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THE GREAT BUDDHA OF NARA, JAPAN



The martyrdom of Paul Miki, John de Goto and James Kisai, Japanese members of the Society of Jesus, first fruits of the Faith in Japan.

The Story of the Japanese Church

MARK McNEAL, S.J.



THE Catholics of Japan owe their origin, under God, to the great apostle of the Far East, St. Francis Xavier, S.J. This greatest of modern missionaries, accompanied by Father Cosmo de Torres, S.J., Brother Juan Fernandez, S.J., both of them Portuguese, and with three Japanese converts and two servants, landed at Kagoshima on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15, 1549.

After a laborious but unsuccessful attempt to visit the Emperor and secure a foothold at Kyoto, the Imperial Capital, St. Francis returned to the neighborhood of his landing place, secured from the local lord of Yamaguchi an old Buddhist monastery to be used as a church and residence, visited some neighboring centers of population and after having made, with the assistance of his com-

THE recent visit to our shores of the first native Japanese bishop, Januarius Hayasaka, newly consecrated by the Holy Father himself, makes this brief history of the Church in Japan most timely. The writer, an American Jesuit, was a long time resident in Japan and lectured on American Literature in the Imperial University at Tokio.

panions and their Japanese helpers, some 3,000 converts, departed for Goa on November 20, 1551. He left behind him in Japan a mission organized with all the skill and prudence which his vast missionary experience could contribute and with all the zeal and benedictions which his nature and sanctity could inspire in men or draw down from God for the permanence of the work.

AFTER the Saint's departure, this his last and best beloved mission continued to grow remarkably for nearly half a century. Orphanages were established which, while they drew upon the new religion the scorn of wealthy pagans, won and converted the poor, always so dear to Christ. One of the Japanese converts, Brother Lawrence, S.J., labored for thirty years as a skilled and eloquent con-

troversialist refuting the errors and arguments of the Buddhists.

Another convert, Brother Damien, S.J., wrote an arrangement of the Gospels for his people and, while acting as porter to the Jesuit house in Kyoto, founded a school for Catholic children to keep them away from the schools of the Buddhist bonzes. Thus a Japanese lay-brother was the pioneer of Catholic education in Japan. Several Buddhist bonzes, converted to the Faith, showed great zeal and skill in the enlightenment of their fellow-countrymen. The little college established in Kyoto observed a regular, nay rigid, routine of study, hospital work and the practice of Japanese preaching. The Christians were thoroughly instructed in the Gospel and catechism each Sunday, and observed the custom, now maintained in many Japanese mission stations, of reciting the catechism in chorus after Holy Mass. The dignified ceremonies on feast days attracted and impressed large crowds of unbelievers. Monthly Communion was common and weekly Communion was not rare. Regular contributions were made for the maintenance of hospitals and for the decent burial of the poor. Before 1565, Luis Almeida, a Portuguese who had devoted his wealth to founding hospitals, had organized his society of "Hospital Brothers" among the Japanese. For nearly fifty years of peace these activities continued with the consequent growth of the Japanese Church.

NOR was she without her martyr. In 1560, a servant girl, forbidden by her pagan master to visit a cross erected near the town, defied his orders and continued her accustomed prayers. One day returning from the place of her devotions she was headed by him. Thus did a housemaid become the first martyr of Japan.

But the persecution was for the most part petty and local. The Imperial family ignored Christian activities altogether. The executive and military powers of the government had become centered in the hands of Hideyoshi, a military adventurer, who reduced to submission the local lords, but interfered not

with the Christian propaganda they had permitted in their several domains.

After 1592, Spanish Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians kept coming, mostly from Manila, to share in the harvest of souls opened up by St. Francis Xavier and the Portuguese Jesuits. Churches dotted the land and Xavier's 3,000 converts had been multiplied a hundredfold.

Several of the local lords had sent envoys to Rome who were treated with high honors by the King of Spain and graciously received by the Sovereign Pontiff. All promised fair for the Church in Japan.

Hideyoshi, entitled Taiko Sama, the actual master of the country, made a punitive expedition into Southern Japan, and while there visited Father Coelho, the Jesuit Superior at Magasaki, and even condescended to take some refreshment aboard the boat which the Father used for his missionary expeditions.

That very night, July 24, 1587, the despot indulged in an orgy amid his attendant chieftains and next day issued a decree banishing the missionaries. The destructive effect was as sudden as that of an earthquake; but, like such a natural catastrophe, it was followed by a comparative calm until October, 1596. At that time occurred near the Japanese city of Kochi the wreck of a Spanish galleon named the *San Felipe*. The captain being brought before Hideyoshi, sought to overawe him with the power of King Philip II, whose united Spanish and Portuguese empire included Mexico, India, and the Philippines.

"How did your master secure such an empire?" asked Hideyoshi.

"He sent missionaries to prepare the way," said the captain; "then the conquest was easy."



Blessed Francis Pacheco, S.J., and his companions were burned to death on the Mount of Martyrs, Nagasaki, June 20, 1626.

THIS was enough for the Taiko. He at once ordered a census of all the Christians in Osaka, his capital, and in Kyoto, the imperial capital. Thousands handed in their names, expecting martyrdom. Actually twenty-six were crucified at Nagasaki on February 5, 1597.

From this memorable date until 1640 when Japan was finally closed

to the outside world, wave after wave of increasingly severe and cruel persecution swept over the (Turn to page 94)

Christ's Resurrection

A Pledge of Life Eternal



WHEN Christ rose from the dead on Easter morn, He opened the gates of Divine life to mankind. His Resurrection proclaimed that the grave was not the goal but the starting-point of man. Christ did not rise from the tomb for His own sake but for His followers. He rose as a victor over the grave, as a captain who had conquered death. A conqueror leads a host of followers in his triumphs, and Christ, the Conqueror of death, is the Leader unto eternal life of all those who belong to the soldiers of the Cross.

Jesus had said that He came to give life. He was not speaking of this mortal life. His hearers already had mortal life; else He could not have addressed them. But He came to give them real life. The mortal life of man is rather death than life, since it leads inevitably to the grave. Man begins to die as soon as he is born. Sooner or later death will claim him. The life, however, which Christ came to give was a share in His own immortal life of glory. "To as many as receive Him He gives them the power to become the sons of God."

CHRIST'S Resurrection was the final proof of His Divine claims. Miracles are God's seal on a person or mission. The Resurrection of Christ was not only a great miracle; it was also a prophecy fulfilled. By the twofold seal of miracle and prophecy, therefore, Almighty God confirmed the mission and promises of Jesus Christ, His Only-begotten Son.

Christ's Resurrection is a pledge and guarantee of ours. This is why Easter is such a joyous feast. It proclaims that, if we be followers of Christ here, we shall hereafter be with Him in glory. If we are loyal to Him here, we shall reign with Him hereafter.

The Resurrection was the final sign which Jesus gave in order to convince the world that He was truly the Son of God. It was because the Apostles were convinced of the Resurrection that they consecrated their lives to preaching the religion of Christ. In the end they all sacrificed their lives for Him, rejoicing to witness to Him unto blood, even to the ends of the earth.



MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.

It was because Stephen believed in the Resurrection that he proclaimed that Christ was God, and died like his Master, praying for his enemies who were stoning him to death. It was faith in the Resurrection which animated the martyrs who in thousands went to dreadful torture and death rather than deny Christ. It was faith in the Resurrection which inspired countless men and women from every rank and condition of life to forsake all the attractions of the world in order to lead saintly lives as hermits, monks, confessors or virgins. It was faith in the Resurrection which animated the legion of holy missionaries in every age of the Church to leave home, friends and comfort in order to bring Christ into the lives of those who in pagan or savage lands sat in darkness and the shadow of death. It is faith in the Resurrection which today prompts that great army of priests and nuns who devote their lives at home and abroad to the service of the orphan, the aged, the ignorant and the suffering.

It is the Resurrection that forms the basis of Christian hope and animates the followers of Christ the world over. The Resurrection proclaimed louder than words that we have not here a lasting city. It taught mankind that the best use to make of life was to live for others for Christ's sake.

DURING His life our Blessed Saviour frequently referred to His Resurrection from the dead. The Jews knew that He had foretold this event, as is evident from the fact that, after the Crucifixion, they went to Pilate and asked him for a guard over Christ's tomb, stating that Jesus had declared that He was to rise from the dead. Pilate gave them the guard, and it is from their official report to the Jewish council that we have unique proof of the Resurrection. It is thus from hostile sources that the truth of the Resurrection was officially proclaimed.

Moreover, for forty days after He rose from the tomb, Jesus associated with His disciples, instructing and fortifying them for their future mission. Finally after promising them the Holy Ghost who was to enlighten them from above, He returned to His Heavenly



"But now Christ is risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep." 1 Cor. xv, 20.

Father to prepare a place for them and for all those that love Him.

Christ's Resurrection is the surety of our resurrection. We, too, are to rise from the grave, either unto life everlasting with God, or everlasting banishment from God and happiness. How our resurrection will be accomplished we know not. But we do know, on the word of God, that it shall be effected. Round about us there are many things which typify the resurrection. The seed cast into the soil dies before it springs to new and increased life. Every winter we see the pall of death spread over the earth, only to give way, under the warmth of spring, to new life.

The vile worm of earth, the caterpillar, goes into its tomb a creeping thing of earth, to emerge after a time a beautiful winged creature of the air. As a butterfly it sails the air a lovely object to behold. So we, now creatures of earth, shall rise in due time to a glorious and immortal life, if in this life we be true to our Divine Leader and Model. Where Christ is in glory, there shall His loyal followers dwell with Him, sharing His Divine life. Easter, therefore, is truly a joyous day. It is the day the Lord has glorified, a day which brings hope into the most dismal life, and brightens into the darkest outlook. This is the day the Lord hath made, let us rejoice in it, Alleluia!

AWAYFARER on a rough and steep road does not mind the hardships of the way provided it lead to comfort, opulence and peace. The Resurrection of Christ is a Divine guarantee that this life is the way to eternal life. It proclaims that no matter what be the vicissitudes and inequalities of our earthly pilgrimage, our Heavenly Father's welcome awaits us at the end, if only we walk in the path which our Saviour marked out. A miner from the wilds, laden with gold, does not mind the burden, nor the privations of the way, as he proceeds back to civilization, because he knows that his treasure will enable him to live in the enjoyment of all that his heart yearns for. We are pilgrims on the way to the country beyond the grave. The Resurrection assures us that the burdens and privations of life may be converted into gold for the kingdom of Heaven. In God's providence they are the means of purchasing for us that home He has prepared for those only who love Him and who prove their love by fidelity under the various trials of life. If it was necessary for Christ, our Leader

and Model to suffer in order to enter into His glory, we should not be surprised if we, too, should be required to enter by the same gate. The Resurrection is the Divine alchemy which transmutes the base metals of life into gold for God's kingdom.

It is because the Resurrection gives to Christians the Divine assurance of immortal life beyond the grave that it has made them superior to persecution, misfortune, injustice and every adversity. No wonder, then, that on this day there is joy upon earth. No wonder that Christians repeat with Holy Church: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein. Give praise to the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever, Alleluia." Indeed God is good and deserves our praise, for He has made us the objects of His love. "They that shall be accounted worthy of that world and of the

resurrection from the dead . . . can die no more; for they are equal to the Angels and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection" (Luke xx, 35).

THIS Divine assurance gives the followers of Christ that peace and joy which the world can neither give nor take away. Easter joy is based on God's promise that where He is in glory His lovers will be. We can all be lovers of the risen Christ, if we keep His commandments. "If you love Me, keep My Commandments." We can be great lovers of Christ, if for His sake we do what is specially pleasing to Him. "If thou wilt be perfect, follow

Me." We follow Christ, whenever for His sake we do our best to help His cause, whether it be by our virtuous example, or by kindness in the home and outside, or by assistance to those who are sacrificing their lives for Him in missionary lands.

Sacrifice is the great proof of love, whether it be of our life or of our goods. Not that God needs us or our possessions. The earth is His and the fulness thereof. But He has given us life and placed His possessions in our hands that we may have the honor and merit of using them for His glory. It is an honor to be allowed to do something for an earthly monarch. It is a much greater honor to be allowed to do something for the King of kings. The Resurrection is God's own guarantee that, to them who live for Him, He will grant a share in His own everlasting life of glory.

An April Easter

Dead trees bud and grow again,
Welcoming the sun.
Fields that died of frost and cold
Back to life are sprung.
Jesus died on Paraclete,
Rose on Easter morn;
On His head are anemthysts,
One for every thorn.

Once the forest, serene and dry,
Lost its every leaf;
Once our Lord upon the Tree
Drooped His head in grief.
Now the forest sounds with birds,
Gone is wintry gloom;
And our Lord with radiant face
Rises from the tomb.

William J. Walter, S.J.



"For palm-shaded paths are not yet at St. John's College, and verandahs are not screened."

St. John's, British Honduras

Significance of a Mission College

MARTIN I. CARRABINE, S.J.



THE little Colony of British Honduras leaped into front page prominence last December. Colonel Charles Lindbergh sailed down upon it and added to his numerous other distinctions that of being the first aviator to bring a land plane down in Belize, the capital of the Colony. One of the features of entertainment afforded the Colonel in Belize was a baseball game played by the students of St. John's College, "the leading educational institution of Central America, conducted by American Jesuits from St. Louis." The quotation is taken from the press accounts of the time.

The quotation might easily lead a reader to envision a lovely tropical school, a group of cool, substantial, concrete buildings set amidst a maze of palm-shaded paths, wide verandahs looking out upon the storied Caribbean, and (most important little detail!) securely screened against the myriads of flitting, tantalizing creatures sent by the good God to remind seekers of tropic charm that earth is still just earth, and that Heaven lies beyond. But facts have a hard, unyielding way of dispelling visions. For palm-shaded paths are not yet at St. John's College, and verandahs are not screened. The buildings are three wooden structures that stretch along a narrow strip of land that has been reclaimed with greatest patience and much most unpoetic toil from an oozing mangrove swamp.

The central building is the college proper. It houses in rough, half-finished living rooms, a faculty of eighteen Amer-

ican Jesuits, and about a hundred boarding students drawn mostly from the republics of Guatemala and Honduras. In it too are the classrooms, studyhall, and library for these one hundred boarders and for about eighty students from the city of Belize. To the right of the main building stands a structure which strikes nearly every American eye that sees it as a prosperous barn. The capacious-appearing building is in reality a gymnasium. To the left of the central structure is the chapel, and just beneath it the dining room for the boarding students. The chapel has been improved somewhat (Turn to page 92)



"A garden, small, but full of growing things . . . lying flat before the salt rush of another exceptionally high tide."

A Geologist Turned Missionary

An Untold Episode in a Scientific Venture

BERNARD R. HUBBARD, S.J.



SADIE is outside and would like to see you, Father." Good Sister Cecile made this announcement to me as I was sitting back at ease in my room in the Hospital to enjoy a few moments in reading some welcome letters from home. It was a typical summer day of Southern Alaska, decidedly wet and rainy. I had just gone through the physical exercise of removing three weeks' growth of beard and a like amount of good Mother Earth, gathered during a rough trip up the Taku River in search of geological lore to deal out later on to my young intellectuals at the University of Santa Clara.

"Who is Sadie?" I asked Sister Cecile with a frown.

"She is a Catholic Siwash Indian, Father, and wants to see you."

I went out immediately to find Sadie. Without going through the conventionality of an introduction, Sadie in the typical hesitating monotone of the true Indian began:

"Father, I have just come from Douglas Island in a boat. Mrs. Brady is alone and dying and we think, if you come baptize her Catholic, she be all right."

Here was a chance that does not fall to the lot of a University Professor, whose apostolate is the monotonous work of the classroom. If I could climb mountains and glaciers and run the roaring Taku rapids, I certainly could brave the wet stormy passage to Douglas Island to help one of the least of God's little ones the surest way into the kingdom of Christ, the King.

Telling Sadie to wait, I went across the yard to the wooden edifice termed the Episcopal Residence and

The writer in the region of the unexplored Taku Glacier. According to the "New York Evening Post," the priest conquered "ice-covered Alaskan wastes never before trodden by man."

knocked at Bishop Crimont's door. The heroic venerable old man was confined to his room to allow two broken ribs to mend. His condition was the result of an accident the previous week while on a round of duty. At

his cheerful "Come in," I entered his study.

"Your Lordship," I announced, "an Indian named Sadie wishes me to go over to Douglas Island and baptize a dying native woman known as Mrs. Brady. What do you wish me to do?"

He thought a moment and then said with a sigh:

"Ah, my poor Indians! I wish I could go over myself. These poor Douglas Island Indians were all burned out last fall—their church, their school, their homes and all their possessions were lost. They are sadly in need of help and, though our own lack of means prevents our helping them much financially, we can at least do all in our power for their spiritual well-being. So, you have all faculties; go, do your best and God be with you."

Taking the Blessed Sacrament and holy oils, I followed Sadie to the boat-landing. Her taciturn Indian spouse was holding the little fishing craft away from the barnacle-encrusted pilings, and with a little difficulty we got on board. The little gas engine sputtered and off we pitched out through the driving rain.

"It isn't the first time," I pondered, thinking of the Precious Burden I carried, "that our Lord was either on a boat or in a storm."

Arriving at the Island, which is just a short run from Juneau, several Indian women conducted me to the deserted dying woman. Their faith and piety were touching in the extreme. Little cared they for the cold penetrating rain, their one intent being that their non-Catholic friend

get her chance to go to Heaven the right way. As we stumbled along the slippery path, Peggy, who spoke the best English of the motley crowd, told me of the latest event of importance in religious matters. A missionary had converted a man named Johnson, who was dying in the Government Hospital. Full of fervor in his new found happiness, the old Indian died in sentiments of great piety. A dream his wife had the same night was extraordinary and very beneficial in its effects. She, like her husband, had professed no particular religion. Her dream she described in her own simple way.

"While I slept, my husband suddenly stood near me all shining and happy looking and said to me: 'If you wish to be happy like me, join the Catholic Church.'"

Mrs. Johnson's story made a profound impression among the Indians and it was their deep conviction that, if Mrs. Brady were baptized, all would be well with her. This had led them to call me to the scene. Peggy's narration of the story in her simple Indian way interested me.

We soon arrived at a tumbledown shack into which the now silent natives, Rosary beads in hand, led me. Deserted by her grown up children and alone, a bent old woman was huddled under a pile of dirty ragged blankets.

Leaning down, I said:

"Mrs. Brady, I have come to baptize you in the true Faith of Jesus Christ."

I could see that she was in no immediate danger of death and, as she was conscious, I felt that I needed an explicit sign of consent to her becoming a Catholic before I could receive her into the Church. What was my disappointment when Sadie, after interpreting my message, said:

"She doesn't want to be a Catholic, but . . . baptize her anyhow and she will be all right."

Sadie's intention was good, even though her theology

was over my head. The experienced old Bishop had warned me that the Indians were very simple and could only understand the most elementary notions. I told Sadie to ask Mrs. Brady if she wanted to go to Heaven. To my surprise the answer came "No," alert Sadie adding:

"She says no, but she doesn't mean it."

How I wished I was an old experienced missionary then, instead of just a simple University Professor! Evidently there were ways to understand those Indians. Sadie was doing her best to simplify matters. The Catholic Church—Heaven—such terms evidently confused the old woman.

In desperation, I bade Sadie ask Mrs. Brady if she wanted to go where Mr. Johnson was. The vision told by Mrs. Johnson had evidently reached Mrs. Brady for she instantly became interested, and slowly said:

"Yes, I want to go where Mr. Johnson is."

I waited breathlessly and prayed earnestly as Sadie interpreted.

"He went to Heaven because he became a Catholic," she added in Siwash, and then Divine grace worked in that simple soul.

"Well, I want to become a Catholic then," came the words from the dying lips.

A brief instruction, the profession of Faith and I had the inestimable joy of pouring the sacred waters of Baptism on the old woman's head, following this by administering the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

As nothing more could be done at the time, I knelt with the Indian women around their dying friend and recited the Rosary. Fitful bursts of rain hissed on the cabin walls and the noise of the storm filled the air, but no sweeter or more consoling sound ever greeted my ears than the fervent answers to the beads and litanies from those simple natives, who prayed with all the faith of their childlike hearts for God to take to Himself the soul, so dear to Him.



Sisters and school children landing on Douglas Island, Alaska.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly except in August by the Jesuit Mission Press, Inc., in the interest of the homes and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

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Editorial and Publication Offices

503 E. FORDHAM ROAD, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription price, year, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00.

April Mission Intention

The Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith

SO great is the amount of administrative work connected with the exalted position of the Roman Pontiff, that it was long ago found necessary to divide the task and apportion the various parts to twelve groups of Cardinals, each under the direction of a Cardinal Prefect. The groups or sections are called Congregations. Our American readers will understand the Congregations best, perhaps, if we state that they are readily compared to the various departments the heads of which constitute the Cabinet of the President of the United States.

Of all the Congregations assisting the Holy Father at Rome, few are more important than that for the Propagation of the Faith. To it is entrusted the gigantic task of directing the propagation of the Faith throughout the world. Since its establishment by Pope Gregory XV, July 22, 1622, the work of the Congregation has grown to such an extent that its personnel today numbers some twenty-two Cardinals assisting the Cardinal Prefect. In addition to this there are a Secretary and an Assistant Secretary and twenty-nine Consultors, besides a number of other officials, archivists and secretaries.

The Congregation has charge of all missions where there is as yet no fully constituted hierarchy. One Patriarchate, twenty-nine Archdioceses, sixty-two Dioceses, two hundred and six Vicariates Apostolic, seventy-seven Prefectures Apostolic, three territories ruled over by Abbots, and seven missions not yet sufficiently organized to have their own Prefect Apostolic, form the vast territory over which the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith has jurisdiction. It appoints the heads of these various mission sectors, and transacts all business falling under the head of spreading the Gospel of Christ throughout the pagan and un-Christian world.

Since March 12, 1918, the Congregation has been under

the direction of Cardinal William van Rossum. Archbishop Francesco Marchetti-Selvaggiani has been Secretary since 1922.

Catholics the world over are asked especially during the month of April to join the members of the Apostleship of Prayer in offering up their prayers and sacrifices to God that He may bless and guide the work of the Congregation. All are urged to pray that through the efforts of the Congregation, the spread of the Gospel may be hastened, and the saving waters of Baptism may be poured on all pagans even in the remotest territories, so that soon all may be gathered into the one true fold where there is but one Shepherd, Christ Jesus.

The Home Pagans

THOSE who search out hidden and unknown races of men and their ways, will travel far before they uncover or discover a paganism more horrible or horrifying than that which stalks the highways and byways of our own America. Here is a disgusting Moloch, here is a destroyer of home and family, here is a pagan immorality disguising itself as virtue, and here are a thousand false gods and false worshipers. We give our prayers and aims for the conversion of pagans abroad and we pass over or ignore the opportunities rich in promise to convert the pagan at home.

We are not advocating a relaxation in the most infinitesimal degree of our efforts to convert foreign pagan lands to Christ. At the same time we should recognize that all these efforts will be largely handicapped if not ultimately frustrated, unless we take speedy thought for the initiation of a widespread, highly organized movement for the conversion of the pagan at home. Such movements have started and are gaining much headway abroad. The Catholic Evidence Guild in London is doing truly splendid work. There are thousands in America who have not the slightest vestige of belief in God or the essential truths of Christianity. They are unbaptized and unchurched. Why is it that we do not take the same thought for the conversion of the home infidel that we are taking for that of the infidel far away? Is it that we realize that here is a task exceedingly more difficult and complicated than the task of converting the heathen abroad? Is it that our hands are stayed by the intrinsic hopelessness of the task or by the consciousness of our inability to handle it? Is there not a seeming inconsistency, at least, in the ardor with which we send out our missionaries to preach Christ crucified in the market places and highways and byways of foreign lands, whilst at home we make no attempt on any large scale to preach Him outside of our churches or to bring into our churches the unbelieving and the unbaptized who live next door? What strange mentality is it that makes us seem so listless in the face of the fact that the atmosphere in which our lives are cast is thoroughly pagan and by its art and stage and literature is exercising a most unsalutary influence on our Catholic life and morals? Are we blind to the fact that pagans come to our shores from the lands we are trying to convert and return to them a thousand times more pagan, because of their contacts with intellectual paganism here? Are we going to stand idly by



Faculty and students of the Preparatory Seminary, Moentilan, Java.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 6. Java.

OF the 600 members of the Netherland Province of the Society of Jesus, 104 are working in the mission of Java for the conversion of 10,000,000 souls. Catholics number 28,000 in this mission field. Of these, 7,000 are natives. In the preparatory seminary there are 50 students of whom 38 are native Javans. The first native Javanese priest, Father F. X. Saitman, S.J., was ordained at Maastricht, Holland, in 1926.

and make only isolated or feeble attempts to do this work, or, in that God-given power of organization so distinctively American, are we going to plot an intelligent scheme for the winning of the home-pagan to the cause of Christ? The time is ripe. May it produce a leader!

The Little Flower of the Missions

A DECREE has gone forth from Rome designating the Little Flower patroness of all missions and missionaries and of equal rank with St. Francis Xavier. It is a surprising, though at the same time a most fitting, decree. "I have come to save souls, and especially to pray for priests." This was the quick, unhesitating answer of the Saint of Lisieux to the question in her canonical examination: "Why have you come to Carmel?" "I would be a martyr . . . the spirit of the crusader burns within me . . . one mission alone would not satisfy my longings . . . I would spread the Gospel to the ends of the earth, even to the most distant isles . . . I would be a missionary, not for a few years only, but were it possible from the beginning of the world till the consummation of time."

These words of the Little Flower betray her ardent apostolic spirit. They manifest heart-desires that were constantly finding expression in deeds. The Saint had been told by the infirmarian to walk daily in the garden. One

of the Carmelites noticing the effort it was costing the invalid to fulfil the command of the infirmarian, said: "Sœur Thérèse, you would do much better to rest; walking like this cannot do you any good. You only tire yourself." "That is true," replied Thérèse, "but do you know what gives me strength? I offer every step for some missionary. I think that possibly over there, far away, one of them is weary and tired in his apostolic labors, and, to lessen his fatigue, I offer mine to the good God."

It is thus by hidden prayers and sufferings that the Little Flower has become the great missionary in the twentieth century, as Xavier was in the seventeenth. Her choice as patroness of the missions will teach the great lesson that without going far afield we can all be real apostles and heralds of Christ. It is flaming love of God, nurtured in the hearths of Catholic hearts, that will ultimately start a conflagration for Christ in the hearts of the world. A prayer from a saint will do more good for the missions than a cold money offering from unrepentant sinners. Saints at home will make Christians abroad and a tear, a prayer, an alms, a sacrifice, inspired by consuming apostolic love of God, will call forth a constant shower of blessings on the far-away missions. May the Little Flower teach us the secret of her shower of roses and lead us by the intensification of our lives at home to extend the realms of Christianity abroad!

The Chinese Jesuit

War Stalks the Missionary



"The poor have the Gospel preached to them." Father Le Chevalier, S.J., and a Christian family of Tsong-Ming Island.

ONE cannot delve very deeply in the history of China past or present before shortly running across the Jesuit mission trail. It is a fascinating trail that leads backward to the days of Xavier and the absorbing romance of the first Jesuits who penetrated to the imperial city of Peking. Danger, adventure, brilliant success and dismal failure have stalked this glorious trail along which for four centuries have toiled pioneers of Christ in unremitting search for souls. The trail is still opening, still lengthening, under the activities of the 392 Jesuits laboring in China today, worthy successors of their confrères of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

China is so much a focus of world attention at the moment that you probably have ready to hand a map of the Celestial Empire. Let your eye run along the Pacific seaboard until it reaches a spot that is midway between north and south. There is the great city of Shanghai. It is situated in a province which, though the smallest in a vast empire, is the most thickly populated. French Jesuits are in charge of this vast mission field, the Nankin Mission, with its 214,000 Catholics in a total population of 34,000,000. Shanghai with its little suburb of Zikawei is the missionary center of this apostolic field. Zikawei is known all over the Far East for the Jesuit Observatory there. It has as great a claim to fame because of the social works which flourish within its area. Listen to what an

American Jesuit writes who visited there only last December: "The glory of the Society here is the little Jesuit village of Zikawei. It is a small copy of the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay. The orphanage houses castaway children and orphans. The boys are brought up by our Fathers and Brothers, helped by many laymen, all Chinese. The girls are under the care of the Helpers of the Holy Souls.

"The boys and the girls marry in the Chinese fashion with the priest making all the arrangements beforehand. Many of the boys remain single and stay with the Fathers as helpers and teachers. Very many of the girls remain single and belong to a Congregation with no religious vows. About a hundred girls, of whom many are catechists, are thus grouped with the Sisters. Many of the boys become native priests of some Jesuits. Quite a number of the girls join various religious Orders. There is a novitiate of the Helpers of the Holy Souls and a Carmelite Monastery in Zikawei.

"All sorts of arts and trades are taught the boys and girls. The products of their handiwork are sold in the large cities of Europe and America. Those who marry continue to practice their arts or trades and thus support themselves. There is a special kindergarten where mothers leave their children while they are employed in one or other departments of the convent."

All of this is not only a great religious achievement, but nothing short of a triumph in social work. It is here at Zikawei and nearby Shanghai that the French Jesuits have built two well-known institutions of higher learning, St. Ignace College and Aurora University.

NANKIN Mission is situated within the boundaries of the Chinese Province of Kiang-Su. Westward of this is the Province of An-Hwei. It is much larger than Kiang-Su,

though more sparsely populated, containing a population of 25,000,000.

The whole Province forms a single Vicariate under the care of Bishop Huarte. The whole Vicariate is divided into three missions. At the extreme north is the Hwaise Mission with churches or chapels and 1000 Catholics under the care of twenty Italian Jesuits. The center portion of the Vicariate is called the Nankin Mission. This with 19,000 Catholics and chapels is directed by Spanish Jesuits. Westward is the southern portion of Bishop Huarte's expansive Vicariate, where 32 Spanish Jesuits minister to a flock of 35,000 Catholics.



The orphan boys at Zikawei produce many religious pictures which are sent into all the Chinese mission fields.

Mission Trail

JOSEPH HUGON, S.J.

In the north of China lies the Che-li Province of which the so-called Peking is capital. Here the French Jesuits have the largest Siensien Mission with its 126,000 Catholics in a population of 8,000,000. In this field there are 1,067 chapels attended by 95 French and Chinese Jesuits and 26 secular priests. Austrian and Hungarian Jesuits are now assisting in the affairs of this field, just as Canadian Jesuits are assisting in the Sunkin Mission, and Colombian Jesuits are making ready to go to the assistance of their Spanish brethren in Anking Mission. Beyond the limits of the Siensien Mission the French Jesuits have established at Tientsin an educational institution for the study of industry and commerce.

The trail from here leads far south to Hongkong where the French Jesuits have only recently founded a high school. To the west of Hongkong stands the city of Macao, famous in the past as the Chinese missionary exploits of the Society of Jesus. Not far from there, still further to the west, the Portuguese Jesuits direct the small but active mission of Shiuhiung with its 3,000 Catholics. Father Peter Chan, S.J., and Father Simon Tang, S.J., well known to many American Catholics, hail from this district.

WITH the position of the various Jesuit missions well fixed in mind, it will be easy to gain an idea of the effect on them of the constant civil wars. The northern, western, and southern provinces of the vast Chinese Empire have been for many years at variance, due to continual strife between military leaders who are friends today and tomorrow enemies. Besides these leaders the so-called Southern Government, headed by the famous Sun Yat Sen, more commonly known in the West as Sun Wen, had its seat at Canton from where it exercised authority over the Provinces of Kwang-Tung and Kwang-Si. After Sun Yat Sen's death, however, it entered

into a period of extraordinary military success. In the course of the year 1926, the Southern Armies, under the command of Chiang Kai Shek, marched northward overrunning the Provinces of Fu-Kien, Kiang-Si, Hunan, and Hu-Peh. The great central city of Hankow opened its gates to the victorious revolutionaries and the Canton Government absorbed that of Hankow.

In the latter part of 1926 in the first months of 1927, Chiang Kai Shek moved into Shanghai and a few days later the Northeners abandoned the city of Hankin and left numerous foreigners to the mercy of the ruthless Cantonese military. At this juncture,



The day nursery at Zikawei where the little tots are cared for while their Catholic mothers are busy at many arts and trades.

Marshal Chiang Kai Shek broke with the Hankow Government which was deeply imbued with Bolshevistic influence and formed the Government of Nankin. All through the summer, however, two Southern armies, that of Chiang Kai Shek and the one led by Feng Yu Siang, a Cantonese leader, who has had many dealings with the Soviet, pressed close upon the retreating Northerners. The campaign, however, ended in disaster. Feng was thrust back to the center of Ho-Nan, and Chiang, retreating to the south bank of the Blue River, found it necessary to abdicate. This unexpected event proved the death-blow of the Nankin Government and left the situation so confused that all forecasting as to the probable turn of events would be rash and decidedly unprofitable. The situation is changing hourly in China.

ONE has only to compare the extent of the Jesuit missions with the war-swept area to conclude that practically all the missions have felt in greater or lesser degree the innumerable ills consequent upon civil war. On all of the Jesuit missions with the exception of Hongkong and Shiuhiung in the extreme south and Tientsin in the far north the iron hand of war has weighed heavily and brought ruin to many a laborious work of the past. The Cantonese overran the southern parts of the Nankin Mission in the early months of 1927. Schools, residences, and even churches were occupied. Though the occupation was effected with (Turn to p. 95)



The T'ou-Sè-Wè Press, one of the most important mission presses of the Far East, is conducted by the orphan boys at Zikawei.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

North Carolina

A Jesuit missionary in the mountain territory of North Carolina was able, through the kindness of friends, to furnish a great feast at Christmas time for some two hundred poor mountaineers. Each visitor to the feast was given a present of goods useful in the household. The Father in charge of the celebration writes:

The Ku-Klux got a frightful attack of "Roman fever" with it all. Christmas Eve they burned five big crosses all around us and set off charges of dynamite, trying to bluff the people into thinking they were shooting at us. They had already threatened with floggings any and all who intended coming to our celebration. When they saw a little army of two hundred people leaving our grounds with every shape and size of bundle, their delirium assumed "tremens" proportions. That night they burned a cross right at the entrance to our property, and swore loudly that they would club the next man, woman or child who left our place with anything. Some of the poor people took their threats seriously and guarded their homes at night with shotguns. But peace has been restored and much good has been done.



Szechow Mission

Writing from China, Father Lavoie, S.J., gives some idea of the plagues that infest that land and test the courage and endurance of the missionary.

The terrible floods were followed by the demolition of the highways, then by famine and its problems. Many people were dying off. At first I could do nothing to help them when they stormed the mission for assistance. Fortunately, just at the most critical moment help arrived and I was in a position to distribute over \$1,000. It sufficed to save many a life, and it won much sympathy for our religion; for the missionary alone gave assistance to the wretched people.

After the famine, war came to visit our district, and at the same time Brother Soulligny fell so dangerously sick that I

APRIL

JESUIT MISSION DATES



- 6th—In the Mariana Isles, 1672, the Venerable Father Diego de San Vitoria was put to death after he had converted 30,000 persons to the Faith.
- 7th—At York, in England, 1595, the Venerable Father Henry Walpole was put to death after having been tortured fourteen times.
- 7th—At Redhill, near Worcester, England, in 1605, the glorious death of Venerable Father Edward Oldcorne, Brother Ralph Ashley, and Mr. Thomas Winter.
- 8th—At Quebec, 1681, died Father Gabriel Drouillat after thirty-seven years of apostolic work among the savage tribes of Canada.
- 11th—At Lima, in Peru, 1632, died Father Luis de Montoya, the apostle of Paraguay, who converted thousands of idolaters to the Faith.
- 11th—At Lima, in Peru, 1673, the death of Father Francis de Castilla, regarded as the apostle of Peru.
- 12th—In Abyssinia, 1640, Venerable Fathers Louis Caldeira and Bruno di Santa Croce were stoned and hung by schismatics.
- 16th—At Rome, the death of Father Robert Parsons, the great leader of the English Catholics at the time of the Elizabethan persecutions.
- 20th—At Tyburn, London, 1602, the glorious death of the Venerable Father Francis Page.
- 25th—In Paraguay, 1635, Father Christopher Mendonza was cruelly slain by savages.
- 25th—In Abyssinia, 1635, the Venerable Fathers Gaspar Paez and John Pereira were slain by schismatics.
- 27th—Feast of St. Peter Canisius, Doctor of the Church, second apostle of Germany.
- 30th—At Deloid, on the shores of the Red Sea, 1595, Father Abraham Georgi was put to death by Mahomedans.
- 30th—At Arima, in Japan, 1595, Father Joseph Parissetto died by poison.

feared for his life. Unmolested by the troops, the brigands infested the country, robbing everybody. Six of my catechists were forced to leave me. One morning, ten well-armed brigands came to the mission

to request the medical services of the Brother for their leader who was grievously wounded. After much parleying, they consented to leave the Brother with me, provided his assistant would accompany them. Poor Tchou! He was the only catechist left, and now his "noble" patient, the outlaw leader, will not part with him.

Next came a violent epidemic of cholera. People were dying off very rapidly. As Brother Soulligny was away at Tien-Tsin purchasing necessary wares for the mission, I was the only infirmarian. Unfortunately, our medicine chest was practically empty. During this time there was the rumbling of cannon in the distance and there was all about us the atmosphere of war and its consequences. Mingle all these things together, and add what I omit through prudence, and you will have an adequate idea of our situation.



Philippine Islands

The ever-recurring cry from the Fathers at work in Mindanao is, "Send us American Sisters to take charge of our schools!"

This was reiterated in a letter received recently from Father Jeremiah M. Prendergast, S.J. In order to meet the influence of the Public Schools, it is an immediate necessity to have American-trained Sisters to save the Faith of the Filipino children.

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writes from Mindanao:

Since the eighth of December, Father Bolster and I have been working along the Misamis west coast in the towns, Kalombagan, Tangob, Misamis, Clarin, Tudela and Jimenez. These large municipalities have been without a resident priest for many years. In Misamis, Misamis, on the eighth of December, we were kept busy with one hundred and forty baptisms and fourteen marriages. At Tangob, on December thirteenth and fourteenth, there were eighty baptisms and eight marriages. In some of these towns along the west coast there is no rectory, and in others, because of the dilapidated condition of the rectories, it has been necessary for us to seek food and lodging in the homes of the

parishioners, whom we found very hospitable. We are to continue the pioneer work along this coast until Easter, and it may be that we shall establish a permanent residence in this section of Mindanao. . . .

During my stay at Jimenez I slept in the convento (rectory), but took my meals with one of the parishioners. The people are going to buy me some dishes and will build a fireplace in a corner of the convento. The fireplace will be a large box, five feet by three feet, with a depth of four inches. The box will be filled with sand, and in the center, a circular piece of iron resting on three iron legs will support the pots and pans over the fire. A sort of picnic every day! For the present, the problem of drinking water is solved by the parishioners who bring it to me in bottles. They are going to buy me a tank to catch the water from the roof. . . .

Prospective missionaries ought to learn the elements of horseback riding. Even in the more modern towns you must ride to reach some of the stations. Recently I attended a dying man whose home was up in the mountains. It was a long ride by horse. Journeys like this are too long to be made on foot, and a "pedestrian" missionary will not last under a glaring noon-day sun. It was noon when I reached the sick man. After administering the last Sacraments, I took a meal with the family and then set out on the long journey home. The heat and fatigue are not nearly so wearing, when you ride.

Mohammedan conversions are very rare. Father Martin L. Zillig, S.J., had the consolation recently of anointing a former follower of Ma-



Top: American Jesuits shooting rapids in Mindanao, P. I.

Center: Father James T. Hayes, S.J., Superior of Misamis Mission, comes ashore.

Father Hayes directs the activities of the thirteen American Jesuits who are in charge of some seventy mission stations in Mindanao.

Lower: Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., mushes along the Yukon trail.

homet, when the man lay dying in St. Paul's Hospital, Manila. It was shortly before the end that the grace of conversion brought the Mohammedan to ask for Baptism. He was baptized by one of the American Maryknoll Sisters in charge of the Hospital.

Alaska



From Nulato, Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., writes:

From early in November, until a few days before Christmas, I was on the trail visiting Indians who had been reported to me as dying. All in all, I mushed over seven hundred miles of the worst trail I have experienced in four years on the Yukon. Even the powerful mail teams have been from two to four days late all December. The storms, high winds, and the snow were followed by some fifty to sixty degrees below zero weather. Combined with the very short days—about three and a half hours of sunlight—the extreme cold has been most trying. One of my best trail dogs died a few days after I reached home. Personally, I contributed two frozen fingers to the collection of injuries.

Patna Mission



Mohammedan conversions, some say, are so rare that they may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The follower of the "Prophet" is told that to leave his religion for that of the Christians is to court death, sure and sudden. In



Friends in mischief, Mohammedan and Rajput converts.

spite of this sword ever hanging over them, there are some among the two million Mohammedans of Patna Mission who have had the courage to follow the dictates of conscience and become Christians. The number is still small, but consoling. A few converts have been made at Ghyree, a few at Bettiah, at Bankipore and at Kurji. One of these converts has been a particular power for Catholicism in India, Sahib Jahan, a convert of Father B. Sullivan, S.J. He is now the able secretary of the "New Hope," Father T. Gavan Duffy's catechetical association.

American friends of the Jesuits in Patna Mission ask from time to time for their exact addresses. The following directory contains the complete list of priests, scholastics and Brothers working in Patna and the native sons of India who have entered the Order in the Mission. In each case add "India" to the address given.

Bankipore, Patna, Bishop's House: Rt. Rev. Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., and Father B. Sullivan, S.J.

Bettiah, District Champaran: Fathers A. Pettit, S.J., P. J. Sontag, S.J., Father Alban, Mr. P. Dent, S.J., and Brother Stanislaus, S.J.

Bhagalpur, P. O. Champanagar, E. I. Ry.: Father J. A. Creane, S.J.

Chakni, Bagaha, District Champaran: Father F. Ory, S.J.

Chuhari, District Champaran: Fathers A. Forster, S.J., and W. E. Marquard, S.J., and Brother J. Pais, S.J.

Dinapore Cantonment, District Patna: Very Rev. W. J. Eline, S.J. (Superior of the Mission), and Father E. O'Leary, S.J.

Jamalpur, E. I. Ry.: Fathers H. Westropp, S.J., and H. Millet, S.J.

Kurji, P. O. Digha Ghat, E. I. Ry.: Fathers C. P. Miller, S.J., and P. L. Frank, S.J.

Kurseong, D. H. Ry.: Fathers F. Stoy, S.J., and R. Mullen, S.J., and Mr. J. R. Gibbons, S.J.

Latonah, P. O. Daparka, Bhagalpur District: Father John.

Morpa, P. O. Morpa Factory, B. and N. W. Ry.: Father Lucas.

Motihari, District Champaran: Father Joachim.

Samastipore: Father H. Doran.

Shembaganur, District Madura, Sacred Heart College: Messrs. F. Loesch, S.J., M. Lyons, S.J., A. Wildermuth, S.J., Kevin Angelo, S.J., J. Brennan, S.J., David Pinto, S.J., Charles Saldhana, S.J., Patrick Smith, S.J., Peter Angelo, S.J., C. Watling, S.J., and Brother Jonathan, S.J.

Victoria Mission, P. O., District Champaran: Fathers John Kilian, S.J., and R. J. Conway, S.J.

Father J. Creane, S.J., writes from Bhagalpur:

Late in October a cholera epidemic



Father Francis Stoy, S.J., learning Hindi.



Father A. Forster, S.J., at Chuhari with Peter Angelo who has since become a Jesuit novice.

broke out in the village around the church, and the Sisters did splendid work in their dispensary, rising at all hours of the night and keeping themselves always at call during the day for many who came asking for medicine. Several Baptisms of dying persons followed. Two monster *pujar* (worship feasts) to *Kali Ma*, the ten-armed bloodthirsty wife of the god *Siva*, were organized by the Brahmins to avert the plague, and many a poor pagan was thereby persuaded not to come for our help. Needless to say, *Kali Ma* did not stop the deaths.

Twenty-five thousand *Santals*, an aboriginal, animistic tribe, rapidly drifting towards Hinduism, and clamoring for the elevating influence of education from any source, checker the southern end of my district. Once Hinduized, their conversion will be doubly difficult. To reap this harvest, I have an immediate, urgent need of schools, teachers and catechists.

American Indians



St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming. In the March issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* a brief mention was made of the fire at the Mission among the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians. Father A. Keel, S.J., sends the following detailed account:

The fire started about 8:30 A. M. in the boys' washroom, on the third floor of the tower building. Brother Stern discovered the smoke first. We tried at once to control the fire, but failed because it was between the walls and the shingles and the plaster of the mansard roof. The fire spread very rapidly, and we could save

almost nothing on the second and third floor. When the fire broke out the children were at school, and thus out of danger. Out of the first floor we saved a good many things—the boys' shoes, clothing, almost all valuable papers and records, and almost everything out of the church and sacristy. Father Lannon, Brother Stern and Mr. Miller lost almost all their personal effects, and I saved only what I wore that day. We do not know how the fire started. The building is a total loss, as there is nothing left except a few cracked brick walls.

We rearranged the available space in the other buildings, and by nightfall everybody was fairly comfortably located for the night. And it was well we were, because it was a bitterly cold night. We intend to carry on school for the rest of the year with the space we have at our disposal. We shall be a little crowded, but I think this is better than to close school.

Holy Rosary Mission. An extract from **Father Cunningham's** diary, with its array of Indian names, is not without interest.

The children of the Mission have been unusually well this winter. However, there has been some sickness on the Reservation. Rocky Mountain received the Last Sacraments, but he is better now. Joe Red Bear was run over by a car, but not seriously hurt. Bear in the Woods died last week. I gave him the Last Sacraments. Daisy Running Hawk and Sally Black Cat have been sick for many months. They call often for Holy Communion.

The log meeting-house at Pine Creek is being rebuilt by the Indians who are giving their services free. Benefactors of the Mission are paying for the material.

Honoring the veteran missionary priest who over sixty years ago established the foundations of Catholic civilization in the Lewiston Valley, the city of Lewiston, Idaho, paid tribute on February 20th to **Father Cataldo**, in celebration of his diamond jubilee as a Jesuit. Pioneers from all parts of the Valley gathered at Lewiston for the celebration.

After founding missions in the Spokane district, **Father Cataldo** came, in October, 1867, to the confluence of the Clear Water and Snake Rivers, and began work among the Whites and the Nez Percé Indians in the country around Lewiston. His work in this country has borne abundant fruit, and the aged missionary is remembered with affection by all with whom he came in contact.



"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.

"IN THEE, O LORD, HAVE I HOPED"

FRANCIS XAVIER fed his soul on expectation not realization. He lived in the future, planned for the future, aspired for the future, prayed for the future. The past to him was dead. Its successes were with God; its failures forgotten. All the wonderful conquests of India and Japan were as nothing when came the great ambition to plant the Faith in China. This alone was his zealous hope and constant prayer.

Again and Again His Letters Tell It

"In truth we have resolved and are practically determined to enter China. May God only prosper our footsteps for the spreading of His Faith; and let the devil and his army do their worst. I care not for them. 'If God be for us, who shall be against us?'"

"By God's protection, I hope before the end of the year to land on the shore which is the object of so many prayers to me.

"With what delight we shall embrace at finding one another on the soil of China, the object of our most earnest desires!"

ZEALOUS HOPE AND PRAYER UNCEASING

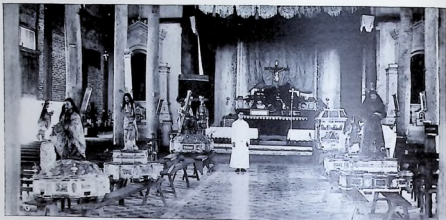
Many a vocation to the priesthood, the brotherhood and sisterhood has been won by eager expectation and constant prayer. God picks no one up by the ears, willy-nilly, and places him or her in a seminary or convent. He does give the seed, the grace of vocation; but it must be cultivated and grown by earnest individual effort, by prayer and desire that breed courage and action. A prayer a day can make a missionary of you—it may make you another Francis Xavier. Pray, then! Pray! Pray! Pray for the missionaries; pray to become a missionary yourself. Man's world does not need you; Christ's world does.

A Thought for Mothers and Fathers

When Francis Xavier lay dying on the island of Sancian, undoubtedly there came back to him thoughts of the past years. He saw the castle of Xavier, the halls of the University, the Lady chapel of Montmartre where he pronounced his vows, the altar of Vicenza where he said his first Mass, Goa, the Fishery Coast, the cities of Japan;—and as he lifted his eyes, he saw, too, the curving shore of China, the land of his greatest desires. With one last dying burst of enthusiasm, he thanked God for it all and exclaimed, "In Thee, have I hoped, O Lord, I shall not be confounded forever." In that last hour, he thought, too, of his mother and father who had preceded him into heaven and were waiting for him with love and joy. Suppose you had been that mother or father. What feelings of pride would have been yours?

You Can Be Such a Mother or Father

Are you praying the deathbed of Xavier for your sons and daughters, or are you preparing for them a death vision of emptiness, of flat world success but spiritual failure? Give your sons and daughters to God for the foreign missions. Beg the God who gave them to you to take them back for His service and for the salvation of souls. Perhaps you will be the mother or the father of a Xavier. Isn't it worth while? Consider the future, not the past or the present. Hope in the Lord and be not confounded forever.



Interior of the church at Jasaan, Misamis, on the morning of Good Friday, 1927. Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., is standing in the center.

Passion Tide in the Philippines

GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S.J.



THE Philippine Islands may be of all Catholic countries the most poorly supplied with priests, with only one priest for every nine thousand Catholics. And its Catholic children may be the most neglected of Christ's little ones, since only five per cent of them enjoy a Catholic education in Catholic schools. But on the other hand, this island country at the eastern extremity of packed pagan Asia displays a Catholic faith that is very deep and Catholic devotions that are beautiful and consolingly widespread. Among these devotions, that to the Sacred Passion during Holy Week is probably the most conspicuous and the following details of this *Santa Semana* will be of interest to American Catholics.

Smaller Filipino towns are usually composed of contented farmer-folk, simple and frugal in their manner of living. Most of the towns have no paved streets nor sidewalks; no electric, gas, or ice-plants; and few automobiles with tooting horns annoy the children at play or the pedestrian taking his leisurely *paseo* in the cool of the evening. But the people have food sufficient, even the peasant class, with rice and fish and fruit, and occasionally chicken and pork as a special luxury for fiesta days. They have their homes, though perhaps only the small and easily constructed huts of nipa and bamboo. They have their recreations, usually innocent enough, and family gatherings to an extent that we Americans would not attempt. And they have their Catholic religion and, very prominently, their parish church. Perhaps shabby or even decaying from age or lack of care, nevertheless it towers high over the huts clustering among the coconut palms;

and to one approaching the town from the rice fields it seems as a sturdy old giant, ever watching to protect his wards from harm.

ON Palm Sunday, the Holy Week activities begin. Across the big rather scraggly church plaza, groups of people are hurrying, some of them carrying their own plain chairs to add to the scanty number in the church. Their own palms they supply, too; coconut palms, picked in their own little yards, and with tips prettily woven into birds and flowers, and gaudily decorated with fancy paper. The palms are blessed with music aplenty, and then begins the Mass of Palm Sunday. The first of the processions takes place on this day and little girls go dancing down the streets tossing flowers to right and left. The farmers hold out their hats and, if lucky enough to catch some of the flowers, scatter them on the fields to insure good crops.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are quiet days, save for the Passion chanting each evening, and the welcoming of the pious peasants who come in one or two days' journey from distant mountain barrios to be present for the great *fiesta*. These stay with friends or relatives. Because of the wonderful spirit of hospitality, even utter strangers find ready food and shelter. There are practically no hotels in the Philippines and there is little need for them.

BEGINNING with Holy Thursday morning, the church is jammed, with the people packed together, literally almost as figs in a box. On this day and for the rest of

the week most of the ordinary liturgy, as we know it, is followed. But many unusual details color the services, with effects, startling and almost inexplicable to a person accustomed to our Anglo-Saxon restraint. Most noticeable and admirable is the way in which the whole congregation throws itself into the spirit of the *fiesta*. Everything else is forgotten. In many places practically no business is transacted, and no vehicles are seen on the streets.

The Mass is finished, with a fair proportion of the congregation receiving Paschal Communion, and the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the Repository begins. Suddenly, back in the church and overhead in the tower, a raucous din breaks forth. The boys of the congregation are accompanying the sacred procession with the music of their wooden *matracas*. Clappers, Americans call these instruments, and their use in America is limited; but an age-old custom approves their noisy use here and with right good will the boys whirl them round and round. Only, when they pause for breath, can the processional hymn be heard. It is a unique but serious and sincere manifestation of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

ALL day the Repository is well attended. It is decorated neatly enough, with palms and large banana plants, but there are surprisingly few flowers, and the purple draperies and hangings are worn and faded enough to have come over with Magellan. In the morning at 11 o'clock twelve ancients of the parish in bare feet file into the church for the ceremony of the "Washing of the Feet of the Apostles." As in Europe where this ancient and venerable rite is still celebrated with great solemnity in many cathedral churches—in Madrid, for instance, the king himself washes the feet of twelve poor men—so here, the parish priest girds himself and with basin and towel washes the dusty feet of those who impersonate the Apostles. Then in one of the best houses of the town the old men receive an excellent meal served by several of the *principales*, veiled in black. They eat heartily, but in solemn silence, while in an adjoining



Lopi Valinorez (left) and Bertoldi Lim (right) with their *matracas* or noise makers.

room the Lamentations of Jeremiah are sung by a choir of old men to the lead of a piccolo.

ON Good Friday morning, very early, hundreds pass through the streets of the town making the Stations of the Cross. All kneel and kiss the dirt road before each Station, and as the procession moves to the next Station a stanza of the *Stabat Mater* is sung. Afterwards all proceed to the church for the "Mass of the Pre-sanctified," with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament again accompanied by the hearty demonstration of *matracas* from the small boys.

Late in the morning a huge Calvary of bamboo and palm is constructed by the men of the parish directly in front of the main altar, and a life-sized crucifix erected. Here, from three to six in the afternoon, the "Three Hours' Agony" is observed, with sermons for each of the seven words. Then the *cuerpo* or body of the Christ is carefully and tenderly removed, placed reclining on a beautifully decorated bier, and the mournful funeral procession of the dead Saviour passes slowly out of the church and through the streets of the town.

THIS *Santo Entierro*, the climax of Holy Week, is most devotional and deeply inspiring. Many of the little houses are draped in black, with oil-lamps burning in the windows; but apart from some old women and children who pray reverently as the procession passes by, few spectators are seen. All who are able, feel (Turn to page 96)



The procession on Palm Sunday, 1927, at Talisayan, Misamis.

ST. JOHN'S, BRITISH HONDURAS

(Continued from page 79)

since I last saw it. No other chapel I have ever seen shouted louder for improvement. They tell me that now a new roof is on the old building, and the inner ceiling has been put up; both of them through the generosity of friends in Belize. The chapel is now more like a quiet House of God with an air-space and an inner ceiling to deaden the rattling musketry of many thousand rain-streams on the roof. And within the house, the Master of the place dispenses the light and courage and spiritual energy to the Jesuit faculty, who with all their material limitations have made St. John's "the leading educational institution of Central America."

ST. JOHN'S is not strictly speaking a college. It ranks in Jesuit educational parlance as an "inchoative college," destined to, but not yet enjoying collegiate classes. But its secondary standards have been tested on numerous occasions, and have not been found wanting. Students from its "Fourth Form," or Fourth High classes, have gone to England, Canada, and the United States for higher studies. Not one has failed at college entrance requirements.

A great Canadian Banking System has a number of St. John's boys in positions of responsibility and trust in the West Indies, and in

Central and South America. Two or three of its graduates have made their way into the small and very limited Legislative Council of the Colony; one has acted as its Attorney General; and there is scarcely a single department of the government but lists St. John's alumni amongst its efficient and patriotic servants.

The editor of the leading newspaper of the Colony was educated at the local college, and his assistant is a fellow alumnus. As a general rule the ablest managers and employees of commercial houses in Belize and the outlying towns will speak affectionately of "dear St. John's" as Alma Mater. One of its very earliest students, after a score of years of private, painstaking, scientific experimentation, and unwearied propaganda in the colonial press, has at last awakened the government and the numerous planters of the Colony to the immense possibilities for citrus agriculture in his native land.

In the United States, two old students of St. John's are

at present valued members of the faculty of the Dental School of St. Louis University; others are engaged in professional and commercial lines. Two of its graduates are pursuing their normal studies as Jesuits in the Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, and will return soon to be the first of British Honduras' sons to become apostolic laborers among their own people. Three other graduates are in seminaries for the secular clergy.

IT is not so easy to trace the after career of those students who return to their homes in the Central American republics. Real news, however, if not so satisfyingly definite, comes that these old students, too, are well known in business and professional circles in Guatemala and Honduras and Salvador.

One I have in mind in particular who has shown positive heroism in the moral order by living as a thoroughly practical Catholic in a land where men are not in the habit of adhering to Catholic practice. After finishing high school at St. John's he came to the States and got his degree at a Jesuit University. He then returned to his native land where his professional ability won him a clientele which his staunch adherence to religion might otherwise have kept from him.

Lowly Alma Mater in Belize quietly exults in the hundred little prowesses of her sons along material lines. But it is the souls of her old boys in

which she is most deeply interested. In Central America it takes a man of stern moral stamina to stand forth, quite solitary at times, as a thorough-going Catholic. Around him religion is deemed only a woman's concern, and "religious indifference is a badge of respectability." One recognizes this attitude very early each scholastic year at St. John's. New students from the Spanish republics receive a rare surprise when they attend Mass for the first time in the tottering Belize cathedral. There is quizzical wonder written on their faces as they see *men*, many of them, and not lowly and foolish-looking only, at Mass; and deepest wonder! *men* marching up without self-consciousness to Holy Communion.

ONE great wish in the heart of the Jesuits who are working for God in Belize is that their boys from the republics may be sufficiently heroic—nothing short of moral heroism will suffice—to be loyal, (Turn to page 96)



Working against odds, building a protecting sea-wall.



The third annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith of the diocese of Newark shows collections for the year 1927 amounting to \$344,625.99. This magnificent sum is an average of approximately \$1,500 per parish. Father William A. Griffin, the diocesan director, is to be congratulated on this splendid report and also on the inauguration of the plan of cooperation between the missionary organizations and the diocesan offices whereby missionaries are allowed to appeal for their missions in a limited number of parishes each year. This plan, so simple in its conception and satisfying in its results, provides for the undoubted needs of the missionary organizations under a control system that prevents missionary appeals becoming a burden on a few parishes and arranges that there is one and only one appeal annually for mission funds in each church of the Newark diocese. This plan has already been adopted by Monsignor John F. Glavin of the Albany diocese, for the work there of the Propagation of the Faith of which he is head.

All interested in the work of Medical Missions will rejoice at the announcement that the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries has opened up its first hospital in India. This Society is very young. It was founded in Washington in 1925, as a canonically erected religious community, by Dr. Anna Dengel. Its Mission House is in Brookland, Washington, D. C. Women doctors, dentists, nurses, and pharmacists, constitute its medical membership. Non-medical members devote themselves to many kinds of work inseparably con-

nected with the management of the Society and hospitals. The first hospital of the Society has been erected in Rawalpindi, Punjab, India. For women with medical skill in any branch who would like to devote their lives to missionary work whilst they carry on their profession, this



Rt. Rev. Januaris Hayasaka, D.D., first Japanese bishop.

society offers an enviable opportunity.

The Rock, a monthly magazine published at 62 Robinson Road, Hongkong, China, has resumed publication after a lapse of two and a half years. The magazine is sprightly. Its section entitled *Urbs et Orbis*

contains a most interesting collection of news of world-wide interest.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Literature in Paris has recorded the aerial explorations in Syria of Father Anthony Poidebard, S.J., of the Syrian Jesuit Mission. The missionary flew over the region southeast of Damascus and photographed the traces of the old Roman roads which connected Damascus with the fortified posts of the desert. The priest's work is an important contribution to history.

The photogravure section of the *New York Evening Post* for January 28th, presented a page of pictures taken by Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., whilst he was exploring glacier formations in the Alaskan Jesuit Mission fields. Father Hubbard took more than two thousand pictures of rare glacier phenomena in a two months' trip replete with dangers.

The Reductions of Paraguay set up by the early Jesuit missionaries to South America and glorified by Protestant pen are being reproduced today in Bogotá, Colombia. Father Campoamor, S.J., after having studied social work in France, Belgium, Austria, Holland and Spain, is applying all his learning to the Christian social relief of the poor in Bogotá. Having purchased a large tract of land a short distance from the city, he has built one hundred model houses within an enclosure that includes a church, two schools, an open-air theatre, and a playground. Other works of Father Campoamor

include four grammar schools, two trade schools, one for each sex, a night high school, and an agrarian school. He has instituted insurance for the sick and a marriage fund for young men desiring to enter Holy Matrimony.

St. Joseph's Jesuit College in Trichinopoly has at present 1,928 students, of which 1,341 are non-Catholic (Hindus, Mohammedans and Protestants), while but 587 are Catholic. The opening of Catholic colleges in India to non-Catholics

the "Indian Historical Research Society," formed last year, has been giving some of the students advanced training in the field of Indian historical research. A small museum, a library, and a lecture room are the quarters of the institution.

Father Coelho, S.J., Superior of the Mangalore Mission, India, whilst preaching at Manchester, England, electrified his hearers by telling them that he was a descendant of one of the families baptized by St. Francis Xavier.



Natives of Madagascar ordained to the secular priesthood, after being trained in the Jesuit seminary there.

and Catholics alike has raised Catholicism and Catholic missions in India from a pariah standard to one of high estimation in the minds of the people. Moreover, in the last two years, from St. Joseph's College thirty-seven candidates for the priesthood have been graduated. It is just because of the large non-Catholic student body, most of which is from the wealthy class, that access to higher education has been possible for the Catholics. Even when the pagan students are not converted, prejudices are removed and the seeds of Faith sown in the soul.

At St. Xavier's College, Bombay,

THE STORY OF THE JAPANESE CHURCH

(Continued from page 76)

Church of Japan. Yet the conversion of many souls continued even during these terrible years, as appears from the following table:

Between 1549 and 1598 there were baptized 500,000.

Between 1598 and 1614 there were baptized 152,900.

Between 1614 and 1630 there were baptized 25,000.

The above are Jesuit statistics. If we add similar proportions for the other Orders we can understand how it is estimated that the number of

the Christians in old Japan reached more than a million souls.

Hideyoshi was succeeded by Ieyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa line of Shoguns, and by Iemitsu, the most cruel and unrelenting of the Japanese persecutors. Under him occurred the "Great Martyrdom" on the Hill of Martyrs at Nagasaki in 1622, when fifty-three were martyred, some by fire, some by sword. Here it was that Father Charles Spinola, S.J., standing at the stake, inquired of a Christian woman, one of his fellow martyrs, where her little son, Ignatius, was whom the Father had baptized.

"Here he is," said the noble mother, lifting the boy above the pile of faggots that concealed him. The child was dressed as for a festival.

"Look," said the mother to her child, "yonder is he who bestowed on you a life far more precious than the one we are now offering to God."

IMITSU built in the harbor of Nagasaki the artificial island of Deshima (714 by 216 feet) outside of which no foreign merchant should set foot. He exacted of all strangers entering the country the sacrilegious condition of trampling on an image of Christ crucified or of Mary with her Divine Child. I have seen such desecrated images preserved in the Museum at Tokio. Throughout the country, placards were set up saying that the Christian religion was forbidden and setting a price on the head of a priest, a Brother or a lay-

OUR MAY NUMBER

FATHER DANIEL LORD, S.J., editor of the "Queen's Work," will write on the inspiring theme of our Blessed Mother and the missions. Father John Killan, S.J., will tell of the persecutions recently aimed at Our Lady of Victory Mission in Patna, India, which almost brought about the death of two of the missionaries. High up in the Bulkidnon mountains, Mindanao, P. I., Father McGowan, S.J., is planning great things for Christ. The story is told by Anthony Leisner, S.J. Our readers will find charming the true story of Yulchko, a Japanese boy-apostle in Brazil.

man, betrayed to the authorities. Such signboards are still preserved as sacred relics among the Christians of Japan. Iemitsu forbade under pain of death any Japanese to leave his native land or to return to it from abroad. To confirm this edict, he ordered the destruction of all ships capable of ocean voyages and thus annihilated at a blow the commerce which the enterprising Japanese seafarers had developed with sixteen nations. He cut his country off absolutely from contact with western civilization during those centuries which saw some of the greatest triumphs of modern art, literature and architecture, science, exploration and government. During the very centuries when the Filipino people were drinking deep drafts of the world's best culture, Japan, thanks to this despotic persecutor, was being transformed into a Buddhist hermitage.

BY the year 1637 the Christians all over Japan had amply demonstrated that they could die for their Faith. In that year the Christians of Shinabara showed that they could also fight for it and for their rights as men and sons of Japan. Twenty thousand of them, mostly peasants and farmers, under the leadership of a young Christian hero named Masuda Shiro Tokisada, protesting against the intolerable taxation levied by their local lord and the persecution under which the whole land groaned, routed the local troops sent against them, held at bay a detachment of the Shogun's army and Dutch artillery, and perished gloriously to the last man after having slain more than twice their number. Thus ended the first struggle for civil and religious liberty that ever took place east of Palestine.

By 1650, any Christians who survived in Japan were utterly cut off from contact with their friends overseas. The mission begun by the Apostle of the Indies in 1549 disappeared a hundred years later amidst the red glory of martyrdom. Nineteen centuries of Christian history have displayed no heroism in the face of persecution more glorious than that of the Japanese Catholics of the seventeenth century.

(To be concluded.)

THE CHINESE JESUIT MISSION TRAIL

(Continued from page 85)

perfect demeanor in some cases, often pillage was the accompaniment of military occupation. Without the least provocation, even before uttering a single word, Father Charles Vanara, S. J., and Henry Dugout, S. J., were assassinated in March, 1927, at Ricci College, Nankin.

For many months the regions of the Nankin, Wu-Hu, Anking, and Hwaise Missions have been the scenes of constant strife, of advance and retreat. In the northernmost of these missions large bands of brigands have overrun the country spreading terror wherever they go. The war has caused much material loss to the missions, but what is worse, has paralyzed the free exercise of the ministry. Dark as are the clouds which enshroud the future, they are, however, illumined by the light of Divine hope.



The Jesuits in Modern Times. By John LaFarge, S. J. New York, N. Y.: The America Press. \$1.50.

This book is neither an apology nor an historical treatise. It embodies the reflections of the author on the supernatural aims and character of the Religious Life as considered from the point of view of a modern Jesuit. As a country missionary, the writer spent many hours in lonely travel in which he had time to meditate on the contribution of the Religious life to his priestly ideals. The present volume is the result of these meditations. Many will find the last two chapters entitled, "Laborare est orare" and "The Jesuit and the World," particularly enjoyable. In the epilogue a brief notice is given to the remarkable growth of the Society of Jesus in the United States since early in the nineteenth century. The growth of the Order throughout the whole world since that date is still more remarkable. The Society of Jesus, which was suppressed by one Pope in 1773, was fully restored by another in 1814. Since then, in a little more than a hundred years, the Order has grown so rapidly that today it is the largest Religious Order in the Church. Its foreign mission work employs 3,300 of its members in 37 mission Vicariates or Prefectures Apostolic, containing 186,000,000 pagan souls, or almost one-fifth of the billion pagans in the world. This is but one of the many tremendous tasks that have fallen to the Order's happy lot. What is the significance of this development of an Order which meets such persistent enmity from without, whilst it demands such a totality of self-relinquishment from within? The great Apostle St. Paul says: "It is God who gives the increase."

Catholic Missions in Figures and Symbols. By Dr. Robert Streit, O.M.I. New York: Society for the Propagation of the Faith. \$1.25.

This book of figures and symbols is based on the Vatican Missionary Exhibition of 1925. It should be of great value to all mission enthusiasts, but particularly to priests and teachers who are called upon to speak on mission topics. In many expressed simple diagrams and accurate detailed sets of statistics, the reader will find a mine of information on the mission problems of our times. The book might well be used as a text for mission study clubs and as a source book for essays and lectures on the missions. It is printed in an attractive style, too, and is well edited. It deserves a place in every school and parish library.

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PASSION TIDE IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 91)

bound to participate in this act of reverence and love for their Saviour crucified. All who can afford it, dress in black and carry a lighted candle; all proceed in utter silence save for the mournful undertone of the recitation of the Rosary. During an hour and a half, escorting reverently their precious burden, the long line winds in and out of the narrow streets. At last the church is reached again; the pastor once more tells his devoted flock of this greatest act of love; then all depart quietly for their homes.

Only one more unique feature arrests our attention during the two remaining days, the glorious *Encuentro* or meeting between our Risen Lord and His Blessed Mother on Easter Sunday. At about six o'clock in the morning, two processions are formed near the church, one of them bearing the statue of Christ, the other of black-veiled women to accompany the mourning Blessed Mother. By different routes they wend their way through the streets of the town and meet at an appointed place under a canopy over the road. Angel-wise, a little boy is lowered from the canopy, removes the garment of mourning from our Lady's statue, and lo!—the glorious, triumphant, *Encuentro* is accomplished. Amid jubilant singing and hearty music from the band, that indispensable adjunct of Filipino *fiestas* which has been quiet during the sadder services of the week, the two processions blend into one and proceed back to the church for Easter Sunday Mass. With this *Semana Santa* is finished.

ST. JOHN'S, BRITISH HONDURAS

(Continued from page 92)

consistently practical Catholics. "God give us a Garcia Moreno!" is a fervent wish I have heard breathed at Jesuit recreation; and "Amen, speed the day!" was in the hearts of those who listened. A Garcia Moreno and moral heroes to follow him are a sore need in these republics whose inhabitants are religiously Catholic, or nothing. Here we touch

on the great aim, or one of the greatest of aims of this little college in a mission land.

A Jesuit, who worked at St. John's during its trying opening days at the new place on the sea, wrote at the time: "St. John's is more than an object of passing interest to the Caribbean tourist. It is an outpost of the Kingdom of Christ, or Catholicism, of Christian civilization. Behind the new and humble college lies Central America, five independent republics with 99 per cent of their mixed population Catholic, yet supporting governments so rabidly anti-Catholic that in them a foreign priest is an outlaw, and a Jesuit is in danger of being shot." Things have improved somewhat in ten years since that was written, but not a great deal.

IN writing of St. John's College it has been particularly hard to keep from speaking in glowing superlatives of men with whom it was a sacred privilege to work, and a lasting inspiration to see unflinchingly cheerful in the face of disheartening difficulties. Many a time I have seen a strong, square-jawed man, the head of the college in my early teaching days, looking silently out from the unscreened verandah at promising works and pet plants—in ruins. Little works they may seem to us as we view them from pleasant places at home, but great to this man who was there renewing courage in silence, and putting the whole task up once again to the good Lord. One must plan craftily when he faces the problem of making up for wholly inadequate resources by intelligent scheming, and when he is furtively risking a portion of those financial resources against weather and tides.

What was the view from the silence of the verandah? A low sea-wall, built against high tides that had been flooding a portion of the low-lying ground, was being beaten down to the ground by a heartless storm and the water was flooding even the campus. Or, a brave-looking windmill, put up to drain a farther piece of unfilled property, lying disabled before a slashing Caribbean gale. Or, a garden, small but full of growing things planted in soil that had

been literally carried in place, lying flat before the salt rush of another exceptionally high tide. Maturity for the garden would have meant wholesome food and no bills, but salt water kills growing things. Or again, a garden once more after renewed labor, in ruins after a night's attack by crabs and voracious ants. These were some of the things seen at times from the verandah. They have a tendency to gnaw at the very heart's courage.

Just for a little while, however, because I venture to say that contentment, and the perfect peace of God, and solid joy have no more permanent and abiding dwelling than at this humble mission college. What one of its teachers recently wrote to a brother Religious is the sober conviction of the whole Jesuit faculty: "If anyone is looking for twenty-four hours of happiness a day, tell him to hop on the next boat and come down." For with them always is the vision of Christ's Kingdom to be builded anew in the hearts that Masonic irreligion in Central America has sadly wrecked.

In This Issue

	PAGE
Frontispiece.	
The Great Buddha of Nara, Japan	74
The Story of the Japanese Church.	
Mark McNeal, S.J.	75
The Resurrection.	
Martin J. Scott, S.J.	77
An April Easter.	
A Poem.	
William J. Walter, S.J. ..	78
St. John's, British Honduras.	
Martin I. Carrabine, S.J.	79
A Geologist Turned Missionary.	
Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J.	80
Editorials	82
Jesuit Mission Vignettes...	83
The Chinese Jesuit Mission Trail.	
Joseph Hugon, S.J.	84
From Mission Fields of North American Jesuits...	86
April Jesuit Mission Dates	85
The Tinkling Bell	89
Passion Tide in the Philippines.	
George J. Willmann, S.J.	90
From Many Climes	93
Book Reviews	95
Grateful Acknowledgments.	95

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