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#### INDIAN GRAVE TOTEMS

*The picture of these totems was taken in the forest near Alert Bay, southern Alaska, by Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J. This part of Alaska is the dwelling place of the Thlinket Indians. Totemism and superstitious practices are dying out among the pagan Indians.*



## The Children of the World are not all Children of Mary

IF there are no processions in honor of the Queen of May in parts of Alaska, China, India, the Philippine Islands, Jamaica, British Honduras or among the Indians and Negroes of North America, is it, perhaps, because you are at fault? The success of the American Jesuits in these missions depends largely on your interest and unceasing prayers.



To have zeal for the missions you must know them. Apostolic zeal is not a hobby or a passing fad; it is a vitally serious matter, and involves responsibilities that rest on every Catholic. Catholics *must support* their missions; therefore, they *must know* them; therefore, they *must read* about them regularly, seriously and conscientiously.



Recreation time at the Akulurak Mission School.

## From Seward to Akulurak

JOHN P. FOX, S.J.



HE railroad trip up country from Seward carried us through more than one old Alaskan town that squatted by the railroad tracks, bleak-roofed and semi-deserted. With half their houses untenanted and windows and doors boarded up, these derelict places remain as silent landmarks of a more prosperous era, when the fever of newly discovered mines attracted over night an excited hodge-podge of settlers to one or other locality. In those hectic days of mushroom growth it was no unusual thing for a mining town to swell in population by some six or seven thousand in a single year. Perhaps it required less time than that, though, to deflate this abnormal growth. The failure of some over-rated mining proposition or an off season in the fishing trade would cause an exodus of the transients, until the rows of hurriedly-constructed buildings, with but a handful of the old settlers remaining behind to occupy them, presented a sorry spectacle of desertion and ruin. Hence, most of these towns are mere skeletons of what they were twenty years ago. I have never seen so many vacant restaurants and hotels as during the month of my journey through Alaska. Everything seemed to be abandoned.

THE desolation of once prosperous boom-towns, difficulties of travel on the sand-laden Tenana and Yukon Rivers, the prosperous Catholic Mission of Holy Cross, the simple welcome of a grateful people, these are the elements of a pleasing pen-picture from the writer who tells his experiences in reaching his frontier mission post on the Yukon Delta.

SOME of our Catholic missions have shared the same fate. With the feverish influx of gold-seekers came the priestly representatives of spiritual life and order, whose task it was to preserve Catholic tradition and faith among the diverse elements making up the new population. They formed an imposing moral force in territory then facing the problems of rapid and irregular development. Booming towns needed substantial churches. Later, with the wholesale desertion of the locality, naturally the church also was abandoned. I saw one church, for instance, that had to be quitted even before completed. By the time the finishing work on the inside was begun, the mine causing this sudden activity fizzled out, and with its failure inevitably followed the decay of the place dependent upon it. There stands the old church to this day, sombre, unfinished, unoccupied, waiting, perhaps, for kinder times.

It was at Seward that I had my first taste of apostolic work in the Alaska mission field. The results were not very gratifying. Priests are so scarce up here that when one does show up he has a difficult time locating the Catholics in the town. We were careful to see that the local paper carried an item announcing the celebration of Mass

who smiled upon her, she blessed each one and sent him forth to conquer the world.

We may fancy that till her death, each scrap of news brought in from some foreign part, some rumor that told of Paul racing like a fire across continents, and Peter growing in power and maturity and courage as he defied Jewish hatred and Roman suspicion, and Bartholomew laying down his life among a people who laughed at his message, and growing clusters of Christians punctuating the swift journeys made by these bearers of the Cross; each bit of news brought joy or pain or new hope to her heart.

She was a woman and she could not preach the Son she had borne; but she could pray for the grace that would insure untrained apostolic tongues and give fresh strength to weary feet and stimulate souls crushed under pagan inertia and indifference to new hope and courage. The Apostles worked; she prayed. Theirs were the tongues that spoke the message; from her prayer came the grace that gave that message force, and carried them tirelessly on their way through conquests to martyrdom.

IT is hard to believe that anyone could profess a devotion to Mary without having a devotion to the missions. Certainly now as always the one thing close to the heart of Mary is the conversion of all mankind to her Son. She gave Christ to the world, held Him up to the adoration of the Jewish shepherds and the pagan Magi who came looking for a new King. She had been the instrument of His coming into the world; she has been the instrument of His coming into the hearts of mankind. Certainly a devotion to her would not be acceptable if it did not include with it a desire that the honor of her Son be advanced and His name be more widely known and honored.

For just that reason, every great missionary has been so devoted to Mary and so dear to her. Men have read in her eyes the longing to see the world brought to the feet of her Son, and have consecrated their lives to the missions. Women have remembered that one of their sex brought the Saviour into the world, and have dedicated themselves to bringing Christ into souls that had never known Him. It is simply impossible to ask of Mary, "What is the thing closest to your heart?" without hearing her say with such unmistakable clearness: "That not one soul be left in the world who does not love my Son and follow Him."

AFTER all, it is easier for a man to face failure and disappointment for himself than it is for his mother to see him experience them. If he has done his best, the fault

is not surely his, and he faces his failure with disappointment but without a deep or lasting pang. But when a mother sees her son fail, his work crash to the ground, his hopes smashed and ruined, there is more than a sense of personal failure; there is the double anguish of seeing work lost and knowing that it has cut the heart of the son she loves so dearly.

In somewhat the same way, Mary must regard the millions who have not been reached by the precious blood of her Son and who stand outside the range of His truth and His salvation. She sees in them a thwarting of His hope; but more than that, she knows that from the Cross He saw that His death would not reach them, and that that cut His Heart to the quick.

So, as she watched the Apostles go out to convert the world, with the same eagerness she has watched every apostle down to our own day when he set out to advance the frontiers of her Son's Kingdom and teach a few more souls to know and love Him. They are her best beloved, the ones nearest to her heart. They are actually carrying on His work, and the smile with which she sent Peter and Philip and Matthew into the world is precisely the smile she bestows on every new apostle.

PERHAPS for us, however, who may never have had the opportunity of actual work in the mission field, the attitude of Mary toward the conversion of the world has one particularly consoling feature. We cannot imitate St. Peter or St. Paul; it is

not our happiness to preach Christ from the public square of a pagan city. But we can imitate our Lady with happy closeness.

Mary never preached Christ to any pagan of her time. Possibly, or rather probably, she talked of Him to everyone she met; but the public work of an apostle was not for her. Yet, undoubtedly, she did more for the conversion of the world than all the apostles down to our day. She prayed; tirelessly, unceasingly, she prayed. She lifted up her hands to snatch grace from Heaven for the pagan world. She obtained the strength that we call apostolic for Peter, Matthew and James. On her prayers they relied; because of her prayers they succeeded.

And precisely prayer like this is within the grasp of all of us. The wife and mother in her little kitchen can pray for the missions, as Mary did when she was caring for the little house that sheltered John and herself. The business man in his office can offer up his work for the success of some missionary and know that he (Turn to page 120)

## Mary

God made her from the dearest things  
That ever He could find;  
From the bounty of His wondrous love,  
The beauty of His mind.

He took a world of sorrow,  
Fashioned with tender art  
And binding it with sweetest pain,  
Smiled on Mary's heart.

Then in her eyes of morning hue,  
He placed a gift of tears,  
That men might know their mother,  
In the grief of human years.

—Raymond J. Cotter, S.J.



The writer with some of his recent Japanese converts at San Paolo, Brazil.

## Yukiko, the Boy Apostle



YUKIKO, which in Japanese means "son of the snow," is the name of a little Japanese boy, thirteen years of age, intelligent and thoroughly good.

His last name is Tamura, and his family live in the Via Conde Garsedas, number 85, San Paolo, Brazil. Yukiko, up to the past year, frequented the Methodist church; but somehow or other the Protestant pastors had no great attraction for him. In the month of June, 1926, Yukiko began to take a liking to me and the great truths of Catholicity. He attended catechism class, learned the "Hail Mary," then the rosary, and finally the whole catechism. On the fifteenth of November he was baptized and given the name Louis. His little sister, Mineko, who took the name Mary, was baptized at the same time.

A few days later after their Baptism, Louis and Mary, or if you will, Yukiko and his little sister, Mineko, made their first Holy Communion with intense fervor. Early that morning, while the streets were still dark, these two innocent little children ran to the church of San Gonzalo to receive their Heavenly King in the Holy Eucharist. The next day at the same early hour Louis came again, and every day from then on.

"Louis," I asked him at last, "why is it that you come so early to church?"

"Father," he said, "my mother is sick, and I must finish all my chores before I can go to school."

"Then," said I, "if that is the case, I cannot make you the offer I had intended to make."

"What offer?" asked the lad eagerly, but with some disappointment evident in his look and voice.

G. DEL TORO, S.J.

"I was going to teach you how to serve Mass."

"O Father,"—there were tears in his eyes—"if that is what you wish, I can."

In a short time my little Louis learned the Latin responses for serving Mass. When I saw him for the first time in his surplice, ready to serve Mass, as devout as any little altar-boy could be anywhere, my heart was deeply moved. He understood my thoughts and with his tiny intelligent eyes beaming on me he laughed.

"Don't I look fine, dressed this way, Father?"

"Very fine, indeed, my little son," I answered and laughed, too.

In addition to serving Mass, he was constant in attendance at the altar on evenings when Benediction was given.

After services, Yukiko would go home and say to his poor pagan father and mother:

"Oh, how beautiful the Catholic Church is! The altar of the Sacred Heart is so lovely!"

And then he would tell them that he himself sometimes dressed as a priest in cassock and surplice. To his parents these little stories were riddles, but at the same time they made a deep impression. To his mother, Louis would say:

"Mamma, what a wonderful thing it is to be a Catholic! Mamma, why do you not also go to be baptized?"

The sick woman would shrug her shoulders sadly, and when she saw that her little Yukiko became sorrowful, she, too, grew sad and pensive.

What would the father say? Her husband was strong for the old traditions. One day Louis came to me and said:

"Father, my mother is very sick, and she does not wish to be baptized."

(Turn to page 116)



Yukiko.



# Jesu ki barai!

OR

# Ram! Ram!

JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.



INDIA and Patna are delighted to see you. Welcome to Ghzyree, to Our Lady of Victory Mission! Yes, this is where your missioner holds forth. So come down from your bullock cart after your thirteen mile ride in six hours. Sorry I could not send a Ford. But keep cheerful, for now we shall make you quite comfortable, even though we are far away from the conveniences of civilization.

And since it is the first thing we meet, let me introduce you at once to Ghzyree's oldest and most famous inhabitant, our pipul tree. It is a fine stately tree, isn't it? But do not be too loud in your praises, for that tree has given you endless trouble. It is the Hindu's sacred tree, and at its foot is a shrine to a pagan god. Evidently he who is worshipped here is an arch-enemy of Christ's Blessed Mother, for when he noticed that a shrine was being erected to her near by, and that too many of the villagers were beginning to replace the cry, "Ram! Ram!" with that nobler cry, "Jesu ki barai!" (Praised be Jesus Christ!), he became terribly active.

On February 13th, last year, a mob of five hundred or more, armed with bamboo staves, *lathis*, to be reddened with the blood of Christians—so the pagans boasted—invaded the grounds and headed for the sacred tree which stands scarcely twenty yards from my bungalow. Shouts, threats, taunts, and a volley of sacrilegious imprecations were poured forth, but beyond that no damage was done. Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., founder and first missionary of this station, was then in charge here. I was some distance away at my own station, the Little Flower Mission at Motihari. A telegram summoned me to Ghzyree to the bedside of good Father Westropp who had finally broken under the terrific strain of his work. The Bettiah Hospital, some fourteen miles away, afforded him a few weeks' rest from his labors. Meantime I

DEATH for themselves and destruction to the work they value more than self have been very proximate for some time past to the missionaries at Victoria Mission, Patna, India. A mysterious sudden sickness brought the Fathers almost to death; fire attacked their work-houses; angry mobs threatened the whole Christian settlement. Yet the Fathers stand their ground and the work prospers.

was told to remain in charge of Ghzyree.

MARCH 3rd brought another delegation of some seventeen hundred pagan worshippers with the proud boast that now Our Lady of Victory Mission was done for. Fortunately a few police were on hand and an order had been issued prohibiting large crowds from entering the

grounds. But fanaticism knows no restrictions, so I prepared for the worst. With a bodyguard of Christians and Mohammedans posted on the front verandah, I waited developments. The clicking of my camera (empty, alas! for I had no films) held the mob at bay, for no one wants his picture produced in court as evidence of illegal trespassing. At noon, however, because I had prohibited the use of all drums and horns, the mob began to get riotous. I could not but think of the scene in the praetorium of Pilate.

*Sadhus*, chief priests of the Hindus, urged the already maddened mob to stop at nothing. "Kill him! Kill him! Fire the mission!" were heard on all sides. A policeman was dispatched for armed reinforcements, and I sent a Mohammedan away on my bike to call the Bihar Light Horse. Shortly after two o'clock the storm broke. With a fanaticism which only misguided religious feeling can evoke, the mob rushed past me to the sacred tree. With clamors and shouts and an infernal beating of drums and shrieking of horns the *puja* or worship began. Until nearly five o'clock the pandemonium lasted. Then the would-be worshippers (the primary purpose on these occasions was too obviously a different one from mere worship) left for home. No blood had been spilt; no one had been injured. An hour later a Ford bus, loaded with armed police, crashed into the grounds like a runaway fire-engine, to find all in peaceful calm.

The feast of the Annunciation found Father Westropp with me at home once more. Our peace and quiet was soon

disturbed again. The stillness of the small hours of the night was suddenly broken by the cry of "Fire! Fire!" Someone had set fire to a heap of dry leaves between two straw huts inhabited by Christians directly in front of the church. The fire was soon under control, however. Next morning I visited the scene again after breakfast. All of a sudden I felt myself deathly sick. With difficulty I dragged myself back to the bungalow, only to find good Father Westropp lying on his bed, asking for the Last Sacraments. It was evident that we both had been poisoned—intentionally or unintentionally—by the pagans or by our cook. Thanks to the good Sisters who have charge of our dispensary for the poor here, we are both still breathing God's good air and are as much alive as ever. Until June our life was comparatively quiet. In July, Father Westropp, in poor health, left for another mission station and I was permanently assigned to Ghyree. But I'll tell you the story of what happened after that at a later time. Come in now for a cup of tea.

**T**HE *padri ka ghar* or the Father's house is not exactly a mean structure. Victoria Mission, you know, was, until four years ago, a flourishing indigo plantation belonging to a European. These planters did not live in grass huts. The bungalow is quite satisfactory for us. Spacious and airy it is, with a broad verandah, and a tile roof and a



The native Nun winning souls for Christ through the school.

probably never shall, as long as my good friends in America, Australia and New Zealand continue to help me. Notice my library on top of the desk. There are a few Hindi and English books, mostly spiritual, that help to keep me in touch with God and the civilized world.

I follow as definite a daily schedule as possible. I rise at five; make my meditation as best I can; celebrate Mass at half-past six; and then take a cup of coffee and some bread. Visiting the boys and girls in their work at school, and reading my mail keep me occupied until about nine o'clock. Then I either teach or preside at different catechism classes given to the adults. Some old men and women have been at the ordinary prayers for over a year, and still only stumble through them with the greatest effort. After catechism I inspect the various industries and listen to countless complaints. At twelve o'clock I have my noon meal. Some more complaints form my dessert.



The indefatigable Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., at Victoria Mission which he founded.

canvas ceiling to shunt off some of the boiling heat of India's tropical sun. I'm almost reluctant to invite you to a seat in this old dilapidated chair, a relic of better days in the bungalow. And my meals? They are frugal but substantial. I have not yet felt the pangs of starvation, and

**B**UT come, let me show you more of our little settlement which we hope will become the heart of a great mission. This little building with the brick walls and the thatched roof is the school. Those little fellows squatted on the floor there are *Doms*, outcaste children. Their caste classmates have a bench to sit on and a little desk to hold their slates and books, and even, at times, a handful of rice or corn. You notice that most of the boys have little more than a loin cloth for clothing. Remember you are looking at the poorest of the poor who are happy to get even a little food and clothing. Surely the world has not been overlavish with these children of the jungle. That big fellow standing there is the schoolmaster. He is an energetic teacher . . . as long as you keep your eyes on him. When you leave the classroom, he may lapse into a happy (Turn to page 119)

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## May Mission Intention

### The Conversion of Japan

IN 1909, His Holiness, Pius X, approved and enriched with Indulgences a prayer for the conversion of Japan through the intercession of Mary, the "Morning Star." It was this beautiful prayer that Admiral Yamamoto of the Japanese Navy, president of the Catholic Young Men's Association of Tokio, asked Catholics the world over to use in the campaign of prayer that he had inaugurated for the winning to Christ of the Japanese people.

A few years ago hope for the progress of Catholicity in the Empire of Japan was at low ebb. Religious indifference was abroad, radicinated in a materialistic civilization and a wrong estimate of modern science. This period is already passed. Interest in things Catholic has become keen and widespread, stimulated by the elevation of the first Japanese to the Catholic episcopate in the person of Right Reverend Januarius Hayasaka. Japanese statesmen have for some time been interested in the Catholic Church as the great international fact. There is upon the Empire of Japan at this time the dire necessity of finding in other lands and under other flags a place for the overflow of her population. Her statesmen, recognizing the international characteristics of the Catholic Church, as early as 1923 wished to have a Japanese embassy accredited to the Vatican. This proposal, heartily supported by the press, was defeated by the acrimonious Buddhist leaders. The issue, however, is not yet closed. The press is still insistent on closer relations between the Empire and the Vatican.

The good will of the thoughtful leaders of Japanese activity is manifested whenever an occasion presents itself. Leaders of governmental affairs went out of their way to show their pleasure at the appointment of Archbishop Mario Giardini as Apostolic Delegate to Japan. On October 15th last, a monument, the picture of which appears

elsewhere in this issue, was erected in memory of St. Francis Xavier, S.J., the first Japanese missionary. The memorial was erected on the very spot where once had stood the Buddhist temple presented to Xavier by a former Emperor of Japan. The monument was not only to the memory of Francis Xavier, the missionary, but also in grateful recollection of the Saint as the first European to understand and love the Japanese. Non-Catholics attended the ceremonies of unveiling in great throngs, as it was their contributions that made the memorial an actuality.

Our prayers, therefore, for the conversion of the Japanese can be poured out in great confidence. Mary, the mystic "Star of the Morning," will assuredly unite her powerful intercession to our feeble supplications. Our readers are asked to pray in a very special manner for the University of Tokio which is the most important contribution of the Society of Jesus to the forces employed in winning Japan for Christ. It is through this educational institution that there is hope of training up a native élite who will carry the battle for the Church into the ranks of Japan's intellectuals.

## May Time, a Boy and a Crucifix

IT was May time. Spring was everywhere at work with the gentle magic of its transforming wand. Bewitching skies, full-throated birds, the incense of grass and flowers carried by soft breezes, all were casting over the world and the hearts of men their mystic spell. To John Smith, a senior, as he lolled out of his window and dreamily watched the busy campus beneath, life never seemed so wholesomely sweet, so completely satisfying. There was just the slightest tinge of sadness, as he toyed with the thought that another month would find him in the company of that vaguely conceived group of graduates who had preceded him from Alma Mater's campus to that of the world. John was in meditative mood. The time, place and season all tempted him to divine what the unknown paths of the future would reveal for him. It was no new meditation, this thinking and dreaming of the future, but his mind today searched for definiteness. How should he invest his life's interests? Law, medicine, business, the other professions? The claims and advantages of each were familiar ground that had been paced over again and again. Not one captivated his mind; all left his heart dull, unresponsive, unfired.

An image of the Crucified surmounted the wrought iron gate which marked the entrance to the college cemetery, directly within the boy's vision. Of a sudden it fixed his gaze. "Strange," he murmured, "an image of death sounds no jarring note in all this melody of springtime life!" The boy's heart stirred a bit. The Crucified never seemed so wistfully pleading.

"Was His life well invested?" The question gently floated into the boy's mind like the fleecy cloud just then passing behind the Chapel tower. "He invested His life for me, . . . for every human life. . . . Souls are worth the Blood of Christ," the boy was murmuring to himself. "Then souls are precious enough for me to invest my life in them. . . . Why should I not invest my life's interest, as Christ invested His? . . . Greater love than this no man

bath.' . . ." Half remembered bits of Holy Scripture were forcing themselves involuntarily into the boy's mind. The sounds of the campus were like a far distant murmur; the beauty of nature seemed shabby and unreal in comparison with the moral grandeur and beauty of Christ on the Cross.

And so in the glory of budding manhood, in the spring-time of life, in the May time, John Smith found Christ and life. So, too, many a young lad and maiden are finding Him today. Perhaps, too, this springtime you will find Him as others have found Him. Perhaps you will catch the music of His voice calling from the midst of fields He is whitening unto the harvest, calling you to come and aid those others who are laboring with Him, calling you, to the Far-land or the Home-land, but always calling you to Him, eternal Spring and Life.

### *A Missionary of Missionaries*

**A**T Spokane, Washington, from March 13th to 17th, Father Joseph Cataldo, S.J., was fêted as the founder of Gonzaga University and the pioneer priest of the city, on the occasion of his ninety-second birthday and the diamond jubilee of his religious life. Father Cataldo came to our shores a young and dying man with the purpose of con-

### *PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF JAPAN*

*Oh Mary, bright morning star, who in thy very appearance upon earth didst signify the speedy rising of the Sun of justice and of truth, shine sweetly on the people of Japan, so that shaking off the darkness of their minds they may faithfully acknowledge the brightness of eternal light, thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.*

300 days once a day.—The Raccolta.

secrating his human years, however short they might be, to the lowly and difficult task of converting the western Indians to Christ. A body, weakened by the inroads of tuberculosis, the entreaties and advice of friends, the dangers and obstacles he met on every side, were never able to swerve him one jot or tittle from his high purpose. He simply and steadfastly fulfilled what he believed the Divine Will, and God has blessed him with length of years and a name in benediction amongst men.

## *Jesuit Mission Vignettes*



*A native catechist and typical group instruction which partly accounts for the mass conversions in southern India.*

### *No. 7. Tuticorin.*

**I**N 1923, the Holy See took a significant step in mission work in India. A portion of the territory of the flourishing Trichinopoly Mission of the French Jesuits was detached and erected into a separate diocese. The new diocese, called Tuticorin, occupies the territory which extends along the pearl fishery coast famous for the wonderful apostolate of St. Francis Xavier. A native Indian Jesuit, Right Reverend Tiburtius Roche, S.J., was named first bishop of Tuticorin, and the entire diocese was turned over to the ministrations of a native clergy. How happy have been the results is shown by a recent statement of Bishop Roche in which he announces that last year in his territory 50,000 people were converted to Catholicism.

# Beautiful

ANTHONY

**T**OWERING hills, deep precipitous falls, rich rises and sunsets tinting Bukidnon Province, Mindanao, a true paradise. Two American missionaries, at heavy odds to make it a success? Read the story told



Fathers Joseph McGowan, S.J., and Lawrence Contin, S.J., on the heights near Sumilao.

**B**EAUTIFUL Philippines" the guide-books say, and nowhere is the adjective more appropriately applied than to Bukidnon, Bukidnon with its plateaus and its pure mountain air, Bukidnon the romantic, the picturesque and the wild, Bukidnon with its orange groves and its rich pasture lands, Bukidnon whose natural beauties of "earth, sky and plain" charm the eye, captivate the imagination and enthrall the heart. To the passing visitor Bukidnon is, indeed, a natural paradise with its cool climate, its abundant groves, and its dreamy environment. Its rich beauties of nature almost make one forget that it is one of the few non-Christian provinces of the Philippines, and very backward in material progress.

Just close your eyes for a moment. Presto! you are now in Cagayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., ready for your horseback ride up into God's highlands, Bukidnon. At the very outset, as we ascend the trail into the hills, we look in vain for the familiar cross-crowned spire of the States. Can it be that God is forgotten? Was it ever thus? If your spiritual ear is correctly attuned, you will hear the whisperings of a hallowed tradition, moaning the loss of the Spanish Jesuits who labored and suffered and died to nurture and keep Christianity alive in this great island of Mindanao. Caring first for the coast towns and then pushing up into the mountains, these missionaries provided for the orphans made by the feuds between Moros and Manobos and broke the Bread of Life and the Bread of Angels to their primitive and orphaned converts.

Came the Spanish-American War of 1898 and with it American rule and American civilization. Our soldiers pressed up the mountain trail to Bukidnon, thrilled to think that they were the first white men to penetrate there. To their amazement, they found Spanish Jesuits in the hills, caring for those stamped with the image of the Eternal King.

Just when the missionaries were close to the heart of this pagan people, the strong arm of war drove this primitive race back into the wilds of the hills. Bukidnon shook no longer beneath the all-conquering tramp of Christ's peaceful warriors; the mountain air no longer was sweet with the wafted prayers of the Padres; and the music of children lisping the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary died away on a sighing breeze! With the American government and with American civilization came spiritual stagnation, due to lack of priests and Sisters.

**A**LL this while our horses have been hurrying along. We have been climbing steadily higher and now have reached a plateau of the hills. Our horses are weary and we cast about our eyes seeking a halting place. In the distance we make out a straggling village and soon reach it. It is Sumilao, the site of the original Jesuit Mission in Bukidnon, now the headquarters of the American Jesuits in that province.

If we are fortunate and arrive on a Wednesday, we shall meet Father Joseph McGowan, S.J. His eighty missions keep him in the saddle from Saturday until Tuesday and from Wednesday or Thursday until the end of the week; and, even at that rate, he sees most of his missions only once a year. At present, he is assisted by a second general enthusiastic Jesuit of this Yankee firm, Father Frederick Henfling, S.J.

Both these stout-hearted missionaries will tell you



Father Joseph McGowan, S.J.,



Father Fr

# Bukidnon

HEISNER, S.J.

ges, dashing torrents and  
res, luxurious groves, sun-  
with glory, these make of  
P. I., a veritable natural  
there are striving against  
se of God. Will they suc-  
lines and find the answer.



Bukidnon Province is cut by many deep cañons.



mango grove near his Convento.

enthusiastically: "No; this work in Bukidnon really isn't as trying as many imagine. It's a great work and a great people. The more we see of them, the more we admire them. This work is God's work, and we are only too glad to be servants of His children."

Let us take a comprehensive view of the missionaries' work and picture briefly the hardships of their life, the lack of schools, their trying missionary journeys, their isolation and despite Father McGowan's, "Personal needs?—we have none,"—

their personal needs, for they are many.

**T**HE lack of Catholic schools is the crying need of the Philippines. Why, right in Bukidnon there is only one full-grade school situated in the capital city of Malaybalay, and to it boys and girls come from all parts of the mountains. That school is a public school, wherein religion is never taught. Father McGowan has made a beginning of Catholic education. He has a fifth grade started in a white and blue washed woodshed and the results are consoling. He himself says: "Why, just to hear these big boys and girls recite their Creed makes me feel like rushing to the good old U. S. A. to collect the alms indispensable for the realization of my dream."

The "dream" is to put up a large industrial school to rival the commodious public schools. Since the coming of Father Henfling last fall, the plot for the new school has been marked off, and Father Henfling himself is swinging a hammer and making boxes for the cement piers. Those holes in the ground

mark the spot where the first and, for the present the only, Catholic school in Bukidnon will stand.

**T**RYPING missionary journeys are frequent. Let me give you the drama of a night on the missions.

Scene. Nipa hut in the Philippines.

Cast. Father McGowan and three "muchachos."

Act One: "A cup of coffee splashed all over the table, because my companion walked across the floor."

Act Two: In bed. Tapping at chamber door made by a table dislodged from its moorings by tread of a companion. Silence further broken by scampering of rat "that must weigh five pounds."

Act Three: Climax. One boy screams. Other two flee. Father McGowan, flashlight in hand, springs from bed. Discovers centipede five inches long. Turns to examine boy's foot. Listen, you who admire heroism, to this plain talk. "Sure enough there was blood on his toe. I took an iron grip of his ankle and jollied him to keep him calm, then sucked his toe for about five minutes and kept a tourniquet on his leg for an hour. Thank God, he still lives. I was told that there are many centipedes in that hut."

Act Four: Action declines. Back to bed. Minor disturbances. Cup crashes to pieces. Box falls over. Horse neighs. Bull roars. Various other noises.

Act Five: Catastrophe. Sleep murdered. Conclusion. Night ends, as perfect drama should, in perfect calm with the coming of dawn.

**B**UT the dawn brings new hardships to the missionary. Father McGowan tells of one incident when he baptized a baby, Ignacio, at the bank of a river which he had to swim three times back and forth dragging a raft with baggage and a small boy. Father McGowan's dirty shirt and trousers and bare feet are not in the picture but they (Turn to page 120)

Henfling, S.J.



## Alaska



A letter from Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., to his Bishop, Rt. Rev. Joseph Crimont, S.J., of Juneau, Alaska.

Your appeal in *America* struck a responsive chord in my heart. If I were a millionaire—I like sometimes to pretend that I am very rich, and then I send money in large amounts to all our Alaska Mission stations. Then I wake up to find myself in sore straits myself here at Nulato.

For some strange unaccountable reason, my friends "outside" have stopped sending me the usual donations for this mission. Perhaps they need a few thrillers of Alaskan travel to reawaken their interest in the Middle Yukon Mission. My natural tendency is to conceal, even from myself, the hardships of life here, but I wonder if God's cause is best served that way.

A few days before Christmas I returned from answering a series of sick calls that cost me close to seven hundred miles of mushing along the Yukon. How was the trail? At that time I had the whole broad expanse of the Yukon to wander over. It is only within the last week that the trail has been marked out for good. Except for the last fifty miles I was alone all the time. The cold days, fifty to sixty degrees below zero, just about finished me. For a few hours I thought that my missionary days would be curtailed somewhat. The extreme cold was followed by a high wind and heavy snow. You know what it means to plod along day after day in snow up to your knees. The rough ice and overflows made snowshoes useless. I got back to Nulato in time to celebrate Christmas with my poor Indians. My cabin, venerable relic that it is, had gathered up all the cold of almost six weeks and presented it to me as a token of its joy in my homecoming.

## China

### Süchou Mission



Father Alphonse Dubé, S.J., a Canadian Jesuit stationed at Zikawei where he is studying Chinese, made an apostolic

## MAY

### JESUIT MISSION DATES



- 3rd—At Quebec, 1697, died Father Claude Dablon, one of the heroic pioneers of the Canadian Mission.
- 5th—At Ikiuzaki, in Japan, 1592, Father George Carvahai died by poison.
- 6th—In the Tower of London, 1606, Venerable Brother Nicholas Owen died under torture on the rack.
- 7th—At Nagasaki, in Japan, 1620, Venerable Father J. B. de Besse died after a life of terrible privations. He is said to have baptized in India and Japan 75,000 souls in the space of three years.
- 9th—At St. Mary's, Kansas, 1867, died Brother Andrew Manzella, who spent many years amongst the Indians.
- 10th—In Canada, 1652, Father James Buteux was shot by Iroquois Indians.
- 10th—In China died Father Stephen Le Fevre, one of the greatest missionaries of the East.
- 11th—At Peking, 1610, died Father Matthew Ricci, the famous mathematician and apostle of China.
- 12th—In Canada, 1843, died Father Edmund Masé, one of the great apostles of the Canadian Mission.
- 15th—At Heraldo, in Poland, 1657, Father Simon Maron was cruelly put to death by the Cossacks.
- 16th—At Janow, in Poland, 1657, the terrible martyrdom of Blessed Andrew Bobola. His body was recently brought to Rome from Moscow by an American Jesuit.
- 17th—In Paraguay, 1735, Father Julien de Lécardi was shot to death by savages.
- 18th—In North America, 1675, the death of Father James Marquette, discoverer of the Mississippi.
- 19th—At Teyburn, 1651, the execution of Venerable Father Peter Wright.
- 22nd—At Nagasaki, 1617, the martyrdom of Blessed John Baptist Machade.
- 25th—At St. Louis, 1873, died Father Peter DeBiset, the most famous of the missionaries to the North American Indians.
- 25th—In Japan, 1590, died Father Gaspar Costello, who in the Kingdom of Ouzma, converted 35,000 souls to the Church.

trip to the little town of Ts'ih Pao, to help the pastor there in the busy days at Christmas time. He writes:

Part of the trip was made by auto, but it was in a chair that I entered the town, being carried over its narrow, winding and encumbered streets. I sang the midnight Mass. In the choir, Christmas hymns in Latin, Chinese and French were rendered by the boys. I could not express my feelings on this first Christmas night on Chinese soil. I prayed with great earnestness for this poor country. The piety of the Chinese reminded me of the piety and faith of my old home country; but I was aware that the pious Chinese were exceptions, consoling exceptions, it is true, lest in the dense masses here that have not heard of Christ the Redeemer.

Next morning, at the ten o'clock Mass, the church was again filled with Christians, praying with great fervor. According to custom, the congregation made the Stations of the Cross. A young boy visited each Station, reciting the prayers aloud. It was quite impressive to hear the clear youthful voice to which, in graver tones, the elders responded. After Mass, objects of piety were distributed to the children who had not missed Mass a single Sunday of the year. Nearly three hundred of them had been faithful, and they came forward to receive medals, beads and holy pictures.

There are many pagodas in the neighborhood of the church, miserable and filthy structures housing hideous wooden monsters. The pagan gods had been clothed to protect them from the cold winter. Before them burned candles and incense. Nothing grips the heart of the missionary so much as to see how the devil keeps the pagans fettered in the thralldom of their superstitions.

## Patna Mission



It may give pause for thought that in this year of our Lord 1928, the day on which the

Catholic world celebrated Holy Thursday and the gift of the Blessed Sacrament, non-Catholic India was worshipping white monkeys with black noses. Mr. Paul Dent, S.J.,

writes from India to explain the Indian fable associated with monkeys with black noses.

The Hindus, on April 5th, celebrate *Hanuman jayanti*, the feast of the king of monkeys. *Hanuman*, Hindus fondly remember, aided their god *Ram* in those sore days when the god went hunting down the length of India for *Sita*, the fair wife stolen from him by the demon king, *Ravana*. Meeting the king of monkeys, the god won him to his cause, and by his wiles discovered his wife hidden away in a far prison in Ceylon. It is said that the wily king, by a deed unheard of before or since, threw into the sea various mountains which formed islands still existing and over which passed the victorious armies of the god. It is also said that *Hanuman*, in contriving to burn to ashes the fair palace of the demon, was himself burned, and carried away from the fight a singed and blackened nose. Certain it is, that the omnipresent sacred or *Hanuman* monkeys of present day India, white monkeys with black noses, carry such marks of prowess. Certain it is, too, that they are holy beings in India, having many a temple in this many-templed land and having a special day set aside for their worship in this year of our Lord 1928.



Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., shaking hands with Goes-to-War at Holy Rosary Mission, S. Dakota.

### British Honduras



Even the little colony of British Honduras is beginning to supply more candidates for the priesthood.

The Spanish-speaking colonists have for some time had their candidates in the religious life. Word now comes that two young men of the Carib peoples from the Jesuit missions of British Honduras are in

Word comes from Bettiah:

The high school, begun last January, has outgrown the storage room quarters and has moved into three rooms of Father Alban's bungalow. More and more Hindu boys are coming to us, and with provision now made for the teaching of Urdu, Mohammedans are also entering. Father Pettit has gotten down his algebra and his Latin grammar; Fathers Sontag and Alban are conducting classes in catechism and moral science and English; and Mr. Dent has full days of English, history, Latin and geography.

Few Jesuits, we imagine, are working under such conditions as prevail at Bettiah, where one of the most ordinary (and one of the least amusing) happenings is the perfect nonchalance with which one or more of that innumerable flock of grazing goats can walk into a classroom.

Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., is busy preparing religious reading matter for the Christian Indians and for the Hindus. The translation of Father Francis Finn's "Life of Christ" into Hindi is largely Father Sontag's work. The book is beautifully illustrated in color. The same missionary is preparing a large catechism in pictures which he hopes to have ready for the missionaries and their catechists by the end of July.

novitiate of the Fathers of the Divine Word at Lake Beulah, Wisconsin. They are the first of their race to prepare for the priesthood.



### American Indians

Tucson, Arizona, is planning the erection of a ten thousand dollar monument to Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, S.J., pioneer apostle of southern Arizona and Sonora. Until very recent times, the work of this great Jesuit has been altogether unknown to most Americans. His apostolic labors were carried on in the far southwest of the United States in the latter half of the seventeenth century. During the twenty-four years of his missionary labors, he baptized 48,000 Indians, gathering them into resident missions by founding ranches and building churches for them. His work was along constructive religious and social lines and reminds one forcibly of the famous Reductions of Paraguay.

Writing from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., says:

We have been very much worried over the fact that the Protestant workers among the Indians have been spreading all kinds



Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., of British Honduras, with two Carib candidates for the priesthood.

of pamphlets, books and magazines among our people. We have been trying to find a way to offset this influence. Our solution is a circulating library. Each week the missionaries take books with them to their mission chapels and distribute them among the Indians. We need many books, good clean novels, juvenile stories, Catholic magazines and papers. We shall be grateful for anything we receive from friends who are eager and anxious to help along this new work by sending good reading matter in small or large quantities for our Catholic and non-Catholic Indians.

### Philippine Islands



May time will recall again to many of our readers the remembrance of Father John J. Monahan, S.J., who died on May 8, 1926. His apostolic career was short, only three years, but he accomplished a great missionary task in so short a time with such utter disregard of self that he has been aptly called "A spendthrift for Christ." In those three years, Manila, Vigan, Zamboanga, Cagayan de Misamis felt the whirlwind fire of his zeal. He has been called an apostle of Catholic literature. He set out to convince the Filipinos that America was not Protestant and for that purpose collected in America by the force of his burning letters over 1,000,000 pious articles which he in turn distributed, it might be said, almost by his own hand to the Filipinos. These pious articles included 100,000 magazines, 100,000 pamphlets, and 17,000 catechisms. His

correspondence with friends in the States had mounted at the time of his death to 600 letters a month, all written by himself. It is a mystery where he got time for this in the continuous round of sermons, exhortations, lectures which occupied him. Father Monahan was taken ill, while inaugurating the new mission of the American Jesuits in Mindanao. He was the pioneer, where now thirteen American Jesuits are fighting for the cause so dear to his heart.

Father Jeremiah Prendergast, S.J., wrote recently asking the editors of *Jesuit Missions* to use their influence in persuading American Nuns to come over and help him save the Faith of the Filipino children. Only American Nuns will do for the task that confronts the Padres. So confident is Father Prendergast that the Nuns will be forthcoming that he has started building his school. Here is Father's letter:

The enclosed picture is of my cement school as it is at present. The idea of the picture originated with the workmen. They were so proud of their recently attained knowledge of cement work that they asked me to have a picture taken. I said:

"Certainly."

They said:

"Who pays?"

"Oh," said I. "How much?"

"Three pesos a dozen," said they.

So they got them. They also insisted that their *maestro* come up on the scaffolding.

You can put it in the record that this is the first Catholic cement school in Min-

danao and one of the few cement school buildings in the island. When I started, my men had as much idea of cement as they had of angels. Now I can sit here and write and they go right on.

Father James Carlin, S.J., Superior of the Philippines Mission, and Father James McGivney, S.J., from



Father Jeremiah Prendergast, S.J. (wearing helmet), on the scaffolding of his new school.

the States, have completed a visitation of the houses and stations in Mindanao, P. I. Father James Daly, S.J., writes of their visit to him.

Father Carlin and Father McGivney paid me a visit last Saturday night about seven o'clock. They were on their way to Cagayan. It is two nights and one day by boat from Jimenez to Cagayan. Both Father Carlin and Father McGivney remained at Jimenez over night and said Mass here on Sunday. The handling of these Fathers will make a good story for their telling. In the first place there is no pier at Jimenez. The passengers must be carried ashore from the motor boat which transfers them from the steamer. Use your own imagination in picturing the Fathers riding to shore, jockey-like, on the shoulders of the cargo workers. Seven o'clock meant coming ashore in darkness and cautious mounting of the rectory stairs at Jimenez. It is not safe to walk around this rectory after dark without a flashlight. There is danger that foot or whole body may fall through the open spaces in the floor.

Jimenez has a Protestant Presbyterian church and a Protestant parochial school. The Aglipayan church is in front of our



Father John Monahan, S.J. (left), and Father Joseph Merrick, S.J. (right), crossing a stream near Vigan, P. I.

church, and in back of our church the Seventh Day Adventists have their chapel. However, we know that the truth will triumph and with the grace of God we know that our pioneer work along the Misamis west coast will be successful.

Father F. X. Rello, S.J., chaplain at the Leper Settlement on Culiñ Island, P. I., writes that there are now 5,181 lepers on the island. The American Jesuit Fathers have charge of the work at Culiñ.

The casual visitor to Scarsdale, N. Y., might be tempted to ask the children along a certain street why their little express wagons are all directed to one certain house. Quite promptly he would be told that these "loads of express" are toys gathered by the children of St. John's Parochial School and are being shipped to Father James G. Daly, S.J., by his zealous sister, Miss Alice M. Daly. The toys are destined to gladden the hearts of the little tots in far off Mindanao, where Father Daly is stationed.



### Jamaica

The Catholics of Jamaica were given a rare treat when Cardinal Hayes visited Bishop Dinand and Jamaica recently during the course of his episcopal visitation to the Bahamas. Forty Hours' Devotion was scheduled for the Cathedral and the splendor of ecclesiastical ceremonies was enhanced by the presence of a prince of the Church, Bishop Dinand and Bishop Curley of Syracuse, and Mr. George McDonald of New York wearing the decorations of his Papal and Holy Sepulchre honors. A reception to the Cardinal was given on the steps of St. George's College and was attended by all the prominent Catholics of the city. One-third of the fifty thousand Catholics of the island live in Kingston. Jamaica Mission was entrusted to the American Jesuits in 1893. The Fathers attended 67 mission stations on the island.



"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.

### "HE WHO REAPS NOT, SCATTERS"

FOREIGN missionary success is, in a sense, often frustrated by defections at home. Two Catholics plus two converts do not make four Catholics if one of the original Catholics meantime loses his Faith. This is more than a problem of arithmetic. Francis Xavier saw the problem and he stormed against the laxity and irreligion of the Portuguese Catholics. They were a bane to his converts.

#### Xavier Tells Us in His Letters

"I have long had the idea suggesting itself to my mind of leaving India altogether where so many obstacles are placed in the way of the advancement of the Gospel from quarters from which least of all such obstacles should arise, and going instead to Ethiopia . . . where there will be no Europeans to oppose us and pull down what we have built up."

"Those with jurisdiction over the Christians of the country only use it to commit wrong and to scandalize the Christians thus preventing the conversion of unbelievers, because of the ill-treatment which the latter see inflicted upon those who are already Christians."

#### The Message of Xavier's Little Bell

Does it not seem foolish to send men and women to foreign parts to spread the law of Christ's Church, if Catholics at home disregard that law in such fundamentals as hearing Mass on Sundays and observing the Fast Days? Does it not seem foolish for missionaries to give their lives to bring the consolation of the Sacraments to savage people, if Catholics at home do not value Confession and Communion enough to make frequent use of them? Does it not seem foolish to teach pagans the love of Christ's Sacred Heart, if Catholics at home cast aside that abiding love for every fleeting pleasure of the world, the flesh and the devil?

#### And What Is the Answer?

It is not that missionaries should cease leaving home, friends and comforts to bring other sheep into the fold of Christ. Christ says there *must* be one fold. The answer is that Catholics at home, rather than making themselves stumbling-blocks to their religion, should, by their examples of Christian piety and love for all things Catholic, be models—missionaries at home—inducing the thousands of pagans of our modern cities to behold the true Light and Love of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

#### THE LAY APOSTOLATE IS MOST IMPORTANT

*Missionary priests, Sisters and Brothers, alone will never convert the world. They must have the glowing example of every Catholic to aid them. They must have your prayers, your financial help, and, before all else, the example of your Christian and Catholic lives. Every pure, upright, loyal Catholic man or woman is issuing a call to Christ that sounds as loudly as the bell of Xavier. You are either reaping or scattering!*

# The Story of the Japanese Church

## Present Day Prospects

MARK McNEAL, S.J.

**O**N July 7, 1853, Commodore Perry of the United States Navy sailed into Sagami Bay near Yedo, bearing letters from President Fillmore to the Emperor of Japan. On the 14th of the same month these letters were received by the representatives of the Shogun, acting, so they said, "in opposition to Japanese law." The exclusion policy of the

Togugawa despots was thus violated by their own officials. Japan had ceased to be a Buddhist monastery.

On March 31, 1854, a treaty of peace and amity between Japan and the United States was signed and certain ports were opened to Americans. Townsend Harris, the American Plenipotentiary, negotiated the first treaty of commerce to take effect July 4, 1859, getting rid of the blasphemous condition of insulting the cross and securing to Americans the free exercise of their religion throughout Japan. England, France, Russia, Holland, and many other countries soon made similar treaties.

In the same year a representative of the Paris Society for Foreign Missions entered Yedo, now Tokio. In 1862, these Fathers dedicated a church for the use of the French Catholics in Yokohama. In 1865 a similar church was dedicated in Nagasaki. Both churches were exclusively for foreigners.

**O**N March 17, 1865, Father Petitjean, the pastor of the Nagasaki church, noticed some poor Japanese peasants gathered in the vestibule. Surprised at this, because he knew the danger to which they exposed themselves, the edicts of persecution being still posted up about the town, he cautiously approached them. When they were sure no one else was within hearing, they said to him:

"Our hearts are the same as yours."

Hoping against hope that here might be some weak survival of the Faith of their ancestors, he questioned them and was astounded at their perfect knowledge of the Christian Doctrine. In their turn they, suspecting some strange minister of the new doctrines unknown to their martyred forefathers, put to the priest their three test questions.



*This new memorial to St. Francis Xavier at Yamaguchi was erected through funds contributed largely by non-Christian Japanese.*

"Where is the statue of the Holy Mary?"

The priest took them inside to our Lady's altar and there, for the first time in more than two centuries, Mary received the homage of her Japanese children.

"Do you know the great ruler of doctrine who lives in Rome?"

The priest assured them of his loyalty to the Pope.

"Where are your wife and children?"

When the Father said: "The priest is wedded to the Church of Christ and his children are the faithful of his flock," they cried aloud:

"This is indeed one of our old teachers! Our hearts are truly the same as yours!"

**T**HEN they told him that back in the mountains there were hidden thousands who for more than two hundred years—from 1640 to 1865—without priest, by oral instruction in the catechism and by the daily practice of family prayers preserved the Catholic Faith. A thing unparalleled in the history of the Church.

They returned to the open exercise of their religion. They were persecuted anew by spoliation, imprisonment and exile under which some of them heroically died. But Japan's ambassadors abroad, finding the persecution at home an effective bar to the progress of diplomatic relations, demanded its cessation. Thus in 1872 freedom was granted to the Church under the enlightened government of Meiji, the first Emperor of the New Japan.

The Fathers of the Paris Society for Foreign Missions rapidly developed mission stations in all parts of the country until in 1891 Tokio was erected into an archdiocese with suffragan bishops at Nagasaki, Osaka, and Hakodate. The first Sisters, Dames de St. Mauro, arrived in 1873. Three years later came the Sisters of the Infant Jesus and the next year, those of St. Paul de Chartres. An academy for girls was established in 1908 at Tokio by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Primary and secondary education for boys was undertaken by the Marianists in 1888.

The Society for Foreign Missions now began sharing its extended field with other priests. In 1896 the Trapp-

pists established a monastery in Hokaido, far to the north. Two years later, nuns of the same order came to Japan. In 1905 the big southern island of Shikoku was assigned to the Dominicans of the Philippine Province. The Franciscans in 1906 received territory adjacent to Sapporo and Hakodate. In 1907 the Fathers of the Divine Word took over a large and difficult territory on the west coast.

The present Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, at that time serving as a Papal Envoy to the Emperor, reported to Rome that the time was now ripe for the establishment of a Catholic institution of higher learning for young men. In 1908, Pope Pius X, acting on this information, sent three Jesuit Fathers to establish a Catholic University in Tokio. This institution I saw grow from small beginnings until it had enrolled some two hundred students for the year 1923. The great disaster of September 1, 1923, wrecked the Catholic University and the Marianist Colleges in Tokio and Yokohama, wiped out the two churches and the convent school in the latter city and four of the six parish churches in Tokio, besides damaging what remained. It left the Sisters of St. Paul homeless and those of the Sacred Heart living in tents amidst the ruins of their academy. It took the lives of two priests and eleven Sisters and hundreds of the faithful. It destroyed in one day the work of twenty-five years.

Japanese courage and generosity, supplemented from the outside world, especially from America, have repaired much of this loss and schools are running almost as before.

Besides the University of Tokio, in 1921, the German Jesuit Fathers were put in charge of the new Vicariate Apostolic of Hiroshima. This Vicariate embraces the five provinces of Hiroshima, Shimano, Yamaguelti, Totori, and Okayama, which were detached from the diocese of Osaka. The total population of these five provinces is 5,000,000. The Catholics number only 1,026, a bare handful amongst millions.

THE autumn of 1924 saw the assembling of a Council of the whole Japanese Church in the presence of the Apostolic Delegate in Tokio. At the same time and place was held the first conference of Japanese Catholic laymen. This event added energy to the existing Catholic Young Men's Association, which is now publishing a monthly and a bulletin of Catholic news and interests. Besides, there are various other Catholic periodicals and a good output of Catholic books, devotional and instructive. The Catholic ladies of Tokio have an organization which among

other good works is projecting the establishment of a Catholic hospital in Tokio. The development of a native clergy has been greatly stimulated by the return from Rome of young men who have distinguished themselves in theological studies. Several graduates of the Tokio Catholic University are now pursuing such studies abroad. Among them are candidates for the religious life. Land for a new seminary near Nagasaki was recently purchased with money donated for the purpose by a poor working-woman. And now Catholics the world over are rejoicing that the Japanese Church has, as it were, attained its majority. Januarius Hayasaka, the first Japanese to be elevated to the Episcopate, was consecrated as Bishop of Nagasaki by His Holiness, Pius XI, in Rome, October 30, 1927.

CATECHISM, Sunday Mass and regular use of the Sacraments mark Japanese Catholicity as solid and practical. Thoroughly Catholic, it is fervently national; zeal for the conversion of Japan, for the development of the native clergy, for the religious vocations among the young men and young women is intense and widespread.

These people immersed in a non-Christian population of



The president, Father H. Hofmann, S.J., the faculty and students of the higher courses, Tokyo University.

58,000,000 are standing up for our Catholic ideals with the odds against them 800 to 1. Their glorious history is a part of our common Catholic heritage. Their martyrs are our friends in Heaven. Their lives are an inspiration to Catholic courage, sacrifice and constancy. And signs are not wanting that Japan is ripe for a wider acceptance of Catholicity. When that day comes, its effect on the conversion of the Far East will be enormous and inestimable. The calibre of Japanese Catholicity through centuries has taught how it resists persecution in steadfast adherence to the Faith. What will such a Catholicity do when launched on the full tide of an energetic apostolate?

*(Continued from page 103)*

"Pray, Louis," I told him.

"Father," he said seriously, "you must teach me how to baptize, because last night my mother nearly died and I did not know how to baptize her. Oh, I cannot allow her to die without receiving the Sacrament of Baptism! I want her to go to Heaven."

I taught him what to do, and on the following day I asked him how things were getting on.

"Oh, Father," Louis answered, "mother is getting better."

A few days later the little sister, Mineko, came running up to me.

"Father, do you know what my brother, Louis, has done?"

"No; what has he done?"

"A little girl, her name is Fusako Inaba, was sick and nearly dying. As soon as Louis learned that, he ran to the home of the sick girl with a glassful of water and said to her parents:

"This child must not die without being baptized."

"The parents stood astounded, without knowing what to say or do, while Louis, with his glass of water ready, said to them:

"I know how to baptize."

"Then he baptized Fusako and told her father and mother:

"Now, if she dies, she will go straight to Heaven."

"But, Mary!" I said, amused and proud of my little apostle's zeal. "Mary, did not Louis give her any instruction in the Faith before baptizing her?"

"Oh, no, Father! Fusako was only two or three years old."

"Very well," I smiled.

"But, Father! Fusako—she died two hours after Louis baptized her."

I was a bit alarmed, and naturally called Louis to find out from him whether what Mary had told me was the truth or not. Louis answered all my questions with a smile of assent. The matter, however, did not end there.

A few days later I was called to the parlor to speak to a Japanese woman whom I did not know.

"Father," she said to me, "my name is Inaba. I am the

mother of Fusako, the child whom Yukiko Tamura baptized. Did you know?"

"All," I replied.

"He told me that my baby went to Heaven and that to enter Heaven it is necessary to be baptized. So, I want to be baptized."

She was instructed and baptized, and now she is a very devout Catholic, a convert of Louis—not mine.

One day, Mary Mineko Tamura, to give her full name, with face all dimpled with joy, came to me and said:

"O Father! Do you know, Father? Louis has converted papa!"

"How did he do it?"

"By crying! He used to say:

"Mamma, I receive Holy Communion, serve Mass, and you and papa are pagans who believe in Buddha!"

"Then he would begin to cry. Papa said to Yukiko one evening:

"Yukiko, I will be baptized. But I do not know how to act in your church. I neither know how to pray nor how to address myself to the priest. I know nothing!"

"Oh, papa!" Louis said, "that doesn't matter. I will tell you all about it."

"And when mother saw that papa was ready to be a Christian and a Catholic, she also told Louis:

"I, too, will be baptized."

In the evenings, although his father was fatigued after a long day's toil, Louis would bring him to San Gonzalo to learn his catechism. The poor father! What sacrifices did he not

make to become a Catholic! Finally, after several months, he and his wife were baptized. Today the family of Tamura is as devout a Catholic family as there is on earth. Whenever I chance to visit them in making the rounds of my little flock, they always press gifts upon me and show the deepest affection. Indeed, they are very kind to the one who helped to bring them to the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

What consolation it is for me to find such zealous little apostles of the Kingdom of Christ! What a joy to find myself amidst these families that were so lately worshipping Buddha, and now are happy and fervent Christians! It is worth while to have left home, fatherland, relatives and all, for such inestimable joy.

### *Handmaids of the Lord*

WHAT Catholic has not felt, at some time or other in life, the gentle influence of a Religious Sister? Her life of generous sacrifice, her unselfish devotion to duty, her closeness to God have been an invaluable power for good. Whether alone in her prayers before her tabernacled Spouse or devoting her energies to the work of the classroom or giving endless hours to the sick, the destitute, the poor, the abandoned,—always she is giving the highest service to humanity in the name of Christ, her Beloved.

While the Sister is indispensable at home, her work in the Foreign Missions is inestimable. Ever louder is the appeal for more American Sisters to conduct schools and hospitals and dispensaries, and to aid in the many social works for the Christianizing of the pagan millions. Always more insistent is the call for Sisters to aid the American missionary in his work in the Philippine Islands and in the Patna Mission of India, in Alaska and among the Canadian Indians. Surely the response of American maidens will be generous in answering Christ's call in behalf of His pagan children.



**T**HE Catholic Medical Mission Board announces its third annual medical training course for prospective missionary priests, Sisters and Brothers. The course will again be held at Georgetown University Medical School, Washington, D. C.

The period allotted to this intensive course in former years was two weeks. The missionaries found this training invaluable, but also inadequate. Father J. Summers, S.J., Regent of Georgetown Medical School, in conference with the professors, generously agreed to lengthen the course to six weeks.

The present tentative schedule includes the study of (1) Anatomy and Physiology; (2) First Aid, Emergency Medicine, Minor Surgery; (3) Tropical Diseases, Preventive Medicine, Hygiene, Sanitation, Bacteriology; (4) Chemistry and Toxicology; (5) Therapeutics.

All communication relative to the course should be addressed to the Executive Secretary, Catholic Medical Mission Board, 25 West Broadway, New York City.

**T**HE *Papal Annual*, official organ of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, of which Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., is president, is a very attractive publication telling by pen and picture the aims, hopes, and achievements of the organization. The plans of the Holy Father with regard to Russia and the Near East are vast and of great import for the world and for the Church. It is through the Catholic Near East Welfare Association that the Pope hopes to realize his holy ambitions. In the words of the President's statement: "The Holy Father, therefore, proposes a concrete program of social service which shall comprise the erec-

tion of elementary schools and orphanages, increased higher education, instruction in sanitation and hygiene, the fortifying of religious principles, the maintenance of agricultural communities, the erection of industrial schools and a frank study of the causes that perpetuate the deplorable religious schism between East and West."

#### OUR JUNE NUMBER

**F**ATHER CHARLES J. MULLALY, S.J., National Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, will contribute an article on the Sacred Heart and the Missions. "The Lesson of Madagascar" will show the wonderful fruits in that flourishing mission of a perfected catechetical system, illustrating the importance of the June mission intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for native catechists. Father George Marin, S.J., formerly associate editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, who has just finished a year of study in Europe in preparation for the Chinese mission, will write of what is being done in Europe for Chinese students studying there.

**T**HE plans of the Holy Father perhaps have even greater significance in the light of a recent non-Catholic news report. Gifts totalling \$2,000,000 have been added to the \$15,000,000 endowment which is being sought for six American non-Catholic colleges in the Near East. The fund has already reached \$9,000,000 plus another \$1,000,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation for medical work at the University of Beirut. The non-Catholic colleges which are the beneficiaries of these gifts are the American University of Beirut, Rob-

ert College, Constantinople Woman's College, International College of Smyrna, Sofia American Schools and Athens College.

**T**HE Episcopal Church is much interested in the work of education for Negroes. Recently \$650,000 were collected, to be used for new school buildings and equipment for the nine institutions of the American Church Institute for Negroes. The Institute is educating more Negroes, young men and women, than the Hampton and Tuskegee schools.

**S-O-S** is the significant title of a new magazine which was inaugurated with the issue of last January by the Missionary Servants of the Holy Trinity for two reasons: first to appeal for vocations for the Home Missions; and secondly to beg for financial assistance to educate volunteers. The first issues fairly bubble with zeal. The pictures of St. Joseph's School at Holy Trinity, Alabama, where young candidates for the congregation receive their early training are most impressive—impressive by their poverty and frontier appearance. But the laughing faces of students show that they make light of all inconvenience in their zeal to carry the Faith throughout the great Southland and to the Home Missions which have no resident-priest.

May this refreshing magazine and the holy cause it represents meet instant success! The address is S-O-S, Holy Trinity, Alabama.

**I**T is truly surprising how the story of Father Miguel Pro, S.J., and his heroic death is spreading. European Catholic papers have carried the story and it is consistently finding its way

more and more into the Catholic press of America.

The story and the pictures of the execution of Father Pro which appeared in our March issue aroused widespread interest in our readers. We are printing in this number other pictures of the dead Jesuit who, we hope, some day will be declared a martyr by Holy Mother the Church.

No government will ever be able to overcome a people led by such heroes as Father Pro and the Mexican clergy. Present day occurrences in Mexico justify this assertion. The churches are filled despite lack of services and the ministrations of the priests. Crowds flock to the Basilica of our Lady of Guadalupe. The frequenting of the Sacraments in private houses is very notable despite the difficulties and the dangers to which the owners expose themselves. Laymen in virtue of the permission given by the Holy Father bring the Blessed Sacrament to the faithful in various places. Father Pro was active in this kind of work and had many narrow escapes before his final capture. It is almost incredible how Father Pro was able to elude his vigilant pursuers on so many occasions. He made use of many and varied disguises and so successful was he that not infrequently did he mingle and talk and joke with the very soldiers and secret police who were tracking him. His happy disposition and his affability of manner saved him time and again in what threatened to be a dangerous situation. For instance, 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 cafés.

On another occasion he had a very narrow escape when coming one evening from a house in which he had preached to a number of women. He tells the story in his own humorous way.

"I had left for home at nine-thirty. Two individuals crossed the street and waited for me at the corner. Said I to myself, 'My son, prepare to give up the ghost.' And following the maxim, 'He who gives first, gives

this is up!' I got into an auto. So did they. By good fortune the chauffeur was a Catholic, and seeing me in such distress, put himself at my command. 'Look here, son,' I said, 'at the corner I point out, slow down, but don't stop. I shall get out; you go ahead!' I put my cap in my pocket, unbuttoned my coat to let my white shirt show and hopped off while the car continued on. After a few strides I crouched under a tree in such a way that I could be seen. A second later the two men passed by, almost brushing up against me with their mudguards. They saw me, but gave no indication that it mattered to them who I was.

'Clever, my boy, now we are ready for more,' was my final ejaculation as I started to limp homeward, having received a bump when I leaped from the car."

The following are illuminating extracts from a letter of Father Pro: "No one knows where I live . . . I receive letters, messages, reports and gifts . . . I am convinced of the truth of what we read in the lives of the saints—I do not pose as one myself—since without knowing how or whence, I receive sugar, boxes of crackers, coffee, chocolate, rice and even wine. God's Providence is so fatherly that when I begin to worry, I find my supply full. . . . What of the sick and the dying? If I could I would multiply myself a thousand times . . . I sigh for the quiet of our houses; however, here in the midst of the maelstrom, I see the special help of God, the special graces He gives us amidst grave dangers. His presence is felt very intimately when discouragement comes to overwhelm our souls. That cry of St. Paul when he asked God three times to take him out of this world, I understand very well; but at the same time I feel the truth of the Divine response: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

The saintly priest never lost his cheerful confidence in God.



Father Pro receives the coup de grace.

twice,' I turned towards them and asked them for a match. 'You can get one at the store,' they answered. I moved on; they followed. Whichever way I turned, they followed. 'Shades of Cæsar,' I thought, 'some-



Father Pro in death.

## JESU KI BARAI

(Continued from page 105)

daydream, if he does not actually fall asleep. The children keep on counting and counting from one to a hundred, until they can scamper away without being detected.

Let us now take a peep into the girls' school. The room is the first one in that long line of widows' quarters which I constructed recently. *Jesu ki barai*, you hear whispered by a happy-faced *Bahin* or native nun as you stoop to enter the room, while each of the girls repeats the salutation. Instinctively you feel more of the religious atmosphere because a person consecrated to God reigns

ground? There is the explanation. He is the catechist. He is teaching these pagans, neophytes, and old Christians their prayers and the little catechism. Soon some more will be ready to receive a more costly stamp than those which they are fingering, the indelible stamp of Baptism. Unless I give them work, and easy work at that, I would never be able to reach them. In India the women usually reign supreme at home in the matter of religion. Gain the women to Christ and you are almost sure of getting the rest of the family.

At one time I had ninety-seven of these old women working here, but since you stopped sending me those lots of cancelled stamps, I had to put



**Bluegwons.** *A Golden Treasury of Tales of the China Missions.* By Alice Dease. Maryknoll, N. Y.: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. \$1.50.

The title "Bluegwons," is reminiscent of the garments worn very commonly in China. The thirty-six mission tales comprising the volume should provide entertaining and edifying reading for mission circles in schools and parishes. The incidents narrated are based on facts told to the author by missionary priests or Sisters working in China. Most of the stories deal with conversions and Baptisms, and date back to the period previous to the Chinese Civil Wars of the past years. Thirty-two well chosen full-page illustrations add markedly to the interest of the book.

**Kilima-njara.** *By the Right Reverend H. A. Gogarty, C.S.Sp. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 109 East 38th Street, New York City. \$1.50.*

The Vicariate Apostolic of Kilima-njara lies on the east coast of Africa, south of the equator. It was established by His Holiness, Pius X, in 1911, who named it after the snow-clad mountain, 20,000 feet high, which dominates the district. The Right Reverend author of this book traces the history of the locality from the first century of the Christian era down through the coming of Islam to the Portuguese conquest. The second spring of the Catholic period took place in 1867, when the mission was turned over to the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost under Father Horner. This Congregation had already been engaged on the west coast of Africa since 1843. From that day to this 800 members of the Congregation have laid down their lives in Africa. The author contents himself with the story of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost in Kilima-njara. It is an exceedingly interesting story abounding in accounts of journeys through the bush, in tales of native customs, in experiences with wild animal life, and in descriptions of natural scenery and trying climatic conditions. The book is profusely illustrated.



The Sisters' dispensary at Victoria Mission. Sister at right is a European Nun. Sister at left is a Bahin or native nun.

here. The little girls are, as a rule, cleaner than the boys, while a shy modesty beams from every little oval face. The interior of the school differs little from the boys' school. Light is supplied through the open door and the holes in the roof.

**N**OW let us move on and see the working out of a master idea of Father Westropp's, the Victoria Mission Stamp Bureau. A motley collection of *Dom*, *Dosad* and *Chamar* widows, and crippled old men squat there on the ground from morning till night, engaged in opening and sorting your packets of cancelled stamps. But why the Stamp Bureau? See that man over there squatted on the

many to work where the teaching of the word of God was impossible.

The good Sister of the Holy Cross whom you see, and that young woman standing beside her, re-sort the stamps and prepare them for shipment to stamp collectors in various parts of the world.

**A**ND does the Stamp Bureau pay? Yes, and no. If we consider cold cash only, there is little profit. But, as I stated above, the work is the means of giving employment to people who would otherwise be inaccessible, of implanting in their hearts the seed of the Gospel which, in God's good time, is bound to develop.

By this time you must be tired.

Come over to the bungalow and later we shall continue our inspection tour. There are yet many things to see, industries we are trying to begin for the natives whom we are striving to lead to the gentle Master who dwells in the little church here and is our strength and consolation.

## Grateful Acknowledgments

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

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### Gratitude is also expressed for the 118 Mass stipends recently received.

## FROM SEWARD TO AKULURAK

(Continued from page 100)

Kashunuk Mission, Father John Lucchesi, S.J., my companion to Akulurak, and Father Edward Cunningham, S.J., who was returning to his station at Pymute. We arrived at Pymute in the evening. All the villagers, most of whom are old pupils from Holy Cross, were gathered on the bank of the river to meet us. They accompanied us to the church,

where many of them went to Confession. The next morning many received Holy Communion.

Finally, on September 19th, we pulled into Akulurak; and there the welcome seemed perhaps even more touching, for these poor people, unlettered, indeed, but gifted with sturdiness of heart and reverential affection, were to be my own people, the souls entrusted to me by God.

## QUEEN OF APOSTLES

(Continued from page 102)

is doing something very like what Mary did when she offered up the commonplace actions of her day to win success for Paul on the Acropolis or Peter in the Forum. Missionaries succeed because of prayer; and often that prayer must be the prayer offered for them by the men and women whose lives are circumscribed by the narrow limits of a civilized American city but whose hopes and aspirations go out to the whole world.

Mary, Queen of Apostles, we call her. She was just that. And we who call her our Queen, cannot but realize how dear the missions are to her and how close to her heart are those apostles who serve Christ among the pagans or win grace for pagans and strength for missionaries by their apostolic prayers.

## BEAUTIFUL BUKIDNON

(Continued from page 109)

are in the story. Besides crossing streams this missionary must make zigzag descent and ascent of sheer canyon walls; and frequently a trip may be thus epitomized in a monotonous repetition of—"then through mud to the next town" of the circuit of eighty stations.

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THE sense of isolation here for the missionary is intensified. Separated from his native land, parted from friends, mingling with a people differing in race and history and language and customs and modes of life, an exile even from the companionship of fellow Jesuits, the servant of God feels that he must trust in the remembrance and in the generosity of friends and acquaintances at home. Alone he stands in a strange land, and yet, not alone, for with Him is the changeless Friend of every man.

The American Jesuit in the Philippines is showing true nobility. He is thinking only of the immortal souls committed to his keeping. Souls have been called God's flowers. The souls of youth are buds of promise. Isolated, the American Jesuits are enduring the fatigues of many constant missionary journeys to nurture the buds which might so easily come to full bloom in Catholic schools practically non-existent. These missionaries are God's gardeners of the soul. Will they nurture buds of promise into blighted blooms or fragrant flowers? That question will be answered according to the success or failure of the American Jesuits in their school program.

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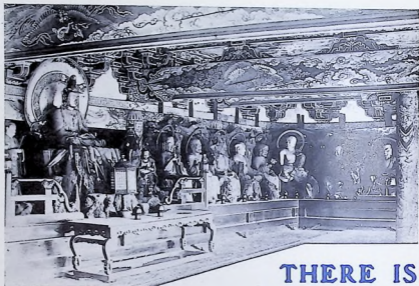
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