmas would reveal its true significance. What would Christmas mean to us without our participation in the Sacrifice of Christ, the Redeemer of the world, whose coming we welcome at Midnight Mass? Christmas without the presence of the Child Jesus in our midst would be like an empty temple, a parish without a church, a banquet without the guest of honour. It is painful to think of it.

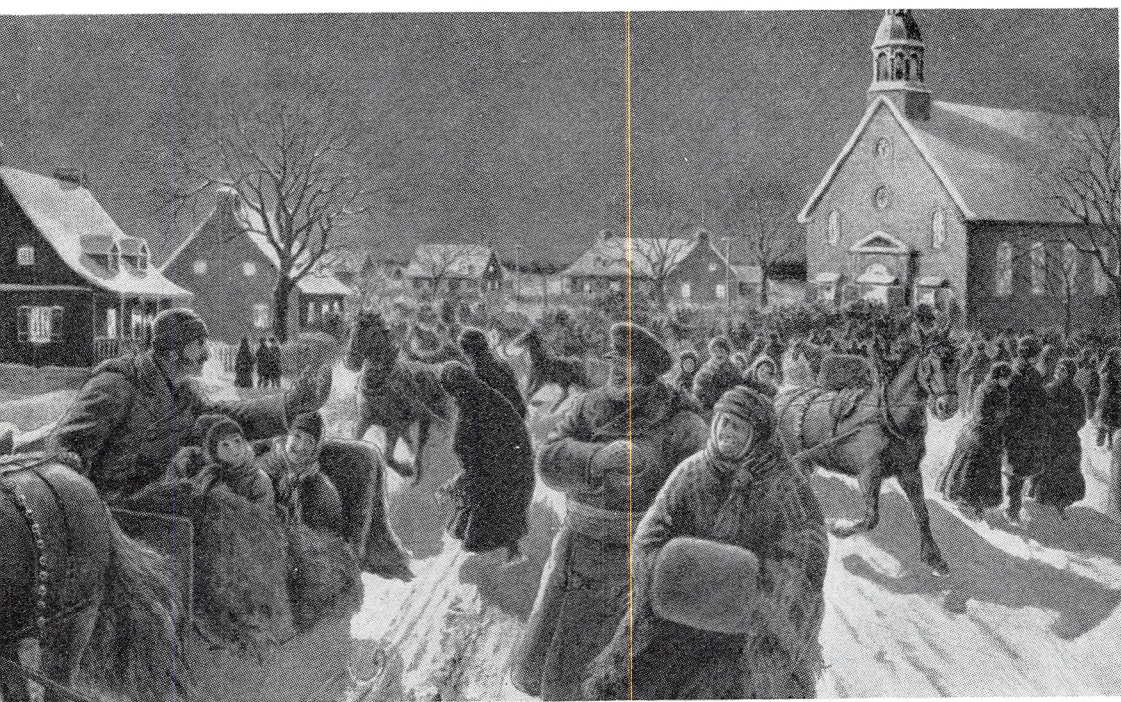
All during Advent the pastor had exhorted us from the pulpit to give at least as much time to our preparations for the spiritual celebration of Christ-

mas as we gave to material preparations. He begged us not to treasure the jewel case and forget the jewels themselves. That reminded me that I must concentrate on the spiritual for the few minutes left before the midnight bell ushered in the great feast. I turned to the little crib built at the foot of the Christmas tree. I went over slowly in my mind the different events that had brought Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem and the cave where the Christ Child was born. What simple wholesome folk these were! In them Jesus saw none of the complicated ruses that He later found among the Pharisees, perhaps even in my own life.

The chimes of the old clock rang out again and suddenly reminded me that

I must awaken the children. A half-hour later we were out in the cold, clear air of the north, breathing deeply as we wound our way to the crib. It wasn't snowing now, but a smooth white carpet lay along our path. The youngsters led the way and got great fun out of being the first to put footprints in the snow. On almost all the roads that led from the country we could see groups of parishioners coming towards the church. They were all bundled up in their double cloaks and fur caps. Parishioners who lived at a distance came in their sleighs and the music that floated towards us from the bells that hung from the harness made us feel that we were already in the joys of Christmas. Of course, we thought of





the gorgeous lunch that would follow the three Masses, of the wit and laughter, of the hearty exchange of good wishes among relatives and friends, but all that would have no meaning unless we first placed Jesus before all else in our troubles and joys. That was the thought that inspired us when we gathered in the well-lighted church to join our voices with those of the angels to sing "Glory to God in the Highest."

The first Mass was very solemn. For all that our hearts went out spontane-

ously to the two low Masses that followed, because during them we heard the old, familiar hymns that were so cheering and intimate: "Adeste Fideles," "Il est né le divin Enfant," "Angels we have heard on high" and the others that we remembered so well from other years. As the hymns were sung our eyes turned naturally to the crib to study the images of the newborn Babe, of His Blessed Mother and of the humble carpenter. Oh yes, and those of the shepherds too who came to adore the long-expected Messiah—



St. Francis Xavier Guild, Boston, Mass., with their director, Rev. J. M. Harney, S.J.

those and the star that shone brightly over the crib.

In the peace and joy of it all the three Masses were soon finished and we were on our return trip home, exchanging here and there the traditional "Joyeux Noël" with the friends that we met. There was a warmth and sincerity in those good wishes. The spirit of joy was everywhere. It came from the stars in the heavens, the white snow on the ground, the lights on the Christmas trees, the smiles on our faces and the greetings of "Merry Christmas."

At home Mama was waiting for us. For a few minutes she was torn and dishevelled by the good wishes and tenderness that everyone showered upon her at once. She had left the church after the High Mass in order to put the final touches on the preparations for the "Réveillon." Now all was ready. There was the table neatly decorated

and loaded with good things to eat. It was most inviting. A glance at the Christmas tree made us think of New Year's Day and the presents it would bring, just now the meal before us was of prime importance.

There was an air of innocent gaiety all around the table. Our appetites had been whetted by our walk in the open air and here we had plenty to satisfy them. Special dishes succeeded one another and happy remarks went with each dish. The older members of the family teased the youngsters, they enjoyed it and answered back and so the chatter went on till our eyes grew heavy and we went joyfully off to our rooms.

Surely this was the night of nights! Now as we lay in our sleepy beds we could hear the angels softly singing: "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace among men of good will."

the joy of th

by ROBERT GAUDET, S.J.

JOKES AND JOY are not the same thing. There is a big difference between them. You have heard it said that some saints may have lacked humour but none of them lacked joy. This is precisely the point. Jokes and humour may be part of joy, but if joy consisted in this, our lives would be like a smoking candle. We must look for the flame.

The Martyrs did not find much humour in their daily chores among the Indians. Yet their lives were filled with joy. It was joy that encouraged them from day to day, lightening their burdens. We do not have to picture them as sad-faced men either, but certainly the discomfort, hardship and dolor of their life was not a laughing matter.

Often the Martyrs must have reflected on the passage of history that introduces real joy into the world. This is where the joy that we now know began. "And there were shepherds in the same district living in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them and the glory of God shone round about them, and they feared exceedingly. And the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people; for today in the town of David a Saviour has been born to you, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace among men of good will'."

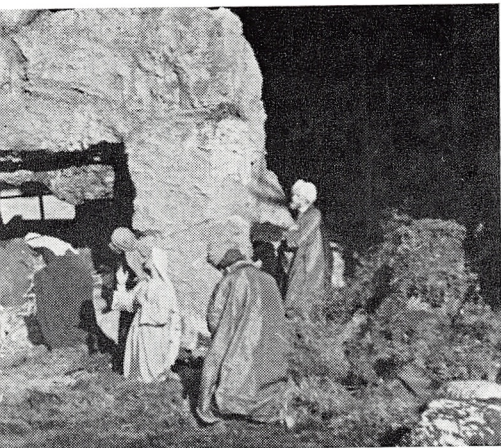
In this passage we can find the flame that is true joy. The angel says that he brings good news of "great joy". The reason is because a Saviour has been born to us, who is Christ the Lord.



This fact is the heart of true joy. Father William Yeomans, S.J., points out in *The Way*, April 1961, that the foundation of Christian joy is the discovery and recognition of Christ amongst us, and the knowledge that he brings us salvation. These three elements of discovery, recognition and knowledge of salvation are all found in this gospel narrative of the shepherds. The shepherds could never have imagined that an angel would stand by them that night and the glory of God shine round about them. No wonder that they feared exceedingly. But to help their belief the angel gives them an explicit sign to look for: "you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." The shepherds went in search of this sign. The gospel tells us of their discovery: "they found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger." Then, the recognition: "when they had seen they understood." Finally, the knowledge of salvation: "and the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all that they had heard and seen, even as it was

e shepherds

*Outdoor Crib—Piazza Navona,
Rome, Italy.*



spoken to them.”

That then, is the plan of joy. These same elements of the shepherds’ joy are found in my life: discovery of Christ, recognition, and knowledge of salvation. All together, these form the pattern of my joy. I rejoice because Christ has come and has called me to the Christian way of life. Christ is the reason for joy. The shepherds were filled with joy because the long-awaited Messiah had come and they looked forward to the Kingdom that he would establish. Today, we no longer must look forward to the Kingdom that the Saviour will establish, we can look back on the Kingdom that He did establish and which is continuing at this very moment. In this sense, my joy can be more complete than the joy of the shepherds.

This pattern of joy is made for my needs today. In any moment of depression I can turn from my own little world with its narrow view to the vision of Christ’s Kingdom as it is now and as it will be at the end of time. The weariness and irritation of the

office job, or household tasks, or school, become acceptable in this light. The joy of a father’s life is not restricted to greeting his family after a hard day at the office, or to weekend picnics or annual holidays. It is much more. Now he can see that his work and the suffering it involves adds to the joy of his family. And even greater, the father sees that this joy is his sharing in the joy and vitality of Christ’s Kingdom. He accepts his suffering as a loving member of the Church just as the Head of that Church did. This makes him already blessed. The full and final possession of this Kingdom is reserved for the blessed in heaven. This is true Christian joy, which flows from desire for union with Christ. It is joy which enables me to look beyond the humdrum and the monotonous and find meaning and permanent value in my actions and sufferings.

This is not to say that joy is a spiritual balm or supernatural escapism. It is not intended to avoid the reality of suffering, the discomfort of everyday life. Quite the opposite. It is a reality of the most complete order. In the consciousness of the full load of bitterness and torment, we turn to Christ and we share in joy because we accept the suffering. We do not try to escape the anguish. The vision of Christ suffering is the cause of our joy, for we know that we are moving towards the perfection of Christ’s joy, the more we are called to share in His sufferings.

Nothing could be more complete, nothing could bring more hope, than that even suffering is a source of joy. An attempt to deprive a Christian of anything is only a source of more joy. That is why “we are sad men who rejoice continually, beggars that bring riches to many, disinherited and the world is ours.”

SOCIAL JUSTICE

by JOSEPH FALLON, S.J.

THE INTENTION recommended to the members of the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of December, and blessed by our Holy Father, Pope John XXIII, is Social Justice. In the more detailed form it reads: The distribution of earthly goods among men according to justice and equity.

Pope Leo XIII, in his Encyclical on the conditions of the working man, drew our attention to some of the out-crying abuses of his time. He also suggested a remedy for many of them. In certain quarters his exhortations were taken seriously, with the result that conditions improved greatly within a few years. Elsewhere tradition, resistance and lethargy were obstacles that proved to be insurmountable.

It was left to Pope Pius XI to point out the reason why many honest efforts had failed and to suggest a new approach. This he did in his Encyclicals *Quadragesimo Anno* and *Divini Redemptoris*. These, with the *Rerum Novarum* of Pope Leo XIII, have been the catechism of Catholic sociologists for the past thirty years.

One of the most helpful works on the subject of Social Justice is a pamphlet written by Rev. William Ferree, S.M., and published by the Paulist Press of New York. The author does not attempt to present an exhaustive study of the Encyclicals. Instead he

shows that after forty years of study and development from the time of Pope Leo XIII it had become evident to Pope Pius XI that the welfare of the individual can be best assured by a united and organized effort on the part of each individual to work for the Common Good. If this is done honestly, patiently and scientifically it will bring success, whether it be applied to farm groups, trade unions, professional associations, towns, provinces, states or even to countries throughout the world.

Father Ferree lists seven laws of Social Justice that are set forth by Pope Pius XI. The mere reading of the titles of these laws should cause any serious person to think. They are: 1. That the Common Good be kept inviolate. 2. That Co-operation not Conflict is necessary for Unity. 3. That one's first Particular Good is one's own place in the Common Good. 4. That each one is directly responsible. 5. That higher institutions must never displace lower ones. 6. That there must be Freedom of association and organization. 7. That all vital interests should be organized.

The setting forth of these laws by the pope has solved many a problem for the philosophers, the sociologist and the moralist—not to mention the man in the street and the half-starved white-collared man. Where the laws

have been applied unselfishly the results have often been astonishing.

Nearly a century before the time of Pope Pius, pseudo-philosophers, Marx, Engel, and Lenin, expounded their theory of social justice and the remedy for all the evils of the day. Their theories resulted in the murder of the Czar of Russia and his family and, under Joe Stalin, according to his own figures, they resulted in the murder of ten million innocent people. Not satisfied with the havoc wrought at home the Communists brought about the temporary ruin of Spain and the almost complete ruin of China, Korea and all the countries behind the Iron Curtain. They have also had their part to play in the troubles in Africa, the Far East and South America. According to these "philosophers" that is social justice.

John Edgar Hoover, Director of the American Federal Bureau of Investigation, is one of the keenest and most experienced authorities on crime in the world. In the August issue of the Knights of Columbus magazine "Columbia" he has an article on Communism that only Hoover could write. It

is somewhat frightening when he says that the struggle between freedom and totalitarian enslavement is drawing towards a climax. However he also says: "Hysteria, witch hunts and vigilante activities can weaken our security." He adds further: "We have need of faith as never before. We have need of faith of the kind which put iron in the souls of our forefathers, enabling them to meet and overcome adversity."

Like Pope Pius XI, Mr. Hoover shows that the only road to peace and Social Justice is along the narrow path of wholehearted co-operation in working for the advancement of the *Common Good*.

During the month of December, then, Social Justice should be uppermost in our minds and prayers. It is the intention of the month and it is a necessary requisite for the happiness of ourselves, of our neighbours and of the whole world. We cannot have peace and prosperity without it. And let us not forget that Social Justice is brought about by all of us working together for the *Common Good*.

Christian Mothers Guild, St. Mary's, Kitchener.



ALL OF US who have studied the triumphs of the Martyrs have been impressed by one statement that is made: "The blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christianity." Without the sufferings of Our Lord, Christianity would be impossible, and without the sufferings of the Canadian Martyrs, Christianity among the Indians would have been impossible also. The Martyrs suffered under the Iroquois Indians and now the

did not like to be called by that name, but historically they are known as Flatheads and there is not much that can be done about it now. Their real name is the Salish Indians and they occupy the valleys of Western Montana where we have the Bitterroot Range of mountains and the Mission Range.

Ignace, or Old Ignace, told the Salish or Flathead Indians about the doctrines of Christianity and encouraged

AN IROQUOIS APOSTLE

by JAMES D. NELSON, S.J.

Iroquois are Catholic, even though their ancestors were masters of surgery and butchery.

Two hundred years after the sufferings of John de Brebeuf and his companions, one of the descendants of the Iroquois Indians, Ignace Lamousse by name, became an apostle of Christ. He was a convert, thoroughly Christian and deeply impressed by the message of Christianity.

Ignace wandered from his own native territory far into the Rocky Mountains of Western Montana. When he left home he realized that attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass would be impossible, as would be the participation in any of the sacraments, and yet his zeal urged him to leave home and he eventually ended up in the territory of the Flathead Indians of Western Montana. Incidentally, the Flatheads

them to baptize their children. He urged them especially to be sure to baptize any dying man or woman that they might happen to come across.

Ignace told them the amazing story of the Blackrobes and their interest in the Indians. He told them what the Blackrobes had done to teach them about God as well as about survival agriculture and simple industries. He pointed out, in short, that they were the good educators who could bring Christianity to perfection in their tribe. As a result the Flatheads were extremely interested in having the Blackrobes come to them.

Old Ignace Lamousse got together a few members of the tribe and they made their famous journey across the Rocky Mountains and the great plains of the Middle West until they reached St. Louis. There they made their way

to the College of St. Louis and asked for the Blackrobes. This was around the year 1838. The Jesuits were so pitifully understaffed at the time that they could not respond to the call, yet Father DeSmet was there, heard the call and was very much interested in the work. At a later date the Indians went back to St. Louis, made another call and won their point. In 1841 the Jesuits went to work among them. How many there were is a bit vague, but Father DeSmet was certainly the leader of the band.

They made their first contact with the Flathead Indians in their own territory at a little town now known as Stevensville in the Bitterroot Mountains and Bitterroot Valley, fairly close to the Idaho border in Western Montana, thirty-five miles south of the main Highway No. 10 that now crosses Montana from east to west. That is the place where the first church was built. It may seem strange that they should have settled there since the Jesuits had to go from east to west, which is seven hundred miles across the state of Montana to the extreme west. We must remember, though, that it was the mis-

sionary or apostolic endeavour of Ignace Lamousse among the Flathead Indians and not among the other Indians of the State that had produced the greatest results. Naturally, the Jesuits thought that it was there that they could be most effective in their dealings with the Indians. The Mission was, therefore, established in the year 1841.

A strange story is told about the very ground upon which the Old St. Mary's Church was built. One of Ignace Lamousse's converts was a ten-year-old girl who was supposed to have died on the very spot where the church stands. Her dying words were: "On this very ground where I am dying a church will be built. It will be run and managed by the Blackrobes. Whatever they tell you to do, you obey them."

To what extent this legend is true is hard to tell, yet it is one that is carefully preserved and well thought of today among the Indian missionaries of the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus.

It was from St. Mary's in Stevensville in the Bitterroot Valley that other tribes found out about the Blackrobes and their educational work among the Indians. It was from there that the Jesuits were able to establish missions among the very treacherous Blackfoot Indians of Eastern Montana, the Umatilla Indians in Northeastern Oregon, the Valintel Indians of Eastern Washington, the Crows of Eastern Montana and other tribes right out to the Pacific coast.

Many interesting stories are told of Father DeSmet and his missions. The point here is that all these Indian tribes received their faith in Christianity from the Flatheads, from Ignace Lamousse and, of course, from the sufferings of the Canadian Martyrs. "The blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christianity."

La Fédération des Femmes Canadiennes-Françaises.



A DeSMET INTERLUDE

TRAVELLERS to Banff, Alberta, from the east, pass the town of Canmore, a coal-mining centre, about 15 miles from the famous resort, nestling in a valley between Mount Rundle and the three peaks known as The Three Sisters. This valley is actually a pass over the summit of the Rockies. It has been named throughout its known history as White Man's Pass. Science has made it famous in recent years. A river has been dammed on the heights and a 20-mile lake created. The river flows its usual course for the months of the summer at the base of the Banff Mineral Springs Hotel. But for the rest of the year it pours its waters down the man-made tunnels of White Man's Pass, generating the electric power for the Province of Alberta.

On Sunday, October 23rd, 1960, Most Rev. Francis P. Carroll, Bishop of Calgary, solemnly blessed a new parish church at the foot of White

Man's Pass in the village of Canmore, replacing a small church which had served the local congregation for 67 years. In his sermon, the Bishop reminded the parishioners, that White Man's Pass was famous for another reason than as the site of a rather marvellous scientific achievement. The Pass was given its name, he said, because the summit of the Rockies was first crossed by it, as far as history knows, by a white man. The white man was Father Peter DeSmet, S.J.

FATHER DeSMET AND ALBERTA

Father DeSmet, the Jesuit missionary, was sent from St. Louis, Mo., in 1840, to evangelize the Indians in the North Western United States. He met with considerable success, and in a short time, established flourishing missions among the Flathead Indians of what is known today as Idaho. However, in southern Alberta there lived

Dr. W. J. Jury addresses his summer students at St. Ignace.



the Blackfoot Indians who were rated as the most uncivilized of all the prairie and mountain Indians. They proved their reputation by periodic and destructive raids on Father DeSmet's missions. He determined to end this opposition by constituting himself an ambassador of peace.

Moreover, he had heard that there was a priest somewhere on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. He would induce him to carry the faith to these savage marauders. He had heard truly, for the Bishop of Quebec had sent Father John Thibault, a secular priest, into that region and had confided to his care what comprises today, Alberta, Saskatchewan and the Northwest Territories. Father Thibault had crossed his vast territory two years before the advent of Father DeSmet and had established himself among the Cree Indians at Lake St. Ann, seventy miles northwest of the present Edmonton. He had not yet entered the Blackfoot area which lay far to the south.

FATHER DeSMET'S JOURNEY

So Father DeSmet set out on his incredible journey which occupied nearly a year and carried him by pack-horse and his two feet for more than one thousand miles. He failed to negotiate a peace for he did not encounter

the Blackfoot Indians. But he did find Father Thibault busily engaged in evangelizing the Crees of Northern Alberta and he aroused him to the needs of the southern Blackfeet.

Yet Father DeSmet's intrepid journey was not wasted. When he crossed the summit of White Man's Pass, he became the first priest to enter the area which is today the diocese of Calgary. As he reached the Bow Valley, so well known to Rocky Mountain visitors, and now the parish of Canmore, he came upon a band of Assiniboine wandering far from their lands and destitute of food. The zeal of the apostle was aroused and he set himself immediately to evangelize them, and to help them find food. He preached to them, instructed them and made converts among them. Thus he celebrated the first Catholic functions, gave the first baptisms and made the first Christians in Southern Alberta.

Nearly another 50 years were to pass before Canmore was settled and was given its first church by Rev. Walter Cormire, O.M.I. But Canmore parish and its new church designate the first landmark of the Catholic Faith in Southern Alberta, set up there 115 years ago by the great Indian missionary, Father Peter DeSmet, S.J.

Exchange students from Peterboro, July 26th.



ARMAND ANDEHOUA

Disciple of St. Anthony Daniel

by FRANK H. WHELAN, S.J.

ANYONE STUDYING the life of St. Anthony Daniel will read of the establishment of a school for Huron Indians near Quebec. As an ardent apostle among the Indians in Huronia, Father soon realized that if he was to develop fervent Christians among the people of that tribe it would be necessary to choose from among the Huron youths those who showed signs of real leadership. These he planned to send to Quebec, because it was impossible to teach them among the violent and immoral surroundings in which they lived.

Father Daniel succeeded in rounding up twelve youths who would go to Quebec for formal schooling. This number was radically cut down and eventually only half that number accompanied him on his journey. At Quebec two died of sickness, two others ran away but the remaining two showed signs of real promise and volunteered to go back to Huronia to get an urgently-needed report on deteriorating conditions there. From all human standards of judging, the school started by Father Daniel was a failure. However, the subsequent life of one

Pilgrims from Syracuse, July 8th, 9th, 10th, under the direction of Mrs. Joseph Epoch.





Girl Guides from Oakville, Ontario.

of his pupils showed that in reality it was a success.

The pupil's name was Armand Andehoua. He was now a baptized Christian and on his return trip to Huronia his devotion to the missionaries was exemplary. He was unflinching and fearless on all occasions. Arrived at their destination, he went around explaining the mysteries of the faith and constantly laboring to improve the morals of the people. He carried on this apostolate, despite the fact that he was at times some distance from the priests. His life of purity and prayer was a constant source of wonder to his fellow Indians.

Armand continued to live among his own countrymen and fought courageously with them against the Iroquois. Although captured by them, he managed to escape. In the meantime his friend and teacher, Father Daniel, had been murdered by the Iroquois.

At this time Father Joseph Chaumonot was also working among the Hurons and had established a Sodality of Our Lady among them. The Iroquois continued their attacks and within a short time Fathers Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant were tortured and put to death. The Hurons and the missionaries that were left had no choice, they were forced to leave. Strange to say, these Indians earthly doom seems to have begun with the arrival of the

missionaries and with their complete acceptance of the faith.

Abandoning Huronia, the Hurons settled near Quebec, where their faith deepened and their piety expanded under the care of Father Chaumonot. In the Relations for 1653-54 Father Mercier writes: "What has most promoted the spirit of fervor in this Huron Colony is the devotion that they have practised during the past year in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In order to inspire them to greater zeal our Fathers who have charge of the Colony have formed a Sodality of Our Lady, to which they admit only those men and women who lead exemplary lives and who, by their virtue, render themselves worthy of this grace."

Father Chaumonot assures us that Armand was a fervent Sodalist. He writes: "For seventeen years he had never been untrue to his baptismal promises. After the establishment of the Sodality of Our Lady he had even redoubled his fervor, hearing two Masses daily, no matter how severe the midwinter cold might be. He heard them on bare knees, in a respectful posture that had nothing of the savage about it."

Eventually Armand succumbed to a wide-spread influenza. Shortly before his death, at the age of thirty-six, he exclaimed: "I have no regrets in departing from this life. I have no fear of death, because Jesus will have pity on me."

to Father Phillips, "Do you recognize him." Father said no; the guard pushed him inside and locked the door behind him.

The cell was a dingy place with wooden floors and plaster walls, no more than three strides each way. The wooden door had a panel with metal bars through which the guards could peer into the cell. An opening, a few inches high, at the bottom of the door left room for food and water to be pushed in from the corridor. There was another barred opening in the wall beside the door, letting in sounds of agony or torture the guards thought would be "helpful" for the prisoners to hear, but it was too high to look through.

On the opposite wall, seven feet from the floor, three tiny windows, all heavily barred, opened to the outside;

they were without glass and let in, as well as the light and air, the rain and wind. A naked bulb in the ceiling kept the cell lighted throughout the night. There was no furniture, not even a stool.

When Father Phillips stretched out on the floor, he tried to pray until the rasping voice of the guard interrupted: "Quiet! Praying is not allowed in this prison."

Shrill police whistles and electric bells jarred the prisoners from their sleep at five in the morning. Father Phillips had been accustomed to getting up at that hour for many years but not to the sound of shrill police whistles. Before the prisoners lay a long, tedious day exactly like yesterday. Says Father Phillips: "Eternity was everyday. Hell began at five in the morning."

Pilgrims from Scarboro, Ontario, arranged by the Scarboro Knights of Columbus.





The Christian Mothers, Sacred Heart Church, Kitchener.

Forced to sit on the floor, he could not lean back, talk, read, or write. If he dozed he invited abuse and blows from the guards. For a priest, accustomed all his life both as a Jesuit student and teacher to read books, to talk to intelligent men, to harvest his time for fruitful work, this idleness tested him severely. Often he played a mental game of bridge: shuffling the cards, dealing the hands, counting up his points and preparing to make an opening bid. Any interruption on the grim silence was usually a summons by the guard to a "mind-cleansing" session.

The call to an interrogation was always unexpected and unwelcomed. Father Phillips marvelled at the method the authorities followed. It was not too unlike the method he had followed during the many retreats and days of recollection he had made in the Society of Jesus.

After each session he was led back to the silence of his cell to ponder the

proposed course the judge insisted his line of thought must begin to follow.

He had nothing else to do but sit immobile on the floor, think, mull over the questions and answers he had given. He was puzzled as to why the judge kept probing around what he had done on March 7th or some other uneventful day. Perhaps he had done something then he could not recall now. Father Phillips realized that his thinking was gradually becoming woolly about these "important" facts. Perhaps he had committed some crime against the state but had not given the same meaning to the word "crime" and "state" that the judge had. Perhaps he was partially in the wrong, but his pride prevented him from admitting it. If only there were someone he could trust to discuss the whole matter with, someone to help him clarify his thinking.

Surrounding this confusion of mind was the numbing discomfort of sitting on the floor, the beady eyes of the



Pilgrims from Utica, New York.

guard trained on him. How long could he endure this? When would he be released? Would he be released? Would they resort to physical violence like the well known ice water and electric shock treatment?

Father Phillips knew that the only way to preserve his sanity was to continue to pray. He could say his rosary on his fingers, he could repeat formal prayers he had memorized, or he could meditate on the mysteries of our Lord's life. He realized that, unless he continued to foster that awareness of the presence of God, he would never endure it all.

He had never before had ecstasies in prayer, nor was he favored with them now. He did not see visions or experience periods of high consolation and exaltation like those of his ordination day. His prayer was a dry offering, a petition for courage and perseverance in the dreadful loneliness of this dingy and foul cell. His hands were anointed and he knew he was here solely because

of that.

Father Phillips remained in this cell for almost two years.

A third year passed in various other cells. Finally he was summoned to a rigged trial where the judge and other court officials were dressed in civilian clothes, posing as representatives of the people. Looking older and much thinner for his experience, Father Phillips stated as defiantly as he had done three years earlier: "The only crime I have committed is being a Catholic priest and working as a Catholic priest." He was sentenced to three years in prison, which he had already served, and expulsion from China.

Father Thomas Phillips is alive today, thriving at his apostolic work in San Francisco. He probably will never return to China but his triumph stands as a landmark in the Church's progress there. For the faithful, his example has quickened the pulse of resistance and for the Communists, it is an omen of doom.