

# Jesuit Missions

October, 1928

Price, 10cts.



**NAZARETH COLLEGE**  
851 SOUTH FOURTH AVENUE  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

A STANDARD FOUR-YEAR COLLEGE  
EXCLUSIVELY FOR WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY  
OF NAZARETH  
CONFERS THE A. B. AND B. S. DEGREES  
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO  
THE DEAN

**Canisius College**  
BUFFALO, N. Y.

*Classical and Scientific  
Courses*

Boarding Facilities Near  
College

Send for Announcements

**GEORGETOWN  
VISITATION CONVENT**

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL  
FOR GIRLS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOUNDED 1789

ADDRESS SISTER DIRECTRESS

**HOLY CROSS COLLEGE**

WORCESTER, MASS.

CLASSICAL COURSE  
GENERAL SCIENCE COURSE  
A.B. AND B.S. PRE-MEDICAL  
COURSES

ADMISSION IS BY ENTRANCE  
EXAMINATION ONLY

*For Catalogue Address the Dean*

FOUNDED IN 1841  
**FORDHAM UNIVERSITY**

190th STREET and THIRD AVENUE  
(ADJOINING BRONX PARK)

CONDUCTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS  
*The Largest Catholic Educational Institution in America*

COLLEGE: LAW; GRADUATE SCHOOL:  
EDUCATION EXTENSION: PHARMACY;  
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SERVICE; ACCOUNT-  
ANCY: BUSINESS LAW and PRE-LAW

BOARDING AND DAY STUDENTS

*Write for Catalogue to Registrar*

**GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY**

Founded 1789

*The Oldest Catholic Educational Institution  
in the United States*

Departments of Arts and Sciences, Medicine, Law, Den-  
tistry, and Foreign Service.

The University is accredited by the American Association  
of Universities, the Association of Colleges of the Middle  
States and Maryland, Catholic Educational Association,  
American Medical Association, and the American Bar Asso-  
ciation.

*For Information, Address*

THE REGISTRAR, GEORGETOWN COLLEGE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

**THE CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY**

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Arts and Sciences, Medicine, Law, Dentistry,  
Pharmacy, Commerce, Finance and  
Journalism.

*Class A Schools*

Address the REGISTRAR

**SCHOOL of SOCIOLOGY  
and SOCIAL SERVICE**

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

Woolworth Building, New York City

REV. MATTHEW L. FORSTER, S.J., Ph.D., Dean

Choose a profession in a remunerative field where there is  
ample opportunity for personal service of a constructive  
nature.

*For catalogue address*

THE REGISTRAR

811 Woolworth Building, New York City

**SPRING HILL COLLEGE**

Spring Hill, Mobile Co., Alabama

CONDUCTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS

Courses leading to A.B., B.S. and B.C.S. degrees; Pre-  
Medical, Pre-Legal, Two-year Engineering and Business  
Courses.

*For information address the Dean*

**SPRING HILL HIGH SCHOOL**

Spring Hill, Mobile Co., Alabama

CONDUCTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS

Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses

*For information address the Principal*



## HARVEST-TIME

**C**HRIST Himself called it the harvest—the glorious fruit of years of labor and sacrifice by the missionary priests and Sisters. The field is the world; the seed is Faith; the fruit is souls; the husbandman is the missionary. The rain of united prayer and support, and the blessing of the Master giveth the increase.

**JESUIT MISSIONS** tells you how you can participate in the golden work of saving souls. It is written for you personally.

### **JESUIT MISSIONS**

**A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR**

**Gramercy Park Bldg., 257 Fourth Ave.  
New York, N. Y.**

----- PLEASE USE THIS BLANK TO ENROLL ONE NEW FRIEND OF THE MISSIONS -----

Dear Father: — Send your excellent magazine for \_\_\_\_\_ year(s) to this new friend of the Jesuit Missions.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

One year, \$1.00    Three years, \$2.75  
Six years, \$5.00

Address \_\_\_\_\_



CATHOLIC ESKIMOS OF NOME, ALASKA

*Amidst the gloom, desolation and depressing cold of our Alaskan possessions, the fifteen Jesuit mission posts diffuse the light and warmth of Christ's abiding love. Here under the leadership of Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., twenty-one Jesuit priests and ten Lay-brothers are working for the salvation of Eskimo and Indian.*



Faculty and students of the Medical Mission Course, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

## Teaching Missioners *Christly* Healing

D. J. WILLMANN, M.A.



It is years since I first read the immortal story of Ben Hur. I was a child at the time, filled with enthusiasm over the descriptive chapters of the chariot races, sentimentally alert to the nicer passages of age-old romance, and torn with the heart-rending accounts of the beginnings of Christendom. Yet there is one scene that has always stood out in clear and consoling relief against the myriad colorful and fast-moving events which that historic drama relates.

In triumphal procession the Nazarene is hailed, "Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Thousands of His companions and followers, waving green palm branches aloft, shouting and chanting, applaud the humble Master. The air trembles with the din of their tumultuous applause, but "the cries of the poor lepers were not more than the twittering of dazed sparrows." Mother and daughter they were, both afflicted with the horrible and dread disease that made men run from them crying, "Unclean, unclean!" The mother pushed closer to the crowd, her ghastly hands up-raised. The people saw her—saw her hideous face and stopped awe-struck.

"The lepers! The lepers! Stone them! The accursed of God! Kill them!"

Thus were interrupted the hosannas sung to the King

THE writer of this stimulating article is secretary to the Catholic Medical Mission Board which, after years of persistent, up-hill work, has at last aroused in Catholic circles the recognition of the paramount need of medical training for all mission workers, whether priests, Sisters or Brothers.

of Kings. But the Messiah rode up to the "accursed of God" with eyes of tenderness and questioned their approach with benignant purpose.

"Believest thou that I am able to do this—to cleanse, to

heal?" His eyes were expectant, sympathetic.

And the Mother answered:

"Thou art He of whom the prophets spake. Thou art the Messiah!"

And He healed them.

THUS has "Christian charity" come down to us to mean a charity like unto that shown by Christ. It is a divine gift to be practised by the successors of Christ and the preachers of His Gospel. It is a meaningful term pregnant with wisdom and love. It is the keynote of the Catholic Church and the sacred latch-key to unloose the doors of pagandom and ignorance. As Christ, the first Missionary, healed, so too is the missionary of the twentieth century called upon to heal. But how is he, not God, but man, to cure the ailments of his suffering spiritual children who are ignorant of all save their aching limbs and disease-racked bodies? How is he, mortal man, assigned to far-flung, isolated mission sections unknown to the scientific world, to become physician of the body as well as physician of the soul, protector and physical guardian of his sick flock? (Turn to page 212)

# Fifty - Fifty

JAMES R. GIBBONS, S.J.



A pagan school of Mother India in Patna Mission.

**I**T took me out. I took it back. That is fifty-fifty, isn't it? What? Oh, just an old motor cycle. I was in Bettiah, a hundred miles north of Patna, India, and the Ganges, visiting the stations of the mission. On the back porch stood a motor cycle resting on its flat tires. The dirt and dust made it look as if it had belonged to the last century. At supper, I inquired about the "relic" and was told that the machine was spasmodic.

"Ah," said I, "I taught physics; therefore I'll make it run."

And I did—one way.

Next morning, I went out to look the machine over. I thought I would start with a part I knew something about, so I blew up the tires. Next, I pulled a few wires to see where they led to, and after turning my attention to the spark plugs and the gas tank, I got the engine started off popping like a four hundred horse power Liberty motor.

A high-flying leap brought me into the saddle, and we were off. Down the street we sped, a street so narrow in places that I instinctively pulled in my elbows to avoid rubbing off the "firewood" from the sides of the buildings.

**O**N about the second or third time round the block, I spied a bright pair of pliers right in the middle of the road. Lucky, thought I, as I dismounted and walked back to the spot to pick them up. They looked so much like my own pair that I ran my hand down into my pocket to bring them out and compare. Needless to say, my pocket was empty. I smiled to myself as I went back to the cycle. The very next round I picked up a screw-driver just like mine, and a few turns later another pair

of pliers. In fact, I never found so many tools in my life before.

By this time I was fairly satisfied that I had control of my "broncho," and with my camera strapped on my back, headed for Chuhari, a small village seven and a half miles north of Bettiah. The riding was fine, at least where the dust was not too deep. Such dust! Three to four inches covered the road for long stretches. Ordinarily, not a drop of water falls here from the middle of October till the following July.

It made me think that I was riding a broncho for certain when I turned off the main road six miles from town; my steed balked on the turn and simply refused to go across the country towards the mission. I thought I would humor him a little and sat down under a tree while he was free to graze on the grass. It worked. In ten minutes I was over a mile down the road. I figured that I must be within a quarter of a mile of the village of Chuhari, but I couldn't see a sign of it. Ahead on my left was a large scattering of trees and jungle, but I couldn't see any sign of habitation.

The road had dwindled to a cow path in a few minutes and I stopped to ask, *Chuhari kahan hai?* The laborer who was working in his field gave a wave of his arm back in the direction from which I had come. It quite puzzled me that I had passed the village without knowing it, but I judged that he knew what he was saying.

**S**OON I saw a neat little church tower just behind the clump of trees that had looked to me from the other side like a jungle and I knew that I was at my destination. Chuhari, you see, is just a jungly town and they keep as many trees around as possible to keep off the

burning heats of summer. The church which was built by our predecessors, the Capuchins, is really a fine building. In architecture, it resembles more the adobe churches of Mexico than our churches in America, although its thick walls are made of red bricks plastered over and whitewashed. The wide verandas necessary in this climate made the church look twice as spacious as it was found to be. There is no furniture outside of the Communion rail except a small organ, and within the sanctuary just a stool for the celebrant of a High Mass. But I am ahead of my story.

I had hardly stopped at the gate when a crowd of expectant boys rushed out to take the cycle. All wanted to push and guide more or less at the same time. After parking it safely inside, some of the smaller lads characteristically put in a plea for *mitai* (candy) and I was sorry I had not supplied myself with a penny's worth in Bettiah.

THE morning was spent in visiting and photographing Father Forster's various classes. The neat new buildings of his middle English school made one wonder who the generous donors must have been, for it was evident that the resources of the mission were scanty. It was noon, and I watched the orphans collecting on the campus for their meal. When one sees the little mountain of rice that they can stow away at one sitting, one marvels that the mission can continue to support so many. Father Forster told me that these thirty orphan boys ate 100 rupies' worth of rice last year. In addition to the boys there are a number of orphan girls under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross. Of course, these orphans only form a small part of the number of the school children who come from the villages.

The result of my inspection was decidedly favorable. The outstanding impression made on me was the brightness and cheeriness depicted on the faces of all the children. The difference between them and the wild faced, scantily clad pagan children I had seen in the nearby



Brother Pais, S.J., of Chuhari, Patna Mission, and a native Indian Brother-postulant.

villages was so marked that one needed no further proof of the civilizing effects of the Catholic religion.

I must call attention especially to the brilliant faces of Father Forster's apostolics. The fostering of vocations among his boys and girls is one of his holy hobbies, and many are the minds and hearts which he has turned towards the higher life. He indeed deserves all the help we can give him to carry on his noble work for Christ.

TWO o'clock rolled round before I had noticed the time passing. I took out my steed, bade adieu to the mission, and made my start for town—and trouble.

I was nearly half way home when the engine suddenly began to lose power and after a "spatter, sputter, spop," stopped. Then I discovered that the air pump was missing. Well, it was so large that I had a chance of finding it along the road so I decided to return and

look for it, though unluckily, as the sequence proved. After turning around, my motor went well till I was back again only a mile or so from Chuhari, when it unceremoniously "died." I looked around for some obliging coolie to walk up with the missing pump, but in vain; and in vain did I struggle with that motor for two long, hot hours. Pushing a motor cycle in gear is not just the lightest kind of work under an Indian sun, and to say the least, my clothes were wringing wet with perspiration.

It was now four o'clock. Twenty minutes later found me at the main road, when along came three ox carts going in the direction of Bettiah. I (*Turn to page 214*)



"I watched the orphans collecting on the campus for their meal."



The writer out with his Indian boys in the big canoe.

## At School with Iroquois and Ojibway



WITHIN a mile of the station, on the banks of the North

JOSEPH O. P. ALLAIRE, S.J.

AFTER visiting the classrooms, infirmary, dormitory and ward-

Channel at the mouth of the Spanish River, Canada, is an Indian settlement. In the midst of this rocky country, you will find two large three-story buildings, windmills, barns, a silo, a saw mill, and a plot of tilled land. The panorama might startle you and bring the question asked me one day by an unexpected tourist:

"Would you tell me, please, what all this is about? When I gazed upon it from King's Highway I could not help coming for information."

"Well sir," I answered him as I welcomed him to our school, "this is the Spanish Catholic Residential School for Indians, under Jesuit management and government supervision. Of the 116 boys, staring at you (and stare they did—it was dinner time) half are Ojibway of Manitoulin Island and Ontario, and the others are Iroquois from Caughnawaga and the St. Regis Reserves. Across the road is a like institution for Indian girls under the direction of the Daughters of the Heart of Mary, who were founded in France and who came to the United States in 1863 to help us. The education of the Indian is our aim; a religious, elementary, and practical education. If we make of them good Catholics with enough instruction and manual training to earn a decent living, we feel that we are well rewarded."

"Wonderful, indeed; but your work is not known; if it were, help would come."

robe, wondering often how we could feed and dress our boys from head to foot on a yearly allowance of one hundred and forty dollars per boy, the interested inquirer left, most favorably impressed with the Jesuits and Catholicism. And he saw to it that help did come: two large boxes of clothes, underwear and shoes.

Since the second arrival of the Jesuits on Manitoulin Island in July, 1844, a boarding school for Indians had been dreamed of as a headquarters for the Ontario Indian Catholic Missions. It took some time to realize that dream and it was only in 1878 that the Wikwemikong school became an industrial school with thirty boys and some forty girls.

The Jesuits and the devoted Daughters of Mary were to be the guardians of many an Indian lad and lassie. As the schools progressed, they made of the Indians good workers, farmers, carpenters, shoemakers, and real housewives who knew how to use a brush as well as a needle. Trials came, of course, as they come to every new enterprise, but the schools went on winning the highest encomiums from the Department of Indian Affairs. Each year a few Iroquois units joined both schools.

In 1911 the girls' convent burned to the ground, and although rebuilding was started almost at once, it ceased just as abruptly; for a general strike had been decided upon by the Indians. Since difficulties had been springing up on all sides,



Brother Aloysius Smith, S.J., the first Algonquin to enter the religious life.

since it was the easiest thing in the world for a pupil to play truant on the island, since intrusion by the Indians in the school management and games was of almost daily occurrence, efficient work was rendered most difficult. The strike finally settled everything. Wikwemikong was abandoned and Spanish was chosen as the site for the new school. Happy days were at hand at last with the coming of 1920. The area of tilled land increased from year to year; a dynamo was installed to provide electricity for both institutions; brick work became a reality in 1925; and the schools are now filled to capacity. The staff in the boys' school numbers fifteen members of the Society of Jesus and two lay teachers, while twenty Daughters of Mary carry on the work in the girls' school.

OUR boys are of Algonquin and Iroquois stock. The former are less intelligent but far more sensible and docile, whilst the latter are quick and enterprising but

"By gosh, I can do it!"

And the toilsome work that disgusted him at first sight is quickly done.

Once, to get rid of a tattler and busy-body, irony served me to good purpose.

"James," said I, "you are my pet." I wish you had seen his eyes flash with indignation.

"No," he yelled, "I'm not!"

"Yes, you are," I continued, "you are always following me around."

From that day on he kept far away and only came when called for.

Pride got the better once of a fourth grade boy, when an impatient dentist called him a squaw. His only reply was to jump off the chair and stubbornly refuse treatment. All that I could do was to warn the dentist to be more polite if he wished to send a good heavy bill to the department in Ottawa.



Brother A. Parent, S.J., with a band of milkers.

proud and troublesome. Indians, in general, are changeable, and lazy. Sulking and pouting is also of common occurrence among them. Such are characteristics of some boys when they reach Spanish, addicted to bad habits and unwilling at first to part with them. They soon, however, yield to good example and to the disinterested counsel of their elders, and within a year turn out to be boys of whom we are justly proud. There are even sparkling gems among them, whose daily Communions, absolute trustworthiness, manly demeanor and readiness to work make them model students and excellent characters. One boy, Aloysius Smith, is probably the first Algonquin to enter religious life. He took his religious vows as a Lay-brother on Christmas Day, 1927.

NOW let us see a few traits that characterize the vast majority of the Indian boys. Contradiction provokes them to action and results are sometimes funny.

"Ben or Walter," one will say, "you can't do that!"

And forthwith the seven year old stocky lad replies:

STOICISM against painful suffering is a characteristic of older boys. Angus Rice walked from the mill to the infirmary, holding a wrist broken in four places, without so much as crying. Jimmie Mayou had six stitches put in his forehead with hardly a tear in his eyes. Henry Cadron only moaned when tortured by a severe attack of peritonitis.

I had been told before leaving Montreal, "Win your authority; no one will stand by you. Indians prize physical strength. Show yours by all means." Warned beforehand, I started at once on my arrival to handle hundred-pound boxes of bread, the daily ration of the school, and soon heard the welcome note: "Tow strong, that fellow!" which means "terribly strong." The word "fellow" did not offend me; it is used for all kinds of things or persons.

ONE evening, Father Superior spied a bustard near the wharf and suggested that I take a shot at it. I readily accepted, prayed for success (Turn to page 215)

# Mindanao's Misty Mountain Tops

Shepherding the Flock

JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S.J.



"And gathering together four horsemen . . . I essayed the narrow winding trail."



JUST a week of years more than a century ago, a few Spanish Augustinian Friars sailed around the east coast of Misamis in the Island of Mindanao, and settled in the town of Jasaan. To us of another generation, Jasaan would seem to be the least desirable place on the whole strip of sea coast in which to found a mission. But in the mountains which rise boldly from the sea, rugged and massive, and unimaginably beautiful in their natural grandeur, were numerous souls living a wild life, to whom Christ's gospel of love had never been preached. Here indeed was a soul project worthy of warrior hearts and giant courage: first to reach these children of the jungle; then to win their hearts, and bring them, loving captives, to the feet of Christ. Nothing could deter these Friars, giants of love. Thirsting for souls, they could attend only to the fact that Jasaan was the golden door leading to the vast mountain stretches with their priceless hidden treasure. The frowning cliffs, the treacherous moun-

tain torrents, the path of hidden menace through the jungle, all made up the winding trail leading to the land of dreams, through Misamis, up into Bukidnon, and down into Lanao, where dwelt the Moro tribes.

A week of years less than half a century ago, the Spanish Jesuits succeeded the Augustinian Friars at Jasaan, and the evangelization of the mountain section was zealously forwarded. So true was this, that towards the end of last century a new mountain mission was started at Sumilao, and the Jasaan Mission divided into eight vast mission sectors, most of them much greater than the present Jasaan Mission. Today, after more

than a century of heroic missionary labors, Jasaan can boast no road leading to the six mountain stations that remain; yet with the courage and confidence of the Friars who had blazed the trail, no obstacle could deter the new harvesters of Christ. No mountains were too lofty for them to scale, no forests too dense for them to traverse, no difficulties could repress their ardor, no sacrifices or labors



For these and such as these the Jesuit toils in Mindanao.

could quench their zeal. Onward and upward they toiled, and gradually pagan superstitions vanished; the wild tribes bowed under the sweet yoke of Christ; and men and women lived not only wholesome, but holy lives.

THEN came the Revolution of 1895-1896 in which many of the priests were driven out and the convents sacked. Subsequently the Islands passed under the sovereignty of the United States. Only a single Spanish Jesuit could be spared to return and take charge of the Jasaan Mission. Hitherto the Spanish Government had materially helped the Fathers in their spiritual ministrations. Now all material aid ceased, and, amidst poverty incredible and hardships stupendous, the lone Spanish Jesuit labored heroically to save this people to the Faith. How well he succeeded may be attested by the fact that no Protestant or Aglipayan teaching ever gained a foothold in the whole vast mission. Until a few years ago no road connected the six coast mission stations, but his constant visits and priestly ministrations kept the people lovingly loyal to the Faith of Christ.

When the Spanish Jesuits vacated the church in the Misamis section in favor of the American Jesuits, I was dispatched to the Jasaan Mission. I found the churches along the coast in a most dilapidated state and in utter poverty. To one penniless, it was heart-breaking to listen to the fervent appeals for aid towards repairing and adorning the church in each barrio. But if the coast churches were in wretched plight, the mountain churches were even worse. Lamenting and repining would never remedy matters; so I decided to visit at least part of my immense parish and take account of stock—no, of damages. There was no stock worth mentioning. How did I travel? Well, Jasaan, with its absolute absence of roads, would break the mechanical heart even of Detroit's famous auto product. The humblest and lowliest "Lizzie" absolutely must have some kind of road for the wheels. In these primitive surroundings the horse must be my auto, so taking out an accident insurance policy on our new four-legged taxi service, and gathering together four horsemen—a guide, an interpreter, and two chanters—I essayed the narrow winding trail.

Despite the fact that only four of the six mountain barrios have what are called churches, we stayed three

days in each barrio. The only thing that distinguished a church from an ordinary dilapidated barn was the presence of a battered statue of the Patron Saint. It was necessary to drive out the pigs and goats that find the open-work churches a convenient shelter. Turning artist, sculptor, and painter, I managed to have the churches swept and garnished. The altars and statues were painted; clean altar linens and vestments were provided. Finally a few leaves and flowers as decorations transformed rude barns into the King's palaces. We slept in nipa huts and abandoned shacks; were dripping wet for eleven straight days; and outside of fruit which was plentiful, we enjoyed three meagre meals during the expedition. Despite all the difficulties, and they were legion, we were cheered by one hundred and fifteen baptisms and thirteen marriages.

It would seem that the first duty of the new pastor was to devise ways and means of repairing the churches and altars; but even a brief residence in Mindanao is sufficient to show that the question of souls' salvation has shifted from the altars of the church to the schools of the church; and, given another quarter of a century of public school training such as the children have been receiving, there would be little need of churches when the rising generation reached the atheistic manhood and womanhood so ominously threatening. The public school has

been made a fetish which closed the eyes of simple uneducated Catholic parents to the manifest danger of a godless education, while lack of resources kept those who realized the danger from successfully combating it. American Protestants, many of them ministers and missionaries, held the highest school offices. Natives who had bartered their Faith for an education at the highly endowed Protestant Silliman Institute, became principals and teachers in the schools.

IT can scarcely be estimated what ruin to the Faith of the rising generation has issued from this source. As early as 1898 the Chairman of the U. S. Philippine Commission reported, "The Island of Mindanao is a more promising field for missionaries to begin their work. The influence of the Catholic Church has not been extended to Mindanao, and the simple natives would more readily accept the type of Faith

(Turn to page 215)



Father Lucas has just officiated at a wedding in his church at Madagasing.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly, September to June, bi-monthly July-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.

**Editor**

IGNATIUS W. COX, S.J.

**Assistant Editor**

MARTIN I. CARRENE, S.J.

**Business Editor**

JOSEPH BERTH, S.J.

**Associate Editors**

GASTON A. ARTUS, S.J.

Schreiber

Ottawia, Canada

G. A. FITZGERIBNS, S.J.

3115 S. Grand Blvd.

St. Louis, Missouri

CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.

Collège Jean de Brébeuf

Montreal, Canada

DAVID McASTOCKER, S.J.

719 South 13th Street

Tucuman, Washington

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

4133 Banks Street

New Orleans, Louisiana

**Editorial and Publication Offices**

GRAMERCY PARK BLDG., 257 FOURTH AVENUE.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

## October Mission Intention

### Success of Mission Sunday

IN the beginning of the year 1927, a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Rites was published, assigning the second last Sunday in October as Mission Sunday to be dedicated to prayer and activity for the mission cause. The rescript was the answer to a request of the Supreme General Council of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith which had urged the great advantages that might be expected from the proper celebration of such a day. By this means it was thought that, on one day throughout the world in every diocese and in every parish, the mission question would be explained, the zeal of laity and clergy would be stimulated and the works of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith would be helped by the enrolment of new members and by the alms of the faithful. Not the least present was the thought that this day might be made a holy crusade of prayer without which all missionary work will languish. In addition to the appointment of a day for Mission Sunday, Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, sent a special letter to the superiors of religious orders asking them to promote Mission Sunday zealously. The Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus addressed himself to all the Provincials, asking them to see to it that Mission Day be celebrated with all care in all the Jesuit churches and schools.

It is quite evident that those who are guiding the mission activities of the Church feel that the proper celebration of Mission Sunday will have tremendous weight in the promotion of Catholic Missions the world over. Our readers are asked, therefore, to commend this important intention in their prayers during the month of October, and to cooperate by their best efforts to make it a success.

### Hail and Farewell!

WE have reproduced in this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS pictures of many of the priests and scholastics who in the last few months have departed for the mission

fields of North American Jesuits. The pictures do not complete the list of all those Jesuits who at this time have journeyed forth from our land to the four quarters of the globe in literal fulfilment of the command of Christ: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (St. Mark xvi, 15). In many of our cities, impressive departure ceremonies have been held. "Hail and Farewell!" was not only on the lips and in the hearts of the missionaries, but equally on the lips and in the hearts of the devoted faithful who speeded them on their distant way with prayer, benediction and financial help.

When the gladiators of imperial Rome were about to begin their deadly contests in the arena, assembling before the box of the emperor, they saluted him with the cry, "*Morituri, te salutamus!*" "We, who are about to die, salute thee!" They went to a merely temporal death. In a mystical and infinitely more exalted sense, our missionaries have presented themselves before the throne of Christ, the King, and have cried out *Morituri, te salutamus!* Their cry is another way of proclaiming a great principle of the Master which He set forth in the words: "Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat, falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world keepeth it unto life eternal" (St. John xii, 24-25).

And so every apostle of Jesus Christ must die: die to his native hearth and hearth; die to sweet companionship with friend and relative; die to self in a thousand unsuspected ways; die as the grain of wheat falling into the ground dies that the harvest may flourish. By their lives as by their mystical deaths our missionaries are bringing to millions of pagan souls the seed of that life of which Christ spoke when He said: "I am come that they may have life and have it more abundantly" (St. John x, 10).

### Medical Mission Day

JESUS CHRIST brought a new commandment into the world, the commandment of neighborly love. Our Lord went about doing good; every human physical ill was cured: the blind saw, the lepers were cleansed, the lame walked, the deaf heard, and the dumb spoke. Above all, the poor had the gospel preached to them.

From the commandment and the example of Christ, the virtue of Christian charity grew and flourished with the progress of the Church. It was a rare and radiant flower in a world of paganism. For twenty centuries since, wherever Christ has been preached, there have sprung up as if by magic multiple and multiplied activities of charity for the alleviation of every human ill. This is the background of the movement, daily gaining new impetus in American mission circles, called "Medical Missions." The natives to whom our Catholic missionaries preach need doctors, nurses, hospitals. Pagans are by these means made more willing listeners to the message of Christ.

The Catholic Medical Mission Board, announces as Medical Mission Day, October 18, the feast of Saint Luke, the physician. On that day we are asked to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion for the cause, and not to forget the material needs of the board in its efforts to supply the missions with medical helps.

“— All the living that she had.”

**I**F, when reading the letter boxed off on this page, a furtive tear comes to your eye and you find it hard to swallow, then you have caught a glimpse not only of the paths of the figure enshrined in this letter, but also of the Faith and the Hope and the Charity of those who love Jesus Christ dearly and without reserve. By the same token many of us will gain a piercing, if fleeting, glimpse at the narrow selfishness of our own lives, overgrown, perhaps, with the rankest weeds of perpetual self-interest. Here is one who has left all for Christ, given all to Christ, looks for nothing except Christ. Such a life may be unsung in the annals of man; it may blush like the violet unseen by human eye; but its perfume goes forth into this sordid world and makes it better and brighter for man to live in. Christ refused to let a similar act go unheralded. It has come down through the centuries. “And looking on, he saw the rich men cast their gifts into the treasury. And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in two brass mites. And he said: “Verily I say to you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all: for all these have

### A Remarkable Letter

Dear Father Editor:

*I am enclosing a check for \$75.00 which was sent to me by a poor servant woman. It is her entire savings for a year, I believe, and with it she wishes to educate a native priest in the mission field. This, she said, is the required amount for a year, and she hopes to continue paying this yearly tuition until the young man is ordained. Such, Father, is the faith of a convert, who is alone in the world, a cripple with rheumatism, and who looks forward to the Little Sisters of the Poor as her refuge in old age.*

of their abundance cast into the offerings of God: but she of her want, hath cast in all the living that she had” (St. Luke xxi, 1-5).

## Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 11. British Honduras.



Kechechi Indians in front of the church (left) and school (right) at Aguate, B. H.

**T**HE territory comprized by this mission is a rather narrow strip of wilderness on the eastern coast of northern Central America, covering some 8,600 square miles. The population of the country is about 45,000; the languages spoken vary from the ordinary Spanish, English and Maya, to a whole series of strange Indian dialects. The missionary in the bush districts of the mission has to contend with all the difficulties of tropical wilds. He must make many journeys, slow, blundering trips by land, sea and river in a tropical sun or drenching tropical rain. Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., has been appointed to succeed Father Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., as Superior of the mission of British Honduras. The newly appointed Superior will continue his present work as president of St. John's College while taking over the work of general care of the mission so well directed by the retiring Superior during the past seven years.



HE lure of high wages during the World War brought into France thousands and thousands of Spanish workmen. These were followed later by an army of malcontents who refused to accept the firm dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. Today there are about one million five hundred thousand Spaniards in the country, approximately twenty-five thousand of whom are concentrated around the city of Lyons. They cultivate vegetable gardens, conduct fruit stores and work in the local factories.

The precipitous fall of the franc in recent years struck with double force on these Spaniards. Their poverty soon became desperate. They were forced to inhabit unspeakably miserable quarters: abandoned box-cars, the attics of the poorest houses, rude shacks built of strips of wood. Frequently there was but a single room for a whole family of from six to twelve members. Moreover, these Spaniards, poorly instructed spiritually, neglected their Sunday Mass and other religious duties; many, too poor to pay the price required to obtain marriage documents, were living openly in concubinage; so that with Communism offering the only ray of hope, thousands were and still are in a pitiable condition.

**S**UDDENLY a new hope began to dawn. A community of exiled Jesuits returned from England to Lyons in the fall of 1926. Among them was a zealous young priest, Father Fernandez, from Colombia, South America, who began immediately to get into touch with these poor people. With the hearty cooperation of Cardinal Maurin, the Primate of Gaul, he succeeded in establishing a Sunday center for Spanish Masses and Confessions. As his own stay at Lyons was limited, he secured two young Spanish Jesuits, Fathers

Martinez and Irala, to replace him at the end of the year.

These two apostles continued on a much larger scale the work that had been commenced with difficulty. Their first task was to ferret out every possible family in Lyons and its vicinity. A single visit was enough to win most of their people, who could scarcely believe that these priests had come all the way from Spain solely for them. The men were not so easy to gain as the women and children. The priests adopted the custom of passing by different factories at the moment the men came out from their work. Whenever they encountered a little group that spoke in Spanish, the Jesuits stopped to greet them in that language. Strangely enough, even

the most anti-clerical, were so delighted to be accosted by a priest of their own country, that before they realized what had happened they had given their names and addresses and promised to come to Mass on the following Sunday. They usually came.

JAMES F.

**V**ARIOUS communistic pamphlets began to appear against these two missionaries personally, and against the clergy in general; the old accusations, that



"The crowning event . . . was a general pilg

religion is a money-making invention of the priests; that the Church for centuries has been intent on keeping the workmen in slavery; that though these particular workmen had left Spain precisely to get away from Spanish tyranny, they were being followed into France by the enslavers. The priests parried with an offensive stroke, worthy of a Xavier, one which took their communistic friends completely by surprise. Copies of the hostile pamphlets were forwarded to the *Servicio de Prensa*, a Jesuit central bureau at Madrid for the dissemination of social information, accompanied by suggestions for action. The bureau at once sent the pamphlets, with unexpectedly felicitous results, to Cardinal Peter Segura, Primate of Spain.

When the Cardinal received the plea for help from Lyons, he saw the possibilities of the situation and took action at once. That very day he wrote an encyclical letter to the clergy of Spain asking for volunteer missionaries to go to France and do something for these poor Spanish exiles. The next day he dispatched a special emissary, a Jesuit, to find out in



The pilgrims assemble before the Cathedral of St. John.

# "Thousand More

*A Cardinal as Missionary*

NEY, S.J. precisely what centers missions could be given in Southern France, how many missionaries would be required, and what other arrangements should be made.

TWENTY or thirty years ago, there was founded in Spain a congregation of Sisters wearing no official habit, and known as *Damas Catequistas*. Twenty-four of these Sisters came to France, sixteen to Lyons, the latter accompanied by six Sisters of a somewhat



the Basilica of Notre Dame de Fourvière."

similar congregation, the *Institucion Teresiana*, consecrated to Christianize public education. These catechists were ably assisted by five wealthy society ladies from Spain, and a local Spanish matron.

The work of these catechists was one of the most remarkable features of the plan. They went in pairs, each pair attached to a mission for two weeks. The first week was spent in preparing for the mission; the second in helping the missionary who preached it. House-to-house visits were made, during which they won the confidence of the poor exiles by showing a sincere interest in the family and the children. Then the mission was announced for the coming week, and the children invited to assemble daily at the mission center during the first week, so that they might learn hymns for the mission and receive preliminary catechetical instruction. The men were asked to come to the same place at eight o'clock in the evening to practice mission hymns. They came with extraordinary interest. As a result, when the missionary came to begin his work, the ground was already thoroughly

prepared. During the mission the Sisters kept up their visits by day to those who had promised to come and failed, or had discontinued coming, or had not yet been invited. At night they formed a reception committee at the church-door, welcoming new arrivals, seating them, and directing the singing. Unbaptized children were properly cared for, and also all adults who had not yet made their First Communion. Moreover, documents necessary to fix up irregular marriages were secured and the ceremony duly celebrated with the least possible delay.

THE band of missionary priests sent by the Cardinal consisted of twelve Jesuits, two Lazarists, two Franciscans and two secular priests. Many of these preached, two, three, or even four missions in various parts of Southern France. At five o'clock in the evening the priest gathered the youngsters who had already received preliminary instruction from the Sisters, and continued their catechetical lessons. The mission exercises for the older people began a little before eight o'clock. The cooperation between catechists and priests worked wonders, and the Spanish confessionals were packed in all parts of the city, for the missions were going on simultaneously.

WHILE the work was in full blast, the dramatic event of the whole enterprise took place; the Cardinal himself appeared on the scene. For three weeks he traveled through all the south of France, spending at least one day in every mission. Each night he preached a sermon, and gave his episcopal benediction. On the following morning he spent an hour hearing Confessions in the same church, from five o'clock to six, and said Mass there at six. At one place after his coming had been announced, all the arrangements were made to have him celebrate a Solemn High Mass to which the dignitaries of the town were invited. Upon arriving, his first question was:

"At what hour will this Mass be?"

"Eight o'clock," was the answer.

"But, will the workmen be able to come to the Mass?"

"No; they will have to be in the factories before that time."

"Then I cannot say the Mass," replied the Cardinal. "Some other priest must take my place as I wish to celebrate at six o'clock for the workmen."

SPECIAL orders had been sent by the King of Spain to the Spanish consul at Lyons to assure a fitting reception for the Cardinal when he arrived there. But the Car- (Turn to page 215)



Peter Cardinal Segura, Primate of Spain.

# FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS



## American Indians

It is a little-known fact that besides educating over 500 Indian children in Catholicity on the Rosebud Reservation of the Brule Sioux, St. Francis Mission in charge of the Jesuits in South Dakota, also conducts a "dude ranch" during the summer. It is called "Camp De Smet." This is a frontier cavalry camp for boys from twelve to eighteen years of age who come to the mission from all over the country during the months of July and August.

About the middle of August the annual ceremony of adopting the boys into the Sioux Tribe takes place. Chief Little-Hawk, the son of Chief Two-Strike and a former Indian warrior and army scout, solemnly confers an Indian name on each of his camp friends, and adopts them into the historic Sioux family. The event is quite thrilling for the white boys from the eastern cities. The boys, too, hear many a story of olden days, for the survivors of the famous Custer engagement are still to be found near the mission, as well as many who fought in the battle of Wounded Knee, one of the last stands of the Indians against the whites.

Messrs. F. T. Dietz, S.J., and J. V. Fallon, S.J., and Brother Joseph Parry, S.J., have gone to St. Francis Mission for work among the Indians.

Brother Albert Schell, S.J., left St. Francis Mission for St. Louis for extended medical treatment. While he is away the boys' band is left without its organizer and director. The entire mission is hoping and praying for the speedy return of the good Brother.

The Jesuit missionaries at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, are trying hard to meet two crying needs: more catechists and more meeting-houses. A catechist is necessary at every chapel. On Sundays when the priest is not present,

hand praying with the sick Indian!

The meeting-houses are almost as necessary as the catechists. The Indians live ten to fourteen miles from the nearest chapel. They drive in wagons in the hot sun or face the winter cold in order to attend Mass. If they were to start on Sunday, they would be too late. They must come on Saturday and stay over night in a big log house called the "meeting-house." Most of those who come to stay over night go to Confession and receive Holy Communion. In places where there is no meeting-house, the crowd for Mass is small, and few receive Holy Communion.

Father S. E. McNamara, S.J., has returned to work among the Indians after an absence from Dakota of many years.

Fathers Joseph Keel, S.J., and Joseph Lannon, S.J., of St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming, were hosts to the secular clergy of Cheyenne in July on the occasion of their annual retreat which was also attended by Bishop Patrick McGovern of Cheyenne. The retreat was conducted by Archbishop Edward Hanna of San Francisco.

At the close of the retreat, the corner-stone of the new chapel was laid by His Grace, the Archbishop. The erection of a new chapel and of a new class-room building was rendered necessary by the disastrous fire which swept over St. Stephen's Mission last January. Since the first breaking of ground on March 17th, the work of construction has progressed rapidly under the supervision of Brother Andrew Hartman, S.J., who with Brother George Stearns, S.J., and a force of some twenty-five Indian laborers from the reservation is responsible for every foot of con-

## OCTOBER JESUIT MISSION DATES

- 2nd—In Japan, 1570, died Father Cosmo Torres, who left at his death 50,000 Christians.  
At Nagasaki, 1623, Father D. Fernandez and F. Saito were put to death by the torture of the pit.
- 6th—In India, 1551, Father M. Goncalves was poisoned by idolaters.
- 8th—In Japan, 1633, Father J. d'Acosta died after four days of torture in the pit.
- 9th—At Nagasaki, 1623, Father X. Tocuuz and Brother D. Futayo, Japanese, were put to death.
- 11th—In Tenkin, 1773, Father J. Bucherelli and nine others were slain by savages.
- 17th—At Nagasaki, 1637, Venerable Father M. Mastrilli was beheaded after torture in the pit.
- 18th—At Auriesville, N. Y., 1646, Blessed Isaac Jogues suffered a terrible martyrdom at the hands of Iroquois Indians.
- 21st—In Peru, 1622, died Father E. Ortigo, whose apostolic labors embraced Brazil, Yaraquay, and Peru.
- 22nd—At Nagasaki, 1633, Father J. Adami died after five days' expiation in the pit.
- 26th—At Nagasaki, 1633, Father A. de Sousa died by the torment of the pit.
- 29th—At Pekin, 1774, died Father A. Hallerstein, head mathematician and mandarin.
- 31st—At Cork, 1602, the glorious death of the Venerable Brother D. Collins, who was hanged, drawn and quartered.

the catechist instructs the people and prays with them. He visits the sick and keeps the missionary informed if any of his people are in danger of death. How happy a missionary was some time ago, when called to visit a sick person, to find the catechist at



Left to right: Mr. C. F. Kruger, S.J., Father E. Berk, S.J., and Mr. P. A. Cavanaugh, S.J., who with Father J. Preuss, S.J., departed for the mission of British Honduras.

crete laid and every nail driven into the new edifice. Without the aid of these two skilful missionary Brothers, the work could not have been rendered possible with the limited funds available.

### Patna Mission

Father Bernard J. Sullivan, S. J., has been appointed

Apostolic Administrator of the Diocese of Patna. He succeeds Bishop Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., who has been appointed Bishop of Ranchi. The American Jesuits have been in charge of Patna Mission since 1921. Father Sullivan is the first American Jesuit to be given full spiritual care of the vast mission in the heart of a pagan country inhabited by 25,000,000 Hindus and Mohammedans.

The Patna Mission has six new postulants for the congregation of native nuns, the *Bahins* of the Sacred Heart, whose novitiate is in Bettiah, and two new lay-Brother novices for the Society of Jesus. The fact that vocations are manifesting themselves in the mission speaks well for the fine spirit of piety and devotion that must be evident in Catholic life there.



Left to right: Mr. J. Mann, S.J., Mr. J. C. McBride, S.J., Mr. F. F. Farrell, S.J., and Mr. M. R. Batson, S.J., who have departed for the Patna Mission, India.



In Patna Mission. Seated (left to right), Very Rev. Wm. J. Elme, S.J., Superior; Archbishop Edward A. Mooney, Apostolic Delegate; Rt. Rev. Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., of Ranchi; Father Mangam.  
Standing (left to right), Brother Stanislaus, S.J., Father W. Marquard, S.J., Mr. J. R. Gibbons, S.J., Father R. Mullen, S.J., Rt. Rev. B. J. Sullivan, S.J., newly appointed Apostolic Administrator of Patna and Father P. L. Frank, S.J.

Writing in a humorous vein, Father W. Marquard, S.J., describes life at Chuhari where he and Father Forster, S.J., are at work.

This is the rainy season, the monsoon, to be exact. We can expect rain every day for two or three months. It is a delightful season. Everything gets nice and soggy. You take off your wet clothes at night and lie down on damp sheets; you get up in the morning and put on your clothes which are now wetter. You try to write with pen and ink, and the ink spreads all over the paper. You try to open an envelope and find it is stuck shut; you try to stick another shut and find that the glue does not stick. You try to smoke your pipe, and, if you are able to light the match, find that the tobacco is too damp to burn. You open your trunk and find that the moths have eaten the moth-balls. You try to read at night and employ your time in shooting away a million bugs ranging from the sand-fly to a three-engine bombing plane. You go outside to walk up and down and quietly say your beads, and find that the bats are trying to see how close they can come to your head without touching. They fail sometimes. Finally you take your beads to the church and kneel-quietly for a minute, after which the perspiration peeps off you and the mosquitoes make too much noise for you to remember what decade you were praying. You retire finally and are lulled to sleep by the fog-born symphony of the frogs. But it isn't as bad as it sounds. Yesterday the thermometer got below eighty, and as long as that happens I can persuade myself that it is cool enough in spite of the humidity.



*Jesuit missionaries who completed the Medical Mission Course.*

*Left to right: R. R. Goggin, S.J. (formerly of Manila), W. J. Devlin, S.J. (for Patna), W. J. Hamilton, S.J. (formerly of Manila), A. G. Garcia, S.J. (for China), A. Willebrand, S.J. (for Alaska), A. F. Kienle, S.J. (for Mindanao), L. Foster, S.J. (for Patna), T. F. Gallagher, S.J. (for Mindanao), M. J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J. (for Mindanao), J. A. Pollock, S.J., J. E. O'Neil, S.J. (for Mindanao), T. J. Murray, S.J. (for Mindanao), A. Azarraga, S.J. (for Manila).*



### *Philippine Islands*

Father Patrick Rafferty, S.J., writes from Mindanao, P. I., in a letter dated June 11, 1928.

The schools opened today. St. Augustine's (new) parochial school had about fifty children present. There are about seventy names enrolled. The first two grades only will be conducted this year and a kindergarten class. There is a chance for this latter activity in such a town as Cagayan. The school is in a rented building across the plaza from the church, formerly used as the constabulary barracks, and put into good shape since it was vacated. The rent will be among the regular monthly expenses of the school which will have to be met by charitable donations from kind Americans. We hope to see a good impression produced when we get these youngsters attending Sunday Mass in a body, and singing Visayan hymns to tunes that are old and familiar to us.

If we had American Sisters here, we think we would be starting off in a more ambitious way in school activities. We would be spending more, too, and ambitious for more funds to back up the expenses. We hope the American Sisters will come soon; meanwhile we continue to cultivate patience. One new Beaterio (Filipino) nun arrived today, young, English-speaking and modern, we hope, in her teaching ability.

The three native nuns here have been conducting a dormitory for girl students of the public high school. That is a good work, though these three are not available for school work in a school competing with the public system. Father

*Page Two Hundred and Eight*



*Mr. J. B. Cullen, S.J. (left), and Mr. J. Meany, S.J., en route to Bogota, Colombia.*

Hayes used some gift money to add another story to the dormitory which will give the Sisters room for about forty boarders. Last year they had about eighteen girls. They were a good example in their attendance at Mass and Communion on Sundays and Holy Days. So far there are about twenty-five girl boarders received—not enough, and we hope more will come this week. We hear that the Protestant dormitory for girls has about fifty and is filled up. It is directed by two American Protestant women with American Protestant missionary funds, and it looks as if they had been doing team work with other Protestants on the west coast of the Province from Orquieta to Misamis. Those girls are not allowed to go to Mass, and will have Protestantism talked into them. Pray for them, for they are in real danger.



*Scholastics off for the Ateneo de Manila.*

*Top row, left to right: T. B. Cannon, S.J., J. A. Martin, S.J.  
Bottom row: J. J. Conniff, S.J., José Rosario, S.J., John Trinidad, S.J., J. E. Haggerty, S.J.*

An advertisement appeared in the *Caayan* weekly *Ang Katarungan*, announcing a dormitory for boy students would be opened with the help of American Protestant money. They should not have advertised. Father Hayes read the advertisement and didn't like it. In two days he had a big house rented and a man engaged to conduct "St. Augustine's Dormitory for Boys." About twenty-five boys are there already and there will be over thirty. About sixteen teachers of public schools here for a brief normal course are there temporarily. There ought to be about forty boys to cover running expenses, and it took a good sum to outfit the place. It is worth spending money to bring these boys under Catholic influence, and it is worthy of all charitable help and the greatest sacrifices.

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writes from Jimenez, Mindanao, P. I.

I have almost forgotten that mountain trip which I promised to tell you about. Yet some of the details I still remember. How could I forget my arrival at the mountain town in the darkness of night after the long climb up the mountain on a tired horse. It was Friday noon when some Catholics called at the Jimenez rectory to invite me to attend the fiesta at the mountain town on the morrow. I must go, they told me, for this is the first time in fifteen years that this town has invited the Catholic priest. Heretofore the town has followed the Aglipayan church, but now all the townsfolk wish to return to the Catholic Church. By three in the afternoon I had so arranged matters that I could take this unexpected excursion. We went as far as the Ford would dare, and then managed after an hour's search to round up some horses to scale the heights. The next day I voted to make the descent on foot. I am not yet a rough rider. In daylight we saw the beautiful scenery hidden from view in our climb the night before. Added to other thrills in climbing to a town that you have not visited before, is that of discovering, when you have reached one mountain top, that you must descend again into the next valley and start the climb all over again. But finally you reach your destination greeted by exploding bombs, decorated houses and cordial hospitality. We surely relished the supper served us, and I enjoyed a good night's rest, even though all the family and guests, a dozen in all, shared the same room with me. Here in Mindanao it is very common for the people to take their night's rest on mats placed on the floor. But in this mountain town a bed had been prepared for the Father. The next morning after blessing the chapel, since it had been used by the Aglipayans, Mass was said and then the congregation, about one hundred in all, marched in the procession in honor of the Holy Cross, the feast that the town was celebrating. It was a great comfort to me.



"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.

## ABIDING AT THE BAGGAGE

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER more often expressed gratitude by the gracious air of his letters than by any formality of words. He seemed to be able to convey to friends and benefactors his overflowing appreciation and thankfulness while telling them the commonplace of the day and of his experience and successes among the missions. Sometimes he did entrust his gratitude to words; they were always sincere, heartfelt, lofty;—

"I have often known that in many dangers of soul and body, your prayers have been my saving. For my part, that I may not forget you, I carry about with me all your names, as they are written by your own hands as signatures to your letters to me. I give thanks first of all, as is right, to God and then to you, my dearest fathers and brothers."—*May, 1546.*

"If we did not, by daily prayers and sacrifices, do what lies in our poor power towards trying to repay the very great deserts of those who so signally distinguished themselves before God by helping and supporting us for His divine service, we should really contract a very serious fault and should be ignominiously branded with the foul disgrace of extreme ingratitude."—*March, 1541.*

## GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN

*Xavier knew that gratitude for charity is more effectively expressed by Him in whose Name the charity is done than by any human agency. He knew that the glorious harvest of souls did not sprout entirely from his sowings; but from that prolific seed of the combined charity of faithful friends, his own labors, and, supremely, the grace and blessing of Christ.*

*No help is given to the missionaries for which Christ does not say the "Thank you." Not a whisper of a prayer or a lowly farthing goes unrequited; and the splendor of the reward far outdoes the generosity of the donor.*

## WHAT WE CAN DO!

With reference to a warfare different from that for souls, David long ago said;

"Equal shall be the portion of him that went down to battle and of him that abode at the baggage, and they shall divide alike."—II Kings xxx, 24.

We lesser folks who are not privileged to be enlisted in the fighting squad of our Faith—not called to bring Christ to the hovels of the poor and ignorant or to the thatched sheds of the pagan millions of the foreign fields—we must be the "abiders at the baggage." We must gather the supplies, guard them, and send them forward to encourage and strengthen the soldiers on the line. Lacking perhaps the glamour, but in no wise the real glory in the sight of God, we are essential to the plan of salvation. And "equal shall be the portion of him that went down to battle and of him that abode at the baggage." Isn't there consolation and encouragement in this thought?

# MEN'S WORK ?



STORY  
BY  
Joseph P. Conroy, Sr.

**A**LICE CRANDON, nine years old, sat with her mother at lunch in the Crandon home. It was the hour between the morning and afternoon school classes, usually very much enjoyed by Mrs. Crandon, who liked to listen to Alice's chatter over the little events of the morning. Today, however, Alice had somehow strayed into the zone of quiet, was looking decidedly preoccupied, ate solemnly and said nothing. Mrs. Crandon, who knew something about children, followed Alice's mood and also kept quiet. She had six children of whom Alice was the youngest. Maternal experience had taught her the value of tact. So beyond soliloquizing at intervals, wondering why Ted was late for his lunch, she refrained from breaking into the meditations of her little daughter. Finally Alice paused in her meal, looked at her mother and said:

"Mother, I've been thinking."

"Yes," said mother, "I see you have."

"And I've made up my mind what I'm going to be."

"That's very nice," said Mrs. Crandon, "not many girls find out so young."

"And do you know what it is?" continued Alice.

"I'm going to be a missionary, an Indian missionary."

"Well!" said Mrs. Crandon, slightly showing surprise in her voice, "where did you get that idea?"

"I didn't exactly get it," said Alice. "It seems something like that's been in me for a long time. But it came right out today when Father Connelly—you know, the one that's giving the mission in our church—came into the class on a visit and told us all about the Indian missions. He's been there often, away out on the plains; and he told stories about the big chiefs and the squaws and the papooses; and the rugs they make and the pottery; and how funny they dress in all colors, and their queer blankets, and—"

**H**ERE Ted rushed in at sixty miles an hour.

"Excuse me, mother, I couldn't get home. Had a delay. I'll have to hustle to get back for Latin class. Anything hot left over?"

Mrs. Crandon set his dinner before him, and Ted sat down beside her, opposite Alice.

"What's that bump over your eye, Ted?" said Alice, after a rather deliberate survey of her brother.

"You *have* a bump there, Ted," said his mother observing him. "What was the accident?"

"The accident was that I got my face in front of another fellow's fist."

"That's handsome of you, Ted, getting trained in school how to behave and practising it by fighting on the way home."

"It's going to be a big black one, too," said Alice.

"All right," said Ted. "The other fellow'll have three or four of 'em."

"Who started it?" asked his mother.

"Well, it was about even. This fellow came up to me and said I owed him a dollar. I hardly know the bully, let alone borrowing money off him. When I said I didn't, he let fly for this bump; but I saw his coming and landed on both his eyes at once and gave him one back of the jaw that put him on the mailing list. The last I saw of him was sitting up against the 'For Sale' sign on Dorsey Avenue, with another fellow fanning him. Say, let's eat."

"I guess the Indians couldn't be any worse than that, could they, mother?" said Alice.

"Indians!" said Ted. "Say, where does she get that stuff?"

"Alice will tell you," said Mrs. Crandon.

"I'm going out to be a missionary to the Indians, Ted," said Alice, who always told Ted her plans.

"What!" said Ted. "You're trying to stop my meal. They don't want any girls out there. What could you do? That's men's work."

"Is that so?" said Alice. "I guess they have Sisters out there teaching the little papooses and bringing them up to be good."

"Papooses!" snorted Ted. "That's a word you picked up."

There wasn't time for more talk, so Ted ate.

TED dashed off to school feeling only half-fed and with the lump over his eye doing just what Alice said it would do. But in the back of his head he kept wondering about Alice and the papposes.

That night at dinner the subject came up again. Alice was tenaciously following the chase.

"Ten of us girls went into the parish house after school," said Alice, "and we found Father Connelly with the other priests in the parlor and we all offered ourselves for the Indian missions."

"I'm afraid you're bothering the Fathers," said Mrs. Crandon.

"Well, what did he say?" asked Mr. Crandon.

"He laughed first and they all laughed. But then he got serious and told us to go to the church and pray to the Blessed Virgin and ask her to help us. And then, if we thought we ought to do it, to go home and tell our parents and get their permission. When we came out of church, only four said they would ask their parents. And I'm one of them, and if you'll let me go, I'll get ready right away, because Father Connelly is leaving in two days and I'm going along."

"Sure, I'll let you go," said Mr. Crandon, wondering on whom the joke was to be finally. "That is, if mother is willing."

"Two days isn't very long to get ready," said Mrs. Crandon.

"But I've got everything now," cried Alice.

"Yes, but you'll have to go and say goodbye to your brothers and sisters and that'll take at least two days," said Mrs. Crandon who had two sons and two daughters married.

"I'll send them a card," said Alice.

"Say," broke in Ted, "she's dreaming. That's all men's work, that mission business. There's nothing for her out there, just a baby!"

"It is *not* all men's work," said Alice. "Lots of Sisters are doing it. And if it is men's work, why don't you do it yourself?"

"Nine years old. Nobody to take care of her. What can she do?" said Ted.

"If you were out there," said Alice, "you'd take care of me. And I won't get a black eye out there, anyway."

"That'll do, Alice," said Mrs. Crandon. "Yes, if Father Connelly will take you, your father and I will let you go. So don't worry about it any more."

"Oh, aren't you lovely, both of you!" said Alice. "I'll start to get ready right away."

"Finish your dinner first," said mother, "you will be hungry long enough on the missions."

Next day at lunch hour Alice came home weeping. She told her mother all her trouble.

"I went to the parish house this morning and told Father Connelly I was allowed to go with him, and I was all ready. He looked kind of funny at first and then said it would be all right, and to give his best regards to you and daddy, and to tell you he thought you were both fine Catholics. And then he asked me for our telephone number. And when I went back just now to ask him about my trunk, they told me he had left town, and wouldn't be back for ever so long."

And Alice wept out loud.

"She drove him out of town," said Mr. Crandon, when Mrs. Crandon told him the story at night.

"No," said Mrs. Crandon, laughing; "he told me over the phone that he was going anyway, but just in the nick of time. Alice was the most determined lassie he had ever met."

FATHER EDWARD CRANDON, formerly known as Ted, told me this tale of many years gone. And he also finished it for me.

I was travelling leisurely through India, following by-paths and peeping in at odd places that do not usually come to the eyes of the ordinary tourist. I journeyed almost aimlessly from village to village studying the quaint customs of the people and gathering rare relics for my museum at home. One day I happened upon a village so remote that I thought that here, at least, an American would be rarely seen. Hardly had the thought flashed across my mind, when my eye caught the sight of a little cross on the top of a small Catholic chapel.

I entered to pray for a few moments and as I came out I was face to face with my old schoolboy friend, Ned Crandon, clothed in the white soutane of the Catholic missionary. Joy was written all over Ned's face as he clasped me close with both arms. At supper that night we told anew the stories of our boyhood pranks. We laughed as he reminded me of the noon hour when he left me with two black eyes, trying to recover my equilibrium. Then came the story of his lunch following that fight and Alice's girlish determination.

"You know where Alice is now?" he said. "She's a Sister of Charity in China. And she did more than that. That answer I kept giving her, 'That's men's work, that's men's work, and Alice's question, why don't you do it yourself?' stuck in my mind and made me think of it till I finally saw that Alice was telling me what God wished me to do. And twenty years after, here I am, glad to be doing it."

### "Our Lady of October"

Our Lady of October!  
How fitting such a name,  
Now when the woods in grandeur  
Put on their cloaks of flame!

It is to do you honor,  
Before woods come to die;  
They celebrate love's token:  
Your holy rosary.

We seem to see you standing  
Down each dim, golden lane,  
By the harvest moon enhaled,  
In nature's forest-fane,

While mellow earth soft raises  
Its evening prayer on high,  
And we repeat the Aves  
Of your dear rosary.

O Lady of October,  
When death's autumn time is nigh,  
May our golden key to Heaven  
Be your holy rosary.

—Charles J. Quirk, S.J.

## TEACHING MISSIONERS CHRISTLY HEALING

(Continued from page 195)

Enter with me the inviting portals of the Georgetown Hospital in Washington, D. C. Do not glance at your calendar for you have eluded the present and live once again on the eighteenth of June of this year. We walk through the corridors and follow the line of priests, Sisters and Brothers who now gather in a large pleasant classroom. We take places in the rear of the room in which are met members of nine communities of the Church. Do you wonder why they are congregated here as if ready to learn again their A-B-Cs? Listen! That is Rev. Walter G. Summers, S.J., the Regent of the Georgetown Medical School. He is about to speak.

We hear that these priests, Sisters and Brothers are missionaries who are about to embark for or return to mission posts in Alaska, China, India, Korea, Oceania, the Philippines or Porto Rico. But before they go, they are sent by their superiors to learn their medical "A-B-Cs," for they are going to sections that are entirely different from those to which they are accustomed. Before they can become acclimated they must run the gamut of peculiarities of diet, of tropical heat or frigid cold, of unhygienic living conditions and lack of modern sanitation and sewage accommodations; they must learn how to shun malarial germs and prevent tropical bugs from lodging in their food, houses, and bodies; they must realize that a good missionary is not only one who can preach well and teach well, but one, too, who can care for his own physical welfare and guide his faltering fellow-worker through a siege of tropical fever. One, too, who can show to those to whom he would preach, a practical example of the charity of Christ Whose doctrine he would promulgate.

IT is to this purpose that the Catholic Medical Mission Board, with national headquarters at 25 West Broadway, New York City, inaugurated a Medical Training Course for Missionaries three years ago; and why now, through the Board, the Regent and Faculty of Georgetown University School of Medicine arrange a six weeks' intensive course in first aid, tropical hygiene and other branches of fundamental and necessary medicine. It is to aid in this great work that the mission-loving Sisters who direct the Georgetown Hospital open their doors and extend hospitality through Father Summers to the thirty-four missionaries who attend the classes. It is to encourage and help these missionaries who are following

in the footsteps of Christ that nine professors of the Medical School offer their professorial services to teach all that they can, in the short space allotted to them, to safeguard these precious lives.

Now the first class is opened. Dr. Joseph P. Madigan, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, with the aid of skeleton and manikin shows the frame-work of the human body and follows the main arteries of the circulatory system. The digestive system comes in for a particular study for in that important tract the tropical bacteria seem to make themselves perfectly at home without even a "by-your-leave." Synchronous with the teaching of the fundamentals of anatomy and physiology run the classes of Dr. James R. Costello and Dr. Charles I. Griffith. Their subjects, chemistry and toxicology, materia medica and therapeutics, are made vital through the sincerity and humor of the professors. They urge on the missionaries the importance of vaccination and inoculations, and the constant necessity for precautionary measures against preventable diseases. The actual practice in administering "the needle" on one of the missionaries, who suffers from hay-fever, is a worth while demonstration for it shows primarily to those medical neophytes that it isn't such a hard job to jab that little instrument into exactly the right locality.

AS Doctor Robert E. Moran, the First Aid and Surgery instructor begins his practical teaching he imbues everyone with an urge to "play" with bandages and adhesive tape. But as soon as the missionaries, accustomed to sit in class and listen, are put to the practical test of strapping imaginarily dislocated ribs there is really much fun over the perverse adhesive that will not behave as it did with Doctor Moran. The elusive bandages act very much like the old maid's ball of twine with the exception that the little fluffy pussy-cat is not here to tangle and snarl it. But soon they all learn and, after they practise on each other a few times, the missionaries become quite competent in the intrigues of neat and effective strappings.

As soon as Doctor Mollari begins his work in Tropical Medicine we realize that his is no mere book learning but is bred of actual experience in the tropics. The valuable little hints of preventive medicine, too, tell of actual happenings in the Orient. His slides, personally made, are valuable illustrations for his talk. We are shown, among other things, the insidious workings of the malarial mosquito. The doctor's talk is strong and full of warnings. We overhear, though we are not (Turn to page 216)

### CONSTRUCTIVE CHRISTIANITY

*MANY men have a delicate sense of values which teaches them what ought to be. Such a sense is a doubtful advantage unless deeds keep step with knowledge. There are many who discover with unerring accuracy when things and the times are out of joint and never make a single effort to set them right. Such men fritter away their lives in easy and destructive criticism. There are too many such, too many dreamers of dreams, too few doers of deeds. Learn to translate a right sense of values into the golden eloquence of deeds. A few words of praise is worth a thousand stinging rebukes. It is easy to destroy, hard to achieve. A fanatic with a dynamite bomb can destroy in an instant a Gothic cathedral produced by the creative instinct of loving artists through the centuries. Turn the searchlight of criticism inward. Declare no war on outward things until you have conquered the citadel of your own heart. When you have mastered self, you have gained a kingdom for God and yourself, and the world is yours. When tempted to criticize, give an aim for the missions. The latter are outstanding exemplars of constructive Christianity.*



## The Story of Nobile's Chaplain

This account was written by Father Gianfranceschi, S.J., in the third person for JESUIT MISSIONS and sent from King's Bay.—THE EDITOR.

AFTER General Nobile had organized his expedition to the pole he determined to have a priest join the flight as chaplain. Accordingly he asked the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, for a Father. Father Gianfranceschi, S.J., the rector of the Pontifical Gregorian University and president of the Pontifical Academy of Science, declared himself ready to accept.

On Saturday, March 31st, the Holy Father received General Nobile in a private audience. The General came to obtain the Apostolic blessing for his venture to the North. The Holy Father had only words of praise, encouragement and blessing for the General himself and for all the members of the expedition. He said that he would entrust a cross to the explorers to be planted at the pole for an act of consecration of the whole world to Jesus Christ, the Redeemer. In his concluding remarks, His Holiness added that he was aware of Father Gianfranceschi's appointment as chaplain and that he gladly approved the choice made.

King's Bay lies at seventy-nine degrees of latitude and is about 1,200 kilometers from the North Pole. As far as is known no Catholic priest has ever reached and offered the Holy Sacrifice as far north as the seventy-ninth degree of latitude. In fact, at no point above the seventieth degree is any Catholic church known to exist. In view of this, the chaplain of the polar expedition was appreciatively conscious of his privileged position in being able to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass as far north as the seventy-

ninth degree and as near as 1,200 kilometers to the pole.

According to plans, Father Gianfranceschi was to have joined the crew in the *Italia* for the flight to the pole in order that he might assist at the planting of the cross with

### Our November Number

"Louvain Looks at the Missions" by Francis J. Burke, S.J., tells how Belgium has become "a symbol and a voice of prophecy in the mission world."

In "Cullion, the Isle of Deathless Life," Vincent L. Kennally, S.J., gives the story of the world's largest leper colony.

An illuminating article by Paul Dent, S.J., discloses the spiritual significance of the workshops of Ghyree Mission, India.

befitting religious ceremony. At the very last moment, however, plans had to be modified, for it was found that the condition of the ship did not allow of any additional passengers being taken on. Wherefore, the chaplain remained behind. From this resulted the new arrangement that at the very moment the dirigible began to maneuver for the planting of the cross, General Nobile should flash the fact by radio to Father Gianfranceschi who should in turn relay the news to the Sovereign Pontiff and at the same time from on board the *Citta de Milano* should address to God the prayers that had been originally planned for the ceremonies at the pole itself.

And so it was done. At one o'clock after midnight on May 24th, General Nobile flashed this message to Father Gianfranceschi:

"We have been hovering over the pole for half an hour. At half past one we shall drop the cross." The extremity of the cross being weighted at its base with a sharp metal wedge, it would fix itself in position on reaching the ground. Father Gianfranceschi on his part sent this greeting to the Holy Father:

"At this very moment 1:30 A. M. General Nobile is placing on the pole the cross blessed by your Holiness—standard and auspicious triumph of Christ's reign over all nations."

Then clad with a stole, the chaplain stepped out upon the commander's bridge of the *Citta de Milano* with face turned toward the North and towards the sun which at that moment shone at a small distance from the meridian, and solemnly recited the prayers that had been prepared for the occasion and which were partly taken from the Mass of Christ, the King.

On the very same day, Pope Pius sent back acknowledgment to both messages in these words: "Father Gianfranceschi:—With keen joy have we received the news of your splendid achievement and returned thanks to Almighty God for it. May the symbol of Redemption, through the zeal of General Nobile and his valiant companions and the aid of Divine Providence, ever sanctify these hitherto unexplored regions. In confident hope of new conquests for Faith and science, His Holiness with fatherly affection renews his Apostolic Benediction. Cardinal Gasparri."

The cross blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff and planted upon the earth's pole is the standard of Christ's rule over all nations, the augury of one fold and one shepherd—the invisible

Shepherd, Christ, and the visible shepherd, the Vicar of Christ on earth.

FOR the first time in the history of the United States, as far as is known, a group of colored men made in common the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The closed retreat lasting for three full days took place from August 3rd to August 7th, at St. Anthony's Mission House, Tenafly, N. J., under the auspices of the Fathers of the African Missions. The retreat was organized and given by Father John La Farge, S.J., well-known for his activities in the interest of colored people. The retreat was for professional men. Nine took part, one physician, one electrical engineer, two real estate brokers, two business managers of well-known periodicals, and one prominent educator.

FATHER JOSEPH SHIBUTANI, the first native priest of the Vicariate Apostolic of Hiroshima, was ordained last March at the Jesuit Seminary, Innsbruck, Austria. Here he has been a student for the last three years. As the German Jesuits have only been at work in the Hiroshima Mission for seven years, this ordination augurs well for the development of the mission. The first Mass was celebrated on Easter Sunday and was attended by three thousand friends. The sub-deacon of the Mass was M. Aloysius Ogihara, S.J., also a native Japanese.

The German Jesuits assumed charge of the new Vicariate Apostolic of Hiroshima in 1921. This vicariate comprises the five provinces of Hiroshima, Shimane, Yamaguelli, Totori and Okayama which were detached from the diocese of Osaka.

## FIFTY-FIFTY

(Continued from page 197)

hailed them, but being loaded with grain they refused to take the oily motor on top of the load, and I couldn't blame them. However, I saw a rope dangling from the back of the last cart and immediately got an idea. As soon as this was tied to the handle bars, off we went. Do not get a startling idea of speed; the ordinary rate of travel with ox carts is just two miles per hour, rather less than more.

At 5:50 P. M., just before we reached the three mile post, the ox-



Left to right: Father Reinalter, president of the St. Francis Xavier Mission Association of Innsbruck; Father Joseph Shibutani, first native priest of Hiroshima Mission; Father J. Scanlon, S.J., Mr. Aloysius Ogihara, S.J., a Japanese Jesuit.

cart turned off on a by-road. I was so exasperated that I gave the cart driver three annas to get rid of him and literally pushed on towards Betiah with the cycle. Every joint in my arms and hips was so sore from working on the machine that I didn't want to use the last remaining strength in my system in trying to start the motor again. The sun had set an hour before (4:50) and I had no light. There was nothing to do but push from one side and then from the other. The air was lovely and the clear stars above entrancing, but the palate of my mouth felt dry enough to strike a match on. I hadn't had a drink since noon.

HAVE you ever heard that truly weird cry of the roving jackal? Likely not. It was lucky for me that I had experienced the sensation only a night or two before this trip. On my left was a goodly sized pack of the creatures, wolf-like in size and appearance. The moon was bright enough for me to be able to see them now and then, dodging in and out among the reeds, avoiding the dark shadows of the palms. But oh, that unearthly, ungodly whine! It has in it all the blood-curdling anguish and despair that is in the cry of one being slowly murdered. I took as much comfort as I could from the fact that

jackals are supposed to be harmless, but it struck me that a place wild enough to give forth such half human shrieks was wild enough to harbor almost any kind of animal.

Time and space were passing and my watch said 6:40 by the time I reached the last mile post. At this juncture, three sturdy-looking Indians came up behind me. I turned the cycle over to them to push. The three of them together couldn't push it! It was not that they didn't have the physical strength; they simply couldn't keep the wheels under it. I tried to teach them, but gave up after a quarter of a mile and tried a different trick. I had one of them push from the rear while I guided. Just when the coolie was getting to understand the pushing and we were only half a mile from home, along came an auto:

"Want a lift?" called out the driver.

Luckily he could not read the expression on my face which was: No! But I did want one about four hours ago!

All the same, I shouted: "Certainly!" and climbed on the cycle holding on to his back fender.

We made good progress in spite of the fact that the streets were crowded with people and our only street lamps were the open oil burners in the thousand and one dingy shops.

Presently we were at the church. Home at last! It wasn't long before I was enjoying a good supper with Father Pettit and telling him of the experiences of the trip.

## AT SCHOOL WITH IROQUOIS AND OJIBWAY

*(Continued from page 199)*

(it was quite dark) and broke the bird's wing. The boys had watched me in silence from afar, but yelled and screamed as the bird fell, and, in spite of the Superior's warning and orders, nothing could stop them. The hunting spirit had got hold of them. They rushed over, under, and through the barbed wire fence in order to catch the game and bring it to us. Torn pants, coats, and stockings were of no matter. "Tow good shooter, that fellow." Yes, but the Superior never offered me another shot.

Did you ever hear of boys madly pursuing a wild bear cub? I saw it with my own eyes. First I feared for the boys, but then I laughed in right earnest. It was in autumn. The fruit crop had failed and bears seeking food roamed near Spanish. One day, after dinner, the boys saw a bear leaping over the fences and heading straight for our barn. Leaving another prefect in charge, I went for a gun. The boys yelled: "Bear! Bear!" A mad rush ensued; they would have charged an army of bears. Through fences again they dashed and over rough fields after master cub as he hastily retreated to the forest. When they came back, they said: "Tow much afraid, that fellow." It never struck them that Mr. Bear could have charged and maimed a dozen of them. When killed later he weighed twenty-five pounds and furnished a fine meal for the boys.

Clearly, then, these Indian children, despite certain prevailing prejudices against their race, deserve all the interest and help that can be extended to them. Their souls are prized as much as any other souls by the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and they have therefore an inalienable right to

our zeal and care. To develop the latent resources of these souls is the aim and end of the school at Spanish. Naturally enough the methods of instruction are not those of the ordinary high school, for the Indian children require a method especially adapted to their own particular intellectual needs and development.

## MINDANAO'S MISTY MOUNTAIN TOPS

*(Continued from page 201)*

which the Americans could teach them. We have no adequate idea how confusing to the simple minds of an uncivilized people the different forms of our Protestant faith appear." Therefore he urges them to unite before starting the work of Protestant evangelization. Even with an almost absolute control of the schools, the Protestant dormitories and Silliman Institute, which has expended more than \$3,000,000 and to which the most likely boys are sent, have succeeded, not as they fondly hoped, in making Protestants, but in making indifferentists or worse, of many who by every right and title should be sincere Catholics. Hence, the urgent need of Catholic schools, even while the long neglected churches fall into ruin.

Depending only upon the offerings of friends, a great sympathy for the truly sweet and loveable children, and a great faith in God, two schools were started at Jasaan upon the foundations laid by the Spanish Fathers. As yet they do not fulfil the requirements for government recognition, but the results in a single year have been most gratifying. They have not only held the young people to the Faith, but their influence has made the people loyal and fervent Catholics. Gratifying, yes, but only a scratch on the surface. Unless more spiritual strength is injected into the life-blood of these simple folks, one wonders with alarm what will be the outcome, especially for the younger generation educated in a negation of all supernatural truth, and not entirely immune from active Protestant influence and propaganda. Without parochial schools that can equal or surpass the public schools, we must stand by and see

these innocent, winsome, and loveable children so dear to the Sacred Heart, relapse, not into the simple paganism from which they were saved by a century of consummate toil and sacrifice, but into an educated paganism far more dangerous to the principles upon which Church and State are founded.

## CHRIST FEEDS FIVE THOUSAND MORE

*(Continued from page 205)*

dinal wasted very little time on ceremony. One hour after he had reached the Jesuit scholasticate at Fourvière, which he made his headquarters during his sojourn at Lyons, he was in the pulpit at one of the local parishes preaching to the Spanish congregation. Within a period of nine days he visited eleven missions which were in progress, saying Mass in different churches each day. The poor Spaniards could hardly believe what their senses told them, that the Primate of Spain had come all this distance simply for love of them. It marked an important epoch in their lives. In fact, the Communists took advantage of the extraordinary circumstance to spread the report that it was not the real Primate of Spain at all, but a scoundrel masking in Cardinal's robes.

THE crowning event of this wonderful mission was a general pilgrimage to the Basilica of Notre Dame de Fourvière, the famous shrine built on the hill of martyrs which overlooks the city of Lyons. On Sunday afternoon, May 13th, the pilgrims from every Spanish quarter of Lyons and its environs gathered, each group around its own parish standard, in front of the historic Cathedral of St. John. Two thousand strong and admirably organized they were there; smiling children dressed in their Sunday best; poor mothers with black veils twisted about their head and shoulders, many carrying babies in their arms; young men, and grizzled old men, with toil-worn hands and beaming faces which told how Christ had come back into their lives to give them new hope and strength. All

## Grateful Acknowledgments

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

### Gifts for the Missions

A Friend, Cincinnati, O.	\$ 50.00
M. E. M., Harrison, N. J.	20.00
St. Ann's Academy, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	15.00
M. O'K., Manchester, Mass.	5.00
J. C., N. Y. City	5.00
M. W., St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
Anonymous, Phila., Pa.	1.00
J. A. R., Richmond, Va.	1.00

### For Alaska Missions:

C. A. W., Hollywood, Calif.	100.00
P. M., Red Bud, Ill.	2.00

### For Adoption of Chinese Babies:

M. O'K., Manchester, Mass.	75.00
----------------------------	-------

### For Fr. Ley, S.J.:

A. McG., Phila., Pa.	25.00
----------------------	-------

### For Philippine Mission:

J. A. McC., Conshohocken, Pa.	12.00
-------------------------------	-------

### For Fr. Lucas, S.J.:

J. B. P., Red Bank, N. J.	10.00
---------------------------	-------

### For Lepser Colony:

Rev. J. McC., Mass.	10.00
---------------------	-------

### For Jamaica Missions:

Via Gesu Church, Phila., Pa.	6.00
------------------------------	------

### For Father Rafferty, S.J.:

J. A. E., Dorchester, Mass.	5.00
-----------------------------	------

### For Father Chan, S.J.:

Via Gesu Church, Phila., Pa.	5.00
------------------------------	------

### For Missions in the Carolinas:

A Friend, N. Orleans, La.	5.00
---------------------------	------

### For Fr. Kilian, S.J.:

M. C. P., France	4.50
------------------	------

### For St. Francis Xavier Foreign Missions:

M. C., Milwaukee, Wis.	3.00
------------------------	------

### For Father McGowan, S.J.:

M. B. L., Phila., Pa.	2.50
-----------------------	------

### For Father Hensling, S.J.:

M. B. L., Phila., Pa.	2.50
-----------------------	------

Gratitude is also expressed for the one hundred and ninety-five Mass stipends recently received.

marched in procession up the winding wall-lined roadway. As they neared the Basilica, the chimes commenced from the tower of Fourvière, and the deep bass bell from the cathedral far below boomed out its salute, and the pilgrims broke into the Ave! Ave! chant of Lourdes.

The doors of the Basilica had been barred to keep all out until the pilgrims were seated, and only then

were they thrown open to the public. The Spanish Cardinal was already in the sanctuary, assisted by the canons of the Basilica and the regular boys' choir. Under the inspiring leadership of a Franciscan missionary from the commanding height of the pulpit, 2,000 Spaniards, the vast majority of whom two weeks previously were very far from all thought of religion, joined in a mighty hymn to the Blessed Virgin. The Cardinal was then conducted to the pulpit. He spoke as one having authority. His words were brief but powerful, *Espana por Maria! Maria por Espana!* was the simple theme, illustrated by Spanish history from the beginning of Christianity to the present day. He concluded by saying that the Spaniards in France must not forget Mary, and that Mary would never forget them, for *Notre Dame de Fourvière* was as much for them as for the French.

## TEACHING MISSIONERS CHRISTLY HEALING

(Continued from page 212)

supposed to, one of the missionaries say: "I know just what to do now. The one thing above all others is to swat every large female mosquito that comes within hailing distance." This, after all, is certainly preventing the wily insect from perpetrating its venomous work!

The clinical and dispensary work, combined with the practical lectures of Doctor Kennedy, leave nothing to be desired except the wish that the course in the dispensary should be lengthened. Having covered now the high lights in diseases of the eye and dermatology, we listen to Doctor Cogan on the diseases of the mouth and teeth. Doctor Lynch helps, and invites the students to the dental clinic where they may witness the actual work of pulling teeth and filling them. No longer do the intricacies of the molars and bicuspidis affright the class. They are made more courageous to face the dental difficulties that will meet them when they reach the missions.

AND now the course draws to a close at the termination of six weeks. We follow the group of

Franciscans, Jesuits, Passionists, Maryknoll Sisters, Redemptorists, Marists, Vincentians and the representatives of the Society of the Atonement and Society of the Divine Word to the farewell luncheon. The professors of the courses are also guests of the University Hospital. Sister Donata, the Superioress of the hospital, who has extended so many kindnesses to make the missionaries happy during their stay in Washington, and Doctor Frank E. Duehring, the superintendent of the staff, are also there. The Catholic Medical Mission Board, we see, is also represented by its national director, Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J. Father Dixon, S.J., represents the President of the University, Rev. Charles E. Lyons, S.J. The spirit of festivity, the camaraderie of the students and professors, the interest of the missionaries of one community for the welfare of another, all lead us to realize that the medical missionary outlook is beginning to brighten.

## In This Issue

	Page
Frontispiece.	
Catholic Eskimos of Nome, Alaska .....	194
Teaching Missioners Christly Healing .....	195
D. J. Willmann, M.A. ....	195
Fifty-Fifty.	
James R. Gibbons, S.J. ....	196
At School with Iroquois and Ojibway.	
Joseph O. P. Allaire, S.J. ....	198
Mindanao's Misty Mountain Tops.	
Joseph L. Lucas, S.J. ....	200
October Mission Intention Editorials .....	202
Jesuit Mission Vignettes ..	203
Christ Feeds Five Thousand More.	
James F. Kearney, S.J. ....	204
From Mission Fields of North American Jesuits	206
October Jesuit Mission Dates .....	206
The Tinkling Bell .....	209
Men's Work?	
Joseph P. Conroy, S.J. ....	210
"Our Lady of October."	
A Poem.	
Charles J. Quirk, S.J. ....	211
Constructive Christianity ..	212
From Many Climes .....	213
Grateful Acknowledgments	216

# WILL THE MISSIONARY KNOW?



Sunday, October 21,  
is  
MISSION SUNDAY



JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts and Mass stipends to the Jesuit Missionaries throughout the world.

*May we send a gift for you?*

JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC.  
257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



## Stained Glass Windows Franz Mayer of Munich, Inc.

1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York  
Telephone: Whitehall 3631

## AN ADMIRABLE VOCATION

*The Society of Jesus is in need of Brothers for the home and foreign missions. Young men from 18 to 35 desiring to spend their lives assisting the priests on the missions should make application to*

JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

## An Outlaw of Christ

*(A translation from the Spanish)*

☞ The full story of the ruthless execution in Mexico City of Father Pro, S.J., and companions is now available in pamphlet form *(illustrated)*.

☞ A shocking indictment of a so-called civilized Government.

Single copies, 10c. Per 100, \$7.00. \$60.00 per 1000

THE AMERICA PRESS  
461 Eighth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Father Walter Elliott of the Paulist Fathers Wrote:—

<i>Pamphlets</i>	}	Prayer	5c Each
		Eternal Punishment	
		Why We Should Hope	
		The Mystery of Suffering	
		Making Necessity a Virtue	
		A Novena to the Holy Ghost	
<i>Books</i>	}	The Worth of the Commonplace	\$3.50
		The Catholic as Citizen and Apostle	per 100
		The Spiritual Life	\$1.50
		The Life of Christ	1.80
		Parish Sermons	1.50

THE PAULIST PRESS

401 West 59th Street

New York, N. Y.

## STAMPS for the MISSIONS

Q. "I have some already collected; where shall I send them?"

A. "They will be gratefully received at the Mission Stamp Bureau, Weston College (A Jesuit Seminary), Weston, Mass."

# THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

*The handsomest edition ever published*



The size of each book is 7 x 10 and 1½ inches in thickness. The weight of each volume is about 3½ pounds.

17 Volumes include Analytical Index  
and Supplement

363 Full Page Illustrations in Half Tones,  
66 Maps, 2,377 Text Illustrations

## NEW EDITION—NO OTHER LIKE IT

This Encyclopedia is called Catholic; it might just as properly be called Christian. It is both, in the sense that both are universal, and embrace all that is best in civilization.

Ordinarily encyclopedias bearing a religious title treat only the Bible, creeds, confessions, ceremonials, doctrine, ministry, missions, preaching, worship, churchmen. This narrows their scope. This one contains:

1. The important history of the world before and during the Christian era with biographies of men who made history; exploration, discovery, colonization, migration, nationalities.

2. The history of every continent, country, province and other geographical division, their races and inhabitants.

3. Great universities and teachers of the Middle Ages, scholastic institutions of our day, educators, theories, methods, systems.

4. Masterpieces in every art, biographies of celebrated artists.

5. Law, natural, Roman, international, canon, common, civil.

6. Literature, ancient, medieval and modern; of every nation; great authors, academies, books, libraries, literary movements.

7. The sciences, scientists and their discoveries; philosophy in all its divisions and the world's leading philosophers.

8. Religions, heresies, schisms, theologies, rituals, vexed questions between church and church, rationalism and revelation, believer and non-believer, religion and science.

9. Every social and political question, property, land tenure, labor, usury, capital, arbitration, wages, boycott, strikes, socialism, syndicalism, communism, collectivism, soviet, bolshevism, poverty, pauperism, war, peace, philanthropy, care of the poor, charities, hospitals, asylums, birth-control, eugenics.

10. Government in every form, empire, monarchy, republic, oligarchy, hierarchy and democracy; political and economical theories, international arbitration, congresses, leagues, statesmen, revolutionaries, men of affairs.

A few words about the New Edition of The Catholic Encyclopedia. The publishers have applied their wide experience with several previous editions to make this new one, which will commend itself to everybody. The paper is medium weight, overcoming the disadvantages of India paper, and yet not so cumbersome as the original issue. The printing is as near to perfection as the most up-to-date printing machinery can make it. The plates are all worthy of being framed, and there are hundreds of them. The bindings are both handsome and durable.

Every adult reader should apply for a copy of the prospectus which gives many actual specimen pages of articles, illustrations, and representative color plates.

**THE UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE FOUNDATION, INC.**

19 Union Square West, New York, N. Y.