

JESUIT MISSIONS



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The Threat of Paganism in China

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Battling Prejudice in North Carolina

SAMUEL H. RAY, S.J.



Truth's Willing Listeners.

THE writer of this interesting account is a young Jesuit priest who has just completed a year of residence among the mountaineers of North Carolina. His graphic picture gives an insight into the difficulties the Jesuits of the South are facing in their efforts to convert Southerners not living in the larger cities. Many of us have little idea of the ignorance of things Catholic so common among the mountaineers and people in the rural districts of most of our States. Here is a field of work that calls for real missionary enthusiasm and not unfrequently demands sacrifices equal to those made by the missionaries in foreign fields.

QUERE you a preacher?"
"Yes."
"Is that a preacher over there by the river reading his book?"
"Yes, he's a preacher, too; we have forty-three of them around here."

"Well, you know, I've been standin' yonder across the river stud'n' him fur an hour. You know, I think he's all right."

"Yes, he is all right."
"You know, I'd lahk to be lahk him. I think he's all right. I seen him prayin' that way, an' I lahk it. You know, I ain't a man what knows much, but I want to do what's right."

Such was my conversation with an old mountaineer, as we stood talking over the fence down on the Dixie Highway at Hot Springs. I had gone out for a walk around the college grounds, when this old fellow happened to pass by. There was a mutual attraction; he with his unkempt white beard, slouchy hat, torn clothes

and bundle of yellow straws under his arms; I with my black robe and white Roman collar. We both looked at one another attentively until the old man with a slow motion of his finger called me to the fence to talk.

At every question I put to him, he would throw back his head, squint his eyes and strain over the idea, then come back with a puffing answer.

"Do you love God?" I asked.
"Yes, I do," he answered, after the usual squint and hesitation.

"Are your children baptized?" I continued.

"Put under the water? No."
"Well, don't you know that the Bible says you must be baptized to go to Heaven?"

"Yeah? You got your Bible?"
"Not with me. But I have it up at the house."

"Well, some day I'm comin' to see you and we'll go apart and talk over it. You know, I want to know what's right and do it. You know, I don't think these folks does right when

they talks about folks. I hear 'em say things an' I don't think they's right. That ain't right."

"All right, you come around and we'll talk it over. Or some day I'll be down to your place along the tracks and see you and the five children."

Where Nature Speaks of God

Now I take the attitude of this poor, ignorant old man as typical of hundreds of others who are seeking out an existence in these old hills of Western North Carolina.

Many another has fallen to that stage of religion where only a shadow of the knowledge and love of the true revelation of God lingers in hearts that are generous but dulled by lack of education. If Protestantism has coaxed many of the ancestors of these people from the Catholic faith, whither has it led them? It has dropped them in the hills, deserted them in their numerous, little "meeting-houses" that are now falling away for want of use; left them to learn in the beauty of Nature's landscapes the truth of One who is All Beautiful; abandoned them in this "Land of the Sky" where the grandeur of the mountains, the majesty of their towering trees and the mighty force of their tumbling cataracts, teach them of One who is Almighty.

And, indeed, is it not true that a God-given nature, when finally deprived of the light of supernatural revelation, must again find God in the

silent, inspiring pageant of God forever playing over His hills? Is this true? Come, if you doubt, talk with these sturdy mountaineers and be convinced that it is a fact in current history. The created nature of man asserts its rights and seeks naturally the Creator of man's nature.

The Faith of God's Little Ones

Moreover, the Holy Ghost has asserted His rights to breathe where He will and so at times inspire some of these people by extraordinary means with the highest truth. Take, for instance, a poor, sick mother of six children who was lately, as is believed, cured by St. Ignatius water. For thirteen months she lay in bed, a helpless invalid, attended by a poor but devoted husband and by her bright, beautiful and willing children. For nine days preceding her cure, the children prayed: "Dear Jesus, make my mamma well." Could God refuse? On the ninth day, the mother sat up one hour for the first time in all those weary months. Every day after that she improved steadily. Soon after, she asked to be instructed in the Faith and made a visit to the nearby Catholic chapel. No one knows where her bright-eyed Hazel of five summers learned the word, but one day, as a priest sat chatting in the family circle, she suddenly rushed from the corner where she had been sitting wide-eyed and still. Then, throwing back her lovely, golden curls and looking up into the Father's face, she pleaded:

"Father, when are you going to baptize me?"

Who will instruct these willing listeners? Who will give them that love and affection that they so readily return? Who will lift them to the higher level of which their characters, as well as yours and mine, are capable?

True, these mountaineers are not as badly reduced to paganism, ignorance and superstition as were the Red Skins that fought and fished and hunted and prayed through these hills only a generation past, but there are striking similarities. How easily they are won by the gift of a knife, a colored picture or a ham sandwich! How quickly they respond! How revengeful they are in their feuds! A stranger is a friend in their mountains until proven an enemy and then he is a sworn foe to be gotten rid of.

I Reckon You're Right

We might divide their characters into five classes. There are those who "don't know nothin'" except what they see on the surface around them or what a passing stranger has caused them to "hear tell of." Hence, these have practically no religion. "Nobody ever talked to me about them things before," a young fellow told me. "I reckon you're right."

Then there are the illiterate, that is, those who can neither read nor write, but who have had some Sunday School lessons. These have no prejudice against Catholics because they hardly know what that means. I have had them tell me: "I don't reckon I ever hear tell of them." These have still a smattering knowledge of Jesus Christ and, hence, are glad to accept a Badge of the Sacred Heart.

On Good Authority

The next class, let us call them semi-illiterates, have their prejudices against Catholics, but have never been shown the other side. For instance, a priest came into contact with a Baptist Minister in a small mountain village through a conversation with the Minister's son. The topic of the conversation turned on the Bible. The next day when the conversation

was resumed, the priest offered his friend some pamphlets that treat of the Bible and its relation to the Catholic Church.

"I caint read 'em, but I'm glad to have 'em, an' I'll have my father read 'em to me."

The day following, while the priest sat talking to the Minister's son, in came the Minister. Business picked up "right now" and waxed warm on the topic of the Bible.

"I know what you Catholics think of the Bible," declared the Minister. "Why you Catholics make the Bible mean what you want. You burn the Bibles and keep them away from the people."

"Where did you learn all that?" asked the priest.

"Oh, that's correct. I got it on good authority."

"What authority?"

"One of your own Catholic books has it in black and white."

Triumphantly producing the very pamphlet that the son had received on the previous day, the Minister proceeded to read the three charges just given.

"There you are," he shouted.

"Well, go on," the priest pleaded.

"Go on? I've had enough."

And with that he flung the pamphlet upon the floor in indignation.

"Let me read it, then, if you won't," said the priest, as he picked up the pamphlet. And thus he read the next lines that immediately followed: "This is what the enemies of the Catholic Church say against her."

The Minister's eyes opened wide.

"Well, I never read that."

And yet this man stands up on Sundays and exposes the truth of the Lord, while the son wants to know more about the Catholics.

Idols

Let us call the last two classes educated, that is, those who can read and write. Of these we find many who are sincere in opposition, usually open opposition, to things Catholic. It was once said among them that the Catholics were idolaters. The proof of this was the "idol on the desk of every one of them students in the Catholic college." The idols turned out to be nothing more dangerous than their crucifixes. Do not let the reader be shocked to learn that a crucifix appealed to one of these mountain boys of seven summers, as "The little man hanging on a telephone pole."

There is another class of educated people who are by no means openly hostile and who live with all on a basis of a peaceable exterior. It is a pleasure to meet this steadily growing group in Western North Carolina.



Splendid Material for Catholicism.

The Little Flower

and

The Gods of India

JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.



Monsignor Edward A. Mooney, Apostolic Delegate to India, is the figure with the cane; to his left in white is Father Kilian, S.J.



HERE was no time to waste; so I unbuttoned my white cassock, rolled back my shirt sleeves and set to work. Indian coolies—I had hired a number of them from the nearby bazaar (market-place)—need ocular encouragement. Soon the old place began to take shape. The whitewash pot was kept replenished, shovels or hoes were kept scraping and then in the nick of time, who should come along but His Excellency, Mr. Loesch, S.J., just newly landed from the American shores. He is a giant and he did a giant's task. He was mason and carpenter and painter and digger and cook and waiter and sacristan and a half dozen other odd personalities all in one and all at once. It was Loesch here and Loesch there and Loesch everywhere. I don't know how I would have gotten along without his frame and work and encouragement. And for company, a better man could not have been created for the hour. We worked and we talked and we laughed, as the work went merrily on.

Midnight Welcome

Finally, however, Christmas over-

IN this, the second part of the story of the founding of Motihari, the new station of Palma Mission, India, Father Kilian tells in his fascinating way what he and his companion did to make Christ's coming memorable. Father takes you into his confidence. He tells you just what he felt as he celebrated the first Christmas in utterly pagan surroundings. You will find every line interesting. Remember the story—Father Kilian arrived at Motihari to find a desolate-looking house, ruined and abandoned, save for the reptiles and bats and rats and spiders that had made the house their home.

took us in our mad rush of repairs. At 11:50 P. M., on Christmas Eve we knelt down in our princely little chapel next to my living room and under the same roof with me and breathed a fervent welcome to the coming Christ Child. We had done all we could to make His twentieth century Bethlehem as snug as our loving hearts suggested and as stately

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as our means allowed. True, it was no subject for boasting. There were no pictures adorning the walls, no garlands festooning pillars, no arches hung from the bamboo roof, no flowers, no banners, no candelabra with scintillating light. All that had to be imagined. But there was one kind of decoration and that in simple profusion. We had real live Indian palms. Palms on the altar, palms over the door, palms on the ground, palms, palms, palms, so many palms that Mr. Loesch quite aptly remarked:

"This looks more like Palm Sunday than Christ's Birthday."

However, I am sure, the little God-Man did not blame us for this untimely decoration.

There was no Midnight High Mass, no ringing of joyous bells, no merry exchange of happy greetings. Only a dead hushed silence reigned around us. We were in a pagan country—in a new home—alone with the silent Babe of Bethlehem. After our fervent act of midnight adoration, Mr. Loesch and I continued our lajor of love. We had forgotten to make a Missal-stand and as that was an essential adjunct we tackled it at 1:25 A. M., after I had prepared my Hindi sermons. At 2:18 A. M., we dropped

our weary bones for a much needed repose on the beds—but let me tell you of another little incident just as it occurred. Mr. Loesch being the bigger and the heavier of us two was finally induced to take possession of my bed. I took the improvised stretcher, but as soon as my bony frame struck the canvas, I also struck the cement floor. The stretcher, like the Veil of Jerusalem's temple, was rent from head to foot. It was a Christmas gift at a most unexpected hour.

Warming of Hearts

At 6 A. M., I celebrated my first Christmas Mass and then deposited a consecrated ciborium in the small tabernacle. From now on Christ and His servant lived under the same roof. He had come to stay with me and to dwell in the midst of His pagan flock, waiting, waiting, waiting, until they should come to adore Him. St. Theresa's Mission was now a reality. A new Sanctuary had been consecrated to the service of the Most High. A thrill of supernatural joy took possession of both of us, and I dare say, of a few pagans also who some days before had come to nestle close to Him, whom as yet they knew not. I preached to my motley audience of Hindus and Mohammedans and of a few Christians—seventy in all—a half dozen times, during, between and after the three Masses. I could almost feel that there was a warming of hearts towards Him who had come to stay amongst them. Ah! It was a touching scene and a consoling sight. Prostrate before His Majesty in dumb amazement lay His pagan flock, sheep whom He yearned to press to His bosom and fold into His outstretched little arms.



"Pray that India, too, will raise its lofty steeples above the heads of mosques and devil shrines."

But there was also a note of sadness that filled my poor heart. One drawback, no, two drawbacks, detracted from the solemnity of the day and in a way dampened our Christmas joy. The first was that we had no crib. And yet we did have one in a sense. The bungalow itself was surely not much more than a stable and I had stolen, yes, stolen, I cannot beautify a lie, I had stolen a tiny figure one and a half inches long of the Christ Child from Father Westropp's junk-room. But then you see Father Westropp, S.J., had two Christmas Babes and would gladly have given me the stolen property had I not forgotten to ask for it, and then secondly Father Westropp is my best friend.



Playing with Father Kilian's Bike.

God, I am sure, will forgive me my theft of His image. There was no Blessed Virgin in our stable, no St. Joseph, no Gloria Angel, no ox, no ass, no sheep, no shepherds. We had to imagine their presence but they were on indefinite leave of absence, until some lover of God's poor sends them over to us.

Grand Choir of Two

The second damper on our Christmas joy was the utter absence of the beautiful Christmas carols during all three Masses. Those I could not steal. After the third Mass, however, Mr. Loesch and I made up for that defect. He and I formed a grand choir of two. He sang in English and I sang in Hindi and both seemed to blend, if my ear was not altogether out of tune. We sang tenor and baritone and bass and probably also very bass as both of us were a trifle hoarse. Anyway, all joking aside, the Heart of the Infant Saviour must have leaped for joy because we two disciples had given Him our whole and unalloyed affection and love and petty sacrifices. And He, we felt, gave us a hundred-fold measure of happiness in return. We shall never forget that most memorable of all memorable Christmas days. We not only felt but were poor with Christ's poor. In fact nobody from over there had remembered us over here.

It is getting late, or rather early. Do you know what time it is? Just 4:17 A. M., and I haven't had a wink of sleep. However, it isn't every week that I indulge in such a long nightly confab, so here goes some more of my rambling copy.

Above Mosques and Devil-shrines

Since Christmas, 1926, I have baptized eleven children and sent one off to Heaven. At present, February 22d, I have about 120 pagans taking catechetical instruction and soon, let us hope, they will be washed in the cleansing waters of Baptism. My flock comprises castes and outcasts, from the gwala down to the lowest Dom. Daily more and more are coming, some out of sheer curiosity, others in perfectly good faith. It is a terrible struggle for a grown-up Hindu to renounce Satan and all his works and his pomps and to profess his allegiance to Him who suffered and died for us in utter shame. The arch-devil has woven his fetters and meshes well and strong, nets all interwoven with the strongest ties of friendship and blood. For a Hindu to become a Christian means to sever himself from house and home, from flesh and blood, from wife and chil-

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Father Lucas getting across at Tagalaan.

From Crib to Cross

JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S.J.

THIS is part one of a vivid account of the first Christmas and Easter experiences of one of the American Jesuits who last year left the States to begin his missionary life in Mindanao. The writer won early favor with our readers by an article entitled: "The Story of an Outgoing Missionary." In a letter to the Editor, Father Lucas says: "You ask me to write up some of my missionary experiences in this far-away corner of God's Kingdom. It is a pleasure to do so, for I know that loyal hearts at home are united to ours in earnest prayer. Please forgive my little jokes and the jesting style which at times creep into the narrative. It is my way of hiding the deeper sorrows, which every missionary feels, and which he keeps to share only with God. There are tears aplenty among the poor folks here; the priest must smile 'until it hurts' and in that forced happiness finds strength to tide him over the hours of depression."



JUST as soul-seeking amid alien cocoanut groves differs somewhat from priestly toil in the heart of Manhattan, so the celebration of Christmas and Easter along this humid secluded loop of the lonely mission trail was for me far different from any former Nativity or Paschal rejoicing. Externally the "loveliest of Feasts" seemed as much like Christmas as any rainy Fourth of July in the States, though interiorly the charm of Yuletide was indeed intense. "Time's Dearest Season" lacked the fulfillment of the stereotyped "Merry Christmas" greeting, as also the tinsel and external trappings which make for merriment. Their very lack seemed to emphasize the holiness of the festive season. No doubt the peace and happiness that soothed our hearts on this Christmas-tide, far from home and loved ones, was a merciful and loving recompense from One, who like ourselves, had left home and come to a Foreign Land on

the first, greatest Christmas of all. Assuredly our sacerdotal strivings bore some faint resemblance to the ministry of our Blessed Mother in the cold cave at midnight; for here more than ever it was our privilege to shield the Infant Saviour from the more cutting coldness of human ingratitude, indifference and neglect.

Bethlehem Regained

Our Christmas services were only another step in this struggle to save the Faith of Christ's little ones. Our midnight Mass drew a vast throng to the church. There was a select musical programme and there were many hangers with strange devices. In a land where Edison is not a name to conjure with, an ingenious, if somewhat weird, illuminative effect was produced by some fifty or sixty homemade jack-o'-lanterns, which imparted to the scene a very realistic touch of Halloween. With the intoning of the "Gloria," bombs detonated outside the

church, the bells in the tower clanged incessantly, the band joyfully flung music to the four winds of heaven, and the choir burst into a paean of triumphant ecstasy which thrilled, regaled and captivated the countryside. In the midst of the sacred confusion, four giant stars aeroplaned down the middle of the church and came to a much needed rest over the Crib. In their own quaint way and innocence the people were simply striving to reproduce the events of Bethlehem on that night when the heavens rang with celestial anthems in honor of the Word made Flesh.

My Christmas collection totalled many eggs, chickens, and cocoanuts, together with three dollars and forty-four cents, half of the latter going to the support of our Jesuit missionary Bishop, and the other half towards the proposed parochial school in Balingasag. If the annual collection reaches this figure every year, you may figure out just how soon the much needed school will be finished.

equipped, and ready for occupancy.

A Paroco Santa Claus

Promptly at 9 o'clock I succeeded in starting the 8 o'clock High Mass, two choirs attending. It had been raining almost incessantly for weeks, and on Christmas Morn the downpour was a veritable cloudburst. However, the rain did not prevent either young or old from wending their way to the Convento to receive Pinascohan or Christmas gifts. Our custom of gift exchange at Christmas-tide is unknown in this locality, but everyone out of habit looks to the Pari, or Priest, much as tiny children in the States look to St. Nicholas.

We had been kept so busy in Apostolic journeyings, to say nothing of striving to pick up tangled threads of dialect, that this Santa Claus custom became known only a week previous to the Feast. Assured by experience that failure to furnish the Christmas tree could never be explained, I made a four days' journey of forty miles to Cagayan in order to beg, borrow, or appropriate some gifts. Wandering down the market-place of this metropolis at Christmas-tide had few of the thrills which a holiday crowd of treasure-seekers experiences on the one and only Broadway. Father Daly, my erstwhile Prefect of Studies at Regis, one of the regal quartette which journeyed from college halls to coconut groves, contributed a goodly supply of rosaries, medals, scapulars, statues, prayerbooks and holy pictures. This generosity saved the day for the Balingasag missionaries. As far as bestowal of gifts is concerned we find that here every day is Christmas, with the subtle distinction that on ordinary days a gift is humbly requested, but on the Feast itself, which extends to Epiphany, it is demanded and expected with all the force of a triple-centuried prescriptive right.

Storm King, the Pony Express

Immediately after the Pinascohan distribution, I boarded the "Pony Express" for a Christmas visitation of the barrios. Constant rains had changed every trail into rich red mud. The year

1926, so I am beginning to hear, witnessed an unparalleled shattering of records in many fields of sport, but the gold medal and blue ribbon should be awarded to my little pony, Storm King, for his slow motion record. He brought me to Salay, fourteen miles away, just a few hours before the bells, bombs, youths and maidens of that little town had forcibly ejected the Old Year and violently dragged in the New!

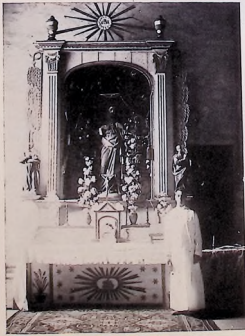
As usual, my first sacerdotal labors were given over to the cleaning of the church. The rain had also delayed the bakery and laundry wagons; so I lay down in very damp robes, hoping that sleep would soon visit me. Vain the hope! It happened to be carnival day in Ratville, and as the resident rodents had hired the hall before my arrival, they used every minute of the night for their field events. I arose in a somewhat damped and disheveled state, after much tossing and an occasional weary doze. It really would have been better to have sat up all night. Morning ushered in another spell of patient waiting for the musicians. Wary after their night's work, they failed to appear at 6 o'clock according to schedule. Three marriages and twenty-two Bap-

tisms made up part of my morning's work, not to mention a new Visayan sermon, "Bag-ong Tuig! Bag-ong Pamatasan! Bag-ong Kinabuhil! New Year! New Resolutions! New Life!" Such was the burden of my greeting. The morning was still young, so I clambered up the mountain-side to the summit and in the little village there repeated everything except the wedding ceremonies.

During the rainy season from June to March, ten of our barrios are reached through water, and two others only by water; so these latter barrios had to wait until their Annual Fiesta on February 20th. It had rained almost continually for twenty-three days, and was destined to reach the Biblical forty. As may easily be imagined, my journey home was through a "slough of despond" or clam's paradise.

A Toddling Baby Typhoon

Here a communication from the Eternal City awaited me, ordering an immediate eight days' retreat. The retreat was to end on the feast of the Purification on which day I was to give final pledge of my undying loyalty to the Great Captain of our Order and to renew fealty to the Foreign Service Legion. On February 1st, with Father Corliss accompanying, I started by launch for Talisayan, a journey of forty miles along the Misamis Coast. We had traversed only half the distance when a baby typhoon toddled across our path, wailing piteously, as if lost. The storm came upon us so suddenly that we had little chance to prepare. The Palisades and Coney Island were in vivid memory as we enjoyed an afternoon and evening of roller-coasting and shooting-the-chutes. Each rock in the "Cradle of the Deep" served to dampen our ardor the more, and as the seating capacity was run on the sliding scale, early in the evening we beheld the sign "standing room only." At dawn our little launch was lying near shore in a sea of mud. When, like Ignatius of old, we should have been laying our swords upon the altar at Talisayan,



Father Lucas, S.J., before the altar of the Sacred Heart.

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Followers of Old Ignace

DAVID P. McASTOCKER, S.J.



St. Ignatius Mission, Montana; Father Taelman, S.J., writer of the letter quoted in the article, is the second figure to the right amongst the clergy.



Learn from history and the narratives of the early Jesuit missionaries that even their enemies conceded the Selish or Flathead tribe to be the bravest of the brave. Numerically weaker than most of the warring nations about them, poorly equipped in arms (generally they had only their trusty bow and arrow, whereas the enemy possessed firearms for years before they did), they nevertheless withstood all attacks by sheer physical prowess and high moral stamina.

Men of such heroic mold were destined to use no half-way measures when it came to embracing Christianity. Cardinal Newman, that brave soul who dared all for his convictions, has said that the first disposition toward finding the truth is to be earnest in seeking it. He tells us that in his day many otherwise excellent people thought about religious truths and felt the claims of the Catholic Church, but their old associates and habits, their friends and position in the world, the consequences of the step, the losses inevitably following, the pain of the wrench, all conspired together to turn their thoughts away from the truth and keep them where they were. Because of lack of earnestness they did not find the Pearl of Great Price.

Not so did the Flatheads act. No sooner had Old Ignace, the Iroquois, told them about the principal truths and precepts of Christianity than they

THE writer shows how the desire for Christianity aroused in the Flatheads by old Ignace, an Iroquois convert, was finally satisfied. The seed planted long ago has grown into a sturdy plant which at times flowers with the rarest Christian virtue.

strove to put them into practice. They prayed in common morning and night, observed Sunday, baptized their children and marked the graves of the dead with a cross, the symbol of Redemption. They were told of the Blackrobes, and a wish to have them in their midst took strong possession of them.

In Quest of a Blackrobe

Old Ignace suggested that some of the tribe be sent to the country of the white man, where the Blackrobes might be had. The suggestion was adopted in a general assembly and four of their braves volunteered to make the journey. The proposal would likely have appeared the height of folly to all but a courageous people. You who enthuse over the ex-

ploits of Lindbergh and Chamberlain and Byrd, pause for a moment to recall that memorable journey of the four Flathead braves! They traveled thousands of miles, over trackless mountains, deserts and lonesome plains, across wide, turbulent streams, their path beset on every side by deadly enemies whose eagerness and alertness to waylay them it would be next to impossible to escape. But the Flatheads were without fear. And, best of all, a motive that would not admit of defeat animated them. They traveled not to establish a long distance record, not for personal glory but in the cause of truth, to bring the Blackrobes and Christianity back to their beloved tribe. Nor were their hardships in vain. Two of the braves died, it is true, from exposure and the rigors of the journey. But what a consoling end it was! They were both baptized before their death, and Paul and Narcisse, martyrs of charity in the cause of Christianity among the Flatheads, peacefully await the Resurrection Morn in the old quaint Catholic cemetery at St. Louis.

And Today?

Many of the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* are naturally anxious to know if the modern Flathead boy and girl live up to this glorious tradition of the past. The letter that Father

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You are all tanned by the summer sun. Seaside amusement, swimming and boating, tennis and golf, hikes and trips have filled the summer months. You are back to school or back to work, fit and ready for the year's struggles. And while you were away, they left. North and South, East and West they went,—these friends of yours. But who? And whither did they go?

Young men, for the most part they were, men who in their day could swim a vigorous stroke and pull a steady oar, who handled a racquet well and could appreciate a golfer's skill, whose endurance was equal to the test of long healthy hikes and who enjoyed a summer outing. But they had their chances and were willing to sacrifice the other vacations ahead. Who were they? Why, they were youth of North America gone ahead to tell the pagan world that America is coming in great and greater numbers to save them. Young men they were, some not yet ordained, others with the sacred oil of priestly ordination still fresh on their anointed hands, still others who have already tasted toil in the Master's cause. Young Jesuits they were who have followed the call of Christ in religion and have vowed perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus, and have followed the call to the Foreign Missions.

Whither did they go? Far away they journeyed in different groups. Some went ten thousand miles to where the lofty Himalayas stoop down to the sun-baked plains of northern India in Patna Mission, where twenty-five million pagan Hindus and Mohammedans still dwell in darkest depths of ignorance and chain-bound castes; some sailed far, far away to the Philippine Islands where heroic American Jesuits are waging war against infidelity and inroads of error amongst the Christian natives and where the once

swarthy head-hunter still dwells in his primitive wilds; some sailed the Gulf of Mexico to labor on Caribbean shores for the salvation of the Central American; and some were destined for work amongst Jamaican Blacks; and some went North and West to toil on the Indian reservations for Canadian Tribes and Sioux and Flathead and Rocky Mountain chiefs and braves; and yet others have gone to Alaskan bitter cold, to labor there for Esquimaux and White; while others, nearer home, have given up comforts and conveniences to spend their days for the many pagans here at home, white and negro, who know not God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

* * * *

Surely you regret that you could not have been with each group as farewells were spoken to generous, loving fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and loved ones. You would have been pleased to have wished these Knights of Christ God's blessing and to have promised them every support in your power. But they knew your hearts were with them and they look back to you now to see whether you have caught up their challenge, whether their example finds some kind of a response in your soul. Is it the call to follow them in Crusader bravery that sounds within you? Hearken to that call, for God wills it! Youth, your heart is generous, your spirit brave and undaunted. Priests and Brothers and Sisters on the battle-front look to see whether you are following. Youth or Maiden, are you another St. Louis, or another St. Joan, with the spark of heroism kindled within you? Youth of America, will you follow them that went bravely ahead "while you were away"? And if you cannot go in person, there are other ways in which you can help.

* * * *

There is prayer, first of all, that powerful weapon of dauntless Youth or Maiden, incessant prayer, unobtrusive prayer, prayer from the depths of the heart going straight to the throne of God to beg blessings for the Missions and for the Priests and Brothers and Sisters! Then there is help, your little alms, given when it hurts, given when it costs a pleasure, given because you want to help every advance against the mighty wall of paganism. You must follow the story of those who left "while you were away"; you must be interested in their advances, their trials and joys. They are your brothers and sisters, Youth or Maiden, doing your work. They left "while you were away," but now "they challenge you." Your answer? Ah, we know it, for Youth is brave and generous and Youth is born for sacrifice and not for pleasure.

FROM MANY CLIMES

IN MISSION FIELDS WITH THE NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

FATHER FRANCIS STOY, S.J.

Only a year to ordination and he did not hesitate to volunteer to go at once to the distant Patna Mission of India. Superiors accepted his offer, and so Mr. Stoy set out on that ten thousand mile trip which lasted from August 15th to October 4th of last year, when he and his four companions stepped from the Punjab Mail to the Patna Station platform. Just



Left to right; Father F. Stoy, S.J., Father R. Conway, S.J., Mr. Paul Dent, S.J., Mr. F. Loesch, S.J., Patna Mission departures, 1926.

one year later than the date of departure, Patna, Christian and pagan, assembled to witness a celebration such as probably has never been seen in that district before. Likely the first American, certainly the first American Jesuit to be ordained priest in the vast country of India, Father Stoy on August 15th felt amply repaid for the great sacrifices made. When the last solemn ceremony of the beautiful ordination Mass was finished and Father Stoy turned to bestow his first priestly blessing upon the vast throng that was there assembled, his heart was all aglow to embrace in that blessing the 25,000,000 pagans of Patna Mission and the other thousand million and more pagans on the face of the earth. That God may grant

him long years of fruitful labors in his chosen field and make him more and more priestly each day in the great Hindu land which he now calls "Home" is the ardent wish of Jesuit Missions and its many readers. Ad multos annos!

* * *

HEARTS ACROSS THE SEA

Let hissing lovers prate of trysting-tree
And sigh that seas their wounded bosoms bar
From fond embrace that cureth Cupid's scar;
Such languid love thee lureth not nor me,
Who bear the mark of Jesus' chivalry:
For we, O Galahad, though Sundered far,
May meet at will beneath the ruddy star -
That flickers e'er before love's Majesty,
To whom we both in solemn plight are sworn,
O, deathless heritage from days of old,
Nor dimmed nor dinted in the strife of time,
This warrior-love mid noise of battles born,
Stronger than steel, finer than fired gold,
Echo, in many hearts, of Heaven's chime.

—Mark J. McNeal, S.J.

* * *

AMONG THE SIOUX

Did you ever meet Father Sialm, S.J., the little dynamo "Blackrobe" of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota? No? Then allow me to introduce you! We hope you will meet him often in our pages. He

never tires of storms and blizzards, of bleak prairies and tumble-down Indian huts, provided only he can be of spiritual assistance to his beloved Sioux Indians. Every summer he and his fellow Jesuits try to have at least one great celebration in honor of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. A letter is sent out to the Indians to tell them of the great day—but let the little Father quote you part of the letter he sends out to his Indians. It will give you a picture of what the great procession must be.



Father Sialm and his Sioux Catechists.

"All the Pine Ridge Indians are invited to take part in the great Corpus Christi Procession. We hope to see the mission band present in new uniforms to lead the procession. George Kills Enemy is the head officer for the cavalry. We expect at least 100 young men on horseback following the sodality flag. Come and camp the day before! We should have about a thousand people taking part in the great procession in honor of our Eucharistic King. It should be our Eucharistic Congress. The women should, if possible, carry flowers. Men, women and children, come for the Corpus Christi Procession! Bring your best Indian dresses and moccasins. Nic Black Elk will lead the Indian dress company in front of the procession. It should be a joy to give honor to our Lord Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament."

OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD BOUND

On June 29th, after a journey of almost one month, the Priests and Scholastics whose pictures are reproduced on this page arrived at Manila. The later departures are still "en route" but are rapidly nearing their destination. On the eve of sailing from Seattle one of the priests wrote: "If you find any people interested in me, tell them the greatest favor they can show me is to pray that I will burn myself out for God and God's interests among the yellow-skinned sons of the East."

A few days after the arrival of the first party at Manila, the scholastics

Messrs. H. Martin, S.J., and J. J. Mohan, S.J., have returned from Jamaica. They will take up their theological studies in September. Those returning from the Philippine Islands for theology are: Messrs. W. J. Dow, E. A. Gisel, J. H. Guthrie, J. H. Hutchinson, J. J. McEleney, J. C. Mullen, V. de P. O'Beirne, J. P. X. Sweeney, F. J. Toolin and E. J. Whalen, all Scholastics of the Society of Jesus. Some of these men will go to Weston, Massachusetts, others to Woodstock, Maryland, for the three years' study before their ordination to the priesthood.

In addition to the Jesuits enumerated below the pictures of those who have departed for Patna Mission, In-

Mission, Fathers Wm. F. McHale, S.J., and Charles M. Roddy, S.J., and two scholastics, Messrs. J. J. Williams, S.J., and J. J. Dolan, S.J., destined for work in the Jesuit College at Kingston.

When this issue had already gone to press, several additional appointments to the missions were made: to the Dakota Indian Missions, Fathers T. Martin, S.J., B. Zimmerman, S.J., and Mr. L. Meyer, S.J., and to British Honduras, Fathers C. Palacio, S.J., and W. A. Ryan, S.J.

Two Jesuit scholastics sailed on August 17th, to take up their philosophical studies at the Jesuit College at Bogota, Colombia, Aloysius J. Owens, S.J., and Francis M. O'Byrne, S.J.

ALONG THE MISSION LINE

Father Patrick Ryan, S.J., of Spring Hill College, Mobile, Alabama, Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, has been spending some busy months touring the Southern States and preaching in all the Jesuit churches there. His brief but intensely interesting and enthusiastic accounts of the work of the American Jesuit missionaries have enlisted the support of many hundreds. *Jesuit Missions*, so Father Ryan tells his hearers, has the missionaries themselves tell the story of their labors and achievements in the mission fields. And making his appeal, he says:

"It was a great comfort to our American soldier boys during the late World War, when they had to burrow in the mud and sleep in filth, to know that the folks back home were reading about them, and speaking about them and praying for them. And it will be a great comfort to our American Jesuit Fathers in alien and strange lands to know that there is a copy of *JESUIT MISSIONS* in every American Catholic home passing from hand to hand."

Father George Marin, S.J., Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, had charge of an elaborate mission exhibit at a recent Missionary Exposition held in Joliette, Quebec. Father Marin's exhibit showed the work of the Jesuits in the foreign missions, laying particular stress on the mission work in charge of the Canadian Jesuits. These missions are among the Indians of Canada and among the Chinese in Szechow, China.

Two young Chicagoans of Loyola University, Chicago, have sailed for the Jesuit Missions of Northern India. They volunteered their services gratis to the Missions for two years,



American Jesuits en route for the Philippine Islands. Guests of Seattle College, Seattle, Washington. Reading left to right:

Seated:
 W. F. Hyland
 J. C. Murray
 Rev. A. Conzatti
 Rev. W. M. Boland (President of Seattle College)
 V. Rev. James Carlin (Superior of the Philippine Islands Missions)
 Rev. J. P. Madden (Seattle College)
 C. H. Rohleder
 J. W. Lynch

Standing:
 F. X. Rooney
 A. F. Cervini
 S. A. Shea
 E. L. Murphy
 J. A. Prizantner
 B. Andrade
 R. H. Kennedy
 E. J. Reiser
 Rev. F. E. Bowen was absent when picture was taken.

who were replaced so that they might return to the States for their theological studies, embarked homeward bound by way of Singapore, Suez, and the Mediterranean. One of these writes: "About a dozen exiled children are just now plowing through the China Sea on the first leg of their journey home, with hearts that are both sad and happy, but mostly happy. They are sad to leave the boys and the work they have grown to love. . . . They are happy because they are returning to friends and loved ones. . . . The boys gave us a great send-off yesterday at the pier. . . . It took us about fifteen minutes to make our way through the crowd. . . . They are certainly very fond of the American Jesuits."

dia, and for the Philippine Islands, we have the following additional departures to record up to the time of going to press: to the Philippine Islands, Fathers D. A. Daly, A. Hofmann and H. McLaughlin; to British Honduras, Father M. Schaefer, Messrs. G. Fitzgibbons and R. McCormack (Jesuit Scholastics), and Brother Jacoby; to Patna Mission, India, Fathers W. Marquard and R. Mullen and Messrs. J. Brennan, M. Lyons and A. Wildermuth. The last three named are Jesuit Scholastics who will continue their studies in India, where they will also have opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the difficult Hindi language.

On Saturday, August 13th, the S. S. Yoro carried off for the Jamaica

asking only for "four walls and three square meals a day." God bless their zeal! Their case reminds us very forcibly of the French *donnés*, René Goupil and Jean Lalande, zealous laymen, who labored with Blessed Jogues and Brébeuf and their fellow Jesuits and finally met death with them at the hands of the savage Iroquois in North America in the middle of the seventeenth century.

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Though nearing his seventieth birthday, Rt. Rev. Bishop J. Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras, is still very active in visiting his stations along the Caribbean Sea and back in the bush of Honduras. When news was brought to Belize, the capital, that Bishop Murphy had been injured while in the wilds of his missions, a boat was rushed to his assistance. Fortunately, however, the injury was slight, and the trip had a happy holiday ending for the veteran bishop from Milwaukee and his zealous priests.

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Very Rev. James J. Carlin, S.J., Superior of the American Jesuit Missions in the Philippine Islands, has been in New York on business. Before returning to the Islands he is visiting Rome to confer with the authorities there on the mission conditions in the Philippines. Father Carlin had many interesting stories to tell of the heroic work of the Jesuits in the Islands, their trials and hardships and the American progressive spirit with which they have attacked some very difficult problems.

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At the same time, Very Rev. Francis J. Kelly, S.J., Superior of the American Jesuit Missions of Jamaica, was in New York on official business. His story of the American Fathers working in that mission shows that their true mission devotedness is using every effort to convert the Island.

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For the second time in his twenty-seven years' missionary work in Alaska, Rev. Francis Monroe, S.J., is at Seattle, Washington. Of English descent, born and reared in France, he was a schoolmate of Marshal Foch. He is a member of the family which gave President Monroe to the United States.

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MEDICAL MISSIONS

Judging from the nature and number of diseases, especially tropical, the missionary has small chance of escaping all of them. To equip the out-



Bishop Murphy of British Honduras holds a little examination.

going missionary with at least a slight acquaintance with medical matters and to interest others in the medical needs of the priests, Brothers, and Sisters who are laboring in the missions, there has been established the Catholic Medical Mission Board with headquarters at Room 1205, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

The Board has as members the superiors of religious orders and missionary societies, directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and other established mission agencies, and, finally, committees appointed from among the members of the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada. Space in our present issue does not allow us to give a full account of their work, but we feel that our readers

will be particularly interested in one very practical phase of it.

The Training Course

A Training Course in the elements of medical science was given at Georgetown University Medical School, June 10-24, 1927. This course was made possible through the kind cooperation of Very Rev. L. J. Kelly, S.J., Provincial of the New York-Maryland Jesuits, of Rev. C. W. Lyons, S.J., President of Georgetown University, and of Rev. Joseph Didusch, S.J., Dean of the Medical School.

The course embraced the following subjects: First Aid, Tropical Medicine, Materia Medica, Dental Emergencies, and Minor Surgery. A great deal of practical knowledge was acquired even in the limited time. The seventeen class periods of two hours each were supplemented with visits to clinics at hospitals and one interesting visit to the Army Medical Museum. Of the sixteen Fathers from seven different religious orders and congregations, and two Sisters of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, some had already seen active mission service, while all are destined for the missions. Six will go to China, four to Porto Rico, three to the Philippines and two to India. All (thanks to the work of the Medical Mission Board) feel that their course has equipped them better for their work of laboring for God.

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Faculty and members of the 1927 class of "Medical Mission Course," Jesuit Fathers: 5. W. E. Marquard, 6. D. A. Daly, 8. A. A. Hofmann, 11. F. W. Henfling.

Father James G. Daly, the successor of Father Monahan in Mindanao, has been sojourning in Manila. He went there to consult with the Superior of the Mission before the latter's departure for the States and Rome. Father Daly is a native of White Plains, N. Y. One of the papers there commented editorially on his work and sacrifice. The zealous sister of Father Daly, Miss Alice Daly, has succeeded in enlisting the assistance of many Catholics in White Plains for the building of a Catholic Dormitory for girls at Cagayan de Misamis. Miss Daly has made *Jesuit Missions* her debtor by sending in many subscriptions.

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Father Robert E. Holland, S.J., the writer of boy novels, who is taking Father Daly's place, writes: "Schools reopened on June 1st and the Public Schools cannot handle all the children. I am asked to open a Primary here. Father Hayes has 370 children in his school; Father Sullivan, 200; Father Lucas nearly 200. Father McGowan has opened a new school in Sumilao. There the Public School goes only as far as the fifth grade. Father McGowan starts with the fifth grade. I am giving a retreat, the first ever heard of here, to the Cagayan High School students. They have the town plastered with posters and the weekly papers carried ads and a write-up."

If the Fathers in Mindanao succeed in their efforts to establish a Parochial School system, the Faith will be saved there.

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From Canada, Very Rev. Father J. Filion, S.J., writes that after a year's

hard study of the Ojibway language in the seclusion of Wikwemikong, Father Howitt will join Father Couture. The latter has been working alone in a vast Indian territory in Canada, and will welcome a co-worker. Father Comte, another zealous Jesuit missionary among the Canadian Indians, has been transferred to the Indian Residential School at Spanish. At this school, in addition to their religion and book learning, the older children receive special training in shoemaking, carpentry, gardening, general farming and other useful occupations.

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In addition to his full schedule at Holy Rosary Mission School, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, Father Leo Cunningham, S.J., is finding time to gather together the Catholic Indians of the Government Boarding School for instruction. Once a week, Father and two zealous lay catechists, two young ladies from further East, do some extraordinarily strenuous work in catechism with their Indian pupils.

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Among the young Jesuit Fathers ordained to the priesthood at St. Louis, Woodstock and Weston, in June, one finds a fairly large number who have already seen active service on the missions. Fathers Azarraga, Downey, Feeney, Goggin, Hamilton, Hurley, Irwin, Lim, McCullough, Merrick and Pollock labored in the Philippine Islands; Fathers Moran and Treubig in Jamaica; Fathers Diersen, Melchoirs and Willebrand among the American Indians; and Father Wm. Murphy in British Honduras. Father Murphy, who is a na-

tive of Cleveland, is the latest of twenty-one relatives of first and second degree of kinship to become either priest or nun.

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Fathers Bernard Abeling and Edward Colgan, both Jesuit missionaries of British Honduras, are spending a few months in the States. Father Colgan is recuperating from a serious attack of tropical black water fever.

Messrs. V. Brennan and M. McInerney, Jesuit scholastics, have just returned from British Honduras to take up their theological studies in St. Louis.

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IN OTHER JESUIT MISSIONS

Writing from his new Vicariate of Haimen (Kiangsu), China, His Lordship Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., says:

"Just now my Vicariate, with the exception of the Island of Tsu-ming, is guarded by Northern Soldiers who leave us in peace. But fighting is imminent, since the Southern soldiers seem determined to occupy the north bank of the Bleu River. On the Island of Tsu-ming, four churches in charge of Father Philippe Li were pillaged and the Father himself maltreated by the Communists."

Some attempt, according to the Bishop's account, has been made to offer a "reparation of honor" and the Father is again occupying his central residence at St. Anne's on the Island. The damages done to the church were estimated at 10,000 piastres.

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The Belgian Fathers of the Society of Jesus working in the famous Chota Nagpore Mission are mourning the death of one of their zealous workers. Father Theophile Lambot, S.J., went to his heavenly reward on May 8th. He had given of his life to work among the aboriginal tribes of northeastern India. Alone, often, he had given the last ounce of his energy for the seven thousand converts entrusted to his care. His house, if one may call it such, at Hamirpur, was an elongated shed which was at the same time church and school. One lonely corner was "home" for the Father. In poverty and discomfort he was obliged to live in that little shed in which the summer temperature often exceeded 110 degrees Fahrenheit. But then, there



Father James G. Daly, S.J., and one of his parishioners.

(Continued on page 158)

The Unsheathed Sword of Persecution in China

CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.



YESTERDAY the most promising field for missionary work, today a land of persecution and almost hopeless political turmoil! Such is the impression China gives to the casual reader as he finds himself lost in the maze of political parties and military leaders. And yet, there is hope, for out of the chaos eventually will come order and peace, for the Chinese are not naturally a war-loving people. Then, too, they have proven themselves very kindly disposed towards Catholicism. Our readers should find the following account of China both interesting and enlightening, because it is based on a report of Father Léon Wieger, S.J., after forty years of close observation and personal contact with the Chinese in their own land.

THE whole world has its eyes intently fixed on China, anxiously awaiting new developments in its political turmoil. To the assiduous reader China seems like an inextricable jungle. The more one reads, the less one understands. This, however, would seem to be true, Christianity has become odious, not because of its dogmas, but because it has always appeared allied to foreign culture from which China fears it is inseparable. Christianity would, in the estimate of some Chinese, ruin Chinese national culture. The fact is that religious persecution has characterized the Cantonese onward march practically everywhere. The first thing done on the arrival of the troops at a mission center is to occupy the church, schools, and other buildings of the mission, for the use of the soldiery. Altars are smashed; images profaned or replaced by one of Sun Yat-sen; the missionary is retained prisoner or forced to flee after having been robbed of all he has. Then follows the Bolshevist organization of labor. Those who refuse to join it are boycotted and deprived of their daily bread; apostasy

is the condition of admission to the union. Many provinces have suffered persecution. In Fu-kien, the revolutionary flag is exposed. Schools and churches are obliged to have Sun Yat-sen's picture, and to honor him every Sunday. A late news despatch announces the murder of a Chinese priest in the province of Yuan-chow. In Shanghai, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., was insulted. Do these facts not prove the anti-religious tendencies of many revolutionists?

Torture and Prison

On Christmas day, 1926, Father Girardell's church was set on fire, the priest himself barely escaping capture. In spite of assurances from the Cantonese, two Irish missionaries were tortured one night. Both these events took place in the province of Hu-peh. A mob of soldiers and students assaulted the orphanage of Foo-chow, province of Fu-kien. Amid the cries of "Kill them! Kill them!" the doors and windows were smashed, and the Sisters forced to leave their scattered charges.

Bishop Huarte, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of the province of Anhwei, spent

eight days a prisoner in his house, where the general had chosen his lodgings.

"It was providential," says the Bishop. "All the foreigners were molested, but the mob dared not attack the general's headquarters. The soldiers do not always mistreat us directly, but incite the people to abuses, assuring them of impunity."

Father Salmon, S.J., receiving in Li-Choei a note from Father Verdier, S.J., Superior of the Nanking District, to leave immediately, if the Cantonese had not yet arrived, did so, but later fell into the hands of the Reds, who released him owing to the cleverness of a catechist. Tracked by soldiers, he and Father de la Vaisseire scaled the walls of the town and fled across the mountains. Finally after sixty miles journeying in boggy roads they arrived exhausted at Nanking.

"I have lost everything," says Father Salmon, "clothes, portable altar, books and notes. But I have to thank God and His holy Angels for their wonderful protection. The Lord is my only heritage. I shall repair to Shanghai to rest a bit and then work. The situation here is very uncertain."

Nanking was the scene of tragic events. Father Verdier and Father Bureau—an old missionary in the sixties—both stationed at the residence, were badly injured, the former being struck with the butt of a gun in the stomach, and his companion after worse treatment, escaped a terrible blow dealt with the altar crucifix. Forced to witness for three hours the spoliation of their church, the bare walls of which alone stand, they finally succeeded in hiding in Catholic homes. The commander of the warship "Alerte" had them located and sent aboard.

Up to this time no blood had been shed. The massacre of Fathers Dugout and Vanara, at Ricci College on March 24th, was the saddest event in Nanking. Father Vanara had just offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, when God called him to sacrifice his own life. A servant rushing in shouted: "Father, are you ready? You must hasten to the wharf!"

"I'm coming. A minute! Let me get a case in my room."

"You have no time, Father."

"I can at least change my shoes?"

"No time for that, either. Make haste!"

Done to Death

Father Vanara left immediately in slippers. At the gate a sentinel shot him dead. The flame of the gun scorched his long beard. Meanwhile, Father Dugout, searching for his companion, opened the door. The sentinel was already there.

"Are you a priest?" demanded the intruder.

"Yes," was the answer (as one version has it).

Immediately a second shot felled the missionary who lay seven long hours agonizing. It was first thought that the two Fathers had perished, victims of stray shots in the street, but their execution had been premeditated, and the French government therefore sent an official protest.

Neither the Red Cross nor the Swastika Society would be bothered with the victims, probably for fear of the Reds. Three days later, the domestics of the college bought coffins and proceeded to bury the massacred priests. They attempted to take a photograph of the corpses, but the soldiers in the college threatened to kill them or to burn the already mangled bodies which had been dragged into the yard. Father Dugout's nose was cut off and his body bore other marks of violence. Father Vanara's clothes had been torn off, his beard was all burnt, and in his hands were a pair of gloves that the soldiers use in their private quarrels. An officer said that the missionary had attacked, since he wore the gloves. The bodies were taken to Hu-Ki-Kwan and buried side by side, near the missionaries who had preceded them. They were the first to shed their blood for the Faith in Nanking, but not the first to suffer within its walls.

It is of great interest to note that Father Dugout had, in 1905, composed with great care, a martyrology of all the martyrs of the Society of Jesus, in the preface of which he cites

Rome's answer to the query of a priest: "Under what conditions can the victims of the Boxer insurrection be considered martyrs?" The Vatican's answer was: "Those priests who as missionaries in China, have met with violent death are considered martyrs, providing they did not through unjust proceedings bring it upon themselves. If killed in an insurrection under pretext that they are Europeans, the fact that they are missionaries in China for purely religious motives, crowns their violent death with martyrdom."

Doubtless, Father Dugout, while tracing "con amore" the names of our Fathers: Isoré, Andlauer, Lomuller, Denn, Mangin,—all victims of the Boxers,—ardently looked



Peasants of the Sichow Mission.

forward to this martyrdom. When the grace was offered him, he did not hesitate to pronounce his death sentence.

"Are you a priest?" shouted the sentinel.

"Yes," was the firm reply.

Two touching letters from Father Vanara show that he expected martyrdom. In one letter he says:

"While reading the papers, doubtless you think of the continual dangers that surround us. The hour is indeed very grave for us missionaries and for the missions which are the results of countless labors and privations. The question of personal safety left aside, we have the consolation of seeing many noble characters embracing our holy religion. Should there be a persecution, it would be providential. As for us missionaries, we are sacrificed by vocation. May our Lord choose me, if such be the pleasure of His kind Providence!"

The second letter was only received three weeks after the Father's death:

"My dear little Sister:

"I hope this card will reach you in time to wish you and mother a happy Easter. Your good soul will have to pray even more fervently to the Madonna of the Consolation for me and our mission, for we are menaced by the Cantonese Communists. The northern army is in Nanking to defend it, but the people have much to suffer at the hands of these brigands. At least they respect the mission and its church. If the Reds arrive, the Church will undergo persecution as in Russia. There will be martyrs, but alas, apostates also, among the tepid Christians. As for us missionaries, we fear God alone. This persecution will be the glory and the resurrection of our religion."

The Future

The present is very ominous. Canton pushes northward, and one fact is certain:

"Behind Canton stands Moscow. The Muscovite conception of a Church is that it shall be a State instrument for the promulgation of communist doctrine.

"If the representatives of the Powers, in order to safeguard their financial and political interests, keep looking on as they seem disposed to do, the Catholic missions will face terrible obstacles. The families of reputable Chinese, intimidated by the ban on Catholic schools, will withdraw their children from them, and the Government schools will extend their irreligious and subversive influence. Meanwhile, the Catholic population, being only a small fraction of a vast pagan majority—about 2,300,000 among 400,000,000 pagans—and exerting little social influence at present, cannot oppose a combined effective front to the new legislators."—(Father Grimaldi, S.J., in a report on the present situation.)

"But if certain Powers ceased to extend a greedy hand after Chinese money, the war in China would stop for lack of war material. Today, only costly firearms are used, which have been procured with the money wrested from the peasants. This is the soiled money that finds its way to foreign markets, ambitious to get wealth, even if the price be blood! The vicious circle may thus continue as long as money is found in China, as long as foreign countries will not hesitate to accept it, and keep volcanic China full of powder.

"Heaven grant that the right-thinking portion of the Chinese nation may marshal its forces resolutely against those who, through Bolshevism and

irreligion, wish to precipitate China into total ruin."

May the blood of the dead heroes of Nanking be fertile, and produce a wealthy harvest of Christians! Let us hope with Father Vanara that "the persecution will be the means of purifying the Church of China," and that her slain of today as her martyrs of 1900 "will be the glory and the resurrection of our religion."

THE LITTLE FLOWER AND THE GODS OF INDIA

(Continued from page 146)

dren, from father and mother. But why not get the whole family? You may ask. Answer: Please come over quickly and show us how to do it. We have and are trying every conceivable means to bring that about, but so far we have not found a way. Pray that God may give us grace and strength and a big measure of success. Pray, we beg of you, that our thirst for souls may be satisfied only when every last one of our 2,000,000 pagans in the District of Champaran will have been led into the true fold and into the loving and outstretched arms of Christ crucified. Yes, pray, and pray daily and especially when the consecrated Host is raised for public adoration that Motihari or St. Theresa's Mission, or that Champaran District and better still that the whole of India will also soon fall down on bended knees and join the universal chorus of Christendom in singing the unending anthem: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth." Pray that India, too, will raise its lofty steeples above the heads of mosques and devil-shrines, above the crescent and the trident, that soon there may be but one fold and one Shepherd, Christ, the Son of Mary! That is our prayer over here and the end for which we have vowed the sacrifice of our lives. Help us heap up "that Mountain of Mountain-Moving Prayer"; for it is prayer that will ultimately conquer India, the land of misery and of mystery.

FROM CRIB TO CROSS

(Continued from page 148)

correctly pronounced "Tell it sighin'," we were, like Sheridan, "fifteen miles away" and the water had not come within a hundred yards of our tiny craft. About nine o'clock we sighted another launch, chugging along up the channel, and hoisted the signal of distress. A little skiff transferred us and soon we were on our way again, but the open sea was too choppy; so the captain, refusing to be bribed, deposited us at Balinguan, still five miles away. We immediately exchanged the "Rocked in the Cradle of

the Deep" record, put on "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and after slipping and skidding through five miles of ooze and clay, arrived cheerful-looking wrecks, at Talisayan.

Vows Sealed in the Blood of Christ

Word of our penitential pilgrimage had preceded, and Fathers Rafferty, Hayes and O'Hara rushed down the road in the pouring rain to meet and greet us. From the lips of the trio came the identical question:

"Are you fasting?"

When assured that we had been doing that same thing since dawn of the



Father Sullivan, S.J., and Flatheads.

day before, a fervent "Deo Gratias" escaped them, for Father Hayes, the genial and beloved Superior of the Talisayan Mission, had held up everything, pending our arrival. Hastily donning dry garments, we signed away all our earthly possessions. Father Rafferty celebrated the Vow Mass, and only a few stragglers in the church witnessed our solemn ceremony. Just as the Angelus was proclaiming Mary's great Fiat on her own beloved Feast Day, we pronounced our Vows of final renunciation and sealed them in the Body and Blood of Christ, our Captain and King. Rustic, austere simplicity marked the great event, but perhaps in no better way could Last Vows leave such an ineffaceable impression upon our minds and hearts.

(To be concluded.)

FOLLOWERS OF OLD IGNACE

(Continued from page 149)

Louis Taelman, S.J., of St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, writes to his Provincial, the Very Reverend Joseph M. Piel, S.J., answers this question. These valiant souls are still earnest

seekers after truth, still Christian heroes.

Very Reverend and dear Father Provincial, P.C.:

"... In an hour I will start on my usual bi-monthly visit to Jocko and Arlee. My ministerial work is growing right along and I am gaining influence more and more over the Indians for the good of their souls. Thanks be to God, there is evident spiritual progress among them. Marriages are being straightened out, and old sinners are coming back. We had a good number of them for Easter and since. I am more in touch with the Indians than ever, although, of course, it means more traveling around.

"A touching fact occurred a few days ago. A young married man, Michel Piel, twenty-two years of age, was dying and anxiously sent for the priest. He had been kicked in the chest by a horse some six months ago, the internal injury gradually bringing him to death. Devoutly he received all the Sacraments, the Indians in the sick room fervently adding their prayers. Shortly after I left the house, Michel, who had no other clothes on but an undershirt and a pair of pants, held to his body by a leather belt, loosed the belt, bared his back, and gave the leather belt to his old father, Sa Piel, saying:

"Father, whip and punish me for my sins; I must do penance."

"The old Indian took the belt and gave his dying son four strokes with it. Whereupon Michel embraced his father and graciously kissed him. He then handed the same belt to his mother, Anna, saying:

"Whip me and punish me for my sins, mother, for I must do penance."

"She struck him three times; then he gently embraced her, and so died.

"Such was the simple story told me by Sa Piel immediately after the funeral of his son, two days later. When I asked him why Michel should have acted thus, he answered:

"I will tell you. My own father in the Bitter Root Valley years ago always taught his children that when they had done wrong, they should ask to be whipped, and be glad to do penance for the wrong done. I have taught the same to my children, although some Indians blame me for doing so. That is why Michel asked to be punished before dying, for it is well to die in a spirit of true, Christian penance."

"Sa Piel, now seventy-one years old, had sixteen children from his wife, Anna, though only two are now living, Baptist, thirty-one, and Ignace, nineteen.

"Easter here was glorious, as it generally is. The church was filled twice with nearly a thousand people. Most

of them were at Holy Communion at the first Mass. They came from all over—Néz Percés, Blackfeet and even Kootenais. The burial of our Lord on Good Friday was most impressive, as usual. The school is doing well and the discipline and contentedness of the boys are better now than at any time since my return to this Mission. On Tuesday after Easter, our boys gave a public entertainment which was pronounced a great success."

This excerpt tells in simple direct words the faith and steadfastness of the Flatheads. They are still desirous of the better things, still faithful to the teachings and instructions of Old Ignace, the Iroquois.

IN OTHER JESUIT MISSIONS

(Continued from page 154)

were souls to save among those thousands of aboriginals and one had no money or time to spend on one's own comforts. Small wonder that a spirit like this has helped the mission among the Oraons to count its converts by ten thousand and more a year!

It is welcome news that comes to us about the Jesuit Fathers from Ireland who are in South China. The seminary for the education of native priests for South China is to be staffed by Jesuits of the Irish Province. It will be built on the south side of Hong-Kong Island. All the Vicars and Superiors of the various South China Missions have agreed to send their Chinese students to the seminary. What more wonderful missionary work than to form a learned, zealous native clergy!

An Irish Jesuit news account gives the following interesting data on the lives of Jesuits in the Kiang-Nan Mission in China. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus took charge of the Mission some 75 years ago. At first the average life of the missionaries was 38 years and 9 months. It has now risen to 57 years and 8 months. Four years ago there were six Fathers in

this mission over 80 years of age, and thirty over 70. Four Fathers had been working there for more than 50 years and 20 for more than 40. One Father was condemned to death within a year—by the doctors—if he went to Kiang-Nan. He went, and worked hard in the country parts of the mission for 50 years.

* * *

THE OLD HAND BELL

One is forcibly reminded of the story of St. Francis Xavier going along Goa streets ringing his bell and gathering the children for instructions as one reads the accounts of the work of Father Le Tellier, S.J. For some time the Father has been engaged in giving missions and retreats among the natives in Bombay, India and along the Salsette coast. Churches are crowded, confessionals are crowded, the altar rails are crowded—such is the fruit of the Father's preaching. From six in the morning till eleven o'clock at night, his hours are taken up with sermons, conferences, private talks, confessions and necessary business arrangements.

Experience with the poor Hindus has taught the missionary how to deal with the native Christians. On his arrival at a village, the news is spread abroad that "Father Le Tellier, the great friend of St. Francis Xavier, has come and wants you! Come with your bullocks, your carts, your boats, your nets!" Then the natives break out in the now famous prayer taught them by the Father: "My God, it's very warm and I feel thirsty and hungry. My God, I feel tired but I keep smiling and like it. My God, make people come to the retreat! Sacred Heart of Jesus, I trust in Thee!"

And then they come, in bullock carts and in boats, on foot and in every manner of conveyance. Out in the open air along the shore the modern Xavier addresses them. He knows them. He knows that they speak a picture language, that it is through the senses that he must bring home the great truths of religion. A great fire is built when the subject of the discourse is "hell"; the meditation on death is made in the cemetery. Lest too much fear take hold of the listeners, the Father, after he has stirred his audience, leads them to the church where he shows them the mercy and the tender love of their God. Once at least, the preacher was forced to send his hearers home at midnight, for they would have spent the night in prayer.

And the work is bearing fruit. The great results, as the pastors of the places visited assure us, are conversion of big sinners not seen in the church for years, more control of drinking, peace and reconciliation in families and frequent or daily Communion.

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