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THE VIGIL OF ARMS

Saint Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, whose feast is celebrated on the thirty-first of July, is here depicted before the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat. He has laid before the altar sword and dagger and is dedicating himself to a new chivalry destined to make him the chasubled soldier and leader of a blackrobed knighthood which still battles lustily for Christ the King.





Mexican Catholics journeyed by thousands last December to pay their homage at the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The Father of a Jesuit

FERDINAND H. SCHOBURG, S.J.

SLOWLY but surely tales of Catholic heroism are filtering through from Mexico, the land of religious persecution. Herewith we present the story of a life of prayer and a death with Christ which will stir our readers as profoundly as the tale we told in the March number of the knightly ending of Father Miguel Pro, S.J.

THE Secretary of the Socialist Committee at Momox reports that at 8:00 P. M. today, there was a small uprising in that village at the cry 'Long live de la Huerta!' Colonel Ruiz attacked them and killed three."

This was announced by the Mexican Government, Saturday, August 21, 1926. It was the government's epitaph on the graves of three Mexican Catholics. Truth wrote another. It was not until two months ago that more complete details were available from one who witnessed most of what happened.

Momox is a little village in the southern part of the state of Zacatecas. Today, if one ventured through the village, he would find houses deserted and going to wreck, if they have not been burned as threatened. But before August 21, 1926, this was just a poor but peaceful Catholic village of some 2,500 souls, though there were a few traitors to their Faith—ten members of the Bolshevik Agrarian Association.

DON MANUEL CAMPOS was a leader in this patriarchal village, not politically, but as a man and as an exemplary Catholic who loved his Faith and was foremost in its activities, and ready to defend it at any cost.

He had two daughters and three sons. Of the latter, one is a Jesuit and another joined the Holy Ghost Fathers. Though Don Manuel's occupation was that of a merchant, it is obvious from his letters and those of his chil-

dren, and from what ultimately occurred, that he valued most "the pearl of great price."

"Your brother was the only friend who appreciated my sufferings and in whom I confided," he wrote to his Jesuit son when the older son left him to join the Holy Ghost Fathers; "but now the Lord has put him in another place. Alas! What would become of me, if I did not find in the Blessed Sacrament all that I need! In the Holy Host is my food, my consolation, my help, my all. He is my only true Friend."

He was intensely devoted to Our Lady of Guadalupe. One of his sons writes, "When father and I were at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, he was on his knees for more than an hour, in tears. All say that frequently they saw tears come to his eyes in church. I believe he had the gift of tears. . . ." "The last time that father was with me, I said to him: 'Papa, how are you getting along in your prayer?' . . . 'What kind of prayer do you want me to have?' he asked. 'I haven't any, son' . . . 'But what do you do before our Lord?' I urged. 'Don't you see, son,'

he rejoined, 'He's my Friend, and I like to keep Him company?'"

MARK the sorrow and hope of a spiritual man in his letter of March 25, 1925: "I suppose you are aware of what happened in the Capital on the appearance of a new schism . . . Oh my son! How many ills oppress us! It seems that hell is unleashing its wrath against our poor country. Yet in all this I seem to hear our Good Mother, Our Lady of Guadalupe, saying to us: 'Am I not here, I who am your Mother?' . . . Yes I have great confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus and in the Virgin of Guadalupe, and expect the stratagems of our enemies against our holy religion to come to nought, since our Faith is so deeply rooted to us."

Mexicans are now prone to speak of "the last days," the days immediately preceding July 31, 1926, when the so-called law of the land brought about the cessation of public worship. Momox, too, had its "last days." On the 26th of July, Don Manuel had a Solemn Mass said in thanksgiving to God for all the favors He had bestowed on his family, and especially for the raising of his son to the priesthood. The whole village was invited and about 2,000 communicated. "From the 26th to the 30th of July," said Don Manuel in a letter, "we had here a real mission; for the priest slept scarcely two or three hours of the night, and on the night before the 31st, he did not sleep at all. Though he exerted every effort to finish hearing the confessions of all who wanted to confess, he was not able to do so. I myself waited until 6:30 in the evening, the time the Blessed Sacrament was put away, to receive Holy Communion. Blessed be God, I felt no great desire for sleep or food even to that hour!" This was his last letter. He ended it, "Goodbye, my son! Perhaps we shall see one another in Heaven! Pray often for your father."

IT is not difficult to understand why it was practically impossible to continue occasional services in the church. There was the "law" against public worship, and in the village were still the hostile members of the Agrarian Association. During the "last days," pitiable to relate, nine of them joined the march to the confessional, but only one was sincerely converted. That one was Benjamin Diaz, who showed his repentance by daily pilgrimages on his

bleeding knees from outside the village to the church, up to the day he was killed with Don Manuel. The rest of them continued enemies of religion.

On the night of August 20th, came a climax. The village was stirred by the rumor that government troops were coming to close and profane the church. Filled with these apprehensions, some men of the village called a meeting at which approximately 150 men were assembled. Don Manuel accepted the invitation to take part, though usually he did not attend such meetings. They decided to form at Momox a section of the Popular Union, a Catholic labor organization for the peaceful defense of their rights. But the principal determination was this: if soldiers of the

government tried to close the church a committee of ten would try to arrange with them to leave it open; but if they insisted on closing and profaning it, all would stand ready to defend it, even with force.

UNFORTUNATELY there was a traitor. At eight o'clock on the following evening, Saturday, August 21st, Momox was, as usual, quiet, peaceful, lighted by a brilliant moon, its inhabitants about their business in their homes or strolling leisurely along the village streets. The next moment all was changed. A clatter of hoofs from the north, soldiers riding into the village, cries, protests, blows, people scurrying for safety, turned peace into confusion. Around the streets of the village went the soldiers, taking captive whomsoever they met, men, boys, and even women, and bringing them to the cemetery. When Benjamin

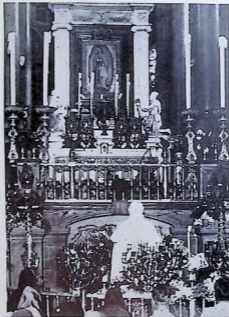
Diaz, aroused by the noise, came out of his house he was promptly seized and beaten by the soldiers.

Meanwhile Don Manuel left his house and went about the village searching for Carlos.

"Where are you going, Don Manuel?" said a boy who met him. "Better get out of the way! Those fellows are here, like devils, taking everybody they can put their hands on."

"No," said Don Manuel, "I'll see what they want, lest they do harm to the village. How can we let so many innocent ones suffer!"

And regardless of his danger he went towards the cemetery to arrange matters peaceably. He was immediately taken prisoner by Colonel Ruiz. Eighty-four persons had been brought to the cemetery. When Don Manuel arrived he pleaded for them, and with some (Turn to page 167)



The Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Catechists' Training Camp

SAMUEL H. RAY, S.J.



BEGIN cheerfully with a tombstone inscription:

"Little Maudy for a while to us was given;
She plunged her wings for flight away for
heaven."

As I stood reading the lofty couplet, old Uncle Joe, one of the most picturesque characters in the hills, approached, and with a full sweeping wave of the hand, pointed to the many, neat graves around us and boastfully exclaimed:

"I holp bring all of 'em in the cemetery—over a hundred and thirty of 'em. Yonder sleeps the first un. An' she was a big woman—heavy to carry."

We were looking about the cemetery that rose gradually just above the little white Protestant church and its neighboring public school.

This was Decoration Day in the Hills, which doesn't mean that it was Decoration Day anywhere else in the world. For in the hills of Carolina we wait until the flowers bloom in the late spring, and then we call all those interested in the cemetery to come for the celebration. The news travels swiftly by grapevine telegraphy.

AS Uncle Joe and I stood there chatting, I caught the tune of an old Wesleyan hymn that came softly floating up from the little church. Evidently the congregation had gathered and memorial services had begun. I was not going to miss the service after I had come all these fifteen miles over dangerous mountain roads to witness for the first time a Decoration Day in the Great Smokies. So I slipped quietly over to the door of the church and listened. Soon I had seated myself upon the front steps and there it was that I followed the interesting program.

"William Jennings Bryan was the most patriotic man I know." "Evolution in Tennessee." "Gray hair of many summers." "We may be declaratin' your heads this time next year," said the speaker, who was a tall, thunder-voiced mountaineer. He had one principle of unity in his eloquence, and that was to keep on talking ceaselessly.



North Carolina mountaineers who are willing to listen to the truth.

After this speech, the congregation, led by the female choir, rendered in two, maybe three parts, "When the Roll is Called up Yonder, I'll Be There," while I silently breathed, "Amen, Amen, Amen."

Thereupon, Tom Moore—not a poet, not a Catholic—told the wondering throng what he thought of "Declaration Day."

"Yes, William Jennings Bryan was a great man. I have been studyin' him since eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. Now, declaratin' the graves is a duty of every American citizen. The American people have the most love of any people."

THEN followed the hymn, "Gather in the Sheaves," with all its prolonged tones of bass and tenor support. No city choir ever sang with more joy or contentment than these sincere, lovable folks who kept time "a cappello" to the beat of patting feet.

Another hymn followed and the subject lay open to the house and to the door steps.

"Would anyone else like to say a few words?" said the director.

"May I say a few words?" I asked.

"Why, certainly come right up front." (Turn to p. 167)



Three generations of a mountaineer family.



First Confirmation class of the Chinese Mission, Kingston, Jamaica.

Jamaica after Nineteen Years



ON my return to Jamaica after an absence of some nineteen years I found a great improvement in the general condition of the island. When I was recalled to the States in the summer of 1908, Jamaica had gone through the terrible experience of the earthquake, which took place on January 14, 1907. The island was in almost total ruins and business had not yet been reestablished; so that my last impressions of Jamaica were the saddest and the most discouraging possible.

Hence too much praise cannot be given to the courage and faith of the people who had been so severely tried and so reduced in their worldly possessions and yet who went to work again to build up their homes and reestablish themselves in business. Today, Kingston, the capital of the island, with a population of some 82,000, is a modern city with all the conveniences of travel and communication.

It is estimated that there are one million inhabitants on the island and of these only fifty thousand are Catholics, about twenty thousand of whom reside in Kingston.

THE Faith is in a very flourishing condition and in spite of the fewness of the missionaries, converts are being received into the Church in large numbers. There are 350 Chinese converts in Kingston and I had the happiness of confirming fifty-two in my first public Confirmation. They make excellent converts, being very serious and devout; though it is quite difficult to get the men to study our religion.

The Cathedral in Kingston is the largest church in the island and can accommodate about 1,200 persons at any one service. The congregation is earnestly devout and the four Masses on Sunday are usually very well attended. Daily Communions are increasing. The church itself was built in 1911 by Bishop Collins, S.J., and is a monument to his courage, faith and confidence in God. When one

RT. REV. JOSEPH N. DINAND, S.J.

recalls the appalling conditions after the earthquake, surely it required no small amount of strong trust in Divine Providence to undertake so gigantic a task, to build a new Cathedral on such imposing and enduring lines. But it was an example that gave heart to a discouraged people and did much to restore their confidence to face the future with greater trust in God.

THERE are twenty Jesuit priests laboring on the island; twelve of these live in the Father's residence at Winchester Park, Kingston, and are engaged in the various districts of the city or in teaching in St. George's College. St. Ann's Church in the city is a structure that is comparatively new and was built by Father Maurice E. Prendergast, S.J., to accommodate about six hundred people. It is situated in a thickly populated section of the city and all its services and devotions are very well attended. The present pastor, Father Joseph Knight, S.J., lives at Winchester Park. There are eight missionaries who tend the various mission stations throughout the island, each one having some five or six small churches under his care and usually about twenty or twenty-five miles apart. These men have all the experiences and privations that are necessarily to be found in the life of a missionary "in the bush." They live alone, and save for the services of some faithful old retainers who do the cooking for them, they have to depend upon their own ingenuity to make ends meet. One can imagine what solitude, what loneliness and what sacrifice there is in such lives; but they are men who are self-immolating and who know no fatigue too great, no journeys too long or dangerous to prevent them from bringing the consolation of religion to the poor people who live scattered in the mountains and hills. Many of their stations can be reached only on horseback and the precipices that drop down to great depths on the side of the road, make travel oftentimes very difficult and dangerous. Throughout the whole island there are sixty mission

stations. About fifty of these have chapels of either stone or frame construction where Mass is said once in two weeks or once a month.

It is pathetic to receive at times from these missionaries, lists of the merest essentials. With the small returns received from their poor people they cannot provide themselves with these things, but must depend upon the charity and generosity of interested friends.

TH**ERE** are three religious communities of women on the island. The Franciscan Sisters, numbering about thirty, conduct an academy for girls, a training college for teachers and some of the elementary schools in Kingston and Montego Bay. The Sisters of Mercy at Alpha, Kingston, have two large industrial schools for boys and girls, caring for 350 children in all, an orphanage for about forty waifs and a House of Mercy for unfortunate girls. They also teach in the elementary schools in Kingston, Spanish Town, Gordon Town and Port Antonio. There are about forty Sisters of Mercy in the community. The Dominican Sisters number about fifteen and their special work is the conducting of St. Joseph's Sanatorium, a very beautifully located building, having the advantage of the sea breeze by day and the cool mountain air at night. The Sisters have won for themselves and their institution an enviable reputation by their great kindness, charity and patience to the sick of all classes and creeds, who come to them for care and treatment. The present building is equipped with operating rooms and has a capacity of forty beds. The United Fruit Company has selected St. Joseph's Sanatorium as its hospital and has reserved a number of beds in case of sickness among the passengers or employees of the company, who may need medical or surgical attention while in Kingston.

BESIDES their church work, the American Jesuits conduct St. George's College in Kingston, which is a day



His Lordship, Bishop Joseph N. Dinand, S.J.

school for secondary education, and while not providing a college course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the Fathers and scholastics prepare the students for the Cambridge University examinations.

There are nearly forty elementary schools in Jamaica under the supervision of the Fathers with an attendance of over six thousand pupils; four secondary schools or academies for boys and six for girls, with a total of approximately seven hundred pupils. Hence there are at least seven thousand children in Catholic schools.

The work for souls that lies ready to our hands is ever before us, "the heat and burden of the day" is at times most trying on the strength and spirit of our missionaries and Sisters, but the results are most consoling. The future is bright in the promise of abundant harvest among a people who are naturally religious, kindly, gentle, with an abiding loyalty and devotion to their Faith and their Church and with a deep sense of affection and gratitude to the Fathers and Sisters who labor among them.



Bishop Dinand confirms a portion of his colored flock.

Modern Caughnawaga

LÉO BOURASSA, S.J.



LONG the main route from Montreal to Albany, lying on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, just above the foaming Lachine Rapids, is the historic village of Caughnawaga, the home of the Iroquois Indians. Not far away from the Reserve, in a little wayside sanctuary, lies a memorial tomb of Kateri Tekakwitha, "The Lily of the Mohawks," on the very spot that witnessed the last years of her saintly life.

Every week it is the privilege of two Jesuit scholastics (one of whom is the writer), to imitate in some faint way the missionaries of long ago who spoke the truths of Christianity in these forest lands to the forefathers of this sturdy race.

With the twentieth century mode of travel Caughnawaga is easy of access. It is no longer necessary to ply up the swift-moving waters of the St. Lawrence in the famed canoe. There is no need to hike across the brush of an interminable forest. The forests have long since passed away. By boarding an American-bound train in Montreal one reaches this memorable spot in twenty minutes with ease and comfort.



The old historic church at St. Francis Xavier Mission among the Iroquois at Caughnawaga.

The Reserve, containing about three thousand people, nearly all of them Catholic, differs very little in external appearance from the ordinary Canadian parish. In the centre of the village stands the church, and all about it are clustered modest little homes. To Father Pierre Raffeix, S.J., is due the idea of grouping the Iroquois neophytes of 1667 on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Secluded from the other villages, they could be more easily guarded from the persecutions of their fellowmen and the temptations arising from their pagan influence. After the suppression of the Society of Jesus, from 1783 to 1903, the mission was confided to the care of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and to the secular clergy successively. Among the latter, the Indians of Caughnawaga are especially proud to name the Right Reverend Monsignor J. G. L. Forbes, D.D., present Archbishop of Ottawa. He had been their pastor from 1888 to 1903. In 1903 the Jesuits were invited to return to their former mission, and they gladly accepted the invitation.



Could the North American Martyrs have visioned this First Communion day of the children of the fierce Iroquois?

TODAY nothing would indicate an Indian reserve to the stranger passing through Caughnawaga, save perhaps the aspect of the inhabitants themselves, or again, the unfamiliar sounds of an unintelligible language, the tones of which, however, are sweet and melodious. What strikes one most is the open and cordial welcome one meets everywhere. The priest especially, dressed in his familiar black robe, cannot fail to note the deep respect that greets him all along his way. Men and boys doff their hats while the women and girls modestly bow their heads. But the children with their candid little faces and Indian eyes win the heart. With a freedom that harbors more veneration than boldness, they address you with a broad "Good morning, Father," or a sweet *Bonjour mon Père*, or better still, with a

twirling Indian phrase that sounds like *Sekon Raken*. The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Ann (many members of which labor unremittingly with the Jesuit missionaries in the Alaskan wilds) has charge of four schools. Some distance out of the village two other schools are directed by two Iroquois lay-women.

Let us visit one of these Indian class rooms. As we enter we are greeted with a song in Iroquois, French or English. When the last notes are hushed, forty or fifty pairs of sharp little eyes are riveted upon the *Rakeni*, and the catechetical instruction begins. The deep silence that pervades the whole room does not spell lack of interest, but rather profound attention. A smile perpetually playing on their lips shows that there is life and sparkling joy in every soul.

Today the instruction bears on the liturgy of the Mass. It may seem a subject beyond their reach, yet these boys and girls, who are really wide awake, clever, and carefully educated by the Sisters, are equal to the task. To make the study more concrete and more easily grasped, the priest's vestments were brought in class.

"Well, Angus, what do you call this?" I asked, showing a green stole.

"It's a kind of a scarf for the priest, Father."

Peals of rollicking laughter followed, but were soon hushed by a signal from the Sister. A pall was exhibited after a few minutes.

"And this?"

"Paten, Father, paten," was shouted from the other end of the class.

"Eh, what do you say?"

"Oh yes, pall, Father, pall."

Every ornament, every element of liturgical linen and the sacred vessels were then passed in review. The last object displayed was a censer.

"And this; what do you call this?" A silence followed, everyone looking to the faces about him for the answer.

"Well . . . ?"

Up went the tiny hand of a wee tot.

"Yes, you know?"

"Well, Father, I don't know the name, but it goes like that," she said, imitating the swaying gesture of the celebrant during High Mass.

ONE readily sees how familiar they are with whatever pertains to the altar and the ceremonies of the Mass. Most of them will give satisfactory answers, either in French, English, or Iroquois, when questioned on the liturgical symbolism of the ornaments in general.

When all the ornaments had been shown, an Indian boy donned the priest's vestments. All went well until he put the biretta on his head. This last performance provoked peals of applause. A tiny maiden then appeared in the rôle of a Sister sacristan. She prepared a chalice before the whole class, explaining the use and symbol of every part. All the little black eyes were wide open in eager attention, everybody wishing to be called upon to lend a hand in the interesting demonstration.

But suddenly the school bell rang, bringing to a close a too-brief hour. With reluctance we departed from these children who voiced their thanks as we left: *Onan Rakeni*, "Thank you, Father," *Bonjour, merci, mon Père*.

Then we were off for the other schools, where we met with the same sweet welcome, and witnessed the same untiring zeal and devotion of the Sisters in seconding the efforts of our missionaries there. What great love and maternal solicitude have the Sisters not shown to these dear children of Caughnawaga! If the Blackrobe holds half of the Indian hearts, the other half is reserved for these consecrated spouses of Christ, for whom the Indians find no better name than *Iotitatokenti*, "the saints." Their influence over the boys and girls is remarkable.

IN the outlying schools, where the priest comes only rarely to hear confessions, a child had remained after the other children had gone home. We found her kneeling outside the sacred tribunal, her face buried in her hands, and she was weeping softly. I approached, anxious to know the reason of these Indian tears.

"Oh! Father, I am sorry for my sins."

Another little creature plodded for ten miles along muddy roads and almost impossible paths, in order to make her First Communion. Another one came all by herself to get a priest to bring the first and last Holy Communion to her little dying friend.

Trained as they are by religious men and women who have labored with them many long years, sharing all their joys and sorrows, the children of Caughnawaga are giving consoling results. Former school children of Caughnawaga are to be found in the colleges and universities of Montreal. One of these is nearing the priesthood in the Society of Jesus. He it is who accompanies the writer of this article on his weekly visits to Caughnawaga, and teaches his countrymen catechism in their own tongue. Another Indian boy is a Jesuit lay-Brother. Others there are who aspire to the priesthood, and many other vocations to the religious life are beginning to develop amongst the girls and the boys.



"Forty or fifty pairs of sharp little eyes are riveted upon the 'Rakeni!'"

JESUIT MISSIONS

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Editor

IGNATIUS W. COX, S.J.

Assistant Editor
JOSEPH GOSCHWEND, S.J.

Business Editor
JOSEPH MERTZ, S.J.

Associate Editors

GASTON A. ARTUS, S.J.
Schreiber
Ontario, Canada

G. A. FITZGERONS, S.J.
3115 S. Grand Blvd.
St. Louis, Missouri

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

DAVID McASTOCKER, S.J.
710 South 13th Street
Tacoma, Washington

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.
4133 Banks Street
New Orleans, Louisiana

Editorial and Publication Offices

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July Mission Intention

The Spiritual Welfare of Far East Students in Europe and America

THE mission intention, blessed by the Holy Father and submitted to the prayers of the members of the Apostleship of Prayer and our readers for the month of July, has a deep import that can be realized at first glance only by one well versed in the current history of many important mission fields.

Every year more and more young men are betaking themselves from their native lands in eastern Europe and Asia to pursue their studies at the great European and American universities. Here they are exposed to doctrines that induce skepticism and atheism and are inimical to the fundamental principles of Christianity. Allied to this very proximate danger is the equally present peril that they may fall into the delusions and snares of Bolshevism, with its manifest hatred of Christianity. All over the world the disseminators of this false and pernicious system are at work, setting up in the universities and intellectual centers "cells," as they call them, of their doctrines and modes of activity. Once the unwary eastern student has been caught in the toils of Bolshevism, whose sinister influence is making itself felt everywhere, he becomes its ardent apostle in his home land. Thus the educated leaders, in the lands where the Catholic missionary is toiling, may be impregnated with infidel, atheistic and Bolshevistic principles.

India and China today are giving concrete instances of the efficacy of Bolshevistic propaganda.

Today such propaganda is being directed towards China, Japan, India and northern Africa, in the hope that when these countries have yielded to the lure of Bolshevism, the conquest of Europe will be easy.

Already Christians and missionaries in the East have been the objects of persecutions at the hands of those

who made their studies in Europe. Our readers will recall how attention was directed last month to the need of some sort of Catholic activity in favor of eastern students studying at the American secular universities. The inauguration of such a work by the Newman Clubs in non-Catholic universities and colleges would afford the Catholic students at such places an opportunity for the exercise of apostolic zeal which would have far-reaching results. The prayers of our readers might well be directed, that those who guide the Catholic organization in such places be inspired to take up this work.

American Mission Leadership

IN contrast to the undoubted influence of the secular universities towards religious indifferentism, if not towards absolute infidelity, with the consequent danger to all mission lands at the hands of foreign students who have yielded to this influence, there exists the refreshing story of the mounting mission interest animating the Catholic colleges, academies and primary schools.

The scholastic year which has just been brought to a close perhaps reached the peak in mission interest. The Catholic school or college is now rare which has no mission board liberally decorated with letters from grateful missionaries, and pictures, graphically telling of the use to which scholastic mission contributions have been put.

Many boys and girls, who are thinking of dedicating their lives to God, naturally turn, we think, to those orders and congregations which have home or foreign missions. There is such a goodly array of these that youth can take its choice and thus be assured that future efforts will be employed in fields attractive to its taste.

With the increasing number of mission vocations, we believe that more and more religious orders and congregations in America will take up mission work. There is an increasing need that American communities of nuns give aid and assistance in the mission fields where the American priests are working, by taking over the care of schools, hospitals and other similar works. We have no hesitancy in asserting that in the years immediately before us, America will take the lead in supplying personnel to the missions, as she has already taken the lead in contributions of money. The generosity of the religious institutes in assigning their subjects to mission work will not in Divine Providence mean any diminution of their activities at home. Vocations will multiply to take the places of those who go abroad. "Give, and it will be given to you."

August Mission Intention

The Good Example of Foreigners in Mission Lands

THE whole history of Catholic missions shows clearly that the bad example of Christians sojourning in the mission lands has been a great obstacle to the conversion of the natives. St. Francis Xavier, in his letters, bore frequent testimony to the conflict he had to wage against the pernicious example of the Spaniard and Portuguese in India. Early Jesuit missionaries in Uruguay and Paraguay gathered their neophytes in the famous colonies

called "reductions," lest they be contaminated by the bad example of Europeans. From those days down to the present, so-called Christians, who do not exemplify in their lives the principles of Christianity, can be a serious handicap to the work of the propagation of the Faith. From this it is apparent how important is the monthly intention for August. For this intention all are asked to pour forth fervent prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the Most Pure Heart of Mary, to which the month of August is consecrated.

Father Pro, S.J., and the Mexican Government

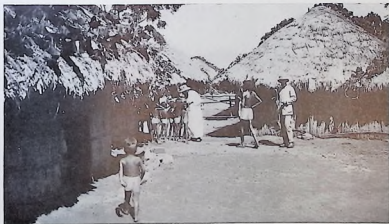
THE *New York World*, in its issue of Sunday, May 20, 1928, printed a dispatch, dated Mexico City, May 19th, in which it was made clear that Father Miguel Pro, S.J., and his brother, could not have been guilty of the crime for which they were sent to their death November last.

Whether this is a belated attempt on the part of the Mexican Government to do justice to the memory of Father Pro and his heroic companions, we know not. What we do know is that these men were summarily executed without a trial, which was their constitutional right, on a report, according to the *World* despatch, since proved

Subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS are reminded that only one issue appears during the months of July and August. The next number to reach you will be the September issue, which will be out the last week in August.

false. These things should not happen in a civilized and ordered government. We are printing in this issue the story of another execution and a heroic death, this time of the father of a Jesuit. A correspondent from the mid-west writes to ask, if after the troubles in Mexico there will be forthcoming a "Jesuit Relations." We have no hesitation in predicting not only a "Jesuit Relations," but also the glorious record of what the Mexican bishops, secular clergy, members of the religious orders of men and women in Mexico, have done and suffered in defence of liberty, the rights of conscience, and the religion of Jesus Christ. Already the story of Father Pro has been written up in many languages and is known throughout the world. His story and the story of many another Catholic hero will be green in the remembrance of liberty loving men, when the present Mexican Government only lives in history as a modern example of Neronian despotism.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes



The Padre Sahib knows how to win the hearts of India's little ones.

No. 9. Poona, India.

THIS mission was for some time under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of Bombay. In 1886 it was erected into a separate mission. When in 1916 the German Jesuits, who had been in charge of the Bombay-Poona Mission since 1854, were forced to withdraw because of the war, the Spanish Jesuits, assisted by their Swiss confrères, assumed the direction of the Poona Mission. There are within its territory 24,335 Catholics in a pagan and Mohammedan population of 10,000,000. 19 European and 18 native priests assisted by 235 catechists are working for the conversion of this district.

The White Man's Bu



Music from the heart of the Rhodesian jungle.

FOR nearly fifty years the great river which names the Zambesi mission has divided the area accredited by Propaganda to the English Jesuits, and they have zealously tried to administer it; but from the very nature of the case the country was too huge for them. In 1912, the Polish Jesuit Fathers came to their assistance, working to the north, amid untold difficulties of climate, soil and language. The story of their labors is most interesting, but we shall have to postpone it for another time. Our present account is to deal with the new Prefecture of Salisbury, south of the Zambesi River, where Mgr. Robert Brown, S.J., is Prefect Apostolic.

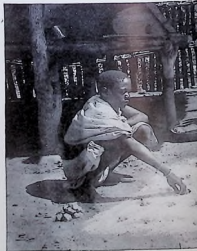
The work in this territory is more settled than in the north and east, and less opportunities present themselves for sensational writing. An Africa without lions does not seem quite Africa in the mind of the home-bred boy; but he does not understand that the baboon, with which the country is infested, is a far more unpleasant customer for the farmer than the occasional lion who strolls through the back kitchen of a Northern Rhodesian convent.

The industrial problem has been grappled in a way that augurs future success. The mission has now six large residential farms, in which both boys and girls are taught such trades as will fit them for kraal life, and a Christianity that is capable of resisting the adverse influences around and about.

Perhaps a word on prevalent marriage customs will illustrate, without of course exhausting, the difficulties which confront the priest. The problem of baptizing the native girls has only now been partially solved. Hitherto, except in such stations as Empangeni Mission Farm where careful watch can be kept over a settled population, it has been inadvisable to present them for Baptism until engaged to Christian youths. It must be remembered that a girl is a marketable commodity, and, by native law at least, can be assigned by her parents even in infancy to anyone who will pay the price. Against this immoral custom—for it is easy to see what the results may be—our Fathers have been striving for nearly fifty years; and at long last the Native Commissioners have become conversant with the racial and industrial injury that is engendered, to put the matter no higher. If the French Revolution was by way of teaching the "Rights of Man," Christianity has consistently taught those of women, and this in particular where conditions, similar to those which surrounded the Early Church, are in vogue in pagan lands. What is the result? The young girls break away from these offensive native laws, and with the willing assistance of the missionary present their case before the Native Commissioner. He will uphold their appeal and free them from the ignominy of marriage with a man they dislike, or, as likely as not, who is also a polygamist. All the same, this is a great deal of virtue to expect from an all but savage child; and the missionary has in consequence to be chary of placing the burden of Baptism on such wavering shoulders.

BY way of introduction to the policy of segregation, we may say something on the economic aspect of Christian villages which at first sight might seem

to be a heaven-sent solution to all native Christian problems. These villages, however desirable in themselves and as a defence to the Faith of the neophytes, cannot be realized everywhere. In the first place, large areas of the country are enclosed in the Native Reserves in which the white man may hold no property without the leave of the chief. Then again, we must think in terms of water and cattle. In Mashonaland, on the eastern border, the rains are fairly reliable, and the native potential wealth lies in mealie fields and white employ. In the west, all is different; cattle are to the Matabele what they were to Abraham and the Patriarchs, and the rains—or their absence—would break the heart of a Lincolnshire farmer. If you try to establish a village on the most elementary principles of sanitation, you do not place your cattle in or about your huts. Thus at Empangeni the cattle are kraaled at a minimum of two hundred yards from human habitations, and water has in consequence to be found thereabouts. The dangers of theft, too, are magnified, and the native himself becomes restless under a restraint that he has not yet learned to appreciate. Fixity of tenure and segregation are a necessity in the Central African missions. See therefore the value of the Reserve. Its tendency is to bring the value onto the land, and give him the pride of possession in his own cultivation. Unfortunately, he is prodigal of timber, and pasture and stream suffer from his depredations. The Fathers follow the



Dark strat

Men in Central Africa

NG, S.J. native to the Reserve, but, as we have said, with no title to the land, and in consequence without much means of support, such as are ensured by the actual owners of property outside.

Hitherto we have lumped under the comprehensive term "Missioner," the whole personnel. Now let us differentiate. The priest is obviously the spiritual guardian and ultimate instructor of his flock; he usually teaches in the school at home, and systematically works round to visit his numerous outstations which are under the immediate care of the native catechists. As often as not he will be, in addition, the manager of a large estate. Next come the Brothers, those wonderful men, who have been the backbone of the mission since its inception. What cannot a man do, with a trade-carpenter, smith, bricklayer, gardener, the love of God and a thirst for souls? The dignity of labor has a new connotation in the mouth of such an apostle. This mission and perhaps a dozen others, are crying out for more, and still more of these invaluable "Coadjutors" for the priests.

Next come the Sisters; and no less indispensable are they than their brethren. In Southern Rhodesia we have two convents of Notre Dame Niens with their ever-adaptable capacity to teach the material presented to them. It may be a Teachers' Training College in Glasgow or Liverpool, a high school in South London, or yet a group of Matabelle girls; they are always mistresses of their craft. The Dominican Sisters

have been connected with the mission almost from the start; hospital work, White schools, Black schools—it is all one to them. Their familiar white habit may be seen from Bulawayo to Umtali, and the story of the mission is the story of their imperishable zeal. Few readers will have heard of the work of the Sisters of the Precious Blood in Africa. To go wherever the priest may go, to bring moral and physical cleanliness into the lives of the native women, to ford rivers in a donkey-cart on the way to an outstation, to practise dentistry with a skill that bewilders, all these and a hundred other means bring the strength of the Precious Blood one stage nearer these poor forgotten children of God.

People often ask: What do the natives think of God, and do they worship idols? A general statement in answer to the query is impossible. But we shall illustrate from S. E. Mashonaland.

HERE the native, the *Waberegs*, indubitably believes in the Supreme Being, the Creator of all things, and will never confuse Him with the innumerable lesser spirits who claim continual attention and acts of sacrifice. Indeed, they have a definite name for Him, which has now been adopted by the Catholic priesthood and incorporated in the vernacular version of the Creed. The lesser beings, however, have always to be reckoned with, for they are the cause of failure of crops, of death, famine and disease; and so their cult is not tinged even with love, but soaked and saturated in fear. There is no Heaven in this baneful creed, not even the happy hunting ground of the Red Man. The Supreme Spirit, on the other hand, is gentle and mild, and as such is to be ignored; for love is not an item in the native's repertoire, and he is utterly incapable of appreciating disinterested kindness.

In other words, the religion of the native is a religion of fear. His sacrifices are made in order to appease the evil spirits which stand over him, around and about him. These spirits are connected with every portion of his life, with his garden, crops, herds and flocks, with the very air he breathes, and last of all there are the spirits of the dead; so that his whole attitude towards these spirits is one of self-defence and self-preservation. In him there is no reverence springing from love and gratitude, no desire to imitate and become like to the spirits he worships, though there is a reverence born of sordid fear. His great aim is to avert catastrophes such as disease, famine and death. One might say that he would hate the spirits if he dared; they are his enemies during life and after death, enemies to his peace and happiness both now and hereafter.

ABOUT the witch-doctor and all that his malign influence spells, we have to be silent; but he is a very real person and an incalculable agent of harm. He and his practices enable us, in some sense at least, to realize what otherwise might pass unnoticed, the nearness to these poor folk of the "Powers of Darkness." A missioner who would save souls in Zambesi must wrestle with Satan for their possession.



Bishop Robert Brown, S.J., travelling the African bush trail.



African chess.



China Suchow Mission

Says Father
René J. Hamon,
S.J.:

No, the Catholic missionaries have not left China en masse. Those who were physically forced to flee for some time, have all returned to their posts, and many have done it at the price of heroic sacrifices. I know of one missionary who for weeks and months—and perhaps he is still in the same situation—has lived in his attic. There he celebrated Mass, while his church and residence were occupied by the local Soviets.

But what will become of China? God alone knows. Much evil has been and is being done by the laboring classes and the students, even by the youngest of them. Anti-religious and Bolshevistic influences are everywhere in favor. The masses of the peasantry seem to be very sane. The Chinese are at bottom a happy peace-loving people. They will not go to extremes, or at least, not for long. At any rate, our task is to oppose the evil influences. We must teach truth to the Chinese and lead them to salvation.

Despite the continual fighting about Tang Chan, I have opened my school and catechumenes. I have a hundred boys and sixty little girls in the schools. The order of the day is followed as in times of peace. In the vacant lot behind the school, two trenches have been dug. When the town is bombarded, the little boys rush into the St. Stanislaus trench, and the little girls take refuge in the trench of the Little Flower.



American Indians

In a letter from Holy Rosary Mission, in charge of the Jesuits at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, Miss Cecil Cate, a young lady from St. Louis, who is zealously devoting her life to teaching Sioux Indian girls, says in part:

Early in September the Indians journey sixty, seventy or eighty miles to bring their children to school from their poor homes out in the hills. The wagons are often

JULY-AUGUST JESUIT MISSION DATES



JULY—

- 3rd—In Paraguay, 1637, Father Peter Espinosa was put to death by savages.
- 4th—In Canada, 1642, Blessed Anthony Daniel was shot with arrows by the Iroquois.
- 7th—Beatification of the Japanese Martyrs at Rome, 1867. Thirty-three of the two hundred and five were Jesuits.
- 10th—Blessed Ignatius de Azevedo and thirty-nine companions, on their way to Brazil, were put to death by Calvinist corsairs, 1570.
- 22nd—At Nagasaki, 1633, Thomas Nicolori, a Japanese lay-brother, was burned to death.
- 27th—Near Goa, 1582, the glorious martyrdom of Blessed Rudolph Aquaviva and companions.
- 31st—At Rome, 1656, the death of St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus.

AUGUST—

- 2nd—In Japan, 1590, Father Francis Carrion was put to death by poison.
- 10th—In Japan, 1622, Blessed Augustine Ota, a Japanese lay-brother and catechist, was beheaded for the Faith.
- 16th—At Portage aux Sioux, 1837, died Father Charles Van Quickenborch, founder of the present Missouri-Jesuit Province and great Indian missionary.
- 22nd—At Amboyna, 1549, Father Nunez Ribera was poisoned by Mohammedans.
- 25th—At Peking, 1666, the death of Father John Schall. By his profound knowledge of astronomy, he won such fame that the emperor entrusted to him the reform of the Chinese calendar. Through his means 100,000 persons were said to have been converted in fourteen years.

watched during the entire journey, or they will escape back to the hills. One little fellow disappeared three times before he arrived safely at the mission. Then he started out to break the record for running away. In his first two weeks he escaped ten times. In one night he covered eighteen miles. At last he was given a bright red cap; as soon as this cap disappeared from the playgrounds, the prefect ran up the hill and looked off into the distance for the vanishing red top.

The Sioux children have been accustomed to a free open-air life and they find the confinement of the class-room terribly hard at first. Yet, once they feel that an interest is being taken in them, they readily respond. They have not been spoiled with a surfeit of books and toys; so the least little thing pleases them. Give an Indian boy a picture book and he will sit on the floor and admire the pictures for hours, often jabbering to himself about them in Sioux.

Of the one thousand Catholic children on the Pine Ridge Reservation, there are three hundred and sixty-three at Holy Rosary Mission. We cannot, owing to a lack of funds to erect more buildings, care for more. The other children are either in government boarding schools, or in day schools where their little souls are starved because they hear very little about *Wakus Tanku*, the Great Spirit.

Patna Mission



India is in truth a land of illiterate. Mr. P. A. U. Dent, S.J., writes from Bettiah:

Of a thousand native men, scarcely more than a hundred are able to read or to write so much as a simple sentence in any one of the land's fifty languages; while of the women folk but one-tenth of this number, one in one hundred, can read or write. Amid such conditions it is encouraging to note how the Church is forging ahead on her mission of teaching. . . . Even Patna, a comparatively new mission, has made encouraging strides with her six thousand Christians among twenty-five million people. We arrange below in parallel columns the statistics of the school years of 1923 and 1924, the first and the latest since Patna Mission has been in charge of the American Jesuit Fathers.

packed with the Indians' entire worldly possessions, children, tents and dogs. If the children have been to school before, they are anxious to return. If they are coming for the first time, they have to be



A future native missionary of Patna learns from Father Raymond Conway, S.J., the mystery of the breviary.

EUROPEAN STUDENTS

Boys	1922	1928
Girls	197	215
	177	234
Totals	374	449

INDIAN STUDENTS

Boys (Christian)	245	474
Girls (Christian)	316	426
Boys (non-Christian)	313	445
Girls (non-Christian)	21	38
Totals	895	1,383

The bishop blessed the cornerstone of our boys' new Middle English School at Bettiah recently. One native priest, Father Alban, and seven Jesuits were present: Fathers Pettit, Sontag, Forster, Conway, Marquard, Brother Stanislaus and myself. The blessing was preceded by Benediction and a sermon in Hindi by the bishop. Following the blessing, there was a program including a Tamil song and dance by the children trained by Brother Stanislaus, a Hindi play directed by myself, another play adapted from "The King of the Golden River," and given in English by Father Pettit's ninth class boys, a speech by Father Alban in presentation to the bishop of the first copy of the newly printed Hindi translation of Father Finn's "Life of Christ" (called *Yeshu Katha*, The

Story of Jesus, and translated largely by Father Sontag), and a new St. Joseph song written by one of my eighth class boys who seems to promise to blossom out as a little Hindu poet.

Describing the native huts in Chuhari, Father W. Marquard, S.J., writes:

The homes, if you may call them that, are models of simplicity. I have been in a number of them. First of all, it is dangerous business getting in, if you are not careful. The doors are so low that you are sure to bump your head a few times until you get the knack of it. When you do get in, there is nothing there to see. They have as few and as small windows as possible. Furniture there is none. You may find a small cot in a hut here or there, but they are rare. A few jars containing rice or other grain, and a few pots for cooking are about all I ever saw in any of the houses. The houses themselves are made of mud, and so is the floor. The roof is generally tiled, but sometimes merely thatched.

The other day I went to give Holy Communion to a few sick people; the altar boy carried a small table with him as part of the regular equipment, for the houses have no tables. In one house we had to drive a brood of chickens off an old woman to whom I was to give the last Sacraments. It must have been their usual roosting-place, for they were there again when I came the following day.

At Victoria Mission, Father John Kilian, S.J., is continuing to do great

things and is therefore still making enemies among the pagan opposition. Father has a plan which he is trying to finance with the help of friends. He thinks it will mean a great step forward in the Christianizing of thousands in Patna Mission. He says:

Things are getting more and more lively here. Our enemies complain that they "will not be able to digest their meals," until they have gotten me out of the way. Do I look as dangerous as that, I wonder? . . . I am determined to tear down my old shops. . . If I want to meet with real success I must employ 800 to 1,000 people. I can then lay down my conditions: "If you want work here, you must act as my Christians do, go to Mass, Benediction, take Holy Water (pagans are often afraid of this), call the priest when one of you is sick, profess yourselves openly as Christians and do not fear your pagan neighbors in the villages. If they give you trouble, come and tell me." If I can employ a large number, my problem is solved. These catechumens are strong enough to meet opposition. . . . Everyone is worked up over the plan. Even the pagans say: "If the Padre Sahib does that, we shall all submit." If we succeed in this project, we shall break the back of the opposition, surely.

Weekly collections for the foreign missions during the past school year, enabled the students of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri, to reach the neat sum of \$1,300. The money was sent to Patna Mission.

Messrs. Paul W. Cavanaugh, S.J., and Carl F. Kruger, S.J., of St. Louis, sailed from New Orleans on June 20th for British Honduras. They will teach at St. John's, the mission college of Belize.



Fathers Francis Stoy, S.J. (left), and Raymond Mullen, S.J., breaking the speed limit to arrive at Victoria Mission.



First fruits of San José: Fathers Antonio Rodóvan, Eulogio San Juan, Félix David, Pedro Endoso and Jesús Pe-Benito.

Philippine Islands



San José, the general seminary for the education of native Filipino priests in training for the secular clergy, which is under the care of American Jesuits at Manila, was the scene of great joy during the last days of March. The ordination to the priesthood of the first five students of the seminary was the occasion. While the additional quota of native Filipino priests will constitute a valuable asset to their respective dioceses, the newly ordained priests will be an example and a stimulus to other Filipino youths who may be desirous to enjoy the inestimable privilege of serving God in the holy priesthood. San José is performing one of the most important functions in any mission field, that of preparing a well-trained native clergy. It is the mind of the Church that a native clergy be formed in all mission territories so that they may, as quickly as is consistent with the good of the Church, assume the direction and leadership of the Church in their native land.

Father James Daly, S.J., well known to readers of *Jesuit Missions*, frail in physique but mighty in zeal, sends some interesting statis-



Jesuit native Filipino and American scholastics from the Ateneo de Manila ordained in June at Woodstock, Maryland.

Seated, left to right: Fathers P. Dimaano, C. J. Gallagher, E. J. Carpenter and J. M. Ellazo.

Standing, left to right: Fathers E. G. Salvador, J. R. O'Connell, P. M. Martinez and G. J. Willmann.



A Jesuit council of war in Mindanao. Left to right: Fathers D. Sullivan, W. Corliss, James McGivney (who has just returned to the States after a survey of the Filipino Mission), Very Reverend J. Carlin, Superior of the Jesuits in the Philippines, Fathers J. Hayes and J. Lucas.

tics concerning his district and the hopes that fill his heart.

According to the latest census taken in 1917, there are 13,212 inhabitants in the municipality of Jimenez. At present its population is calculated to be about 18,000. Of these approximately 8,000 are non-Christian. Ten barrios are attached to the municipality of Jimenez in which Catholics number 4,500, Aglipayans 5,000, and Protestants 500. The children of school age number 2,000. There are no Sisters and no Catholic schools of any kind on the entire west coast. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is not a single child on the entire west coast that has any knowledge of the Blessed Sacrament. The entire region has been without a resident priest for many years, and so the lack of religious knowledge is only to be expected. The Aglipayans have a high school for boys and girls at Oroquieta, where there is also a non-sectarian high school for boys and girls, in which a Filipino Protestant minister teaches.

There is a very fine Catholic Church in Jimenez, but the rectory is a poor barn. When I can get some benches for the church here in Jimenez, I shall be able to start the sadly needed catechism classes. During the past month I have baptized a dozen Aglipayan adults. I expect many Aglipayans to come back to the Church, although West Misamis is the stronghold of Aglipayanism. Many of the Aglipayans are simple people who do not see the difference between their services and those of the Catholic Church. As nationalism was the chief element in the origin of Aglipayanism, so it is the chief element that is giving it life now. However, with more widespread instruction, we hope soon to bring these sheep back to the fold.

Father Francis O'Hara, S.J., who with Father David Daly, S.J., is carrying on the work which Father James Hayes, S.J., inaugurated at Talisayan, was arrested on the charge of disturbing the public peace recently. Here is his story with another item of interest.

Some time after the writing of this letter we had one of our periodical storms that last for twelve days. No mail could go out as no launch could cross from Cameguin, so there was no reason to post this. Father David Daly, as I started to tell you in the last instalment, went by horseback to Quinoguitan. It was raining a bit when he left. Not long after he left, it settled down to what it really could do. After a while it was very hard riding through the marshy cocconut groves. The swollen streams kept him for a day before he could force his way back, fearful lest he should be held over a week or two without supplies. When he did return after two days in wet clothes, with his helmet melted down over his ears, he would have been a wonderful picture for Jesuit Missions, but no pictures could be taken in the driving rain.

An item you might find available is that I was arrested, tried and acquitted on a charge of disturbing the public peace and order recently. The occasion was one of the legal holidays here, Bonifacio Day. My school children were in the parade and afterwards gathered in the plaza to hear the harangues. When I came out of the church where I had been hearing Confessions, I was amazed to see the Aglipayano pari-pari on the platform speaking. Immediately I hurried over to the crowd and by voice and gesture gathered the children and the band and took them away from the crowd. The advice we received from the Spanish Fathers here was not to permit anything to make it appear that the pari-pari were, as they claim, equal to the priests.

Next morning our good friend, Baldomero Pelaez, brought me a paper that he thought might interest me. It did. It was an order from the justice of the peace, admitting me to bail in the sum of fifty pesos. The Aglipayano chief of police did the job. All the evidence proved that there was not the least disturbance, but the meeting dissolved five minutes after I came.

The American Jesuits of the California Province are to take over a new mission field in China. On August the third, Fathers Pius L. Moore, S.J., and John A. Lennon, S.J., and three scholastics will sail from San Francisco for Shanghai, China. In Shanghai they will be stationed at St. Joseph's Church for a time while they are mastering the language of the new territory to which they are to be assigned.



"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.

"A BROTHER HELPED BY A BROTHER—"

It is false to say (and it has been said) that American Catholics need to be converted to the mission idea.—The mission cause is as inseparably linked with the apostolic Faith of every American Catholic as is his baptism in that Faith. He knows that Christ placed under the same command "Go and teach" and "Go and baptize," and that through charity, this order to the apostle affects every believer in Christ. To the theory, therefore, no conversion is necessary; the missions are as dear to Americans as to the zealous people of Ireland, Belgium, France, Germany or any country of the world. There is no thought of conversion.

BUT SOMETHING IS MISSING

Proportionate to the older countries, America has not yet manifested a burning apostolic spirit. She has not yet sent abroad such armies of priests, Brothers and Sisters, has not risen to the enthusiasm of prayer and the generosity of gifts that make glorious the mission record of Europe. The practical side of the apostolicity of our Catholic Faith is not yet fully impressed upon us. Every American Catholic must realize that he is a missionary—and in one way or another must be *doing* something to spread the one true Faith.

Xavier Begged Especially for Prayers

Francis Xavier had supreme confidence in the prayers of children. He begged for these continually. Government subsidies and the munificence of rich patrons to great extent relieved him of the burden of seeking money, but they did not furnish the spiritual aid he felt he needed.

"Whenever I hear of any act of idolatrous worship, I go to the place with a large band of children who load the devil with every insult."

"I want you to pray much to God for me, and to get the young children you are instructing in the Christian doctrine, to pray also. Their prayers will be a defense and guard to me."

"Plead the prayers, among others of the infants and children whom I have baptized with my own hand here, and whom God has called away to His mansions in Heaven."

But Why Must We Beg?

There really should be no necessity for begging either for spiritual or temporal aid. The Faith of every American Catholic should burn with such ardor that spontaneously it would break forth and supply without asking everything the missionaries require to put that same Faith into other hearts and souls. American Catholics must see to it that the tinkling bell of Xavier be kept sounding. The splendid results of the past few years show that we are gradually realizing this obligation that Christ-like charity and apostolic Faith impose. We need further awakening to the mission cause, but no conversion. The heritage we have received from the missionaries who came to us, we will pay back generously to other lands. It is sworn—God wills it!

After Two Years in Mindanao



The old Spanish Church of St. Augustine, Cagayan de Misamis.

ON August 5, 1926, a band of eight American Jesuit Fathers sailed from Seattle, bound for Mindanao. Since that time five others have sailed for the same destination, there to join in the work of taking over from the Spanish Jesuits the "bush" missions of the second largest island in the Philippine archipelago. Reports of the labors of these Fathers have come back from time to time, so that readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* have gradually become familiar with a part of the Lord's vineyard, hitherto but little known. In this writing, some attempt will be made to present a general idea of the result so far achieved by the Mindanao missionaries, as well as to give an idea of the brightness, such as it is, of their prospects.

At the present time there are thirteen American Jesuits engaged exclusively in mission work in two Provinces of Northern Mindanao, Misamis and Bukidnon. Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J., was appointed Superior of the Northern Mindanao section on June 29, 1927. Up till that time the nine main stations of the section, with each of which were connected some ten to twelve widely scattered sub-stations in the country barrios, were all manned by Spanish Jesuits of the Aragon Province. The American Fathers were distributed among these main stations, and for several months devoted most of their time to the learning of the native dialect, Bisayan, and to becoming acquainted with the utter newness and strangeness of their tropical surroundings. Gradually the Spanish Fathers vacated their posts in favor of the American Fathers. Of these, some are still laboring in other parts of Mindanao until more American missionaries arrive, while others, worn out by a long life devoted to the spiritual welfare of the Filipino, have gone to Heaven, there to be welcomed by the smile of Him whom to serve is to reign. At the

present time there remain in Northern Mindanao only a few Spanish Fathers of the Aragon Province, whose new mission is in the Bombay district of India.

WHEN the American Fathers arrived in Mindanao they were not long in discovering the truth of what they had been told before: that in the mind of the people anything American was much to be admired. Historical reasons, in connection with the revolution against the Spanish Government, are responsible for this attitude of the Filipino, which circumstances and developments since the revolution have contributed to strengthen. For example, the American public school system, adapted to local conditions, made its appearance, and offered the young Filipino what were felt to be very attractive temporal advantages in the way of education. It was an American institution, this, and his eyes widened in wonder at the glamor of it. He began to learn basketball, baseball, soccer. He began to wear clothes of an American cut and to go about in the entirely unsuitable felt hat with its brightly colored band. Above all, he was learning to speak English! And that was something of which he was very proud.

Accordingly, when the American Jesuits arrived in Mindanao, they were welcomed at a sumptuous banquet, tendered by the best families of Cagayan. Boys and girls of the public schools attended Holy Mass on Sundays in greater numbers than ever before. They gathered around the American Padre on every occasion and always the burden of their questions was: "Tell us about America, Padre." About Catholic America they had heard little, indeed. Much of what they had heard was false, for instance, that nearly everybody in the United States was Protestant. Sensing the obvious opportunity, the American Fathers painted vivid word pictures of the glory of

our Faith as it exists in this country, and backed up their statements by distributing Catholic literature, especially illustrated magazines, in large numbers. Pictures taken from these magazines are now much in favor for decorating the walls of the native nipa hut; the more colors the better, of course.

THE American Father in Cagayan, Misamis, held a Catholic students retreat in the beginning of the school year, which in spite of much rain was well attended. One Father tells of a young man who came and said: "Padre, I like your retreat, but I am Protestant." Taking him by the arm the Padre escorted him to the confessional, saying: "That's all right. In three minutes I'll make you a good Catholic again." Father Hayes, in the beginning at Talisayan, told his people that in June he would open the parochial school. To this end Father Hayes sent around small envelopes, into which the people were to put their contributions. This was a new idea, but it penetrated sufficiently under Father Hayes' gentle insistence, so that a small sum was realized with which to begin two schools, one for boys and one for girls. This is merely cited as an example of what Father Lucas similarly did at Jasaan, Father Sullivan, and others in their stations, as best they could, cutting their coat according to their cloth, and what Father Prendergast is doing now at Tagnipa, and Father McGowan in his mountain mission in Bukidnon. The slogan is: "Catholic schools, for that's what the devil hates!" Father Hayes, now at Cagayan, the traditional residence of the Superior, opened a new school in June in the old Constabulary Barracks. A beginning, this, until he can do better. He is enlarging and improving the equipment also of the *Dormitorio* for Catholic girls, in charge of the native Sisters; and has hopes that before long some American Sisters will sail for Mindanao.

The school question for Father McGowan, in the mountain mission of Bukidnon, is much more serious than it is on the coast. Transportation of labor and materials is terrifyingly expensive, slow, and generally unsatisfactory. The writer recently sent Father McGowan a set of carpenter's tools, which he and his companion, Father Henfling, will themselves put to good use. In fact, a recent letter from Father McGowan told of the time Father Henfling was having trying to construct concrete-forms without the proper tools. And yet lack of tools is not the worst handicap in Bukidnon; it is the vast distances that have to be traversed on hardly more than shelves sliced from the rock of a mountain-side. The roads are poor and dangerous, yet children will walk long distances over them in order to learn. There is another handicap in Bukidnon, of a human sort; a certain man in a petty official capacity began to spread false reports concerning the missionaries, and as has often been practiced before in the Philippines, attempted to intimidate the people. But with much patience and not a little astuteness, not only this man, but some others like him in a town on the coast, have been completely outwitted.

THE Catholic school idea, such as we at home understand it, is bound to take hold in the Philippines, even though the process may be, by comparison with our own standards, rather slow. When once the half nomadic peoples of the Bukidnon mountains can be made to understand the material advantages of an education, there will be hope of large numbers of the present day pagans of the hills joining the true fold. Fathers McGowan and Henfling are pioneers in planting the American parochial school idea in the Bukidnon hills. Last year an American company went up into the same mountains and planted thousands of pineapple seedlings, which by this time are no doubt bearing their first luscious fruit. Seeds of another plant are falling continually from the hands of these two intrepid sowers of Christ, and while there may be but meagre results to greet the eye so far—in fact, the sowers themselves do not even expect to see the flowers bloom in their own day—still, the seed which has been planted and watered by God's grace, simply must, some day, become the great tree of Faith of which Our Lord Himself told in His parable.

There is another result achieved by the American missionaries since they came to Mindanao, at least partially. In spite of its importance, it is to be feared that in the eyes of the Fathers themselves it takes a secondary place. Reference is here made to the physical living conditions of the priests and Spanish Brothers. In the old days the Spanish Government subsidized the needs of the missionary to a large extent. Of course, that ceased at the American accession, so that in most stations the houses have fallen into bad repair in some cases, or in others are positively unfit for habitation. One of these was closed up. Another will be rebuilt as soon as possible; and all have had a bit of repair. Without proper living conditions the health of the Fathers will be impaired, and it is not easy to supply missionaries. Even as conditions are, the missionaries seem to accomplish the impossible.



Riders for souls in Mindanao. Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., and interpreter.

Catholic Sioux in the Black Hills

A Missionary in the Dakota Bad Lands

ALBERT MUNTSCH, S.J.

"**B**AD Lands," *Mauvais terres*, is the name given by the early French trappers and voyageurs to an immense area in the region of the Black Hills in South Dakota along the White River, a tributary of the Upper Missouri. And those early explorers chose a striking name for this arid, barren, desolate and inhospitable stretch of territory.

Yes, the lands are bad, even worthless from an economic or agricultural point of view. The French might just as well have called them *Méchantes terres*, wicked lands; for one plodding through them may readily receive the impression that the environment had conspired to produce ill-feeling and wretchedness in the traveler bold enough to enter these waste, forsaken regions. But yet, they are not all bad. Economic standards are not the only ones to apply to the marvels of God's creation. Produce of corn and wheat, measured in hundreds of bushels, is not the only test of land value. There is a poetic aspect of nature even in her wilder forms. And here in South Dakota, in the country of the Sioux, the former war lords of the western prairie, nature may be seen at her best—and at her worst. But even in her worst aspects there are elements of rugged grandeur, and even of the sublime, which repay a visit to these forlorn wastes.

THE Sioux Indians, dwelling in certain spots of the Bad Lands, near a tiny stream or in what might be called a friendly oasis, have immortal souls to save. They are children of *Wakan Tanka*, the Great Spirit. So thinks and says Father Otto Moorman, S.J., who has been on missionary duty with his fellow Jesuits in the Bad Lands for many years. To the Indians he is known as *Wambli Ska*, White Eagle. He carries in his heart the fire and zeal of the men who centuries ago first brought the light of Christian culture to the aborigines of America. It was my privilege to go on a short mission journey with this Jesuit apostle last year.

We chose for our trip through the Bad Lands a bright, rather cold day in September. Winter weather sets in rather early in South Dakota and we had therefore



"The cliffs and crags seem to laugh down at puny man . . . while the rocks stand as fearless sentinels through the ages."

to provide ourselves with blankets. They proved to be necessary the two following nights. Father Moorman recited the Litany of the Blessed Virgin with which he begins every missionary trip, and soon his auto, in which he has already traveled thousands of miles, was off for St. Mary Madalene Sophie Chapel, one of his several missionary stations. On the way we passed the Wounded Knee Battlefield and Monument dedicated to

the unfortunate Sioux men, women and children massacred on that memorable 29th of December, in 1890.

Father Moorman, like Brother Hartmann, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, is a church-builder. With tireless energy he plans and prays and writes letters to "civilized" friends in the east, to help him in his church-building program. The Indians and scattered whites, living over an expanse of many miles, like to have their own houses of worship. And so *Wambli Ska*, White Eagle, has provided modest little churches at suitable places in his extensive territory.

NEAR the church is the meeting-house, where the catechist gives instruction, and where the people can stay in the interval between the two Masses which are sometimes several hours apart. The catechist is an important factor of the Sioux mission stations. He is the "right hand" of the missionary, even taking upon himself some of the latter's duties whenever the Father cannot be present. He must visit the sick, assist at funerals, bring around announcements of church affairs, and otherwise work for the little, but widely scattered flock. He must devote many hours to this work. He receives ten dollars a month. But sometimes White Eagle has not this amount in his treasury.

A zealous catechist can do much to keep the wolves in sheep's clothing away from the flock during the missionary's enforced absence. And the wolves—messengers of false tidings—are not scarce in the South Dakota mission field. One Catholic catechist even "switched over" to another religious organization, because the latter promised him the munificent sum of twelve dollars a month instead of ten for his services. The man had a family to support,

and considering the high cost of living, perhaps we should not be too eager to cast stones at the renegade. But we see here the dire need of help for the lonely missionary.

IF the Gospel herald needs the support and encouragement of his far-away friends in whatever region of the earth he labors, he needs it doubly in the Bad Lands. What an amount of zeal is needed to seek the lost sheep in these inhospitable stretches! The romance of traveling through these wilds is apt soon to wear off, and the missionary is alone with his thoughts and with God. Then it is that a cheery letter gives him hope on his return home after a week "on the road."

BUT what are the Bad Lands? Imagine an interminable row of ragged, fantastically shaped hills, without a blade of grass, without a fern or tree or shrub or flower, without even a suspicion of vegetation, stretching for miles and miles through an arid plain. The plain is as hostile to verdure and vegetation as the shaggy hills. It is as if nature wishes to say that there are smiling scenes and luxurious expanses of forest and prairie in other regions, but that it is her place to exclude such enchanting scenes from these wide, desolate, melancholy wastes.

For hours we proceeded through such a desert wilderness, not meeting with man, bird or beast. Only occasionally does one see a straggling patch of prickly-pear or



Father Otto J. Moorman, S.J., would not exchange his Sioux parishioners for any others the world over.

you must go to the Bad Lands. There are piles and piles of odd formations, which from the distance seem to be massive cathedral towers or the well-planned breastworks cast up by tribes that hastened to these heights for protection. The cliffs and crags seem to laugh down at puny man, who in the night proceeds fear-smitten through these lonely glens, while the rocks stand as fearless sentinels through the ages.

It is evening. We are at St. Cecilia's Chapel, the pride of Holy Rosary Mission, where we stay for the night. Father Moorman has erected a charming little house of worship on the lonely prairie, in the heart of the Bad Lands. From the windows of this chapel we scan unbroken formations that look like a Chinese wall. But other houses of worship must be erected to the honor of the Lord in the Bad Lands district. For even here, along tiny streams, on patches of prairie land, dwell Catholics, Indian and white, to whom Father Moorman ministers.

a colony of prairie dogs eking out a lean existence in this wretched environment. For the rest, one encounters only the long unending range of serrated peaks and frowning crags, supporting broken masses of detritus and ever assuming new fantastic outlines under the ceaseless action of wind and frost and rain.

And yet the scene has a wild and rugged beauty of its own. For grotesque, and quite often splendidly artistic formations,



"What an amount of zeal is needed to seek the lost sheep in these inhospitable stretches!"



THE Japanese Government has given official recognition and approbation to the Jesuit Catholic University of Tokio. It is particularly worthy of note that this long looked for recognition came in May, when the mission intention of the League of the Sacred Heart was directed to the conversion of Japan.

HOW complex are the problems of the modern mission field is shown by the fact of the recent establishment of the new Mission College, *Missionshochschule*, in Innsbruck, Austria. Seven faculties are planned: linguistics, ethnology, comparative religion, missiology (e. g., the geography, history and political economy of the missions), mission jurisprudence, mission methods and mission medicine, including a course in nursing for missionary Sisters. The college will work in close collaboration with the adjacent University of Innsbruck, the Jesuit scholasticate and theological seminary (the "Canisianum"), the study houses and other centers of the different orders, and the diocesan clergy.

AGAIN this year, as in previous years, the now well-known "Mission Week" will be held from the 10th to the 13th of August at the College of St. Pierre, rue des Recollets, Louvain, Belgium. The

purpose of the "Mission Week" is to furnish missionaries and their friends an opportunity for pooling their experiences. The general topic for the discussions is "the soul of the people to be evangelized." On the four days will be discussed in succession under this general topic, "Primitive Races," "The Countries of the Buddhists and Confucianists," "India," and "Islam."



His first ordinations. Archbishop Mooney, formerly of Youngstown, Ohio, Apostolic Delegate in India, and four of India's sons, Jesuit priests, just after the ordination at Kurseong, India.

ACCORDING to a decree of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide, dated May 4, 1928, Father Joachim Lima, S.J., Superior of the Belgian Missions in India, is designated as the new archbishop of the metropolitan see of Bombay.

CHINA, in spite of civil wars and constant persecutions, continues to have its quota of converts. The Apostolic Delegation in China announces that in the last year, 53,350 conversions were made. This brings the Catholic population of China up to 2,427,831, not counting the thou-

sands of catechumens now under instruction.

KING ALBERT of Belgium is soon to tour the Belgian Congo. He will visit a number of Catholic missions there. He will remain overnight with the Jesuits at Kisantu, will stop off at Luluabourg to meet the missionaries there, will be received by the Benedictines at Elizabethville, and will visit the White Fathers at Albertville.

THE Jesuit University of St. Joseph at Beirut, Syria, has been called the "Spiritual Lighthouse of the Eastern Mediterranean." Within its walls the University harbors thirteen hundred students, of whom a small number are schismatics or infidels. Former students are conspicuous in many walks of life: in medicine, law, journalism, finance, civil engineering, commerce, education. Above all, the "Oriental Seminary" of the University has produced notable results. From her halls have come 301 priests, 39 bishops, 12 archbishops, and 3 patriarchs. In the recent massacres in Armenia, 7 sons of the seminary laid down their lives for the Faith.

An increase of converts of 1,000 brings the number of Catholics in Konakry Vicariate, French Guinea, up to 13,500 in a population of 1,500,000.

CATECHISTS' TRAINING CAMP

(Continued from page 149)

No one there knew who I was. As I purposely omitted the Roman collar for the occasion, none suspected that I was a priest.

For about twelve minutes I harangued one of the most interesting, interested, startled, whole-souled audiences ever found on this continent. All the young swains, who had been hanging around outside the church, came crowding in to see and hear the stranger. I quoted from the daily paper, from the Bible, from the history of the south and from fiction. When I had finished, I bowed, thanked them, and calmly resumed my place by the door.

Would you believe it? After the ceremonies, five different families asked me to come around and take dinner with them. I was invited to come and stay a few days, a week, climb the mountains with them, fish with them and live with them. And remember, they had never seen me before. One asked: "Why can't this feller come out here and talk to us every week?"

THIS is the class of people among whom our young catechists are going to work and play this summer. They will find the man who asked spontaneously to be taught the Catholic Faith. To him I went secretly with all the information about the true Church and arranged for his further instruction and Baptism. He is the father of seventeen children.

They will find the mother of a large family who begged me to come and tell them all about the Catholic Church. In their home I sat with four generations of the family and talked for two solid hours upon the beauties of the Church and all its compelling truths. They listened and questioned and, finally, when, by the late hour, I was forced to stop, they yet begged me to continue, or, at least to return soon.

They will find the little fellow who looked at my Sacred Heart Badge and exclaimed: "Look at that. It looks like they run a knife in Him."

They will find in a word, the mountaineer who has been left without anyone to teach him religion and

who yet longs, by the natural impulse of God-made man, to know more and more about God.

BUT who are these catechists? I will tell you how they came into being. Nearly a year ago, I was walking down the tracks of the Southern Railway, talking to a young Jesuit Father.

"Today," I said, "we have a lot of young men in America who are financially able to spend a vacation in summer either at the seaside or in the mountains. Many of these are college boys who have had some practical training in the study, proof and practice of their religion. Now, why could not some of these young Catholic men unite their vacation with a little work for their neighbor up here in these hills?"

"An inspiration!" he answered.

A year passed. I was still conscious of the possibilities of the scheme, but I was far from Carolina.

Still, as I sat one day in conversation with a young Catholic layman I decided to unfold my vacation-catechist scheme to him. I was astounded by his enthusiastic response. This encouraged me to make the same proposal to another promising candidate. He, too, responded like a flash.

Finally, on Sunday, April the fifteenth, four young men and myself sat at dinner while I told of the great, fruitful work awaiting us among a neglected people in a place where today live forty-four thousand women who can neither read nor write; where men are slow to give their word, but keep it; where out of the State's population of seven million and a half there are only seven thousand Catholics.

"You can spend your vacation up there in pure mountain air," I told my young enthusiasts, "and while you find board and bed at our spacious college, you can fish and swim and ride and hike. But, at the same time, you will do something for others, that is, do something for the missionary field at home. This is my Dutch treat which will cost you about seventy-five dollars."

THESSE young men understand that the principal argument that we are to use among the people

we meet in the hills will not turn on "Evolution" or the "Virgin Birth," but first of all will be to present to them the fact that there are really Catholics living on this green earth and that their informant is one of them; secondly, that men like the mountaineers can be Catholics; finally that the old truths of the Church, of the relation of Church and Bible, the existence of hell and the reward of Heaven must be clearly understood and explained in a simple, clear and attractive manner.

Before we parted that April Sunday, I had fired at the boys all the chief questions that they would likely meet and had suggested the answers. We shall have reunions from time to time to renew our enthusiasm, to learn good answers and to meet new recruits who are signing up. Not every young man is eligible. But a good number can and will go with us.

THE FATHER OF A JESUIT

(Continued from page 148)

success. Finding no evidence of an insurrection, Colonel Ruiz—let it be said to his credit—went with Don Manuel to the home of Leonardo Campos, a brother, where the telegraph office was stationed. He telegraphed to General Ortiz that though a good part of the men of the village had been taken, he found no evidence of the armed insurrection that was reported; four or five pistols were the only weapons confiscated. What was he to do? General Ortiz replied, "Make all the prisoners affiliate themselves to the government and renounce their religion. If they do this, set them free; if not, shoot them."

RETURNING to the cemetery the Colonel separated Benjamin Diaz, Rafael Campos, Ernesto Campos, and Don Manuel from the rest of the prisoners, leaving them in the cemetery. The others he took just outside of it and applied the test. They refused to renounce their religion.

Colonel Ruiz still hesitated to kill the prisoners. He telegraphed again, saying that they refused to give up their religion, yet it would be too great a carnage to slay them all. The reply amounted to this: "Test

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them again. If they persist in their Faith, beat them and let them go, excepting those you have taken whose names are on the list." The list referred to was brought by the soldiers when they entered the village. It contained the names of ten persons who were to be shot. So this is why Colonel Ruiz, returning to the prisoners just outside the cemetery, beat them, some even unto blood, and let them go. Then he returned his attention to the four who were still in the cemetery. They were asked to renounce their Faith. They refused.

ANGERED, the Colonel ordered the soldiers to stand them up to be shot. Don Manuel pleaded for the life of Ernesto Campos, saying that he would not do any harm, and it would be a pity to take him from his wife, whom he had but recently married. His plea for another was successful; himself he prepared to be shot.

"How cool Don Manuel was," wrote an eyewitness. "He was already kneeling to be shot," she continued, "yet he asked the Colonel to let him shout a *Viva*." That is why his loud voice was heard before he died that morning—it was already 3:30 the next morning—by those who lived near the cemetery and those awaiting results, across the stream. As he knelt with hands outstretched to form a cross, he cried

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with fervor, "Long live Christ the King!" "Long live!" the other two responded. "Long live Our Most Holy Mother of Guadalupe!" . . . "Long live!" they echoed, just as the rifles were discharged to quench their lives. The soldiers made fun of their cries by mimicking the barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks. When the soldiers left the village, some of the inhabitants took up the bodies. Don Manuel lay with his arms still extended to form a cross.

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