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MARKING FIFTY YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP

BISHOP JOSEPH A. MURPHY, S.J., AND FATHER JOSEPH H. MEUFFELS, S.J.
OF BRITISH HONDURAS

A genial young man from Holland became a Jesuit novice at Florissant, Missouri, in November, 1874. A youth from Chicago "with a way with him" did likewise in July, 1875. Their paths for years ran parallel, then parted and crossed and parted again to meet finally for good in Belize. "You started 'bossing' me as a novice; will you ever stop?" laughed the Dutchman to the Bishop after their first warm greeting.

Out from Orange Walk

ROBERT L. McCORMACK, S.J.



"The Church of Our Lady . . . overlooking the little town."

ARE you about to "raise anchor" from this little town of Orange Walk. Surely I leave with a more intimate and personal knowledge of what a missionary must face and endure, and a higher, more spiritual respect for the heroic lives of humility and hard work that they live with and for God.

I sit here now in a patched and mended rocker on the back porch of a building, old and eaten by wood lice, which was once the convent and is now the priests' residence. Beyond the unkempt backyard where grazes Sorozal, the big brown mission horse, winds the river amid its tropical setting. It picks its way through dense tangled underbrush, mango growths, palms, and sappidillas, the tree whence comes chicle, the famous chewing-gum material. Idle boats and dories are riding at anchor along its marly banks. Across the road is the school building, which, like all the schools I have seen outside of Belize, is a fairly large, zinc-covered, frame building. Inside, is a single, unpartitioned room, with long, board benches running in various directions to divide the classes. Oh, the poor teachers, trying to hold attention in such a place! Think of having six classes of bare-footed, bronze-faced Indians under the direction of four nuns with high-pitched voices, all holding forth in a single room, while the torrential rains are beating a symphony on the zinc roof and the buzzing mosquitoes are hungry, noisy, and tantalizing. I wonder if that would not satisfy the Little Flower's notion of being Jesus' "rubber ball."

THROUGH the corner of my right eye I can just see the steeple of *La Inmaculada*, the church of our Lady, with its high cross overlooking the little town of huts and frame buildings. The old, dark front of the church with its rude cement surface freely chipped, looks out on a pretty vista down two hundred feet to the road. The front lawn is a deep green, cut by white, marly paths, marked with stately royal palm trees and an abundance of shrubbery.

THE COVER PICTURE

Animal fighting of several kinds affords popular pastime in India. Ram fights, as depicted here, constitute one variety.

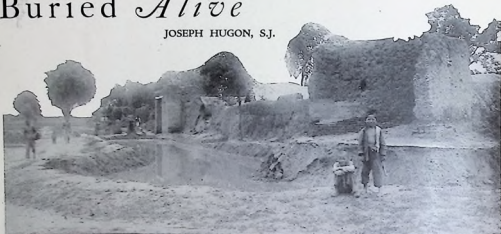
La Inmaculada is not an ordinary church. It has a long and very interesting story all its own that cannot be told here. It will be enough to say now that it is a monument to the zeal and the labor and the chivalrous love for Mary of the grand old man of the British Honduras Mission, Father Joseph H. Meuffels, S.J. Father Meuffels dreamed the church; he told his dream with infectious enthusiasm to his devoted flock, and together they built *La Inmaculada*. It is beautiful even now; but it has known brighter days.

As you enter its large interior you observe that the wooden angel who holds out holy water to you is sadly in need of paint. You remark that the concrete floor is cracked and black. You almost draw away from the pew at which you have chosen to kneel when you notice what a tunnel system the termites and bugs have eaten into the wood. It is only after this that you begin to see what a lovely altar is in the church and what a touching background is painted on the wall behind. It is the Apparition at Lourdes.

ORANGE WALK is like a western frontier town where everybody knows everybody else. Father's horse, and a "dandy" riding mule (mules are used much for saddle animals, because of their endurance) were always at my disposal; so I welcomed the opportunity of riding off into the bush to visit some of the big *milpas* or ranchos and some of the small pueblos. The ranchos are much like big dairy farms in the country places of the United States, with an abundance of all kinds of larger domestic animals and poultry. You remark the absence of high buildings like the big stables, barns and attractive houses of the American dairy farms, and notice in their stead a group of (Turn to page 22)

Buried *Alive*

JOSEPH HUGON, S.J.



"... at the first muddy ditch, the poor beast slipped helplessly ..."

TESUIT missionaries, like their other missionary brethren, have known the terrors that follow inevitably in the wake of a revolution. This story relates the capture and captivity by bandits of Father Joseph Hugon, S.J., last February. He is a missionary laboring in Sūchow, China.

For six months Father Hugon had crossed and recrossed bandit trails unmolested. Often in the evening time, whilst retiring from his hard labor, he had seen on the horizon the glare of a distant village set aflame by these highwaymen. Now he was to join the throng of the oppressed. He had come down to Kao-Lieou, in Sūchow, on the 13th of February, and had labored there about a week. On the 19th, he was on the road again. Riding at leisure, he dreamed of the little catechuminate, with its schools and children awaiting him. But his reveries were cut short after an hour's journey. A voice rang out: "Halt there! Come back!"

There was nothing to do but to obey. Five men, with their rifles cocked, advanced. The startled priest in a quiet voice said:

"I am a missionary Father. You know me well. Many a time have I gone along this route. I have nothing that a highwayman can desire."

The plea was unheeded. The priest's baggage was inspected with the utmost exactness, and the contents passed into greedy hands. The rifling of his pockets was next accomplished with nice dexterity. The priest stood bewildered as his money, watch, and some drugs for the sick were removed. Then his muffler became a cincture for one bandit, and his overcoat fell into the possession of another. The reality of the Jesuit rule "stripped of all things" came forcefully to the missionary's mind.

THE sun had already set and night was coming on. The captive was ordered to fall in line with the robbers. Horses and ponies were saddled for the bandit chiefs. The rank and file, with cartridge belts strung around their shoulders, and guns tucked under their arms, were afoot. The roads were quiet and deserted as this small Chinese cavalcade headed out into the night. The chiefs led the party, followed by their subalterns, their wives and the prisoner.

The missionary sat astride a low-backed pony. He found in the latter his only friend in this oriental setting. The poor beast, however, was never meant to race alongside the chargers of robber chiefs. He wobbled and tossed and at the first muddy ditch slipped helplessly, while the missionary saved himself only by a sudden leap. The poor brute, engulfed, legs and body, had to be pulled out, literally by ears and tail. The journey for the priest was continued on foot, as he meditated gloomily on the future.

After three hours of marching, the captured Jesuit was forced to lie down in the midst of his captors, in an old wayside hut. Some of the bandits kindled a fire and in doing so filled the air with blinding smoke. They found delight in awakening the tired prisoner. His undergarments were taken away from him, and he was given in return some old Chinese clothes. His hands were tied, preliminary to the gruesome torture of being suspended to a beam by the thumbs. However, an officer of the gang saved the victim on the verge of this torture.

ON the morning of February 21, the Father dispatched a messenger to his superiors, telling them of his plight. He did not, however, suggest that the required ransom be paid for his delivery. It could not be paid;

in fact, no missionary in such circumstances has ever been ransomed.

Two days later a letter arrived from friends, telling the Father to keep up hope. On the sixth day after the capture, the brigands began serious operations. They intimidated their prisoner and hurried him off to the principal village, where there was feverish excitement and activity. All eyed the Blackrobe with pity and curiosity. The bandits put the Father in a stable for the night and the alternatives of death by shooting, or of ransom, were proposed. However, the plans which brigands concoct for the morrow often do not mature.



"Terrors follow . . . in the wake of revolution."

Three o'clock next morning, a young lad brought in to the missionary the meal of the condemned. Shortly after, they were on the road again, and after a mile or so, a halt was made. Around the prisoner were grouped some of the brigands with rifles, others with ropes and thick cord, and some with spades. These last set to digging a hole at a deserted spot near the side of the road, while the captors tied the hands and feet of the prisoner with heavy cord. The missionary was forced to lie down in the newly dug grave. Over him was placed a large board and on this fresh clay was shovelled and packed. The missionary was buried alive. Fortunately, and perhaps intentionally, his captors overlooked a large hole, cut out of the board near his mouth and lips. Through this fresh air found an easy passage down to the imprisoned Jesuit. Were they trying to conceal their prisoner, to frighten him, or did they mean to suffocate him?

THE buried man heard the sound of his captors' feet dying away above him. Undaunted, he realized that the little air-hole might be a channel of escape. The interment was not altogether fatal and final; why not attempt escape? He gnawed and tugged and rubbed the cords against the side of the board, and in the end was blessed with success. There was a heavy hillock of clay on top of him, and it did not yield to his efforts to push

it aside. The prisoner's hands were free, and he had room enough to reach into his pocket for his old briar pipe, companion of many a dark day. With this he bored through the soft clay until, after a couple of hours, he managed to make a hole large enough to push his body through.

Peering cautiously around, he was dismayed to find two sentinels forty metres distant, keeping guard on either side of the grave. One of them evidently had heard the noise, for a bullet whizzed past the head of the peering prisoner, just grazing the top of his resting place. Its pinging sound sent him back with tingling ears to the underground tunnel. The priest decided to wait until it was dark and then make a dash for liberty.

AS the first shades of evening were spreading round the countryside, the missionary started to creep forth from his burrow. He fell back as he heard the approaching steps of two of the grave diggers. His heart was gladdened, however, and beat more calmly when he found that they had come not to bury him again, but to extricate him.

A bandit, armed with a rifle, led the weary captive off to a lonely house in the country. Bewildered with the sharp succession of events, the mis-



" . . . the captured Jesuit was forced to lie down in an old, wayside hut."

sionary was ready for anything now. After a couple of days he was before another court-martial. This time, however, someone had evidently intervened on his behalf, for there was no question of shooting or of again burying alive. On February 27, he found himself in his last prison, a small dark room, walled around with straw.

Here the relations of the prisoner with his captors were not too bad. If the latter did not show him any marks of consideration, at least they refrained from any kind of brutality. They even asked him to preach to them; but to avoid any cause for irreverence or derision, the missionary asked his liberty and invited the bandits to come in a body to his church. There, he said, he would preach to them to their hearts' content. (Turn to page 23)

The Santal *Harvest Field*



"Santals all" whom Father Creane, S.J., hopes to make "all saints."

RAM, rajah, rupee, rice are a quartette of liquid words that loom large even in primitive Indian vocabularies. With the last of the four, Father James Creane, S.J., the sanguine pioneer missionary working at Bhagalpur, in southeast Patna, among the Santals, points a moral.

"When I ride into the Santal villages these days," he says, "I find for the most part empty houses. The men, women, and children are busy in the fields transplanting rice. Rice, as you may know, is first sown very thickly in one field, and later on, when it is a few inches high, transplanted more thinly in many other fields. Then, if rain comes in abundance, a bumper crop is almost certain. Now, something like the thickly sown rice field is our boarding school for boys. For in it we are placing children, whose minds and hearts are still unspoiled by demon worship and pagan surroundings, and we are giving them a thorough Christian training. Afterwards we shall again set them out as so many plants in their respective villages.

If God's grace rains down in torrents in answer to a 'Mountain of Prayers,' they will yield fruit, some thirty, some sixty and some a hundredfold."

The hundredfold, full count, it was thought last year, might number fifty thousand souls. That was when first prospects were sounded. More recent investigations give grounds for believing the first estimate was far too

KEVIN M. ANGELO, S.J.

modest. A hundred thousand Santals in Patna alone, await the apostolic efforts of Bhagalpur's first boarding school, and better than a half-million more lie just beyond.

IT is interesting and important to sketch in broad outlines the harvest ground. Where are these souls to be ripened for gathering, or made ready for surrender to God's grace? Who are they, and what shall they unlearn and learn anew for their souls' peace and salvation?

The home of the Santals is the district south of Bhagalpur, known as the Santal Parganas, lying between 23° 48' and 25° 18' N., and 86° 28' and 87° 57' E., an area of 5,470 square miles. The general aspect of the district is undulating or hilly, though the northeast, including an area of about 650 square miles, falls within the alluvial Gangetic plain.

South of the Rajmahal Hills the country falls away in undulations, broken by isolated ridges and hills. The Ganges forms the northern and eastern part of the eastern boundary, and all the rivers of the district, none of which is navigable throughout the year, flow into it, or into the Bhagirathi.

The country in great part is covered with a dense vegetation. The narrower valleys are often terraced for rice cultivation, and the rice fields and their margins abound in marsh and water plants. The level land is



Santal corn husking bee.

often bare and rocky, but where it is undulating it is usually clothed with a dense scrub jungle.

The jungle is being gradually destroyed and big game has almost disappeared. The last elephant was shot in 1893. A few bears, leopards, hyenas and spotted deer survive; but the Santal is as destructive of game as of jungle. Wild duck, snipe and quail abound in the alluvial tract. Partridges are also fairly common, and partridge-taming is a favorite amusement of the Santals.

THE Santals, the people of the district, number about 663,000, of whom 74,000 are Hindus, and 589,000 animists, believing that every object in the world possesses a living soul. They belong to the Dravidian type, probably the original type of the population of India, now modified to a certain extent by the admixture of Aryan, Scythian and Mongolian elements.

As for their religion, they worship various deities, of which the chief is *Marang Burie*, who is credited with far-reaching power, in virtue of which, he associates both with gods and with the demons. The Santal has no conception of an omnipotent, beneficent Deity who watches over mankind. Hunted and driven back by the Hindus and Mohammedans, he cannot understand how a being could be more powerful than himself and not wish to harm him. For the Santal the earth swarms with diabolical spirits, whose ill will he tries to avert.

His religious practices embrace nature worship and offerings to the ghosts of his ancestors. His rites are more numerous even than those of the Hindus. First the race-god, next the tribe-god of each of the seven clans which constitute the Santal race, then the family god, each in turn requires his oblations. Besides all these, there are the spirits of the forefathers, river spirits, forest spirits, well demons, mountain demons, and a mighty host of unseen beings, who must forever be kept in good humor.

THE Santal holds annually two great religious festivals.

The chief one is the *Sohari*, harvest festival, celebrated after the chief rice crop of the year has been reaped. Public sacrifices of fowls are offered by the priest in the sacred grove; pigs, goats and chickens are sacrificed by private families, and a general saturnalia of drunkenness and sexual license prevails. Next in importance is the festival of *Bha puja* held in *Phalgun* (February-March), when the sal tree comes into flower. Tribal and family sacrifices are offered, victims are slain and eaten by worshippers, and dancing goes on day and night.

In addition to these two annual religious festivals, the chief ceremonies in which every Santal takes part centre around the six great stages of his life. The first, the admission of the newly-born child into the family, is a secret rite. The second, the admission of the child into the tribe, is celebrated four or five days after birth. This is a more public ceremony, at which the child's head is shaved and the clansmen drink beer. The third ceremony, admission into the race, takes place about the fifth year, when all the friends of the family are invited, and the child is marked on the right hand with the Santal spots. The fourth ceremony consists of the union of his own tribe with another by his marriage. This does not take place, as among the Hindus, before the young people can choose for themselves. The fifth ceremony consists of the dismissal of the Santal from the race, by the solemn burning of his body after death. The sixth and last is the reunion of the dead Santal with his fathers by the float-

ing of three fragments of his skull down the sacred stream of the race, the Darnodar River.



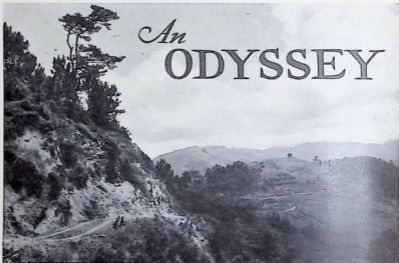
Father Westropp, S.J., also works in the field of the Santals.

SANTALI, the language of the Santals, belongs to that group of languages called Munda, or Kolarian. These languages, seven in number, are among those which have been longest spoken in India, and may, with great probability, be aboriginal. It is remarkable that they are of the same family (Austic) as the Mon-Khmer languages of Northern India, and the tongues of certain wild tribes of Malacca, Australonesia, and of the Nicobarese. Of late years, the Munda languages, Santali and Mundari have received much attention from scholars and excellent grammars in both, as well as a dictionary of the former, have been prepared. The proper home of Santali is the Santal Parganas whose limits were traced in the early part of this article. But the language is also found spoken much farther south, down to the western border of Bengal proper.

Education among the Santals is very backward. Only two and one-half percent of the population were able to read and write in 1910, but progress has been made since then. Practically all of the schools in the districts are conducted by Protestant missions, such as the Church Missionary Society and the Lutheran Mission.

We may hope that prayer will obtain for the American Jesuits in southeast Patna a rich harvest among the thousands of the Santal Parganas, who sit in darkness, worshipping evil spirits, possessing no knowledge of the existence of that one true God, whose reign the missionaries are trying to establish in the vast field of Patna.

The many-wiled wanderer of heroic days will not, we trust, visit from the fields of murky Hades his wrath upon us for doing violence to his fame. The title of this article implies but one point of likeness to the journeyings of versatile old Odysseus. It is used merely to prove this proposition, that one must visit the cities of men and know their customs before one dare sit in judgment over them.



TWO of us from the Ateneo de Manila have wandered up and down the country, one, to manage the stereopticon, the other, not the lecturer, but the annotator. Our experience has had one wholesome result; we know now that in spite of the concerted campaign of non-Catholics for thirty years to unsettle the Faith of his fathers, the Filipino in Luzon is still a Catholic. This fact is enough to inspire a "Thank God," and to leave us in the way of admiring the sometimes misunderstood Philippines.

Father Thomas Smith, S.J., and I, started out three years ago to visit small communities with the idea of giving, by means of pictures, some features of our religion. We have given over sixty lectures. The titles vary; the Mass and the Passion, Life of the Little Flower, Life of Our Saviour, Dante's Divine Comedy, indicate the instructive tone of the work. This is how we go about our little "Odyssey."

BEING schoolmen, Father Smith and I must make this work a side issue. We scan the calendar and, if two holidays are grouped, we send off a note saying we shall give a lecture at such a place. We choose places where there are academies or schools conducted by religious teachers. Through the Sisters or the priest, the townspeople are invited to the convento. Sometimes the groups are small, a hundred or so, sometimes we lecture to six, seven and eight hundred. In and around Manila, the schools are numerous and transportation easy; outside of Manila, we travel by train to our destination. We give thus twenty or twenty-five lectures a year.

Travel! Ah, hereby hangs a tale. In this land of *manana*, where it seemeth always afternoon, travel has not the whizz-bang clatter of airplaning, nor the smooth, sliding luxury of the limited pullman. It is rather the

leisurely glide of fifteen miles per hour, with all the time in the world at the numerous stations. The country is beautiful, and with the leisurely speed of our train, can be enjoyed to the full. We pass the flat rice lands, very fresh and cheerful in the growing season; we climb the mountains which form the backbone of Luzon; we enter the vast coconut regions, a veritable fairyland, with green canopy, obelisk-like trunks and the half lights of the alleys; then the vast sugar plantations, the disorderly banana patches with their huge elephant-ear leaves, the coffee bushes. Now and then we have a distant view, over sloping miles of rich tropical vegetation; we skirt pale green lagoons; cross deep, wild-tossed gorges eroded fantastically by the rain, detour about extinct volcano craters, edge into long lines of nipa houses demurely hidden in groves. This is the Philippines, pearl of the orient seas.

WHEN the train creeps into a station, we know we are in for a quarter of an hour wait. Girls with fruit, pastries, nuts, appear from nowhere and clamor for customers. And we shamelessly hang out of the car-window to watch, and perchance to buy. Let me picture, while we write of travel, the train which touches at the smaller stations. In the third class, every seat is occupied from platform to platform, even the floor is occupied. The folks bring with them everything they purchased in the markets. I saw, to describe at random, one lady with the following items stowed about her: one pig, literally hog-tied at her feet; a bag of huge calabashes; another of vegetables very like our turnip; another of oranges, and a bunch of bananas. In spite of this barricade, she dickered out of the car-window for three papayas (something like our melon). And all the while she was placidly puffing her cigarette.

If you take the map of Luzon, you will find the provinces of Batangas, Tayabas, Pangasinan, Laguna. The

in LUZON

Joseph A. Mulry, S.J



names of the towns have a certain music, Santa Cruz, Sariaya, Lipa, Lingayon, Batangas. In all these places we make the Sisters' school our theatre, and prepare to give our lectures. About dark, Father Smith connects the lantern with the electric current, signals to me on the platform and we are ready. Attention is easily won and the slides follow, each receiving a few words of simple explanation. Father Smith used to tell me that the noise was considerable; at first, he thought we were "miles over their heads," until he discovered that what we heard was merely the translation of my words for those present who did not follow or who did not know English. I remember watching a little lass who waited until I had given most of my explanation, then turned to six or seven tots and delivered the ideas in Tagalog. She invited and satisfied questions, serenely unconscious of her usurpation of my position. The townspeople are very simple and they cry out whenever they recognize the person in the picture. Very often I felt that I might as well not have been there at all, but I figured as a focus of attention, and that was something.

THE most romantic showing was in Batangas. It was the town fiesta and the screen had been erected against the wall of the church. It was one of those old-style churches, made large and impressive, to brood over the town. Moonlight slanted so that the farther rim of the crowd was just in the glow. As most of the people did not know any language but dialect, I had a boy from the Ateneo to interpret. Over eight hundred programs disappeared, so I suspect that the crowd numbered six hundred. Men, women and children squatted on the lawn of the yard and stayed an hour and a half, to listen to the story of the Mass and the Passion. All the Padres for miles around were present. I remember giving "Dante" once. It was not a literary estimate, but a sub-

merging of the great poet, to speak of hell, purgatory and heaven. After the lecture, I was stormed with worries of conscience from the young ones; there was no attempt to make them private. On another occasion I was explaining the parable of the man who found the treasure in a field. I, of course, made the details Filipino—how he had to sell his prize rooster and his *chinelas* to make up the price of the field. Then I started in pantomime to dig, to unearth the treasure-trove, and with saucer-eyes to gaze at its contents. About ten started from their seats and one little boy leaned over to gaze at my empty hands. Then a great laugh went up. The point of the incident is that every one in that audience knew the parable and could have probably prompted me when I ran out of names for the jewels.

Father Smith and I are agreed that we had the most fun and the keenest satisfaction, giving the lecture to the simple crowd. On one occasion I gave a lecture to three thousand high school students in Lingayon, and, I shame to say it, not a thrill was mine. Our good friend, the Bishop of Lipa, told us that the lecture on the Mass was worth twenty sermons, and he was paying no compliment to us, but rather to the excellent pictures, visualizing the importance of the Mass.

In and around Manila, our program is simpler. The entire academy and the relatives and friends make up the audience and allow more pretension in the style of the lecture. Father Mark McNeal's famous lecture on Dante suffers much by our mauling, but it is still powerful enough to stir up the strong emotions which attend the explanation of the "four last things." Everywhere we have been welcomed and everywhere we have come to love the Filipino. One good our work has accomplished, that the people know now there are Catholics and priests in America. Another, that in the big swing back to the old Faith, noticeable in the last four years, ours is an impetus, small it may be, toward emphasizing the great features of our worship, the Mass and the Sacraments.

Now to conclude, we admit that not every audience will be as simple and faithful as those described above; we admit too, that we reached but few of many people. But when invitations to other towns are numerous and the assurance that the American Padres are welcome, we think ourselves justified in saying we have come close in our travels to the real Philippines.

A LEPER meets CHRIST at CHRISTMAS.

A. S. CONSUNJI, S. J.

HE "Pearl of the Orient" was reflecting the early glow of the rising sun. It was a cool December morning—unusually cool for the Philippines that bake and swelter with the heats of the tropics. In the leper Colony of Culi6n there was no sound save the murmur of waves caressing the shores of the Island of Sorrows. A stranger might have noted the pathetic, deep sigh of the wind or an occasional wail as of one writhing under the icy hand of death; but the winds always mourn in the trees of Culi6n and the dweller in the island has long ago deafened his ear to the cry of agony. Everything else lay in the calmness of slumber, God-given, blessed slumber.

As the sun rose higher and gilded the nipa huts, life crept back to the exiled island, and many a withered limb and corrupting body moved again . . . unexpectedly. Slow, sluggish, fantastic, a swollen, bleeding misshapen man pulled his leprosy body to the door of the little chapel. Stronger than flesh that rotted, mightier than bones that crumbled, an indomitable spirit heeded an inward yearning to be united with its Maker in the Blessed Eucharist. And Eduard was at the King's door even before the King's appointed courtier was astir to open it for morning Mass.

"Good morning, Eduard," sang out the aged Brother sacristan as he fumbled with the keys of the chapel. "God bless your brave heart. It's early yet and you look so tired."

"A little bit" whispered the leper. "The path to my cottage does not shorten as does my strength and my breathing. But I'll be all right resting before the blessed Lord in the Tabernacle."

II.

SCANT beauty is found in the crimson bud of a rose that the blight has touched; and the cool of an evening garden is unremembered when the lashing of a mid-day storm has made turbulent the mossy stream and trampled the copse and the hedgewoods. The life of Eduard was a blighted rosebud, a garden of promise levelled by calamity at noontime. Bright, eager, strong, from childhood he had easily outdistanced his companions at school and at play. At twenty he was already an advanced stu-



dent of medicine, observed by the keen eye of his professors. An expectant world lay before him; reputation, honors, success and friends to love him. It was all beautiful, very beautiful; but fleeting, like the beauty of sin, to vanish in the leper's cry "Unclean, Unclean!"

At the first symptoms of the cruel disease, Eduard's parents resolved to keep him to themselves; to lock him away from the world; to guard him from eyes that might see his deformity, and tongues that might cry "Unclean!" Rather than relinquish him, they too would die the creeping death. But Eduard was too universally loved to vanish unquestioned.

"Where is Eduard?" a friend would ask. "Has he gone to America to the big University? We see him no more and we miss him."

A heart that is sad can form no clever answers to evade unwelcome questions, and a mother's tears will rise when her soul is flooded with misery. And soon it was whispered abroad—those bitter, secretive whispers—that Eduard's glad, smiling, vibrant features were diseased and scaly with the living death. Dear God! How sad, how sad! "Unclean!"

And Eduard, alone and lonely, fought the cruel fight. He loved his parents even more than they loved him, their only son. He loved his friends whom he saw now only through a peeping hole in his room of confinement. He loved the world, the green grass, the bright sun, the glistening sea at eventide, the birds, the warm air which his breath now tainted. But he valued and loved, too, the health, the welfare, the safety of those around him and placed these far above a selfish self. Valiantly he fought and fought to victory, a victory whose laurel was exile, whose distinction was solitude in a leper's hut, whose memorial, a grave in Culi6n marked by a whitened shaft "Unclean, Unclean!"

A few days later in a pitiable swoon his mother fell as the government ambulance carried Eduard unceremoniously away—forever away from father and mother, from friends and home and country; away to the hospital boat



that puffed too eagerly across the sobbing ocean to the Harbor of Cullón. Ah! the bitter irony of the name, the Harbor—of Cullón. The Harbor—of Cullón!

The few years that have passed trailed sadness. Can it be otherwise when the months of the calendar are marked by limbs that have withered, and the weeks and days are told by the advance of death that creeps slowly, so slowly, like a snail, leaving a path of slime and rotteness? But if Eduard's body was grieving, his soul was not. Let his body fall away until there was nothing to bury when death came, his soul knew a better fate; and not very far off he could hear singing, could see bright plains and smiling fields and the end of suffering, and,—yes, peace! The peace that came with Christ at Bethlehem.

"Will not the good God come to me tomorrow morning in the little white Host?" he would muse as he sat in the doorway of his hut, watching the evening stars as they pierced the blue of the heavens. "Will not Jesus, who healed the leper, come and touch me too? He will not cry the bitter cry, 'Unclean! Unclean!'—Jesus, make me wholly clean to receive Thee, to love Thee. Jesus in the Eucharist, come to me!"

Eduard's soul in his body was like a reveler in a death chamber; and yesterday, today, tomorrow, as the sun begins its great climb to the highest heaven, laughing at suffering and misery, he is always the first at the chapel door, the first to knock. "Come, sweet Jesus, come." In the purity of Holy Communion, Eduard saw that he was clean, wholly clean.

III

THE exultant ringing of the chapel bell told that Christmas had come to the Island of Cullón. Expectancy was in the air, the expectancy of children waiting tip-toe to see Jesukin lying in His bed of straw. Had not the padre prepared the poor lepers to receive the dear Child into their heart of hearts, to make Him warm and welcome? Did he not tell them to put the candle of Faith in the window of their souls and to offer their sufferings, a gift of myrrh to the little Child of Bethlehem? Was not Christ to come to each of them, and were they not to give back their love as a birthday present to the

Child of heaven come to earth through sheerest love?

The aged sacristan with his red, round face and white hair, like a diminutive Santa Claus, had labored long in preparing the chapel for the great feast. How the tapers danced with glee and the blossoms opened their petals gloriously! The organ peals forth in tones of wonderment and happiness and the hearts of the children make the merry air jubilant with their sweet voice of welcome, "Christ is born on Christmas Day."

The padre in his special vestment from old Spain is all ready for the grand Mass. He rejoices to be with his afflicted people this Christmas morning, even as Christ refused to be with the shepherds and the hillsfolk of Bethlehem. He is glad to bring them the message of the angels.

The telephone rings a discordant note in the adjoining room of the rectory.

"Hello! Is this the Jesuit padre?"

"Yes, this is the padre."

"Well, please Father, bring one additional consecrated Host on your rounds to the hospital of the incurables. There is a new patient very near to death."

"Very well. A blessed Christmas to you and to all your charges!"

COULD it be? On Christmas day? The sacristan had already told the padre with much concern that Eduard was not present that blessed morning as he opened the gate of the chapel. Eduard would not see the altar all aglow with

Christmas lights nor hear the joyful song of the people at the crib of Jesukin.

There came a touch of sadness to the joy of the padre as he said his Christmas Masses. The intoning of the *Gloria* did not strike the high pitch of complete gladness, and just a bit of a shadow fell across the brightness of the *Credo*. Ah, yes! At the Offertory, it did seem as if the angels came down to lift the wheaten host and the chalice of wine to bring it to the manger throne of Bethlehem; but it seemed, too, as if they were taking with it something more, some other offering. And at the Consecration, the warm Heart of the Christ Child was beating on the manger of the altar; but even so, could the padre help it that he should be just a trifle sad and unconsoled? For he had grown to love with a special love the brave, patient, smiling Eduard, and, day of (*Turn to page 23*)

To a Nun Departing for the Missions

J. R., S.J.

A MISSION NUN?—It's no easy thing,
The kind of nun I pray that you will be.
Unselfish, holy, always quick to bring
The touch of heaven; ever keen to see
The dues of charity and to fulfil them;
And Virtue's beauties, gently to instil them.

A Mission Nun?—It's no easy thing,
To teach a school and guide a pagan class;
With patience, care and love, remembering
A soul to save imbued each lad and lass;
To lead them ever upward by example;
Of saintliness, presenting each a sample.

A Mission Nun?—It's no easy thing,
To nurse, to wear a constant smile and dress
A fetid wound; to comfort pain and fling
A flood of sympathy on testiness;
A zealous nun brings Jesus to the simple;
And savage hearts are docile to the wimple.

A Mission Nun?—It's no easy thing,
The kind of nun I pray that you will be.
Bereft of self, devoted to the King;
Obeying, poor as Christ, all purity.
A Mission Nun?—It's a task, my dear,
And yet I'm thankful that it's your career.



"The plains of the Indians are fertile with Jesuit blood."

ON the 30th of June, 1926, a Jesuit concluded his Ter-tianship at Poughkeepsie, New York. Two years previous he had been head of the department of Physics at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and his new assignment was to do special work in wireless. On the 23rd of July he received the following announcement: "Father X did not pass the medical examination. You have been selected to take his place in the band for the Philippines. Consult a doctor as soon as convenient and if there is any reason, medical or otherwise, which would seem to prevent your going, please let me know. Your boat will leave Seattle on the 14th of August." Today, if you happen to be prospecting for cocoanut groves among the Moro lands of Mindanao, you may discover an erstwhile Jesuit physicist trying to understand why it is that "and escolahan nga aco'ng itindog" means "this is the school that I must build."

A similar incident happened in 1540. Francis Xavier had been working very successfully in Bologna, and was then in Rome preaching like another Baptist. John III of Portugal asked Ignatius Loyola for missionaries to India, and Ignatius assigned to him Simon Rodriguez and Nicholas Bobadilla. On his arrival in Rome, Bobadilla contracted a fever and could not embark. God's will became clearer to Ignatius: "Francis, you are to go to India. The Holy Father has signified his wish. Go and inflame all things."

THESE selections were sudden but not haphazard. "What a waste of talents!" a man of the business world might say off-hand. But Cardinal Gibbons could discern in like instances the finger of God. He was at Woodstock College in 1890, when Father de la Motte, who was destined for the Indian missions of the Northwest, gave a brilliant public defence of all theology. The Cardinal whis-

"Dreaming he was bringing Christmas to Eskimo children."



Mission Year

JOSEPH P.

pered in surprise to one of the Fathers Provincial who sat next to him, "Surely, you do not intend to send this man to the missions. You need him here." The Father smiled. "We would like to keep him, your Eminence; but, you know St. Ignatius sent our St. Francis Xavier to India, and Francis too was a brilliant theologian." "You are right," the Cardinal responded. "God's ways are not our ways always." So Father de la Motte passed into the wilderness of

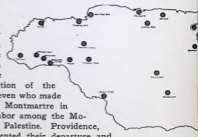
the Flathead Reservation of the Rocky Mountains.

"God's ways are not our ways always." Fortunately for us gentiles the Diviner way is in possession. "You will be witnesses to me in Judea and Samaria and to the uttermost parts of the world." And so it was ordained from on high

that the Society of Jesus should ever be a missionary organization for the home and foreign missions. The

original intention of the first band of seven who made their vows at Montmartre in 1534 was to labor among the Mohammedans of Palestine. Providence, however, prevented their departure and gave to their final plans a higher ideal. Relinquishing their hopes of the Holy Land, Ignatius and his company declared that they were ready and eager to go to the Turks, to the Indies, to the heretics, to schismatics, or to remain among the Faithful just as the Sovereign Pontiff would deem most conducive to God's greater glory. And this was the draft that Paul III approved in constituting the Society of Jesus a religious order.

Loyal to Loyola, and staunch to the purpose of the Society, out of the approximately 20,000 Jesuits all over the



MISSION
JAN

in Retrospect

ERRICK, S.J.

world today, about 2,250 are missionaries among the heathen and 1,350 are toiling to restore heretics and schismatics to Catholic unity. The Jesuits constitute one-ninth of that entire group that the Church has selected to carry its Cross into the pagan world. To their care have been confided 200,000,000 infidel souls, one-sixth of all the 1,200,000,000 infidels that are "born and sin and die," one-ninth of the total population of the whole world.

BEFORE the United States was a name, before Maryland and Virginia were thought of, the east coast of America had been repurchased to Christ by Spanish Jesuits, with the full measure of their blood.

It was that red blood that flowed in Father Martinez, slain near St. Augustine in 1566; it flowed in Quiros, Segura, Solis, Mendez, Linares, Redondo, Zevalles and Gomez, who gave their lives in 1571, while preaching Christ in Virginia, less than

fifty miles south of Washington; it flowed in Blessed Jogues, Goupil and Lalande, martyrs of Auriesville; in Marquette and Allouez, explorers for Christ; in Kino and Salvatierra, of the mighty California missions; in de Smet, whom Chittenden and Richardson term the greatest missionary to the Indians who

ever worked in the United States; in de Theux, who was reputed to have worked miracles. That tiny trickle of Jesuit blood that began when America was still a mission, has swollen into a bubbling stream, springing native from



"The Missouri Province sent its first group to the 25,000,000 of Patna."

American soil. Already the plains of the Indians, Alaska, Honduras, India, Jamaica and Mindanao are fertile with its strength and fervor and China is soon to feel its quickening.

Today, if the Catholic Church in America has prestige, it is largely because its higher education has raised it to a merited pedestal. American Catholicism is destroying in a practical, unmistakable manner the ugly lie that the Church is opposed to advancement, to knowledge, to science. In a similar way, Aigué as head of the weather bureau of the Philippines, or Proc in northeast China, or Francotte in Bengal, or any of the other Jesuit meteorologists from Madagascar to Tokio, have shown Africa and the East that faith and reason lend lustre to one another. Dahmann, too, professor of German at the University of Tokio; the famous sinologists, Weiger, de Lapparent, Yang, D'Elia and others in the north of China, with Henriquer and Tang in the south; Licent, who completed a twelve year scientific expedition of 20,500 miles, from Tchely through Mongolia, under the sponsorship of the French Government; Van der Schueren, until recently of Calcutta, Blatter of Bombay, Mallon of Syria, Quin of Zambesi, Van Wing of the Congo,—these are living names that vivify mission lands, land-beacons, as it were, for the advancing flight of new Xaviers and new Clavers.

BEFORE 1918, comparatively few American Jesuits were helping to bear the brunt of mission endeavor in the foreign field. Domestic affairs had not been stabilized beyond the point where generosity abroad threatened extinction at home. But in 1919 and again in 1921, in tones of benediction, came the voice of Rome:

"The Jesuits of the eastern and central States will (Turn to page 23)

"Prospecting among the Moro lands of Mindanao."



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January Mission Intention

Cooperation with the Holy Father, the Head
of the Missions

THE Holy Father, head of Christendom, has the universal obligation of teaching all nations, and is thus the Supreme Moderator of all mission activity. Many times during the centuries, and very frequently in the immediate past, have the Popes raised their voices to urge the Catholic world to assist in the conversion of the innumerable unhappy souls who still sit in the hopeless shadows of paganism. Many have shown themselves generous and faithful in following the voice and leadership of their Supreme Pastor. The result, however, will always remain unsatisfactory until all Catholics, without exception, give the fullest and most enthusiastic cooperation to the desires of the Holy See.

These desires have been clearly set forth in the encyclical of His Holiness, Pius XI, on "The Promotion of Catholic Missions." We take the occasion to set down certain passages in this encyclical, taken from the translation issued by the national office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith:

(1) *It seems to Us, two special objects ought to be aimed at, both of which are not only opportune, but even necessary, and intimately connected with each other; namely, that a much larger number of missionaries, well trained in the various departments of knowledge, be sent forth into the boundless regions that are still deprived of the Christian religion; and that the Faithful may understand with what zeal, and with what generosity they are to cooperate in a work so holy and so fruitful.*

(2) *For this reason you will do a thing conformable to Our desire and in keeping with the mind and sentiments of the Faithful if you order, for example, that some special prayer for the missions and for the conversion of the heathens to the true Faith be added to the rosary of the Blessed Virgin and to other such prayers, as are accustomed to be recited in the parish churches and in other churches, and let the children, and particularly re-*

ligious orders of women, be invited and encouraged to this end. . . . What can the Heavenly Father refuse to grant to the innocent and chaste? On the other hand, such a practice leads Us to hope that the tender-hearted young who have been accustomed to pray for the eternal salvation of pagans from the moment that the fower of charity first began to bud in their young hearts, may, with the help of God, receive a vocation for the apostolate. . . .

(3) *To the head organization of the Propagation of the Faith there have been added two others as We have said—the organization of the Holy Childhood and the organization of St. Peter the Apostle—and since the Holy See has made them peculiarly its own, the Faithful ought to help and maintain them by offerings from every corner of the globe, in preference to other works that have particular aims. . . .*

(4) *First of all, let us recall to your attention how important it is that you build up a native clergy. If you do not work with all your might to accomplish this, We maintain that your apostolate will be not only crippled, but it will prove to be an obstacle and an impediment for the establishment and organization of the Church in those countries. . . .*

(5) *And since, for the organization of the Church in your regions, it is necessary, as We have already said, that you make use of the elements from which by Divine Providence it is composed, you ought, as a consequence, consider as one of the principal duties of your office, the founding of native religious communities of both men and women. . . .*

(6) *Nor, should We pass over in silence another point which is most important for the propagation of the Faith; namely, the importance of multiplying the number of catechists. . . .*

These are some of the desires nearest to the heart of the present Holy Father, as expressed in his encyclical on "The Promotion of Catholic Missions." The encyclical was addressed to the shepherds of Christ's flock throughout the world. But they can do little without assistance. If all Christians devotedly, and without reserve, give their enthusiastic cooperation to these salutary directions, we can expect even in the immediate future a much more abundant harvest, and may look forward confidently to the day when all pagans will enjoy the fruits of Christ's redeeming love.

What in 1929?

JUST at this time our newspapers and periodicals are summing up the condition of the world at the close of 1928, and suggesting the problems, international and national, that clamor for solution in 1929. In the international field, debts and reparations still hold a prominent place, while at home the relief of our farmers is occupying the minds of statesmen and economists alike.

These international and national problems will, for the thinking Catholic, stir up some very pertinent thoughts on analogous lines. What about our debt of gratitude to God for all the favors He has showered upon us during the year 1928, and out of His tender Fatherly heart will continue to heap upon us during all the three hundred and sixty-five days of 1929? What about the reparation we owe Him for all our shortcomings, summed up so accurately by the priest when, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he offers up the host to be consecrated, saying: "Receive, Holy Father, this immaculate host, which I offer to Thee, for my numberless sins, offenses and negligences."

We make bold to suggest to our readers a most excellent and acceptable method of paying their debt of gratitude to God, and of making fitting reparation for their sins. It is a method suggested by our own pressing na-

tional problem of relief to our much afflicted farm folk. If the necessity is acute for bringing succor and aid to those upon whom the burden falls of plowing and sowing and harvesting the fruits of the earth for our bodily sustenance, much more pressing is the problem for us Catholics to bring generous assistance to our missionaries, who are God's husbandmen and God's harvesters in the fields that are whitened to the harvest. How can we more fittingly pay our debt of gratitude to God, how make more excellent reparation for our sins than by coming to the relief of the urgent needs of these heroic brethren of ours, who are bearing the heat and burden of the day in the mission fields?

Assist the missionary, and you are giving most effective signs of gratitude to God for favors received; assist the missionaries and you are making abundant reparation for your transgressions; assist the missionaries and you are exercising burning charity and zeal; assist the missionaries and you, too, will become a sharer in the rich and golden

harvest of souls for God, which will bless the mission fields in 1929.

"Hearts in Hard Places"

HAPPINESS and a full measure of heavenly blessings is the wish of the Editors of *JESUIT MISSIONS* to its readers and benefactors for 1929. Perhaps we may be permitted to specify the kind of happiness we are wishing them. Well then, we wish them the happiness of the missionaries. Missionaries are a famously happy lot. In sober fact, such happiness lies in their hardest tasks that they have been accused of a conspiracy of suppression "to lure hearts to hard places." Quash the conspiracy idea and leave the quotation, and you are on a warm scent to happiness. "Hearts in hard places," if they have learned fully to trust God's care of them, are invariably happy hearts. May you, dear readers, who have identified yourselves with "hearts in hard places," share their joy.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 14. North Rhodesia, Africa



Rt. Rev. Bishop A. Hissley with Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. Brown, S.J., and Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. Wolnik, S.J., and priests, Sisters and school children at Chikuni, North Rhodesia.

THE first mission station in North Rhodesia was started at Chikuni in 1905 by Father Moreau who still cares for it. At Chikuni is located a boarding school for native catechists, a mission farm and an elementary school in charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. Five other mission stations have been added to Chikuni. Of these Chingombe, Katondwe and Kapoche are most difficult of access. These stations lie from 120 to 180 miles off from the railroad. To reach them the missionary must travel two days by auto, two days aboard a small river boat and five days on "apostolic feet." Each station demands knowledge of a distinct dialect. The mission numbers at present 7,200 native Catholics, and 1,050 catechumens. 3,500 are in elementary schools. The mission is served by twelve Jesuit priests and fourteen Jesuit lay-Brothers.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS



China

Father Pius Moore, S.J., who sailed last August as head of the first American Jesuit mission band to

China, gives his first impressions of Shanghai:

The missionary, coming in view of the field of his apostolate, does not rest his eyes, as an ordinary tourist, upon the beauties of landscape or harbor, or the quaint sights of a new and strange land. These, indeed, greet his eyes, but make little impression. He eagerly seeks the sight of some religious edifice, whether pagan or Christian. As we entered by the broad waterway of the Yang-tze, through the gates of China, our eyes fell upon the great pagoda of Ou-song, towering above the level country, and erected not far from the river's bank. The temple stands as a monument to paganism, not yet dead, a mound that thrilled our hearts with a feeling of pity for these millions of intelligent, energetic people yet in the shadow of superstition, and in the chilling grip of idolatry. After an hour or more, in the rich glow of the setting sun, the great city of Shanghai, the New York of the Orient, came into full view. The sight of two or more lofty church towers, surmounted by crosses, lighted up by the last rays of the sun, brought joy to our hearts, a sign to us that conquests for Christ had already been made in this new land, and that the light of His saving doctrine had found its way into many once pagan hearts. We were now in Shanghai, and our reception at the pier and at the chief residence of our Jesuit brethren of the French province was most cordial and sincere. We were presented, upon our arrival, to his Lordship, Right Reverend Prosper Paris, S.J., the Vicar Apostolic of Nanking. The aged prelate, a great missionary Bishop, welcomed us in words that came warm from the heart of one who evidently had known and appreciates sacrifice, and is made happy in welcoming new and more youthful laborers into his great mission field.

All missionaries to the Chinese must spend a year or more in the study of the language before they can become the teachers and guides of the people in the way of salvation. As humble pupils, then, we apply ourselves to study whilst we admire the great achievements of our brethren long in the field, and hope to emulate their zeal and sacrifices for the Master's glory.



Jamaica

The following figures give some idea of the results obtained by the Fathers labor-

A Chinese mission on a British island in charge of an Irish-American priest is the combination on the hands of Father Leo Butler, S.J., of Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

"I now have 425 Chinese Catholics. . . . Up to five or six years ago, most of those who were Christians at all, were Anglicans. But they were not treated so well as they might have been; when we started our movement and they found that we were willing, not only to convert them, but to keep on caring for them



"The sight of two lofty church towers . . . brought joy to our hearts."
The Jesuit Church at Zikawei, near Shanghai.

ing in the Vicariate of Jamaica from July 1, 1927, to July 1, 1928:

Baptisms	2,362
Conversions	740
Confessions	76,260
Communions	281,011
Marriages	301
Marriages Revalidated	18
Extreme Unction	505
Persons prepared for First Communion	825
Persons prepared for Confirmation	446
Visits to prisoners and sick	5,372
Sodalities conducted	27
Sodalists	2,916
S. H. League members	4,668
Children in Catholic schools	4,499
Children in Sunday schools	2,026

after conversion, they came into the Church in great numbers. . . . The time has come when I must have a special building where I can gather all of them occasionally, not only for Divine worship but also for literary and social purposes.

American Indians

Replying to a request for an authentic likeness of himself for the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, Father Stephen McNamara, S.J., who went last September to work among the Indians at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, writes:

The only good picture of myself I have in my possession, exclusive of some snapshots, was taken in 1913. Since then I have lost most of my hair and my youth, so I can hardly palm that off on your readers.

The accompanying snap-shot was made by Brother Patrick O'Connell, S.J., the day after my arrival from Denver in "The Covered Wagon" which constitutes the back-ground in the picture. My nephew, Edward Y. McNamara and I made it from Denver in that twenty-dollar truck in sixteen hours' driving time for a distance of about 380 miles.

I am here at Pine Ridge with the Sioux. However, I brought my Arapahoe name along, and instead of *Wet-awa Tethon* I am *Pa-han-saps*, The Black Crane.



Canadian Indian Missions

During the month of June, Father J. Couture, S.J., and Father T. Desautels, S.J., set out on the annual trip to the Indian missions of Lake St. Joseph and the Albany River, Ontario. They were accompanied by Bishop Halle, Vicar Apostolic of Northern Ontario, who administered the sacrament of Confirmation for the first time at Lake St. Joseph.

From Ombabika, Ont., where he made preparation for the second part of the journey, Father Couture writes: "You would be overjoyed to see the devotion of our little group of Indians at St. Joseph. They are our first fruits and form a solid nucleus about which we can work. It is surprising to see the assurance of these simple souls in the fact that they are made stronger by Confirmation."

Father Couture left Ombabika for Fort Hope, and Ogoki, Ont. He returned to Longlac on July 25, and immediately set out for his other missions around Lake Nipigon.

Father Joseph Drolet, S.J., for-

mer Indian missionary, who, since 1918, has resided at Sault-au-Recollet, Ont., died there piously in the Lord on September 3, 1918. Born on October 12, 1862, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1884, and went



Fathers A. C. Riester, S.J., S. E. McNamara, S.J., and the driver of the "Covered Wagon."

to Wikwemikong, Ont., in 1887 to study the Ojibway language. The Indians called him *Enamietchige*, "the one who makes us pray." He very well deserved the name, for during his twenty-three years of missionary life, whether he was on the road or stationed at a mission, he never failed to pray much and fervently. He wrote the Ojibway language well, and he spent all his spare time composing books and articles, which deserve the gratitude of all our Indian linguistic students. He is to be thanked especially for his prayer and hymn book in the Indian tongue. They have been, and still are a source of great help to the missions.

Father Gaston Artus, S.J., first



Brother J. Rouleau, S.J., at the Indian Industrial School, Spanish, Ont.

associate editor of *Jesuit Missions* for the Indian missions of Northern Ontario, has been named superior of the Holy Cross Mission at Wikwemikong. He replaces Father De Sauteles, S.J., who will reside at the Nipigon Indian Mission, and will take over the other missions on the north shore of Lake Superior.

A meeting of all Indian missionary priests and Very Reverend Father Provincial, Father Wm. Hings-ton, S.J., took place on September 19, at the Indian Industrial School, Spanish, Ont. The object of this meeting was to discuss the general interests of the missions, and methods to prepare young missionaries.

The following day, September 20, Father Joseph Richard, S.J., celebrated at Spanish, Ontario, his fiftieth anniversary of religious life. Despite his 74 years he is still active and still a practical believer in the efficiency and salubrity of travelling *via* "shanks' mare."



Philippine Islands

Father Richard A. O'Brien, S.J., rector of the Ateneo de Manila, went before the Philippine Legislature Educational Committee last October to defend the rights of private and particularly Catholic schools in the islands against the intrusions of the government educational commissioner.

Father James Daly, S.J., is improving his knowledge of hagiography even in distant Jimenez, Mindanao. A recent letter explains:

St. Filomena has prevented me from acknowledging your kind remembrance

sooner. I must confess that I am poor in my biographical knowledge of St. Filomena, but she has won the hearts of the people of Tangub, who celebrated her feast day with fervent prayer and festive rejoicing. I hope the new Fathers will be here when Tangub celebrates the next feast of St. Filomena. One hundred and thirty Baptisms was a part of my work at her last feast. Thursday morning I started for Tangub, reached there in the afternoon of that day, and returned to Jimenez Saturday night at six, tired but happy in the thought that other Filomenas would soon be saying their baby prayers for the white robes of Baptismal grace that my visit meant for them.

Brother E. J. Bauerlein, S.J., visited me two weeks ago on his way to Cagayan. He was happy to be at the end of the long journey to Mindanao. He remained over night here and, after Mass next morning, went by machine to the next port where he caught the boat again. On my last visit to Cagayan Father Hayes and Father Rafferty reported all on the East Side (Father Lucas calls this section the "Golden West") well and anxiously waiting for the new missionaries to help in the great work here where the laborers are so few.

* * *

Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., writes from Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.:

Here in Sumilao, Father McGowan and I have started to build a Catholic school. Thus far, we have laid the concrete foundation. We have gathered in a heap of wood from the forest. We are now constructing a saw-mill. To keep down the expenses, we are in working clothes from morning till night. However, in spite of our most valiant and tireless efforts, the going is often very hard. But because the material and spiritual offerings of friends are the "hands stretched across the sea" helping us hold aloft the "torch of Faith" and to point the way to eternal life, we shall not only retain what we have won, but go on to further conquests. We shall go on "smiling through" mud and rain, and over mountain and river in quest of souls. This is the great romance for which the human heart, no matter how old will ever be young, if it be blessedly imbued with the spirit of Christ.

* * *

Brother Joseph Serrano, S.J., died in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, on November 19, 1928. Stationed at Iligan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., the Brother was engaged until the moment of his death in missionary work. Born on the 23rd of April, 1866, he entered the Society of Jesus on

Famous Fesuit Missionaries



JOHANN ADAM SCHALL

JOHANN ADAM SCHALL was born in Cologne, Germany, in 1591. Having entered the Society of Jesus, he arrived in China in 1619, and worked in the provinces for eleven years where he earned the reputation of a man of universal knowledge. Called to Peking in 1630, Schall enjoyed the favor of the emperor, Ts'ung Cheng, and was charged by him with the work of complete reform of the Chinese calendar.

Severe wars broke out and the Ming dynasty was overthrown by the Manchu dynasty of which the first emperor was Shun-chi. From him Father Schall received high favors and the missionaries spread throughout the country, erected churches and commanded respect. It was Shun-chi who caused Father Schall to accept the dignity of Mandarin and placed him in charge of the Imperial Board of Mathematics. For him, too, the emperor broke down the barriers of court etiquette, and a Jesuit could enter the interior of the palace at any time.

At the hands of the four Imperial Regents who were appointed by the emperor before his death, Father Schall suffered severe persecution. He was imprisoned and condemned to death, but at length was reprieved only to die a short time after, in 1666, at the age of seventy-five. He was forty-seven years on the Chinese missions.

Somervogel lists twenty-seven books written by Schall in the Chinese, principally on mathematical and astronomical subjects. In various libraries of Europe may be found books containing the praises and honorable titles which were heaped upon him by the emperor.

the 18th of September, 1888. He had thus completed forty years of religious life at the time of his death. R. I. P.



Alaska

In the death of **Anthony M. Keyes, S. J.,** at

Mountain Village, Alaska, October 1, 1928, one of the grand old men of the Alaskan missions has passed away. Father Keyes, whose Italian name was Chiavassa, was a member of a little band of

Italian Jesuits who came to America in October, 1899. All five were sent to Alaska and until three years ago all were still working in the Alaskan mission. Father Keyes was born on the 15th of June, 1866, and entered the Society of Jesus on the 22nd of September, 1882. Of the forty-six years of his religious life, thirty were spent in the Alaskan mission.

R. I. P.



British Honduras.

This year's enrollment at St. John's College, Belize, shows that all the countries of Central America and Mexico are represented among the students.

At Loyola Park, the rather pretentious title of the reclaimed marsh on which St. John's College has slowly and painfully arisen, was held on November 23, 1928, the first agricultural exhibit in British Honduras.

One of the leading and, perhaps, the most persistent and intelligent exponents of agriculture in the colony is a graduate of St. John's College. His unceasing experiments and unwearied propaganda in developing and making known the citrus products of British Honduras have lately been crowned with singular success. Last November British Honduras grapefruit was awarded the Gold and Silver Medals at the Imperial Fruit Show held at Manchester, England, and is being hailed in Belize newspapers as "the best in the world."

Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., of Belize, recently solemnly blessed a new gymnasium building on the campus of St. John's College. The new building, which is sufficiently large to accommodate all the students during the long, dreary rainy season is a godsend to this humble institution, in spite of the rather heavy debt which its construction entailed.

Bishop Murphy is enjoying the luxury and convenience of a new Ford car, the gift of a generous and grateful alumnus to his former Jesuit teacher.

Patna Mission



Two American Jesuits, Messrs. M. Lyons, S.J., and F. Loesch, S.J., were members in the class of twenty-two scholastics who finished their course in philosophy at the Jesuit Seminary at Shembaganur, Madura District, India. The twenty-two scholastics have been assigned for two years of teaching duties to the various missions of India and Ceylon. The comparatively small class includes nine different nationalities, Belgian, English, French, Irish, Italian, Maltese, Anglo-Indian, Indian, and aboriginal Ouraon.

Mr. Lyons sends the distressing news that Sister Frida, a Swiss nun of the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross is dying at Ranchi of leprosy. Insanity brought on by the progress of the disease has necessitated Sister Frida's confinement to an asylum. She is the second member of her congregation to fall a victim to the dread leprosy in tending the sick in Patna.

* * *

The Editors of *JESUIT MISSIONS* desire, even at this late date to thank the firm of Farguhar and Child of Washington, D. C., for permission to use their picture of the Jesuit missionaries who completed the Catholic Medical Mission Course at Georgetown University last summer. The picture was used in the October, 1928, issue and acknowledgment was by a mistake omitted.



"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.

Please Tell Me, Father —

Are there any American Jesuit missions in China?

There is at present no Chinese mission in charge of the Jesuits from the United States. However, two Jesuit priests and three scholastics from the California province are now in China preparing to open a new mission field. The Canadian Jesuits are serving a flourishing Chinese mission at Szechow.

Do the Philippine Islands constitute a mission?

The "Little Atlas of Catholic Missions" gives the following definitions: "Using the term in its broad sense, mission territory is any territory which is forced to go beyond its own confines for a considerable portion of its personnel or support. Hence, we have three general classes of missions—first, territories where the apostolate is predominantly for Catholics but in which the Catholics are unsustaining in priests or money; second, territories Christian but non-Catholic; third, territories predominantly pagan, unsustaining in priests or money. This third class is mission territory in the strict sense." The Philippine Islands, therefore, are missions, but the strict definition applies only to certain parts of them.

Do Jesuit missionaries need old books, magazines, etc.?

Yes. The Jesuit Mission Press gladly sends the names and addresses of missionaries who have asked for Catholic literature.

Give the names of the American Jesuit Bishops?

Rt. Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., is Bishop in Alaska; Rt. Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., is Bishop in British Honduras; Rt. Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., is Bishop in Jamaica; Rt. Rev. Anthony J. Schuler, S.J., is Bishop of El Paso, Texas; Rt. Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., has retired as Bishop in Jamaica.

How many observatories have Jesuits in their mission fields?

Six are of special prominence. They are at Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia, Africa; at Calcutta, India; at Kaara, Syria; at Manila, Philippine Islands; at Zikawei, China, and at Tananarive, Madagascar.

Is there a map of the Jesuit missions?

We know of two excellent maps. The first is a wall map in four parts showing the thirty-seven Jesuit missions with

statistics, etc. Information with regard to this may be obtained by addressing: Secretariate of the Missions of the Society of Jesus, Rome 113, Borgo Santo Spirito 5, Italy. The second is a smaller map with a calendar attachment which is now being placed on the American market by the Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York. This gives complete statistics for all the missions throughout the world and is very valuable and handy. It sells at 55c postpaid.

How can I become a Jesuit Brother for the missions?

The Editors of *JESUIT MISSIONS* are pleased to give full information concerning this question by personal mail.

Did Father Monahan, S.J., die in Mindanao?

No. Father John Monahan, S.J., raced against death to Manila, P. I., where he died on the 8th of May, 1926.

What would you say are the most important features of mission work today?

Mission work embraces not only what is done in the mission fields, but also what is done at home to aid the missionaries. In the mission fields, we consider apostolic preaching and instruction in church and school as of primary importance. Social works such as medical missions, leper settlements, industrial schools and all forms of higher education are also of paramount importance. At home, the fostering of missionary vocations and the development of a spirit of prayer and financial generosity to the missions are indispensable.

How many American Jesuits are on the missions?

There are at present over three hundred Jesuits from the United States and Canada in the mission fields. An article in this issue gives detailed accounts for the Jesuit missionaries from the United States.

Who was the Jesuit scholastic who died in the missions of India?

Mr. Harry McGlinchey, S.J., died while teaching outside Bombay, India. He was the brother of Monsignor Joseph McGlinchey, who, for many years was director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the archdiocese of Boston.



FATHER A. BONHOURS, S.J., the rector of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, India, has sent us a vivid pen and photographic picture of the Corpus Christi procession on the college grounds. His comments on the purpose of the lavish display are illuminating.

"As soon as the Catholic students of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, returned to school after their summer vacation, we had our annual public homage to His Eucharistic Majesty on the grounds of the college. Our Catholic boys, big and small, were already busy during their leisure moments preparing here and there repository altars for our Lord. Some of us had understood from the suppressed smiles of these juvenile workers that a good surprise was in store for us.

"On the 15th of July, in the evening when dusk was just setting in, the procession came out of the church amidst the pealings of bells. His Lordship, Dr. A. Faisandier, Bishop of Trichinopoly, in spite of his advanced age had willingly accepted the invitation to carry the Blessed Sacrament. The tower of the college church was all ablaze with electric lights. Our electricians at the risk of their lives had made bold to reach the foot of the huge golden cross which surmounts the steeple and had tied there a cross of electric bulbs. Just below was a huge monstrosity, sending its rays of light in every direction.

"Long after our Divine King had re-entered the church a crowd of admirers belonging to all the creeds of this land could be seen feasting their eyes and possibly their hearts on the grand spectacle of the blazing tower. Far into the night the steeple like a huge torch kept reminding town and country folk of the feast of our God and King."

Page Twenty

A GROUP of converts of the Maryknoll Mission in Seattle, according to a news item in the *Baltimore Catholic Review*, have founded the first Japanese Catholic newspaper in the United States. The new pub-



"Far into the night, the steeple, like a huge torch . . ."

lication goes under the title: *Shinri, The Truth* and is of four pages, all written in Japanese characters save a small English section on Catholic dogma and morals.

THE ROCK from Hongkong recently carried the three following interesting mission news items of the Fides Service:

The Chinese Catholic Action Association held its convention last summer at Lih sien. Entirely independent of politics, its purpose is to bring the Church before the Chinese people. The members of the association are pledged to study Catholic doctrine for active defense of the Church and to interest themselves in social reforms.

CHINESE Catholics may not attend pagan theatrical performances yet they love the theatre. To satisfy their desires in a legitimate, amusing and edifying way, Father Vincent Lebbe, C.M., under the direction of his Lordship, Bishop Suen, is organizing the Catholic Native Theatre. The *Life of Blessed Wu Kuo Cheng* was the first production staged. It was received with delighted enthusiasm by pagans and Christians alike.

THE Nationalist Government of Nanking has sent two young Chinese to the Jesuit Observatory in Manila for meteorological studies. They will be under the tutelage of Father Michael Selga, S.J., the director of the Manila Observatory. Dr. Chun Chu, the head of the Nanking Meteorological Office, and Father Selga met and became friends at the Pan-Pacific Conference held in Tokio in 1926. This partly explains the sending of the two Nanking students to Manila. The two Jesuit observatories of Zikawei and Manila are important centers in the meteorological work carried on for commercial and scientific purposes in the Pacific.

A GREAT missionary, notes the *Zambesi Mission Board*, went to his reward when Father Francis Richartz, S.J., breathed his last in the Memorial Hospital, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, Monday, May 21.

Father Richartz was born at Coblenz on the Rhine on June 17, 1854, entered the Society of Jesus at Exaeten, Holland, in 1876, and was chosen, in 1892, to head a little band of seven missionaries who were leav-

Richartz, your patience is infinite." With one of his winning smiles he replied: "So was our blessed Lord's."

Ill health forced him to return to Europe in 1899, but he went back to his old labors the following year. Again illness forced him to leave Chishawasha in 1904. After working in less difficult stations of the Zambesi Mission, he returned to his first love in 1909 to the delight of its inhabitants. Here he labored without

THE latest report of the Paris Foreign Mission Society presents a shining record. The Society was founded in the latter seventeenth century. It is made up of secular priests devoted to mission work in the Far East. Its mission significance and its striking development along the lines laid down in the memorable letter of the present Holy Father are evident from the fact that it numbers more native priests than French. There are

1,414 of the former and 1,132 of the latter working in the thirty-five dioceses and vicariates in the Orient entrusted to the Paris Foreign Mission Society.

THREE candidates made their profession in the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries at the Mother House in Brookland, Washington, D. C. The new members are: Dr. Caroline O'Connor, Sister Margaret Mary Van Agtmael, R.N., and Sister Alma Lalinsky. The society has been definitely asked to start six medical missions in the Orient.

THROUGHOUT nine separate mission fields in India 772

Jesuits were working at the end of 1928. Of this total 255 are natives of India.

BY a recent decree of the Holy See the missions along the Rio Magdalena in Colombia, S. America, have been erected into a Prefecture Apostolic whose government has been entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers of the Province of Colombia. The Jesuits have long been caring for the spiritual needs of these scattered and difficult stations on the Rio Magdalena, but up to the time of the decree, the missions have been attached to the regularly established dioceses of Colombia.



Dominican nuns teach basket weaving to the girls of Chishawasha, S. Rhodesia, Africa.

ing Europe for Mashonaland, S. Rhodesia.

The little mission band was assigned to Chishawasha, fifteen miles east of Salisbury. Father Richartz, with his brave and devoted brothers in religion, won the hearts of the natives, and little by little gained their souls for God, and in time transformed the wilderness into a smiling valley of gardens, orchards, plantations and fields.

Early work among them revealed what a low type the Mashonas then were. On one occasion they had been so troublesome and Father Richartz so calm and unruffled, that one of the Fathers said to him: "Father

rest or holiday till 1920. His remaining years up to his last illness were spent in practical retirement at Drifontein, S. Rhodesia. May he rest in peace!

THE N. C. W. C. news service published the two following mission reports recently:

Five priests and four Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross sailed for the Bengal Mission of that society last November. Three of the priests, Fathers L. Groner, J. W. Kane and D. I. D'Rozario, are members of the United States province.

OUT FROM ORANGE WALK

(Continued from page 3)

small, thatched structures, thronged with large families of semi-naked workers and their children. Outside of coconuts and a limited variety of tropical fruit trees, the two crops that run large are corn and sugar-cane.

I HAVE been out at all hours, before sunrise, at high noon, before pertide, and far after dark. One

mission. We reached the settlement about dark. The place is a clearing in the bush with about twenty thatched huts, and as many families, and an indefinite number of horses, steers, goats, lambs, dogs, pigs, turkeys and chickens. The old, taciturn Indians gaped at us from their box seats (literally speaking), and saluted us as we rode by. Without much ceremony we pulled up at the church. A boy took our horses, and we saw no more of them until we left next morning.

instruction. Since this was the first visit here in two years, you may imagine that the instruction was rather fundamental. After this they were dispersed, and later three bells were rung at about eight o'clock, and the adult congregation began to arrive.

THE Padre and I were left entirely alone after the evening service and we smoked and chatted until about ten o'clock. (I wonder what takes the place of this when the Padre is solitary?) Then we strung our hammocks across the church, closed the doors to keep out the pigs and dogs, took off our shoes and turned in. I was to spend my first night as a missionary, my first night in a thatched hut, my first night in a hammock.

About six o'clock next morning Mass began, or rather a wedding in



Father D. Coady, S.J., Orange Walk's present pastor.

evening particularly, I thought much of what the life of a missionary means. It was dark, no moon was up, and we were charging on through the forests and dense growths where the road was marked only by the single black path. Owls, parrots, wild doves, all sorts of crickets and birds were singing, screeching and hooting. It was a trifle weird, I must admit; but the romance and novelty of it made it interesting enough to tide me over until we saw the lights of the town. Now here I was with company; but the missionaries travel alone, sometimes through rain and storm; and for them there is little romance. Abandonment to the Master, as they labor in weariness and monotony for the salvation of His children of the wilds, is their mainstay.

Last evening, I went out to a Maya pueblo, Champan Ridge, with Father Lalin. Father Lalin is the only secular priest working in this



"winds the river . . . through tangled underbrush."

We unloaded our saddle bags and went into the church. The floor was merely the packed ground, and the body of the church was taken up with three long, crude benches. The simple, white wooden altar was covered with wild flowers in pots and jars and bottles; even wine and water cruetts were pressed into this service. The bell was rung, and the children assembled for a catechetical

Maya, then Mass. All went to Holy Communion. After Mass, and the wedding breakfast, we mounted our "studs" and were soon back at Orange Walk. Mine was an isolated adventure; but the missionary leaves one of these places, shoves on to another; and thus, keeps going for two weeks and more at a stretch. These are called his stations. Does the word suggest the Way of the Cross?

BURIED ALIVE

(Continued from page 5)

At this last halting place he stayed ten days. On March 8, the bandit chief, angry at having to release him without any financial profit, told him to get ready for Kao-Lieou, the place to which he had been heading at the moment of capture. At dawn the following day he got under way and thanked heaven for liberty. At noon he arrived at his little church station. He could scarce believe himself safe, until his foot had touched the court surrounding the church. Father Hugon, S.J., was glad his experience was all over, and thankful to the military officer, a friend of a brother Jesuit, whose influence had brought about his deliverance.

A LEPER MEETS CHRIST AT CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 11)

all days, Eduard was not there to be cheered that Christmas morning.

So soon as Mass was over, the Padre bade the altar boys bring the bell and taper, to go before him as he bore the Jesukin to one, who, even as the Blessed Virgin, longed to see, to embrace, to love the new-born Babe. The Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres had made the long aisles of the corridor brilliant with Christmas lights and colors, and garlands from the palm trees; but Eduard was not now concerned with glitter and tinsel. For the last time, he knew he was about to welcome the Eucharistic King into his heart, to partake of the food that through weary years had been his only consolation and joy.

"But," thought he, "after all these years when I have dragged myself before the throne of the altar to be where my King was, can I now allow Him to come to me while I lie and wait?" No, he would not have it so. The Sisters would help him meet the King.

"Sister," he begs, "bring me beneath the blue sky of God, in sight of the endless ocean, in the warm air where the throats of birds raise a Christmas carol and the breeze whispers the song it sang on the night at Bethlehem. Help me to meet Christ at Christmas."

REVERENTLY the Sisters complied with the dying wish of their dear patient. Blood had flown too freely from his scaly wounds to raise him from the cot on which he lay and the hemorrhage left only his soul sound and strong. Cot and all—and that all was merely a few crumbling bones that a sickened skin barely covered—they carried Eduard forth to meet the Christmas King. Solemnly the two processions approached each other. The priest, preceded by the praying altar boys, bore the Sacred Host near to his heart. The Sisters and their attendants, un-

no "pathetic deep sigh of the wind" and no "wail as of one writhing under the icy hand of death," to the land where all is clean—wholly clean.

MISSION YEARS

IN RETROSPECT

(Continued from page 13)

take over Bombay and Patna Missions." The word was received with eagerness and joy. Zeal arose; strong men arose; many volunteered, and an expectant group was selected and prepared to sail for their far-off rendezvous with God. But days passed and they did not sail. For some reason or other, passports could not be secured; and what was a high hope, flickered and died. Meanwhile the Catholic Church in Bombay was fast becoming a priestless church. To avert calamity, the Jesuit Father General in Rome did the only feasible thing; he transferred the Spanish Jesuits from the Philippines to Bombay, and ordered American Jesuits to fill the vacated places of the Philippine Islands. Meantime the way for America to India was cleared up, and in January, 1921, the Missouri Province sent its first little group of four to the 25,000,000 of Patna. In July of the same year, twenty Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province landed in Manila. With these advances it could truthfully be said that the two provinces had crossed the Rubicon and that the whole American Assistancy was definitely orientated with its eyes towards the Far East. Only during the past months occurred a further marshalling of forces eastward as the California Province sent its pioneers to open a new gate to heaven in the vast Christless land of China.

As ideals to stir the missionaries' fire, these provinces had glorious examples already in heroic men;—Judge, who died a martyr to charity, caring for the miners in the lonely valley of the Klondike; McDonough, who left Manila and, as it were, crawled back on his knees to his beloved Mohammedan converts, striving in vain to put the last touches on his Joló catechism; Stanton, playing with snakes in the Philippines and swimming cascades in Honduras, and

Our February Issue

Our readers will find inspiration and joy alike in the triumph of applied Christianity as told by W. H. Feeney, S.J., in "Father Campoamar, S.J., Solves a Social Problem."

No fear was in the heart of the missionary who followed an incredulous pagan guide "Across Dark Swamp." Fiction only thinly veils courageous fact in this story by J. L. Lucas, S.J.

Mr. Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., in an article entitled "The First Laymen's Retreat in North America," tells how an actually "red-blooded, one hundred per cent American" inaugurated the movement which is so fruitfully widespread today.

hindered by the frail weight of the cot and the patient Eduard, walked with prayerful tread down the courtyard of the hospital. Just outside the gate they meet—Christ and the leper at Christmas.

A rush of joy, a great wave of spiritual light comes upon the soul of Eduard and suffuses his countenance as the dear Padre holds forth the Host. "Ecce Agnus Dei." In the eyes of the dying man, the kindly face of the Padre is converted into the face of a greater Friend. It is not the priest who holds forth the consecrated wafer. Eduard sees beneath the swaddling clothes, sees that it is the Christmas King who extends His arms to embrace him, to bear him forth to the land where there is

Grateful Acknowledgments

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

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St. Vincent's Unit, St. Vincent, Kentucky	5.00

Gratitude is also expressed for three hundred and forty-eight Mass stipends recently received.

doing both with the unifying idea of saving souls; Mulry, a dashing fighter for Jamaica's poor, who helped to fashion of its minute but rapidly growing Catholicity a magnificent spiritual power; Ruppert, driving his Eskimo dog-team madly into the face of death, dreaming he was bringing Christmas to Eskimo children and oblivious of the truth that he was

bringing it to the whole world; Müller, whose medical mission work among the lepers and outcasts of south India forms a truly inspiring page of enduring mission achievement. These are a few of the illustrious advance agents, forerunners of the newer generation.

SINCE these beginnings, and as in other countries, the mission work of the Jesuit provinces of America has been advancing solidly to a firm organization. This organization will be definite, strong and progressive. It will represent the same practical idealism as that determined upon by Ignatius' fiery followers and expressed again by the pick of all Jesuit missionaries gathered together in Rome at the time of the Vatican Mission Exhibit for the specific pur-

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pose of profiting from their best for the further advancement of Jesuit missions.

Inflamed with the zeal of Paul and Xavier, and backed by solid American enterprise, the venture for Christ will succeed. Already, from one American Jesuit in the Philippines in 1920, the number has jumped to 63 today; and under the blazing Indian sun of Patna we find 26 American Jesuits where there was none in 1920. The statistics for 1928 show that there were 33 Jesuit priests and Brothers in Alaska, 36 in Honduras, 25 in Jamaica, 31 in the Indian mission of the Rocky Mountains, and 38 in that of the Dakotas; and now five are in China.

LAST May, two years ago, a man died on the missions who had dreamed a dream. "I cannot expect to work more than five years, and I must do something," he had said. So he began with his letters and Catholic books and reconverted six boys, students at an ultra-Protestant col-

lege two hundred miles away, and turned them into Catholic apostles; he distributed with discrimination over 1,000,000 articles of piety, he lectured for hour after hour on Catholic doctrine and did not tire his audience; he helped to form a model branch council of the Knights of Columbus and two troops of boy scouts; he wrote about twenty letters a day the last three months of his life; he fanned the missionary flame in hundreds of American hearts and did a hundred other things besides and did them all after having lost a great deal of his anatomy in ten major operations, and did them in less than three years.—Father John Monahan, S.J., spendthrift for Christ. Not vainly had he dreamed. Under the inspiration of his example and that of his fellow-missionaries many young Americans will also dream dreams and they will also be men of action. So with prayer and dreams and action American Jesuit missions will attain their aims.

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