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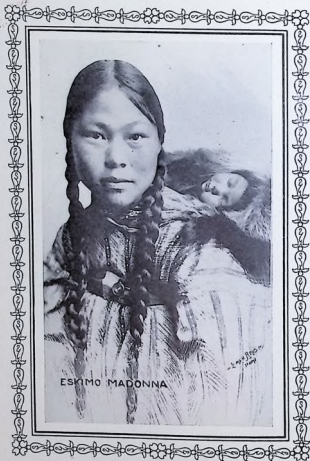
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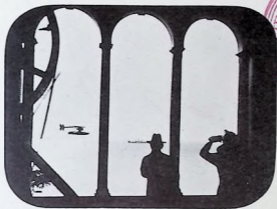
THE MISSION IN ALASKA

THE population of Alaska is placed at about 60,000, of whom half are white, and half are Indian and Eskimo. These are scattered over a territory greater than that of all the Atlantic States from Maine to Florida. Ministering to them, under the direction of Rt. Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., are twenty-two Jesuit and several secular priests and ten Jesuit lay-Brothers. The Jesuits belong to the California province of the Society of Jesus.

The Jesuits were first brought to Alaska by the famous Archbishop Seiders, who was murdered by his Eskimo guide on November 25, 1886. There are fourteen churches with resident pastors and thirty mission stations. The entire Catholic population is placed at 9,500 of whom some 4,300 are natives. Decimated by epidemics of grippé, influenza and diseases introduced by the white man, and drained of their sources of sustenance by advancing commercialism, the natives are believed to be a vanishing race.



Colonel Lindbergh approaches the high wooden tower of St. John's College in Belize, Central America.



IN blazing the air trail on February 4 for the Pan-American Airways newest mail route to the Canal Zone, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh made Belize his initial Central American stop. The first

Belizean landmark that hove into his sight was the high wooden tower of St. John's, the little Catholic mission college on the shores of the Caribbean. It was a familiar place to Colonel Lindbergh. On its register his own name in his own hand is down as that of a distinguished honorary student.

The college is nearly two miles south of the city of Belize, but by its tower the airman set his course direct. When he arrived at Belize he did not land at once but flew beyond the city out around the campus, where Central American students taught

by United States Jesuits were cheering frantically, greeting the flier whom they had taken to themselves a year previous. From the college flagstaff, an American flag dipped in greeting to the great American flier. Colonel Lindbergh voiced his thanks for the flag greeting to Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., at a banquet tendered him at Be-

"WE" in Belize

ROBERT L. McCORMACK, S.J.

lize and told his Lordship that he had purposely overflowed his course to visit the school where the American Jesuits are teaching.

FOLLOWING his first visit to the Colony, Colonel Lindbergh ingratiated himself into the hearts of all his American fellow countrymen at St. John's by leaving his course long enough to circle above the College as a farewell salute to the American school that had entertained him on his tour. On this second trip to the country, he repeated this kindness.

THE COVER PICTURE

Products of the Jesuit mission school. Sioux Indian boys of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, in holiday attire.



Blazing the trail for the Pan-American Airways mail route, Col. Lindbergh lands at Belize.

The HILL of the FAMILY of ZO

CHARLES SIMONS, S.J.

"KIN-TIEN, pou shang-kuh," we cried in gleeful farewell to our Chinese professor, as we set out on a jaunt and a ride through the country south of Shanghai. "No school today" had all the ring of younger years. Six strenuous weeks of lessons in Chinese from break of dawn till after dusk had made most welcome what for us was more than a holiday. Remember that we were fresh from America; and though we were the first American Jesuits in China, we were not, therefore, blessed with the gift of tongues of a Paul and a Xavier.

WE started early for there was a long journey ahead. At half-past six we were on the

way. Two hours of walking through and around some of China's most fertile farms, a boat ride in the canal of "ten-thousand-times-ten-thousand turns," and above all, participation in the country-wide pilgrimage of gratitude to a wonderful shrine of Our Lady,—this was our program.

Fifty-nine years ago, in the year 1870, at Tien-tsin, near Peking, there had been a frightful massacre of Christians, both Chinese and foreign, among whom were two priests and ten Sisters of Charity. The massacre had been instigated by a general hatred for foreigners, and for Christians in particular. The report had gone abroad that the priests and Sisters gathered abandoned



Our Lady of Lourdes at Zo-se.

babes into their orphanages in order to pluck out their eyes and their hearts to make certain medicines. The European Powers were too far away to bring the murderers to their senses. The news spread from Peking throughout the country; Shanghai in particular heard and became drunk with malicious joy. All the work the missionaries had done, all the victims of plague, famine and rapine that they had kept from perishing—all were forgotten. Shanghai got ready to follow Pe-

kin's bloody example. Notices were posted everywhere, meetings and demonstrations held to wipe out the people "who plucked the eyes and hearts from infant babes."

SOME twenty miles southwest of Shanghai there rises out of the level plain, the little hill of Zo-se. Half way up its height the missionaries had built a small house to care for the aged and infirm. Nearby, piety had also built a house, an humble shrine to the Blessed Virgin, under the title, "Our Lady, Help of Christians." During those maddened days the missionaries hardly dared set foot in the streets; but the superior of the



"The second pledge of gratitude to Our Lady."

mission, Father Della Corte, S.J., stole away from Shanghai in disguise, and made, during the terrible summer heat, those twenty miles to Zo-se. In the darker hours of evening he knelt before the picture of our Lady enshrined there and told her all his anguish. Nothing, he felt, was able to ward off disaster but a direct intervention from heaven. And so, he vowed to build a large church, a shrine to the Blessed Virgin crowning the hill of Zo, if they were preserved.

Mary's protection was not long in coming. A few days later, the high officials of Shanghai, mandarins never friendly to Christianity, called at the principal church in the city, and told the Fathers they would protect the missions with the imperial forces at their command against the pagan populace. The missions were saved, and the vow was kept. Within a year sufficient funds were at hand to begin the church. On May 24, 1871, the feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians, the corner stone was laid and work commenced on a granite pillared shrine, a fitting monument to God's Mother. A large number of Christian pilgrims were present at the ceremony; and that number, even to this day, is steadily increasing in the numerous pilgrimages to thank God and His Blessed Mother that the Faith was never robbed from this poor country.

To swell that army, this year, we, some twenty young Jesuits, were turning our steps towards Zo-se. It was a picturesque trip, and it was a happy trip. Nearly all of the group were Chinese, most agreeable to travel with. We talked and read and incidentally took dinner, all amid a veritable flow of Chinese, studded with occasional gusts of English and French.

Zo-se, as its name implies, is a "hill," the hill of the family of Zo. Formerly it was covered with pagan pagodas; today it is a veritable citadel of Catholicism. Zo-se is known among astronomers for its wonderful observatory but that is its least glory. Zo-se in China is a center of religion. By the side of the huge observatory and in spite of one lone pagoda that still clings tenaciously to a lower corner of the hill, the devotees of Mary are building a larger brick church, the second pledge of gratitude to our Lady. The first church was too small for the crowds that visited it to pay homage to the King and His Mother.

When we arrived at the shrine after the interesting all day trip, we found many Chinese there making the Way of the Cross, chanting at every Station their Chinese prayers. Half way down the hill where the Stations began, is a grotto of Lourdes, flanked on either side with

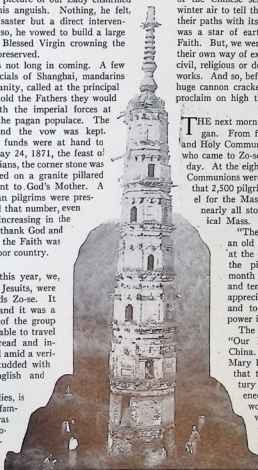
shrines of St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart. At the grotto we had the first taste of the pilgrim's devotion. It was a beautiful scene before the lighted shrine as the clear voices of the Chinese seminarians pierced the chill pre-winter air to tell the stars that Zo-se not only traced their paths with its giant telescope, but that it itself was a star of earth shedding abroad the light of Faith. But, we were in China; and the Chinese have their own way of expressing feeling. No celebration, civil, religious or domestic, is complete without fireworks. And so, before and after the singing, a dozen huge cannon crackers were rocketed into the air to proclaim on high the glory of the Mother of God.

THE next morning, Sunday, the real services began. From five o'clock on, Masses were said and Holy Communion distributed. Nearly everyone who came to Zo-se received Holy Communion that day. At the eight o'clock Mass alone, 1,400 Holy Communions were distributed, and it was estimated that 2,500 pilgrims, all Chinese, packed the chapel for the Mass. Very few could sit or kneel, nearly all stood throughout the entire Pontifical Mass.

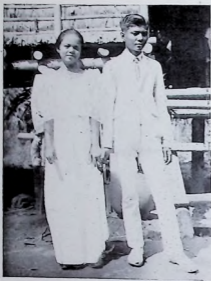
"There was no one here today," said an old Chinese Father when I marveled at the crowds. "This is the smallest of the pilgrimages. Twice during the month of May they come, between eight and ten thousand of them, to show they appreciate the blessing of their Faith and to give striking testimony of its power in their daily lives."

The shrine of Zo-se is the shrine of "Our Lady, Help of Christians" in China. Twice before in Europe had Mary been solemnly appealed to under that title: once, in the sixteenth century when the hordes of Moors threatened to over-run the then civilized world; and again when the Church was persecuted in the pontificate of Pius VII. And Mary was not appealed to in vain. And so it was with firm confidence that Father Della Corte knelt before that picture of our Lady in China's hour of anguish and besought her to guard the land to which he and his brethren had devoted their lives. He, too, found refuge and protection where "no one has ever been left unaided."

The shrine of Our Lady, Help of Christians, at Zo-se is under the present care of the Jesuits of the province of France. The Fathers, along with those directing the Zo-se observatory, reside at the Jesuit seminary in Zikawei, near Shanghai. Here, also, the five American Jesuits from the California province, who are to open a new mission sector in China, are preparing for the arduous work that lies in store for them. The author of the article is one of these American Jesuits.



"One lone pagoda clings tenaciously to a lower corner of the hill."



A little hut, a supply of corn, two small boxes, three straw mats and happiness ever after.



IT was an unseasonable hour for a wedding. The late evening meal was over and only a few lights flickered in the windows of the nipa huts on the hillside. The lonely padre was preparing his Mass kit for the long journey on the morrow. But tearful Cinderella, her vallant Galahad, and their two comrade knights had good reasons for their starlight visit to the Jesuit shepherd in the valley.

Cinderella looked anything but a bride, stockingless and in her work-day dress, without veil, train or flower. She might not have evaded the vigilance of her watchful parents, if she had dressed in her holiday silks. Galahad, the hope of her young life, had taught her the essentials of the Faith. Would the shepherd of the flock pour the saving waters upon her head and bless the ring for her finger that would make her the wife of Galahad?

"We are of legal age to marry. Here are our birth certificates," were the pleading words of devoted Galahad. "Unjustly do the parents of Cinderella refuse me the hand of their daughter," he continued. Something like a sharp sword of sorrow pierced the heart of Cinderella, when she was told that it would be necessary to obtain wit-

Till DEATH do Us PART

JAMES G. DALY, S.J.

nesses known to the padre. What could be done? Long had they planned this starlight visit to the valley. And now all in vain. Then she remembered a Catholic family, friends of the padre and well acquainted with her and Galahad. She would bring them to testify that her parents were unreasonable in demanding a large sum of money for their daughter, and to prove that there was no legal impediment to the marriage.

THE angels of heaven seemed to hover about in the dimly lighted chapel at the quiet wedding of Galahad and Cinderella. The Jesuit padre wished them God's blessing and protection, and husband and wife went out into the silent night and down the lane lighted by the moon high in the heavens. The following day Galahad and Cinderella ascended the mountain to their little home. The parents are now reconciled and Cinderella's happiness will be complete when they also have descended to the valley for the saving waters from the hands of the shepherd who is praying and waiting for them.

However, hasty weddings of this kind are not common in Mindanao. The writer does not wish to give this impression. In Mindanao it is the custom to publish the banns of matrimony in the churches. Many marriages are solemnized at a nuptial Mass. Surely the Catholics of the Philippine Islands will be blessed for the sanctity and solemnity with which they enter (*Turn to page 94*)



"Many marriages are solemnized at Nuptial Mass."

Tokens of

VICTORY at Victoria



XCITEMENT and bitter struggle have been the order of the day this past year at Our Lady of Victory Mission in Patna, India.

For a time it appeared that my vigorous predecessor, Father Henry Westropp, S.J., had misnamed the mission. Our Lady of "Defeat," it seemed, was a fitter title. But the crisis has passed. Our Lady and her clients have vindicated the mission's name. Satan has evidently lost the fight. The token of his defeat is at my very door. His infamous shrine under the sacred pipul tree, which I have often cursed, is wholly deserted.

The time is coming, it is my fond belief, when the Hindus will scorn their pagan idols as heartily as they scorned Christ King a year ago. Signs are with me to support me in my belief. Week after week, newcomers sheepishly peep into the church, shyly skip inside the door and finally squat down and look around long and carefully. A few weeks go by and I find the newcomers are new no longer, but steadily associating with my Christians. They will ask for Baptism in a little while, and each will be another triumph for the victorious patroness who guards our mission.



A certain round-faced Christian lady.

JOHN KILIAN, S.J.

of Pancratius and Fabian to prove this point. Martyrs' names fit them well; and if the blessed consumption of martyrdom has not been the lot of these two new Christians, there have been struggle and suffering quite sufficient to win for them the titles of confessors of the Faith. Pancratius has not yet become a panther's tidbit; but since his conversion his own food is thrown to him as to a dog. Disowned and outcasted, he finds his only home the shelter of a tree. Ever watchful guardians are near to persuade him to "re-

BAPTISM is a bold step for these people very often. It brings with it persecution. There are the examples

pent" his deed. But Pancratius will not repent. He thinks too well of the first Pancratius, and of *Jesu Khris* *Rajah* who made a panther's spring so welcome to Pancratius of Rome.

Fabian too has suffered, and about his loyalty to *Jesu Khris* *Rajah* clings the faint touch of human romance to lend it charm. He had been married in Hindu fashion in his childhood. A few days before I baptized him I figured earthly costs with him.

"You might not get that girl now," I cautioned.

"Never mind," he rejoined, "make me a Christian and I'll see about the girl later."

A WEEK after his baptism my Fabian disappeared and was gone for four days. My heart was sad, for I thought the lad had weakened in the testing. Then the unexpected happened. Fabian bounded into my room, radiant with happiness.

"I went to get my wife," he exclaimed; "and, believe me, I had a warm time of it!"

"Well, did you bring her?"

"No, she's gone for good, I guess."

"They asked me whether I intended to become one of those hated Christians," he said gaily. "Then I let fly at them, told them I was Fabian, *Kristan*, and not *Gulna*, Hindu, and a whole (*Turn to page 94*)



"The sacred pipul tree which I have often cursed."



"The milkers clean the stable and feed the cattle."

LONG prostrate forms slowly rise and sit on their beds; sleepy eyes open and lazy arms awkwardly outline the Sign of the Cross, while bumbled lips utter the words of the Morning Offering. The time is ten minutes to six and the place is the Indian Residential School at Spanish, Ontario. Tumbled beds must be tidied to a nicety and morning toilet done in a half-hour. Then to the chapel for morning prayers, said in unison, slowly and loudly. Mass follows, with thanksgiving after Communion. At about ten minutes past seven all march to the refectory for breakfast. Then, and only then, comes *Deo gratias*, which means, practically, if not literally, "Talk, if you wish!"

The bigger boys serve the oatmeal, milk and tea; but as favoritism creeps in when more delicate dishes are offered, the prefect looks after these unusual items. Sometimes when prayers are very poor, or the singing ragged at Mass, there is silence during the whole breakfast. For the moment long faces are in evidence; but the punishment is effective, for loud and orderly praying prevails next morning. After meals, each boy has to wash his own dishes. Then the only military note known at Spanish sounds forth: "Farmers, forward! Carpenters, forward! Shoemakers, milkers, kitchen-boys, dormitory, refectory, recreation, wardrobe boys, forward!" And so some seventy of the older Indian boys are dispatched to work.

THIS régime may seem hard; yet missionaries never cease telling us: "Give these Indian children the working-habit; do not let a day slip by without providing some kind of work for them." Sloth means vice; without work, morality is only apparent and vice grows rampant. That is why manual training is deemed so important. "No drones" is the motto of this bee-hive. The milkers

thing they can to eat. Carpenters do the odd repair jobs about the school and get a taste of the saw-mill life in the summer-time. Shoemakers repair their brothers' boots. Variety means more to the Indian than to anyone else. That is why the prefect changes the boys' occupations every month, unless one willingly expresses a desire to keep his assignment.

Work over, about forty minutes are given to games.

IN previous numbers, the author narrated the splendid results obtained by the Jesuits of Canada at their Indian Residential School at Spanish, Ontario. The daily life of the Iroquois and Ojibway boys at the school is here described. Your prayers for this work will inspire young Jesuits to devote their lives to these Indians, and will help to make the Indians yield to the good example and devotion of their missionaries.

Baseball, Indian sponge-ball, and volley-ball are the best liked, with skating and hockey as a matter of course. Indoor games are only used on rainy days, during the muddy Spring period, and on stormy days in winter. At five minutes past nine the school bell rings; games stop. Classes run from ten minutes past nine until a quarter to twelve. Recreation and dinner at noon. Dinner consists of soup, potatoes, meat and bread; tea is the usual beverage. After prayers there is recreation until half past one. The study hall then becomes a singing or prayer class for half an hour. Afternoon classes end at a quarter after four, and are fol-



"The Indian Residential School at Spanish, Ontario."

School are WE

JOSEPH ALLAIRE, S.J.

lowed by work or games, just as after breakfast. Study begins at half past five and supper at six. A little more study at eight o'clock and night prayers close the working day. At nine o'clock all go to the dormitory; there the torn and ragged clothes are checked in for whole garments, and at the given signal, all seated on their beds recite an Act of Contrition, three Hail Marys and the Sign of the Cross. Out go the electric lights. All aboard for dreamland. Such is a week-day at Spanish, carefully planned to aid in the Indian boys' moral, intellectual and physical training.

SCIONS of a stock that knew or allowed little restraint, it is most important that the moral life of the boys be stressed and developed vigorously. Regulations follow them from morning to night. Silence is required when marching from one place to another. Before each dismissal after meals, a short invocation: "O good Angel Guardian, watch over us," calls their attention to the fact that there is a heavenly watcher of each action. Daily Mass and a few decades of the Rosary are obligatory. Catechism and prayers are taught in English and in Indian. Opportunity for confessions is given twice a week, and whenever else it is asked for; frequent Communion is highly commended. First Holy Communion is most carefully prepared for, and the extraordinary testimonies of respect and special privileges conferred upon the "Kings of the day," as first communicants are called, make them remember forever the "happiest day of their lives." Im-



"With skating and hockey as a matter of course."

pression guides the Indian more than does a fixed policy; yet, in spite of absolute freedom, a general Communion marks every feast day, and on Sundays as many as eighty percent of the pupils receive. No one is ever punished or ill-treated for not joining his pious comrades. The annual retreat comes at an opportune time in September, and on this occasion they settle accounts in a thorough-going manner.

I do not mean to say that immorality is unknown here. It has often something to do with truancy and is severely dealt with. The natural vices of swearing, stealing and lying receive an additional check from positive school prohibition and are constantly fought by the authorities, who do their best to quench poor humanity's inclination to sin. Prayer, work and good manners are practised and praised; sloth and all bad habits are held up to scorn. Weekly records read after Vespers on Sunday before the superior and the professors give public sanction to the boys' good or bad conduct. Good notes are worth privileges, such as hunting trips, boating trips, delicacies. Bad notes are redeemed by work on holidays or a session at some kind of labor which the boys dislike. Good behavior and work well done are always rewarded by the prefects who are pleased to reward virtue, wherever it is found.

THE intellectual training, too, is not neglected, although it is not always as successful as would be desired. Two classes with more than a hundred pupils suppose a large measure of authority and patience in a teacher. The lower class contains the first and second grades; the higher class contains the third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades. Reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, a bit of composition and bookkeeping are all that we have opportunity to teach the Indians. Any ordinary child learns to speak English in six months' time. Our cleverest boys leave after the sixth grade, and are able to enter any classical college. According to the missionaries, our teaching fits them for earning an honest living; more studies would be liable to make them proud and lazy, and, in some instances, would be a waste of time. (Turn to page 94)



"A taste of the saw-mill life in summer-time."

The Sun Shines in Jamaica

J.B. Morning, S.J.



Victoria Market Landing, Kingston, Jamaica. A city of 70,000 would not be suspected.



HE progress of the Church in Jamaica has been slow, but constant and persistent. It has been slow, because it has had to fight its way forward against great odds. The opposition has come from a strongly and long established Protestantism, represented by most of its principal sects. Had the opposition consisted rather of the benighted ignorance of paganism and infidelity, progress would certainly have been more rapid. But the Church has advanced, and even the rate of progress has steadily increased.

The Catholic population of Jamaica at present is about five percent of the total. Previous to the year 1900 it was slightly less than two percent. During the last thirty years, Catholics in Jamaica increased threefold, from 15,000 to 45,000. During the same period the number of Communions for the year went from 30,000 to 300,000, a striking proof of increase in fervent Catholic life.

The Catholic Church in Jamaica enjoys a prestige and influence far in excess of the numerical strength of its adherents. This position has been gained mainly by the sterling character and devotion of many of the priests and laity, displayed especially during the various disasters in recent years.

IN Kingston, the capital and metropolis, there are as many as ten Catholic churches and sixteen elementary schools, with a total of nearly 4,000 pupils, whose education is cared for by the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, the Sisters of Mercy and lay teachers. With only a few exceptions, the elementary denominational schools are given Government support. In return, the schools are subject to Government inspection and to control of the secular branches of the curriculum.

POSITION, ninety miles south of the eastern part of Cuba; the eighteenth parallel of North Latitude passes through the southern part of the island. Length, 144 miles, east and west.

Width, greatest, 49 miles; least $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Area, 4,207 square miles.

Surface, mountainous; nearly half of the island is over 1,000 feet above sea level. The greatest height is Blue Mountain Peak, 7,360 feet.

Climate, from tropical at the coast to delightful-ly cool in the hills.

Rivers, numerous but mostly not navigable.

Population, nearly 900,000. Mostly black and colored (any mixture of black and white) with some coolies and Chinese.

Capital, Kingston, on the southern coast toward the eastern end.

Some points in Jamaican history. Discovered by Columbus, 1494. The Arawak Indians who were there then are now extinct. Taken from Spain by England, 1655. Port Royal, headquarters of the pirates destroyed by earthquake, 1692, part sinking beneath the sea. Great earthquake, 1907; much of Kingston ruined. Estimated loss, 800 lives and \$10,000,000 in property.

The large and magnificent new Cathedral of the Holy Trinity is in Kingston. The corner stone was laid in December, 1908, less than two years after the earthquake, which in January, 1907, destroyed the old and less imposing Cathedral. The new St. George's College building was opened in September, 1914, at Winchester Park. Nearby is the residence of the Jesuit Fathers, who conduct this school, and prepare its pupils for the Cambridge Examinations. Many non-Catholics attend its classes.

TWO other Catholic institutions in Kingston deserve special mention. Alpha Cottage, under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy, is a large institution comprising several schools for paying pupils, two industrial schools for boys and girls, an orphanage and a House of Mercy for girls. St. Joseph's Sanatorium is under the direction of the Sisters of St. Dominic. It was opened in 1916, and has developed splendidly to the benefit of the sick of the island.

In the more rural districts the spiritual and educational welfare of the Catholics has been well cared for, considering that only eight priests are assigned exclusively to this work. The fifteen remaining priests and scholastics are occupied almost entirely in Kingston and its immediate vicinity. Throughout the entire island there are more than sixty mission stations, forty-seven of which have permanent chapels. In the few stations that have no permanent chapels, Mass is said, at stated intervals, in the room of a private dwelling. The primary education of the Catholic children in these sections is well cared for, even though the school buildings are not as modern as city institutions. The poor natives are far from able to support the "bush" schools and churches.

The Quarry Turned Hunter

J. B. Carbajal, S.J.

THE following has been offered to the Editors as a true incident in the last days of the dauntless Outlaw of Christ, Rev. Miguel Augustin Pro, S.J., who was executed in Mexico, November 23, 1927. Father Pro and his companions are looked upon as martyrs, and it is related that remarkable blessings have been received through their intercession.

THE priest was out in the street once more. Soldiers and police had been dogging his steps all day. Just now he had barely crawled out of a place of hiding while his enemies were at the front door of the very house where he had been concealed. All avenues of escape seemed cut off; but the priest showed no hesitation. His intimate knowledge of the city streets and corners had time and again enabled him to elude his hunters.

The present difficulty appeared to call for a bolder stroke. He deliberately sought out police headquarters, came to the forbidding high walls, walked the length of a block to the very entrance. A swift, careful glance showed him a blind street, its end closed by the prison grounds. He knew it not then, but here, on a later day, he was fated to face a firing squad. Quietly he sauntered down to the gate of the prison yard, unconcernedly peered in, then as quietly sauntered back again on the opposite side of the street.

AN office building fronted the main entrance to police headquarters. He entered and opened the door of an office on the first floor. As he stepped forward a friendly hand reached out to bid him welcome, the hand of a tall, strongly built man. The priest took in with a single glance



(Reverend) Miguel A. Pro (S.J.).

the genial and seemingly refined face above the outstretched hand. But before he could gather assurance his eyes fell on another figure in the room, a thick-set man, bullet-headed and repellent. The priest had fallen into a trap. These were the chiefs of his pursuers. He had been warned of the bullet-head: its owner would stand no opposition.

Quick thinking and a prayer. The victim had not yet been recognized. A moment of tense, quiet study of his opponents and the possible means of escape. Why! he knew the genial-faced one! With the recognition came the rapid decision for double strategy. He warmly clasped the outstretched hand, and drawing its owner close, fell into the customary embrace of the Latins. But in the embrace a sharp, whispered message passed from the priest to the police official.

THE message served its purpose. The official drew back, puzzled whether

he had heard aright. He motioned his visitor forward and ushered him into a private consulting room. Safe behind closed doors and out of range of the ears of the bullet-head, he turned and asked:

"What was that you whispered out there?"

"I merely spoke your name, and said I never thought you'd come to this."

"How do you know my name, and what have I come to? Who are you? No one here knows me by the name you used."

"Look me over," quietly spoke the priest.

The official stared steadily.

"Great Heavens! I recognize you now. I know you doubly. You're 'my man,' and—you're more, you're my old playmate."

(Turn to page 94)

A SCIENTIST, let us say, a professor of science, asked recently for a new definition of God. A larger telescope had been put into the observatory and man could see farther into space; therefore, for the new telescope there must be a new God. Now if the scientist had said, the horizon of the universe has been pushed farther away, therefore we see more of the intervening worlds, he would have reasoned correctly. There exists in divine revelation and in pure science a solidly founded definition of God which no discovery of experimental science and no perfection of mechanical instruments can supplant. Faith is the most searching and most satisfying of all telescopes. Its light is God's own revelation; its piercing vision passes beyond the horizons of time and sets before our gaze eternal and unchanging realities.

The purpose of all missions is to teach the world the definition that God has given of Himself, putting into the soul, in place of the superstition of ignorance and in place of the insufficiency of human knowledge, the illuminating and adequate teaching of divine Wisdom. The season of Easter is a time of light, of bright dawns, and a time quite appropriate to review and revive the designs of divine Providence for missions and missionaries of Christ's Church. Preparation, truth revealed, evolution by growth alone, progress with patience, these are the great lines indicated for the realization of Christ's high mission ideal, an ideal which Christ made known through His angels as the final stage of His Resurrection; "The Lord is risen and behold He will go before you into Galilee."

WHEN God first dawned upon Creation, it was a tremendous act, an act of which only God could be the prime mover. In that fact of Creation lay a seed of truth, which has been growing through the ages, and its harvests are ripe for our reaping at every moment. God is a Creator. Some of our scientists have not as yet beheld that horizon opening up to them in its immense fields. The unconverted pagans of the world are still where the most civilized pagans remained, without knowledge of God, the Creator. It is our duty and our blessing to put the revealing instrument of Faith into their hands. The missions of the world are ever widening that horizon for darkened souls.

The Incarnation, like Creation, was also the planting of a seed of slow growth. When God in His Providence decided to come to earth, He did not speak through heavenly voices or take the form of an angel. He might have assumed various created natures already existing, or have taken other natures within the power of Divinity; but He became man, like us in all save sin: He became an infant; He was conceived; He had a human mother and passed through all the stages of human growth. During the Great War the time for starting an advance was called zero-hour. The Incarnation in a way was a tremendous zero-hour. St. Paul speaks of God emptying Himself. He spanned the infinite chasm between Creator and creature and began His human life as the seed begins its growth in the darkened underground. "First the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full fruit in the ear."



In the Incarnation and birth of Christ another horizon widened for mankind. "God so loved the world as to give His only Son." The Creation defined God, making the chief element in the definition His power. The Incarnation defined God, making love the supreme element, although His omnipotence was even more resplendently manifested. The sublime, "Let there be light," had its complement in the still more sublime words, "Let God be made man." Then "the goodness and kindness of God our Savior appeared." "Last of all, in these days God had spoken to us by His Son, Whom He has appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the world." St. Paul unites the two great horizons of Creation and Incarnation in his words: "Last of all," because there can be nothing greater. God has come Himself. There is to be no other planting of divine seed; there is to be no other dawn. That horizon like Creation is infinite. Its harvest can never be wholly reaped; its truth can never be wholly fathomed; it is a dawn which has no sunset, though it shall have a brighter day in the heaven of the redeemed.

THEN came the Gospel; then came the day in which Christ worked. And even then preparation still preceded His coming. "Thou, child," said Zachary of John, his son, "shalt be called the prophet of the Highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways." "The Orient, the day spring, from on high has visited us." Everywhere and in every heart the Light of the World came, shining and dispelling darkness and breaking open the heavens of the soul to north, to south, to east, to west, ever up and out to newer, finer horizons. What seemed the night of



Horizons

Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.

death and of the tomb was but the eclipse before a more brilliant dawning, preparing for the Easter horizon which on the mountain in Galilee Christ broadened before His disciples and apostles.

"He has gone before you into Galilee." Upon that mountain in Galilee was to be given the last lesson of the Resurrection. There, was to be the widest horizon of Easter. Could there have been chosen a more appropriate place for the first real departure ceremony of Christ's missionaries to their mission? The apostles' earlier missions were but trials, and they had yet to be sealed with the grace of Pentecost; but on the

summit of this mountain in Christ's loved land of Galilee was erected the prototype of all the departure scenes of the Church's missionaries throughout the ages. The time was as fitting as the place. After the public life, after the Passion, after the consolations and final teachings of the Resurrection, just before the farewells of His Ascension, Christ pointed out to His followers the boundaries of His Kingdom, and sent them forth on their mission to mankind, a few weak, uncourageous, ill-educated, countrymen out to the power and wealth and learning of the world. Who could discern in that pitiable seed the future harvest? But it is, "first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full fruit in the ear."

"AND Jesus coming spoke to them, saying: All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even

walls of Christ's Kingdom tower still higher, from earth even above the heavens.

"All nations," continues Christ, and the cities and towns and hamlets and homes of His Kingdom throng with the children of every color, every clime, every culture. There is no longer a chosen nation, but all nations are now chosen of God.

"All things," insists Christ, and the depth of His Kingdom is fathomed to its entire extent. Every act, every word, every thought that Christ gave His missionaries, His every command, His complete truth,—they are found within the compass of that profound horizon that Christ unfolds before those who go forth to teach.

"All days," concludes Christ, and the horizon of time stretched out before His followers to the same immeasurable distances as do the other dimensions of this marvelous Easter horizon. The work is never to cease; the workers, though sadly few, are never to be wholly lacking; but there is to be no discouragement, because He is with them "all days even to the consummation of the world."

"ALL, all, all, all"; they are the tolling of the great bells from the high towers of Christ's cathedral, whose foundations are divine truth, whose roof-tree is divine power, whose congregation are the nations of mankind, whose perpetuity is commensurate with time. "All, all, all, all"; those are the reverberating blasts of Christ's trumpet ordering an advance. They sound the call to imperialism of the spirit, an imperialism without reproach, without injustice,—on to the conquering of souls and to the commerce of heaven.

Upon that mountain of Galilee all our missionaries and all not missionaries fix their gaze at this blessed time of Easter. There all will find the command to cooperate, the injunction to labor and the assuring guarantee of success. The apostles and disciples were our representatives upon the mountain in Galilee, and Christ spoke through them to us. That echoing "all" is a clarion cry to every soul. No new definition of God is called for; but pagans, civilized and uncivilized, should learn the true and old definition of God, the Creator, the Incarnate, the Redeemer, the Head of His Church. For every heart Christ opened wide that Easter horizon. He has gone before us into Galilee, and in every corner of the world Christ wants a resurrection of Faith, of Hope, of Charity. The horizon is immense. "Lift your eyes to it," says Christ. "Lift your hearts with your eyes; sursum corda!"

"Cease not aspiring, but still upward rise
Spurning life's precipices with high strife,
Conquering far o'er the conquered steeps you tread,
Until you roll away entombing skies,
And win the pinnacles of endless life,
Enraptured with an unhorizoned God!"

to the consummation of the world." In those magnificent words, so befitting the place and the occasion, Christ gave to His missionaries the height, the breadth, the depth, the length of His Kingdom,—the divine Easter horizon of the Church.

"All power," says Christ, and behold His Kingdom rising higher than that which terrified the Israelites. "The cities are great and walled up to the sky," declared the visitors to the Land of Promise. The



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Editor

IGNATIUS W. COX, S.J.

Assistant Editor

MARTIN CARRABINE, S.J.

Business Editor

JOSEPH REITZ, S.J.

Associate Editors

PAUL PUGH-JENNENS, S.J.
1943 Rue Rachel Est
Montreal, Canada

G. A. FRIZBONES, S.J.
3715 S. Grand Blvd.
St. Louis, Missouri

CORNELIUS PENEAU, S.J.
Collège Jean de Brébeuf
Montreal, Canada

PATRICK J. O'BRIEN, S.J.
3220 Forty-third St., S. E.
Portland, Oregon

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.
4133 Bank Street
New Orleans, Louisiana

Editorial and Publication Offices

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Christ, Our Easter Gladness

ACCORDING to a home custom of years ago, we were awakened by our pious mother very early on clear Easter mornings and sent to a place of vantage to see "the sun dance for joy" at the Resurrection of Christ. And to our eager eyes it really did seem to leap a bit. In fact, even now, with our vision become stern through scientific exactness and our mind chastened by the severity of metaphysics, we are not altogether sure that it doesn't dance.

Certainly it has reason enough on this day to tread its monotonous path with lighter steps. For Easter marks the rising of the Sun of Justice, whose face on an occasion "did shine as the sun." At the Resurrection of the Savior it is not to be wondered that the sun that was darkened from the sixth to the ninth hour of the Passion should cast its early Easter rays in greater brilliancy. For as the rising of the sun is proof of another day, so the Resurrection of Christ is the certification of Christianity. May the light and the grace of Christ's Resurrection shine into the hearts of each of our readers and bring to them the gladness that suffused the heart of the Mother of Sorrows when her Divine Son, in the splendor of His Resurrection burst in upon her chamber of watching. May this same light and grace of the glorified Christ strengthen the hearts of the missionaries and bring to them a foretaste of the joy that will be theirs when the day is ended and they have borne the "heats and the burden" thereof for the expansion of the Vineyard.

Omadhauns of God

A WRITER in America for February 9, perceives, or makes, a delightful personage voice a mission observation which is well worth quoting:—

When I told her I could make Irish lace she laughed and clapped her hands like a delighted child.

"You're hired," said she, "and you can start work any minute. Your hours will be what you choose to make them, and your pay will be the blessing of some poor

omadhaun of a priest in the wilds of Alaska or some other such outlandish place."

"Omadhaun!" I gasped. "Do you know what you are saying? Do you know what the Gaelic word means?"

"A fool," said she, "and what else are they? God's fools if you will have it so, but fools nevertheless. Burying themselves for life, of their own free will in such places when they could be sitting in comfortable rooms, with steam heat, electric light, books, telephone and all the trimmings in New York, Boston, Chicago, or any other civilized city that would be to their minds."

Fools!—of God. Saving phrase. These fools are followers of Another whom Herod knew. Present day omadhauns know Him too, and for their daily strengthening bear ever in mind that the features and garb of a Fool on Friday morning were changed wondrously on Sunday, when "His countenance was as lightning and His raiment as snow." That Fool suffered and waited and changed. So too shall they do all these.

Air Lanes and Souls

ABILITY to meet and overcome physical difficulties in the missions is ever on the increase. The announcement of the opening of the London-Karachi airline on March 30, brings this fact forcibly to mind. India was often a year and more of terrifying travel away from Europe in Xavier's day. Now it is brought within a brief, luxurious week from London.

These material triumphs are blessings of God. For them we must be properly grateful. With them we must also be careful. It will ever remain true that the task of saving souls is primarily a task of the spirit, not of flesh and of matter. The spirit traffics with prayer and vigil and pain. With these it purchases Grace. It waits then on God's Providence to open a gate for the flow of Grace to descend upon a soul.

If an airplane open a gate so, God be praised. But God is likewise ever to be prayed that these many openings and easy may never distract us from our prayer and watch and pain—with Christ. (The three are possible and pleasant only with Him.) What profit a thousand open gates and breath-taking passages if there be no redeeming Grace to flow through them?

Does This Interest You?

FEW men are as universally revered as the long-bearded missionary priest. He is the ideal of heroic sanctity. And naturally so: for he has literally left all things to follow Christ. There is no love greater than his.

But few there are that know of the missionary's companion, the lay-Brother. His life is spent assisting the priest in his most Christ-like work. He is in the frozen snows of Alaska, he is traveling over the dry plains and rough mountains of America. He is working under the wearying suns of Africa and in the mysterious lands of India and China. He is cook, sacristan, guide, house builder, teacher, catechist. He is anything that will give the priest more freedom and power in his apostolate. He is a real missionary, spending all his life's energy for the infidel. His labors are heralded only before the throne of God. His deeds are unwritten in the world's annals.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 17. Goa and Cochin, British India



Under this arch came Xavier, Albuquerque and all the great men who landed at Goa.

GOA and Cochin are two mission fields down towards the point of the great Indian peninsula. The sea of Goa and the Malabar Coast where Cochin lies are names inseparably associated with the work of St. Francis Xavier. With providential propriety, it seems, these mission fields today are in the care of Portuguese Jesuits. The centers of activity are Belgaum, Cochin and Alleppey, in each of which cities there is a thriving Jesuit college. Taught in these three colleges are over 2,000 students. At Alleppey there is, besides, a seminary. In addition to these educational institutions there are in the mission two hospitals and a leper colony. Nineteen Jesuit Fathers, one scholastic and five lay-Brothers, assisted by extern teachers and servants, carry on the various works of the missions.

THE warring divisions of non-Catholic sects in civilized lands is a continual scandal to reflective minds. It is an even greater scandal in countries that are without Christian civilization and without the historical knowledge which explains the causes of division. Non-Catholic missionaries themselves, have called these divisions in pagan lands "sin and a stone of offense."

This deplorable absence of unity is one of the most potent reasons, perhaps, why the lavish subsidies of workers and material help at the disposal of non-Catholic mission efforts have yielded nothing like proportional fruit. The pity, too, is that often enough uninformed and untrained pagans have confused the one true Church with non-Catholic sects and concluded, logically, that where peace and union on very principal are absent, God and His saving dispensation cannot be found. The task of imparting the precious truths of Christ is comparatively easy where minds are blankly pagan; but where the knowledge of Christ's teaching comes to pagans after, or in the midst of, a wrangling chorus of divided sects, a prodigious initial obstacle is raised, one which can grow to be well nigh insuperable. We pray this month that pagan feet which

THE MISSION INTENTION

for APRIL

Preservation of Mission Lands from Heresy

are wearier than they know seeking Him who is the only Way may be spared this stone of scandal.

Yet it is not a controversial intention which our Holy Father commends to our prayers. Farthest from his mind is the thought of any disparagement of sincere missionary efforts outside the Church, or any complacency in non-Catholic missionary failures. There is admiration, albeit mingled with paternal pity, in the heart of His Holiness, for the frequent and very widespread unselfish labors of non-Catholic missionaries. He asks us to pray also that these devoted followers of that divine Shepherd who yearns for one fold may themselves find the way of truth,—that a kindly light may guide them to Christ.

We know of two devoted Jesuit missionaries today, one of them a product of the distinctly Protestant Student Volunteer Movement, who once were non-Catholic missionaries. And similar cases exist in other religious ranks. That the number of these may grow and that pagans be spared the scandal of a "divided Christ" is the mission appeal this month of the millions of associates of the Apostleship of Prayer. Our readers will kindly join with them to plead for this special intention.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS



Alaska

FATHER FRANCIS PRANCE, S. J., writes of initial mission experiences at Nulato, Yukon River, Alaska:

"I am not at Hooper Bay among the burrowing Eskimos as I had expected, but at Nulato amidst the diverse types of full-blood, half-blood, and no-blood Tenah Indians.

"My pen is rather awkward just now. Yesterday morning I got my right palm punctured by a rusty nail, with no opportunity to treat it till this morning. To be safe, I lanced the puncture and put on the huge bandage that is now in my way.

"Four days after my arrival, my companion, FATHER JOSEPH McELMEE, S. J., started upstream in a small open motor boat to visit the towns and camps up-river. He was gone two weeks. The weather was rough, cold and dangerous. Even three hours on the windswept Yukon in an open boat is just short of murderous. I know, for I've tried it. On Father's return I made my first mission trip, but down river to Kaltag, a place thirty-six miles away. There we are opening a new station, that is, a place will be built for a church with a corner in it for household belongings. A frame building, twenty-four feet square, once a pool hall, was donated for a chapel; with it an old dilapidated log cabin was thrown in for good measure. These I set about to put into shape. I was there almost three weeks, making altars, benches, tearing down the old cabin, re-cutting the logs and setting them up again. When I left, it was ready for doors and windows.

"The night I reached Kaltag I got a sick call to a place twenty-five miles further down the river. At seven-thirty we left, my guide and I, with a brisk wind at our back. To my disgust I found the patient sleeping soundly after an attack of simple indigestion. That night I had my first sleep in an arctic sleeping bag on the floor of an Indian cabin with twenty-four howling, yelping, whining dogs not fifteen yards away. But how quickly they sang us to sleep!

"The next morning was too stormy to attempt an immediate return. I couldn't even say Mass on account of the

wind in our open tent. My altar would have been scattered along the beach. At eleven o'clock, however, it cleared a little and we ventured forth. Two hundred yards from camp a wave came over us, half filling the boat, and we had to return. At six that evening it looked better; we set out. This time we made it in the teeth of a cold wind and beneath the spreading sheets of a downpour. At ten we braced again at Kaltag, soaked to the skin and frozen like two pieces of cordwood. The natives took care of our boat so that we could thaw out and get

they sleep out on the roof in hot weather. The European nuns have no place to sleep out, and they have two beds in a room, and small rooms at that. This is bad for the health in hot sultry weather which in Bihar is worse than in most parts of India."

MR. MARION BARTON, S. J., just arrived in the Patna Mission this year, has not gone to Shembaganur, Madura District, to study philosophy as was stated last month in these columns. He is replacing Mr. PAUL DENT, S. J., as a teacher at Bettiah.

Mr. Dent's health has not improved satisfactorily enough to permit of his taking up another hard year's work at Bettiah. Instead he has been sent up into the Himalayas to Kurseong to take up the study of theology.

FATHER JAMES CREANE, S. J., reviews the first year of his pioneer labors among the Santals of the Patna Mission in India:

"Friday, September 14, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross was the anniversary of our first Mass among the Santals. The feast found me once more in Simra and celebrating Mass in the very same village in which I had offered it a year before. The year that intervened has seen the exaltation of many crosses along our path of progress. But this anniversary was to bring many compensatory exaltations of the spirit, rays of light after darkness.

"First of all, there was Mass itself in the mud school, which had cost us much time and worry. Among the worshippers was Sam, alias John Baptist, the really 'big catch' of the year, who is proving himself a veritable Baptist, preparing the way of the Lord in a dozen different places among his people.

"Secondly, there was a special delegation of pagans from the village who came to hear the Mass, and to ask for certain favors, which showed a very big change of attitude from open hostility to at least tolerance and openness to conviction.

"Thirdly, from Simra, I 'biked' ten miles, waded through a river, and walked a mile to Salaia. There I found one of my catechumens sick with fever but persevering in his good resolution.

"Fourthly, as I moved along the village street a number of women came out and showed less shyness than usual. They smiled a grateful smile as I gave each of



Maya "marimberos," marimba players, celebrate the village feast at Benque Viejo, British Honduras.

a cup of hot tea. No evil after-effects were noticed."

Patna, India

Patna's native nuns are following Christ in religion in rather unwanted but not unwanted poverty, according to a recent letter from Ms. M.



LYONS, S. J., at Bettiah, India:

"The Sisters have a small compound, perhaps one hundred by eighty feet in all. In it live ten European nuns and some twenty Indian nuns. The study hall, etc., of the professed nuns now teaching is about ten by fourteen feet. The novices' hall is a veranda. There are six novices and no room for postulants for a while. The common refectory in which they gather for prayers, is bereft of chairs, etc., and the Sisters, according to Bishop Van Hoesck's wise wish, eat and sleep Indian fashion. There are three dormitories on the roof for Indian nuns, but

their *bachchas*, babies, a *toyo billi*. I try never to be without them when visiting the villages. *Toyo billi* is a Santali phrase that literally means, jackal egg. The youngsters are quite mystified when I offer them balls of various colors about the size of buckshot. But when I tell them '*alonne dhoime*,' place it on your tongue, it finally dawns on them that it is candy.



Silhouetted on a minaret tower of the far-famed Taj Mahal, Agra, India, Father Leon A. Foster, S.J., looks out on a pagan field.

"And more—two more men entered the ranks of our catechumens. In a night school conducted by one of them, arrangements were made to have Christian doctrine taught to the ten pupils attending. The village headman practically declared his intention to come over to our side, and pointing to a vacant plot said: 'We must have an *Isarak orak*, house of God there. Then finally by the merest accident we discovered *chanduy garh*, a fine big field covered with a young jungle. It is just such a place as I have been looking for as a central station and mission headquarters. If we can only get it,—and for that I ask your prayers—you will perhaps bear of a big church there some day, a dispensary, Sisters' convent, and boarding school for boys and girls. It was once the home of a rajah. Why not make it the home of the Rajah of rajahs.

"After all these thrills crowding in on a single day, is it any wonder that it seemed so easy to push the bike up the hills on the homeward journey?"

* * *

FATHER ALOVSIUS PETTIT, S.J., sends a glowing account from Bettiah of the new high school in the Patna Mission:

"There has been a steady increase in our schools since the first of January. About seventy new boys in our middle English school, nearly all Hindus, have been admitted. Perhaps forty more have applied for admission to the high school classes, but so far few have been accepted. We wish to go as slowly as possible as we are already Hindu as far as numbers go. Thank God, however, we are not forced to keep the name God or Christ in reserve for the catechism classes only. We can speak quite freely and we do, to all our boys. And strange to say—or is it strange!—all our boys seem to like to hear of the good tidings that we give them. There seems little doubt now that we shall suc-

ceed,—prudence remaining a necessity, of course, for we are in the devil's own land! I like to let myself 'dream' of how good results might become.

"Pray for us. If we wanted, I feel sure we could have forty boys in each of the four high school classes by next January. We are not bidding for them. But they keep asking for admission."

ful weather; more wind and snow than I have ever seen in Wikwemikong. The trails are terrible; nevertheless, I have to make my rounds. I thank God, who, in spite of my seventy years, grants me strength enough to overcome all these difficulties. But pray that God may send good and pious young missionaries to take the place of us older ones."

* * *

FATHER OTTO J. MOORMAN, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission was very much "in the field" when he wrote the following:

"I am writing in an Indian cabin seventy miles away from Holy Rosary with a board across my knee for a desk and my back a foot away from the roaring stove. It is twenty degrees below zero and a howling wind is finding its way through the cracks in the mud daubing of this log house. Yet this is a great deal better than being forced to stop in any of the sacristy living rooms of my chapels where a pail of water freezes solid through overnight.

"There is my little car to be considered, too. When it stands out on the prairies all night with the thermometer registering minus thirty-two as it did last Friday night, nothing will coax it to go in the morning. A lowly team of horses had to drag it off on this occasion to a shelter. Luckily Brother George had loaned me a shotgun a little while back when I ruined

The latest news concerning RT. REV. BERNARD J. SULLIVAN, S.J., the newly appointed American Bishop of Patna, India, comes in a letter from FATHER E. J. O'LEARY, S.J., at Bankipore, Patna, India:

"The Bishop-elect leaves here on February 7 for Calcutta where he is to make some final arrangements for his consecration, and where he also hopes to have his picture taken for your pages.

"The consecration has been set for March 17. His Grace, Archbishop Edward A. Mooney, Apostolic Delegate of India, will be the consecrating prelate and he will be assisted by His Lordship, Louis Van Hoek, S.J., who is Bishop Sullivan's predecessor in Patna. The third consecrating prelate has not yet been named. There has been much haste in making these arrangements, but we want to have our Bishop for Easter, as well as to get the ceremony over before the hot weather is upon us. We should have a few dead missionaries, I fear, if we were to set the consecration for the hot months of May and June."



Indian Missions

From Holy Cross Mission Wikwemikong, Ontario, FATHER V. ARTUS, S.J., writes:

"I have been very busy, owing to the sickness of both BROTHER GEORGE LEROUX, S.J., who has been at Wikwemikong for forty-nine years and BROTHER A. PARENT, S.J. They were obliged to stay in bed for a few days. Numerous sick among our Indians in the village and in the surrounding country kept calling for help at the same time. At the beginning of the year I visit every one of the two hundred and twenty families that belong to the mission.

"Since early January we have had fear-



A coyote poses for execution.

my trusty rifle with a defective shell. I have been living on rabbits for a week. My nearest chapel is forty-five miles from the mission and the farthest is one hundred and six miles away.

"The enclosed picture of the coyote posing meekly for execution was not taken

on this trip. It was snapped while I was still blessed in the possession of a rifle. People have often asked me: 'How in the world did you manage to get so close?' The explanation is easy. A real coyote? Yes, but a dead one, frozen so stiffly that he stood nicely with the frozen 'jack' in his mouth for the picture. But there, I smell some rabbit frying too crisply so I must close."

It was bitter cold at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D., when FATHER LEO CUNNINGHAM, S.J., wrote the following few lines:

"I appreciate what you are doing for me and for the Sioux by having people send Catholic magazines and books to us.

"Last Sunday when trying to get to the poor tent where old Eagle Tail Feather lays sick I ran too hard into a snow drift and broke the axle of my car. In the bitter cold I had to ride Fool Crow's pony three or four miles to get help. It was Monday evening before I could get home."

Very few men know the American Indians better than FATHER P. F. SIALM, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission. He has lived among them for years and has seen them in every mood. He observes:

"There is much talent in our Sioux children. Their free-hand drawing cannot be surpassed by that of any white boy. FATHER GREYER, S.J., the teacher of the big boys, is greatly surprised at the skill of his boys in enlarging any picture. One of my first mission pupils, his name is 'Big Belly,' has made a wonderful collection of free hand and original pictures which illustrate an Indian story very vividly. He also decorated our Indian church. Then he tried his skill as sculptor with wonderful success. He made a fine head of 'Christ Crowned with Thorns,' then another head of a blind Indian, and lately he made an excellent statue of an old Indian deploring the extinction of the buffalo, the only source of sustenance for the prairie Indians."

Philippine Islands

The celebration at Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I., of the feast of Christ the King is described by FATHER PATRICK RAFFERTY, S. J., as "the biggest thing that ever happened in the Cagayan church." Eighty-four Boy Scouts in uniform, and many men, "their numbers though submerged in the throngs of women and girls, received our dear Christ, King, in Holy Communion. About eight hundred received, although the *madres*, the native nuns, said there were about a thousand. FATHER GABRIEL FONT, S.J., a Spanish Father, who was here before the Americans

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



JOSEPH ANCHIETA, S.J.

THIS valiant missionary crippled his body till he became almost a hunchback in preparing his soul for an apostolic career. In 1553 he came, a Jesuit of three short years, to Brazil from his Portuguese novitiate just to restore his shattered health. He was twenty years old then, and counted Tenerife, an island of the Canaries, as his place of birth.

In Brazil his strong soul rose superior to a crippled body, and even before ordination he stubbornly took the shreds of a vanished dream and fashioned from them a strong, glad reality, that was to make him the "apostle of Brazil." He was "a master of Latin, Castilian and Portuguese . . . somewhat skilled in medicine, an excellent poet, a notable dramatist"; and every talent was bent to save souls. A constant sufferer, he yet undertook the hardest missions and the most perilous; he was a willing hostage among the wild Tamuins for half a year; the pagan tribes he evangelized were cannibals and twice he was on the point of being killed and eaten. Always his power over men, savage and civilized, was strangely irresistible; always he prayed. He died in 1597, and about his memory from the beginning there hang tales of wonders he wrought in seeking souls. Six Jesuits began working with him; twenty times that number were laboring in Brazil at his death and the accounts of his conquests were such that a hundred Jesuits came from Portugal to fill the place his passing left, and to continue his work.

came, rose up out of his chair in astonishment when he heard the figures. He will tell every one what has happened at Cagayan."

The procession passed beneath twelve bamboo arches erected in the streets. "One represented a church, and a bell on it was rung by an angel—es as the Blessed Sacrament passed. From another pigeons were released. From another flowers were to be gradually showered; but the shower came all at once.

"The Boy Scouts sang occasionally and made the church resound like a cathedral before Benediction. The number in the procession is untold. Those who didn't walk in it were looking on."

The occasion was marked by the public return to the Faith of one who had led many into the schism of Aclipyanism.

Did you ever see the priest at the altar wearing blue vestments? FATHER ALEJO F. KIENLE, S.J., tells of the new

experience:

"December the eighth was a very colorful day around here, with all the girls and women wearing beautiful blue dresses in honor of the Blessed Mother. I also helped along the celebration by wearing blue vestments, a privilege that we enjoy on that feast and during the octave. Each barrio has its *Hijas de Maria*, Children of Mary, and a big celebration, including a procession in which a statue of the Immaculate Mother of God is carried around the town. Firecrackers, red fire, and lighted candles in the houses along the line of march made this a very unusual procession for me, and left no doubt of the devotion that these good people have for the Mother of God. By fostering this devotion, along with devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, there will be very little danger of the Philippines ever ceasing to be 'The only Catholic Country in the Orient.'"

Now, here is FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S.J., and he has the first direct report received concerning the recent earthquakes in the Philippines, of which the daily papers told a few weeks ago. The letter is dated January 9 from Jimenez, Mindanao:

"The past month the Philippine Islands have been visited by a typhoon, and Mindanao by two rather severe earthquakes. Mindanao did not suffer from the typhoon, although many lives were lost and much damage done elsewhere in the Philippine Islands. The Mindanao earthquakes centered on Cotabato and Zamboanga, where there were considerable property losses. Fortunately, only a few lives were lost. As far as I have heard, the angels protected the missionaries and their churches in the earthquake centers. FATHER ANDREW HOPMANN's seismograph at Iligan



and FATHER DANIEL SULLIVAN's at Tagoloan gave audible record of the quakes. Their church bells are the seismographs. When the earthquakes ring the bells in the church tower, that is intensity. All the missionaries in Misamis stood by during the creaking, rattling and rocking of the rectories. I thought surely that the Jimenez rectory was going to topple over, but it has a few quakes left in it yet."

The blessings of the missionaries are felt in numerous ways, even in temporal affairs. Of more than ordinary importance to the



Rev. Daniel Sullivan, S.J., missionary extraordinary.

health of the people is the water supply system installed by REV. DANIEL H. SULLIVAN, S.J., in his mission at Tagoloan, Mindanao, P. I.

In three large tanks similar to the one he is shown repairing, Father Sullivan stores rain water for town consumption. Each tank holds about two thousand gallons, and since it rains daily, the tanks are rarely empty.

Father Sullivan explains that where one hundred died from malaria due to impure drinking water previous to his installation, perhaps not thirty die now.

Isn't it wonderful what a missionary can do when he is "put to it?" FATHER HENSELING, S.J., proves that he is not only a pioneer in matters of education and religion, but of progress and efficiency as well. Read this little note:

"I have built a saw-mill." (Think of it,—a missionary not only needing, but even building a saw-mill) "but it is not for very heavy work. We need a mill for heavy duty, real heavy. This will be a big advantage not only to our mission, but also for the progress of this province of Bukidnon. Such a mill will lessen the expenses of building schools and chapels by almost 100%. Carting cut lumber up the mountain is very costly."



Jamaica, B.W.I.

VERY REVEREND FRANCIS J. KELLY, S.J., the Superior of the Jamaica Mission, has faculties to administer Confirmation during the absence of RT. REV. JOSEPH N. DINAND, S.J., VICAR Apostolic of Jamaica, who is ill. On Sunday, February 10, he confirmed at Port Maria and Preston Hill, two of the five missions in Saint Mary's parish in charge of FATHER JOSEPH B. MORNING, S.J.

On Sunday, February 3, the temporary building known as Holy Cross Church in Kingston, was formally opened and dedicated by VERY REV. FRANCIS J. KELLY, S.J. An eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached on the occasion by REV. GEORGE F. McDONALD, S.J., Headmaster of St. George's College, Kingston.

The opening and dedication of the church had been postponed in the hope that his Lordship, Bishop Dinand might have the pleasure of presiding in person, as he had the success of this new church much at heart. He it was who secured the property on which it stands. The fairly large dwelling near the entrance was remodeled and enlarged to suit its present purpose.

The new church is situated in St. Andrew, directly adjoining the city of Kingston, and will serve the needs of an ever-growing congregation. The present single Sunday Mass is so well attended that many are obliged to stand during the service. The pastor is FATHER JOSEPH KELLY, S.J., who is actively engaged in working up the interests of the new parish, as well as caring for the several missions under his charge.

Moneague, in St. Ann's parish, is one of several rather important towns in Jamaica that are still without a Catholic chapel.

The small congregation of Catholics living in and near the town are working hard to obtain one for themselves. At present they must be content with Sunday Mass once a month in a small room adjoining the public Post Office, which they are permitted to use for this purpose.

The movement for a permanent church at Moneague was started, and is still supported by REVEREND JOSEPH F. FORD, S.J., the recent pastor of this mission. The present pastor, FATHER CHARLES ROOBY, S.J., is also working very hard for the success of this project.

FATHER FRANCIS KEMPEL, S.J., in Savanna-la-Mar, says:

"I am spending my leisure time in painting the house, both inside and outside. Thus I can save the expense of a painter." And from those who know Jamaica, one has precious little "leisure time" there.

There is a break in the middle of his letter, and he resumes after a two-week interval, spent in visiting the poor hovels that pass for churches. With no word of himself, he begs imploringly for his churches and his people. But Sts. Paul and Xavier labored so, long years ago, and God—provided. And God will provide for Father Kempel in Jamaica.

FROM BROWN'S TOWN, FATHER JOSEPH DOUGHERTY, S.J., tells about his mission stations:

"Recently a contractor from Kingston, a good Catholic, inspected five of my places. At the end of his written report he made this observation: 'I must tell you that the time for patching and mending has really passed. You should plan to rebuild practically all your chapels and cottages.' On his advice I have since taken down the church at Linton Park to save what material is still good, which would have been destroyed in the inevitable collapse. The sacristy is still standing. I said Mass in it last week. Lawks!—as we say in Jamaica—it will make a pretty picture for you."



Collins, Walsh, McKeon, McDermott, Burke, Mackey.—Cromwell seized the Irish children by the thousands and shipped them to the West Indies, especially to Jamaica, where they were placed among the black slaves to grow up with them. Relics of these deportations remain in Celtic names and a suggestion of the brogue.



CHINESE MILITARY DESTROYS IDOLS

At Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., in June, 1926, Rev. Louis G. de Garcia, S.J., was ordained by Archbishop Curley. His ordination was distinguished in that he alone of all the ordinandi had not one of his family present to witness the ceremony. Father de Garcia is a native of Portugal, and, while yet a scholastic, went to the missions of China. He interrupted his active apostolic work to prepare at Woodstock for the priesthood. He is now again in China,

where he writes from the Catholic Mission, Shiu-Hing, West River:

"I was assigned to work in the school which we have in this city of Shiu-Hing. I had been here as a scholastic and learnt the language. We have about two hundred boys in the school, fifty of whom are Catholic. In character, these boys are very docile, eager to learn English and to adopt western customs. As I am chaplain also at the convent of the Franciscan Sisters of Mercy, who conduct a school, a dispensary and a Holy Childhood asylum, I have the chance to baptize many abandoned children, most of whom do not live long, but are soon the happy inhabitants of the true Celestial Kingdom.

"Recently a little incident happened at Shiu-Hing, which may or may not have significance for our work. The idols in the pagan temple, just opposite the convent of the Franciscan Sisters of Mercy were all destroyed by military order. Does this mean the breakdown of the superstitions of the people that will open the way to the triumphant march of Christ, or does it imply an anti-supernatural spirit which, opposing idolatry today, will try to crush Christ tomorrow?"

At the beginning of the year 1928, there were 2,305 Jesuit missionary priests and Brothers laboring in thirty-nine distinct mission fields, an increase of 77 over the previous year.

LARGE JESUIT MISSION IN CHINA DIVIDED

The Province of Ahwei, China, up to the present forming one vicariate, has been divided, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda into the three district vicariates of Pengpur, in charge of Italian Jesuits, and Anking and Wuhs, in charge of Spanish Jesuits. In each of the three new vicariates there exists a single flourishing Catholic community surrounded by an overwhelming pagan population. Seventy-four Jesuits in the three

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CHINA VISITS CHANG KAI-SHEK

HIS EXCELLENCY, ARCHBISHOP CILSE CONSTANTINI, Apostolic Delegate to China, visited Chang Kai-shek, President of the Executive Council of the Chinese Republic, Wednesday morning, January 23. The representative of the Holy See was accompanied by Bishop August Hautouze, S.J., Coadjutor Bishop of Nanking, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Haimen and member of a distinguished Chinese family, and Mr. Lo Pa Hong, noted Catholic lay philanthropist.

The visit has its significance in emphasizing once again the fact that the Holy See desires to represent the Catholic Church to the Chinese Government as a body above all political connections, carrying on a well organized activity in China, purely for the purpose of bringing the benefits of Christianity to the Chinese people.

The representative of the Pope arrived at Nanking in a special railroad coach placed at his disposal by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Apostolic Delegate was formally presented to the President and made a brief address. Chang Kai-shek replied very cordially, displaying the greatest deference for the Holy Father, and making reference to the august message of the Sovereign Pontiff to the Chinese people. Following the audience, the Minister of Foreign Affairs tendered a formal banquet in honor of the Papal representative. (F. S.)



Chichawasha church, North Rhodesia, Africa, designed by a Jesuit Father, built by the Brothers aided by the natives, the interior decoration done personally by the Father.

vicariates minister to eighty-eight thousand Catholics dwelling amid nearly twenty millions of pagans. (F. S.)

CHINESE SCHOOL FOR DETECTIVES

The entrance examinations for "The School of Detectives" inaugurated by the Nanking government, were held in the Jesuit College of St. Ignatius at Shanghai. The director of the detective school, though not a Catholic, had formerly been a pupil of the Jesuits and requested the use of the building, which the authorities granted. There were four hundred candidates for the "School of Detectives," including fifteen women.

LONG-LIVED JESUITS IN MADURA MISSION

While it is undoubtedly true that too many missionaries go to an early grave, there are many exceptions to the rule. The Rev. T. Roche, S.J., points out some of these in a recent letter:

"It will be startling to many to learn that only one Bishop died in the Madura Mission, later the Trichinopoly diocese,

since the year 1847. The Rev. Alexis Canoz, S.J., at first Prefect Apostolic of the Madura Mission and later the first Bishop of Trichinopoly, was consecrated in the year 1847. He died in 1888, aged eighty-two.

"His successor, Msgr. John Mary Barthe, S.J., was consecrated in the year 1890. Thank God he is still alive and now exactly four score years old. Msgr. Barthe resigned his see on account of old age and infirmities.

"The actual Bishop of Trichinopoly is Msgr. A. Faisandier, S.J. He too is a chip of the old block. He has seventy-five years to his credit, and is still hale and hearty." (F. S.)

JESUIT COADJUTOR BISHOP IN NANKING, CHINA

RIGHT REVEREND AUGUSTUS HADJISSE, S.J., Rector of the Zikawei of Zikawei, near Shanghai, China, has been consecrated Coadjutor, with right of succession to Bishop Prosper Paris, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China. The consecration took place in the Jesuit church at Zikawei.

FORMER CHINESE PRIME MINISTER A BENEDICTINE

A former Prime Minister of China, Lou Cheng Chiang, on January 16, 1929, took his vows as a Benedictine in the Abbey of St. Andrew, Lophem-les-Bruges, Belgium. He now bears the name Brother Pierre Celestin.

In a recent letter to the review *La Politique de Peking*, published in China, Brother Pierre Celestin revealed the complete devotion with which he is following the new life upon which he entered two years ago: "More and more I am struck by the spirit of the Catholic Church. Each day I see further the divine value of its teaching, and I am happy to be a loyal son of the Sovereign Pontiff." (F. S.)

LORD GOSCHEN ON JESUITS IN MADRAS, INDIA

Lord Goschen, Governor of the Madras Presidency, spoke kindly of Jesuits on College Day at Madras. The Governor presided at the annual distribution of prizes.

"Our first thought must be," declared Viscount Goschen, "one of deep gratitude to those founders of this college, those members of the great Society of Jesus who have striven courageously, tenaciously and assiduously to bring these buildings and this college into being and to develop it to what it is today after so short a period of its existence. Not only do we think of them with gratitude, but I am sure that those connected with the college will remember the fine example of service and self-sacrifice that they offer to members of the college. The Jesuits teach an unforgettable lesson in service and self-sacrifice."

Loyola College, Madras, is conducted by Jesuits of the French province of Toulouse.

MEDICAL MISSION COURSE AT LILLE, BELGIUM

With special approbation of the Holy See, the medical faculty of the Catholic University of Lille organized last year for the third time a medical course for missionary priests and their co-workers. According to *La Vie Catholique*, the course comprised the following lectures: Eight lectures on anatomy and physiology, three on hygiene and prevention of disease, ten on general surgery, six on eye diseases, three on skin diseases, ten on the most common diseases, five on children's diseases, and fifteen on tropical diseases. The mornings were devoted to clinical work. During the free time the missionaries were

Our May Number

May and Mary are as inseparable as Spring and the anemone. Mary, too, is so intimately concerned with the problems of the missions that SHEPHERDESSE OF PAGANS is a fitting title that Bernard J. Wuellner, S.J., gives to the Mother of God.

Do you like Indian stories? Come AMONG ARAPAHOS AND SHOSHONES and read this one told by Thomas F. Divine, S.J. It will stir your zealous blood.

If you were a teacher and had your whole school kidnapped you should count yourself "in a fix." So did Father Creane, S.J., in India. No wonder he exclaimed "WELL! OF ALL THINGS!"

AN AMERICAN GOVERNOR GENERAL SPEAKS, and Edwin A. Quain, S.J., finds that he says some very informing and authoritative things about the Philippine Islands.

invited to attend lectures on geography, ethnology, and botany. The course lasted from September 1 to October 15.

TODAY'S TRAIN TRAVELS TOMORROW

All things being well, the journey from Paris to Peking can be accomplished by rail in twelve days, an obvious saving on the sea route by Suez and Colombo. But all things are not always well. One Father recently proposed to return, and entered the station at Tien-tsin to find, rather to his surprise, that the west-bound train was in.

"Oh, no," said somebody. "You must not travel in that. It is yesterday's. Today's train will go tomorrow."

VENERABLE CHAPLAINS MARCH TO DEATH

Two veteran Catholic chaplains, FATHERS A. VAN MECKE, O.M.I., and ANDREW HARTMANN, S.J., died recently in South Africa. Both were pioneers, both chaplains of famous regiments, and both died the same day, December 27.

Father Alphonse van Mecke, O.M.I., died near Pretoria. He was chaplain of the Irish Brigade in the Boer War and shared all the vicissitudes of that famous regiment. One of the last men to leave Johannesburg when the British troops entered, Father van Mecke rode to Pretoria on a bicycle, and sailed to Europe with the remnant of the brigade. He returned to South Africa soon after to stay until his death.

Father Andrew Hartmann, S.J., whose death occurred at Salisbury at the age of seventy-seven, is heralded by the non-Catholic and secular press as "the oldest pioneer of Rhodesia. To an interviewer who once questioned him on the early days of the country, Cecil Rhodes is reported to have said that Father Hartmann would not have been out of place among the Twelve Apostles." (F. S.)

BISHOPS ISSUE JOINT PROTEST AGAINST CONGO FORCED LABOR

The twentieth century substitute for slavery, forced labor, has met with a vigorous formal protest from Catholic ecclesiastical rulers of the Belgian Congo:

"The Catholic Ecclesiastical chiefs of the Belgian Congo, conscious of their obligations before the peoples whose evangelization has been confided to them, feel obliged to lift their voices in protest against this exaggerated and abusive recruitment of native man-power."

The protest notes that such recruitment hurts both the government and the natives, since it tends to ruin family life, to diminish births, and to prevent education of children. (F. S.)

AMERICAN VINCENTIAN NAMED BISHOP IN CHINA

Father Edward Sheehan, C.M., by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, January 29, 1929, becomes Vicar Apostolic of Yukiang, a well established Lazarist territory in Kiangsi Province in the south center of China. The area counts 8,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 33,765 are Catholics in care of eleven Americans, seven French, and seventeen Chinese priests. Father Sheehan was ordained in 1916 and has taught in the Vincentian College at Dallas, Texas, at Kenrick Seminary, and at St. Louis Preparatory College. He left for China in 1923, and distinguished himself by his able handling of affairs during the occupation of mission property by the Chinese troops in the civil war of 1927-28. (F. S.)

TILL DEATH DO US PART

(Continued from page 78)

into marriage. The happiness of their little nipa homes, ringing with the music of children's voices, is undoubtedly a mark of God's benediction.

The nuptial Mass is celebrated early in the morning. The bride and groom, sometimes escorted by the barrio band, arrive at the church at six-thirty. Those who have lived in the tropics know the wisdom of early Mass forestalling the heat of the day. It is the exceptional case when the bride is not dressed in a most attractive wedding gown with graceful train, white veil and a bouquet of flowers in her hands. Two rings are blessed at the ceremony. After they are placed on the fingers of the bride and groom, several coins are handed to the groom, who pours the coins and his ring in the hands of his wife, repeating these words: "My wife, I give you this ring and these coins as a token of our marriage." The bride then answers: "I receive them." From the middle of the church they then advance to the sanctuary, where they remain during the Mass. At the *Sanctus* the altar boy places a long silk veil over the head of the bride and the shoulders of the groom. He then gives each a lighted candle which they hold until Holy Communion, after which the veil also is removed.

When Mass is over, there is a wedding banquet at the home of the bride. Anyone who has attended one of these banquets will long remember the happiness of the occasion. The festive spirit is not unlike that which the guests must have experienced at the marriage feast at Cana, when the Savior was present.

TOKENS OF VICTORY AT VICTORIA

(Continued from page 79)

lot more, too. And that settled it."

A shower of blows instead of a Hindu bride was the gift Fabian received. He seems to show no signs of love sickness for his lost maiden. But I should not be surprised if a little friendship had not already sprung up between him and a certain round-faced Christian lady at

Victoria Mission. When the wedding comes it will be another victory for Our Lady.

INDIAN BOYS AT SCHOOL ARE WE

(Continued from page 81)

THEIR acquaintance with English words is not always as defined and secure as one might wish. After supper one evening seven-year-old Alfred McLeod came to me and merrily said: "Father, I save a soul today!" "How did you do that?" I asked. "Well, I took 'him' by the wrist, Father." "But," said I, "since

The Consolers

CHARLES J. QUINN, S.J.

NO one to pity Him, as He,
Our God, hangs dying on the Tree?

All those He cured, all friends are
fed,—
His Father turns away His head.

His Mother stands in silence
there. . . .
For Christ no solace anywhere?

Come oxen, ass, dumb beasts of earth,
Console Him now, as at His birth.

when has a soul a wrist?" The boy would say no more and afterwards the prefect told me of his feat. Down by the wharf a companion of his had fallen into the river at a place where eight feet of water and a swift current meant certain death. Young Alfred crept on the side of the wooden wharf and caught the drowning lad, who was coming up for the second time. I congratulated the small hero. "Well done, Alfred; save souls again when you get the chance and don't forget to look after your own always. Now, come and get some candy, my brave little man!"

To show that the success of our efforts is not always glorious, the following is given, an extract from a letter written by a fifth grade scholar who tried to have his parents take him back home.

" . . . I'll try you in a few sen-

tences to see if you can realize my English phraseology. So I begin: The great majority of me is not having a materialize in the trust or reliable of circumstances on lusty: luxurious of having acquaintance insanity insensibility. The most general invention of me is working fine quality knowledge of good English.

So don't think I am not learning nothing or can't write a nice letter.

Sending you my best regard,
From Mr. Philip Babiwash,
Please tell me what time will I go home."

I have quoted without changing a word. I wonder if his parents understood anything. Do you? Philip wrote this on February 11, 1924. He remained with us till June and never came back. He knew enough phraseology.

THE QUARRY TURNED HUNTER

(Continued from page 83)

"You told me once that you would never forget me,—that day I pulled you out of the lake when both of us might just as well have drowned."

The official was silent.

"Have you forgotten," the priest continued, "how we grew up together? Why, you're the one who told me you'd be a priest of God some day and give your life to Him! You haven't forgotten the last message your dearest mother spoke to you? 'My son,' you told me she had said, 'may God make you a priest and may you live and, if need be, die for Him.'"

"All that's over," groaned the official; "forget it, let the past be buried forever!"

"But" continued the priest, "there's your mother—what must she think now as she looks down on her son, a traitor to his Faith, a hunter of priests, a betrayer of intimate friends."

"That's enough!" ordered the official. "If I listen further I'll forget my purpose. I'm afraid I've abandoned it already. Look here! You saved my life once; now I'll risk my own to save yours. I'll let you safely out of here and allow you a good start."

"Awfully kind of you; and I'm

grateful. But—you must be patient with me a moment. Think of your soul, old fellow!"

"It's too late now. I've put my hand to the plow. I must go my own road to the devil."

"No, you mustn't; there's too much good in you still for that. For the love of God and His dear Mother, think, man! Think of the ruin you're spreading about you, and the havoc."

THE hunt was reversed, with the priest the pursuer, and a soul the quarry. The priest spoke straight, strongly, passionately — Faith so priceless, the folly of sin, the wondrous mercy of God. Under the attack the man weakened and finally succumbed. His story came out bit by bit to the sympathetic priest who faced him. It was the old story; but the fire of Faith his mother had put in his heart was not yet out. There was a confession at last, and in due sacramental form.

As the two boyhood companions left their strange confessional the bullet-headed subordinate waited outside with a sealed message from the Chief of Police. Perhaps he recognized the priest, but even with his bullet head, he was human. If a superior officer chose to let a captive escape, what of it? Higher and, perchance, wiser heads would never suspect the clever priest of walking wide-eyed into an open trap. The hunted and the pack never mingle except at the death.

* * *

SOMEONE did tell, however; at least, someone found it out. A few days later the penalty of death hung over the head of a former police official. He was hunted as savagely as he had followed the scent himself; and captured. An old guard, he of the bullet-head, was put in the firing squad to add to the grim dignity of the execution. But the courage and the prayers of a dauntless priest had moved the bullet-head too. He threw down his rifle defiantly; and, a few moments later, in eyes that looked out from a head that suggested a bullet the spirit of a martyr burned;—burned, and died out, as the rifles whined for him, too, in pitiless unison. Father Pro's turn would come; but the time would be later.



"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 —

I have read that there are about 9,000,000 Catholics in the Philippine Islands. How many of these are active church members; and how many are classed as Catholics in name only?

It would be unfair to judge about any single Catholic that he were a Catholic in name only; how impossible then to judge about an entire people! It would probably be admitted by most observers, however, that not such a large proportion of Filipino Catholics are faithful to external church attendance as are the Catholics of the United States. But the fundamental Faith of the people is very strong. And any defects in living up to the mandates of the Church are not surprising when it is remembered that the proportion of priests in the Philippines is only one-tenth that in the United States. In the United States there is one priest for every 900 Catholics; in the Philippines only one for 9,000. Instruction, consequently, is not imparted to the vast majority of Catholics. And it is feared that if this condition is not soon remedied, a religious crisis will seize the country.

Are there many Catholic colleges in the Philippine Islands?

There are forty-one Catholic colleges and 239 Catholic schools in the Philippines, according to the latest available figures. Very few of these schools, however, are equal in standard to the Catholic schools in the United States.

What is a pagan?

Paganism in the broadest sense, includes all religions other than the true one revealed by God; and, in a narrower sense, all except Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism.

What percentage of the world's inhabitants are pagan?

Two thirds. There are about 1,726,000,000 people in the world, 1,043,000,000 are non-Christian; 683,000,000 are Christians, 305,000,000 are Catholics.

What is meant by medical missions?

In *The Catholic Mind*, August 22, 1928, Dorothy J. Willmann, Secretary, Catholic Medical Mission Board, defines—By medical missions are meant that phase of missionary activity by which the missionary, whether lay or religious, offers physical succor of which the missionary and tenders relief to the bodily afflictions of his flock.

How many nuns are in the mission fields?

According to the *Catholic Missions in Figures and Symbols*, published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, there are in Asia, 20,582 nuns, of whom 15,904 are natives; in Africa, 6,525, 968 of them natives; in North and South America, 2,853, 200 of them natives; in Oceania, 796, 720 of them natives.

Who are the Jesuit missionaries "in the bush" in Jamaica?

Eight of the Jesuit Fathers are working "in the bush," isolated in little villages scattered over the island. Father Charles M. Roddy is at Linstead, with seven mission stations in his care. Father Henry P. Wennerberg is at Above Rocks, also having seven stations. Father Joseph A. Dougherty is at Brown's Town with eight stations. Father Oliver B. Skelly is at Port Antonio with five stations. Father James J. Becker, at Montego Bay, has five stations. Father Cornelius Murphy at Spanish Town has four stations. Father Joseph B. Morning, also at Spanish Town, has five stations. Father Francis G. Kempel, at Savanna-la-Mar, has seven stations.

What educational institutions have the Jesuits in missionary countries?

We have the following statistics for 1925:

Seminaries for native clergy, 20; universities and colleges, 8; secondary schools, 47; elementary and technical schools, 3,658; printing presses, 14; astronomical observatories, 6; literary journals, 49.

Who is the Father General of the Society of Jesus?

Very Reverend Wladimir Ledochowski, S.J., was elected General on February 11, 1915.

Where and when was he educated?

This is an outline of his course of studies: 1877-1884, Classical studies at Noble Theresian Academy, Vienna, 1885. Studied civil law, 1886-1887. Studied theology in Seminary of Tarnow, 1887. Entered German Hungarian College, Rome, 1888-1889. Studied philosophy at Gregorian University, Rome, 1889. Created Doctor of Philosophy, 1889. Entered Society of Jesus, Novitiate at Staravies, 1892. Studied rhetoric at Staravies, 1893-1895. Studied theology at Cracow.

Grateful Acknowledgments

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Gratitude is also expressed for three hundred and fifty-seven Mass stipends recently received.



Pour le Christ—Roi. Miguel-Augustin Pro de la Compagnie de Jesus. Fut exécuté au Mexique le 23 novembre 1927. Montréal, Imprimerie due Messenger, 1928. Par Antonio Dragon, S. J.

This is an interesting volume of 166 pages. It is a brief biography of the Jesuit Father who was so unjustly slain, falsely accused of attempting the life of General Oregon. But it gives at the same time a clear, graphic and instructive outline of the disastrous history of the Church in Mexico.

The character of Father Pro, zealous, fearless, light-hearted, even in pain and danger, is seen from his last words and actions. The terrible injustice and cruelty of the persecution to which the Faithful in Mexico have been subjected, and from which they are still suffering, stands out in its grim reality. The apostolic spirit of Father Pro, his love for the poor and his comradeship with workers in the mines and the streets are clear from his life's story. But the dark background on which his bright figure is painted sends many a pang to the heart.

The Catholic Press Directory for 1928. J. H. Meier, 64 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois. \$1.00.

The Catholic Press Directory for 1928 carries the endorsement of The Catholic Press Association and it merits that endorsement. It is a very carefully edited and helpfully indexed handbook of information about Catholic papers and periodicals in English and in foreign languages, published in the United States.

A brief statement on the title page of the book gives succinctly the scope of the directory:

"Containing the names and addresses, a brief yet comprehensive statement explaining the nature of the periodicals, giving, as far as obtainable, the advertising rate, the subscription price, the circulation (in bold face, if covered by sworn statement), the size of page and other mechanical data."

My Father's Business. By P. A. Resch, S. M., and S. Juergens, S. M. Kirkwood, Mo.: Maryhurst Normal Press. \$0.75.

The first section of this excellent "young man's prayer book in a young man's way" is almost sufficient justification for the book itself. The section contains "My Father's Business Principles" and a "Daily Rule of Life" which it would profit any high school boy to read, and profit him much more to ponder. The directness and virility of the book will have an appeal

to American youth. Interest in the missions, which seems destined to be vastly important to American young people, is stressed in "My Father's Business Principles," as follows:

"The Missions are the 'front' in Christ's battlefield. I will gladly help support those men and women who are brave enough to sacrifice all to spread the kingdom of Jesus. The conquest of souls is God's greatest interest."

My Mass Book. By The Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

This little Mass book has the charm of language which glows with the simple warmth which children love and yet with little explanation will be understood by the tots of the first three grades for whom it has been written. And warmth and simplicity have been achieved without departing far from the sacred words of the missal. From this book to the Roman missal itself will be no great step in mature years. Active participation in the Holy Sacrifice, which should be the aim of all good Catholics, is stressed throughout. The book is generously illustrated with colored pictures of scenes from the Mass itself and copies of art pictures. The publishers have prepared a cheaper school edition besides the regular trade edition.

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