

Jesuit Missions

June, 1929



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JESUIT MISSIONS, June, 1920, Vol. III, No. 6, published monthly, September to June, bimonthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, year, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00. Entered as second class mail matter, January 14, 1927, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for special rate of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 413, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.



RT. REV. BERNARD J. SULLIVAN, S.J.
Newly consecrated Bishop of Patna, India.

His Lordship, the BISHOP

Calvert Alexander, S.J.

An interesting situation has been created by the recent consecration on March 17, 1929, of Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., to the bishopric of Patna, India. Patna, the capital of Bihar in northeastern India, is one of the largest and most difficult missions in the world. The attention of those who want to see what kind of world-missionaries American Jesuits will make is focused now upon this 126,000 square miles of territory along the Ganges, where Buddhism was born and where the Catholic Church in 300 years has succeeded in saving only a comparative handful. For Bishop Sullivan is an American, and his appointment puts Patna under all-American administration.



HE man upon whom the responsibility of saving Patna's 25,000,000 souls has been placed is forty years old, having been born in Trinidad, Colorado, March 25, 1889. He has been in India since 1924, spending most of his time at Patna City, Bankipore, where he could observe the technique of a man, himself a veteran missionary and the product of a nation that has made itself world famous for its missionaries, the Belgian, Bishop Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., who was recently transferred to the new diocese of Ranchi.

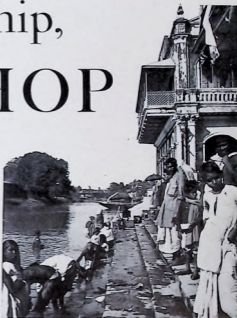
Bishop Sullivan entered the Society of Jesus at the novi-

THE COVER PICTURE

A procession in Jamaica, B. W. I. This island is under the spiritual care of the American Jesuits of New England.



"The responsibility of saving Patna's 25,000,000 souls."



"Miles of territory along the Ganges."

tiate at Florissant, Missouri, in 1907. His companions of his novitiate days remember him as a more than usually good athlete, an energetic worker and a man of prayer. At the completion of his philosophy course at St. Louis University he was sent to teach in the high school at Regis College, Denver. As athletic director, basketball coach and prefect he became one of the most popular scholastics that Regis can remember. Returning to St. Louis after five years, he entered upon the study of theology and was ordained to the priesthood in 1921. In 1923 he was sent to Burgos, Spain, to complete his theology but was obliged

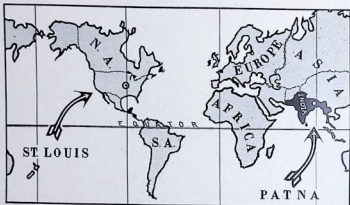
by ill-health to return to America after six months. The next six months he spent in Colorado.

THEN came the call to India. He landed in Bombay in December, 1924. As he moved inland towards the Patna district, the experience that comes to all new missionary arrivals in that strange country was his, a peculiar sinking of the heart at the sight of so many millions of wistful faces, tired with centuries of struggle with life that

is hard and meaningless: The iron grip of paganism on these people and their despair and resignation to it is something that sends chills through even the most fervent soul.

And Patna, his destination, was the center and birthplace of this antique blight. Here and throughout Bihar, Vardhamana preached his Jainism in the sixth century before Christ; here under the sacred tree at Buddha-Gaya, his contemporary Gotama Sakyamuni had recognized that he was Buddha, the Enlightened One. The tangled skein that many generations of pagan habits and customs can bind around a people is nowhere more complicated and strong than in Patna where it has been working its influence for twenty-five centuries.

Father Sullivan went from Patna City to Kurseong to make his tertianship. There high up in the Himalayas, near the borders of forbidden Nepal, he had time to meditate upon the human impossibility of the task before him. Mt. Everest, the highest peak in the world, stands just across the Nepalese line. To the first Americans in Patna, its 29,000 feet of stone, which no man has ever climbed, stood as a symbol of the strength and immobility of paganism in Patna. There gazing upon it, as did Father Sullivan, thinking of their own inability, the words of Christ came to them, "If you have faith—you shall say to this mountain: Remove from hence hither, and it shall remove," and there arose the phrase which has ever since been the war-cry of the Americans in Patna, "Mountains of Moving Prayer for Patna." Two years later when he had returned to Patna City he wrote to a



Then came the call to India and Patna, half way round the world.

friend in St. Louis: "Yes, there is hope here, and with mountains of moving prayer piled sufficiently high we shall do what men say is impossible."

THE years following the completion of his tertianship he spent in Patna City at the ancient cathedral which is a link

between the present and the not too encouraging past. It was built by the Capuchin Fathers upon the débris that many centuries have piled upon what was once the city of Pataliputra. In addition to his parish work at the cathedral Father Sullivan took over the management of a convert class of pagan youths who came to him from the city. It was first hand contact with the most discouraging problem in the Patna mission and the one that makes it truly the world's most difficult mission. These young men, as

he himself described it in a letter to a friend, wanted to become Catholics and were convinced of the truth of the claims of the Church. But they couldn't move. The intricate and invariable social order that long centuries had woven around them held them fast. To become a Catholic meant ostracism from their caste, separation from parents and friends, and a subsequent life of poverty and disgrace.

"THESSE conversions come slowly, but they come" was Father Sullivan's hopeful comment. His knowledge of the history of the Catholic Church in Patna furnished him with at least one example of how prayer and hard work had accomplished the impossible there. This history did not begin until the seventeenth century when the Capuchins and Jesuits brought the light of Christ (Turn to page 141)



His Excellency, Archbishop Edward A. Mooney, D.D., consecrator; Rt. Rev. Louls Van Horeck, S.J., predecessor; Patna's new Bishop.

LITTLE Things that COUNT

Richard B. Schmitt, S.J.

Formerly at
Manila, Philippine Islands



The author visits the Negritos.

They have no household utensils, only a few stones used for a fireplace. Many Negritos build their huts in the trees, twenty or thirty feet from the ground. Their raiment is as sparse as their other possessions; the men wear only a clout; the women only a short skirt, while the children are entirely uncovered. They never wash and the dirt is encrusted on them.

THE Negritos do little or no work; occasionally they raise a little rice or corn. They live principally on fruits and tubers from the jungle or on game or fish. They cook their food in bamboo tubes and serve it on banana leaves. The principal means of obtaining their food is by the use of the bow and arrow. Occasionally they use the blow-gun and poisoned darts. The poison used on these darts is very active and kills the victim within two or three minutes. This method is not very common. When game is scarce and the jungle berries and roots are gone, they pick up their few possessions and move further into the forests.

Fire-making apparatus is always at hand. A few pieces of grass or dry nipa are placed on the ground; by rubbing together a dry stick and a piece of bamboo with a rapid up and down motion, a spark is struck which is blown into a flame and communicated to the dry grass. It is done almost as quickly as lighting a match.

These pigmies smoke their cigars in a unique fashion. They, of course, roll their own from a tobacco leaf. A light is taken from a glowing ember of the fireplace and without concern the lighted end is put into the mouth. The cigar is often extinguished and relit quite contentedly. The women smoke more cigars than the men.

Their customs of matrimony are peculiar in that they are one of the few tribes in the world that practice both polygamy and polyandry. They have many children, and despite the filth and dirt they are healthy specimens.

IN all their ways the Negritos are extremely primitive and they have few ideas of the supernatural. This is given as their notion of what happens after death: "However monotonously the pigmy may go (Turn to page 142)

Page One Hundred and Twenty-five



ABOUT one hundred and ten kilometers north-west of Manila, in the Province of Pampanga, is Camp Stotsenburg, the United States Military Reservation. The camp is beautifully situated near the foothills of the Zambales Mountains, on the western side of an immense plain that stretches from Mount Pinatubu on the west to Mount Arayat on the east.

Only a few kilometers from the Military Reservation lives an interesting tribe of mountain people called Negritos or "Little Blacks." The name was given them by the Spaniards and it is appropriate because they are pigmies and their skin is very dark. They are the 20,000 remnants of the original race that once inhabited all the Philippines, but now in no way represent typical Filipinos.

The huts of these little people are made of straw, grass and bamboo; they are about six feet square, with the floor two feet from the ground. The door is a mere opening through which the family crawls. Their possessions are very few; a large knife or bolo, and a bow and arrows.



"Nondescript homes perched on barren hillsides."

Courtesy of Southern Railway Co.

TAR HEEL State

M. A. Grace, S.J.

Missionary in North Carolina

Activities

IT may startle you to learn that Catholics in North Carolina number only seven thousand five hundred out of an estimated population of three millions; that there is only one Catholic for every four hundred non-Catholics; that North Carolina is one-fourth of one per cent Catholic. The Catholic population of China is proportionately greater than that of our Tar Heel State. The word non-Catholic is purposely used rather than Protestant, for more than fifty per cent of North Carolina's population is affiliated with no religious organization; and of the affiliated population fully one-fourth are members only in name.

extends south to Alabama, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, with average width of about one hundred and fifty miles. The chain passes through western North Carolina and makes of it one of the most picturesque mountain states of the whole country.

ONE of the first steps which His Lordship, Bishop William J. Hafey, took after his appointment to the diocese of Raleigh, was to invite the Jesuit Fathers to undertake missions to the mountaineers in western North Carolina. In response to his appeal, right in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains which form a portion of the Appalachian Chain, in a small valley on the French Broad River, has been built our Jesuit mountain mission center, Berchmans Hall, Hot Springs, North Carolina. The Appalachian mountain chain begins in southern Pennsylvania and



THE mountain dwellers of the Appalachians are a fairly familiar people. Much has been written of their ancestral feuds, their moonshine activities, their total ignorance of books and literature. They are numerous in the hills. But the great pity is that these men and women have not conquered the mountains, but conversely the mountains seem to have conquered them. Everywhere this impression strikes you. It stands out prominently in the prevailing poverty, it is clear in the absence of settled towns or civic communities, it is eloquent in the nondescript homes scattered along mountain streams, perched on barren hillsides, or thrust into isolated caves. The land yields but little. The poor patches of corn here and there are sorry excuses for a real crop, and much even of this scant yield finds its way to market in jugs.

And yet it would seem that these people have been long enough in the mountains to have mastered them. They are for the most part descendants of the early English settlers of the American colonies, and were in these hills according to historical records long before the American Revolution. In that revolt they were well divided in sentiment towards the mother country, but at this modern date they are deeply imbued with the American spirit of independence. It is to be regretted that they have suspicions, are easily aroused and are intensely secretive. But they are now losing much of their old feudal spirit and are becoming more law-abiding as they come in closer contact with civilization. The heribboning of North Carolina with a splendid system of hard surfaced roads largely accounts for this desired change for the better.

THE thin, wiry women of the mountains bear the lion's share of the burden in the struggle for existence. They are, for the most part, illiterate, yet astute. At an early age they are wrinkled and worn from overwork, poor food, squalid cabins and clothing that gives little warmth. We Jesuit missionaries are helping many a poor family in which the bread winner is stricken with tuberculosis or from which death has removed him and left a widow with a number of small children. It is a consolation to pass on to them old clothing that is sent to us, and medicines and food secured through the aid of generous benefactors. Modern vices are yet unknown among the

married women and they are usually the mothers of many children; eight, nine and ten in a family is the rule.

The few that have a religion are principally Baptist and Methodist with a fair sprinkling of Episcopalians and Presbyterians. The two first named sects appeal most to their emotions and seem to fit in better with their concept of the service of God. In the ten counties in which we are working there is a population far over a hundred thousand souls, but we do not find more than sixty Catholics. Spruce Pine, one of our stations, has one lone Catholic family. It is depressing indeed in our rounds to go through town after town and village after village and mountain settlement after mountain settlement and find no traces whatever of Catholicity.

AND the big problem is how to get the Catholic religion to these people? They are readily deceived and believe the wildest stories circulated about Catholics. The ministers do not hesitate to regale their audiences with astonishing stories about priests and nuns and "damned" Catholics. The recent campaign was a big opportunity for the spread of vile literature against the Church, and the *Fellowship Forum* was sent broadcast to practically every cabin in these mountains. In spite of all this, the campaign has, to our knowledge, started three families in this section studying our holy religion.

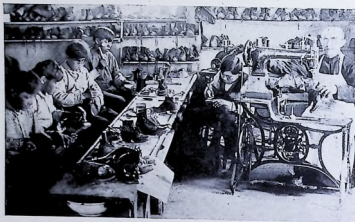
Our Bishop is full of pastoral zeal. Young, energetic, strong by nature and by Faith, His Lordship faces a big task. But undaunted, Bishop Hafey has taken up the cudgel with determination. New churches are springing up in many localities; schools are multiplying and growing in size; choice properties for future churches and schools are being secured and convert classes established. Since his arrival in Raleigh a few years ago, Bishop Hafey has seen an increase in the Catholic population of over a thousand. His telling motto is "deeds not words," and His Lordship certainly lives out his own slogan.

The task of conversion will take both time and money. But the Hand of God is not shortened. As His Lordship puts it, "the people we have to deal with are intelligent and are already Christians. The secret now lies in getting them to see the Catholic side." The venture merits prayer.

"Right in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains, in a small valley on the French Broad River."



MIDGET *of* the Missions



Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., veteran of St. Francis Mission, S. Dakota.

*William J.
Birmingham,
S.J.*

roundings with flowers, trees, shrubs and other what-nots that he has coaxed or forced to grow.

THE climate of the Rosebud Reservation is dry and windy, and offers severe handicaps to vegetation; but with a persistency which is indomitable, the Brother plants and nurtures until

results show. Contrast the barrenness of the surrounding prairies with the orchards and beds of flowers that dot the mission's grounds. Travel through mile after mile of the surrounding rolling prairie. Only occasionally does a meager cluster of trees relieve the monotony of the unbroken plains. But in the mission, the solid group of white concrete buildings is comfortably nestled amid trees, flowers and gardens. The modest gardener is swift to divest himself of any credit: "The In- (Turn to page 142)



TINY mite of a man, bald of head and short of leg, with blue-gray eyes that flash both humor and intellectuality, this midget of the missions is Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., veteran missionary lay-Brother of St. Francis Mission in South Dakota. He is famous about the Rosebud Reservation; famous for his little shoeshop as well as for his own interesting person and personality. You would be almost certain to notice the busy little man in black hurriedly going about his various duties. The query, "Does he walk or run?" would be well founded, and you might chuckle to yourself upon hearing that the staid Indians, too, have come to the set conclusion: "Shoemaker no walk; he run."

Shoe-repairing may seem to be the Brother's chief occupation, but such is by no means the case. Though his shoeshop is a busy place, and the bright, red-skinned youths whom he is training are kept busy repairing the shoes of the four hundred and fifty children that crowd the mission school, so thoroughly has the Brother taught his boys that he is able to leave them to their tasks to devote a great amount of labor to what may be properly called his hobby, gardening. Don't misinterpret the word "gardening"; it is used here in a very wide sense, for the Brother's hobby embraces all of the mission's extensive grounds. At almost any hour of the day "Shoemaker" and his youthful aides can be seen, weeding, pruning, planting and otherwise beautifying the sur-



The cemetery is Brother's special care.

FOR ages there had been no place in China for the Christian merchant, nor for any foreign settler, and consequently her gates were barred against those, too, who could bring her a knowledge of Jesus Christ. Self-centered in her world-old civilization, contented with her natural resources, China knew she could be independent of the outside world, and for over thirty centuries she was. But now these barriers have been broken down, and the nations of Europe have established themselves by force of arms in every valuable part of the country. Today, therefore, the missionary is not excluded; but he is fighting against tremendous odds that include the great prejudice against all things European which the conduct of the western powers has naturally aroused in the breast of every Chinaman.



F the many and varied forms of paganism that flourish in China, and indeed

throughout the whole of Eastern Asia, Confucianism is perhaps the most widespread. It is estimated that there are about three hundred million followers of Confucius in the world, and about two-thirds are in China. Confucius, born in 551 B. C., taught merely a code of ethics, a natural religion that was excellent as far as it went. It soon degenerated at the hands of his followers until it gradually destroyed all belief in the ancient Chinese cult of Shang-Ti, the Supreme Being. Today it is out and out materialistic in all its manifestations. Its adherents are intent on this life only and satisfied with whatever pleasure they can get in this world. Consequently, the missionary must rouse them from this apathy toward spiritual things before he can win them to the Faith.

Buddhism and Taoism are two other varieties of paganism which flourish extensively in China today. Taoism founded by Sao-Tsu in the fifth century before Christ, has undergone as great a change from its original form as Confucianism. Today it is mainly pantheistic in tendency, its followers worshipping many good and evil spirits. Buddhism, introduced from India about the beginning of the Christian era, is now tinged with skepticism and atheism.



Father Matthew Ricci, S.J., pioneer missionary in China.

THESE three: Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism are the prevailing religions of China. To give any reliable statistics for each is difficult, for most Chinamen do not hesitate to promise all three according to circumstances. Although none of these systems teaches the existence of a personal God, the great bulk of the ordinary Chinese people have a more or less vague belief in a Supreme Being, who is the Creator of all things, and who rewards good and punishes evil.

Finally, as if this were not sufficient to dampen the enthusiasm of the most zealous of missionaries, Protestantism is there to add to his burdens. The presence of these sects with their differences of policy and doctrine, and their hostility towards Catholicism is naturally a puzzle and a scandal to the Chinese. Acute and logical as they are, they easily perceive the absurdity of a divided Christianity. As a result many will have nothing to do with Catholicism or Protestantism.

Up AGAINST It in China

Francis J. Gallagher, S.J.

BUT there is a far greater obstacle than Protestantism that the Church in China must face. Atheism and irreligion are making great headway in the East today. "Away with all religion" is the cry of the intellectual classes, especially of young China. China today is standing at the crossroads, undecided, questing. There are only two roads which she deems worthy of notice, one leads to Russia, the other to Rome. The whole world has become alarmed at the rapid spread of bolshevism and its ideals among the young Chinese intellectuals, most of whom, be it noted, are graduates of European and American universities. These men have brought back to their native land not only a knowledge of the white man's science and art, but also his destructive materialistic philosophy. Filled with hatred and contempt for the greed and hypocrisy of the foreigner, they are using, and teaching thousands of their fellow-countrymen to use these weapons against their former teachers. This is what the Church and her missionaries must combat in China and throughout the East.

Banks *of the* SIBUN

Bernard A. New, S.J.

Missionary at Belize, British Honduras



"A bank along the Belize River is a little ranch or farm."



EARLY in my tropical experience I came to the settled conclusion, "motor boats are strange animals." My motor boat acquaintance was restricted of course to the tropical kind and to the much more limited species of our Belize Mission in British Honduras. That early conviction recently sank deeper into my

soul. I wanted to make a missionary expedition into a new sector near Belize; incidentally, I wanted also to break the soul destroying monotony of mere bookkeeping. There is no poetry in being a mission procurator. Experience has taught me.

Father Anthony Corey, S.J., the Superior of St. John's College, kindly gave me leave to use the college motor dory, the *Loyola*, for my projected expedition. A former student of mine, who now helps to edit the local paper, was easily persuaded to accompany me as sacristan and factotum. I was ready for the trip, but the dory's motor was not in harmony with my sanguine spirit. A worn out magneto induced a more than worn out back as the pair of us tried for hours with all our knowledge of science

and art, by brute force and fair cajolery to make the "critter" go. It did nothing more than confirm my opinion of its ilk. So we gave up the projected trip for that day, and I returned unconsolated to "credits" and unbalancing "debits."



"He surrendered his home, not palatial, you observe."

FOR the better half of the week after that laborious disappointment I rested and mused on my intended objective, the Sibun Valley. The sector lies between the Sibun and the Belize rivers. In it dwell small planters whose number and importance have grown lately. For a canal which cuts between the two rivers has just been finished and enables these people to bring their products safely and cheaply to the Belize market. The old and, for their light and unstable dories, precarious route lay along the surly, choppy sea coast. Much English, Spanish and native creole profanity has been spilled on that old route; and likewise much precious, hard earned garden products. New families are now settling there, Catholics among them, and no (Turn to page 142)

SUPPLY

and Demand

A story about an attitude
that unfortunately
is too widespread.

William J. Healy, S.J.



AURICE T. HARVEY, the man whose stories in the great Syndicated Weekly are acclaimed by nation-wide favor, sharpened the point of his pencil. "His facile pen . . ." and "Another story from the fascinating pen of Harvey . . ." were common expressions in the critics' reviews over which he smiled; for he always wrote in pencil. This morning he seemed deliberate in beginning his work; his brow wore a thoughtful frown as he sought for inspiration. He sat for a moment looking at the white expanse of paper and then told himself slowly, "It isn't the usual run and I'm rather afraid. However . . ."—and he began to write.

"And then a white man appeared in the doorway of the hut with the cross."



A WAITING world finally received word that Marshall and his company had reached the interior of the great African wilderness. The stages of his exploration through the jungle as daily reported back to civilization by wireless had been followed with breathless interest. Abetted by glaring accounts in the newspapers, Marshall's pluck and daring were the common topics of the day. Men talked about his courage and grit at work, or at the club or on the links; between snatches of their lunch, shop girls marveled about this "wonderful man," so brave and adventurous.

That Marshall was a wonder-worker was the verdict of the world. He was blazing a trail through the vast unknown of a totally unexplored country bringing the light of civilization to ignorant people who were previously not known to exist, bringing hope and truth to poor, wild, wretched savages,—why, he was linking whole worlds together! And so, as the explorer and his company (for his retinue was large; several friends and fellow-adventurers,

a staff of officers commissioned by the Royal Society, a retired army officer who attended as a physician, a syndicate writer, a wireless operator, and a host of servants, mostly natives, who acted as guides and carried all the baggage) pushed on through the jungle, the world acknowledged his achievements and his right to fame.

Now had come this latest message from the explorer: "We have reached what we approximate the center of our route. We are traveling through regions hitherto unvisited by any white man. Expect to make many marvelous discoveries soon. . . . Marshall."

AND then a strange thing happened to Marshall and his men. That same day about noon, they heard the tolling of a bell, a bell, mind you, in that trackless jungle! They listened. Someone gasped in astonishment, "the angelus!"

Leaving most of his company behind, Marshall and a few followers pressed on to trace the sound. They found themselves on the outskirts of what proved to be a fairly large settlement. They were thoroughly perplexed, and with all possible caution, entered the village. The huts were actually arranged in orderly rows; there was a good road running between the huts and the palm trees, and beyond they could see fields clearly (*Turn to page 143*)

Heart of Christ,

A Thought for June

WE are all familiar with that scene which the Evangelist St. John paints for us, where in the Divine Master, hungry after a long fast and fatigued by a tedious journey on foot, is resting beside the well of Jacob in Samaria. The Apostles have returned from the little town of Sichar with a supply of food, and they invite Him to partake. But, hungry though He is, He declines to eat; for something has mysteriously taken away His appetite. He has just won the soul of a heretic from a life of sin, and is attracting her to a new life of Grace and Truth. That soul made Him forget His weariness and hunger as He thought of the multitude of abandoned souls in His own day, and the many more millions in the centuries to follow.

For was He not the Divine Missionary, whom the Father had sanctified and sent into the world (John x. 36)? And on that touching occasion He declared to His Apostles who wondered who could have given Him food, that He had a food which they knew not; it was to accomplish the Will of Him that sent Him, that He might perfect His Father's soul-saving work. Looking out upon the fertile fields that stretched all about them that day with promise of a teeming harvest, His thoughts turned to another harvest which He longed to see gathered into the granaries of His Father. "Do not you say: 'There are yet four months and the harvest cometh?' Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries, for they are white already to the harvest" (John iv. 35).

OUR Savior's vision was world-wide; it reached forward to all the generations of men yet unborn, and He wished thus early in His public life to enkindle in the hearts of His Apostles the same holy fire of zeal that burned in His own. He had given expression to this great desire of His Heart from the moment of His Incarnation; and when at last He began His three years of ministry to reclaim "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," this consuming desire to save souls gave Him no rest, whether in excessive labors by day or in prayer prolonged far into the night. All the while He was organizing and forming His spiritual Kingdom which was to spread over the entire earth and bring the blessings of Faith and salvation within the reach of every soul.

His Kingdom He likened to a sheepfold of which He was the Divine Shepherd. He

seemed to rejoice in this title and took pains to prove His right to be called the true Shepherd not only by leading His faithful ones into pastures of peace and plenty, but by defending them and rescuing them from the savage wolves of hell. And in that mortal combat for the saving of His world-wide flock, even while hanging on the cross, a Victim for every one of the guilty race of Adam, He gave final expression to the unsatisfied desire of His Heart for souls by that piercing cry of anguish: "I thirst." His bodily thirst was unutterably agonizing and, with a refinement of cruelty, His executioners offered Him gall and vinegar for His drink. What shall we, His friends, who are bound to Him by a thousand ties of gratitude, what shall we do to appease that soul thirst of our dying Savior?

FROM Mount Olivet, after His glorious triumph over death and the tomb, He ascended to His Father, having fully established His new Kingdom upon His Apostles and their successors to the end of time. His final charge to them showed once more His desire and wish that all mankind should enter the Church and share in the fruits of His redemption. "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15). "And you shall be witnesses unto me—even to the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts i. 8).

We know how well these humble Galilean fishermen toiled and suffered to satisfy their Divine Master's desire for the world's conversion. St. Paul, who was specially chosen to carry the Gospel to the gentiles, could write even in his day about his fellow Apostles: "Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth and their words into the ends of the whole world" (Romans x. 18). That was true geographically as it is today, but many things have conspired to retard the progress of the Gospel.

THERE are now over a billion and a half human beings on the earth, thirteen times the population of the United States. Of that number two-fifths, about 650,000,000, profess some form



*The Sacred Heart; Mary, Mother of God
Colombiere, S.J., to be blessed*

Pity the Missions

Laurence J. Kelly, S.J.



St. Francis de Sales; Ven. Claude de la
n June 16; St. Margaret Mary.

of Christianity. Half of these, 300,000,000, are Roman Catholics; there are 200,000,000 Protestants, while over 120,000,000 still adhere to the Greek and Oriental separated Churches. Therefore, at least a billion souls, nearly two-thirds of the earth's population, still remain in the outer darkness of heathenism and infidelity; and of these, 750,000,000 are worshippers of false gods.

Now what is being done today for the conversion of these vast multitudes? There are 12,000 priests evangelizing those heathen lands, about one priest to every 100,000 souls. Of course, there are Brothers and Sisters and catechists, a total of over 100,000, assisting; but unless the work be speeded up, who knows how long the Heart of our Savior must wait for the realization of His universal Kingdom? Is it any wonder that the heart of His vicar is torn with anguish and allows him no

rest day or night as he thinks of these legions who are still estranged from the true God, knowing Him not, nor Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. But what must be the feelings of the Heart of the Divine Missionary Himself, seeing such indifference to the plight of the poor heathens on the part of Catholics whom He has enriched with the priceless gift of Faith, some even with His own priestly powers!

OUR reigning Pontiff, Pius XI, and his predecessor of happy memory, Benedict XV, have not ceased to remind the faithful throughout the world of their urgent duty in regard to the spiritual and material needs of the missions, and have pointed out the way to relieve those needs. The spiritual means, of course, is prayer, which is within the reach of the poorest and of the wealthiest; an infallible means on which Our Lord Himself so often insisted in addressing His disciples. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His harvest" (Matthew x. 2). Earnest and unceasing, then, should be our supplications to Our Lord since He has established this mysterious connection between our prayers and the flow of

His Divine Grace for the salvation of souls.

We should not only pray that He send many more zealous apostles into the ripened harvest fields, but also that He pour out, in His mercy, the floods of heavenly Grace upon their labors and upon the souls for whom they are toiling and devoting their very lives. He once declared that He had come to cast fire upon the earth and that His only desire was to have it kindled (Luke xii. 49). This fire must be first kindled in the hearts of those whom He calls to share His mission and ministry, bishops, priests and religious whom He sends into the harvest fields.

Prayer, again, according to Our Lord's own assurance, will win for our young men and women the grace of vocation to the mission field and will help to foster that precious seed in many young hearts. Already from the ranks of our splendid youth, Missionary Orders and Societies are receiving an ever-increasing number of volunteers for the missions. More prayer will bring Christ's call within the reach of other generous souls, gain a hearing for the call, win strength and courage to answer it. American youth has barely glimpsed God's mission plan.

WE might also point out how our Catholic people should aid the work of world-conversion by their material contributions, according to the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff; whether through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith now established in every diocese, or through the various Orders of priests and religious that have to depend on the charity of our American Catholics to support their mission work. In recent years there has been a more generous response to these needs on the part of our people, many contributing out of all proportion to their means; but in this they have the example of the Protestant sects, whose mission funds amount to a great many millions annually, funds intended in many cases to support Protestant missions in Catholic countries.

Thank God, the inequality of Catholic contributions to our missions in pagan lands is fast disappearing. Let us hope that as our people realize more and more their obligation to share the blessings of holy Faith with the thousand million souls who are still strangers to it "to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death" (Luke i. 79), they will more and more generously supply those material resources without which this work of God will be hampered and delayed for many centuries, to the infinite disappointment of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.



JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly, September to June, bi-monthly, July-August, by the JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

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GRAMERCY PARK BLDG., 257 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription price, year, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00

Rome Scours for Missioners

JOY would come to the heart of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, if the full significance of the title of this editorial would sink, by God's Grace, into the hearts of American Catholic young men and women. The caption is taken from a special article sent out by the *Fides Service* on mission achievements of the Church under Pius XI. "Never before in history has such rapid advance been made" in creating and staffing "new mission divisions."

Yet not complacent, but restless with divine discontent, the Chief Shepherd of Christendom surveys the field. Hungering souls, more numerous than the pastured, are scattered over the vast earth,—spiritual sheep who literally have never known the taste of Food for their souls, yet whose nourishing lies as a heavy duty on the restless soul of the Shepherd. How can he be complacent?

"Rome scours for missioners . . . the limit has been reached till new forces can be brought into action!" The battle line of Christ is stretched lean and thin and hopelessly inadequate. Christ's Captain-in-Chief has reached the end of his resources. Does the statement mean nothing to America, young and rich and strong? For a little while the arch-enemy of Christ and—we are ever forgetting this—of men, of every soul that thinks and loves, will gloat in victory. Only for a little while shall it be so, since Christ's Cause will eventually triumph without us, if we decide that it shall not go on with us.

But the little while of the enemy's gloating would diminish astonishingly, and peace if not complacency would come to a restless heart in Rome if Catholic young men and young women in America, than whom, be it said modestly but unhesitatingly, none others are more generous or more self-forgetting, would quietly and convincingly understand the legend,—Rome scours for missioners. It is a call, unobtrusive but insistent, to a great work, to hardship and to suffering, to the straining of every talent and the drawing upon every atom of physical and moral courage. Best of all, it is a call to abiding peace and to Christ, by a short way for all its deprivation and its pain.

Blood Has Been Spilt

IT is not a rarity in profane history that the flow of one man's blood precipitated a conflict that simmered for years. It is a commonplace in apostolic history that the blood of martyrs is the seed that gives the harvest.

For many years the deciding struggle between Christ and China has been imminent. It may be that the final victorious clash for Christ's Kingdom will be incited by the red stream of heroic blood flowing from the courageous veins of Fathers Godfrey Holbein, C.P., Clement Seybold, C.P., and Walter Coveyou, C.P. May there be found double confirmation, too, in their instance, that the "blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church."

JESUIT MISSIONS congratulates the Passionist Fathers on the benediction that has come to them. The Jesuit missionaries, in their brotherly hearts, envy Fathers Holbein, Seybold and Coveyou.

Mr. Sykes Turns on a Light

SISTER TERESIA is a white-robed nun working for God in the depths of interior Africa. Likely enough one of the lesser motives that led her to choose a secluded spot on a continent known to the world as "dark," was to avoid publicity. And now Mr. J. Sykes has gone and turned on a light.

Mr. Sykes is Master of Method for the Department of Education in Uganda. He visited the Young Women's Normal School at Masaka, Uganda, and noted particularly the pedagogical skill engendered into the native Sisters and young women by the White Sisters. "The students were far superior to those in all other Normal Schools," said Mr. Sykes. Then he picked out of the exceptional staff Sister Teresa for special mention and higher rating.

The news story has no word on Sister Teresa's reaction. She could turn off the light, it would appear, though she could not in advance fathom Mr. Sykes' malign intention of snapping it on. Well, it is only once in several years that these accidental flashes come. Sister Teresa may be consoled in the reflection that her passing disclosure has lessened the chance of a similar disclosure for scores of other white- and black-robed Sisters on the missions.

A Rally to Colors

THE season of conventions is again at hand. Of the thousands of men and women who will gather throughout the country to discuss and to grow enthusiastic afresh over their respective causes, few will be imbued with a nobler spirit than the delegates to the sixth General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade when they convene at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., from June 20 to 23. The badge of these delegates seems alone to be "a love for the missions"; and consequently, all Catholic students and educators who are members or officers of the C. S. M. C. or interested in the missions generally, all members of special Crusade Orders, all friends of the Crusade and of Catholic missions are invited and urged to be present at this grand rally. Further information and applications for reservations may be made with the Secretary, C. S. M. C., Crusade Castle, Shattuc Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 19. Tananarive of Madagascar



Corpus Christi procession outside the church at Ambatolampy, Tananarive, Madagascar.

MISSIONS on Madagascar, that immense island just off the east of Africa, were begun in 1844. Since 1861, when French Jesuits of Toulouse reorganized the missions, the island has been divided into six vicariates of which two, Fianarantsoa and Tananarive in central Madagascar, remain in charge of French Jesuits. Tananarive, the capital of the island, gives its name to the northern Jesuit vicariate. In this city are six parishes. Outside the city the vicariate is divided into twenty-one districts; each district is subdivided into twenty or more mission stations. One Jesuit Father is assigned to each district and its numerous outposts. The total population of the vicariate is about a million. Among these are over 140,000 Catholics. One bishop, forty-eight priests, four scholastics, nine lay-brothers of the Society of Jesus, assisted by about one hundred and seventy-five Sisters and over forty religious of other congregations maintain two seminaries, a college, numerous elementary schools, a leper colony, a hospital, six orphanages, an observatory and a printing press; and conduct a newspaper in the native tongue.

IT is as true in regard to the missions as to anything else that love is engendered only by knowledge. To appreciate the work of the missions you must know of them. This one fact has given rise to the many mission publications that are being issued today. Each mission, and they are many, wants to be known—to be loved. Hence the mission publication.

In a sense, Our Lord Himself, was the first to command the intention of this month. He made His Church apostolic; made it depend on missions; and He desired that all of us should know, love and support the missions. This knowledge, love and support today is won mainly through mission publications.

Every Catholic should, therefore, be a subscriber to one or more mission organs, should see the printed record of the men and women laboring in the mission field. Any Catholic who is negligent in this matter fails to give roundness, broadness and fullness to his Catholicity.

There is another interpretation of this month's inten-

THE MISSION INTENTION

for JUNE

The Fostering of Missionary Publications

tion. We should foster those publications issued directly by and in the missions. When we learn that a society like the Catholic Truth Society of India, Burma and Ceylon issued and distributed in the missions some 275,750 pamphlets and handbills on various religious subjects, we realize that the press

is by no means the least apostolic agency. Here is a field for supporting interest that perhaps never won our attention. Both the first and the second of these interpretations are worthy and deserving of the stay-at-home missionary.

Fostering, as expressed in the intention, really means more than merely subscribing to a publication whether it be a home product or printed in the mission field. It may be doubted whether a mere subscription would "foster" in the sense of the Holy Father. If subscription is combined with regular and serious reading of the mission magazine and with a practical interest in the cause advocated by the organ, there is had that fuller fostering which the Holy Father advocates.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA MISSIONS

The silver lining of a cloud of troubles has appeared to FATHER JOHN LUCCHESI, S.J., at Mountain Village, Andreasky P. O., Alaska:

"Your generous Christmas present reached me here only two weeks ago, because I am not at Holy Cross, but at this station to replace good Father Anthony Keyes, S.J., who has gone to his reward. Your check was very welcome, because Father Keyes' death left Pilot Station and other villages without a pastor, and entailed the necessity of placing two new catechists and of visiting them often; for all of which money is required.

"For three long months we were harassed by an epidemic of smallpox, imported from Nome; all had it, more or less severely; some very badly. Our Alaskan governor, at our request, decided to send us some vaccine and a doctor; and he did by aeroplane. What a great event! The first flying machine that we have ever seen! All our natives ran up to examine it on the frozen Yukon, where it had alighted. The plane remained only one hour; the doctor left some vaccine and directions for using it, and was gone, because he wanted to visit and lunch at

Unalakleet, and dine in Nome! As it happened, the vaccine proved to be old and spoiled and perfectly useless. So all went through that trial. But Our Lord knows what is good for us. Now, after that severe visitation, prayers, instructions, Mass and Sacraments are much better attended by practically all."

received from FATHER FRANCIS MÉNAGEZ, S.J., at Hooper Bay on Bering Sea:

"I just got your checks of October yesterday for my feast, that of St. Francis de Sales. I surely needed something like that, for my purse is as flat as the country around me.

"I am sending you one picture; the only



"My Grandmothers."

Eskimo crosses is the burden of a recent letter from FATHER MARTIN LONNEUX, S.J., at St. Michael P. O., Alaska:

"This is proving a very hard year for the natives. Since October the epidemic of chicken pox has been with us. I was here in St. Michael when it reached this place and when I went to Stebbins in December there were over one hundred cases. Now that I am about to go to Chiniliak, I hear that all there are down with this sickness. The mortality is not great, but the illness deprives the people of their only way of making a living, namely, hunting. The fuel proposition, too, is a serious one in this cold land. When all the people are sick as at present, the supply of wood is so small that they can afford to make a fire in their huts only to cook their meals. The poor widows are the worst off. They were relying on the help of their neighbors for food and fuel, but as these have scarcely enough for themselves, these poor creatures are having a wretched time. As usual, they have recourse to the missionary who cannot refuse in cases of extremity."

one of its kind: 'My Grandmother's,' taken inside of my church because of impossible weather. These dear old ladies, not one of them baptized, are learning to appreciate the Church and the Faith and the priest, although their minds had been somewhat upset by the mean Protestant propagandas. They are all above sixty and all ardently desire baptism; all come to Mass every day and make visits to the Blessed Sacrament and to the crib and to our patroness, St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus. They are not bright, at least they tell me so, but I do not believe them.

"They are destitute, come to me to ask for old clothes, of which I have none not in use, or old flour sacks with which they make their own poor garments. I have given out fifty old flour sacks and have no more. 'Old clothes for missions' is not an unusual cry, but 'flour sacks for souls' ought to make an arresting title. We can use old clothes, anything from a nightcap to knickers, from a shoe-lace to ribbons."



Two daughters of the great Sioux chieftain, Red Cloud, at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. Dakota.

INDIAN MISSIONS

The close of winter presents difficulties to the missionaries, the chief of them being bad roads. FATHER OTTO J. MOOR-

How slowly mail travels in Alaska is evident from the following letter recently

MAN, S.J., writes from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. Dakota:

"All along we have been having terrible roads; now it is sleeting and snowing again. At present our greatest difficulty is to get the mission school contract signed by the Indians. This must be done before May 15.

"The money gift you sent me from a benefactor I did not use for a much desired rifle. I put it aside for a well which I hope to have dug at St. Stephen's chapel. Water is more important than an occasional rabbit or prairie chicken."

PATNA, INDIA

MR. M. LYONS, S.J., finds his soul stirred by the coming of Nepal's hillmen to Bettiah.

"Your medals were just in time because at this season of the year the Bhotia tribesmen, that is, people living on the northern border of Nepal up six thousand and more feet above sea level in the Himalayas, come down to trade and they visit our church at this time.

"They tell us that 'Christ used to live in Thibet, and His Church is our Church, the same as this great church that you have in Bettiah.' They offer candles and look very devout. We, in turn, give them medals.

"These people steal your heart. They are like big boys. Can you, by your prayers, help a sinner like me to do something for them some day or have the Lord send them a Xavier?"

From Bettiah likewise writes FATHER ALOUVIS PÉTTIT, S.J., superior of the Bettiah high school:

"Your check sailed in on the evening of the inauguration of the new president. Can it be that it outlines a policy that will continue during the next four years! . . . A high school, to people who think of missions, is an anomaly, I suppose—



Brother Stanislaus, a native Jesuit, with Indian boys at Bettiah, India.



Band practice at Father Forster's Orphan Home, Chukari, India.

it does not fit into the concept. But an actual missionary who would think without it would be a one-handed man. Without a school, we must expect to be without a mission. And, indeed, God has been good to us. Since January we have nearly doubled the attendance in our middle English school. The government school inspector says that it is now one of the largest schools of its rank in the district. One of its students stood first among all the boys of the whole district in the government examination, and another third. If it grows, we are sure of our high school classes."

From the Catholic high school, Bettiah (alias "U. Betcha"), Champaran District, Patna, India, MR. MARION BATSON, S.J., writes about first foreign teaching days:

"You know what first-year teaching is like. Square it, then multiply by two and you will have my predicament in a nutshell. I have been holding forth in the chair of universal knowledge at 'U. Betcha' for two months now, having the time of my young life, but working like a Trojan to keep a page ahead of the angry mob of 'Punkies' that dog my steps.

"We are going to Bankipore soon to see BISHOP SULLIVAN, S.J., consecrated. I am taking my bike along and intend to bike back to Bettiah, 130 miles. If I can't scare up something in that distance then you'll know my eyes went bad on me. I hope to get lost (I have a 'hunch' that it will be hopelessly so) good'n' lost, lost in the jungles—maybe spend a night tied to a stake with old hags and devilish children tormenting me. If this happens even in a milder form, I am going to sit right down and write a book!"

From the mission school at Chukari, Champaran District, India, FATHER AUGUSTINE FORSTER, S.J., reports an invasion of Santals:

"Several more Santals have come to the mission school as boarders and more are

expected. Will Chuhari be a Santal training school? The Santals are most welcome with their merry laughter and sprightly initiative. Three of them, without a teacher, learned the whole of the Hindi catechism in three weeks, and that in spare time. They know every page by heart."

"We are going ahead," is the bright word from FATHER JOHN KILLIAN, S.J., at Victoria Mission, Champaran District, India. "The new shop is going up! Bricks, piles and piles of them, have been baked. The shop is going up, and when Ghyree-ites want to become Christians now, they can laugh at their 'friends' when they threaten to starve them."

Were you ever thirty miles from home and forced to cross a stream without a bridge? FATHER FRANCIS ORY, S.J., the native Indian priest at Chakni Mission, Bagaha, Champaran District, had a bicycle, but you cannot cross a river on a bicycle. There was no help for it; he placed his trousers on the bicycle, and then lifted the whole affair over his head. The weight of the bicycle helped to keep the doughy missionary balanced as he waded into water up to his beard. The other side was reached safely. That is, Father Ory was safe and so was the bicycle; but the trousers! The trousers were swiftly floating down the stream. He got back home, but only by borrowing a *dhoti*, a native garment. His shoes, put to dry near a fire, were burnt beyond use. It is all in a day's work!

FATHER HENRY I. WESTROFF, S.J., resident at Jamalpur, Monghyr District, pauses to relate progress in his dispensary work among the aboriginal Santals:

"Since May, last year, over 10,000 patients have been treated here. A poor boy was recently carried in after a cobra bite. Since he was beyond medical aid, he was

at once baptized. When we came here we were in the enemies' country. They did not even want to sell land to us. Things have changed. Now practically everyone is our friend. There is no reason here now why we should not expand by erecting more dispensaries."

* * *

FATHER JAMES CREANE, S.J., of Bhagalpur, Champaran P. O., E. India Ry., India, has been doing further exploration work in Bhagalpur and Monghyr districts. To date he has discovered the exact or approximate location of some three hundred Santal villages. He has also found a few villages of other aboriginal tribes, such as Kols, Koras, Pahariyas, and Dangars. There are a great many Gatuars in these districts who may prove good material for conversion. There are still a number of rather extensive areas where Santals are known to be present which have not yet been explored. It would probably be very conservative to say that there are at least 1,000 Santal villages in Patna Mission.

Father Creane has been temporarily deprived of the help of FATHER FRANCIS I. STOR, S.J., whom illness forced to Dinapore for recuperation.

RENOUNDED
JESUIT MISSIONARIES



HENRY GARNET, S.J.

WHEN the severed head of Henry Garnet, S.J., was held up to an assembled English throng, which customarily greeted such a sight with "loud huzzahs," it evoked nothing but stern rebuking silence. Protesting his innocence of complicity in the Gun Powder Plot, the charge on which he was condemned to die, and avowing his adhesion to the Catholic Faith and his readiness to give not one, but many, lives to defend it, he was swung from a scaffold in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, on May 3, 1606. His head was placed upon a pike on London Bridge and for three weeks remained there, retaining all the while the freshness of life.

For seventeen years, Father Garnet had headed the English Jesuit missions, had directed its hunted priests and counseled its persecuted Catholics. He had become a convert to the Faith and a Jesuit almost simultaneously at Rome in 1571; in 1606 had come to England with Father Robert Southwell, S.J., to devote his labors and his blood to that difficult and precarious mission. Political implications in his execution cloud the certainty of his title to martyrdom. His less famous nephew, Ven. Thomas Garnet S.J., whom Father Henry himself admitted into the Society of Jesus in 1604, has a clearer title. He suffered certain and glorious martyrdom at Tyburn on June 23, 1608.

domain quite troublesome. The Protestant service, he had noticed, was held once a week only. "Once a week should be sufficient for you, too," he remarked.

"Listen here, my good fellow, don't you clean up your parlor every morning?"

"Yes."

"That is your work, and you receive a salary for it?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, why should I, as a priest, do my work once a week only, and not every day?"

"He thought this reasonable, and henceforth was much more courteous."

SOUTHERN STATES
MISSIONS

FATHER FERDINAND TROY, S.J., of St. Philip's Church, Old Albuquerque, N. M., sends the following interesting account of his missionary activities in the vicinity of Old Albuquerque:

"At present we are repairing the beautiful church of Alameda. We had to renew the flooring, as all the beams were rotting. Next, we had to build a cellar in which to install a hot air furnace. The present system of heating the church by means of large stoves is very unsatisfactory; those near the stoves find it too hot while the rest suffer from the cold. The new system, however, will do away with this difficulty. Besides these two problems, we have had to face another. The sandstone of which the church is built is not of the quality which, as some people hold, hardens in the sun. It was found to be brittle and was getting worse every year, so that it was necessary to plaster to protect it from wind and rain. All these improvements cost money and the people are not rich enough to make generous donations. Their Sunday contributions, with few exceptions, do not go beyond a nickel. What can a priest do in such circumstances? Either give up or struggle along in debt.

"I have another church at Los Ranchos de Atrisco, at the extreme ends of Bernalillo County; and then I have to visit ten other small towns, so you can imagine how busy it keeps me. As I am getting advanced in years, I occasionally feel fagged out; but I harden myself against the weariness by snatching my rosary and praying for my friends and benefactors."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier is spreading throughout the world. Other Xaviers are carrying it on with the zeal of the first great apostle of India. FATHER JAMES G. DALEY, S.J., of Jimenez, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., describes his observance of it:

"At the suggestion of FATHER THOMAS GALLAGHER, S.J., now with me at Jimenez, the Novena of Grace was introduced here this March. The people were pleased with the new novena, and a large and impressive procession through the town was held

CHINA MISSIONS

Little impressions on sailing into the East are written in these lines from FATHER EDUARD COTE, S.J., of St. Joseph's Church, Shanghai, China:

"The Chinese tam-tam rings out loudly; friends of passengers must leave the ship. The fog-horn throws its piercing call to the rocks and in its echo the steel moorings are drawn. Slowly the boat moves away, with regret, it seems. On the upper deck, our elbows on the railing, we wander in imagination over the Rockies, to the little white steeple of old Canada. What memories it awakens!

"On November 13, the Feast of Saint Stanislaus Kostka, in my consolation, I say my first Mass on board, and every day thereafter, I could offer up the Precious Blood of our Redeemer. We set up our small portable altar in the parlor, a sumptuous and richly ornamental apartment, the most fitting for the coming of the Lord on the water.

"On goes the Holy Sacrifice in the quiet of the dawn. In the sacred dialogue our prayers are united that God's Kingdom come upon earth. Outside, the crew is busy cleaning the deck; sometimes a furtive glance steals our way. The only passengers astir are those who rise for an early plunge.

"We offer unto Thee, O Lord, the Chalice of Salvation . . . for our salvation and that of the whole world' . . . is not this the sole purpose of our journey?"

"All through the week, we were alone at Mass. On Sunday, we had an attendance of one.

"The young Cantonese in charge of the parlor thought this daily invasion of his

on Sunday, March 10. Shortly before the novena started, an artist from Bohol arrived in these parts and began to paint a picture of St. Francis Xavier baptizing in India. This was carried in the public procession. Many people visited our church while he was painting. He painted the picture for the very reasonable price of \$7.50.

"Father Gallagher's eloquence drew a large congregation every afternoon during the novena. We were fortunate in having a relic of Xavier, which I had received from Sister Imelda when I was leaving for the missions. Sister Imelda was my teacher at St. John's School.

"The following story will interest you. Many of the Jesuit Fathers think that Xavier stopped off at Mindanao on his way to Japan. A few days before the Novena of Grace opened, Mr. Isaac Quilo, an old resident of Jimenez, told me that there is a story still current that St. Francis Xavier preached the Gospel in Lanao to the Moros. Lanao, as you know, is a province in Mindanao, a strip of which separates East Misamis from West Misamis. FATHER ANDREW HOFMANN, S.J., is stationed in the Lanao Province. The story goes that on one occasion when Xavier was explaining the Christian Religion to a gathering of Moros, one of the Moro chieftains made light of the arguments of Xavier. In proof and confirmation of the truth of his proposition, Xavier stamped his foot on the rock from which he was preaching. Xavier's sandal remained fixed to the rock and could not be removed, a miraculous sign of the truth of his preaching. It is said that this sandal of Xavier is now at the bottom of one of the lakes in Lanao."

* * *

Did you ever write a letter of encouragement to a missionary? You will want to do so after reading this reply from FATHER DANIEL SULLIVAN, S.J., at Tagalooan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Your very encouraging letter afforded me more joy than did the enclosure. Not that I don't need money, but there's a spiritual assistance that transcends all material help. For the first time in almost two long years, did a missive convey that



Father James G. Daly, S.J., and Daniel H. Sullivan, S.J. It is necessary for the missionary to travel fifteen miles to go to confession. This picture was taken on such an occasion.

inspiring assurance, which is so helpful and necessary. May God keep your hearts warm with that same spirit which breathed throughout this last communication from you.

"It is Passion Week. The weather has been very bad. Very many are sick. Sick calls are numerous. Fancy a sick call requiring a day! I have them often enough now in my mountain barrios. A good part of the way, I must advance on foot. I have a mean cold at present, but must carry on."

* * *

Just how valuable a good lay-Brother is to the missionary is evident in this letter from BROTHER EDWARD J. BAUERLEIN, S.J., at St. Mary's Church, Tagalooan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Received your letter with the gift you

so kindly sent. Many thanks. I can use it nicely for the Altar Boys' Society I am trying to establish. Five boys were the most ever seen about the altars over here; but for Christmas I had seventeen boys in red and white cassocks. And they did very well. I am now rehearsing them for Holy Week. I have most of the cassocks made and also, through the kindness of friends in the States, I got some lace surplices. It is a start. Now I am trying to get torches, censors, etc. Then I want to form the Society to band the boys together more closely. It is slow work, for, besides many other duties, the house, garden and a four-acre *cocal* (cocoanut grove) keep me on the go."

* * *

The progress of the schools have been the greatest concern of the missionaries in Mindanao. FATHER PATRICK RAFFERTY, S.J., at Cagayan de Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., has been especially solicitous.

* * *

Isn't a whole volume of apostolic zeal contained in the following excerpt from a letter from FATHER JOSEPH MCGOWAN, S.J., at Cagayan de Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.?

"For the last two months I have been visiting an island called Camiguin. Nothing there but Catholics, and very fervent ones too; but there is in this place but one priest, rather old and very nearly blind. The people are starving for a priest and his administrations. The towns are like houses where the mother has died a violent death and the children are calling for her.

"In one week more than 1,000 confessed and received Communion. A good Catholic lady has a private Catholic school; but no priest, no sisters. I had to refuse 500 confessions and Communions, and about 50 baptisms for not being able to be everywhere at once. If the people of America only knew—the children 'crying' for bread and no one to administer it to them. That is a Call for the missions: for laborers: those who will come to the help of God. Pray that my strength and health hold out so as to rescue as many as possible from the eternal torture which is the reward of sin and no prayer."



Father Joseph L. Lucas and his "Twelve Apostles" during Holy Week at Jasaan, Mindanao, P. I.



HONORS PAID SUN YAT SEN NOT ILLICIT

Chinese Catholics need have no scruples in bowing before the portrait of Sun Yat Sen, says His Excellency, Archbishop Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China. Faithful all over China will bear this with pleasure. Sun Yat Sen, father of the Chinese Republic, has received, since his death, honors held by many to border on the superstitious practices rendered Confucius. Principal among these were inclinations before the hero's portrait.

The Apostolic Delegate confirms the opinion that these honors do not reach the extreme of being illicit. Under the portrait of the leader usually appears: "T'ing chen pou seu, an illustrious spirit does not die." There can be found at present nothing in the honors paid Sun Yat Sen beyond the hero worship common to all peoples.

The statement of the Delegate appears as a preface to a scholarly study of almost 1,000 pages published by the Jesuits of Shanghai. Its author is Father Paschal d'Elia, S.J. Father d'Elia's work is in French and is titled *Le Triple Demise de Suen Wen*. It is published by the Sinological bureau of Zi-ka-wei, the great Jesuit center outside the city of Shanghai. (F. S.)

JESUIT'S INDEMNITY TO AID CHINESE

Of the \$15,000, approximately, which the French Government demanded from the Chinese Government as indemnity for the killing at Nanking, March, 1927, of Father Ducoux, a French Jesuit, two-thirds will be applied to the improvement of Chinese silk, one-third for a typhoid clinic. The Jesuits refused all indemnity, both for Father Ducoux's death and for that of Father Vanarra, S.J., an Italian companion slain with him. The refusal of the indemnity by the Catholic authorities is based upon the desire of the Church that the Chinese people be given no impression that the Holy See permits speculation upon the death of its missionaries. The two Jesuit missionaries were slain in the Southern capture of the city of Nanking. The French also received \$50,000 indemnity for property damage. (F. S.)

Page One Hundred and Forty

SIXTH INTERNATIONAL ACADEMIC MISSION CONGRESS

The Sixth International Academic Mission Congress will take place August 5 to 8, at St. Gabriel's Mission-House, Mddling, near Vienna. This will be immediately succeeded, on August 9 and 10, by the second missiological conference, arranged by the International Institute for Missiological Research.

AGED CHINESE MISSIONARY DIES

Father Firmin Sen, S.J., died on January 17, 1929, in the infirmary of Yang-king-pang, Shanghai, China. He had been sixty-two years a Jesuit. A week before his own death, he had been engaged in the consoling work of bringing Holy Viaticum to the sick. Fever forced him to bed; pneumonia developed, and in a week he passed away. He died in the act of an-



Repeatedly Malacca recurs in the travel accounts of Francis Xavier. The church built there in his honor is situated in a narrow street surrounded by shops.

MISSION NUN CELEBRATES JUBILEE IN AFRICA

Sister Laura of St. Joseph, a Notre Dame nun, recently celebrated her silver jubilee as a mission nun among the natives of South Africa. The celebration was held at the Jesuit mission of Chikuni, in the Broken Hill Prefecture, North Rhodesia, to which Sister Laura came in 1920 as one of the four pioneer nuns to open a convent for the native girls of the Batonga tribe. Before her appointment to Chikuni, Sister Laura had spent seventeen years at Empandeni, another mission station of the Broken Hill Prefecture.

swering the prayers for the dying which his superior, Father E. Beauce, S.J., had begun.

A RUSSIAN BISHOP IN CHINA

Last October, 1928, Monsignor Abrantovitch arrived in China, sent by the Pope to care for the 150,000 Russians, who are now resident in North China. About 80,000 of these are living at Harbin, Manchuria, in which city the new bishop resides. The conversion of these Russians seems easier in their exile. Up to the present, they have had to adopt the Latin rite, and to

go to the Polish church. Now they will be allowed to keep their own liturgy.

JESUIT STUDENTS IN UNIVERSITY EXAMS.

The greatest number of students ever sent, it is thought, by any institution in Madras Province went up this year from St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, India, for the examinations at the University of Madras. No less than 684 students appeared to take the tests for various degrees and certificates.

It was incorrectly stated in the December, 1928, issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* that St. Joseph's has been in existence for only ten years. The college was founded in 1844. In that long interval, three or four Brahmins have consecrated their lives to God in the Society of Jesus. Sufficient conversions to warrant an exclusive seminary for high caste converts is as yet a dream unrealized. But year by year converts are being made and steadily the influence emanating from graduates of St. Joseph's College has been on the increase. Three of its graduates are now bishops in South India: Bishop Francis T. Roche, S.J., of Tuticorin; Bishop James J. Kalacherry, of Changanacherry, and Bishop Valerian J. D'Sousa, of Mangalore.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES KILLED IN CHINA

A report from Hankow late in April stated that three American priests of the Passionist Order had been murdered by bandits at Chenki, Hanan Province, China. The victims are: Father Walter Coveyou, of Petoski, Mich.; Father Clement Seybold, of Dunkirk, N. Y., and Father Godfrey Holbein, of Baltimore, Md.

None of the priests is over thirty-four years of age. They had gone to China from St. Michael's Monastery, Union City, N. J., Fathers Seybold and Holbein four years ago and Father Coveyou last summer. No details were given in the report.

FATHER JOSEPH HUGON, S.J., DIES IN CHINA

Father Joseph Hugon, S.J., whose personal dangers and hardships in his capture and ill treatment by Chinese bandits were recounted in *JESUIT MISSIONS* for February, 1929, died of pneumonia during Easter week in the Süchow section of the Nanking Mission.

Father Pius Moore, S.J., writes of him from Shanghai, China. "The death of this zealous and intrepid missionary is a great blow to the missions. Father Hugon was not yet thirty-six years of age; he had been nineteen years a Jesuit; four of those years he spent in China. He was building a mission church and school when he took sick."

PREFECT APOSTOLIC GIVES LIFT TO MOUNTAIN CONQUERORS

The Very Reverend Monsignor G. Balbo, Prefect Apostolic of Meru, Kenya Colony, East Africa, was able last January to "give a lift" to the famous mountain climbers, Harris, Sommerleit, and Shipton, who had succeeded for the second time in history in scaling the snow-clad top of Mt. Kenya, 17,040 feet above sea level and the second highest peak on the African continent. The climbers were stranded on the Meru-Nai-

HIS LORDSHIP, THE BISHOP

(Continued from page 124)

to this center of paganism. The Jesuits had a residence in Patna City and a mission in Nepal. But with the destruction of the Society of Jesus and the troubles consequent on the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, the mission gradually decayed until in 1846 there were but four practical Catholics in the whole city of Patna.

AMID these memories, some encouraging and others less so, Father Sullivan passed his missionary apprenticeship. The Holy Father had acted wisely, when in turning over the mission to the American Jesuits in 1921, he had selected Louis Van Hoek to be their new bishop and the one who would induct them into the difficulties of mission administration in India. Father Sullivan watched this zealous Belgian begin his far-reaching program of education, which included not only the reorganization of the primary and secondary school systems but a definite gesture towards the production of a native clergy. He saw the bishop's apostolic school progress from a leaky woodshed where twenty-four Indian lads were taught the things that would fit them for a priestly life to an apostolic school with both senior and junior divisions and something of a roof over their heads. He witnessed the construction of a new high school at Bettiah and the establishment of a flourishing community of native nuns. But most encouraging of the projects he saw the bishop initiate was perhaps the mission among the aboriginal Santals under Fathers Creane and Westropp. Here today there is hope of a mass movement towards the Church similar to that begun forty years ago by the Belgian Jesuits of the neighboring diocese which resulted in the conversion of 200,000 souls.

That the new bishop-elect is not unconscious of the significance of his appointment is evident from remarks made in letters to friends in the States in which he declared that he had not been permitted to forget since his arrival that everyone was looking to see what the Americans

Our July-August Number

The next number of **JESUIT MISSIONS** will be especially dedicated to the

POPE of the MISSIONS
Pius XI.

A Special Article

by

Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J.

Editor of *America*, will be the feature.

robi road after their successful climb. Monsignor Balbo gladly brought the returning heroes to Nairobi. (F. S.)

CHINESE CATECHIST FAITHFUL

A missionary in China tells this tale of simple, courageous loyalty:

"I needed a catechist to prepare a little group of catechumens in a distant mountain village. There was no glory in the assignment, and much sacrifice, as the place was poverty-stricken and bandit-infested. But the catechist I selected gladly went. Whenever I visited the station, I remarked how grateful he seemed for the opportunity of receiving the Sacraments.

"Finally, the bandits came to the village and ordered him to point out the houses of the well-to-do and tell where they kept their money. He refused. He was backed up against a wall and called there with outstretched hands, while the houses were being searched. He died from the ill-treatment. When he had so willingly accepted this post, he had known full well the dangers to which it would expose him."

"were going to do with this most difficult mission."

What the Americans will do is known only to God. The difficulties are truly immense and the men and resources pitifully disproportionate. But in the words of the new bishop: "There is hope here, and with that mountain of moving prayer piled sufficiently high we shall do what men say is impossible."

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

(Continued from page 125)

through life on earth, as soon as he is dead, he starts on an eventful journey. He first travels over an easy plain at the end of which is a tall banana tree, from which he attempts to pluck fruit. If he fails, he must return to the body; but if he succeeds in securing the ripe fruit, he continues till he approaches the edge of the world. He advances from one state to another until at last he becomes almost as powerful as one of the great spirits. But this blessedness does not last forever. He finally becomes a mosquito or a gnat, which may be killed by his descendants. And this is the end."

MIDGET OF THE MISSIONS

(Continued from page 128)

dians say that St. Francis' is the flower garden of the Rosebud and I must do my share to keep up the name!"

The Brother's own words can tell best of the joys and sorrows of his work. Writing recently to Professor Hanson of the South Dakota State Horticultural Society, he says: "After three years I am sending you a few lines of report on my gardens and trees in this location. I have fifteen gardens about the mission, fenced in, with all kinds of trees. I have four hundred apple trees. Last year some of the Wealthy apples measured ten inches in circumference. I got about three hundred Indian pines from the canyons nearby, also many elms, box-elders, Russian olives, honey locusts and black walnuts. Last year I had to cut about a thousand cottonwoods; they all

died after twenty years. The black locusts and elms died last year from the borers, some of the elms being thirty years old. The cause of so many trees dying here is the excessive dryness. I have only dry irrigation. If there was plenty of rain, everything would be all right. We have wells and they are dug deep but we cannot use the water for irrigation. There is not enough of it. I

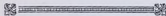


A Missioner Here

JOHN RYAN, S.J.

*LORD, I would bear for Thee the cruel cold
'Mid arctic desert's never-waning light,
The horrors of that vast sepulchral white
Where wolves e'er howl upon the haunted wold!
Or I would seek some freighter's seething hold,
If, Claver-like, a dying soul I might
Revive and gently lead from out sin's night
Into Thy pierced Side's embracing fold!*

*"My Child, the frost of human thanklessness
Is keener far; worse wolves rave here than there;
And sin is just as foul. The raging foam
You may not cross, yet you can still redress
Men's crimes. Be here My loving missioner;
Make earth your foreign land, My Heart your home."*



have more success with my flowers. Last year I had from two to three thousand rows of flowers: morning glories, hollyhocks, xenias, blue iris and gladiolas. But it costs much patience and perseverance to plant things in this dry country. The Indians lose courage quickly when they have no success. Therefore they all say that no one can plant trees or flowers but Brother Hinderhofer. I should like to have you see my trees if you visit the Reservation. I planted trees in England forty years ago but it was play to plant trees there for there was always plenty of rain and water. But here there are only long summers and cold winters." Nothing would make "Shoemaker" more genuinely happy than to see an-

other "Shoemaker," a Hinderhofer in embryo, come to take up the burden where he is about to lay it down, another "Shoemaker" shot through with persistency and energy, a "Shoemaker" to carry on the work which the original "Shoemaker" has done so efficiently.

BANKS OF THE SIBUN

(Continued from page 130)

priest as far as I knew had ever visited the place for apostolic purposes. My musings begot determination and a new resolution. I succeeded in getting passage for me and my aide on another boat the following Saturday.

A pleasant trip up the river landed us just before dark at "Pedro Vasquez's bank." A bank along the Belize river is not a financial establishment but a little ranch or farm. Pedro's "bank" lay along Mountain Cow Creek. He and his three Catholic neighboring families rejoiced in the visit of the padre. Don Pedro gave me his best and his all. He surrendered his home, not palatial, you observe, for our use for the night. He gave us supper, one egg piece and many tortillas, or corn-meat pancakes. This, too, was Don Pedro's best and was appreciated at his valuation.

EVENING devotions followed supper. We sang all the Spanish hymns in my limited repertory and then I plunged (the word is peculiarly fitting) into an instruction and kept at it until mosquitoes and sand flies proved mildly troublesome to my listeners and fairly routed me.

For the night's rest, my aide elected a hammock, for which I was duly grateful. For he is small and I am not, and Don Pedro's house architect never intended a man-sized hammock to swing within its walls. For me the luxury of a bed, "bush" style. "Pero, Padre, hay muchas pulgas," which being turned into the crude vernacular says: "But, Father, there are fleas galore." There were, more than I have ever seen or felt in ten years residence in the tropics.

In the morning the fleas and the call to the duty of instructing children for first confession roused me early from slumber. There were con-



"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 —

What were the outstanding events in missionary history for 1928?

Father Pierre Charles, S.J., professor of Missiology at Louvain University, cites these three: the stability and improvement of the Church in China despite the civil wars, and the crowning of this success by the Papal Letter of August 5, 1928. The settlement of the Padroado question in India. This was a political question affecting the nationality of the archbishop of Bombay. The work of the Papal Visitor, Bishop Arthur Hinsley, in the British colonies of Africa.

Are any special efforts being made to convert Jews to the Catholic Church?

We know of no special efforts. Some notable conversions have been made in recent years. Hans Herzl, son of the great Zionist leader; the authoress, Van Leer, of Jewish blood; Dr. Stein, son of an old family of rabbis, have entered the Church.

Your May number spoke of emigration of Japanese to Brazil. How many Japanese are in that country?

There are over 30,000 Japanese in Brazil. The Jesuits have several missions among them.

What is the Catholic Students' Mission League?

The Catholic Students' Mission League is the missionary organization of the Catholic students in the various schools throughout the Archdiocese of New York. It has for its purpose the fostering of the mission spirit among the students so as to arouse in them an enthusiastic and practical zeal for the missions. At a recent meeting, at which the various school divisions of the organization made a report of their year's activity, it was announced that \$26,-287.91 was sent to the missions during the past year.

Are the American Jesuits engaged in home missions?

The American and Canadian Jesuits have large missions among the Indians of North America, and the Jesuits of the Southern Province of the Society of Jesus have been working in the home missions of their territory for many years. This activity is being extensively increased, especially in the Carolinas.

Is the Church progressing in China?

Yes. One instance will suffice. There are over 260,000 Catholics in the city of Peking. The Archdiocese of St. Paul in the United States has 280,000.

Is it permitted to pray to Father Pro, S.J., who was killed in Mexico?

Private intercession is allowed. Many favors have been reported as a result of this intercession.

Compare the number of priests in China and Japan.

Our figures are for 1927. China, 3,130 priests of whom 1,887 are foreign and 1,243 are native. Japan, 241; 194 foreign, 47 native.

Give the address of Rev. Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., in the Philippines.

Father Kienle, S.J., is located at Talisayan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.

Is the number of Catholics increasing in Korea?

In 1876 there were 10,000 Catholics in Korea; in 1900 there were 42,000; in 1927, 104,600. The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (Maryknoll), is doing splendid work in Korea.

How have the Armenian Catholics survived the persecutions of the Turks?

Out of 1,250,000 Armenian Catholics who lived before the World War in the dioceses of the East, only 225,165 remain. Nine Bishops, of whom one was burned alive and one buried alive, 126 priests and 47 nuns were martyred or died in exile.

What is the purpose of the Marquette League?

The Marquette League is a laymen's organization with clerical direction for the purpose of aiding financially the priests and Sisters working among the Indians in North America and Alaska, and the Indian children entrusted to them. It also strives to offset adverse Indian legislation. Hon. Alfred J. Talley is president, and Rev. William J. Flynn is director. The offices are at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

fessions then for the children and their elders, and holy Mass and instruction on fidelity to their Faith, and breakfast at last. Again we were regaled with a sumptuous meal, an egg apiece and some hot tortillas, washed down with a concoction that might have been tea but tasted remotely like coffee.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

(Continued from page 131)

under cultivation. Right in front of them was a building that rose higher than the thatched roofed tents. It was marked by a cross.

MEANWHILE natives appeared, peering shyly from their huts upon these unbidden strangers. Marshall's men shouted something. Marshall's men shouted something. There was a quick interchange of salutations and a great flurry of pantomime. And then a white man appeared in the doorway of the hut with the cross. He was short of stature, middle aged, full of strength and life. A kindly smile shone in his firm set eyes and countenance that somehow went well with his priestly cassock, his beads and his crucifix.

Marshall was stunned, to say the least. A white man, a priest, out here in these wilds that he thought he was the first to explore! How did he ever get here?

The famous explorer held out his hand in a friendly way and spoke in English.

"I am Captain Marshall of the Royal Society." He wondered vaguely if the other could understand.

A light leaped up in the priest's eyes.

"An Englishman!" he exclaimed in astonishment; and then laughed, a happy, infectious laugh. "Well, God be praised for this unexpected company! I am Father James Trayton, a Wessexshire man, Captain Marshall, and my father was Sir Charles Trayton, God rest him, and my brother is now . . ."

"Lord Harry Trayton?" exploded Marshall. "Why we are dear friends. And you are his brother?"

Father Trayton smiled. "Come up to my 'palace,' " he invited. "I won't have much to offer you; but it

will be a new experience for you to find a real table and a real chair in the heart of the jungle."

THAT night Marshall slept on a comfortable bed under a roof for the first time in months. Before dropping off to sleep he went over all the events of that memorable day. What a man this Father Trayton was! He had told Marshall how, ten years before, he had pushed on to the interior with a fellow-priest, reached this village and made it the center of a wide circle of missions which stretched up towards the northern coast. The years had been filled with terrific toil. His comrade had died, a victim of the fever, a short time after their arrival and Father Trayton was forced to cope single-handed with a savage race. He had had ill success at first and was in constant peril of his life. Then the rescue of a chieftain's son from drowning and the conversion of the chief led to the quick and complete winning of whole tribes to Christ. By constant solicitude and self-sacrifice and courage, too, he won their confidence and love. He built a strong, spiritual Faith among them, taught and instructed them; they in turn built him his church and home and chapels in the many scattered settlements.

Then he had turned himself to their material needs. He found the people eager to learn, ready to work, quick to understand and appreciate. Patiently he built up a truly "model jungle-city." The river was chained to furnish power for the hand-made mill and the water was sent through irrigation channels to the fields; agriculture became a hobby among the people and their growing fields won their delight. Father Trayton had confessed to Marshall "there is more wealth here in this district than I can appraise, rubber, mahogany, ore and even stones that sparkle; a few years and a little capital would make a man wealthy. Of course my flock demands all my attention . . ."

MARSHALL was thinking. One man alone had achieved all this without a thought of glory or riches, while he with his experience, his company, his conveniences, his firearms, his wireless and all the rest,

was acclaimed a hero! This man was unknown, forgotten. Ten years he had lived here, a man of gifted intellect, of delicate tastes, the son of a nobleman, alone among savages. This little man with pure motives and self-sacrificing zeal had brought these people real benefit, while he, Marshall, was only eager for fame and renown—why, his most altruistic motive was a mere love of adventure!

The next day the secretary of the Royal Society sat worried and mystified at his desk. A wireless message fluttered in his hand. He read it aloud as though to verify his eyes' evidence.

"I have made two wonderful discoveries. I have found a white man in the heart of the jungle and I have found myself. Particulars later . . . Marshall."

The secretary gasped somewhat weakly and put the paper aside. It was beyond him.

MAURICE T. HARVEY bit his pencil and looked thoughtfully at the papers. The story he had written was still in the rough, but it was good.

"Too good. Too good to believe. It wouldn't do; the public won't read it," he sighed. His long, nervous fingers drummed for a moment on the desk.

Then he thought aloud, "It's strange that there is an overwhelming supply of this sort of material, but no demand. The public can't believe anything that's true. Captain Marshall it can honor, Father Trayton it does not even understand. I wonder why?"

And he tore the manuscript into little bits until they formed a tiny heap upon his desk.



The Pope and Italy. By Wilfrid A. Parsons, S.J. New York: The America Press. \$1.50.

The question of the Roman Settlement will come up often this year, and Catholics, highly educated and the less fortu-

nate in blessings of the mind, will want to be authoritatively and lucidly informed on this question, both for their own satisfaction and for the benefit of inquirers. For such as these Father Parson's book is the appointed one. Those who would consult it will bless him that he has kept it quite reasonably short, that he has summarized the text of the Treaty settling the Roman Question and of the consequent Concordat and Financial Convention in his text and has placed the translation of these documents in an appendix, and, lastly, that he has thrown into the treatment of an abstract scientific subject those personal and human touches that make it pleasantly readable.

Yet its author in making it popular seems never once to have lost sight of the need to be careful and scholarly. A thoughtful and fervent Catholic always likes to think of the Church as Christ's Bride "without spot or wrinkle" and of her visible Head as a high and stainless, fitting Vicar of Him to Whom belongs the Bride. Matter for steadying and developing such thought is frequently stated and more frequently implied in "The Pope and Italy."

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