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Jesuit Missions

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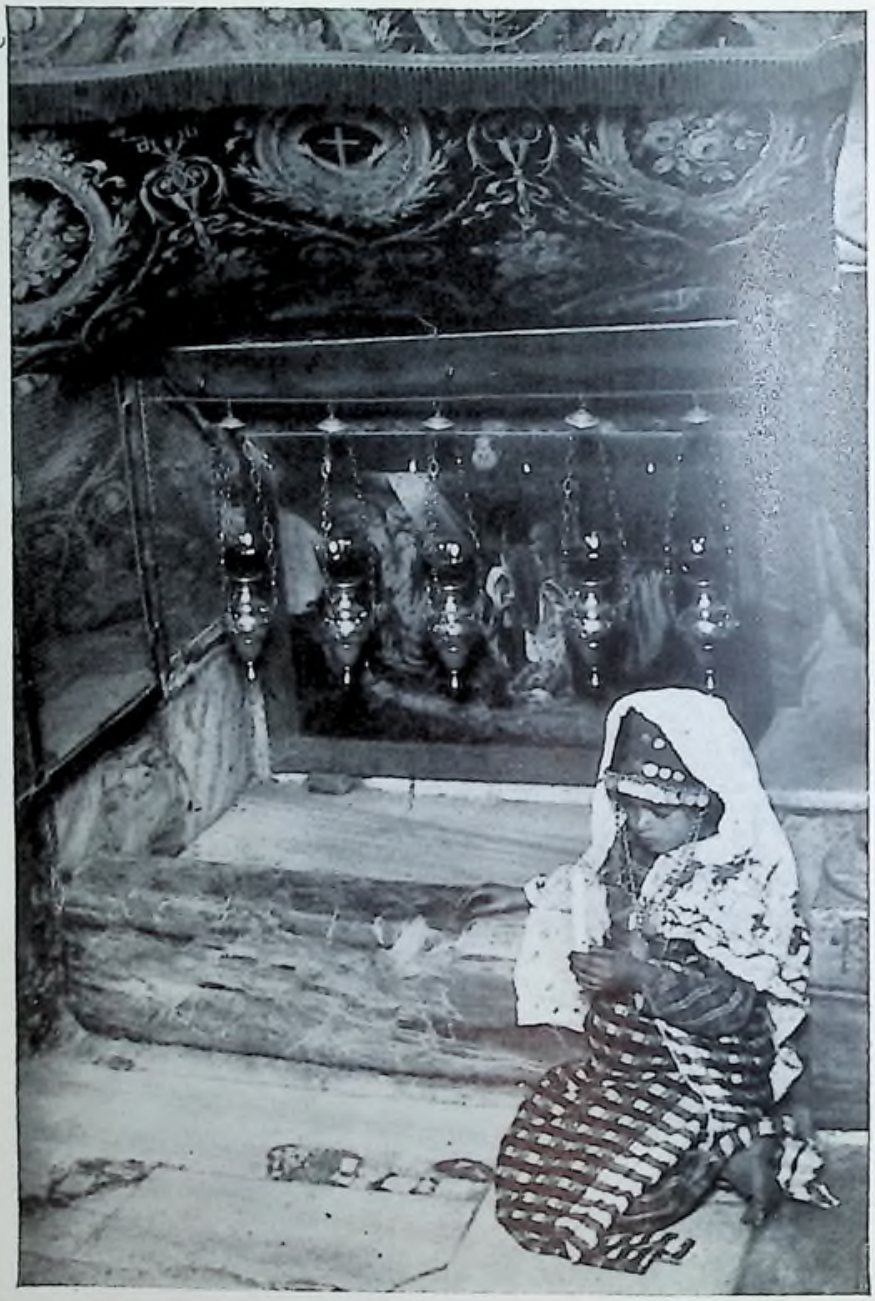
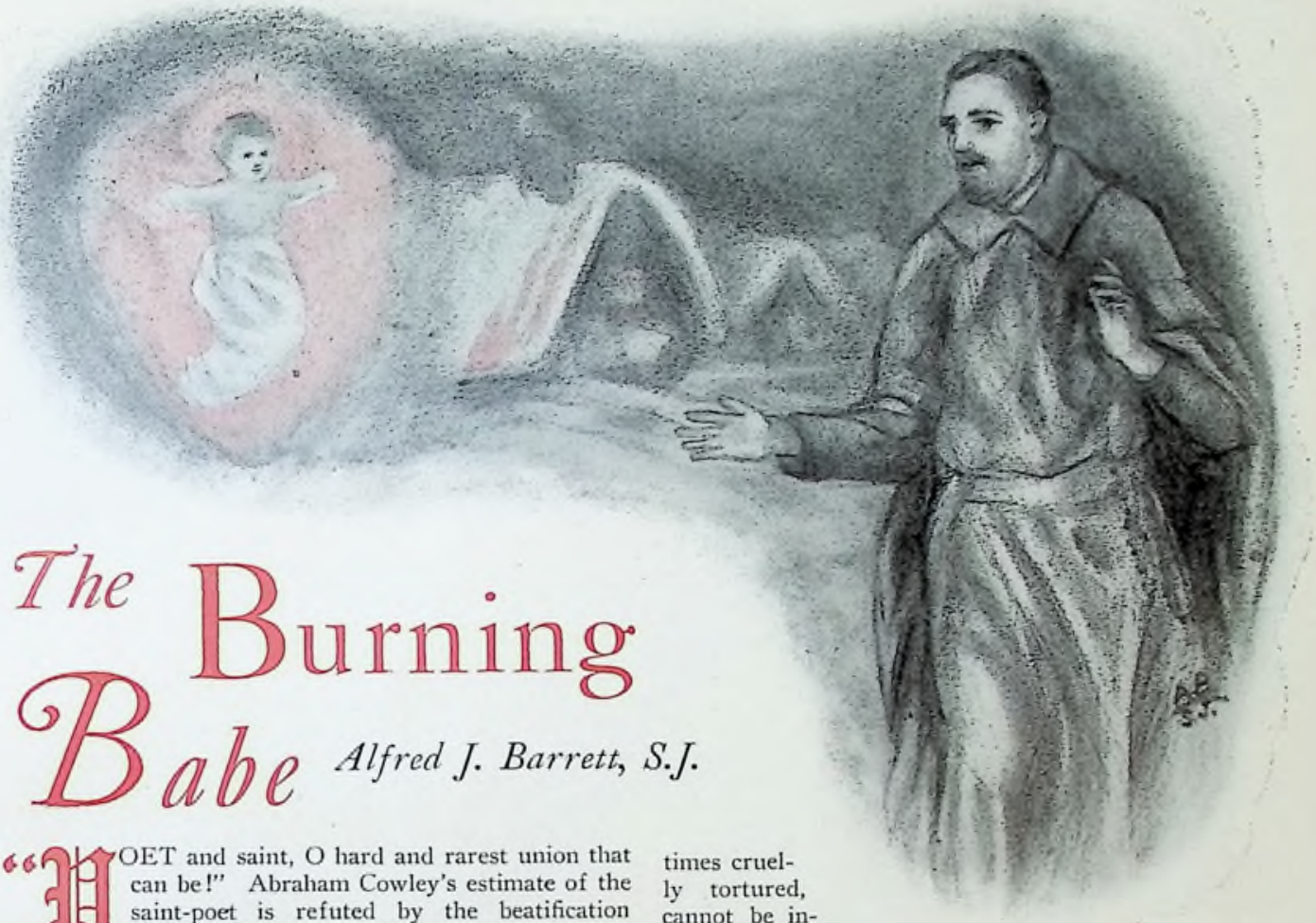
TIDINGS OF GREAT
JOY TO ALL PEOPLE



THE SHRINE OF THE MANGER

Within the Church of the Nativity near the grotto that marks the spot where our Lord was born is preserved the crib, the feeding box of the animals, wherein Jesus was laid on the straw because there was no room in the inn. The missionaries are striving to make more room within the hearts of all men for the Savior of the world.



The Burning Babe

Alfred J. Barrett, S.J.

"POET and saint, O hard and rarest union that can be!" Abraham Cowley's estimate of the saint-poet is refuted by the beatification during December of Venerable Father Southwell, S.J., along with 136 other English martyrs. To his priestly zeal and holiness Father Southwell added remarkable powers of poetic expression that were not restrained by three terrible years of incarceration in the Tower of London.

Robert Southwell, born in England in 1561, entered the Society of Jesus at the age of seventeen, and after his ordination was sent into the missions of England. His martyrdom came as a climax of six years of zealous apostolic ministrations—during which he lay hid in London and, in various disguises, went about from home to home,—and of three years of loathsome confinement in the Tower after betrayal. His mettle is testified to by one of his foes:

"There is at present confined one Southwell, a Jesuit, who, thirteen times cruelly tortured, cannot be induced to confess anything, not even the color of a horse whereon a certain day he rode, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house he that day was."

With no one to talk to in his dungeon except God and the saints, Father Southwell naturally turned to poetry, which is often for the Catholic poet another form of prayer. One day he sat down and gave us the lyric, "The Burning Babe," to claim which Ben Jonson would gladly have destroyed his own poems. It is a mission poem, a hymn to the Sacred Heart and an unforgettable Christmas lyric. It is a poem to recite to oneself on the way to midnight Mass.

On February 22, 1595, the priest whom we shall address in prayer this Christmas as Blessed was (*Turn to page* 24)

The Burning Babe

AS I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear,
Who, scorchéd with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames, which with His tears were fed.

"Alas!" quoth He, "But newly born, in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel My fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My blood."
With these He vanished out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I calléd unto mind that it was Christmas Day.

OGLALA Sioux

Stephen T. Egan, S.J.

IN the grade school when I was a youngster, my knowledge of the Indians concerned itself with red, yellow and blue paint, the war cries of revenge, and the scalps of the innocent immigrants. It was a toss-up between "Crack! went his trusty rifle," and "Another redskin hit the dust." They were the days when the "Indian Uprisings" were still fresh in the minds of the western pioneers. But the days of the ominous war cry are no more; the Indians have put aside the scalping knife; their children have left the wide-open spaces of the prairie to sit within the narrow desks of the classroom.

Today a modern automobile highway skirts the Wounded Knee Battlefield in South Dakota and a granite shaft marks the last tragic stand of the Oglala Sioux against the encroachments of the white man. Chief Big Foot and his companion warriors, whose names are written in the rock, sleep in peace and the new generation of Indians, some of whom ride in Fords and Chevrolets, no longer furnish the daily papers with sensational, blood-curdling news, but are themselves thrilled and shocked by the accounts of prison riots, gang murders, bootleg episodes, and the nightly killings in the big cities. Good conduct prevails among the Sioux more, in fact, than in sections of our civilized communities.

All things considered, the Oglalas, since the year 1890, have done remarkably well. They have not as yet reached a degree of civilization that would induce the Government to send them to the cities, but in less than fifty years they have made such progress as deserves an increase of intelligent assistance. With more civilized modes of life they have awakened to the need of an education, as their large attendance at the Government public schools and the religious private schools attests. It will be of interest to recount what part the Catholic Church has had in the work of civilizing the Indian and what she is doing today.

ON Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota are two large educational plants only a few miles apart. The Government Boarding School is at the Agency of Pine Ridge, while Holy Rosary Mission School continues to grow larger each year in the fertile valley of White Clay Creek, four and one-half miles north of Pine Ridge on the Black Hills Highway. It was in the summer of 1887 that there came to the Pine Ridge Indians a white man destined to go down in history as their friend and champion. This spiritual warrior was Father John J. Jutz of the Society of Jesus, a man of broad vision and indomitable courage. By August of the following year he had constructed the first unit of Holy Rosary Mission School and opened it to 103 Indian boys and girls. A plain, serviceable building it was, thirty miles from the railroad, erected at a cost of $40,000. It stands to this day a monument to the memory of Father Jutz and to all who assisted him, not the least among them being Mother Katherine Drexel, whose financial help then and through the hard years thereafter made the school possible. In the rooms of this building of rough finished timbers and brick-veneered walls, thousands of Indian children have been taught their A B C's, to love and serve the true "Great Spirit," and to respect and obey the laws of their country. Over half of the several thousand Oglalas are Catholics and they owe their correct ideas and practices of Christianity to Holy Rosary School.

Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Three hundred and sixty children are enrolled at the mission.

FROM the opening of the school down through the forty-one years of its good work, the Sisters of Saint Francis, from Buffalo, New York, have labored heroically in the cause of the Indian girls. Beginning with seven in the community, each year their number has increased until at the present writing there are eighteen consecrated women devoting their lives to the work. For nine months of the year the Sisters are at attention from early morning until the last child is asleep in the dormitory, for Holy Rosary is a boarding school. Many of the girls are tiny tots and not a few are unusually large. Being human beings with strong likes and dislikes, at times these larger Indian girls offer a real problem in discipline. It is to the credit of the Sisters that seventy-five per cent of their endeavors with the girls are successful. With kindness and Christ-like affection they win the girls to milder ways and to a love of our Lord that in some cases is remarkable.

The sun dance is now forbidden to the Sioux. It was responsible for many outbreaks among them.

The girls are well trained in all the subjects belonging to the eight grades. They are taught plain sewing and fancy needle work, displays of which have always elicited high praise from white ladies competent to judge. If helping the Sisters in the kitchen and dining room can be classed as domestic science, then the girls receive a thorough course of instruction. Music and painting, for which the Indians seem to have a natural bent, hold a prominent place in the curriculum. Criticism has been made that the girls revert to the ways of tent life when they leave school. No fair-minded person would attempt to put the blame on the Sisters. The problem of the Indian at home on the prairie belongs to the Government.

WHAT is true of the girls' department at Holy Rosary is true of the boys', in so far as the eight grades are concerned. In a fine large building of their own they are taught by the Jesuits. Some claim that such highly trained men should not be teaching the lower grades, but on the face of it, one can readily see that the Indian boys are the gainers. In the present order of things the Fathers engaged in the uplifting of the Indians are getting results commensurate with the circumstances under which they are laboring. As in the case of the girls, much greater good could be wished for, but who would insist that the same amount of effectiveness would be recorded at Holy Rosary school were less better trained teachers in the classrooms? If the Government would follow the lead of the Jesuits and other religious orders devoted to the cause of the Indians, and not discriminate against them in the choice of officials who deal with them after their school days, what a world of improvement there would be among the now-neglected of the canyons and prairies! Ignorance and diseases of all kinds would be much less in evidence. The knowledge and social- (*Turn to page* 25)

Ricci College, Nanking, China. The priest in the picture is Father Dugout, S.J., who was murdered at the entrance to the college.

The YANKS are Here

From letters of
Pius L. Moore, S.J. and John Lennon, S.J.

THE Reverend Superior of Zi-ka-wei thought that two of his American subjects had learned enough Chinese to enable them to take their places on a new mission front. Accordingly, on August 24, he instructed Fathers Pius Moore, S.J., and John Lennon, S.J., the first missionaries to China from the California Province of the Society of Jesus, to depart for Nanking, China's capital.

"We waved our farewells to Shanghai," writes Father Lennon, "and to the American scholastics there on the morning of September 2, and set out on our dusty ride through the lower Yangtse Valley."

Among others bidding farewell to the missionaries at the station was a famous Chinese Catholic, Mr. Lo-Pa-Hong. He was quite disappointed that his American Jesuits were not intended for Shanghai, but proved his Christian resignation by coming to wish them God's blessing on their labors in fields other than the one on which he had set his heart. He promised also to visit them in Nanking.

ON the 160-mile train trip there were incidents that proved particularly interesting to the American travelers. There was for example the "Tea Boy," who brought a glass of tea every hour and at the end of the journey collected forty cents in Chinese money from every passenger regardless of whether the tea had been sipped or not. Then, too, there were men and women smoking in all the coaches. One Chinese woman facing Father Moore in the crowded coach chain-smoked cigarettes all the way from Shanghai to Nanking, stopping only long enough to sip tea or take lunch.

"By four in the afternoon," says Father Lennon, "we had covered the 160 miles to Nanking. The first thing that we saw there was its wall, which, they tell us, is twenty-four miles long. The ramparts do not present a very formidable prospect in the days of modern artillery, but they give the city a very medieval and picturesque appearance. We had stopped at two other walled cities on the way, so we were accustomed to the sight by the time our slow Shanghai-Nanking Express pulled into the station."

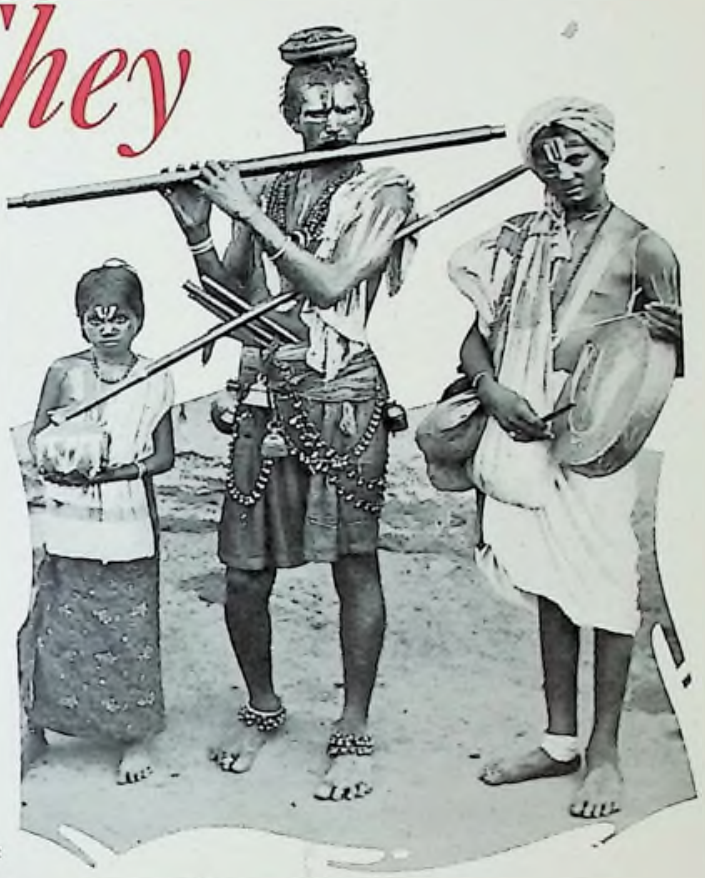
AT the station a taxi was waiting to receive them, and after passing through the congested districts of Hsi Kwan, they were soon speeding along the Chung Shan road that enters the walled city through the Hai Ling Gate. This road, a fine, broad, well-paved boulevard was recently completed by the Government. It cuts through the center of the city from the Yangtse riverfront to the foot of Purple Mountain famous in the past for the tombs of the Ming Emperors that still grace its lower sections. It is more glorious now because of the magnificent new tomb of the late Sun Yat Sen, the Father of the present Republic, erected higher up the mountain side.

Father Roberfroid, S.J., Director of Ricci College, proved a good guide and soon had his American missionaries at their new home where they received a royal Chinese welcome. Ricci College was named after Father Matthew Ricci, one of the first members of the Society of Jesus to make his way into China. Twelve years after his arrival in the country in 1583, he reached Nanking during the reign of the Emperor Wang-Li, and was the first to preach Christianity in that city and district. A marble monument to his memory was erected on the college campus in the year 1925.

(*Turn to page* 25)

The Way They Do It

Paul Dent, S.J.



An Indian orchestra. Notice the caste marks.

NOT least among the difficulties that the missionary in India meets are the many strange and sometimes bewildering pagan customs to which the people have been wedded for centuries. It is not an easy task to rid the people of these superstitious practices. Let me tell you a few that have come to my notice. First we shall recount how Hindus are made in Patna.

Hindus themselves will inform you that Hindus are made in this way: At the age of eight for a boy, or for a girl at marriage, the completely formed soul enters the body, and is at once made a Hindu soul. The *guru* comes, the family priest, whom henceforth the young Hindu will reverence even unto worship, and leading the Hindu-to-be apart, whispers in his ear the name of the god who is to be his special deity, and also a secret *mantra* or charm. This charm, some meaningless syllable like "hring" or "kring," must be kept an inviolate secret, and must, on all accounts, be repeated daily, for pardon of sins is dependent on it and admittance into the heaven of all good Hindus. Thus are Hindus made in Patna.

Next let me tell you how wells are made safe. There is a ceremony, of course; the Hindu has *bhuts* or evil spirits meeting him at every turn, and they must be propitiated. When the well is finished, a small quantity of milk is obtained from every manner of beast available, and a Brahman is called in to stand before the well and drink the milk. Having done this, he starts off on a run, going a good mile and being followed by the owners of the well and any one else—it's a free-for-all affair—and pelted by them with stones and clods of earth. At the end of the mile he walks off with his fee (sometimes he charges as high as rupees 400, or $125.00 for this, and no wonder!) and henceforth and forevermore the well is free from the "evil eye" of spirits malignant.

Truly, it must be pleasant for our poor priest-ridden pagans to have the opportunity, the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to heave a nice mud ball and watch it spatter the back of a "Twice Born" Brahman who holds them as not much higher in the scale of things than the mud they so generously heave.

RAIN in Patna is plentiful during only part of the year; there is also great drought. So the Hindu must have ways of charming the rain. He will tell you that when the frog croaks, rain falls. But if the frog croak not? Rain—the answer is easy—will not fall, for *Meghraja,* god of rain, is not pleased by the absence of croaking, and India has a drought. The problem, then, is to get a frog to croak, to croak loudly, insistently, pleadingly. Fortunately, the problem is not difficult for there is a croak-compelling charm that fails not. At evening time women of low castes gather in their villages and collect in a pot water from the jars of five houses. One healthy frog is then added, and an earthen lid put over frog and water. The pot is then placed under the heavy lever that crushes the family rice, and gently but firmly the lever falls on the lid. This broken, it soon falls on the frog, and he, poor creature, croaks and then dies. Songs are sung to the god, complaining of his not sending rain, and inviting his attention to the croak, and rain is sure to follow.

There are other ways, too, of charming the needed rain. Write the names of twenty-one living scoundrels, and rain will fall. Write the names of twenty-one living one-eyed men, and rain will stop falling. But the charm must be exactly carried out in this way:

Twist a rope out of the long thatch grass and, as the

name of the first scoundrel or the first one-eyed man is read out, tie a knot and beat it five times with a shoe. Continue this until twenty-one knots are tied and beaten, singing the while *ekkais beimana, deo niar ana,* "Twenty-one scoundrels, may the clouds come near!" or, *ekkais kana, deo parana,* "Twenty-one one-eyed men, may the clouds go away!" Then tie the ends of the rope and hang it over a *pipul* tree. The charm will work within twenty-four hours.

An explanation of the charm is not far to seek. The gods withhold rain because man sins. The names of twenty-one great sinners are, accordingly written down, and the reading of them and the beating of the knots, is symbolical and vicarious public punishment of them. Man thus satisfies for sins, the first step in pleasing the gods. The next is to notify the gods of this. This is done by placing the rope on the *pipul* tree, this tree being the dwelling place of *Vishnu,* second person of the *Trimurti* or Hindu trinity. This god, thus knowing of man's satisfaction for sins, relents and permits rain to fall.

The Black Mother, Kali Ma, to whom for ten days in October thousands of goats are sacrificed throughout India.

The explanation of the rain-dispelling charm is similar. One-eyed men are unfortunate men, suffering men, and their sufferings, made known to the god by placing the rope on the *pipul* tree, cause him to relent and restrain destructive floods. Such, at least, is the confused, groping faith of Patna's millions who are not yet won for Christ.

But let me tell you what happens when the mango tree is married. On the road to Ghyree stands a *chugla,* a wooden image of a man, some two feet high, guarding a grove of mango trees. *Chugla,* it seems, keeps close watch on the mangoes, and well the Hindu judges he may. For the trees are lady folk and but of late they have married a banyan tree.

The ceremony was this: the owner of the grove, his wife, a "witness" and a Brahman priest entered the grove, bearing a branch of a banyan tree, a pitcher, a vessel of water, a bamboo basket, and some coins. The branch of the banyan, the bridegroom, was placed near some mango tree, and the owner and his wife wrapped a shawl around both. Then the Brahman called down the blessings of the gods on the grove, filled the pitcher with water, placed a few copper coins in it, placed over it a mango leaf and on top of this a shallow earthen lamp filled with *ghi* or melted butter, which was set on fire. The bamboo basket, filled with various cloths representing the bride's "dowry," was then placed near the branch of the banyan, and vermillion paint, symbolical of completed marriage, smeared liberally on the mango. Then the owner and his wife and the "witness" went the rounds of the grove, the owner bearing in his hand a mango leaf with a silver coin on top, and the "witness" sprinkling both from time to time with cow's milk. The *chugla* was then set up to watch over the good behavior of the married multitude and their husband, and a fee to the priest with a *bara khana* (feast) to him and to a number of other Brahmans ended the ceremony.

The Hindu believes it highly meritorious in the sight of the gods to plant a mango tree, for whosoever performs this act of piety remains in heaven "as long as water falls from the living leaves of the tree."

Beliefs like these are not easily dispelled, and Patna's missionaries need many prayers to aid them in their task of establishing Christ's Church where paganism with its strange customs has reigned supreme for many centuries.

The American Jesuits in Patna are in no wise discouraged, but they do beg prayers that God may hasten the day when paganism will give place to Christianity, and idol worship will be supplanted by the worship of the one true God, and Kali Ma will be forgotten because India will have learned to love a greater Queen and Mother.

Not Fit to be OUT

Francis B. Prange, S.J.

What the well-dressed maiden, and, incidentally, the missionaries too, wear in the Arctic regions of Alaska.

IT was a beautiful day along the Yukon. Not a cloud marred the sky, not a breath of air disturbed the solemn stillness of the Northland The keen pleasure of it all was emphasized by the fact that this particular day was the first, after a week spent indoors with the flu, on which the joys of life could again be fully appreciated. Though the thermometer registered thirty below zero, the otherwise beautiful outside called irresistibly to at least a walk as far as the government hospital at the other end of the village, to pay in person my respects to the nurse who had tended me in my illness. Her astonishment at the audacity of my being up and around so soon gave way almost instantly to a chiding that was by no means as gentle as the pronoun "her" would lead one to believe.

"Not fit to be out?" I ventured. "Why, I can ride a sled right now as well as ever I hope to ride one in my life."

Just the same, I left the hospital a much meeker man than I entered it; for I took with me besides the reprimand, a cup of hot tea, two aspirin tablets, and a quinine pill of five grains, all consumed on the spot. But I also took to heart the piece of good advice to seek my room at once and to stay there.

AND there I still was at eight o'clock that night, when a tug at my front door bell brought me out again. A native boy stood there, telling me in hasty words that old man Seal Oil was very sick, "and her sure to die"; would I go to "her"?

"Sure son, I'll be right on my way."

The boy departed with the feeling of a duty well performed, while I returned to my room to get ready.

The first step in this preparation was to get rid of my "house clothes." This done, I put on in rapid succession a triple weight union suit of woolen underwear, two pairs of very heavy woolen socks, a pair of rain and wind proof woolen trousers, a woolen shirt and a closely knit woolen sweatervest, covered finally with another woolen shirt two sizes larger than the first. A pair of black overalls came next, and then the first pause was made for breath.

Beginning again at the feet, there went over the two pairs of socks a pair of plain moose skin moccasins, and the whole foot was ready to be encased in a fur top-boot with seal skin sole, reaching over the knee and fastened there with tasseled cords in pale blue and pink. The insides of these boots (*Turn to page* 26)

The garments a missionary puts on before starting out on a long sick call.

A Union without Strength

Ferdinand W. Haberstroh, S.J.

Ninety-seven per cent of the Filipinos are Catholics.

ONE afternoon not very many years ago a group of Catholic missionaries made their way up the trail from the hot dusty plains of the Philippine Islands to their little mission center high on the mountainside. As they climbed the mile of mountain they passed through ravines and gorges cut out from the rock by the tumbling stream that played with boulders as brooks play with pebbles. Soon they left behind the wind-torn banana trees, the slender bamboo, the waving sugar cane, and entered the forests of pine and fir and mountain oak that always surprise the unsuspecting traveler with a heart thrill and sweet remembrance of home.

It was in the middle of the rainy season, and the new-coming missionaries had not provided against the unexpected chill of the night air. Not far away from their mission house was another mission post of Americans, a little group of Anglican missionaries sent out by an Episcopal mission council. A messenger was sent to plead for help. Soon he returned with several much-needed blankets within whose comforting folds the Catholic missionaries safely passed their first night on the hills.

A study in expressions. Catholic children of the Philippine Islands.

It may seem unusual to find in a Catholic missionary magazine a word of appreciation for Episcopal missioners propagating the Protestant faith in a land that is for the most part Catholic and has been so for centuries. But remember that the kind act spoken of was experienced in the hills amid the non-Christian mountain tribes, and the point of the story will become increasingly clear. For there are two kinds of Protestant missionaries in the Philippine Islands: the Anglican or Episcopal, and the Evangelical; and of these two there are different stories to tell.

BISHOP BRENT of the Episcopal

Church respected the religious Faith of the Catholic Filipinos and passed through their midst in a spirit of Christian charity, towards the desolate parts of a beautiful country, to spend his missionary efforts among the heathen tribes. He considered it an ignoble thing to tamper with the Christian Faith of the Catholic native on the plains when the non-Christian tribes in the mountains were without any knowledge of Christ.

In almost startling contrast to this tolerant attitude, the aims and methods of the Evangelical missionaries, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, and the rest, are directed almost solely towards the perversion of the Catholic Christians into Protestant sectarians.

It is not often that a Protestant Bishop publicly calls to task the leaders of other sects and rebukes them for proselytising Roman Catholics. All the more surprising it is that this should happen in a far-off mission land. Yet here is the story of an open rupture in policy between the Episcopal Bishop Brent and the Protestant Evangelical bodies in the Philippine Islands. The significant event took place soon after the Islands had come under American rule, but the consequences are still felt in the Philippines.

Children of the non-Christian tribes of the mountains.

"TWO months after Dewey entered Manila Bay a conference of representatives of the larger (Protestant) foreign mission boards and societies was held in New York City (July, 1898) to plan for a harmonious and effective occupation of the Philippine Islands." (*The People of the Philippines,* page 178). When the Evangelical Union of the Philippine Islands came into existence in Manila on April 20, 1921, the ministers of the Protestant sects (Methodists, Presbyterians, the American Bible Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, etc.) formally proceeded to divide up the territory of the Philippine Islands among them for their happy hunting-grounds, or as it was then expressed by them "to submit a plan for the equitable division of the Islands among the missions." (ibid. p. 202). The ultimate aim was to establish a native "National Evangelical Church," a name already chosen for a new church which was, of course, to consist mainly of perverted Catholics.

The very existence of the Catholic Church in the Philippines and of Christianity seemed to have been overlooked or ignored by these religious conspirators. The Catholic Church was not to participate in this "equitable" division. She was destined to be the corpse which was to be cut up into pieces, a classic example of an attempt at surgical vivisection. The Catholic Filipinos were not even to have their choice, but their future Protestant status was mapped out for them by these zealots. Natives of a certain province had little chance to become anything but Methodists, while in the neighboring district they had to become Baptists or forego the thrilling experience of a change of faith. The official list of divided territories can be found in the records of the meeting.

SO clear-cut was the difference in missionary aims and methods of the Episcopal Bishop Brent, that he at once declined the invitation of the others to join with the Union because, as he tells them plainly: "we cannot subscribe to some of the principles implied or set forth explicitly." (ibid. p. 205). It is further explained by a zealous unionist that "the principle obstacle for the Bishop was the attempt to proselytize Roman Catholics." (ibid.) Mission work for him meant preaching the gospel to the heathen, bringing the word to those who knew it not, thus extending the limits of Christianity. He did not think it worthy of himself to augment the number of his flock with perverts coaxed and cajoled from another Christian fold. Others also were cold to the proposition, but what was a conscientious obstacle for them was only a brilliant incentive for these Evangelical missionaries.

The glowing prospect that stood before this Union of the disunited as it stepped (*Turn to page* 26)

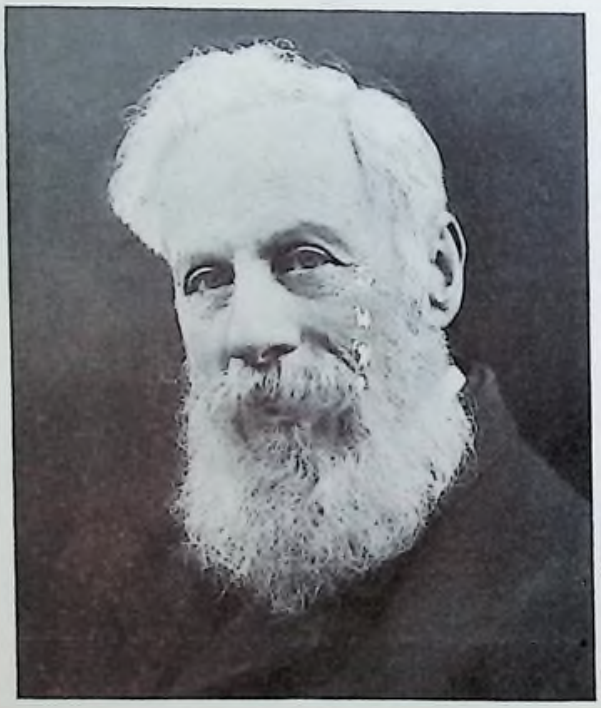
Meet Father Cadot

On the Odjibway Trail

Thomas A. Hynes, S.J.

LET the reader call before his mind's eye a hospital room, four snow-white walls, an enameled bed draped in clean creased linen, a couple of chairs, and a large sunny window. That done, he may succeed with a little effort in seeing a gentle little nursing Sister enter and place a flower-pot on the window sill. The immaculate grace of two slender lilies makes Sister's apology for the flower-pot unnecessary. "Almost Christmas time; one for Father Cadot, and one for his welcome visitor," Sister says, daintily snipping off the remains of a faded leaf with her convenient scissors.

You bow rather graciously — you've just discovered that you are the honored guest — and then you accept the proffered chair. Sister retires, and you two are left alone, you and Father Cadot. But who is Father Cadot? He is the grand old Indian missionary whose smile has worked wonders among the Odjibways of northern Ontario for nearly thirty years.



Father Joseph Cadot, S.J.

THIS winter he has been quite ill, and we have succeeded in coaxing him down from his lonely haunts to have a little rest. Although he is charmed with your presence, you may notice at first a wistful, almost lonely air concealed beneath his charming affableness.

"This hospital is an awful place!" he jovially confides —incidentally he has noticed Sister lingering in the doorway to take a last artistic glance at her pet lilies.

"The attendance not so good, Father?" you ask.

"No, no," he corrects your false impression with a smile. "It's too good! They kill you with kindness, never leave you alone. You see, I want to get back to my Indians, but they won't let me. They tell me I'm sick. I'm lonesome for my Indians. They would like to have their missionary for Christmas. They and I always like to celebrate Christmas together."

YOU know of his long trips from mission to mission, through the rough, wooded regions of the North.

"Do you ever get lost, Father?" you ask, hoping to get a story or two. Father Cadot begins with this one:

"A terrible storm was raging about my house, when I heard a knock at my door. I went to see who was there. It was a boy with a letter for me. I opened and read it. It was from a young Indian of Saugeen, some thirty miles away.

" 'I am dying, Father!' the letter read. 'Please hurry and come to me. I can just write these few lines.'

"I called Freddy Lavalee, my little Indian helper and guide in my travels. He was only fourteen years old. I gave him the letter. When he read it he began to cry and said:

" 'Father, we can't go so far in this cold and awful storm!'

" 'Freddy,' I replied, 'if it were you who were sick and dying at Saugeen and you wrote me that letter, and I refused to go, what would you think? Would you think I did my duty?'

"The brave little lad fell on his knees, and asked my pardon.

" 'Yes, Father, we will go, you and I,' he said, and rushed out to get the horse and sleigh.

"I hurried, too, for with the regular roads blocked, I figured that we might have almost forty miles to go. It was then nine A. M. Before we reached French Bay the biting cold and deep snow had fatigued us terribly. At four P. M. we knocked at the (*Turn to page* 27)

A Yard of Jamaica

J. S. Knight, S.J.

MAGNIFICENT scenery, rich tropical vegetation, majestic hills, sweeping views over the Caribbean Sea—these make of Jamaica a natural paradise. Kingston, the capital city, has its fine harbor, its scenic parks and its broad, tree-lined boulevard.

Yet, within the very limits of Jamaica's capital there exists the miserable condition of the poor who live in the squalor of worse than tenement districts. These dwelling places of the poor are called "yards." One must see them to get the full meaning of the term. A group of tumbledown shacks will all face one common yard. In these yards there is no privacy worthy of the name; no real family life is possible in the least. "But the people are used to it," someone has said.

"These dwelling places of the poor are called yards."

USED to it they are, indeed. Used to poverty, to squalor, to vice, to sin. Herded in yards, the place they call home is more like a paddock for horses or a kennel for animals of lesser degree. All the comforts of home that people of finer sensibilities demand as a first requisite for a dwelling are conspicuous by their absence. The very minimum of comfort for a self-respecting family is a table and a chair or two where the cravings of hunger may be satisfied. In the yards meals are taken picnic fashion, in most cases around the fire that cooks the meal. It is necessarily so. The only alternative would be a common table for all the inhabitants of a particular yard. But then the question would arise as to who would be responsible for this piece of furniture. Too much "bodderation" would attach to such an arrangement. Tables for groups in the "apartments" would take up too much room. A bed of the cheapest kind, a couch, perhaps two couches, and a chair or two are as much as the ordinary-sized room will hold.

Sleeping accommodations are primitive. Sometimes a few boxes covered over with odds and ends of clothing will serve as a resting place for the night. Where beds can be afforded they are generally of wood of second rate or of old packing cases put together by an amateur cabinet maker. The "apartments" themselves are frequently constructed of automobile packing cases bought from the garages of the city. If the inhabitant of one of these "apartments" happens to be a decrepit old person bereft of family, tended occasionally by some inhabitant of the yard, the condition of the couch can be well imagined.

IN many cases one room is the sleeping place of father, mother and children, usually with a curtain of calico or some such goods to further divide the small room. Children come quickly to the age of discretion in the yards. Boys to the age of about twelve run about in a single garment, a shirt or jumper. Little boys seem to be considered privileged to go about as the animals do, in the way that nature made them. The little girls are better watched over, though their garments are scanty enough.

In each yard there is usually a corner where outdoor bathing is indulged in. Not a pool, but a sink and a water tap, sometimes with shower attachment. Bathing in the tropics is a real necessity. Turns must be awaited of course. Privacy to a greater or lesser degree is afforded by the use of galvanized iron or zinc sheeting.

FAMILY relations among these poor of the yards are of a rather elastic nature. Marriage seems to be considered a social distinction rather than an institution of God. A woman who may call herself "Missus" is justly entitled to be looked up to. Often a man and his consort will live a consistent life, but the marriage bond is avoided, either because it is too much of a risk to be bound for life or because (*Turn to page* 28)

Southern H

Rt. Rev. Will

A HISTORICAL novelist writing of the Southern Highlander informs us: "He is the only man in the world whom the Catholic Church has made little or no effort to convert." When on October 6, 1929, it was my great privilege to administer the sacrament of Confirmation to six of the more than one hundred and fifty thousand Southern Highlanders in North Carolina, I knew that

"Southern Highlanders"

the Catholic Church had not only made an effort but was successful in its first effort. The first seeds have been planted. Let us glance briefly upon that portion of the vineyard until recently a land unknown to the Catholic Faith.

Not in China or India or Africa is this missionary diocese located, but in our own United States, over-night by train from New York City. It is found in the State of North Carolina wherein three million souls are living their mortal days. Like ancient Gaul, North Carolina is divided into three parts in its physical and racial aspects. Each section presents a different problem to the bishop and priests of the diocese. The eastern or coastal section, quite level in its vast reaches and mild in climate, is the home of the refined and hospitable Southerner; while close to half of the population is of the colored race. The central section, elevated and rolling, is the scene of one of the greatest industrial developments in modern years. Busy cities, ranging from five to fifty thousand in population, abound. The visitor from New England, Long Island or New Jersey would feel quite at home in this sector. The western division, with its mountain ranges rivaling those of Switzerland, is the habitation of the one hundred and fifty thousand men, women and children who have won the virile classification of "Southern Highlanders."

Isolated from contact with the outside world, this hardy race might well be said to live the life of the eighteenth century. The blood of Irish and German ancestors w doubtedly flows in the arteries of a people general described as Anglo-Saxon and now considered pure native American. With little letter-learning a less cultural opportunities, these people are not w educated. Close to nature, they ever feel close t the God of nature. From the trees of the forest a the rushing rivulets have they received that educ tion of soul which mere book knowledge cannot i part, and which makes them really religious at hea

IN the entire State, with its three divisions, there were less than seven thousand souls of the Catholic Faith when the diocese was established by Pope Piux XI in 1924. In the western section among the mountaineers there was neither priest nor chapel nor Catholics. To a secular priest, the Reverend Bernard McDevitt, of Irish birth, came the distinction of being appointed first resident priest west of Asheville, North Carolina. After three years he counts close to fifty Catholics most of whom have come from without to live in the beautiful mountain towns.

Rt. Rev. Wil

NEXT came three Jesuit priests from the New Orleans Province to establish a missionary centre at Hot Springs, North Carolina, and to begin the truly pioneer mi sionary work among the scattered thousands living alon mountain trails. The sons of Ignatius Loyola and the brothe of Isaac Jogues and his companions, have come to Nort Carolina to bring the name and Faith of Jesus Christ to people hitherto as removed from Catholic truth as any grou in remotest China. By constant visitations to the cabins the mountaineers, by visits to the sick, through kindly advi and charitable deeds, already these zealous priests have w

Highlanders

J. Hafey, D.D.

many friends among the hill people of Carolina.

In contrast to the absurd and frequently villainous stories of the Catholic Church and its priesthood, the people find the Catholic Church truly Christlike in its ministrations and especially sympathetic to the poor and forgotten. By nature and by reason of their environment these mountain folk are independent of class or race prejudice. They are prone to judge a case on the evidence presented. They will give the Catholic Church a hearing and the Church asks for nothing more in her missionary endeavors. The first fruits of the zeal of the Jesuit Fathers were the six humble and honest men and women who had traveled twenty-four miles through narrow mountain roads to receive that sacrament which would stamp them as soldiers of Jesus Christ and fortify them with grace to profess and practise their new-found Catholic Faith.

J. Hafey, D.D.

WOULD many of our Catholic millions, born and reared in the Faith, prove themselves equally fearless in the practice and profession of their Faith under like conditions? We trust that they would so prove themselves, though frankly, we have our doubts. But in any event it is my conviction that the millions of Catholics in America will be vitally interested in the apostolic efforts being made to bring the glad tidings of Catholic Faith to the multitudes who know us not. Right here I will quote some strong words published in the *True Voice* of Omaha, Nebraska: "A contemporary wants to know what we are doing to bring on persecution in this country. None are so blind as those who will not see. Does this writer not see that the building up of splendid institutions and churches while neglecting to educate the people of the country in regard to our Faith is simply tempting the evil disposed, who have never yet failed to stir up persecution when it offered opportunity of financial gain? It was these conditions that brought about persecution in France and in Mexico. The same will undoubtedly happen in our own country. Perhaps it will not come within the next few years. But signs are not wanting that it is on the way. And what are we doing to prevent it?

"Half the population is of the colored race."

Just as others have done before us, we are building, building, building and doing nothing to bring our Faith before the well-disposed people of the country. Meanwhile, secularism is planning its program, which has no room for the Catholic system. The clash is inevitable."

THE words reveal a note well worth the honest consideration of bishops, priests, and laity. We who live and work in a far-flung territory where Catholics are as rare as jewels—and they are as a rule, thank God, jewels of practical Catholicity—may be inclined to see more truth in the ominous portent than it really contains. In any event, we frankly state that it is not true that the priests and laity of the Southland are "doing nothing to bring our Faith before the well-disposed people of the country." But we are limited for one big reason and that is the poverty of our resources. To send a few thousand dollars and expect it to be sufficient to reach out in a field where there are millions of souls, is an indication of little or no experience in a missionary territory. On the other hand, were our Catholic laity fully informed on our needs and opportunities, I venture to opine that their prompt and generous sacrifices would usher in a national movement resulting in a harvest of conversions second to none in the long story of Christ's One True Church.

But to return to our six convert friends *(Turn to page 28)*

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That God's choicest blessings may be showered on them, that they may enjoy Heaven's special protection for the twelve months of the coming year, and that they may increase daily in their enthusiasm for the missions, is the wish and the prayer of the Editors of Jesuit Missions for all readers and for all mission-minded Catholics on the first day of the year nineteen hundred and thirty. A blessed and happy New Year!

Ushering in 1930

THE experiences of the past year and the prospects for the year ahead seem to furnish plenty of room for sober thought as we usher in the year 1930. We leave to others the task of speculation and prophecy concerning business matters and individual and national prosperity. Our main interest lies in the mission outlook for the coming year.

The new year promises much for the missions. The Holy Father will undoubtedly continue his constructive program of organization for the missions. He has already accomplished great things, but his hopes run high that much more may yet be done in all mission centers. The eastern countries seem to demand most careful attention, for there are the largest populations. First there is the task of saving the Faith where already firmly established, as, for example, in the Philippine Islands. Then there is the delicate problem of bringing about a union between the Oriental separationists and the Holy See. Finally, there is the all but overwhelming task of planting the Church more solidly in the vast pagan populations of Africa, China, Japan and India and the isles of the Pacific.

Supporting the efforts of the reigning Pontiff, let us hope there will be a marked increase in mission-mindedness and in sacrifices for the missions on the part of the Christians of the world. The last year has witnessed splendid progress in mission zeal and mission support in Europe and America. More and more recruits, priests, Brothers and Sisters, are setting out for the foreign missions—a proof of the genuineness of modern Catholicity. Surely, there is every reason to look to the coming year as "the hour of God in the foreign missions."

The Church Unity Octave

SOME years ago a group of non-Catholics began eight days of special prayer for the union of Christendom. Their prayer began on January 18 and continued until January 25. The first of these days is the feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, the last day is the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Ten years after the organization of this group, eighteen of its members entered the Catholic Church.

Once Catholic, this group took up energetically the work of spreading the octave of prayer for unity. So successful have been their efforts that more than one thousand prelates of the Church have signed a petition to the Holy Father that the observance of this octave be made universal, like May devotions to our Lady.

The form of prayer prescribed for the octave is:

Antiphon: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." St. John xvii, 21.

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;
R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the Faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

(Under the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence is granted on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, and a further grant of two hundred days is extended to those of the faithful who simply join in the devotions piously. Benedict XV, Feb. 25, 1916.)

The following is the list of intentions for each day of the octave:

January 18: Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Return of the "other sheep."

January 19: Return of Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20: Submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21: That Lutherans and other continental Protestants may return to Holy Church.

January 22: That all Christians in America may become one with the Chair of St. Peter.

January 23: Return to the sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24: The Conversion of the Jews.

January 25: Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Missionary conquest of the world.

All readers are asked to join in the Church Unity Octave this year, so that soon all nations may acknowledge the One True Shepherd and His Fold.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 25. Shiuhing, China

Mission chapel and congregation at West River, Shiuhing, China.

THE mission of Shiuhing is directed by the Portuguese Jesuits. To 14 priests and 4 Brothers, assisted by 7 Franciscan Sisters and 97 catechists, is entrusted the task of bringing Christianity to a population of 4,783,735 Chinese of whom only 4,072 are Catholics. The Fathers attend to 2 oratories, 22 chapels and 9 churches. At Shiuhing the Fathers have a small college. Here are stationed Fathers A. G. Garcia, S.J., and Simon Tang, S.J., both of whom made their theological studies in the United States, the former at Woodstock, Maryland, the latter at St. Louis, Missouri. Another priest of Shiuhing mission, Father Peter Chan, S.J., spent the final year of his course in Jesuit training at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Father Chan is stationed at Takhing, West River, China.

The Mission Intention for JANUARY

That All May Be One

WHERE unity and harmony dwell together, there one may look for greater success in any field of endeavor. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, urges all, in this month's mission intention, to pray that unity and harmony in religion may come to the disunited Christian bodies of the world. Once this union of Christendom is attained, there will be surer hope of success in a united effort to convert the pagan world.

Mere external union will not do; there must be a real union of Faith and Hope and Charity, a unity of belief and worship, a unity prayed for by our Lord Himself when He asked His heavenly Father "that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee." The union ardently desired, therefore, is the union of all human beings in following the Church, the true Fold, established by Christ Himself.

The Christian world presents a confusing picture to the pagan who is fair in his search for the true religion. He finds division of opinion even in the ranks of those who call themselves Christian. He sees besides the 300,000,000 members of the Church of Rome, the sad spectacle of 120,000,000 Oriental schismatics separated from the mother Church centuries ago; he finds another 171,000,000 Protestant Christians, broken up into divisions and subdivisions of belief and unbelief—none dating their separation from the mother Church back further than the sixteenth century. The educated pagan is confused at all this disunion and finds it hard to reach the one true Fold.

Catholics are urged to pray with special fervor during the month of January that our Protestant Christians may return to the Fold whence they strayed, and that the Eastern schismatics may submit once more to the government of the Vicar of Christ at Rome. United under Christ's appointed Shepherd, all will feel that security again which is built upon the strength of Christ's own words, a security against all error, for "behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." United Christianity will preach the one same saving doctrine of Christ to all peoples.

PATNA, INDIA

From Bhagalpur, Father James Creane, S.J., tells of persecution inflicted on his catechist:

"Just a week ago today I received from one of the Santals out in the district a telegram which read as follows: 'Come sharp, most urgent!' For the life of me I could not figure out what might be the matter, unless possibly our catechist in those parts had suddenly become dangerously ill. Being unable to go immediately myself, I sent out a man to investigate and return by the midnight train to inform me if there were anything of a serious nature.

"I was roused from peaceful slumbers in the wee small hours of the night. My man was back and began his story by saying: 'It is a criminal case.' That was interesting to say the least and brought me to completely. I pricked up my ears and listened for more details. Our catechist had been captured and beaten by Hindus.

"Next morning I was up bright and early and hastened out to get the full story from the catechist himself. He was passing through a village, so he said, when he was accosted by a Hindu, who asked him:

"'What is your caste?'

"'I am a Christian,' replied the catechist.

"'And what are you doing here?' queried the Hindu.

"'I give lectures and recruit boys and girls for our boarding schools,' responded the catechist.

"After this brief interview the catechist went to the bazaar and began to preach. A little later the same Hindu, accompanied by two of his police came down and caught hold of him and told him to come to the Hindu's house under the pretext of holding a further conversation with him. The catechist went with them. But scarce had they arrived at the house, when the Hindu gave orders to bind his hands behind his back. That done, he told them to beat him. And beat him they did with their fists and with lathis. While the beating was going on they robbed him of his umbrella, all his money and some of his clothes. He was then released with a warning to preach no more and was turned over to the derroga who beat him for the night.

"Early in the morning however, our catechist slipped away before the *derroga* awoke and returned to his own village, where I found him so badly bruised that he could hardly walk. He is now quite all right again and ready to go forth and brave the foe once more.

"As far as I have been able to find out the only reason for the beating was to scare him out of the country and put an end to our work there. But it will take a great deal more than that to drive us out. Who knows, they may try their *lathis* on the *padri saheb* next. Should it come to that, let us hope that we, too, like our catechist, may find joy in the thought that 'blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake.'"

* * *

From Victoria Mission Father Charles Miller, S.J., sends encouraging words.

"The mission is prospering. More people are coming every month and I have to build new houses. God has been very good to us this year. The cholera epidemic was particularly virulent, yet we were spared. All about us one village after another was affected and the list of casualties is a long one. Yet there was not a single case in our village although people from the affected areas were coming and going.

"In a village a short distance from here the cholera epidemic left but a few. The medical authorities declared the wells, but a *saddhu* (native priest) told the villagers that if they drank of this disinfected water all would die. The poor ignorant people believed him, bailed all the water out of their wells and 'cleaned' them of the disinfectant. The 'Grim Reaper' gleaned sixty from that village of about three hundred people. The *saddhu* now has the field to himself. I was told on good authority that, besides several goats, a buffalo and other gifts, his prayers netted him about two hundred rupees."

Ready for Mass in their cabin aboard ship en route to India. Left to right: Father George Dertinger, S.J., Charles Bonnot, S.J., and Marshall Moran, S.J.

Father Leon Foster, S.J., who sailed for India in the Fall of 1928, is returning to the United States early in 1930 to work in this country for the Patna Mission. The necessity of more financial support and of more vocations has induced superiors to sacrifice the services of the valuable missionary in order to secure more support at home.

January 1 will usher in a number of changes in Patna Diocese.

Father A. Perrin, S.J., is preparing for work among the Santals.

Father Henry Wisseman, S.J., enters new territory around Gaya.

Father R. Conway, S.J., becomes superior at Ranchi and also Director of the high and middle English school.

Father W. Mangan, S.J., will be headmaster of the middle English school at Ranchi and editor of the Patna Mission Annual.

Messrs. R. Welfle, S.J., C. Saldanha, A. Wildermuth, S.J., J. G. Mann, S.J., and F. Farrell, S.J., will teach at Bettiah. The last named will also edit *Khristarajya*, the new Catholic monthly in Hindi.

Father J. Killian, S.J., begins work among the Santals. He will work out from Jamalpur, but his mission station is Barka Hatiya.

Messrs. M. Lyons, S.J., and K. M. Angelo, S.J., will teach at Father Forster's school at Chuhari.

Father R. Mullen, S.J., will go from Bettiah to St. Michael's School at Kurji.

Mr. F. Loesch, S.J., will join Mr. P. Dent, S.J., at Kurseong in preparation for the priesthood.

Father J. Gibbons, S.J., will make his Tertianship at Ranchi.

Messrs. J. Morrison, S.J., M. Batson, S.J., R. Mehren, S.J., M. Moran, S.J., and C. Bonnot, S.J., journey to Shembaganur for their philosophical studies.

Father G. Dertinger, S.J., will continue his study of the Hindi language at Bankipore.

The other Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers will remain in the places in which they were stationed last year.

AMERICAN INDIANS

St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota suffered a great loss in the death of Father Henry Grothe, S.J., who died in St. Louis, Mo., October 30, 1929. For twenty-five years he had labored among the Sioux of the Rosebud Reservation. During this time he won many converts to the Faith, built many churches and untiringly led his flocks ever closer and closer to the Great Shepherd.

Father Grothe was an indefatigable worker. No labor was too strenuous, no weather too severe for him. His one idea was to make the Indians better Christians, to give them all the help at his command to make their lives more like Christ's. The greater part of every week he was among them, consoling them, bringing them clothing, sharing his scanty provisions with them. This was a terrific drain upon his energies in the days of the horse and buggy. When the automobile came, instead of husbanding the strength of his weakening body, he undertook greater tasks.

Father Henry Grothe, S.J., died after twenty-five years of zealous labor among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.

Personal comforts were unknown to him. Ever generous to others, he used the money he received from eastern friends for his Indians, never for himself. In the heat of summer or in the cold of winter he fared no better than the Indians whom he visited. He traveled through good and bad weather, through blizzard and over swollen stream to bring the consolations of religion to his flock. In doing so he destroyed the fine health and weakened the great body God had given him. No man could have done more than he did for the Indians.

Father Grothe was laid to rest in the novitiate cemetery at Florissant, Mo., where those other great heroes of the Indian missions, Van Quickenborn, Hoecken and DeSmet lie buried. A more fitting place could not be found.

* * *

After some ten years of strenuous apostolic labors among the Oglala Sioux of Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, Father Otto Moorman, S.J., has been called to the Florissant Valley near St. Louis to take up the work of converting the thousands of Negroes of that locality. Father Moorman finds conditions there even worse than he did among the Red Men in the Bad Lands districts.

* * *

Father Joseph P. Fenoughty, S.J., formerly missionary in British Honduras, has gone to Holy Rosary Mission to replace Father Moorman. Mr. Raymond J. Bishop, S.J., a scholastic, is teaching in the mission school. Father Albert B. Grueter, S.J., who taught in the school last year, is now doing missionary work out in the camps. He visits five different stations monthly.

* * *

At St. Francis Mission, South Dakota,

Father Edward Griva, S.J. (left), and Father William Levasseur, S.J. (right), at the dedication of their new chapel among the Indians in Montana.

Father Martin Schiltz, S.J., has replaced Father B. Zimmerman, S.J., as Treasurer of the mission. Father George Warth, S.J., is teaching in the mission school and caring for several mission chapels on Rosebud Reservation.

* * *

Peyote, an Indian drug-herb, is working havoc among the Crow Indians near St. Xavier Mission, Montana. Even some of the school children have been caught attending the meetings where peyote is taken. "This," writes Father John Laux, S.J., "is our greatest problem, and at present it is one that is very hard to solve. The Indians say that peyote 'has a better kick than good booze' and can compare favorably with other narcotics."

* * *

On November 26, at Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, died Father Hugh Finnegan, S.J., at the advanced age of eighty-five. Father Finnegan had come to this country in 1872 in response to a missionary appeal made in Ireland by the famous Father Peter DeSmet, S.J.

After his ordination to the priesthood, Father Finnegan set out for the Indian missions of the northwestern States. There, in Montana and Oregon, he labored for the salvation of the Indians for thirteen years till he was recalled to the mid-West for work in Detroit. Later, Father Finnegan became president of Creighton University, and in his later years, since 1909, he was stationed in Milwaukee.

There is no Indian boarding school on the Crow reservation, but three day schools are conducted by the mission. These three schools are taught by three laywomen.

"Father Thomas Grant, S.J., is doing great work," writes Father Laux, "and is a great friend of both Indians and whites. All speak very highly of him and they know that he means business. He is constantly out laboring among the Indians. Lately he was caught in one of the first snow storms of the year. The snow fell for two days, so the roads were bad."

* * *

Msgr. William Hughes, Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau, visited Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho. He delivered an eloquent sermon to the Coeur d'Alene Indians on devotion to the Mother of God, telling them how the Blessed Virgin had showered great favors upon the Indians, especially those of Mexico and Dakota.

* * *

Father Eugene Papineau, S.J., with the help of zealous Benedictine Fathers, has established the Apostleship of Prayer on four reservations among the Canadian Indians. Communions, once so rare, are now numerous, and many Indians who were careless in their Faith have been attracted to the sacraments.

The celebration of the First Friday has come to be the principal event in the unruffled lives of these children of the woods and the plains. The day is signalized by the hoisting of the Sacred Heart flag to the top of a high flag pole.

ALASKA

As soon as sufficient funds have been raised to purchase a private airplane, Brother George Feltes, S. J., of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, will be ready to fly to the missions of Alaska. Brother has been taking instructions in aviation and has secured his commercial license. He is continuing his studies and practice at the Alameda Flying Field across the bay from San Francisco. Brother plans that the plane most useful for his work in flying to the various Alaskan missions will be a three passenger plane equipped to carry at least two hundred pounds of baggage.

This is the season of hardship and isolation for the missionaries working among the Eskimos and Indians of Alaska.

No doubt, his Alaskan flying will be helped by the new airport established at Nulato. This winter, airplanes are to supplant the dog teams as mail carriers in northern Alaska. With the exception of Hooper Bay, Kashunak and Kotzebue Sound, all the northern Alaska Missions lie along the route to be taken by the mail planes. The commercial pilots will carry a passenger whenever he wishes to go.

* * *

Father Lafortune, S.J., is now on King Island, a rocky crag a considerable distance northwest of Nome, out in the Bering Sea, where he has longed to establish a mission for many years.

* * *

Father Hubert Post, S.J., superior of Pilgrim Springs, is now superior of the entire Seward Peninsula, having under his jurisdiction the missions at Arvinak, Nome and Teller. He is assisted at Pilgrim Springs by Brothers John Hansen, S.J., and Peter Wilhalm, S.J.

An airplane landing field has been opened at Pilgrim Springs by a commercial company.

The very cold and wet weather in September put a stop to the growth of the mission's vegetables, leaving but a very poor crop.

* * *

Father A. Willebrand, S.J., missionary at Akulurak, has had a busy season preparing for the winter. He writes:

"Our fishing season, which is of vital importance, is at an end. The Sisters and girls cut and dried more than 12,000 fish. Our Brothers have gathered our year's supply of wood. There is no timber here, so we must depend on bushes and on driftwood, which is gathered from the banks of the Yukon and made into a large raft and towed to the mission by our workboat, the "Treca." If we cannot obtain a sufficient supply of wood in this fashion, we must buy coal at a very high price.

"Our mission is now favored by a visit of the "Mary Angeline," the hospital boat maintained by the Bureau of Education for the inhabitants of the Yukon district, most of whom live far from doctors and medical help. On board there is a good doctor and a dentist, and very good equipment. What a blessing it is for the Fathers, Sisters and children of Akulurak! There is an opportunity for all, who have need, to receive first-class medical and dental attention. We must use it while we have it, for

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES

VENERABLE JOHN OGILVIE, S.J.

JOHN OGILVIE, S.J., was one of those heroic figures that added glory to the Catholic Church in the British Isles during the days of bloody persecution in the early seventeenth century. He was a Scotchman, born at Drum near Keith in 1580. Though educated as a Calvinist, he was converted to Catholicism and received into the Church at Louvain by Father Cornelius a Lapide, S.J.

Becoming a Jesuit at the age of seventeen, he was ordained priest in 1613 and at his own request was sent on the dangerous Scottish mission. During nine months he reconciled many to the Church in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Father Ogilvie was betrayed in the last named city, but during a long imprisonment no tortures could force him to give to his persecutors the names of any Catholics. Though his legs were cruelly crushed, and he was kept awake for nine nights by being continually pricked with needles, scarcely a sigh escaped him. Under searching examinations his patience, courage and gaiety won the admiration of his very judges. Prejudice and unfairness prevailed, however, and he was condemned as a traitor and hanged at Glasgow. Popular sympathy was markedly manifest at the execution; this caused the executioners to omit the customary beheading and quartering. Father Ogilvie's body was hurriedly buried in the churchyard of Glasgow Cathedral.

it may be a long time before another such opportunity comes. It is two years since the last visit of the boat.

"Ice will soon form on our rivers. Then travel will stop and we shall be completely cut off until the ice becomes strong enough to support dogs and sleds.

"Recently I had to make a long sick call and the only means of travel at hand was a row boat. It took twelve hours and more to reach the place which was comparatively near by. All rivers here are very crooked and the current is rather swift. With four boys of our school I traveled for several hours, bend after bend of the river, until our destination was reached. Our return was very slow because the current was against us."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Satisfactory progress is being made by the new community of native nuns which was inaugurated on September 8, at Kingston, Jamaica. Within the little convent just about one hundred yards from Holy Trinity Cathedral, Reverend Mother Mary Humiliana, O.S.F., formerly of the Franciscan Convent of the Immaculate Conception, is preparing the first five postulants of the new religious organization which is known as the Franciscan Missionaries of Perpetual Help.

The purpose of the native Sisterhood is to afford an opportunity of entering religious life to young Jamaican ladies

Mr. John J. Williams, S.J., and Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., in Jamaica.

who feel a vocation to that calling. The principal work of the Sisters will be teaching, but they will also visit the sick and perform other charities that come within their scope.

With the prayers and cooperation of all good Catholics and friends of the Sisters, the great adventure of these courageous pioneers will be a success and they will accomplish much good in the vocation to which they have been called by our Lord.

Benque Viejo school children with Father J. B. Kammerer, S.J., and Sister of the Pious Missions, British Honduras.

BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS

The Catholic people of Belize turned out in good numbers to take part in the solemn ceremonies and the procession held on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the new Catholic Community Center building. Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., officiated and was assisted by the Jesuits stationed in Belize. The new building will go far to help solve the problem of supplying fitting social activities for the various groups of the Catholic population of the little capital of British Honduras.

* * *

Father Charles Palacio, S.J., a native Spaniard, but a member of the American Jesuit province of Missouri, is now prefect of studies and discipline at the mission college, St. John's, in Belize.

* * *

Father William Ryan, S.J., has been transferred from Belize Cathedral to the mission of El Cayo. He also has charge of the mission stations at Yalbac, Monkey Falls, Bullet Tree, Happy Home and other centers.

* * *

Father R. Henneman, S.J., and Father D. Hickey, S.J., have taken up work at the Cathedral at Belize. The former was stationed at the Cathedral some years ago, and was warmly welcomed on his return. He becomes pastor of the church.

* * *

Father R. Harder, S.J., is stationed at the College after spending some time at work in the Cathedral parish in Belize.

SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

An efficient method of collecting for his Rock Hill missions in South Carolina has been adopted by Father P. A. Ryan, S.J. Writing recently to St. John's College, Shreveport, La., he suggested that the "Students' Missionary Society" adopt the Rock Hill missions, the adoption to be effected by a monthly contribution from the students towards the maintenance of the missionary at Rock Hill.

With marked promptness Father John J. Murphy, S.J., the students' adviser, sent word that he had proposed the plan to the students and that their response was favorable, immediate and unanimous. Father Ryan has already received two checks from the students.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Excerpts from letters of Father Martin O'Shaughnessy, S.J., at Balingasag, Misamis, Mindanao:

"I have just returned from a ten days trip. I went to Cagayan for a day or two and then sailed for Talisayan to help Father David Daly, S.J., and Father Alfred Kienle, S.J., celebrate the patronal *fiesta*. Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., was on hand as the orator of the day. It was quite a celebration; brass band, fireworks and lots of enthusiasm. As the boat made no return trip for a week we had to delay at Talisayan for the period and we were glad to have the little touch of community life it afforded us.

"Next week we celebrate the first anniversary of our arrival in Manila. At times the days seemed long and not so bright; but looking back from the year's terminal, the days did pass quickly and had a good share of blessings and happiness. Father James T. Hayes, S.J., is doing great work in the capital city. He has brought back many who had drifted over to the Aglipayan church. Here in the suburbs we are working hard to keep the Faith aglow in the hearts of the good people under our guidance. I hope the Lord is pleased with the good we may have accomplished in the past twelve-month."

* * *

"Next year," writes Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., at Jasaan, Mindanao, P.I., "I must give special attention to the developing of vocations. We shall start the seventh grade and at its completion it is my fervent hope and prayer that there will be some who may desire

to become priests or Sisters. Their further education will also have to be taken care of by me if my health permits me to carry on the work here. Already I had two boys and five girls in preparation, but when my resources dwindled, I had to give up some of them and now have only one boy and one girl in preparation. Many have expressed a desire to enter religious life, but always with the idea of its impossibility of attainment because of lack of proper education, since they have no prospect of continuing their studies."

* * *

A letter rarely comes from FATHER DAVID DALY, S.J., at Talisayan, Misamis, Mindanao, but when one does come it is certainly all the more welcome and all the more interesting:

"It is not often that you hear from me, but that is not because I love you less, but because there are only twenty-four hours in the day here in Mindanao.

"FATHER JOAQUIN VILALLONGA, S.J., the former Superior of the Jesuits in the Philippines, and the present Father Provincial of the province of Aragon, returned to the Islands several months ago in the capacity of Apostolic Visitor. Very Reverend Father General took occasion of the opportunity to appoint him Visitor to the Jesuit houses here in the Islands.

"Two weeks ago we heard that he was on his way to Misamis and would be here in one week. Brief as the time

Father James G. Daly, S.J., with his Filipino boys.

was, we prepared to welcome him as we thought such a distinguished visitor should be welcomed. The teachers of our school and the Sisters worked overtime to prepare a little entertainment for him. The children made some pennants to wave at his arrival, the girls doing the sewing, and the boys shaving the sticks. We were all prepared for the greatest day in our lives. Imagine our consternation at receiving a telegram on the day set for the arrival telling us that Father's arrival was to be without ceremony. When the word was passed around, the children were greatly disappointed. As events turned out, however, there would have been no demonstration even without the caution, as the boat did not reach here until Friday morning at 12.30, when all the children and nearly all of the grown ups were fast asleep.

"That day was the First Friday. Father Vilallonga said the six o'clock Mass, at which most of the school children were present, and a large number of them received Holy Communion. This edified him very much, the large number of children receiving Holy Communion compensating for the small number of adults. He took occasion of this event to tell us how *absolutely necessary* were the parochial schools, and to congratulate us on the good work that the American Fathers were accomplishing, despite their brief term here. He speaks from an experience gained from many years residence here, as professor in the Ateneo, as Rector, as a missionary in Mindanao, and as Superior of all the Jesuits laboring here in the Islands."

* * *

An account of a unique sick call is given by FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S.J., at Jimenez, Mindanao, P.I.

"I was called to bring Viaticum to an aged woman, who had, in piety and devotion seen very much of life. Saint Filomena chose the feast of Saint Ignatius to banquet with the Bread of Life her faithful devotee of one hundred and thirty summers. In early years this good soul had learned to honor Saint Filomena. And on her Feast Day she closed her last novena to her, and began her heavenly holiday. Not everybody at this latitude must wait so long for this grand holiday, although we have recorded several centenarians during the current year.

"In the climb up the hills with the Divine Manna for the soul of this faithful centenarian, I pondered how good the Sacred Heart is to those who love Him. It had been many years since this aged woman had had the physical strength to walk to church. For more than thirty years she had prayed at the altar of her home, when weakness and age made the fragrance of the Mass incense only a cherished memory. She could not come to her Savior, but the grateful and loving Heart of Christ would come to His faithful friend, rejuvenate her soul with the Food of Angels and fashion for her wings to bear her aloft to the very zenith of Heaven."

CHINA

FATHER JOSEPH-LOUIS LAVOIE, S.J., formerly missionary at Suchow, China, now Canadian Procurator for the Chi-

Father Jeremiah J. Prendergast, S.J., stationed at Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.

nese Missions, describes a Chinese hut and its occupant whom he visited on a sick call:

"Old Wang died of cholera. I had anointed him a few days before. You have no idea of what it is to give the last sacraments in one of these Chinese huts. First of all, the dog would not let me in. I had to take a club and chase him out. It was after supper. I had taken a lantern with me so as to be able to read the prayers, for I was sure to find no light in the house. The old man was lying in the middle of the hut, in front of the door on the bare ground. A wretched blanket partly covered his legs. He was in delirium most of the time, slapping his chest and saying that he was chasing the devil. My catechist began preparing what was necessary. He managed to find a very dirty small article of furniture, a foot and a half in height. Over it I spread my overcoat. Thereon we placed the tapers and the holy oils. The catechist exhorted the old man during one of his lucid spells, explained what was about to take place, and, on my knees by his side, I heard the dying man's confession and anointed him. He was a good Catholic and I trust is now enjoying eternal peace in Heaven, for these poor Chinese suffer their purgatory here below. The sick do not know even the comfort of a bed and clean sheets. They often die, doubled up in some filthy corner of their hovels, without help or medicine, or perhaps with the help of some native medicine fit to kill a horse. A wretched matting spread on the ground is what the greater part of my parishioners usually sleep on. The best beds are made of sorghum stalks. To get an idea of these velvety mattresses, spread corn stalks on a barn floor and you will have a good Chinese bed, such as they are made in Suchow, China."

EUROPE ACTIVE IN MISSION INTEREST

England, France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Austria, Holland and Italy have all witnessed in recent months church events of national importance which either had as sole scope the promotion of missions, or, concerned with the general interests of the Church, have recognized missions as an integral part of Catholic Church life.

Notable examples of general Catholic congresses which gave missions a place were the Catholic Social Week held in Rome for all Italy and the Catholic Emancipation Centenary Congress of London. Both in Rome and London, a day was devoted to consideration of the Church in the outer world and to the place in Catholic life which was to be given the spread of the Gospel. (F. S.)

LISIEUX AND ST. THERESA

At Lisieux, the anniversary of St. Theresa was the occasion for a mission manifestation led by the hierarchy in which thousands of priests and laity participated. An immense mission exposition was prepared, and a three-day congress held. The subject most discussed in the congress was the richness of Catholic life as found among mission peoples.

NUN BAPTIZES 44,000 IN INDIA

Sister Lucy, Religious of St. Joseph of Annecy, personally baptized 44,000 children during the fifty-eight years of her missionary career in the diocese of Vizagapatam in India. Traveling through the rough and dangerous country in a small wagon pulled by two white oxen, the aged nun and her woman attendant became local figures known and respected by all. The nun's death at the age of eight-two, brought sorrow to thousands.

KING AND QUEEN AT MISSION MASS

The ambitious plans for a great national mission manifestation in Spain were brought to a successful issue in Barcelona during the last week in September. With the Barcelona World Exposition as a setting and the Palace of Missions at the Exposition as a center, enormous crowds of clergy and laity spent an enthusiastic week initiating a new country wide campaign for mission activity.

King Alfonso, Queen Victoria Eugenie and the royal family were present with 80,000 at the impressive field Mass held in the Exposition stadium the last day. On one of the days a procession through Barcelona streets portrayed by floats and costumed groups Spain's history of mission activity during the centuries gone by. (F. S.)

Christmas Gifts

C. A. Burns, S.J.

WHAT shall we give to the Infant Christ,
You and I on Christmas day?
As small and cold on the straw He lies
With arms outstretched appealing-wise.
What shall we give to the Christ Child, pray,
You and I on Christmas day?

Shall we give our gold to the Infant Christ,
You and I on Christmas day?
And open our chests as the kings of yore
To empty them out on the stable floor—
This be the gift we offer, say,
You and I on Christmas day?

Shall we give mere words to the Infant Christ,
You and I on Christmas day?
Soft words of tender love, expressed
In high-pitched phrase, in beauty dressed—
This be the tribute that we pay,
You and I on Christmas day?

What shall we give to the Infant Christ,
You and I on Christmas day?
Oh, no! not gold, nor words alone!
Our hearts are the noblest gifts we own;
These at the Christ Child's feet we'll lay—
You and I on Christmas day?

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF PEKIN RECOGNIZED

The Catholic University of Pekin, in charge of the Benedictine Fathers, has been authorized as a university by the Education Department of Nanking. The university has added to its college of arts a college of science and a college of general education. According to new regulations from Tsiang Mong Linn, Minister of Education, the title of "University" can be given only to those schools which have three different colleges.

RECOVER FROM EARTHQUAKE

The Catholic schools of Tokio have nearly all recovered from their enormous losses in the great earthquake of 1923. Nearly all of them have not only replaced their destroyed buildings, but in new buildings have increased their attendance.

Besides the Jesuit University, Tokio Catholics can boast of one boys' middle school, one college for women and three girls' high schools. The Church in Japan has a total of thirty-eight institutions of higher learning. However, this is far behind the Protestants, who have a total of ninety-two institutions of higher learning.

During the summer there were mild earthquakes in Tokio, but seismologists calmed the city by stating that these were the aftermath of the 1923 quake, and not a forerunner of another catastrophe. (F. S.)

AMERICAN WOMEN BUILD SEMINARY

The seminary of the first religious congregation of men to be founded by Chinese, the Congregation of the Disciples of the Lord, with center at Suanhwafu, has been erected through the generosity of the Missionary Association of Catholic Women, with headquarters at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The Redemptorists direct the Congregation.

ACADEMY ON INDIA AND ITS RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

The Jesuit theologians of Kurseong up in the Himalaya Mountains of northern India where American, European and Indian students are gathered together, have a learned academy on Indian affairs. The subjects are dealt with in a scholarly way by native and foreign priests who have made special studies in their subjects. Some of the religious and social topics discussed are: Zarathustra, The Moplahs, The Buddhist Wheel of Life, The Religion of the Mundas, The Sikhs, The Bhils, The Modern Hindu Mind. Among the philosophical subjects dealt with were: Theosophy — Its History and Philosophy, Sacrifice in the Brahmanas, Early Religion and Sacrifice, The Psychology of the Vedanta. Other topics discussed were: Akbar's Eclecticism, The Catholic Evidence Guild in India, Indian Music, The Catholic Church in Ceylon, The Conversion of the Brahmans, The Persecution of Jashpur.

The academy is under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Calcutta.

DAMAGE TO SACRED TREE ENDANGERS CHRISTIANS

Someone attacked with an ax the sacred Botree of Anuradhapura in Ceylon, and so the Buddhists have begun an agitation to have all non-Buddhist establishments driven from the city. One night, so the story runs, a woman heard the sound of hatchet blows. She gave the alarm. A man was caught whom doctors pronounced of unsound mind—a religious fanatic. Many Buddhists, however, refuse to accept the doctors' verdict. Anuradhapura is an ancient sacred city of Buddhism, and the tree in question was grown from a slip cut from the great Botree (or pagoda tree) of India, under which Buddha, so one is told, five centuries before Christ, received the gift of wisdom. Hence the excitement of the Buddhists over the insult to their sacred tree. Feeling is running high against Catholics because the Church on the Island of Ceylon is flourishing. The Faithful now number fully 400,000 out of a population of 3,500,000. (F. S.)

BISHOP NOT PERMITTED TO PURCHASE LAND

His Lordship, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., Chinese Vicar Apostolic of Haimen, Kiangsu Province, recently attempted the purchase of property on the island of Tsongmin, at the mouth of the Yangtse River. The local authorities, just as the bishop was about to pay for the land, refused him permission to acquire it, because, even though both he and his priests were Chinese, they belonged to a foreign religion. The authorities stated that land acquired must be obtained in accordance with the seven articles decreed last year at Nanking. These articles require that the sub-prefect decide upon the size of the land to be permitted to foreigners, that he examine the purpose for which the land is to be used and that he do not allow the purchase, but only a lease in perpetuity. Naturally Chinese Catholics will not accept such a status, but since many of the local authorities are beyond the command of the central government, trouble may be anticipated until Chinese political conditions better themselves. (F. S.)

"Pastors From Their Midst"

John C. Hesser, S.J.

"THE aim of the Church in pagan lands is not to found missions, but to organize the people living there, so that, without losing their own characteristics, they will become flourishing members of the one Mystical Body of Christ. The end of the Missionary Movement is not so much to save souls as to build the permanent establishment of salvation, namely, a self-supporting Church." In these words, Father Pascal M. D'Elia, S.J., summarizes a thought found in the Encyclical *Rerum Ecclesiae* (1926).

This thought of Our Holy Father should encourage us. It makes the work of American Catholic missionaries in foreign fields something tangible, vast, but very, very immediate. Pagan lands are like a great hour glass, the upper part holding the souls yet to be converted, in numbers like the sands of the sea. Through the narrow passage leading into the Church, souls continually pass, but oh, how slowly! That tiny stream must be changed into a torrent.

The mission fields lie harvest-whitened. But where can we find sufficient missionaries to send into that harvest? Our Holy Father has answered that our work as missionaries is not so much to reap the harvest, as to sow the seeds of Faith, and train others whom we find there to become reapers. "The Mission is a transitory step; what is permanent is the Church. As long as the missionary has not given to his converts pastors taken from their midst, he has not finished his work." Never will a country become Catholic until native priests and bishops stand at its altars.

SEES PROTESTANT FOREIGN MISSIONS DOOMED

According to a *New York World* despatch (Oct. 26) from New Britain, Connecticut, a Protestant editor feels that a revival of spiritual purpose is needed in the Protestant missions. The despatch reads:

"Foreign missions, rapidly becoming a 'church supported philanthropy' instead of an 'agency of spiritual regeneration' are doomed to extinction unless they revive their spiritual purpose, Stanley High, editor of *The Christian Herald*, said at the annual regional meeting of the Congregational churches of New England here this morning.

"Dr. High said: 'The emptying treasuries of many mission boards are tragic testimony that men and women who might be enlisted in a world enterprise that was dynamically religious will simply not give their money to one that seems to them to constitute chiefly an ecclesiastical rival of state and privately supported charities.

" 'In my opinion the dying missionary zeal of the church will not be revived without a revolution as fundamental as that which led the churches, in the first, to dare to proclaim their gospel to the ends of the earth.'

"Dr. High asserted the original purpose of making these institutions an avenue to spiritual ministry had been changed to hospitals and schools for their own value. The meeting was in the interest of the denominational 'Plan of Advance' for church and missionary activities in 1930."

THE BURNING BABE

(*Continued from page* 3)

dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn Tree and hung. When he was cut down and quartered, like the burning Babe, he melted into a bath to wash souls in his blood.

Many of Robert Southwell's missionary brothers on the Christmas of his beatification will literally stand "shivering in the snow." Others, celebrating a green Christmas in the tropics, will feel something of the chill which the English missioner felt coming from hearts grown cold. All of them can look up, as he did, to the burning Babe, whose Heart is warm enough for their comfort, for whom they are gaining "men's defiled souls."

OGLALA SIOUX

(*Continued from page* 5)

hygienic factors garnered in the classrooms would not be lost by circumstances of a home life which is rather no home life in the real sense of the word.

SAINT IGNATIUS, Founder of the Jesuits, was far-seeing when he instituted that division of his Society called the "Brothers." From the first they have done exceptionally well for God and their fellowman. Holy Rosary would scarcely

have survived the vicissitudes of the years had not several Brothers grown old in its service. During the forty-one years of its existence the Brothers have been, one may say, the "backbone" of the school. They have been the architects, the carpenters, brickmasons, farmers and all-round mechanics. The various buildings now comprising Holy Rosary have been constructed and maintained by them. Only as late as this summer they built an additional wing to the first building. In 1922, the newest building for the boys, called Red Cloud Hall, was erected under the supervision of Brother Hartman at the minimum cost of $50,000. The Superior, at the time, Father Louis Goll, S.J., said that this concrete, fireproof building would have cost again as much without the aid of the Brothers.

THE following information is necessary to appreciate what the Catholic Church has done and is doing for the Pine Ridge Indians. The Indians are wards of the United States, and are treated as such in economic and educational matters. Each year they receive a certain amount of money with very definite restrictions. This is especially the case in educational matters. Years ago a ruling was made permitting the Indian father to send his children either to a public or private school. If he chooses the latter, then, on the basis of a contract, he signs over to the private school some of his money, the exact amount being specified by the Government. The school is for this reason called a "Contract School." Every three years the contracts are signed by the Indians so desiring. When all are signed, a limited number being allowed by the Government, the total specified sum of money is turned over to the school. If more than the allotted number of students are taken by the school, neither the Government nor the Indians pay for the extras. Holy Rosary is a "Contract School" so popular with the Indians that it educates each year many more children than the specified number allowed by the Government. What such a situation gives rise to, you may best understand from a letter written to me recently by Father Riester, the present Superior.

"WE are allotted $135 for each child for one year. Figuring nine months, this makes $15 per child per month. This is not enough to furnish everything for a child. We must rely on donations of charity for the rest. Besides the school, we have twenty-three chapels scattered over three counties to support. No question of the Indians supporting the chapels, much less building them. The school and missions could not exist if we depended on Government aid.

"We have just now 360 children. We have turned away more than sixty for lack of room. We must build more classrooms, dormitories and playrooms next spring.

"To give you some idea of the insufficient aid given to our school, it is well to state what the Government does for its school five miles away. The school is no larger than ours. It receives $230 for every pupil who attends and was given last year $38,000 for teachers' salaries alone. Special appropriations were made for repairs and new buildings."

The sketchy paragraphs of this article give an incomplete picture of all the splendid work done by the zealous Catholic workers on the Pine Ridge Reservation, but they show, surely, that the Catholic Church, and by that I mean all who have co-operated with Holy Rosary School, has achieved and is accomplishing now under most trying circumstances a most deserving and noble work.

THE YANKS ARE HERE

(*Continued from page 6*)

RICCI COLLEGE is centrally located in a busy, dusty, noisy crosstown section just off the Chung Shan Boulevard. It was founded in recent years and during the troublesome days of 1927 received its baptism of blood in the deaths of Fathers Vanara and Dugout, who were shot down in the courtyard of the college by soldiers on March 24, 1927.

"Ricci College," writes Father Lennon, "was reopened in the Fall of 1928 to continue its educational work as a preparatory school for the youths of this section who intend to pursue their professional studies at the Jesuit university in Shanghai. There are three years to the course given at the college, with French and Chinese as the languages in which the classes are conducted. English is now a requisite branch in the second and third year. Father Moore teaches the third year and I have the second year. Needless to say, we both began with the alphabet."

The three Jesuits at Ricci College together with Father Henry Gilot, S.J., missionary at the Immaculate Conception Church about a mile from the college, are the only representatives of the Catholic Church in Nanking. There is no Sisters' school, no Catholic hospital, no orphanage. Out of a population of 498,000, only 750 Nanking Chinese are Catholics; among these are many very holy and zealous people, but no men of great influence.

THE city is a stronghold of paganism, although the Protestant sects have been very active for the past forty years. They have had a university there since 1888; a middle school, a girls' college and a primary school, all situated on Ching Liang hill. They have also a hospital. Their institutions, too, suffered during the attack on foreigners in 1927, and most of their foreign staff has not yet returned.

"Divine Providence has placed us here in the heart of the Republic," writes Father Moore, "and should we not expect that God has special designs upon 'the little American

Jesuit mission' in China? For forty years American Protestants have supported with men and resources their many church activities in Nanking. Their institutions are now practically in the hands of Chinese and likely there is an end to the supply of men and money from the States.

"The strategic point in a mission field is usually the capital of the country; we are here, and we ask prayers of all that God may strengthen, enlighten and prosper us, and send us the necessary help, chiefly in 'workers for the field,' that the new mission in the world's greatest mission land may bear a rich harvest of souls."

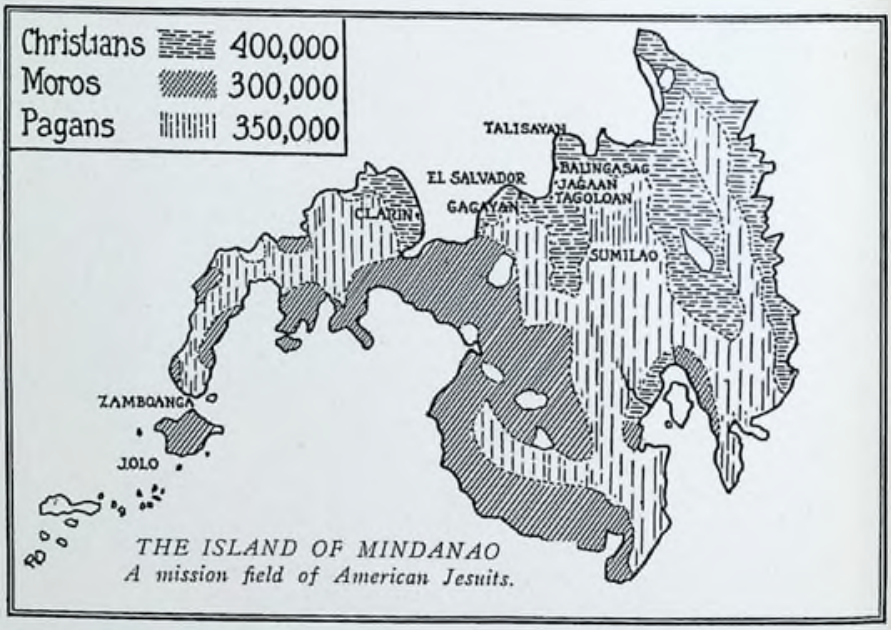
NOT FIT TO BE OUT

(*Continued from page* 9)

were first lined with a handful of choice dry grass, very carefully placed so that the whole foot would be properly protected against the cold.

AT this stage of the preparation, attention was given the sick call outfit, which included all the requisites for administering Extreme Unction and holy Viaticum. This was encased in a rabbit skin pouch. Then the sled was hauled out, loaded with a sleeping bag, nine dog chains, an ax, a flashlight, an extra pair of gloves and half a dozen dried salmon for dog feed. The sled was lashed and snubbed to an anchor post with one-half inch rope, the dog harnesses were snapped into place, and the hitching up of the team begun. Nine husky plunging wolf-malamutes were led out one at a time, each harnessed at his place in the line and left to himself. With the last dog in position, a hasty glance revealed Peggy, the leader, indifferently sniffing the night air, wondering no doubt whether the trail would lead up river or down, and just mildly curious, judging from her poise, as to how soon the rest of the team would be straining at the collar with tongues out and sides panting. Behind her, in order, were Bud and Tip, Wolf and Lynx, Snookums and Nancy, Prince and Warrior, each one of them barking defiance to any pace that saucy old Peggy could set them. The mettle of the team thus obtained, a reindeer parka was hastily slipped on, a fur cap tied over my head and ears, the parka hood pulled into place, mittens drawn on the hands, and a pair of bear-skin driving gloves reaching up to the elbows adjusted—and the last step in that long line of preparations for a sick call was taken.

HOUR after hour passed, until slowly the East began to show the first signs of dawn. Mile after mile the dogs trotted faithfully on, bearing closer and closer to the dying man the last consolation for his declining days. Mile after mile, hour after hour, until just as the first rays of the morning sun fell full upon a tumbled row of cabins, we climbed the last hundred yards up the steep bank to the door of



THE ISLAND OF MINDANAO
A mission field of American Jesuits.

THE start was made at exactly nine o'clock P.M., just one hour after the call came. A jerk at the snubbing rope, a momentary release of the sled brake, and we were off like a pistol-shot into the night. There followed in rapid succession a terrific upheaval of snow forward, a wild rush of bitter cold air about the face, the imitation of an earthquake under foot as the sled heaved and plunged, then a brief sensation akin to that experienced in an elevator on its way from the roof to the cellar as we dropped from the top of the bank to the level of the Yukon and settled down amid a flurry of snow to a steady pace of about nine miles an hour. We were headed due south, into as black a night as ever darkened this world, and over a trail thirty-six miles long. As the going became heavier, the pace became slower; this was the only variation met with, save the one in temperature.

the death scene. It was just six o'clock as I stepped off the sled runners, after standing there since nine o'clock the night before. With a "down, you fellows!" to the tired dogs, I entered the cabin, heard the dying man's confession, gave him Extreme Unction and holy Viaticum, recited the prayers for the dying, and gave the last blessing. Then I went to attend to the team still lying in the snow where I told them to "down" one hour before.

When I walked back into the cabin to speak to the old man, his spirit was already with God.

A UNION WITHOUT STRENGTH

(*Continued from page* 11)

across the threshold of the "new day," happily is still but glowing prospect. As one of the enthusiastic unionists tells us in 1925: "The Union has not as yet fulfilled the expectations of its first president,

who looked forward to a glowing future when all the forces which make for the salvation of these Islands should be really united." It seemed to be taken for granted that there was no chance for salvation for the past and the present generation of Catholic Filipinos.

The "National Evangelical Church" after many years of labor is still unborn, and the great majority of the Filipinos have remained loyal to the Faith which they proclaim as a cherished heritage from their ancestors. Some, it is true, have been led astray by the confusing propaganda of the Protestant sects, mingled too often with the sugar of personal flattery, the sentimental unction of evangelical revivalism, and the more sordid temptations of material advantages. Others have been rationalized out of all faith by the pagan teachings of American universities. Others have forgotten the real meaning of their Faith because of the lack of priests and pastors.

But the greater number by far have remained Catholics at least in name; in sentiment, if not always in practice. A few years ago, in a questionaire among the students of the Government University of the Philippines, out of 3,901 students only 307 put themselves down as Protestants, and not all of these were Filipinos.

MEET FATHER CADOT ON THE ODJIBWAY TRAIL

(*Continued from page* 12)

dying man's door. No answer.

"We tried the door; it was locked. Downhearted we continued our journey through the drifts to our church at the Scotch Settlement. A few minutes after, whom did we meet but that same young man, supposedly so seriously sick, who wrote the letter.

" 'What's the matter, Louis, are you well so soon?' I asked.

"He burst out with a good, healthy laugh: 'I was not sick,' he answered. 'I just told you that I was sick, so that you would be sure to come soon; I want to get married, Monday.'

" 'Well, Louis' said I, 'that was a very mean trick and a very big lie.'

"But he could not see the seriousness of it all, so I told him to come to see me at the church in the morning, and we would make the necessary arrangements. He came, and I found out that the girl on whom he had set his heart decidedly preferred single bliss to marriage with him. She earnestly objected to the procedure on the grounds that she did not want him. So, despite all Louis' strategic romance there was no wedding.

"BUT Freddie's troubles and mine were just beginning. The snow was about four feet deep by then, and it was still storming. So we were forced to choose between starvation in that lonely spot and an eight-mile journey farther on to the home of Mr. Eldridge in Hepworth. It was the hardest eight miles I've ever traveled; it seemed more like eight hundred. You see, we were chilled and half famished at the start, for we had eaten little on Saturday night, less Sunday, and nothing Monday morning; then, too, the drifts were piling up; they had reached a depth of seven or eight feet in places and we could no longer ride in the sleigh. After an hour of travel our fatigue became unbearable. At last walking proved impossible, we sank so deeply into the soft snow; so we resorted to crawling on our hands and knees, Freddie, with the reins tied about him, leading our weary horse. I followed behind the sleigh. About noon we reached an old stable in the woods. There we ate the remnants of our altar bread and drank the Mass wine—one mouthful apiece—it was all the food we had.

"And so we fought our losing struggle with death, each hour getting weaker and weaker. The cold seemed to be growing more intense, and we had almost decided to give up, when at last about five P. M. we sighted a farmhouse and safety."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

As an enthusiastic, energetic and apostolic missionary bishop, Rt. Rev. WILLIAM J. HAFEY, D.D., Bishop of Raleigh, N. C., needs no introduction. No one could speak with better authority on the *Southern Highlanders.*

Fathers PIUS L. MOORE, S.J., and JOHN LENNON, S.J., from whose letters the article *The Yanks are Here* is taken were part of the first band of American Jesuit missionaries to go into China. They are now stationed at Ricci College, Nanking, China.

The Way They Do It was written by Mr. PAUL DENT, S.J., who has spent several years in the Patna Mission, India, and has been a close observer of Indian customs. He is now completing his studies for the priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary, Kurseong, India.

Father FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J., has all the fire and enthusiasm of a new missionary. He is laboring strenuously in Nulato, Alaska, and *Not Fit to be Out* is only a day's incident in his busy life..

From several years of active missionary life in Jamaica, Father JOSEPH S. KNIGHT, S.J., is well equipped to tell of *A Yard of Jamaica.* His residence is at Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica.

Mr. ALFRED J. BARRETT, S.J., who writes and illustrates *The Burning Babe,* has from time to time contributed other articles and drawings. He is one of the leading mission enthusiasts among the philosophers at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland.

Oglala Sioux is written by one who has spent several summers among the Indians, especially in the Rosebud Reservation. Father STEPHEN T. EGAN, S.J., knows his subject well. He is a brother of Doctor William Egan, the Government physician on the Rosebud Reservation.

Formerly professor of philosophy at the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I., Father FERDINAND W. HABERSTROH, S.J., has had many opportunities to exercise missionary zeal among the Filipino youth. He is well qualified to speak of *A Union Without Strength.*

Mr. THOMAS A. HYNES, S.J., is in the country where missions first originated in America. He invites you to *Meet Father Cadot on the Odjibway Trail* to learn the spirit of the Canadian missionaries. He is a philosopher at Immaculate Conception College, Montreal, Canada.

Other poems by Father C. A. BURNS, S.J., professor at Milford Novitiate, Milford, Ohio, have appeared. His *Christmas Gifts* is timely.

Mr. JOHN C. HESSER, S.J., who has contributed *Pastors from Their Midst,* is at Mt. St. Michael's, Hillyard, Washington, yearning for the missions.

The missionaries who write for you would welcome your active interest in their missions.

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Gratitude is also expressed for two hundred and seventy Mass stipends recently received.

A YARD OF JAMAICA

(*Continued from page* 13)

the couple are waiting for the day when they can finance a wedding celebration. "Trial Marriage" is the ordinary thing, and its degrading effects are abundantly apparent.

The chief amusement in the cool of evening for yard inhabitants is to gather at the corners of streets and lanes to shout and sing under the leadership of volunteer revivalist preachers. A collection is always taken up for the preacher.

Such are the people among whom the pastor of the district must labor. Pray that he may be able to accomplish something for these souls whose environment does so much to drag them down to the squalor of sin.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDERS

(*Continued from page* 15)

in the mountains, I wish to inform you that the first act of the leading man of the little group was to offer the Bishop a plot of ground as a site for a chapel. It would be the first home of our Eucharistic God in the great area described. In honor of the Apostle to the Gentiles, we may name the Chapel "St. Paul of the Mountains." This chapel will mean forty or fifty more souls who await its erection.

It is out earnest hope and fervent prayer that many Catholics in other parts of the country will imitate the example of our new convert so that the missionary work in the South may make very rapid advances in its work of saving souls.

In This Issue

	Page
Frontispiece: The Shrine of the Manger	2
The Burning Babe. Alfred J. Barrett, S.J.	3
Oglala Sioux. Stephen T. Egan, S.J.	4
The Yanks are Here. Pius L. Moore, S.J., and John Lennon, S.J.	6
The Way They Do It. Paul Dent, S.J.	7
Not Fit to be Out. Francis B. Prange, S.J.	9
A Union Without Strength. Ferdinand W. Haberstroh, S.J.	10
Meet Father Cadot on the Ojibway Trail. Thomas A. Hynes, S.J.	12
A Yard of Jamaica. J. S. Knight, S.J.	13
Southern Highlanders. Rt. Rev. William J. Hafey, D.D.	14
Editorials	16
Jesuit Mission Vignettes. No. 25 Shinbing, China	17
The Mission Intention for January	17
Afield with American Jesuits.	18
Renowned Jesuit Missionaries. Ven. John Ogilvie, S.J.	20
From Many Climes	23
Christmas Gifts—*a Poem.* C. A. Burns, S.J.	23
"Pastors from their Midst." John C. Hesser, S.J.	24
Our Contributors	27
Grateful Acnowledgements	28

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