



# MILLIONS OF CHINESE.

Will be Catholics Before the Lapse of Many Years.

The Catholic missions of China are generally said to date from the sixteenth century. But in the latter part of the eighteenth century the religious orders in Europe, and the disorganization that followed the French Revolution, cut off the supply of missionaries for the Far East, and whole districts had to be abandoned. When, in 1830, the work of reconstruction began again, much ground had been lost. The wonderful results obtained in China are really the fruit of about eighty years of apostolic work, carried on with very limited resources, and for many years in the face of persistent hostility from the authorities. Further difficulties arose from the frequent civil wars and outbreaks against the foreigners, which often wrecked in a few days the work of many years.

But progress, slow at first, has been more and more rapid and encouraging, and the single vicariate apostolic, or missionary bishopric, founded in 1830, has now developed into a system of vicariates and prefectures apostolic covering the whole of China. There are thirty-nine of these bishoprics, and including coadjutors, there are forty-nine Catholic Bishops in China, besides those of Manchuria, Tibet, and other outlying provinces. Forty years ago we had in China proper 26 Bishops, 697 priests, and 470,000 native Catholics. Since then local persecutions and the terrible Boxer outbreak gave the Catholic Church in China a multitude of martyrs, and here, as elsewhere, the blood of martyrs has been the seed of the Church. In 1912, on the eve of what we hope will be a lasting peace for the Church in China, these were the numbers—Bishops, 49; priests (European), 1,426; priests (Chinese), 701; total priests, 2,127; native students for the priesthood, 1,215; nuns (European), 558; nuns (Chinese), 1,328; total nuns, 1,886; churches and chapels, 5,375; Catholics (baptized Christians), 1,363,697; Catechumens (converts under instruction), 309,985; total, 1,673,682. I have no general return of the Protestant missions later than 1905. In that year sixty-three different mission societies, representing several forms of belief, claimed a total of 178,251, about one-seventh of the number of baptized Catholics.

Educational work (carried on by the Catholic missionaries) is represented by village schools at one end of the scale, and at the other seminaries, colleges, and what may almost be described as a university at Zikawei, with its observatory, laboratories, museum, and vast library and printing press. All classes are represented among the converts. The Prime Minister at Peking is a Catholic.

We may hope to see in the present century the Church in China drawing millions into her fold. This is no over sanguine expectation, seeing that in eighty years the few scattered thousands of 1830 have grown to over a million and a half in 1912.

## GERMANY AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The German people have been celebrating the silver jubilee of the ruler who, for a quarter of a century, has guided the destinies of Germany in troublous times. This quarter of a century has meant peace and all its blessings. It has been a time of great national progress in economic and intellectual spheres. Germany not only maintains her place as a great power among the nations of Europe, she has become a world-power, and has won for herself a voice in the great questions of world politics. All of a sudden German commerce conquered the world. At this present time Germany owns the seacoast of the world in existence. A sixth part of the world's trade passes through her hands.

A thankful Fatherland lays before Kaiser William a tribute of gratitude. It has been wisely resolved to give this grateful feeling a practical turn by organizing a national subscription on behalf of Christian missions in the German colonies.

When the Emperor ascended the throne in 1888 there was only one Catholic Mission House in all Germany—the Benedictine House of St. Cella. If any one wished to join another religious order or congregation, with the view of becoming a missionary in heathen lands, he had to go to another country. Even missionary congregations working in German colonies were not allowed to train up new missionaries in Germany. Gradually things changed. Germany has become a colonial power. In the territories which she can call her own in Africa, Asia and Australasia, are to be found millions of natives, to civilize whom is a duty as well as an economic advantage. But only by imposing on those heathens the yoke of the Cross of Christ can this duty be discharged. If, then, the co-operation of the missionaries is warmly welcomed in far away protectorates, it is no more than right that facilities for recruiting their forces should be afforded them in the mother country. When this reasonable demand came to be admitted, several missionary congregations were established in Germany—the congregations of the Divine Word (Steyl), of the Holy Ghost, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Marists. There are now in the German colonies eleven apostolic vicariates and six apostolic prefectures. Two hundred and twenty-one mission houses and residences are staffed by 423 priests, 227 lay brothers, and 385 nuns. The total number of Europeans at work amounts, therefore, to 1,085. To these must be added 1,378 native teachers of both sexes. Of Catholic schools

there are about 700, frequented by close on 64,000 scholars. There are about 185 charitable institutions. Of the 12,120,000 inhabitants of the German Protectorates, about 140,000 are Catholic, while 54,000 more are under instruction.

This increase in mission work abroad goes hand in hand with a corresponding growth of missionary zeal among the practical Catholics at home. Several periodicals have brought this noble spirit of missionary enterprise under the notice of their large circle of readers.

A quarter of a century ago there were few German missionaries in heathen lands; now Germany ranks second as an evangelizer of the heathen, the first place being still held by the Catholics of France. The old orders tackle the work guided by experience of centuries; the more recent congregations trust to their youthful and vigorous zeal. The German missionary is now to be met with everywhere, and in almost every religious body. His self-sacrificing spirit, his common-sense methods, his talent for organization, his patience and perseverance, together with his gift of letting himself down to the level of the natives, so as to lift them up by education, are appreciated everywhere.

The German Sisterhoods, too, in ever-increasing measure, give valuable help. Those angels of mercy gain the hearts of the pagans, thus paving the way for the work of the priest; while by means of schools and charitable works they give permanent support to the labors of the missionary.

We see, then, how the peaceful reign of Kaiser William II has proved beneficial to Catholic missionary work. Profiting by peace at home, the missionary zeal of the German Catholics has grown up like a stately tree, whose fruits bring joy to the Fatherland as well as to the whole Church.

Besides the love and esteem that the quiet and self-denying labors of our missionaries abroad win for the Fatherland, missionary enthusiasm has proved a blessing also to the cause of religion at home. It has renewed the faith in many a heart and stirred it up to new activity; it has kindled a spirit of self-sacrifice that has proved highly beneficial to the Church in other spheres of labor; it has given a fresh impetus to the home missions (the Society of St. Boniface), and to charitable works.

May German Catholics in increasing numbers take more and more interest in the great crusade for the spread of Christ's kingdom. Never was it more strikingly true than today that the harvest is great while the laborers are few.

## A Maid Of The Revolution.

During the Revolutionary War there was a long, narrow strip of land known as the "Neutral Ground," in which the homes of the dwellers were supposed to be secure from the attack of both patriots and Tories. Within the bounds of this neutral ground, in a cosy little cottage, lived Mrs. Moreland and her pretty dark-eyed daughter, Priscilla, a lass of fifteen years. Captain Moreland, the husband and father, a brave patriot soldier, had lost his life in one of the first battles for freedom, after the opening of hostilities between the colonists and England, and because she had not the means to seek a less exposed place for herself and daughter, the widowed mother remained in the little lonely country home, to which years before her bereavement she had been brought a happy bride.

Though loyal to the heart's core, Mrs. Moreland was a timid little woman, afraid of even the sound of a gun, and in every way possible tried to avoid controversies with her neighbors. But Priscilla was her father's own daughter, brave, strong, self-reliant, and not afraid to speak her mind, or to take down her father's gun in defense of her home, if necessary.

"Do be careful, daughter," her mother often cautioned, when Priscilla was "too free" with her tongue. "We're alone in the world, my dear, and since we can't carry a gun or become soldiers in behalf of our sentiments, it is wiser to keep them to ourselves."

But Priscilla would not be gagged by the best Tory alive and, despite her mother's warnings, she often got into arguments with the Tory neighbors, thus earning their ill-will. It was on New Year's night, 1778, when the wind blew cold across the snow-clad fields and woodlands and a starless sky stretched wide overhead, that a loud knocking at the widow's front door blanched her face, and caused Priscilla to glance instinctively towards her father's trusty gun, which always lay on its high-up pegs on the kitchen wall.

"Who's there?" the girl asked, venturing in the front room, at the door of which the knocking continued to grow louder and more determined.

"Friends," was the reply. "Soldier friends, half-famished, not having tasted food for four and twenty hours. Open, and for the love of heaven give us something to eat, something, anything. Even bread and water would be gratefully received."

At this appeal Priscilla drew back the heavy bolt, admitting six stalwart men in the guise of patriot soldiers. "Do we find our good friend, Colonel Robinson, here, lassie?" asked the leader.

"No, he is not here," replied Priscilla, demurely.

sawed: "Indeed, sir, I cannot tell you when I last saw him; you know he is away in the army now."

Her mother, hearing what she said, was about to correct the statement, when a warning look from Priscilla's black eyes made her change the information trembling on her lips to, "What may we do for you, gentlemen?"

"Just give us a bite to eat, ma'am, the best in the house, please, and we will pay you well for your trouble," returned the spokesman glibly. "And be quick about it, too," he added, gruffly. "We have a long journey before us, and the night is dark and wild."

Then while Priscilla assisted her mother to prepare the meal demanded, the men drew close together around the brightly burning wood fire and talked of the New Year's coming in by the storm that day, and told wild weird stories of uncanny happenings on holidays in the past, before the war with its horrors and hardships had made life too real to be frittered away with imaginary ghosts and delusions.

Presently, while surrounding the table loaded with the delicacies they had ordered, the men's voices dropped to low, almost inaudible words, but muffled as they were, Priscilla's sharp ears caught enough of their disconnected conversation to learn that the object of their raid was to capture Colonel Robinson, her father's old commander, and the trusted friend of the family in the dark and trying times since the dear one's death. Colonel Robinson was an influential man in the community, and because of his power in the colonies, the British Government had set a price on his head.

Priscilla knew this, and she also knew that the brave old soldier was at home on a brief visit, to spend the New Year's holidays with his family, and while she waited upon his would-be captors so patiently, she was trying to invent some means of communicating the news to him before the arrival of his enemies.

While she was puzzling her brain for a solution of the knotty problem, there came another pounding at the door, and half a dozen more soldiers were admitted. While arranging places at the table for the newcomers, Priscilla learned that they had succeeded in obtaining fresh horses for the final dash, and that one of them, the fleetest of the lot, was hitched at the gate-post, all saddled and bridled, ready for the use of Colonel Fry, who was in charge of the troops. A bright thought flashed into Priscilla's brain, but she said nothing, except a few whispered words in her mother's ears, but a little later she slipped out of the back door and, tip-toeing around to the gate-post, mounted the flyer and had just walked him into the shadows when she heard foot-steps approaching. Drawing rein, she waited in breathless silence until two men passed. They were talking very low and in broken sentences, about one man—Captain Call—a suspected patriot, and three words, "powder, quarry, cave," that reached her ears, gave her a key to the situation, and when the name of "Colonel Robinson" and "prison" were added to the list, she guessed at the truth. Captain Call had proved himself a traitor to the patriots' cause by revealing the secret of the new hiding-place of the powder, guns, etc., and there was to be a raid on the cave that night, and after the removal of the powder to a wagon in waiting, the dear old colonel was to be left a prisoner in the dark cavern, there to perish, unless even a worse fate awaited him at the hands of inhuman troops.

"I must outwit them some way, and save the colonel," Priscilla told herself, under her breath, as she walked her feet-footed animal out into the open. But when the lane was reached, she gave him rein, and the next moment she was off like the wind on her errand of mercy.

Five minutes later, when the men rushed out to mount their fresh horses, the racer was gone and, thinking he had broken loose, they lost several minutes more scouring the wood-pasture in search of him. Then, as the far-away sound of a horse's hoofs echoed back from the hill beyond, they began to suspect treachery, and springing into their saddles, galloped away at breakneck speed.

Though they rode furiously, Priscilla kept well in advance, and not until three miles—half the distance to the colonel's home—had been passed, did she catch a glimpse of the riders, the gallop of the horses had been sounding in her ears ever since they left her mother's gate. Then it was that from the opposite hill came shouts of "Halt! halt! or we'll shoot," repeated over and over from out the utter darkness beyond.

Priscilla glanced back just once, catching a glimpse of the horsemen in the bright light of the valley from their guns. She kept her nerve, however, though she did not risk another look behind, but she rode on and on, her long black hair streaming out in the wind, while the hills around and above her seemed to reverberate with cries of "halt," and the whistling of bullets.

When within a quarter of a mile of her destination, her horse tripped and fell, spraining her arm badly, but with her other arm around the horse's neck, she kept her seat until, reaching the colonel's gate, she dismounted and, rushing into the house, quickly related her story and urged the brave man to lose no time in making his escape.

"But the powder!" exclaimed the colonel. "The powder must be saved at all hazards. If it is carried away or destroyed, the militia will have no means of defending themselves when attacked by the Tories."

"But what can you do alone and single-handed, father?" entreated his wife. "Fly, oh, do fly, while there is a chance to save your life!"

"True, Rachel, I am helpless," returned the old soldier sadly. "If I had only known sooner—but now it is too late, too late. That traitor has posted them and no doubt will be in readiness to lead them to the door of the cave, and, alone, I can do nothing."

"Couldn't we shut them in—you and I?" whispered Priscilla.

"Enough said!" the colonel exclaimed, under his breath. Then he whistled softly, after which he called Abner, the farm-hand, and said quietly: "Bring Bob and come to the old cabin near the cave at once." Then on his swift pacer he started after them, with Priscilla riding lightly by his side. Arriving at the cabin, by the light of his lantern the colonel scribbled a note to General Dix, in charge of the patriot troops at Newfield post, and, putting Bob on his own feet-footed horse, hurried him off to deliver it.

The Tories, failing to find either the colonel or the missing horse at the Robinson home, left, threatening vengeance both to him and Priscilla. "We'll take up the trail of the fugitives after the powder is safe," said Colonel Fry, as they passed the cabin on the trot, ready to meet their "tool" prompt to the minute. The next moment the traitor led the way into the cave, followed by a score of red-coats, and then the big iron door, once a safeguard against Indian foes, dropped with a bang into place, its strong springlock snapped and the raiders were prisoners, occupying the identical place they had intended for Colonel Robinson.

Leaving Abner and Big Jim on guard, the colonel took Priscilla back to the care of his good wife, where, after dressing the girl's badly swollen arm, the big-hearted woman put her to bed, with instructions to shut her eyes and go right off to sleep, like a baby.

Several hours later, after General Dix, in charge of the captives, had started on the march to Newfield, the colonel came back home, chuckling over the success of the plot. "Priscilla's plot," he insisted. "For, if the child hadn't suggested the trick, this old head would never have figured out such a neat trap, nor how to spring it."

"In fact, you owe your life to the brave lassie," insisted the colonel's wife. "Just think of a child of fifteen riding six long miles in the face of such a storm as was raging last night for no other reason than to save your life."

"I think that was reason enough for a hundred such rides, had they been necessary," argued Priscilla. "Just think what a friend he has been to both mother and me since father left us."

"Well, you have certainly given me back good measure, pressed down and running over," my Priscilla," returned the colonel softly, "and every body."

even Colonel Fry, is singing your praise to-day."

"For simply doing my duty!" exclaimed Priscilla. "That is all nonsense, but if I have been of any real service to the patriot cause I am thankful for it, and count this the best and happiest New Year of my life."

Belle V. Chisholm in the "Youths' Magazine."

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