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A MARTYR'S MASS

Father Miguel A. Pro, S.J., was executed at Mexico City
November 23, 1927

Kneeling he spoke the Names he
loved the most,
As the air was fanned by the whirl
of invisible wings;
He seemed like a priest about to
breathe on the Host
After the *Sanctus* rings.

"This is My Body," he had said on
his First Mass day,
When the rose of priesthood slipped
its snowy bud;
Lifting his chalice heart now could
he say
At death, "This is My Blood."

Swift as an altar chime the rifles
rang—
The stole of crimson flowing over
his breast;
How bright it burned, and how his
closed lips sang
The "*Ille, Missa est!*"

ALFRED J. BARRETT, S.J.

Louvain Looks at the Missions

Missiology a Science

FRANCIS J. BURKE, S.J.

LOUVAIN is an old town, full of history; and it is a young town, where ideas marked with the future are quick to grow. Latest and most vigorous of all, the mission idea has taken root there.

It is scarcely surprising. Belgian Catholicity has so long been occupied with the missions that one would expect to find them important in the little town out of which Brabant and Belgium came. After reading the account which Père de Moreau, professor of history in the Jesuit theologate at Louvain, has recently written for the

Revue de l'histoire des missions, one realizes how many brothers of Damien, De Smet and Seghers died in foreign mountains, heroic and unknown. One meditates, perhaps, on a quiet grave in nearby Heverle, where unseen even of the rare tourist, the body of Constantine Lievens, S.J., lies. For some years Father Van der Scheuren, S.J., has been telling American Catholics about him; and yet how few in all the world

have heard of the man who built, as few save St. Paul and St. Francis Xavier have builded; who in five brief intense years in Chota-Nagpore epitomized four unwritten languages, and saw seventy thousand of India's aborigines—older far than the proudest Brahmans—ask him and his helpers to lead them to God. Not every year does grace transform a whole people's ways of living, even be they the humble ancestral ways of tribes forgotten in India's hills. He who thinks on this will understand with what deep silences I walked from Louvain to Heverle under an early April sky, side by side with the first aboriginal Jesuit of Chota-Nagpore. His parents and immemorial parents before them had been born to pass away like stricken harvests of the rice-paddies, while the Christian west sat complacent in its afternoon sun. But better days are with us now. Almost every mission field of the world is represented in this singular old city. There is hardly a cobbled

street but has a missionary in its monastery or convent, hardly a class in the incessant week without bearded figures and faces bronzed with quiet endurance, without men whose judgments square with reality and life after long knowledge of human nature in its common denominator.

BUT Louvain is not merely the home of missionaries; in late years it has become a symbol and a voice of prophecy in the missionary world. For the Catholic world in its missionary character, has suddenly cried out for a

prophet. Now that east meets west, and white and black must dwell together on an earth grown suddenly small, we white and western Catholics (who without any special merits of our own have been born and have grown up in Divine riches, the spoiled children and prodigal sons, we might almost say, of grace) are beginning to realize as never before that God is the Father not of the western white man alone, and that perhaps



"With what deep silences I walked from Louvain . . . under an early April sky."

the rest of men, older sons and humbler peoples, will be brought to Him only over hard mountains and along hidden windings hitherto disdained and rejected by the clear nicety of our minds. Unable to deny the universal character of Christ's atonement and redemption, yet confronted with the stubborn fact that His Church has not yet harbored more than a quarter of the men now living on the earth (that we may be silent upon the past sixty generations); face to face with those inarticulate aspirations towards the Divine which sympathetic study reveals everywhere present in the non-Catholic world, and face to face no less with the strange scandal that we whom the Orient from on high has visited have almost concealed Him behind our ways and language, refusing to unbend to the rest of mankind (how differently did He deal with us, to live in our Gothic walls and hear the prayers we strangely babbled, crushing no (Turn to page 234)



In these rawhide omiaks the natives pursue the seal.

A Seal Hunters' Mission on Bering Sea



OUR mission is situated southwest of Akulurak at the end of the Kashunak River, Alaska. The river is connected with the Yukon near Pilot Station by a slough, which is navigable in summer, if you have a shovel with you and are willing to dig a channel for yourself in shallow places. This we had to do on our trip over, although our boat drew only eleven inches when loaded. It took us two days to travel one mile and a half in this fashion. Happily, after the slough was passed, we were able to navigate most of the time without digging. Many times I had to leave my post as cook, to help out. I ran forward with a long pole and pushed against the mud with all my might. Sometimes it would take us one hour to get off a sand bar. The trip would have been extremely tedious, were it not for the fact that we were all so busy and constantly on the alert. I had for my pilot, Jack Lamont, a famous dog man, an all-around "sour dough," with whom I spent many pleasant evenings, listening to his experiences of the lonely north and relating to him the doings of the outside world. It took us nine days to travel from Pilot Station to the end of the Kashunak, which empties itself into the Bering Sea a little below Hooper Bay, a trip by water of over three hundred miles.

Finally, on Tuesday evening at seven o'clock, we left the Kashunak River to branch off into another slough, on the banks of which our mission is situated. Here again we were to wait five hours for the water of the slough to rise and give us a chance to go on. This rising is an effect

FRANCIS M. MÉNAGER, S.J.

of the tide of the Bering Sea, a tide which affects all the sloughs of the river connected with it for over fifty miles. Learning this, I decided that I was going to make for the mission on foot, as I was anxious to see my headquarters and tired of sleeping with my head between two gasoline cans and my feet on the top of a greasy engine. I took with me Nicolas, a faithful native, who is likewise a very fine Catholic and a skilful deck hand.

AND so we made ready to start, but we were in the middle of the slough, the banks of which were deep with mud. Here I had to resign myself to put on mucklocks, seal-skin boots, made for service in rain, mud and slush, ordinary things in these parts. When you first put on mucklocks, they are clumsy and cumbersome. Imagine a pair of shoes four sizes too large; then put inside one inch of straw or hay. Next put on each foot two pairs of woolen socks. Cover these with a piece of gunny-sack and then insert your extremities in the depths of your gigantic seven-league boots. At first your feet seem altogether at a loss; your toes are bewildered and seem to wander helplessly; but little by little you get used to the experience. Then you come to like it, as you realize that no mud, no slush, no rain can stop you. It is surprising the walks one can take in these mucklocks without getting footsores. Yesterday, for instance, having to secure some fresh meat for my larder, I went hunting ducks. I walked with my mucklocks over five hours. When I got home my feet were perfectly at ease.

Well, to come back to our story, we left the boat and walked through the mud, only sinking a little below the knees. We made for the mission, which consists of a school and a new house, just built for me. The house is good but not finished.

Arriving there I met my catechist, George Peter, a good Catholic native who is to be my interpreter and my factotum around here. He is also a very fine carpenter. He was very glad to see me, as were all at the mission. They had been wondering whether or not I should ever come.

After greetings to George Peter, and to the natives, who came around in great numbers, we went to bed, telling the natives to be on hand at midnight to unload the boat. My bed was an old carpet, stretched on the floor. I wrapped myself in my fur coat and tried to sleep. But I could not, thinking of all I had to do the next day. Midnight soon came and we all went down to the slough, about two hundred yards from the house. We unloaded the boat, took all the precious stuff to the house, and left the rest on the bank. Then we went to bed and to much needed sleep.

CARPENTRY was the order next day and for all the week. We built an altar, benches for the church, repaired the outside of the house and put up stoves. I never did so much carpentering in my life, and I blessed the Lord that I had picked up something of the trade. Now our quarters are about as comfortable as they can be in this far-off country, where we are almost three hundred miles from the nearest village on the Yukon by water. Travelling by land is impossible except in winter, when all the ground is frozen. There is absolutely no way of getting mail or sending any from here, unless someone happens to go to the Yukon. Thus we are perfectly isolated. There is a trading post twenty miles from here on the river but, as we have no motor boat, it means a four days' trip, coming and going. So we are rather slow about wanting anything very badly, and we prefer to be in want rather than try the trip. Besides the trader has very few commodities in stock and our resources are limited.

The natives are a fine lot, always smiling. They are very well disposed and ready to do all I tell them. Oh, if I only knew their language! My interpreter is very good, but I could do much more if I could talk direct.



On rock-ribbed coasts, seal hunters build their shelters.

The *Why* of Ghyree's *Converts*

PAUL DENT, S.J.



"Father dreams of new shops next year, shops to house a thousand workers . . ."

If it be worth knowing, be it known, I'm an ordinary Jesuit teacher. Teaching begins in January and continues. Days get hot and get hotter, and at long last the prickly heat brings in June. Then a merciful Providence lets the boys free to roam into the groves where that relic of Eden, the mango, hangs; and sends me cycling to a vacation at Ghyree.

I arrive, unstrap my Hindi books (to learn swimming one has to do more than just live on the banks of the Ganges), put my beloved bike in the shade, and shout to Father Kilian for his wettest water quick. He appears and says there's plenty in the lake. And there is, a nice lotus-decked expanse of it, cool, beside Ghyree bungalow. There are no crocodiles in this lake, as there are in so many; and accordingly my books are tied up in a swimming suit.

Then follow three weeks of a sort of paradise, a sweating, prickling, mosquito-inhabited paradise; of long days of learning missionary life, of days spent pacing up and down under a giant pipul tree with Hindi book and Hindi vocabulary, of days employed in teaching fine little, brown little children to swim in Hindi (and in the lake, too), of days that fill my imagination and my memory with just one more sight of that glorious picture, so often before my mind now, of India, a land of smiling children whom we are to love and to win for the Christ Child.

THEY were praying—these Ghyree children—when I arrived, making a triduum of holy

hours. On the floor of the barren little chapel they knelt, a half-clad little multitude, praying the rosary, singing *Ai Pak Dil* (O Sacred Heart) and *Jesu ka Dil* (Heart of Jesus). Christians were there, pagans were there, Father's school children all, praying for the Hindu multitudes beyond the Ghyree Mission.

Pagans praying for the conversion of pagans? Yes, for these little pray-ers were catechumens; children, learning "readin', ritin', rithmetic," and also religion in Father's schools, and learning another R called rice in Father's shops after school hours. Meeting the prayerful group afterwards, I asked the reason of the triduum. The answer was, "*Isi tarah*." And that means? Well, no pundit in this wide land can translate that correctly, but I, being an American boy that was, can. When a little Indian boy tells you "*Isi tarah*," he's just a little American boy saying, "jes cause." Ghyree's boys were praying for the Hindus, "jes cause."



"Give work, and so a livelihood."

GHYREE shops! Personally I have a constitutional horror of shops, preferring to swim in Ghyree Lake; but, when the horrid shops are Ghyree's, I mix horror with admiration. Here they are, the shops: long, rickety, tunnel-like, leaky, old, mouldy, oven-hot, cramped, crowded, crazy shops, the kind of buildings that should have been pulled down or should have fallen down fifty-two years ago. And here are also rows of looms, lines of *charkhas* or native spinning wheels, rows of carpets growing to beauty and to velvety softness under the deft fingers of squatting, sweating, scantily-clad workmen. And yet

again here are barracks of the Saviour, a novitiate of Christianity and of heaven (didn't I call Ghyree Paradise?), the lure apostolic that calls and keeps several hundred catechumens moving upwards to the liberties of the children of God.

There seems to be only one shadow over these shops, the shops themselves. They're too small; they're too old; they've holey roofs to let in rain, and sagging roofs to keep Father's bamboo grove working overtime to supply props. Father dreams of new shops next year, shops to house a thousand workmen (which means a thousand families Christian or Christian-to-be), shops that will put Ghyree on its feet and keep it there, an institution standing not alone, but backed by the tremendous solidarity of the world-wide Catholic Church, and as such, advertising unmistakably before a Hindu universe its conquering destiny and unflinching intention, "We're here to stay, and we're going to convert you!"

I'VE used the word "unmistakably," which word I, teacher of grammar, chose carefully. Ghyree is unmistakably a mission; Father Kilian unmistakably a missionary. Ghyree Mission exists to make converts of its impoverished non-Christian neighbors. This spiritual purpose must be effected along lines taught by Christ. You will not convert a half-starved multitude without feeding the multitude. No bread, to put it perhaps brutally, no



"Here's the Ghyree answer."

baptisms! But how to give bread? How to have, not baptized beggars, but back-boned Christians?

Here's the Ghyree answer. Give work, and so a livelihood; but give it only to those who are willing to study with determination to become Christians. Or, as explained to me by Father Kilian: "The great word at Our Lady's mission is, 'Go to your own *Sadhu* (priest).'" Applicants for work without any desire of becoming Christians are told to go to their own *Sadhu* (the sting in the remark being, of course, that the Hindu *Sadhu* has no work and so no wages to give his flock). Those applicants who say they are willing to become Christians are

told to give a proof of their sincerity by going to Mass for a while and by sending their children to the mission school for catechism. Such acts on their part always put them according to the view of local adversaries in the ranks of Christians, and so result in petty persecutions that try and prove the applicant's sincerity. Then, should good faith be found not wanting, the man is taken on for work, his wife is taken on, his children work after school hours; there are wages for all and religious instructions, and finally and later baptisms. Should, however, the applicant be one who asks of the mission not Christianity, but mere money, he hears the unmistakable words, "Go to your own *Sadhu*. I'm a Christian *Sadhu*, not a Hindu. I am come to make Christians of you, not merely to give you bread."

(Turn to page 239)



"I . . . find daily catechism classes for larger and yet larger groups . . ."



Courtesy of A. T. & S. F. Ry.
 "... the new city of Albuquerque grew around the depot, first constructed, according to local tradition, by the Jesuit Fathers ..."

A Pioneer with the Archbishop

The Catholic Southwest

JOSEPH B. CARBAJAL, S.J.



HERE is a glamour about mission work in the southern Rockies and, for the missionaries who know their history, a personal sense of continuing the work begun by Father Eusebio Francisco Kino,

S.J., and the host of missionaries who followed from those early days. The unvarying plains, the ruined cities of the Indian Quivira, the Indian reserves, where the earliest mission churches in this country can still be seen displaying the architecture that was best fitted for the frontier life, the mighty peaks of the Rocky Mountain chain, conspire in telling the story of the achievements of the Catholic Church in face of trying obstacles. The Spanish southwest is distinctly a land of Catholic memories and of Catholic achievement.

From St. Xavier del Bac to San Juan de los Caballeros, the entire land is marked by monuments which teach new generations the widespread influence of the Catholic missionary in all developing stages of the south-

west border. At almost any spot one's memory is recalled to the apostolic tide that surged over the present Mexican border and produced the earliest achievements of Catholic civilization in the present limits of the United

States. Railroads and automobile lines have opened up many of these wonders to the modern tourist. The fact that these old landmarks of Catholicism are thrown open to the general public has robbed them of no little charm. To travel as the missionaries had to travel, to witness wild trails over the sandy burning paths, to come unexpectedly on old haunts amidst the desolation of the neighboring waste, such pleasures have vanished. Old pastors, too, who had their store

of the history of events connected within the warp and woof of early developments have been largely replaced by a younger generation. Those who witnessed many changes in ecclesiastical jurisdiction are fast disappearing, if they have not entirely vanished.

Recently, however, a renewed interest in the history

A Purgatory Prayer

SCORCHING flame, the darkness and the gloom

Shall not destroy my hope in Thee:
 Beyond these walls, this cleansing tomb,
 My eyes Thy radiant glory see.

LORD, athirst, I yearn for love divine,
 Till morrow's angel hold me fast
 And lead me on; the while I pine
 To be with Thee, dear God, at last.

—Joseph L. Leroy, S.J.

of the Catholic Southwest has been stimulated by Willa Cather's book, "Death Comes for the Archbishop." Those who have read this book will remember in what heroic outlines the character of Archbishop Lamy stands forth against the background of the rough and ready pioneer days of 1851, when he came to set up an American ecclesiastical jurisdiction in New Mexico as bishop of Santa Fe. Of course, New Mexico's ecclesiastical history did not begin with the bishop's arrival but reached back for almost two hundred and fifty years to the sixteenth century. But New Mexico was ceded to the United States in 1848; and in 1851, as a result of a direct appeal to Rome, Bishop Lamy came as the first American Bishop of Santa Fe.

Though a native of France Bishop Lamy had taken America for his adopted country and at the time of his election was a missionary in the state of Ohio. He set about the reorganization of his vast diocese with a characteristic zeal and diligence. His energy brought many assistants to his standards. Amongst these the first band of Jesuits came to the diocese of Santa Fe in 1867. They were Fathers Donato Gasparri, S.J., L. Vigilanti, S.J., and Raffaele Bianchi, S.J. They brought with them two lay-Brothers, Raffaele Vezza, S.J., and Brisco Caso, S.J.

FOR the Jesuit missions there will always be a charm in the memory of Father Donato Maria Gasparri, S.J. His story is full of the tang of the Catholic missions of the southwest and his work still lives and prospers. An Italian by birth, he soon made himself at home in the midst of a wild, unsoiled country. He devoted his youthful energies as a missionary throughout the mountain sections of the missionary field. He went here and there in the course of his travels, preaching and bringing the consolations of religion to the most isolated hamlets and villages. Father Gasparri early developed an understanding and sympathy for things American. As his missionary field was gradually limited, he set to work to perpetuate his missionary

enterprise in new ventures. He blazed the way as an educator; and from his own printing shop, books were scattered over the field that he had covered in his missionary career. The establishment of a press in the southwest was the first move to show the fertility of his genius and the broadness of his sympathies. Devotional books and school books in Spanish were either written by him, or were reprinted, to be spread in many volumes to the lonely hut and the busy trading center.

THESE activities were soon followed by the inauguration of the present weekly, *La Revista Catolica*. After varying fortunes,

this magazine was transferred from the original shop in Albuquerque to a new home at Las Vegas. It is now doing splendid missionary work under the same Jesuit influence in El Paso, Texas. Where missionaries are not tolerated, *La Revista Catolica* is gladly welcomed and its influence is ever widening. The present Mexican government has taken special cognizance of the *Revista* of El Paso. At the outset of the present bitter persecution, it was barred from the Mexican mails. To be caught with a copy of the Jesuit paper was made a felony. The present Jesuit editors of the *Revista* have to unite the active apostolate to their editorial duties. The writers cannot refuse the constant appeals

A Wonder Working Jesuit

As long ago as 1889, Father Gillet, S.J., coaxed a little annual subsidy out of the Government and began to test the botanical possibilities of the Congo. He laid out something between a nursery-man's experimental farm and a Kew Garden at Kisantu, on a rather marshy site. At that time the Congo sadly lacked edible vegetables. Plodding away at the task of acclimatization, despite a thousand failures, Father Gillet has gradually built up an imposing show of vegetables that can be well and profitably grown by the natives. These include salads, beans, cabbages, turnips, shallots, tomatoes, radishes and even peas. Potatoes baffled the experimenter for a long while, but are now a prolific and profitable crop. Fruit trees were a harder problem. Father Gillet, of course, began with such as will flourish in warm climates. He succeeded with vanilla, oranges, coffee, guava, bread-fruit, the mango, and a new kind of banana. The fruits of temperate climes were obstinate; indeed it was not until 1926 that Father Gillet was able to eat the first Congo apple, a ceremony which he solemnly performed on St. Justin's Day—his own fête. More wonderful still, he has perfected a turf which will stand drought. This opens possibilities of dairy-farming, hitherto unimagined in the Congo. Wide expanses of territory are now covered with eucalyptus, introduced by Père Gillet, as well as conifers. Flowers, too, are multiplying under his care. Of course, the King and Queen of the Belgians have made a point of visiting Kisantu.

From *The Tablet*, London, England.

for missions in parishes, for special sermons on the principal patronal feasts, and for work in the confessional, especially in these days when Mexican Catholics literally swarm into El Paso and other American frontier towns for Mass on Sundays and the holy days. *La Revista Catolica* is now celebrating its fifty-fourth year of service in the cause to which its founder dedicated it. It is a noble monument to the zeal of an intrepid missionary, his greatest human glory.

THAT Father Gasparri was thoroughly American in his dealings is clearly shown by his public action. The Santa Fe Railroad was anxious to (Turn to page 239)

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November Mission Intention

Conversion of the Brahmans

THE Hindus for whom the Holy Father wishes us to pray this month, as recommended in the secondary intention for the Apostleship of Prayer, belong to the highest nobility of India and to the sacerdotal caste of Brahmanism.

India is a walled city, with high walls and wide walls, walls of caste separating man from man. On the outer edges are walls, lofty and unscalable, barring an unclean multitude from intercourse with the clean. On the inner are an infinity of other barriers, closing off the clean into water-tight compartments of multitudinous castes where-by religion assigns to a man the limits of his sympathies. Inmost of all, in the very citadel of the city that is *Hindu-sthan—Hindu-place—*, are the Brahmans, the watchmen so careful that the waiting Christ beyond the walls may have no entrance and no conquest in *Hindu-sthan*.

But the waiting Christ must have entrance, and must have conquests. For this He died. For this has His Heavenly Father prepared in the Kingdom to come those many mansions, mansions meant for the dwellers of *Hindu-sthan* too, if so it happen that the walls of *Hindu-sthan* be levelled to the Gospel of Peace.

And yet how shall the levelling be? What is the master strategy? This is the answer,—pray. It is the Vicar of Christ who thus addresses the Church of Christ. Pray and labor for the conversion of the defenders in the citadel of *Hindu-sthan*, the spiritual guides and guards thereof, the Brahmans. Convert the leaders; convert those who, as things stand in present day India, are the Church's greatest opponents, who are the chains that bind the masses to paganism, who are the scourges that sting them into wakeful suspicion of the missionary and his message, who are again the scourges to whip back from the Altar of God and the waiting Communion rail the poor and the ignorant and the "unclean" millions to whom

the Gospel were otherwise easily acceptable. Convert India through its converted spiritual leaders! The Holy Father points out the way of the master strategy.

And will the way be easy? And will it be successful in present day India? To these questions, if looking on India's past we may fortell its future, the answers are; it will not be easy, and it will be successful. To convert India's spiritual leaders is a task comparable to that of trying to convert all the doctors of philosophy who are agnostics. And yet precisely because in India of today conditions are far otherwise than in America, with the masses, the tens of millions of Hindus, utterly and blindly subservient to their spiritual leaders, the conversion of these leaders stands to the conversion of those led as the absolutely necessary means to the fulfilment of a divine injunction: "Go and teach" . . . even India! It being thus imperative on the Church to convert the Hindus, and the Vicar of Christ having reminded us that the true way thereunto is to convert it through its converted spiritual leaders, will not success attend universal Catholicism's united attempt in such an apostolate? Tell the answer on your rosary beads.

There is one more thought. India has as yet but one priest for its every one hundred thousand non-Christians, while for the same numbers of the as yet unconverted there are thousands of Brahmans. The conversion of India through its converted spiritual leaders is thus no less a matter of vocations than of prayers.

Autumn Meditations

IT is comfortable and pleasant, isn't it? To come home these exhilarating fall days when there is a tang in the air and fresh breezes blow everywhere—to come home and find a steaming meal ready, and a wife and children glad to have you back again, and a warm fireside, and the evening paper, and an hour or two of rest before tucking into a warm bed that is soft and downy, and then a good night's rest. Or, if you are mistress of the household, when the day's work has been done and there is the consolation of knowing that it is well done and appreciated, to sit down and talk over things with one who is interested, who is sympathetic, who is loving. Perhaps good friends call in the evening, and you are glad to see them. Perhaps you go out for an hour or two of entertainment, or you prefer to remain at home to enjoy the company and the love of growing children. These things are comfortable and pleasant, aren't they?

When you have this feeling of general satisfaction and contentment, think of the missionaries in the foreign field, priests, Brothers and Sisters who are just as human as yourself, to whom comfort and pleasure are just as alluring as to you. Most likely they have no warm fireside, no friendly visits, no entertainment, no warm, soft bed, no steaming meal, no one even interested in them. They have given up all the things that you possess and cherish just to spread the Faith which is as much a part of yourself as it is of these good souls. Think of their sacrifices on these fine fall evenings when the air is crisp and fresh and the log is crackling on the fireside and there is comfort and plenty. Think of them and do something to help along the cause which is as dear to you as it is to them.

Giving Thanks

THE national day of Thanksgiving serves to remind us again that the expression of gratitude is every day and a thousand times a day set down as the touchstone of courtesy and good breeding. This careful and tactful mother who merely arches eyebrows, or that less vigilant and less tactful parent who questions sharply or beseechingly: "What do you say, dear?" as her unthinking offspring accepts a gift in silence, is giving clear testimony to an universal canon of etiquette in the worthiest sense of that term.

In merely human things the obligation of giving thanks holds good. Let God come into the reckoning and somehow men forget its application. Strange too is it, how those who have most to be thankful for in material and spiritual good things, most often forget the duty of gratitude; and those who seem to have the least debt of gratitude bear ever within them the most thankful hearts.

In a mission magazine such as this what more natural contrast will arise in this connection than that between the missionary, weary and invariably needy, and the

leisurely, luxurious, yet discontented wealthy Catholic of homelands? Or again, between us "spoiled children and prodigal sons of grace," as a writer in another column calls us,—and the spiritual starlings of eastern mission lands? *Deo Gratias*, thanks to God! Is never off the missionary's lips and his mission children echo his words. *Deo Gratias!* Is it ever on our lips?

If, then, our national holiday of Thanksgiving serve too to remind us that God's gifts are most numerous and thankworthy it more than justifies itself. And to those who jibe us that on one day only we of America raise thankful hearts to God we may humbly answer with a hope for better days. Meanwhile, we can add one other note to our inward melody of thanks, for this, that we are not wholly an ungrateful nation.

The festival further, will more than justify itself, if the leisure and the general good cheer of one whole day of rest, and, be it devoutly wished, the morning Thanksgiving Mass, not of obligation, but of generous supererogation, set stirring within us Catholics a chord which eventually will beat in unison with holy Mother Church's: "It is truly meet and just that always and everywhere we give thanks to Thee, Holy Lord, Father Almighty."

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 12. Jamaica, B. W. I.



The rectory at Somerton, Jamaica.

IN 1873, the American Jesuits took over from their English brethren the administration of the Vicariate Apostolic of Jamaica. The third American Jesuit bishop to preside over the ecclesiastical affairs of the island is Right Reverend Joseph N. Dinand, S.J. The activities of the missionaries are divided between educational work in the St. George's College, Kingston, and the care of some sixty-seven mission stations. The College has recently given several vocations to the Jesuit order and the secular priesthood. The College has recently given several vocations to the Jesuit order and the secular priesthood. The Catholics number 45,000 in an estimated population of 800,000. There are in the mission nineteen Jesuit priests, three scholastics and two Brothers.



The Padre takes Holy Viaticum to two hundred and seventy lepers.

SOME time ago, I had the opportunity of reading, as I see it, some names in the book of the elect. It was in the leper colony of Culi6n, P. I.; the book was the record of the deaths that had occurred in the colony since its foundation in 1906. Against almost ninety per cent of the Filipino names, I read the words *con todos los sacramentos* (with all the Sacraments), and against more than fifty per cent of the Moros and other pagans, *bautizados* (baptized). Culi6n took on a new appearance then. It was no longer the "isle of living death," "home of sadness." Forgotten, for the moment, were the long lines of suffering humanity in the hospitals, the arms with hands or fingers eaten away, the faces blotched and scarred,—no! the bodies of the poor sufferers were lost sight of in the light of the souls within. I was veritably standing in the antechamber of heaven, whence over five hundred souls take their



"... it is hard to realize—"

Cu The Isle of

Fathers and a lay-Brother residing there. The hospitals are in charge of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, the story of whose labors cannot be told in cold words. It would require the language of heaven to narrate it fittingly; for indeed they are the angels guarding this doorway to heaven, spreading happiness and sunshine wherever they go.

ALTOGETHER there are in the colony about 5,300 lepers in all stages of the disease. A large majority of these live in their own little nipa houses, clustered thickly together on a hill that rises abruptly from the water's edge. It is this crowded condition that the late Governor-General hoped to remedy by building roads to open up the interior of the island and make it more accessible. Other lepers live in houses built by the Government and in dormitories erected by the Fathers with alms gathered from many quarters. The Fathers are in general charge of eight dormitories, four of which they have built themselves. Five of these dormitories are for girls and women; the others, for

flight every year into the arms of God. For many of them, dread leprosy was the sole means that brought them the blessing of having the care of devoted priests and Sisters at their deathbed.

But this is not the whole story of Culi6n. The campaign for a fund of two million dollars for the Colony, inaugurated by the late Governor-General, Leonard Wood, has focused the attention of many people in the States on the medical work being done there by the Government. It may be of interest to learn something of the labors of the priests and Sisters who are bringing the consolation of religion into the lives of these poor people. The spiritual care of the lepers was entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers at the foundation of the Colony in 1906. Since then there have been two



The Culi6n

"I was . . . standing in the antechamber of heaven,"



Deathless Life

ALY, S.J. boys and men. The dormitories accommodate about eight hundred persons. With more houses and better living conditions the Fathers hope to care for a larger number. Development is now necessary, and Protestant money has already furnished an attractive chapel and is erecting a house for boys; and a hospital.

THE mention of chapel brings to mind the earnest endeavor that Father Francis Rello, S.J., is making to secure the means to build a church suited to the climate of the colony and large enough for the numbers he has under his care. The present church is a heavy stone structure, dark and poorly ventilated, situated on a little rise at the very edge of the town. It was built over a hundred years ago as a fortress to protect the town from Moro attacks, and was given over to the lepers for a church, when the United States Government selected Cullión as the island on which to segregate those afflicted with the disease. It is an interesting experience to attend Mass in this church on any week day, to see the congregation of



Father F. X. Rello, S.J., prepares a new Job for death.

well over two hundred kneeling on the bare floor, the men and boys in one group, the women and girls, all wearing veils, in another; to hear the voices reciting in unison the prayers of the Mass or the Rosary, to witness the number that approach the altar rail for Holy Communion. On Sundays and feast days the scene is even more impressive. At all three Masses the church is crowded to the doors and the church-yard receives the overflow. There is music; there are hymns in Visayan and Tagalog and Spanish, written by the Fathers and sung by the entire congregation. On Sunday the number receiving Holy Communion mounts to six or seven hundred.

IT is not surprising that the theme of the sermons in the church and of the instructions given to the different sodalities often turns on the story of Our Lord's Passion and on the lesson of the crucifix. The one consolation of these poor people is the realization that they are indeed treading the royal road of the Cross and that by uniting their sufferings to those of Our Lord they can make them count for an eternal reward. According to the Fathers in charge, the sanctity lepers attain is sometimes truly heroic. The impression made by the life of one young man, Joachim A. Camins, a native of Zamboanga, Mindanao, who died at Cullión on July 23, 1921, was such that an account of it was published in Spanish by the Father Manuel Sauras, S.J. Every page of this story breathes the spirit of complete resignation to God's Will, and the acceptance of disease as a real blessing from God.



"... treading the road of the Cross ..."

WHILE the spiritual life of the (Turn to page 239)



... toward. ... five hundred souls take flight every year into



China

The departure ceremony for the pioneers of the first American Jesuit mission in China was held at

St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco, California, on August 30. The little group numbered five: Father Pius Moore, Father John A. Lennon, and Messrs. Cornelius Lynch, Thomas Phillips and Charles Simons, all of the California Province. The solemn ceremony preparatory to the long step from America's Far West to Asia's Far East recalled St. Ignatius' parting injunction to his favored son, St. Francis Xavier: "Go, Francis, and set the world aflame."

Father Joseph Piet, S.J., Provincial of the western Jesuits, is sending a small band, not one of whom he can well spare, to Xavier's dear Orient. But generous giving to the Master's cause will win generous return at the Master's Hands. God will send others to fill vacant home places.

These five American Jesuits will go first to St. Ignatius College, Zikawei, an institution conducted by French Jesuits. This college is only twenty minutes' train ride from Shanghai. At St. Ignatius College the work of the new American missionaries will be almost entirely language study. When they have sufficiently mastered the Chinese tongue they will take up active missionary labors.

Four Fathers, one scholastic and one lay-Brother is this year's contribution of the Canadian Jesuits to the Chinese missions. Fathers Augustine Gagnon, Edward Coté, Jo-

NOVEMBER JESUIT MISSION DATES



- 1st—At Kimbura, 1622, the death by fire of Blessed Paul Navarro, Denis Faguxima and Peter Omsucua.
- 4th—In Japan, Father Diego de Mesquita, a Portuguese, after forty-eight years of missionary labor, died, 1614.
- 8th—In Persia, 1660, died Father de Rhodes, a Frenchman, the first missionary to penetrate into the Kingdoms of Tonkin and Siam, Father de Rhodes and two other Jesuits founded the Mission of Strangers, which has given to the Church countless apostles and martyrs.
- 6th—In Syria, 1653, died Father John Amieus, a Frenchman, founder of the missions of Damascus, Tripoli and Sidon.
- 11th—In the Philippines, 1649, Father Vincent Damiani was run through with a spear.
- 12th—In the Tower of London, 1606, Brother Nicholas Owen was tortured to death on the rack.
- 15th—In Uruguay, 1628, Father Roch Genesio de Santa Cruz, an American Indian, was killed by savages.
- 16th—In Brazil, 1554, two lay-Brothers, Peter Correa and John Sosa, were slain by the Carij Indians.
- 17th—In Paraguay the Venerable Father John de Castillo was put to death by savages, 1692.
- 18th—In Mexico, 1616, among the Tepeguans, Fathers Diego de Crocco, Bernard de Cisneros and Louis de Alabaes, were slain.
- 19th—In Paris, 1674, the death of Father Charles Lelemand, the second founder of the Missions of New France (Canada).
- 19th—At Avignon, 1622, Father Peter Biard, first Apostle of the Canadian Indians, went to his reward. He had set sail for Canada with Father Emmanuel Masad in 1611.
- 25th—In Zambesi, Africa, 1880, at Umzila's Kraal, the death of Father Augustus Law. In a state of complete privation and abandonment.
- 28th—At Nagasaki, 1629, Blessed Leonard Kimura, a Japanese of noble birth who became a lay-Brother of the Society and died a glorious death by fire.

seph Courchesne, Mr. Charles Saint-Arnaud and Brother Paul A. Saint-Jean left last month for Shanghai. Father George Marin, who has been making his tertianship for the past year at Tronchiennes, Belgium, met the party of missionaries at Shanghai. Father Marin was at one time associate editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. He and Father Gagnon previously spent three years in China. They will be located at Siu-Tcheou. Father Coté will act as secretary to Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J. Mr. Saint-Arnaud is to spend his teaching years at Shanghai in the Nanking Mission.

Mr. Louis Soniat, S.J., has moved from mildly exciting scenes of an American High School to scenes probably still more exciting. He had been instructor in Greek and Latin for the two years at Spring Hill High School. Now he has been transferred to a mission field in the Province of Chihhi, China, where the artillery of civil war has recently boomed. Mr. Soniat has been assigned to the faculty of the Institute of Commerce and Finance conducted by the French Jesuit Fathers at Tientsin, China. It has been decided that since English is the commercial language of the Orient, all classes of the Institute will hereafter be conducted in English.

Mr. Soniat's place at Spring Hill is being filled by a French scholastic, who will teach French, while he is learning English.

American Indians



Mr. Arthur D. Spearman, S.J., writes of an interesting Indian mission:

A sea-faring Indian is perhaps an anomaly to one who has

formed his concept of the red-skin from a Frederick Remington or the more recent Hollywood interpreters. Still at Suquamish it is quite the usual thing and the little mission church visited weekly from Seattle by Father Edward Ménager, S.J., often opens its doors to Indians who go down to the sea in ships — flat-bottomed ships with oars.

Henry Lawrence, one of the leading Isaac Waltons of the Indian village near the mission, might in one sense be termed a star-gazer, but more accurately he is a spearer of starfish—big, little and medium in size. As his little boy rows him over the shallower waters of Puget Sound his practiced eye peers deep through the clear waters and aids him in spearing the starfish as they fasten themselves upon some luckless clam of the sandy ocean floor. Henry brings these ungainly multipods home to his little garden patch. Here he plants alternately a potatoe eye and the leg of a starfish. That is why the Suquamish Indians are sea-faring people,—the starfish make good fertilizer, better than you can buy; Henry will tell you, and Henry should know.

Father Ménager has much reason to be thankful for the success of his work at Suquamish Mission. A class of young Indians was confirmed at the Seattle Cathedral on May 27.

The fine old art of Indian bead-work is not moribund among the Sioux Indians at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota. They work their beautiful Indian designs into artistic beaded articles during the long winters in their prairie cabins, and bring them to the mission in the late spring for sale to the white tourists, settlers and the boys of Camp De Smet.

In addition to their native art-work the Indians of St. Francis are inducted into the mysteries of lace embroidery by the Sisters of St.



Sea-faring Indians of Suquamish Mission.

Francis at the mission. The work of the Indian girls in this branch is much admired by connoisseurs of fine lace-work.



Philippine Islands

Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J., has arrived at the Bukidnon mission, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. For years Brother

Bauerlein was attached as buyer to the novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Most of the material cares of that great community fell upon his shoulders. But he will now have still greater cares. Father McGowan and Father Henfling are trying to build up a great industrial school at Bukidnon and the arrival of Brother Bauerlein will mean a great deal in the fulfillment of their schemes.

Father Clement Risacher, S.J., who until a few months ago was master of novices at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, has departed for the Philippine Mission. He will probably remain in Manila until the end of the year and then proceed to one of the missions in Mindanao.

The happy missionary of Bukidnon, Mindanao, Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., writes this refreshing account of the annual blessing of the sea:

Ma-ayong buntog, or in other words, "Good morning." Well I have had many a tramp since last we met. In the months of May and June, I travelled, measuring on straight lines, five hundred and twenty-two miles. Join the missions and see the world. During all that time there was very little rain. Many things happened but just one event new for you.

You have heard of *sacay-sacay*? *Sacay* means, get in a boat, ride in a car, or get transportation somehow. *Sacay-sacay* means taking the statue of the patron saint out for a row in order to invoke a blessing on the sea. No picnic ever knew such blessed joy. I was in a town called Clarin on the feast of Saints Peter and Paul. After my second Mass it was scheduled that all go down to the place where the waters roll on the beach. The *Santo Niño* was due to go along also.

I donned surplice and red stole, then stood back of the *Santo Niño*, all set in flowers, real and imitation ones. Up came four men of the sea to shoulder the statue and carry it off for the blessing of the waters that have given life to these people



Indian bead-work is not moribund among the Sioux.



A Filipino "sacay-sacay" or blessing of the sea.

for so many years and centuries. The band blew a blast. Many feet began to march, and all the way down to the sea children and grown-ups followed to enjoy the *sacay-sacay* day of Clarin. Nobody was in full dress. In fact, I was looked on with expressions that meant: "I wonder if the Father should go dressed up like that." Down at the shore was a large dug-out with white awnings spread above and lace drapery on the four sides in fringe fashion. There was a place for *Santo Niño* and a chair for the *pari*. On our left a wicked storm was blinking lightning at us and blowing a blast into our face ever so often. This was the arrangement from stem to stern: up on the prow, two boys standing with long bamboo poles; then four kiddies, seated safely and divided two on each side, with all four sets of feet in the water; then a man in the look-out; then *Santo Niño*; then the sexton; after the sexton, all clad in dignity, feeling like a kid on an excursion, sat the figure of my mother's second son; and back of him five or six ladies.

There were many other barrotos as these barks were called. The band was in one, and in the others, the private owners. The band played and I read my office, saying to myself: "Who wouldn't come to Mindanao?"

The course took the form of a horse-shoe. We landed in shallow-water at another part of the town. In the water there were several men on horses and many people to meet us. The boat stopped, a man came along side with a bucket and poured it full of water on the head of the old lady behind me. She laughed and the rays of her smile came through the water like light through a glass. Then that wretch came to me and everybody else laughed. Some did not like that but I was game and let it go. The men came over to the boat and carried me in a chair to the shore. The *Santo Niño* went ahead and the band followed. Everybody was soaked and we all marched

through the streets up to the church and there located the statue in its place. I sang the prayer of Saint Peter and Paul and preached a little sermon on "God is wonderful in the Sea."



Patna Mission

Mr. James A. Gibbons, S.J., will be the second American Jesuit to be or-

daind in the Patna mission. He will be raised to the priesthood on November 17.

Mr. Gibbons is the very equably-tempered and optimistic author and "victim" of the motorcycle expedition recounted in "Fifty-fifty" of the October JESUIT MISSIONS. To him, too, goes the largest share of credit and thanks for the excellent pictures of life and manners in India, that have appeared in these pages.

Despite the difficulty of good photography under the glaring Indian sun, Mr. Gibbons has spent his spare hours in getting excellent photographs which he has sent on for the use of the editors.

Father Henry Westropp, S.J., who was among the first American Jesuits to go to the Patna mission, writes in a recent letter from Burka Hatiya, Bihar, India:

In May of this year, we opened our mission here. This is perhaps one of the most densely populated districts in India that I have seen so far; and, where the density of population frequently runs up to 800 and 900 per square mile, this means a great deal.

The people here are so extremely poor that the one meal a day, upon which most of them subsist, generally consists of jungle fruits and coarse grain or *satta*. Such delicacies as bread and even rice are for the most of these people unknown luxuries.

Poverty strikes hardest in these parts among the sick. Before we opened our new mission here, the poor sufferers had either to wait patiently in their misery and pain until the disease had run its course and death released them, or until nature, with or without the application of some crude remedies (and these often enough misapplied) had once more gained the victory. Doctors and modern medicines there were none. Since opening our dispensary on May 11th, we have treated 3,000 patients.

St. Joseph's Dispensary has become a busy center, and patients are at hand day and night, some even spending the whole night here. The sick trudge four, six, or even eight miles, to secure relief from their ills. Though I have been many years a missionary, I must confess that the experience here is something new to me. Never did I realize before the amount of suffering in the jungle. To see these crowds upon crowds of sufferers is a sight to move even the hardest heart. Some have huge festering wounds, others are deprived of sight or hearing, and still others are afflicted with new incurable diseases that might have been easily prevented in the beginning by some simple remedy.



The second American Jesuit to be ordained in India, Mr. James A. Gibbons, S.J.

The work of the Sisters is a great help to the missionary. At Bhalgour the Sisters' dispensary is growing in popularity. Their records show a steady increase in the number of calls for medicine and for treatment. During one month there were nearly five hundred new patients. This is wonderful, especially when one remembers that there is no hospital for the work of the Sisters, only a small building and some space out in the open air. Miss Thomas, a trained nurse, is very kindly assisting the Sisters by devoting her time and talent to the work.



Alaska

Father Edward Budde, S.J., formerly assistant pastor of St. Ignatius

Church, Portland, Oregon, and Father Francis Prange, S.J., one time professor of physics at Mt. St. Michael's scholasticate, Spokane, Washington, have left their busy posts at home to enter, as missionaries, the lonely, mosquito-ridden spaces of Alaska.



Jamaica

The Jamaican Catholics of Old Spanish Town

have been praying and sighing for the return of their old pastor, Father H. B. Wennerberg, S.J. That may be one reason why Father Wennerberg has returned to work in the Jamaica mission. He was accompanied from New York to Kingston by Father Joseph Countie, S.J., and Father Daniel Creed, S.J., who just finished their tertianship at St. Andrew-on-Hudson and have been assigned to the mission of Jamaica.

Father Gregory Kiehne, S.J., who has lately been ministering to such quaintly familiar places in Jamaica, as Above Rocks, Tom's River and Friendship, has been recalled from foreign missionary labors to work at Ridge, one of the stations of the Jesuit missions in Maryland.



"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.

MISSING THE MISSIONS

MANY people have a limited idea of what a mission means. Some think that mission work is exhausted in converting savages, with death continually hanging over the missionary's head as a happy reward for his labors. Missionary work in olden days may have been somewhat of this sort, and pioneering work always means hardship for the missionaries. But savages are fast disappearing, and to convert a pagan today requires more than a catechism and a bright medal.

THE REAL SCOPE OF THE MISSIONS

Saint Francis Xavier realized the vastness of true apostolic work. As well as any missionary today, he saw that under the head of missionary activities come the building of schools, the erection of churches, the establishing of social organizations, the advancement of higher education, of scientific research, and of all those arts and trades which bring about and maintain the blessings of Christianity. In some missions the greatest apostle is a printing press or an astronomical observatory or a weather bureau.

What Saint Francis Xavier Said

"At Combutur, the inhabitants have promised me to build a church and Manuel de Lima has promised to give a hundred fanamas of his own money to help the building."

"The governor has been good enough to allot a yearly revenue of four thousand gold fanamas for the salary of the catechists."

"I wrote to you a year ago about the college which has been begun at Goa. A considerable part of the building is already finished."

"I do not require an interpreter when I see people without clothing or worn with hunger; the mere sight of them tells me what they want."

"There is no provision or help for the sick."

"Give Us This Day"

When you contribute to the missions, do not think that you are giving to this man or that woman, to this priest or that Sister. They have no personal desires or needs. First of all, give as if you are giving to Christ; and then consider that your donation is for the advancement of Catholic schools, for the building of Catholic churches, for the organization of Catholic social life, for higher education, for the extension of Christian civilization in all its ramifications. In a word, you are giving to the CAUSE for which the priest, the Sister and the Brother, is working. This cause is bigger and dearer than any missionary.

MARK THIS ACROSS YOUR CHARITY

Saint Francis Xavier and the zealous missionaries today never ask a thing for themselves beyond the prayers of friends. They do ask and expect and beg that everyone should be interested in and contribute to all those various and varied undertakings that are the only consolation of the missionary's heart. Today, missionaries do not yearn to die for the people of their missions; they yearn to live for them, to work for them, to bring them the Faith and the culture of the Faith of Christ.

LOUVAIN LOOKS AT THE MISSIONS

(Continued from page 219)

bruised reed and quenching no flax that would burn!); challenged by the apologetes who shout over the thirteenth and other gilded centuries, who exult at the flow and close their eyes upon the ebb of the western apostolic tide, yet conscious all too well of strange jetsam on the waters, and honestly forced to blush at strange faces sometimes glimpsed in the bark of Paul—we are on the verge of a soul searching to which the last two Holy Fathers have sternly pressed us, and which in our missionary outlook as well as in the scheme of our daily interior sanctification may make us humbler, more silent, more sincere and holier men.

IT is some such message as this that the new science of missiology has tried to utter. It is seeking to change our hearts and to open our eyes to new horizons, to teach us the ways of fuller life and school our hands to give new blessings, to awaken in each member of the mystic body of Christ a consciousness of the mighty agony which struggles and cries within it, until it grow tall and wide as all humanity; until Jew and gentile, brown and black and white make no difference any longer, but Christ live in every soul and Christ wear every shape and color of the thoughts and desires, the labors and handicrafts, the pains and joys of mankind.

One must pay sincere tribute to the beginners of this new movement, the German missionary scholars of Munster and Munich; who, turned out of their old fields by the war and its aftermath, manfully bettered the occasion. Yet it is not too much to say that in the past six years Louvain has come to be the second home of missiology. Here it has become identified with the name of Père P. Charles, S.J., whose remarkable breadth of knowledge and power of synthesis are at the service of a character which dares to see visions and to speak unafraid. His monthly contributions to the *Dossiers de l'action missionnaire*, published by the *Museum Lessianum*, constitute the chief document in his teachings. They constitute no less the essence of his lectures at the Jesuit theologate in Louvain, and of his lectures at the University, which he gives conjointly with Georges Goyau of the French Academy, upon the foundation of Baron Descamps, the

first known to be dedicated to missiology. From time to time, in these pages, we hope to make his doctrine familiar; but it is too rich, and too closely integrated with what seems to be a new awakening of the soul of Catholicity over all the world, and in all reaches of thought, to be more than referred to here. Confining ourselves for the present merely to the organism of Louvain missiology, we pass naturally from Père Charles to his adopted child, the *Semaine de missiologie* (Missiology Weeks), which has just seen its sixth summer.

THE *Semaine de missiologie* is an annual forum for missionaries or for others who have earned the right to speak on missionary theory and practice. It is quite different in purpose from such gatherings as those of the Students' Mission Crusade and others, wherein the chief aim is propaganda or support of the missions. Neither

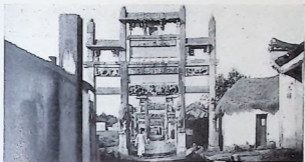
is it a summer school for the preparation of future missionaries; "nor a little Occumenical Council" adds Père Charles, demurely, with characteristic point. Meeting at Louvain, it is yet international. Imitating Benedict XV and Pius XI in their mission encyclicals, it cultivates frankness, frankness to a degree which sometimes startles those who have not seen the pronouncements of these two "mission Popes." It may not proceed to reso-



The Jesuit theologate at Louvain, where Père P. Charles, S.J., lectures on missiology.

lutions, for so it would invade the field of authority; and yet it is interesting to note a passage from the secretary's report of 1926: "We shall never have the grotesque fancy that we play the pilot to the sole and supreme master of Peter's bark; but it may be permitted us to point out that as a matter of fact the directions of the sovereign Pontiff coincide almost word for word with the opinions we have heard expressed in our midst. We have a right then to feel encouraged, seeing that on such questions as that of the native clergy in China and India the recent encyclical confirms with its peremptory authority the ideas which have been so courageously defended on our platform by our most inspired lecturers."

THE initiative that gave rise to so promising an institution came from Père Albert Lallemand, S.J., who is now at work in the Bengal mission. The Holy Father at once commended it heartily to Cardinal Mercier, and the commendation has borne fruit. At the fifth *Semaine*, held a year ago in August, over five (Turn to page 239)



Little Azure and the Brigands

DIAO TSING, or Little Azure, is probably the youngest of my parishioners. He was born on the twentieth day of the eighth moon, or the fifteenth of September, 1927. This incomparable season of the year is known to the Chinese peasant by the poetic name of white dew. At no other time is the sky so cloudless and blue, and the atmosphere so clear and mild.

But the bright smiles of the heavens have not guarded the earliest days of Diao Tsing from tragedy. Civil war has disorganized all public services in the eastern part of the Szechow Mission, and innumerable hordes of brigands plunder the country. Their numbers are constantly increased by the peasants who join their ranks through sheer misery.

JOSEPH HUGON, S.J.

One summer night a band of brigands raided the village where Little Azure dwelt.

They set fire to the straw hut of his parents after they had stolen whatever it contained, and then killed one of his aunts. Not the Tsings alone, but every other family in the village as well, suffered some such cruelty. With their modest property gone, these poor farmers were reduced to utter want; but they never doubted that they were Christ's own, and strong in their Faith, they know how to appreciate their treasure at full value.

IT is true, Diao Tsing's people are Catholics of an old stock and they really form quite a contrast with the other families of the district. Two young men of the family are devoting themselves to the mission. One is completing his teacher's course in the (*Turn to page 240*)



"This incomparable season . . . is known to the Chinese peasant by the poetic name of white dew."

The Faith of Indians

An Indian Forgets Not

A Canadian Missionary



STRIKING example of his fellow tribesmen was Nicolas Ominakon who hails from the Jesuit mission of the Holy Cross, Wikwemikong, Ontario, Canada. Last winter, according to the custom of many an Indian, he set out for the lumber camps, near Burwash, there to spend the long months as profitably as possible. These camps are some fifty miles, as the crow flies, from the mission of Wikwemikong. Some time before, Nicolas' faithful wife had gone to her eternal reward, but the truly Christian love of her spouse followed her beyond the grave.

One Saturday morning, Nicolas sought out the foreman of the lumber camp, and begged for three days leave. The permission was kindly granted, and he set out on his long tramp back to Wikwemikong. You can readily understand the sacrifices such a trip would entail. First of all, the good man forfeited his salary until his return. This is no small sacrifice for a poor laboring Indian, whose primary struggle is for daily bread. Then he was forced to face a weary tramp through snow-blocked forests, only to emerge with the thirty miles of the storm-swept Georgian Bay between him and his destination. These miles he accomplished against howling winds and blinding drifts, all of which were of no avail to frustrate his pious design. After a long day's tramp he arrived late at night in Wikwemikong.

With the single purpose of his journey in view, he made directly for the presbytery, and asked to see the Father.

"*Bojo! Bojo!* (the usual greeting of the Indians themselves), Nicolas, is it you? But I thought you were in the lumber shanties," said the Father to him.

"That's a fact—but I'm here now; I left Burwash this morning."

"You came from Burwash? You came on foot?"

"Yes, you know my wife appeared to me in a vision (probably he saw her in a dream); she wants me to have a Mass said for her, and that is why I came. This morning I asked the boss leave for three days. I must be back for work Tuesday morning; I would like to have the Mass sung as soon as possible."



A Canadian Indian patriarch.

"Very well, Nicolas," replied the Father. "Tomorrow is Sunday, so we cannot sing it tomorrow; but Monday morning I will sing Mass for the repose of your wife's soul at ten minutes after six. Be there, and tell Joe Wawashkesh, the organist."

NICOLAS departed quite contented, and all things took place as planned. Monday morning, High Mass was sung, and Nicolas very piously approached the Holy Table. When Mass had ended, Nicolas came to thank the Father and to tell him how happy he was now that he had done his duty. He then left immediately to travel once more those heart-breaking fifty miles that stretched between him and his work at the lumber camp. Is this not truly edifying? And should it not bring the blush to the cheek of those who neglect to attend the Holy Sacrifice, even though they have only to walk one or two miles to church?

THUS, the Indians of northern Ontario do not differ from those of other tribes in their deep appreciation and love of their holy religion. It is especially on the occasion of great religious festivals, such as Easter or Christmas, and during important events in their lives—the death of a dear friend or relative—that this reverence is most marked. Once departed from his home and from the good influence of the missionary, the Indian sometimes loses his love for his religion, yet what a consolation it is to see how deeply religious sentiment is rooted in his heart. The love of his Faith urges him to undertake many a weary journey that he may assist at the great religious feasts of his home mission. Often, when sickness or old age overtakes him wandering far from his native village, he returns again to seek the comforts of religion and home. In this attachment to the peaceful surroundings of his birth-place there is manifested a deep love of his Faith. This Faith it is that so often arouses him to those heroic acts which are a joy to the missionary and a reward for apostolic labors among the surviving tribes. Frank and simple indeed is the Indian's childlike devotion, but how pleasing to our Saviour who said: "If you do not become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."



THERE are echoes of Lindbergh and, perhaps, a purposive emulation of his fine courage in "We," the opening editorial of *India*, the youngest of the family of Catholic mission journals. The first issue came off the press in Madras, India, in August. "We" in India embraces not two, an aviator and his airplane, but all the straining Catholic youth of that land. The editor of the new magazine is the Reverend A. E. Lopes, President of the Catholic Young Men's Association of Madras. Father Lopes was a striking figure at the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress in Chicago two years ago. He gained numerous friends during his stay in America. This first issue of his magazine, youthful in spirit as in age, contains letters and autographed copies of photographs of Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York and of James J. Walker, the Mayor of New York City.

MISSIONARY and scientist is a double Jesuit rôle, yet altogether compatible and altogether historical. Father Edward Pigot, S.J., whose accurate recording and reporting of a Chinese earthquake last year was featured in Australian newspapers, is one of the recent Jesuits to fill this double rôle. An Irishman, a doctor, then a Jesuit through his longing for missionary service, Father Pigot first labored in China as missionary among its people and as scientist at the Zo-Sè Observatory, Shanghai. When his health failed there he was moved to St Ignatius College, Riverview, Australia. Working with the aid of and in conjunction with government service he has established a thoroughly modern seismological station at Riverview which forms a link in an International Seismological Bureau.

ACCORDING to an N. C. W. C. despatch, at the three day missionary congress, held at the college of the Oratorians at Julliy, near Paris, last August, Father Arnou, S.J., discussed in moving terms the social needs of native peoples. Father Arnou is attached to the International Labor Bureau of the League of Nations. He maintains that, if

Our December Number

Father William Murphy, S.J., will charm our readers by a quaint Christmas reverie entitled, "An Endless Caravan."

What experiences a trip to the Orient brought to a group of Jesuit scholastics is told by Mr. Thomas Cannon, S.J.

"A Gift for God at Christmas" will be a short story contribution by Father Charles J. Quirk, S.J.

Father Leo Cunningham, S.J., tells the story of an "open Christmas" in the Dakota mission.

the native races are to be saved from danger of anarchy, their social needs must be studied and relieved.

At the same meeting Father P. Charles, S.J., a moving spirit in missionary conferences, held annually at Louvain, discussed the question, "What help may one expect from the native upper class in the evangelization of the masses?" Father Terhard de Charden, S.J., celebrated explorer of Mongolia, who has lived in daily contact with the intellectually élite of China, did not wholly agree with some of Father Charles' statements in the discussion.

FROM Shiuhing, China, Father Daniel McDonald, S.J., of the Irish Province, sends an interesting bit of local history. The Father Matthew Ricci, S.J., of whom he speaks, was the famous mathematician and missionary, who did so much in the late sixteenth century for the earliest Jesuit missions among the Chinese.

"The college property here, nine acres in extent, was formerly the property of the viceroys; and it was here in the Vice Regal palace that Father Ricci was several times tried and finally sentenced to banishment. Many traces of the old building remain; and many of the old bricks form part of the modern walls. There is a fine flower garden, in the middle of which is a tall tree. This tree is said to have been planted when Father Ricci was here.

"I have not seen anything of Chinese social customs, except in connection with the Chinese New Year Day. This year it fell on January 23d. At that time the Chinese pay visits to their friends and wish them well for the coming year. They give presents in great abundance and send cards. All the servants here went the rounds of the community and entered each room in a group. With a genuflection and a *T'in Tchu po yau* (God protect you) and a *Kung kei san nin* (congratulations on the New Year) they went off to the next room. During all those days before and after the New Year, a perfect din of firecrackers went on all day, from early morning until late at night. They used enough explosives to capture the city in time of war. It was like a continuous machine gun and rifle fire, with the occasional bark of small field pieces. They say that at Hong Kong they spend on these crackers the amazing sum of \$500,000 each New Year. I am sure they spent \$25,000 here during that fort-

night. Any one with nerves out of control should retire from Chinese territory during the season."

FIFTEEN Chinese boys graduated from the preparatory seminary of Siensien in 1921 and now in 1928 ten of them are ordained for the secular priesthood and five have entered the religious life—a perfect record in perseverance. This explains the joy that filled the heart of Bishop H. Lecroart, S.J., as he recently ordained these ten seminarians.

Ten others very intimately shared the joy of the Jesuit bishop and his ten neophytes. They were the apostolic benefactors in the United States who had adopted the seminarians at the beginning of their course and whose generosity made possible the support and training of the ten native missionaries.

A CHANCE copy of **JESUIT MISSIONS** evoked

the following letter from Father M. F. Barboza, S.J., of the Venice Province, a travelling missionary of the diocese of Calicut, India:

"I was happy to receive from a friend, among other papers, a copy of **JESUIT MISSIONS**. This is the first time I have received it and I find it interesting and very encouraging. The illustrations are very good and the whole get-up very taking.

"Today His Lordship, the Bishop of Calicut, has appointed me to take charge of the scattered Catholics in some areas of this new and infant diocese. He wants me to find out new areas which we may gradually fix upon as centers for mission work among the heathens.

"At one of my stations, in the hills close by, I am told there is a caste of heathens known to others as 'untouchable.' They dwell in the moun-

tains, eat roots of trees and drink honey of the forest. One sees them at times begging for help on the sides of the hills. They spread the scant little cloth with which they cover their bodies out upon the ground, then run off. Passersby put in something and the beggars come back later for their dole."

FATHER VAN SPREEKEN, S.J., sitting outside his mud and thatch hut on one of the outstations of Tananarive, Madagascar, received a delegation of young life.



A Madagascar "Cathedral."

"Father, we want a cathedral."

"A cathedral!"

"Yes, Father, a big church to hold twenty people, with an altar and pictures and a bell."

Father Van Spreeken is a young missionary, new to the soil, the climate, and the flies; and the fact that the young Madagascans have set the pace will have convinced him that their aspirations are as great as his. It is not given to every missionary in the first year of his work to meet with this ready good will.

FATHER WEISSENFELS, S.J., of Hiroshima Mission, announces that he has received into the Church the first Japanese clergyman of the Anglican church. The convert has at last found peace in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

THE Jesuit center in the city of Tientsin, China, is to be the headquarters for the circulation of moving picture films and lectures for mission work. The organization is known as the Catholic Films Society and has the encouragement of the bishops of the three largest vicariates of Chihli Province, Peking, Tientsin, and Siensien.

FATHER GEORGE SAGE-HOMME, S.J., of Paris, is preparing the scenario for a moving picture which will be entitled: "The Romance of the Missions" and will vividly portray the labors of Catholic missionaries.

THE French Jesuits in charge of the Higher Industrial and Commercial School at Tientsin, China, have decided to make English, rather than French, the language of the institute. This decision has been reached because English is almost everywhere the medium

for industry and commerce in China.

FATHER RUIS, S.J., of the Wuhu Mission, China, which is under the care of the Spanish Jesuits, has announced that all the missionaries have returned to work in their districts. They were received with great joy by both Christians and pagans.

FATHER E. A. WALSH, S.J., Director of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, with the approval of the Holy Father has organized and sent a Catholic relief expedition to Porto Rico. The personnel of two doctors and six nurses was supplied under the auspices of the well known Catholic Board of Medical Missions.

THE WHY OF GHYREE'S CONVERTS

(Continued from page 223)

AND does this plan work? Well, grammar teacher that I am, I have seen Ghyree Mission a goodly number of times these last two years, and each new time my bike takes me where I notice new Christians, see new catechumens, hear of new prospects, find daily catechism classes for larger and yet larger groups of children and adults, kneel at Mass and look on two-thirds of the Christians at the week-day Communion rail and practically the entirety of them there on Sundays.

But this is enough. There are certain exercise papers on my desk that have to be graded, and if I am to teach tomorrow, I must have sleep tonight. I want sleep for another reason, too, for in it maybe a dream will come, a bright, a glorious dream of a grammar teacher cycling to Ghyree not for a vacation, but for a home.

A PIONEER WITH THE ARCHBISHOP

(Continued from page 225)

secure a right of way along the east bank of the Rio Grande. Father Gasparri grasped the advantages of railroad facilities and was the first to deed over some of the property regarded by the Santa Fe as necessary for the right of way along its main line. The Jesuit example was soon followed by others and the new city of Albuquerque grew around the depot first constructed, according to local tradition, by the Jesuit Fathers for the railroad station.

All during these intervening years, the Jesuits have buried their dead in the Catholic cemetery, but the remains of Father Gasparri are hidden beneath the sacristy where he prepared for his daily Mass and where he knelt in earnest prayer each day. His body is close to the spot where he first erected his printing press. Who knows how glorious in the sight of God is this grave hidden beneath the rough boards of the ancient sacristy?

CULIÓN THE ISLE OF DEATHLESS LIFE

(Continued from page 229)

lepers is thus amply provided for, the work that we class in modern parlance under the head of social service is not neglected. It must be borne in mind that, though but a very small percentage of the lepers is confined to the hospitals, every one in the Colony has the blight of the disease upon him. The inmates are either undergoing painful treatment in the hope of curing the disease, or, having passed the stage of hope, live on simply awaiting the welcome release which death will bring. The ingenuity, therefore, of the chaplains and Sisters is taxed to provide occupation suitable to keep those under their care from dwelling too much on their condition; for the "hopeful" cases, that they may maintain an attitude of mind that will help them to regain health and strength; for the "hopeless," that they may not become discouraged or despairing. The girls are taught embroidery work by the Sisters, and those who are strong enough assist the nurses in the hospitals. The boys are taught weaving and light carpentry work. The Colony also has its own ice and electric plant, managed and run by the lepers on a profit-sharing basis, while the supplying of fish, the staple food of the Colony, furnishes occupation for many.

FROM what has been said, some idea may be gained of the life that is passed on this little island of the Philippines. It is a life of continual sacrifice and devotion on the part of the chaplains and Sisters. There is neither glamour nor heroics to it. The daily round of duties, the daily fighting against discouragement, the daily meeting of hundreds seeking help and sympathy, all this takes its toll. Besides, Culión is hot—a little rocky island that simply bakes under the direct rays of a tropic sun. Yet, not even the tropical sun can burn off the pall of death that hangs over Culión. But, no! We will not go back on the statement with which we began. Culión is not the "Isle of death" some would have it. The dwelling in the midst of

loathsome disease; the dreary days of facing suffering in homes and hospital; the continual striving to devise means for the diversion of the afflicted and for keeping alive the spark of hope; all this means but one thing to the workers in Culión, the opportunity to impart the knowledge and love of Him who is Life.

LOUVAIN LOOKS AT THE MISSIONS

(Continued from page 234)

hundred missionaries and missiologists came together, men and women of twenty-three nations and forty-two religious bodies, not from Europe only, but from India and China, Africa and the South Seas as well. Last summer, they were to discuss the providential ways by which a spark of the primitive supernatural revelation has been kept alive in the inmost shrines of the historic eastern religions, and to draw from this apologetical conclusions, such as the Jesuit Fathers Dandoy and Johanns, have done (themselves old Lovanistes) in the series "to Christ through the Vedanta," which appeared in their Calcutta monthly, *Light from the East*. Last year, the *Semaine* discussed the problem of training native leaders. The year before it touched the thorny matter of missionary adaptation. And so, little by little, the theology of apostleship is forming, which may yet take its place among the major faculties, side by side with the great syntheses of scholastic dogma and moral, of law and healing, wisdom and beauty, science and trade, in the firmament of Catholic university thought.

Indeed, in a certain sense it may step into the heavens before them, drawing them all in an attendant train. In that shining and peaceful moment will be born the mysticism of the missions, like the mysticism of the martyrs. For the missions are a mystery which can not be fully sounded any more than we can fully sound the sending of the Missionary who is Divine; or can pierce the plan that sent the world around the sun, light into darkness and grace into primal and universal human nature; grace which has never left us naked and cold as marble or pulseless and silent.

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

LITTLE AZURE AND THE BRIGANDS

(Continued from page 235)

normal school at Zikawei, the other, some twenty-five years of age, is a catechist in the nearby district. His

Page Two Hundred and Forty

name is Little Kou, and he is Little Azure's father.

One day he came to meet me in Haichow. I was then planning to make my first trip through the brigand-infested region, to the district to which I had just been appointed. We therefore agreed to journey together and on the way I was to baptize Little Azure.

A few minutes before midnight on October 27th, the train slowed down to take water. The station was but a few hundred yards away, and since Little Kou and I knew that it was the lair of the brigands, we jumped to the ground. The sharp crackling of rifle-fire ahead also warned us to be cautious. We ran hurriedly and silently in the yielding sand of the wayside under cover of a moonless night, and in less than half an hour had reached the first village of my district. A family of pagans received us, and we slept in their hut until morning, amidst shovels, pickaxes, baskets of grain and several rifles.

OUR next move, thought I, would be a flying visit to the village of Little Azure, but Little Kou insisted that it was impossible. The little place had been a den of brigands ever since it had been sacked, and even now shooting was heard from that direction. Besides, the family had taken refuge in a pagan home, so I desisted. The best that could be done under the circumstances would be to repair to Tchou Ten, a village six or seven miles to the north, where there was a small chapel. I would stay there three days, and in the meantime Little Azure would be brought to me.

I was in Tchou Ten on Friday. But Little Azure failed to arrive on the following day, and on Sunday morning Little Kou set out for his own village, determined to return with his son.

There was no sign of Little Kou at nightfall, and as I had to leave immediately after Mass on the following morning, it seemed quite certain that, after all, Little Azure would not be baptized. I knew, that in case of serious illness, the family, well-instructed in matters pertaining to our holy religion, would baptize the child, but they, even more than I, would have had great consolation if the

ceremony were solemnly performed at once.

At six o'clock on the following morning as I was vesting for Mass, Little Kou entered, shivering from the cold of such an early hour. Little Azure, however, was nowhere to be seen.

"Well," I said, "nothing can be done?"

Smiling steadily and without a word, Little Kou unfastened his Chinese robe; there was the child, huddled up about himself and resting on his father's breast. Little Azure had come through the midst of armed brigands to be baptized. An hour later his new name was Francis, Francis of Assisi, or as the Chinese call him, "Francis of the Five Wounds," a fitting name in these times of poverty.

And truly the sign of the cross presides over the cradle days of Francis Tsing. May it strengthen and fortify the soul of the child who was baptized on a cold autumn morning under the thatched roof of a clay chapel, owing to the heroic deed that reveals a Faith worthy of the catacombs.

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