

anything but what they might be expected to be. The Taranaki Herald thus reports him:—"I saw that the pakehas were like gods—everything they willed to do they could accomplish, from the most minute to the most complex and gigantic work—all was within the compass of their power. Notwithstanding all their power they lacked faith—the faith that of old could remove mountains. Although they can take the dead inanimate iron and imbue it with life so that it will work like a horse, they have not the faith to walk upon the waters. Although they can encircle the earth with electricity and converse from pole to pole, their faith fails them if they say to Mount Egmont, Be thou cast into the sea. God has made them instruments of His will to bring back to light the lost sheep who have been straying in the wilderness, by preserving the Bible and handing it back to the Maori." We fancy we have somewhere heard also an Evangelical assertion to the effect that the Church had been of one advantage only, that of preserving the Bible and handing it over to the possession of the Protestant world; verily, there is a good deal in this Maori's wild talk that affords food for reflection. But what a commentary all this is, not only on the Protestant propagandas now so vigorously at work in Catholic countries, but on the charitable intent of that large body of our worthy fellow colonists who are so very anxious to submit Catholic children to, at least, the indirect influence of Bible reading in our Public Schools. We are very much obliged to them, but we are not anxious that some Te Whiti of our descendants, instructed by them, should arise to convict them of not having attained to the full benefits conferred by their book, and to set up for himself, on quite as good grounds as they go upon, an independent religion. We prefer that, since it is necessary for them to undertake the "conversion" of the world, their experiments should be confined to the Heathen, and the results of their efforts considered, we can hardly be blamed for our decision.

## Jesuits!

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL BY  
T. F. GALWEY. BALTIMORE, 1879.

AMONG those whom Father Valignani prepared for the strange and difficult fencing, which no one before could have dreamed of, the young Fathers Pazio, Ruggieri, and Matthew Ricci issued from the ranks, perfect instruments, Ricci above all, who in every respect was a masterpiece of education. If anything can be more astonishing than the recital of the intelligent and minutely suitable preparation, it is the admirably correct, bold, and precise use that was made of these gymnastics in the epic struggle begun by Ricci, and continued by his successors.

Xavier, the image or the reflection of Christ, had his hands full of prodigies; he commanded men and things from the heights of his love; what he might have done in China if God had permitted him to land there, sanctified by his long victory in India and Japan, cannot be known, but Xavier was dead. It was necessary to replace the divine talisman which he had had from heaven by human prudence, aided, of course, by grace from above, without which all labor is in vain.

For that reason, though less supernatural than Xavier, Ricci excites a more lively interest, through the episodes of his Christian odyssey. He is a man; he contends with the Chinese empire, that gigantic trifle, a creation of all the world's chimeras: if we may say so, he is at once apostle and adventurer, St. Paul and Robinson Crusoe, sublime, industrious, keen, bold, artful, playing with the eclipse like Christopher Columbus, slighting no detail, using the high road, while noticing the diverging paths, fearless in prosecuting his way, but turning back without delay, if needful, to try another route.

He knows everything: all that is known to the Chinese, to insinuate himself; all that the Chinese do not know, to make himself master. He is a doubly keen Jesuit, having his own clear perception and his master's ready wit. He has a parry for every thrust. He knows the tongue of the literati better than the literati themselves, and as to the philosophy of the screen, he is equal to Confucius!

He has the mandarin's geography at the end of his fingers, he is familiar with their earth as square as a life asleep in space under the protection of the emperor, the son of heaven; he knows what gratitude this earth owes to the celestial Van Lie, the same emperor who, from the innermost of his palace, obligingly sustains it, and by his goodness of soul, prevents it from being lost in the abyss, but he knows still better the real earth which Europe has journeying through space, and the sun, and the planets, and the whole worldly system known at Paris, which is very plausible, and perhaps true.

At his choice—and this is important—he can revel in the outlandish sense of the literati, or suddenly astonish them with unexpected revelations. As far as the unexpected goes, he has brought treasures with him. If he wished, instead of announcing Christ, he himself would pass for a God, merely by using the first book of Euclid, adapted for the bonzes.

After much time consumed in getting across the threshold of the empire, he is at last naturalised. He writes to consult Father Valignani, then in Macao, as to the choice of an official dress; he is that far! Considering the country, it is a question of the first importance, and his former master replies to put on the long gown and mitre of the Chinese literati.

The choice is good: Ricci adopts it and thus, after many strange and heroic adventures, arrives at Nankin where he marks the future position of a house of the Company, then at Peking itself, and one day

he is admitted to visit (supreme honour!) certainly not Van Lie himself, who could not of course for a minute abandon the square earth for fear of its destruction, but Van Lie's empty throne, which amounts to the same thing, and gives him an influence equal to that held by mandarins of the highest grade.

Do not suppose that he lingers too long on so fortunate a road! Without being at all responsible for it, a rumour gets about that the "Son of Heaven" admits him during the night to private interviews, where together they discuss the weightiest matters, among others the shape of a new helmet which is to put the Tartars to flight without a battle. This rumour, starting among the people, gets to the court; as no control is possible over an invisible and dumb emperor, the incredible fact happens that, the Great Minister of the Empire himself, believing what is talked of everywhere, seeks the friendship of the pretended favourite and becomes his most obsequious servant.

But where is God in all that? And the word of God? What has become of the apostle in the midst of these strange adventures?

It is unnecessary to say that the apostolate is in all this, and nothing but the apostolate. These adventurers are on the flanks of a column where the apostolate is certainly advancing.

It required extraordinary prudence and numberless roundabout methods before beginning to preach. Here nothing is like elsewhere. Everything is understood, played with, discussed, avoided, and yet everything is welcome. The point is to live alongside all this and to utilize these materials. The subtlety of the Chinese mind is taken by the evident grandeur of evangelical morals, but it admits Christ only with caution, and then as far as the cross, not at all.

This childlike yet ancient people, this aristocracy, half polished, half barbarous, where every mandarin is at bottom a clown, does not like the humility of the cross. They may admit all the rest; but not this. It is not Chinese. No Chinese would have suffered that. A Chinese disembowels himself without much hesitation, but he would never let himself be nailed to a cross.

And how could the Chinese adore the God of the Christians, if he transgressed the received and venerated decorum?

For a long while this obstacle was absolutely insurmountable. Ricci had won in everything else, but Chinese obstinacy disputed this ground steadfastly. Great pride may become humble, but not so puerile vanity, and the very life of this fantastic people is made up of boasts, competition, tricks, all intended to satisfy its childish vainglory; it subsists on gigantic drollery, on microscopic monstrosities which astonish logic, disconcert reason, and at every step on the road that seemed to be level, opens ridiculous and terrible abysses.

However there were already very great results. Churches arose; seminaries were filled before being completed. Bonzes carried the Holy Sacrament, and converted mandarins were counted by hundreds.

There were Chinese apostles, true, invincible confessors, among whom Paul Sin, the admirable orator, the great mandarin Li, and many other brilliant ones. They were men of that antique stature whose virtue and wisdom would have done honour to the primitive Church. If we were elsewhere than in China, I should say that one of the greatest and finest Christianities of the earth was here, but we are in China, the home of the nightmare, where one is ever liable to a sudden and disagreeable awakening.

The awakening came. And as everything happens contrariwise among this people of extravagant originality, where even strangers are soon taken with the fever of the impossible, the awakening was to a persecution that came not from the bonzes, nor from the governors, nor from the mandarins, nor from the emperor, but to a persecution, I say, that came—I shall not leave it for you to guess, you could not—that came from ecclesiastical authority!

The Church, infallible at its summit, has frequently had incapable servants at various points of the ascent. This weakness is lost in the glory of the whole, but it has existed, and still exists.

In the year 1606, which was the eighteenth of the skillful and happy apostolate of Matthew Ricci, the ecclesiastical authority was represented in those far-off parts by the vicar-general of Macao, where there was a college of the Jesuits. The rector of this college having been chosen arbiter in a dispute between the vicar-general and a Franciscan friar, decided in favour of the latter. In the excitement of his anger, the vicar-general published an interdict against all the Franciscans and all Jesuits of the city and within the city's jurisdiction.

At the same time, taking advantage of Chinese fauities, the Jesuits were pronounced to the authorities at Canton as building citadels and summoning the Portuguese and Japanese fleets to invade the country.

It needed not so much. Entire provinces arose against the Christians! A terrible massacre is related, and Father Martinez dies in torture.

It was only a violent but passing gust of wind. Ricci soon ruled the storm, and a short time afterwards established a novitiate-house in the middle of Peking.

When God called him to Himself four years later, the entire population of the capital followed the cross that rose above his funeral procession, and Father Schall, the successor of that really great man, well managed his inheritance.

Adam Schall, not less illustrious than Ricci, was mixed up with all the revolutions of the era just opening for China, and which ended in a change of dynasty. At his death, the Jesuits had a hundred and fifty public churches, and thirty-eight houses or colleges in China.

After the second persecution, which we shall pass over in silence, out of respect for an illustrious order, another prosperous era began under Fathers Vucibest, Gobilion, Pucnin and Gault; and these long years, filled with the scientific and literary labours of the Chinese apostolate, became the glory of the Church and the admiration of the learned of Europe.

It must not be supposed that the Jesuits' great efforts in China had led them to abandon India. They had at one time Mogul, Cey-