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March, 1929



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A TABERNACLE BENEATH TROPIC SUN AND PALMS

*Rev. Daniel H. Sullivan, S.J., pastor, and Rev. James D. Mahoney, S.J.,
outside the parish church at Balacanas, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.*

In the island region of Mindanao there are fifty-three Jesuit priests and Brothers belonging to the eastern provinces of the Society of Jesus in the United States. Some of these are Spaniards who were in the mission before it was taken over by the Americans.



WOULD
be thank-
ful to Al-
mighty
God if the

present article proved to be a conceit killer. I would be thankful to learn that I am entirely wrong in my estimation, over-severe in my judgment. But, really, can we boast of our modern progress? Can we boast that science and comfort are bringing us nearer to God and to the eternal happiness for which we were made? In answer, let me enumerate dispassionately some

of the cold facts that I have been witness to during the twenty-five years of my stay here in the Alaska missions.

In 1903, we had no wireless, no moving picture palaces (they call them dream theaters here), no prohibition, no flying machines, no big corporations. The natives looked up to the whites, but never thought of sharing with them their labor, their way of living, their comfort, their amusements. Camped at the mouth of the rivers or nestled on the slopes of the capes, they fished and trapped and hunted and thereby made a pretty fair living.

In her maternal solicitude the Church opened to them her arms and made them understand that they were dear to our Lord and His Blessed Mother, that they had souls to save, and an eternity of happiness in store for them. Full of joy at finding such a mother, the natives threw themselves in her arms and became good Catholics.

THEN came progress. To begin with, the wireless was installed, flashing news from the great outside. That was a wonder to the natives, and it was a blessing; but it told them also many things of which they were better ignorant. This was outdone



The picturesque Eskimo dances are being replaced by modern products.

Shadows on the White Snow of Nome

B. LAFORTUNE, S.J.



As old as the hills, and of sterner stuff than the present generation.

very soon by the dream theater which is still the Eskimos' fascination. Drawn to town by those marvels, and invited to buy tickets and learn what was going on in the world, the natives came in closer contact with the whites, and, what is really the sad part of it, especially with the low grade whites. In a short time, the young squaws noticed that they had

the attention of those wonderful whites whose brains could invent such marvels. They be-

gan to wear white ladies' clothes, to use rouge and other cosmetics. Silk gloves, silk gowns, and white shoes replaced the fur parky and the mukluks. Violet per-

fumes eliminated the seal oil and fish odor. It was the evolution of the Eskimo girl into a "flapper." Thus equipped, the native belle elbowed her way to the dance halls and was preferred in many instances to her white competitors.

The result of it all is that the modern native girl does not want to marry a native boy. That accounts for a lot of unhappy marriages between whites and Eskimos, and a still more unhappy generation of half-breeds, for whom neither whites nor Eskimos have any use. But this is not all.

REFORMERS, busy-bodies and childless women have brought even to this Territory of Alaska all the evils of prohibition. In Alaska the ukase of aridity struck a thirsty crowd.

Unable to buy liquor ready made, every other Eskimo began to fabricate it. And now, what to me is the pitiable climax of it all, every once in a while you are greeted on the streets by the sight of drunken Eskimo women and girls. (Turn to page 71)

THE COVER PICTURE

The apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier, dies on the island of Sancian, in sight of China.

Climb Up! Climb Up!

Heaven's Above



HERE was quite a flurry of excitement at headquarters.

Preparations were under way for a

jaunt over the mountain to a little town near its top. By the rectory stood a group of boys and girls; also the members of the "voluminous" brass band, all trim for the occasion. The carabao too, that sturdy beast of burden, was decked out in "fiesta attire," which means loaded with Mass-kit, bedding and traveling bags filled with pictures, rosaries, medals and other religious articles sent by American friends. God love them!

All's ready. Here comes the "little missionary," Father Henfling, S.J. He ascends his throne of bundles, gives the signal, and then,—he's off. What! Off the back of the beast already? Not yet, but off to the pueblo perched high amid the clouds. If this missionary were a bird or a Lindbergh, he could cover the distance in a short time. But, since he hasn't yet received his wings, he is forced to travel on the slower and less aerial carabao. He struggles along in the center of the procession;—and what a procession it is! In front of him, in a line, march several members of the band; in back of him, the remaining members; and circled about him are the boys and girls. A great picture—for an old-fashioned comic valentine.

FOR a time, the going is hilarious as those fun-loving folks exchange many a pleasantry about the "little Jesuit" sitting so pretty upon his throne of baggage. The pleasantry soon takes a more serious tone, as they cross the river on the backs of animals or over it on a few bamboo poles. The advance now is quite precarious as they start to climb up the slippery trail on the edge of the mountain wall. The ascent is getting steeper. The

FREDERICK HENFLING, S.J.



"Hanging over a ravine with a straight drop."

"little missionary" is losing his equilibrium,—no trifling loss on the brink of a precipice. He puts his arms around the neck of the animal or clings to its tail. A circus stunt, you think? Well, in a circus, you hit the sawdust when you fall. Here, you consider yourself lucky if you hit a tree on the way down. This may break your fall, if it doesn't break your neck, and that's consoling to a road-worn traveler.

THE throne of the "little missionary" is tottering now. He is dizzy upon such a height. He abdicates, and with the aid of a stick he feels his way through the mud and water up the narrow trail. It's hard and hot, but not unhappy work. Cheery words, a song or two, and many an inward prayer keep the heart happy. They plod onward and upward. There's many a slip and much panting for breath until the top is reached in safety, thank God. The end of the journey? Not half of it. Just a brief rest before they go down on the other side. The rain has made the downward journey as difficult as the upward climb. Finally though, they reach the plain, and since it's near the river, they take a refreshing

wash and prolonged rest on the cool bank.

As they are starting anew, a lady drives up to the "little missionary" with her horse, and gallantly offers the services of the beast. He refuses such a proposal. She gallantly and beseechingly insists. He accepts. And upon the horse and over the plain he goes slowly, so that his bodyguard may keep up with him. As he marches into town, the band booms a mighty blast. The fiesta is on as the "little missionary" is off. The "leading" townsmen escort him to the municipal building. That word "municipal" sounds imposing, not so the building; for this one is only a bamboo hut; yet, a thoroughly open house, no walls, all windows.

Here, before the gaze of all, the missionary takes his meal and then he is ready for business. A fiesta means work from the time he enters the town until he leaves it, tired and worn.

CLIMBING mountains in the daytime has advantages. You can see where you are going—or falling. However, scaling a mountain at night is more exciting. Not so very long ago, after waiting for more than seven hours on the open plain with no shelter against the sun or rain, I finally received our supply of necessary provisions. Quickly putting them on the two-wheeled wagon, we struck out for home. Our progress was exceedingly slow. In fact, after only a few minutes' advance, we had to halt. It was dangerous to go further. Night had overtaken us. There was not a shred of starlight or moonlight anywhere, just jet-black night and we had forgotten our lantern. I tried to find the road with a candle, a useless effort. A puff of wind and that light was dead. But even with a bright light this trail is dangerous. Built on the side of a mountain and barely wide enough for a small auto to pass, and hanging over a ravine which has a straight drop down of almost a hundred feet, it is the sort of road which makes you pause before you proceed to step on it, or especially off it.

We paused and we prayed. Thank God, our prayer was blessed with immediate answer. From a tiny dilapidated hut in the distance came a man with a lantern. With that light we were able to feel out the road. Prudently, perforce, we proceeded slowly. We had almost made the top, when something happened, something most unwelcome. It began to rain, and the water in a sizable stream came rushing down the road. The carabao was slipping. Fortunately, to prevent himself from going backward, he ceased to try to go forward, and that was unpleasant enough. There had been hope of making the top that night, but not after the carabao became balky.

What was I to do? With two



The "little missionary" ascends his throne of bundles.

hard and though—the boys were soon fast asleep—there was neither human face nor human voice to brighten up the way. I was not lonely; merely alone—with God.

WHILE waiting, I decided to read my mail. I drew three letters from my pocket. By the light of the lantern I read them. Three letters from the States and each one containing a very helpful donation for the missions; also a timely message of encouragement. What a consolation! It is just such thoughtful charity which more than any material light brightens up the pathway of a mountain-trail and keeps us from toppling over the precipice of—disappointment.

God bless such friends! Their cheery letters, with their gracious, timely gifts not only console, but rejuvenate a wandering missionary.

Why, even the carabao was rejuvenated. When we urged it on again, it surprised us by kicking its balk over the precipice and taking a new lease on life. Climb up! Heaven's above.

Upward and forward we went again. We made the top that night, a few minutes before midnight. Hurriedly, we unloaded and unhitched the carabao. Hastily, with one eye on the clock, we gulped down our long-delayed supper, and then hopped off to bed, with a heart made happy by loyal friends back home. Perhaps we dreamed; I do not know. If we did, it might well have been the dream of Jacob with brilliant angels mounting and descending the ladder that joined heaven to earth. The mountains of Bukidnon form that ladder for us. When we awoke we were ready and glad to climb another mountain.



Three hundred foot waterfalls near Sumilao, Bukidnon, P. I.

A LIGHT in the EAST

J.D. Richard, S.J.



TIMES were particularly auspicious at the close of the nineteenth century for the opening of a Catholic school of higher education in China. Catholicism, whose converts belonged mostly to the poorer classes, was commonly thought of as a religion fit only for the ignorant and the scum of the people, "slaves who bowed their heads to foreigners to get a bowl of rice." But the Catholic religion, unparalleled for its charity toward the poor, is alike second to none in the line of intellectual and scientific achievements and a university of high standing would prove it. It was fully time to act.

Alas! The bright hopes of the Jesuit Fathers who were preparing the new school were unexpectedly dashed to the ground. The *coup d'état*, in September, 1898, of the queen-dowager, a staunch conservative, put an end to the era of progress just dawning for China. For five long years the Fathers awaited a new opportunity.

It was a curious and most unexpected circumstance which presented the longed-for opening. A student strike—not a rare thing in China—was prevailing (1903) in Nanyang College, a large Protestant institution of Shanghai. Three of the rebellious professors interviewed

THE year 1895 witnessed a struggle of the David-Goliath type, when the small Japanese Empire battered to defeat the Chinese giant. Recuperating from this crushing blow, China proved herself an intelligent loser. If she wished to hold her own among nations, she must follow the example of Japan: modernize everything, particularly in the field of education. As a result, the French Jesuits of Shanghai were asked to open a university. The Fathers gladly accepted, for they well knew that by dint of assiduous care and zeal, the proposed school would soon become for Catholicism a LIGHT IN THE EAST.

Mr. Ma Siang-pe, a Catholic *lettre* of high repute, and offered him the presidency of a new school. He readily accepted, naming however his condition that the Jesuits be allowed to cooperate with him.

Soon after, Aurora University was in full operation with a student body of one hundred, most of whom were Nanyang strikers. To content these restless students would have required powers alto-

gether beyond the limits of those in charge of the new school. Before two years had elapsed, trouble occurred and the school was closed.

But the competency and disinterestedness of the Fathers had been well appreciated, and the cessation of their teaching efforts was deeply regretted by many. Some of the more serious students, seconded by prominent Shanghai citizens, soon petitioned the Fathers to resume their work. With the help of two years' experience, the school was reorganized on a better plan. Even the campaign of slander against Aurora served as an excellent advertisement. From this day she started her march of progress which, in 1908, necessitated a transfer to new grounds and larger buildings.

The eye of a stranger walking along Duball Avenue in the outskirts of Shanghai, is attracted by a cluster of large



The Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Constantini, at Aurora University. On his right is Bishop Paris, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Nanking. Faculty and some students of Aurora in rear.

and neatly-constructed buildings. An artistic Chinese entrance with gabled roof introduces the visitor to the home of the new Aurora. In 1925, the university numbered eight buildings. On the right are situated the Administration Building and Fathers' Residence with Library and Chapel; on the left, two three-story Family Houses, as they are called, where the students lodge; then come the Physics, Chemistry, Law and Medicine Buildings. A large campus, where many a sensational game is contested, borders the front street. Nearby is situated the huge Saint Mary's Hospital with a capacity of three thousand patients, which affords the medical students a splendid opportunity to apply and complete their theoretical training.

THINGS went smoothly enough with occasional ups and downs until 1919, when military troubles more than once endangered the young institution. The last crisis, in 1927, calls for special attention.

The approach of the Southern Army aroused a considerable agitation among the university students of Shanghai. Worked up by an intense bolshevik propaganda, they frantically hailed the oncomers as liberators. "Death to the foreigners!" was the common cry. The firm hand of the Fathers maintained order at Aurora longer than elsewhere, but when the fighting reached Shanghai in March, trouble began. A petition was circulated to sovietize the school. Accompanied by strangers and laden with armfuls of revolutionary literature, two undesirable students invaded the school to wreak vengeance for their recent expulsion. Fiery speeches fell from fiery lips . . . "Yes! drive out all foreigners; yes! let us take possession of Aurora . . ."

The police had to be called to eject the rebels. The university was closed. The exodus began. Many left fiercely inimical; one, as a parting wish, leveled his umbrella at a Father in rifle fashion. But some of the more serious element frankly deplored the turn of events. "Isn't that too bad, Father! And my studies? I'll have to finish somewhere else." One of the Fathers says he heard this fifty times on that heart-rending day. "Oh! just a little holiday!" he would answer encouragingly. But the words found no echo in his heart; they completely lacked sincerity. The horizon was dark, pitch dark.

YET the apparently impossible sometimes happens. The phrase "just a little holiday" turned out strictly true. Exactly one month after the *coup d'état*, Aurora

re-opened her doors. It was a daring venture, as Shanghai was still in the full excitement of military occupation and the students as troublesome as ever. The social and educational work of the university was so highly prized however, even by the new government, that the step taken by Aurora was approved; and soon, despite the threats of the federated students, her student body reached three hundred.

Aurora was resuscitated and her vitality renewed. The number of students continued to increase and new buildings, of which the most important is the Auditorium, had to be erected. The Law-Literature department was divided into two distinct and well specialized faculties. After the hardships of twenty-five first years, it seems that Aurora is definitely established on a solid basis.

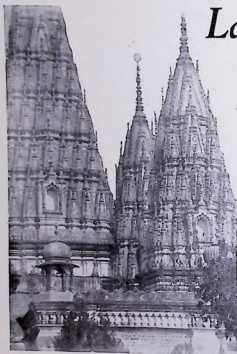
To China, Aurora has given hundreds of young men, highly educated, well informed about the needs of their



"The eye is attracted by a cluster of large and neatly-constructed buildings."

country, ready to contribute with heart and mind to the betterment of their compatriots. She already numbers among her alumni one Minister of the Interior, four members of Parliament, the Director of Tsingtao Observatory, the President of the great Ta-tong College in Shanghai, four lecturers of Peking University, one judge of the Supreme Court, many high officials in big railroad and mining enterprises. The Hygiene Bureau of Shanghai ordered some years ago all Chinese doctors to pass a special examination; Aurora graduates, however, were exempted.

AT Aurora young men have benefited from occidental learning without the dangers incurred by a stay in our pseudo-Christian universities of Europe and America. Thousands of Chinese students have paid too often for a smattering of western civilization the fearful price of the loss of their moral righteousness and all religious instincts. When one considers that these latter were the leaders in the chaos and calamities which have held sway in China during the past years, one cannot praise too highly the social work of Aurora University. (Turn to page 71)



Land of Shrines and Pilgrimages

HENRY I. WESTROPP, S.J.

Besides the ceremonial practices of the pilgrimage, there are secular attractions that offer a variety of distraction and excitement to lives which are otherwise extremely drab. Brisk and substantial trade always prevails at the pilgrimage spot and many unusual amusements are centered there. It is the custom to carry on along with the religious festival a very busy commercial fair. The women are the individuals most benefited by the entertaining features. Many of them, shut up at all times in the purdah or zenana, are given at a pilgrimage their only chance to get out and see the world and its ways, since at the holy places the practise of the purdah is usually not observed.



INDIA is a land of shrines and pilgrimages. Benares, Nasik, Hardwar, Puri, and numberless holy places, some world famous, others relatively unknown, annually draw hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of Hindu pilgrims to their shrines. To the greater places, the stream of devotees flows throughout the entire year with notably greater floods at special times, as at the full moon or at the great feasts. Some shrines are but seldom sought by pilgrims; some indeed as infrequently as once in twelve years. Pilgrimage time is heavy traffic time and the trains are jammed to their utmost capacity. A pilgrimage site becomes a seething mass of humanity.

Apart from the motives common to all pilgrims of acquiring religious merit or expiating sins, these shrines are frequented for the performance of ceremonies in honor of deceased ancestors or as votive acts for the recovery of the sick or again to carry the ashes of deceased kindred to be scattered in the waters of some sacred or purifying river. The customary and very essential ceremony of the pilgrimage is the bath in the holy river, or more convenient nearby tank. Every great river in India, with some lakes, tanks and springs, is regarded as permeated with the divine essence and as capable of cleansing from all sin. The bath is followed by visits to the temple where offerings are made and where, perhaps, a Brahman is religiously fed. The devotees lavish large sums in indiscriminate charity, and it is the hope of sharing in such pious distributions that brings together the ubiquitous mendicants.

AS you watch the endless stream of pilgrims to the holy places, you are made sharply aware of the fact that the Hindu religion has a strong hold on the masses. India has many ills but she is surely not afflicted with atheists or infidels. No one out here, I believe, would dare to speak in public against religion or the gods or God, as the deplorable common practise is in Christian lands. Anti-clericalism is as yet unknown, unless perchance, we recognize it in the anti-Brahman agitation which is carried on in certain parts.

The almost innate urge for pilgrim- (Turn to page 72)



"Pilgrimage time is heavy traffic time."

Tonic for Old Blood

William J. Healy, S. J.



HE transformation effected in old Dan Knox was

too sudden and complete to pass unnoticed for long. It was as though in the passage of a few nights, the pale moon had grown into a beaming sun. People, of course, began to ask one another the cause. Neighbor would stop neighbor and gasp out a futile, "What is it?" But no one seemed quite prepared to explain the sudden change.

It was a phenomenon; and in a small parish any event out of the ordinary is certain to arouse comment and interest. But this was of an order above even the flights of fiction; it taxed the credulity of those who knew him. That Dan Knox should become a real Catholic again; that he should change from bitterness and cynicism, from wrangling and fault finding, from a bothersome old man into a daily communicant, a sweet old soul, kind, cheerful and smiling, a man of good deeds and gracious friendliness—was utterly unexplainable.

Of course Father Doyle knew; and it was he who disclosed the great mystery to the puzzled curate.

"It is only another instance," he said, "to illustrate the incomprehensible power of grace and the marvelous wonders God can effect. Just the chance reading of a simple article was enough to awaken all the man in Dan Knox, and to re-color all the lost dreams of his heart. A poet would have called it a new dawn or something like that; in truth, it did bring new days and a new lease on life."

THE story was really this. Dan was passing into old age, and as he was pretty much alone and neglected, moroseness crept upon him and a chronic sense of fault-finding. He settled down to die; and he was going to do it in the worst possible way. He began to look at everything with disdain for human folly, and his constant slo-



St. Alphonsus Rodriguez inspires zeal in St. Peter Claver.

gan was a terse "I trust no one! Leave me alone!"

Though he would have found strength and solace in the Church and the Sacraments he robbed himself of them. He fancied he had a justifiable grudge against some of the clergy, and he nourished this into hatred for the universal church. It soon became easy for him to follow the line of least resistance, abandon his religious practices entirely and humor himself into the conviction that he was a man who had been wronged and deluded and suffered for his misplaced trust in others. His former friends avoided him as sour, ungrateful,

carping. The children regarded him with feelings reserved for the bogey-man. No one could remain indifferent.

ONE day Dan picked up a pamphlet at his daughter's home, probably to find matter for criticism. He was alone and as time was heavy on his hands he settled himself to read through the unpromising pamphlet. It was a sketch of the life of St. Peter Claver, the great apostle of the slaves. The facts were put simply, in a style that was plain and unadorned. Even Dan had to grunt occasionally in admiration of the story. The achievements, the manifest heroism, the lowliness of the man attracted his interest. Reading further, he learned that Peter Claver had been inspired by an older man's encouragement and sustained by his prayers. This narration and the grace of God awoke in his heart a new prospect of life. Claver was indeed glorious and thrilling as an apostle; but just as splendid was the humble lay-Brother, Alphonsus Rodriguez, his auxiliary, his intercessor with heaven for the graces necessary for the missionary in his ministry. It was with a twinge of envy that Dan read of the great peace in the heart of the old lay-Brother, the great love that enkindled (Turn to page 70)



HAVE heard our great moulder of men, Ignatius, declare that the stiffest clay he ever had to handle was, at the outset, Francis Xavier." Such, according to his secretary, was the judgment passed by St. Ignatius Loyola on the man who was to take on his soul the enduring imprint of his Captain Christ, and then go forth, in relentless attack, to dislodge the devil from his fortresses in the East.

Xavier was "stiff clay" by nature and nurture, and by grace. The Basque country was his home, and its rough ground and thirsty soil were no training ground for weaklings. Summer scorched it; winter rock-ribbed it with cold. And far up in that Basque land was the castle or rather small fort where Don Francisco de Xavier y Jaxu was born. Family traditions were strong and woven toughly into the fibres of his soul, and not the least of these was the spirit of high daring to attempt the noblest, and, if need be, fall—but always without stain. Like mettlesome steeds, men those days sniffed the air of battle lustily; and it was up the slopes of Pampeluna where Ignatius Loyola barred their way that Xavier's two brothers charged with their companions-in-arms. They smote down the doughty Castilian captain; but his later revenge was a holy one, for he too, smote in turn and wrung surrender from the "stiffest clay" and made Francis yield to God.

WARS are costly, and the Xaviers found themselves impoverished—but still proud. Francis would not chance his life, poor as it was now in earthly goods, in the shifting fortunes of soldiery. He would enter the clerical state and take to books and serve God besides. Thus he went to Paris and plunged into the life of the University. Clean and straight and true himself, his companions were riotous. With them he went, but of their sins he would have nothing. Clay he was, with every chance of becoming mud, as they; but he was stiff clay, and the fetid, reeking atmosphere that exhaled from the sewers of undergraduate life did not soften or soil him. A rare example, yes, and as one reads the story of the saint, one wonders what might have happened if the fight, unaided consciously by grace, had continued much longer.

Stiff clay he was, too, in his upholding of what he deemed necessary to the dignity of birth; and hence his frequent demands for money from home, his fine application to his self-appointed task of learning, his brilliant success as a scholar. Bred into the very marrow of his being was the high ideal that spurred Hector on, as he drew his sword on Achilles. "Nay, by my word, I shall not die ignobly and cheated of fame, but in a deed of daring that shall be told to men yet unborn." And Francis, in reality, had it within him to blazon his name across academic skies, already flashing with luminous minds.

NINETEEN he was when he came to Paris; nineteen, with dreams and ambitions to unsettle a weaker mind; and the stiff clay was still stiff three years later when Ignatius, the middle-aged, halting, rather-the-worse-for-the-wear, begging scholar came from Salamanca; and still very stiff when a year later, 1529, Francis was forced to share his room with the man he had learned to dislike heartily.

There we have the scene set: stiff clay and a master-moulder, working with God as the designer. Quickly but firmly, with a thrust here and a bit of pressure there, the moulder worked. Studies were going well, and the bachelor's degree was won, yes—"But what shall it profit . . . ?" Permission was granted to lecture to the younger students, and their applause was long and loud—"But what shall it profit . . . ?" An ecclesiastical benefice was in sight and an assured livelihood with leisure for further research—"But what shall it profit . . . ?" Irk it did, this constant questioning, but deep down in its inmost depths, the clay was stirred, and in 1533, fell, yes, literally fell, impressionable, into Ignatius' hands.

Then there was the new stiffening. The old, strong stuff was there, every bit of which could and would be used: a pride of family which would now make him one of God's own gentlemen, not a mere polite cog in society; a firmness of purpose and tenacity of will that will hold him straight on his course across Europe and the ever-widening seas, across India and Ceylon and Malacca and the Moluccas, across Japan and unto the very threshold of China; a challenging intellect, that could stoop to the level of the youngest child, and yet could outwit Brahman and Bonze and smash their cleverest arguments; a vaulting ambition that once was thrilled by the appeal of human learning but now was avid in its hunger for souls.

STIFF clay, now re-set unto the image and likeness of the God-Man! Human he was still, for as

~ STIFF
FRANCIS F





CLAY E. BUFFE, S.J.

he tramped the hot roads of India, or searched out souls in the veritable hells of Ternate and Tidore, or hid in the bush lest his would-be murderers find him, he wore close to his heart the signature of each of the companions who had knelt with him at the trysting of Montmartre, and he ill-concealed his unfeigned joy when letters from Ignatius came or his equal pain when none arrived. Lowly-minded he was, so that he wrote to Ignatius on his knees; yet, in Japan, he used, as only a saint could use, the rich accoutrements which bespoke his Portuguese ambassadorship from Goa. "More, yet more!" had been his cry in sleep when the re-setting of his stiff clay was yet new; and now, when there was question of a single soul to be brought to Christ, that clay was like wrought iron. Could a gambler be won by taking a hand at cards? then a hand was taken.

Could the Buddhists be impressed by fasting? then fast he would beyond the best of them. Could the timid Papuans be drawn from their jungle huts by singing? then sing he did, loud and long. Could men faithless to their marriage vows, be snatched into holier living by dining at their houses? then self-invited Xavier came and seasoned the food tactfully and unobtrusively with the flavor of God's word. Seasick he might be for two long months as the ship plowed its thirteen-months' way from Lisbon to Goa, and the sun might turn the becalmed vessel into a furnace for forty days, and an epidemic might transform it into a floating pest-house, and food might be alive with maggots and the drinking water heave with nasty living things, but Francis would crawl among the crew and grope his weakened way among the passengers, else some soul might go from that hell to a worse one.

Stiff clay! The one terrific thing about the saint is his humanness, and the one terrific thing about this man is his sainthood. Why is it that we do not learn that lesson? Not one jot or tittle of his human nature left him—but he was a saint! Not

one known way of serving God was left untried—but he was a man! Everything he had was kept and used for God. No man that did not have the fires of ambition leaping scorchingly in his soul could have carried the standard of Christ up steep slopes, as he. No man that did not value intellect and felt its lashing curiosity, could have ripped through the tangles of eastern thought, as he. No man that did not have a heart that loved intensely and felt the pang of sundered lives, could have swept on, as he, rounding up souls for Christ. He might have been held in Europe and done the work of an orderly in the hospitals and maybe once again, to stab his inner rebellion, he might have sucked his fingers, filthied from touching ulcerated skin. He might have been kept at writing Ignatius' letters, as his secretary, with hands numbed from wilful lack of fire. And if he did, he would have done them well, and been a saint, too. To be a saint one needs no least out-of-the-way thing in one's life. To be a saint one needs only to do each and everything in life well; big things and little things; work, pleasure, sleep. No matter what one's occupation, high or low, it is possible for him to rise to sanctity. The very highest sanctity is in the warp and woof of our lives. This was a most vivid reality to Francis Xavier.

HE knew that sanctity is nothing more and nothing less than an honest-to-goodness day's work done well and done for God, from prayers in the morning, through the hours of work and play and table-time, until another prayer closes off the hours of conscious service of God. He might have been a "humdrum" saint as John Berchmans was. But his call was to flash meteor-like across the Orient and leave high-piled wreckage of the devil's work in his path, that therefrom there might be upbilled the house of God in living souls.

That was the work he was called to do, and he did it with all the vibrancy of his Basque temperament, re-set with the moulding power of grace. A fierce oneness of purpose was in his life but not an unbalanced one that would throw other lives out of their preordained orbits. It was a purpose that made his own clay "set hard" for God, in the way God wanted it to set, and did its utmost best to have all other human clay "set hard" just in the mould that God had planned for it.

And the stiff clay that was first moulded in the high country of the Basque was "set" at last on the lonely isle of Sancian with China's longed-for shore shutting in the view and a Chinese boy for nurse. Francis had wanted to lay China too at Christ's feet but his Captain had ordered the valiant soldier home. Thwarted, Francis made the sacrifice and the stiff clay "set" resignedly in death, and the Master's image was strikingly thereon, that, as in life, so in death, Francis might lead us to God. "For what shall it profit . . . ?"

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Lent, to Understanding Minds

LENT betokens pain and its close of kin, restraint. For this reason Lent is not popular except with egg dealers and sea food merchants, and some Catholics who are possessed of an understanding mind. Yet the reason which would seem to make Lent unpopular will not bear close examination; for pain and its kin are not unmixed evils. They bear the garb of and are, in very fact, much desired benefits.

The wise physician knows the worth of pain as the danger signal pointing to the seat of disease or of corrupting infection. He knows to the hardening, prophylactic benefits of bearing disagreeables,—a cold shower, restricted diet, even a fast. The very principle underlying inoculation is to bear a milder attack of disease that a stronger may not come.

We cannot do without pain and its correlatives in our physical lives. We can spare them less in the lives of our immortal souls. Sad tokens of the lost gift of immortality and of sin that brought the loss, they are besides, a warning off from further personal sin. Penalty for sin, they can yet be merciful reminders that earthly pain will cease at last if God's law is followed; or, if God's law is flouted, that earthly pain will but change to eternal suffering in God's unending prison house. Even more, our heavenly Father takes the pain in our lives which He sends and we bear patiently, or the pain and restriction which we place upon ourselves, in the place of sharper pangs which His justice sets as the wages of our sins. The truly Catholic life can hardly spare the little flares of saving pain, of privation and restraint. In a Catholic life there is a welcome place for Lent.

The Apostolic Excellence of Pain

BUT pain, and the less sharp trials that pain connotes, have a function and a value that pass beyond mere personal interests. Again the understanding mind must think. Since Christ came into the world and bore our

frailties, among them an unimaginable burden of pain and sorrow, suffering has taken on tremendous importance. It seems no longer a merely negative thing. It can be transmuted into current coin in Heaven's own market whose wares are principally two: God's glory that shall never fade, and human souls that shall never die.

Mission-minded Catholics will be struck by this thought. Lent will be doubly welcome to them when they understand the priceless things it puts them in the way of doing. Over and above what their restraint and sacrifice and suffering bring to themselves, they will know that these lift them up, each to his or her own Calvary, there to become co-saviors, (uniting their crosses with His Cross), of sustained but immortal souls. Lent is a precious time for Catholics who are interested in the missions.

The Sioux Rise Up

FATHER HENRY WESTROPP, S.J., now of east India, who once was known as "Little Owl" among the Indians of our own West, got more than money when he received the tiny Christmas contribution sent him by his forgetting Sioux. The account is found on another page of this issue. The added, unintended gifts were encouragement, appreciation and a token clear and undeniable that his mission children of only recently older days were eager to rise to the state of full-fledged Christians and were prepared in accordance with their scantiest means to accept the burdens of that state. Millions of people more favored than these poor Sioux have been relatively less demonstratively grateful. The Faith is a gift to Catholics of many generations' standing quite as much as it is to these more grateful, newer Catholics of the Dakota prairies.

Pray to Saint Francis Xavier

TO many a fervent soul the month of March comes with greater welcome because it brings the Novena of Grace. Not only is this novena dedicated to the great apostle of the Indies and patron of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Saint Francis Xavier, but it has the saint himself as its author and originator. In 1633, he appeared to Father Mastrilli, S.J., and promised him that all who made a novena in his honor from the fourth to the twelfth of March and went to Confession and Communion could be assured of obtaining from God through his intercession any favor asked for the good of their souls and God's glory.

This promise has been copiously fulfilled in the hundreds of petitions that are answered during the Novena of Grace. External, material favors to be sure have been received by clients in abundance; but only the priest knows the wonders that God's grace wins for inward consolation and spiritual renovation. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" This appeal of Ignatius still rings in the ears of his greatest son, and he intercedes accordingly. Miracles of grace are the result, miracles unseen to eyes and known only to the favored one, to the priest and to God. We sincerely recommend the Novena of Grace to all our readers, asking them to include in their prayers and intentions the missions and missionaries throughout the world.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 16. Hwaise, Anhwei, China



Rural life in the province of Anhwei. A family group.

THE mission of Hwaise in the northern part of the province of Anhwei, East China, has been in charge of the Italian Jesuits of Turin since 1921. French Jesuits had been caring for it up to that date. The mission consists of three sections divided into fourteen districts. The Jesuit personnel is made up of eighteen Fathers and three lay-Brothers. These are aided by three native secular priests and thirty missionary sisters. In a native population of 8,000,000, Catholics number only about 30,000.

Missions and missionaries have been constantly harassed for the past six years by the plunderings and burnings of Chinese bandits. As late as the fifth of November of last year the whole Catholic missionary settlement of Koung-li-kiao was laid waste, church, residence and schools. "If it be permitted to hope 'per crucem ad lucem,' to look for light through the Cross," resignedly writes a Hwaise Father, "it may happen that light will shine at last on these poor pagans. They are much to be commended to God."

THERE is a universality about the mission intention recommended this month by our Holy Father, the Pope, which will appeal strongly to some Catholics, and perhaps, bewilder others who like to work towards a definite objective even in their prayers. Here is this poor missionary "in a hole," spiritually, financially. The latter class of souls would eagerly draw this one missionary out of his distressing circumstances, set him on his feet in all the senses in which his balance had been dubious, then turn to another "case" with the same charitable ministrations, and so proceed, leaving behind them a trail of cheery missionaries and busy missions functioning in such fashion as would gladden the Heart of Jesus and make the arch enemy of Christ and mankind wag a restless tail.

Practically all missionaries are in distress in some form and to some degree. The mission enthusiast, therefore, who longs for definiteness may begin at the very bottom of the list. Some missionary whom the Sacred Heart rec-

THE MISSION INTENTION

for MARCH

Missionaries in Distress

ognizes and cherishes is in the deepest depths of wretchedness.

To him Catholics with a liking for directness may point their prayers and rest certain that the Heart of Christ will guide their petitions with unerring accuracy to their object.

Mission enthusiasts who find the intention at first sight appealing will be those who recognize the "wideness of God's mercy" and of all His attributes, especially of His providential care for all His children, much more for those as dear to Him as missionary fighting men and women. These souls too will realize that God is pleased to see some of His children stretching arms wide out. Missionaries in distress,—one or a hundred thousand missionaries, and the spoken and unspoken heartaches, and mind aches and physical aches of each; they are all in the Heart of Christ. If our offerings of mighty prayers and sacrifices are poured into that Fount they shall be distributed with justice and mercy and love which will shed light and bring understanding and lessen burdens of missionaries in distress.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS



Jamaica, B.W.I.

The mission of Jamaica, which until recently was administered by the Jesuits of the Maryland New York and New England provinces was on January 6, 1929, assigned definitely to the care of the New England Jesuits by the order of the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus.

This island mission, unfortunately, has not received the full publicity it deserves as a foreign field of apostolic labor. Almost on the equator, about 115 miles long and 30 miles wide, it has a population of 890,000 people, of whom 45,000 are Catholic. Two-thirds of these Catholics are in Kingston and the others are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the island. To reach them, each missionary in the "bush" has five or six outposts, extending over an area of from thirty to fifty square miles.

The natives, mostly negroes, are exceedingly poor, and living conditions in the country districts are primitive.

RIGHT REVEREND JOSEPH N. DENAND, S.J., was consecrated Titular Bishop of Selinus and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica on October 20, 1927. Owing to ill health he has been absent from the island for several months.



British Honduras, C.A.

The cathedral of BISHOP JOSEPH A. McPHRY, S.J., in Belize was being condemned by an architect who was asked to inspect it. The top of one of the walls is sixteen inches off from plumb. A canal which was dug alongside the cathedral property gradually undermined and weakened the ground supporting the wall. It is still a matter of question as to whether the wall

can be braced or whether the whole structure will have to be razed.

The cathedral is a big, murky yellow building constructed in what has been called the "bazaar" style of architecture back in 1854. Beneath its Lady Chapel lie the sacred remains of the two devoted Jesuit bishops who labored in British Honduras, Bishops Salvatore di Pietro and Frederick Hopkins. Bishop Hopkins was drowned while returning from one of his missionary trips to the north of his mission, April 23, 1923.



Typical yard in Jamaica "bush" mission.

FATHER JOSEPH L. KEMPER, S.J., directs the parish church at Corozal, British Honduras, close up to the Yucatan border of Mexico, and looks out for the numerous mission stations which are cared for from Corozal. He has lately been engaged in operations of repair and defense against wood lice at the missionaries' residence.

"The whole first floor," he writes, "is now concrete. The second floor is new wood. Many other parts had to be renewed as they were all chewed up. I have had the carpenters use as much wood preservative as possible, though they don't like to use it, since it makes the wood mean to handle. Much has been done but an equal amount remains to be done."

Benque Viejo lies on the western frontier of British Honduras. FATHER ALLAN STEVENSON, S.J., who writes about it, was

looking around him and thinking of a glory that once was—not so hilariously glorious.

"I am sitting at my desk in Benque Viejo in full view of the ancient Maya temple, Xunantunich, on the other side of the Mopan River. We are living here in what was once the Maya Empire, the home of that early Central American race about which archeologists and historians are talking and writing so much today. The lineal descendants of the original race are still here. But our present day Maya Indians are not such highly developed architects and sculptors as their forebears were. The destruction of their pagan temples with their bloody, human sacrifices bore away their arts too, in the general ruin.

"But these lowly descendants of a loftier race have now what is better for time and for eternity, the peace and hope of the Christian religion. I have a picture before me of one of my own Maya children, Urbano Pat. He is standing on the pinnacle of the lofty, ancient temple, proud even in its ruin, and is pointing across the Mopan towards another temple hill, much lowlier but crowned by the church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, the village church of our little Benque Viejo. Inside, as he pointed that day, the 'Mayor' of the unmixed Maya village of Succot was kneeling beside his wife with their child on her arm before the Blessed Sacrament."



Patna, India

The beginning of the new year and the arrival of some new forces from the United States have brought about changes in the various stations of the Patna Mission.

FATHER FRANCIS I. STOV, S.J., the first American Jesuit ordained in India, who finished his studies of theology last De-

ember, has been assigned as assistant to FATHER JAMES CREANE, S.J., at Bhagalpur among the Santals. "Santal Jim," as Father Creane is known, is exulting over the fact that with Father Stoy's appointment, superiors "have doubled the staff" of Santal missionaries in Patna.

FATHER RAYMOND H. MULLEN, S.J., a classmate of Father Stoy's has been assigned to Chuhari as aid to FATHER AUGUSTINE FORSTER, S.J. MR. FRANCIS M. LOESCH, S.J., just come from his philosophical studies at Shembaganur, Dist. Madura, has also been assigned to Chuhari.

FATHER LEON FOSTER, S.J., arrived this year in Patna, and is not to be confused with Father Forster of Chuhari. He will try to keep pace with FATHER JOHN KILLAN, S.J., at Ghytee. Father Foster understands the task this will be but he intends to find joy in the work.

MR. FELIX FARRELL, S.J., who, though he has just arrived in Patna, has by private study got considerable grasp of Hindi has been sent to Bettiah to take up the work of teaching in the high school there, especially to relieve MR. PAUL DENT, S.J., whom too strenuous work has forced into a period of rest.

MESSRS. MARION BATSON, S.J., and JOSEPH MANN, S.J., have gone to Shembaganur to begin their studies in philosophy.

MR. MICHAEL D. LYONS, S.J., who returned from Shembaganur to Patna this year, will take up teaching duties at the Bettiah high school also.

FATHERS WALTER MARQUARD, S.J., and RAYMOND CONWAY, S.J., the former of Chuhari and the latter of Bettiah have gone to Ranchi to make their tertianship.

FATHER ALOYSIUS PETTIT, S.J., writes from Bettiah an eloquent paragraph of the importance of a high school for the Patna Mission. He thinks, and he has some powerful, negative reasons for his belief, that American Catholics who are interested in the missions fail to grasp the need of an advanced school in the illiterate land of "Mother Ganges."

"It is hard to realize over there that a high school is a tremendously necessary part of the mission organization. If we have none we have no teachers, no Christian teachers at least, no catechists worthy of the name, no priests, no Brothers. Without a high school how can we carry out our present Holy Father's supremely wise and solemn injunction to train up a native clergy? Strong characters, trustworthy men, do

not grow wild in India however true that may be, or may have been in the United States."



Father Rello, S.J., limps around the leper colony.



Philippine Islands

For the past three months, FATHER FRANCIS X. RELLO, S.J., has been incapacitated by an infected foot and has been unable to attend to the vast field of the vineyard of the Lord that he cares for. As chaplain of Culi6n,

the largest leper colony in the world, he has done marvelous work for the past twenty years.

Father Rello is a Spanish Jesuit, who made his theological studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. He has been at Culi6n since and has done much to make it a gateway to Heaven.

A missionary of long standing is REV. JOHN BOLSTER, S.J. He began his career in Jamaica, where he did splendid work in the "bush." In September, 1927, he sailed for the Philippines and has since then been at Cagayan in Mindanao. Under the date of December 3, 1928, he writes:

"I have been very unwell for some time. I went to Manila for medical treatment and the doctor recommended my return to America. But Father Carlin needs workers. And I am glad to be able to work. After seven weeks' rest in Manila I was sent to this new station at Jolo, 6° N., 121° E., not far from Northern Borneo. I am pastor of the Sulu Archipelago (not Zulu, Africa).

"Jolo is a pretty little town in the island of Sulu, the work of American soldiers thirty years ago."

Among the schoolists who arrived at Manila during the past fall was MR. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J. As teacher and leader at the Ateneo de Manila he has already made his mark. His parents gave permission to publish the following from his letter to them:

"During the last week I saw several notable personages. We are trying to get the Constabulary Orchestra, the best orchestra in Manila, to play for the Passion Play. So I had to see Lieutenant Fresno, the director of the orchestra, and he referred me to the Adjutant of the Constabulary, Major Santos. I saw the Adjutant, and he referred me to the Chief of Staff, Colonel Sweet, the Colonel referred me to the Commanding Officer, General Nathorst; I made a regular speech to the General. He agreed with everything I said, and referred me to the Auditor of the Philippine Islands for his O.K. So I still had to see Mr. Ben Wright, from whom there is no appeal save to the President of the United States.

"I saw Mr. Wright and he agreed to let us have the Constabulary Orchestra. It's the best in the P. I., and was rated second best in the world at a contest held two or three years ago in San Francisco."



Patna's newest Indian, literally, missionaries. These eight native girls pronounced their religious vows as Indian Sisters of the Sacred Heart last December, after years of eager waiting for "active service."



Indian Missions

FATHER DAVID P. McASTOCKER, S.J., former Associate Editor of **JESUIT MISSIONS**, sends the following account of

FATHER ALOYSIUS VREBOSCH, S.J., whose tragic death was briefly chronicled in the February number:

Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Aloysius Vrebosch, S. J., assistant pastor of St. Leo's Church, Tacoma, Washington, who met death in an automobile accident while returning from a sick call on Thursday, December 13, 1928, was offered on the following Saturday morning. The church was crowded, and tears filled the eyes of hundreds as they gazed at the plain black coffin that rested before the altar. Father Vrebosch's chalice, stole and biretta lay upon the coffin, eloquent reminders of his life of service.

Father Vrebosch was fifty-five years of age, and had been stationed at St. Leo's for the last three years. For about a quarter of a century he had been a missionary among the Crow Indians at St. Xavier's Mission, Montana. During that time he published a dictionary of the Crow Indian language. He was born in Belgium and came to America when he was about sixteen years of age. He is survived by his mother, who lives in Belgium.

Faith teaches us that everyone who leaves father and mother, sisters and brothers for Christ's sake shall sit upon a



Rev. Aloysius Vrebosch, S.J., killed in accident.

throne judging the twelve tribes of Israel. Round about the throne of Aloysius Vrebosch will be many friends and kindly neighbors—souls who have been won to the Master by his diligence and exertions. Many of the Crows will be there—Crazy Horse, Johnnie-Long-Time-Sleeping, and a host of others.

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



JUAN M. SALVATIERRA

JUAN MARIA SALVATIERRA has been called by the Protestant historian Bancroft, "the apostle of California." He was born in Genoa, Italy, of an old Spanish family. He entered the Society of Jesus in his native city. In 1675, at the age of twenty-seven, with supreme content he was on the high seas heading for Mexico. Five years later he stepped eagerly out upon his longed-for Indian trails. These lay first among the defiant Tarumari tribes of southwestern Chihuahua. The Tarumari became his first conquest. Their equally savage neighbors, the Tubars and Guazars followed peaceful suit. For ten years Salvatierra worked among these Indians, baptizing whole bands, winning their affection to himself then shunting it off to Christ. So completely did he dominate these untamed forest children that, alone, he kept them in peace when surrounding tribes were up in murderous revolt.

Then he met another missionary pioneer of Mexico, Eusebio Kino, S.J., who told him gripping tales of Lower California. He secured reluctant governmental permission and financed an expedition to California by begging funds. The spot where he first touched the peninsula, he dedicated as a mission to his beloved Lady of Loreto. Six other mission foundations soon followed, and for the rest of his days until his death in 1717 his wearied feet were scripturally beautiful, "bringing glad tidings" to the Indians of Lower California.

FATHER JOHN J. BALFE, S.J., completed his theological studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., last June. His advent to the Indian mission at St. Xavier P. O., Big Horn County, Montana, was not previously recorded in these pages.

"I am out here on the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana, which includes not only the Big Horn Valley where St. Xavier's Mission is located, but also the Little Big Horn Valley and a good deal of upland or plain country. The area of the reservation is about 500 square miles. The number of Indians is about 1,700.

"Our winter here has been extremely mild. One night we had 25 degrees below zero and last night we had 12 degrees below; but aside from that we have had scarcely anything worse than zero weather. That is remarkable when you know that we often have thirty, forty, fifty below. Of course the cold is a dry one and so it can be borne if

one is well clothed.

"Nearby is the famous and mysterious Custer battlefield—mysterious because no one knows just what took place there beyond the fact that Custer and 250 men were annihilated June, 1876, when they were attacked by fighting Sioux and Cheyenne warriors. The Indians for years would not tell, and then their accounts were unsatisfactory, while no whites survived. 'Comanche,' a war horse ridden by a Captain Keough was found, pretty well shot up, a week or so after the battle not far from the field, and he was, as far as has ever been known, the only creature from the white camp that came through."

* * *

FATHER LEO C. CUNNINGHAM, S.J., finds no lack of the true apostolic spirit among the Sioux Catholics to whom he ministers on the prairies around Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. Dakota, as the following paragraph of a recent letter from him clearly shows:

"I am enclosing a check for six dollars and sixty-one cents. It is the Christmas collections taken up at the Cribbs at my five mission chapels. The donors are practically all Sioux Indians, very poor themselves but anxious to spread the glad tidings of the Master's birth to poorer pagans in distant lands. They want this money which they have collected to be forwarded as soon as possible to their one-time devoted missionary and friend, Father Henry Westropp, S.J., or 'Little Owl,' as they called him."

* * *

FATHER C. BELANGER, S.J., superior of the Indian School at Spanish, Ontario, has just completed a beautiful new chapel which will serve for boys' and girls' schools as well as for religious services for all the neighboring Catholics. The con-

struction of this building allows more space for dormitories in the other buildings for the boys, who number about 130. The convent for Indian girls is also filled to overflowing, with a total number of 124 students.



Alaska

FATHER JOHN FOX, S.J., of Kashunak, Alaska, will choose some very sacred purpose for a check for five dollars which JESUIT MISSIONS recently sent him. It was the last check which a Catholic young man was able to sign. Michael Butt from his deathbed made out the check and asked that it be sent to Father Fox for his Alaskan missions.

The N. C. W. C. News Service sent out the following account:

"At Nulato, in the upper reaches of the middle branch of the Yukon River, Alaska, one of three Sisters of St. Ann who conduct an Indian school in the village, suffered for days with her leg broken in two places. For help to reach her in the usual way, via dog-sled, might require months. The REVEREND JOSEPH McELMEELE, Jesuit pastor at Nulato, turned to the radio and succeeded in getting a wireless message through to Fairbanks, Alaska.

"Responding to his appeal, an airplane took off from Fairbanks, made the landing at Nulato and returned to Fairbanks with the Sister who now is lodged at St. Joseph's Hospital there. The distance is four hundred miles and at the time of the take-off the thermometer at Fairbanks registered ten degrees below zero.

"Father McElmeel accompanied the airplane on the return trip to Fairbanks and then journeyed two hundred miles into Canada, to the south, by airplane. He will return to his parish at Nulato by trail, visiting small villages en route, and will reach his 'home' by Easter."

AMERICAN JESUIT NAMED BISHOP OF PATNA, INDIA.

Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Apostolic Administrator of Patna, India, since the middle of last year when Patna's first bishop, the Rt. Rev. Louis Van Hoek, S.J., moved to the larger mission field of Ranchi, India, was named, on January 15, 1929, as Patna's second bishop.

Father Sullivan is a member of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, a native of Trinidad, Colorado, and has been a missionary in Patna for the past four years. The diocese entrusted to his care numbers more than 23,000,000 souls. Out of that vast multitude less than 5,000 native Indians are Catholics.



"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 —

In how many mission fields are Jesuits working?

Jesuits are working in thirty-nine distinct mission fields: one in Europe (Albania); two in Asia Minor; two in Ceylon; six in India; one in Japan; seven in China; one in Java; two in Ceylon; one in the Philippines; one in Egypt; four in Africa; three in Madagascar; one in Alaska; four in the rest of continental North America; one in Mexico; one in Central America; one in Jamaica, B. W. I., and one in the Caroline and Marian Islands of Oceania.

Where will the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade hold the next convention?

The *Shield*, the official national organ of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, announced that the next convention of the C. S. M. C. will take place June 20-23, 1929, at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

What is the caste system in India?

The caste system in India is a religious-social arrangement that divides the people of this country into innumerable socially distinct and hereditary classes. Those of one "caste" cannot associate with or marry those of another caste, nor can a person change his caste. Besides there are endless and minute regulations within each caste.

When should the Novena of Grace be made?

The "Novena of Grace" is made from March 4th to 12th. A Novena to St. Francis Xavier can, of course, be made at any time. There are no designated prayers.

Will there be a Catholic chaplain in the new leper colony erected in memory of General Leonard Wood?

Rev. Clement Rtscher, S.J., recently master of novices at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is designated to be chaplain of the new leper colony in the island of Cebu, P. I.

Do missionaries accept Mass stipends?

Most missionaries gladly accept sti-

pends for Masses. A more generous stipend should be offered when special days are designated for the Masses. JESUIT MISSIONS willingly transmits stipends and gifts to any missionary.

Is there a Catholic college for colored people in the United States?

Xavier University, New Orleans, La., is exclusively for negroes. It is for boys and girls and has a college department.

What do missionaries do with cancelled postage stamps?

Throughout the world there are several million people, whose hobby (or business) is collecting postage stamps. The missionary can get money for his apostolic work by supplying these collectors with stamps. He has his natives sort the stamps that are sent to him. The valuable ones are saved for future sale; the others are rejected. While the natives are sorting the stamps, the missionary teaches them their catechism.

What is the address of Reverend Daniel H. Sullivan, S.J.?

Tagaloon, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. He would be glad to hear from you.

I heard someone speak of Father Judge in Alaska. Who was he?

Father Judge was born on April 28, 1830. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1875. He was ordained in 1886 and three years later was at De Smet Mission in Idaho. In 1890 he was in Alaska and began there a wonderful career of mission activity among the natives and the prospectors of the famous gold rush. He died in 1899.

Is Jamaica a foreign mission?

Jamaica is a foreign mission under the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Why are American Jesuits in Belize, Central America?

The important central location of Belize, British Honduras, is indicated by the recent flight of Colonel Lindbergh who again landed there. This central location makes Belize a strategic point also for apostolic and educational work.



WHERE NATIVES SPEAK THE TRUTH SOMETIMES

FATHER H. MAZUREK, S.J., missionary at Katondwe in the Broken Hill Prefecture, North Rhodesia, a mission which was featured in "Jesuit Mission Vignettes" for January, 1929, gives some further interesting data from North Rhodesia:

"It is 1,400 feet above sea level and has quite a tropical climate. In the hot season the so-called 'chiaufa' sickness grows epidemic. The method of treating it is known only to the natives. The disease I am told, always proves fatal unless this native treatment is administered.

"Of the five Polish Jesuits who have died in this mission since 1913, three have succumbed to 'chiaufa.' Work here is difficult. Even in fifteen years it can be said that the natives are not what once they were. Naturally cunning and sly, they appear to find that lying comes more easy than telling the truth, though, as one missionary puts it, 'they do speak the truth sometimes.' Now they are growing sophisticated, and consequently untractable.

"I am no pessimist but I am forced to see that it is not easy to make these people good Christians. I will be grateful to those who pray for our missions, for only God's grace, the fruit of fervent prayer, can make our work effective."

NATIVE WORKERS IN MISSIONS OF INDIA

REVEREND L. FISCHER, S.J., at the Catholic Mission, Hamirpur, P. O. Panpoh B. N. R., British India, sends a splendid description of this mission's difficulties and problems:

"With the spread of super-nationalism everywhere in India, the need of catechists, chapels and nuns becomes daily more urgent. We must surround ourselves with native helpers; associate to our work Indian co-workers; give to the Church in

India Indian colors, so that the national spirit will not feel itself repelled. Seminaries there are to form a native clergy; but the making of a priest is a long and slow process, whilst the need is actual and urgent. So we must make up the deficiency by the Indian laymen, the catechists. They are the real apostles of India.

"For the same reason Indian nuns are required. Without a native sisterhood the picture would be incomplete. Indian womanhood must contribute its share to the firm establishment of the Church. I have

the Father comes to visit them. I go round from village to village with the help of a small pony (the poor beast is getting old now). Whilst I am still afar off, the news of my approach spreads everywhere and out they come to meet me with drums and songs and flowers and clapping of hands. Thus they lead me on to the village chapel, if such there be in the locality. How often have I wished my benefactors could be present at such happy scenes."



The Fathers' residence at Broken Hill, N. Rhodesia. Note the convenient confessional.

actually four native nuns here (daughters of St. Ann). I have only praise for their work. I trust we shall be enabled soon to give them a home. It would greatly increase the respect the people have for them.

"And our Christians, what are they worth? The fact of their coming on feast days in crowds; boys and girls, men and women with their babies, some two or even three days' journey, and what for? . . . to hear Mass and receive holy Communion, speaks highly in their favor. We must remember that but yesterday they were still plunged in all the vices of paganism; and only for a short time has the light of our holy Faith illumined their existence.

"It is a feast day in the villages, the day

UNWITTING MESSENGERS OF MARY IN CHINA

The following simple, almost naïve tale comes directly from FATHER M. AVEIANO, S.J., Hwaise Mission, Anhwei, China:

"Yesterday at about one in the afternoon two little Chinese brothers arrived at our Catholic mission school. I had been looking for the very two.

"Why didn't your father come this year for Holy Communion in this year? Go back home and tell him to come now!"

"Our father is sick with dysentery, and he just couldn't come."

"Badly sick and you didn't tell me! Why not? I'll bring him some medicines now, and

be ready to anoint him if he needs it."

"I set out at once on horseback with one of our servants. But I'd hardly got to the north gate of the city when I saw a considerable number of people looking down on the ground at some object invisible to me.

"Father," said my servant pulling my bridle, baptize her; it's a little girl three years old, blind and sick; her parents are beggars and they've thrown her upon the streets. No one wants to pick her up and she'll surely die."

"We take her up forthwith. I looked about.

"The man that carries this child to Tien-Tchou-Tang will be well paid for it. Take her right away."

"A prominent pagan steps forward for

the task and I hurry ahead on my sick-call. I found the object of all my anxiety only slightly sick and not in need of either corporal or spiritual ministrations. However, better sure than sorry!

"Returning home I had time for reflection and naturally my mind went back to the blind, sick little girl. God seemed to have had everything set for the saving of that child's soul, I thought. Let us see. I went into the Catholic home for Chinese girls.

"Did they bring you in a sick child?"

"Very seriously sick, Father. We baptized her, and named her Mary immediately; she died in half an hour. She's in Heaven now, celebrating the feast of the Presentation of Mary, with her Mother and heavenly patroness."

"Then I recalled that it was the feast of the Presentation. She had given me a tiny soul on the anniversary of her own presentation to offer up to God. I raised my eyes and heart to God and His Mother in thanksgiving. The sick-call hadn't been a wild goose chase at all, and the two little Chinese brothers weren't 'rascals'; they were Mary's unwitting messengers."

GROWING BEARDS

IN SHEMBAGANUR

Growing a beard is no joke. VERY REVEREND MAURICE VEYS, S.J., Belgian superior of Bengal and Ranchi Jesuits, recently ordered all his scholastics at Shembaganur to wear beards, or to grow them, to be more exact. An American scholastic writes concerning the effect of the order:

"Now we have the bushy, black and red Belgian beards of various lengths and beauty. The two Ouraon aboriginal scholastics here are trying their best to convince people that they have beards and are not just neglecting to shave. They do not seem to have been destined for this manly adornment."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

IN LEPER COLONY

SISTER MAZE, a Sister of Charity, writes in *Echo from Africa* of the celebration of the silver jubilee of the leper hospital of the Vicariate of Fort Dauphin, Madagascar:

"This year we commemorate twenty-five years of existence as a leper foundation. On March 27, our chaplain, a Lazarist, baptized fourteen lepers, seven men and seven women, whom he had been preparing during several months past. Was it not the best way of thanking God for the graces received?"

"Among the newly baptized, one attracted special attention." It was Velomana, an old leper whose name stands first on the sad list of those interned. He has been here twenty-five years, for, sometimes the disease progresses very slowly. Not a finger nor toe remains to him; his face is all swollen. His was a proud and savage nature, obstinately attached to the ideas and customs of his forefathers.

"Twenty-five years of Divine grace and

patience were needed to bring him to the point of asking to be received among the catechumens. Since his Baptism he is a changed man. I have more than once found him in his little hut telling his beads as best he could, with his poor maimed fists."

NATIVE CUSTOMS INTEREST AMERICAN MISSIONARIES

Chinese ideas are very often the exact reverse of our American notions. They write backwards and downwards across the page; when they want to call a little

Our April Number

Scanning the brilliance of EASTER HORIZONS, Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., views the progress of apostolic accomplishment as emanating from the injunctions of the Risen Christ.

"The priest was out in the street once more. Soldiers and police had been dogging his steps that day. Just now he had barely crawled out of a place of hiding"—it is a true story from the life of Father Miguel Pro, S.J., told by J. B. Carbajal, S.J., in THE QUARRY TURNED HUNTER.

In the Philippines, "Here Comes the Bride" is as popular as in any country. James G. Daly, S.J., tells charming stories of blushing Filipina brides and Filipino grooms who knelt before him to pledge themselves TILL DEATH DO US PART.

The war whoop of the Indians is no longer heard on the Canadian plains. Joseph Allaire, S.J., describes glowing progress in INDIAN BOYS AT SCHOOL ARE WE.

boy they do not lift the hand with the palm upward and wiggle the index finger, they turn the palm down and wiggle. The little lad would never understand a summons Americanwise. In church the men wear a neat little skull cap, the women are bareheaded. Prayers are not recited or whispered inaudibly, they are chanted.

INDEMNITY REFUSED FOR SLAIN JESUITS

The Jesuits of Nanking announce that they will not accept the \$15,000 from the Chinese Government as indemnity for the death of the French Jesuit, Father Ducoux.

The case is an extremely interesting commentary on the difference of point of view

between the civil powers and the Church. Two Jesuits, one Italian, Father Vanarra, and one French, Father Ducoux, were killed in March, 1927, when the south-erners captured Nanking. At the beginning of negotiations regarding the affair between China and France and Italy respectively, the Society of Jesus informed both European governments that no indemnity was desired or would be accepted as reparation, as it was felt that such an exaction would react harmfully on the position of the Church in China. France recognized the point of view of the missions and made no representation.

Italy, however, insisted, feeling that some such sign of respect for one of her nationals was but proper. An award was made of thirty thousand dollars, Chinese, which was immediately announced by the Italian government for distribution to charity, the Jesuits having refused it. France then reversed her stand on the matter.

Eleven foreign and two Chinese priests were killed as a result of the fighting in China during the past three years. Church property damage is estimated at \$5,000,000. (F. S.)

MASS IN CHURCH WHERE

XAVIER PREACHED

Though the four bare walls are about all that remain, Mass was again celebrated in the historic church of Malacca where St. Francis Xavier offered Mass and preached. It was here also that the body of the missionary saint rested before its translation to Goa, India. The edifice today is in the hands of the government from which the Church has obtained permission for its use on the feast of the saint, December third.

In the seventeenth century the Dutch supplanted the Portuguese as the colonizing power in the East and destroyed many of the Catholic shrines. This church in Malacca was for a time a burial place. It was long forgotten when Malacca lost its importance upon the growth of Singapore. Only four years ago the idea was conceived of honoring the spot. (F. S.)

GOLDEN GRATITUDE FOR

MISSIONARY WORK

The Catholics of Mangalore have sent a cable of thanks to Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus for the benefits they received through the Jesuits of Venice who arrived in India fifty years ago. In the city of Mangalore, High Mass was celebrated in all the churches, and in Milagres parish church a *Te Deum* and solemn Benediction closed special exercises held for the occasion.

Mangalore is now a flourishing diocese in charge of the native clergy under a native bishop. It was first evangelized by the Franciscans who were followed by religious of various orders and nationalities. The Diocese of Mangalore was erected in 1886 and contains 114,161 Catholics. (F. S.)

TONIC FOR OLD BLOOD (Continued from page 59)

and fanned high the responsive flame in the young apostle. What if he could only accomplish something worth while!

NOW the author of the pamphlet was determined to convey a lesson, and he did not hesitate to express his opinion that there were many people among the faithful who, like Alphonsus Rodriguez, could help lonely missionaries by their friendship, encouragement and prayers. "If you have the means, the time and the interest," he queried, "why not adopt a missionary? Yours would be the satisfaction of seeing immediate results for the salvation of souls. Alphonsus Rodriguez did it; why not you?" And then, being a very practical man, and fearing lest any good seed he might have sown should perish through lack of nourishment, he inserted a list of names of missionaries who were in need of help.

Dan Knox mused on the idea for at least a week. He dared not confide in anyone lest they laugh at this "sentimentality" in one who claimed to be a hard-crusted skeptic. But all the while there were passing before his eyes the visions Alphonsus saw; and in his heart that was always true, if one went deep enough to sound it, he felt an urge to perform again the deeds of manhood. There were a hundred Clavers across the sea, but how few like Rodriguez at home!

Finally he found the courage to write a friendly, apologetic, little note to the very last missionary on the list in the pamphlet, a Father Hession, in the Philippines. With that act he shattered forever his scoffer's false ideals and his pose as a misanthrope. He said it was only a word to cheer a missioner who was doing so "white" by the heathen. In reality, it was a frank, sincere pledge of friendship and help both

spiritual and temporal; and between the lines was the hunger of an old man's heart for love, and the ambition of a fighter to be up and doing something worthwhile.

I RATHER imagine the missionary was taken off his feet when he received that letter. Very little correspondence trickles through to those far-away mission posts but that letter must have been doubly novel. At any rate, Dan got a quick and comforting reply that acted like a tonic for his old blood. It read in part: (the paper is old and torn now

Where Saints Are Found

JOHN RYAN, S.J.

I looked for rubies in the open street;
I strove to see the stars when thunder rolled;
I sought a lily in November's sleet;
I found but cobble-stones and clouds and cold.
Small wonder then, I mused, that now we say
There are no men of God in this our day.
The gold lies deep beneath the mountain flood;
And saints are hidden as the God they love.
Their seeds are buried long before they bud:
Earth holds their roots; they flower in
heaven above.

from the frequent showing of it)—

DEAR FRIEND:

You are never going to realize how much your letter and spiritual bouquet meant to me. It is a bracing consolation to know that we have friends back there who remember us and who storm heaven for the graces upon which our work depends. Our missions are poor indeed, and destitute; but over and above a crying need for material help is the need of prayer, for prayer alone can dispel the clouds of ignorance and paganism hovering over these islands. I shall continue my work now with redoubled vigor, knowing that I have a silent but very powerful partner in my firm . . .

Then the missionary wrote on to describe his work in detail. It was a wonderful letter and it went straight to the heart of his new

friend. Old as he was, weak as he was, he was helping to spread the Kingdom of God on earth; he was in co-partnership with a missionary!

Dan showed the whole correspondence to Father Doyle who understood at once and saw the finger of God. He shook hands heartily with Dan and told him it was a glorious work for an old man like himself. There were tears of gratitude in the eyes of the good old soul, but a smile of very laudable pride and keen joy of conquest shone through them.

"You see, Father," he burst out, "I still can do something in life, can't I? I've entered in partnership with Father Hession, and our business is souls! And I'm never going to fail in my part of the contract!"

AND Father Doyle can tell you that he has been true. He knows how wonderfully that old man changed in a few short weeks. He had to caution him at first, so eager did he become for the sacraments. It was easy to see he had completely reformed; he meditated so constantly on his

new model, Alphonsus Rodriguez, the old Jesuit lay-Brother and saint, that he gradually became like him.

FATHER DOYLE and his curate were enjoying their evening smoke and discussing anew the transformation of Dan.

"Here he comes now, Father," said the curate and pointed ahead.

"Yes?" said the pastor, "good old Dan Knox! So long lost but now fighting back and with a vengeance. I wish all my parishioners realized, as he has come to know, the great work they can do. Many a person with no outlook upon life could work wonders as a patron in these heroic men and women in the missions who rely so much upon our help and support. And Dan certainly is a proof that God blesses those who love Him."

WITH YOUNG AND OLD AT HOLY ROSARY MISSION

(Continued from page 54)

and ready to tell the longings of their hearts. And so we passed the hours until mothers called their flocks to sleep in the huddled quarters that used to be called wigwams.

FATHER and I exchanged a few words and retired, sleeping in peace and assurance that one can experience only in the wilds. In the middle of our rest we were awakened by someone knocking. It was half-past one, and the moon shone white through the door as we rose to meet our midnight guest. Joe Hornbeck stood there, hat off.

"Father, I cannot come to Mass tomorrow. My wife's nephew is dying eighteen miles away over the hills, and we are called to go to his bedside."

"How far is it, Joe? How sick is he? Can we get there? Will you guide us?"

And five minutes later found us three and Joe's wife in the trusty Ford, voyaging out into the night and the unknown trail, through sand and rut, over hill and down the sheer descent to the White River. At the waterside a rider met us and motioned us to follow through the water. It was only knee-deep on his horse, he said, though we had apprehensions of a swim in the crossing. But souls are souls to save, and Father gave the sign to go ahead.

It was three-thirty when we reached the log house, with dim lights through the windows and a mournful croon, a funeral dirge, rising softly from many voices. Father entered.

"Stay here," he said; "it is small-pox, and there is no need of two of us getting sick."

Silence suddenly fell, as they knelt before the priest's coming. In a few minutes the anointing was over, and prayers began. Then silence again as Father left their sad company; and again as quickly began the wailing of the women, even as Longfellow wrote a hundred years ago.

"The little fellow was dead when

I arrived, gone an hour ago. I gave him Extreme Unction. Eight years old, and a good boy. May he rest in peace."

And we left to the Lord the care of him who might have had confession and Viaticum had the doctor given a good diagnosis and indicated

—the news and the reason of our night ride had got abroad,—took its toll on the hearts of the faithful.

After the second Mass four little Indians received Baptism with the usual crying and kicks, and the more unwonted powerful correction of the native mothers. Then a bite of bread with coffee, and we resumed the conversations with the folk of the night before. At one o'clock in the afternoon, we "broke camp" and drove home, weary, worn, silent a while, then full of words on the wonders of such a life and the working of Providence in these people who are so close to Him. Lincoln's opinion "God must love common people since he made so many of them" is not near so expressive as those words of the *Magnificat*; "Esurientes implevit bonis," "He hath filled the hungry with good things."

SHADOWS ON THE WHITE SNOW OF NOME

(Continued from page 51)

Undoubtedly, some reader asks within himself how the Catholic natives stand in the midst of these evils. With very few exceptions, they behave remarkably well. But the movement of conversions has practically stopped. The natural religious instinct of the natives is stifled by the foul overgrowth of pleasures and immorality and drunkenness.

A LIGHT IN THE EAST

(Continued from page 57)

FOR the Catholic Church Aurora has done still more. The high standing which she has won for herself by her teaching and by the superior discipline shown during the troubles, has spread a great luster on all Catholicism. In the minds of the thousands who have come to know the young institution, Catholicism is no more the religion of the ignorant. Hundreds of prejudiced young men have come to her,—*fas est ab hoste doceri*,—and by close contact with the Fathers, were soon won over to better sentiments. Already for a goodly number, the step which brought them to Aurora, was



Sturdier than the woodland background.

the danger. Back we went through the dawn.

FIVE o'clock and another sleep! At seven we were up, Father to hear more confessions, I to prepare the altar and round up the penitents. The Mass was followed by a little rest and a cup of coffee for the undrained. Then more confessions, and the second Mass at half-past nine. Forty received the sacraments! The singing was strong and full of Faith. The passing of little Eddie Gibbons,

Grateful Acknowledgments

Jesuit Missions gladly transmit money gifts to Jesuit missionaries in any part of the world.

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Gratitude is also expressed for the six hundred and seventy-one Mass stipends recently received.

the step leading them to the Catholic Faith while all her graduates are characterized by a definite sense of tolerance. Catholics themselves can say of Aurora what an old Vellabar Hindu used to say after the foundation of the famous Trichinopoly College: "When I am asked to what religion I belong, I am no longer ashamed, but I answer proudly. My religion is the religion of the Fathers of the University."

At the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Aurora in November, 1928, the Pontifical Masses on the successive days were celebrated by the Vicar-Apostolic of Nanking, Bishop Prosper Paris, S.J., by Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., native Vicar-Apostolic of Haimen, and by Bishop Haouisee, S.J., coadjutor of Nanking. Many high dignitaries of church and state were invited.

LAND OF SHRINES AND PILGRIMAGES

(Continued from page 58)

ages in India has been recognized and utilized by Christians, for we too have our pilgrimages. The most famous Christian shrines are those of Our Lady of Bandra near Bombay, of Bandel near Calcutta, of Velankani near Madras and of St. Francis Xavier at Goa. To be sure, these shrines cannot compare either in size or in celebrity with those of the pagan pilgrimages, but let us hope they may increase. As we grow stronger in numbers and in Faith we may eventually see among our own Catholics something of the keen interest and religious fervor that is so characteristic of the pagan pilgrimages. The development of Catholic pilgrimages should be easy and very useful for sustaining religious fervor among our Catholics.

In our own diocese of Patna, the most famous local pilgrimage is held across the Ganges River each November at Sonepur. The location where two rivers join (called *sangam*) is always regarded as holy, and doubly holy if the streams themselves be sacred as is the Ganges and all its tributaries. Sonepur, the city of the Sone River is, or rather, was just

such a place. Time was, I take it, when at this point the Sone used to empty into the Ganges, but as often happens in lowland streams, the Sone has shifted its mouth some miles further up.

Each year for a stretch of thirty days a pilgrimage and fair is held at Sonepur. Hundreds of thousands of animals: elephants, camels, horses and bullocks, and smaller domestic stock, are gathered for barter and sale. For the brief space of a month a great transient city lies at our doors; great throngs gather from far distances to bathe in the sacred Ganges and to worship the old idols there, and incidentally, to do a little business. For us *mela* time brings what is often a sharp and painful contrast,—on the one side our little chapel, on the other the surging fair; on the one side the little we have done, on the other the herculean task that remains for us to do.

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