

A YEAR IN ALASKA.

Life of a Jesuit Missionary in the Frozen North.

St. Peter Claver's Mission. Nulato, Alaska, June 30th, 1894. Rev. and Dear Brother:—I think my last letter to you was written in July, 1893, while I was on a visit to Holy Cross Mission. In the latter part of August I returned here, and a few days after my arrival, Father Ragarn left, having been called by Father Superior, leaving me alone with one Brother, to attend to these two villages, one of which is within five minutes walk to the house, and the other about two miles down the river.

Here we have a small church and have begun to build a better one, but at the lower village we had none until last November, when an Indian there had a good log house, sold it to me very cheap, because one of his children had died there about two years ago, and the Medicine Man, or Teyen, as they call him, told our Indian that his other children would die if he remained in that house. With little work, I fixed it up, made a temporary altar, and began on the 1st of December to use it for a church.

My plan was to say Mass three times a week, and here three times, and on the other days to say the beads and teach catechism in the afternoon, so that every day each village had either Mass or beads and catechism, and on Sundays all come here, when we have High Mass, instruction and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The first Friday of the month, for which we prepare by a novena, we celebrate here by a general Communion of all who have made their First Communion; in all about twenty five, half of whom are large children, who have been to school at Holy Cross.

We are slow to admit the Indian to Holy Communion, but this year I have secured the baptisms of all the children in both villages, and of nearly all the young people, and with few exceptions these come to confession at least once a month.

The Medicine Man could not have conferred a greater favor upon me, than he did by causing that man to leave his house. Thus we see how God makes use of the wicked, even, to accomplish His designs, and turns all to the good of His elect.

SICK CALLS AT FORTY BELOW.

On the 8th of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, immediately after Mass, I had to start on a sick call to a village about thirty miles down the river. We left here—An Indian and myself—with a sleigh and seven good dogs, about 9 o'clock, stopped at noon at an Indian house for our dinner of tea, dried fish and bread, and then continued our journey, arriving at our destination about 4 o'clock. It was a cold day, forty degrees below zero, but the wind was at our back, and we did not suffer. I found there an old man, of the father one of the children at our school, who was very sick with something like pneumonia. I gave him some medicine, instructed him, heard his confession and anointed him. He was well disposed and died a few days after I left him.

On the 15th of December Father Ragarn returned from Holy Cross Mission, having visited all the villages between there and here. The trip lasted one month and the distance covered was about three hundred miles.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTICS.

Christmas day was a happy one for us here. I read two Masses at the lower village, where I had nine Communions, and Father Ragarn had eighteen Communions here. At 9 o'clock I sang High Mass here, after which I had a Christmas-tree for the children. Our tree looked well, although I had no candy. I made some small cakes, and with them and a large tin of sweet crackers which some good folk sent us last summer I filled a number of small bags, some of cloth, some of colored paper, which, together with the toys you sent, set the tree off in good style, and made the little ones jump with joy when they saw it. The tin dogs, fishes, etc., which moved by themselves, amused not only the children, but also the older ones. We raffled the toys, as there were not enough for all, and gave each child a bag of cakes. To the grown people we gave a piece of sweet bread and a cup of coffee, and all went away pleased.

On the 8th of January Father Ragarn left here, to make a missionary trip up the river, and a few days after he sent me word that there were two white men in great destitution, thirty miles above here. At once I sent a Brother, with two sleighs, warm clothes, and a good provision of bread, tea and fish, to bring them down. He found them with their feet so badly frozen that they could not use them. The Brother made the trip in three days, and although it was fifty degrees below zero when they arrived here, they were so well wrapped up that they did not feel it. Until Father Ragarn met them, they had not tasted bread for seven months; at one time they had been two weeks without anything but a kind of wild rhubarb, which we have here, again they had passed eight days with only one small salmon.

They are two young men, each about twenty-one years of age—one a Scotchman, a sailor by profession, and the other the son of German parents, from Minnesota, and a Catholic. The Scotchman is a Presbyterian.

When I examined their feet, I found them in a terrible condition; both being so badly frozen that for about two months they were not able to use them, and it was nearly four

months before they could wear shoes. They left on the first steamer to go to the mining country to seek their fortune, just five months from the time they came.

THE ICE FIELD BREAKS.

The past winter was the longest and most severe they have had here for many years. The snow fall was by far the greatest I have seen, and the spells of severe cold more frequent and longer than usual. Generally we can only travel at night in April, because the trail is too soft during the day, but this year it was so cold that the sun was not able to effect anything. It was only at Pentecost, May 13, that the sun got the better of Jack Frost, and began his work of destruction, when, as though conscious he had a mighty work to do, he went at it in good earnest, and in two weeks this immense river had risen about twenty feet. On Sunday, May 27, the ice began to go out. The next day at about 7 o'clock in the evening, while the whole river was one mass of broken ice forcing its way out, a large cross, which we had erected two years ago on the spot where Archbishop Seghers was killed, passed down the middle of the river, borne along by the ice, but standing perfectly erect and facing the bank. It was a fine sight to see it moving along in the bright sun light, amidst the roaring of that immense body of ice and water. We tolled the bell while it was passing.

The place where the Archbishop was killed is about forty miles above this place. How far the cross went, we do not know.

It looked as though the cross were sent ahead to give us warning of what was to come, for as soon as it passed, the river began to rise rapidly. We had to remain up all night to watch it, and at 3 o'clock in the morning we took everything from the church, which is nearer to the bank than our house. All that day the water continued to increase, forcing all the people in the village to take refuge on the mountain, and completely surrounded our house, so that we could not leave it, except in the boat. By noon on Thursday, our cellars were full up to the floors, so not knowing what was coming, we boarded up the lower windows, to prevent their being broken by the ice, and moved everything up stairs, but at 2 p. m. the water began to fall rapidly, as if a gorge had broken somewhere.

The other village, which I have charge of, two miles below here, did not fare so well, as the water covered it completely, and the ice carried my church and all of the houses far back, leaving them a heap of ruins on the hillside. Some of the people from that village, who had gone to the other side of the river before it broke, thinking they would be perfectly safe there on the high bank, had a narrow escape. When they saw the water coming on them and had no higher ground to retreat to, they built themselves an elevated house on poles as high as they could, and there they took a last refuge. Fortunately it was just high enough, but with nothing to spare, for their feet were already in the water when it began to fall. All the villages for at least a hundred miles below were washed away. Last January the most noted Medicine Man here was taken sick, and thought he was dying. He sent for me saying he wanted to save his soul; as he had two wives, and knew very well it was wrong, he sent one away, and declared before all the people that he would not take her back again, and that he did not believe in the Medicine Men, and would not play any more, or make medicine, as they call it, if he got well, and as he seemed to be truly in earnest, I heard his confession and anointed him. It would have been well for him if he had died then, but God gave him a chance to prove his sincerity, and allowed him to recover. But with returning health, the old passions revived, and he fell again into all his former sins. On the night of April 3, he played as Medicine Man here, and next morning he died suddenly. God calling him without a moment's warning. Many looked on his sudden death as a punishment from God for not keeping his promises. I had many confessions the following days, and among them some that had not been before.

Ten large girls returned from the school at Holy Cross Mission, when the steamer came up. They are truly a credit to the Sisters. They speak English without hesitation, have all made their first Communion and been confirmed. As soon as they came I noticed how much more courageous and open they were in the practice of their faith than those who came back last year and before, but the cause of the difference did not occur to me until now, namely, that they are the first to receive confirmation, for it was only when Father Tosi was in Rome last winter that the Holy Father gave him power to confer that sacrament. Never before have I seen its effects more evident, and I sincerely thank the Holy Spirit for this manifesting His power in these first fruits of the sacrament, for their own sanctification and the great edification of all who see them.

On Wednesday, the 27th of this month, we had for the first time here the full marriage ceremony. Two of the girls from the school were married to two young men, brothers, one of whom has been living with us here for several years, as interpreter. The day was the finest we have had this summer, warm and bright, and our little church never looked so well, as only lately we put up a new altar, which was adorned with all the lights and flowers we have, and although not grand was neat and devotional. I think you would have been a little surprised had you seen the two brides in

their new calico dresses, made for the occasion, with all the skill they acquired during the four or five years with the Sisters, and their long white veils and wreaths of flowers. We had the Nuptial Mass, with all of its blessings, at which the four contracting parties received Holy Communion, all of which was well calculated to impress the Indians with the dignity of this sacrament and make them understand how holy and inviolable is the union between those who receive it.

I am sure there are many good people in the States who would be happy to help us if they knew our needs, so whenever you have the opportunity, you will do a good work by making them known, so that all who wish may aid us in gaining to God this most remote corner of the Union, for although so far away from you, we are still on United States soil, of which we are constantly reminded by the flag and by hearing the school children singing our national airs.

In a mission like this everything is useful—all kinds of groceries and provisions, and especially flour, rice, beans and corn meal, dry goods of every description, as blankets, quilts, calico, muslin, etc., hardware, stoves and kitchen furniture; church goods, namely candles, oil for sanctuary lamps, candle sticks, vases, flowers, altar linen, etc., boots and shoes for men and small. In a word, everything for church, school or house use, or for food, clothing, bedding, etc., provided it is good, for the freight is too much to pay for worn out or useless things, as old books and papers, and the like. We are poor, and therefore will not disdain the smallest offering, and as our field of labor is so vast, the largest may be turned to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

As our work is not a thing of the present only, but to continue year after year, it would be desirable that those who may wish to help us, by their charity renewed their offerings each year, as far as their means will allow. All offerings should be directed to one of the Fathers of the mission, thus: Rev. St. Michael's, Alaska, care of Alaska Commercial Company, Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal., and should be sent in time to reach there before the first of May, and the freight should be paid at least that far.

I nearly forgot to tell you about a little experience I had on the 29th of January last, feast of St. Francis de Sales. I had been at the lower village, and about half past 5 started to return. It was very dark and stormy, so that I could not see five feet ahead, but I thought I could keep the trail by feeling with my feet. The first half mile I went all right, passing a big snag that lay near the trail. Presently I saw something black ahead of me, and could not imagine what it could be, so, with some misgivings, I kept on until I reached it, and what was my surprise when I found it was the snag I had left a mile behind me. In finding the trail after I had lost it, I had turned around, and instead of going towards home, was retracing my steps; so after taking care to turn right about face, and remembering that the storm was blowing down the river, and therefore I should face it all the time, I started again, and made perhaps a half a mile more, when I lost the trail again, and this time for good. It was so dark that when I tried to retrace my steps, I could not see the last foot-print I had made. Once off the trail, the snow was above my waist, and every step I gave up all hope of regaining the trail, and, keeping my face to the wind, tried to make what headway I could in the snow. After some time, I made a hole in the snow to rest, but I felt so sleepy, I was afraid to stop long, and started off again, resolved to keep up as long as I could. So I wandered on for several hours, and was on the point of stopping, intending to pass the night in the snow, when I heard some one call. It was a welcome sound in the stillness of the night, and after answering the call for some time I met two Indians whom the Brothers had sent out to look for me, and who led me to the house.

We have beautiful weather here now, moderately warm, clear and bright, with full daylight all the time, so that we almost forgot during these three months what night means, and what a star looks like, for we never see one. In the fishing camps especially, the Indians pay no attention to time, but each one sleeps and eats when he feels like it, so that the camp is as busy at midnight, as it is at midday. I know the severity of our winters has frightened some, who have not been where the cold is severe, but it has no terrors for those who have experienced it, and there seems to be something about this country that fascinates all who come here, for I have never met one, even those who come only to make money, who wished to leave it, as long as they could get something to do.

Good-bye for another year, unless I get time to send you a few words by the last steamer. In the union of the Sacred Heart, I remain,

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THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHER JOZEAU.

The Fribourg Liberte publishes a letter from the Rev. Father Pasquier, a missionary, addressed to his former professor, Father Jaccoud, and containing very interesting details relative to the origin of the present war between China and Japan and the martyrdom of Father JozEAU. The writer, who narrowly escaped death himself, as at Seoul when the letter was begun on August 17th, and whence it was despatched on September 7th. It seems there is a society of rebels called Ton-hak, which means "doctrine of the East," in opposition to the doctrine of the "West," or Christianity. The principal object of the former is the overturn of the dynasty of the Niu, which, according to a prophecy dating from 1392, was to take place after the lapse of five centuries, that is in 1892. The sect is composed of brigands, robbers, malcontents, and the unemployed who, under pretext of reform, want to drive out the foreigner and exterminate the Christians. In the spring of 1893 they threatened a general massacre of Japanese and Europeans. In the spring of this year they seized upon the capital, but were driven out by the Chinese who, instead of stifling the rebellion, used it as a leverage against the Japanese and Europeans. The Christians had much to endure from their depredations in scattered bands.

On the 6th of July alarming letters conveyed to Monsignor Mutuel that the position of the missionaries and their flocks had become intolerable. The insurgents of Tjellato became more and more aggressive. They made their way into Father JozEAU's residence and demanded his rifle. "I have none," he replied. "If you haven't we're going to kill you," they said. "Kill me if you like," he answered, baring his breast. This scene was repeated thrice. Father JozEAU went to Father Baudounet at Tijen-Tjyou, and on the 14th of July telegraphed to Monsignor: "Patres Christiana omnes moriantur" (All the Christian Fathers are in danger of death.) Monsignor immediately responded: "Patres fugiant, vel huc veniant" (Let all the Christian Fathers come here.) With this order from his Bishop, Father JozEAU prepared to depart. Japan, jealous of Chinese influence in Corea, had invaded the peninsula, seized the capital, and removed the royal palace. They deposed the King of Corea and forced the Regent—the same who in 1896 decapitated our missionaries and thousands of Christians, an old man of seventy-five who at times pretended to be converted but resumed his diabolical work—to sign an act of renunciation of the suzerainty of China.

After relating the defeat of the Chinese at Sosa and Hyong-an, where they lost 2,800 men and where 500 of them were made prisoners—the writer proceeds: "On the eve of that day, Saturday, July 28, Father JozEAU, flying from the rebels of Tjellato and going to Seoul, was passing along by Kongtjyou on horse back, accompanied by a single companion. His servant a catechist, a seminarist, and a porter followed at the distance of a day's journey. The Father, without stopping at Kongtjyou rested for the night at a league (about three miles) from the city. On Sunday morning, July 29, he continued his journey, and arrived about 11 o'clock at the inn of Iphalpong-tjyang, nearly fifteen miles from Kongtjyou, where a troop of Chinese barred the way. He was summarily interrogated almost in these words (a Christian who was there related them to me): "From what country are you?" "I am a Frenchman." "Where did you come from?" "From the neighborhood of Tijen-Tjyou in the Tjellato." "What were you doing in Tjellato?" "I was only doing one thing—teaching the Christian religion." "Why, then, did you leave Tjellato?" "I was forced to do so by the Tong-hak rebels." "Where are you going now?" "I am going to Seoul." "Since you are going to Seoul, let us return first to Kongtjyou, from hence we'll make our way together to the capital."

Father JozEAU, no doubt, clearly saw the trap, and from that moment he might prepare for death. The Tong-hak had reached Kongtjyou before him, and had formed a junction with the Chinese soldiers, and it was doubtless at the instigation of these traitors that the missionary was arrested. Although it was insufferably hot, they obliged the prisoner to march with his hands bound behind his back, often walking through water and mud along a journey of about fifteen miles. About three miles from Kongtjyou he was again questioned. Two Korean mandarins from the city went to meet the Chinese horde who were bringing the prisoner, questioned him again and in concert with the Chinese, sentenced him to death. This report was brought by Pagans, and there was no Christian servant at that moment. Just then the priest and the three others who were following the missionary at a distance arrived a Kongtjyou, but unable to get any information about the Father, continued their way and only heard the news of his arrest when nine miles off.

However, some Christians, apprised of Father JozEAU's transit made their way to the place of execution. A horrible spectacle awaited them. Two of them, who told me these details, were eye-witnesses. They saw the Chinese gang arrive. Father JozEAU, whose tall figure rose over the heads of these brigands, appeared in the midst of them. Our two Christians,

recognizing Father JozEAU, guessed all; they drew as near as possible and remarked that the martyr's legs were drenched with water and mud—they had made him walk through more than one rut. The Chinese immediately formed a circle around him. At that moment the Father raised his head and gazed at them, one after the other, without betraying any emotion. At a word of command from their chief three Chinese rushed upon the missionary, plunge their knives in his lions and all round his waist. Surprised by the pain the Father makes a bound and falls face forward upon the earth; then these miscreants flung themselves upon him, slash at him with cutlasses, and soon the martyr's body exhibits one gaping wound. The head, one arm and one leg are half severed, and the whole body is covered with horrible wounds, whence the blood flows in streams. After this dreadful butchery these tigers fling the corpse into the river, after stripping off its clothes. One of them brings back triumphantly the martyr's cross, beads and scapular, and after washing them, shows them to the people, uttering some Chinese words, which our Christians could not understand. The missionary's companion was also seized, summarily questioned and executed; they fired two revolver shots into him, and finished him with knives. He had been baptised only two or three days. The other followers of Father JozEAU heard of his death a few hours afterwards, and I was the nearest to Kongtjyou they sent a messenger, who brought me a soutane, the breviary, and three note books of the martyrized Father. I found in one of the note books five photographs of Father JozEAU, as well as his will, dated two days before. He expected his death, and in that will he made the sacrifice of his life for his Christians, and asked prayers for the repose of his soul. I at once sent a messenger to Seoul. Monsignor heard the fatal news four or five days after the execution. Then I gave orders to get the martyr's remains and inter them in a suitable place: until better times should permit us to transfer them and pay them the last honors in a more solemn manner. The body was recovered from the river on the night of the 1st of August and provisionally interred at a short distance, in view of the present perilous times.

The writer proceeds to say that the Christians were in daily expectation of death, that Fathers Baudounet and Villemot had fled to the mountains disguised as Coreans and closely pursued by Tong-hak bands, that he himself had been directed by Monsignor Mulet to take to flight, that on the night of August 6th he had gone to Father Curlier, and that the next day the rebels had assembled at a place three miles off with the intention of massacring them all. The Fathers, therefore, left their residences on August 7th and reached Seoul on the 10th, where the sad news daily reached them of the destruction of the Christian settlements, the pillaging of their houses and chapels, the flight of the Christians, and the ill-treatment and death of several. Fathers Baudounet and Villemot, at the time of writing, were still in the mountains without any shelter, sleeping in the open air, exposed to all the inclemencies of the most trying season of the year, having no food but cold rice, conveyed to them with the greatest precautions by some faithful Christian, all outlets of escape being watched by the rebels. It will take many years the writer says, to recover from their misfortunes and reconstruct the Christian settlements devastated by the rebels. Black misery will have consumed what the steel of the persecutors will have spared, as without bread or shelter many poor creatures will die during the winter of cold and hunger. For himself, he could not save the habit he wore, the rest will be consigned to the flames. The rebels had penetrated into his house, his Christians were beaten, and one only, who fled, was able to bring the news.

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