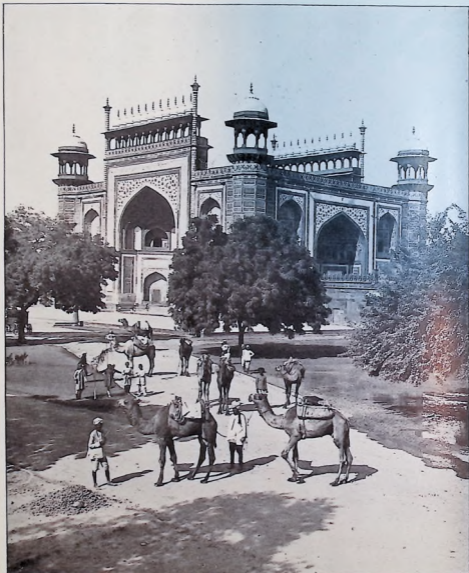


JESUIT MISSIONS





Underwood & Underwood

INDIA. LAND OF HINDUS AND MOHAMMEDANS

Here eight hundred and nine members of the Society of Jesus, including twenty-three American Jesuits are spreading the knowledge of Christ Jesus, Crucified.

From the Ganges to Kurseong

PAUL LEO FRANK, S.J.



Father Frank tries his Hindi on Indian fakirs.

THE writer, who is just completing his second year of residence in Patna Mission, India, gives some interesting pictures of Indian life as it impressed him, when he and his companions were making their first trip from the burning Gangetic Plains to the Jesuit house of studies up in the Himalayas, in sight of Mount Everest.



N the morning of January 7th, Mr. J. Gibbons, S.J., and I, after finishing our packing and watching the coolies pile the several trunks and bundles on their heads, followed them down to the ghat, the landing place of the ferry at Patna City. We bought our tickets from a sleepy Hindu agent, and prepared to board the ferry for a seven mile steam up the Ganges River to the railroad station on the other side. Unfortunately, however, there hung over the river a very dense fog which prevented all navigation, on account of the danger of "running up" a sandbar or "running down" a native craft. The result was a two hours' wait until the boat should come alongside. So we whiled away the time watching the sights that would prove interesting to a newcomer in India.

A Sacred Bath in Mother Ganges

One of the most interesting spectacles was the bathing in the sacred Ganges. Men and women, young and old, come every morning for their purifying bath in the sacred waters. On that particular morning the weather was cool enough to make my sweatercoat and overcoat very comfortable. They were all the more comfortable when I saw the Hindus wade into the chilly waters after divesting themselves of their none-too-superfluous wrappings. Men in loin cloths, women in long dresses wade into the stream until the water reaches their waist or breast, stand there for a minute, then duck down one, two, three times—each time completely submerging. Usually they

stay in the water from five to fifteen minutes and sometimes longer according to the pitch of their fervor. I recall seeing a frail brown-skinned woman who waded in waist deep, ducked three times, then facing the river, prayed most devoutly. Having walked towards shore to where the water was knee-deep, she turned about, faced the river, and with folded hands and bowed head prayed most fervently, seemingly unmindful of the uncomfortable chill she must have experienced as the cool morning wind blew through her thin close-clinging wet garment. She brought her prayer to an end by blessing herself with the water, repeatedly dipping her hand and raising it to the forehead and breast. Her prayer finished, she

walked to shore and there changed her dress. She had received the coveted blessing of Mother Ganges and her soul was now in peace and prepared for the day's drudgery of a Hindu woman's round of duties.

A Typical New York Rush

After two hours of waiting the ferry came alongside. Scores and scores of Hindu men and women crowded aboard and squatted or stood about the lower deck, while the second class passengers went above. After an hour's paddling upstream, our side-wheeler brought us to the landing place. There we indulged in more pushing and elbowing of Hindus, all in a typical New York rush for the



Sacred ceremonial bath.

"last train." The rush is in itself a sight worth seeing. Men with their luggage on their heads, women with their babies astride their hips and dragging other youngsters at their side, all scurrying along to get the best place in the railway coach.

Patna's Twentieth Century Limited

At a snail's pace our train jerked its way along for two hours to Sonopore. Its speed gave us ample time to watch, almost at leisure, the Indian farmers plowing their fields, slowly plodding behind slower moving oxen drawing a plow that Cain must have discarded as ancient, but which the Hindu still uses, either because he is too poor to buy another, or because with that sort of plow his forefathers tilled the ground. Hindu kiddies, some in nature's own, would forget their goats to wave and shout a salaam and smile an ivory smile.

At Sonopore, which has a very large railroad station, we were forced to wait for more than four hours. We had plenty of time to observe the natives. Groups of them squatted on or about their baggage and spent the time talking, laughing and smoking their hookas or cigarettes, while the youngsters were at play. And what a picture the girls made, with their brightly colored dresses, shawls and capes, heavy silver bracelets, one upon the other, half way up their arms, nose rings and nose buttons, triangular shields and four inch discs suspended from their ears, necklaces of anything pearly or glittering, heavy silver snakelike anklets gracing bare brown ankles, rings on fingers and toes! Yes, such is your Indian belle. If their idea is to gain admiration and rouse envy, they seem no less successful than girls in other parts of the world.

Mohammedan Ladies Go Traveling

At 4 P. M., our train for Katihar pulled out for the next station, Parbatipur. As a twelve hours' ride was ahead of us, we spread our blankets on the long seats and settled down for the night. At several stations we were awakened by someone trying to get into our compartment. Luckily no one cared to share ours when they saw it was already occupied by unbelievers. The inquiring gentlemen were Mohammedans seeking compartments for their purdah women. There alongside the coach swung the palanquin suspended from the shoulders of two stout bearers while the damsel reclining within the covered litter may already have drawn the veil over her face to hide its beauty from the sight of believing or unbelieving men. It seemed as though all the Mohammed-

ans of that section of the country were transferring their wives, or perhaps one rich Moslem was giving all of his favorite wives a joyride. . . . Next morning at ten o'clock we were out at Parbatipur and found that we would have to wait until 4 P. M. for the train to Siliguri, the jumping off station for Kurseong. Having had our baggage carried to the waiting room, we were off to see the town. Here we met people of far different types than those of the central plains. Nepalese, Bhutanese, Thibetans and Paharias by

lugged over to the weighing platform where every trunk has to be weighed for the Darjeeling-Himalaya Railroad, the narrow gauge up the mountain. The station platform was a sight to be remembered. Sleeping groups of Nepalese, Bhutanese, Thibetans, Paharias; men, women and children were scattered all over the platform. The sleepers huddled close together to keep warm and were not at all unsuccessful in their efforts to snatch a few score winks, as might be judged by the vigorous pushing and pounding some were subjected to as train time neared.

Climbing the Himalayan Mountains

Mr. Gibbons and I made for our second class coach which, this time, was none too spacious. After clipping along at a merry rate for perhaps half an hour, we came to the terrain just at the foot of the mountains, a district where the Bengal tiger roams the forest. There, too, are found the wild elephant, bears, leopards, deer and other game in abundance. Soon we were on the upgrade, winding and twisting in and around the thickly wooded, but not uninhabited hills. So sharp are the turns, that a rather long stretch would allow the passenger a handshake with the engineer. We watched the guideposts registering our ever increasing altitude, 500, 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 feet, and still we were climbing, holding our breath at times as we peered down into the valley below. The hills are practically all terraced by the ubiquitous tea planter or by the poor inhabitants who must make use of every square foot of soil for cultivation. At 4,000 feet we were above the clouds.

"One more station and you are at Kurseong," volunteered a soldier in our compartment.

A couple of short toots from the engine whistled the news to the Kurseong villagers that the morning mail would soon round the bluff. "Five thousand feet," said the guidepost.

"Kurseong!"



A belle of India.

the score, resembling in features the Chinese and Japanese, were to be met on all sides. These hill people were on their way to the big town of the district south and westward of Siliguri where they intended to sell their wares. As we walked down the village road, we met three queer-looking characters. Yogis or holy men they must have been, judging from the numerous religious articles about their brown necks.

No Grand Central Terminal

About four o'clock, we were off for Siliguri which we reached at 11:30 on scheduled time. It was useless to wander about the village buried in darkness, so we decided to stretch out in our car, since it would be sidetracked until morning. About 5 A. M., coolies were called and the baggage

Leading Features of Our December Number

An article on the significance of Christmas and the Missions, by the well-known writer, Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J.; a short story by Neil Boynton, S.J., author of "Mississippi's Black-robe," etc.; a poem by Leonard Feeney, S.J., author of "In Towns and Little Towns."

Baby Steps in Bisayan

ROBERT E. HOLLAND, S.J.

A DELIGHTFUL and half-humorous description of the genius and difficulties of the native language in Mindanao. The writer before his missionary career was a popular author of juvenile fiction.



The author.



RECALL the story of the American soldier returned from France after the War, whose great complaint about the French was the outrageous names they had for things.

"Think of it," he exclaimed, "they call an egg an 'oeuf'! Now, ain't that a dumb name for an egg?"

Well, sir, if that same boy were a greenhorn missionary in Mindanao, he would eat so many eggs that he would be ashamed to look a hen in the face, and what's worse, they would not even be eggs, nor "oeuf," but "itlog!" Yes; the young Filipino boys and girls bring them for sale to the

Padre's house, and with well-filled baskets accurately balanced on the top of the head, greet him with a sing-song: "Maayong buntag!" (Good morning.) Ah! your greenhorn American Jesuit missionary in Mindanao is not only buying itlog now (for 3 centavos or 4 each), but he is learning some Bisayan; he is taking his first baby steps. "Maayong hapon!" (Good evening) and "Maayong gabii!" (Good night) are his first attempts, and he then probably supposes that he knows all about passing the time of the day, until chancing out, foolishly, when the tropical sun stands highest in the heavens and pours down fierce actinic rays, he hears himself saluted

by some smiling "tao" (man) with: "Maayong odto, Padre!" (Good noon, Father!)

What Is Bisayan, Anyway?

Bisayan (often spelled with a "v") is an interesting language, but very disconcerting to the beginner. Ask me to put Bisayan into a nutshell, and I shall answer that it will fit there very well. It is said to be of Malay origin. We who are familiar with languages of Greek and Latin parentage, find Bisayan pretty difficult, for it undergoes practically no inflection, as we understand the term. It will be of no use to demand reasons why this, and why that, from the people who speak Bisayan. They cannot tell you why. They seem to have no knowledge of the structure of their mother tongue; they speak it, that's all, and not until comparatively modern times was it ever a written language. The old Spanish missionaries have labored out a few disorderly grammars and some dictionaries, and from these may one gather some idea, scientifically, of the genius of Bisayan.

Roots, Roots, Roots!

This genius consists principally of the use of roots of primitive meaning, which are varied for the purposes for which we use inflection, by the addition of prefix and suffix. For example, "singba" is the primitive root for the idea of worshipping. "Singbahan" is a place of worship, the church, and



Katawa! Smile!

"Musingba acó" means, "I shall go to church." An entire change of idea may at times be contained in one of these affixes; thus, "buhát" is the root for "do, accomplish"; but to say "I do," "naga" must be prefixed; "Naga-buhát." And if I prefix "nacag," the additional idea of "great effort" is implied.

Learn Your A, B, C

The alphabet as written in modern times is as follows: A, B, C, D, E, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, S, NG, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, and Y. The vowels are sounded broadly always, and never have a short or flat value: A as in father; E and I are practically the same; O and U are much confused. C and R appear only in foreign words. There is no F, X or Z. K may stand for QU. The N is like "ni" in onion. The NG combination is like GN in vignette. U and Y are both vowel and consonant. Pronunciation is very quick, clear and staccato, almost with the effect of a machine gun fire of words, and never with any sliding, draw-like melting of any syllable into another.

The Greek Verb Was Easy!

There are, of course, in a true sense, parts of speech; but the greatest part of speech in Bisayan is the root to which must be added the proper suffix or prefix or both. Most interesting and most difficult of all is the verb. One of your first surprises will be that in Bisayan there is no verb "to be"! Almost any part of speech in Bisayan may serve as the root of a verb or verbal noun. Once you have made the proper affix to the root, this form remains uninflected throughout all persons and both numbers. Though the affixes change slightly for tense, still there is really very little



With Madre Severa, Madre Dominga and Madre Serena pronouncing for you, your tongue gradually unties.

idea of tense, especially past tense, in the verb, the important idea being some kind of action. So just take your root meaning (for instance, it may even be the first personal pronoun; acó), make the proper affix (e. g., naca), and you have your Bisayan verb (nacaico), which when used with the pronoun (e. g., acó) makes your meaning complete (nacaico acó): I take possession of, or, make my own; I *do something*, or, if you will, I *me something*; or, I *mine it!* Simple? You may think so until you learn that this is the least frequent way of doing it; that there are about thirty of these affixes which may be used in varying combinations! Then it is that you have more and more sympathy for the American soldier who complained of the French and their "ouf" for egg! I once knew a man, who used to say: "Oh dear, why ain't everybody like

you and me? Hurrah for the English language! Why aren't all languages like our own!"

Bisayan Feet in English Shoes

It is all well enough for us to complain about these vagaries of the Bisayan. Should we not pity him in his attempts to speak English? And yet, your Bisayan though he pronounces badly, does learn English, I think (English of a sort), faster than we acquire Bisayan. In speaking English, he shows many traces of his own mould of thought. He is very fond of the future tense. "Father, I *will* take that rosary"; does not signify an intention, but begs a permission. Unless you know his curves, you think he is a bit "nervy." Again, he will not say: "I *want* go," but, "I shall go"—and to him both are the same. As fond as he is of the passive construction in his own language, he does not employ it excessively in English. Because he has no "I," he is a Filipino; and the school children sing their song: "Philippines, my Philippines!" He is the "pirst" one; he "porgets"; he "telepones" and loves his country's "plag." I do not call attention to these things in order to poke fun at Mr. Bisayan's expense, only to show you that not all the difficulties lay on the side of the greenhorn missionary; his people have theirs too in the linguistic way, but bid fair to solve theirs more rapidly than the Padre.

"How You Be?" in Bisayan

I mentioned above that Bisayan knows no verb *to be*. My reaction on learning this was: Impossible! How can they do without it? Well, they simply do without, that's all. "I am here," is "Dinhi (here) acó (I)." What more do you want? Again, "What is that?" is "Onsa (what) ba (Bisayan question mark) camá (that)?" "It is a dog": Iró síá (he, she or it.) Sometimes—but only for emphasis, not because it means anything, they use "man" or "mao" or "may"; e. g., "Who is there?" "Kinsa (who) ba dihá (there)." Answer: "Acó man."

Curiosities

A repeated root makes a diminutive, but it usually also carries a rather depreciative sense: "Pari," is a priest, but "paripari," is an imitation priest, an Aglipayan. "Tao," is man, but tao-tao," is a scarecrow. "Bata," is a child, but "batabata," is a house-servant. "Balay," is a house, but "balaybalay," is a shack. Other words are plainly imitative of what they



Church at Iponon, where Padre teaches Catechism in Bisayan.

(Continued on page 196)



The football team, St. Ignatius, Zikawei.

Aloysius of Zikawei

BEING a true story, faintly disguised as fiction, of a missionary college and a wonderful Chinese boy.

“COME in!” cried Father Xavier, as he quietly rolled up a panoramic photograph, which had been spread out on his desk and turned a smiling face towards a youthful and bashful visitor.

“Sit right there, and tell me all about yourself! Are you one of the Freshmen?”

“No,” replied the incomer with a shy smile, as he dropped into the proffered chair, “I am a transfer, Father. My name is Girard Telfair. You see, my father, who is a mining engineer, insisted on my taking mining courses in a big Western State University. I was two years at — State.”

“And now,” interrupted the priest, “you are going to spend two years with us at St. John’s.”

“Quite right, Father. From the days of my Catholic High School training, I always wanted to learn Catholic philosophy. Besides I have other problems to settle during the next two years. I may have to ask your advice on them later, but I have a simpler question to put to you today. At High School, I was the head of our Mission Unit. We used to have some pretty lively debates on mission problems. Tell me, Father, what in your opinion is the most powerful factor for the spread of the Faith in a mission sector?”

“That’s a fine question,” exclaimed Father Xavier enthusiastically. “By a strange coincidence, I was thinking of that matter just before you rapped. You know one of my duties as Student Counsellor is to interest boys in

the missions and mission problems. Look at this!”

Father Xavier picked up and began to unroll the photograph that he had been examining when interrupted.

“Now, you hold that end, Girard, while I unroll a graphic answer to your question.”

To the astonishment of the boy, the priest carefully unrolled his compact bundle, until there was disclosed a four-foot photograph of many Chinese priests and laymen. The photograph was surrounded with Chinese characters, although the inscription below was in French.

“I think that this will prove a satisfactory answer to our problem,” exclaimed Father Xavier contentedly, as he carefully pinned down the four corners of the photograph and leaned back to contemplate the picture.

“Why, who are these people, Father, and what is the meaning of these Chinese characters, and how does this picture answer my question?” queried Telfair.

“Look here, young man, did you learn any French in your High School days or at the State University?”

“Yes, Father,” answered Girard, “I can read a little French.”

“Well, then,” said the priest, “read the inscription at the bottom of the photograph.”

“L’Association Amicale des Anciens Elèves du Collège St. Ignace de Zikawei,” read out Girard, “Meaning, The Friendly Association of Former Pupils of St. Ignatius’ College, Zikawei,” continued the boy rather proud of his French.

“Correct,” said Father Xavier.

“Now, just sit quietly back in that chair, and listen to what I have to say. It is strange,” went on the priest in a half meditative sort of a way, “but, I was thinking precisely of your question, before you interrupted my meditation by your sturdy knock. This picture was brought to me only a few days ago by a French Jesuit, who was on his way back to France from China. As you have learned from the French inscription, this is a picture of the Alumni of St. Ignatius College, Zikawei. In this picture you see faces of Chinese prominent in the ranks of the clergy, secular and religious. Besides, there are amongst these many Chinese laymen. St. Ignatius College has been in existence seventy-five years, and during that time has prepared its Chinese students for entrance into the Preparatory Seminary, or if they are looking forward to a career in the world, for entrance into Aurora University conducted by the Jesuits at Shanghai. During seventy-five years, Jesuit missionaries have taught within the classrooms of St. Ignatius.”

“Would it not have been better,” interrupted Telfair, “for the missionaries during these seventy-five years to have worked directly for souls? They would have come in contact with more pagans and have made more conversions.”

“The answer to that question,” continued the priest with his eyes gazing fixedly at the photograph, “is in this picture. St. Ignatius College is helping to found a native clergy both secular and religious, for the Church in China. Without a native clergy, the

Church is nowhere on a solid footing. Only through a native clergy and an educated Catholic laity, can the Church in China hope to make progress in the face of the atheistic, socialistic, and bolshevistic doctrines that are being taught there everywhere today."

"But, Father," broke in Girard, "I have heard it said frequently, especially with regard to the mission schools and colleges of the Jesuits, that they were spending precious time and money educating pagans in secular branches, with only a few converts here and there during many years to repay them. It is true, I have never heard this argument advanced against the Jesuit schools and colleges in China."

"That's a good objection," said Father Xavier, "and we must meet it fairly. Let us still draw our argument from what I know about St. Ignatius College, Zikawei."

"About 20 years ago, the Jesuit Fathers began admitting a few pagan boys to the college and little by little these kept increasing in numbers until during the years 1920-1926 they formed nearly two-fifths of the pupils matriculated. Outside of classes where Catholics and pagans were sometimes admitted together, the pagans formed a separate division for recreation, refectory and dormitory. Catechism was taught them, only with the express permission of their parents. The work of conversion amongst the pagan boys always proved very slow."

"But think, Father," exclaimed Girard, "how many souls could have been converted by the teachers in direct apostolate!"

"Listen," said Father Xavier. "One day in 1924 a young lad of talent and influence yielded to the promptings of divine grace and declared himself a catechumen. From that day on, he became a real apostle among his fel-

(Continued on page 197)

Along the Dixie Highway

SAMUEL H. RAY, S.J.

READERS of the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS were delighted by Father Ray's article, "Batting Prejudice in North Carolina." The present account is another interesting story of the efforts being made to bring to the isolated mountaineer the message of Christ and His Church. The author tells you of a ten-mile hike he and his companion took, when they were out campaigning for souls down in the hill country of North Carolina.



It was nine o'clock on a Thursday morning in February when Kennis and I set out for Paint Rock that lay five miles down the Southern tracks from Hot Springs. This partner of mine was an honorably discharged sailor of the World War. He had come to Hot Springs for his health. By eleven o'clock we had arrived at the Paint Rock station where we were to make our first speech on advertising the Catholic Church. The station agent was our victim.

The Little White Church on the Hill

I went in first and opened up the conversation on indifferent topics and soon switched around to religion. In about five minutes, Kennis came in and joined in the conversation.

"I'm a Methodist," the agent assured us. "I teach Sunday School at the little Methodist church near my home about two miles from here, up on the Dixie Highway."

"And do you know any Catholics?" I asked.

"I knew a priest, a Father Callahan, who used to travel through this country and who often came to talk with me when I was working at the Block House down at Hot Springs. I knew two Catholic families, too, that used to live down there. They moved away since."

"By the way," he continued earnestly, "do you know that priest who used to go about this section of the country preaching? I wanted to get him down here to preach in this little church that sits up here." He pointed to a little white wooden church that was perched on the hill across the track and about three hundred yards away.

"There's a history to that church," he said. "All the denominations in the vicinity gathered money and had it built. But the Holy Rollers grew so strong that they have finally taken possession of it."

"Well, you will have to invite me down to preach here. You know, I do work like that, preaching here and there."

"I wish you'd come," he said. "You'd get a respectful hearing. They would be glad to have you and they'd treat you well, except maybe the Holy Rollers might get a little excited towards the end."

"Oh, we could handle them," I answered.

Getting Down to Details

"But what do you believe about hell?" I asked, approaching my religious subject.

"Well, the word 'hell' is used in Scripture in so many different ways

(Continued on page 195)



St. Ignatius College, Zikawei.

Passing of a Priest Pioneer



St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.



The venerable old age of ninety years, Father Laurence Palladino, S.J., died at St. Patrick's Hospital, Missoula, Montana, on August 19, 1927. Sixty-two years of heroic sacrifices, cheerfully made for the religious development of the great Northwest, tell the story of the well-known and beloved Father. At the age of eighteen, Laurence Palladino entered the Society of Jesus. He spent the usual years of spiritual training and study in Europe and was ordained priest on May 30, 1863.

Follower of De Smet

When the call to bring the Faith to the Indian of the Northwest reached Europe, it found Father Palladino ready and anxious to spend himself for the salvation of the Red Men on the Rocky Mountain Mission. He entered with great enthusiasm upon the work begun by the famous Indian missionary, Father De Smet, S.J., at St. Ignatius Mission in Montana. While attending to the spiritual needs of the tribes, the young Jesuit strove to teach the Indian to be self-supporting, by tilling the soil and planting grain. Under his direction, a mill was erected, lumber was cut, houses were built, trades were taught, the soil was tilled, until St. Ignatius Mission stood out as a model establishment of Indian industry. More than three hundred children were cared for in the school, in spite of the fact that no government appropriation was at hand to help cover the

great expenditures that had to be made. Those were happy days at St. Ignatius Mission, and Father Palladino ever counted them as the great days of his eventful life.

When Helena Was a Mining Town

Later years found the missionary

ington. But through all the multiplied work of these later days, his heart was ever with the Indians to whom he had given his best years. The Flathead Tribe counted him as their beloved Blackrobe, and they were his children. He understood them as few others did, and hence, when he came to write his valuable

book, "Indian and White of the Northwest," he brought to his subject a sympathy so necessary for the proper understanding of the story of the heartless repression of the Indian, and the crowding of the Red Men from territory to territory, out of the Bitter Root Valley to their new and poorer home in the Jocko Valley, a story that has its counterpart in too many of our States.

Other books came from the gifted Jesuit's pen. "Odds and Ends," depicts some of his experiences in his work in the West. "Charity Growing Cold," is the last book which claimed his attention. Failing eyesight and failing health interrupted his work and the last chapter was not completed.

An Ardent Will to Serve

Father Palladino's long life had ever been characterized by an ardent will to serve. Indian and White of the Northwest had profited by his spiritual ministrations, and not a little of the marvelous development of the Church in what was once the great Rocky Mountain Mission, must be attributed to his zeal and that of the

(Continued on page 197)

The Black Battalion

Where are the glittering flags
Or the stir of drum and brass?
Where is the throb of march
And thunder as heroes pass?

Silently columns go,
Valor unseen is spent,
Conquests are won forever
By priests — Christ's Regiment!

— David R. Dunigan, S.J.

doing giant service in the spiritual development of the mining town of Helena, Montana, engaging in pastoral work in Missoula and Seattle and Lewiston; occupying the important position of President of Gonzaga College at Spokane, Washington; serving as Spiritual Director of the young Jesuits making their studies at Mount St. Michael's, Hillyard, Wash-

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Days of Requiem

AUTUMN is decidedly sad. Despite its gay and flaunting colors, its "yellow and gold and hectic red," autumn casts a spell of melancholy over nature and the human heart. Now even those sweetly sad days are gone and darksome November is with us, preaching silently, though unmistakably and eloquently, of death. Even if Holy Church had not consecrated November's days to the remembrance of the untold numbers of the King's Faithful who are bivouacked with the dead, our thoughts, our prayers would have reached out in longing tender search for our dear departed. It is easy to commune with the dead these days; their remembrance rises with blessed swiftness to the surface of the tides of thought. At this time when night shadows come sooner and dawn delays longer, we pray that light, eternal light may shine upon our beloved dead, dissipating the lingering gloom of Purgatory.

In his pathetic, oft-repeated prayers for his departed dead, the Catholic shows instinctively how vivid is his realization of what a terrible and terrifying experience it is to be deprived of the light of Christ, even though that deprivation be only partial and for a time. How appalling must be the gloom of the soul that has never enjoyed for a moment the light of Christ! How darksome must be the life that gropes its mortal days amidst the unrelieved mists and shadows of paganism! And then, beyond the portals of death are the eternal shadows for those who cannot enter into the city which "hath no need of sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it and the Lamb is the lamp thereof." If the pagan could only catch through the enshrouding mists one faintest ray of Christ's light, would he not stretch out his hands in longing, pleading prayer that the perpetual light of Christ might shine upon him?

The charity, then, that urges us to pray for the souls of the departed that they may fully partake of light and life eternal will urge us to pray for the souls of one billion of our fellow men, brothers by a common humanity, who are still enthralled by the night of paganism. What a powerful way of winning God's favor for our own departed is the giving of alms to aid in the bringing of Christ's light to infidel souls! Catechists supported by our alms, schools reared by money withdrawn from luxuries, God's consecrated ministers maintained by the fruitage of our self-sacrifice, will be so many beacons of Christ flashing forth His light and love. By the same token, perpetual light will shine sooner upon our departed. Oh, the money spent foolishly, idly, luxuriously, what a missionary task it could do for God and Jesus Christ! Can we not imagine paganism crying out to us with its thousand times a million voices, have pity upon me, have pity upon me, that the hand of the Lord may touch me and that the perpetual light of the Christ may shine upon me.

Apostolate of Charity

IT is a developing theory with us that the favor with which Catholics receive the missionary magazines might be explained by the fact that the people of today are interested in constructive works. It is certainly true that the spread of the Faith is dependent largely upon works of constructive Christianity. Missionary work in its entirety, and in the various activities which compose it, such as educational, medical, scientific, strictly apostolic, is one of the most imposing of the constructive works of the Church today. The activities of the Papal Relief Commission in its war on disease and famine in Russia have seemingly shown the way to another great work of constructive Christianity, namely, a sort of Papal and Catholic Red Cross. The announcement of the gift of \$100,000 by the Holy Father to be employed for U. S. Flood relief would seem to indicate a determination on the part of the Holy See to employ its resources for humanitarian relief wherever a crisis makes such action desirable. The Catholic Near East Welfare Association has recently been put upon a permanent basis to enable the Holy See to carry out its works of Christian charity in the near Orient. Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., who administered Papal Relief in Russia and has been engaged for some time in the permanent organization of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, recently made public the text of a Brief from His Holiness, Pius XI, addressed personally to himself. The Brief expresses the Holy Father's satisfaction with the work of reorganization and says in part:

This magnificent success now places at our disposal both a method and the means for meeting the tremendous needs which pour in upon us from Russia and the Near East—problems which

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 1. Fianarantsoa of Madagascar

MADAGASCAR is an immense island off the east coast of Africa. It has a population of about three million and a half and is in area about the size of Texas. The Mission of Madagascar, which was entrusted to the Society of Jesus in 1844, has increased to such an extent since 1861, that it has been necessary to divide it into various Vicariates. The Jesuit Fathers still direct two of these. Fianarantsoa is entrusted to French Jesuits of the Province of Champagne. The Vicariate is divided into 26 districts, each of which is in charge of a missionary, whose duty it is to administer to from 20 to 30 of the 687 posts in which there are Christian settlements. Important works: a college, a seminary, elementary schools, leper settlement, a hospital, an orphanage, schools, printing press. In this Vicariate there are 55 Jesuits—42 Priests, 2 Scholastics and 11 Brothers. These, assisted by communities of Brothers and Sisters and 805 Catechists, are serving 151,734 Catholics and 7,995 Catechumens. There were 1,135,569 Communions in 1926. 18 natives are preparing for the priesthood.



Leper Settlement at Marana. Father C. Deces, S.J., is director.

hitherto we scarcely knew how to solve. Thus the hierarchy and the Catholics of the United States once more demonstrate their traditional loyalty to this Holy See and manifest again their spirit of generosity. They are benefactors consequently, not only of religion but of humanity, especially of fellow men in regions which for the most part have been estranged for centuries from the center of Christian unity, but which are now suffering cruel distress.

The significance of the facts recorded with regard to works of constructive Christianity, whether they be missionary, or those which are commonly classed as humanitarian, can scarcely be avoided. Such works teach us how to do our share for the advance of Catholicity.

Catholic Missionary Forces Mobilize

FOR some years back the careful observer could note the beginnings of increased missionary activity within the Church. Weekly, almost daily, we gain new evidence of the rising tide of missionary endeavor. Mission matters seemed predominantly to occupy the attention of the Bishops in the recent meeting of the American Hierarchy at Washington. A definite plan of mission contributions was adopted for the Home and Foreign Missions. It was at this meeting of the Hierarchy that the president of the Supreme Council of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Most Reverend Francesco Marchetti-Selvaggiani presented a message from the Pope to the assembled Episcopate. The message which by implication affects clergy and laity alike said in part:

"To Our Venerable Brethren, the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States:

"It is well known to you that no small share of Our thoughts

and Our care is devoted to Our endeavor to bring the light of religion to those sitting in the darkness of unbelief. By the will of its Founder, the Church is bound to communicate without stint to all men the salvation effected by Jesus Christ and the blessings flowing therefrom.

*"We, therefore, take this special opportunity of addressing you to repeat here again what We have already expressed in solemn documents and *in* *viva* *voce* to the Bishops of the world who bear with Us the responsibility of extending the Kingdom of Christ on earth, namely, that the uniting of mankind under the standard of the cross requires the living conviction in every member of the Church, clergy and laity alike, that each one has an important duty to fulfil by cooperating with Us in Our efforts to bring a knowledge of our holy faith to all peoples."*

What Protestants Think of Missions

A GAIN of \$74,204 in contributions for Congregational missions during the four months, May 1st to August 31st, this year as compared with the same months last year, is reported by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (Protestant). The total contributions for the last four months were \$838,389. The same board recently made public a cable announcing the death at the age of ninety-eight of Mrs. Mary K. Edwards, who up to the last moment was actively engaged in the Zulu mission. She had been a missionary for fifty-two years. Few Catholics are aware of the tremendous activity of Protestant missionaries in pagan lands, which is all the more dangerous to the Church at this time as the modernization of all mission lands is proceeding rapidly and the people are taking on the mental and spiritual forms that will dominate them for perhaps centuries to come.

FROM MANY CLIMES

Just Figures

Complete statistics of Jesuit Missions throughout the world in 1926, have just been compiled at Rome. Engaged in what are strictly called "Foreign Missions," there are 2,305 Jesuits working in thirty-five different large mission fields. In these missions, there are 186,138,042 pagans and Mohammedans, and 1,889,819 Catholic natives. Of the 2,305 Jesuits working among these peoples, some 300 are American Jesuits, who are in charge of eight mission fields with their many smaller stations.

* * *

Our Own Southeast

Our associate editor in New Orleans, La., **Father Patrick Ryan, S.J.**, was present at the recent consecration of Rt. Reverend Emmet M. Walsh, D.D., for the see of Charleston, S. C., by Rt. Reverend M. J. Keyes, S.M., D.D., of the Diocese of Savannah, Ga. Father Ryan calls attention to the singular coincidence that the Bishops of the two Carolinas are the youngest members of the American Hierarchy and to the striking fact that Bishop Barry of St. Augustine, Florida, who was raised to the episcopate only five years ago, is the ranking bishop among the suffragans of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. All the bishops of the Southeast have youth, energy and a great zeal for souls,—qualities so necessary for the spread of Catholicity in the vast territory entrusted to their care.

American Jesuits are hard at work in the vast territory in our own South sometimes referred to as "the most important mission field in the world."

It is a well-known fact that the Church is little known in large sections of the South, but in view of the great efforts now being made by bishops, priests and laymen, we may confidently hope that the Faith will soon be firmly planted there.

Just lately, a Catholic school in which not one of the hundred pupils in it is a Catholic has been opened at Washington, N. C., under the direction of Rt. Rev. Wm. J. Hafey, Bishop of Raleigh, in charge of Sisters of the

Immaculate Heart of Mary from Marywood College, Scranton, Pa.

* * *

Japan

The Jesuit Fathers in Japan, and the many other Catholic missionaries working in the famous island, will

JESUIT MISSION DATES

November 7th—Bl. A. Balducci, S.J., who kept by ill health from the foreign missions, became a great home missionary, sometimes addressing 30,000 people.

November 19th—St. Stanislaus Kostka, S.J., a Polish nobleman, who died in his eighteenth year as a novice of the Society of Jesus. Pray for vocations to the Society of Jesus.

November 16th—Bl. Paul Navarro, S.J., an Italian priest of the Society of Jesus, who with Denis Fugixima and Peter Onizuki, Japanese Jesuits, was martyred in Japan by being burned at the stake. Pray for the conversion of Japan through the intercession of these holy martyrs.

November 26th—St. John Berchmans, S.J., scholastic of the Society of Jesus, who reached high sanctity by the heroism of commonplace deeds done with uncommon love of God. Offer up your daily duties for the conversion of infidels.

November 27th—Bl. Leonard Kimura, S.J., Japanese lay brother of the Society of Jesus, who was burned to death for the Faith at Nagasaki in Japan. Pray for missionary lay-brother vocations to the Society of Jesus.

soon have occasion for great rejoicing, Japan is at last to have its first native son consecrated Bishop. **Monsignor Janvier Hayasaka**, who has been secretary to the Apostolic Delegate in Japan, has been summoned to Rome, there to be consecrated Bishop by the Holy Father himself.

Patna Mission

When the "Berengaria" left the Cunard dock on October 12th, five happy Jesuits said farewell to the U. S. A., as they started out on their long journey which is to bring them to Patna Mission in far-off India. Those sailing were: Fathers W. Marquard, S.J., and R. Mullen, S.J., and Messrs. J. Brennan, S.J., M. Lyons, S.J., and A. Wildermuth, S.J.

A rousing welcome awaits them from the American Jesuit Fathers who have been doing pioneer work in Patna, since that mission was given over to the American Jesuits in 1921.

A solemn farewell celebration was held at St. Francis Xavier's Church in St. Louis, on the occasion of the departure of the five Jesuits. A powerful and eloquent sermon was preached by Father D. A. Lord, S.J., editor of the "Queen's Work." The sermon was followed by the chanting of the Itinerarium and Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

For this solemn occasion, there were present in the sanctuary, some 225 Jesuits.

Work on the hot plains of India has been telling on the first group of veterans who reached Patna. Just at present, **Very Reverend Wm. J. Eline, S.J.**, Superior of the Mission, is the only one of the original quintet who is still laboring in Patna. Of course, **Father Henry Westropp, S.J.**, has been in India longer than any of the five Fathers who went over in 1921, but he was working in Poona Mission, which is farther South than Patna.

* * *

In early October, **Father Henry P. Milet, S.J.**, arrived in San Francisco, en route for St. Louis. He has been obliged to leave Patna for a half year or so of rest. Six years of unremitting labor in the excessive heat of the Gangetic Plain of Patna Mission have told on Father Milet's health. The good Father was beloved by his widely scattered flock in and about Jamalpur where he won the hearts of all by his kindness and charity. Eagerly they look forward to his return in early spring.

Mr. James Gibbons, S.J., a Jesuit scholastic from America, who has been making his theological studies at Kurseong, India, preparatory to spending his life among the Hindus of Patna Mission, has been doing important work for Jesuit Missions. He has been keeping in touch with all the various stations of the Mission, getting photographs and pictures of the work the Fathers are doing. As the official photographer of the Mission, he is telling in pictures the story of the new American Jesuit Mission in the land of the Hindu.

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Father A. Forster, S.J., the expert linguist and beloved pastor of the Hindu Christians of Chuhari, Patna Mission, has been forced to retire for a short period, to the milder climate of Darjeeling up in the Himalayas. Laboring in the heat of the plains, Father Forster has been doing splendid constructive work among the pagans and Christians of his Hindu community. His work among the orphans and in his school promises great things for future Patna. Too often has the pinch of poverty made the good Father's heart almost break, as he could not relieve the poverty of his orphans and destitute

Christians. During Father Forster's absence, Father Francis Stoy, S.J., the newly ordained American Jesuit of Patna Mission, is caring for Chuhari.

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The days of religious persecution are by no means at an end in India. Father John Kilian, S.J., well known to readers of Jesuit Missions, has been facing some strenuous times. Formerly in charge of Motihari, Father Kilian lately relieved Father Westropp, S.J., at Victoria, another station of Patna Mission. Since last February, this mission has been subjected to bitter persecution from the pagans who are wild in their anger at the progress among the poor and the outcasts, made by the two Fathers. Repeatedly, the lives of the two missionaries have been in danger. On one occasion, when Father Kilian was



At Victoria Mission, Patna, India.



Sailed for Patna, India, October 12th.
Left to right: A. Wildermuth, S.J., M. Lyons, S.J., Rev. W. Marquard, S.J., Rev. R. Mullen, S.J., and J. Brennan, S.J.

of poor health, has sent two savage bulldogs to help guard Father Kilian. Meanwhile, Father Kilian goes ahead with his wonderful work of establishing and conducting industries for the poor natives, erecting little schools—no better than mud walls with thatched roofs, to be sure—for the Hindus, and bringing the consolations of religion wherever possible.

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Father B. Sullivan, S.J., who, at Bankipore, India, in addition to his work on smaller mission stations there, is also burdened with the general financial worries of Patna Mission, writes that as soon as he can get some spare time, he will try to entertain Jesuit Missions readers with some accounts of Hindu customs and Hindu religions. Father Sullivan's fellow Jesuits have jokingly named him "The American Express," on account of his speed in getting from station to station on mission visitations.



India elephants' bath day.

alone, a mob of over 2,000 furious Hindus stampeded the mission property and threatened to burn down the mission and kill the priest. Father stood his ground, prepared for death, and refused to move an inch, while some of his men rushed off for aid. After hours of waiting, help finally came. But that was not the end. A few months later, an attempt was made to poison both the Fathers. Thanks to the quick medical attention of the Sisters, both Fathers pulled through. The trouble is by no means over. Just at present, though, Father Kilian is pretty well guarded. Two constables are with him constantly. In addition, Father Westropp, from his new station at Jamalpur, to which he has been forced to retire because



Left to right: Fathers D. H. Sullivan, S.J., J. G. Daly, S.J., Eugene J. McGuinness, Bishop Joseph Clos, S.J., Joseph Loftus (secretary to Father McGuinness), Fathers T. Puig, S.J., F. Morey, S.J., L. Arala, S.J., and R. E. Holland, S.J. Picture taken at Cagayan, Misamis, P. I.

Philippine Islands

Word from the Philippines tells of the safe arrival there of Fathers D. A. Daly, S.J., A. Hofmann, S.J., and H. McLaughlin, S.J. The three Fathers left New York in July. Father D. A. Daly accompanied Father James G. Daly to Mindanao, where he will join the little band of American Fathers already laboring there. Fathers Hofmann and McLaughlin will remain in Manila for the time being; to teach at the Ateneo, the Jesuit College there.

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Father James T. Hayes, S.J., has just opened up at Talisayan a fine parochial school. In order to have this important event deeply impressed on the Filipinos, a great procession was held on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Patroness of the town. There were some three thousand people taking part in the celebration and procession. Of these, four hundred were school children.

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Father Eugene J. McGuinness of the Church Extension Society, with headquarters in Chicago, is trying to interest the parochial school teachers and pupils of the country in the salvation of the Philippine Islands. In a letter to the schools he brings out some important items which will interest JESUIT MISSIONS readers.

The Filipino revolution which preceded the American occupation, was conceived in hatred for the Spanish

Government, and since the majority of missionaries were from Spain, abuse and calumny were heaped upon them to such a degree that actually a thousand of them were obliged to leave. During these troublesome times, an ignorant priest by the name of Aglipay, decided to start an Independent Catholic Church, the first purpose of which was to insure the people immediate independence in Church and State. Many people, erroneously thinking that the Roman Catholic Church was Spanish, and therefore to be outlawed as were the Spaniards themselves, joined the rebellious party and took over countless Catholic churches and enlisted the services of

other apostate priests. Millions of dollars worth of churches and church goods were destroyed during those days of revolution. With the departure of the many zealous Spanish Fathers, the Islands fell into a weakened spiritual condition. The Catholic priests who remained in the Philippines did all they could to save the Faith, but their numbers were far too small.

Then, after the American occupation, the real trouble began; for from the States came thousands of ministers of all denominations, preaching in English—the language popular among the people—against the Spanish Government and the Catholic Church. Many Filipinos were seduced by the false prophets, and while the number of real followers was not so large, still there grew up among the people a spirit of indifference to all religion.

But the Catholic Church has not been idle. The Mill Hill Fathers, the Belgian Scheut Fathers, the Dutch Fathers, the German Fathers of the Divine Word, and just lately the American Jesuit Fathers have been called in and the true Church is again coming unto its own. But not without a mighty struggle is the task being accomplished. While it is true that Aglipayanism is dying out, the indifference to religion is still present. Everywhere in their mission sector in Mindanao, the American Jesuit Fathers are trying to open little and big parish schools to save the youth of the nation. In Manila the Fathers are carrying on the work of higher education in the Ateneo, while elsewhere they are making gigantic efforts to awaken in youth the Faith of their ancestors.



Father P. Rafferty, S.J., at Gingoog, Mindanao, who since the recent closing of this station has been transferred to San Salvador, Mindanao.

JESUIT MISSIONS expresses heartfelt sympathy to Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., zealous missionary in Mindanao, whose beloved sister, Miss Veronica McGowan, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on September 25th. To Father McGowan, to his good mother, his sisters and brothers we offer our sincere condolence, with a promise of prayer for the dear departed.

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Jamaica

Fathers A. B. Oates, S.J., H. P. Wennerberg, S.J., and F. C. Wheeler, S.J., have returned from Jamaica to the United States. The three Fathers have done strenuous work in the island, and during their stay there won the hearts of the people by their kindness, while they furthered the work of the mission by energetic efforts in their various offices. Father Oates had been working in Kingston, and during his three years there made many converts and brought many careless Catholics back to their duties. "Catholic Opinion" of Kingston says of him:

"Simple, humble, modest, hardworking, kindness itself, cheerful and bright, with the grand dignity of his holy priesthood shining out over everything at all times, Father Oates won the hearts of all, and brought them nearer to God. He scattered sunshine into the life of each one, especially the poor and afflicted."

Father Wennerberg had been stationed in Spanish Town for five years. During that time, his unselfish charity and devotion to duty endeared him to all. His zeal was rewarded by very many converts. In fact, so large has the congregation at Spanish Town become, that St. Joseph's church has become too small for its congregation.

Father Wheeler had spent seven years in Jamaica. His zeal and geniality brought success wherever he went. First as professor, then as Headmaster of St. George's College in Kingston, he achieved conspicuous success. Later, Father Wheeler labored on the Savanna-la-Mar Mission and also at Above Rocks. Father Wheeler's transfer to other work at home has caused general regret throughout the island of Jamaica; but poor health has caused Father's return to the States, at least for some time.

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Dakota

On August 21st, Holy Rosary Mission experienced a very severe hail storm. Father Leo Cunningham, S.J.,

writes that the damage to the garden was about one thousand dollars. A picture from the mission shows a scene which reminds one vividly of a very severe winter sleet and snow storm.

Father Cunningham tells of the need of more catechists. He explains the work done by these Indians in the different stations. A catechist prepares for the coming of the missionary. On Sundays, when the missionary is not present, the catechist holds services, leading in prayer. He also visits the sick and prays with them,



Father A. Dubé, S.J., and Brother R. Savard, S.J., Canadian Jesuits, who left Vancouver for China on October 13th.

and, in case of necessity, he baptizes. A mission chapel without a catechist is a cold unattractive place to the missionary who has traveled through forty or fifty miles of bad road. If a catechist is at hand, he will at least have wood ready to heat up the mission chapel and the priest's room.

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Aurora in Shanghai

In Shanghai, the great modern Chinese city, the Jesuit Fathers have been conducting "Aurora University," for the higher education of Chinese youth. The University has had its share of trouble with the revolutionaries.

When in the first days of September, the Aurora opened its doors for the school year 1926-27, several agitators secretly gained admittance to the ranks of the students, with the object of kindling the communist flame among them. About Christmas time, the intriguers were discovered and expelled; but after the holidays, other sly communists kept up the Red propaganda.

By the time this second group was discovered in March, they had already forced many students to sign their adherence to revolutionary ideas. On the 21st, they began an insurrection. Pamphlets were scattered in and about the buildings, the college bell was rung, and firecrackers were set off. Amid the din, the cry was raised: "Down with imperialism!" Naturally, all this noise soon attracted the students. Many joined the agitators, but others merely looked on, while others quietly returned to their rooms. One of the leaders of the disturbance cried out:

"We have come to execute orders. We must destroy the Aurora, that Catholic school which is another nursery for imperialism!"

Finally, the authorities summoned the police, and quiet was soon restored. The next day, however, the rebellious students returned, some wearing military uniforms. They tried to force the door of the Aurora and otherwise cause trouble. After some deliberation, the school authorities decided it would be best to close the school for the time being, in order to save those students who had remained loyal.

Aurora has not yet reopened its doors, but the better class of students have at last decided to take action. Recently, in a long memorial, they have brought pressure to bear on the local authorities, and it is probable that the school may open soon again under government protection.

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ALONG THE DIXIE HIGHWAY

(Continued from page 185)

that it is hard to say anything definite about it."

Somewhat to his surprise, I answered:

"Yet, we read in the Bible these words of Christ Himself: 'Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire.' Notice that it is God who speaks, and He says 'fire,' and that fire is everlasting."

"I hadn't thought of that," he admitted.

(Continued on following page)



Father and son.

From this I led him through the Catholic doctrines on Heaven and Purgatory until it was time for Kennis to play his part.

"Maybe you would be interested in reading some of these pamphlets on such subjects," said Kennis, advancing towards the agent with some literature we had brought along.

"Why, yes, I'd be glad to. I'll read every word of them."

How could he refuse? Kennis was not the sort to take refusals.

"And now, Father," said Kennis, turning promptly to me, "would you like to explain to the gentleman this chart about the Church?"

"Certainly."

Thereupon he proceeded to unfold the well known "Triumph of the Church" chart that gives the history of the growth of religions all in one colorful glance.

The agent's interest was so intense that when we came to the last name on the list, he shouted,

"Why, even the old Dowieites are there."

The Overall Tammany of Paint Rock

The country store at Paint Rock was our next stop. At this thriving center of commerce, all the culture from miles around convenes to settle affairs of nations, of families and of personal appearances. With one bright dime, which had been preconceived as a means of entrance into this circle of commerce, I promptly bought two chocolate bars. The salesman was a tall thin young fellow of

about seventy summers. He snapped rather than spoke. All that I could see between me and his ears were spectacles and a grey beard. I felt unnerved. Not so Kennis with his booklets.

"Leave him to me," he whispered with a nudge.

"Have you ever seen any of these booklets?" he said with book agent eloquence. "I would like to have you read some of them. You will find them intensely interesting. They are most instructive, illuminating,—in fact, you will find them to be nothing less than a liberal education."

Of course, the store-keeper was going to accept them and read them. They were already shoved into his hands. He hadn't recovered from the shock of the attack nor had he understood a word of all this, before he was forced to say:

"Why, yaha."

"Y' got iny mo' o' them things?" came a drawling plea from another customer back by the stove.

"Why, certainly," we answered together as we hastened back to this interesting prospect.

As we handed him one pamphlet after another, we explained the value of each and made him promise to read them.

"I'm goin' ter read every word of 'em. I hearn tell heaps o' things about them folks down thar, en I don't believe all I hear. Ah want ter see fer mahself."

Again the chart was produced. Seated on a nail keg, I explained to a group of honest, eager overalls and beards, the marks of the Catholic Church. Meantime, Kennis went

about distributing Catholic literature. Before we left, a false note struck the air from the direction of the postmaster, who is probably the most informed leader of this overall Tammany. He boldly called away from us one of the men to whom we had been speaking and whispered a few words into his ears, while he froze us with a stare. We both feared he was sowing cockle. Perhaps we were mistaken.

As we walked down the road after leaving the store, I said to Kennis:

"I wish we could work up this combination more often in Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee. Many another Catholic young man would be thrilled with just such work as you are doing, if he were to taste it at least once."

"We do make a good combination," remarked Kennis. "You supply the doctrine and I supply the nerve."

BABY STEPS IN BISAYAN

(Continued from page 186)

mean: "Bacbac," is a frog; "paccpac," is a hammer! "Baba," is the mouth; the cat's meow is "ingáo"; the dog's bark, "wang"; the sheep's bleat, "bu-hihh"; the pig's grunt, "aicnic"; the mouse's squeak "icic." Other amusing curiosities are the following. Yes is "óó" (two syllables) and on the right hand side is "sa too." No is "wala," and on the left hand side is "sa wala." "Hokum" is a judge! "Koko" is a finger-nail. And one word that makes us all laugh is the word to remember: "dumdum!"

How to Learn Bisayan

And there's the trouble! Remembering! How easy it is to forget Bisayan words! So easy that one readily agrees that remembering them is half the time a matter of "Dumb! Dumb!" When a language has no real literature, it is indeed difficult to appreciate its beauties, no matter how interesting may be its mechanics. With a language in truth so poverty stricken, the English-speaking mind has great handicaps. The only sensible way to learn such a language, everybody says, is to get out and talk, talk, talk as much (little?) as you can and listen, listen, listen to the way it should be done. The people love to talk to you and are very much pleased if you can say only a few words in reply—especially the old people. The children talk to you, wondering why you don't understand everything they say. The only thing it costs to learn Bisayan is perseverance, which as the Irishman said, made a Bishop of his Reverence!



Mountaineer and his little family.

ALOYSIUS OF ZIKAWEI

(Continued from page 188)

low students. With no human respect whatsoever he would quietly undertake the conversion of a lad by appropriate conversations, by prayer, and by mortifications. At the beginning of 1925, after his Baptism, one-third of the pagan division was on the list of catechumens, most of them on account of the active and intelligent zeal of this wonderful boy. On Christmas Day, 1924, the day of his Baptism and first Holy Communion, he chose as his patron, St. Aloysius. Another third of the same division obtained their parents' consent to follow courses of religious instruction. With admirable tact Aloysius succeeded in entirely changing the spirit of the division."

"That converted pagan, Aloysius, must be a regular fellow," exclaimed Telfair. "I think I would like to know him."

"Well," remarked the priest quietly, "he is no book hero. He is a student now at Aurora University, and would be studying for the priesthood if he could gain his father's consent, for he feels as a priest that he would have possibilities for doing greater and more lasting good to his countrymen. In the meantime, in obedience

to his father's wishes, he is studying engineering at the Jesuit University. Perhaps you may gain your wish to meet this modern apostle," said the priest smiling slyly at Girard, "when you solve those bigger problems you spoke of at the beginning."

"Father," exclaimed the boy, "you are all wrong. . . ."

"That would not be the first time I have been wrong, nor will it be the last," replied the priest, "but enough about the missions for today. Will you see the football game this afternoon?"

"It is the only reason why I remained at the college today," replied the boy; "otherwise I would have spent the week-end with some friends. I think our team is developing splendidly and I want to watch them in action today."

"Oh," said Father Xavier, "that reminds me. Ask me to tell you some day about the football team at St. Ignatius, Zikawei. You know, they developed such a fine team there that few of the other Chinese schools cared to meet them. They were forced to play games with teams from the British, French and Portuguese warships in the harbor. The men and officers of these ships were much impressed by what the Catholic Church had done for these smiling, polite Chinese boys, who proved themselves sportsmen and gentlemen. But, that is another story of hidden influence. Come in again some day and we will discuss other ways of propagating the Faith than by what is known as direct Apostolate."

"I accept your invitation, Father," said Girard, as he smiled and waved farewell from the door. "Thank you for introducing me to Aloysius of Zikawei."

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(Continued from page 189)

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In This Issue:

From the Ganges to Kur-seong.	Page
Paul Leo Frank, S.J.	183
Baby Steps in Bisayan.	
Robert E. Holland, S.J.	185
Aloysius of Zikawei	187
Along the Dixie Highway.	
Samuel H. Ray, S.J.	188
Passing of a Priest Pioneer	189
The Black Battalion (Poem)	189
Editorials	190
Jesuit Mission Vignettes	191
Jesuit Mission Dates	192
From Many Climes	192
Acknowledgments	197

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