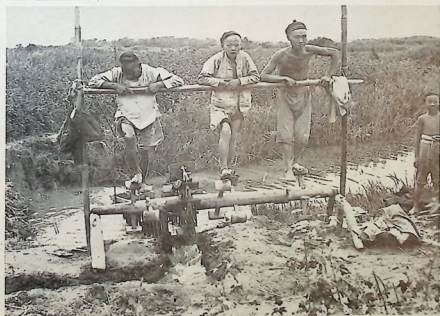


# Jesuit Missions

March, 1930

PRICE  
10c



IN THE LAND OF  
XAVIER'S GREAT DESIRE

## AN ADMIRABLE VOCATION

The Society of Jesus is in need of Brothers for the home and foreign missions. Young men from 18 to 35 desiring to spend their lives assisting the priests on the missions should make application to

JESUIT MISSIONS

257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

## Canisius College

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Classical and Scientific Courses

Boarding Facilities Near College

Send for Announcements

Have You a Vocation to Serve Christ as a Sister in Patna Mission, India?

Schools, Orphanages, Hospitals, and other important works.

Mission in charge of Jesuits of Missouri Province.

For information address

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Holy Cross Convent, Merrill, Wis.

## HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASS.

A. B., Ph. B., and B. S. Courses

A conservative college which retains the best of the classical traditions. A progressive college which meets the highest modern educational requirements. A complete college which glows in molding character in her students. A fearless college which teaches the fundamental truths pertaining to eternal as well as temporal life.

Entrance by certificate or by examination

Bulletin of information on admissions will be mailed upon application to the Dean of Freshmen.

FOUNDED IN 1841

## FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

190th STREET and THIRD AVENUE  
(ADJOINING BRONX PARK)

CONDUCTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS

The Largest Catholic Educational Institution in America

COLLEGE: LAW: GRADUATE SCHOOL:  
EDUCATION EXTENSION: PHARMACY:  
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SERVICE: ACCOUNT-  
ANCY: BUSINESS LAW and PRE-LAW  
BOARDING AND DAY STUDENTS  
Write for catalogue to Registrar

## GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Founded 1789

The Oldest Catholic Educational Institution in the United States

Departments of Arts and Sciences, Medicine, Law, Dentistry, and Foreign Service.

The University is accredited by the American Association of Universities, the Association of Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland, Catholic Educational Association, American Medical Association, and the American Bar Association.

For information address

THE REGISTRAR, GEORGETOWN COLLEGE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## THE CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Arts and Sciences, Medicine, Law, Dentistry,  
Pharmacy, Commerce, Finance and  
Journalism.

Class A Schools

Address the REGISTRAR

Thousands of Copies Sold!

## THE QUESTION BOX

By Rev. BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

1929 EDITION

Rewritten

THIS is the first revised edition of THE QUESTION BOX issued since the original publication of the book in 1903. Nearly one thousand important questions, selected from over 250,000, are ably answered.

Better Bindings

Cloth, \$1.00

Enlarged

Finer Paper

Paper, 50 cents

For every mission, school, library, home

THE PAULIST PRESS

401 West 59th Street

New York, N. Y.

## LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

(Conducted by the Jesuits)

ARTS AND SCIENCES, SOCIOLOGY, COMMERCE, HOME STUDY, LAW, MEDICINE, DENTISTRY, GRADUATE SCHOOL.

Cuts in this publication made by

The ADART  
Engraving & Electrotype Co.  
202 WEST 40th ST. NEW YORK.

ARTWORK

LACHAWANNA 2703-04

PHOTOGRAPHY

Specialists in School and College work

JESUIT MISSIONS, March, 1930, Vol. IV, No. 3. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American Province of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, year, \$1.80; six years, \$5.00. Entered as second class mail matter, January 14, 1927, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for special rate of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.



## NOVENA OF GRACE

IN HONOR OF

### Saint Francis Xavier

MARCH 4-12

Thousands of people all over the world unite yearly to make the Novena of Grace in honor of the Apostle of India and the heavenly Patron of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The season of this devotion offers a most fitting occasion to send financial help to those American Jesuit missionaries who are laboring throughout the world to continue the great apostolate of their most illustrious brother. Even as in the days of Xavier, successful mission work cannot be done without the help of universal prayer and sacrifice.

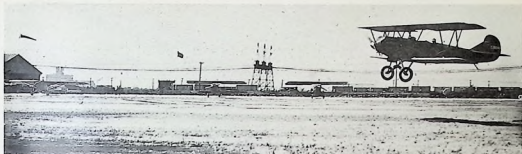
*Let us send your gift to the American Jesuit missionaries. We transmit the full amount in your name to any missionary you designate.*

JESUIT MISSION PRESS    257 Fourth Ave.    New York, N.Y.



**ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, APOSTLE OF THE INDIES**

*Patron of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith*



First recorded solo flight of an American Jesuit Brother. Bro. Georgex Feltes, S.J., August 5, 1929, Alameda Airport.

**T**H E scene was at the Alameda

Airport, across the bay from San Francisco. Officials marked out a line on the run-way and a plane roared off into the brisk afternoon breeze. Several minutes slipped by. Then the ship was seen to come sweeping towards the field with the wind at its back at a 2000 foot altitude. When a good distance beyond the port, the engine was heard to die, then the plane made a long graceful turn back into the wind and came nosing its way to that line on the field. When the wheels stopped and the dust had cleared away the line was only about thirty feet away. An almost perfect "dead stick" landing! A few minutes later, Mr. Hamilton, Inspector of the Department of Commerce, handed the aviator who had skilfully passed his tests a pilot's license. On the license was the name: "Brother George Feltes, S.J."

The explanation of the incident is far-reaching. The Alaskan missionaries are soon to supplant dog-sleds with airplanes, at least in some of their very extensive mission work.

**A**LASKA has always held out seemingly mountainous difficulties to the missionaries because of the lack of transportation facilities. The zeal of the missionaries and hence the progress of the Church in Alaska has been crippled by the slowness of communication. Travel by winter is done by the tedious dog-team. Although the photos we see of a fur-clad missionary running behind a sled pulled by a pack of panting dogs are most picturesque, still

# Contact, Please!

*William A. Huesman, S.J.*

we seldom realize that the camera fails to catch the misery and fatigue entailed in trudging over

countless miles of snow, not to speak of the perils of blizzards and lost trails. Why not spend in evangelizing the Eskimo the time now spent on the trail?

As a practical solution to this query the Superiors of the California Province of the Society of Jesus have selected a Brother with a good background in auto driving and machine shop work for the post of air pilot for the Alaskan missions.



*Brother George Feltes, S.J.*

**O**N July 16, 1929, Brother began his course of instruction at the Alameda Airport under the tutelage of Capt. Royle, U. S. A. From the very start Brother manifested a pronounced ability in aeronautics. The Captain was so certain of his man that he gave him the controls on his first trip; on the second he was at the controls for twenty minutes. In Brother's log book we find the Captain's terse comment on this flight: "Back seat. Good air-sense. Turns and banks good. Cheer up! It won't be long!"

In honor of Bishop Crimont, S.J., tried veteran bishop of the difficult Alaska Mission, the Marquette League of New York, under direction of Father William Flynn, Judge Talley and a Board of Directors and Promoters, is purchasing a plane especially fitted for flying in the cold and frozen regions of Alaska. This will be given to Brother Feltes. This munificent gift of the League deservedly merits the grateful remembrance of the benefactors in the Masses and prayers of Alaska's brave missionaries.



A Santal boy  
in the Ameri-  
can Jesuit  
Mission at  
Patna, India.

# A PEEP AT *Bhagalpur*

Francis I. Stoy, S.J.



**B**HAGALPUR is no name to conjure with in far-off America, but here in India it brings up memories of heroic days, days buried in vague antiquity- and-perpetuated-only in the *Mahabarata*, the national epic, and in the ruins of vast fortifications that can still be partially traced in stagnant moat and crumbling wall. If a traveler had visited Bhagalpur one short year ago, he would have carried away with him impressions of glories that are dead and past; of a rather commercial city composed of numerous Hindu and Mohammedan villages spread like a creeping vine along the banks of Mother Ganges. If he had penetrated through the maze of mud roads and equally mud villages and had discovered our little compound, he would have been impressed only by the cameo-beauty of the place and the languid sleepy atmosphere surrounding it. A year ago there was small evidence of life about the pretty garden, church, and bungalow. Everything was more in keeping with the cemetery back of the miniature Gothic church which tells a story of a Catholicism that used to thrive in Bhagalpur but which had dwindled, now to survive only in a few Indian and Anglo-Indian souls.

But today Bhagalpur mission is transformed and is humming with life. Forty-three Santal boys, gathered from the jungle villages into St. Stanislaus' Boarding School, well-fed spiritually, mentally and bodily by the Fathers, manifest their evident pleasure at being there by their thoroughly-at-home manner of taking possession of everything on the premises.

And what a source of conflicting emotions these aboriginal lads ranging from seven to twelve years are to the Father who manages this school! Father James Creane, S.J., and I are nurse, doctor, mother, father, and universal procurator all rolled up into one. I wonder how a Jesuit would go about such a job in America! Fortunately, besides the church and bungalow, we have an old stable, a shed, and a one-room brick school. With these we get along happily with our little Santals.

**W**ERE you to watch our laddies for a day or so you would feel sure that they are all and always fervent little Catholics; at other times, however, you would be made to realize that they are still quite close to the jungles from which they emerged. They have learned to praise the Lord in prayer and song and they are gradually learning the truths that will make them abandon the *bongas* or devils and serve the one true God. But with all this there still remains the background of their highland homes,—the hills and valleys, trim mud villages, pastures and happy days spent piping sweet melodies on their reed flutes in the midst of herds of goats and cattle. They still feel the lure of hunting



The first "Corpus Christi" procession among the Bhagalpur Santals.

Father Creane, S.J., and  
Father Stoy, S.J., with the  
Santal boys of the board-  
ing school at Bhagalpur.



days when they went after birds and small game while their fathers pursued the wild boar and deer with spear and bow and arrow. They tell of the mirthful days and nights when the *bonga* had been propitiated by the ancients of the village and everybody celebrated with roast pig, plenty of rice beer and seemingly never-tiring dances with the accompaniment of never-ending songs.

With forty-three children of such antecedents we are laying the solid foundations of a work which will eventually, with the help of God, lead to the conversion of vast numbers of this aboriginal people. Once the boys are in our school, we have an entrance into their homes and a hold on their parents. Then, too, from them we hope to reap a harvest of well-instructed catechists, teachers, and—may the Lord prosper them!—some Santal priests. As it is, the old folks are willing to abandon the propitiation of devils and adore the true God, but they say: "Slowly, slowly! Later on!" and meanwhile there is no one to instruct them and to feed them the Bread of Life. We already witness the fruits of our school in the fine dispositions of the parents and their co-villagers. But if we can manage to scrape through for a few more years the harvest will be a hundred-fold, worthy of our sweat and of the prayers and financial help we hope to receive from across the seas from those who know the value of the gift of Faith.

THE Santal is quite different from the Hindu in many ways. He actually talks of becoming a Catholic. Unlike the Hindu who is forever opposing his ancient religion to that of Christ, or very assuredly asserting that it is just the same as that of the Catholics, the Santal rather easily sees the folly of his animistic superstitions. His religion consists in the fear of the devil and the custom of propitiating him by various sacrifices. "Neglect the *bonga* in time of trouble and evil will befall you,"—is supposed to be the firm belief of the Santal. And missionaries in other districts have found it very hard to dissuade their people from this superstition. Our people, however, seem to be ashamed of such folly and even the old men who go through a sacrificial ritual seem to have very little conviction of its efficacy. At any rate, they admit of one Supreme Being whom they call *Thakur* and who, being benevolent, needs no propitiation.

ALONG with the work of laying deep the foundations of a Catholic life in the Bhagalpur school, Father Creane conducts his part of the campaign in the villages. A recent tour of the neighborhood of Mandar Hill will give you a "close-up" of this Santal apostolate. Mounted on bicycles, Father Creane and I followed our Santal runner to the railroad station. He, the runner, carried most of the bundles—the Mass box and the provisions suspended from the ends of a bamboo pole which he swung over his shoulder. After a thirty mile ride we came to Mandar Hill,—the rocky mound that has at once been a source of envy and inspiration to Father Creane. Simra was the first Santal village we approached.

Here it was that I was introduced to my first *Manjhi Sthan* or, if you will, "Devil's Temple." These are to be seen in every Santal village near the house of the *manjhi* or head-man of the place. They are generally very unpretentious, being made of a mud elevation several feet square and mounted by a roof supported by four pillars. In the center of the mud elevation is a post several feet high with a cross piece at the top. On the top also is an earthen vessel containing water intended for the use of the *bhoots* or departed spirits of the ancestors of the head-man. At the foot of the center post are pieces of wood about four inches high and shaped like a bowl. They are marked with red paint, *sindhur*, or red lead, distinctive of a place of worship in India. Here the *naiky*, or village priest, propitiates Satan with offerings of fowl, goats, or sheep. Here it was, too, that the *manjhi* told us that he did not believe in *bonga*. And here it was, too, that I heard for the first time the procrastinating answer to our invitation to set aside the fear of the devil and to profess Christianity,—"Later on!" (an answer common among the Santals,—but not the only answer.)

AFTER a long cycle ride and a goodly walk across the rice fields, interspersed. (Turn to page 74)

# Chinese in Jamaica

Leo T. Butler, S.J.

"The coming of Father Tang, a Jesuit from China, was hailed with delight."

**S**OME years ago there came to Jamaica,

B. W. L., I think by way of British Guiana, one or two Chinese families, led by the attraction and opportunity of engaging in business in a new field. They came, and like Caesar, they saw and they were successful. More came, and in 1881 there were enrolled in the census just ninety-nine Chinese. From that time up to a few years ago there was a steady stream of immigrants from the Orient so that in 1921 they numbered 4,000. The restrictions put upon immigration in the past two or three years has tended to check this flow but the numbers have risen until they are well beyond the 5,000 mark.

The first arrivals in the sunny land of Jamaica were not endowed with a surplus of worldly goods, but with the characteristic business qualifications with which they are so well fitted, they set to work and in a short time they have become a power in the lines of trade they have adopted. Today all over the Island, the familiar "China Shop," with its groceries tastefully arranged to catch the eye, is a sight that greets you at every turn.

AS a part of the population of Jamaica, our Chinese brethren, almost without exception, are well-behaved, law-abiding, intelligent, economic and industrious. Faithful to their traditions, loyal to the country where their ancestors were born, they display many virtues which in these days of modern progress, people are apt to disregard or think old-fashioned. Family ties are strong, respect for parents is almost a religion, while their charity towards one another is so great that in vain would one look for a Chinese name on the list of the pauper roll.

Coming to the religious point of view, the Chinese are divided. The first who came to the Island either adhered to Confucianism, the ancient religion of China, or joined the Anglican religion. Very few who came were Catholics, and most of these soon lost their Faith by intermarriage with Chinese Anglicans.



IN the year 1920, there was a change. Constant attendance at our Catholic schools brought a few children into the Church. Soon our Catholic Chinese community numbered an even dozen, not many if you would look at the number remaining non-Catholic. Each of these became an apostle and within two years we had one hundred Catholics. Soon after this, a devoted Sister of Saint Francis, Sister Sylvia, a name dear to all the Chinese, young and old, interested herself in these lambs of the East, and before anyone could realize it, we found our Cathedral parish increased by many devout little children whose piety and reverence became an object of interest and admiration.

The coming of Father Tang, a Jesuit from China, was hailed with delight. His arrival and six weeks' industry among our Chinese placed the Chinese Catholic movement on a solid basis. To hear the Reverend Father preach to his people in the Chinese tongue, to hear them sing a Chinese hymn to the honor and glory of God, and to see their devotion at the different services of the mission which the Father conducted are something to be remembered by all. No less than fifty souls were gathered into the true Fold after his mission, and the results are still being felt in the increasing number of converts which now amount to six hundred souls.

WHEN our good Bishop Dinand came to the Island, one of his first episcopal functions was to confirm privately a dying Chinese woman. This good soul, though in a dying state, insisted on receiving our Lord kneeling. To see her, as the Bishop anointed her, filled with peace and resignation was a most affecting sight. That she knew the commandments of the Church is proved by the fact that she naively remarked at the end to her servant, "Don't forget" (Turn to page 74)

# Our Daily BREAD

W. J. Birmingham, S.J.



ASS the bread, please."

"Sister, Sister, may we have some more bread, please?"

Thus, many times and more, do the requests for bread ring out in the crowded dining halls of the Sioux Indian missions in South Dakota, St. Francis on the Rosebud and Holy Rosary on the Pine Ridge Reservations. And the Franciscan Sisters who aid the Jesuits in their work on these missions, hurry to supply the wants of the healthy red children who are under their care.

Other substantial foodstuffs are also found on the long tables, but the appetizing "staff of life" from the bakeshops of the Brother bakers of the missions seems invariably to supply the want when perchance the other dishes fail to suit the taste of the palates. The real merit of the bread lies, moreover, in its own intrinsic wholesomeness, its delicious flavor, fine grain and proven ability to satisfy entirely that empty feeling that comes in the region of empty feelings which every growing boy and girl possesses.

THE "story of the loaf" has its own special interest. In these days of the modern baking industry with its highly standardized

plants and ingenious machinery one wonders to himself, "Do any people bake in their own home, at their own stove, nowadays? Does anybody still bake that masterpiece of old, the great, brown-topped loaf that supplied the needs of a moderate family for more than a day at a time?" One wonders, but not for long.

Dining Hall of St. Francis Mission School.



We are living in modern days indeed; remarkable achievements are daily accomplished. Let us accomplish one ourselves! Stretch the imagination just a trifle. We have boarded a huge continental passenger plane. After a few hours' flight we step from the cabin of the great plane and here we are.

Where? South Dakota, surrounded on all four sides by sweeping prairies. (Remember this is still imagination). The signs on the landing field direct us. "St. Francis Mission, right; Holy Rosary Mission, left." St. Francis Mission is closer, so there we go. It doesn't take long, and after a few minutes. . . . "So this is St. Francis! And here's Brother Axt! Well, well, Brother, we are all very happy to meet you. Will you show us your bakery, Brother? And will you tell us about that wonderful bread you bake?"

BROTHER AXT, being a jolly good fellow like all good bakers, is glad to accommodate us. "My bakery isn't much. I use no electricity like those big bakeries in the city. The only machine I use power for is the mixer. But I bake good bread. You ought to see those boys and girls eat it. I have to bake every day, sometimes one hundred and fifty loaves, sometimes two hundred. I often have to look ahead, too, on account of Sundays and holy days because I don't bake at all on those days. And some days the children eat a whole lot of bread.

My Indian boys help me; they are called baker boys because they work in the bakeshop. I have eight of them, four work in the morning and four in the afternoon, because they have to go to school too. It is hard work, but the boys don't mind it; some of them are athletes and it helps them to be

(Turn to page 74)



"The Franciscan Sisters who aid the Jesuits in their work."



# Then WE Walked

Alfred F. Kienle, S.J.

"A native taxi that is staying native too long."

burst open in the center of the Grand Central Station in New York. Thereafter a boy had to carry my not

very full bag under his arm, or balance it atop his head.

**B**RIGHT and early Monday morning, Gregorio—that's my altar boy—and the assistant *cura parroco*—that's my only title—hired a native taxi that is staying native too long, and started for Balinguan, about three miles away, intending to board a launch there for the monthly visitation of the barrios on the other side of my parish. We reached Balinguan in due season, but waited in vain for the little dreadnought that was to carry us over the waters. A strong wind blowing from the southwest, combined with flood tide, was hurling beautiful breakers along the shore making it unsafe for loading the row-boat that carries the passengers and freight from the shore to the launch. You know there are few piers in Mindanao. And so the launch did not stop for us. Noon arrived, however, and lunch was served in the home of a kind parishioner who was very glad to welcome the *padre*.

Then we walked six long miles along the woodland trail lined on both sides with coconut trees that waved their palms at us more gracefully than any slave ever fanned the breezes for the queens of Sheba. This continued long after the handle of my suitcase, unaccustomed to the jostling that it was getting at the end of a bamboo pole, broke and permitted the said case to crash ignominiously to the ground. It reminded me that I had once seen a gentleman's very full suitcase

"We started our return trip in a birotto, or native canoe."

**I**F you just keep on going you can get anywhere. That's why we reached Kinogitan (accent on 'gi'). While in that town I sang a belated Mass in honor of San Roche, one of the most beloved saints in this part of the world. A few marriages, Baptisms, confessions and Communions, and the visitation there was over, except for helping a carpenter to nail together the various parts of ten church benches that had just arrived. My old friends in the States may not believe it, but I can now hit a nail on the head—occasionally.

The next day was Wednesday and, with this and that to attend to, it was already four o'clock in the afternoon. Then we walked the trail again for our next barrio, Kiogac (accent on 'og'), about five good miles up hill to the west. You will notice that I keep using





*A familiar scene along any of the streams in the Philippine Islands.*

the word 'trail'. I do so advisedly, because roads around here are still in the 'sub-deb' stage and will not be introduced for years and years. In the words of the poet. "The shades of night were falling fast," when we reached the outskirts of this town that boasts no subway or 'L'. A sudden and unprovided shower gave us reasons enough to hasten to enter the cottage of a very devout Catholic where we were welcomed, and permitted to change our clothes before a cup of coffee was served. The rain stopped, but not before it had made the trail so slippery that one really needed more than a pair of ground gripping shoes to retain his poise. An hour later we walked down hill for the village, half a league below. A young man was kind enough to carry the Mass kit that I had lugged all the way; and single file, down we went, unaided by traffic signals or officers' whistles,—a flashlight was more useful along this one-way thoroughfare. Catching a tree here and there enabled me to make this flight by night without mishap.

**S**ATURDAY morning we started our return trip in a *birotto*, or native canoe, but before we had gone two miles, the waves were splashing us so badly, that we paddled to the shore, and got out. Then we walked. A half hour brought us to another little town where a small chapel is under construction. Two more infants were baptized after we had eaten our lunch. I judge from the way they screamed that the babes were conscious of that last fact and envied us and were out to get theirs too. Then with a new guide we commenced walking again. "To shorten the trip," as the guide said, he led us down the side of a hill, across the bed of a river, and then straight up another hill with a slope of not less than eighty degrees in places. We were actually forced to climb hand over hand to reach the top. For one hour a perfectly good tropical sun did everything but help us along. Anyhow, we walked.

whence they were brought to Talisayan for distribution among the various barrio chapels. No driver of a new Pierce Arrow or a Lincoln limousine was ever happier than this congregation as they sat on these new benches, the first time that they ever sat down in church.

After Mass Sunday, I baptized four more children and started walking again towards the next town, two miles away, where I got an auto to bring us the remaining three miles to Talisayan. To put a perfect finish to this week's outing, a stone turned over while I was crossing a small river, thereby anticipating my much needed bath. I ignored this plunge half an hour later when I reached "Home Sweet Home"—that's what Talisayan is to me—and proceeded to turn loose over myself a few gallons of rain water that had been caught in our tanks while I was tramping in the hills. Next week we start walking again.

*Father Kierle, S.J., suggests "pazing the hut."*



**W**E had just arrived in Esperanza where I was to spend the night and say Mass the next morning, Sunday, when I was informed that the lumber for ten church benches was waiting for me there too, after being carried two miles through the woods. Over to the church I went and with the aid of a few men soon nailed the benches together. This was not difficult because the different boards had already been cut to the proper lengths and planed in Cagayan,



"A pageant of twelve tableaux was presented . . . adapted from the historical accounts."

# ON THE Bluff AT Natchez



HIGH MASS was over, and I strolled down Main Street and stood on the bluff at Natchez.

J. J. McCarthy, S.J.

around 1769 and an Indian war-path previously to that. Eastward from the river rears the new

talkies and lawns and sleek roadsters. The modernness of Natchez is, however, but half-hearted.

It was a day to be thankful for; a day sent from Heaven; bright, warming sunshine playing on a peaceful land. Three hundred feet below ran the mud-colored Mississippi, and from where I stood, its crescent winding could be traced for twenty miles. Across from me stretched for miles the level lowlands of Louisiana. An old stern-wheeler puffed its slow progress against the current, while the Vidalia ferry took on a load of autos. Down on the water's edge stood a row of weather-beaten houses,—the last remnant of the hell-roaring Natchez of the late 1700's and early 1800's. The picture received its last touch when a trio of darkies passed laughing and vocalizing down the river road.

THE Old World still lives and breathes in this city, and I for one, would not have it otherwise. For old Natchez is linked inseparably in my mind with the great massacre of Father Paul du Poisson, S.J., and all but two of the French inhabitants at the hands of savage Indians. That was in the year 1729. On November 28, 1929, the day of which I write, the Catholics of Natchez were celebrating the second centennial of the massacre; a solemn High Mass had been sung by a native of the city, Msgr. Prendergast, in memory of the brave mission priests who had labored and had been slain on Louisiana and Mississippi ground:—Fourcault, St. Cosme, du Poisson, Souel and Senat. Each of these was a saintly hero; he had to be to withstand the rigors of missionary labor and to live regardless of the ever-imminent danger of attack from Indians.

I stood on historic ground. Here was a city that could trace its civilization back for 213 years. Its commanding position made it an outpost to be desired, and for two centuries both Indians and whites fought and intrigued for its possession. The Spanish under De Soto were the first Europeans to occupy it. Then followed French rule under La Salle and D'Iberville, then Spanish again, then English, and for the third time Spanish under the great Galvez. The Natchez region was included in the West Florida territory which for six weeks set up its own government and laws. United States rule ensued, followed, in the first flush of secession, by the government of the State of Mississippi with its own State flag. This in turn gave way to the Stars and Bars of the Confederate States, and finally to the Stars and Stripes of the Union. At Natchez a stone monument commemorates the end of "The Natchez Trace," the old Natchez-Nashville trail, a mail-route

The story of Father Paul du Poisson, S.J., whose death was the Indians' signal for a general slaughter of the French inhabitants of Natchez, is particularly striking. Natchez Post or Fort Rosalie, as it was called, was one of his stations. He said Mass there on Sunday, November 27, 1729, and anointed some settlers who were seriously ill. The next morning he brought Holy Viaticum to one of those he had anointed, and while returning to the Fort, he was tomahawked by an Indian. In the ensuing massacre of the garrison all but two were killed.

The death of Father John Souel, (Turn to page 75)

# What? Bandits?

Auguste Gagnon, S.J.



**A**MPHASIZE the fact that I am living in the Sūchow section of the Nanking Mission. Recently I was assigned to a new parish at Tcheng-Téou, and I am as proud of it as a bishop might be of his diocese. The church of Tcheng-Téou has two distant stations attached to it: Tchou-Ten and Meng-Tchong. It is about a trip to the last named place that I wish to tell you

I was on my way to celebrate the patronal feast of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus. The road led past four or five villages exclusively pagan. I was traveling by bicycle and had a puncture; so I had to push my bicycle along the dusty road. After I had gone along for a few minutes, I came upon five men pushing their wheel barrows along the road. They made the Sign of the Cross for me to show that they were Christians, and soon they were wrangling among themselves, as each of them wanted to put my bicycle on his barrow. One of them was quite insistent about it and also urged me to take a seat on his conveyance.

"Well, my good men, 'twould go ill with Father's digestion if he were to ride in your shaky barrow. I think I'll walk it; so, forward, march, my good fellows!" And we all fell in line and started down the dusty road.

**A**S we walked along I asked the name of a village we were passing. They told me it was called "The Wolf."

"But what has happened to the houses?" I asked.

"Oh! the bandits have been there," came the answer.

"Well," said I, "I do hope

*"A school such as is found in other missions."*



*"These bandits do keep one's hair standing on edge."*

that they have not gone to Meng-Tchong." "Why, Father," they answered, "they certainly have gone to that place and they have done away with the local Administrator and his family."

These bandits do keep one's hair standing on edge! Screwing up my courage I pushed on to my destination. On arrival there I was informed by my cook that the catechist had forgotten to bring the missal. I ordered him to jump right on his donkey and hurry back to headquarters so that he might be on hand in the morning for the Mass. Before riding along, he gave the Christians their orders.

"This evening," he said, "everybody must come to church for prayer and confession. If the old man up the hill there tries to hold back, bring him along. Tomorrow morning, too, one of you must lead the good old blind lady to the church."

**W**HEN night came on the Christians gathered in the chapel. We said our prayers together, at least as many of the prayers as they knew: the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Apostles' Creed, but when we reached some of the more unfamiliar prayers, the chorus of voices turned into a solo and finally stopped altogether. After the prayers, the Christians prepared for confession.

When I had heard all the confessions and had said good-night to the last penitent, I was confronted by two strapping fellows who came in armed to the teeth.

I might have been frightened had I not recognized that these were the two night watchmen.

"Father," they said, "are you not afraid to be alone?"

"Afraid of what?" I asked. When they saw my determination they departed leaving me alone.

**I** MUST confess to a rather weird feeling that night. I knew that the (Turn to pg. 76)



*Ignatius of Loyola and Francis Xavier at the university in Paris. "What doth it profit?"*



# Adventure

J. Edwards

Across sun-plashed seas flits a trim Portuguese sloop bound for Malabar. Swashbuckling seamen garbed in glowing colors and gleaming with oriental trinkets are gaming on the deck. Yonder two men play at dice, one a notorious rake, the other a meanly-garbed priest. From where he stands among a group farther along the deck, Diego de Noronha remarks: "That, a saint? He is a priest like the rest." At Malabar, Xavier disembarks. Where is he off to? Noronha tells a servant to spy. The man returns thoroughly upset. Let Noronha come. . . . He follows with others and they find St. Francis in a palm grove rapt in an ecstasy of prayer.

**I**NDIA! Ah, how the word thrilled the Portuguese adventurers of the early half of the sixteenth century! What visions of sun-sparkled seas, of idyllic isles, of realms teeming with treasure-trove!

And the early half of the sixteenth century! What an era of Arabian Nights! Treasure galleons from America unceasingly poured back a flood of golden ingots into Spain; argosies from the East continually brought to Portugal rich treasures to swell the coffers of King John the Third. No wonder that men's minds were fired by the tales of fabulous riches to be gained in the realms beyond the seas. No wonder that a flood of daring, adventurous spirits surged across the dividing oceans.

And there went forth one adventurer who was to acquire for his King immense treasure—hundreds of thousands of heathen souls, over two hundred idolatrous kingdoms, and Japan, isle of martyrs—all for God. Xavier! adventurer of Christ, St. Francis Xavier!

*A cave where Xavier prayed in India.*



**S**UCH was Xavier, the missionary, one of God's greatest saints, and at the same time a man who could mingle intimately with the worst of men, could entertain, fascinate, draw to himself the most wretched sinner. His thoughtfulness and kindness, his genial air, his unflinching cheerfulness endeared him to all. He was beloved because, though deeply spiritual, he was so human.

We ask ourselves what was the secret of it all. This saint of the night-long vigils, the penitential scourgings, the painful journeyings by sea and on land, what cause has he to participate in the common pursuits of these roisterers? And the answer as of old comes from the lips of St. Paul: "I became all things to all men, that I might save all."

It is a truism that "the heroes of the cross are cast in the same natural mould as the heroes of the world." Saints are such men as the world admires, honors, strives to emulate in



## XAVIER WRITES

(So great was Xavier's reverence for

other walks of life. They who have attained to great sanctity were men who would have risen high in the world. His martial ardor and indomitable vigor made the cavalier Ignatius a leader among his fellow-soldiers. Had he pursued the career of a warrior, who knows to what honors his courageous loyalty and nobility would have raised him? Such were the natural abilities of an Aloysius that his father strove with might and main to keep him in the world. Especially is this true of St. Francis Xavier. We are all familiar with his athletic and scholastic triumphs in Paris; young, brilliant, of a noble family, with a university training, he had every

# of Christ

cherty, S.J.

*Death of Francis Xavier  
on the island of Sancian  
near the coast of China,  
land of Xavier's desire.*



Their attention gained, their interest aroused, then he led them on to higher things and held them enraptured while he spoke of God and the things of God.

Of splendid physique, he used that body for God. Before leaving for the Indies, Xavier came to Lisbon from Rome. He was attached to the ambassador's party, and while crossing the Alps, the ambassador's secretary, treading where all seemed solid, sank, and vanished over the edge of a ravine. From far below came the muffled roar of a mountain torrent. Horror-struck and pitifully helpless, men mutely gazed at one another, peered into the yawning depths, and abandoned hope. But not so Xavier who scrambled down and brought the secretary up to safety.

But see him in India! What motive urged him on those forced marches, those body-breaking tramps through jungles, over mountains, along the endless shores? How did he, poor sailor as he was, endure the long voyages through seas swarming with pirates and dangers from storms and shipwreck? Yet he bore all this and more for ten long years on meager meals and with scanty sleep.

And Xavier used his mental faculties in like manner. Observe his preparations for the conversion of Japan. First, the most careful study of the various Japanese religions; close questioning of Japanese students; then, the learning by heart of St. Matthew's gospel and the writing out of it in Japanese; and finally, the translation of the Commandments, Creed and common prayers into that language. No care was too great where there was question of saving souls.

It is clear, then, how St. Francis used his natural gifts for God. We wonder how his body bore it all, but it was the soul of Xavier that upheld him. That soul which set the body facing deadly perils by land and sea, which forced it through the blistering heat of India, into the fever jungles of Eastern Asia, over the mountains of Japan; wore it out with super-human labors by day and by night and finally forsook it in the palm-thatched hut on Sancian.

Xavier dying on Sancian, what a sublime death scene was that! A barren island gloomed in blackest night, a flickering candle casting weird shadows over a dying man, deserted and forgotten. Yet not alone, for as the end draws near, countless legions of souls gather round to escort to Heaven him who had sent them on before. That murmur as of night breezes southing through tree-tops, 'tis the rustling of the gathering angels' wings; that sound borne on the night air comes not from yonder sea, 'tis the murmur of the massing legions of the blest.

*Here Xavier's body rests in Goa, India.*



ME TO IGNATIUS

miss that he wrote him kneeling).

talent requisite to the obtaining of a high place among men. St. Ignatius recognized these great natural gifts of Francis and strove zealously to win him over to God's service.

HERE lies the secret of Xavier's great success. A man of God possessing fine natural abilities and making every possible use of them to promote God's glory. An engaging talker, he gained and held the attention of soldiers when he discoursed of wars and campaigns; of sailors, when he talked of ships, and the men who go down to the sea; of merchants, when he discussed the trading prospects of the islands.



# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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

Editor

JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.

Business Editor

JOSEPH REITH, S.J.

Associate Editors

THOMAS WALSH, S.J.  
1855 Rachel St., East  
Montreal, Canada

G. A. FITZGERALDS, S.J.  
3115 S. Grand Blvd.  
St. Louis, Missouri

CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.

Collège Jean de Brébeuf, Montreal, Canada

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

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.  
1306 Ellis Street  
Augusta, Ga.

Editorial and Publication Offices

GRAMERCY PARK BLDG., 257 FOURTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription price, year, \$1.00; three years, \$2.75; six years, \$5.00

## Novena of Grace

NOT only in churches in charge of Jesuit Fathers, but in others also, the Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier from March 4 to 12, has deservedly become an annual devotion. No one can look at the tens of thousands of people frequenting the churches during this Novena, and no one can recall the thousands of spiritual and temporal favors granted through the intercession of St. Francis without realizing that the "Patron Saint of the Missions" is still doing wonderful apostolic work today.

God manifests the glory of His sainted servants by the wonders He works through their intercession. This is markedly shown in the case of the "Apostle of India."

The heroic spirit of Xavier still inspires; the example of his apostolic daring is still the loadstone that draws self-sacrificing souls; his tireless facing of obstacles still heartens the missionary priests and Sisters; his soul-stirring appeals still strike a responsive chord in the hearts of men and women; his burning love of God still fires to greater strength that same love which animates so many souls today.

May the number of Xavier's clients who make the Novena of Grace be greater this year than ever before, and may they be inspired by his example, and in turn inspire others to a deeper love of Christ and a more whole-hearted service rendered by a closer living according to the principles that made Francis Xavier an apostle and a saint!

## Zealous Lay Workers

THE month's mission intention for March recommends prayers for the zealous lay workers on the many and widely scattered missions of the Church. There is another army of apostolic workers that deserves prayer and a word of hearty approval and congratulation. That army is made up of the many earnest mission workers at home who give of their time and money to promote the home and foreign mission

cause in our city and country parishes. The numerous zealous promoters of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the enthusiastic members of mission clubs and circles, the promoters of the various leagues of prayer for the missions, the ardent mission stamp collectors, the individual workers for missions,—these and a host of others working in different ways for the missions merit God's special blessing and deserve a word of heartfelt congratulation for their organized persevering efforts at mission support. Without their prayers and alms and their untiring enthusiasm and work, the great advances in the home and foreign missions would be impossible.

## What Shall I Do For Lent?

HOW can the missions profit by our little penances and mortifications during Lent? Of course, we can and should redouble our prayers for the missions. But in addition to that there are little alms that we can give by way of the sums we save by *doing without*. Perhaps a theatre seat unoccupied, some candy left un-bought, an occasional cigar or pack of cigarettes unpurchased, some luxury foregone may be the means of our filling a little mission bank at home. Likely enough, we shall surprise ourselves as we watch the steady growth throughout Lent of the little bank account which, as Easter dawns, can be turned over to some missionary to aid in the cause of spreading the Church.

## Medical Missions

THE Catholic Medical Mission Board announces that "Medical Mission Day" has been changed from October 18 to March 18. All mission-minded Catholics are urged to pray for the success of medical mission work on that day, and, if possible, to send some material help to the headquarters at 25 West Broadway, New York.

The Board is organized to help all missions equally, and has been able in the past to be of considerable assistance to various missions by sending medical kits and supplies. Larger donations, too, have come in, and two of these are helping to establish dispensaries in the Mindanao, P. I., missions.

## March Nineteenth

IF England in the days of persecution in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was considered a mission country, Russia must surely be counted one today. The Soviet Government has tried to destroy freedom of conscience and freedom of worship; it has killed by the thousands those who refuse to blaspheme God; it tries to give children an education which, as Pope Pius XI says, "will contaminate their souls with all the vices, and with the most shameless materialistic aberrations. The promoters of these iniquities wish to strike at religion and at God Himself, and to bring about the ruination of minds, and even of human nature itself."

The Holy Father takes the lead in prayers for Russia and urges all Christendom to join him. March 19, feast of St. Joseph, has been chosen as the special day for solemn services of reparation and of prayer for the restoration of religious freedom in persecuted Russia.

# Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 27. The Calcutta Mission



St. Mary's Seminary, Kurseong, India.

**T**HE Calcutta Mission comprises both the archdiocese of Calcutta and the newly created diocese of Ranchi. Entrusted to the Belgian Jesuits, this mission extends over territory eight times larger than the country the Fathers come from. Ever since the days of Father Lievens, whose missionary career lasted only from March 1885 to August 1892, the Chota Nagpur part of the mission has been making wonderful progress, so that there are in the whole mission, 257,104 baptized Catholics and 38,418 catechumens. To give an idea of some of the work the Fathers of this mission do, it may be stated that in one year they heard 1,114,113 confessions and distributed 2,732,014 Holy Communions.

In the mission of Calcutta—Ranchi, there are 174 Jesuit priests of whom 25 are employed in parish work and about 40 teaching in the colleges of Calcutta, Darjeeling, Kurseong and Ranchi. The Jesuit missionaries are helped by 23 secular priests, mostly Indians. The language difficulty is considerable, for in the mission the following languages are spoken: Bengali, Santali, Uriya, Mandari, Oraon, Kharia, and Sadani. Due to the fact that the missionaries are not changed much from one section to another, they are able to learn the languages fairly well and hence the mission has succeeded in making some 10,000 converts yearly.

## NO one acquainted with the history of the missions will question for a moment the invaluable help coming from lay people in the missions. The monthly intention recommended for prayer during March refers not so much to Religious Sisters and Brothers as it does to the lay men and lay women not bound by vows who are laboring in foreign mission fields.

# THE MISSION INTENTION

for MARCH

### Lay Help in the Missions

Those acquainted with conditions in missionary countries realize the vast importance of doctors and nurses in these missions not only for work among the natives but for the health and preservation of life among missionary priests and Sisters themselves. Valuable help, too, comes to the missionaries from the many lay catechists and school teachers employed in the missions. These latter, commonly taken from among the natives themselves, understand their own people better than the foreign missionaries and hence, when they are thorough-

ly imbued with the Catholic Faith, can render important assistance in the work of instruction among children and adults. In various mission fields missionaries are making organized efforts thoroughly to train catechists for every type of mission aid. Real moral character and

a spirit of perseverance are required of these lay helpers who in many cases must take the place of the missionary while he is away at other distant stations. To a large extent the mission depends upon him in the absence of the missionary priest and hence the need of prayer that many well-trained, self-sacrificing lay men and lay women may be found to help on the work.

Undoubtedly a special prayer to the former lay workers in the missions who are now enjoying their eternal reward in Heaven may bring special blessings from God upon the important group of lay workers in foreign missions today.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

FATHER JAMES J. BECKER, S.J., is doing real apostolic work at Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I. In the little towns and through the "bush" he is often seen and welcomed by the people. He narrates one of the incidents that occurred:

"In going around the town not long ago, I stopped in a yard where there was a baby that I had baptised a short time before. To my surprise, I found the little fellow enveloped in bandages, except for his face, one side of which was as dark as ever, while the other side was quite white. The mother explained that in her absence, he had upset a can of boiling water, and had been badly scalded as a result. I asked with some concern if the poor child would be disfigured in that way permanently, and the mother replied quite cheerfully: 'No, Fader; he turnin' black gradu'ly.'"

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

There couldn't be a much greater testimonial of affection and reverence towards a priest than was shown by his little flock to FATHER DANIEL SULLIVAN, S.J., stationed at Tagoloan, Mindanao, P. I., on the occasion of the death in America of Father Sullivan's mother. In a letter telling of it Father Sullivan says:

"I thank you heartily for your consoling note about my mother's happy death and your splendid charity in soliciting spiritual alms for her. I could write you a volume about the charity of the Tagoloans on this same subject. Briefly, the town made a public novena, during which there were three general Communion days, keeping me in the confessional all the day preceding each. The Communions numbered 1,141. On the last day of the novena 1,200 people recited the prayers and sang the hymns. The day following, the people arranged for a solemn high Mass. For this they built a beautiful big *tumba*, and hung forty-three wreaths, sent by as many families, on it. The church was packed as on a *fiesta* and at this Mass 437 went to Holy Communion.

"The people of Jasaan did even more, aside from the novena. The day before the big Mass in Tagoloan, I sang the solemn high Mass in Jasaan, and, assisted by FATHER JOSEPH LUCAS, S.J., distributed over 700 Communions."

The school question is continually occupying the attention of the Fathers in the Philippine Islands. It is realized by all of them that the parochial schools offer the solution to nearly every problem that confronts the American missionaries. FATHER ANDREW HOPMANN, S.J., at Iligan, Mindanao, P. I., is especially concerned over this problem in his parish. He writes:

"This school business is a brain teaser. I do not see how we can ever hope with-

of a visit from the three new American missionaries in the Philippine Islands, FATHERS HAMILTON, S.J., IRWIN, S.J., and POLLOCK, S.J. Characteristic of himself, he put them all to work:

"Fathers Hamilton and Irwin arrived here at a very opportune time. FATHER FONT, S.J., the veteran missionary in these parts, had gone to Tongot for 250 Baptisms, and forty-eight marriages in two days during the Tongot *fiesta*, while FATHER THOMAS GALLAGHER, S.J., who



A portion of the flock of Father Francis Kempel, S.J., in Jamaica, B. W. I.

out great outside help and encouragement to compete satisfactorily with the public schools. Here at Iligan the people want to be generous in helping things along, those at least who feel grateful for the presence of the American missionaries; but others who do not realize the spiritual value of a Catholic school, say, 'why does Father insist on a school since we have the municipal school?' There you are. It takes courage to fight against such a spirit.

"In sending out invitations for the feast of Christ the King, especially calling upon the men to go to confession and Communion, I received some very sad reports. While all call themselves Catholics and are ready to help make the *fiesta* lively, build arches in the town and promise to line up for a monster procession, many of the men scout the idea of the sacraments."

\* \* \*

FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S.J., at Jimenez, Mindanao, P. I., had the pleasure

is stationed with me at Jimenez, and I covered the Aloran *fiesta*. Consequently, Father Hamilton said Mass for my people at Jimenez and Father Irwin went to one of the other stations.

"Catholic immigrants are coming to Misamis West Coast by the hundreds every week. Many of them are from Cebu, all good Catholics. They tell me that the population of the West Coast of Misamis is now close to that of the East. This, of course, is increasing my work tremendously. Say a little prayer for the Golden West!"

\* \* \*

FATHER FREDERICK HENFLING, S.J., whose field of missionary activities is at Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I., and who is focusing most of his attention upon the construction of a school on which he is personally laboring with pick, hammer and saw, writes only one line, but there is in it a note of triumph and of joy:

"By Christmas, the first section of my

school will be completed; then I will tell you all about it and you may 'tell the world' all that I tell you."



Father Richard A. O'Brien, S.J., Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit high school in Manila, P. I.

### AMERICAN INDIANS

The rapidly thinning ranks of the pioneer Jesuits of the Northwest lost another soldier of Christ when FATHER JOSEPH C. CARDON, S.J., died at Providence Hospital, Seattle, December 31, in his forty-fourth year in the Society of Jesus. Father Cardon's field of missionary labor was, for the most part, at St. Xavier's Mission among the Crow Indians in Montana. As a scholastic in the early nineties, Father Cardon spent some time at DeSmet Mission where he carefully copied out an entire Kalispel grammar. Later he was transferred to St. Xavier's Mission among the Crows. He was Superior at St. Xavier's on two different occasions and the Jesuits who worked with him among the Indians testify that he was a sincere lover of the red man and always an earnest and devoted worker.

Father Cardon is survived by a sister who is a nun in France, the native land of the Cardon family; one brother is a Carthusian in France; another brother, Father Louis Cardon, S.J., is a famous old missionary of the Chota Nagpur Mission in Northern India where he has the wonderful record of 25,000 conversions.

\*\*\*

The Jesuit Fathers working in the Dakotas Missions among the Sioux Indians

are having a very strenuous winter. The thermometer has registered as low as thirty degrees below zero and the consequent suffering among the Indians calls for much sympathy and help from the missionaries. One missionary reports that the ice on the rivers is thicker now than any one at the mission can recall it to have been in former years. In spite of the bitter cold of the winter, the missionaries report most consoling spiritual work during the Christmas season. FATHER A. C. RIESTER, S.J., speaking of the number of Sioux that came to Holy Rosary Mission for Christmas, says:

"I heard confessions Christmas Eve until time for mid-night Mass. Our little church looked beautiful, and it was somewhat crowded when our 360 boys and girls, besides many outsiders, came in for Mass. It was a wonderful sight to look over that crowd of Sioux Indians and realize that they, like the shepherds of old, had come to adore the Divine Babe of Bethlehem. There were at least 500 Communions. There were infirm and blind Indians, old men with long braids, women gayly dressed in bright shawls and dresses, and tiny Indians following their mothers with their little black eyes wide with wonder at all they saw. What years of sacrifice it has taken to bring these lowly Indians to the knowledge and love of the Infant Jesus! But it has been worth it all and I feel sure that our Infant God blessed both the Indians and their Blackrobes out here in the Indian country on Christmas night."

\*\*\*

The missionary Fathers at St. Andrew's Mission among the Umatilla Indians in Oregon write of the splendid Christmas that their mission witnessed this year.

"At 11:30 P. M. Christmas Eve the Umatilla boys and girls of the mission school, followed by the braves and squaws of the tribe, filed solemnly into the church singing Christmas carols. The Sisters had tastefully adorned the altar with a profusion of flowers and lighted candles and had prepared a pretty little crib.

FATHER WILLIAM BENN, S.J., preached in English and FATHER JOSEPH LAJOIE, S.J., interpreted the words in Nez Perce, the language spoken by the Umatillas. At Holy Communion time there were twenty-one little first communicants besides many adults who received their Eucharistic King. FATHER JOHN CORBETT, S.J., the Superior of St. Andrew's Mission, was the celebrant at the solemn high Mass and BROTHER MARIBALA, S.J. had charge of the thirty altar boys. At noon on Christmas Day, Father Corbett arranged a generous banquet for all the Indians and there was plenty of good cheer and jollification.

Late Christmas night, exhausted after the activities of the day, Father Corbett had scarcely gone to rest when he was suddenly summoned out into the night on a distant sick call. A young Indian woman, whom God had brought to the altar only a few hours before, was near

death. Father Corbett recited the prayers for the dying, pressed the crucifix to the young Indian's lips, administered Extreme Unction, and shortly after the soul of this Indian woman had gone to her eternal reward.

Arriving home at 3:15 A. M. the good Father found himself locked out of his room, so he wrapped himself in his big coat, rolled up in a corner of the floor, and slept until the hour for Mass.

\*\*\*

In addition to the usual Christmas mid-night Mass at DeSmet Mission in Idaho, there is a rather unique celebration that takes place outside the church before mid-night. Two great bonfires are lighted and speeches are listened to, made by three eloquent Indian orators. Peter Moetemi, Coeur d'Alene Indian Chief, spoke of the great goodness of God the Son, who deigned to become Man and be born in Bethlehem for our salvation. He spoke eloquently, too, of Mary and Joseph. The second speaker was the former Indian Judge, Louis Bishop, who likewise urged the Indians to give thanks to God who had become a little



Father Placidus Sialm, S.J., small in stature, but great in every other respect, has labored among the Sioux Indians of Dakota for many years.

Infant for their salvation. The third speaker was another Indian Judge, Ignace Geary. He spoke the Kalispel dialect, which is his mother tongue. Following the speeches there were prayers and songs in common and all entered the church for the mid-night Mass which was said by FATHER GEORGE J. KUGLER, S.J., the Superior of DeSmet Mission.

FATHER LOUIS TAELEMAN, S.J., writing from St. Ignatius Mission, St. Ignatius, Montana, tells of the truly Catholic spirit manifested by the Indians at that mission on Christmas Day. He celebrated the mid-night Mass and gave the sermon. When he ascended the pulpit, he faced an audience such as only could be seen in an Indian mission church: gaudy colored, yellow, scarlet, indigo blue blankets in an abundance, with here and there the more staid apparel of the white settler. There were gathered together Flatheads, Kalispel, Koutenais, and kindred tribes. A thousand Indians packed into even as spacious a church as St. Ignatius, form a most imposing spectacle. At Communion time the sight was most edifying. What looked like an interminable procession of men and women and children, eight hundred strong, came with perfect order to the Holy Table to receive the Infant Babe and enjoy the blessed feast He promised to men of good will.

#### SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

The activities of FATHER PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J. in the Rock Hill section of the diocese of Charleston, S. C., continue without abatement. New Year's morning at the seven o'clock Mass he received back into the Church a lady who for social and financial reasons had been concealing her Faith and frequenting the church of her non-Catholic husband since they had moved into the South from a Northern State.

When Father Ryan called a few hours later at this lady's home, to bless it, he was informed that the lady next door was also a Catholic who had come south, and fearing social ostracism on account of her Faith, agreed to accompany her non-Catholic husband to his church. She was not, however, satisfied, for when Father Ryan suggested that she return to her own Church, she admitted that she was longing to do so. Before Father Ryan left the neighborhood three non-Catholics asked him to bless their homes.

New Year's night the Chief of Police of a town eight miles away sent a long distance call to Father Ryan to say that a dying man wanted to see him immediately. Stepping into his car Father Ryan reached the sick man's side and found that he had to deal with a Catholic who had not received the ministrations of a priest in twenty-seven years.

FATHER MICHAEL GRACE, S.J., sums up the activities at Hot Springs, N. C., as follows:

"Thus far the winter here has been

### RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



#### BL. FRANCIS PACHECO, S.J.

FRANCIS PACHECO holds a distinguished place in the glorious band of martyrs that gave lustre to the Catholic Church in Japan in the latter part of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries. The Japanese pagan authorities in those days made every effort to stamp out Christianity in the Island Empire. Altogether, there were some 200,000 people put to death for the Faith. Eighty Jesuits gave their lives for Christ in this battle for the Kingdom of God. Among their number was Francis Pacheco, a Portuguese Jesuit, who was burned at Nagasaki on June 20, 1626.

Francis entered the Society of Jesus at Coimbra in the year 1585. He was sent to India to take charge of the college at Macao from 1609 to 1612. After that he was sent to Japan and in 1614 he became the Administrator of the diocese there during the period of furious persecution. In 1622 he was given the position as Provincial and worked zealously for the defense and propagation of the Faith during the years of great trial and persecution.

Eight other Jesuits suffered martyrdom at Nagasaki with Blessed Francis. Three were European priests and six were catechists, mostly native. The martyrdom of these Jesuits came only four short years after the martyrdom of Blessed Charles Spinola and his companions.

very severe and more cold weather is promised. Through the kindness of friends, we were able to get out one hundred and fifty-seven packages of clothing, candy and toys to as many poor families. And still they come. This time many are asking for food. Employment is scarce.

"I was up in Bluff recently and spoke on the Bible at the home of a Protestant. They want me to come back for a service—the Mass—and another talk. I am going. This morning I was up at Big Pine where I said Mass and preached at the home of a convert. The field up here is very promising."

San Felipe Church at Albuquerque, N. M., as far as can be made out, is the oldest parish church in uninterrupted use in North America, being two hundred and twenty-four years old. The venerable edifice with its four foot thick adobe walls was quite recently the scene of two hundred and fifty Confirmations of infants in arms according to the Mexican custom.

#### PATNA, INDIA

The cabled news from Patna, India, of the death of FATHER FRANCIS ORY, S.J. January 16, came as a shock to the many lovers of Patna Mission. A veteran missionary Father Ory surely was. Back in the days when the cry first came from the far-off mission lands pleading for Belgian missionaries, full forty years ago Mr. Francis Ory, S.J., came out from his native Belgium to spend his life in India. He was a very great admirer of the now famous Father Lievens, S.J., who brought the Belgian Mission of India before the world with an astounding mass movement of natives towards the Catholic Church.

"A medium sized man of about sixty years, broad shouldered, with a beard like Santa Claus and eyes that sparkled with mingled geniality and fire," is the description of Father Ory by MR. MARION BATSON, S.J., who visited him last year.

Father Ory, though not an American Jesuit, was loaned to the American Jesuit Mission of Patna some years ago for the promising work among the Oraons at Chakni. During the World War, Father Ory was chaplain for 10,000 Oraons, who as British subjects fought in the front lines in France. His influence over his men was unbounded, as when on the way over the Mediterranean Sea their ships were attacked by submarines, the 10,000 of them knelt at his bidding to recite the *Memorare*. Their confidence was well repaid for their ship came through without a scratch while others were sunk around them.

Father Ory's death causes a great loss to Patna Mission and his wonderful work in the field entrusted to the American Jesuits, leaves the latter greatly indebted to their Belgian brothers from whose ranks Father Ory had come. The circumstances of Father Ory's death have been given merely as "cancer of stomach."



Rt. Rev. B. J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna Diocese, India, with Father Leon Foster, S.J., who is returning from Patna to promote Patna interest in the United States.

The feast of St. Francis Xavier saw the laying of the first stone of the new Industrial School for Indian girls at Bettiah by BISHOP B. J. SULLIVAN, S.J. The erection of the new school has been made possible by a generous grant from the British Government which is eager to encourage industrial education. While the building will be a new one, the school is not a new venture. For quite a number of years the Sisters of the Holy Cross have been conducting a most successful Knitting School, and their wool and cotton garments are as pretty and serviceable and at least as low priced as any well-made articles of equal quality on the market. The occupation afforded to the female workers has done not a little to relieve poverty in a sadly poverty stricken community and has also given the Sisters an opportunity of spreading the Catholic Faith.

\*\*\*

Though the new high school in Bettiah will not be completed before February or March, it is evident that the old quarters are not suitable to meet the school situation that is facing the Bettiah Jesuits in the early months of the new year. Under the direction of FATHER ALOYSIUS PETTIT, S.J., retiring Superior of Bettiah, sheds of bamboo and grass have been constructed for the high and apostolic school until such a time as the new building may be occupied. The Middle School of Bettiah has acquired a reputation far beyond the confines of the city and students are coming from more than one hundred miles away. The Fathers have the conduct of the school well in hand both from a moral and religious as well as intellectual standpoint and they can admit large numbers without fear of demoralization.

FATHER A. S. PETTIT, S.J., in leaving Bettiah for his new work among the Santals, is saying farewell to a mission in which he has done marvelous work during the past six years. The splendid condition in which one finds things at Bettiah today is due largely to the unstinting labor which he employed during the past six years, in company with VERY REVEREND P. J. SONTAG, S.J., new Superior of Patna Mission. The moving of so prominent a man as Father Pettit from Bettiah to the Santal district, is a proof of the importance which Patna Mission attaches to the new Santal field. Father Pettit will have to begin work in his new field with a study of Santal—a language that is simply bewildering in its five forms, five modes, twenty-three tenses, four forms and two conjugations of the Santal verb, its prefixes, its suffixes, its middle and other fixes.

\*\*\*

FATHER JOHN KILIAN, S.J., writes from Barika-Hatiya:

"I have nine Santals who are being prepared to take the field as catechists by next January. They are keeping up their training from morning until night. So far I have not tramped about the villages very much as I am anxious to be able to say at least the ordinary things before I rush out on the deep.

"My mission? Two mud rooms are my living quarters, a single mud room is my chapel, another mud room the dispensary, a grass house answers for my kitchen. However, prospects look good indeed.

"There is as much difference between the Santals and Hindus as between day and night. They seem to be much more sincere and less bound by caste restrictions. Every day my rooms are packed by on-lookers. You would imagine that I am some rare specimen lost, strayed or stolen from a big museum."

\*\*\*

In his usual interesting way, FATHER CHARLES MILLER, S.J., in charge of Our Lady of Victory Mission at Ghyree in Patna Mission, gives us a few interesting items of his mission.

"The new school I opened at Bisampur now numbers some twenty boys. We have no school house of our own. A villager has allowed us a grass hut in which he stores cattle feed. We have what little room is left. The boys have to get as near to the door as possible in order to get sufficient light to read, but nobody complains about the hardships of this school house.

"I have started another school in the village of Dhangars, about a half mile from my house. The people here are aborigines and were brought to this locality by the planters. As a result of their contact with their Hindu neighbors, they have taken up many of the rites of the Hindu religion, retaining at the same time much of their own former creeds. The village numbers about 300 souls, simple, honest, hardworking. When the planters left the neighborhood, the natives had no one to protect them, and conse-

quently fell into the hands of the Hindu money-lenders. They were gradually but surely drifting into slavery, in the sense that they would lose all their property and be obliged to work for the rest of their days for their creditors in order to pay off their debts. They came to me for help and I was able to free them from the money-lenders.

"I have great hopes of doing something with this village. I have no land and no building, nothing but the leafy branches of a big tree whose gnarled roots serve as benches for my school. Unfortunately, an epidemic of small-pox broke out recently and I had to close the school for nearly a month.

"At the Victoria Mission itself, we are hard-pressed for room in the Weaving Institute, and especially in the *durrie*, the native rug department. Our present quarters are so crowded that we have to refuse orders beyond certain sizes.

"Though the fanatical outbreaks against the mission have ceased, we still have plenty of difficulties from the agitators. Just to give you an idea of how the agitators are carrying on their work, I shall narrate briefly what has happened in the last three or four months.

"One of my schools was getting on nicely when a certain fanatic visited that place and told the people not to send their children to my school lest I make Christians of them. The parents of the boys listened to him, got excited and sent my teacher home. They then discovered that to open a school of their own was a pretty expensive affair. They also learned from bitter experience that this agitator would do nothing for them. He tore down but he did not build up. So back they came to me, begging me to reopen the school. I was now in a position to dictate my own terms, and I did. I made them promise that they would give me no more trouble on religious grounds. They promised, and I reopened the school."



Father Julien Poquin, S.J., missionary at Garden River, Ontario, and frequent contributor to JESUIT MISSIONS.



## MISSION CRUSADE

### IN INDIA

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade of America should feel happy in the thought that it has been the inspiration for the establishment of the "Mission Crusade of Prayers" in India. The Crusade has received the hearty approval of His Excellence, the Apostolic Delegate of India, Archbishop Mooney, an American, and of the Archbishop of Calcutta. The latter is eager to see it introduced into the schools and convents and other institutions of his Archdiocese. This Crusade of Prayers is founded on the idea that "it is prayer that we have chiefly to rely upon for the spreading of the Gospel." The Bishop of Patna, Bishop Sullivan, has also given his hearty approval to the work.

The Crusade is now established in twenty-eight schools in India and Ceylon, where the Sisters of the various missionary teaching Orders are at work. All this has been done within one year and leaves the organizers of the Crusade to hope for wonderful things through this medium of united prayer.

## MORE NATIVE BORN CHINESE BISHOPS

Two more native sons of China have been appointed to the Episcopacy by Rome. The Reverend Quang Uen Cien, became the first Vicar Apostolic of Shunking, and the Reverend Francis Wang, became first Vicar Apostolic of Wanhien. (F. S.)

## PAPAL VISITOR REPORTS ON AFRICA

"There is a great movement towards the Church among the native Africans; a great crisis is upon the Continent; and the great opportunity is before the Church," is the opinion of His Excellence, Archbishop Arthur Hinsley, Papal Visitor to British Africa, who has returned to Rome on the conclusion of his 50,000 mile visitation of Africa.

Four great forces, however, must be reckoned with. "Material progress threatens to deluge the enormous territory, while Mohammedanism, the Protestant confusion, and Moscow propaganda scramble for the Africans' souls."

## FIRST APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CONGO

The first Apostolic Delegate to the Belgian Congo, Central Africa, His Excellency, the Most Reverend John Dellepiane, was consecrated by His Emi-



The late Father Louis Lacombe, S.J., famous for his work among the Brahmins at Trichinopoly, India.

nence, Cardinal William Van Rossum in the chapel of the Urban College in Rome. The consecration of the Apostolic Delegate calls attention to the remarkable developments of the Church in Central Africa. In the Belgian Congo the Catholic population rose from 376,980 in 1921 to 552,209 in 1927, a gain of approximately 29,000 a year. At present over a half million are under instruction for reception into the Church. There are 20 ecclesiastical divisions in which members of 16 different congregations labor with a religious and lay personnel of 13,614. Of these, 1,375 are priests, Brothers and Sisters, the remainder being catechists, lay teachers, etc.

## MORE FAMINE IN CHINA

Nanking reports that a half million famine victims already dead and one million more in imminent danger of starvation is the present status of the famine in the Province of Shensi, China. In one district, Wukung, with a population of 100,000 the dead total 70,000. The Catholic missionaries engaged in apostolic work in the Province of Shensi are Franciscan Fathers.

## NATIVE SEMINARY ON SONDA ISLANDS

A seminary of the Vicariate in the Little Sonda Islands, Dutch East Indies, has been opened for the training of native clergy in one of the farthest points of the outer world. This territory is in charge of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, the majority of the personnel being German or Dutch. Sisters of the Holy Spirit assist in the apostolate.

## NEW JESUIT BISHOP FOR PENGPU

The Right Reverend Thomas Berutti, S.J., has been made the first Vicar Apostolic of Pengpu, Anhwei Province, China, by a decree of December 9. This Vicariate is one of the three recently created by the division of Anhwei Province into three ecclesiastical territories. The Catholics number 33,690 in an approximate population of eight to ten millions. Jesuit Fathers of the Turin (Italy) Province are in charge.

## NEW CANADIAN BISHOP

In the latter part of 1929, besides the new Bishop for Pengpu, China, one Archbishop and five Bishops were named by decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. The Prelates are designated for territories in five different countries, Canada, China, Indochina, India and Africa.

The Right Reverend Joseph Gny, O.M.I., is named Vicar Apostolic of Grouard, Canada. The territory of His Lordship contains 30,000 inhabitants of whom 11,000 are Catholics. He will be assisted by twenty-five priests and twenty-Brothers.

# World Missions Survey for 1929

[Reverend Pierre Charles, S.J., holder of the Chair of Missiology at the University of Louvain, has prepared his second annual survey of the world missions of the Catholic Church. His summary of 1929 is as follows:]

THE year 1929 has not offered any commanding events in the field of mission activity, such as the consecration of the first six Chinese bishops or of the first Japanese bishop, but it has given us the spectacle of a continued progress, perfectly coordinated and very methodical. Our missionary action, under the direction and impulse of Rome, except for some unforeseen catastrophe, will be organized shortly throughout immense continents in the whole Church.

## ACTIVITY OF CENTRAL ORGANIZATIONS AT HOME.

The conclusion of the Lateran accords at Rome had a universal import. The rejoicing with which they were received in India, in China, in Japan, in Africa, give proof of this. By an eloquent symbolism the event took place under the roof which shelters the Museum of Missions; and it was at a table from the Philippines, sitting on chairs which were the gift of Chinese Catholics, that the plenipotentiaries exchanged signatures.

Rome likewise has witnessed during the year an important advance in the construction of the new Urban College of missions on the Janiculum.

In Rome also the multiplication of mission territories has continued with unabated pace, the most rapid which the history of the Church has ever registered. From March, 1922, to March, 1929, seventy-eight new missions were created. In 1929 alone, we count twenty-three additions, with the consecration of two more Chinese bishops.

Missionary recruits from the different Religious Orders and Congregations and from the various Mission Societies have never been so numerous.

The pontifical organizations for financial support, the Propagation of the Faith and the Society of St. Peter the Apostle, have been unified without losing their individuality. The 54,000,000 lire gathered by the Propagation of the Faith in 1928 marked an advance of 7,000,000 over the 1927 income.

The need of propaganda has been accentuated everywhere: at the Congress and Missionary Exposition of Barcelona (the King of Spain presided at the closing session); at the French Mission Congress at Lisieux; at the Missiological Week at Louvain; at the International Student Congress at Moeding; at the Mission Week of the Italian Clergy at Messina; at the International Reunion of the Pro Apostolis at Moorslede; at the Week of Religious Ethnology at Luxemburg. All of these reunions, different in their object and their method, were very animated and well frequented.

## ACTIVITY IN THE MISSION FIELDS.

### General Trends.

(a)—The first is the recrudescence, often strongly aggressive, of non-Christian religions. Hinduism is conquering important sections of the Punjab. Siamese Buddhism, with powerful official assistance, is modernizing itself, and Japanese Buddhism under the propaganda of Hongwanji is proving very active in the Pacific and throughout the whole Japanese diaspora, even gaining a few Americans. Islam is advancing in Africa. In the Vicariate of Tabora, Tanganyika,

in West Africa, will serve four nearby vicariates, that of Kipalapa will provide for the Tanganyika region in East Africa as far south as Shire. At Patna, India, as at Mariamhill in South Africa and Suahwafu in China, native congregations have furnished first professions.

### Particular Situations.

In Africa, the golden jubilee of the missions of Uganda permits us to measure the road covered. It is becoming ever more clear that Africa is moving rapidly and that the barque of ancient fetishism is foundering. In the Cameroons the progress of Catholicity is enormous; the whole country is on the march toward the Church. The Eucharistic Congress in Durban revealed that though Catholics in South Africa are relatively limited in number, they constitute a highly representative body in the Church. The Congo will permit the coordination of the very fruitful mission action in this vast territory. In Bangueolo, Rhodesia, the Vicar Apostolic estimates that in twenty-five years there will be no pagans left in this area.

In China, despite the famine (21,000,000 deaths?) and the woes, which have spared neither the inhabitants nor the missionaries (massacre of Bishop Jans and of other priests, Franciscans, Passionists, and so forth) the Catholic Church is consolidating itself and is progressing. Archbishop Costantini assisted as Papal Legate at the official funeral of Sun Yat Sen; the University of Peking of the American Benedictines has been reorganized officially; the Catholic youth movement has received a definite organization; the Catholic press (in the cases of the *Ichepao* and other journals) is developing; and the Government is manifesting no hostility toward the Church.

In Indo-China, one province (Fuyen) of the Vicariate of Quinhon, has been confided to the Annamite clergy, and the new Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Dreyer, has been well received.

In India, despite the tense political situation and the excessive dimensions of the dioceses of the north, Catholic progress can be recorded.

Migrations, which so often hinder the apostolate (as for instance the entry of Hindus into South Africa and along the eastern coast, the Japanese to the Caroline Islands, Hindus to Fiji, etc.), sometimes favor the Faith; the Japanese in Brazil show themselves very approachable and the Government of Tokio is very sympathetic in this matter.

In resumé, 1929 was a year fruitful of good labors both in depth and in extension, remarkably coordinated and well directed. (*Fides Servire*).



St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

for instance, the blacks do not wish to remain pagans, and discouraged by the prospect of long years of catechumenate preliminary to Baptism, pass in crowds to Islam. This creed likewise invades Senegambia and is achieving the conquest of Nigeria. On the other hand, neither in North Africa nor in Asia has it retrogressed, despite the halicution of the Republic of Angola and the efforts of modernization in Islam's greatest university, that of El Azhar in Cairo.

(b) The second notable trend is the methodic development of native clergy and of native congregations. The first Malagasy priests of the Vicariates of Fianarantson, Antsirabe and Diego Suarez were ordained in the month of March. In China, of the fifteen large regional seminaries planned, twelve either have been completed or are in construction. Burma founded her regional seminary at Tougoo, January 14. That of Ouidah,

## A PEEP AT BHAGALPUR

(Continued from page 57)

with the joys of river wading and the delights of beautiful scenery,—for we were now in the hill country, the entrance to which compares very favorably with Colorado's Garden of the Gods,—we arrived at Salaia and the house of Sam. Sam is Father Creane's mystery man, not long ago a real Santal devotee of the *bonga*, now an out and out militant Catholic. Sam, I suspect, has a most interesting past. Unfortunately, we know only bits of it; of the rest Sam "just keeps on saying nothing." At any rate we know that he was once engaged in the interesting and lucrative occupation of being a *Jan Guru* or "Witch Finder." (Yes, there are witches in Santalistan, very wicked witches who eat the lives of their enemies and cause dreadful damage.) Of course, a *Jan Guru* knows how to find these creatures and is well paid for his efforts, whether he finds the culprits or not. But Sam has forsaken all such iniquity; his family are all within the Fold and he is the catechist of Salaia. What he lacks in erudition, he quite makes up for in zeal.

FATHER CREANE made a complete round of Salaia. He was at home in every house, talked everywhere of conversion and the day of Baptism, and announced that there would be music, song and instruction at the head-man's house. The portable Victrola attracts even the jungle folk. They listened to Hawaiian as well as Bengali tunes; and, what is better, with the hope of more music to come, the men, women and children listened quietly to the lengthy instruction illustrated by large pictures of biblical subjects. Who was there but Sam—wearing his crucifix in full sight and expounding the Trinity, Sin, Heaven, Hell, and Christ the King,—the truths he had learned during his stay at school in Bhagalpur. Then followed hymns in Santali, more Victrola, and more instruction intermingled with "boots" for the boys' and girls' schools in Bhagalpur and Bankipore. And close by was the *Manjhi Sthan*

which in this instance is used as a place for the night school conducted under the direction of Father Creane and taught by the son of the head-man himself.

Add to all this the individual talks that the Fathers and the few catechists have with the people in something like fifty villages of Santals, and you will have a fair



St. Ignatius sends St. Francis Xavier to India.

idea of how the apostolic work for souls is carried on amongst these people who show that they can believe in Christ and who are not impeded in their desires to follow Him as are the Hindus.

## CHINESE IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 58)

the Bishop's collection."

In January, 1928, our Catholic Chinese had the pleasure of witnessing Bishop Dinand's first public confirmation of a class exclusively Chinese. Sixty-five in all were confirmed, marking another red-letter day in the history of our Chinese Catholic movement. Soon after, the first episcopal wedding ever celebrated in the Cathedral joined together in the holy bonds of Matrimony two Catholic members of our community.

The growing numbers of Catholic Chinese showed the necessity of

having a priest to look after them and a Father was appointed to take charge of instruction and conversion of those who wished to enter the Fold. Thus the Chinese Mission was started.

WITH the starting of a regular mission house, social settlement work has been placed on a solid basis. Here the good Sister from Saint Anthony's school meets everyone at service time and plans ways and means to further the interests of our Chinese people. She finds out the sick and those who need the attention of the priest and thus creates a closer bond between pastor and flock.

The latest act of the Chinese Mission was to erect a few weeks ago a memorial cross in the Catholic section of the Chinese cemetery and to bless the graves of the Chinese Catholics buried there. After an eloquent sermon by Reverend Father Superior on the devotion of the Catholic Church to the souls of the departed and her respect for the graves of her dead, the cross—seven feet in height and having in Chinese the words "Eternal rest grant unto these, O Lord" printed upon it, was solemnly blessed and each of the graves sprinkled with holy water.

Such then is the Chinese Catholic Mission of Jamaica, no longer the grain of mustard seed but now a vigorous young tree. May it ever increase and grow so that some day one may say of the Chinese community in Jamaica, "one faith, one fold, one Shepherd, and one Church, the Catholic, the one and only true Church."

## OUR DAILY BREAD

(Continued from page 59)

quick in their games, like basketball.

"The loaves are large ones. They weigh two pounds. Here, see this one. Nice, large loaf, fine crust, brown and fresh. It keeps us busy baking everyday, but we have to keep the cabinets in the dining hall filled up. Sometimes when the children don't like some dishes that are served, they fill up on bread. Besides the bread eaten at the regular meals, the boys and girls get a lunch

every afternoon at four o'clock,—bread with jelly or syrup on it. That takes quite a few loaves too. And the older Indians buy my bread. Very often they come into my shop and buy a couple of loaves. Those big loaves are just what the Indians need for their large families."

WE have been in the Brother's tiny bakeshop during these moments. As he goes on telling of his work, his quiet helpers are busy manipulating the long-handled peel, drawing from the recesses of the brick oven the bread pans. Now they have filled two tables with rows of the warm, crackling bread. The fragrant odor permeates the room and issues out into the open. The arresting smell of newly baked bread catches the nostrils of two little passersby and presently two pairs of jet eyes are seen peering into the bakery at one of the windows.

"Brother Axt," we hear them audibly whisper, "give us a bun! Ple-a-se!"

And at the Brother's nod two shy Indian lasses hurry down the steps. They take the buns rather bashfully and with a polite, "Thank you, Brother," they run out, their faces wreathed in smiles.

We leave the stuffy little bakery and visit the dining hall. The size of it surprises us as does the great number of children seated at the tables; there are easily over four hundred of them. Twice that number of dark, inquisitive eyes look up and then flash welcome. Yes, there on the tables are the plates of bread, all well filled with the generous slices that have been cut from loaf after loaf of the Brother's two pound loaves. We understand better now the viewpoint of the mission procurator. His is indeed a bread "problem."

And now we must leave the Brother and the Mission. It has been a profitable visit. Seated in the plane once again on our return journey, we are happily munching away at the sandwiches which the Sisters have so thoughtfully provided for us. Unmindful of it at first, we presently find ourselves subjecting the Brother's best to our own test. One of the male mem-

bers of the party suddenly calls out. "Say, pass those sandwiches again. They're wonderful!" Brother's bread has passed the test.

## ON THE BLUFF AT NATCHEZ

(Continued from page 62)

S. J., three weeks later was a repetition of the Natchez horror; in fact he was shot by the very Yazoo Indians who had taken part in the massacre at Natchez. The garrison at Fort St. Peter was then butchered. The story of Father Anthony Senat, another Jesuit, is of a different character. He was a priest who deliberately chose to remain with the captured whites. In 1736 he was a chaplain with the forces of Sieur de Vincennes. When the latter's divisions were overwhelmed in northern Mississippi, the priest refused several opportunities to escape, and with the rest of the captives was bound to the stake, tortured and burned. His charity meant death for himself, but life eternal for his doomed companions.

Two other priests, both from the seminary in Quebec, are commemorated with the three Jesuits among the martyrs of the Mississippi Valley. Father Nicholas Fourcault met death on the banks of the Yazoo at the hands of two Koroo Indians who coveted the chalice and coins he carried. Four years later Father John Francis Buisson de St. Cosme was set upon by Sitimaches Indians and killed near what is now Donaldsonville, Louisiana.

WHILE the city of Natchez was singularly apathetic to the bi-centenary celebration of these events (for that matter, it has not yet made certain the site of old Fort Rosalie), the Catholics did not forget the heroism of these missionaries and people of two centuries ago. At the Solemn High Mass in the eighty year old Cathedral of St. Mary of Sorrows, Canon O'Reilly of Jackson recounted in eloquent terms the achievements and sufferings of these early missionaries. In the evening a pageant of twelve tableaux was presented by the

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Between English, Latin and Greek classes at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, California, Mr. WILLIAM A. HUESMAN, S. J., permits his mission zeal to run over into print. *Contact, Please!* is his account of a daring missionary experiment.

FATHER FRANCIS I. STOV, S. J., first American Jesuit to be ordained a priest in India, and one of the pioneer missionaries among the Santal people of Patna, gives us *A Peep at Bhagalpur*, his mission station, a fertile field for mass conversions.

Did you know that there are *Chinese in Jamaica*? FATHER LED T. BUTLER, S. J., at Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, by working zealously has accomplished great things for Christ among these Celestials of Jamaica.

One is almost tempted to make a trip to the Indian Missions of Dakota merely to get a taste of *Our Daily Bread*. It is evident that W. J. BIRMINGHAM, S. J., who is now studying for the priesthood at Weston College, Weston, Mass., has seen apostolic days in these missions.

Like Xenophon of old, FATHER ALFRED F. KIENLE, S. J., narrates his mission journeys with paragraphs that begin *Then We Walked*. If you like Father Kienle's account write to him at Talsiayan, Mindanao, P. I., and tell him about it.

If any big activity is going on in the Southland, FATHER J. J. MCCARTHY, S. J., Socius to the Provincial of the New Orleans Province, certainly knows of it. He was present *On the Bluff at Natchez* and saw the vision of martyrdoms that occurred long ago.

The Canadian Jesuits have been working zealously in Szechow, their mission field in China. Some harrowing experiences are described in *What? Baudits!* written by FATHER AUGUSTE GAGNON, S. J., who gives his address in his article.

Very appropriate for the month of March, when the Novena of Grace is held, is the account of the *Adventurer of Christ*, Saint Francis Xavier, written by J. EDWARD FLAHERTY, S. J. He is at Immaculate Conception College, Montreal.

An outstanding mission authority and student and an apostolic writer of far renown is FATHER PIERRE CHARLES, S. J., Professor of Missiology at Louvain University, Louvain, Belgium. He has written the *World Missions Survey for 1929*.

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

## Grateful Acknowledgments

Jesuit Missions gladly transmits money gifts to Jesuit Missionaries in any part of the world.

### GIFTS FOR THE MISSIONS

Mission Unit, Milford, Conn.	\$50.00
St. Patrick's Academy, Des Plaines, Ill.	25.00
G. L., South Bend, Ind.	10.00
J. J. A., New York, N. Y.	10.00
M. O. G., New Orleans, La.	6.43
E. F., New Rochelle, N. Y.	5.00
J. A. F., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
J. A. R., Plandome, N. Y.	5.00
J. J. M., New York, N. Y.	5.00
Miss A. W., New York, N. Y.	5.00
Anonymous, St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
J. J. C., New York, N. Y.	5.00
H. H. B., Hartford, Conn.	5.00
E. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.	3.00
J. B. L., Chevy Chase, Md.	3.00
<i>For Philippine Missions:</i>	
L. V. B., Frederick, Md.	100.00
J. J. S., New York, N. Y.	5.00
S. A. S., New York, N. Y.	5.00
Miss M. R., Winchester, Mass.	5.00
C. C. T., Pittsburgh, Pa.	2.50
<i>For Father Rello, S.J.:</i>	
A. A. M., Jersey City, N. J.	101.00
Mission Unit, Milford, Conn.	50.00
<i>For Father J. L. Lucchesi, S.J.:</i>	
Mission Unit, Milford, Conn.	50.00
<i>For Missions in the Carolinas:</i>	
A Friend, New Orleans, La.	10.00
<i>For Father Lucas, S.J.:</i>	
Anonymous	45.00
<i>For Father Hofmann, S.J.:</i>	
Sodalities of Loyola H. S., Baltimore, Md.	43.83
<i>For Father A. Forster, S.J.:</i>	
St. Francis Xavier Mission Club, Alton, Ill.	25.00
<i>For Father D. Daly, S.J.:</i>	
J. A. M., Flushing, N. Y.	10.00
K. L. G., Woodstock, Md.	5.00
<i>For Father Rischer, S.J.:</i>	
Via Rev. J. P. M., S.J., Worcester, Mass.	10.00
<i>For Foreign Missions:</i>	
M. C., Milwaukee, Wis.	6.00
G. D., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
A. McG., New York, N. Y.	2.00
<i>For Mission in Cagayan, P.I.:</i>	
B. N., Bridgeport, Conn.	5.00
<i>For Father J. For, S.J.:</i>	
Missionary Society, St. Joseph's School, Bowling Green, Ky.	5.00
<i>For Father Hofmann, S.J.:</i>	
A. H., St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
<i>For Father Irwin, S.J.:</i>	
Rev. J. M., S.J., Worcester, Mass.	5.00
<i>For Father J. Kemper, S.J.:</i>	
College Mission Unit, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.	5.00
<i>For Father F. Kempel, S.J.:</i>	
Miss M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.	5.00
<i>For Father Rister, S.J.:</i>	
College Mission Unit, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.	5.00
<i>For Missions among the Tarahumaras of Mexico:</i>	
N. G., St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
<i>For India Missions:</i>	
St. M. E., Wilmington, Del.	5.00

young people of the parish aided by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart and the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

May the celebration of the Natchez Massacre stir new interest in the Church among our kindly Southern people! As the apostolic spirit of the early missionaries of the historic South becomes more widely known, we may reasonably hope that it will work for a spread of the Church in the Southland.

## WHAT? BANDITS?

(Continued from page 63)

village had been razed in part only recently and the Administrator and his family killed. But by and by, I was able to get some rest, assured that my Guardian Angel never takes his forty winks. I had just dropped off to sleep when suddenly there was a loud discharge of guns. I listened but no more shooting followed. Finally, I turned over and slept again, rather peacefully, until half past four.

At that hour I arose and lit my lantern. I had scarcely done so when there came a knock at my door.

"Father, hot water to wash."

I opened the door to see who the visitor was. He walked right in and examined everything in my room. I thought that I had let myself in for something rather serious and was on the verge of looking around to see whether the rest of a band of brigands would be coming in at the door. I saw no one and felt quite relieved. Man to man we could settle this difficulty with a fair chance of my coming out the winner.

"Do you want the tub?" I asked him.

"No, I want the kettle," the man replied.

"Well," said I, "you can't have it," and doubled up my fists ready to defend my property. Astonished, the poor fellow retreated and I stood there completely surprised.

LATER on some of my Christians arrived. I told them about the gun shots and the man

who had come to ask about hot water. Then the laugh was certainly on me.

"Why, Father," they said, "the gun shots were fired just to let you know that we were still keeping watch, and the man who asked about the hot water was the tea vender who offered last night to come and take care of your tea."

Fortunately, my good people understood and in the long run no feelings were hurt.

At the Mass that morning there were twenty-five people to receive Holy Communion out of a possible thirty. This was surely a consoling fact for me. Following the Mass the people spoke to me about opening a school such as is found in other missions, but lack of funds must keep me from this and other activities necessary in this mission. I had to hide a tear because I know how very much they want a school and how very eager they are to see many catechumens come to learn more about the Faith which they treasure highly.

## In This Issue

	Page
Frontispiece	
St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies	54
Contact, Please!	
William A. Huesman, S.J.	55
A Peep at Bhagalpur	
Francis I. Stoy, S.J.	56
Chinese in Jamaica	
Leo T. Butler, S.J.	58
Our Daily Bread	
W. J. Birmingham, S.J.	59
Then We Walked	
Alfred F. Kienle, S.J.	60
On the Bluff at Natchez	
J. J. McCarthy, S.J.	62
What? Bandits?	
Auguste Gagnon, S.J.	63
Adventurer of Christ	
J. Edward Flaherty, S.J.	64
Editorials	66
Jesuit Mission Vignettes	
No. 27. The Calcutta Mission	67
The Mission Intention	67
Afield with American Jesuits	68
Renowned Jesuit Missionaries	
Bl. Francis Pacheco, S.J.	70
From Many Climes	72
World Missions Survey for 1929	
Pierre Charles, S.J.	73
Our Contributors	75
Grateful Acknowledgments	76