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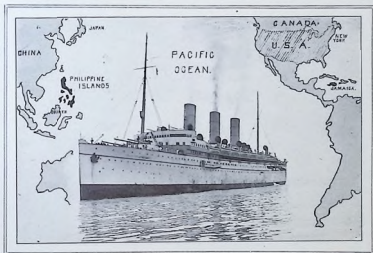
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THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA

Blessed Isac Jogues, S.J., René Goupil and John Lalande died for the Faith on the ground now known as Martyrs' Hill, Auriesville, New York. Blessed John Brébeuf, S.J., Anthony Daniel, S.J., Gabriel Lalemant, S.J., Charles Garnier, S.J., and Neel Chabanel, S.J., were martyred in Canada. All were beatified on June 21, 1925. The privilege of celebrating their feast on September 26th has recently been extended to all the dioceses of the United States.



The Ravine where Blessed René Goupil was buried and Blessed Isaac Jogues poured out his heart for months, longing for the Eucharistic Bread.

The Greatest Sacrifice

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

THE writer of this article has recently completed the scenario for a powerfully dramatic Eucharistic film entitled "The Hidden God." Those whose privilege it will be to view this film will appreciate more than ever the sacrifice of Blessed Isaac Jogues, S.J., and of others like him, whose missionary activities often imply prolonged deprivation of the Bread of Angels.



IN the waters of a placid stream, between dark, primeval forests, a flotilla of twelve canoes was tranquilly gliding. Nothing but the splashing of the silver spray broke the solemn silence.

They were carrying provisions for the Jesuit missionaries in the North American wilderness, perhaps also Mass vestments and a chalice for the Divine Sacrifice. Altogether we might count in them some forty Hurons and three white men: Father Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and William Couture. A scouting party preceded them and landed somewhere along the shore, where suspicious signs attracted their attention.

"Footprints!"

They were still fresh, distinctly visible in the moist clay and sand, bearing a message of possible danger.

"Are these the footprints of friend or lurking foe?"

That indeed was a question of life or death. The wrong answer might mean instant massacre, or the horrors of a savage captivity, ending perhaps with burning at the stake. No wonder the canoes stopped. The paddles rested in the air. There was hurried consultation, but the Indian captain gave the word of order:

"Friend or foe, we shall advance. They do not outnumber us."

It was a momentous decision and spelled disaster.

AGAIN the silent gliding of the long flotilla, and the glint of light as the paddles rose and dipped. In the first canoe stood Father Jogues, his black cassock hardly stirred by a breeze, looking anxiously, though fearlessly, to one side and the other along the shore. There, among the high grass and the bushes he beheld a slight motion. Was it a gust of wind, some wild beast in its lair, or perhaps an Iroquois warrior in hiding? A moment, and the answer was given. From one shore, then from the other, sounded a volley of guns. Over the tall grass a sluggish cloud of white smoke was slowly lifting and spreading. In the canoes men were falling. Some were plunging into the river. Others frantically paddled to

wards the shore. On all sides was heard the blood-curdling war-whoop of the Iroquois. Painted figures could be seen moving among the sedge and bushes, and appearing from behind the trees of the dark woods beyond. The forest re-echoed to the din of battle and the cries of the combatants.

A SMALL handful of Hurons with Goupil and Couture, were making desperate resistance along the river bank. The others in headlong flight were betaking themselves into the forests. Meanwhile a band of Iroquois was crossing the river from the opposite shore. Soon Goupil found himself alone with only about six Huron braves. A gigantic struggle ensued. The swarms of savages were rushing on the heroic defenders from in front, while in the rear they were attacked by the Iroquois who had now crossed the river. The odds were hopeless. Those not killed were captured. Goupil himself fell into the hands of the enemy, while about him many Hurons lay dead.

Leaving a small guard with their prisoners, the Iroquois next went in pursuit of the Hurons scattered through the forest. Then it was that Father Jogues suddenly appeared. He had reached a place of safety where he might have remained without being observed, but his only thought was where he might be most helpful. He decided for the captives who would greatly require his consolation and ministrations. What his surrender meant he perfectly knew, but whatever torments might befall him, he was glad to shed for Christ the last drop of his blood. Had not his own lips so often touched the Precious Blood of the Saviour shed on the Cross for his redemption and for the redemption of mankind? It did not take long for Jogues to make up his mind. His place was with the brave Hurons, the guides and companions of his journey.

BUT among the prisoners now being brought in by the returning Iroquois was the brave Couture. Scorning to desert his comrades, he had turned on his pursuers and made a bold defense. Jogues saw him, stripped, bleeding, with one hand deliberately pierced through by a javelin. Moved at the sight, Jogues cast himself on the neck of the captive to console him. This infuriated the Iroquois who fell on the missionary, belabored him with their clubs, and flung him, half-dead, to the ground.

Hardly had he again begun to breathe, when, like wild beasts, others crawled to his side, tore away with their teeth the nails from his two forefingers, and then gnawed at the mutilated members until the crushed and splintered bones protruded through the bleeding flesh. That was only the beginning of the long captivity and martyrdom of Blessed Isaac Jogues. It was a bitter beginning.

But to enter in detail into what follows lies outside my purpose. Again and again Father Jogues was made to pass the gauntlet of rods and clubs. On one occasion two rows of one hundred stalwart warriors each were ranged to welcome him, not one of the savages failing to land his telling blows on his blood-covered body. We read how he was tortured throughout the length of the day, and at night was laid on bark of trees, with hands and feet stretched out to four stakes in the earth, exposed helplessly in that insufferable position, to swarms of insects.

BUT the sublime height of the tragedy was reached when on the stage of torture, in the Iroquois village center, a Huron squaw was constrained painfully to saw off the thumb of his left hand with a jagged shell. Lifting on high the severed member, Jogues exclaimed:

"I present it to Thee, O my God, in remembrance of the Sacrifices which for the last seven years I have offered on the altars of Thy Church, and as an atonement for the want of love and reverence of which I have been guilty in touching Thy Sacred Body."

And here it is that we come to the missionary's greatest sacrifice. That sacrifice was not to consist in the heroic oblation of his bitter tortures, nor in the patient endurance of the dire, humiliating and seemingly interminable captivity which now ensued, but in foregoing during all that time his Lord and God in the Eucharist.

Day followed day, week lagged after week, month dragged out after month, and yet never a Mass, never a Holy Communion, never even a single instant of silent, heartfelt converse with the Divine Presence in the Tabernacle! Nothing of all this. And then, too, the exclusion of all hope—for so it certainly seemed—that with the thumb of his left hand amputated, with several of his fingers crushed, with all of them more or less mutilated, he could never again offer up the Holy Sacrifice. This without doubt was the bitterest cross of all.

AS the winter approached he was forced to gather the wood needed for the fire that burned night and day in the Indian cabin. That done, he withdrew to the solitude of a hill covered with stately spruce trees, and there, for eight or ten hours, like Moses on the mountain, like Jacob wrestling with the Angel, poured forth his soul in prayer, struggling with God for a people that hated and tormented him, and for whom, finally, he would yield up his life.

The few tattered scraps of clothing that scantily covered him were almost transparent and offered no protection against the winter winds under an (Turn to page 46)

CHILDREN

"TELL me of Blessed Jogues, mother,
Who crossed the foaming blue."—
His big eyes shone 'neath a crown of curls—
"Might I be a martyr too?"
"How is it he had a land, mother,
Where savage red men roam?
I have no way to prove my love,
At peace with you here at home!"
"Ah, Michael," the mother softly sighed,
"We all dream even as you;
We long for the martyr's brand and the dart,
And forget the inward bleeding heart!"
—John Ryan, S.J.

Fifty Days With The Cantonese

A Sidelight on China's Armies

EDOUARD LAFORTUNE, S.J.



WE have seen the Cantonese! It would be almost impossible to see them at closer range than we did. We lived in the midst of them, since they came to share the shelter of our roof and made it theirs from the 4th of June to the 27th of July. As I was returning on the 1st of June, from a visit to Father Lavoie, S.J., at Howkiatchwang, I suddenly spied a long line of heavily-laden carts drawn by oxen and donkeys, winding at a slow gait their way to the northwest.

Pai ping! Pai ping! (The defeated soldiers!) exclaimed my driver.

It was in fact the rear guard of the Northern troops evacuating the city of Tang Chan. Soon we found ourselves on the very road of the retreating army. For a full hour we kept crossing officers and soldiers on their way to Chang Tung where they were to restore their war units. In such occurrences, the peasants usually yield their teams for army service, especially for the transport of military supplies from town to town. Would they require me to put at their disposal my horse and cart and perhaps my driver also, to carry ammunition, guns and other baggage to another battlefield, or, would we be suffered to proceed unmolested within the walls of Tan Chan? Presently we spied two officers approaching. Our doubts would soon be solved. They came up to us, but, instead of stopping us, passed by and politely wished us *Tsing hao, tsing hao!* (Good day, good day!)

Deserted Streets and Military Occupation

ONCE within the walls of the city, I was struck by the unusual stillness in the streets. It might have been taken for a medieval plague-stricken town. This unnatural tranquillity in the thoroughfares was significant of the uneasiness felt at the approach of doubtful events.

On the 4th of June, however, a military band paraded the streets, heralding the approach of the Nationalists. The usual bustle immediately restored animation to the



The author (left), a Canadian Jesuit, with his catechists and domestics.

lifeless streets. In China, as elsewhere, it is good policy to show a smiling countenance to the all-powerful victors. Tang Chan was celebrating the victory of the Southern forces and, it must be admitted, many a citizen was genuinely enthusiastic and greeted the newcomers as liberators. Was the "White Sun on a Blue Sky"—the revolutionary flag—to bring about an era of prosperity and happiness? To us missionaries, it meant an unfortunate and exceedingly unwelcome innovation.

Hitherto, in past wars, the belligerents had always considered the *Tien Tchou Tang* (the church, missionary's residence, school, catechumenate, and convent for the native nuns) as sacred and inviolable territory. This privilege of respect and immunity was now to be denied us by the Nationalists who manifested their intention of doing away with it. Why should an army occupying every nook and corner of a densely populated town, refrain from lodging in the mission compound? Should we not lessen as much as we could the heavy burden "the good Chinese people" have to bear? The missionary ought also to take his share of the discomforts. Such seems to have been the frame of mind of the Cantonese leaders. Yet, all were not alike. While the general of the Thirty-third Army, Red to the very roots of his black hair, was very mean to the missionaries, the commander of the Eleventh Army showed himself a perfect gentleman.

Uninvited, but at Home

THAT memorable 4th of June we spent in eager suspense awaiting developments. The city fêted its victors throughout the whole day. In the evening, when the clock struck seven, we had not yet seen our masters. Eight o'clock rang. . . No sign of them. With the peaceful ringing of nine, a ray of hope that we would not see our "guests" too closely stole into our hearts. But it was a dream too good to be true. At 9:15, the intruders were knocking loudly at the gate, and the porter was sent to open. Two officers in uniform announced the coming of

two hundred soldiers who had decided to take up quarters at *Tien Tchou Tang*. Well, they had at least notified us. They might have stormed the place and taken it by violence. We were still more reassured when the First Officer told us:

"We do not wish to install ourselves in the church or in the house of the *Chen Fou* (Spiritual Father)."

"Thank you," I rejoined. "Will anyone be allowed to occupy the nuns' house?"

"No, nobody will have leave to enter there. All I require is that you put all the other dependencies of the *Tien Tchou Tang* at our disposal."

Well, it was not so bad after all. At 9:30, the soldiers arrived, fagged out after a long forced tramp. They filed in the gate and past us as peaceful peasants, and, after the meagre ration, the traditional bowl of rice, had been served and devoured, turned their thoughts to the peaceful occupation of sleep.

Fang sin, fang sin!

THE very first night, I overheard some of the soldiers telling our catechists and domestics:

"*Fang sin, fang sin!* (Be not afraid, never fear!) There are many Christians in this army, and harm will befall nobody."

Next morning, however,—it was Pentecost Sunday,—Father Hamon and I celebrated Mass long before break of day, consuming the Sacred Host as a measure of prudence, and closing the church immediately. One little altar-boy alone heard Mass. At the usual hour that morning, a great number of Catholics came to assist at Mass. They did not even have the consolation of receiving Holy Communion. Several of them, highly indignant at the sight of the intruders, suggested that something be done to drive them out. Others there were who would not go away from the missionaries lest they should be ill-treated at the hands of the soldiers. Their warm tears showed the ear-

ness of their purpose. We dismissed them, however, with kind words, reassuring them as best we could.

Close Quarters

EARLY in the morning, we managed an interview with the commander of the troops. The man was a splendid fellow although his exterior was not altogether prepossessing.

"Our men are Southern forces in name only," he said. "Nearly all of them are former soldiers of the Northern troops. Some of them come from Chan Tung, others from Süchow. General Wang himself comes from Tang Chan."

News came from without that the troops would not molest anybody, "not even the missionaries." It proved to be true. During a whole week not a single thing was stolen. Our guests, however, were intruding, and it was a great relief to see them leave the premises on the 11th of June and take lodgings elsewhere. It was only a holiday. On the 17th, other officers came to announce the arrival of the Eleventh Army.

"General Ma," said they, "will come to visit the *Chen Fou*. The *Chen Fou* can stay provided he occupies the least possible space."

What was to be done? What could be done, but pack up everything in our trunks and shipping boxes and heap them all in two very small rooms? Seventy-five men came. They were seventy-five too many. It is true that they also were gentlemanly, so much so that we could keep the Blessed Sacrament in the church, celebrate Mass and have Benediction, not omitting the usual hymns. The Angelus, also, kept pealing its peaceful message three times a day, to Christians and pagans alike.

A General Mows the Lawn

EVERY day fresh troops came streaming into the city. However, they did not visit us. At the gate there was a placard bearing a Chinese inscription:

Ping-tsou pou hin tsin
Tien Tchou Tang lai.
Ma,
Kinn tchang.

(Soldiers, do not enter
on the premises of the
Catholic Church!
General Ma.)

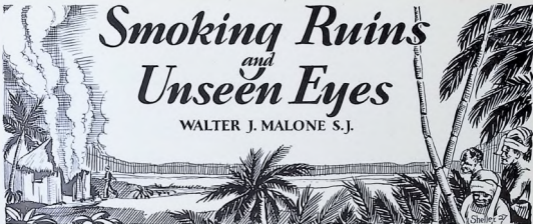


A busy market day in war-swept Tang Chan.

On the 27th of June, the general staff arrived, and next morning General Ma himself with his body-guard. Courteous at his arrival, he showed great politeness during his whole sojourn which, however, threatened (*Turn to p. 46*).

Smoking Ruins and Unseen Eyes

WALTER J. MALONE S.J.



I sat by my grandfather's knee near the glowing woodfire of twenty years ago, I never thought that the tales he told of South Seas would find their realization in my life. Leastwise did I think that in the rôle of missionary I would one day be paddling from island to island among the many such that dot the Southern Pacific. What makes me recall once more good old granddad with his ruddy cheeks and white 'stachio, is a story he used to tell me about these parts, a story so weird I never forgot it; a story that through the kindness of God became a most consoling influence in my life.

Sitting there by the fire old granddad told me often of the island of X—. Half talking to himself, half musing he would tell the tale with his eyes fixed on the fire before him as if he saw it all enacted there in the flames which snapped from the blazing logs.

"It was back in the days, lad, when schooners ran the sea, and I was a young scapegrace out for all the adventure I could find."

Thus would he begin swinging along in his story with a music all his own, like a staring old Homer, croning his lays.

"Fear of God or man little affected me then, and it was not till the day I landed at X— that I learned what the sway of the devil meant. Only a little town, it was like enough to the many others that lined those coasts. It had its white-clad natives and rickety shacks on their bamboo poles; but here there was a something queer in the air. The dark-brown faces that passed in and out in the village had stamped on them a strange look of terror. I had come ashore in the ship's boat with a few of the sailors, who were for bartering among the natives for pearls. I liked well enough the idea of white company, but I did not care to stay in the one spot trying to wheedle a native out of his possessions. So off through that strange town I went on a voyage of discovery. It was a journey that was to have a painful, though consoling sequel.

"I HAD pushed quite a way up the slope along what resembled a street in the fact that an occasional thatched-roof graced its sides, when I came upon a heap of charred ruins. I was kicking about along the margin of the black ashes absent-mindedly, when I felt something hard roll under my feet. It was a statue, smoke-begrimed, but which I knew at a glance to be that of the Sacred Heart. You may be sure that I was astonished as well as indignant. About this time, there began to grow on me the feeling that hidden eyes were watching me. As I picked my way deeper into the ruins, pushing aside the charred timber, to find under a tangle of shattered rafters, what I was looking for, an altar, I felt those hidden eyes glaring at me with anger. But I was angry too. Who had allowed this church to be so desecrated and these sacred objects to be so outraged? These were the thoughts that burned through my brain as I plodded out through the wreckage.

"Nearby and nearer than any of the other dwellings, I had noted a somewhat larger and neater-looking house than its neighbors.

"You know the house Father McLoughlin lives in down the street?" old granddad would ask here; and before I could even nod assent, he would be on again.

"WELL that's what I took this little shack to be, a rectory, and I was not mistaken. I crossed over to it, climbed up the short ladder, pushed aside the skins that served as a door and stepped inside. There, as soon as my eyes could pierce the gloom, I saw in the far corner the form of a man. From under the rags thrown on him there looked appealingly a face that I could easily discern to be the face of a white. There was no need of introduction. I knew him immediately for a Spanish Padre. Lad, the priest of God is the only white you'll find in those parts, living his life alone among the natives. Some whites go and stay for a while, but only to trade in pearls and then they are off again; but the missionary, goes to stay and die there, trading for souls." (Turn to page 47)



The absence of piers makes landing difficult along the Mindanao coast.

The Padre's Day of Rest

JAMES G. DALY, S.J.

YES, every-
thing needed
is in the
bag; Baptis-
mal water,

Holy Oils, surplice and the other supplies that you suggested bringing along." Thus I reassured my fellow Jesuit, as I was off on a missionary jaunt.

Father Corliss was most solicitous that my bag contain the essentials for corporal and spiritual life during my stay at Longsod, a distant barrio on the Mindanao coast. As I waved my white helmet from the reeling boat, even in his smile, as he stood on the foaming shore, there seemed to be a worried thought expressed, "I hope you have not forgotten anything." Although there are two spirited steeds in our garage, a novice rider preferred the boat to the saddle, rather than a bouncing marathon over Mindanao palisades, followed by a stiff and sore arrival at Longsod, where manifold ministerial activities awaited my coming. When the Leviathan dropped anchor at the first port of call, a canoe conveyed the seasick

YOU can well imagine how much a day of rest Sunday or a Fiesta is for the American Padre in Mindanao. Before he reaches the scene of his labors, there are weary trudgings along wooded paths, up palisades, through ravines, along the shore of the sea. But the Faith and devotion of the people, above all the unforgettable scenes of the Fiesta processions, make ample amends for every hardship endured.

barrio to barrio on to Longsod. I had found that I could ride the sea with no more comfort than I could ride our mission ponies.

AS soon as the searching eyes of the sacristan spied us coming down the winding road, he immediately ordered the altar boys to climb up to the belfry and ring out the good news to the people far and near that the Padre had arrived for the grand Fiesta next day. The doors of the priest's house were soon creaking on their rusty hinges; the sliding windows were opened to let in the light, which brightens the little room only when the priest is present; willing hands proceeded to raise the domestic tent to safeguard repose against the feverish attacks of flying and creeping things in their nightly warfare. Brooms



Joy in Mindanao life.

and brushes were busy in every corner of my palatial apartment on Mindanao Drive.

The attack of seasickness subsided on my return to the infantry, and the substantial soup of rice, supplied by the good people, was relished more on land than it would have been out on the rolling waves. Dinner was soon over, and before I could inspect the decorations which ornamented the chapel, I was summoned to a little nipa house to administer the last Sacraments to an aged sick man. Who knows but that it was his childlike love of Mary that won for him the happy death for which we all pray? Escorted by the barrio band, while the mourners followed on foot, the following day the good man's remains were carried to the church for the last blessing and then to his last resting place near the restless sea. This burial service was but the beginning of a multitude of ministrations.

SUNDAY, the day of rest, was a day of spiritual activity. At five in the morning the church bells pealed out the Fiesta dawn, and before six o'clock devout worshippers were kneeling under the sanctuary lamp, and the graces of the confessional were flowing into faithful hearts. Since there is no resident priest at Longsod, as is the case in many other towns along the Mindanao coast, it is not unusual for the priest to bestow a long altar-rail of bridal blessings, when he visits these distant stations. When the last of the ten couples, who presented themselves for marriage on this occasion, had offered their matrimonial vows before the altar, the bells and band which greeted the newlyweds, also summoned to the Fiesta Mass, for which a crowded chapel had been waiting for more than an hour. The parish choir, ably assisted by the barrio band, supplied the Fiesta atmosphere during the Holy Sacrifice in the cathedral by the sea. The candles of the morning Mass were still smoking on the altar and the air still fragrant with the sweet incense, as twenty-seven babes chanted their baptismal hymns around the saving font. An impressive procession through the town late in the afternoon, two more marriages and another Baptism at night, and the day of rest was over. But the devotion of the people to our Lady lingered as a sweet memory, and I found my thoughts constantly going back over the scenes.

THE procession was most beautiful and inspiring. The sun was beginning to dip into the sea when the bells in the tower announced to hill and dale that the statue of our Lady would soon bless the lanes of the barrio. More than five hundred people had assembled to honor Mary by marching in her procession. Leading the procession was a group of girls in white dresses and blue sashes, and

at the end of the long line came the statue of our Lady, a pretty rosary dangling from her hand. Only an eyewitness can fully appreciate the charm, beauty and devotion, which seem to permeate the very air, as a religious procession moves in solemn simplicity under the coconut trees through the streets lined with little nipa houses while the waves sing their praises on the nearby shore, and the western skies reflect their myriad colors in the sea to glorify the Queen of Heaven. How picturesque the girls in white and blue, the long line of men, children and women in their native attire of many hues, all with lighted candles in their hands, symbolic of their supernatural Faith and their fervent love for their heavenly Mother! How picturesque the little houses with bright candles burning at the windows, and with colorful banners and bunting decorating the line of march! At the windows were mothers holding up their babes to see the statue of the Virgin whom the Filipino people love so fondly, aged men and women with prayerful quivering lips, and eyes aflame with Faith and Charity as they honored Mary in their hearts. The candles burned more brightly and the hearts of the people

more ardently when the statue of our Lady, borne aloft on the shoulders of devoted men, reentered the chapel in the gathering dusk of evening. It was an unforgettable scene.



Father Daly and some staunch Catholics. The key-holder has been sacristan of the church for forty-three years.

SINCE there was no boat from Longsod on Monday, after a Requiem High Mass and my breakfast of bread and coffee, with my Filipino guide, I was homebound on foot to Balingasag along the wooded trail.

If the rain did not come too soon, the clouded sky was the best protection against a tropical sun for the long hike ahead of us. Over the wooded hills, across mountain streams, now down in the valley, now close to the waves lashing the rocky shore, on and on we trudged, resting occasionally on the edge of a promontory while we searched in vain for some distant steamer that brings a message from a more distant home. We puffed into the little barrio of Sanlal in time to find shelter from the inevitable rain, a blessing for the dry rice-fields, and also for the Balingasag water tanks several hours away. At six in the evening we were back at our Balingasag headquarters, and Father Corliss was soon preparing the courses which had been missed while I was away.

Here there is happiness in every barrio. Our visits to the distant stations are so deeply appreciated by the people and so replete with spiritual blessings, that the hardships entailed in fording mountain rivers, in long walks over rocky country, in the loneliness of a silent home on a secluded mountain side, in meager board and the eternal heat, are sweetened by the consolation and encouragement that reward the missionary's day of rest.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly except in August by the JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

Editor

IGNATIUS W. COX, S.J.

Assistant Editor Business Editor

JOSEPH GACHWIND, S.J. JOSEPH REITH, S.J.

Associate Editors

GASTON A. ARTUS, S.J. G. A. FITZGERBERG, S.J.
Schreiber 3115 S. Grand Blvd.
Ontario, Canada St. Louis, Missouri

CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.
1043 Rue Rachel Est
Montreal, Canada

DAVID McASTOCKER, S.J. PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.
719 South 12th Street 433 Banks Street
Tacoma, Washington New Orleans, Louisiana

Editorial and Publication Offices

503 E. FORDHAM RD., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Subscription price, year, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00

few should be found today who follow closely the footsteps of the Master as members of His one true fold!

THE acceptance of Jesus Christ as the true Messiah by those who of old were the chosen people of God has been a constant subject of prayer on the part of Pope Pius XI. Every year of his pontificate, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, he has offered Holy Mass for the conversion of the Jews, taking part with thousands of priests (among them Cardinals and Bishops) in the novenas of Masses for this intention. He has blessed the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel, with headquarters at the "Ecce Homo" Basilica in Jerusalem, represented in the United States by the Religious of Our Lady of Sion, Kansas City, Missouri. These prayers are intended to gain the graces to overcome prejudices on the part of the Jews against our holy religion and prejudices on the part of Catholics against the Jews. We urge all our readers to unite the missionary intention with their usual morning intentions so that all their activities may be directed to the propagation of the Faith.

The Pope Acts Again for the Missions

OUR Holy Father Pope Pius XI has repeatedly manifested his intense interest in the mission work of the Church. "When I think that there are still one thousand millions of pagans, my spirit has no rest," are his very words. On the other hand, he has repeatedly insisted, as have his predecessors, on the fact that the most powerful weapon the Church possesses in this warfare for souls is prayer, and he has told the Directors of the Apostleship of Prayer that he relies on the prayers of their Associates and that he needs them.

Last fall it was suggested to His Holiness that, besides the General Intention which he recommends to the prayers of the Apostleship every month, he would deign to assign and bless a set of Special Mission Intentions to be recommended to the prayers of the faithful. The Pope was delighted with the proposal, and on November 13, 1927, gave to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus twelve intentions to be prayed for during the year 1928.

As the General Intention of the Apostleship for January, 1928, is "The Church in China," no other was suggested for that month. During the present month of February, in addition to the General Intention of the Apostleship, "Love of Our Enemies," as a Special Mission Intention we are urged to pray for "The Missions in the Holy Land and the Conversion of the Jews."

PALESTINE, the Holy Land of our Saviour's birth and earthly life, has a population of some 757,000. Of these, less than ten per cent are Christian, that is, about 73,000, and not all are united with Rome. Of the total population in 1922, the majority were Mohammedans. There were some 84,000 Jews. How sad that in a land made sacred by Christ's life and sufferings and death so

Once Upon a Time

THE speaker ascended the stairs to the lofty platform before the Cathedral of Notre Dame du Port in the ancient city of Clermont. It was late autumn of the year 1095, and the speaker was Pope Urban II. He gazed over the assembled multitude for a moment and then broke forth with his appeal that was to stir men for two hundred years and have its effect all down the following centuries. Exerting his powers of eloquence to the full, the Pontiff told the assembled multitude how word had been brought to him again and again, both from Jerusalem and from Constantinople, that the Turks had invaded the lands of the Christians of the East, and had enslaved them, tortured them, and destroyed their churches. The Holy Places were polluted. It was for the Franks, renowned warriors that they were, to cease their internal wars and come to the rescue and save the city of God from the yoke of the infidel. The Pope paused, and then there rose to the lips of the assembled crowd the cry that was thundered forth and carried out beyond the city walls and all through Christendom: "God wills it! God wills it!" It was the beginning of the First Crusade.

The Challenge of 1928

IN our day another world-stirring message has gone forth from Urban's successor in the Vatican, Pius XI. It is another call to arms, to a war that is waging on a thousand battle fronts. Paganism, gaunt, hideous, giant with its more than one billion followers, cringing, grovelling, fanatical, challenges Christianity. The venerable Pope at Rome has accepted the challenge and issued his call to arms. Men and women and youth, indomitable youth,—all are answering the call. Knights are needed, squires and maidens. Do you hear the call? Is not your spirit stirred to action? Priests and Brothers and Sisters are needed in every mission where the battle wages, the battle

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 4. Alaska.

SHORTLY after Christmas, 1925, the world was thrilled and saddened by the story of Father Frederick Ruppert, S.J., who was frozen to death whilst mushing his way with Christmas presents for a group of Esquimaux orphans. The story has been told many times since and has been glorified by a graphic painting of the dead missionary guarded by his faithful dog, which excited much attention at the Vatican Missionary Exhibition. The death of the heroic American Jesuit has elicited a new interest in Alaska, which has been called the most difficult mission field in the world. The Jesuits started a mission in Alaska in 1886 at the request of the saintly Archbishop Seghers of Victoria who died that same year at the hands of an assassin. Today there are 9,100 Catholics in a total population of 44,100. Right Reverend Raphael Crimont, S.J., D.D., is Vicar Apostolic of Alaska and is aided in his difficult missionary task by sixteen Jesuit priests and ten co-adjutor Brothers. There are in this mission 36 churches, or chapels, 8 schools, 3 orphanages, and 4 hospitals. Forty-five Sisters assist the priests.



Even here in Anularah Christ reigns.

for souls, in North and South, in East and West. Youth of America! The call is still: "God wills it! God wills it!" They tell us that you are light-hearted and frivolous, youth, all given to pleasure. But we have seen another side of youth, the generous side, the side that stops not at sacrifice, the side that stirs youth to answer in heroic deeds the question: What is wrong with youth today? And even where youth cannot give a life's service, it is giving in a thousand other ways that mean many fervent Holy Communions and prayers and multiplied sacrifices of pleasure and time and money. Be brave and find yet more and more channels, youth; and through your zeal in the mission cause you will prove that there breathes in your soul as generous a spirit as swelled the bosom of the warrior or maid who answered the call to the first great Crusade!

Revealing a 'Boy's Heart'

EDWARD BARTON was a student of Campion, the Jesuit Boarding School at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. In June, 1925, he met with an accident that cost him his life. Recently there was found a frayed bit of yellow paper that revealed the heart of this big noble boy and showed a resolution that should be an inspiration to many another youth to follow this young man's example. In a corner of the desk once occupied by him, the following resolution was found:

*I, Edward Barton, on the thirteenth of October, do hereby swear that from now on up till June 14th, I will try with all earnestness to be a real boy, well liked, studious and athletic. If I succeed I will be a priest. Hoping that God's blessing and the Blessed Virgin Mary's blessing will be extended over this resolution, I am,
(Signed) EDWARD BARTON,
October 13, 1924.*

The wording of the resolution is boyish in tone, but it

reveals a world of noble ambition in the heart of the young man. His school record shows that he carried out well the first part of his resolution. God did not give him the years to carry out the second part. May this youth's desire find an echo in the hearts of many Catholic students throughout the country! May many another lad cherish, as did Edward Barton, the ambition of giving his life to God as a priest, and realize, as did the Campion boy, the need of building up a strong character, fit in every way to take up the high calling of a priest of God! Such a calling implies self-denial to the highest degree. It is only by continual self-conquest that the truly apostolic priest is formed to the image of Christ, his Master.

WREATHS

STRANGERS about to leave Hawaii for the mainland are often presented with *iai* to place around their necks. This is done in the hope that the travelers later on, when out at sea, will cast the *iai* overboard and allow it to drift back as a token of love and affection to those who are left behind.

In journeying through life we ought to throw overboard many *iai*, innumerable wreaths, numerous good deeds to drift back to those whom we have left behind, to encourage them by example to dispense in turn to others, kindness, love, and charity.

Who are more worthy of such wreaths of love than missionaries self-exiled for the love of Christ?

—D. P. McA., S.J.



Lame Francis and his family camped near St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota. When a great feast, for example, Corpus Christi, is celebrated at the Mission, the Indians come days before and camp near the church.

Lame

The Last Sioux

LOUIS

READERS of Indian stories recall the story of the dancers to horrible excitement. The following account, the story of the Last of the Ground, has to do with a dance. The young Jesuit was well, as he is working in Dakota where Francis

NOW and then one reads or hears a story of an Indian medicine man, of his conjurations and other superstitious practices with which he fooled his people, and by means of which he succeeded in extorting from them the payment of horses or other things of value. The reader is inclined to associate these stories with the adventures of our early Indian missionaries. The dim past in the history of our predecessors in this country seems to be a fit background for stories which breathe of the tricks of those self-appointed "doctors" and "healers of woes." And yet, the past is not so distant, when there is question of the Indian medicine man, for it is not so long since the Indians of our own time forsook the follies of their forefathers. Even today the

medicine man is still among his people, though the saving influence of Christianity has had its salutary effect upon him, and all that remains of his former superstitions is their memory. His old practices are abandoned for the service of the true God.

FRANCIS BUFFALO-LYING-ON-THE-GROUND, or "Lame Francis," as he is called now, is the son of a Sioux chief. In his younger years he had a great name among the Indians as a "Brave" and a "Medicine Man," the much coveted distinction of "Brave" having been won at the famous "Sun Dance." The ordeals included in the ceremonies of this dance were more than many a white man could endure. In order to satisfy the *Great Spirit* or obtain a signal favor from him, some of the Indians used to dance three days in the hot July sun around a holy tree. The tree was selected by a number of Indians, cut down, and taken to the place of the dance. The first blow of the cutting was always struck by a virgin, who was chosen on account of her virtue.

The only refreshment allowed to the dancers was the chewing of some wild fruit to quench their thirst. As the frenzy of the dance increased, some of the Indians were accustomed to insert sharp sticks in the flesh of their breasts and then suspend themselves from



Teaching Sioux boys the arts of peace.

Missio

A little white rose
Lord, that rose
Onward it winds
Ever upward
Till at set
It stops at earth

Nor staff nor scribble
When I shall
I'll sell all I have
My wants
A penny of
Will serve me

Now wise men
And say, "Woe"
But then, after all
These brave
Whose god
Who never has

The little white rose
Are stained with
And myriad saints
Lord, that
The glorious
The one road

Francis

Medicine Man

AYER, S.J.

in the United States will
Sun Dance which led the
self-inflicted torture. The
Francis Buffalo-Lying-on-
the-Ground, the famous
survivor of the famous
Sun Dance, tells the story, knows Francis
and the Sioux Indians in
his home.

Road

ds over a hill—
or: me!
a road's steady will,
h run,
s: sun,

alhos shall I need
at way.
s poor to feed;
e few—

ar and a day.
gh as they see me go,
olis there are!"
hat do they know,—
and bold,
eir gold,
lowed a star?

hose sacred sands
e blood of Thee,
a hundred lands—
road,
d,
life for me!

—C. A. BURNS, S.J.



St. Francis Mission, the Jesuit boarding school in South Dakota where the Sioux for many years have been trained in Catholicity and the technical arts. The school receives some help from the government, but is largely dependent for support on the charity of American Catholics.

the tree, until they fell to the ground, torn loose by their own weight. On one occasion, Lame Francis, while riding with a missionary, passed the scene of the Sun Dance orgies. The Father asked him:

"Francis, did you ever attend the Sun Dance?"

"Do you want to see it?" His response was quick, and opening his shirt, he showed the scars of the torn flesh on his breast as proof of his painful share in the dance.

LAME FRANCIS also had a fair knowledge of the medicinal powers of roots and plants. The Indians believed that he had a bird in his breast that could suck out internal sickness, or a "holy breath" by which he could blow away pain and infirmities. After his Baptism, which took place when he was thirty years old and after very careful instruction, Francis was told that he might make use of his knowledge of roots and plants for the good of his people. He was shown, however, that he would have to give up the superstitious practices which had been connected with the use of his knowledge.

"No," he answered. "I won't practice it any more at all. If I give the devil a little finger, he may take the whole hand."

Perhaps the name "Lame Francis," which has been applied to this medicine man is a

bit mysterious. For a number of years Buffalo-Lying-on-the-Ground has been deprived of one leg. The amputation was deemed necessary on account of an infection. The old Indian displayed a courage on that occasion that can hardly be ascribed entirely to the native stoicism of the Red Man. He even showed a sense of humor when the ether failed to do its work, saying:

"They could not make me dead."

Lame Francis is now in his seventieth year. He is nearing the end of his days, and will soon go to his reward. Recently it was thought he was dying, but he rallied. Still, it cannot be many months before death will take him; and then the last of the great medicine men of the Sioux tribe will have passed away, but not before grace worked a striking miracle in his soul.



Sioux girls learn domestic science.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

Philippine Islands

Friends of the American Jesuit Fathers in Mindanao will want to know their changes of address. The latest addresses are as follows: Fathers J. T. Hayes, P. Rafferty and J. Prendergast are at Cagayan; Fathers W. Corliss and J. G. Daly at Balingasag; Fathers D. A. Daly and F. W. O'Hara at Talisayan; Fathers F. Henfling and J. McGowan at Sumilao, Bukidnon; Fathers J. J. Bolster and A. Hoffmann have just been assigned to Mindanao, but their new address is not yet known; hence they may be reached by addressing communications to them in care of Father Hayes at Cagayan; Father J. L. Lucas is at Jasaan and Father D. Sullivan at Tagalaoan. In sending letters or mission supplies, add to the town name given above: Misamis, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.

Clippings from Mindanao Mail

Thank God we have so many mission helpers in America who are anxious to help us carry on the work here. We have eight parishes with eight rectories and I suspect that before you receive this letter we shall have ten. We are waiting only for approval to carry out our plans to open up two churches and rectories, closed for the last ten years, to save these places from the Aglipayans and Seventh Day Adventists who are very strong in some sections. In each one of these eight or ten parishes we have ten large barrios with a Catholic population of from twelve to twenty thousand in each parish. For the past years these barrios have been deprived of the services of a priest except once a year. You can see what a supply of beads, scapulars, medals, holy pictures, we need to supply the wants of these people. Literally we need these articles in thousands; for after all since these people are deprived of the presence of a priest for months they need all these helps.

Each one of these ten places will have in June, 1928, at least a four-grade parochial school for boys and girls, if we can get some assurance of outside help to the ex-

FEBRUARY JESUIT MISSION DATES



- 1st—At Tyburn, in 1645, Venerable Father Henry Morse, S.J., was hanged, drawn and quartered.
- 2nd—In Canada, 1646, Father Annas de Nolle, S.J., was found dead in the snow. He had toiled eighteen years among the Indians.
- 3rd—In Florida, 1571, Father Louis Quiros, S.J., and two novices, John Mendes and Gabriel Solis, were shot to death by an apostate Indian.
- 3rd—At Tyburn, 1578, the glorious martyrdom of Blessed Thomas Nelson, S.J.
- 4th—At Madura, 1603, the martyrdom of Blessed John de Brito, S.J.
- 5th—At Nagasaki, 1597, the glorious martyrdom of the Saints, Paul Miki, John de Goto, and James Kizai, native Japanese and members of the Society of Jesus.
- 6th—In the Tower of London, 1606, Venerable Nicholas Owen, S.J., a lay-Brother, died under tortures on the rack.
- 7th—At Puncak, in the East Indies, 1649, Venerable Anthony Criminale, S.J., was transfixed with lances by the Badagee Brahmans.
- 8th—At Aubenas, in France, 1699, the martyrdom of Blessed Father James Sales, S.J., and Brother William Salimouche, S.J., Martyrs of the Blessed Sacrament.
- 14th—In the Straits of Malacca, died Father Peter Marlinus, S.J., Bishop of Japan, banished from his see by persecution.
- 20th—In London, 1647, Brother Culbert Truscott, S.J., died in prison after years of suffering.
- 21st—At Tyburn in London, 1555, the execution of Venerable Father Robert Southwell, S.J.
- 21st—At Quebec, 1693, the death of Father Peter Channoni, S.J., a missionary and companion of the Blessed Fathers Brebeuf and Lallemand, martyrs.
- 22nd—In Japan, 1644, the glorious martyrdom of Blessed Diego Carvalho, S.J.
- 27th—At Tyburn, in 1641, the execution of Venerable Father Hager Fiteock, S.J.
- 28th—In a voyage from Japan to Manila, 1605, a Japanese lay-Brother, Andrew Balto, S.J., died into exile, died of hardships.
- 28th—At Osaka in Japan, 1680, Father James Jaki, S.J., a native Japanese, was put to death by suffocation.

tent of \$50.00 or \$100.00 a month for each school. The idea of having different schools or sodalities in America adopt schools here, paying \$10.00 every month for a teacher or \$50.00 every month for a school is excellent. This could easily be done in a large school where there are five hundred or more pupils. The tax would be ten cents a month or \$1.00 for the school year. To my mind this is the one essential thing here. It is the only thing that will have lasting results, the parochial school. In some of the places we can raise from \$25.00 to \$50.00 a month from coconut groves, etc. An average of \$50.00 a month from outside sources would insure the continuation of these schools.

We have some conveniences in our convents in the towns; but the life in the barrios is hard. We have only the food we bring and the life is absolutely in the open with no conveniences and is as difficult as any missionary life you will read about. Do you think that there is a chance for more Fathers to come soon or at least one or two Brothers? I certainly need an American Brother here to handle the freight, as this is the central station, so everything comes here first. Here at Cagayan we are enlarging the dormitory which at present houses some twenty-two girls attending the public high school who come from distant places. More would live in the dormitory if there were room.

I have heard that it has been said in the States that an auto could not be used here because of poor roads or no roads at all. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Every mission needs an auto and here at Cagayan, which is our central station for supplies, we need a truck. We spend a lot of money on auto fare, for there are no railroads. The roads are good and had but at their worst you can travel them with all your luggage except in the rainy season. The last trip for me, I had to travel forty-six kilometers and had to pay ten pesos (\$5.00) for the return trip. The people collected ten pesos for me but I accepted it only to return it to help them complete the roof of the church. When you see how these people here without a priest and in spite of the Aglipayans and Protestants hold on to the Faith, your heart goes out to them. In our section we need about thirty-five priests and then with parochial schools all will be well.



Bettiah school children, the hope of Patna Mission.

Patna Mission **Bhagalpur**

On the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Father J. Creane, S.J., pronounced his last vows. Six days later, as a fitting celebration of this always outstanding event in a Jesuit's life, he writes that he said Mass in Simra, the center of the new mission among the Santals of Bhagalpur District. It was, as he says, "the first time since Adam, that Mass was celebrated there." The day was the fourteenth of September, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Champanagar

Items of interest from Father James Creane, S.J.

A few nights ago I had Rover, the dog, chained near my bed on the veranda. About midnight he became restless and roused me from peaceful slumber. Then suddenly he sprang forward like a flash of lightning, broke his collar strap and started down the veranda with an awful uproar. I did not see the intruder, but I feel quite sure that it was a jackal. Do you blame me for sleeping with a club near my pillow?

Snakes? My compound seems to be somewhat of a snake rendezvous. Recently I discovered one travelling along the veranda, apparently looking for an entrance. After killing him, I flung him away and, as I looked to see where he landed, lo, there was another. I did away with him in a hurry. Some of the boys who were present said that that particular variety

was harmless and that the Hindus had an annual mela (festival) in its honor. But they all look pretty much alike to me and I am not too anxious to have any of them as pets or roommates. Some days later the servants saw a real bad fellow coiled around the lock and chain of the kitchen door. Another day, Raphael, the teacher, came near stepping on one just at the foot of the steps leading to the bungalow. The Sisters have gone us one better by finding a krait in the bath room. The krait is deadly poisonous. I have found rats and bats and centipedes and frogs and a stray dog in my house, but haven't had the sensation of seeing a snake inside. There is a St. Patrick snake medal in my desk perhaps that gives the bungalow the nature of Irish soil.

Bettiah

In spite of a serious lack of funds,

Bettiah must build. Plans are complete for the erection of a new Middle English School. The British Government has generously given a donation to cover half the cost, but the other half must come from generous friends of Patna Mission who see in Bettiah's new school the means of educating native catechists and future native priests. If \$3,000 could be raised by interested friends, a great burden would be taken from the shoulders of the American Jesuit Fathers who have charge of Bettiah.

After signing the contract with the brick-makers, Father Pettit handed each laborer ten rupees as advance pay binding them to perform all that they had set their thumbmarks (their signatures) to. There was immediate dissatisfaction and no one would accept his ten rupees, for ten is an unlucky number among the Hindus. Lest the negotiations be called off, Father hastened to add one more rupee to each man's share and general satisfaction followed.

The Bettiah Mela

The October mela or religious fair brought upwards of ten thousand cows to market. The number of Hindus was not as large as usual, due, perhaps, to the Hindu-Mohammedan riot of last August. Of those who did come, though, thousands visited the Catholic church and were received with open arms and ready sermons. Aided by four Indian



Father James Creane, S.J., biking his way on a missionary tour in Patna, India.

Christians especially coached for the work, the Fathers for six days gave instructions in the fundamentals of Catholic doctrine to unknown numbers of Hindus and Mohammedans who came into the church in practically unending lines.

Ghyree

If some Hindus near Victoria Mission had had their way, Father John Kilian, S.J., would have been doomed to an early death amid the water lilies of Ghyree's lake. However, Father is still very much alive ac-

ing game. He waited for a week, receiving crowd after crowd of Hindus, refusing work to all who refused to take up the status of catechumens.

Then came the dark of the moon, and in the darkness of midnight things began to happen. Crowds of marauders emerged from the jungle and began to hurl stones and to set fires. Each night Father himself, his four savage dogs and his faithful Christians set themselves for a siege. Each night the attacks were made and each night they were beaten off. Then, at last, came police aid and the attacks ceased.

Meantime, some of the workmen are trying to get back, and meantime, too, Ghyree is not idle. Work is still going on in the little shops, conducted by Ghyree's Christians and Mohammedans and by the faithful Hindu catechumens. Catechism continues daily, and daily Mass is well attended. The latest chapter of Victoria

chums, had studied together and had been ordained on the same day.

On Tuesday, there was a civic celebration on the lawn of St. George's College, attended by the Governor General and all the notables of the Island. The Governor General and the Anglican Bishop made very happy speeches which were answered in a graceful address by Bishop Dinand. Before this reception, Bishop Dinand attended by Bishop Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras, placed a wreath on the grave of the late Bishop O'Hare, S.J.

British Honduras

Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., for many years a missionary in British Honduras, is at present spending some months in the States. He has a very interesting illustrated lecture which he is giving in schools and parish halls. Those wishing to arrange lecture dates with Father may communicate with the editors of *Jesuit Missions*, 503 E. Fordham Rd., N. Y. C.

Alaska

A missionary may have many trials and disappointments, but not unfrequently these are offset by consolations when he sees the deep-rooted Faith of his people. An inspiring example of this is given by Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., in a letter from his mission on the lower Yukon.

"Father, we are sorry we cannot go to Holy Communion tomorrow. It will be the only First Friday we have missed in many years."

Such were the words of regret which greeted me as I stopped at a fishing camp of Catholic natives on the lower Yukon. Faithful to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, these simple devout souls thought nothing of rowing twelve miles to Holy Cross, up the swift current of the Yukon, in order to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. But today the weather was stormy, the river rough, and the natives did not venture out on the turbulent waters in their frail boats.

Though I had not planned to say Mass at this camp, I assured them that they would not have to miss their First Friday Communion provided they were willing to fast till I came.



The King of kings comes to the Alaskan tented chapel.

ording to the latest news from Victoria Mission.

Some Hindus in the mission industries called a strike. There was a general walk out. A mighty oath was sworn that never again would the strikers work for Father; never again would they attend Sunday Mass; never again would they attend the daily catechism which is part of the life of every worker at Ghyree. The striking Hindus told Father this and then left to seek help from their own pagan *Sadhus*. The walk out occurred at seven in the morning. Two hours later there was a walk in. The workers were angry. Their own *Sadhus* had nothing to give them by way of work or pay.

Then it was Father Kilian's turn to refuse. He wanted a few strong souls, courageous enough to brave the terrors of outcasting by openly declaring themselves catechumens, ready, at least, to attend church and take instructions. The men refused, but Father decided to play a wait-

Mission's history seems, if only the mighty power opposing can be successfully conquered, surely destined to give the mission a solid gain of strong converts.

Jamaica

Bishop Dinand, S.J., landed in Jamaica on the evening of Monday, December 12th, and rode to the Cathedral followed by a vast throng of people who afterwards packed the sacred edifice. The bishop made an eloquent address. He told of his love for the people and his happiness to be with them, of his readiness to help them and if need be to lay down his life for them; he recalled how he and Bishop O'Hare had been boyhood

"It may be noon before I get here," I told them.

"Fasting is nothing for us, Father. We shall wait till twelve o'clock, if necessary."

And wait they did. Father Cunningham reached his other station after a long ride on the rough waters of the Yukon. Next morning at a five o'clock Mass he gave Holy Communion to some fifty-eight Eskimos, and after that Mass he hurried off to another camp where he spent some time in hearing Confessions and giving Holy Communion to a group of forty-seven natives.

Only after that could Father start off on the thirty mile trip up the river to the camp that he had left the day previous. He writes:

At eleven o'clock, as I drew near the camp, I noticed the natives walking up and down the sandy beach. They were saying the rosary. Entering a small tent, I found an improvised altar set up. Candles were burning. Paper flowers were tastefully arranged around the statues of the Sacred Heart and the Little Flower. We chanted the "Tantum Ergo," recited the act of consecration, and then I communicated to each the Saviour for whom coming they had patiently waited. Everyone in the camp received Holy Communion.

Alabama

Father M. J. Cronin, S.J., in charge of mission stations near Selma, tells how he reaches his scattered flock:

I left Selma on Saturday morning and took the train to Jones. A little girl and her brother who had a goat wagon—minus the goat—met me at the station. We put my suitcase on the wagon and after a walk of about a mile reached their house. I fixed up the altar, heard Confessions, said Mass and preached. In the afternoon we got out the wagon again and left for the station. At Straven, my next stop, I was met by a young miner who took turns with me in lugging the suitcase up the long hill to his house where I was to stay that night. Next morning there was the usual program of fixing up the altar, hearing Confessions, saying Mass and preaching. Another train ride brought me to Montvale where I had supper and spent the night. After setting up my altar next morning I waited for a handful of girls to come over from the Alabama College. When they arrived, I heard their Confessions and followed with Mass and an instruction. And so I continue week after week, visiting my various stations on the Selma Mission. It is necessary to write to the different families a week ahead of my visit; otherwise they do not know when to expect me, and cannot have the old brass band out.



"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 . . . SET THE WORLD ON FIRE"

TO their glory be it said that the Saints have all been dreamers. Not day-dreamers, of course, not idlers; but men and women inspired by the vision beatific, the very real dream of a God-filled eternity.

Francis Xavier was a dreamer. In youth he dreamt of fame and glory. Later, with piercing blue-gray eyes and hair whitened by the hardship of conquest, he was the most energetic dreamer that trod the Far Eastern lands. Into a heathenry where to dream alone was life, and life was annihilation, he brought the vision, the reality of a Living and Saving God. His dream spurred him on: it strengthened him: it commanded him.

All dreamers are not abed. The best dreamers are abroad with two feet on the ground. Not Portuguese guns, but Xavier's tinkling bell conquered the Paravas and kept them faithful for nigh 400 years. Not the military threats of the Spaniards, but the gentleness of Xavier made tens of thousands of converts in Japan. He was working, praying, fighting, sweating, suffering in his dream—and his dream, his ambition was the union of the Far East to the Heart of Christ.

Extracts From His Letters

"As to the numbers who become Christians, you may understand from this, that it often happens to me to be hardly able to use my hands from the fatigue of baptizing; often in a single day I have baptized whole villages. Sometimes I have lost my voice and strength altogether."—From Cochin, December 31, 1543.

"O Simou, my dearest brother, do you not see how great the work is that we have at hand? And if God wills that the light of the Gospel be carried to the Chinese, you, too, will do well, I think, to come yourself to China, to slake your thirst for the salvation of souls. . . . I am going to China to prepare for my brothers a way to come and convert those nations, that, this immense field once laid open, their great piety and virtue, incited by the fire of Divine love, may have ample room to work."—To Fr. Simon Rodriguez, Goa, April 7, 1552.

Come and Convert

The way "to come and convert" the nations has been prepared in every land by the "dreamers of God." At home and abroad in the fertile field men, women and children are sadly needed to "fill the boots" of the saintly pioneers. Priests, Brothers, Sisters and lay apostles, incited by the fire of Divine love, are on the way. Will you pray for them? Will you help them? Will you join them?

Prayer to Know One's Vocation

O my God, Thou who art the God of Wisdom and Counsel, who hast put into my heart the sincere wish to please none but Thee and to conform entirely to Thy Holy will in the choice of my state of life, grant me, through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin, my Mother, and of my holy patrons, especially St. Joseph and St. Aloysius, the grace to know my vocation and to embrace it so that I may therein labor for Thy glory, work out my salvation, and merit the Heavenly reward that Thou hast promised to them that do Thy Divine will. Amen.—Indulgence, 300 days. Plus X, May 6, 1905.

Wounded Knee and Its Sequel

HENRY S. SPALDING, S.J.



AN INDIAN EUCHARISTIC PROCESSION.
The flags of war have given way to the banners of Christian peace.



T times we are asked the question: "What has been done after the fifty years or the century of work among the Indians in the United States?" Those who ask the question are sincere in their desire to get the right information. Often they have contributed liberally to the cause of the education of the Red Men. They wish to know whether their contributions and the work of the priests and nuns are bearing fruit.

The writer is not in a position to speak authoritatively for the entire country, but he believes that the work in the Northwest has been rather uniform in its fruits and that one incident will give us a clue to the solution.

I have spent two months among the Catholic Indians in South Dakota and have had an opportunity to observe the results of fifty years of work among seven thousand Sioux Indians. I not only saw the two large boarding schools at St. Francis and Holy Rosary, but I camped with the Indians and said Mass in many of their chapels. I could give numerous examples to prove that the work has been encouraging and consoling, but I shall pick only one instance. I shall try to draw a conclusion from a contrast—a battlefield and a Corpus Christi procession.

LET me begin with the battlefield. It is that of Wounded Knee in South Dakota. After the terrible slaughter of Custer and his men in 1876, the Sioux Indians were restless and discontented, and committed many depredations upon the white settlers. For many years things did not improve. I would not lay all the blame on the Indian. He was robbed and deceived so many times, and the government failed to keep faith with him under so many conditions, that he became an enemy to all around him. Finally, stirred up by the medicine men and espe-

cially by the most influential of medicine men, the famous Sitting Bull, the Sioux Indians gathered for their last fight with the white man. This fight was the Battle of Wounded Knee. The Indian was hopelessly outnumbered and was badly beaten. But he was still a savage, just as much of a savage as he was when fifty years before he followed and scalped the white people on the plains of the West. Note the date of the Battle of Wounded Knee; it was 1890.

NOW let us turn to another picture, the Corpus Christi procession of June, 1927. Less than forty years passed, and yet, these children and grandchildren of the Indians who fought at Wounded Knee, were walking and riding in solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. This Corpus Christi procession was at Manderson, a little Indian village six miles from the cross which marks the place where the Indian and white man met in their latest battle in the plains of the Northwest. The Indian is no longer an enemy of the white man. He has no resentment or malice in his heart. He has forgiven and forgotten the past. He has learned the lesson of forgiveness from his Divine Master. He has become a follower of Christ.

Then the Indian of 1927 has shown his Faith and his devotion. He has ridden on his pony or has driven his farm wagon many miles to be present at the devotions and the procession of the feast of Corpus Christi. How devout he is as the procession wends its way over the fields!

Have I answered your question? Does not the contrast of these two pictures, the battlefield of Wounded Knee and the Corpus Christi procession show satisfactory results? I wonder whether our own pagan ancestors in the forests of Europe made quicker progress in the practice of Christian virtues than have the Indians of Dakota!

Mysterious Catholics

L. T. DOWLING, S.J.



Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., associate editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, with a Georgia convert who read himself into the Catholic Church.

IT is interesting to watch at a distance a group of persons and to surmise what they are saying from their appearance, manner and gestures. Impossible, you say? Not at all. You've done it often; so have many others. Every day millions are engaged in studying the faces of movie actors and trying to interpret the motion of the eyes or the hands. Here is a case in particular. Two men walking along Ellis toward Greene Street in Augusta, Georgia, stop for a moment and look up at the side of the Sacred Heart church with its large stained-glass windows fitted into stone frames of Romanesque style. One of them, pointing to the smaller windows in the clearstory above the stained-glass windows, is talking rather excitedly. He turns round to his companion, his clenched hands rising and falling with vehemence and keeping time with an emphatic nod.

NOW what do you suppose they are talking about? Could you guess? Not in a hundred chances. Nor could I in this case, had not a friend of mine, a Catholic convert, told me. He knew these men and heard from one of them what it was all about. This man repeated to him the same assertions he had made to his companions.

"I'll tell you," he said, "these Catholics are awful people. There in that upper story of the Catholic church they have some rooms, just like prison cells, in which they lock people and feed them on bread and water. How civilized beings can allow such things to go on in a city like Augusta, is a mystery to me."

That's the word—a mystery—it speaks volumes about the average non-Catholic viewpoint, a view from the outside, trying to fathom what is inside, without ever going in to investigate personally. In every other circumstance

*W*HO will dispel the mystery surrounding the Catholic Church and its doctrines for the millions of our well-meaning fellow country-men in the Southern States?

there is enough curiosity to see and examine for oneself. No one hesitates about going up to an airplane to see it at close quarters and to inspect its makeup. People will crowd around an automobile wreck to get at the facts, to see the damage and find out how it all happened. Why do they make an exception with regard to the Catholic Church, and hold back when they have a chance to go in to inspect for themselves? Why do people who imagine that the upper story of a Catholic church is a prison never have curiosity enough to go in and look and verify and at least get close enough to hear the groans of the victims?

THE answer leads us to another phase of the non-Catholic viewpoint. Too many not of the true fold think that the Catholic Church is like a palace of the Great Mogul. Strangers are not welcome, are positively excluded under the severest penalties. There is something mysterious about the prohibition; it awakens suspicion. If such is the mental attitude of non-Catholics in the cities, can you imagine what it must be in the small towns where people have grown up without seeing a Catholic priest?

Magicians and sleight of hand artists will sometimes explain a trick or two. They will open their box of magic, exhibit the works, and so banish the mystery. In the same way, persons with the proper authority can banish the mystery enveloping the Catholic Church by bringing it near enough to strangers for them to examine the works and be convinced of the simplicity of the mechanism.

THE Jesuits have always prized the spirit of the missionary, from the days of Xavier in India, Marquette and his confrères in North America, right down to our own times. While their fellow Jesuits are off to foreign

fields, the Jesuits in the South of the United States are also answering a great mission appeal. This appeal comes from the small towns scattered through the Southland, with inhabitants as little conscious of the Catholic Faith as the Red Indian or the East Indian of the days of Saint Francis Xavier. Some one must bring to them the real facts about the Faith hitherto shrouded in mystery or darkness. To this purpose a movement is afoot in the ranks of Southern Jesuits, to provide missionaries for the small towns.

Reverend P. A. Ryan, S.J., of New Orleans, Director of the New Orleans Province Endowment Fund Association and Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, has persuaded a number of wealthy people to establish foundations for the education and maintenance of these missionaries. His plea was that one hundred of these "Foundations" would provide as many as twenty-five missionaries to traverse the Southern States, to put the Catholic Faith before the people like an open book which they may learn to understand.

THE special feature of his argument was the fact that the donors of these "Foundations" have an intimate

share in the work. Indeed, in a very important sense it can be said that the donors are the priests officiating at the altar, preaching, teaching and instructing, inasmuch as through each established foundation, three Jesuit priests will, in every generation, until the last soul is saved, stand at the altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice, to preach and to instruct. Moreover, each missionary, aware from the beginning of his career that he is indebted to a definite founder, will pray and offer the Holy Sacrifice for him, that God may bless and reward him in proportion to his generosity in advancing so good a cause.

MANY a Catholic young man would gladly be a missionary if his interest were aroused sufficiently to stimulate his mind to investigate the missionary's life. Unfortunately, the life of a missionary is too often unknown; is enveloped in mystery; is a life apart, hedged in by high walls and arched and frowning gateways.

We are breaking down the walls today and inviting all, but especially the young, to enter and see for themselves how attractive is the life of the missionary.

Pagan Customs in Modern Times



Brahman votaries of Shiva wearing the caste marks.

Hindu Caste Marks

THE different sects of the Hindus are usually known by the way the caste marks are worn. These marks consist of a dot, made by means of a tiny metallic rod tinged with red cumcum powder, or of one or two or three perpendicular or horizontal lines on the forehead. Different colored dots or different numbers of lines indicate different castes. The marks may at times be worn on the chest or arms, instead of on the forehead, but the spot between the eyebrows is considered the most important. The marks are always worn after taking the sacred bath.

The purpose served by these different marks is that of identification. In former times different teachers arose establishing dif-

ferent religions in various regions of India. These teachers wanted to know at a glance who their followers were, and hence various devices were adopted. Some had secret signs and pass words, others recognized their own by the style of dress, but caste marks were the commonest form of recognition.

Another distinguishing mark is the sacred thread which is still in use among the Hindus. It is worn over the left shoulder. The ceremony of bestowing the sacred thread, known as *Janyin*, usually takes place on the fourth day after birth. Among adults this thread or string serves the useful purpose of a keyring, generally loaded down by a huge bunch of noisy keys.



Caroline Islands

These islands are 500 in number and lie in the Pacific Ocean, about 1,000 miles east of the Philippines. The population is about 55,250, and of this number some 14,650 are Catholics. Since 1922, the Spanish Jesuits have had charge of the work of conversion and have done remarkably well—7,312 converts in five years. There are thirty-six Jesuits at work in the islands. The mission is a most difficult one, not only because of natural difficulties of climate and food, but also on account of the immorality and the superstitious practices of the natives and the opposition of Protestant missionaries, some of whom are Japanese. Add to this the difficulties of travel due to the immense distances separating the different islands. The distance from an island on the western side of the Caroline group to another on the eastern edge is easily a thousand miles.

Bengal

Although in serious financial straits, the Bengal Jesuit Mission progresses. The Hindus, alarmed by the large number of converts, have organized a society that is now doing its utmost to reconvert the Christians to Hinduism. In former times, when a Hindu became a Catholic, he was irrevocably excommunicated by his caste, and boycotted. The members of the caste are today more lenient towards the deserters, at least in some places. In fact, they do their utmost to bring

their kinsmen back to the old superstitions, promising to perform for them all the ceremonies required to wash out the defilement contracted by their defection, and removing, also, the terrible ban of excommunication.

"Return to us," they tell them, "you have been led astray by foreigners. The gods will receive you and restore you to favor once more."

"The Child Is Father to the Man"

When I Was a Child—

I built a house up in the air;
The house was high, and lordly fair;
There was no palace ever seemed
Quite like the house of which I dreamed!

I heard a calling in my heart
To be a priest for mankind's part;
There was no calling on the earth
Quite like the call my heart gave birth!

And Now—

A missionary priest am I,
I have no roof except the sky;
My palace is the open air;
And oft at night while I lie there
I raise my heart to God above;
"You heard my prayer; oh! take my love!"

WILLIAM J. WALTER, S.J.

Brazil

The Jesuit Fathers from Portugal are laboring in the northern half of this vast country where there are parishes larger than whole dioceses in European countries. According to official statistics, eighty per cent of the people are said to be illiterate. While there is great external show of religion in some parts of Brazil, the Fathers feel that it is not of a sound,

deep-rooted nature. In order to spread Catholic education more widely, and to strengthen the Faith of the Brazilians, the Jesuits have undertaken the construction of a large college at considerable expense. Unfortunately, the North American Baptists have invaded the country and are doing intensive propaganda work everywhere; and this is no small hindrance to the work planned by the Jesuits, since the funds at their disposal can hardly hope to equal even approximately the funds received from the United States to help on the work of the Baptists.

Greece

"We are maintaining and are trying to develop an Apostolic School where Greek boys of piety and intellectual capacity are prepared to become future missionaries for their own country. This is the only way of supplying the increasing need of apostolic workers in this country. The school has already given two Greek missionaries, others will follow. The boys are poor and can pay nothing, or only a pittance for their education."
Father Anthony Tabone, S.J.

China

Wuhu, Mission of the Spanish Jesuits

"All the missionaries have returned to work in their districts. They were received with great joy by Christians and pagans alike. Although there seems to be some tran-

quillity throughout the mission, nevertheless we fear that this peace will not last. Father Fonsul, S.J., could not return to his house because it was occupied by some women-soldiers. He had to remain in a Christian's home. Here in Wuhu, the Sisters' house is still occupied by a company of soldiers, although they say that they will leave it immediately." *Father Ruis, S.J.*

Sien Sien, Mission of the French Jesuits

"Tamingfu is still in the power of the Northerners and the Fathers are in relative security. But Kaichow

the port of Shanghai. On the 15th of November following, all made a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Our Lady at Zo-sé, and consecrated to the Blessed Mother all the years she would grant them for their apostolate in China.

All nine met again in 1927 at Zikawei. The statue of Our Lady of China looked down upon the group that had gathered by her side a quarter of a century ago. Time has made its changes in them. Their beards have grown long, wavy and white; their hair has been scattered to all the winds of Kiang-nan during those twenty-five years. Many hard-

THE GREATEST SACRIFICE

(Continued from page 28)

open sky. The skin of his body cracked and split with the cold. But in his heart burned a fire that was unquenchable. So he returned to the smoky hut. Yet, oh, how he yearned and longed with the dawning day for a priestly hand stretched out as he prayed in his cabin corner, to place upon his eager tongue the Victim of Calvary, now living, glorified, coming to him in His Eucharistic state!

With what bleeding feet would Blessed Isaac Jogues have wandered, through forests and over craggy mountains, amid blinding blizzards and biting cold, with pitiful shreds of the thin rags that covered him clinging to the thorns along the way, that he might receive his God, his Lord, his All, in the Sacrament of Divine Love! Yet Christ knew the sacrifice that was being made for His sake, and not seldom repaid His servant with Heavenly consolations. He did not send His Angels, as to St. Stanislaus, to bring him the Eucharist, for the dispensations of His goodness are manifold as they are wonderful; but in the crystal clearness of the winter night, under the keen glint of the starry skies, when the earth was covered with its new-spread altar cloth of purest white, the Infinite Love descended into the heart and soul of His servant and satisfied all his desires, and united him with Himself in that intimate embrace of His Holy Spirit, which even here below is a true foretaste of the eternal Communion in Heaven.

So God knows how in His own Divine way to repay the missionary's greatest sacrifice.

FIFTY DAYS WITH THE CANTONESE

(Continued from page 30)

to be long and tiresome. A few days after his arrival he joined General Wang's forces in an attack against Chang Tung. The combined troops were sorely beaten and depleted, and General Ma returned to us dejected and crestfallen. To divert his mind from his gloomy thoughts he would mow the lawn in



These nine French Jesuits renewed in 1927 before the Shrine of Our Lady of Zo-se, China, the consecration they made of themselves there twenty-five years before.

and Tsingfeng further south are occupied by Southern soldiers. These soldiers have invaded our dwellings. At Kaichow they even wanted to use the church to preach their 'San minn' (the three principles of Suen Wen—nationalism, democracy and socialism) as has been done in the south and center of China. Father Cannepin, S.J., was able, I believe, to ward off this profanation."

Father Debeauvais, S.J.

Proof by Nine

On the 22nd of October, 1902, nine French Jesuit Fathers landed at

ships have beset their lives: fatigue and sickness, dangers both on land and on sea, enemies storming from within and without, the perils of war and the terrors of brigandage.

Through special protection of Providence, however, all are still hale and hearty, living proof—proof by nine—that a missionary can hold out for many years in the mission field, even if he come to it only in the forties. The nine Fathers are: Fathers Durand, de la Vaissière, Tosten, Têteau, Marivint, de Lapparent, Richard, Allain, and Courtois. Four of the nine Fathers were over forty years old when they reached China twenty-five years ago.

front of his window, take a walk in the garden, say a kind word to the domestics or chat familiarly with the gardener, telling him all he knew about horticulture.

Our Hopes

SUCH was our life with the Southerners. It was not too bad. Nevertheless, we were glad to see the end of this tense situation. A sigh of relief escaped our bosoms as our visitors hastily evacuated Tang Chan, hard pressed by their foes.

What will be the outcome of this "come and go" of troops from North to South and from South to North? God alone knows. Seen with human eyes, the situation is not altogether bright. Yet, many natives from distant regions are thus brought in first contact with the missionaries, and it may be that the Church will tomorrow reap an abundant harvest on this soil where the blood of heroes has not been found wanting.

FEATURES OF OUR MARCH NUMBER

FATHER JAMES J. DALY, S.J., formerly Literary Editor of AMERICA, will write on the old but ever new theme of the lovable apostle, Saint Francis Xavier, S.J. Father John M. Cooper, Ph.D., of the Catholic University of America, was engaged in scientific work last summer in the Canadian wilds. Under the caption, "Nomads of the Northern Bush," he will tell of the Jesuit missionaries in this stretch of territory as vast as our New England States. The need of native priests in the Philippines is critical. How the Jesuits are trying to meet this need will be told in an article on San José, their seminary for native priests in Manila. Paul Dent, S.J., will describe the Indian caste system in an illuminating article entitled "Rambles in a World of Caste."

SMOKING RUINS AND UNSEEN EYES

(Continued from page 31)

I can remember now how granddad would muse for a while. I can remember how my vigorous boyish imagination transported me to the island of X—and I seemed to be part and parcel of the scenes so vividly described. Then I would start as if from a trance when granddad was on again with his story.

"THE Father's weak voice greeted me with a *Gracias al cielo!* With a sweet smile he answered all my questions and told me the cause of the trouble. He told me how the people in the village had resented his efforts to teach them the lessons of Christ; how they had waited until he was sick and unable to move to burn down his poor church; how the deadly cholera had sprung up on the island, with no priest to minister to the dying; how many were flocking back to their ancient heathen rites. He told me of weird happenings and strange cases of obsession. He told me of the beating of their drums in the woods, of their wailings and incantations, of the slaughter of men and children, in an attempt to appease some evil spirit. And all passed through lips that seemed never to lose their faint kind smile, even when with tears in his eyes he sighed: 'Oh, sweet Jesus, if they would only run to You instead of to Satan, what peace would they not find in answer to their prayer!'

"WHEN he had finished his story, he told me with the same sweet smile to go off with the ship and tell the first priest I should meet on the neighboring islands to come to his assistance. Against all my entreaties to take him with me he remained firm. I remonstrated with him all in vain. However, had I known what was really going to happen, I might not have been so insistent. Those same hidden eyes were prying in on me there and as I left the hut, determined to bring back help and carry off the sick Father, they followed me. I had just passed one of the huts when the owners of those eyes pounced upon me and bore me to the (Turn to page 48, column 1)



Mississippi's Blackrobe. By Neil Boyton, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. Net \$1.25.

Catholic boys and girls and their elders too, will enjoy reading this story of the explorer and apostle, Father James Marquette, S.J., whose journeys and discoveries opened up our Middle West. Indian games and legends, an exciting Buffalo hunt, dangers for the voyagers cropping up on every side from the elements, from beast and uncouth savage, all make a story of compelling interest. Throughout the whole tale one discerns the motive power behind all the saintly missionary's endeavor, a burning love of God, a tender devotion to the Immaculate Virgin, and an insatiable thirst for souls.

Isaac Jogues: Missioner and Martyr. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

There would seem to be a consummation of heroism expressed in the title, *Missioner and Martyr*. In the instance of Blessed Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., and his companions the consummation is verified. Leaving perhaps more of culture and refinement than the average American missionary renounces today, Jogues elected, for the salvation of their souls, to live and die amid the brutality, the squalor and ignorance of the Iroquois.

Father Martin J. Scott, S.J., has, from various sources, brought together again in an inspiring manner this story of grand sacrifice, heroism and zeal. Readers of *Jesuit Missions* will be delighted with the new volume. Young readers will find the life-story of these martyrs full of adventure, bravery and priestly devotion. Older readers, acquainted perhaps with the details of the martyrs' lives, will find new interest and profit in Father Scott's presentation.

In granting permission to Father Jogues to say Mass after his hands had been torn and maimed by the cruelty of the savages, Urban VIII said: "It would be unbecoming that a martyr for Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ." It is similarly becoming that we who possess and enjoy their heritage should know and value the labors and sufferings of the Blessed Martyrs who planted in this country the seed of Faith.

The Mission of Patna, India, entrusted to American Jesuits, is calling for Sisters. Young ladies desiring to consecrate their lives to God in this Mission may apply to Mother Superior, Holy Cross Convent, Merrill, Wisconsin.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to Jesuit missionaries in any part of the world.

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Gratitude is also expressed for one hundred and two Mass stipends recently received.

SMOKING RUINS AND UNSEEN EYES

(Continued from page 47)

ground. I was not completely surprised. I had expected some such attack but my premonitions helped little. I struggled but they had my arms pinned and bound behind my back; and before I could think to shout, they gagged me and set about to bind my feet. Three of them lifted up my wriggling form and I was flung inside an old hut. All the rest of that day and through the gloom of the night, I lay there alone.

"Midday on the following day an old woman came who moved the gag from my mouth and fed me some boiled rice; but to all my gestures for release, she was blind. At evening she returned with more rice. The next day the same two visits were made; but at the evening one, when I had eaten, she bent over me and loosened the ropes that bound me. I was stiff and sore when I rose

but I did not hesitate to make straight for the Padre's side. I looked down into the harbor as I passed out of the hut, to see, as I had expected, that no ship was there. The same brown faces were everywhere; they saw me hurrying past them, but paid little attention to me. I thought I recognized one or two of those who had attacked me, but they seemed busy about something else and I soon found out what that was from the Padre. After I had told him of my misadventure, I learned from his quivering lips the fury with which the epidemic was spreading in the village.

"GENTLY the old priest took my hand in his and asked me for the sake of the good Jesus to take care of his people, to go about and baptize all the dying I could. He gave me a relic that hung about his neck and sent me forth, telling me where I might find the few friends he had won among the natives that I might get their help also. So off I went to fulfill my strange mission. I wandered about and found my way into all sorts of shacks, looking for the sick. And oh! what a hell I met with! Everywhere there was death. Each hut had its sick forms writhing and groaning with the pains of the disease. I could not fetch water quickly enough to baptize them. Then there was the work of burying the dead, and the poor Padre had to be nursed. He would listen to my story each day and with a feeble blessing he would tell me not to mind about him at all but to take care of his little ones.

"All this lasted for over thirty days. I don't know how I survived it all without being taken down myself. It must have been the relic and the prayers of the Padre that kept me going. At any rate when a ship docked six weeks later, I left to send help to the poor Padre who was slowly recovering under the care of some of the women. It was a different man that left that village and a somewhat different village he left."

AND then granddad would say that he never heard more about the old missionary or what became of the little village, and would go on

dreaming with a pleasant smile. But I know what became of the little village. The faces of fear and terror are now faces of peace that greet you everywhere with smiles, for the old missionary accomplished his task and the kingdom of Christ is with them now. The church once more rises above the village and the little ones have their school in a nearby cottage. It is my little church now and my little flock and from here I go out to the many islands about us to build up such little communities as this and drive out Satan and his rule of terror. And as often as, returning from a missionary cruise, I paddle into the harbor of X—, I think of granddaddy and thank God for him and the story and the prayers that made me a missionary of Christ.

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