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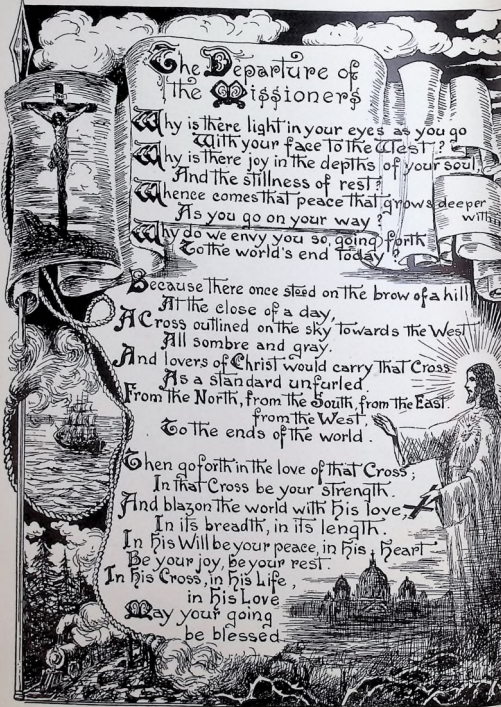
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The Departure of the Missioners

Why is there light in your eyes as you go
With your face to the West?

Why is there joy in the depths of your soul,
And the stillness of rest?

Whence comes that peace that grows deeper
As you go on your way?

Why do we envy you so, going forth
To the world's end today?

Because there once stood on the brow of a hill

At the close of a day,
A Cross outlined on the sky towards the West
All sombre and gray.

And lovers of Christ would carry that Cross
As a standard unfurled.

From the North, from the South, from the East,
from the West,

To the ends of the world.

Then go forth in the love of that Cross;

In that Cross be your strength.

And blazon the world with his love,
In its breadth, in its length.

In his Will be your peace, in his Heart

Be your joy, be your rest.

In his Cross, in his Life,
in his Love

May your going
be blessed.

In CHICLE Land

Robert L. McCormack, S.J.



SMALL though the Colony is, British Honduras boasts a population that is cosmopolitan to a fault. From Assyria to California, from Norway to Africa, come people to this Central American land red with mahogany and dripping with chicle. The Catholic Church in British Honduras is open to them all, for she has won them all by the Precious Blood of Christ. Unmindful of chicle or the precious hard woods, she will not be satisfied until she has reached out and brought to every prospector and laborer the saving doctrine of Christianity. Under the leadership of Jesuit missionaries in the little Colony, the Church is exerting her full energies for every race and class.

BESIDES attending to the old established Christian communities, the tireless missionary launches out into various hidden sections of the Colony. He goes deep into the bush and finds small, sturdy Mayas, who run under their thatched-roof huts when Lindbergh whirls over their heads in the twentieth century tri-motored aeroplane; he calls the people into a thatched-roof open church, and explains to them as best he can through an interpreter of their impossible language, the story of Nazareth and the meaning of the perpetually burning sanctuary lamp—a story that is just as novel to them as is the tri-motored aeroplane that thunders over them.

Another missionary travels through the bush and plows through the swamps and climbs the tree-covered heights to reach the Keekchi Indians who welcome him with his doctrine of a gentle Christ who loved and loves them all as His very own children.



Keekchi Indian girl with a relic of the Mayan civilization.

BUT it is not always out in the wilds or deep in the bush of Honduras that the missionary meets with pagan peoples. Right in the capital city, Belize, one missionary has found an apostle's work in a section named Mesopotamia. He has erected there a large frame school and church and calls it St. Ignatius. Starting out from this church, Father Francis J. Kemphues, S.J., travels to the outskirts of his parish to a settlement of East Indians who have come from the far off Orient to settle in Belize. There are several hundred souls in this group, who live apart as if bashful about joining in with the western civilization with which they are rubbing elbows. Father Kemphues has made friends among them. He goes about with a jovial smile beaming on his kindly face; he stops at a doorstep here and a yard there to ask how things are going with the "boss" of the house or to find out whether Sheba has succeeded in getting a job or not, or simply to fondle the little ones and invite them over to his flourishing school. Through the children he wins the confidence of the parents; from the heart of the child he goes to father and mother.

Soon Father has his Indians talking to him about the truths of the Catholic Church. Then they are drawn into further investigations of the true Faith by assisting at some of the devotions in St. Ignatius Church. When an opening is made, further inquiry is sure to follow; Catholic literature is read and distributed to the profit of the Oriental people. Thus it is that Father Kemphues has succeeded in gaining a number of these East Indians to the Catholic Faith. By God's grace other conversions among these good people seem ripe.



Here's My Report

Patrick Rafferty, S.J.

IT cannot be repeated too often that the great need of the Philippine Islands is more parochial schools. It is a necessity as vital for the Catholicity of the Filipinos as rice is for their sustenance.

ish Jesuits to the care of the American missionaries was accomplished by the year 1927, and from that date may be reckoned the beginning of most of the schools that are running under the present plans. The difference between the Catholic schools that are and those that were may be briefly touched upon. The American Fathers came from a country where they had seen Catholic schools running in inevitable comparison with the public schools and meeting the comparison splendidly. So when they thought of a parochial school, their idea was of a building and a curriculum as good at least as those of the Philippine public schools, giving at the same time the additional benefit of lessons in religion, and producing, it is hoped, citizens who have the knowledge of, and the inclination to fulfill their obligations to God as well as to their families and their country. And the fact that the American Jesuits had experiences of a parochial school system that could meet the competition of the public schools is nothing of disparagement against their predecessors in the missions. The latter were from another country that had no such system. Moreover the new apostles could appeal to the generosity of their fellow Catholics in America; and their begging petitions have been heard.



IT is a striking thing that immediately upon their arrival in the mission field of Mindanao in 1926, the American Jesuit missionaries were almost unanimous in deciding that no greater or more urgent activity could be undertaken than the development of parochial schools. The thought of the cost, of the labor and responsibility, together with the human uncertainty about the necessary funds, made some few doubtful about the wisdom of accepting such a main line of action just at that time. Nevertheless, the development of parochial schools was taken up earnestly at every mission in American hands. The necessity of immediate funds to initiate the system set the missionaries' prayers on fire, and gave ardor and unction to their gratitude to the Lord for the kind benefactors He sent in the hour of need.

The transfer of the various missions from the administration of the Span-



"The first story he erected in concrete . . . The second story is of wood."

AND now we have been running for two years, more or less. How are the plans working out? If I were to start out by talking about the various other schools of this mission, mention of the school at my own station would be crowded out; so this report will begin at home. The other missionaries can describe their schools and their results in a better way than I can, though they would probably omit the well merited praise



"A second grade class was added, and one hundred and fifty children were received."

that I am ready to give them for their wonderful labors.

El Salvador is a barrio, or village, on the coast about eighteen kilometers north-west from Cagayan, the capital of the province. Father Jeremiah Prendergast, S.J., came here in the Fall of 1927. His coconut trees were being taken away by the sea, so he constructed a breakwater that rebuilt the land, and planted a new line of trees. The money that comes from even a small coconut grove is important to a poor mission parish. Then a bridge and a water gate were constructed, the latter to allow a small stream to flow out, but to prevent the tide from coming in. This too made more land available for growing coconuts. Next this Father Builder started on the construction of a parochial school for El Salvador. The first story he erected in concrete, put in place under his constant personal supervision. The second story is of wood. On the ground floor there is space for two classrooms, maybe three. One section of the upper floor is a classroom; the other section has been prepared as a residence of the American Sisters who are wanted for the management of this school.

THE school was ready and open in June, 1928, and started with about one hundred children enrolled in two sections of first grade. The initial efforts had

to be moderate because of the expenses; moreover a pioneering school develops better if it grows slowly. Many more children applied than could be received; and the requests of numerous parents for the addition of another section, and the employment of more teachers could not be granted.

Father Prendergast's strength began to wane, drained by the tropic heat of the Mindanao sun. But his school

had started to do its work. The children were receiving the usual benefits of a good schooling, and, more than that, they were receiving a Catholic education. They learned things important for right living in the eyes of God and for their salvation that they would have missed had they gone to the public school. Reception of the sacraments of Penance and Communion increased from next to nothing to something like a satisfactory number. Attendance at Sunday Mass became better than before. In this latter item we may consider ourselves at the opening of a campaign that will be a long one before its re-

sults mean victory. But we know what patience is over here, and, please God, we shall learn too what perseverance will do.

WHEN the school year of 1929 opened, a second grade class was added and one hundred and fifty children were received. Those who came to enroll on the second day of class found that they were too late. The building is not big enough to accommodate all who would be pupils. The money required for school desks accumulates very slowly, and the day is not yet gone when the size of the teachers' salary for the ten months of schooling has to be parsimoniously trimmed to the capacity of a slim purse, a missionary purse.

Early during this present school year a general Communion was enthusiastically recommended. A school day, Thursday, was designated for confessions. The day following happened to be the First Friday. The result was wonderful and the experiment is now being repeated each month. It is something new in this village to have so many children going to Holy Communion with some regularity. Some of my fellow missionaries can tell you of the splendid numbers of communicants they have every week. I have them in mind; we will be competing with them soon. (Continued on page 49)



"A short visit to Father Ory, S.J., at Chakni."
(Father Ory died January 16, 1930)



WE enjoyed a rather interesting "Indian Summer" vacation for two weeks in October. Bettiah had its annual horse and bullock fair. People came from miles around in hayracks to see the "holy cow" and

the Arabian horses from the Punjab and points further north. Bettiah's *mela* was not as large as the Sonapore Fair of last year which I enjoyed to the last goat tethered to a bunch of weeds; but this *mela* has a history that draws people from all northern and central India. And let me tell you, there was a crowd.

Thousands of pilgrims—mostly Moham-medans and Bhotias from near Nepal—visited the church here. These people honor Christ as a prophet and the Blessed Virgin as His immaculate Mother, but do not worship Christ as God. The rush to the church each day began at about 8:30 in the morning and continued until about 5 P.M. We let three hundred or so in at one time, seating them on the floor. Then one of the Fathers, or the teachers (laymen from Bettiah), or the Apostolic School boys explained to them what the figures of the Crucifixion group represent and what the Catholic religion is all about. After that fifteen minutes' worth we would let the crowd out the south doors of the church and a fresh three hundred in at the north doors.

I AM no judge of just how much good is accomplished, but I did notice a different expression on many faces as they went out; and since they come from so many places, one idea remembered surely has a chance

Bettiah has a MELA

Marion Batson, S.J.

to fructify. Many incidents occurred during the *mela*; one I'll never forget. An old Moham-medan stood in the back of the church for hours that Sunday, tears in his eyes, staring at the figure of Christ on the Cross. I believe he knew, but just didn't have the courage to acknowledge the Truth. To become

a Christian means exile from friends and relatives, to lose one's job and to be cursed and hated by one's own; and here, that is about everything. I wonder how many of us would be willing to make the same sacrifice. When there is a mass movement it is quite different, for then converts have company and do not have to make the leap alone. Pray for a landslide. There are two

places where such are not impossibilities and to have them happen would help the rest of the mission work wonderfully. So, I repeat, pray for a landslide!

AFTER the rush of the *mela* days, Mr. Farrell, S.J., and I decided to pay Father Ory, S.J., at Chakni a short visit. We didn't get started until late, so we rode those fifty miles on bikes through strange territory in the moonlight and we got lost only once and that just ten minutes from Father Ory's shanty. A dive or two into a nearby reservoir

"And let me tell you, there was a crowd."

and a few minutes of "jes' swimmin'" and we were ready for bed.

Next morning we were up with the birds for a look at the distant snow-capped mountains, pink and

(Turn to page 49)





HAVE just returned from Tripoli where I concluded a course of sermons in the Maronite cathedral. I was delighted with the work, and will go so far as to say that I have rarely had a men's audience that was more numerous and more recollected. From the second day on the church was crowded. The body of the church, the tribune, everything was packed to capacity. Members of the Orthodox faith were to be seen, as well as Mussulmans. One Mussulman, whom I recognized by his dark headpiece, came after the sermon to have me recite the Gospel of St. John over the head of his child—an old and very widely spread custom among the Catholics of the Orient and one which does not cause any surprise to the Mussulmans.

Simultaneously with the men's retreat which took place at 6:30 each evening, I gave a second to the servant girls at three in the afternoon at the Sisters of Charity home. A group of fifty servant girls attended very faithfully and with great fervor. Poor children! To what extent they are exposed to danger in their Mussulman surroundings!

At the cathedral the sermons were given in literary Arabian; that is the Arabian of the Gospels, which, with the exception of a few words, is understood by all; but to the servant girls they were given in common Arabian, or, rather, in colloquial Arabian.

The second week the Brothers of the Christian Schools asked me to give two instructions to their pupils. I willingly obliged them, speaking in French this time. A bit of variety does no harm, and, just between ourselves, one is always at his greatest ease in his mother tongue.

TRIPOLI is situated ninety kilometers north of Beyrouth. The traveler notes, while yet far off, the high city commonly called *Qebbe* (the "dome"), later the port city, and finally the new city. The total population reaches the number of about thirty-four thousand souls, that is to say, about twenty-two thousand



"One Mussulman, whom I recognized by his dark headpiece."

Mussulmans, six thousand Orthodox Christians, four thousand Maronites, and the rest (two thousand) Armenians, Latin and Greek Catholics and Protestants.

The Latin district is served by the Italian Franciscan Fathers, or rather one Franciscan Father. The not very numerous flock totals one hundred and sixty in the entire city of Tripoli.

Rather a small number in so large a city.

The Italian Carmelites (six Fathers and three Brothers) direct a little school opposite the Maronite cathedral; the Carmelite Sisters (Italian) have a school for girls.

Twenty-two Brothers of the Christian Schools have the direction of an important college of six hundred pupils of every rite and every religion. One hundred and twenty-five of them are Mussulmans.

The Lazarites have two native priests. Despite their advanced age (an average of seventy-six years), they are working with ardor and success. One of them was making the rounds of the surrounding mountain missions.

The Daughters of Charity have an orphanage, a dispensary, a school with four hundred pupils, of whom eighty are Mussulmans; eighteen Religious take care of that army.

They have in addition an establishment at Tripoli-Prot with a supervising personnel of seven.

Three Armenian Catholic priests, all old pupils of our Jesuit University of Beyrouth, have consented to take in hand the direction of the old college of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. They have there already one hundred pupils of every rite.

I SHALL not tell you any more of the surroundings of Tripoli, for the good reason that my leisure moments have not allowed me to make the rounds of them. Fortunately, circumstances took me to Zgherta which I had visited as a young scholastic thirty years ago. I was very happy to see it again.

One of the principal men of the city having died during the mission, Monsignor (Turn to page 50)

A Week in **T R I P O L I**

A. Jeannière, S.J.

Koilux Shus-sin-na-lip

J. V. Linden, S.J.

SAID I, "Shus-sin-na-lip! where to, today, with all your eager rushing?" "To the wilds of Washington, deep into the wilds of Washington, up on the slope beside the mountain below which rolls the lordly Columbia. Come and bring your beads and bring your prayer book and bring your heart tender and soft at the memory of your dead ones, and we shall spend a day together with my children, the Indians of the great West."

And so I went with *Shus-sin-na-lip*, this ardent priest of God, Father Charles Owens, S.J.

LITTLE MISSION of Barnaby Creek is one of the old missions still standing witness to the faith of its fast vanishing people. It was established forty years ago. The original church is there. The same tribe, the Colville Indians, look upon it as their cathedral; the daughter of the original sacristan guards its portals, the son of the original chief leads the followers of his father in prayer. High on a knoll it stands with giant firs to give it background, higher mountains still in the distance and below the mighty river rushing to the sea. No sign of the white man's march to mar the virgin beauty of nature, to disturb the red man's communing with his God.

AND now the bell in the white little steeple starts tolling. Quietly and gently the sound steals down again, softly and gently calling for human souls, for kindly hearts to come and remember at the altar of God their loved ones passed into eternity.

"Who are they that are coming, *Shus-sin-na-lip*?"

"They are my people, coming from hundreds of miles around, faithful to the pleading of the mission bell because I and the mission priests before me taught them a truth that needed no teaching, that it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the living and the dead."

And they did indeed come; some on foot for miles.



"A little boy and a little girl . . . praying for the mother they loved."

for tens of miles; some in carts and wagons carrying whole families; others on horseback, the youthful braves riding with all the abandon of youth in the wild free land of their fathers. They needed no reasoning to urge them to come.

"*Koilux*," they had said, "we pray for our dead. Before you came and before DeSmet and Cataldo and the other great white Fathers, we loved our dead and we wished them well in the happy hunting grounds and we tended their graves. We will come, *koilux*, early. And you will help us pray."

And now the little knoll was alive with Indians, old and young, last remnant of a dying generation that knew the West when it was still their West.

All prepare for the night. They fill the few outlying cabins. They overflow into the church. The poor *koilux* himself is forced to give up his quarters and sleep in the sacristy. One night he slept in their cabin; but it was so crowded, and the only place left was the space on top of a sewing machine.

BUT this night before they went to bed there was much work to be done. All who came to pray for their dear dead ones had first to have their sins forgiven that they might receive their God in the morning and thus offer up the most acceptable prayer for the release of the poor suffering souls. And so until midnight they streamed into the confessional, slowly, patiently, humbly. And slowly and patiently they had to be listened to, these children of the mountains whose lives, lived close to nature, have absorbed the fine godlike quiet that rests on the eternal hills. After midnight there is a break of a few hours while the tired *Shus-sin-na-lip* gets a bit of much needed repose. For at daybreak he must be in the confessional again to hear with all the solemnity of the judgment itself the sad tale of his children's straysings.

Now the last one has received his absolution. The priest vests and moves out before his crowded congregation to begin the Divine Sacrifice. Absolute silence, reverent silence, worshipful silence reigns in that little white church above the river. God is there and His people realize it. Hymns in Latin and Indian intersperse the Mass. The singers have been well taught both at the mission school and by the old Fathers who came to them before there was a mission school. And when the priest turns round to his worshipful congregation with the words, *Ecce Agnus Dei*, the whole congregation rises to receive its God. They were one with the priest who represented Christ at the altar that day, one with their suffering dear ones in purgatory, one with the blessed in Heaven; they were a visible living part of the communion of saints, these Catholic Indians up there above the mighty river that thundered below. The Faith the old Blackrobes had brought them was there deep in their hearts as ever. And the priest rejoiced that that year, out of thirty-five of their number that had died, not one had died without the sacraments although it meant for him a journey at times of more than a hundred miles.

THE Mass over, they all repaired to their respective cabins for a frugal breakfast. Happy they were in heart on this day that reminded them of past



"And now the little knoll was alive with Indians, old and young."

sorrows, happy of heart and light of soul as they gossiped together and told in their own way of all the happenings in the tribe since last they had met.

And now it is almost high noon. A glorious November sun gilds the pines and steals riotously into the little church where High Mass for all the souls of their faithful departed is just beginning. Once again a devout, simple people kneel in communion with their God. Indian prayers mingle with the Latin chants the old Fathers taught them, and at the solemn moments of the Divine Sacrifice, when the little bell sent its silvery tones out through the open windows to float up the hillsides, all within was quiet, silent and reverent as in the antechamber of Heaven itself. On the altar lay a great card and on it were written all the names of their dead. The names of relatives are there, the names of friends, the names of their old priests. How they loved these men of God!

"And you will put there, too, with my dead ones, the name of *Kao-shin*. He was a man of God, our old *koitur*."

THE second Mass is ended. And still their tender hearts have not done enough. In two lines they form, the men on one side and the women on the other. The head man of the congregation goes before them carrying the cross, and acolytes and the priest bring up the rear. Slowly they wend their way out of the church; solemnly they march onward toward the cemetery beneath the pines; sorrowfully they pour forth their sad notes of mourning as they go to pay this last stately visit to those they love and have not forgotten. Then as they enter the little graveyard—the solemn notes of the *De Profundis* ring forth—Indian voices raised on high in this open air cathedral of the West in the universal prayer of Holy Mother Church—*De profundis clamavi ad te*, "Out of the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord." Up to the foot of the mission cross they go. Then the *koitur* reads the prayers and (Turn to page 50)



"The old mission still standing witness to the faith of its fast vanishing people."

Echoes of the Canadian Huron Missions

Julien Paquin, S.J.



WHEN Canada was ceded back to the French by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Lay in 1632, the Jesuit missionaries resumed their work where they had been forced to leave it four years before. Among them was

Father John de Brébeuf, the apostle of the Hurons. On his arrival, he found the situation quite complicated. There was no way of reaching Huronia except by the Huron canoes. The great avenue of the St. Lawrence was blocked by the Iroquois, implacable foes. The other route was by the Ottawa River, and it was obstructed by the Algonquins. Father de Brébeuf failed to secure passage to Huronia in 1633, for the Algonquins refused to let him pass over their territory. Another effort met with the same result in the following year, and realizing that it was against the powers of darkness he had to fight, he took up the proper weapon—prayer. After a vow of twenty Masses in honor of St. Joseph, the patron saint of the Huron Missions, all the obstacles were removed, and Brébeuf reached his dear Hurons, in the company of Fathers Daniel and Davost, in the month of August, 1634. "Echon is here!" was the cry heard through the country. "Echon has come back!" And from every one he heard the greeting: "Echon, my uncle, my nephew, my cousin, you have come back at last!"

Echon and his two companions were now hard at work, learning the difficult Huron language. After a year's effort they could boast of only fourteen Christians, thirteen of whom were dead. The fact was that none but the dying could be safely baptized. "For a

Huron pagan to become a Christian," says De Brébeuf, "it means such a transformation, such a far-reaching change of life, and his perseverance requires such a strength of will and unflinching courage, that we let them wait and prove themselves."

The summer of 1635 was very dry all over Canada. But the drought was felt more in Huronia, where the

soil is light; and the corn was shriveling and dying for want of moisture. As usual in similar circumstances, the medicine men had exerted themselves to the utmost in their efforts to make rain, but to no avail. A council was held to discuss the situation, and a delegation was sent to the missionaries, requesting them to pull out the cross planted in front of their cabin. It offended the *Okeis* of the clouds, who would not give them rain as long as it stood there, so had declared the chief medicine man. "Your great *Arendiauan* is mistaken," answered Echon. "There is one greater than he in Heaven. The God of Heaven and earth, who gives rain and sunshine to the world, is angry with you, because you will not listen to us, believe in Him, and serve Him. But we shall pray our God to have pity on

you, and give you rain and save your corn."

Father de Brébeuf called upon a small group of catechumens, and invited them to attend a novena of processions in honor of St. Joseph, that the heavens should bestow the much-needed rain. The processions were held each day with an ever-increasing attendance, but no rain fell. The *Arendiauan*s were chuckling at the failure of the Blackrobes. On the last day, however, before the procession had come to an end, a gentle rain began to fall and lasted for many hours; it rained again at intervals, and the drooping (Turn to page 50)



Father John de Brébeuf, S.J.

LOST and FOUND

William J. Healy, S.J.



DONALD HALL came back to New York, hurrying and horrified. He found "the boys," as he had expected, at the club, and he hurled the bombshell into their midst.

The "good old boys," these same five, (you know them all; the two Dexters of Dexter and Sons, Lathrop of the Steel Corporation, Merrill, son of the famous railway magnate, and of course, Donald Hall, gentleman-adventurer-explorer-writer-lecturer), had remained in very close relationship since college days. They had formed a famous clique there; and when they had stepped out into the business world, all of them to inherit or carry on the businesses their fathers had built before them, they kept always united by the same spirit and interests as of old. Tonight they were together when Hall burst in on them.

"Well, I've found Dick Trent!"

If he had feared any mild reception, his doubts were allayed; for each was immediately galvanized into sudden, swift attention. He smiled knowingly at their surprised chorus of "Well, well; where on earth?" and "Good, old Dick!" He paused dramatically for a moment and then began his account.

"You know how it was when Dick dropped out of our circle. Was there ever a man like Dick, anyhow? A born leader, a brilliant student, a real athlete, an instinctive journalist,—stop me, if I grow too enthusiastic—but you remember as well as I that spell he could exert over people. He was bound to influence men; it was in his very nature. Well, anyhow, there was Dick, fully equipped for life, ready to step into his father's shoes at Congress, considered by fond mothers with a watchful eye on eligible daughters, and then, presto!—the war,—bing! armistice again. But where's Dick? Evaporated!"

THIS was all accompanied by short, violent gestures. Donald paused reflectively and then plunged ahead.

"He had literally vanished. And then came reports of

his appearance, now in Chicago, now in Montreal, now here, now there, everywhere. But he never came back."

The elder Dexter murmured reproachfully, "We know all this, Donald."

"Wait, just a moment. I was motoring back from Pinehurst last Saturday, and went a bit off my line to pay a call. Sorry, but I'm pledged to secrecy as to the location. I tried a short cut over one of those hill roads. You know what they can be. And, of course, I broke down in a quiet, little hamlet, 'just when the shades of night were falling,' and all that sort of thing. Quite idyllic.

"The local garage keeper eyed the car and my clothes and decided I possessed enough money to pay for a thorough overhauling. I had to abandon myself to a night in a town a hundred miles from nowhere. I started for the local inn to arrange for lodging, and then coming along the road, with three or four youngsters swarming about his legs, I ran plumb into Dick Trent!

"He had on a Roman collar and the kids called him 'Father.' I just stared and gaped dumbly. He came forward and took my hand and greeted me affectionately; then he ushered me off in a dream to his home. He accused me gently of having tracked him; but when I swore it was all an accident he told me his story.

"THE war had opened his eyes, he said, to man's great destiny in life and his essential relationship with God. He had felt there must be a peace to transcend all earthly acquisitions. In such a frame of mind he drifted, or rather, was swept, I think he said, into the Roman Church. And then came the great revelation, and he realized his best way to love God was to work for man, not to renounce man, but to strive for his spiritual salvation. And so he sought and gained his father's permission, gave up the world and went away to study for the priesthood. When ordination came, though his superiors were for sending him to some great city, he begged for a tiny

(Turn to page 51)

Mantrams and Sacraments

J. P. Leonard, S.J.



BELIEF in the efficacy of a blessing or curse on the part of those who hold a responsible position, be it as parents, kings, priests or prophets, dates back to the hazy past of the patriarchs and is prevalent to this day for better or for worse, in every country.

But nowhere is it so widespread and tenacious as in India.

Here, the pagan—and the same holds good for Mohammedans—has an ingrained notion that a blessing or a curse works out infallibly unless its inherent power be counteracted by a spell equally efficacious. Hence, his abject fear of the sorcerer, the *mantra-sastri*, the awe-inspiring dealer in unerring magic formulae, combined with an itching propensity to avail himself of their services in any emergency. He may be duped ever so often and ever so grossly, his faith in incantations never wavers. The black art is an intangible all-pervading force that he has to reckon with, that he must needs propitiate at any cost. It accounts for evil of every kind, the failure of rains and crops, the diseases in men and cattle, losses and disappointments of every description. Fortunately, there are *mantrams*, or consecrated formulae, that are as beneficent and preservative as others are destructive and harmful.

IN this vast Indian land of ignorance and superstition, magic's practitioners reap a rich harvest of spoils. There is scarcely anything which they are not credited with accomplishing; for them to inspire love or hatred, to rule the spirit world, to control the planets and elements, to reveal the future, to restore stolen or lost goods, to sway life and death,

is mere child's play. An appropriate *mantram* or incantation will

do the trick. Hence, the *mantra-sastri* is held to be not short of a god. A well-known Sanscrit verse sums up the undisputed power:

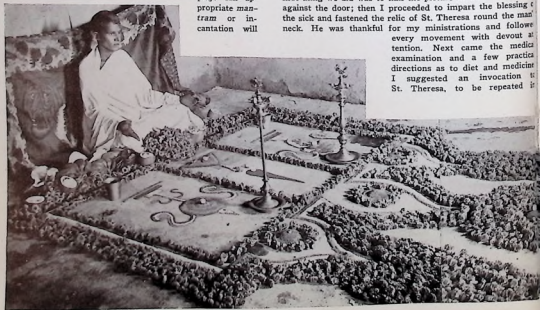
"The universe is under the power of the gods;

The gods are under the power of *mantrams*;

The *mantrams* are under the power of the Brahmins; Therefore, the Brahmins are our gods."

WHAT of our Christians? With superstition permeating as it were, the very air they breathe, they are hardly kept free from its enslaving influence. Like the Israelites old, they must be constantly reminded of a wise and loving Providence that guides and governs the universe and its destinies. A counter force has been provided in the emphatic teaching of the Church's sacramentals. And in fairness the people it must be said that they show an enlightened appreciation and respect for anything that has been hallowed by the touch and blessing of the Church. A few incidents will bear me out.

Last Monday I was sent for by one of my catechumens who was down with fever. I provided myself with holy water, a relic of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, a tin plate bearing the image of the Sacred Heart, and sallied forth accompanied by an Indian scholastic whose previous medical studies made him a valuable companion on such errands. We bowed through the low door and pushed into a little room choked with smoke. There we found the patient seated on his wooden cot, beaded perspiration marking his fevered forehead. The first thing we did was to nail the picture of the Sacred Heart against the door; then I proceeded to impart the blessing to the sick and fastened the relic of St. Theresa round the man's neck. He was thankful for my ministrations and followed every movement with devout attention. Next came the medical examination and a few practical directions as to diet and medicine. I suggested an invocation to St. Theresa, to be repeated in



mentals

moments of pain and weakness, explained the meaning of the picture at the door and left him comforted.

YESTERDAY, at 6:15 P. M., a fresh call, this time from a neighbor of his who begged for a blessing for his fever-tortured child of three years. I slipped into my hobnailed boots, seized ritual and holy water and hurried out. I took out my beads and raced along, the little messenger trotting faithfully at my heels and whispering his "Hail Mary's" between breaths. Down and up we tumbled, and on till we reached the path that leads to the "New Settlement," as it is called. We turned into it and pushed on between rows of tall blue-gum trees that groaned in the evening breeze. After a ten-minute march, we rolled down a cattle track to where the lowly homestead stands. Here I found my little sufferer lying on the floor near the primitive hearth, the breath coming in short, painful gasps. He fixed his dark wondering eyes on me while I blessed him and spoke a few words of encouragement to the parents. As our doctor was in retreat, I directed that the little patient should be taken for consultation to the Municipal Hospital as soon as possible. On my return, his brother, who accompanied me some distance, turned to me and said confidentially: "My little brother will be all right now, won't he?" "Pray to St. Theresa," I replied; "she can make him well soon." I wondered at his simple faith.

I COULD not but thank God for the childlike trust these poor people place in the Church's sacramentals and contrast it with the superstitious fear that haunts their pagan neighbors and the foolish practices they resort to in order to ward off evil. For many of these latter, in fact, demon-propitiating forms the predominant religious idea. "Why should we trouble about worshipping God?" you will hear them say. "He is kind and will do us no harm. The demons, on the contrary, are bent on mischief and will inevitably hurt us unless they can be appeased by the odor of sacrifice." And here the sorcerer or *mantra-sastri* comes in. It is his vaunted privilege to control both god and demon.



"Seated on an embroidered carpet with the tiger's skin at his back and the heaped-up offerings before him, is the guru, a sort of high-priest."



Mrs. Brahman offers puja to her deities.

Look at the picture taken at Kodaikanal on the occasion of a *puja*, a sacrifice performed in the name of Subrahmanya, a son of Siva and the reputed slayer of the demon-king, Tarika, and of the giant Suraparma or Surapadma, an extremely popular deity in these hills and throughout the south of India. A Christian, unfamiliar with Hindu practices, might read his own interpretation into the scene before him; his mind might fill with visions of devout prayer, generous offerings and heavenly blessings poured down on the officiating priest and the attending crowd. Such a construction, however does not answer the grim reality.

LET us view the picture more in detail. Seated on an embroidered carpet with the tiger's skin at his back and the heaped-up offerings before him, is the *guru*, the *mantra-sastri*, in this case a sort of high-priest especially invited to preside on the occasion. Scrupulously clean in person and in dress, but without the customary forehead marks, he is seen in an attitude of ecstatic prayer and intense concentration of mind, his hands resting on his knees and pointing towards the gifts. For he is employed in giving out a string of fateful invocations. These are addressed to Subrahmanya, whose death-dealing weapon, the trident-shaped *velu*, forms the central design with a more or less fanciful counterpart on either side. The purport of the invocations is to secure the god's powerful intervention on behalf of the worshippers.

Woe to the *guru* and his customers, should he make the slightest mistake in the utterance of the magic syllables: the evil he intends to avert or to hurl at his enemy would infallibly revert on his own guilty head. To secure the efficacy of the sacrifice, the exact observance of every detail of an intricate ritual is essential.

Look at the profusion of gifts, flowers, grain, plantains, betel, halved coconuts, sandal. After each verse a flower is taken from the heap between the knees of the officiating priest and reverently thrown on to the *velu*. As the ceremonial proceeds, (Turn to page 52)

JESUIT MISSIONS

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Schools in the Missions

THE mission intention, "Catholic Schools in the Missions," proposed by our Holy Father for our prayers during February should be especially appealing to those who are following with enthusiasm and sympathetic support the work of American Jesuit missionaries. The reason is that in their missions the work of evangelization is largely a matter of schools.

Great good, of course, is accomplished by the missionary who deals with the adults; but most, if not all missionaries, will insist that the most hopeful work is among the young who can be given a Catholic training. Pagan tribal customs are not as deep rooted in the children as in their elders who find it hard, even after embracing Christianity, to give up all practices savoring of the old ancestral paganism.

In Patna, India

WHERE American Jesuits labor in India, the majority of pagan peoples are illiterate, except perhaps some of the upper classes. Primary schools for the Indian Christians have been established in every station. For pagans, small village schools in which catechism, Bible history, and prayers are taught are in process of erection. Such schools are a necessity if the children are to develop sufficiently to grasp the truths of Christianity. Their forefathers, not blessed with opportunities for learning of the one true God, have simply and as a matter of course accepted the old traditions and have become engulfed in the labyrinth of pagan customs that go to make up Hinduism.

Nor can the missionary rest satisfied with primary schools in which religion can be taught. While there is no question of building institutions of higher learning for the majority of people whose work is agricultural to no small extent, there is real need of a high school for at least some of the Christians. That a modest high school is important is evident from the

account sent in by one missionary who has a rather thorough grasp of the situation. He writes:

"A high school, to people who think about missions, is an anomaly, I suppose, for it does not seem to fit into the concept. But a missionary who would try to get along without it, would be a one-handed man. Without a school we must expect to be without a mission. Without a high school we have no native teachers, no Christian teachers, at least, no catechists worthy of the name, no native priests or Brothers."

In the Philippine Islands

THE varying conditions in the Catholic Philippine Islands during the past twenty-five years have made Catholic schools there an especial necessity. With the American occupation came the American public school system and for the first time, perhaps, the Filipinos saw what a real school could be and do. To meet the spiritual destruction caused by these godless schools and to build up the waning Faith of the Filipinos, a system of parochial schools had to be established. This work has been begun. It is a vast undertaking requiring much in resources and courage. To the best of their present ability, the Jesuit missionaries are meeting the problem in their missions, and the complete success only depends upon the cooperation they can elicit from missionaries at home.

Higher education, too, must be taken care of in the various barrios and the missionaries are already looking forward to the day when they can supplement the work of the parochial schools with institutions of higher education. They realize that if the Philippine Islands are to be saved to the Catholic Faith it can be best done, and perhaps only done through these schools. The American Government officials have been loud in their praise of the work already accomplished and the hope and prayer of the missionaries that sooner or later they will be sending hundreds of boys to their own high schools or to the prospering Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit high school in Manila, and hundreds of girls to the various splendid academies throughout the Islands is not beyond fulfillment.

In Other Fields

WHAT is true of the Philippines and Patna, has its application in the other Jesuit missions manned by Americans. Among the Indians of Canada, of the Rocky Mountains, Wyoming and Dakota, schools are paramount. The same holds true of the new American mission in China, of the missions in British Honduras, Jamaica, Alaska and the rural districts of the Southern States. Everywhere schools are of prime importance for the proper training of youth in the Catholic Faith. If the hope of the missions lies in the young, then in the schools, surely, lies the greatest and surest hope of reaching the youth and implanting in them the seed that later will bear fruit in thorough Catholic living. Much financial help is needed for all these school projects in the various American Jesuit missions, and those who give this help have reason to feel that they are aiding the missions in a most constructive way.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 26. Caroline, Marianne and Marshall Islands



Native life in the Caroline Islands.

THE Caroline and Marianne Islands, already bathed in the sweat and blood of the martyrs of the Society of Jesus, (among whom was the famous Father Diego Sanvictores, martyred in 1692), were restored to the missions of the Society by the order of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in 1919. Some years later was added to this vicariate the name of the suppressed Vicariate of the Marshall Islands, because the greater portion of that archipelago was joined to it.

This extensive field of labor comprises a large number of small islands scattered over an area about the size of Europe. The islands lack easy and safe means of communication and are set down in a region of the Pacific subject to very frequent and violent storms and typhoons. The Marianne Islands have long been Catholic, but the Carolines are pagan, and vice and superstition are common.

Fifteen Spanish Jesuits of various provinces work among the population numbering altogether about fifty thousand souls. The mission is under the direction of His Lordship, Bishop Santiago L. de Rego, S.J.

WHILE it is true that at first thought the idea of schools is not necessarily identified with missions, still, second thought makes it evident that missions can scarcely be thought of without them. The realization of this has made the establishment, maintenance and direction of schools one of the principal tasks of missionaries.

In the classroom the children can be taught the saving truths of the Catholic Faith, their characters can be molded and their development safeguarded. Through the children the adults come to see the beauty of Catholicism, and the ground is prepared for their conversion.

Even higher education serves its purpose on the missions, for in addition to furnishing instruction for promising students and future priests. Sisters and catechists, it helps to break down the prejudice so

THE MISSION INTENTION for FEBRUARY Catholic Schools in the Missions

common otherwise among the upper classes in pagan countries.

In building his smaller primary schools and in establishing his higher seats of learning, the missionary is confronted with aggravating difficulties. He is hampered constantly by the lack of funds to build and support his schools, and too often he must see the progress of the Faith retarded because his means of instruction are limited by the pinch of poverty. At other times he has to contend with hidden or open opposition from Protestants and from the wealthier classes of the natives.

Prayers are asked, therefore, during this month, that opportune help may come to the mission schools, and that the missionaries themselves may labor with courage and fortitude, placing their fullest confidence in the help that will surely come to them from the Mother of Divine Wisdom and Queen of the Missions.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Friends of FATHER JOSEPH LUCAS, S.J., who is stationed at Jasaan, Balingasag, Mindanao, P. I., will be glad to read the following extracts from one of his recent letters:

"A long, exhausting illness, and a painfully slow recuperation have kept me from expressing my heartfelt gratitude to my generous friends and benefactors for their kindly letters and helpful gifts. Until renewed vigor enables me to take up correspondence once again, I realize my utter inability to repay even the tiniest part of so gratifying and grateful a debt."

"My latest job has been the starting and building of a Catholic hospital. We are starting very humbly with a bamboo, nipa building, four cots and a male nurse in charge. When I can get the money, a Government doctor will come once a week for operations and serious cases. A Catholic hospital can be made a powerful ally in the salvation of many souls, and needless to say will save me many hours a day for purely spiritual work that now have to be devoted to corporal works of mercy. I am sending along a picture of our hospital on the eve of completion. The corner bamboo was laid October 5, 1929, and the building was completed November 9, 1929. The bamboo and nipa were donated by the people, and all the voluntary work was done by the Jasaan Catholic Centre. The cost was \$15.00."

"Unless assistance comes in goodly measure very soon, I shall have to close down my remaining schools in March. Strange it is, but at present a school of fifteen or twenty children, housed in a bamboo hut, can give more power and prestige to the Church here than anything else. And this even with the public schools having the last word in school architecture, equipment and personnel. Get us schools, and you win us souls that cannot be won in any other way."

* * *

The first news has come from the trio of new missionaries who were assigned this year to Mindanao. FATHER WALTER HAMILTON, S.J., writes from Cagayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"FATHER JOHN POLLOCK, S.J., was the first of our trio to get into Mindanao. Having studied some Visayan previous to coming here, it was not long before he was letting out his net for the souls,

young and old, of the Visayan people. FATHER HENRY IRWIN, S.J., remained several days in Cebu, where he strove to interest his former pupils in our mission work. He lived while there with the Irish Redemptorists. These noble self-sacrificing men are doing a glorious work by means of their mission bands in the Visayan Islands. FATHER CLEMENT RISACHER, S.J., who is in charge of the Leper Hospital in Cebu, was the soul of kindness to us during our stay there.

"That evening we left Iigan, and went to Tagnipa (El Salvador), where FATHER PATRICK RAFFERTY, S.J., is pastor. It was the first Friday of the month and a goodly number assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion. The church here is on the shore facing the sea. As the tide was low we had to be carried a considerable distance on the shoulders of natives. FATHER PRENBERGAST, S.J., while pastor here, erected a substantial school on the seashore.



Father Lucas, S.J., in front of the new Catholic hospital built by his people at Jasaan, Mindanao, P. I.

He is very well and most enthusiastic over his own work and over the prospect of American Jesuits coming to Cebu for high school work.

"Father Irwin and I finally arrived at Jimenez. At Misamis we met FATHER FONT, a Spanish Jesuit, who has been striving hard to cover all this territory. The day before our arrival he had some 250 Baptisms and forty-eight marriages at Tanggup, a barrio of Misamis. As FATHER ANDREW HOFMANN, S.J., has relieved him at Iigan, and FATHERS JAMES DALY, S.J., and THOMAS GALLAGHER, S.J., at Jimenez, he can branch out more. There is no need of dilating on Father Hofmann's great work in Iigan. It is wonderful. We met there FATHERS ALFRED KIENLE, S.J., and MARTIN O'SHAUGHNESSY, S.J., who were helping Father Hofmann over his strenuous *fiesta* days.

"We motored along the seashore to Cagayan. There in the spacious church I saw REV. FATHER JAMES T. HAYES, S.J., our superior in this section, in devout adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Always most devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, Father Hayes has wrought marvels here in bringing the people closer to their Eucharistic God. Rail after rail of men received Holy Communion on the feast of Christ the King. In all, about 1000 inhabitants of Cagayan alone approached the Banquet Table.

"We three new Fathers have been helping the other Fathers in the mountains and along the coast. Within a week, our permanent status is expected."

* * *

A Philippine newspaper carried this item:

"Alfredo Peclson, of Calasiao, Pangasinan, has been appointed government

pensionado to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. Notification of the appointment was received early this week by Peckson, who plans to leave for the United States on the *Empress of France*. He is a high school graduate of the Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit High School."



A missionary for over 20 years. Father Charles Belanger, S.J., superior of the Indian School at Spanish, Ontario.

AMERICAN INDIANS

The Indian girls at DeSmet Mission where FATHER GEORGE J. KUGLER, S.J., is superior, have many modern advantages in their school. Besides the ordinary subjects of the eighth grade school course they are taught typewriting, drawing, sewing and housekeeping. The girls have organized a literary club; at each meeting the books they have read during the week-end are reported on and discussed. The Indian girls have been publishing an eight page mimeographed monthly school paper since last September. They take great interest in the publication and turn out very creditable work.

In the DeSmet Boys' School an eighteen year old Indian boy has been made assistant prefect. He is a graduate of the DeSmet School and comes from a well known Indian family of the Colville Mission.

Two other DeSmet graduates have been attending the Gonzaga High School in Spokane for the last three years. Both boys have been ranking high in their studies and are popular among their fellow students.

To honor FATHER THOMAS NEATE, S.J., on the occasion of his golden jubilee in the Society of Jesus, the Sisters and children of St. Joseph's Mission School, at Culesack, Idaho, planned a celebration for January 15, 1930. For over thirty

years, this zealous missionary has been laboring in the missions of the Northwest.

* * *

During November the Indians of Holy Family Mission, Montana, where FATHER IGNATIUS DUMBECK, S.J., is superior, received their lease checks in payment for the land they had leased for range purposes. The Father states that he had to write over fifty of these checks ranging from seven cents to twenty-five dollars. He says that he is becoming quite a thumb expert, as many of the Indians who cannot write indorse their checks with a thumb mark.

Among the Indians in this section there is still a considerable amount of sun worship practised by some of the older Indians. On the prairie, one may see what appear to be parts of scarecrows on top of fifteen foot poles. They are in fact, offerings to the sun and usually consist of good top shirts. Many of the younger generation avail themselves of the opportunity of getting possession of the shirts, the older people believing all the while that the sun has taken them. Other ceremonies connected with sun worship are held periodically at home. A bundle of beaver and other small animal skins is kept tied up in a special way; then, from time to time the Indians untie the skins, hold them out in front of them and dance around the lodge.

* * *

On Armistice Day practically the entire Umattilla tribe and a large crowd of whites from Pendleton gathered at St. Andrew's Mission for the flag-raising ceremonies. The school children marched in procession and the flag was carried by Indian girls. In front of the church, FATHER J. T. CORRETT, S.J., superior of the mission, blessed the flag. The national anthem was sung by all. Judge

kota, held the solemn dedication of his wonderful church at Porcupine on the Pine Ridge Reservation. The new chapel carries the name of "Our Lady of Lourdes." It was erected through the generous co-operation of the Lydon family of New York City. They made a donation of \$2000 through Father William J. Flynn of the Marquette League. The new Catholic center at Porcupine is a model for the entire reservation. The chapel is large enough to accommodate the congregation. Adjoining the sanctuary is a reasonably comfortable room for the missionary. Near the church is a log cabin meeting house and adjoining it the frame house in which the catechist and his family live. On the hill to the rear the Indians plan to erect a beautiful grotto, a replica of Lourdes. A rather fine painting of our Lady of Lourdes has found its way to the chapel to the great satisfaction and honest pride of Mr. William Bergin, a mixed blood Indian of Porcupine who is the able assistant of the missionary in any work for the progress of the Church among the Sioux Indians of Porcupine district.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Sir Esme Howard, England's Ambassador to the United States, was a recent visitor to Jamaica. He arrived on Monday, November 25, from Trinidad. With him was his son Francis.

On the following morning, Sir Esme and his son attended Mass at Holy Trinity Cathedral and received Holy Communion, this day being the third anniversary of the death of his son, Esme. The Mass was said by the Rev. FATHER FRANCIS J. KELLY, S.J., superior of the Jamaica Mission.

After Mass, Sir Esme and his son took breakfast at the presbytery with the



Father Leo Cunningham's new Catholic center: Our Lady of Lourdes at Porcupine, South Dakota, among the Oglala Sioux.

James Alger Fee of the Circuit Court gave an address and the Indian boy scouts of the school staged a military drill.

* * *

Towards the end of November, FATHER LEO C. CUNNINGHAM, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Da-

members of the Jesuit community.

Afterwards, Sir Esme and party paid a visit to the office of *Catholic Opinion*, the official paper of the Church in Jamaica. Then they went over to St. George's College. The students assembled on the lawn and cheered their distinguished guests.

Later in the afternoon, accompanied by Father Kelly, FATHER GEORGE F. McDONALD, S.J., Editor of *Catholic Opinion*, and the FATHER LEO T. BUTLER, S.J., Headmaster of St. George's College, Sir Esme and his son visited the Convent of Mercy and the Franciscan Convent of the Immaculate Conception.

Sir Esme and Francis left later on in the afternoon for Cuba. Before leaving, the Ambassador expressed himself as delighted with his visit to the Island, being especially struck by the beauty of the north coast. He was also pleased with the evidence of the flourishing state of Catholicity. (N. C. W. C.)

ALASKA

FATHER JOHN DURGAN, S.J., has entered northern Alaska for the first time. He came by freight train from Fairbanks to Nenana and from there voyaged for three days on the gasoline tug "Mildred" down the Tanana and Yukon Rivers. When the tug tied up to the bank at night, Father Durgan, rolled up in a wolf-hide robe, slept in a little bunk over the engine. His coat wrapped around a log took the place of a pillow.

FATHER FRANCIS PRANGE, S.J., welcomed the new missionary at Kuyukuk and traveled with him to Nulato where they landed, "amid the fluttering of three weeks' washing hanging on the lines for flags and bunting. The Indians gathered at the wharf and shouted out their joyful greetings: 'Ho, Fader! Ho, Fader! You come to stay?'" The Sisters of St. Ann had prepared a good supper for the two missionaries and Father Durgan thought it was a delicious feast after his long journey. Moose steak, potatoes, bread, butter and coffee with a little dessert at the end, made the royal repast.

Father Durgan gives a description of his living quarters. His room contains a bed, a table, two chairs, a box for a washstand and another box with shelves for a book case. Two double paned windows are nailed down both winter and summer to keep out the cold in winter and the mosquitoes in summer. A round hole in the wall, a little bigger than a dollar, supplies the fresh air. Last summer the mosquitoes ate out the eyes of some of the dogs and the noses off some of the others. They were so numerous that their buzzing resembled the droning of an airplane.

The Nulato Mission district in which Fathers Prange and Durgan are working is larger than the State of Washington. Most of the people are Indians; there are only a half dozen Eskimo families in the area.

There are about 300 Indians in this area—54 families, when all are home from the hunting. Every family has from five to forty-two dogs. The 500 dogs are leapt tied up just out of one another's reach along the muddy river bank in front of the town. At feeding time there is a deafening chorus.

To the east and south of Nulato beyond the Yukon one sees only the horizon;

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ST. JOHN FRANCIS REGIS, S.J.

THAT the zeal of the house of God consumed John Francis Regis is clear from the accounts of his zealous apostolate. He was a "home missionary" in accordance with the will of his superiors, though he longed for the arduous Canadian Missions among the Indians.

John Francis Regis was born in Pontcouverte on January 31, 1597, and died on December 30, 1640. His parents watched with Christian solicitude over the early education of their son. Francis corresponded with their efforts and when he showed signs of a vocation to the priesthood his friends could hardly have been surprised.

He entered the Society of Jesus in 1616, and after the usual years of preparation was ordained priest in 1631. From 1632 till his premature death, Father Regis was engaged in giving missions. It is impossible to enumerate the many cities and towns that witnessed his labor. Everywhere he was an ardent tireless campaign against loose living and loose thinking. He was a tyrant against sin, though kind towards the sinner whom he aided patiently in the trying work of reformation of life.

Worn out by his labors, he died at la Louvesc, a hamlet in the mountains of Ardèche, in southern France. Immediately after his death he was venerated as a saint, and pilgrims came in crowds to his tomb. He was beatified by Clement XI on May 18, 1716, and canonized by Clement XII on April 5, 1737.

north and west of Nulato rise the hills thickly covered with stunted spruce. It winter the sun peeps above the hill for only two hours a day.

PATNA, INDIA

FATHER LEO P. FRANK, S.J., who has been in charge of the preparatory apostolic school at Chuhari, has been transferred to Gajhi, the Santal boarding school (primary grades), where he will begin work among the Santals by trying to learn the language.

The boys of the sixth grade of St. Ignatius School in Chicago, have taken an active interest in Patna. Recently they sent the following letter to Very Rev. J. J. O'Callaghan, S.J., Provincial of the Chicago Jesuits in Patna:

"We are happy to send you this letter because it is going to bring good news to your mission. We are working hard for the missions and we are more than glad to help with our money and our prayers. One of the boys of our class offered to let the school use his moving picture machine in an effort to raise money for your Patna Mission. We ran the show in the auditorium and charged ten cents and more. We are sending you the result of our work. If we could send more we would. The sixty dollars represent our earnings at the movie show."

From Barki-Hatiya among the Santals comes a message from that tireless worker, FATHER JOHN KILLAN, S.J.

"The Santals are as thick as fleas about me. Daily they besiege my door (the only one I have), and shut out the light from my one window. They are asking for medals and rosaries and are most anxious to learn Catholic hymns. Day and night cracked voices sing out over my jungle the strains of Christmas hymns and Lenten hymns, etc. Talk of shyness! That quality is surely not theirs.

"It seems that I'm going to be a vegetarian. No meat to be had here, no eggs, and no vegetables either, for all that. My diet is flour soup, coffee, Indian bread and now and then a potato or so. Do not worry. I am feeling all the better for it and my headaches have disappeared."

The veteran missionary among the Santals is FATHER JAMES CREANE, S.J., and for his able assistant he has FATHER FRANCIS STOV, S.J. These two Santal enthusiasts conduct a school at Bhagpur and pioneer in the villages within a range of fifteen or twenty miles. It was with no small difficulty that a footing was gained among the Santals of Bhagpur, but progress has been made already. The fruit of untiring work. The boys have done well. They do not rest satisfied with what they do in school, but carry their enthusiasm back to their villages during vacation time. This has been evidenced by the welcome accorded in the villages to VERY REVEREND FATHER SONTAG, S.J., and Father Creane, S.J., on a recent tour of the Santal territory.



Richard Welfle, S.J., new missionary in Patna Mission, makes friends with Christian boys.

Mr. JOHN MORRISON, S.J., one of Patna Mission's latest arrivals, writes:

"We spent three days at Bombay, drinking in the new sights, including the famous Parsee 'Tower of Silence.' Leaving Bombay, we took train to Agra where we saw the 'Taj Mahal' by moonlight. The following day we visited 'Akbar's Fort', a huge place one and a half miles in circumference. From Agra we moved on to Bankipore where FATHERS E. J. O'LEARY, S.J., and R. MULLEN, S.J., were waiting for us to bring us to BISHOP SULLIVAN'S residence where a good old American welcome awaited us. It felt good to be here after our long weeks of travel."

BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS

The flood waters resulting from the high tide of September have at last disappeared from the grounds of St. John's College in Belize. For fully two months it was necessary to keep the pump working all day and at times during the night.

Just about the time the situation was under control, the heavens again burst forth with abundant rains and lakes were formed again. You may call them lakes, or bathing pools for the alligators who came in from the bush, or hunting grounds for the garlins, small crane-like birds of the tropics that flock to marshy places.

There was great excitement at Benque Viejo some time ago when an aeroplane flew over the place. It was the first the natives had seen. The machine came over the hills behind the school, sailed low over the church and town and then headed for the mountains of Peten. The school children, of course, were, as FATHER KAMMERER, S.J., missionary at Benque Viejo, says, "all up in the air."

"There has been a great deal of sickness in the town," writes Father Kammerer, "for the last four months. Finally the people decided to have a procession in honor of our Lady of Lourdes. It would have done your heart good to

see it. It was very solemn, religious and edifying. A thousand people marched. We went around the whole town, people and children praying and singing; along the line of march palms had been erected and chairs or tables with lighted candles and lamps set out. A spirit of devotion was in evidence everywhere. I noticed one old black man kneeling in the doorway of his home, his hair white, his lips moving in prayer, and his eyes glistening with a sunshine brilliance as he kept gazing at the statue of our Lady of Lourdes which was being carried by. Another picture caught my attention, and it was that of a little girl, not three years old, who knelt alone on both knees in front of the door of her house, her hands devoutly joined in prayer. She did not take her eyes off our Lady's statue for a moment as we passed by in the procession. I gave Benediction in the church at the end of the procession which had lasted for an hour and a quarter. Since that time sickness has noticeably diminished. I shall never forget this day."

During the first week of December the battle cruiser *U. S. S. Denver*, steamed into the harbor of Belize. During the three days it was in port, the sailors from the boat made themselves at home at the college manned by American Jesuit missionaries. Through the kindness of the American Consul in Belize, arrangements were made to take all the students on board the vessel for a tour of inspection. The officers and men were most courteous and showed the entire boat from bow to stern, and explained everything from the position of the clothes-lines to the working of the big five inch guns.

One evening during their stay the sailors brought around their famous basketball team and defeated the college boys by a score of 51 to 27. The boys were pleased to have played the American "gobs" even though they did come out at the short end of the score.



Fathers Pius L. Moore, S.J., Joseph Roberfroid, S.J., and John Lennon, S.J., surrounded by the instructors and students of Ricci College, Nanking, China.



POONA MISSION CHANGES HANDS

By a decree of October 10, 1929, the mission of Poona in India, formerly cared for by the Jesuit Fathers of the Aragon Province in Spain, is transferred to the Jesuit Fathers of the upper German Province.

Archbishop Doering, S.J., formerly bishop in Japan, is the present ecclesiastical superior of Poona.

CHINESE PRIEST FIFTY YEARS

A JESUIT

Father James Ling, S.J., known as the "Bourdaloue of China" because of his powers of oratory, has been a Jesuit for fifty years. His field of work has been chiefly in Shanghai in the district of Tong-ka-dou, where he has endeared himself to his people. Before coming to Shanghai, Father Ling worked for a time in the outlying mission territory. He is still carrying on a vigorous apostolate.

FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA

Another jubilee celebrated recently among the Shanghai Jesuits was that of Father Christopher Bortolazzi, S.J., scholar and author, who has spent fifty years on the Chinese missions. Father Bortolazzi has written several helpful books for the use of missionaries coming to China. He is still hale and hearty, hard at further study of the language and zealous in his work at the famous shrine of our Lady of Zo-se.

CATHOLIC CHINESE AT HIGH POST

Doctor Song Kuo-ping, graduate of the Jesuit Catholic University "Aurora," where he is now professor, has been elected president of the Executive Committee of the Medical Association of Shanghai, China.

Aurora University was founded by the Jesuits in 1904. It includes a faculty of medicine, law, civil engineering, and literature. It is staffed by forty-four professors; the students number four hundred and fifty, most of whom are boarding scholars. Approximately one hundred are Catholics; the remainder are pagans. The Aurora University is one of the few institutions of higher learning in China. (F.S.)

RANCHI DIOCESE EXTENDS ACTIVITIES

Through the apostolic efforts of Father L. Fischer, S.J., the sphere of the Belgian Jesuits of the Chota-Nagpur Mission in northeastern India has been extended to the territory known as the "Bonai." According to a communication



Father James Ling, S.J., distinguished Chinese orator who celebrated his golden Jubilee in the Society of Jesus at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China.

from the Father, this step means the conquest of a new land for the Church of God. A central headquarters will be chosen, new chapels erected and new catechists selected for the extensive work in the Bonai.

VALUE OF JESUIT WEATHER BUREAUS

That the Jesuit Weather Bureaus of Manila and Zi-ka-wei are of great value to the Pacific Islands and the mainland of China was proven in the latest typhoon that struck the Orient. A severe typhoon

visited Hongkong and many of the towns along the West River. Warnings were sent out beforehand from the Jesuit Observatory of Manila which telegraphed the direction and position of the typhoon every few hours for forty-eight hours before it struck Hongkong. All the smaller craft had time to get to the typhoon shelter and the large ships had everything tied up. All windows and doors on shore were barred. There was no loss of life, and, though the property damage ran into the thousands of dollars, it was small compared with what might have been the case had there been no warning. The gale raged at a velocity of one hundred and twenty miles an hour.

The contrast between this typhoon and a similar one which visited Hongkong in 1912 is interesting. In a few hours, that year, more than ten thousand people were drowned. In the typhoon of this year, in towns where no warning had been received, great damage was done. In Shuibing, for example, barracks were blown down with a loss of one hundred and fifty people killed and two hundred and fifty injured; the new hospital was destroyed; and practically every small vessel and three large vessels, one with one hundred people on board, were lost. (F.S.)

SEMINARY FOR JAPANESE PRIESTS

The Ecclesiastical Seminary of Tokio was solemnly opened in the presence of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Mario Giardini, Apostolic Delegate to Japan. In addition to the high dignitaries of the Church who were present, there was such a large concourse of people that a field Mass was of necessity in order that all might be able to attend.

The new seminary, designed by a German architect, stands on a plain in Musahi, a suburb of Tokio. Each member of the faculty possesses a recognized doctorate in his assigned subject. The professors represent every diocese or territory in Japan and her colonies. For the first scholastic year there are thirty-two seminarians. (F.S.)

NATIVE PASTORS FOR UGANDA

Two more parishes of Uganda have

been entrusted to native priests. This brings the total up to nine parishes in native hands. The work of the White Fathers is assuredly bearing rich fruit. But fifty years ago the first of their number came to Uganda. Their sufferings were intense, their hardships almost overwhelming. But today, their work is showing remarkable results.

The Vicariate of Uganda is one of the most flourishing missions in Africa. There are 90 White Fathers, 41 native priests, 21 Brothers, 52 European Sisters, 182 native Sisters, and 1,400 catechists. The faithful number 235,000. (F.S.)

ADRIFF IN THE SOUTH SEA

Outlasting the most thrilling South Sea fiction tale was the actual experience of Father Tremblay, S.M., who survived an eight day storm in a small boat with no food but hardtack and no water.

The occurrence took place on the return journey from the volcanic "Tin Mail Island," whither the Father had gone to rebuild the church and rectory destroyed by a volcanic eruption in July. One day out from the volcanic isle, a furious southeast gale blew up. The captain of the boat was thrown overboard, but rescued "without a split second to spare," but with an accident which nearly caused fatalities to the ten occupants of the small boat. The water canteen was knocked overboard in the excitement, leaving only a small quantity of rusty water that lasted two days; then there was no water for several days. After seven nights and eight days the boat was landed eighty miles from the port it intended to reach.

JUBILEE ACADEMY IN THIRTY LANGUAGES

A unique academy was held at the Urban College in Rome in honor of the Holy Father's Jubilee. Thirty languages were spoken; twenty-seven nationalities were represented. The most popular composition, if the volume of dignified applause may be taken as an indication, was that rendered in Italian by Gladstone Wilson, a Negro from the island of Jamaica, British West Indies. Other languages spoken included Sanskrit, Malayan, Hebrew, Chaldean, South Indian (ancient Syrian), Arabian, Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, Annamite, Cafro, Greek, German, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, English, Africans, Polish, Bohemian, Yugoslavian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Rumanian, Hungarian and Latin.

Attending the academy with the Holy Father were twenty Cardinals, the Chaldean Patriarch, many bishops and prelates, members of the diplomatic corps of the Vatican, representatives of the religious orders and congregations, and several thousand students from the universities of the Eternal City. The session lasted two hours, and at its close the Holy Father expressed his gratitude and congratulations on the scholarly commemoration of his jubilee. (F.S.)

MISSIONARY ARCHEOLOGIST

At the head of a caravan in southeast Abyssinia, Father Bernardine Azais, French Capuchin, for five years has engaged in archeological investigations which have brought forth precious information. He has just finished another voyage, this one of five months, into the Province of Wallaga and looks forward now to an examination of Christian antiquities in the old kingdom of Kaffa.

Father Azais served for fifteen years as a missionary in Abyssinia, previous to the World War, a part of the time among the lepers of Harar. He has been laboring at his archeological work with the financial assistance of the Ministry of Public Instruction of France, and under the patronage of the French Academy of Inscriptions. The reigning king regent of Abyssinia, Negus Tafari, has powerfully seconded the missionary's efforts. (F.S.)



The Missionary's Prayer

A. X. McCORMICK, S.J.

*JESUS, before the record of my life
Is chiseled on a rain-worn stone
In two mute dates,
Let me be a teacher of Thy Name,
And light within ten thousand lamps
Thy love's eternal flame!*



ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY - FIVE CATHOLICS IN ICELAND

Catholic activities in this little country are not so often chronicled for the world. Our Holy Father, however, has called attention to the island and has brought deep joy to its Catholics by appointing a Bishop for Iceland. His Eminence, William Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, journeyed to the island kingdom for the consecration of Rt. Rev. Martin Meulenbergh, S.M.M., as Vicar Apostolic of Iceland.

The highest decoration of the Kingdom of Iceland, the Grand Cross of Falcon with Star, was conferred on His Eminence by the Prime Minister at Reykjavik on July 22.

Iceland has a population slightly over one hundred thousand. The vast majority is Protestant; Catholics number only 175. The personnel under the new Bishop includes four priests and two Brothers of the Company of Mary, and twenty-six Sisters of St. Joseph who conduct the hospital.

HERE'S MY REPORT

(Continued from page 33)

"Put your trust in the Lord, and do the best you can." The future demands our action in definite directions. Money has to be spent to increase the size of the school (of all the schools of the mission, if I may speak for all missionaries); and more expenditure must be made to better the educational equipment. And, by no means least, the demands of the educational authorities, and our own desires, will require us to provide a trained body of teachers. Their higher salary requirements we shall have to grant. May the Lord be kind to us, and reward us for our trust in Him!

BETTIAH HAS A MELA

(Continued from page 34)

silvery in the dawn. That afternoon we biked to the jungles. What a trip over the "heath"! Ireland's bogs and the swamps of the "days o' Doonee" had nothing on the mud puddles we splashed through to get into the jungle proper. We found a path that led into the dense part, through a craggy divide in the first range; we forded a river, trekked across a miniature desert and into the tall and uncut grass in an effort to reach the real mountains, but the pampas grass was a wall against progress. We climbed trees to get the lay of the land, came down, plunged on for two or three yards and found ourselves lost.

Prudence said "go back!" So we did; got out of the jungles just at dusk and puzzled our way back to the missionary's hut. An evening of indescribable tales by Father Ory followed, and then to bed we went once more to dream of the tigers we didn't kill and to scale the peaks that had laughed at our best efforts. The next morning, we played *dhobie* and did our washing. At noon we left for Bettiah.

THE fair was still in progress when we returned, so we spent one more afternoon looking at the Arabian horses and the cattle, sheep, goats, dogs and "foreigners"

who crowded the *mela* grounds. I have seen a few good horses in the United States, but nothing to compare with the animals from the desert of Sind and Arabia. I am rather daft on horses and when those animals whinnied, I just shut my eyes and thrilled at the vision of sand dunes and a large moon, a cool breeze and no place to go but to ride. I had to tear myself away

poetical terms the doings of the hero whose death was mourned. There were the usual sabre combats. The dead man's horse sorrowfully followed the funeral cortege of his master, with bowed head and lame leg. The poor beast! It, too, had to take part in the common grief; to aid it, a thorn was driven into its foot.

It would have been agreeable to

lives are simple lives. Whatever it is, the red man forgets not his dead.

They are loath to leave the hallowed spot. Many remain till the shadows begin to creep over the mountain side. But now the last mourner with a last fond look at the heaped up mounds departs from this holy place. They have kept well their tryst with the departed souls just as they keep well this



This Jamaica, B. W. I., flock has devotion to St. Theresa, Patroness of the missions.

from the ponies before I should trade my trusty "Victoria", the bike, for something alive with four legs, some hair and a tail. Elephants and camels were at the *mela*, too, with their festive crimson drapes and silver bangles, clinking and waving as they swayed from side to side.

Now we're back in the harness; but, at that, it's good to pick up work again. You would be surprised to feel what a change of scenery and a breath of fresh air will do to one's supply of energy. I feel sorry that there are only two months left before I'll pack up and set out for Shembaganur and the books "philosophique."

A WEEK IN TRIPOLI

(Continued from page 35)

Arida, Maronite Archbishop of Tripoli, with his entire suite was asked to the funeral. I was among the number. Those who are fond of the old customs of the Orient would have appreciated finding them again in all their purity at this funeral; wailings without end, tears, plaints, rhythmic chants, and rhymes which the crowd took up in cadence to tell in imaginatively

continue my consoling apostolate among the Zghertans. Invitations were not wanting to go to the mountain districts, to Hadat Jebbe, to Syr and other places. But I had to return to my regular work at Ghazir. I left, very happy to journey in the company of Mr. Jacome, inspector-in-chief of the Libian Police at Tripoli, an excellent soldier of giant stature, and what is still better, an excellent Catholic. In the evening after a day of travel, I was back at Ghazir and in the company of my orphans.

KOILUX SHUS-SIN-NA-LIP

(Continued from page 37)

blesses the graves of all the dead. Then he moves on to each new grave made that year for an individual blessing. And now the silent throng scatters over the little plot of holy ground. Here a mother kneels to remember the soul of a daughter, dead these twenty years. There the old chief sheds a tear and breathes a prayer for the chief before him, his father. Here a little boy and a little girl kneel with joined hands praying for the mother they loved. The heart of an Indian never forgets. Perhaps it is because their

final resting place of theirs under the mountains.

ECHOES OF THE CANADIAN HURON MISSIONS

(Continued from page 38)

corn lifted its head, bore many ears well filled with grain, and yielded the greatest crop within the memory of the Hurons. The finger of God was there. Grateful delegations were sent to the missionaries from far and wide. The Hurons at last took an interest in the God of the French, and after a few months Father de Brébeuf could write: "The Church is now born in Huronia; a living Church of seventy-three souls." Brébeuf thought the harvest time at hand, and sent a call to France for generous apostles to come and share his labors. That none but the bravest should volunteer, he painted the life of an apostle in New France in its most sombre colors.

"I WILL show you how much you will have to suffer for the name of Jesus. If you have the courage to squat in a Huron canoe, and do more than your share of paddling and portaging for at least thirty days, plagued with mosqui-

toes day and night, harassed with fatigue, hunger and thirst, when you arrive, in spite of our joy and charity, we shall receive you in such a wretched cabin that there is no hovel so lowly in France to compare with it. No other bed to offer you but a mat spread on the bare ground. No other food but *sagamite*, a gruel of crushed corn, sometimes seasoned with pulverized smoked or dried fish; venison is a rare luxury.

"You may be a learned theologian, or a great preacher in France, but here you shall have to go to the school of savages—men, women, and children—and learn to lisp their language; you have to submit meekly to their mockeries because of your ignorance of what they know so well.

"For five months of the winter you will be confined to a bark cabin open to the sky, breathing a smoky atmosphere, benumbed with cold, with no other light but that which comes down from the open roof, or from the glow of your camp fire. When you are on an apostolic tour, you must put up with your hosts, both men and dogs, not to mention the smaller kind. At every turn of the trail you may meet some Iroquois lurking in the bush, hungry for your flesh. Even among so-called friends, a malcontent, to vent his anger, or a dreamer, to obey his dream, may bring down his tomahawk upon your head and despatch you to the world unseen.

"**WHAT** a fund of piety you must bring along with you! You will be alone for weeks and months, deprived of the consolation of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, surrounded with half-naked people who know no restraint in the gratification of their passions. I spare you many other undesirable features of our life which you may better learn here on the spot. Now, if in spite of all these hardships, you decide to come and share our labors, come. You will find the Cross here, and with it the sweetest consolation the Lord has in store for his servants. In the midst of our trials, all of us are happy, and sound in soul and body. We don't know what a stomach ache,

or a headache, or a cold is. If we have sometimes to repeat the words of our Lord: 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' we have often reason to cry out with St. Francis Xavier, in the abundance of our consolation: 'Enough, O Lord!'

LOST AND FOUND

(Continued from page 39)

abandoned mission and won out. I always thought that missions were all in foreign fields, but it seems they are right at home here in the States, too.

"The next morning was a Sunday and he invited me to the services. Of course, it was all Roman mummery, but it did exert a strange fascination over me. No doubt about it, Dick's people were the happiest gathering I've seen in years. Poor, but somehow knowing a happiness and a peace in their simplicity that would put 'these garish lights' to shame. And devoted to Dick! Why they almost worship him!

"He is heart and soul in his work;

called it a glorious vocation. I retorted that he was a dreaming idiot. If he must be a shepherd of souls, why not go to a larger flock? He had eloquence, power; New York would go wild over him. But he disagreed; said he would only be another novelty, another amusement for the cities; here his good was lasting. Before I left he pledged me to secrecy but said that I might tell you all for the sake of old times. So there's history. A wasted life I call it."

THEY heard his story end and were silent. They sat reflecting for a while and then began gradually to depart. For each had troubles of his own. The younger Dexter wondered how the elder, with that unbending pride of his, would bear the scandal when the deficit was made known and the house went bankrupt . . . he should never have gambled in stocks, of course, but it had been a chance . . . ; Merrill still was a broken man since the news of his son's sui-

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

To Mr. ROBERT L. MCCORMACK, S.J., at St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, our readers are indebted for several highly interesting accounts of the American Jesuit missionaries in this British colony. Besides good Catholics, chewing gum is one of the products raised in *Chicle Land*.

Good, hard work has so completely filled the years of Father PATRICK RAFFERTY, S.J., in Mindanao that he has found very little time for writing magazine articles. He can at last say, *Here's My Report*. He sends it from his residence at Cagayan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.

Two summers ago Mr. MARION BATSON, S.J., went from St. Louis to the Patna Mission, India. The vigor and charm of youth went with him and he has been using every inch of it to the greater glory of God in the Bettiah High School in Bettiah, Patna, India. *Bettiah Has a Mela* describes what he sees and occasionally does.

Have you ever spent *A Week in Tripoli*? Father A. JEANNIÈRE, S.J., of Ghazir, Beyrouth, Syria, tells us how much work he can pack into seven days in this city of Africa.

The Indians of the Pacific Coast are as fervent and as Catholic as the Indians of any of the Reservations. Father J. V. LINDEN, S.J., Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, tells us about *Koiliux Shux-sin-na-lip*, one of the missionaries who is working among them.

Father JULIEN PAQUIN, S.J., has been a missionary among the Canadian Indians on three different occasions, the first time being in 1893. He was chaplain during the World War from 1915 to 1918. He is now stationed at Garden River, Ontario, and in *Echoes of the Canadian Huron Missions* he is giving short historical glimpses at the beginnings of the great Canadian missions.

Lost and Found is the very entertaining mission story written by Mr. WILLIAM J. HEALY, S.J., a zealous mission advocate at Weston College, Weston, Mass. Mr. Healy's stories manifest a splendid zeal and an appreciation of various experiences of a missionary's life.

A professor of philosophy in a missionary seminary at Shembaganur, Madras District, India, in the very heart of India, Father J. P. LEONARD, S.J., has unusual opportunities to study Indian religious customs. In *Mantra and Sacramentals*, he shows how aptly Catholic sacramentals can replace the pagan customs.

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

side . . . ; Latrop was bothered by his wife's insistence on a divorce . . . ; it was ruining his home . . . ; and Donald Hall wandered off, too . . . because . . . well, he thought he had conquered that craving for the drug, but here it was back again . . . and the doctor only gave him a little while to live if he continued . . . and it would make a deucedly bad story when it got about . . . and it would make life dark for Mary and the children . . . and . . . well, poor old Dick Trent!

As for Dick, hundreds of miles away, he was drawing up a plan for a Sunday sermon of consolation and cheer for his flock. And he had chosen a wondrous text: "For he that will save his life shall lose it; and he that will lose his life for My sake shall find it!"

MANTRAMS AND SACRAMENTALS

(Continued from page 41)

the god is supposed to hover round and feast on the essence and aroma of the offered food and flowers.

Some more objects may be noticed. The brass lamps fed with *gingli* or cocoanut oil, the white squares of sandal wood stuck in the middle of the heaps of grain, the goblets filled with lustral water used to sprinkle the oblations.

The sacrifice over, the gifts are distributed to those who paid for them and reverently taken home. Also scrolls and copper plates, etc., are sold out for a goodly price to serve as potent charms and amulets. Finally, the priest is handsomely rewarded for his pains and escorted back in triumph.

Alas! for the blindness of millions of human beings enslaved in ignorance and superstition! When will the scales fall from the eyes of India's sons and daughters that they may behold the light of truth and rejoice in the tender embraces of the God of Love?



The New Catholic Dictionary.
Compiled and edited under the
direction of Condé B. Pallen,
Ph.D., LL.D., and John J.

Wynne, S.J., S.T.D. The Universal Knowledge Foundation.
New York, \$10.00.

This latest volume from the tireless workers of "The Universal Knowledge Foundation" should find its way into every Catholic school and library and into the home of every educated Catholic. It is a mine of information within the compass of 1,100 well-printed and easily read pages. It contains 747 maps and illustrations and 8,250 articles. The student who consults the dictionary will find not only definitions and explanations of every subject in religion, scripture, tradition, doctrine, morals, sacraments, rites, customs, devotions and symbolism, but also accounts of the Church in every continent, country, diocese, mission-center, city; religious orders, church societies, sects and false religions. The dictionary has brief articles also on historical events and personages, in the Old Testament and New, and on popes, prelates, priests, men and women of distinction, showing what the Church has done for civilization and correcting many errors which have hitherto passed for history.

The Question Box. (New Edition, 1929.) By Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. The Paulist Press. New York, N. Y. \$1.00 (cloth bound), 50 cents (paper bound).

There is scarcely a Catholic or inquiring non-Catholic who will not welcome this new edition of a very valuable work. The present volume contains about 1,000 questions which have been selected out of a total of 250,000 received by Father Conway during a period of some thirty years of zealous apostolic work. Cardinal Hayes says that in view of the fact that "the spirit of inquiry into the history, teaching and discipline of the Catholic Church has been markedly quickened as a result of the recent wave of religious prejudice which swept over the land," he feels that "nothing could be more timely and of practical service than this newly revised, enlarged edition of *The Question Box*."

May a quick and large circulation make frequent reprints necessary for this valuable book!

(1) Don't Say It! (2) Fashionable Sin. (3) Prodigals and Christ. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work Press. St. Louis, Mo. Ten cents each.

Father Lord has his finger on the pulse of the modern world. His work as National Sodality Director keeps him in constant touch with people and movements. But Father Lord is a zealous priest, and he has anointed fingers that touch the pulse of Christ. Knowing the Heart of Christ and its profound love for mankind, Father Lord gladly moves his facile pen to bring to the sin-sick world the message of Christ's loving and forgiving Heart.

All of Father Lord's pamphlets are refreshing and are easy and instructive and deeply wholesome reading. The three new pamphlets do not fall below the writer's high standard, and while the point with force at the sudden feature of modern society, they hold out to the only relief that is worth the seeking. May these three new pamphlets find their way, as they deserve, into the hands of millions of Catholic and non-Catholic readers.

Upstream. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. New York, N. Y. \$2.00.

A mother's love for her boy and his filial devotedness to a wonderful mother as together they work out the lad's future, is the theme of this delightful story from Father Scott's pen. There is idealism in the story—plenty of it—but the idealism is welcome and the sentiment in the book is wholesome. The reader is not likely to put the book aside once he has begun to read. He will close the book at the last page with a feeling of deep satisfaction at having met a group of noble characters to whom the Catholic Faith is a pearl, priceless beyond reckoning, and to whom exalted love and genuine character and downright honesty are still ideals worth striving for.

In This Issue

	Page
Frontispiece:	
The Departure of the Missioners	
In Chiclé Land	
Robert L. McCormack, S.J.	31
Here's My Report	
Patrick Rafferty, S.J.	32
Bettiah Has a Mela	
Marion Batson, S.J.	34
A Week in Tripoli	
A. Jeanniere, S.J.	35
Koiliux Shus-sin-na-lip	
J. V. Linden, S.J.	36
Echoes of the Canadian Huron Missions	
Julien Paquin, S.J.	38
Lost and Found—A Story	
William J. Healy, S.J.	39
Mantrams and Sacramentals	
J. P. Leonard, S.J.	40
Editorials	42
Jesuit Mission Vignettes	
No. 26. Caroline, Mari- anne and Marshall Islands	43
The Mission Intention	43
Afield with American Jesuits	44
Renowned Jesuit Missionaries	
St. John Francis Regis, S.J.	46
From Many Climes	48
The Missionary's Prayer—A Poem	
A. X. McCormack, S.J.	50
Our Contributors	51
Book Reviews	52
Grateful Acknowledgments.	