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Again and again, Ignatius of Loyola

irked the soul of Francis Xavier, the brilliant scholar of the University of Paris:—"What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" The answer to the question sent Xavier to India; it raised him to the altars of the Church and brought thousands of converts into the fold of Christ. Xavier gained a world and saved his soul.

Again and again, we tell you of the profit from reading and considering the message of the missionary in JESUIT MISSIONS. This "reading and considering" will convey to you the apostolic spirit of Xavier; it will inspire you to assist by prayer and material means, perhaps, also, to join the Jesuit priests and Brothers in their zealous missionary work. Tell others about JESUIT MISSIONS and the cause it represents.

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Song to Xavier

All hail! Saint Francis Xavier,
Navarre's heroic knight!
We gather round thy standard;
We join thee in the fight.

Where'er a pagan altar
Yet stands beneath the sky,
It challenges Crusaders
For Christ to do or die.

Where condor keeps his vigil
On lofty mountain crest;
Where sea gull sweeps his circles
Round islands of the west;

In teeming towns of China,
Amid Alaska's snows,
By tropical Nyanza,
And where the monsoon blows;

Where'er a mission station
Is found, from pole to pole;
Where priest or nun or brother
Is fighting for a soul;

There lead us, Francis Xavier,
Crusaders to the fight
To turn the tide of battle
In victory for the right.

—JAMES B. MACELWANE, S.J.



With arms outstretched like a cross, Father Pro, S.J., calmly faces death, November 23, 1927.

The Execution of Miguel Pro, S.J.

AN authentic account of the sublime, Christian fortitude of a Mexican Jesuit, his brother, and companions. This narrative is not given to engender any bitterness against their executioners. Rather may our readers in the spirit of these heroes pray God for those who did this deed, and for the Church in Mexico.



IT has not been at all difficult to learn the true story of the alleged

plot against General Obregon, for which on November 23, 1927, Father Miguel Agustín Pro, a Mexican Jesuit, his youthful brother, Humberto, Luis Vilches and Juan Arias were murdered. Father Pro was the bulwark and mainstay of the Catholics in Mexico City, persecuted because of their Faith. For sixteen months he went everywhere among his suffering brethren, like the Good Shepherd, assisting the dying, encouraging the faithful and strengthening the weak by his priestly ministrations. Political intrigue was ever far from the mind of this zealous Jesuit. Father Pro was first, last, always and only concerned with the souls of his flock scattered by religious persecution.

KNOWING as we do the hue and cry that has been raised by the enemies of the Catholic religion against every priest in Mexico, it is almost incredible that Father Pro was able to elude his vigilant pursuers on so many occasions. The Jesuit made use of innumerable and varied disguises and so successful was he that not infrequently did he mingle and even talk and joke with the very soldiers and secret police who were tracking him. For example, on one occasion, when the pursuit was becoming uncomfortably hot, he completely disarmed the suspicions of the soldiers by inviting them to join him in a meal and

a drink at one of the many popular cafés.

HOWEVER, it was scarcely possible for anyone to carry on such an existence indefinitely, for all the government forces in Mexico City were on his trail. Realizing the marvelous work that Father Pro was accomplishing among the persecuted Catholics, the government had given the command fully six months before the alleged plot against General Obregon, that Father Pro must be captured at all costs. That Father Pro was aware of his perilous position is evident from his letters. Shortly after the government's command became known, his religious superiors thought it best for him to remain in hiding for some time and to rest, especially as he was never robust in health. From his hiding place he wrote to one of his religious brethren: "Here I am as in a cage, burning with a desire to go forth and to encourage those who are suffering and dying for our Faith. Would that I might be one of these martyrs! But it seems that as yet the honey is not for the mouth of the donkey!"

Frequently is this ardent desire for martyrdom expressed in Father Pro's letters, while he continually begs his religious brothers to pray that he may be deemed worthy of this sublime grace. A little more than a year before his death he wrote: "There are many suffering for the Faith and the first to die will doubtless be those who are engaged in priestly work. May I have the great grace



Father Pro prays for a moment before facing the firing squad.

to be the first—or the last—but certainly to be one!" And a few weeks later he wrote: "The martyrs grow in numbers each day. Oh, if I could only be one of them!"

SOONER even than he anticipated was this desire of his heart to be realized, for the pursuivants were gradually closing in on him. Finally on November 17, 1927, Father Pro was captured at five o'clock in the morning, as he was sleeping in his father's house. Immediately he was taken to the office of General Cruz, the chief of police, where he was charged with complicity in the plot to kill General Obregon by throwing a bomb into his automobile. All Mexico knows and smiles at the falsity of this shallow charge. Even Obregon himself did not believe it, for he attributed this attempt on his life to the followers of Gomez and Serrano.

It is well worth noting that the entire treatment of Father Pro and his companions was completely at variance with the Mexican Constitution. First, there was not even the semblance of a trial for the accused men; second, they were held absolutely incommunicate during their days in prison; third, the Constitution distinctly forbids the military authorities to judge or execute a civilian. Had Father Pro been guilty not merely of complicity in this supposed plot, but of any political activity whatsoever against the government, the authorities would have hailed with delight the public trial, and this for purposes of propaganda. Witness the public trial of General Fujiano, found guilty of political intrigue, when the doors of the courtroom were thrown wide open, so that the newspaper men and the crowds might pour in. But Father Pro was not accorded a public trial—not a trial—nay, not even the semblance of a trial!

ON the day before his execution Father Pro in the presence of the chief of police who had just informed the newspaper men that Father Pro had confessed, declared to these newspaper men that he was in no way connected with the supposed plot, and that he had not been engaged in any political activity whatsoever. To this very definite denial General Cruz, the chief of police, made no objection nor answer. Moreover, on the following day just before he was shot, Father Pro repeated this denial before officials and soldiers, insisting that he was innocent of any political connections.

From one who was in a position to know the real facts in Mexico the report of Father Pro's capture and death was sent to the Mexican Bishops in the United States; the excerpt concerning his alleged complicity in the plot reads: "I knew Father Pro twelve years ago in the United States and since that time I have known him intimately, especially during these last months, and I can assure you, and I swear by oath that the charge is absolutely false that Father Pro has ever been in any meeting in which this alleged plot may have been discussed, or that he has had any part in it, and much less that he was the instigator of the alleged plot."

HOWEVER, the strongest evidence of the absolute falsity of the charge against Father Pro is found in the following testimony of Benita Guerra-Leal, the secretary to General Cruz, the chief of police in Mexico City. At the express command of General Obregon, Arturo H. Orci, the General's personal lawyer who was with Obregon in the automobile at the time of the bomb throwing, went to interview the chief of police who was in entire charge of the prisoners. Orci speaking for Obregon recommended an immediate public trial because Obregon did not be-

lieve the prisoners guilty. Guerra-Leal, secretary to the chief of police, informed Orca that General Cruz could not be seen or interviewed at any time or in any place. Asked for the official report concerning the prisoners who were held incommunicado, the secretary showed Orca a paper. After he had read the document carefully, the lawyer, Orca, exclaimed:

"This is no indictment; it is simply your police report."

"But it is all we have," replied the secretary.

"And what does the chief of police think concerning the guilt of the prisoners?" insisted Orca.

Very significantly the secretary answered:

"The brothers Pro (Father Miguel and Humberto) have not confessed any complicity in the plot, nor can any such complicity ever be proved against them."

Then the secretary, hearing of General Obregon's recommendations, assured Orca that the public trial was to be held the next day. The lawyer, Orca, continued his testimony: "What was my surprise to learn on the following day that the prisoners had been shot at eleven o'clock that morning! Immediately I telephoned to General Cruz to ask him what had occurred, and I reminded him of my visit to his office the previous night, and that the investigation into the prisoners' guilt at that time was far from complete, and that General Obregon had strongly recommended that the public investigation be held. To all this General Cruz replied:

"True, sir, but even before you had spoken in my office and in spite of the recommendations of General Obregon, I had already received orders to do what I did."

True, sir, but even before you had spoken in my office and in spite of the recommendations of General Obregon, I had already received orders to do what I did."

IN the light of all this authoritative evidence concerning Father Pro's innocence, and of the need of speedy action on the government's part because of its absolute inability to prove its shallow political charge, it is clear that the valiant Jesuit was done to death because he was a Catholic priest, who in his priestly ministrations was strengthening in the hearts of his flock that Faith in Jesus Christ which the enemies of Christ are trying to tear out of the hearts of the Mexican people.

The heroism and courage of Father Pro at his execution excited the admiration even of the chief of police who commanded the firing squad, while his Christlike forgiveness, even of those who had wronged him deeply, reminds us of his English brother Jesuit, Edmund Campion. To

one of his captors who was leading him to the place of execution and who begged for forgiveness, Father Pro replied:

"I will not merely forgive you, but I will pray for you, and I thank you for the great favor that you are doing me."

For some moments after the arrival at the place of execution, Father Pro knelt in prayer, then rising from his knees he stood erect before the firing squad without being blindfolded, so brave and unafraid that even the soldiers marveled that a man could face death so unflinchingly. Addressing the government officials who were present and the soldiers, Father Pro said quietly:

"God is my witness that I am innocent of the crime that you wish to put upon me."

Then with the crucifix in his right hand he blessed the soldiers, adding:

"May God have mercy on you all."

After stretching forth his arms in the form of a cross (his Rosary was in his left hand) he, innocent and about to die, echoed our innocent and dying Saviour's words of forgiveness:

"From my heart I forgive my enemies."

Finally he raised his eyes to heaven, and bowing his head to signify that he was ready, the heroic priest fell to the ground, his frail body riddled with bullets. As Father Pro's body lay on the ground, one of the soldiers approaching very close to the body emptied the contents of his rifle into the head of the valiant shepherd of his flock. Thus did Father Miguel Pro, priest and Jesuit, in his thirty-seventh year offer up the supreme sacrifice of his life to God.

the supreme sacrifice of his life to God.

A TRULY marvelous spirit of faith and forgiveness was manifested by the venerable father of Father Pro during those trying days. Learning of the execution of his two sons (Humberto was shot after Father Pro) this bereaved parent of over seventy years went to the Military Hospital to claim the bodies of his two boys.

"I want to see my sons. Where are they?"

With a remarkable control of his emotions he lifted the cover of the priest's coffin and gently kissed his mutilated face. With a handkerchief he wiped the blood from the priest's forehead. It is said this bloodstained relic has already worked a marvelous cure. Fifteen thousand people followed the body of Father Pro to the grave, shouting aloud, "Long live Christ the King! Long live the martyrs!" After the burial the heroic father asked all to sing the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving.



The undaunted Humberto before execution. To his left lies the body of his priest-brother, immediately behind him that of the engineer, Luis Vilches.

Nomads of the Northern Bush

JOHN M. COOPER, Ph.D.

THE Albany missions are the farthest

outposts of the historic Jesuit missions of the Great Lakes. The majestic Albany takes its rise in the rocky wooded highlands about two hundred miles northwest of the northernmost point of Lake Superior. Thence its swift waters flow a good five hundred miles through the upland forest and the coastal muskeg to the shallow basin of

James Bay. The banks and drainage area of the Albany River are a part of the homeland of the nomadic northern Ojibwa and Swampy Cree.

These northern woodland Indians are among the lowliest and simplest in culture of the American aborigines. They have no trace of agriculture. They live entirely on the game and fish they take and upon the few wild berries and roots they gather in the woods. A few other necessities of life are gotten by trade in exchange for their furs from the Hudson Bay Company's and Revillon Brothers' posts that dot the thick bush at widely scattered strategic points.

WHEN the chill breath of early autumn begins to blow over the land, or even earlier, the Indians leave the post for their distant family hunting grounds, each family or little band of kin staying isolated thereon from other members of the tribe throughout the long winter months. During autumn, winter and spring they trap and hunt and fish. As the thick ice in late spring melts and leaves the rivers and lakes, snowshoes and dog-drawn toboggans are laid aside for the canvas or bark canoe; winter camp, often only a bark-covered conical wigwam, is broken; and the little family bands paddle and portage their way into the trading post. Arrived here, they exchange their winter's catch of furs at the trading company's store, and spend a while with their friends and relatives whom they have not seen for eight or ten months. Here, too, the



Michel, Joseph, David, Micém, Ojibwa guides.

FATHER COOPER, eminent professor on the staff of the Catholic University of America, is the well-known author of books on religious and ethnological subjects. Last summer he was doing research work amongst the natives of the Canadian bush. It was there he met the Jesuit missionaries.

children to go off and seek for fish and moose to allay the pangs of hunger. For they had few furs to exchange at the post, and flour sells at twenty-five to thirty-five cents a pound.

THE writer had the privilege of making the journey in the company of two missionaries to the Ojibwa, Father Couture and Father Desautels, both of the Society of Jesus. Father Couture, himself bronzed (almost to the shade of his brown-skinned charges) by constant exposure, summer and winter, to the sun and wind, is the missionary pastor of a parish extending north of Lake Superior over an area about as large as the whole of New England. The thousand-mile trip we took in canoe to his farthest missions can be taken only in summer. Even if it were possible to take it in winter, he would not be able to meet his parishioners, for they are scattered in little groups of from three to ten persons all over this almost inaccessible area.

Father Desautels is one of the pioneers of the region. For a full quarter of a century he has given his life to the

Catholic Indian awaits the coming of the missionary for the few days of religious consolations he enjoys each year.

Last winter the rabbits died off, as they do about every seven years as the result of a periodic epidemic. This always means hardship and want and hunger for the forest Indian. For the rabbit is a chief food staple and its skin cut into strips is woven into coats and blankets. More-

over when the rabbit dies off, the fox and lynx are scarce, and few pelts are taken. At two of the camps at which we stopped for missions there was almost no food at all among the families there gathered. At one of these camps, the mission, which had been planned for a week, had to be cut down to three days in order to allow the half-starved men and women and

Indian missions north of Kitchigami, as the Ojibwa call Lake Superior. Nine years ago he baptized the first converts from paganism among the Indians near the source of the Albany. In spite of his gray beard and sixty odd summers, he is still hale and hearty and took his full share in the rough portaging and tracking that are the inevitable accompaniment of canoe travel in the northern wilderness.

I CANNOT pass on without a word of the four splendid Ojibwa men who went with and looked after us, David, Micém, Joseph and Michel. Intelligent, capable, hard-working, considerate, they could easily hold up their heads with the best of their white brothers. Through the hardships of the two months' trip, with its almost daily drenching rains and piercing cold winds and stony beds and swarms of ravenous mosquitoes, to say nothing of the strenuous poling, never a single word of complaint, never a single expression of impatience or anger escaped their lips. And incidentally all four were daily communicants and all four assisted of their own volition without a word of persuasion at all our three Masses on week days as well as Sundays.

A great part of the country around the source of the Albany has been practically inaccessible until recently to the Catholic missionary. Paganism is still in the saddle through much of this region. At Lake Seul, just to the west of Lake St. Joseph, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate have lately begun the evangelization of the pagan natives and are making most encouraging progress, particularly since the opening of their boarding school. At Lake St. Joseph itself, apart from a tinge of Christianity imparted to the natives of the lake by sporadic Anglican mission laborers, the aboriginal population is still predominantly pagan.

A TRAVELER through the country we visited has the chance of seeing missionary work in its three chief stages, preparing the ground, establishing the first Catholic colony, carrying on a well-rooted Faith. An example of each may serve in illustration.

On our way from the railroad line to Lake St. Joseph, the first leg of our journey, we came up with a small party of pagan Indians camped on the shore of a small lake. Stopping to chat with them a few minutes, we were received in the most friendly manner with their typical smile of welcome. Hospitality and courtesy to the stranger recognized as a friend is an old established pagan Indian virtue in this area, which has been praised by



"Winter camp, often only a bark-covered conical wigwam."

many a white sojourner among the Ojibwa.

After a short visit and chat we passed on. The next day, Sunday, we stayed in camp, and they caught up with us and returned the visit. On invitation, they readily came to our tent and listened with rapt attention to a short informal talk on religious fundamentals in their mellow silvery native tongue by Father Desautels, a master of the Ojibwa language. In the course of the improvised sermon, the two older men of the party frequently broke in with an assenting "Eh! Eh!" There was no question of the party becoming Christian at once. But such informal meetings are the first step towards Baptism; and taking advantage of such chance meetings is one of the first principles of missionary technique in the North. The soil is prepared. The seed is sown. God in His own good time will bring the increase.

ON arrival at Kutchitching, the rendezvous of the Catholic Indians of Lake St. Joseph, we were met, again with cordial smiles, by the little waiting colony of newly-fledged Christians. They are only forty in all, counting children as well as adults, amidst about four hundred pagans. And they are new to the Faith. The first converts among them came into the fold less than a decade ago under Father Couture's predecessors, Fathers Belanger and Desautels.

Extreme poverty stalked visibly through the pitiful little camp. Food was scarce. The (Turn to page 72)

Extreme poverty stalked visibly through the pitiful little camp. Food was scarce. The (Turn to page 72)



Falls on Mitzinaibi River.



The arrival of Colonel Lindbergh at St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

The Lone Eagle at a Mission College

ROBERT L. McCORMACK, S.J.



FROM Friday morning, December 30th, till early Sunday, the "Flying Colonel" was the honored guest of Belize, British Honduras. Part of Saturday's program was a visit to the Jesuit College of St. John Berchmans, the largest institution in the little colony. We are particularly interested in that visit, for St. John's is a missionary college conducted by the American Jesuits of the Middle Western States whose headquarters are at St. Louis. The world-famed pilot and the "Spirit of St. Louis" were particularly welcome to the missionaries, for they came to them as a message from the city and the country dear to their hearts.

At 4:20, Saturday afternoon, the mighty hero of the air came down the rough bush road leading to the college. He was riding in a closed car on account of the excessive heat of the tropical sun. The boys were all at the gate to greet him. As the machine stopped, they broke out in loud cheers and hearty welcomes. All who were present there felt a real thrill as they looked upon this hero, soldierly, manly, and modest in appearance.

THE boys, preceded by the L. E. C. band, marched in a double line ahead of the machine from the gate to the main entrance of the college building. Here they formed an open avenue down which the reception committee, headed by Father A. Corey, S.J., President of the college, and Father J. B. Kammerer, S.J., Superior of the mission, went to the machine to greet the distinguished visitor.

When the hero had taken his place on the front stairway, he was greeted by His Lordship, Bishop J. Murphy, S.J., who read a little address of welcome. He reminded Lindbergh that the spirit of St. Louis was very much alive at St. John's, for all of the faculty were from the famous city. The college wished, said the Bishop, to adopt him as her own, that he might always feel that St. John's had a particular interest in him. Finally he wished him Godspeed and success in his other flights and visits. The Colonel stood at attention during the short address and responded afterwards:

"I wish to thank you for these kind words. I appreciate very much what you have done for me."

FOLLOWING the address, the members of the faculty and the Fathers from the Cathedral residence were introduced by the Bishop. Lindbergh greeted each one kindly with a handshake and a smile and "How do you do?" Then seven representatives of the boys, one each from British Honduras, Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Mexico greeted him in the name of the boys. An eighth lad, Juan Rosales, presented him with a school pennant and a picture of the college.

The guest of honor was then escorted to the verandah on the second floor to watch the baseball game scheduled in his honor. "Lindy" threw the first ball, and after that took a keen interest in the game. The members of the faculty had ample time to chat freely with the greatest

hero of the day. They found the Colonel, as usual, somewhat reticent in speech, though not bashful. They could not bring him to talk much about himself and his flights. He did tell them, however, of the great rains and fogs he encountered in coming up from Guatemala to British Honduras. He explained, too, that he was making these flights of his at his own expense and on his own initiative, because he wished to visit Central American countries.

ABOUT six o'clock a light lunch was served in the boys' library. Although there were plenty of good things to drink, Lindbergh adhered to his custom of taking nothing but ice water. Shortly after the lunch the party left for the town. The boys gave their famous guest three cheers as he left, and he smiled and gave his old salute.

The "Lone Eagle" was to leave the colony next morning, and the boys were up bright and early to see the departure. After an early Mass and a hurried breakfast, they walked to town. When the Barracks' Field was reached, Lindy was already at his plane warming up his engine. At 6:42 he rose off the ground, circled once above the crowd and once over the city and then was off to the southwest.

Many of the crowd were looking up with tear-dimmed eyes, for this brave hero of the air had won all hearts.

IT seemed that the flier was off for good, but he surprised his friends at the college by a little mark of courtesy that has made him doubly dear to the missionaries there. When he was opposite the college, instead of flying in a direct line, he made a graceful turn, dipped slightly, and then circled around the college as the American flag, which was flying from the tower, was raised and lowered as a farewell signal. Lindy's farewell salute to the Stars and Stripes and the American friends who dwelt beneath it scored high with the college authorities. It was one of those little things that mark a great man.

As a little appreciation of the honor brought to the college by Colonel Lindbergh's visit, Father Corey sent him a radio message to Salvador. One writing from the mission expressed well what is on the lips of millions who have had the pleasure of seeing Charles Lindbergh and admiring his modesty and gentleness in the face of almost unprecedented world-fame:

"God bless you, Lindy! You're a great boy!"



Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., gives the welcome of a mission college to the "Hero of the Air."

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without suitable seminaries. Hence, in the Encyclical already quoted, the Holy Father, addressing himself directly to the Vicars and Prefects Apostolic, urges that every effort should be made for the erection of seminaries.

From what I have said, Venerable Brethren and Beloved Sons, it follows that it is necessary to supply your territories with as many native priests as shall suffice to extend by themselves alone the boundaries of Christianity, and to govern the community of the faithful of their own nation without having to depend on the help of outside clergy; and in fact, in some places, as We have said a short time before, seminaries have been erected for receiving native students. . . . Accordingly what has been done here and there by some, We heartily wish, may We command, shall likewise be done in the case of other missions, so that no native of promise may be kept away from the priesthood and apostolate, provided he give signs of a true vocation.

In the words of this Encyclical the Holy Father has touched the very heart of the question of the solid foundation of the Church in non-Christian lands. Let us pray, then, with great vigor that means may be forthcoming for the speedy fulfilment of these altogether important wishes and plans of the chief shepherd of Christendom.

In the thirty-three missions committed to the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in which 2,305 of its members are zealously working, there are sixteen seminaries for the education of natives for the clergy, with a total attendance of 988 seminarians. Of these the most famous is the Pontifical Seminary of Kandy in the island of Ceylon, founded by Leo XIII, in which native Indians aspiring to the secular priesthood pursue their higher ecclesiastical studies. In the mission fields entrusted to the North American Jesuits, there is a preparatory seminary in Patna Mission, India, and a major seminary in Manila, P. I. Our readers are asked to pray especially for the development of these seminaries and the progress of their students in learning and sanctity.

The Spirit of Lent

NO intelligent individual past the age of reason is without a sense of sinfulness. Such a sense is engraved on human nature. Every right-minded person feels the need of personal atonement for sin. If Lent had not been instituted by the Church, the personal Lenten spirit would institute for self a closed season of penitence. Jesus Christ expressed what we all feel: "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish."

Penance is interior by heartfelt sorrow for sin and exterior by works performed in atonement for sin. The latter without the former are a body without soul. The former without the latter is rightly suspect. External penance, fasting, alms, self-deprivation of bodily pleasure, self-infliction of pain, when offered in the interests of the missions become an exercise of Christian charity. "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law."

The Novena of Grace

WHILST devotion to St. Francis Xavier has never grown cold amongst Catholics, here in America devotion to the Saint has gained such really phenomenal im-

March Mission Intention

Seminaries and Native Clergy in Mission Lands

THIS is the special Mission Intention blessed by the Holy Father which, with the General Intention, is recommended to the prayers of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer during the month of March. No more important Mission Intention could be the object of our prayers than the one assigned for this month. It is almost self-evident that the Church amongst any people or race is not placed on a lasting and solid foundation until it is entrusted to the care and zeal of a native clergy and a native hierarchy. The development of this idea occupied an important part of the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on "The Promotion of Catholic Missions." The Supreme Pontiff declared in this letter:

Perhaps, sufficient attention has never been paid to the method whereby the Gospel began to be propagated and the Church of God to be established all over the world. We touched on this subject at the final closing of the Mission Exhibit and recalled the fact that from the earliest literary monuments of Christian antiquity it is abundantly evident that the clergy placed in charge by the Apostles, in every new community of the faithful, were not brought in from without but were chosen from the natives of the locality.

Pius XI had earlier in the same letter recalled the complaint of his predecessor Benedict XV.

"It is a matter of sorrow that there are regions to which the Catholic Faith was brought centuries ago, and where, nevertheless, you do not find a native clergy except in an inferior condition; that, likewise, there are some peoples, who have been converted long since and who have emerged from barbarism and have attained such a degree of civilization that they produce men of standing in all the various civil arts, and, although they have been under the salutary influence of the Gospel and of the Church for centuries, have not been able to produce a bishop to rule them, nor priests whose teaching should have weight with their fellow citizens."

Of course a well-trained native clergy is impossible

petus that every year hundreds of thousands follow the great Novena of Grace, March 4th to 12th, in his honor.

Consciousness of answered prayer is the only satisfactory explanation of this veritable flood-tide of devotion to the man who centuries ago left Europe to wander all over the Far East in unremitting search for souls. Might it not also be true, that, in the designs of Providence, the multitudinous favors which are yearly recorded as the fruit of the Saint's intercession, are also so many Heavenly signs guiding the faithful, clergy and laity alike, to seek more assiduously what was nearest to the heart of Xavier?

The Novena of Grace closes on the 12th of March, the date of the canonization of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. The third centenary of that event was celebrated in 1922. On that occasion, the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus was the recipient of a gracious letter from Pope Pius XI, in which he enthusiastically recalled the contributions of the two Saints to the cause of the Church. In the course of his panegyric on Xavier, the Supreme Pontiff paid a consoling compliment to Jesuit missionaries of the present day which ought to be a

lasting comfort and inspiration to them in all their labors.

He (Xavier) seemed the first after a long interval to renew the example of the Apostles; indeed he converted many barbarous peoples by the copious outpouring of his sweat, whilst by his illustrious virtues he aroused them to a life of piety; in a most remarkable way he grounded them in Christianity, whilst he laid open to our missionaries great regions, whose every approach had been closed to the name of Christianity. This spirit of his, he bequeathed first of all, as was fitting, to his own companions, who have not degenerated in his power, as we most certainly know, even to this day, but have always carefully guarded his inheritance.

Then recalling the fact that so many in our day, as in the days of Xavier, have rejected the Faith of their fathers, whilst pagan lands are whitening unto the harvest, the Holy Father rejoices at the awakening mission spirit in the body Catholic and says:

We, therefore, greatly desire that this zeal, which has been certainly aroused under the impulse of Divine Grace, should be still more inflamed by the example and patronage of Xavier, so that, won by petition, the Lord may send workmen into His vineyard, whom may every good Christian aid by prayer and assist by alms.

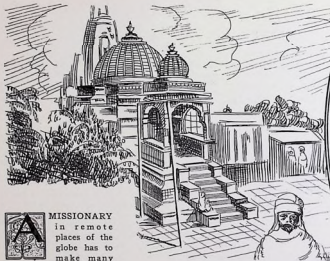


Father Leferi, S.J., with his Japanese flock at Yamaguchi, Japan.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 5. Hiroshima, Japan.

Yamaguchi is a small Japanese town, dear to the hearts of the lovers of Xavier because here the great apostle made his headquarters. Yamaguchi is included in the Vicariate Apostolic of Hiroshima which is under the care of ten German Jesuits. Conversions are very slow. There are only 1,324 Catholics in the whole Vicariate in the midst of a pagan population of 3,000,000. Recently non-Christian Japanese erected at Yamaguchi a striking monument to the memory of St. Francis Xavier, S.J.



Saint Francis Xavier

KNIGHT-ERRANT

James J.



MISSIONARY

in remote places of the globe has to make many

sacrifices. If I were asked to guess which of them

was the hardest, I should say that it was the separation from the people and sights and customs in which the missionary had grown up and lived during the impressionable years of his life. I do not mean separation merely from the members of his family. That is not always involved in the setting out for a distant country. I mean separation from the land of one's nativity, or of one's adoption for many years, the lot of Ruth amid the alien corn.

We seldom realize how much we are attached to anything until we give it up. This human trait is curiously apparent in the experiences of the ordinary American tourist. He sets out for a vacation trip of a few months in Europe. He is full of happy anticipations. The pleasant dreams of a life time are about to be fulfilled. The future is opening into a long perspective of rich color and gorgeous forms. Minsters and cathedrals surpassing the beauty of dreams, old palaces and immortal pictures, little walled towns that crown hills and date from the Crusades and feudal antiquity, the houses and streets and fields where beloved Saints and poets nourished their youth with high thoughts, the great cities and quaint hamlets that have been sending echoes through literature and winning his wonder and affection ever since he can remember, the famous battlefields, the lovely age-old manners and customs, the magical names of a rich tradition,—all these things and a thousand more allure the untraditioned American, and he sets forth on his journey alertly with hardly a conscious pang. Separation has lost all its terror. He feels the exhilaration of a man liberated from long confinement.

AND what is his uppermost sentiment when he returns from his travels? He is glad to be home again. Nostalgia pursued him while he treaded the historic roads of Europe; nor could the grace and beauty of ancient seats of culture lay the discontent in his soul. His own land, with all its defects, is "God's Own Country." He loves its very deformities and welcomes once more the commonplace streets and all the unlovely spots of an immature and ungainly growth. He removes shoes that pinched his feet and puts on again with a sigh of relief the old comfortable pair.

DeQuincey and Kipling have left us vivid accounts of the impressions made upon a sensitive and intellectual spirit by the swarming hordes of the Orient. In reading them, it is not possible to forget a figure like St. Francis Xavier. At a time when the civilized world was contained in a few countries of Europe, and all beyond was unmapped and unexplored and wrapt in fabulous mists, he was sent by St. Ignatius to lands so remote, they were as yet only rumors in the seaports of the West. England had not begun to play the rôle of mother of dauntless mariners in 1541, when Xavier embarked for the long voyage to Goa. The seapaths to India had been discovered by Vasco da Gama only a generation before, when King Emmanuel of Portugal assumed the title of "Lord of Conquest, Navigation and Commerce of India, Ethiopia, Arabia and Persia." Little Portuguese ships, with a hardihood that makes us gasp, groped their ways over unknown seas in the face of storms and typhoons and terrors not less than these because they were vague and imaginary. As early as 1522, one of the ships of Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese sailor in the service of Spain, had circumnavigated the globe.

"We come to seek Christians and spices," said a Portuguese explorer of India. The order in which the two words stand is noteworthy.



St. Francis Xavier, S.J.,
as planning the

Francis Xavier

SAINT OF GOD

Preacher, S. J.



And, be it remembered, too, he was to face the hostilities of strange populations alone and unarmed, and to cast himself loose without resource, among forms and

customs which carried vague terrors to the western imagination. The missionary burns all his bridges.

THE adventurers, of course, were occupied primarily if not exclusively with spices. The Christians were left for such missionaries as might care to share the adventures; and it might seem at first sight as if the hardihood and courage, characteristic of Xavier, were shared equally by the sailors and officials who took long chances on sea and land for gold and silk and spices and a life of luxury.

A moment's reflection will correct that impression. Xavier was not brought up to a seafaring life. He was a student and a scholar by lifelong training and association. All his relationships were gentle; he was born into traditions of refinement, and had lived his life amid books and in academic surroundings. For him to face the perils of strange countries, meant far more than it did for the professional sailor and reckless adventurer. Portugal was obliged to recruit her sailing men for long voyages from the condemned criminals in her prisons, so difficult was it to induce free agents to commit themselves to the hazards of uncharted seas. That voyage, which carried Xavier to Goa, took over a year. The cut-throat associates of his journey, we may well suppose, did not help much to soften the asperities of his separation from everything he had known and loved, or to fill him with kindly assurances of the unknown future ahead.

THE Portuguese colony in Goa must have had for Xavier some consoling reminders of European usages and ways of thought. But, before the year was out, he had betaken himself to the pearl fisheries of Cape Comorin, five hundred miles away, and, after that, to Ceylon, two hundred miles further still. No one should read the life of Francis Xavier without a map of Asia at his elbow. The distances he traversed are appalling, especially when we remember the crude and unsafe sailing craft of the time. From Ceylon, after three years, he voyaged for a thousand miles to the Malay Archipelago where he labored for a year and a half in the islands. It is thought that at this time he may have touched at the Philippines. It was in Malacca he heard of Japan, which had been discovered only a few years before by three Portuguese traders. Immediately he was eager for its spiritual conquest.

But he had to turn back for the time being. Affairs at Goa required his presence, and so the long sea-leagues were traversed for a return to Goa after an absence of six years among the barbaric nations of the Asiatic seas. It took him a year or so to re-organize the missionary center in Goa. And then he was off on the long three thousand miles of ocean between Goa and Japan. He spent a year in studying the Japanese language and another year and a half in preaching and establishing missions. And then, another long journey back to Goa.

But he had heard of China. The difficulties of entering it only whetted his desire to go there. He had been back in Goa only a few months when, by a persistency that beat down all reluctance, he finally persuaded the captain of a boat to give him passage to China. But, as we know, his eager, worn body succumbed at last to the superhuman strain of heroism imposed on it for so long, and Francis died a lonely death on a desert island within sight of his goal.

If it is hard to live far from home, it is doubly hard to be ill and helpless far from home and friends, and harder still to die. I have not measured distances

(Turn to page 70)



of the East, is here depicted
conquest of China.



Among the Sioux

Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., zealous missionary of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, gives a brief account of the gigantic task entrusted to him and to his fellow missionaries.

In the Pine Ridge Sioux Reservation of South Dakota there are some seven thousand Sioux Indians scattered over a territory of five thousand square miles of lonely barren country. Holy Rosary Mission, on the White Clay Creek, is the center of Catholic activity for these poor people. From it the Jesuit missionaries visit regularly twenty-two mission chapels. Mass, at times, is said, too, in the lowly huts of the Indians. The Indian language must be mastered, if the Fathers are to do good work among the older folks. Besides the regular visits to the mission stations, there are sick calls to be attended to; these sometimes take the missionary on a journey of seventy or eighty miles in every kind of weather, scorching summer heat and fierce winter blizzard, over roads that are lost in snowdrifts or rendered almost impassable on account of mud.

At the mission itself there are 350 Sioux children. They must be clothed, fed and educated. The United States Government helps, but only in part. Outside assistance is needed to meet the yearly deficit. Is there any wonder that an Indian missionary must be a beggar? We need many friends who will storm Heaven with their prayers for our work and who will send us their donations, little or big, to help spread the Faith among the remnants of the Sioux.

St. Stephen's Mission

Just before going to press the sad news was received that a devastating fire destroyed the chapel and the boys' building at St. Stephen's Mission among the Shoshone and the Arapahoe Indians of Wyoming. No details were given, as the news was telegraphed.

Patna Mission

First impressions of life in Patna in India are full of interest as they are set down by Father W. Marquard,

MARCH JESUIT MISSION DATES



- 5th—At Malabar in 1596, the death of Father Peter Aloysius, son of one of the chief Brahmins.
- 6th—At Winchester in England, died Thomas Pond, who endured thirty years' imprisonment for the Faith.
- 10th—At Glasgow, in 1615, the glorious death of the Venerable Father John Ogilvie after terrible sufferings in prison.
- 11th—At Newgate prison, London, in 1680, died Father Richard Lacy, an invincible champion of the Faith.
- 12th—At Rome, in 1622, the canonization of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier.
- 15th—At Mononotapa, 1561, the death of the Venerable Father Gonçalo da Silveira, strangled by the Mahomedans.
- 16th—In Canada, 1649, Blessed John Brebeuf suffered a glorious martyrdom at the hands of the fierce Iroquois.
- 17th—In Canada, 1649, Blessed Gabriel Lallemand won the martyr's crown.
- 17th—In Paraguay, 1686, Father Solin was shot to death with arrows by the savages.
- 19th—At Goa, 1634, Father Anthony de Andrade, apostle of Tibet, died by poison.
- 21st—In Mexico, 1622, the death of Father Nicholas Arnao, one of the greatest of the Spanish missionaries.
- 22nd—At Nagasaki, Japan, 1643, Father Anthony Robino died by the punishment of the gill.
- 22nd—In Paraguay, 1645, Father Peter Romero and Father Matthew Fernandez were cruelly slain by savages.
- 23rd—At Nagasaki, Japan, 1643, the glorious death of the Polish Jesuit, Father Albert Mieczyski.
- 25th—At Nagasaki, Japan, 1643, the glorious deaths by beheading of Fathers Anthony Capozo, Diego de Morales and Francis Marques.
- 25th—In Louisiana, 1736, Father Anthony Senat was burned to death by the Ichicacha Indians.
- 27th—In 1648, Father Sebastian Morales, who had been consecrated first bishop of Japan, died of plague on shipboard.
- 31st—At Lancaster in England, 1601, the glorious death of Venerable Father Robert Middleton.
- 31st—At Canton in China, 1666, Francis Martinez, a scholastic, was cruelly scourged and died in prison.

S.J., who left St. Louis in early October and arrived in the Mission in late November.

When I was in the States, I used to enjoy going to the zoo, and I could stand for hours—though I never tried it—fascinated by the antics of the monkey family. As I write, there is a whole troop of monkeys of all sizes holding a picnic in a big mango tree within a hundred feet of my window. I could, too, if I chose, stop to watch the chipmunks, or look for a lizard or two, or try to count the number of bird varieties that I can see or hear at any given time. The kites and vultures flying high in the air all through the day might offer a course in aviation. The snakes are all asleep, for it is winter now. If you don't believe this last, all you have to do is to look at the calendar. It is December, isn't it? So it must be winter. And the oldtimers here speak of the cold weather. Being fresh and knowing nothing about the possibilities of Indian climate, I just enjoy the spring balminess and wonder what they would do here, if it got cold.

The other night the jackals—or something—stole off with our two kittens, as they slept peacefully outside the door. We found one with a big gash in its throat. The jackals make a delightful noise at night, it is so cooling to the blood (!). They are harmless, most likely, except perhaps when they are traveling under the leadership of a hyena; and that they often do.

Not the least interesting of the denizens of this big three-ring circus are the people themselves. They are a constant source of wonder and amusement and delight and fascination and irritation and sadness. I have been here about a month, and I suppose by the time I get over wondering what it is all about, it will be too commonplace to write about. At present I feel as much part of it all as if I were in the middle of the Sahara by myself.

The main thing India needs is prayers, and millions of them. If we could not rely on the prayers, we might as well pack up and go home. So pray fervently for us and use your influence to get others to do the same.

Digha Ghat

Father Charles Miller, S.J., had a gruesome experience the other day. One of his fellow missionaries gives the story.

Together with a dozen or two other jobs,

Father Miller now and then undertakes to dispense medicine to the natives in his vicinity. About two weeks ago he was asked to hurry down to the burning-ghat, a short distance from his place. A burning-ghat is a place where the corpses of Hindus are cremated. It so happened that the body of a woman had been brought for burning. The people had been a little too anxious to get through with the job; and, when they reached the ghat, they discovered that the woman was still alive. Father Miller was called for; came; found that the woman was still living; saw that it was too late for any medical help; and then baptized her. The funeral party was not going to be bothered a second time, so, instead of returning home, they waited an hour or two and their patience was rewarded at the end of that time by the death of the woman. The remarkable fact about this case is that several bystanders affirmed that when it was suggested that some one summon Father Miller, the pulse of the woman, who was unconscious at the time, noticeably quickened.

Southern States

Father Robert Libertini, S.J., is actively engaged in ministering to exiled Mexicans who are found in large numbers in Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi. The Southern Bishops have a deep concern for the Faith of these poor people, and accordingly Father Libertini is much in demand for missions, retreats and special sermons, for he speaks Spanish and all its Mexican variants with ease and eloquence.

Father Lawrence Hanhauser, S.J., is at death's door from an automobile accident, which occurred as he was driving to one of his little mission churches in Alabama for an early Sunday Mass. Father Hanhauser has devoted virtually all his life as a priest to mission work in Louisiana, Florida and Alabama. His zeal for souls will never be forgotten by his people.

Rocky Mountain Indians

More than a quarter of a century

of apostolic labors among the Indians of the Northwest has given Father Aloysius Vrebosch, S.J., an intimate knowledge of the famous Crow Tribe. That his heart is with the Red Men is evident from his letters.

The impression has gotten abroad in the States that the Indians are an unappreciative, ungrateful lot; and the hateful conclusion has come to the lips of many that "a dead Indian is the best Indian." This is a great slander against the North American Indian, and retards the efforts of our hard-working missionaries.

For twenty-eight years I have been laboring among the Crow Indians of Men-

Another time I had to cross a swollen river in order to reach a certain mission station. The Indians left their camp and brought me safely across. I could mention thousands of just such examples. Indian children, even those in the government schools, have shown a great spirit of gratitude. Their appreciation of the Faith, too, is quite remarkable. On more than one occasion they brought the Father money, asking him to say a Mass so that they might not turn their backs on God, as they put it.

When last year I was called away, it was heartrending to see the grief of the Indians. They remained around the church for five or six hours, singing their grief in a sad dull song. The women and children clung to my garments, while the old warriors, with tears in their eyes, gripped my hand and refused to let it go.

The Indian question is not settled. Now more than ever the Indian needs our sympathy and attention. The Red Men are dying out very rapidly, and in their last days they are beset by all kinds of enemies; they have been outcasts, too, in their own neighborhood. The missionary who labors among them must become an outcast with them, and he must stay with his humble children until nothing is left of them but their name. Now, more than ever, the Indians are lifting their arms towards us and are crying for sympathy and guidance.



Plenty Coos, the great chief (center), and group of Crow Indians leaving the church at Pryor, Montana.

tana. I have found the Indians in general appreciative and loyal Americans. Many a time have I been moved, and my heart has gone out to them, when I noticed their simple ways of showing their appreciation. When it was twenty or thirty degrees below zero, they would come stealthily to my door during the night and deposit an armful of wood which they themselves needed; they would bring me some of their humble fare; they would put at my disposal their horses, wagons, their very cabins and wigwams; they would bring their blankets to keep the missionary warm on his journeys around the reservation.

Once I left Lodge Grass Mission to return to St. Xavier, where my presence was necessary. The cold was intense; besides, a fearful blizzard was raging. The distance was forty miles. The Indians besought me not to go. When they had all returned to their wigwams, I left on horseback. Half an hour later, they discovered that I had gone; and at once some of the young men jumped on their horses and followed my tracks. Only after thirty-five miles' exposure they caught up with me, five miles from St. Xavier. How happy they were, when they saw that I was safe!

FEATURES OF OUR APRIL NUMBER

FATHER MARK McNEAL, S.J., will contribute the first of two articles on the story of the Japanese church. Father Martin J. Scott, S.J., has prepared for our readers an instructive article on the meaning of Easter. The significance of the Jesuit Missionary College at Belize, British Honduras, will be the theme of Father Martin I. Carrabine, S.J. Father J. Hugon, S.J., will describe the effect of the civil wars on the many Jesuit missions there in China.



His own chef, Father Jos. Lucas, S.J.

Philippine Islands

Very Reverend James J. Carlin, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit missions in the Islands, visited the north coast missions of Mindanao in November. On the visit to Sumilao, in the highlands of Bukidnon, some of the usual difficulties were encountered. A poorly equipped auto took the party along part of the journey; the rest of the trip was made on foot. On the return trip, the steep roads of the cañons were so slippery from the rains that some of the visitors chose to cover the first part of the journey on foot. An early start gave them a three hours' chance to put behind them many hills and valleys before the truck picked them up and brought them to Cagayan, tired "from many climbs."

While Father Carlin was at Cagayan, one of the missionaries came in limping and barefooted, seeking medical treatment. A long wet hike up in the mountains, and an unsuitable pair of shoes had done their work. Another missionary came in next day with his hands bandaged. An unruly horse had disputed his authority and had pulled a rope through the missionary's fingers.

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The latest statistics from the Philippine Mission show that the Jesuits there number 154: 1 bishop, 74 priests, 42 scholastics, 37 Brothers. Of these 8 priests, 20 scholastics, 8 Brothers, and 7 novices are native Filipinos. Many of the Filipino Jesuits make their higher studies in the States. This means many journeys and complete severance of home ties. Mr. Dimaano, S.J., a Filipino Jesuit, who is preparing for his ordination to the priesthood next June at Woodstock College, Maryland, was saddened recently by the news of the death of his mother. It is the death of relatives far away that is one of the severest crosses of the missionary.

Mindanao Mail

In early December, Father Bolster and I went to the west coast of Misamis for a few week's work there. We reached Misamis (town) in time to conduct the fiesta on December the eighth. Each of us had sixty Baptisms on this day. In addition to that, there were fourteen marriages and a procession. Misamis has a population of about twenty thousand. The town has electric lights, a lumber mill, and a long pier where the boats anchor. The rectory here is being used for some classes of the public school, although there is a large room reserved for the priest. A prominent family put a new house at our disposal during our stay. There has been no resident priest in these large towns since the American occupation of the Islands. During these years, a Spanish Jesuit has been visiting these stations regularly and helping to preserve the Faith. . . .

Some time ago I spent two weeks at Gingoog. During my stay there I was my own cook. What about giving the outgoing missionaries a course in domestic science? Seriously, some pointers on how to clean and cook a chicken, make coffee and cocoa, cook vegetables, etc., would very probably prolong the lives of the missionaries. Tin cans become so repugnant when you are opening them yourself and warming the contents, that often you prefer a meal of bananas. However, we have here five different kinds of bananas, and a good cook might make a banana feast look like a course dinner.

James G. Daly, S.J.

Father Henfling is my side partner now and promises well. We have big plans. Things are going well. I am just waiting for about ten rough-rider missionaries to join with me in making this country a paradise for God. I baptized 117 people in one month, and there is enough work for ten missionaries to do the same. I am sure that many American

Jesuits would love this work. To me it is the crowning interest in life. Come and don't be afraid. Get recruits, too, for we have an immense field and need men who can see beauty everywhere and are always ready to laugh. On missionary trips we shall give them plenty of riding in machine and on horse.

Joseph J. McGowan, S.J.

Up in Linugos, Misamis, the people wanted to have a grand fiesta in honor of their patron, San Roque. Father Patrick Rafferty, S.J., promised to be at hand for the great day. As Linugos is fifteen miles up the coast from Gingoog, Father agreed to make the trip by boat. He tells the story of the trip and the fiesta.

Off we sailed with the moon on top of the mast, masked with light clouds so as not to be too bright to prevent sleep, and with a ring around it, so as not to let the mast swing too far. The boat was about twenty-five feet long, long enough to be called a *banquilla*. The keel was a dugout, but the sides were built up to make the craft more than waist deep. The width was very narrow, not much more than that of a good-sized waist. I am sure that I should have had difficulties if I had had to go below to bail out the water. The "deck" was made of bamboo slats, and carried the musical instruments, baggage, passengers and crew—about seventeen of us in all.



Father Jos. McGowan, S.J. (right) and Father L. Contin, S.J. (left) with group of house boys at Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I.

All this load was carried above the water line, but stability was given to the *banquilla* by the outriggers, or *butangas*, carried more than a man's length out from each side, and having lashed to them the twelve rattan stays of the mast. A sketchy sort of platform of bamboo slats stretched between the boat's side and the outrigger. As the waves were not rough during the night, these platforms were nice resting places for two of the travelers.

After I had gotten the boat going well, I lay back on the deck, with my cacoack for a headrest. In spite of some intermittent waking, I managed to get a few hours of sleep. When the sun came up we were nearing the Linugos shore. But the *Habagat*, the west wind, was blowing, and the shore, with its coral reef, was on our lee. The captain turned away from Linugos, seeking a landing place that was not impossibly rough. Again he ventured near the shore, and again pulled out, moving off further south. At the third attempt we began to disembark.

It was low tide, and we could not get in with the boat past the top of the coral reef. The crew, steadying the boat and keeping it off the coral, were up to their shoulders in water. With a prayer to all our Guardian Angels, I scrambled off the pitching boat into the linked arms of two of our crowd who were bound to do their best for me. About five steps brought us into shallow water, and though my porters were willing to take me all the way, I told them to let me down, as I would wade. The Mass kit came through dry this time; it was this I was hoping my Guardian Angel would look out for. It contained a double vestment, red on one side and white on the other; but the white side is also reddish, for it has been through the waters of these parts.

On Saturday there was the usual fiesta celebration. I sang Mass at eight o'clock and there would have been a sermon if the celebrant had known enough Visayan. The church is always crowded on occasions like this.

The work of such a day is routine. The taking of Baptism records occupies the priest in the hours after Mass. About twelve o'clock the Baptisms take place, and there may be between fifteen and thirty. After all are finished, the normal course of events is to have another baby presented for Baptism. And if that one is baptized, another one will show up. In the afternoon, another group of babies will be formed, and after the ceremony is finished for them, as usual one or two more will appear. The sun is setting, the games of the fiestas are finished, and it is time for the procession, when the Baptisms are over.

The cross-bearer starts out from the church; the statues are carried on portable platforms surrounded by floral decorations and candles; the musicians begin to play; and the people move along. It is dark when the procession gets back to the church, and then there is a hymn and a prayer in honor of the Patron Saint. Thus ends a fiesta day, and the missionary only needs think of the return voyage.



"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.

"GIVE ME SOULS, MORE SOULS, O GOD!"

THE sight of thousands of suppliants during the Novena of Grace is no novelty to the Heavenly gaze of St. Francis Xavier. Even with mortal eyes, he saw his thousands and his tens of thousands. His ears, too, ere this, were besieged by an array of prayer—the cry of the pagan, the moan of the infidel, yearning for the light of Faith and the grace of Baptism. The right arm of Francis brought countless souls to peace and eternal joy in Heaven; assuredly, will he now bring joy and peace to the souls of his clients on earth.

You cannot afford not to make the Novena of Grace. The times are critical. If you, rare creature, have no need of intercession for your own, pray for the success of the missions and missionaries. Storm Heaven, by the right arm of Francis Xavier, for missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters—for more of them, and more power to them. Unfortunately, we pigmy missionaries need to be multiplied to match the success of the giant Francis. Ask a missionary vocation for yourself.

The Novena of Grace

This novena is celebrated annually with great solemnity from the fourth of March to the twelfth, the anniversary of Xavier's canonization. It has become known throughout the world as the Novena of Grace, on account of the innumerable graces and extraordinary favors obtained through the intercession of Xavier. His influence in Heaven is not less effective for us than it was for pagans and Mohammedans. He is still the same Xavier full of zeal for souls, only now this zeal is intensified a thousandfold by the vision of God's love.

CRUSADERS FOR CHRIST

God's ways are wonderful. He Himself did not convert three thousand or five thousand people in Jerusalem by a single sermon. He did use Peter, the fisherman, to convert these thousands. He Himself did not convert to the Faith twelve hundred thousand infidels in India. He did use Xavier, the missionary, to accomplish this mighty task. . . . So it was in the beginning, so it was during Xavier's mortal career, so it is today. God uses His Saints, in Heaven and on earth, as the medium through which He manifests His power. Will He use you? Will you be a Crusader for Christ?

Favorite Prayer of St. Francis Xavier

Eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that the souls of infidels have been created by Thee, and formed to Thy own image and likeness. Behold, O Lord, how, to Thy dishonor, hell is being filled with these same souls. Remember that Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, for their salvation suffered a most cruel death. Do not permit, O Lord, I beseech Thee, that Thy Divine Son be any longer despised by infidels; but rather, being appeased by the prayers of Thy Saints and of the Church, the most holy Spouse of Thy Son, vouchsafe to be mindful of Thy mercy; and forgetting their idolatry and their infidelity, bring them also to know Him whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who is our health, life and resurrection, through whom we have been redeemed and saved, to whom be all glory forever. Amen.

The Problem of San José

JOAQUIN LIM, S.J.



IN the month of May, I was in the villa house of Santa Ana, Manila, P. I.,

with the seminarians of the *Colegio de San José*.

One day, as I was engaged in conversation with the Reverend President of the *Colegio*, an old man accompanied by his young son, came up to pay us a visit. After the usual *saludar* he said:

"Father Rector, my son has been asking me for a long time now to accompany him here."

"What for?" the president asked.

"To be admitted into your seminary," he replied. "He told me and I observed, too, that he is called by our Lord with a Divine vocation; but I tried to persuade him on the score of our poverty that he is not fitted for the priesthood, and should therefore give up his priestly ambitions."

The president smiled and cast a look of tenderness upon the innocent face of the boy. Perhaps he was reminded of the young man in the Gospel whom our Lord instructed in the way of spiritual perfection.

"I am sorry to tell you that we have already been obliged to refuse more than ten applicants for this coming year, since we have not sufficient endowment to open the doors of our seminary for all who are eager to follow Christ's call."

Furtive tears began to slip down from the eyes of the boy, for he realized that there was no hope of following his Heavenly dreams.

"Father," the man urged, "from our poverty I'll endeavor to pay half his tuition, for I have no more."

"So, too, the others, who applied before you promised me," the president kindly replied; "but I cannot give you a different answer than that given to them; for they were in the same financial distress as you are."

The father and son went back to their home broken-hearted, for the hopes of the young man were crushed. The president said to me after they had gone away:

"It is indeed very consoling and inspiring to see that many young Filipinos still cherish priestly ideals despite the unceasing allurements and dangers of the world about them. There is yet faith in Israel! At the same time it is heartbreaking not to be able to support all of them in their long studies for the priesthood."

THIS scene, but one of many similar incidents I witnessed with my own eyes during three years as professor at San José, illustrates well the general con-

BUILT centuries ago by the generosity of the Spanish landed proprietors, San José, of Manila, P. I., in its present form is trying to do its share towards the upbuilding of a native Filipino clergy. The American Jesuits in the Philippines are facing great tasks, missionary and scientific, of which none is more important than San José.

dition at present of the seminary for secular priests conducted by the Jesuits in the Philippines. The seminary is flourishing, popular, and has an excellent reputation; its

course of studies is so attractive to Filipino aspirants for the priesthood that it cannot accommodate one-third of those desiring to enter. Its history and present curriculum are interesting.

The *Colegio de San José*, as it is generally called, was built centuries ago through the generosity of one of the former Spanish Catholic *hacenderos* or landed proprietors of the Philippines. In its present form, a seminary for the spiritual and intellectual training of Filipino secular



Colegio de San José, Manila, P. I.

priests, it is a restoration of the former pontifical and royal *Colegio de San José*, the alma mater of many illustrious Bishops and clergymen.

Economic conditions in the Philippines, however, during the last two decades have not been favorable to the seminary's financial prosperity. The farmlands which comprise its foundation have been continually decreasing in revenue despite the best efforts of the Jesuits. Living expenses, on the other hand, have correspondingly increased. The result today is that the income is entirely inadequate to support the number of students who apply for admission.

THE Jesuit "Mission Compound" in which San José is included, is situated in central Manila, opposite the great national University of the Philippines. The Manila thermometer rarely drops below 70 degrees Fahrenheit even in December; but pleasantly close to the seminary is Manila Bay, with its salt sea breezes blowing almost daily from dawn to dusk.

This makes the temperature delightful in American winter months and tolerable even in the tropical summer. Here in the heart of the city the daily life of the seminary goes on. The routine of the day much resembles that of American and European seminaries with the exception of some local features. The hour of rising is at 5:00 A. M.; a twenty minute meditation in common is

prescribed, followed by Holy Mass and breakfast. At 8 o'clock the morning classes begin and last until 10:30. Then a little "bite to eat" is given (since the tropical breakfast is very light), and a long study period follows until dinner at 12:30. Just preceding dinner seven minutes are employed in examination of conscience. There is reading at dinner on nearly all days with occasional sermons or literary productions by seminarians. Here the language problem in the Philippines manifests itself. I have heard sermons in the dining room in seven different languages, Latin, English, Spanish, Tagalo, Ilocano, Pampango and Visayo.

Beginning at 1:30 P. M., is a one hour study period, followed by two classes of an hour apiece. Then comes the afternoon recreation. Various games such as soccer, football, volleyball and indoor baseball are played by the juniors and philosophers in their *blasas*. But the theologians, proud wearers of the *sotana* or cassock, must limit themselves to more dignified pastimes. According to custom, the Filipino priest must never appear in public with-

out the long cassock. And the soon-to-be priest, bound by the same sacred rule, cannot very well play games in the long cassock. After the recreation, beads are said in common, followed by twenty minutes of spiritual reading and another long study period. Supper is served at the late hour of 8:00 P. M., and after evening spiritual exercises, "lights out" is signaled about 9 o'clock.

IT is no exaggeration to say that the standard of studies at San José ranks with the best of seminaries. In the preparatory seminary, a five year course is given, equivalent to the American high school and early college classes. Apologetics, mathematics, geography, general and Philippine history are studied, as well as the Latin, Greek, English and Spanish languages and literatures. Then is given a seven year major seminary course which would rank San José high even among American seminaries. In the major seminary three years are allowed for scholastic philosophy, the sciences and higher mathematics, followed by a

four year course in scholastic theology, Holy Scripture, canon law, Church history, Hebrew, Gregorian chant, liturgy and pastoral theology. In all the higher classes, the students are obliged to speak in Latin, unless the matter requires English or Spanish.

From this description it is evident that San José provides a complete and careful course of training for the Filipino secular priests. To some

readers it may seem even a rigid and over-arduous training. But I, who have been a student in a similar seminary and later a professor in just such a seminary, can vouch for the fact that the seminarians are an extremely happy and contented body of young men. The discipline is strict, but not unreasonably so, and ample opportunities for recreation are allowed.

AT present there are ninety-two students at San José, forty-two in the major seminary and fifty in the preparatory seminary. The faculty of the entire seminary is composed of nine Jesuits, one American, five Spaniards and three Filipinos. The yearly tuition for each student is two hundred dollars and, since in a majority of cases the students are unable to pay, the sum is supplied in whole or in part by the endowment fund. As mentioned above, however, the endowment is inadequate to supply for all applicants, and the Reverend Rector of San José is under the sad necessity each year of turning away many noble young souls, begging to sacrifice their all for Christ.



When the seminarians of San José put aside philosophy and theology for a plunge in the bay.

Rambles in a World of Caste

India's Social Strata

PAUL DENT, S.J.



It began in this wise. One of my score of little pagans at Bettiah wanted to leave early from night studies. I cautiously inquired the reason, and was told that he was *bhuk se mar jate hain*—dying from hunger. I suggested that he might be able to live another hour and a quarter, and added that a roommate of his, another little pagan student, who was leaving early that night, might cook that evening meal also.

"Then," said I, "as soon as studies are over, you can run home and sit down at once to a nice hot plate of rice."

He burst out crying at this, and said:

"But I can't! I can't eat his food! I'm a *Kayasth* and he's a *Bhumihar!*"

That began my ramblings into the caste system in Patna Mission. Rambles I shall call them, for such they are, odds and ends of reading at tired ends of evening time, questionings in a thousand places and times, glances of inquiry as my bicycle hurried through the crowded little bazaars on my frequent and interesting missionary expeditions.

I may begin with the "unclean of the unclean," the *Doms*, outcastes, for a goodly number of whom Our Lady of Victory Mission at Ghyree has meant Baptism and Christianity. *Doms* tend swine, make cane chairs, bamboo baskets, palm-leaf fans and umbrellas. They are indispensable for all cremations (and cremation is the Hindu method of disposing of bodies after death), for they are the only persons who may furnish the five logs of wood used to reduce the corpse of the Hindu to ashes. For this service and for handing the chief mourner a bunch of straw wherewith to set fire to the remains, they receive the shroud wherewith the dead is wrapped. Should no *Dom* be at hand, nothing can be done; the body may decompose (and in hot India bodies decompose quickly); the mourners may sit disconsolate around it, but none attempt to do the "unclean" work of the "unclean," namely, to supply fuel and fire.

A subcaste of the *Doms*, for even among the lowest of



A woman of the Sweeper caste, Patna Mission.

the low there can be social divisions strict and exclusive, has its members frequently numbered as guests of the government. For they are by caste custom, which means religious custom, thieves. The men of this subcaste, worshipping, sit before a circle marked on the ground, and slash their arms with a little curved knife they carry. Then, smearing five daubs of the blood in the circle, they fall prostrate and pray *Sansari Mai* for a dark night, abundance of booty and escape therewith. The goods stolen by the men are disposed of by the women later in the bazaars.

AMONG the "unclean" are also my next rambles. The leather-working caste of *Chamars*, numbering nearly a million souls in Patna Mission, finds its members regarded, as the *Doms*, outcastes, persons who must live in separate quarters in the villages, to whom all entrance to Hindu temples is denied, who likewise are far below the spiritual ministrations of the priestly caste of Brahmins. The mere touch of either *Dom* or *Chamar* defiles a high

caste man and makes it necessary for him to take special purificatory baths in the sacred Ganges waters. High caste folks, of course, will not eat with the *Chamar* or take food or water from him or marry with him, for he cuts up for shoes and for tom-toms and for harness the hides of India's sacred cow. He even eats the flesh of the animals, and is suspected, at times, of actually poisoning them to secure, as is his unquestioned right on all dead cows, the hide and the carcass. The caste is criminally suspect, the caste name of *Chamari* being popularly equivalent to *Chori* or thief. However, as the *Chamar* is by caste right the only man in the village who can beat the tom-tom for the frequent religious processions and for marriages, and as his wife is, even for high caste folk, the only village midwife, the *Chamar* is tolerated, though suspect. He proves himself worthy low caste, however, by permitting the widows of the caste to marry. They have only one restriction in this, an elder brother may not marry the widow of his younger brother. The caste has an element of re-



American Vincentian, Coadjutor Bishop of Kanchow, China

Documents have just been forwarded from Rome to China authorizing the consecration of the Very Reverend John A. O'Shea, C.M., as Bishop Coadjutor of Kanchow with the right of succession to Bishop Dumond. In July, 1921, Father O'Shea sailed with the first small band of American Vincentians bound for China. JESUIT MISSIONS offers hearty congratulations to him and to his fellow Vincentians on the appointment of the first American Vincentian Bishop in China. It marks another milestone in the progress of American share in foreign mission work.

'Passionists' Home Mission

Announcement is made that in addition to their mission of Hunan, China, the Fathers of the Congregation of the Passion are now to devote their energies to a new mission enterprise among the colored people of Bishop Hafey's diocese, Raleigh, North Carolina. Surely every effort to bring Catholicism to the American colored people deserves our highest commendation. The task of converting the millions of colored people in America calls for many generous apostles. May the work prosper, and may it find many imitators among zealous Catholic leaders!

Zambezi

The South African missions entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers are located in Cape Colony and Rhodesia. The English Jesuits are at work in

Catholics in the mission. In 282 mission schools there are 18,536 children.

Shembaganur

To give those who were destined to work on India's missions an opportunity to learn the native languages while yet their memories were fresh, and to accustom the future missionaries to the difficulties of custom and caste and climate, the Jesuits, in the latter part of the last century, established houses of study and spiritual training in India. Owing to the excessive heat of the plains, it was necessary that these houses of study be built in a climate that would be at least moderate. It was wisdom therefore that led the first builders to the hill country. To these houses came the young Jesuits from Europe and lately also from America. Hither, too, came many native sons of India to enter the Society of Jesus. The French Jesuits have charge of the novitiate, juniorate and house of philosophy which are located at Shembaganur in southern India, while the Belgian Jesuits conduct the house of theology situated far up in the Himalaya Mountains, at Kurseong, near Darjeeling, in sight of Mt. Everest.

OUR present account has to do with the Sacred Heart College at Shembaganur. The visitor to Palney should walk along a small road 7,000 feet above sea-level, running along the side of the hills.

Science as a Missionary

THE February issue of ASIA has a page devoted to illustrations of the Jesuit Observatory at Zikawei. The caption underneath the pictures reads in part:

"Merely to enumerate scientific observatories in China is to take note of the Jesuits. In the seventeenth century the Jesuit priest Verbiest, as director of the government observatory in Peking, initiated the Chinese into western astronomical science. Some two centuries later, at Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai, the Jesuits established one of the best equipped meteorological observatories in the world."

There is no more interesting chapter in mission history than that which recalls how science gained entrance to China for Catholic missionary enterprise. It was science again that saved the missions ultimately from the persecution that broke out in 1664. After this was somewhat allayed, the young emperor, K'ang-hi, demanded a public test between the astronomy of Europe and the ancient astronomy of China. Father Ferdinand Verbiest, S.J., was so successful in the tests over the mandarin who had instigated the persecution that he was immediately put at the head of the Bureau of Mathematics. After that the emperor was steadily friendly to Father Verbiest and the missionaries. Was it not science that led the Wise Men of the East to the feet of the new-born King?

the southern portion of this vast territory, and the Polish Jesuits have charge of the northern section. Last year there were engaged in these sections 71 priests, 1 scholastic and 45 Brothers. Besides the 117 Jesuits, there were last year 5 other priests, 7 Marianhill Brothers, 146 Sisters and 288 catechists. There are 25,297



An international group of Jesuits at Shembaganur. From left to right, the following nations are represented: 1st row, standing (at back of group), French, Spanish, Anglo-Indian, English, Maltese, Scotch. 2nd row, standing, Irish, Walloon, Italian, Flemish, American (F. Loesch, S.J.), Chinese, Telegu. 3rd row, standing, Basque; sitting, Mundari, Mangalorean, Alsatian, Luxemburgian, Malayali. 4th row, sitting, Uraon, Bihari, Sadhan, Sicilian, Gonn, Tamilian.

From there he will look down upon the college, 1,000 feet below. The white buildings are set in a dark green eucalyptus forest which encircles them and climbs half way up the slopes of the hill on which he is standing. Off to the north is the new winding auto road, while on the south side there is a valley which falls down in sickening abruptness. From it the old road that was formerly the only path to the hills leads through almost impenetrable forests and down grim precipices.

The first young Jesuits were received at Shembaganur in 1895. The house was soon too small, and at the cost of great labor a larger college was built. As the numbers remained about the same for the period between 1898 and 1918, namely 80, the new building was large enough. But after the World War, the numbers increased rapidly and it was necessary to build again. To-

day the college cares for 130 Jesuits.

SHEMBAGANUR offers great advantages to the missionaries-to-be. To those who come from America and Europe, still young and hearty, the presence of so many Indian scholastics offers great advantages. The Indians teach them their respective languages, tell them of the customs of the people, explain the intricacies of caste, and teach the newcomers how to deal with the people of India without hurting their susceptibilities. The English-speaking young Jesuits, on their part, can teach the natives the English language, so necessary for missionary work in India. America today has a particular interest in "Shembag," for there some of her sons are studying and there, too, are the first native Indian Jesuits destined to work in the American Jesuit Mission of Patna in northern India.

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER KNIGHT-ERRANT OF GOD

(Continued from page 61)

on the map, but I have a curious impression that there is no spot in the whole world farther from Rome and Paris and the castle of the Xaviers in Spain than the little island where Francis yielded up his indomitable soul after those ten heroic years among strange, Asiatic populations.

Was Francis, perhaps, heartless and cold? Recall his affection for Ignatius. On the contrary, it was the largeness of his heart and its great capacity for love which made him proof against homesickness, and blind to the terrifying differences of the Orient from western life. Xavier loved Christ, his King. And he could not help loving the King's children, no matter what their color or caste or usage. They were straying chil-

dren, and it was the authentic love of the Divine Redeemer burning in his soul which urged him, drove him, without stay or let-up, to win them back under the sweet yoke which he tasted and loved. He saw only the human soul, not strange integuments of color and custom and race. He was at one with the poet who declared that nothing human was alien to him. A man was interesting and attractive to Xavier whether he was a naked savage in a jungle, or cut-throat adventurer in a ship's galley, or an insignificant coolie among the multitudinous swarms of the East, simply because he had a soul which Christ died to redeem.

Xavier was so full of Christ that he had no chance to think of himself. The only chances he required for perfect happiness were chances to win souls for Christ. And his enormous Asiatic field was such a chance as no one in the world had ever enjoyed before. Francis gloated over it. Homesickness, indeed! It was the very intoxication of Divine Love to spend himself on such a splendid chance. Only those marvel at his exploits, as inexplicable achievements, who do not know what the love of a Saint for Christ really means.

RAMBLES IN A WORLD OF CASTE

(Continued from page 68)

spectability in this, that it has at least seven subcastes, and there are strict interdictions against eating with or marrying with any member of another subcaste.

HIGHER go my next rambblings, up to the *Gwalas*, those two million and a half of cowherds in Patna Mission. *Gwalas* permit their widows to marry and are consequently not ministered to by self-respecting Brahmin priests. However, as they tend the sacred cow, and as they boast of having had the Lord Krishna as a member of their caste, they are permitted to enter and offer their gifts in Hinduism's temples.

Gwalas also bear an evil reputation, being accused of selling cows to butchers, of branding calves, of habitually grazing their flocks on the fields, if not on the crops, of others.

Their badge, as it were, their stout stick or *lathi* is frequently in use for their many quarrels.

A FREQUENT sight in India is that of herds of cattle garlanded with flowers, and with horns gilded and bodies painted or smeared with red or purple or yellow paints. The sight is always a sign that some cow-worship feast has been celebrated. For such an occasion, the animals are carefully washed; offer-



A swine-tender of the Dom caste.

ings of sweet fresh grass are made to them; they are garlanded and painted and led in procession, with, at times, waving lights (to avert evil spirits) before them.

A GAIN to the "unclean of unclean" the rambblings go, to the swineherds, the stunted, black, despised aboriginals, the *Dosadhs*. There are a million of them in Patna Mission, a million to whom Hinduism closes her temples and denies the ministrations of her priests. Low castes are Hindus, of course, but in

reality they are rather aboriginal demon-worshippers to whom Hinduism means little more than the formation of mutually exclusive little societies of strict, if despised, castes.

Dosadhs, like the foregoing castes, bear the reputation of thieves. Accordingly, on the principle of "let a thief catch a thief," members of the caste are frequently employed as *Chaukidars*, or village night-watchmen. It is said that the confères of a *Dosadh Chaukidar* respect his charge and carry on their thievery elsewhere. Very many of this caste find employment as field laborers, but few rise to the comparatively high estate of being owners of their own paddy fields.

THAT may do for a brief ramble. Not in so brief a time did I come by the information. Caste, to the Hindu is his be-all and end-all. He is born into it, and by the will of the great gods and by the sum of the merits and demerits of his previous lives. He must live in it until the day his stiffening corpse is carried to the burning amid a chorus of wailing. If he lives a strict caste life, if being a *Dom* he eats the rats of the field and not-too-far-gone carrion, he may hope in his next reincarnation to go up higher, to go even so high as to become a "twice born," a Brahmin. If he violates his caste regulations, if being a Brahmin he marry a widow or take food or drink of any but a Brahmin, he may expect in this life outcasting, an ostracism so full and complete and terrible as to make the stoutest of souls quaver before it, and in the next reincarnation he will be, if indeed not a dog or an ass, an "unclean" man, even a *Dom*!

That is Hindu caste, an endless affair of minute regulations, a barrier setting a fair land into watertight compartments whereby man is by religion walled away from sympathy for and interest in and contact with his fellow man, and the cleverest—for so we missionaries think—the cleverest ruse of Satan to keep our millions of unwon pagan souls from the waiting Christ who, as of old at Jerusalem, sits outside the walls weeping for those that know not the things that are for their peace.

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NOMADS OF THE NORTHERN BUSH

(Continued from page 55)

drawn look of hunger was on more than one face.

During the three busy days of the mission, much had to be crowded into the long hours between dawn and nightfall. Three days only out of the whole three hundred and sixty-five with their beloved Blackbros! Throughout the rest of the year these new converts are quite without the ministrations of religion.

THIS year for the first time, the missionaries felt that the Faith has now taken root among these neophytes. Becoming a Catholic at Lake St. Joseph means incurring something very much like ostracism from the pagans of the tribe and means sacrificing much in material advantages. These forty—about eight or ten families—are the nucleus of a larger Catholic community.

Page Seventy-two

They are not only a nucleus. They are an apostolate.

Our third stop was about one hundred and fifty miles down the Albany River at Fort Hope on Lake Eabemet. The Catholic Indian life here is much more mature. The Faith was planted here back in the nineties of the last century by the devoted and hardy Oblate missionaries who came up the river in canoe three hundred miles from the mission posts on James Bay, the same Oblates who have done such magnificent and heroic work throughout the whole Canadian North and Northwest.

AT Fort Hope, Catholic life is flourishing and on a large scale. As against a bare ten per cent. of Catholic Indians at Lake St. Joseph, the proportion at Fort Hope reaches nearly to fifty per cent., the remaining natives being divided between the Anglican converts and the pagan "conjuring" Indians.

As for their Christianity, they are quite markedly devout and sincerely religious, notwithstanding the fact that the priest is with them only for a few days each year. They are as faithful at their daily prayers throughout the twelve months as is any religious community. As for their faithfulness to the ethical code of Christianity, it is not too much to say that they probably come as near to carrying into actual life the letter and spirit of the Sermon on the Mount as one will find anywhere.

They are absolutely honest in matters of property. They rarely lie, and never maliciously. They never lose their temper, no matter what may be the provocation from man or nature, or at least never show signs of doing so. They never curse or blaspheme. They are hospitable and generous to a fault. The intense cold of the long winter, the hunger that dogs their footsteps through the year, the myriad winged pests that swarm in the summer months, these and a score of other hardships they bear with an uncomplaining endurance that would put nine out of ten white men to shame; and they bear these things with a smile and a laugh. Simple living is no bar to high thinking.

They are not perfect, it is true.

They are harsh, even cruel at times, to their dogs. If cleanliness is any part of godliness, they leave much to be desired. But taking them all in all, if these gentle low-voiced nomads of the northern bush do not pass muster at the golden gates, the rest of us may look forward to some pretty hard traveling beyond the great divide.

The Canadian missions in general and the Albany missions in particular have not, be it added, ruthlessly torn down the native life and culture, except in so far as some crude magical practices and some equally crude former moral aberrations are concerned. Their Catholic Faith has left relatively untouched their tribal social customs, for which one going among them, like the writer, as an ethnologist is grateful. Their Catholicism has stabilized and raised to new heights a pagan moral standard that was already pretty high and that was darkened by few blots, and their new Faith has given them, in place of the capricious spirits of the medicine lodge, the flame-white vision eternal of the Lamb of God.

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