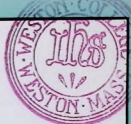


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REV. JOSÉ ALGUÉ, S.J.

Director of the Observatory of Manila, 1897-1926

The Observatory of Manila is one of the most important meteorological stations of the Far East. It constitutes the official Weather Bureau of the Philippines. Much of the success of the Manila Observatory is due to Father Algué who spent nearly thirty years there. American Jesuits are now engaged at the Observatory under the direction of Rev. Miguel Srigo, S.J.

EYE TO THE SKY AND EAR TO THE GROUND

Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.

THOUGH *of the Missions does not suggest telescopes, barometers and seismographs. Nevertheless in Manila, the Jesuit Fathers have one of the largest meteorological Observatories of the Far East, and direct the Weather Bureau of the Philippine Islands and surrounding seas.*



It was back in 1865, six years after the return of the Jesuits to the Philippine Islands, that Father Frederic Faura, S.J., began the first systematic records of the meteorologic phenomena of Manila and its environs. Equipment was meagre, records contained nothing but daily barometric pressures and maxima and minima temperatures with comments on the more important typhoons and baguios. In 1870, the Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit college where the observations were made, acquired a Secchi universal meteorograph and began a monthly bulletin of the daily variations in temperature and pressure. Additional equipment was bought and all the instruments were recalibrated with the standard instruments of the internationally famous observatory of Montsouris.

Startling Predictions

ABOUT this time Father Faura went abroad for several years of study and comparison. In 1878 he returned. In a year he would be ready to startle even the inert East. It was on the 7th of July, in 1879, that he ventured to predict a typhoon that would travel across the northern extremity of Luzon about four hundred miles north of Manila. The sad tales of havoc and pestilence that began to reach Manila a week or two later proved realistically the correctness of his theories. It was the

first long-distant forecast based on meteorological laws ever made in the Far East.

In was on the 18th of November that the wizard of the Ateneo spoke again. "A baguio is on its way and its center will pass through Manila." The captain of the port was judicious enough to believe and forbade any vessels to clear the harbor. On the 20th of November the typhoon struck Manila with a vortex that churned air, trees and houses as a ship's propeller churns the sea. Below Manila and around the southern ports of Luzon forty-two coastwise vessels and a large number of lives were lost; in Manila none. It was an eloquent plea for the extension of the weather-forecast service. The stocks of the observatory and of Father Faura were rapidly in the ascendant.

A Successor

ALL this time the successor of Father Faura, Father José Algué, S.J., was in the making.

In 1891 and 1892, under the famous Father Hagen, S.J., now director of the Vatican Observatory but then at Georgetown University, Father Algué had continued special studies in mathematics and astronomy during which he invented the floating Zenith Telescope and superintended the construction of the twelve-inch equatorial of the Georgetown Observatory. In 1893, he and Father Faura represented Spain at the International Meteorological Con-



Rev. Charles Deppermann, S.J., at the eyepiece of the giant telescope of the Observatory of Manila.

gress of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. The February of 1894 saw them both settled in Manila. The "Baguios-y Ciclones Filipinos" by Father Algué appeared in 1897. It filled a decided gap in meteorological circles and was immediately translated into French and German and did valuable service.

There was a year of semi-calm in the Philippines between the revolution of 1896 and the battles around Manila in 1898. The red and white-clad soldiers of Aguinaldo were back tilling their fields while Dewey's navy blue was still an undreamt-of future shock. It



The Observatory of Manila, famous for its accurate predictions of the typhoons of the Orient.

was a year of extraordinary activity for Father Algué. The aged Father Faura had died, and all the responsibility fell upon the new director. Still he found time to perfect his barocyclonometer, an instrument for discovering the future path of a distant storm. Many a ship on the China Sea owes its safety to this small specialized aneroid barometer which registers the danger spots and suggests the lanes of escape with such simplicity that even tyro seamen can read it. It is a weapon of peace—of defence against the elements. But the weapons of war are destructive; the sea must have its toll. In May of 1898, Admiral George Dewey steamed into Manila Bay and beached some Spanish gunboats. It was the end of a chapter. The Philippines became American possessions.

Under the American Flag

THE change from the Spanish régime to American control affected the Weather Bureau but slightly. All through the period of transition the Observatory was the most valuable source of information on the physical aspect of the country that the American government had at its disposal. In 1898, Father Algué published his important work on the clouds of the Philippines. In 1899, he was in Washington preparing his "Atlas de Filipinos" and his monumental "El Archipiélago

Filipino" which were published by the United States Government in 1900. He returned to Manila and had his Manila Observatory officially recognized as the United States Weather Bureau of the Philippine Islands.

Studying the Earthquake

FILIPINOS fear earthquakes more than typhoons. Early in September, 1923, the seismographs of the world began a thrilling, maddening dance. It was the dance of death. The Georgetown seismic station sped the news into the long lanes of transcontinental cables: "The Far East has been visited by an earthquake of excessive magnitude." In a few days the world was staggered with the confirmatory news of the greatest single-day calamity of modern times. Yokohama and Tokio could claim 200,000 dead and a property loss of about \$2,000,000,000. All because the Tuscaraora Deep takes a five and one-half mile dip just a hundred miles or so to the east of the Japanese coastal shelf.

The Philippine waters can claim a similar deep, rich in catastrophe. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has just discovered some anomalies in this five or six mile drop, but the fateful drop is unequivocally there. It is a poor day in the Philippines when some

seismograph does not register a quake. The Butuan seismograph told of just a bit more than 1,000 quakes in 1925, nearly all local. These earthquakes, however, nearly all due to minor volcanic movements, are rarely sensibly felt. There were that same year in the whole archipelago 190 temblors that could be distinctly sensed by the alert. It is these, the people fear and justly. For they are forceful reminders of some volcano that will yet have its prey or of the fierce clutchings of the Philippine Deep. Like a giant it lies out there in the bed of the Pacific, rocking the Island possessions again and again until some fragments slip into its hungry maw. The Observatory has every type of seismograph adapted to this special environment—the old-time Milne-Shaw and the modern Vincentini, Omori, and Weichert. It has no long-distance Galitzin; that would be too much like irony.

A Prediction Fulfilled

WHEN there are no quakes in an earthquake country for an unusually long stretch of time, the motto is: "Watch out." It was because of an unwonted quiet in 1911 that Father Saderra Masó, S.J., warned the inhabitants on the hillside of the famous volcano Taal, that severe earthquakes and eruptions were soon due. But peasants are not easily convinced by deductions; only experience



The Barocyclonometer.

can teach some truths and that experience is occasionally death. So it was at Taal. If Father Masó was grieved to see so many lost, he had the supreme comfort of knowing that even more were saved by his prediction.

Attitude Is Important.

An inimical spirit towards the world encourages enmities; friction develops friction. The more one tries to press together a handful of dry sand, the quicker will it slip from his grasp. The different pellets have not been disposed one to the other. But inject a little human kindness—moisten the sand, and it solidifies and becomes united. Isn't it so with our relationships towards one another?

Kindness and gentleness and charity will overcome a great deal of unnecessary friction. They are virtues of golden value to the missionary in his dealings with foreign souls.

—D. P. McA., S.J.

There is one other venerable service that the personnel of the Manila Observatory offers to the public. It is that of keeping it posted on the correct time. . . . Father Comellas, S.J., the Observatory's astronomer, agrees with your remark that tonight is well fitted for obtaining his clock correction. It is midnight and the stars are sprinkling Manilian streets and water-front with the calm of their light. So Father Comellas is in his conning tower. It is long since he has had so clear a sky. Now he has made his observations and after checking his meridian he is through. With due corrections and calculations, he discovers that by the law of probabilities his Sidereal Clock is gaining 0.06 seconds a day. The average of his past tests has given him a 0.05 seconds gain a day. Now a good clock is one whose daily error is a constant. This is then a decidedly good clock. His Riefler Solar Clock is just as good. By corrected solar time he sets a master electric clock and at 10:55 A. M. the Cavite Naval Radio Station sends the time signals over the Asiatic seas through the soundless ether. At the same instant the electric clocks of the Manila Railroad are automatically corrected and the time is telegraphed from Manila to every important town in the archipelago.

Astronomically the Observatory is very well equipped. Its equatorial telescope dates back to the Spanish period, yet it is still the largest by far of any in the Islands and one of the very largest in the whole of the Far East. Its equipment for star photography is very fine indeed. Most of all, it has men of marked ability and training in this science. Father Selga, S.J., who succeeded Father Algué

as director, made special studies at Mt. Wilson; Father Comellas, S.J., the head of the department, was at Georgetown and in Germany; Father Charles Deppermann, S.J., an American from New York, has just finished his studies at Johns Hopkins, at California University, and at Mt. Wilson observatory. Father Selga, as manager and administrator of such a public utility as the Weather Bureau, had no time to spare for astronomical work of any kind; while Father Comellas, because of the routine work of his department, has had to leave untouched such problems as did not directly affect the time or weather. Now that Father Deppermann is assistant, both may essay research along other useful lines.

Names to Conjure With

THE Manila Observatory is a scientific "apology" for the Catholic Church if, indeed, such an apology is necessary. When year after year books and reports of genuine scholarship make their appearance, now in Spanish, now in English, usually in both languages simultaneously, signed with the names of Algué, Coronas, Masó and the rest, the impression of the union of the Church and Science is gradually driven home. Men like Algué and Selga of Manila, Froc and LeJay of Zi Ka Wei near Shanghai, Tondorf of Georgetown, Nieuwlands of Notre Dame, Ricard of Santa Clara and Macelwane of St. Louis are convincing proofs to the skeptics that Catholicity is com-



Three hundred and twelve steps lead up to the auxiliary Observatory at Mirador.

patible with scientific truth. The American Jesuits who are now being prepared to assist in the Observatory will have the difficult but fascinating task of proving as good apologists as the great men of its past. Scientifically it is a test of their mental calibre; socially it is a test of their love for humanity; apologetically it is a test of their ability to carry on the tradition of Catholic scientific achievement. American Catholics will pray for their success. It is an important and very apostolic work.



Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., and his bush children.

The Bush Trail in British Honduras

DIFFICULTIES of language, stubbornness of the bush, native lethargy, are not insurmountable difficulties to the Catholic missionary in his zeal to carry Christ's message to far-distant flocks.

ALLAN STEVENSON S.J.



IN the account I sent you for the October issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* I promised that at a later date I would tell you about my next trip made to Crique Sarco where the Kekchi Indians live.

After that first trip on our mission launch, the *Santa Maria*, I did not rest long at Punta Gorda, my headquarters, but set out again; and here I am now among the Kekchis, my thrice beloved children.

The Most Polyglot Mission in Honduras

THE arrival of the padre is hailed by the ringing of the bells, which continues till he has reached the church. The children gather quickly; and, not to lose any time, I start right in without even unpacking. There are only two families here whose children speak Spanish. All the rest are Indian. To avoid confusion I had better state that there are three different Indian languages spoken in the Colony of British Honduras: North Maya, or Yucateco, is spoken in the Corozal, Orange Walk and Cayo dis-

tricts, South Maya, or Mopanero, and Kekchi are spoken in our Punta Gorda district. We have to hear confessions in five languages: English, Spanish, Carib, South Maya and Kekchi. The most necessary truths of our holy religion and the ordinary prayers I know by heart in Kekchi and can teach the children directly. All further instruction and sermons have to be done through a Spanish-speaking interpreter, a clumsy method, but satisfactory.

The Intelligent Interpreter Interprets

IHAD to make up the Kekchi prayers from one or two antiquated texts in manuscript, and by earstraining consultations with the more intelligent Indians. The difficulties of such a task may be imagined. I wanted to know the word in Kekchi for the conjunction *and*. I asked my man:

"How do you say *and* in Kekchi?"

Blank face.

"Well, how do you say, *Peter and Paul*?"

"Ah," he said triumphantly, "I know: they are two Apostles."

I used the same man, for want of a better, in preparing some little Indians for their first Communion. I got my host box from the sacristy, showed them the hosts, and explained how they were just bread now, but would be changed in the Mass, by the power of God, into the Body of Christ, our Lord. When the interpreter repeated my words, I noticed that he gazed with a rather awed look at the tin box I held in my hand. I grew suspicious and asked him suddenly:

"Please tell me what you told the children just now."

"I told them that was God in there," he answered.

"In this box?"

"Yes."

So, there you are, when it comes to using an interpreter.

Letting the "Rezadores" Do the Praying

THE Keckchis labor under this difficulty, that since their emigration from the Alta Vera Paz in Guatemala to Crique Sarco and Dolores in British Honduras, they have forgotten their prayers in their own language and consequently most of them have forgotten to pray altogether. The great body of your Indians will leave the prayer business to the prayer leaders, the "rezadores," and sit still in supreme contentment and stupidity. After I had got over the first difficulty, the linguistic one of making up their prayers, I had to face the second and greater one, of overcoming their lethargy and making them learn to say their prayers. The bulk of my Indians, both Keckchi and Maya, did not relish this reform because, as one of them told me, they dislike praying in any language; it is much easier to leave that duty to someone else. However, I finally got them to do some actual praying by having them repeat after me, phrase by phrase, as I said the rosary with them. Sometimes, I had to leave the altar to go up and down the aisle and to direct right and left, while I continued to lead in prayer. In confession I make them repeat the act of contrition with me. In the beginning it was hard work; but now they know that a mere grunt simply will not do.

Pictures Talk a Universal Language

ONE great aide-de-camp is my stereopticon, not run, of course, by electricity. I use the machine a great deal, especially here in the bush, where it is not only an excellent means of explaining matters in a language the people understand, but is also a check on the free interpretations of an interpreter. On this trip I had a set of slides on the childhood of Christ. I try to insist with the people that the very Christ they see on the screen is the Divine Child they will have with them in reality in Mass and Holy Communion the next morning. I am glad to say that at least three-fourths of all present at the picture show, and for that they all come, appear also in the morning at Mass. A goodly number receive Holy Communion.

After breakfast I made ready for the second Keckchi village where these lines are written. The trip is ten miles through the bush, tough ones, too, as you can see from the



Along the trail. The man in front is carrying the portable altar, the one in the rear, Father Stevenson's personal effects.

picture which shows no road. Horses or mules for traveling in this part of the Colony are of no use. The roads are mere cuttings through the bush; above the surface of the ground big roots crisscross the path all along. The many creeks are spanned by logs over which no circus horse could walk. If you try to ride your animal through the creek, you are liable to get stuck in the mud. You make better headway by walking. My baggage is carried by two cargadores. One takes my pattaakee with picture machine and my clothes and hammock; the other carries my cedar valise with Mass outfit, books and other necessities. The cedar valise is likewise my portable altar.

We arrived unannounced, and the place looked accordingly. The padre's house or convento had been turned into a porkers' meeting place and it took some vigorous cleaning with hoes to make it habitable even for a bush missionary. The natives made for me a bush bed, of sticks and palms and dried banana leaves. I certainly slept well last night. Word went gradually around that the padre had arrived. As it takes some time for the Indians to come together from the distant districts, I had a bit of leisure for a day or two, and it was most welcome.

Down the Temash River by Dory

AFTER the usual round of duties I got away from the last Keckchi village. A trip down the Temash River by dory brought me to another Indian town where I am writing this part of my diary. I am afraid I shall have more leisure on my hands than I care for; but really, I am rain and mud locked. When it rains in the tropics, it rains. You have no idea what this means. (Turn to page 22)



The Making of Father Sharp - Missionary

by
Thomas J. Coffey, S.J.



"HELLO, Pal! How's the boy this morning?"
No answer.

"Aren't you going to talk to me? You're a fine pal to have, aren't you?"

But he did answer, with a low, affectionate whine; and young Tom, twenty-two and strong, with big riding boots, and an everlasting supply of energy, gave his pal a vigorous rub on the nose.

Eakimos? No; Pal was his big black beauty of a horse, and he was only paying his morning respects.

OLD Tom Sharp had been true to his name, and young Tom was no mere chip; he was the old block itself. And if the rodeos of Arizona in the good old days, that lured every rider from far and near, had rung with the shouts and the heated arguments of the original Sharp rider, young Tom lorded it just as much these latter days over the lusty-lunged cattle rangers.

Square as a die was young Tom, as his father before him. Everyone knew him; and everyone that knew him, loved him—except! But we shall see that later on. Even Steve Woods had enshrined him for an idol in his heart—Steve, who had mixed it up with Tom some four summers ago, when Steve had upbraided the young cowboy for his pious tendencies, and emerged from the encounter with wounded pride and a swollen eye, a sorry reminder of the effects of might, added to a very potent right! How they had roared at Steve that day in his predicament!—Efe, and Stokes, and even the sedate old Indian, Sick Turkey, who lost his pipe in his unwonted hilarity, but thought it well worth the sight. After that Tom went just as frequently to the little Mission Chapel, and the dethroned braggadocio held his tongue.

Old man Sharp had taught Tom at his knee—and often over it—ever since, when the child was three, an all too early blast withered and took away the precious rose of his life, his wife Margaret. And Tom had learned his les-

sons well. Ever and anon he kept repeating in his heart, the homely counsels of his father: "The Ten Commandments first, son, and then the Four Bar." "The best brand for your own hide is charity." "Be a man, but first find out what a man is." "A man that swears is like a smoky stove—it is a sign he is out of order."

The young lad, Tom, had gone to school at Santa Clara and had his first principles engraved more deeply in his heart. Now he was back on the ranch ready and eager to step into his father's boots; for the elder Sharp was fast silvering with age. Tom was well able to succeed to the administration of the Four Bar, for he had the benefit of the Jesuit training, and had a cultured mind, and a knowledge of

management that far surpassed the majority of his fellows.

THEN came the terrible trial. The Four Bar through honest and upright methods had steadily gained in prestige; and to the chagrin of hostile cowboys had bought up the Double Diamond and the Two Heart ranches. And at the yearly rodeos, the Four Bar boys took the prominent part.

With the rise in power came inevitable jealousy and contentions, and one day Old Tom Sharp was found in a deserted cabin, mysteriously murdered, with no trace of the assassin nor clue to follow.

The very nature in Tom rebelled; his soul cried out for revenge; but the hand that was half raised to swear the mighty oath, was stayed in prayer. Many a long night he sat upon his cot in the all too deserted cabin, and time after time rose in half frenzy crying, "I will kill!"—but ere half his words were uttered, he sank back in remorse and agony, with a stifled "Forgive me, God!"

With this self conquest came the grace to go on and on, to bury revenge in his heart, and to give himself with double vigor to the work of his father. Young Tom, too, was successful. But his father's (Turn to page 23)

THE LONE MISSIONARY

TONIGHT he kneels in a hidden land,
With his lips pressed close to a nail-pierced
hand.

And he prays for souls, and a loving part
Of the flame that burns in his Master's Heart.

Fill his eyelids droop and softly shut—
While God keeps watch o'er his lonely hut.

—Raymond J. Cotter, S.J.

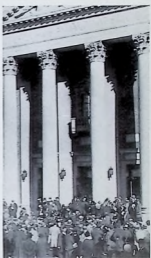
Scenes from the Consecration of Bishop Dinand, S.J.



Worcester Post

Father Augustus Dinand, S.J., brother of the Bishop, Father Joseph Ford, S.J., Jamaican missionary, Bishop Dinand, S.J., and Father John Fox, S.J., president of Holy Cross (left to right).

Right Reverend Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, was consecrated Titular Bishop of Selinus in the Memorial Chapel, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., on the feast of Christ, the King, October 30, 1927. The consecrating bishop was the Right Reverend Thomas M. Leary, D.D., bishop of Springfield. The co-consecrators were Right Reverend Joseph A. Murray, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Belize, British Honduras, and the Right Reverend John G. Murray, D.D., bishop of Portland. The sermon was preached by the Right Reverend William A. Hickey, D.D., bishop of Providence. There were present twelve bishops, the Jesuit Provincials of the Maryland-New York and the New England Provinces of the Society of Jesus as well as a throng of Monsignori and priests. The stately chapel, the brilliant assemblage, the solemn ritual of the Church made the day one of unforgettable memories. Bishop Dinand sailed for Jamaica on December 7th. There was a great gathering of priests and laymen at the pier to wish him Godspeed.



Worcester Telegram Gazette

Scene in front of Memorial Chapel, Holy Cross College, before the consecration ceremonies on October 30th.



Worcester Post

Right Reverend Thomas M. Leary, D.D., consecrating bishop (left), and Right Reverend Joseph N. Dinand, S.J. (right), as they left the chapel immediately after the ceremonies.

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In the Year's Dawn

JESUIT MISSIONS extends to its subscribers, readers and friends best wishes for a happy New Year and hopes that the coming days will be for them brimful of happiness and grace.

It was just a year ago that **JESUIT MISSIONS** came into being. As you have doubtless noticed we have grown; grown in size, grown in the varied interests of our departments, and grown, we hope, in the affection and loyalty of our readers.

One year ago we started our task of telling, if only in a partial way, the Jesuit mission story. Notable events came to pass last year in our mission circles. We had to record the story of a native Chinese Jesuit, Simon Tsu, S.J., who was elevated to the episcopal dignity. We chronicled the fact that due to his sturdy defence of Catholic rights, a native Mexican Jesuit, Bishop Pascual Diaz, S.J., was driven into exile. With mingled feelings of sorrow and joy we told the story of the heroic fortitude of Father C. Vanara, S.J., and Father Henry Dugout, S.J., who were shot to death last February in Nankin, China. We cherish the hope that the names of these two heroes will some day be enrolled on the scroll of the martyrs of Christ. Besides all this our readers have learned monthly of the heroism, fortitude, and self-sacrifice of our missionaries in many a lonely and almost forgotten sector.

Doubtless during the coming year there will be other heroic deaths; certainly there will be a new record of heroic living. All this will find its way into our pages. Besides, our readers will have the pleasure of reading special articles by writers well known in Catholic circles. Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., editor of *America*, presents in this month's issue a beautiful conception of what must be the thoughts of the Holy Father on New Year's eve. In subsequent numbers Father Joseph Husslein, S.J., will write on the subject of the Eucharist and the missions; Father James J. Daly, S.J., a fascinating writer, will tell over again the story of Xavier; Father Martin J. Scott,

S.J., will grace our Easter number with one of his illuminating articles. There will be poems and stories and interesting mission articles and items.

In presenting the record of Christly fortitude and heroism, as it will be written in golden deeds by Jesuit missionaries, it is not their glory that we seek but the glory of Him for whom the heroic deeds are done and by whose grace they are performed. A like heroic story is being written by Catholic missionaries the world over. Priests, brothers, sisters, of many varied institutes and congregations are fighting shoulder to shoulder for the cause of Christ, amongst every race and in every clime. The cause is the same, the inspiration is the same, and the same will be the everlasting reward. All need prayer and support.

As we noted above we are celebrating our birthday. We are still very young. We are fully conscious of our youth and feel no compunction in availing ourselves of a cherished privilege of the very young. Youthful birthdays are always recognized by presents. We do not wish you to forget that this is *our* birthday. The present we would most appreciate is the prompt renewal of your subscription. Besides this we make bold to ask you to send in one other subscription and thus our subscription list will be doubled. By this you will encourage us and make the prospect of the New Year very bright indeed.

Grateful Hearts

IN the beginning of the New Year we wish to express again our gratitude to those who have sent in money contributions for missionaries of the Society of Jesus. We know that these gifts gladdened the hearts of the missionaries and heartened them in the midst of their strenuous labors. We have simply let the missionaries tell their story in their own way. The gifts that came to us were unsolicited and for that reason all the more acceptable. The spontaneous generosity of our readers was a delight, if not a surprise. We have no doubt for the future in continuing to entrust the cause of our missionaries to such unhampered generosity. Each number of **JESUIT MISSIONS** tells a story of Christian fortitude, heroism, and zeal. It is not a matter of wonder that our readers by their contributions have shown how high is their appreciation of the work being done by our missionaries on many a far distant firing line. Virtue stimulates virtue. The gifts which we have received are a testimony not only to the appreciated self-sacrifice of the missionaries but also to the zeal and self-denial of the giver.

Angelic Bookkeepers

IT is a pet fancy of ours that grows with the years, that a good deal of bookkeeping falls to the lot of the Angels. Theologians will forgive our meandering imaginings, we trust, and not be too quick to point at us the warning finger of heresy. We take pleasure in thinking what a busy time the Angels have in recording good deeds. Were you to ask us what account is registered most surely in Heaven's books, we should be inclined to put down first, the deeds of unselfish sacrifice, the deeds that are often seen only by God and His ever-watchful messengers. True happiness is not seldom measured by unselfish sacrifices.

Surely, of all people, missionaries, whether actually as priests or Sisters laboring in mission fields, or as ardent promoters of the mission spirit at home, must be stamped with this virtue. How admirable the virtue appears in the tender Christ Child, come to live His life for us; how worthy of imitation in the life of the missionary to whom self-forgetting sacrifice becomes as daily food; how noble in the youth and maiden, the man and the woman, who count not the cost, who suffer in joyful silence many discomforts, misunderstandings and disappointments, offering them all up for the sake of Christ, that His kingdom may come to the hearts of the benighted pagan! Perhaps, in our resolutions for the new year, we may find room for some improvement in our own spirit of self-sacrifice.

Propagation of the Faith

THE *Baltimore Catholic Review*, in its issue of October 21, 1927, printed an interview with Archbishop Marchetti-Selvaggiani, president of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. His Excellency is quoted as saying:

I would urge upon the people of the United States that they join the Propagation of the Faith. If they wish after that to give to certain missionary causes or missionary priests in which and in whom they are interested, well and good. They should be commended. But it would be sad and unwise and hurtful, if they should contribute to such missions and missionaries and neglect the Propagation of the Faith Society.

We, too, would urge our readers to join this Society so dear to the heart of the Holy Father. The conditions of membership are quite easy and within the reach of all: to pray for the missions by reciting daily one *Our Father* and one *Hail Mary* with the invocation *Saint Francis Xavier, pray for us*; then to contribute one dollar a year to the fund of the Society.

Without doubt many of our readers are interested in

VOICES

WE hear them on all sides; down the busy mart they strike the ear—some strident, some subdued; in the far-away wood they greet us, in the chirp of a bird, in the weird call of the whippoorwill. Whether in the mountains or in the valleys, the same persistent drone strikes us. We cannot avoid it, we cannot but hear it.

It is the same with those interior voices. They come to us from time to time. Not alone to Joan of Arc were these voices given, but to every human being they come. Voices of good urging us on to noble deeds and self-sacrificing lives, to aid the missions by prayer and alms. Voices of evil calling us on to follow the lower instincts of passion. Which voice are we following? The good or the evil—one we must follow for we cannot serve two masters.

—D. P. McA., S.J.

particular missions and particular missionaries. This is quite normal and is founded on sound mission psychology. When one follows with eagerness the career of a missionary who is a friend or who has become one by interchange of letters, or when one finds joy and satisfaction in encouraging a mission amongst a people for whose conversion there is a special attraction, there is undoubtedly a greater spur to zealous prayer, whilst deeds of self-sacrifice become more easy. To know that our prayers and offerings are being applied to a definite mission task makes our cooperation seem all the more real and satisfying.

But interest in and practical help for particular missions need not be diminished by fulfilling the conditions of membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 3. Kwango.

THE Prefecture Apostolic of Kwango is in the heart of Africa. 106,250 square miles in extent, it forms a portion of the Belgian Congo which became the realized dream of King Leopold II. of Belgium for foreign possessions. It was he who sent the great explorer Stanley to open these regions which were afterwards annexed to Belgium. In 1891, the Belgian Jesuits, already overburdened with two foreign missions, sent a band of apostles to this new field. Since then the spread of the Faith has been most remarkable. There were only 23,000 Catholics in 1925. One year later the Catholics numbered over 45,000, with 60,452 on the list of catechumens. This success is largely due to the system of Prayer Schools, wherein children and adults receive daily religious instruction. There are 1,719 such schools in the prefecture. The efforts of the missionaries to combat the ravages of sleeping sickness have met with many public testimonials. Ninety-one Jesuits labor in this field. The spiritual harvest of 838,442 Communions received by their flock in 1926 is proof of their success.



A Prayer School in the Belgian Congo.

The White Shepherd

WHAT are the men of the Vatican as, in the light from his window of men who have been

WILFR-

As you enter the Piazza of St. Peter's at Rome, and let its big colonnaded arms envelop you, you have in front of you, of course, the great architectural miracle of Michelangelo, dizzying in its proportions, like unto no other thing builded by the hands of man. But if you allow your fascinated eyes to wander a little to the right, you become conscious of another great edifice, jutting off towards the Piazza at an angle, yellow-brown in color, with row upon row of blank or curtained windows. That is the Palace of the Vatican, the home of the Holy Father.

If you have a guide who knows, he will point out to you the row of windows which are the windows of the apartments of the Pope himself. It is a little strange, perhaps, that such an august personage should have his rooms, as it were, on the street. But then again, is it so strange, that he whose people are all peoples, should wish to be where he can see them passing by; that he who is a prisoner away from the walks of men, should yearn at least to gaze upon them from afar, as other prisoners have longed to see a little patch of sky, and an occasional cloud or bird floating in it?

On New Year's Eve

At one of those windows I can picture the Pope standing in the dead of night, just as the bells and guns of the Eternal City have ushered in the New Year. He has just risen from his kneeling-stool, perhaps, where he has been praying for his people. As he pushes aside the heavy pink curtain, and looks up at the stars and over the darkened city, what does he see there? Merely the twinkling lights and the black forms of ancient palaces and churches and the dark flow of Father Tiber? I like to think that on this midnight vigil over the sleeping earth, he sees more than this little patch of Italy.

What does he see, then?

Everywhere out over the earth, half of it darkened, as now, by night, and half of it gladdened by the sun, everywhere men are moving swiftly to and fro, some in black robes, some in white, and other some in brown. Swiftly they come and go, stooping, rising, raising their arms aloft and lowering them down to the earth, along the rivers and over mountains and through the seas and on the land and even through the air.

What are they doing, you ask, these men in black and brown and white? They are weaving the seamless Robe of Christ, or mending it where it is torn, or tending it where it is old and shiny and worn, or rejoicing where it is new and brilliant and strong. They are the missionaries, and the warp of the Robe is the Church and the woof is

made of human beings, red and black and white-brown and yellow. The pattern is the image of Himself, the God-Man, and the power of the loom is the Holy Spirit. Ceaselessly, tirelessly, they work, and before the eyes of the Holy Father the Robe is all set out for him to see. Space and time are all one to him as he gazes with glowing eyes; continents are laid before him, and the coming year is as an hour.

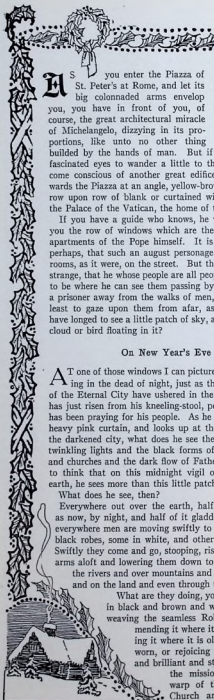
The Suffering Millions

NATURALLY, his eyes rest first where his children are suffering most. In China millions of red swarming yellow men are fighting, and starving, and dying. There the Robe has been badly rent, and some of his sons have died heroic deaths while at work. But, he himself has said it, there was once a time like this in Europe, when barbarian hordes overran the land and killed God's servants, and out of that welter the missionaries brought the glories of the Middle Ages, the ages of faith. He has hope for that country, in spite of its woes.

Then there is another country, in the New World. The Robe has been rent there, indeed; in fact his straining eyes can hardly see it at all. The red men, once proud patches of the pattern, no longer seem bearing the image of the Christ, for their sacraments have been taken from them, and many of



His Hol-



New Year Vision

lonely prisoner of
off the year, he gazes
ut over the races of
his pastoral care?

MS, S.J.

have been at murder and robbery and rapine.
is not a missionary country exactly, but it will be
peace is restored, for the Robe will have to be taken
ill over again. But even there in Mexico, the Pope's
red eyes see something to console; it is the long
of heroic witnesses, fallen on the field of honor,
se names must be inscribed on the Robe when it is
le one again.

ff to India he turns his look, another country—this
e the color is predominantly brown—where the fu-
is at least menacing and dark. The Robe is weak
e, of course; so many Mohammedans and Hindus
yet woven into the pattern. But the weavers are
king, indefatigably as elsewhere, and the Robe is
ly growing, and with more pride and happiness now
ing in them, his eyes wander to another continent,

covered with millions of
black men. Thousands
of miles of tangled jung-
les and snowy moun-
tains and steaming
swamps, and unname-
able abominations of su-
perstition, and wild
beasts and wilder men,
this is still the back-
ground of his vision.
But the pattern is there,
though through it at
places he can still see
the savage lurid fires of
barbarism, but burning
ever more dimly. And
there, too, the never-
resting missionaries are
giving their lives and
offering their deaths
that the image of Christ
may be produced in the
souls of their charges.

That part of the pic-
ture which is white pre-

Pius XI.

dominantly, where the Robe
is old, and sometimes, alas,
badly worn, he looks upon with vary-
ing emotions. The old Catholic coun-
tries of Italy and Spain, and Portugal
and Poland and Ireland and France,
how goes it with them? And Germany
and England, once gorgeous highlights in the picture,
there the warp itself has long needed to be mended, and
many eager hands are working to restore it.

Our Own North America

AND I like to think, that as the Pope's tired gaze
wanders over the splendid picture, he pauses more
than a moment to let it rest with interest on another
country, where the Blackrobes once wove the red men
into the pattern, and where the white man now rules.
Far over the ocean it is, but this night of all nights it is
given to him to see it clearly.

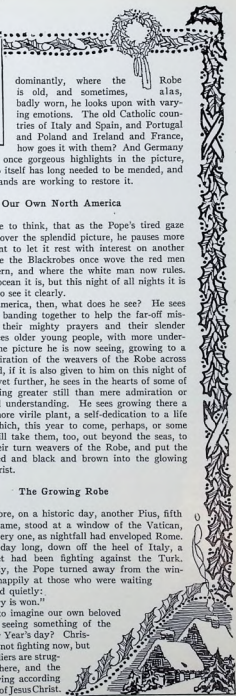
In North America, then, what does he see? He sees
little children banding together to help the far-off mis-
sionary with their mighty prayers and their slender
mites. He sees older young people, with more under-
standing of the picture he is now seeing, growing to a
love and admiration of the weavers of the Robe across
the seas. And, if it is also given to him on this night of
nights to see yet further, he sees in the hearts of some of
them, something greater still than mere admiration or
even love and understanding. He sees growing there a
sterner and more virile plant, a self-dedication to a life
of sacrifice which, this year to come, perhaps, or some
other year, will take them, too, out beyond the seas, to
become in their turn weavers of the Robe, and put the
yellow and red and black and brown into the glowing
pattern of Christ.

The Growing Robe

ONCE before, on a historic day, another Pius, fifth
of the name, stood at a window of the Vatican,
perhaps this very one, as nightfall had enveloped Rome.
For all that day long, down off the heel of Italy, a
Christian fleet had been fighting against the Turk.
Then suddenly, the Pope turned away from the win-
dow, looked happily at those who were waiting
there, and said quietly:

"The victory is won."

Is it hard to imagine our own beloved
Holy Father seeing something of the
kind this New Year's day? Chris-
tian fleets are not fighting now, but
Christian soldiers are strug-
gling everywhere, and the
Robe is growing according
to the pattern of Jesus Christ.





Alaska

Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, although a missionary bishop himself, has not been slow to urge upon his flock their duty to help in the work of propagating the Faith. He thinks that even the most destitute of his Indians and Esquimaux can contribute something that has money value. It is his wish that all his flock should be enrolled in The Society for the Propagation of the Faith. What an example of unselfish zeal in a missionary bishop, who has many crying needs to supply for his own flock!

A Diamond Jubilee

Father Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., whose memoirs were published in *JESUIT MISSIONS* last year, celebrated on December 22, 1927, his seventy-fifth anniversary as a Jesuit. Father Cataldo was ninety years of age last March. When he entered the Society of Jesus, there were only nine thousand Jesuits throughout the world. Now there are over 20,000. Friends of Father Cataldo have been trying to raise \$20,000 to pay off the debt of his new school on the occasion of his anniversary.

British Honduras

Usually when one hears of a college, one imagines a stately building with modern well-equipped classrooms. St. John's College in Belize, British Honduras, is certainly not true to such a conception of a college.

How would you like to live in a house of which the exterior alone is completed?

So writes a Jesuit engaged in tropical missionary work.

The inside is so incomplete that when anyone sneezes on the first floor, the whole house can hear him. Just now, if I tune in on the proper wave length, I can, without difficulty, attend anyone of the ten classes in progress.

JESUIT MISSIONS

I COME from the lands that
the martyrs sought
To free from a pagan rod,
To tell you stories of souls that
are brought
Into the temple of God.

In Orient countries, as travellers
say,
Gold and rare jewels abound;
I tell you of treasures more precious
than they
Stored in the Kingdom of
God.

Spices and palm trees stretching
for miles
Are things that tempt merchants
abroad;
I tell you of fields in the tropic
isles
That are ripening harvests of
God.

Though merchants go sailing
between the two poles
Guiding their steamers to port,
I tell you of cargoes of precious
souls
Brought to the harbor of
God.

—William J. Walter, S.J.

Were it not for the great good it strives to and does accomplish, St. John's would probably have been closed long ago. But, to St. John's come the lads from Spanish Honduras and Guatemala, to receive a thoroughly Catholic training to strengthen them against the athe-

istic influences brought to bear against them in their own countries where bigotry looks askance at the priest, and where the law keeps the Jesuit Fathers exiled from the country and its people.

Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., is president of St. John's College, but that simply means that he carries the financial and other worries of a struggling missionary institution. Just recently, he found himself drawing the last bit of money out of the bank to pay bills of two months' standing. Were a visitor to happen along the Caribbean Sea near the college, he might find the president of the college out with his whole faculty pouring concrete to support tanks that catch the rain water, the only water that can be used in the house. The visitor, too, might notice the Creoles and Indians, cheap laborers, digging mud from the sea to spread about the campus to raise it above sea level, or see them banking up the shore with coral and cocoanut husks to keep the intruding waves from flooding the grounds in front of the building. A look around the grounds would show that the college is surrounded on three sides by swamp land and mosquito-breeding underbrush, which has not yet been cleared. A closer inspection would show how the ground has been perforated with the holes of giant crabs that undermine the surface. The animal kingdom has not spared the building. Sections of the porches and floors are decaying because of the destructive wood-lice or rotting with dry rot. Fortunately, no plaster is falling because there is none to fall; nor is there danger of breaking windows unless a person should happen to hit the transoms above the doors. To make things interesting,

the tropical rodents and insects and flying things are ever at hand, to amuse, of course, but never to frighten the casual visitor. But let the reader be assured that there is no gloom prompting such a description, for, says the zealous missionary, "If anyone is looking for a land of twenty-four hours of happiness a day, tell him to hop on the next boat and come down."

Philippine Islands

Among the many works taken over last spring by the American Jesuits in Manila, was the Colegio de S. José. At present **Father Henry A. Coffey, S. J.**, represents the American Jesuits on the college staff and is professor of theology. Until more American Fathers can be sent to San José, the Spanish Jesuits are continuing as professors. The college has at present 102 students, of whom 43 are seminarians. Five of the theologians will probably be promoted to the priesthood very soon. San José is a general seminary where native youths are prepared for the priesthood. Upon this college rests largely the hope of building up a strong native clergy in the Islands.

Father Joseph J. McGowan, S. J., writes from Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I.:

I thank you for the promise to remember this poor mission. It is the poorest



St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

that there is and has many expenses for travel. I live on the road as much time as I am in the base house. That costs when you get your food out of tin cans and pay big prices for transportation. The other day a fellow wished to take me back to the station. He wanted to charge me 25.00 pesos, that is, \$12.50 in American money. That one trip would have cost me \$30.00 but by walking four hours and a half and begging my way it only cost me \$5.00. Out there I baptized twenty-five children and a Monobo, married one couple and returned with the large sum of \$3.25. One man fed me, that was saving a good amount. During August and September I did not take in \$3.00; yet to go to the wharf and get my supplies costs more than \$10.00. So it goes.

There are no hardships here after the first year. Last Saturday night I was so tired that I slept in a little store, with twelve chickens whistling at my head and in the next room a dance; yet I did not hear a sound of it all after five minutes. Some day if the Muse gets mad at herself

and inspires me I will tell you of some of my wanderings over these hills. Next month I have a good trip ahead of me. One of my friends, a Monobo boy, whom I baptized some time ago, is going to take me to his people, the so-called wild men. His aunt has asked to be baptized so as not to be called the child of the "evil spirit." This is the place where you travel. A machine with all the comforts of home would be very handy here. Then you would not have to wait for the family to go to bed so that you could stretch out in the parlor. There are lots of inconveniences in that way.

As in other missions conducted by the American Jesuit Fathers, so particularly in the mission stations of Mindanao, there is urgent need of the services of brothers to help on the work of the Fathers. The editors of **JESUIT MISSIONS** will be ready at all times to communicate with young men who, while they feel no special call to the priesthood, still are anxious to devote themselves to the cause of the missions as religious brothers of the Society of Jesus, in any mission conducted by the American Jesuits. *Communications may be addressed to the Reverend Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS, 503 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.*

Another Spanish Jesuit has been added to the growing list of missionaries in the Philippines who have died since the American Jesuits took charge of the mission. **Father Joseph Rius, S. J.**, departed this life on the 7th of November, 1927. R. I. P.



Father Hayes' new school at Talisayan, Mindanao, P. I.

Gonzaga University Mission Exhibit

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade of Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, staged from October 20 to 23, 1927, an impressive mission exhibit under the direction of Father Pius L. Moore, S.J. The purpose of the exhibit was to acquaint the students and visitors with the apostolic labors of Jesuit missionaries throughout the world.

Beginning with the apostolic career of Father Peter De Smet, S.J., the apostle of the Indian tribes of the

complishments of missionary priests and nuns was distributed.

A life-size painting of Father James Marquette, S.J., the work of Brother Joseph Carrignano, S.J., seemed from its position the connecting link between the American exhibit and the Oriental display. The figure of Marquette pointed westward, directing the attention of the beholder to the vast mission fields across the Pacific.

As visitors entered the hall, they were met by members of the committee who presented them with a program and escorted them around

Intense interest in the missions was excited by the exhibit and spectators in throngs attended all day on Mission Sunday. This was the first mission exhibit given in the Far West.

Patna Mission

The territory of Patna Mission about Bettiah, Victoria and Chuhari, is by no means a zone of quiet. Victoria is ever ready to burst out into persecution of the Christians and their Sahib, Father John Kilian, S.J. There is another scene of unrest



A part of the Mission Exhibit at Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington.

Rocky Mountains, the exhibit led up through a display of relics and curios of early missionary days to the present labors of Jesuit missionaries in the Indian missions of the United States. The wall-space of the large hall was covered with pictures, showing Jesuit home and foreign mission fields. Three booths, the Indian, Oriental, and Alaskan, while depicting in more graphic representation the work being done in those respective fields, exhibited the achievements of natives in the mission schools. Besides, literature relative to the ac-

the exhibit hall, giving brief historical data connected with the paintings and relics. Illustrated lectures were given afternoon and evening on the missions of Alaska, China, Japan and the Jesuit mission world. The Jesuit scholastics from the House of Philosophy at Mt. St. Michaels, Hillyard, Washington, were the lecturers.

The Bishop of Spokane, Right Reverend Charles D. White, D.D., honored the exhibit with a visit and highly praised one of the Juniors, who proved himself a well informed guide and a pleasing companion.

in Bettiah. The trouble there is between the Hindus and Mohammedans, and while in general the Christians are left in peace, one may well imagine that the three American Jesuits and the European Sisters there feel none too much at ease. But the Sisters and Fathers A. Pettit, S.J., P. Sontag, S.J., and Mr. Paul Dent, S.J., have placed their trust in God and are ready at any time to face the same persecution that is disturbing Victoria. Persecution heartens the missionary; it is the visible benediction of God on his labors.

Readers will find the two following Bettiah descriptions interesting. The two incidents happened less than a month apart, and give an insight into the temper of the people of Bettiah where white folks are few and far between.

Mass this morning had an unusual choir. Outside the church a large Mohammedan religious procession was tom-toming, tooting, shouting, singing, chanting, yelling along. It is the feast of the Muharrum, a feast in honor of two grandsons of Mohammed, Hassin and Hossin. These names were chanted alternately and fiercely and endlessly, by probably two hundred men armed with long sticks with which they kept up a fierce play of mimic fighting as they marched along. As I looked down on this procession from the roof on Sunday morning at 4:15, I saw the mimic fighting and the two dancing dervishes swinging and swaying in front of the oncoming mob, brandishing recklessly long poles with burning masses of cotton and oil attached to the ends. Everybody seemed frantic with passion. The half-lit faces in the early morning were wild. Police were stationed along the way, and Hindus kept off the street. It all looked as though there needed nothing more than a fat Brahmin passing by to start a race riot. Last year, I am told, Bettiah had fighting at this time.

Three weeks later things happened. Let Mr. Dent tell you the story:

Hatred and fanaticism and cruel butchery, cloaked all in a garb of religious zeal, have written a bloodstained page in Bettiah's history. On an afternoon about three weeks after the famous Mohammedan processions, a serious riot occurred here. In order not to be outdone by the Mohammedans, so it is said, the Hindus have, of late years, been striving to make their Mahabir Akhara procession, in honor of Mahabir, the bravest of Ram's generals and subsequently the "monkey-god," Hanuman, a rival attraction to the Muharrum procession of the Mohammedans. This year it was estimated that some fifteen to twenty thousand men and boys marched. The procession was apparently concluded when a part of the long line determined to pass down a street in which were situated a Mohammedan mosque (prayer house), and an inambara (assembly hall), where one of their religious symbols is kept.

This action was the firebrand flung into a powder magazine. It left Bettiah with charred ruins of many homes, looted shops, several hundred wounded and thirteen (officially reported, with probably a few more unreported) dead, and the hellish fire of race hatred glowing savagely fierce in many hearts.

To this hatred-torn country the American Jesuits are trying to bring the lasting peace of Christ.



"I began to go through all the villages of the coast calling around me by the sound of a bell as many as I could, children and men."—Letter of Francis Xavier, Dec. 31, 1543.

"GO YE . . . TEACH ALL NATIONS"

IN the strictest sense, an apostle is one who has seen Christ in the flesh and received a direct commission from Him to preach the gospel to all peoples. St. Peter was such an one, and so also was St. Paul. St. Francis Xavier did not receive his commission by a direct revelation from the Risen Christ. In all else, however, Francis was an apostle. A tireless, consuming zeal, divine approval manifested by stupendous miracles, conversions unparalleled almost in number and sincerity—these, in the minds of men, have built up the figure of this saint, whose coffin measures only five feet one inch, into a towering colossus bestriding all Asia.

Xavier was no superficial adventurer drawn hither and thither by the instability of his own will; nor was he a frothing fakir—ascetic for his own sweet sake. He was an apostle, and not because he was sick of the commonplace nor a visionary of a famous self. He became all things to all men, and prayed and preached and taught and sweated and grew muscle-weary and prematurely old because the love of Jesus Christ, and a true estimation of Redemption and the immortality of human souls had, through grace and his own good will, made a searing impression in his soul and in his very flesh and bones.

What His Letters Tell Us

"This country (Cape Comorin, India) is too barren and poor for Portuguese to live in, and the Christian inhabitants here have had no priests; they just know that they are Christians and nothing more. There is no one to say Mass for them; no one to teach them. . . . So I have been incessantly occupied ever since I came here."—Spring, 1543.

"There is now in these parts a very large number of persons who have only one reason for not becoming Christian, and that is that there is no one to make them Christians. It often comes into my mind to go round all the Universities of Europe, and especially of Paris, crying out everywhere like a mad man, and saying to all the learned men there whose learning is so much greater than their charity, 'Ah! what a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of heaven and falling into hell!' Would to God that these men . . . would give as much thought to the account they must one day give to God. . . . It would cause them to exclaim from the bottom of their hearts: 'Lord, here am I: send me whithersoever it shall please Thee, even to India!' Good God! How much happier and how much safer they would be!"—Dec. 31, 1543.

Listen for the Call of Xavier

Not alone in India today, but in China, in Japan, in the Philippines, in Alaska, in the Isles of the Caribbean, in South and North America, the cry of Xavier, the call for apostles reverberates. Men and women—priests, brothers, sisters, lay workers—are sorely needed. "Do you hear the tinkling bell?" Are you less generous—less chivalrous—less unselfish—less a lover of Christ than Xavier and the thousands of apostles who have come after him! The Faith, the Blood, the Courage, the Strength, the Call of Christ is in you. Men, women, boys, girls—Pray! Pray! and act!



Digging out the church at Melville, La.

A City Under Sand

SAMUEL H. RAY, S.J.

What the Mississippi flood did to a little Catholic Church in Louisiana, in a territory where a Jesuit Father was laboring for the salvation of souls among the lowly poor.

"Is this the Catholic Church?"

"Dis is what wuz."

Thus the smiling, burly negro answered me on my latest missionary expedition through Southern Louisiana. I was in Melville. Who has not heard of Melville, the little town of about two thousand inhabitants that stood in the heart of what Hoover called: "The nation's greatest disaster in time of peace."

"What happened to the pews and the altars?" I asked the negro workman.

"Dey tuk out de benches whin day seen de water comin'. But heah's what is left of de altar."

At that he pointed to the debris that was piled up in the little room at the far end of the church. All I saw was splinters of wood and sand.

As I spoke, I was standing inside the church upon three feet of mud. Two men and a boy were working with a team of mules scooping the mud out of the church. Can you fancy two red mules tugging away for a week dragging out tons of mud and sand from off your own church floor?

"How much are you getting for this?"

"I gits a hundred dollars fo' the whole job, dat is, to clare out de dirt and wash up the walls and what's lef' o' de flo'."

"And what are those two twisted white stands up front on either side? Were they altars, too?"

"Naw, suh, dem was jess stands fo' de, fo' de—"

"The statues," I suggested.

"'Xactly, Fawthub. Dey dey is." And he showed me the two big "heroic" images of Mary and Joseph standing out in the sun and sand.

Poor Joseph! His smile was bathed in a genial sunlight, as it must have often been when he fled to the banks of that other Nile whose overflow is anticipated in season. Poor Mary! She was still smiling down upon her Baby. She and Joseph and the Baby were all standing out there in the September twilight by the scene of havoc and desolation. They seemed to be waiting for some one to come along and brush the sand from off their feet, wash their muddy clothes and put them all back into their tumbling home.

"When did you last have Mass?" I inquired.

"Not since the waters came in May. 'Tain't no place to have it around here."

So no Mass for these poor people during all these months. And remember that in the diocese of Bishop Jeanmard this church is but one of forty that have been severely damaged or completely destroyed by the angry waters of the great flood. If there were any other buildings available for Mass I know not. There will surely be some space soon, for the people of Melville are fast at work digging themselves out of the sand.

Imagine a city built upon the seashore with its countless white sand dunes spreading out in all directions from neat little homes and

stores. Then lift all these heaps of sand, hurl them down upon the whole city until the homes and streets are buried three, four, or five feet. Do not spare the little white wooden church, with its cross-tipped tower. This is Melville, the city buried in the sand! Or should I say it is buried? For now the folks are as busy as ants digging themselves out. All who fled before the angry waters when the levee broke have returned. There is surely no place like home—especially this one.

To LAURENCE PALLADINO, S.J.

Apostle of Montana

Died August 19, 1927

By SISTER S. M.

*SILENT Sentinel, on God's holy hills,
You are keeping your vigil eternal,
Before the altar where times untold
You served with Christ's power supernal.*

*You journeyed West in strength of young
youth,*

*With Christ still wet on your hands,
In sacrifice singing the song of the Lord
And bringing His name to these lands.*

*Your matchless strength defied the years,
Giant priest with exalted soul!
Your unconquered spirit is unconquered still,
Though death now has claimed its toll.*

*Soldier of Christ! Your last fight is fought,
Duty's last call has been heard,
You met it bravely, with warrior smile,
And marched on without ever a word.*

Kashunuk Kahlekat

FRANCIS J. MENAGER, S.J.



"I will go unto the altar of God."



"To God, who giveth joy to my youth."

THE title of this article signifies in the InnuIt language, *Letters from Kashunuk*. There, miles from nowhere, the Jesuits are opening up a new mission. The writer has been designated for the task and tells you the experiences of his first journey to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

THE first of the three Fathers to sail for Alaska this year, I arrived in Seattle to take the boat North, literally not knowing where I was going, but nevertheless well on my way. Though I was headed for the Land of the Midnight Sun, there was no definite destination affixed to my itinerary, a condition which does not seem so bad until you consider that this vast ice-box, 'sitting on top of the world,' is about nine times the size of the State of Washington and easily divisible into a dozen portions as large as the State of New York.

The Heart of Eskimo Land

THINGS cleared up, however, when I met Father Delon, S.J., the Superior of the Alaska Mission, who was in the States to arrange a little business prior to the departure of the last boat. He informed me that he had started a new mission for me on the Bering Sea, right in the heart of Eskimo Land. If you want to see where it is, take a map of Alaska, find Holy Cross on the lower Yukon; then look West and you will see on the lowlands of the coast, directly south of St. Michael's, the little river Kashunuk. Follow it down to the sea and you will find the spot where I shall be located—the KASHUNUK country, just below Hooper Bay.

A New Mission

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago one of the missionaries on a tour of the coast found the inhabitants of this town well disposed and anxious to embrace Catholicity. A large number of them were instructed and baptized and the place became a truly Catholic center. As the number of missionaries decreased and a permanent pastor for these souls was impossible, the mission was abandoned and the natives were forced to practice their religion under the direction of catechists and to rely for

strength and encouragement on the infrequent and passing visits of a priest. Notwithstanding, they have kept the fire of Faith burning and have handed down Catholic truths and customs as a precious heritage.

"It is among these people hungering for the word of God that I am to start my work. What could be more encouraging? All are Eskimos; I shall be the only white man there, and until I can talk to them in their own tongue, which, I hope, will be very soon, I shall have one of the catechists as an interpreter.

Glaciers and Picturesque Towns

THUS far my trip has been delightful, a continuity of experiences that make me realize that I am in Alaska. Seattle and the States were left behind on August 12th when the S. S. *Yukon*, on its forty-fifth voyage, pushed its prow up the Sound and followed the well-known 'inside' route along the Alaskan seaboard. Glaciers and the picturesque towns made the days pleasant beyond hope. We touched at Valdez, a one time busy mining center, but now—poor Valdez!—like the true prospector, living only on hope. We came also to Cordova and other towns along the coast, stopping just long enough to get a glimpse of the people and their industries. Port Ashton and its neighbor, Port Benny, with their herring-salting stations, were visited at night, so we missed seeing the herring chokers at work.

"Sailing was pleasant all the time. Even when in the open, in the Gulf of Alaska, I managed to enjoy myself. Many of the passengers kept under cover for a couple of days when the going was rough, but I got in my strolls on the deck, said Mass every morning with one of the stewards, a Catholic boy from St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington, as my server. I was lulled to slumber each night by the swelling waves to dream of fogs and Eskimo Pies, and my new field of labor.

"On the morning of August 20th we entered Harding Gateway, crossed Resurrection Bay, and disembarked at Seward where the log told us that we were 1,818 miles from Seattle.

Anchorage and Fairbanks

FROM Seward I took the gasoline line up to Anchorage where I remained a visitor of Father Markham, the pastor, until Monday afternoon. I helped him on Sunday. His congregation is small, as Anchorage like most of the towns of Southern Alaska, is going down; but he is doing fine work. As he has been in Alaska for more than twelve years and knows the country very well, I was able to get useful information from him.

"The trip from the coast to the interior was by way of the Government Railroad. At Fairbanks, the last important station on the road in Northern Alaska, I stayed with Father O'Reilly, S.J., who is holding the furthest Catholic outpost in this region. Here I gave a retreat to the Sisters of the hospital. Their good work and their comfortable hospital greatly impressed me. The church, too, is neat in appearance and of good size for these parts. During my stay the altar was decorated with many flowers, and had I not heard the people talk about the long and severe winters, I could have imagined myself back in California. The promptings of friendship urged me to remain in Fairbanks for a while, but as my Eskimos are waiting for me and I had a number of things to get ready before the coming of winter, I decided to set out immediately and left for Nenana the morning that the retreat was finished.

A Japanese Cook and an Irish Prospector

I WENT there by train and found that the boat for Tanana was behind schedule. So I spent a day in Nenana. It has been reduced to almost nothing and exists only as a stopping place for the little river boat that plies the Tanana River to make connections with boats on the Yukon at Tanana, but I found a home and friends there. Friends are real treasures in these parts.

"One of the gentlemen at the N. C. Co., gave me a key to the little residence that is attached to our church there and I made myself at home before a comfortable fire which was prepared and waiting for my match. In the evening, I enjoyed a cup of cocoa at the Government Hospital, a guest of the Japanese cook, Harry, a character known all over Alaska. Harry has met and been friendly with all the missionaries who have come to this part of the country since 1899. With him was an old Irish prospector, a real sour-dough, who gave me many valuable hints about dog teams and sleds and ways of dressing in winter. When I threw at the prospector a few hints about the end of all prospecting, he said that he had been thinking about that also, as Father McElmeel, S.J., who is stationed at Nulato, had been talking to him along the same line.

Strange River Boats

THEN I had my first experience with a river boat. (I have not become used to them yet.) Loaded with passengers and pushing ahead of it a barge freighted with baggage and supplies for the numerous way stations, it maneuvers the twists and turns the bars and shallows of the river. I was on board at Nenana, Friday evening about nine, but we did not get started until the next morning at four. Mass was celebrated on board at six with a congregation of one lady, Mrs. Cronin, who was going back to her home in Hot Springs about sixty miles down the river. We should have arrived there about four that afternoon, but alas, the barge that

our boat was pushing, got caught on a sand bar and we were so snared that we had to stay in the middle of the river for twenty-five hours while the crew made frantic efforts to get us loose. Arriving at Hot Springs at seven P. M., the second day, I spent the scheduled stop-over with Mrs. Cronin and her husband who runs the N. C. store there and left loaded down with gifts from these good people.

Still on the Trail

AFTER another delay in starting and nine hours of slow traveling, which included much dodging of sand bars, we reached Tanana late in the afternoon of the third day—one hundred and twenty— (Turn to page 24)

What Money Cannot Do.

The coadjutor Brother is an important member of the Jesuit Order. All that money can give, he gives. What all the money in the world cannot give, he gives, and gives superlatively. Money can make a soutane, so can he. Money can cook rice and potatoes, so can he. Money can direct a farm, run a dynamo, be a chauffeur or sacristan or keep accounts, so can he. But money cannot give a soul dedicated to God and all aglow with Christian Charity. Money has no soul; it is cold, it is dead.

A Brother in Patna or Mindanao or Alaska whether he be directing the temporal affairs of a house, or be buying for the whole mission, or whether he be sacristan, cook, and catechist at once, as one holy missionary Brother whom we know, is a pretty close approximation to a man of God. Money cannot buy such men. Not even unaided human nature can form and fashion a man like this. Only the richest treasures of Divine Grace can so exalt and beautify the soul.

Such a man was the Jesuit Brother, Saint Alphonsus Rodriguez, who had a large share in directing the thoughts of Saint Peter Claver to the missionary apostolate amongst the negroes, an apostolate that raised him to the altars of the Church. There is unlimited room in the Society of Jesus for Brothers, men with the courage of Christ and the hearts of apostles. If you feel the call, address a letter to the Editor and learn the details.



Shanghai to Sūchow

"After twelve months of working out the brain-racking puzzles the Chinese language has in store for the beginner, any young missionary becomes a bit restive, and is glad to set off for the mission field.

"As communications between Shanghai and Sūchow were broken, owing to the war situation, three Chinese priests and I boarded a Japanese boat bound for Tsing Tao (a port in the north of Chan Tung) on September 7th.

"The sea was relatively calm, and I thoroughly enjoyed the refreshing and invigorating sea-breeze. In the early days of September the moist heat of Shanghai was as exhausting as a Turkish bath. When you rise in the morning you feel as if a bag of lead were tied on you: shoulders and fifty pound fetters on both your feet. During the Mass the sweat drips down on the corporal; the alb is also wet through by perspiration, although the vestments be very light.

"We arrived at Tsing Tao after thirty hours, and were very kindly received by the Fathers of the Divine Word who looked after our baggage, tickets and other little details embarrassing a stranger. The train we boarded was full of Northern troops on their way to the front at Nanking. They were very polite and affable with us, and their General even wished us God speed. At Tsinanfu, where we stopped, we were the guests of the Franciscan Fathers who vied with the Fathers of the Divine Word in their delicately preferred hospitality.

"But Sūchow was far off yet, and railway communications, very irregular at all times, were especially so now, owing to the mobilization of troops. For four days not a passenger train had passed through. The

station master, a Catholic, told us that next morning a train would leave for Sūchow and cautioned us to come early in the morning if we cared to sit down at all. At eight next morning we were at the station, but the train was already overcrowded with soldiers, some of them even lying down in the baggage room. We found

"Train will leave at noon," announced a trainman passing through the cars.

"Some time later, another trainman came along shouting:

"At two o'clock this train will leave, at two o'clock. . . ."

"Did we leave at two o'clock? By no means! When six arrived we hoped we might leave next morning. A surprise was in store for us. At about eleven P. M. the train pulled out. We had some thirty hours more in this weary train, and most of us were already tired of this sort of traveling.

"It was a great relief when we heard the whistle blow and announce our arrival at our destination in the Sūchow Mission, and I almost felt comfortable when I jumped into a quaint and awkward cart drawn by an ox, that brought us to the mission in Tang Chan. I was on 'Canadian soil' in the midst of China, and soon I was shaking hands with my old pal Father Lafortune who was then stationed in Tang Chan."

Louis Beaulieu, S.J.

Caroline Islands

"This year has been one of trials for the mission. We have had continual earthquakes since the 31st of January, about 1,000 in all. On some nights we had to sleep in the corridor so as to be able to escape quickly if the house decided to fall. The earthquakes have done little damage to us, but on the 28th of May we were visited by a terrible cyclone. Although no lives were lost, still damages were wrought to the value of 1,500,000 yen. Our house together with that of the Sisters was completely ruined; the church here and a chapel on the island of Narkabasan fell to pieces; various small stations and equipment were lost. Our loss was about \$15,000.

FEATURES OF OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER

AN article on the Eucharist and the Missions by Father Joseph Husslein, S.J., who has just completed the scenario for a moving picture with the Holy Eucharist in type and fulfilment as the central theme.

Father Edouard Lafortune, S.J., of Sūchow Mission, will write entertainingly on "Fifty days and fifty nights with the Cantonese."

Father James G. Daly, S.J., will tell how a Philippine Island missionary spends the "Day of Rest," and Louis E. Meyer, S.J., will narrate the story of "Lame Francis," the last of the Sioux Medicine Men.

place, however, and so did three Franciscan Fathers who were journeying part of the way with us. There were only third class cars, and they were strewn with remnants of fruit, chicken and other pungent refuse. All the while a scorching sun kept pouring its hot rays on us. Well, we had seats anyway, even if they were only bare planks, and we looked forward eagerly to the departure of the train.

"Father Elias and myself escaped with our lives when the wall of the house fell upon us. Everybody is busy with repairs. With the help of the brothers and others we put a roof on the temporary house. Now the house is going up with the assistance of the people."

Father Marinus de la Hor, S.J.

Bengal

"There are signs of conversion especially around Jaspur and Gangpur. Bengal is literally up in arms urging me to open three stations im-

THE BUSH TRAIL IN BRITISH HONDURAS

(Continued from page 7)

The church here is a typical bush church. There are certainly enough statues. Above the altar are the patrons of the place; the Mater Dolorosa is below the altar. Grouped about are many statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The Indians take joy in buying statues for their church. When I first came to the bush in 1921, nothing of the statues

cleaned the statues, grouped them properly and set them in a nice figure of candles. In the evening I faced the people and astonished them with the new splendor of their Santos. I gave them an instruction on all their Saints, walking from one to another. I explained how they could now contemplate their statues in all details and pray before them most devoutly, and I asked them not to bury them again under a heap of clothes. Well, I won, and the Saints have remained visible ever since, and devotion has by no means decreased.



Founders of Ricci College, Nanjing, China. The three Fathers sitting in the center are, from left to right: Father H. Dugout, S.J., shot to death at Nanjing, February 24, 1927; Father J. Verdier, S.J., decorated by the French Government; and Father C. Yamara, S.J., shot to death at Nanjing, February 24, 1927.

mediately, but nothing can be done. I see the necessity but where are the men? They tell me 'Form a native clergy!' Surely. But a native clergy is not formed in an instant! It takes years. We have commenced, vocations are increasing, but the question is to provide for the present.

"The labor is beyond the human forces of the present missionaries on this mission and this condition will continue as long as we are short of men. Man-power is the crying need."

Archbishop F. Perier, S.J.

was visible except the faces peeping out of a heap of cloaks. The Indians have the custom of clothing their statues. Each time an Indian presents the Santo with a new cloak it is thrown over the already existing wardrobe, thus making the Santo swell out to most ridiculous proportions. All the beauty of the statues is thus buried by the long standing custom of clothing the statues. However, though it was dangerous to do so, I did tamper with their customs. I took off all the old garments,

Difficulty of Child Marriages

I HAVE a number of marriages to attend to while at this station. One I had to refuse because the bridegroom presented by his mother was two or three years below canonical age. That brings me to the crux of our mission work down here in this corner of Honduras, the child marriages arranged by the parents. No account of our mission work is complete without mention of this phase of our task. About five years

ago two children were presented to me in this very church for marriage. Why, I had to laugh in their faces. The girl was not yet ten years old. I persuaded the mother to take the child back home. After two years she brought the girl and boy to Punta Gorda to have them married. I explained to her that the girl had to wait nearly two years before she would be fourteen. Only then would she be of the age required for valid marriage. When I last heard of the couple, the girl was dead and the boy was dangerously ill. About two years ago I had a little girl of about nine years in the first Communion class, but had to put her off as unprepared. Behold! Immediately after the instruction the mother presented the child for marriage. I settled that case satisfactorily, and now I have the child in school where I hope she will gain the instruction which she could not obtain outside of school.

Twelve Hours in a Dory

AFTER five days spent at the station, I marched back to Crique Sarco on the Temash River. From there I set out for Baranco in an Indian dory. Beside myself there was a family of six, to say nothing of two dogs. All crowded in one dory for hours! I had left word for the *Santa Maria* to come up and take me to my destination, but I had to apply my bush beatitude, "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they will never be disappointed." I said my Office, wrote some parts of this diary, and, between times, took my share of the paddling. In the late afternoon the river was like glass and the tropical bush on the Eastern shore was bathed in the soft light of the setting sun. We have been at the paddles now for nearly twelve hours and are coming to Baranco and the end of this part of my trip.

THE MAKING OF FATHER SHARP—MISSIONARY

(Continued from page 8)

murderers were still about and jealousy had by no means abated. There were still enemies with greed for cat-

tle and gold. Many a time in the grand rodeos, Tom saw cattle with the Two Square brand burnt over the Four Bar; but he only smiled. Some day he knew he would come upon the culprits—and perhaps his father's murderers.

And he did. It was far from the Four Bar ranch, and he had been riding all day. Suddenly the odor of burnt flesh assailed him. He rode in the direction whence it came. There from the brush he could see Frank Heaney and Slim Morgan, two bitterest enemies from the Two Square ranch, with a red hot brand finishing up a job on one of the Four Bar calves.

"Looks like I've caught you this time, boys!"

Both turned of a sudden, to see an overthreatening big revolver, with Tom Sharp behind it, riding towards them.

"Think so?" said Frank with a sneer. And all the viciousness and envy in his wild, unconquerable nature rose up with him. "So did your father think so! Know who killed your father? I did! Just like I'm going to kill you now!"

Tom was not quick enough. There was a short sizzling noise,—and the hot brand had reached its mark.

"Guess that fixed him!" said somebody, and two dark figures rode down the long trail.

An hour later, the setting sun gazed wistfully across at a prostrate man with a silent, faithful horse, two miles out of the Four Bar ranch.

A sudden stir, and the man has risen to his feet. He staggers and falls but rises at length, and drags himself to his horse. There is a cold black iron where he lay, and as he gazes at it, one hand on his forehead, he says, "God and my father, forgive them all! Pal, take me home!"

DAYS and days lay Tom on a writhing bed, with never a murmur, but many a prayer. Sister or doctor or nurse—none knew what had happened. How had he come by the fearful wound? Never a word from him disclosed the awful secret.

But, in the soul of the boy, there was waging a battle hotter than the branding iron that hit him. All the fighting instincts (Turn to page 24)



Along the Mission Trail. IV. In China. V. In Japan. By Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D. Techny, Ill.: Mission Press, S.V.D. (Each \$2.00.)

With these two volumes Father Hagspiel brings to a close his travelog series, *Along the Mission Trail*. A six months' sojourn in the Celestial Empire furnished the accomplished author with the material of "In China," an entertaining and instructive narrative of mission activities in the Shantung district. Nearly four hundred pages of information valuable alike to prospective missionaries and to friends of the missions, flash before the reader a veritable kaleidoscope of Chinese history, Chinese religions, and Chinese institutions, of mission centers and mission stations, of temples, palaces, factories, living accommodations, of the labors and the hardships, the successes and the failures of the zealous ambassadors of the Cross. Father Hagspiel's lengthy and searching analysis of Chinese character and of the prospect of further missionary endeavor is especially good.

"In Japan" is an even more attractive book. The very subject, the Kingdom of the Rising Sun, with its own peculiar culture, its art and its inherent love of beauty, has a special appeal, as it had for the author, to all who are in the least interested in things Oriental. When we add to this general appeal the fragrance of a living Christianity with which the author perfumes his story of Japanese scenery and Japanese customs, of Nagasaki and the Hill of Martyrs, of Kobe and Osaka and Kyoto and the northern cities, we must admit that the Reverend Author's last effort far surpasses the preceding volumes of the series. As a sheer literary production alone "In Japan" stands out for its vivid imagery and elegance of diction amongst the best of our growing mission literature. One hundred and seventy illustrations add considerably to the attractiveness of the two volumes.

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Gratitude is also expressed for eighty-nine Mass Stipends recently received.

THE MAKING OF FATHER SHARP—MISSIONARY

(Continued from page 23)

of the vast, open fields, the heritage of a lawless and revengeful country, the hate, the cunning, the passion, the thirst for blood that marked the lives and careers of hundreds of ranchmen before him, rose up in Tom and bade him hold his tongue and wait his day.

But along with this there came other thoughts, other instincts, other emotions. His love for his father and his father's love for him came back to him, love akin to the love of God. The precepts of his dad were remembered, and they were the precepts of Christ put into the vocabulary of a ranchman. The training of a Catholic student made itself felt, a training of charity, of forbearance, of forgiveness. The voice of Christ on Calvary, of the apostles, of the martyrs in the Coliseum, of the monks and priests and missionaries, welled up in his ears and imagina-

tion. His convalescence was not gloomy. Thoughts that never rose to his mind before lingered and stayed. Prayers never before said, came again and again to his lips. Like the convalescence of Ignatius Loyola, Tom Sharp's recovery was a path of grace—a revelation.

Then, when the day came for his discharge from the hospital, he quietly said—"I am going away." And he stayed not long enough to say good-bye.

There is a mystery to this day about Tom Sharp. The Four Bar cattle are in other hands. The Four Bar gates are down, and the cabins mouldering away. No clue to Tom; but old-timers will show you an old piece of paper that is yellowing with age, that he left behind him:

"I am going away; I forgive all."

* * * * *

IN one of our seminary houses of philosophy a young cleric is warming his hands over his own private oilstove, and musing between his chatters:

"If there is anywhere I'd like to be sent, it is to the missions, to India, or Jamaica. What wonderful experiences my friend Paul must be having out there in the Philippines! And what occasions for doing good! I could read his letters over and over again, if I had time! That story about that unknown missionary is wonderful."

"... On our way to the Philippines we stopped for Mass in one of the Chinese hamlets, at an old lonely priest's house, and the welcome he gave us was tremendous. He was an American, and had a Western way of talking. But when we asked him his name, he replied, 'Oh, I'm only a number before the Lord!'"

"He seems to be an eccentric old man—has a large portrait of a horse over his mantelpiece, labeled 'PAL.' A little Chink came in hurriedly while we were there, and told him there was a sick call away out in the distance. Without a moment's hesitation he was on his horse, and galloped down the road, with a perfunctory 'good-bye.' As he turned to wave to us, the wind played about his grey locks, and betrayed a scar, as though of an old burn, on his right temple. I wonder what his history is? ..."

"Yes, I wonder what is the story back of that scar?"

We shall know perhaps at the last grand rodeo of souls.

KASHUNUK KAHLEKAT

(Continued from page 20)

five miles in those three days. During a stop 'long enough to load a few thousand pounds of salmon,' I visited the hospital and had a few words with the patients, thirteen Tena Indians—all Catholics but one. They were parishioners of the late Father Jette, S.J., of whom they spoke with love and gratitude. He is regarded as a saint by all who knew him in Alaska.

"We have left Tanana well behind and are now in sight of the Ruby Fishing Post on the Yukon. Two more weeks will bring me safe, I hope, to Kashunuk, my mission. I am anxious to see my log house and my Eskimo parishioners whom I shall greet with the one Eskimo word I have learned—*Waka*. It means 'good day' and ought to win friends."

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