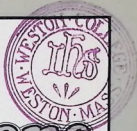


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TYPICAL MOROS OF MINDANAO

The Moros are a race of Mahomedan Malays who for centuries, until their power was broken by the Spaniards, laid waste the coasts of the Philippines. They have shown themselves racially impervious to Christianity. Father William M. McDonough, S.J., was the first American Jesuit to work amongst them and earned the title, "Apostle of the Moros." The last six years of his life were a race against death to finish his Moro Catechism. The Moros form a considerable portion of the population in some of the Jesuit missions of Mindanao, P. I.



What Price Standard Gas?

JOSEPH S. BRUSHER, S.J.



TOM MAHONEY, assistant manager of the Wei Fu branch of the Standard Gas Company of America, arrived at his usual rendezvous for lunch, the Red Dragon chop house, and turned to enter when he felt a stinging slap on his shoulders.

"Tom Mahoney, as I live!"

"Walt!" gasped Tom, swinging around to greet an old classmate. "What on earth are you doing here? But come on in first, I am free until one."

Having given their orders, explanations were forthcoming. Walt briefly told how his parents wished him to broaden his mind by travel, and he, nothing loath, had been on a round-the-world tour.

"Will you be here very long, Walt?" queried Tom.

"I should say not. I am sailing for India tomorrow night and I must be in Shanghai tomorrow noon. But tell me about yourself, Tom. What brought you to the Orient?"

"You know, Uncle Robert is one of the big guns in the Standard Gas Company of America, and he obtained this position for me here."

"Is it good?"

"Good!" returned Tom; "I should say it is good; \$3,500 now with prospects of being manager in a year or so, and in a few years, home again with a \$10,000 a year job, not to mention chances to invest and become a stockholder."

"But I thought you were going to be a missionary. You were always the live wire at the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade meetings."

"My confessor thought so," said Tom; "but God would

THIS story is pure fiction but it adorns a striking moral. It took a squad of Chinese troops and wounds almost to death to discover to the hero the real meaning of his life, with results most happy.

not have put such a splendid opportunity in my path if He did not wish me to take it. To tell you the truth, Walt, it was Uncle Robert's offer of this position that definitely decided me. When I get rich I intend to help the missions very much."

Tom ended the conversation by looking at his watch, telling Walt that he would dine with him that night at the Sing Fat Hotel.

AS Tom entered the office an unusually loud crash of artillery brought the political situation back to his mind. The Southern Army of General Shen was in the neighborhood, and Wei Fu was a strategic point. General Wang, the Northern Commander, was a friend of foreigners; but Shen had little use for the "foreign devils." Tom entered the manager's office with a troubled countenance.

"O Mr. Miller, don't you think we had better move that document to another place?"

"What document?" snapped Miller in an irritated manner; "What do you know about any document?"

"Why, Uncle Robert told me to see that no harm came to it. You know what I mean, the document in which the valuable concessions given us by the Northern Government are set forth."

"To be sure," answered Miller with a smile; "I didn't think you knew about it."

"Don't you think it would be safer at Peking?" asked Tom.

"Oh," said Miller carelessly, "General Wang assured me that Shen's forces will be unable to (Turn to page 188)

The Ateneo de Manila Trains Leaders

JOSEPH J. MULRY, S.J.



The Ateneo battalion has caught the eye of the U. S. Army officials.

THE Philippine Islands! We invite you to examine an enlarged map of these far-flung, four thousand islands, called so beautifully by the patriot and poet, Dr. Rizal, "The Pearl of the Orient." There are fifty-two provinces, divisions mainly political. Among the thousand students of the Ateneo, forty-six of these provinces are represented. We dare not reckon the number of dialects native to these students, but to one interested in the pressing problem of language in the Philippines, a short saunter about our *patios* would be a revelation. In the various communities, our Ateneans are looked upon with honor, and stand for staunch Catholics and gentlemen. Our American Jesuits are striving to continue and improve the splendid record of their Spanish brothers.

What does the Ateneo stand for? The best answer is to tell you of the school, as it may be known to one who visits us. A glance at the Philippines, outside of Manila, reveals a rather meager standard of education, using the term in its inadequate sense of schooling. Less than one-third of the children of school age can be accommodated in the public schools. We do not mean to say there is no culture; there is, thank God, a culture, which, in spite of thirty years of Protestant propaganda, is still found among ninety per cent of the Filipinos, a culture centered around the barrio church, manifesting itself very creditably in artistic and moral beauty, such as, the love of music, delightful religious pageants, town fiestas on a Saint's day, a most devoted family life, and the most charming hospitality in the world.

AND yet another sort of culture, sorely needed in these parlous days, is sadly lacking, that designated as intellectual. The Ateneo has attempted to make popular the

four years' cultural college course with small but not discouraging results. There were, this year, less than a hundred full-course A.B. students in Manila and thirty were Ateneans, only one A.B. graduate at the University of the Philippines; four at the Ateneo. And yet, if there were ever needed culturally educated Filipinos, it is today, when the nation is preparing itself for self-rule.

Perhaps our best known feature for the public is the Ateneo Cadet Corps. There is no need to remark how the battalion takes the eye of the U. S. Army officials; nor how it earns the praise of all for its natty uniform and snappy drills; nor how it wins all the first honors in competitive drills,—all this belongs to the publicity department, and our task is merely to inform. But the discipline which reflects from drill is wholesome in its effect upon the entire life of the student. We wish you could see the monthly Mass every third Sunday, all the cadets in white uniform in the beautiful church of San Ignacio. The singing of hymns in full volume, the order and reverence of all, the general Communion, directed expeditiously by the cadet officers, would warm the cockles of your heart.

IN direct opposition to the usual conception of school dramatics, which makes of mere amateur theatricals a sort of hoped-for apprenticeship for the stage, the dramatics of the Ateneo have been in many senses intramural. The "Passion Play" (a home product, the work of an Ateneo professor) was presented with success by the boys. The idea, however, was not to develop Thespians, but to give the boys the cultural advantage, gotten by interpreting the noble thoughts of others. The sacred theme was especially appealing to the Filipinos and the boys made the preparation a labor of love. The Spanish play is always a feature of the year's public showings in the

Ateneo. Although English is the language of the schools, the mellow *Castillana* is still the language of the nation. It would be a pity to deprive the younger generation of this heritage of old Catholic Spain. Spanish, as a consequence, is a major item in the Ateneo curriculum. Here is a fact which will make the students of the United States appreciative; practically all of our boys are tri-lingual. This year was presented a Latin play written by the professor and presented by the second year high school boys. For an hour and a half, the little tots not merely recited, but interpreted in the language of Rome the story of Pancratius and Tarcisius. Behind the scenes (so to speak) was the propaganda for Latin. The Ateneo is the only school in the Philippines in which Latin figures as a major study.

ATLETICS are encouraged as a potent moral factor to our boys. It is the customary afternoon sight to see our two hundred boys at games in the fields bordering on the colorful *Murala*, the fortress-wall of old Manila. The brand of skill would not attract many in the United States, but in few schools is response to games more general. This is due to the devoted work of the younger Jesuit teachers.

Now, let us detail activities, which "touch the stars." The plan of the Jesuit sodalities extends further than mere presence at meetings; it includes training in the works of zeal, mercy, and charity. Sodalties flourish among the students, as does the League of the Sacred Heart and the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. Recruited from the sodalties, we have the "Hospital Section," in which the boys pledge to visit every Sunday the public and private hospitals. They distribute newspapers and magazines, at times, too, religious articles and dainties. One of the present sophomores has missed hardly a Sunday in four years.

The A. C. I. L. (Ateneo Catholic Instruction League), one hundred strong, venture forth to centers in the city, there to instruct every Sunday, in dialect or English, the



"A Latin play . . . interpreted in the language of Rome the story of Pancratius and Tarcisius."

children who else would never know of their Faith. This League is independent of the Catholic Instruction League, so ably directed by Father H. McNulty, S.J. As crown to the excellent work, many boys sign up for work during vacation in their home town. The results of this zeal are worthy of a separate article. Last Christmas, a drive was launched for presents for the poor of the catechetical centers and the hospitals. The work was conducted by the students under the direction of Mr. Andrew Cervini, S.J., head of the A. C. I. L. Seven thousand pesos (\$3,500.00) is a conservative estimate of the value of the Christmas bag, which brought untold happiness to many.

THE last feature of Ateneo work, important in its larger meaning, is the students' library. English is just tak-

ing hold of the younger generation and reading solid print in a new language is something in the nature of a stunt. The Ateneo registered nearly twenty thousand books read in the school-year 1927-28, or nearly twenty by each student. This surpasses the record of the National Public Library of the Philippines, not absolutely, but proportionately to the number of books and the number of cards held by members. Due to the fact that most of the American teachers in the Philippines were and are non-Catholics, there grew up among the people here the notion that there was no Catholic Church, nor organization nor liter- (Turn to page 191)



The American Jesuit Scholastics encourage athletics as a potent moral factor.

Lost Trails and Tricky Dogs



Undressed & Undressed



LASKA, at least the miles and miles of wilderness that make up my parish, may be called a waste of snow. There is absolutely nothing to break the monotony, I once thought, but this was before my last sick-call. On that trip the monotony suffered a compound fracture.

It was in this way. Four young hopefuls decided to start the course of life at about the same time in the same village. That was fortunate because it saved me four different trips. I set out in a hurry. Eskimo babes when born at home in the igloos have not the advantage of scientific incubators. It is always a sort of survival of the fittest, and so I was anxious to baptize these babes as soon as possible.

It was my first trip to this town, so I took my native guide, Jasper Kieklac, with me. I used his dog team, too, as the leader of my own team was indisposed. The pups pulled well and the trip of four hours brought me to the village at three in the afternoon.

IGLOOS are not the immaculate crystal dream-palaces pictured in the geography books. I crawled in on hands and knees through the opening and rolled up my spiritual sleeves for my task. The fond fathers found no ob-

JOHN P. FOX, S.J.

jections to the names I imposed. They had not thought of this little detail themselves. Thus, Ignatius, Francis Xavier, John and Mary were made children of God and heirs of Heaven.

After the Baptisms I began to hear the confessions of the villagers. I evicted one family and made their mansion my chapel. They made no objection and I deemed myself fortunate. Generally I cannot find a place for confessions that is suitably private. The only recourse is to stand outside in the cold and have the penitents come out to me one at a time.

As a place to say Mass next morning I picked out a village lying between two others and sent word to the villagers to gather there. They responded well and filled my cathedral to capacity. It was fifteen feet square. The natives are small and they build their ceilings low to solve the heat problem. I am over six feet tall, so you see the difficulty. Every time I momentarily forget and come out of my hunchback posture in these places, the roof-tree meeting my head is a severe reminder. I usually remain seated in the igloos and when necessary move on hands and knees.



Five little maids from Akkurak school.

DURING my travels my bed consists of a fur blanket. This I spread on the floor

and, removing my parkee and boots, roll up, commend myself to God, and sleep the sleep of the just, especially the weary just. All natives stretch out in the same way. I pray that I may get to sleep first, for the Eskimos' ability to snore is phenomenal.

After Mass I prepared breakfast in a few minutes, and then hit the trail again, planning to make a circuit of the missions on my return journey. Then the fun began. The dogs were cold and "raring to go." My guide discouraged their playfulness with the caresses of a baggage smasher as he harnessed them. We started off well and at full gallop. We had to go down a steep bank to the frozen river which we intended to follow. The dogs were full of mischief that morning. We were on the crest of the grade and picking up speed when, without a warning, the leader switched the team at right angles to the left. My guide was flung far from the sled. He came back to earth chin first, landing violently on a nice unpadded block of ice.

ing or misbehave. After the accident we resumed our trip. My heavy clothes had saved me a few broken ribs and internal injuries.

WHEN I finally did get home I found that there was a call from Illaranameut, a town two and a half hours away. I took my own team and another guide for this trip. We left the mission about noon. I thought that we were going back in the direction whence I had just come and I was sure that Illaranameut was in the opposite direction. I knew that we were headed for Nunamet. I asked my guide if Illaranameut was near Nunamet. The guide merely grunted that we were going to Nunamet. The names are too much for me as yet, and so I had left it to the Brother to give the itinerary to the native. He had confused things and dispatched me one way while he gave the guide orders to take me in the other.

We turned back to the mission and set out for the cor-



The author, with sled heavily packed, ready to start on the mission trail.

In the meantime, what was I doing? Dangling from the end of the tow rope. From this point of vantage I strained my neck, looking over my shoulder watching for my guide to land. The sled upset, of course, and the dogs kept galloping on. The guide yelled to me to let go, but I could not see sense in that. I was going in the general direction of my destination, but I was afraid that without my guide the pups would swim me right across the Bering Sea to Russia. The going was not so hard. I made about thirty yards sliding on my stomach and then I sat up and worked myself hand over hand to the sled. I managed to jam on the emergency brake and that discouraged the dogs after another hundred yards.

My guide came up and without a word gave the leader of the team a sound thrashing with a rather heavy chain for the trick he had played on us. All guides carry such chains with which they punish the dogs if they start fight-

rect destination just one hour later. The sky was cloudy and it began to snow. I did not feel at all comfortable and my native was visibly nervous, for he had lost the way. But we had food, and the worst thing that could befall us was to get lost and have to sleep out in the open. This can be done with a modicum of safety when the wind does not threaten to bury you in the snow during the night.

We were spared this trial. In a half hour we were overtaken by a dog sled going in our direction. Our task was simply to follow. Most of our trip so far had been on the ice of the Chenillac River, but now we had to cut across the country until we struck the Yukon. All things went well until it became too dark to see the man ahead of us. The dogs were able to follow his trail for a time. When we came to the Yukon, the trail stopped and we were stranded. There was nothing to do but to strike out up the river according to our starting (*Turn to page 191*)



A NIGHT WITH THE BRIGANDS

BROTHER LÉON A. SOULIGNY, S.J.

THE impression sometimes current that the Chinese are a people given to brigandage does not render justice to the citizens of the "Celestial Empire" who are naturally a peace-loving people. The many ills of civil war have thrown the whole land into disorder and changed the living conditions of the people. And so the Chinese, little known by foreigners until these later years, have appeared disadvantageously to the world in their present abnormal conditions. In the interior, especially, the people have preserved sane morals, and the missionaries who live with the peasants testify that there is no great difference between the Chinese peasant and the peasant of the western world. Nevertheless, China is today infested with brigands, some, it is true, lured on by passion for plunder, but by far the greater number goaded by misery and the necessity of eking out a living.

The brigandage that wiped out the belongings of the missionaries at the village of How Kia Tchwang, on the sixth day of January last, was not the work of hunger-stricken peasants. A new motive, a thirst for vengeance, led the intruders. The storm was brought upon us owing to a rash step taken by some of our Christians. Exasperated by the oft-recurring visits of the brigands who oppressed them by imposing heavy ransoms, the villagers of How Kia Tchwang determined to purchase firearms to defend their homes against the marauders. Rapid-firing rifles are dear, however, too dear for drained purses. The villagers entreated Father Lavoie, S.J., to loan them the money required for the purchase of firearms and munitions. Father Lavoie firmly refused the request on the ground that it had always been the wise policy of the missionary not to meddle with the doings of the brigands. This attitude always won for us the respect of the highwaymen themselves, and we had, up to the present incident, enjoyed relative quiet.

WITHOUT reflecting on the calamities they were preparing for the mission and its inmates, the peasants, who had found the necessary funds for the purchase of the guns, stated, in the hope of getting better prices, that it was "the Father" who was buying the munitions and

firearms. These false and imprudent words were destined to bring upon us quick reprisals. On the night that followed the buying of the rifles, a band of brigands was heard clamoring at our gate at 2 A. M. Three of them scaled the wall that encloses the mission compound, and with hands on the triggers of their revolvers, forced the porter to open the gate. All a tremble, the porter entered my room to get the keys. He was well aware of the fate awaiting the mission if the scoundrels gained access to it. I ran to warn Father Lavoie who jumped up and went to parley with the intruders. All to no avail! They had come with the intention of entering, and enter they would. They were only six in all. One of them carried a rifle; the five others were armed with Mauser revolvers.

"Let us in!" demanded the leader of Father Lavoie.

When they had entered, the leader politely asked the missionary to have the goodness to loan him \$2,000. He would return the money soon after, together with the interest. Father Lavoie excused himself on the plea that he did not possess that sum.

"What! You have money to buy rifles with, and you have none to lend us?"

The brigands then levelled their guns at him, demanding that the required sum be immediately granted. The missionary opened his coffers in which there were some thirty dollars and said:

"There, that is all we have left. Take it if you like."

THE robbers showed their disappointment and said that we surely had more money concealed elsewhere and that it was time to bring it out. On our refusal to admit the presence of hidden treasure on the premises, they backed us to the far end of a room that was lit by the faint light of the moon. Things were taking a tragical turn. The brigands took out their cartridges, showing us how they glittered in the moonlight, and then loaded their guns with a smart click, evidently calculated to frighten us. The guns were levelled at us. The leader aimed at Father Lavoie, pressed the barrel of the revolver to his temple, and cried out:

"Now, speak out! Tell us where your money is or . . ."

"Kill us if you will," replied Father Lavoie, "but I tell you I have no more money."

Three times the summons was repeated, but finding it unavailing, another expedient was resorted to. The invaders feigned to carry off the Father a prisoner. Arriving at the gate, they tried their stratagem of intimidation again, but this time they used violence, beating the missionary with their fists and tearing out his beard. The barrel of a revolver was again pressed against the temple of Father Lavoie and three shots were fired in close proximity to his head. As the Father stood firm, facing all their menaces calmly, the brigands realized they were losing time, and returned with him to the house.

IN the meantime, two of the brigands had deigned to take special notice of me. One of them took me by the arm, and brandishing his revolver under my nose, said:

"If you do not instantly show us where the money is, this is what awaits you."

He fired. The bullet passed a few inches from my forehead and lodged in the ceiling. Unruffled, I told them:

"Come, I will show you all that I have left."

I led them to my room, and there opened a little case in which lay about a hundred big penny coins.

"Is that all?" they said, in a tone that manifested their deep vexation.

"Yes, that is all that I have left."

At the same time I could see their fingers itching at the triggers of their revolvers. During these tense moments I realized the possibility of immediate death. It was at this time that I heard the report of the shots fired in the

attempt to intimidate Father Lavoie outside at the gate. I was extremely uneasy about him. Was he shot . . . and my turn coming? Nevertheless, owing to the special succor of Divine grace, I did not shudder. I would have been only too happy to have fallen at my post, victim of my ambition to extend afar the kingdom of Christ. I was not yet worthy of this honor.

PRESENTLY the door opened and the four brigands reappeared with Father Lavoie. We were now to witness the plundering of the mission. Both of us were searched from head to foot, and soon we were minus watches, pocket-knives and various other little things. Our wardrobe was carefully examined. Our clothes, towels, underwear, socks, sheets, quilts,—everything, disappeared. Whatever appealed to the bandits, even to the last of those hundred coins on which they had first looked with disdain, was carefully secured. We were forced to precede them from the cellar to the attic in their search for valuables. In their despair at not finding the hidden money, once more they threatened to administer to us a sound bastinado. Our most earnest protests did not prevail over them when they ordered us to lead the way to the house of the Chinese Sisters. There again they recommenced their disgusting tactics of intimidation on the two venerable Sisters who have won universal respect and confidence in the village where they have labored for a quarter of a century. Naturally they could not force the Sisters to reveal the presence of hidden wealth, for, as may well be supposed, they had none. But the little they had the brigands took away with them.

(Turn to page 191)



Greetings from Brother Souigny as he leaves Wang-Ke on a missionary expedition.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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

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Editorial and Publication Offices

GRAMERCY PARK BLDG., 257 FOURTH AVENUE.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

CATHOLIC ACTIVITIES

| | | | |
|---------------------------|--------|--------------|---------|
| Mission Stations..... | 15,717 | Schools..... | 14,097 |
| Churches and Chapels..... | 14,865 | Pupils..... | 650,507 |
| Catechumens..... | | | 817,741 |

The Protestant missions are making rapid progress through their schools and other activities. They are supported by money gifts which come largely from England and America.

In Africa proper, not including Madagascar and the islands of Reunion and Mauritius, the Jesuits have five missions, Egypt, Kwango, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia and Cape Colony, which are under the respective care of the French, Belgian, Polish and English Jesuits.

It is an important intention that the Holy Father offers this month to the zealous prayers of all mission lovers. Let us pour forth our supplications unceasingly that the Sun of Justice, having risen on darkest Africa, may increase even unto the perfect day.

Catholic Education

In a few weeks the Catholic schools will be in full swing. In the lowest grammar grades, as well as in those class rooms where the highest reaches of philosophic and scientific thought are treated, increased thousands will drink not only of the waters of secular knowledge, but also of the waters of that fountain which springs up into everlasting life. In every Catholic class room, Jesus Christ will be the central figure, and human knowledge will be perfected and elevated by the Divine knowledge which comes from Him Who is the way and the truth and the life. Discipline and direction will be given to the will while the mind is being illumined, and Christ's grace will be poured out in abundant streams to elevate the latter and strengthen the former. Not only will our Catholic students be taught all that is worth knowing, human and Divine, but what is equally as important, all that is worth doing for time and eternity. Speculation and practise will march hand in hand; while the mind is being informed with knowledge, the soul will be made conformed to Christ. Catholic education will prepare our students for citizenship in Heaven as well as for citizenship on earth. To fix their eyes on the former is to train them most effectively for the fulfilment of their obligation to the latter. By the same process their concept of the meaning of life here below will be broader and truer.

All this means, if it means anything, that Catholic education is and always will be, no matter where it flourishes, the truest of missionary tasks. By it the vigor of the Catholic Faith in North America has been developed as from it most certainly comes that Faith's increasing strength. How implicitly Catholic education is contained in the command of Christ to the Apostles, "Go forth and teach all nations," may be judged by a survey of the present Catholic foreign mission field. Mission work amongst pagans is becoming more and more the mission of the Catholic school. Without Catholic schools no mission can hope to produce the lasting fruits which flower in the development of a native clergy.

Our Catholic schools here are not only missionary in the sense already explained, but they ought to be missionary in the sense of being actively engaged in the propagation of

September Mission Intention

ALONG Africa's northern shores, whether they be fringed by the waters of the Atlantic, or of the Mediterranean, or of the Red Sea, there is, for the present, humanly speaking, no lively hope for the rapid advance of Catholicity. For three hundred years in this locality flourished a vigorous Catholic Faith. Then came Islamism, gained a foothold, and today the followers of Mahomet in these places number some 53,000,000. Nor is there any promising hope, at the moment, for the return to Christian unity of the Abyssinian and Ethiopian schismatics.

But in central and southern Africa, by far the larger part of the continent, Catholicity will make happy progress in proportion to the expenditures of men and means, and to the insistent fervent prayers of all the faithful. Up to fifty years ago, the millions here, given up to fetishism and animism, were indeed in the darkness of the shadow of death. Before that, missionaries had worked along the coast, but none had penetrated beyond. Came the explorations of Livingstone and Stanley, opening up the interior. Catholic missionaries were not slow to follow. They set up mission stations in almost inaccessible places where the feet of Europeans had never trodden. While they gained souls for Christ, they achieved glory as explorers, and by their dauntless efforts the light which is Christ began to illumine the dark continent.

For the last fifty years there has been a holy rivalry amongst the religious orders and congregations for the conversion of the African pagan. The following statistics will show how successful has been the crusade, but statistics can never show the heroism and self-sacrifice of the crusaders in the face of unknown terrors from climate, disease, man and beast.

POPULATION OF AFRICA

| | |
|-----------------|------------|
| Catholic..... | 4,000,000 |
| Mahomedan..... | 52,980,000 |
| Pagan..... | 72,520,000 |
| Protestant..... | 2,500,000 |
| Schismatic..... | 5,000,000 |

CATHOLIC WORKERS

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| European Priests..... | 2,610 |
| Native Priests..... | 159 |
| Religious Brothers..... | 1,617 |
| Religious Sisters..... | 6,525 |
| Auxiliaries..... | 26,740 |

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 10. Bombay, India.



Not a scene from ancient history, but modern natives of Bombay Mission.

IN 1856, the German Jesuits undertook a mission in the district of Bombay. They began with founding colleges and the famous Saint Xavier University. Afterwards they opened up mission stations and residences in pagan centers. The exigencies of war forced the German Jesuits to abandon their work in 1916 and it was assumed by Spanish Jesuits of the Aragon Province. There are here 36,000 Catholics in a pagan and Mahomedan population of 12,500,000. It is pleasing to note that there are in the mission 30 native priests, 10 native Brothers, and 33 native Sisters. By a decree of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, dated May 4, 1928, Father Joachim Lima, S.J., was appointed Archbishop of Bombay.

the Faith at home and abroad. Mission education is an integral portion of Catholic education. We dare say that the spiritual and lasting fruits of that education will be proportioned to the depth and the intensity of the mission spirit inculcated by it.

Our New Home

JESUIT MISSIONS wishes to call the attention of its friends to the new address to which in the future all communications should be addressed: those concerning editorial matters to the Editor, Jesuit Missions, and those concerning business matters to the Business Editor, Jesuit Missions, Gramercy Park Building, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

In the first days of its existence JESUIT MISSIONS was received with open arms into the home and the offices of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. There, under the protection of the Sacred Heart, for the last eighteen months, it has grown rapidly until now it has found it advisable to open offices of its own. To the Editors and Staff of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, JESUIT MISSIONS owes an undying debt of gratitude.

In the new offices will be housed all the activities con-

cerned with the editing and publishing of JESUIT MISSIONS. Here will also be found a place for our small but increasing mission library which we hope will grow into a splendid collection of books referring to every phase of mission activity. At present, works of reference, such as the Catholic Encyclopedia, the British Encyclopedia, and similar publications, would be not only welcome, but most helpful gifts. We wish gratefully to acknowledge the generous contributions received during the last two months for the equipping of our new offices.

Our readers will be pleased with the announcement of the opening of our new offices. It is tangible evidence of our rapid growth in the field of mission publications.

This success, while not inconsiderable, is for us only a starting point. Much has been accomplished, but far greater work has yet to be done. The scope of JESUIT MISSIONS has widened with almost each succeeding issue. The sun never sets on the missions of the Society of Jesus. North, south, east and west, the Jesuit missionary is at work amidst 200,000,000 pagans. To introduce our readers to more of the innumerable activities, apostolic, scientific, educational, of the 3,500 Jesuits working in their varied mission fields will be our constant if difficult task.

Further Rambles in



Water-carrier of Patna City.

AMONG the Kurmis, those three-quarter million of agriculturists of Patna Mission, are the first rambles. Kurmis are of a low caste, but "clean," and are accordingly served by good Brahmin priests and are permitted—as the millions of the "unclean" are not—to enter Hinduism's many temples. They strain their cleanliness to the breaking point, however, by permitting their widows to remarry and by eating meat, fowls and field rats. Pork and beef, though, they do not touch, and hence are called "clean."

Their worship, like that of all low castes, is directed to a mixture of orthodox Hindu gods and of aboriginal demons and godlings unrecognized by the village Brahmins. Of these last, several are worthy of notice. Thus there is *Ram Thakur*, a malignant spirit who must be propitiated, "not because he can do us good, but because," as was the reply given the missionary, "he can do us harm." Goats are from time to time sacrificed to him, and then roasted and eaten by the worshippers. Every ounce of flesh must be eaten, and the bones and scraps carefully buried. Another malignant being to be propitiated is *Churail*, the spirit of any woman who has died in childbirth. When a woman dies under conditions which would transform her into this spirit, needles are driven into her feet and she is buried (not cremated as is practically the universal custom), and sand and

urid seed are thrown on her grave. PAUL Thereby she is rendered impotent, so Hindus tell us, to work harm on the living.

Unusual among caste godlings is one worshipped by the Kurmis, *Bandi Mai*. She, seems, does not easily lose her temper. To make assurance doubly sure on this point, goats are sacrificed to her, and offerings of sweets and of cakes are made at her little altar, the mound of earth beneath some sacred tree outside the



"Dhobi first steams our clothes and then washes them."



Victoria Mission gives employment to the low caste Doms.

village. Such altars are a common sight in India. Sickness, the Kurmi, in common with most low caste folk, believes to be merely a visitation of some malignant demon. The remedy, accordingly, is the *ojha* or magician, and not the doctor. This hanger-on member of the priesthood comes to the sick and summons his own familiar or guardian spirit to combat the spirit possessing the stricken person. The familiar spirit conquers; the other is enchanted and in this state imprisoned in a bamboo pole or in an earthen jar, and is either buried or burnt. The patient is then supposed to recover. If he does not, it is quite evident that the spirit possessing him broke out of his captivity.

The next rambles are among the Kahars, the half million of "clean" but low caste servants and palanquin bearers in Patna Mission. Kahars are the highest caste that will do the menial work of setting tables and making beds, so they are frequently in demand among those who can afford servants.

Kahars worship wolves, and never sit down to a feast without first fixing up a plateful of dainties and setting it under some tree outside the village as an offering to them. They affirm

a World of Caste

T, S.J. that this custom is followed because of the fact that once upon a time a wolf ran off with a Kahar infant, and, being followed by the headmen of the caste, was by their entreaty persuaded to give the child back again unharmed.

My friend familiar (as he thinks), my unavoidable evil (as I think) is next, the Dhobi or washerman. A familiar sight is Dhobi, pushing along the streets his patient little burrow, loaded



them to the dirtiest pool he knows."

with the dirty linen of a nation. No Hindus, however low they be in caste, wash their own clothes. Dhobi does this, and Dhobi, accordingly, is "unclean." He may not enter Hinduism's temples; he may not have, either in life or in death, the ministrations of Hinduism's priest, the Brahmin. He may wash the Brahmin's clothes, of course, but that is merely a part of the evil necessity of things.

Dhobi first steams our clothes, and then takes them to the dirtiest pool he knows, to a nice little mud puddle with nice green scum on top. Here he pounds them (especially the buttons and button-holes and the hooks and eyes) against a flat rock set there for the purpose. It is said he uses fuller's earth for soap. However it may be—and it is bliss to be ignorant—he at least gets our clothes clean, even though the little burrow tottering under the load must now and then brush the muddy shanks of some passing bullock and smear the essential parts of things, the fronts of shirts and cassocks and the collars.

Dhobi is a busy man, and this must be his excuse for keeping our clothes a week after, or often enough, two weeks after they are objects of dire need. The worldly-wise forestall him by

keeping on hand clothes enough for a month, the other folks slink along in unconcealed dirt.

Dhobi always appears in the cleanest of clothes, in clothes immaculately clean, in clothes that make one who didn't get his washing back this week wonder whether Dhobi availed himself of a caste privilege, for his own supply of clothes is meager and borrowing is part of his religion. He also religiously lends, hiring out to needy dandies the brightest of somebody's garments for wedding festivities. However, in due or overdue time, he returns everything, neatly folded, creased, ironed, immaculate, minus a few more buttons. Those who have experience and insight claim unholy alliance between Dhobi and Durzi, the Tailor Caste, but of this I know not and shall not speculate.

The account of my friend has been long, but he has a way of inciting one to long thoughts. Of his own caste life, it can be said that he has some eleven watertight subcastes with no intermarriage or sharing the same food permitted. He claims by caste right, and receives, a dish of rice a month from each of his customers, besides his regular pay, usually rice in the case of natives, and in the case of Europeans, three or four rupees a month. He is "unclean of the unclean," so low in the social order of things that the mere sight of him is for a high caste man, augury of (Turn to page 190)



One of the pagan Sadhus who are victims of self-torture.



Coolies, low caste and outcaste, at work in Victoria Mission.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS



Philippine Islands

Death has brought to the Philippine Mission the loss of three valuable missionaries. Father Francis X. Agreda, S.J., died at Zamboanga, P. I., on the 2d of July. Besides many apostolic tasks, the Father was the secretary of Right Reverend Joseph Clos, S.J., Bishop of Zamboanga. Father Joseph Saus, S.J., died also at Zamboanga on the 13th of July. For some time he has been stationed at Jolo, capital of the little island of Jolo.

Father Francis Sanchez, S.J., died at Manila, P. I., on the 21st of July. Up to the time of his death he was professor of natural history and



Father David Daly, S.J., missionary at Talisayan, Mindanao, P. I.

SEPTEMBER

JESUIT MISSION DATES



- 2nd—At Montreal, 1656, Father L. Garreau was mortally wounded by Iroquois Indians.
- 3rd—At Nagasaki, 1622, the martyrdom by fire of the Blessed Anthony Lida.
- 6th—At Nagasaki, 1627, Blessed Father Thomas Fuzgi and Blessed Brother Michael Nacaxima were burned at the stake.
- 7th—At Casan in Transylvania, 1639, Blessed Mère Cristina, Blessed Stephen Pongraea and Blessed Melchior Grodca were slain by Calvinists out of hatred of the Faith.
- 9th—Feast of St. Peter Claver, Apostle of the Negroes, who died at Cartagena, Sept. 8, 1654.
- 10th—At Nagasaki, 1622, the glorious martyrdom of Blessed Charles Spinola and companions. The latter included one Father, Blessed Sebastian Kimura, seven scholastic novices, two catechists and three lay persons, one being Blessed Ignatius, a child of four years.
- 16th—In China, 1591, died Father Anthony Almeida, one of the first Jesuits to enter the Empire, who allowed himself to be sold as a slave to effect an entrance.
- 21st—In Mesopotamia near Aleppo, 1859, Father Besait Planchet was put to death by the Kurds.
- 26th—In the United States, the feast of Blessed Isaac Jogues, Blessed John Brebeuf, and companions, who were put to death by Iroquois out of hatred for the Faith.
- 28th—On their way to Ethiopia, Fathers Francis Macclado and Bernard Pereira were put to death by a Mahomedan governor.
- 28th—The first mission to Florida ended with the death of Father Peter Martinez, who was put to death by savages off the coast of Florida.
- 29th—At Auriesville, New York State, 1642, the martyrdom of Blessed René Goupil by Iroquois Indians.

curator of the museum at the San José Seminary.

Departure Ceremonies.—On Sunday evening, July 29th, the church of the Jesu, Philadelphia Pa., witnessed an impressive departure ceremony for the priests destined to the Philippine Islands. Fathers T. F. Gallagher, S.J., A. E. Kienle, S.J., T. J. Murray, S.J., M. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., departed for Mindanao; Fathers P. M. Carásig, S.J., and W. C. Repetti, S.J., for Manila, to do scientific work at the Manila Observatory.

Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., has been appointed to the vast Province



Father A. Hofmann, S.J., returning from a sixteen-mile trip over rough trails, Mindanao, P. I.

of Lanao, where he is the only priest and where the bulk of the people are Moros. His new address is Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I. In a letter recently received he writes:

It has been my fortune or fate to travel the desolate barrios for six months. Many times I have thought of the magazine and the interest an article would arouse, but whenever conditions were favorable—I mean conditions of house, desk, pen, and ink—the body was fatigued and the spirit weary. But honestly, there was little leisure. My home station was Bal-

here, recognized by the government, but last year recognition was withdrawn because the quarters were inadequate, equipment and methods of teaching obsolete. Yet the Catholic school of Iligan is supposed to open its doors the second week of June to give the Catholic children an opportunity to receive a Catholic education in accordance with the laws of the Church, the wishes of the Holy Father, and the orders of Superiors.

In the last issue of **JESUIT MISSIONS** a fellow-missionary told of the

three times a day for the last five months. Now take a pencil and figure out how much time we have spent on that one task alone and you will understand where our time goes. What we need here are some Brothers. It is hard for the priests to do their apostolic tasks unless they have Brothers to relieve them of their temporal cares.

Young men who would like to advance the cause of Christ as missionary Brothers of the Society of Jesus should write to the Editor of **JESUIT MISSIONS**.



Courtesy of Glacier National Park Restoration

Bishop Finnegan of Helena, Montana, is adopted into the Blackfoot Tribe on the Glacier National Park Reservation. The bishop recently confirmed many Indians in the northwest among the Flatheads of Montana, where the Jesuits are laboring for the salvation of the Red Man.

ingasag, but I scarcely spent one month in six in the residence.

Now I have arrived at Iligan, five weeks after the appointment, merely because the word did not reach my haunts. It might interest your readers to know that there is only one priest in the whole Province of Lanao, the homeland of 20,000 Christians and 80,000 Moros. The Moros may lack shirts, but they never travel the road without the red turban which is the sign of their hatred of Christianity.

Besides repairing a dilapidated church and putting in living condition a rudely constructed convento, a parochial school for boys requires much time and thought and incidentally a large sum of money. For nearly twelve years there was a school

dire experiences of Father David Daly, S.J., in the rainy season. The latter now writes of more homely experiences which may be a stimulus for vocations to the Jesuit Lay Brotherhood.

You have not heard from us before for very good reasons. The first is real lack of time. Here at Talisayan we have had no Brother for over five months, so we have to look out for all the work of the house ourselves. You have no idea of what that means. In one of the issues of **Jesuit Missions** you printed a picture of Father Lucas cooking himself a meal. Well, that is what we have been doing

Father John Bolster, S.J., writes from Misamis, Misamis:

I have only one room in the convento at present. The rest of the building was rented by the bishop to the public school, as no priest has been resident here since 1898. This absence of a priest may account for the decay and ruins to which I have fallen heir since January, 1928. When the convento and the church are repaired I hope to be able to start a parochial school in the convento. The convento must have a new zinc roof. I must also install some tanks to catch rain water for drinking purposes. I have to send out daily for water. As I get my meals from Mr. Anselmo Bernad, I need no water for

Patna Mission

America's First
Sisters for
Patna



A little more than a year ago, the Sisters of the

Holy Cross, whose American headquarters are at Holy Cross Convent, Merrill, Wisconsin, announced that they were willing to receive young ladies who wished to enter with the express purpose of working in Patna Mission in the territory assigned to the American Jesuits. Now comes the welcome news that the first candidates have been received. They are the Misses Bernice Killian, R.N., Anne Elizabeth O'Brien and Teresa Falchero,—all of St. Louis, Mo. On July 16th they entered their religious training which is to last two years or so. Their work in the missions later will be either teaching or nursing. JESUIT MISSIONS offers heartiest congratulations to these first recruits, and prays that other American young ladies may soon join them to swell the number of those who look to great missionary work among the pagans of Patna Mission. The European Sisters of the Holy Cross have long been doing truly apostolic work in the mission stations of Patna.

Father Henry Westropp, S.J., has had long experience as a missionary among the American Sioux Indians by whom he is still known as



Sadhus, Hinduism's holy men whose influence is a constant hindrance to the Catholic missionary's advances.

cooking. A good zealous Spanish Father for the past six or eight years made occasional visits here for Mass and Baptisms. But the absence of a resident priest is evident in the sad results. I say Mass at 7 A. M. every week day in order to catch some of the children before school at 7:30 A. M. I get in about five minutes' catechism. Thus far they have learned to bless themselves. I expect, tomorrow, some catechisms printed in the native Visaya language. I have three prayer books for Sunday schools by Monsignor Belford of Brooklyn and published by P. J. Kennedy, N. Y. They have done much work for me. I have ten youngsters holding three books, singing without an organ the hymns I taught them.

Here are some passages from a missionary account of Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., a courageous crusader for Christ with a tender love for his flock and the heart of a poet who sees God everywhere.

One morning when the sun was climbing and not yet too warm, we, "Noblé," my nice white Arabian horse and myself, were galloping over a series of hills. There were hundreds of palms through which now and then one could catch a glimpse of the sea. A welcome breeze was blowing. In that breeze I could catch the notes of a song. Coming closer, I could hear the music of a string accompaniment, and the voice clear and strong reached heights common only to the Angels. After a while the palms gave way to a tiny nipa hut from which was pouring a flood of song such as I may never hear again. Standing in the window was a small girl no more than twelve years of age. She was stroking a banjo of home-make, and her head was lifted towards the sky while she poured out the music of her heart and soul. When she saw me, her shyness deprived the Angels of their entertainment.

I gave her a medal and hoped she would sing some more.

On a trip like this, you live close to the life of the people. On every side I have seen miracles of God's grace. By that same grace I can use the dialect well enough to be all but one of the people. The difference is great. To be inside looking out is not at all the same experience as being outside looking in. You know that many times I think that I am in Ireland. The resemblance is very striking. You know how you can play with an old Irishman? You can do the same right here with the old stock. Just this morning a bright active lady, rosary about neck, was pleading with me to stay here, when I explained that I must go home to the mountains. The reason I gave was that there it is much higher and I am nearer to Heaven; but here it is so hot that the place must be near hell. The crowd looked at me and then gave a refreshing laugh.



Fathers H. Westropp, S.J., and J. Creane, S.J., of Patna Mission, have opened up a station among these Santals, members of an aboriginal tribe hitherto unevangelized.

"The Little Owl," as well as in various stations in Bombay and in Patna Mission. His latest venture is among the so-called depressed and untouchable classes and among the Santals, an aboriginal tribe now residing in Patna Mission. He writes:

I wish I had M.D. behind my name just now in my old age when I have had to become a "medicine man" in twenty-four hours. Crowds of poor patients suffering from every disease from toothache to leprosy arrive here as early as five in the morning. Their only hope is in us. We have been here in this section of Patna Mission only two weeks, but the number of patients is about a hundred daily, and with God's grace we hope to make it a thousand.

The school is now starting with one hundred children, but we want five hundred. In a short time, where before hope was very meager indeed, the situation has changed remarkably. The crowds that come now remind one of a Hindu bazaar. The many bright-eyed children who are here all day give us hopes of a great harvest of souls. I am starting a playground to attract still more.

I have an Indian Christian with a fair medical training and a Goan Christian boy to help me. A mud house is our school, dispensary, residence and all. There is no chapel as yet. God seems to have blessed this place from the start. It is certainly more promising than anything I have ever seen, and I have great hopes for it.

Father Marquard's letter from Chuhari, District of Champaran, India, where he and Father Forster are doing constructive work in building up a fine Christian community, gives an amusing picture of one of the many phases of missionary life among the natives of Patna Mission:

The following letter may give some insight into the kind of thing we face in this part of the vineyard of the Master.

"Dear Father, Very much Salaam!
Here I am alright thinking all of you to be the same. I am wanting to say you something which you will decide. I am the inhabitant of M. . . . and I am a Mahomedan by caste.

"Budhoo Christian inhabitant of D. . . He works in Calcutta and his wife and daughter are in the home in D. . . Budhoo works as the worship of ghosts and with which he makes a man giddy and mad and he can give every kind of trouble whenever he wants.

"In the same way he used to made my wife giddy mad. And in the same way he made me such that my leg became pain sometimes on the knee, and sometimes my head becomes hot.

"In the last year he did such to me that my leg was much (Turn to page 192)



"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.

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

AT this season of the year, the departures of new missionaries for the foreign mission fields suggest again the vast difference in travel today and in the days of Francis Xavier. It took Xavier thirteen weary, weary months to sail from Lisbon to Goa. A Jesuit missionary from Saint Louis bound for Patna, or the young New York Jesuit on his way to the Philippines, requires only thirty days to complete his longer journey. Vastly better, too, are the accommodations today. In his *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier* Fr. Coleridge, S.J., tells us:

"Under the Line the scurvy broke out so violently that it became a sort of plague; friends neglected friends, the sick were left to themselves, the medicine ran short, there was no one but Francis and his companions to tend the sufferers. Francis washed them and their linen, dressed their food, and fed them with his own hands. He had a little cabin of his own, but gave it up to the sick. He had refused to take his meal at the Governor's table, but not to receive the daily portion of food which was sent him from it; this he divided among the sick."

What the Missionary Leaves and Takes

No departure for the missions is ever dry-eyed. Even in the heart of the missionary there is a sob, though a smile on his face should conceal it. The missionary is leaving his home, his family, his friends, his native land, his comforts, his possessions, his all. And the chances are, he will not come back. He will not be there to soothe the last moments of a dying parent, or to share the joy of a dear sister or brother entering the religious or the wedded state. He will not participate in the prosperity of his country. For his King and Master he leaves all; to spread the Faith that you and I love, he relinquishes all natural bonds. He goes forth armed with a stout heart and the zeal of Peter and Paul, and his prayer is the prayer of Xavier, "Souls, more Souls."

What will You Do or Give?

It would be a sad thing if the whole effort to spread the Faith of Jesus Christ depended on the comparatively few missionaries who depart each year for the mission field. It would be even more deplorable if the separation of these few from their home friends was so complete that they seldom received the encouragement of their support. Unless the faith and charity of our Catholics at home burns as ardently as the zeal and courage of the missionary, the work of the missions will not reach the success it should. The path of the missionary to his field of labor should be beset with the prayers and financial offerings of the Catholics of America to manifest to the world that the missionary is not alone when he is lonely, not weak when he is weary, not despairing when he is sad, not helpless when he is sick, not overcome when he is dead. We are all apostles; and combined we assure the continuance of the Church and the cause of Christ.



The exiled seminary of the Mexican Jesuits at Ysleta, built by the generosity of a Mexican lady.

A Nursery for Martyrs



LN the Spring of 1925, a few miles east of El Paso, Texas, a long, two-storied, red brick building was erected not far from the banks of the Rio Grande. Crowning a long rise of ground, it faces south towards Mexico. Today before the main entrance stands a large statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with outstretched arms, seeming to gaze across the border line and the plains of Chihuahua into the heart of the persecution-torn country to the south.

The building is Ysleta College, the novitiate and house of studies erected by the exiled Jesuits of what was, before the hand of the tyrant was laid heavily upon it, the flourishing Mexican Province of the Society of Jesus. The indomitable courage of these Mexican Jesuits, and their firm confidence that the Providence of God will bring order out of the religious chaos in their native land, can scarcely fail to awaken admiration in American hearts.

Ever since 1914, when, with the accession of Carranza, the persecution of the Catholic religion in Mexico began, the work of the Jesuits has been the particular object of government interference. The tale of these years is one of petty persecution, unjust arrests, totally unwarranted confiscation of churches, schools and seminaries, the exile of priests and students, culminating at last in the execution

JOHN F. X. SWEENEY, S.J.

of Father Miguel Pro, in Mexico City last November.

UNDER such circumstances it was obviously out of the question to carry on the work of training young Mexican Jesuits in their own land. Today, of course, to give such training is a criminal offense in the eyes of the Mexican Government.

Yet, to refuse the ever-increasing number of heroic young men who applied for admission to the Jesuit seminary, would have been to fly in the face of God's evident will. This great increase in the number of vocations to the priesthood is but another proof, if proof were needed, of the vitality of the Faith in Mexico.

For a short time the young Mexican Jesuits received their early training in the novitiate of the American Jesuits in California, and continued their higher studies in Spain. The confiscation of all the

property of the Mexican Jesuits made it impossible for them to build a home for themselves in the United States. Then there was always the hope that, by the mercy of God, the persecution might soon come to an end. The generosity, however, of a wealthy Mexican lady, dwelling abroad, made possible the erection of Ysleta College to be the nursery and training school of apostles and, if God so will, of martyrs for the preservation of the Faith in Mexico.

The Assumption

Where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.—(St. Matt. vi. 21.)

It was not meet, O Mother, that on thee,
By angel tongue saluted "full of Grace,"
Should fall the common doom of all our race.
Like to thy soul, thy virgin flesh should be
By Grace of Him thou barest ever free
From foul corruption. In her cold embrace
Earth could not hold thee long, nor from thy face
Keep hid the light of blest eternity.

Christ summoned thee and from the darksome gloom
Thou didst respond. While on the sunlit air
Angels, obedient to their Lord's behest,
Poured forth their song, beside thy vacant tomb,
Thy body rose from earth to Heaven—for there
Thy treasure was; there too thy heart would rest.

—Neil Kavanagh.

IT may, at first glance, seem a far cry from the streets of Rome in the sixteenth century, to El Paso, Texas, of 1928. Yet, if St. Philip Neri were alive today, we might point out to him these Mexican youths in our own southern state, who deserve his joyous greeting, "Hail, flowers of martyrdom," quite as much as did the heroic sons of England whom he was wont so to greet as they passed to and from the English College in Rome. These young English seminarians, many of them scions of illustrious families, had flocked to the English College in Rome, there to arm themselves with the might of the priesthood of God, and thence to return to their native land to carry on the great struggle to preserve the Faith in England against the encroachments of political tyranny. Many of them, we know, dyed the soil of England red with the blood of their martyrdom; and that same martyr's blood is blossoming forth today in the phenomenal growth of the Catholic Church in England.

History, we are told, repeats itself. In Mexico today the Church is undergoing a persecution worse than the English persecution of the sixteenth century, worse, indeed, as the Holy Father has recently said, than any she has known in a long history of nineteen hundred years of persecutions. Here was indeed a challenge to the heroism of Mexican Catholic youth. And as the youth of England three hundred years ago, so the young men of Mexico today are answering the challenge in a way to provoke our admiration of their courage.

BEGINNING two years ago with some thirty young aspirants to priesthood in the Society of Jesus, Ysleta College today is training close to sixty young Jesuits for the work of saving the Faith in Mexico. The three flourishing Jesuit Colleges in Mexico have, of course, been forced to suspend activities. The splendid work of the Jesuit missionaries among the Indians of Tarahumara, in



Mexican troops parading opposite the great Cathedral of Mexico City.

northern Mexico, with their large trade and boarding schools, has been laid in ruins. Yet, with a courage and zeal for God's glory that has no room for thoughts of self-preservation, Mexican Jesuits today are ministering to the Catholics of Mexico, though they are every moment in danger from the persecution of the government. What an epic of heroism this story will make when the day comes that it can be told!

In our own hearts there must well up an echo to the prayer of these Jesuit seminarians: May the Sacred Heart of Jesus bless this Nursery of Martyrs, that it may send forth strong men to keep alive His love in the hearts of the Catholics of Mexico!

WHAT PRICE STANDARD GAS?

(Continued from page 171)

enter the city, as the Northern Government has sent reinforcements which he expects to arrive tonight."

"We had better be careful though," pursued Tom thoughtfully; "Uncle Robert said he feared some sinister hand had gained the councils of the Northern Government. That document destroyed, we would have no proof to substantiate our claim."

"Oh, forget about it," grunted Miller, "and get to work. It will be safe enough, I assure you."

THAT evening Tom and Walt had a good time.

"Let us make the most of our opportunities, Tom," said Walt. "I am taking the five o'clock train tomorrow for Shanghai."

"What an unearthly hour! Is that the train you have to take?"

"Lucky to get that. Do you think you are in a Southern Pacific depot in the U. S. A.? This is China."

"But it is bed time now," laughed Walt, suppressing a yawn.

"I guess it is," said Tom, and the two friends parted.

"Walt is not the only one up early this morning," soliloquized Tom as he hurried to the little mission chapel for Mass, Confession and Communion. "I have a hunch there will be trouble around here today, and I am going to be prepared—supernaturally and (patting the automatic in his hip pocket) naturally also."

On entering the office, Tom felt very uneasy and nervous. The roar of cannon rattling the windows showed how near was the fighting. The clanging of the phone sounded like a fire alarm in his nervous ears. He seized the receiver.

"Hello! Mr. Miller, yes, this is Tom. Holiday on account of the troubles? What about that document?"

A click, and silence was the only answer. Charitable as Tom was, the idea that Mr. Miller had been bribed to leave the all-important paper in the office, possessed his mind. He rushed to the safe and clicked the combination. He half expected to find the document gone, but as the big door swung open, he found it easily. Tom racked his brains. Should he take the document and try to escape from the city with it? If he did, he might be killed in the street and the document be lost. No, he had better leave it and hold the office.

"Big ship come up the river last night," said George, the office boy. "Melican ship."

"A light," thought Tom.

"Say George, will you go down to the ship and get some marines to protect this office?" Tom put a dollar in the boy's hand. George, who idolized Tom, scampered off.

"Oh Mr. Mahoney," shouted the janitor, running wildly into the office.

Tom ran to the window and to his dismay, saw the street was filled with some of General Wang's soldiers fleeing in disorder. Down the street a body of soldiers, more organized than the fugitives, was coming at a double clip.

THE company had halted at the office building; an officer came to the door and rapped imperatively. Tom opened it slightly and demanded his business. He gave no reply, but strove to force the door. Tom slammed it. The officer called to his men and they started to batter it down. Tom brandished his automatic and fired over their heads. They dropped back, dismayed at this show of resistance. Evidently Miller had told them (if indeed these were Northerners, and Miller was in collusion with them) that they would find the office evacuated.

"Down on your face, Wing Lo!" shouted Tom, throwing himself flat on the ground.

It was a timely action, for a volley whistled through the building. Tom expected that the soldiers would rush the door, but as he arose to peep out of the window, another volley rang out. With a groan he pitched over on his face and the dismayed janitor, seeing the blood flowing freely, hastened to open the door on promise of quarter. The exultant plunderers dashed into the office, but the faithful servant stood over Tom to see that they did not wreak vengeance upon him. As they were setting a fuse to the safe, a wild shout interrupted their labors.

"The marines! The marines!"

With more speed than dignity, the Chinese fled from the house with terror-given speed, not wishing to argue the matter with the Americans.

WHEN the white walls and cheerful windows of the sick-room at last assumed a definite shape to Tom's fever-crazed eyes, the first question he asked was about the documents.

"Saved, my boy, saved!" said the doctor, anxiously standing over him; "go to sleep now."

But Tom did not go to sleep. He lapsed into delirium, and for days his life hung in the balance. In one of the lucid intervals, he received the last Sacraments.

"Dying," thought Tom; "dying for the Standard Gas Company of America."

Then he thought of Theophane Venard and Just de Bretenieres, who had also been killed in China. But they had died for Christ, while he was dying for the Standard Gas Company.

As the days wore on, however, Tom grew stronger. He plied the doctor with questions as to the time of his resurrection, as he termed his release from bed.

"I was just going to remark," said the doctor, "that you have good reason to be grateful. When the Southern Army took Nankin, a couple of days ago, the soldiers killed two Jesuits, Fathers Dugout and Vanara."

TOM was deeply impressed by the martyrdom of the two Jesuits.

"I almost died in identical circumstances," thought he, "but while they died for Christ, I would have died for the Standard Gas Company."

A knock on the door interrupted the soliloquy. Mr. Gannon, general manager of the Standard in China, entered.

After exchanging greetings, Mr. Gannon came to the point.

"In the name of the Company, I (Turn to page 191)



THE year 1928 will go down as a red letter year in the history of the Madagascar Mission of Tananarive which is under the care of the French Jesuits. On the first of January of this year, Very Reverend P. Fourcadier, S.J., then Superior of the mission, but since appointed Vicar Apostolic and raised to episcopal dignity, solemnly opened a novitiate for natives of Madagascar, who feel called to the religious life in the Society of Jesus.

Quarters for the novitiate were found in a wing of St. Michael's College, which was also the cradle of the seminary for native priests. The novices are not numerous even for a beginning, two entering for the priesthood and two for the coadjutor Brotherhood. But the beginnings of the seminary for native priests, founded in 1910, were also modest. Today the seminary is in flourishing condition and it has sent forth priests who are an honor to the mission.



Father R. P. Delam, S.J., with the first Malagasy novices of the Society of Jesus at the new novitiate of the Tananarive Mission.

ON the 18th of May, 1928, Father John Ross, S.J., of the German Jesuits, was chosen Vicar Apostolic of the Mission of Hiroshima in Japan.

OUR OCTOBER NUMBER

"Christ Feeds Five Thousand More," is the account of a remarkable mission exploit in favor of 1,500,000 Spaniards living in France, in which King Alfonso and the Cardinal Primate of Spain played an important part.

"Fifty-Fifty," by James R. Gibbons, S.J., tells the story of an interesting motor-cycle ride in Patna Mission.

In his happiest vein, Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., now well known to our readers, writes of his beloved mission under the title, "Mindanao's Misty Mountain Heights."

The details of his consecration to the episcopal dignity are not at hand.

IT is interesting to note that on the 28th of March, 1928, the Jesuit Mission of Kwango was elevated to the rank of a Vicariate Apostolic and Father Silvan Van Hee, S.J., of the Belgian Jesuits was nominated the first Vicar Apostolic and a titular bishop. The growth of this mission can be judged from the following statistics. In 1912, there was one priest for every 700 Catholics; in 1922, one priest for every 1,600 Catholics; in 1926, one priest for every 2,500 Catholics. Though the number of priests has steadily increased,

the converts have increased still more rapidly.

IN 1927, the newly erected Diocese of Ranchi, India, which is a mission of the Belgian Jesuits, consisted of a total of 247,541 Catholics. The mission has 788 chapels and 1,008 catechists.

TRICHINOPOLY, India, is on the eve of a great drive on the Brahmin front. Just about a year ago, the *Arya Samaj*, a Hindu association, out to reconvert Christians to Hinduism and to oppose the further work of the missionaries, sent an agent to the Catholic Brahmin colony at Trichinopoly. He offered material help to those high caste men and women who had left all to follow their consciences and enter the Church, if only they would return to paganism. His proposal was met with so much indignation that the supposed convert-maker said of one



Father John Ross, S.J., who by a decree of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation, dated May 18, 1928, has been appointed a titular bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of the Jesuit Mission of Hiroshima in Japan.

of the first Brahmin Catholics he spoke to, "If he is a type of the converts the Jesuits have made, there is no question of reconverting them, but there is rather a great fear that many young Brahmins may come to swell their number."

A FINE spirit of enthusiasm and optimism is manifest in the communications from the Irish Jesuits who recently went to work in Hong-Kong Mission in China. After spending some time mastering the language, the Fathers are getting into more active work. Father Joy wrote recently:

You will be interested to hear that the devil has suffered his first defeat in Aberdeen village—nineteen Baptisms on Easter Sunday. I am sure we shall make a Christian village of it when the seminary is there,—anything up to 50,000, and all Chinese.

Father Gallagher is just back from Shanghai after two missions with tremendous results in confessions, conversions, etc.

ACCORDING to an N. C. W. C. report from Shanghai, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Haimen in Kiangsu Province, has built and opened a Catholic college in his mission. On the day of the inauguration of the college, all the civil and military authorities in the city were present. In his speech, the sub-prefect of the place, though not a Catholic, said:

Although this is a Catholic institution, having a religious aim, it is nevertheless extremely useful to the state. We have witnessed a daily degeneration of morals; we can count on the Church alone for a betterment of these conditions.

Two of my friends, a young man and a young lady, were (Turn to page 192)

FURTHER RAMBLES IN A WORLD OF CASTE

(Continued from page 181)

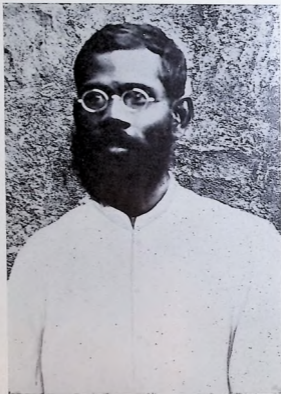
all manner of misfortune should the "high one" when setting out on a journey, see such a "low one" approaching.

Other castes there are, a hundred others in the mission, "unclean"

debt-ridden men generally also, superstitious men, and all hard to convert. There are Musahars, "rat-eaters" who sell themselves and their families to lifelong servitude on their master's fields; Pasis there are, equally as "unclean," sacrificing to the east wind that the toddy palm may give them good yields; Mallahs, "unclean" fishermen that cower be-

fore the deified high caste man whom they themselves slew and then made into a demon-god; Dhankus whom caste regulations leave for food the carrion they must wrest from vultures; Atiths, ascetics of doubtful rank, who tie their dead in sitting posture and set them thus adrift on rafts floating down the broad current of "Mother Ganges." With such have my rambles been, the low castes, the poor castes, poor enough to have the Gospel preached to them, suffering enough, living near enough to the border line of starvation to appreciate, if so they will, the cross that bears down heavily and that mightily uplifts.

For one rambling among the castes of Patna Mission, one thing stands out, oh so clearly, the immense need, the utter necessity for the wide hearing of the favorite plea of Patna Mission, "Give us a MOUNTAIN OF MOUNTAIN-MOVING prayers!" So and only so shall *Jesu Khrist Raja! Tera Raj awe!*—"Jesus Christ King! Thy Kingdom Come!" come from the lips of our millions of unwon pagans who are crying instead, *Rama, Rama, satya nama!*—"Ram, Ram, the true name (of God!)." This is the fervent prayer of all interested in the conversion of Patna's millions.



Outcaste Brother—Brother Coadjutor of the Society of Jesus belonging to the pariahs. He is the only male pariah in religion in the diocese of Trichinopoly.

mostly, all mutually exclusive little societies that may not inter-marry nor eat nor drink nor smoke together; many that may not enter the temples of their own religion; others that may not receive the spiritual ministrations of their religion's high priests; full Hindus, half Hindus, quarter Hindus, Hindus in name only, ignorant men generally, thriftless men generally,

THE ATENEO DE MANILA TRAINS LEADERS

(Continued from page 173)

ature in the United States of America. In the Ateneo, a section of the students' library was set aside exclusively for Catholic books. All told, the volumes are not many (about nine hundred), but we are growing. Visitors from other schools and libraries representative of "Catholic Action" are now presented with Catholic propaganda. Although only a year old, the Catholic section has done untold good. We still need books of biography, history, philosophy, essays. Our fiction is fairly numerous.

Although not as spectacular as the mission labors of Mindanao, the Ateneo is doing an essential work for the Philippines. Refused by a technicality the title of missionary, our work here is nevertheless genuinely missionary. Lately there has been a strong swing-back of the pendulum of public sympathy to the old Faith again. It is essential that loyal, fighting Catholics be trained and sent forth to the nation. It is the humble prayer and the enthusiastic hope of the American Jesuits that by far the larger portion of the Ateneans will never forget the love of the Faith instilled at school in their souls; that these boys of ours be enabled by their training of heart and mind to render to the world a reasonable account of the Faith that is theirs.

LOST TRAILS AND TRICKY DOGS

(Continued from page 175)

directions. Out in the middle of the river a strong wind arose and the snow fell thickly. We were absolutely lost.

MY guide could find no trail, so we allowed the team leader to guide us. This was the best thing to do, as the dogs usually know the way better than their drivers, but unless you give them free rein, they obey blindly. Call "Gee" and they swing to the right, and yell "Haw" and they strike out to the left. Let off the brake and don't say anything and the team leader will most likely get

you home or to your destination the best and shortest way.

Giddy is the name of my team leader. When I gave him the running of things, he struck out for the opposite bank and got us to the village in an hour and a half. About nine people came to Mass and Communion the next morning.

When I was at last safe at home again I gave Giddy an individual reindeer steak for his good behavior and waited for my fingers to thaw out enough to pen these lines. My sketch is just an account of the ordinary work of an Alaskan missionary.

A NIGHT WITH THE BRIGANDS

(Continued from page 177)

AT two o'clock in the afternoon following the pillage, Father Lavoie and I were fleeing as refugees on the road to Tang Chan. We received wholehearted welcome from Father Hamon, S.J., who immediately put his two nicest rooms at our disposal. Here we would rest awhile from the terrible night with the brigands.

Alas! Two days after our arrival, a general of the Southern Army chose the missionary's residence for headquarters and occupied the house with his staff. Haughty and insolent, the soldiers obliged us to abandon our rooms. Father Lavoie took refuge in another room where the only bed was a brick floor. Above him lived a score of turbulent boys who attended the members of the staff. In the old residence I found a little room. It was cold, damp and dark. But I was far from the soldiery that took an infernal pleasure in tantalizing us.

We would have departed immediately for Shanghai, in accordance with the wishes of our Superiors, but the trains were being held up everywhere, and so we had to remain two long months in our trying situation. It pleased Providence to make us suffer. Grace and Heavenly fortitude accompanied the trials, and in all sincerity I can say that I felt more real consolation in that cold, damp room than in the comfortable houses of Shanghai where nothing is wanting. God is royally lavish with those who suffer for His sake.



Songs of Youth. By Patrick O'Connor, S.S.C. The Society of St. Columban, St. Columban's, Neb. \$1.00.

Charmingly delightful, inspiringly religious and done with a real poetic touch are these poems from the pen of the editor of *The Far East*. These verses come hot from the heart of one who has caught and holds the vision of Christ's call to chivalry. Space does not permit us to specify some of the more radiant gems in this coronet of verses. "When I rode out to Dalgan" ought to stir any priestly heart to tender thoughts of his own consecration. The sonnet "Knights of the Blessed Sacrament" has caught the real spirit of that battalion of Eucharistic knighthood. We hope that these poems will gain the wide recognition which we believe them to deserve and that the new editorial duties of the author will not quench, but rather fan his poetic fire.

The America Book of Verse. Edited by Francis X. Talbot, S.J. The America Press. New York, N. Y. \$2.00 Postpaid.

All the poems included in this excellent volume appeared originally in the columns of *America* and were gathered and arranged by its literary editor, Francis X. Talbot, S.J. It is a splendid anthology. The arrangement is admirable, not according to the names of the authors, but according to the matter and the mood of the poems. Thus we have poems by a galaxy of well-known Catholic writers of verse appearing under the general divisions of "Images," "Vestiges," "Testaments," "Visions," and "Homages." The names of the poets whose verse appears, as well as the discernment of the editor are sufficient guarantees of the excellence of the poetry appearing in this volume.

WHAT PRICE STANDARD GAS?

(Continued from page 188)

thank you for saving the valuable document; and I offer you a position in the United States, with a raise of a thousand dollars a year."

Tom sat up in bed.

"Thank you, Mr. Gannon, I am going back to America; but next time I lie dying in China, it will not be as a business man for the Standard Gas Company, but as an apostle for Christ, the King."

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

FROM MANY CLIMES

(Continued from page 190)

until recently bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church, and now they are converts. I was anxious to know the reason for such a complete change of attitude. . . .

For my part, I am also at present studying your doctrine. The example and the words of these friends made a deep impression on me. The more I studied and observe Catholicism, the more I am convinced that the salvation of our people is there, and not elsewhere.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

(Continued from page 185)

smaller that I could not walk a step any further. For which my master put me under the treatment of a Dr. and expenses much money for me, but in vain. But another man who was knowing this art cause me recovered.

"Now in the same way he did such a bad with me for which I gave a diary to the police and now I am ready to complain against him. What is your advice? Please reply me. And I will report to D. . . . police too against him and Budhoo's wife too is as well as his husband."

No, this isn't a letter from a Japanese school boy, such as used to run in the newspapers and magazines years ago. The letter is from a supposedly intelligent full-grown man who has some respect for ghosts. It sounds almost like the ravings of the spiritists in Europe and America.

But now, how are we going to settle the case? For the above is one of the cases presented for solution to the Catholic missionary at Marpa in Patna Mission. In his capacity as chief of police, or whatever his title might be, he is called on to settle many minor cases for the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, Christian, Hindu and Mahomedan. They prefer bringing their cases to him rather than going to the expense of hiring lawyers and witnesses for a court trial. I really do not know how the case I have been telling you about was settled.

One night a man came to me with a case. His face was streaming with blood and he was crying like a child. It seems that he had volunteered to act as judge in a case in his village. Three men had been accused of appropriating the money of five or six others who had given it into their safe-keeping while on a journey. The three said the money had been stolen from them, but the volunteer judge decided against them and ordered them to pay up. They did, and then proceeded to beat him up. I ordered the policeman to bring all the parties to me the next morning, but fortunately they compromised, and decided to settle the case out of court. I'm still wondering what would have happened had I decided against the three who had beaten up the judge.



China Süchow Mission

Father Louis Lavoie, S.J., who has spent four years in the mission fields of

China, has just returned to Canada for a well-deserved and needed rest, subsequent to his nerve-racking experiences with the brigands related in the pages of this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. He says:

When the boat left Shanghai for Canada, I felt the some gripping at the heart as when I departed from China, leaving my native Canada which I did not expect to see again.

In his missionary labors he has learned to esteem the Chinese peasants of Süchow, and has won their confidence and affection. Father Lavoie is very anxious to return to the missions again as soon as he feels fit. In the meantime, he will be occupied with missionary activities at home, lecturing, teaching Chinese (as it is spoken in Süchow) to the score and five Jesuit aspirants to the missions, and he will also assume the task of gathering funds for the mission stations of Süchow which are in need.

In This Issue

| | Page |
|--|------|
| Frontispiece. | |
| Typical Moros of Mindanao 170 | |
| What Price Standard Gas? Joseph S. Brusler, S.J. . . . | 171 |
| The Ateneo de Manila Trains Leaders. Joseph J. Mulry, S.J. . . . | 172 |
| Lost Trails and Tricky Dogs. John P. Fox, S.J. . . . | 174 |
| A Night with the Brigands. Brother Léon A. Souigny, S.J. . . . | 176 |
| Editorials | 178 |
| Jesuit Mission Vignettes. . . . | 179 |
| Further Rambles in a World of Caste. Paul Dent, S.J. | 180 |
| From Mission Fields of North American Jesuits. . . . | 182 |
| September Jesuit Mission Dates | 182 |
| The Tinkling Bell | 185 |
| A Nursery for Martyrs. John F. X. Sweeney, S.J. 186 | |
| The Assumption. A Poem. Neil Kavanagh | 186 |
| From Many Climes. | 189 |
| Book Reviews | 191 |
| Grateful Acknowledgments. 192 | |

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