

Jesuit Missions

February, 1929



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A Thought to Ponder on

That memorable reply of Pope Urban VIII when he was asked to permit Blessed Isaac Jogues to say Mass after his hands and fingers had been horribly mutilated by the Iroquois:

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A Missioner Invites to His Ordination

Dear Relatives and Friends:

St. Mary's, Kurseong, India.

From the point of view of the missionary pocketbook, it seems highly uneconomical to get out real invitations at a considerable expense for an occasion at which you can, at best, be present only in spirit. The occasion after all is a spiritual celebration at which a spiritual presence, the body being absent, seems even more in keeping with the event than a mere corporal presence from which the spirit is missing.

The priesthood is most surely the great gift of God. The Book of Leviticus (xxi, 10) says of even the imperfect priesthood of the Old Law: "The priest is the greatest among his brethren upon whose head the oil of unction hath been poured, and whose hands have been consecrated for the priesthood and who hath been vested with the holy vestments."

A flash of pride, however, at his high position is the last thought that would disturb the newly made priest's mind as he stands for the first time at the altar, holding in his consecrated hands the Man-God, who calls him and bids him follow the Master, who sends him forth to teach all nations. Here in his anointed hands is the Child of the Crib, the Christ of the Cross, crowns in Heaven. He it is who is born again into the world at the word of His disciple. To the newly created priest comes the consciousness of the mystery, that one so unworthy as he could have been picked out from among others to become a co-laborer with his Lord.

Foremost, perhaps, in the missionary's mind is his Master's bidding to go forth and reap the whitening harvest he sees about him in a pagan land. The missionary, above all, has left far behind the ninety-nine whom he loved, to go out in search of one straying in the darkness, who needs more his love. In his wanderings how gladly does the missionary remember the warmth and joy in the fold that he has left, but he must not, cannot turn back. The charity and the call of the Master press him.

At that sacred moment of consecration, hardly could he forget those who under God have been the means of his coming into this new life of sacrifice and grace, and upon whom he relies in great part to obtain from God the strength he needs to fight well his battle for souls at the side of Christ. As for me, how earnestly shall I not beseech Him, on that first holy morning, that He shower upon you the joys and the glory of His Cross!

Immediately after the ordination ceremonies the fifteen of us newly ordained will stand facing the little group who have witnessed the ceremonies and together give them our first blessing. As it happens, we shall be standing facing the north and there will be one among them who, remembering that his shortest way home is across the North Pole, will press his God-given power far beyond the portals of the east to his friends and his "little gray home in the west."

On this, my greatest day, you will all, I pray, be with me in true spirit, bringing courage to this least disciple of the Lord to bear bravely the burden that is light and the yoke that is sweet.

Sincerely yours,

In union with the Master,



J. Gibbons, S.J.



THOMAS B. CANNON, S. J.

THREE hundred years ago, on the shores of Midland Bay where the tiny river Wye pays its tribute of water to widen the bay into Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, amid the pines and the gnarled old hemlocks, stood a little log fort. It was protected by stone walls and wooden palisades no less than by the rude cross that topped it. They called it Sainte Marie, the home of the Jesuit missionaries. There, three centuries before the time of Father Terence Shealy, S.J., and his campaign for laymen's retreats, a North American Indian came of his own accord, in the autumn of 1639, to spend eight days in prayer and silence with God. His was the first laymen's retreat in North America of which record can be found in all the Catholic historical sources of the newly discovered lands. In the "Relation" of 1640, Father Jerome Lalemant writes: "It has indeed been one of our thoughts while building a house apart from the vicinity of the villages, that it would serve for the retreat and meditation of our evangelistic laborers . . . but never would we have believed that the first for whom this house would serve for this purpose was to be a poor barbarian."

THE name of the first retreatant who paddled his canoe eastward to the foot of the little ninety-foot fort, was Joseph Chihouatenhoua, by birth a member of the ruling family of the Hurons. The finger of pride can rarely be pointed at the North American savages, but in this Huron convert can be discerned a man of God. If the story of his life were fully known, if all the references made to him by the early missionaries, references which fill up one hundred and fifty-eight pages in the "Jesuit Relations," were widely published, it is scarcely too much to say that Joseph Chihouatenhoua would be placed beside the Mohawk maiden, Catherine Tekakwitha, in our hearts' respect and veneration. Certainly this first lay retreatant should be honored in the various houses of retreat whither hundreds of Catholics today resort.

THE description of Joseph's retreat given in the "Jesuit Relations" is most detailed. It was conducted by Father Le Mercier, S.J., who spent thirty-eight years in Canada (1635-1673) during which he wrote a great part of the Huron Relations. He was at Ossossané in 1638 with Brébeuf, Garnier, Chastellian and Ragueneau, and had the principal care of the mission of Ossossané for many years. It is an inspiring picture to see the Indian sitting with Father Le Mercier, learning truths more primitive than the forests that surrounded them. From the shores of the bay they gazed out into far horizons, thinking of things that transcend this visible world; or by the fire logs in the little cabin, the Indian tells the priest the story of his conversion. He had been of some assistance to the missionaries, and their sermons afterwards so deeply touched his heart that he brought his son to the Fathers for baptism. Later, the rigor of the winters struck him down with fever; but, sick as he was, he ran to the Fathers to beg for himself the waters of salvation. After his baptism he recovered from the fever, and since then had thought only of God.

The logs flare up brightly, and cast a ruddy glow on the eager, bronzed face as the retreatant warms in his tale of the ways of God's grace. He has been married, he tells the young missionary, since boyhood, and has had but this one devoted wife; he refuses to use the superstitious charms for hunting and fishing which his father had left him; he does not know how to gamble; his companions cannot force him to go to the devil's feasts; he gives banquets to his friends in order to repeat to them what the Fathers have told him of God. Many times he has wished to come to Sainte Marie, to learn better how to pray, and in the silence of retreat to listen to what God would tell him to do for the good of his people's souls; many times the devil prevented him, he thought; now at last he had torn himself away, and left his family in the care of God.

STRANGE words these to the ear of the young Father come fresh from the heart of France in her age of glory to spend forty years in the heart of the wilderness; strange, indeed, to find a soul so advanced in the ways of vir- (Turn to page 46)

THE COVER PICTURE

On long bamboo poles the Filipina maidens of the Mindanao missions carry home the supply of drinking water.

Lo Pa Hong Realizes a Dream

American Jesuits in China

JOHN R. BRADSTREET, S.J.



FIVE American Jesuits on their way to China,

their black sacerdotals in strange contrast with the flowing garments of the Orient, stood before the Asakusa, the great Buddha shrine of Tokio, and watched little yellow men pay homage to a grinning carved deity.

"We stood outside," one of them wrote, "and watched the people enter, stand before the idol, make a bow and reverently bend down joining their hands in prayer for a few moments, then move away. They seem to be a religious people. In time they will get to know the true God."

The first little band of American Jesuits sailed out of San Francisco last August to take up missionary and educational duties in China. Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., former president of St. Ignatius University in San Fran-



Lo Pa Hong (right) and the substance of his dream.

cisco, and Father John A. Lennon, S.J., formerly dean of studies at Santa Clara University, with three scholastics, Mr. Thomas L. Phillips, S.J., Mr. Cornelius E. Lynch, S.J., and Mr. Charles Simons, S.J., sailed on the *President Lincoln* on August 31, and arrived in China three weeks later.

The moving genius behind the new mission was that sterling Chinese Catholic, Mr. Lo Pa Hong. He is a Knight of St. Gregory and a Commander of the Order of St. Sylvester. The words of Scripture: "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up" can be truthfully applied to him, for he is burning with zeal. The presidency of the Union of Catholic Activities of Kiangnan is his. He is also founder and director of the immense Hospice of St. Joseph. The work of visiting the prisons is his especial care, and no condemned man dies



"Along the river banks . . . are thousands of squat, arched-roofed house-boats . . ."

unattended if Lo Pa Hong is near. More than this, he conducts open-air preaching tours through the country districts of the south.

After appealing to the Holy Father and to the Father General of the Society of Jesus for American Jesuits, Lo Pa Hong on his way home from the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, begged the Provincial of California to send missionaries to China. His prayers and pleas were answered last September when the first contingent of five American Jesuits arrived at Shanghai.

THE rich blue of mid-ocean changed to yellow as the

President Lincoln turned into the muddy Yangste river, and after a few miles pointed up the Wang-poo to Shanghai. Here was the pitiable glamour of the Orient! For the liner must needs screech its way through hundreds of sampans, fishing smacks, junks, tugs and barges, while women and children, begging from scull boats, besieged the sides of the huge American steamer and, raising netted bags on bamboo poles to the decks, shouted all the while the one English word they knew, "Money! money!" and again "money!"

Along the river banks in miserable clusters are thousands of squat, arched-roofed house-boats, teeming with a hundred thousand people, it is said, who eke out a squalid existence. From the waterfront they can be seen peering out of their openings like so many rats from their holes.

Some few miles out of Shanghai is the little Catholic village of Zikawei, under the care of French Jesuits. It is a modern duplicate of the old Jesuit South American reductions. Preserved here from the contaminating influence of their pagan neighbors, orphan children grow up under Catholic instruction, are educated, trained in useful occupations and become the backbone of a sturdy Christian community. Here the American Jesuits made their home, and under the guidance of their French confreres are learning the difficult Chinese language and studying the customs and character of these quaint Oriental people, that they may be able to adopt the best traditions of all Catholic missionaries.

"**W**E spent our first night in China," they wrote, "safely ensconced under a mosquito netting that made a compartment about the whole bed. The weather was still quite warm and the noise in the streets made it difficult to get much sleep. The next day, Saturday, we came out to Zikawei . . . in the care of Mr. Lo Pa Hong. This is a wonderful place and it will take a week to see all the establishments . . . Our home at Zikawei is a huge institution, the central buildings of the whole mission. Here there is a beautiful Gothic church in which was held the first Plenary Council of China four years ago; a college with some 450 students; a seminary with some thirty

students for the priesthood in each of its two divisions; a novitiate with seven Chinese novices; two famous orphanages for girls and boys, besides an observatory to foretell typhoons, and a museum of natural history.

"The orphanages are for some two thousand children; waifs, foundlings, all picked up from ash heaps, found hopelessly lost by the police, or victims of famine. Besides learning their mother tongue they are taught almost every conceivable trade. The girls do beautiful lace and embroidery work such as only Chinese patience can accomplish; the boys do marvelous wood-work, metal-work, painting. They are thus fitted for skilled

trade-work when they leave. These activities were originally started to furnish necessities for the mission while training the orphans. Almost every altar in the mission, (most of those we have seen were done in exquisite Gothic and embellished with delicate carvings) is the work of Zikawei orphans. Candlesticks, brass and wooden, sanctuary lamps of intricate design, crucifixes from miniature to life size, book-stands, altar-bells and church bells, chalice, stained-glass windows, all come from this center. They are of unsurpassed workmanship. There are besides delicately carved chairs, settees, chiffoniers, tables, picture frames, bedsteads, statues and busts of people, religious and lay. One picture frame stands six feet high, carved all around its eight inch border with bas-reliefs of the most famous cathedrals of Europe—Notre Dame, Cologne, Westminster, Rheims, and others. (Turn to page 46)



The first Plenary Council of China in session in the Jesuit church at Zikawei.

ACROSS Dark Swamp

JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S.J.



"A thousand dangers lurked in those swampy glades . . ."

THE narrow trail leading from the jungle to the tiny village B lay like a winding grey ribbon amid dry grass and stunted brush. Dust everywhere, for Mindanao's dry season was on, and the choking particles made every breath painful. Even the approach of night promised little relief; and many a fervent prayer urged a speedy downfall of rain that would ease the torment. Inviting, indeed, looked the cool mysterious dimness of the jungle swamp, but only a stranger to the land would think of seeking relief there. A thousand dangers lurked in those swampy glades, and sad was the plight of him whom sudden darkness trapped in that menacing wilderness.

Against such a mishap a lone traveler was evidently providing as he hurried a tired and mud-befouled pony along the final stretch of the jungle path into the open lane leading home.

"A long trail and a hard one, Pedro," said the priest to his pony as he dismounted, "and I was afraid you would never make it. Another stumble like that in the bog and you'd have broken a leg surely. I guess you got a good sprain at that. Let me see, old fellow."

"No break," was the happy verdict, "but a nasty wrench, and that means all sick calls on foot for a few days. Please God, be they few and close at hand."

FATHER PAUL struck once or twice on the stable door, and in answer a young lad came to care for Pedro and then to slip in with Father Paul whose home was close to the stable and hardly better in quality. A hut it was—one wretched little room with a small loft above for storage of such few extras as the missionary's poverty boasted; bits of rope for saddle repairs, a rubber coat for the rainy season, a make-shift cot and crude coverings ready against Father Paul's occupancy when a guest was given the best bed downstairs.

In this story the writer has drawn upon his own personal knowledge of conditions in far away Mindanao. The incidents narrated could be duplicated by every missionary in his own section of this land; and each would hasten to add with the present writer that not one statement has been overdrawn. Facts out-strip fancies here and sober truth is stranger than fiction.

That best bed was a sorry sight as the tired apostle viewed it in the gathering darkness. Only a few strips of matting which ill concealed the ancient springs of steel. Pampered limbs would find many a ridge and hollow to torture sleep away; but to the tired

Padre a couch of down would not have lured more invitingly. He sank wearily upon it and would soon have fallen asleep, had not his stable-boy, bursting in with a shout, held up to the priest a small brown twig to which clung a few leaves and tiny berries.

"From this I know you were in Dark Swamp today. Isn't that so, Father?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but how did you get that berry spray and what connection has it with my sick call today?"

"It was wedged in the stirrup strap," laughed Francis, "and I know that in our section such berries grow only in the swamp. I was there once, and I go no more. You had courage to face its dangers with only the stranger to depend upon. Did you see anything fearful on the way?"

"Yes and no," was the ambiguous answer. "Our supper first, Francis. Then I'll tell you about the day's work. An empty stomach is no help to talking, and I really feel empty tonight."

WHEN the frugal meal ended and the dishes were cleared away, Francis recalled Father Paul's promise to tell the events of the day.

"To begin with," said Father Paul, "I had some misgivings as to my guide, for he seemed nervous as he brought me the message this morning. He was very anxious to be on the way and information as to the object of my sick call was extremely meager. 'You come,' he kept repeating, 'man sick—die soon. Come now with me.' I could get no more from him, and as I noticed the pagan amulet at his throat I wondered if he really spoke the truth. Evidently he felt my suspicions for he held up a fragment of a rosary—the cross and a few beads on a rusty

chain. Not a word did he add to his first message, but he was clearly urging the shattered rosary as a proof that some Catholic soul needed my attention.

"Well, at the fork of the trail we took the path to the right and in half an hour or so, we came to Dark Swamp, a fearful looking place, and I wondered how we were to get around it, so thick and tough was the brush on each side of our narrow trail. The guide did not hesitate a second—just plunged ahead confidently, and I urged Pedro after him. In a few seconds we were splashed with shiny ooze, and it seemed as if every step would be the last. But the guide turned and twisted marvelously, finding firm patches in that black, forbidding expanse. Toward the center he paused a while, looking at me as if amused at the apprehension plainly expressed on my countenance. My heart was in my mouth, yet I had to admire the unerring judgment of the man, and his lithe grace as he twisted in and out over that trembling, steaming crust.

"I lost my sense of distance, but the entire path could hardly have been more than four miles. We rested, of course, whenever a little solid ridge appeared in the swampy surface. More than three hours were needed to cover that short space,—about as far as from Brooklyn Bridge to Eighty-sixth Street, and the Lexington 'sub' makes it in a few minutes."

"I don't understand," objected the puzzled lad. "What was that last part about?" "Oh! I was just thinking of other dangerous journeys," laughed the priest, "and my thoughts spoke right out loud. What I mean is that the journey over the swamp took a long time. Finally we came to firm ground and then away through the heavy brush again into the wildest and strangest section I have ever visited. The sun was high overhead when we neared a little clearing at the base of some small hills. It was a pagan village, Francis, for almost every person I met wore some emblem or other of their superstitious, godless belief."

"I know the village," chimed in Francis, "at least I remember hearing my father speak of it. He visited it long before I was born, and there were then only a few Catholics mixed with the pagans."

"And the last of them died today," solemnly added Father Paul. "The poor old man lived at the end of the village in a wretched hut. Age and fever had brought him to death's door, but there was no fear in his frail voice as

he welcomed me. Into his eyes came a beam of triumphant joy; and the poor old fellow tried to raise himself on the bed that he might more fittingly welcome the Eternal King I carried. Weakness anticipated my gesture of restraint, for he fell back on the miserable pallet coughing in agony. Fearing that this was the end, I hurriedly gave him the last Sacraments and read over him those solacing prayers for the dying.

"To my surprise the stricken man rallied a bit, thanked me for my visit and said mysteriously, 'Another victory for the King.' 'Your happiness you mean in the face of death?' I asked. 'No,' said he, 'though that too is a great victory. But I was thinking of another triumph. The pagans said you would never dare to cross the swamp for such as I am. They said the road was too hot, the marsh

too deadly, a pagan guide too unreliable. So they said I must die without my priest after all. But I never doubted. All these years I have said my rosary, since that distant day when I got the beads at a mission on the coast. There were no missionaries here at the time, no, nor for long years after until you came. I had fallen sick when I heard of the new Padre come to continue the work of those who had long ago won my heart. And so I sent part of my broken rosary to be my intercession should pagan lips prove un-



"A hut it was—one wretched little room with a small loft above . . ."

convincing. And so, here you are, just as I told the pagans you would be. For what are swamps or rivers or fever or anything else to him who carries Christ, as do you, into lives that need him?"

FATHER PAUL hesitated so long that Francis thought he had fallen asleep. Then very slowly and in a low voice the priest continued.

"That old man spoke as if he were preaching a sermon, and I listened reverently, wishing that all the world might hear.

"You have made many sacrifices, my Father, to come at the call of a soul facing eternity. You have given no thought of your own comfort, and be assured that a greater reward awaits you than my poor blessing. You will come again across Dark Swamp, you will win this village for our King, and others will live to bless the day you came in answer to my call. Please, Father, read me once more the final prayers for the dying!"

"I did so, and before I had come (Turn to page 47)

Sioux Burials

Past and Present

FLORENTINE DIGMANN, S.J.



A Sioux grandmother treasures a long, green memory of her dead.

BEFORE the missionaries settled among the Sioux Indians the latter had no regular graveyards. They roamed the country over on their buffalo hunts. If a warrior or a huntsman died his body was wrapped up in a blanket and put upon a rough scaffold, or placed on some high hill that overlooked the country for miles around. I have seen traces of the latter custom in "coffins," rude boxes, above ground on elevated heights, while nearby were vessels with raisins and other food, an indication at least of the Sioux belief in a life beyond the grave.

A chief, or specially loved tribesman, received something more than these rude funeral rites. For him his fellow tribesmen would erect a "ghost lodge," a roomy, beautiful tent, much larger and more ornate than the common tepee. For twelve full months friends of the departed Indian would bring gifts of beadwork, boxes and articles of value in Indian eyes. A brave who ranked high in the common opinion as a good and honest man was chosen to receive the gifts for the dead and to watch over them. During the period of his guard he must be a man of perfect peace to whom quarreling and dissension were forbidden as unseemly. At the end of the year, these gifts were distributed to the needy of the tribe.

THIS was the primitive practise. Forty years ago I thought a change of custom should and could be made. I approached the government Indian Agent

THE venerable author of this sketch has recently celebrated his third jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as a priest. He had celebrated his golden jubilee as a Jesuit in 1915 and the diamond jubilee of the same event in 1925. He has spent over forty years of priestly work among the Sioux Indians of the reservations of South Dakota.

the mission must. So, for years the missionaries had to furnish the lumber and see to the making of rough coffins for their children of the prairies.

There were difficulties, of course, from the Sioux themselves. One I remember well. A young brave had been coming to our church regularly each Sunday. Then I missed him for a while and when I made inquiries I learned that he was sick and likely to die of his ailment. Immediately I went to him and gave him the necessary fundamental instruction for Baptism. He listened attentively, yet he refused to be baptized.

"Why not?" I asked kindly and pleadingly.

"I don't want to be buried like white people, underground."

"Very well," I said, "you may have a burial in Indian fashion, but be baptized before you die. This will make you a friend of the Great Spirit and open for you the gates of His house, and your soul will see Him as He is, like we now see one another." He remained stubborn and said time and again: "Glayo, go home, let me alone; come again tomorrow."



"Forty years have I been among them . . ."

He was probably waiting for the medicine man. There was a fearful struggle going on in his soul. His deep, sunken eyes betrayed fear and anguish; his noble and beautiful features were distorted. They bore the impress of terror on them, even as he bade me roughly to go home. Convinced that he could not live till the morrow, I did not go home, but knelt down by his couch and began to recite the rosary. I had not finished two decades when, suddenly, he raised himself up.

"*Inachini yo, miniamakastan yo, wakananka wamblakim kte wacin.*" "Hurry up, baptize me, I want to see the Great Spirit."

Quickly I said for him the acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and contrition. He repeated them after me with the last strength of his ebbing life, then he renounced Satan with all his works and pomps, and in a moment his soul was washed clean in the laver of regeneration; he was clothed with the nuptial garment and endowed with the marvellous power which would enable him to look on the Great Spirit face to face.

Never, in all my life, shall I forget the change that came over his face, which for me was the mirror of his soul. The ugly distortion of fear and anguish gave place to a countenance that imaged peace and joy. And he was buried according to his own request in the Christian, Catholic way, buried on the very day on which his regenerated soul left his body. A little cross, carved with his name, John Otapela, marks his grave in our mission cemetery where his ashes wait the day of resurrection. He was one of the first to rest in our "God's Acre." It was small and only thinly inhabited when his remains were lowered into it.

BUT how true in this instance, too, is the saying: *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*, "times are changing and we change with them." Look at our "God's Acre" now. It is the most beautiful in the State. The Indians who once would have none of it are now proud of it. Its beauty is one of the foremost reasons why they hold in veneration the Brother Gardener of the mission.

The Sioux will not call him Brother Gardener; no, nor his Teutonic family name, Brother Hinderhofer. His first and chiefest work is to care for souls by mending soles; so he is known as Brother Shoemaker. Brother Hinderhofer's most important duty in his own eyes is the care of St. Francis' impressive city of the dead, that lies beside the mission buildings.

GOD loves these Indian children and has watched over them carefully. Forty years have I been among them, and in all that time of all the tribe that embraced the Faith less than four in a hundred have died without the Blackrobe near them. Under the outstretched arms of the great cross that surmounts the gentle hill on which lies our cemetery, fifteen hundred and more of the Sioux faithful departed lie buried. Not only the lovely grounds, but each dead Sioux beneath the little tombstones has had the ministrations of Brother Hinderhofer. The good Brother may be pardoned the modest pride he shows over his cemetery.

He came to the mission thirty years ago when only a small fraction of the present numerous graves swelled above the sloping ground. All the rest the Brother himself has buried. He has been not only cemetery caretaker, but the undertaker as well for the mission and the whole Rosebud Reservation. Brother experiences no competition with rival morticians. The announcement of a death among the Catholic Indians starts him off on a simple, impressive round of duties which have become second nature to him with the passing years. He digs the grave and arranges with his carpenters for the rough box. At the church he acts as funeral director and sacristan combined; at the grave he directs the final details and the fitting adornment of the grave. He has not written what his impressions have been through all these years as group after group of sorrowing red folk have deposited their dead and wailed out their grief at the final resting place of their loved ones, nor has he said how these repeated scenes have colored his own life. They may have made him serious, they certainly have not made him sad. Quite the contrary, they have made him very glad, and that with excellent cause. For there are those who might envy the Brother as they recall the fact that to bury the dead is numbered among the corporal works of mercy. What a treasure of merit this good Brother has stored up during these many years!



When winter comes to God's Indian acre at St. Francis Mission.

Jesuit Mission Work in Syria

G. ABBO-CHE, S.J.



VAST desert, shafts of tall palms scattered here and there, oases aglint with shining springs, whitehooded Bedouins atop lazy camels plodding wearily over burning sands; all of these are usually associated in mind with the thought of Syria. But the picture is not entirely accurate. The pilgrim to the Holy Land will meet desert lands; he will still see nomads with ever shifting goatskin tents, yet hospitable for all their rude life and ways. But not all Syria's 125,000 square miles are desert.

Through wide regions the climate is favorable and mild, and there is much productive land, and valuable forests. Mount Lebanon, which Solomon laid under tribute for God's Temple, is still famous. Its mighty cedars are now under the protection of the Patriarch and may not be cut down or destroyed. Less famous than Lebanon cedars, are Syria's oak, pine, cypress, poplar, carob, olive and the orange trees. To the common domestic animals the

country adds the camel, a most useful and enduring beast, but not at all clever. The nomads usually put a donkey at the head of their caravans to serve as guide.

The land is a racial melting-pot. Semitics predominate, but many other peoples dwell in Syria; Metoualis in Lebanon, the Druses in Central Lebanon and Jabal Hauran, the Alacites in North Lebanon and the Ismailis and Yesidis around Aleppo. Often all these, besides Europeans, Jews and Arabs are gathered in a single city. The total population of 2,161,420 is under French mandate. Many of these inhabitants still dwell in ancient villages. These are in sharp contrast with a large urban population which lives in big and modern cities, carrying on a lively commerce with Europe and America.

SUCH is the country so rich in historical memories, so picturesque in outward appearances, confided in 1831 to the missionary care of the Society of Jesus. The Jesuits had already been working in Syria before their suppression in 1775. Upon their return they immediately established a residence at Lebanon. In 1839 they founded another in Beirut. The year 1846 witnessed a

notable advance when they opened a seminary in Ghazir and later, in 1855, supplemented it with a college. The mission boasted thirty-eight Fathers and twenty-four lay-Brothers in 1869. Today there are eighty-eight Fathers, twenty-three scholastics, forty-three lay-Brothers and two hundred native Sisters laboring in this vineyard of the Lord.

The chief center of activity of the missions is the University of Beirut, which was canonically recognized by Pope XIII in 1881, and has the right to confer academic degrees and diplomas in philosophy and theology, conformably to the usage of the Gregorian University in Rome. Philosophy and theology are taught at St. Francis Xavier's, the Oriental Seminary. Ten years ago this university numbered among its former students two patriarchs, twelve Archbishops, thirty-nine Bishops and three hundred priests of all the different rites. A faculty of medicine, to which was subsequently added a school of pharmacy,



A group of "whitehooded Bedouins" in Syria.

and recently, a school of dentistry, was founded in 1883, at the request of the French government. It is manned by lay-professors and Jesuit Fathers. In 1922 General Gouraud of the French army laid the corner stone of a new hospital to be conducted under the auspices of the University. A law school, an engineering school, and an observatory are flourishing at Ksara. The students of these schools present a curious mixture—Armenians, Chaldeans, Latins, Maronites, Melkites, Syrians, Greeks, Russians, Jacobites, Druses, Jews, Mohammedans, to say nothing of students from Europe and America. But they are a select group, coming as they do for the most part from the many primary district schools conducted by the Fathers and the Sisters. The University of Beirut with its primary schools numbers some 9,470 students.

ALL the text-books of the students are supplied by the university printing establishment, founded in 1874, and first directed by Brother Elias, a convert from the Mohammedan religion. This press issues publications in every language, eastern and occidental. It produces an Arabic newspaper, *Al Bachir*, appearing thrice weekly, a

magazine, *Al Mashrig*, "The East," and finally, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which has about 11,000 subscribers.

Such is the pulsing center of Syria's missions. But this is not all. Throughout the country, in Aleppo, Damascus, and even in Palestine itself, mission work is being carried forward. Not only the upper classes are being looked after, but also the poor and the very poorest, as for instance, the numerous bootblacks and prisoners. A Sodality for workingmen has been formed and is prospering under the direction of a Father who was converted from a brigand's career, and is now leading others to heaven by his holy life.

LEAVING Beirut, the center of the Syrian mission, we can make an interesting tour of the outlying mission stations to observe their work in spreading the Faith. If at the word mission, one calls up pictures of an extremely hard life and mass conversions, he would find his ideas more fully verified in Madras than in Beirut, in the Far East than in the Near. Yet, some of the Syrian mission stations, as Aleppo, Damascus, Homs and others, are situated in the midst of schismatical and Mohammedan sects. In Syria, the traveling missionary is an absolute necessity and he can be seen daily moving on horseback from village to village, from tribe to tribe.

The conversion of the Mohammedan is the missionary's hardest task. Till recently, the Moslem world has presented an insuperable barrier to Catholic evangelization. Conversions have been very rare, difficult and uncertain, especially because the convert has to face great obstacles, both material and moral, and even active persecution for his Faith. His life as a Catholic is made almost in-



The mission station at Homs is situated in the midst of schismatical and Mohammedan sects.

tolerable. Yet, the Mohammedans cannot be excluded from Christ's design to convert all nations. Hence we find the present Holy Father asking fervent prayers for their conversion. He asks also for material help, particularly for Catholic publications, that their conversion may soon be realized. All these factors urge on the traveling missionaries in Syria to zealous toil in effecting mass conversions among these people. Their fanatic enthusiasm, however, and their deep hatred of the Christian name, their enduring enmity of the cross, the slavery and tribute imposed on all Mohammedans who reject their ancestral religion, present a formidable barrier to Christianity. Yet, in face of all this there are occasional individual conversions.

An example of Moslem cruelty and intolerance was given during the World War when the impoverished Catholics of Lebanon were dying of hunger. One day, the rulers of the afflicted people appealed to the Mohammedan governor of Lebanon at Beirut for assistance. His reply was the grim: "Have mothers eaten their children yet? No! Then they cannot be dying of starvation."

The task of Moslem conversions is towering. In Syria, ancient ruins tell of the Crusader, who long ago sought to conquer the Mohammedan for Christ. What knights were unable to accomplish by the sword, the missionaries of today are striving to effect by their gentleness.



University of St. Joseph, Beirut, Syria.

Right Reserved

Constructive

Taught

WILLIAM

FATHER JOSÉ MARI at Bogotá, Colombia, best that Europe could to vels he accomplished fo adopted city by the Chris is told herein. His work is mission effort at home at be alto



"St. Theresa's Agricultural School . . . is the most cherished of all Father Campoamor's accomplishments . . ."

THE lofty capital of Colombia is daily witnessing an ever increasing social work that is calling forth the greatest praise and support from city, state and national authorities. This encouragement is the natural reward of eighteen successful years in meeting the difficulties of the social problem. The organization which has won this high praise is called *El Circulo de Obreros*, and its founder, Father José Maria Campoamor, S.J., gives us the following definition of the "Circle": "A non-political society that has for its aim the perfection of the laboring class along economic, intellectual, moral and religious lines."

In 1910 Father Campoamor arrived in Bogotá, and chose as his work the uplift of the most wretched people of the city. Soon after his arrival, his soutaned figure could be seen in the poorest barrios, calling the children to his catechism classes. Each day the files of the young people grew longer. Through the generosity of the rich of the city, who appreciated the work, it soon became possible to supply food also for the little ones. Such were the beginnings of the promising social work for the glory of God and the welfare of the child, and it promised success.

EVERY year since that time *El Circulo* has extended its radius, constantly embracing new projects, until today in economic achievements alone it can boast of its bank, the barrio of St. Francis Xavier, an insurance company, an employment office, five co-operative stores, two dormitories and the dowry fund. The very enumeration of these accomplishments presents a remarkable record of sociological effort and success.

Every large city has a section that presents a hornet's nest of difficulties to the civil authorities. In just such a section of Bogotá, Father Campoamor began his work. His first step was a quiet study of the character and conditions of his newly made friends, and it revealed to him the imperative need of some institution that would make the laborers self-sustaining, energetic and progressive. This, he was sure, would lead to the abandonment of the wretched houses of one or two rooms and devoid of all con-

veniences, amidst environments which wrought havoc with the moral as well as physical health of the families.

As a result of his study and with a foresight that few could appreciate, Father Campoamor decided that the panacea was the establishment of a savings bank. The obstacles in the way were immense; nevertheless, the laborer's bank today has a capital of \$120,000.00 distributed through 5,600 separate accounts.

The chief difficulty to any progress was the extremely low wages of the laborers. Even today wages are rarely more than a dollar a day. But when the necessity of saving and methods of avoiding waste of money were taught, even from such low wages the bank steadily formed its capital. As the activities of the "Circle" increased, a printing press was bought and enthusiasm was kept aflame by energetic articles in the weekly *Boletin*. During the past year the *Boletin* has advanced to the status of a daily.

As the capital of the bank increased, that which was once, through the haze of difficulties, a scarcely perceptible vision, began to take definite shape. Father Campoamor was prepared to call the laborers from their wretched dwellings and give them large clean homes with abundant opportunity for healthy recreation. All of this would have a profound influence on their moral and religious lives.



Photo by Rerez, Bogotá

"The entire barrio . . . stretches back to the f

IN 1915, with supreme part of the bank's capital of the *sabana*. Plans w



"If . . . no other schoo
Campoamor receiv

Christianity

Bogotá

EENEY, S.J.

M. CAMPOAMOR, S.J., arrived years back, master of the social science. The man and for the poor of his application of social science and of the lines which future road must follow if it is to be successful.



... where the cordilleras . . . start their impressive

God, *El Circulo* invested large and beautiful section carefully made; an immense



For the little ones Father this best beloved."



Photo by News, Bogotá

"The monthly rent for each neat . . . dwelling is precisely two dollars."

wall was built around the property and today the barrio of St. Francis Xavier with its 110 red tiled, standard homes and as many gardens, its streets forty feet wide, its playgrounds, swimming pool, dancing pavilion, open-air theater and, most of all, its chapel, is the pride of Bogotá.

From the artistically wrought iron gate that guards the entrance is offered a most pleasing view of the entire barrio. It stretches back to the foothills where the cordilleras of Monserrate and Guadalupe start their impressive climb to 11,000 feet, then circle eastward and westward to meet again in the north. In this setting lies the little village of uniform houses. The monthly rent for each neat, whitewashed dwelling is precisely two dollars.

Real estate companies have eagerly offered eighteen dollars a month for each house and garden, and their offers have received prompt and persistent rejections. The only police force in the barrio is a lively fear of God awakened and nourished in the inhabitants by their zealous pastor. So entirely sufficient is this moral guardian that the city officials of Bogotá have developed the habit of presenting to the barrio monthly quotas of cash, the equivalent of the unrequired police salaries. The crime waves so often rising among the working poor seem to have broken harmlessly against the lofty heights of Monserrate and Guadalupe.

AS a proof that the barrio is still advancing, there is now under construction a brick building, forty metres square, which will contain a large hall, the cooperative stores and the school restaurants. The kiln on its left will steadily turn out the thousands of bricks that will soon go into the making of the new St. Francis Xavier Church.

Although the aim of the *El Circulo* is to make the laborers self-supporting, the duty that the rich have of giving a helping hand to the poor is also stressed. The result is the sincerest friendship between the classes. Weekly conferences are held of contractors, architects, bankers and others who give gratis of their time and experience, for the advancement of this social venture.

Something unique in modern social efforts is *El Circulo's* dowry fund. This is an institution that is financed entirely from the gifts of the rich. Young men and women of the "Circle" are advised to marry in their youth. To facilitate matters the dowry fund presents the young couple with a check for sixty dollars provided the young man has completed his course in the *Instituto Nocturno*, the night school. If, however, a young man or woman decides to embrace the religious life (a not uncommon choice) whatever is necessary for this step is given from the same fund.

When the Bishops of Colombia in a national conference consulted Father Campoamor with regard to the solution of the social problem, he stressed in a special manner the need of education for the poorer classes. *El Circulo* is a concrete expression of his convictions in this line. Hand in hand with economic advancements, there were opened elementary and advanced trade and commercial, day and night schools. The "Circle" conducts three grammar schools for boys and three for girls; two trade schools, one for each sex; the *Instituto Nocturno* and the Agricultural School of St. Theresa.

The character and importance of the elementary schools will be much more appreciated when one is informed that the most effective plea for admission to them is a certificate of rejection from other schools. If, for example, through (Turn to page 47)

JESUIT MISSIONS

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February Mission Intention

"The Church in Armenia"

THE history of the Catholic Church in Armenia is the story of a *Via Crucis* and a prolonged martyrdom. As early as 1854, Pope Pius IX wrote in praise of the wonderful and glorious fortitude which, in the face of death, the Armenian Catholics were displaying in the defense and profession of Catholic Unity. Christian nations have looked upon the miserable plight of the Armenians. Supreme Pontiffs have repeatedly planned for their relief and frequently appealed to the Ottoman Emperors in their behalf. Nevertheless, up to recent years the bitter and unjust persecutions have persisted. And so it has come about that a great part of the Armenian race have emigrated to other regions. The principal colonies of Armenians are found in Major and Minor Armenia, in Syria, Constantinople, Alexandria in Egypt, the United States and Argentina.

The pastors of the Armenian Church are striving with all effort for the return home of their children. The Turkish government, however, will not permit the return of those who departed without a passport. In the months of May and June, 1928, an assemblage of Armenian Bishops at Rome debated on the best means of reestablishing religion in their patriarchate. Amongst other things it was decided that the See of the Armenian Patriarchate should be transferred from Constantinople to its former locality near Beirut.

Our readers are asked to pray earnestly with the members of the Apostleship of Prayer for whom this intention was blessed that the dispersed faithful who have so far and generously defended its Catholic Faith, may be again collected and that this patriarchate may be blessed and flourish. It will be seen that the real solution rests finally on the changing of the hearts of men. Only God can work directly here and His work waits upon our prayers.

Geography Made Easy

ONCE upon a time that is still fresh in the memory of a not too senile editor there was a Mexican lad in a mission high school who knew many things about American professional baseball. These things were very precise and very detailed, like the names—Christian, family and "nick," always given in the reverse order—of the leading batters, base runners and fielders in both major leagues, together with their respective averages down to the fractions. That boy conned a sport paper which he received, having paid for it, each week from the United States; he studied it more assiduously than his mathematics book. If his American teachers had been susceptible of shame in these matters they would have had to blush many times because of the superior knowledge of this foreign disciple about the intimate ills and aches of American baseball celebrities.

But his teachers did not blush, neither did they confiscate the sporting weekly, even when it surreptitiously displaced a Latin grammar in the study-hall. Temporarily the sheet was removed, but it was always restored to the rightful owner. Result! One Mexican lad was speaking English idiomatically, albeit somewhat slangily, months ahead of his Spanish-American companions whom baseball irked. And even the slang was slowly neutralized with choicer idioms under the saving and most absorbing influence of Lorna Doone, The Knights of the Round Table, The Talisman, and Ivanhoe. Lowly baseball interest led to good; mission interest leads to better.

The editor won't tell another story, but he could. The point is out. Mission interest in the hands of teachers who study out methods presents wide possibilities. Wu-hu, S. An-hwei, China, bereft of all association will not stay long in youthful, much less, ancient memories. Wu-hu and the rest, as the place where 31,500 Catholics dwell amidst over eight millions of pagans, who are being evangelized by thirty-five priests and seventeen Brothers and sixty-five Sisters, is somewhat different. It has a better chance. Mt. Everest resting in lofty, lonely solitude amongst India's Himalayas won't seem so unworthy of a place in a boy's memory, if he knows that it stands in daily sight of elder American brothers of his, who view it as a symbol and a challenge of their work for God. The Philippines near China won't present names so impossible to mouth and memory both, if they be linked with American youths who are working and sweating and praying there for souls. From thence a sweep to Alaska will not be dull, but inspiring, when at the journey's end the children meet in lonely Arctic wastes, courageous American priests, and Brothers and Sisters who are toiling in one of the hardest missions in the Church.

"Sister, please, which is the next hardest mission?—and why?—and who takes care of it?—and the third hardest?" This editor fears that teachers who start out to sustain mission interest had better keep well posted on statistics. For questions will follow in rapid and sharp succession. And when the bell shall have rung for the end of the class in geography, boyish faces and girlish, will darken a shade, rather than brighten at a sound that is proverbially welcome.

Thanks to a Non-Catholic Professor

SOMETHING novel, even for Catholics grown sated in a hectic presidential campaign of alternate abuse and fulsome praise, was heard last December at Columbia University. The graduate group of the Newman Club at Columbia gathered to hear Mr. L. Carrington Goodrich, a non-Catholic and a Faculty member of the department of Chinese, discourse on "American Catholic Missions in China." This alone was not novel. Others before Mr. Goodrich who have had a less intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the Church and its, perhaps, most romantic and human activity, the missions, have admired her and have spoken out their admiration. Not many others, however, have ventured wisely and appealingly to propose a motive for continued and increased apostolic interest. In this Mr. Goodrich was novel. For the service we are grateful to him.

What he said, Catholic missionaries have said before him;

what he said the editor of JESUIT MISSIONS might say, and the remark would pass unheeded of many eyes and ears. But Mr. Goodrich said it and his hearers listened most attentively. May our readers, too, attend.

Mr. Goodrich told an appealing story of American mission toil and heroism in which, fittingly, the fighters of Maryknoll figured largely. He then drew most logical conclusions which are, and apparently were meant to be, motives as well: not only China would benefit from these labors and sufferings, but America also; mission interest, mission ventures, the little epics of heroic self-sacrifice would trickle back in rills of news from fields afar and fan a Faith at home which,—though Mr. Goodrich did not say it,—is in danger of being engulfed by the smothering ash of pagan materialism.

We are grateful to a non-Catholic professor for telling us, equivalently at least, that the missions, thank God, may take from us Catholic America's best, but that God alone knows what priceless things they will give her back.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 15. Canadian Indians



A rising generation of Canadian Indians with their master, Brother John Mansau, S.J., at Spanish, Ontario.

CANADA from the sixteenth century has been a glorious field in Jesuit mission annals. On this soil most of the North American Blessed Martyrs shed their blood. After the restoration of the Society of Jesus, work amongst the Canadian Indians was renewed in 1853 in an area which embraced approximately 5,625,000 square miles. The present work by Jesuits amongst the Indians is divided amongst several foundations such as the famous Iroquois reservation of St. Francis Xavier at Caughnawaga and the Indian school at Spanish, Ontario, and what we might call the flying missions in the vast province of Ontario. These latter are very trying, as the missionaries have to seek the Indians by long, difficult and trying journeys. Eighteen Jesuit priests, three scholastics and fifteen Brothers are working among ten thousand Catholic Indians. They are assisted by fifty-four missionary Sisters. Holy Communion was distributed to 84,000 in the year 1922.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

Philippine Islands

Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., an optimist amongst missionaries, who is in a district where there are many pagans, writes us about his work in the Bukidnon mountains.

During the last two months I have been going about among my own Bukidnons very little: so I have nothing to make you laugh or cry. Yet this very absence of experience is a paramount feature of the mission life, although you never read about it in the lives of the men who have lived on missions. You can pretty well appreciate a young man just finished his course in medicine, standing day after day at his window watching to see how many of those who pass by will read his shingle and come in to ask his professional aid. That's a hard element in the life of a doctor. You can make the parallel. We are out here to baptize: so many should be baptized who never ask for it, show no interest; and so, much time that could be used making these children of men the sons of God, must be used in less useful things. The necessary idleness is the most difficult part of a work such as this is. We always keep busy, but in the supreme business of the missionary we are not as engaged as we would like to be. When you write the life of a man on the missions do not leave out the chapter called "Just Waiting." That is most important. I shall write you soon again. Retreat begins tonight.

Father McGowan has a great sense of gratitude for the Jesuit Mission Guild of Long Island, N. Y. The guild sent him a supply of carpenter's

tools and a check for \$150.00 last Spring. For Christmas, the same zealous circle sent a Christmas basket and a check for \$200.00; this was the proceeds of a mission bridge party. Mr. A. F. Cervini, S.J., of the Ateneo, Manila, is also indebted to the Long Island Guild for a supply of toys for the children of his catechism classes. To give religious instruction to Catholic children in the Philippine public school is a matter of urgent importance.



Parochial school children of Talisayan, Mindanao. "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the country for which it stands . . ."

Father Thomas J. Murray, who was one of the group of American Jesuits to depart for the Philippines last summer has been sent to open a school at Zamboanga. The first American Jesuit missionary to go to Zamboanga was Father William McDonough. Many of our readers know of the splendid work of Father John Monahan there before his transfer to Misamis, a few years previous to his death. That the American Jesuits are spreading out their activities southward is a good sign of progress.

One of the American Jesuit missionaries writes from Cagayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

We must fight the American Protestants who have been sowing the cockle during the past twenty years and have succeeded only in making the Catholics indifferent, not in converting them. God is with us and we feel that in a few years all the people here will return to Him and be again His faithful children.

Besides the town of Cagayan we must take care of ten barrios or villages. Only one has a Roman Catholic chapel; the others have been strongholds of Aglipayanism. The Roman Catholics in five of these barrios have asked us to build them a small chapel, assuring us that very many Aglipayans, tired of the "make-believe" (the Aglipayan sect is an imitation of the Roman Catholic in every respect) will soon return to the true church of Christ. We are anxious to help but we lack the means.

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., one of the latest American Jesuits to arrive at Mindanao, writes this interesting account

from Talisayan of what the parochial schools opened and maintained with so much difficulty are doing for God and country.

I arrived here a few days ago to take Father David Daly's place while he is making a round-up of his barrios along the coast. Imagine my surprise and delight when I saw the following events. At seven-thirty every morning in the school yard, three hundred and eighty-boys and girls of Mount Carmel School, alert in their respective places, stand at attention, and at a signal from a drum, place their books on the ground in front of them, and at another signal, stand again at attention.

They then sing a hymn to the Blessed Mother, while a small band accompanies them. Next they sing "The Star Spangled Banner," while the flag is slowly raised aloft on a steel flagpole directly in front of the church. After that, the national anthem of the Philippines is sung while the flag of the Islands is raised aloft on another flagpole. Then comes the salute, "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the country for which it stands,—with Liberty and Justice for all." The next few minutes are devoted to "setting-up exercises," which are done very gracefully. Then the children pick up their books, and the following commands are given, "Boys, right face! Girls, left face! Mark time! Forward, march!" The girls two by two march towards the Sisters' school across the road, and the boys keep marking time until it is their turn to fall into a double line, and in this formation they enter their class rooms on the ground floor of the rectory, the only accommodations that we have for them at present. Every day at the close of school, the flags are lowered with the same ceremonies. In this way the Catholic Church is teaching her children in these far-off islands how to be loyal to God and country.

This glorious demonstration takes place right in front of the Municipal Building. Is it any wonder that the Government recognizes Mount Carmel School, especially since it is doing such splendid work without costing the said Government one centavo? It is no exaggeration to say that as long as parochial schools flourish just so long and no longer will the Faith grow stronger in these islands. And when these schools close their doors, which God forbid! we might just as well lock the church doors. The churches will not be needed.

The following invitation was recently sent out:

Catholic Boy Scouts of America, under the auspices of St. Augustine's Church. Any boy wishing to become a member see Father Hayes at the convent or attend the first meeting, Friday, September 14, at seven o'clock in the evening at St. Augustine's Dormitory, Cagayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

The reason for this was that a troop of non-sectarian Boy Scouts was established here. There were sixty-one Roman Catholics out of sixty-nine members, who met in the Protestant Church. So we were forced to begin the Catholic Boy Scouts.



Chapel boat St. Anthony, Nulato, Alaska.



Alaska

Father Aloysius Willebrand, S.J., one of the newest Alaskan missionaries, writes from St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak, Yukon Delta, about his trip to Alaska, the scene of his first mission labors.

I enjoyed the beauties of the "Inside Passage" and the trip over the Government Railroad. Both are widely advertised and much patronized by tourists. Then there was a riverboat journey down the narrow and shallow waters of the Tanana, not without some thrills, and it was continued down the mighty Yukon as far as Holy Cross. A little above Nulato I was delighted to see a high mountain marked by a conspicuous wooden cross. It reminds passersby of Archbishop Seghers, the founder of the mission of Alaska, who was murdered somewhere nearby.



Hari, Sulgi and Turki after the "round-up."

I saw the two missions at Nulato and Holy Cross. Holy Cross is our largest mission and the headquarters of our work up here.

My journey from Holy Cross to Akulurak was in the St. Anthony, a little launch which belongs to our missions. We were forced to tie to shore twice on account of rough and stormy weather.

Between the Yukon and the Kuskokim along the coast of the Bering Sea is a large glacier covered with a coating of vegetation, called tundra. In the summer it is almost one vast swamp. One cannot go for a walk without rubber shoes or boots. On this glacier are a number of villages of Innuits. It is from these that most of the boys and girls of our school come.

The missions in these parts are far from civilization even for northern Alaska. Our nearest telegraph station is a place called Marshall, about 150 miles up the river. To reach it in winter would require three or four days. Our nearest doctor is at Nome, which in winter is ten or twelve days away.

* * *

Joseph Prince, a young Eskimo student from Holy Cross, Alaska, has started his period of postulancy preparatory to becoming a Jesuit Brother. The new postulant was one of the Eskimos who, in Arctic furs, won so much attention at the International Eucharistic Congress held at Chicago in 1926.

Very Reverend Philip I. Delon, S.J., superior of the Alaskan Mission, writes of him:

Joseph Prince at present is making his postulancy at Manresa Hall, Port Townsend, Washington, and it is reported that he is giving the greatest satisfaction.

Patna Mission



Father James Creane, S.J., of Bhagalpur, P. O. Champagnanar, India, is starting early to

develop native vocations among his Santal maidens. About the three who smile at our readers from this page he writes:

I shall enclose herewith a few more pictures. One of them is of very special interest to me, namely that of the three little girls. They are choice Santal flowers plucked from among ten thousand in the three hundred square mile mission field that I am now opening up.

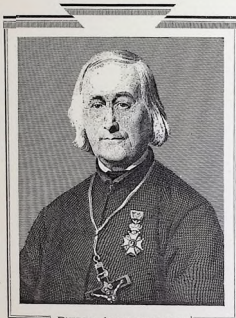
Two of them, thank God, are now in the Bankipore convent where we hope and pray that they may thrive and develop into the most beautiful flowers in the Sisters' garden. But the getting them there was not such a simple task as one might imagine. First there was the "round-up." On the morning set for the departure, Hari was all ready with her mother. Salgi came one mile and a half from a neighboring village. But where was Turki? Ah! sly little tot, she had wandered off alone into the jungle. Searching parties had to be sent out after her. At last she was found. But she had still her breakfast to take; surely, a necessity before beginning the seven mile hike to Buansi.

Meantime Salgi had gotten the bright light that her sari and Turki's needed washing for the journey. So she slipped off to the river bank. When she came back, Turki had eaten breakfast, but still she was not ready. The rings had to come out of her nose and ears, the necklace off her neck and the bracelets off her wrists.

Finally I got them started with Sam, the pagan catechist, as guide. I joined them at Buansi and we journeyed thirty miles to Bhaulpur by trail. But poor Turki got sick with high fever, so I sent her home with Sam, who, however, was no longer a pagan, as I had just baptized him.

On Monday I started off with the remaining two to Bankipore. I noticed some Hindus inquiring of my servant at the Bhaulpur station about them. Later developments seemed to indicate that they were up to mischief. For it seems probable that they telegraphed ahead to the Aryasamaj of Bankipore that we were coming. At any rate the Aryasamaj men were there and caught hold of the girls as soon as we landed. The girls were Hindus, they said, and what right had we to put them in a Christian school? A big squabble followed. Fortunately Father Millet had joined me at Mokameh en route and while I held on to the youngsters, he called the police. But even then it was with some difficulty that we finally got away.

"Double-crossing" *Kali Ma*, Black Mother, is a zealous and rather thrilling branch of spiritual sport during



PIERRE JEAN DE SMET

THE subject of this sketch ranks amongst the greatest missionaries of all times. He has been called the apostle of the Rocky Mountains deservedly. To cross the Atlantic nineteen times even in our own days of swift, safe travel is somewhat of a record. To have crossed the Atlantic for the first time in 1821, when ocean voyaging was dangerous and slow, and then to have repeated that crossing eighteen times during the next fifty years of a life crowded with enterprises and eighty thousand miles of land travel on the North American continent seems almost incredible. De Smet traveled considerably over 150,000 miles. And this was all for love of the souls of the American Indians. His love for them seemed to annihilate distances, difficulties, dangers.

Corresponding to his love for the Indian was an influence over them which has never been surpassed, if ever equalled by any white man. Flat Heads and Fend d'Oreilles, Crows and Gros Ventres, Blackfeet and Sioux, all felt the force of his zeal, and all were swayed by the magic of his personality. Again and again conflict between the United States Government and the Indian tribes was averted by the trust reposed in him.

Father De Smet died at St. Louis on the 23d of May, 1873.

the Puja holidays at Bettiah. Father Raymond Conway, S.J., writes the manner of the game:

We are having the Puja holidays now, that is the ten days in which the Hindus worship *Kali Ma*, Black Mother, when all the schools and all public offices close. *Kali Ma* doesn't get all the spoils, for thousands of the natives come over to the Christian *girga*, to wonder at the magnificent building, not because it is really magnificent, though it does look fine, but because it is in such sharp contrast to anything they are acquainted with. Well they come here and we improve the shining hour. All the doors of the church are locked, and then one is opened and crowds are let in ranging from fifty to two hundred or more in number. At the door they are told to remain *chup*, that is not to talk inside and to remove their shoes, if they have them. The men too are told to remove their *topi* from their heads, a thing they would never think of doing by themselves. They are then squatted down on the

floor in the center aisle, and are given a discourse of ten minutes on the meaning of the crucifixion group above the main altar. They are given some idea of an act of contrition and of necessity of belief in Jesus Christ. You would be edified to see their rapt attention and their reverence during the talks. . . .

Bettiah in Patna rejoiced with a holy joy on the feast of the Immaculate Conception last year. The occasion was the vow day of its first native nuns.

"For the last month or so," the Mistress of Novices told Father Peter Santog, S.J., recently, "they are almost too good. You can almost feel the effort they are making." The majority of the first eight Bahins have been ambitioning the vows of religion for years. For some the period of waiting has been fully ten years. And when it is possible for an Indian woman to wait so long, it is plainly evident that there is a vocation there for the religious life.

The Bahins will step directly from their novitiate to the class room, the industrial school, the dispensary, the orphanage, the kitchen. Their work has been awaiting them, and they, generous souls, are eager to do it.



British Honduras

Mr. Robert L. McCormack, S.J., told in the last issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, the story of a mission trip he made with Father Lalin, the one secular priest in British Honduras. Now he sends us from Herbert Fuller, one of his students at the little mission college in Belize, B. H., an account of the impression Father Lalin made on a party of Belizians on a recent trip into the bush.

In front of the small, thatched-roof church, we met a priest, Father Lalin. I believe his name is. The clothes on the poor, thin little priest were torn and ragged. He looked feeble and haggard. Still he had a most winning smile for us when we went up to speak to him. He told us that he had no money, that the people were poor and could give little, and for himself he had to depend on some kind Indians for food, and that even from the small pittance he received, he had to help the most wretched of his flock. Our little party there and then "raised" \$6.50, and gave it to him; one elderly man of the company even took off his coat and gave it to the poor missionary. It was easy to make such a sacrifice for one who was doing such generous work.

The Father blessed us and thanked us; but before we left he offered us back the money, saying, "Take this money back, and when you get to Belize have a Benediction veil made. The one here is in rags." We were all surprised at this self-forgetfulness of the priest. The same elderly man who had given his coat pressed the priest's hand closed on the money, and assured him he should get the veil for the Blessed Sacrament.

A week later we had the happiness of sending him a beautiful veil that had been worked by one of the Sisters of Mercy in the Belize Convent. The poor old Father wrote a most touching letter of thanks, and begged us to pray for him.

American Indians



Father A. C. Reister, S.J., superior of Holy Rosary Mission gives the following account of activities this year and prospects for the coming year:

We have a good school this year. Father Albert B. Grueter, S.J., is doing wonderful work with the boys and they love him very much. We now have 360 boys and girls. We were forced to turn many of our Catholic (Turn to page 48)



"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 —

Why was Saint Theresa, the Little Flower, made patroness of the missions?

The Little Flower lived all the years of her religious life in a convent in France. So great, however, was her love and zeal and yearning for the missions and so keen her understanding of the trials of missionary life that, at the almost universal request of missionary priests and bishops, she was named by Pius XI, special patroness of missions and missionaries.

Can a young man enter the Society of Jesus with the express purpose of becoming a Brother for mission work?

Yes, young men may be so received. It is understood that at the time for sending they must have the physical and moral qualities necessary.

Where is the mission of Patna?

Patna is situated in the extreme eastern section of India along the Ganges river. All mission regions can be located by use of the maps in the "Little Atlas of the Missions" which the Society for the Propagation of the Faith issues.

Are not all called to be apostles by the word of Christ, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature"?

These words of Christ as contained in the Gospel according to Saint Mark were addressed to the Apostles. Primarily, therefore, the command to apostolic life was imposed upon them. Christ's religion, however, is one of charity. The greatest charity we can manifest is to help in the salvation of souls of the people of the world. In charity, therefore, the command of Christ applies to all Christians.

How old was Francis Xavier when he died?

Francis Xavier was born on April 7, 1506, and died November 27 or December 3, 1552. He was, therefore, forty-six years old.

Who is the patron of the Alaskan mission?

Saint Theresa, the Little Flower, has been named patroness of Alaska.

Do the Jesuits in America undergo special training for the missions?

The training a Jesuit receives during his formative period is calculated to fit

him in a broad way for universal priestly service. Special preparation is afforded by missionary sodalities and academies, private language study, etc. Some Provinces send subjects directly into the mission field for their years of training.

What progress has been made in the canonization of the North American Martyrs?

We have heard it said that there are reasons to believe that the Jesuit martyrs of North America will be canonized this year.

How many Jesuit missionaries are there?

At the beginning of the year 1928, there were 1,463 priests, 362 scholastics and 489 Brothers of the Society of Jesus laboring in the strictly mission fields. There are others in territory that is mission in character but not in name. Altogether there are 20,636 Jesuits, so that one in ten is a missionary.

Who is the Jesuit Superior in the Mindanao mission of the Philippine Islands?

Father James T. Hayes, S.J., Cagayan de Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

Are any American Jesuits studying for the priesthood in foreign mission lands?

Yes. Four American Jesuit scholastics of the Missouri Province are making philosophical studies at Sreemanganur, District of Madura, India, at the Sacred Heart College, a scholastic of the French Province of Toulouse. Another Jesuit, the Rev. James R. Gibbons, S.J., whose ordination invitation appears on another page of this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, is in his last year of theology at St. Mary's, Kurseong, D. H. Railway, India, a house of theological studies conducted by Belgian Jesuits. Two other young American Jesuits finished their theological course at Kurseong last December.

Who was Father Ruppert, S.J.?

Reverend F. J. Ruppert, S.J., was a member of the California Province of the Society of Jesus. He was frozen to death on Christmas Eve, 1923, while carrying Christmas supplies to the Eskimo children of his mission in Alaska.



THE *Acta Apostolica Sedis*, official Roman commentary of the Holy See, notes the following mission changes:

Tsing-tao, a prefecture apostolic in the province of Shantung, China, which has grown rapidly under the care of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, has been advanced to the rank of a vicariate apostolic.

The new independent Mission of Bellary, South India, has been lately formed. It embraces the civil districts of Reichur and Gulbarga, separated from the diocese of Hyderabad, and Bellary itself separated from the territory of the archdiocese of Madras. The wide extent of territory and the growing number of Christians moved the Bishop of Hyderabad to ask for the separation of Reichur and Gulbarga. Bellary was added to the two separated districts as being allied to them in language and customs. The new mission has been entrusted to the care of the English Province of Franciscan Friars Minor.

According to the request of Bishop Joseph Taconi, Vicar Apostolic of Karfeng in the province of Honan, China, the Holy Father has divided that vicariate and established the separated portion into the new prefecture apostolic of Kweiteh, embracing Kweiteh, Ningling, Kaocheng, Yucheng, Siayi and Yuncheng. The new prefecture apostolic is under the care of the Augustinian Fathers.

The Holy Father has likewise graciously granted the request of Bishop Boniface Sauer, O.S.B., Vicar Apostolic of Wonsou, Korea, to divide his large and growing vicariate. The Province of Ilan has been cut off from the vicariate of Wonsou and es-

tablished as an independent mission. Like the vicariate from which it is separated the new mission has been placed in charge of the Benedictines of St. Odile.

Another independent mission has been established in North Manchuria, China, by the separation of the districts of Long-Kiang, Houloun and Heilheu from the vicariate of Kirin and by the organization of

Our March Number

"I have heard . . . Ignatius declare that the stiffest clay he ever had to handle was Francis Xavier." With this quotation, Father Francis P. Le Buffe, S.J., begins a Jesuit's appreciation of a sainted brother. He calls it STIFF CLAY.

Even the "old folks" are getting the mission fever. At least, William J. Healy, S.J., finds it so in TONIC FOR OLD BLOOD. It's interesting and applicable.

Father Henfling, S.J., is no Mohammed. But he does have trouble with his mountains. He tells about them in CLIMB UP! HEAVEN'S ABOVE.

these into the separate independent mission of Tsitikar. Kirin remains in charge of the Fathers of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. The new mission has been handed over to the Fathers of the Society of Bethlehem.

A Bishop has recently been appointed by the Holy See through the Pontifical Commission for Russia to care for the Catholic Russian exiles living within the confines of the Chinese Empire. The residence of the Bishop is located at the church of St. Vladimir of the Byzantine-Slavic rite in the city of Harbin, but his juris-

diction extends to all Catholics of that rite dwelling within the empire. The Holy Father has appointed Rev. Fabian Abrantowicz as Ordinary of the new jurisdiction.

THE constitutions of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate who have been and still are doing such splendid missionary work in British Columbia and in the cold and lonely regions of northwestern Canada, were recently approved by a vostolic letter *Mirabile plane* of the present Holy Father. The Oblates of Mary, as they are popularly known, also have flourishing missions in South Africa, Ceylon and Australia.

THE *Aurora*, the quarterly bulletin of Catholic Chinese Young Men's Association, with headquarters at 902 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal., made its initial appearance in November, 1928. The quarterly and the association of which it is the organ are very practical and apostolic developments of St. Mary's Chinese Catholic Mission, conducted by the Paulist Fathers in San Francisco.

The *Aurora* is a mimeographed publication owing, perhaps, to the fact that the bulk of its articles are in Chinese. It is neatly bound and illustrated with stencilled sketches and insert half-tones.

THE *Rock*, from Hongkong, China, tells a comforting bit of mission news:

Bishop C. Heerey, C.S.Sp., of Southern Nigeria, Africa, on entering a town in the interior found a Catholic community organized, a chapel built and arrangements for Mass

made with a neighbouring missionary, all of which was the work of a fourteen year old boy whom the bishop had baptized six years previously.

THE December number of *Pro Apostolis*, the mission sheet published at Louvain, Belgium, gives an interesting explanation of the name of the new Russian college at Rome. On the 11th of February, 1928, the first stone of the new edifice was placed. In his address on that occasion, Right Reverend Michael d'Herbigny, S.J., President of the Pontifical Oriental Institute, explained the origin of the name of the new foundation, namely, The Russian Institute of St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus.

"Three years ago," said the bishop, "the Holy Father, after having entrusted the Russian Seminary at Lille to the Dominican Fathers, and having requested the sons of St. Benedict to train up Russian monks, deliberated on ways and means of bringing further spiritual assistance and prayed the Lord to insure him material means for the construction of a Russian Seminary at Rome. He finally recommended this intention to

St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus, who was about to be canonized. It happened that on that same day there arrived from Lisieux a letter from the Prioress of Carmel, sister of the Saint. She put at the disposal of the Holy Father for the apostolic work of his choice a part of the offerings which had been made at the shrine. It was thus that the decision was made to erect a college under the title of the Russian Institute of St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus." May it give many priests to Russia.

THE New York Times on December 5, carried an Associated Press dispatch about certain interesting scientific predictions of early Jesuit missionaries, which predictions events have amply verified:

"Surveys made here at Loreto, Lower California, and at other points along the west as well as the east coast of Lower California show that the peninsula is widening and point to the possibility of eventual disappearance of the Gulf of California.

"The Jesuit priests who colonized this part of the peninsula two hundred and thirty years ago, were the first to observe the phenomenon.

Juan Barneo, a descendant of early Spanish colonizers, decided about thirty years ago to check up on the Jesuits' figures. He planted a number of palm trees on the shore of Loreto Bay, within ten feet of the sea. These trees now are one hundred yards inland." Barneo's findings have been compared with the records of the early Jesuits. They prove the scientific accuracy of their findings.

THE *Negro Child* tells the following touching story of devotion to the Holy Eucharist:

A little negro boy, accompanied by his brother, an angel of devotion, went to the Sisters to get some hosts. "Let me see them," said the pious little fellow.

"Look, but do not touch them!"

The little cherub, not heeding his brother's words, eagerly seized one of the hosts and kissed it with the greatest emotion.

"Why, it is only bread!" remarked the brother.

"I know that, but tomorrow at Mass it will be our dear Lord, and He will find my kiss when He comes!"



The Jesuit Church of the Gesu at Rome was the scene of a brilliant ceremony on December 2, 1928. Joachim Rodriguez, Lima, S.J., was raised to the episcopal dignity. Consecration came from the hands of Cardinal Pignatelli assisted by Right Reverend Marchetti-Selvaggi and Right Reverend Michael d'Herbigny, S.J. His Grace, Joachim Lima, S.J., was appointed Archbishop of Bombay after the ratification on April 15, 1928, of a concordat between the Holy See and Portugal.

FIRST LAYMEN'S RETREAT IN NORTH AMERICA

(Continued from page 27)

ture among a people that scarcely knew how to live more decently than merest animals. The more the Father heard the more he marveled at the faith and wisdom of this Huron whom the missionaries fittingly called "The Pearl of the Christians."

During the retreat these were some of the thoughts that found expression out of the depths of the Huron's simple heart: "My God, I come here to know your holy Will." "All my life I have been occupied; if I die at this hour, what profit would there be

left to me for eternity, unless from the little that I have done for the salvation of my soul since I have had the Faith?" "Alas, my God, I am nothing . . . speak then in the depth of my heart and tell me, 'Do that': I will do it, my God, though I should die for it." "I no longer fear death . . . in the firm hope that I have done that for which I should go to Heaven." Again and again he repeated in his native tongue: "Tauske heati isatacan"—"It is a strange thing—a strange thing—I now begin to know God. Oh, why is He not known? What are men thinking of?" To the saints he would say: "Great saints, I do not know your names . . . Have pity on me; pray your Master and mine, Jesus, for me."

The days of his retreat were too short for him; he asked to make several retreats a year, and he would not leave until his eight days were over, though his tribesmen sent him false messages about sickness in his family, and though a band of savages burst into the cabin to disturb its solitude. Joseph even converted one of his tormentors. At last, the first retreatant put his canoe into the lake again and paddled away into the sunset from which he had come, to be known thereafter as an apostle of his people.

EXPLAINING the catechism in his own tongue, defending the Faith at the councils and assemblies of the tribes, procuring baptism for little children, caring for the chapel, leading in the prayers, debating with the medicine men, learning to read and write in order to record his spiritual thoughts, teaching his family their duties, these were a few of the good works inspired by his retreat. But it was, above all, the strength to withstand persecution and mockery, and the resignation to God's Will when sickness came upon his family and took away eleven of his dear ones, that showed what kind of a retreat he had made.

Damien of Molokai.

KNIGHTHOOD is dead and chivalry is no more!

Self and one's own good the sole concern
Of all who heed the wayward world and learn
The cult of self. Self caused the Christ of yore
In swaddling clothes, in Calvary's pain implore
The mercy of an angry God, and earn
For us our exile's end—Yet still men yearn—
Yearn still, for self; and Christ's pierced heart ignore.

Not so, my God! For there was one who sought

The souls of lepers and forgot this cry:

"For self." God's trader he—with life he bought.

Yea, Damien reached, dear Lord, Thy purpose high,
Higher than life. Thy knight, to death he fought
With leprosy, for souls at Molokai.

—Joseph S. Flanagan, S.J.

A year after the end of this first laymen's retreat in America, on August 2, 1840, the first retreatant went to God. The "Relations" tell us that he had made many enemies by censuring the follies of the braves and by denouncing their sins, and that he was murdered in his fields by two Iroquois. Did he die for the Faith? We do not know. He had frequently offered his blood and life for the conversion of his countrymen. On several occasions he spoke of having been threatened with death because of his work for the Fathers.

Father Lalemant, the Superior of the missions, wrote a special letter for the "Relations" to tell of his death. In this letter he says: "Those who have been most intimately ac-

quainted with this good Christian render me the evidence that he had an almost continual sense of the presence of God. The saints have more power when they are in heaven than here below on earth . . . We have gained more than we have lost in his death."

Such was the first American lay retreatant—a savage, but so refined and saintly, that when the people of France desired to see a specimen of the Huron language, nothing better could be found to send to them than a prayer he had composed to be recited after Holy Communion. A convert he was of less than two years, who left his home and family to answer the "Come, follow Me" of a real apostolic life; a man who was not afraid to profess his Faith in the very dens of the devil, nor to rebuke shameless sinners at their banquets of crime; a man who endured the bitterest persecutions because he believed in the Lord, Jesus Christ; one upon whom the hand of God pressed heavily, as upon another Job.

LO PA HONG REALIZES A DREAM

(Continued from
page 29)

But it would take too long and seem exaggerated to tell all—one must come and see to believe."

FROM another of the little band, "Once the vagabond spirit gets hold of you it seems very difficult to shake it off. I am not yet rid of it. Every day since we arrived here there has been this or that hospital, orphanage or college to be visited. We are now seeing things we only read about before; Sisters going out and gathering babies from ash heaps where they have been thrown to die, hospitals giving medical attention to thousands and feeding other starving thousands, without charge. Mr. Lo Pa Hong says 'God does not like to be outdone in generosity by people.'

So he gives all he has to charity. 'I tell Sacred Heart I must have money, and He sends some pagan' . . . He certainly has zeal for souls if anyone ever had. He is most careful to see that no one dies either in the hospital or orphanages who has not been baptized. The first morning we had breakfast with him, he had just returned from baptizing sixteen men who were to face the firing squad that day. He asked us to pray for the other forty-nine who were to take their turns before the same firing squad. I am not sure but I believe that he personally converted every one of those baptized. They had kidnapped some rich mandarin in hopes of getting money. Every day he picks dozens of children off the streets and sends them to the Sisters and to our Brothers. I suppose it is a case of faith moving mountains. Strange to say a huge share of his charity is done, or rather made possible, by pagan money. A Sister from Scotland was telling me it pleased her Scottish nature to be educating Catholic children with pagan money."

ACROSS DARK SWAMP

(Continued from page 31)

to the end, his soul had been surrounded, please God, by the choirs of angels sent forth to bear it home."

Silence for awhile, then Father Paul quietly concluded: "And that was all. I came home hardly thinking of the dreadful swamp. Only at the very end my thoughts were broken up when Pedro stumbled and then I realized what a struggle the brave little beast had been having. Well, let us call it a day, Francis, and you bet I'll need no lullaby to put me to sleep. Good night! and be around early to lend a hand with Pedro."

CONSTRUCTIVE CHRISTIANITY IS TAUGHT IN BOGOTÁ

(Continued from page 37)

lack of sufficient funds or suitable clothing, no other school is open for the little ones, Father Campoamor receives these as his best beloved.

FROM the *Instituto Nocturno*, with a membership of more than 150 young laborers, came the chief organizers of the First National Congress of Catholic Laborers. In 1925 the communists had been organizing in Bogotá, and to offset their work the congress of Catholic laborers was held. The following are their fundamental principles: "We resolve to consider the Catholic religion as the foundation of the social order; to respect the Christian family; to approve private property rights; to insure morality; to advance education; to encourage savings deposits; to procure the organization of all Catholic laborers." The congress was an immense success and, without doubt, a great determining factor in the report which was lately read to the Colombian Congress by the Minister of War. He said in part: "Socialism no longer presents a real danger in Colombia."

A twenty minutes' ride from Bogotá brings one to St. Theresa's Agricultural school, which is the most cherished of all Father Campoamor's accomplishments in the educational line. St. Theresa's is beautifully situated on a large estate in the midst of flower and vegetable gardens. Poultry and dairy farms make the school self-supporting and obviate the need of tuition fees. The splendidly kept gardens are worthy of the greatest praise; but it is the spirit of the girls that impresses one most. Father Campoamor says that St. Theresa's much resembles a religious community. The superioress is always one of the girls and all are glad to obey her. There is never need of punishment. If one of the girls is told her faults she listens humbly, then shows her gratitude with a simple and submissive, "*Dios se lo pague.*"

Along with the garden work there are conducted daily classes in grammar, commercial and domestic science. This makes St. Theresa's a sort of supply center for teachers in the elementary schools, workers in the bank, managers of the cooperative stores and cooks for the school restaurants.

FROM all this one can estimate the moral and religious aims of



Catechetical Classes for Public School Catholics. By Reverend Joseph J. Mereto. Printed by Our Sunday Visitor. Single copies 10c. 110 copies \$4.50 plus transportation.

The zealous author of this pamphlet points out how vast and promising is the field for apostolic work among the 2,000,000 Catholic children attending public schools. He insists on the need of cultivating this harvest and shows the difficulties and means of overcoming them. The problem is already being faced in some dioceses with splendid results. After reading this pamphlet one wishes that clergy and laity alike might be aroused to a mutual interest in this problem until the solution of it has been reached by steadfast perseverance. Here is a real mission field and one at our doors.

Life and Letters of Walter Drum, S.J. By Joseph Gorayeb, S.J. The America Press, New York, N. Y. \$3.00.

One cannot read the story told in this book without being profoundly impressed by the superb character, strength and self-discipline of its subject. The son of a soldier, having a soldier saint as his spiritual guide and members of a soldier company of God as his companions, it is no wonder that all Father Drum's life bears indications of heroic self-discipline. By that self-discipline he became a profound scholar, a brilliant preacher, a compelling lecturer, a spiritual guide and educator.

The reviewer finds the Syrian experiences of Father Drum as told in his letters exceedingly interesting. Even the casual reader will not fail to note the supreme love Father Drum had for his daily Mass and what sacrifices he made to say it. But the outstanding fact of this life seems to be contained in the vow of perfection which Father Drum made in his third year probation. The very fact that he conceived the idea of taking this vow is proof of the magnificent courage which to those who knew the man was always manifest. Earnestness, courage, absolute dedication to the cause of Christ, are the lessons taught and exemplified in this book.

El Circulo. Each section has its rules, which are rigidly enforced. Holy Mass, frequent Communion and catechism classes are the pivots of the whole work. Father Campoamor is accustomed to say that the only solution of the social problem is

Grateful Acknowledgments

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

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Gratitude is also expressed for the four hundred and twenty-two Mass stipends recently received.

found in the catechism. A profound love for the director who daily visits every section and on Sunday gives as many as seven conferences is a factor in the success of the "Circle."

AMERICAN INDIANS

(Continued from page 43)

children away. The children who go to the government day schools get practically no religious instruction. The missionaries are trying to spend much time in their districts so as to keep the Faith alive in the hearts of the Sioux.

Father Stephen McNamara, S.J., is pastor of Pine Ridge where we have two Catholic social workers. These ladies live in a little house near the chapel. Just at present a new chapel is being built in this little town. The two ladies are doing wonderful work. Indian women who knew very little about their holy religion and seldom came to Mass on Sunday are gradually receiving instruction and becoming good Catholics. The children under school age are taught by one of the ladies. The public school children come for catechism lessons after school. Father McNamara and the ladies also teach catechism to the fifty-six Indian boys and girls at the government boarding school. Two years ago the Catholics in Pine Ridge were lukewarm and rather neglected, but today the little house there is a center of Catholic activity. The Blessed Sacrament is in the little chapel day and night.

Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., devotes much of his time to the people in the districts around his two Mission chapels. He has made many converts during the last year. Father often instructs and baptizes whole families, and he has blessed many marriages. Father Buechel is also writing a Sioux grammar and has gathered about 25,000 Indian words and phrases.

Father Placidus Sialm, S.J., has charge of six chapels. One of these chapels is ninety miles away through the Bad Lands. St. Agnes church was too small for his congregation so he is having it enlarged. He has charge of the boys' and girls' sodalities here at the mission and the sodality members out on the reservation. On the fortieth anniversary of Holy Rosary Mission Father sent invitations to the first pupils of the mission to come and spend the day. Many came and had a very happy day at their Alma Mater. Father Sialm, because he begs old clothes for his Indians, is known by many as the "Rag-gedy Man."

This fall the government gave each Indian ten dollars. This is the first time in years that they have received such a gift from the government. It was wonderful how they used the ten dollars to pay up old debts.

* * *

Father Aloysius Vrebosch, S.J., a veteran laborer among the Crow

Indians of Montana for thirty years, was killed instantly in an automobile accident last December in Seattle, Washington. Father Vrebosch was returning from a sick call at the time of his death. His name lives among the Crows and their present pastors as the author of a Crow dictionary and grammar. (N. C. W. C. News Service.)



Jamaica

Fathers Charles F. Arnold, S.J., and John F. Shea, S.J., sailed for the Jamaica Mission

on the SS. *Metapan*, on November 28, 1928. The Very Reverend Superior of the mission, Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., and Father J. M. A. Kelly, S.J., had been in the hospital for some time. The two newcomers were welcome reinforcements.

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