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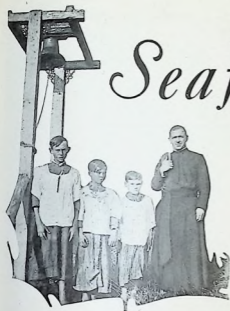
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THE JESUIT MARTYR-SAINTS OF NORTH AMERICA

# In Little Seaford Town

Francis G. Kempel, S.J.



Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., and his barefooted altar boys at Seaford Town, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Then, too, three big colonies of "duck ants" got into the old building and the ants accomplished more demolition than earthquakes or hurricanes possibly could. This school was put up by Father J. J. Williams, S.J., after the hurricane of November, 1912, and it has really served us well. To cheat the ants and to save the necessity of putting up another building in about fifteen years,

we decided that the best thing to do was to construct our new school of concrete.

The building is almost finished now. You see it on

the accompanying picture with part of the old building still standing as a workshop during the construction. It has meant much work to me because I personally supervised its construction and took care of all the details. The men of the neighborhood deserve much praise for all the labor they gave in erecting the building. They seem to realize what a great boon the school is going to be for their children. It is a big school for this part of Jamaica with three large rooms as the Educational Department requires. It will accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils comfortably. At present we have one hundred children on the roll and more will come when the school is opened. My hopes are that the Sisters will take care of the teaching.

SEAFORD TOWN has a unique history, as you know. It was founded by German settlers who came out to Jamaica in the year 1834 from the Province of Hanover, enticed by Lord Seaford who told them of the great possibilities of Jamaica. They came over, and when they saw for themselves the wretched conditions, many who were able immediately (Turn to page 145)

**A** FEW weeks ago the papers gave to the United States the news that another earthquake had shaken Jamaica, B. W. I., and that it lasted fully six seconds. Six seconds is a short enough duration of time; but shake violently your table set for dinner while the second hand of your watch is ticking off just six seconds and see what destruction you make. Now multiply the intensity to earthquake proportion and you will understand why it is that our churches and schools come tumbling down and the houses of the parishioners fall about their ears. Or again, it is reported that a hurricane is passing over our fair Island. While the wind of hurricane does not blow with quite the velocity of Lindbergh's recent passage over the United States, it does hit hard; and if you are in the direct path of the cyclone, why, anything can happen and usually does.

**T**HESSE are only some of the ordinary trials that come occasionally to my little missions here in the "bush." They are the kind of trials you have to be constantly fighting and constantly expecting. It is no use, however, to sit down and wait for calamity and in the meantime to do nothing. Take, for instance, our old school in Seaford Town. It has felt its earthquakes and has had wind after wind shake its timbers and its board walls.

New school erected at Seaford Town, Jamaica, B. W. I., by Father Kempel and his people.



# Weary Giant

Joseph L. Lucas, S.J.



barrio schools and dismiss fourteen heroic catechists, for lack of funds. That brings my work here back to just about where I started. When I opened up at Jasaan, I went on the supposition that health would be mine to carry out the avocation of chronic beggar, a most important work of any missionary. When my health failed me I could not keep up the volume of correspondence, and that lost me both friends and benefactors. However, it taught me not to place too much reliance on my own efforts, or on material progress alone, since spiritually the work has progressed to such an extent that I am physically unable to cope with it.

*"The people have remained simple, childlike and devout."*

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ONLY a few lines of explanation, a kind of cryptic message, accompanied a mission contribution that arrived a few weeks ago. It came from the Procurator, to whom the original donor had expressed this desire:

"Will you send this gift to some tired, discouraged toiler—?" I must say that that help reached its intended destination when it came to me in the Philippines. Tired? None more so than I! Malaria, pneumonia and dysentery have made the feeling more or less constitutional, but the past weeks have been record breakers for fatigue. I have been conducting special services in all my stations and with the exception of the time for Mass, Benediction, meals, and an occasional sick call, I have been in the confessional almost continuously from 4 A.M. till 11 P.M. Most of the time it was actual physical pain to keep my eyes open. At that I didn't finish half of those who wished to confess.

Discouraged? A little, since I had to close down five

OUR little mission in Jasaan is perhaps the poorest of all in this world's goods, but by the same token perhaps the richest in the other world's goods. Until a road was put through a few years ago, the whole mission was effectively isolated from the rest of the world, so that the majority of the people have remained simple, childlike and devout. My immediate predecessor was both a physical and spiritual giant, and did a giant's work in holding them close to the Faith. Thus it is that,



*"The 300 members of my 'Catholic Center' put up the hospital building made entirely of bamboo."*



"At present I have one large school at Jasaan, and two small ones in the mountains, with catechist-teachers."

being of pygmy proportions, I must depend upon schools and catechists to do the work. As the Spaniards say, "*Antes gigantes,*" there were giants in those days, or as our Visayans put it, "*Ang mga gigantes niadtong panahona.*" The giants, we hope, for the present generation are parochial schools. I believe that they alone can now do the giant's work. The opening up of communication with the outside world brought in its wake the very worst of western ideas and amusements, all labeled American, and, therefore, "fast, furious and fashionable." The younger generation is taking them up with avidity, while the simple old folks stand back, baffled and dismayed. Only through the schools can we hope to offset the danger to both Faith and morals.

**A**T present I have one large school at Jasaan, and two small ones in the mountains, with catechist-teachers. Unless the Lord is very good to us within the next four months, I shall have to close these down also. Teachers' salaries alone come to \$300.00 a month, and in three years I have received only \$88.00 from my whole flock, that too, at the cost of great sacrifice and heroic generosity on their part. The Government requirements for additions, repairs and first equipment for the schools took the money I had set aside for the teachers' salaries, and now it's just a worry from month to month, guessing whether or not I shall be able to pay them. I must keep going at least for several months more, or 500 little ones will be without a school, for they will not be permitted to transfer to a public school.

In spite of these failures I have built a Catholic hospital. I am the only doctor within a radius of twenty miles, but that radius doesn't stop them from coming from all parts for treatment. The cost in medicines has been terrific, and the loss of time is consider-

able. The 300 up the hospital are starting very and a male nurse Cagayan once a I have asked th help us out with they have promis is Mindanao's fi *Floreat!* If it flu

Such is the Ceaseless toil, tr but most enjoya venture and soe spiritual consol Only when we f not the accompli those who have h ing of the Heart a royally rich a little ones add th petitions to mine

Subsequent to Father Lucas:

"I am now at for a three mont John Pollock, S.J. however, carry th Things do look p to close the scho Faith, a sliding b throwing of thres lars to the winds until I get on my I am sure I could

# Oh! Doctor!

Vincent Monty, S.J.

**D**AY in and day out, pocked faces, broken limbs, joints swollen with rheumatism, bodies afflicted with skin diseases, "the halt, the lame and the blind," pass into the mission infirmary at Soutsien, to reappear some time later with a bit of ointment, a plaster, a neat bandage, a mended arm or leg, and often too, a cleansed soul, truly Celestial at last! For in the charity plan of Brother Paul Saint-Jean, S.J., mortal bodies are nursed back to health for the immortal souls they bear with them.

Seemingly, the number of patients knows no limit. Take care of fifty today, and there are probably a hundred tomorrow. The phenomenon is quite easily explained, for in the outlying country districts of China doctors are unknown quantities. How then the Chinese peasant folk managed any care for their sick remains a mystery. When the missionary came, like the good Samaritan of old, he picked up the sufferer by the

*"In the charity plan of Brother Paul Saint-Jean, S.J., mortal bodies are nursed back to health for the immortal souls they bear with them."*

unknown East. What may a Brother do in the missions?

He cannot say Mass nor hear confessions,—he cannot do a hundred other things. But Brother soon found a second hundred that he could do.

On landing at Shanghai, he proceeded to Zi-ka-wei, where he took up his abode with the French Jesuits to receive an initiation into mission life, and to the mysteries of a language that chants its phrases and paints its word. An old Pekinese came every day to sing down his ear syllables that afterwards showed an unwillingness to come forth again.

**F**INALLY, at the end of February, 1929, his Superiors judged Brother Saint-Jean ready for active mission work and, after a few months' stay at Tong Chou to help Father Hamon, they sent him to Soutsien with Father Marin.

Life in this latter post turned out to be a very busy affair for Brother. After his morning devotions and an early breakfast, he has a lesson in Chinese. The professor is one of the oldest Christians of the Sūchow district,

having been converted over forty years ago. He has served since then as catechist to those who as yet are pagans and as instructor in the language for the missionaries. He disposes of a well-nigh toothless grin and a fine pronunciation, which makes him (the pronunciation! not the grin) a creditable help to students of Chinese. Also, to help matters along, and to make one forget the tediousness, he has many a story to tell and uses most expressive gestures to illustrate them all. But do not disturb him when he is giving his lesson, or you will rue it!

(Turn to page 145)



*"Many patients come and go in strange ambulances."*

wayside and poured wine and oil on his wounds. Differently though from the good man of the parable, he did not pass on his way: he had come to stay.

**N**EARLY two years have gone by since Brother Saint-Jean's arrival in the mission. He may have left America with a few misgivings. While the Vancouver skyline drifted away from the ship and faded to nothingness, countless misgivings surged up from the

# The Sioux

W. J. Birmingham, S.J.

**C**AN an Indian girl sew as well as she can bead? Such a question may often have arisen in the minds of feminine readers as they perused the pages of any of our well illustrated Catholic mission magazines. The answer offers an opportunity not only of depicting the unusual sewing ability of hundreds of Catholic Indian maidens who are attending our mission schools, but it also brings to notice the admirable results being achieved in other lines of work by the numerous missionary nuns whose lives are devoted to the training of these Indian girls and the saving of their souls.

At St. Francis Mission in South Dakota, twenty-two Franciscan nuns have long been engaged in training the hundreds of Sioux girls who yearly flock to this largest of our Catholic Indian schools. The general training of these girls embraces all phases of domestic work, laundering, cooking, sacristy and infirmary work,—in fine, housework of every description; but the training imparted in all of the practical and finer arts of the needle might be said to be outstanding. From the commonest patching and mending of little Frankie Iron-

*"At St. Francis Mission in South Dakota the Franciscan nuns have long been engaged in training hundreds of Sioux girls in this largest of Catholic Indian schools."*



"Can an

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# Delightful PEOPLE

Peter J. Sontag, S.J.

**L**O begin with, the Santals of Patna Mission in India, though ancient dwellers in Hindustan, are not Hindus. They are, in plain, unvarnished language, devil-worshippers. "God is good and will not harm us, even if we do not worship Him. But if we do not offer sacrifice to our *Bonga* . . ." That is their line of reasoning, and *Bonga* is the devil.

But the redeeming feature about the Santals is that they are not determined to remain devil-worshippers. And they are a delightful people!

This last year I made an exploration trip through Santal land. I spent exactly four weeks on this trip, during which I returned to one of our head stations only for a day after each week, to despatch the most pressing correspondence. The remaining time was spent in the jungle or traveling,—about as strenuous a program as any one would care to have. During the better part of the year this territory can be covered with com-

Father Francis Stoy, S.J., with Santal boys at Bhagalpur, Patna, India.



parative ease, by cycle, bullock-cart, even motor-car in places. But just at the end of the rains, most of our time was spent a-foot, wading streams and countless muddy ponds, and alternating between cycle riding and cycle dragging along the narrow embankments separating the paddy (rice) fields. Occasional disaster in the midst of a stream or mud puddle had all of us plastered up with mud enough to satisfy the most ambitious. The

heat, though the dates were August 22 to September 21, was most trying; at times all that the best of us could endure even under a good *topi* (tropical helmet) and umbrella. Despite all, I have rarely enjoyed better health than I did every single day of the trip.

**A**S we had to be away from supplies for a week at a time, we had to carry a certain amount of food, blankets, clothes, etc., and a portable altar. A stalwart Santal (they surely are a robust people) carried most of our luggage in two metal boxes,

Father James Creane, S.J., greets a Santal family in the heart of the mission field.



on a pole over his shoulder. At night we never had a real bed. Sometimes we captured a native "bed" four feet long, of bamboo and rope; but sleeping on the mud floor or verendah-like ledge of Santal houses, or on a bench, was usually more restful.

The Santals are a delightful people! I said that before, but it is emphatically worth saying again. Oh! how my heart ached to stay there and teach them! Everywhere we found people anxious to be baptized. We did baptize fifteen on this trip, but the others had to be put off, as they were not yet sufficiently instructed. We have had so many difficulties to contend with,—shortage of priests (just as of old, when our dear Lord grieved over the multitude "lying like sheep without a shepherd"), sickness among the few we have, the demands of other work already in hand, absolutely no trained catechists who might in some way supply the want of priests for instruction at least. My first work after returning from the Santal trip was to open a catechist school at Barki Hatiya, Father Kilian's new Santal station, and already nine Santal men are receiving such training as Father can find time to give them over and above the time he himself needs for studying the language,—Santali.

I SHALL never forget the days I spent among the Santals. Such beautiful characters as we met, and such hospitality! I remember one home especially, that of one of our boys. The father and mother were both in the field. As soon as they saw us, they came running. "This time Father would stay and say Mass in the morning,"—though they, father and mother, were both still pagans learning their prayers—"no, he would stay two days."

Father explained that we had only stopped for a drink of water, as we still had several miles to go to another village where we had several neophytes. But we might as well have spoken Greek. Peter's father simply picked up our boxes and all (we were seven, Father Creane and myself, two catechists, one of whom, a splendid type, and dignified as a judge, had received Baptism and his first Holy Communion that morning, two of our Santal boys from Bhagalpur who formed our itinerant choir and helped carry paraphernalia, and our carrier, a Santal neophyte with a body built like a mountain). Protests availed nothing. All our luggage was stowed away in the house, while Peter's mother spread her best *chaddar* (cloth) over two miniature bamboo-and-rope "beds," brought us some drinking water (not half as bad as it might have been,—and, alas, usually is out in the jungle, where all too often it is taken from the nearest stream!) and in a surprisingly short time was bringing an armful of roasted corn for her guests.

AFTER the meal, which of rice and a chicken, how many had learned to neighbors had gathered by or ten were hoping that no. Only two of Peter's little prize, while the elders were. But for the missionary the joy that beamed unrestrained happy parents. Enjoyable learning to pronounce and

But this was merely an day, almost every hour in evening gatherings,—when house would be crowded in village,—were always intended by one of the catechists, no



A group of Santal missionaries. Fathers Pettit, Stoy are all American Jesuits working among

tion on the little vest-pocket graph (the roads and paths to carry the magic lantern. But what do you think I believe it was when, at Richard and Nicholas, our prayers aloud. But of course yourself would have agreed with God" there in the mid prayer was a fervent one f

JUST another incident, full much light on the situation little fellow, had come along sisters baptized. But besides gorom-baba, a grandfather the old demon-worship devotee time for Baptism arrived, that the father and

# Calloused HANDS

Some people have an idea that missionaries are always elderly, calm, experienced, with a beard. My contact was with a real missionary of another kind.

**T**HE Friday train rolled into the station at Fairbanks, Alaska, and stopped. The usual crowd was there to meet it, and a confusion of noise and motion ensued. Among others, two men stepped off and greeted the Jesuit pastor who was waiting for them. One was an old man, the other was quite young; both were Jesuits. The older was the Superior of the missions; the younger was a missionary, certainly not many years ordained. Yes, there was a tinge of gray, quite a tinge of gray in his hair. But when you looked at his smiling, blue eyes, and listened to the genuine ring in his laugh, you knew he had the heart of a boy.

It was a real treat to be in Fairbanks, so he said. No, he wasn't lonesome at Nulato, even though he was alone. Why, a man didn't have time to be lonesome!—His hands were broad and rough and calloused. And a man's hands don't get that way just writing letters and stories.

**W**HEN he heard that I was to leave for the "outside" in a short time, he laughingly expressed a regret that he didn't have a beard. "Tell them I haven't a beard as yet," he said, "so I'm not a real missionary." He didn't send any other message, nor did he inquire how things were going in the States. I wonder if he would have liked to? I

*"Content to minister to his Eskimos and Indians."*

rather think that he was content to minister to his Eskimos and Indians, and to let the rest of the world take care of itself.

How enthusiastic he was over his mission! Nulato is on the Yukon, a good way below Tanana; and the population of the surrounding country is sparse. Nulato was this Jesuit's station; from there he went out to visit his "parish," and many a hundred miles did he travel in doing so. In a week he would be on his way back to his people, he would go by train to Nenana, then by river boat to Tanana, where he could lay in a few provisions and buy two more dogs, and he would set out for Nulato, just keeping the nose of his little motorboat down stream until "home" hove around the bend. He spoke calmly of this trip back, but it was easy to see that he was just aching for the day to start,—for the time when he would be back at work. This was only July, but winter steals down quietly and swiftly in Alaska. You go to bed one cool autumn night, and wake up in the morning snowed in.

**N**O boy could have been more enthusiastic about some cherished plan than this young Jesuit was about his mission. He spoke lovingly, hopefully, energetically about it. He painted the picture in bright colors, and told of the funny occurrences and cheerful events in a missionary's life. No word did he utter of the trials of that first year, of the discouraging failures and setbacks which he undoubtedly experienced. When these were mentioned by others, his eyes twinkled and he dismissed the subject with a jest that covered up his trials. (Turn to page 146)



*This is the way the Alaskan missionaries travel over the railroad during the three months of their summer.*



# GREEKS IN

# Transjordania

Elie Kozah, S.J.

**T**RANSJORDANIA, or the country east of the Jordan, is ruled by the Emir Abdalla, under the English mandate. The inhabitants are Bedouins but not all of them are nomadic. Many dwell in the towns or villages, as in

the case of the Christians who form a small minority. Of these Christians the larger number are Greek Orthodox, not recognizing the authority of Rome, but of the Greek Patriarchate of Jerusalem. The Catholics, however, are of the Greek or Latin rite and, of course, are in communion with Rome. The Catholics of the Latin rite are under the jurisdiction of the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem; those of the Greek rite are divided into two dioceses: South Transjordania, dependent upon the Greek Uniate Patriarch, who has a Vicar General at Jerusalem, and North Transjordania, dependent upon the Archbishop of Galilee. Our present account deals with only the last mission.

North Transjordania is the old Biblical land of Gilead, now known as the Adjloun District. Before the Great War, the Greek Uniate Catholics had only one parish, at Hossn Adjloun; but some ten years ago a movement between the Greeks and the true Church set in. Many groups from different villages presented petitions or came in person to see the Archbishop at Haifa to ask him to receive them into the Roman Church. While it is not my present purpose to discuss the motives which prompted this action, yet it may be noted in passing that they were not always of a doctrinal or disinterested nature. At any event, when the resolutions of those asking admission to the Church were sufficiently proper, serious and firm, they were received. The difficulty that

arose at once was the matter of churches, priests and schools. These had to be supplied for the new Catholics.

**A**T the present time the mission has fourteen posts. The Archbishop, who has visited the mission, has great praise for the peasants' homes, the largest of which serves as a chapel where Mass is said and where the

people assemble for devotions. Another portion of the house serves as a school, and the priest has a third portion, since he has no dwelling of his own. But all the equipment is poor and even very miserable so that not only conveniences but also necessities are often lacking. At Hossn the priest is fairly well provided for, but there is no church, and the room in which the Sacred Mysteries are celebrated accommodates



"The inhabitants are Bedouins but not all of them are nomadic."

only about one-fourth of the people. The Archbishop has recently obtained some help from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and thanks to this help is going to provide for the building of a chapel which it is hoped will be able to hold all the parishioners, about four hundred in number. When I was there in December we had to have recourse to the Latin priest who was kind enough to lend us his church for the preaching of the Spiritual Exercises to the people.

There are only eight priests engaged in this mission of fourteen posts. Fortunately, some of the posts are close enough to each other to allow one priest to serve two. But there are times when we need more priests. As a matter of fact, during my stay, the announcement of a woman's death reached us, and the priest had to make a trip of five hours or more in a severe storm to bury her.

These priests, with the exception of the Reverend Father Nonné, the Archbishop's Vicar at (Turn to page 147)

# Saints

John J.

**A** STRANGE thing has happened and it has happened for the first time; eight Americans have been solemnly declared Martyrs for the Christian Faith. And stranger still, their canonization is near at hand. They were North Americans also; though all born in France, they were as much Americans as Cotton Mather, Roger Williams or the Massachusetts missionary Eliot. Three of them lived and died in territory that is now in New York State; five of them in Canada.

Remarkable still, although Catholics, one of them, Isaac Jogues, when first in danger of death, was rescued in 1643 by the Dutch Reformed settlers at Fort Orange, now Albany, and, when freed from his captors, the Mohawk Indians, was escorted down the Hudson by the Protestant minister, who had the imposing name of Megapolensis, meaning, from the big town, after the fashion of that time of assuming, in Latin or Greek form, names that indicated one's local origin, or other titles to distinction.

The intervention of the Dutch to secure Jogues' release is all the more remarkable when we recall that just then in Europe men were at one another's throats over religious differences. They could not have believed it possible that a day would come when a Pope would declare Blessed and even a Saint with solemn ceremonies at St. Peter's in Rome one whom their colonial co-religionists had tried to save from martyrdom.

**T**HE Martyrs came to this part of the New World to develop civilization as well as religion among the savage aborigines in what was then known as New France.

It was just three hundred years ago that one of these Martyrs, de Brébeuf, first came to this New World, spending the winter on his arrival hunting with the Montaignais Indians near Quebec. He was consumptive, but bent on civilizing and Christianizing the Indian tribes in that region.

Huron was a nickname. "Quelle hure!" exclaimed the French sailors when they saw the hair of some of the tribesmen furrowed and ridged like a boar's bristles. The name stuck. Wyandot was their own name for themselves—the people of one language or of one land. They were not nomadic. This would facilitate the task of teaching and holding them steadfast. They were not numerous. When a census was taken in 1638, there were in their thirty-two villages only 12,000 in all. Twenty years before they numbered forty thousand, but disease and war had made sad havoc among them. They had some good qualities, but many more bad ones. They were hostile, strongly attached to their children, docile with their captains who acquired ascendancy by exceptional talent for persuasive speaking or lead-



Bl. Isaac Jogues, S.J.

ership. They were, however, furtive, unstable, extremely cruel, given to sorcery and without religious sense. They were experts at torturing prisoners and ate human flesh. At first the missionaries thought they had no knowledge of a Supreme Being. Brébeuf, however, after living with them closely, was convinced that they had such knowledge, but that it had degenerated into superstition; that they worshipped demons, even with forms of sacrifice, one of which was throwing

tobacco, which they prized, into flames by way of propitiation. They were intelligent and sagacious in their way. They esteemed the teaching of the priests, especially about an after-life of reward or of punishment, because they were mindful of their dead whose bodies at intervals they collected together to inter them in one pit with tokens of remembrance and provision of food. They insisted, however, that before acting on what was taught them they must try out and see what was in it for them—they were the pragmatists of their time.

**P**RIVATION and hardship did not affect the missionaries. What tried them most was their struggle with an impossible language, without teacher or interpreter, especially as they had to coin words for God, religion, morality, virtue, sin, penance, Heaven, and the like. They were tried also by the skeptical attitude of the Indians, who already knew enough about the dissensions of Huguenots with Catholics over religion, and of the differences of both from the Dutch Reformed, whom they met from Fort Orange. Some of these had injected suspicions of the external symbols of religion, of the Cross, of pictures, statues, etc., and the superstitious mind of the



North American

Isaac Jogues, S.J., René Goupil and New York; John Brébeuf, S.J., Charles Garnier, S.J., and Socié

# for All

ymme, S.J.

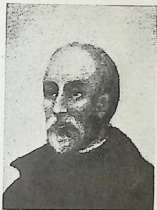
Indians quickly concluded that they were but instruments of a sorcery more powerful than their own. Their medicine-men spread the conviction that it would gradually destroy the tribe by causing drouth, bad crops, epidemics and ill-luck in their wars with the implacable Iroquois. Often this conviction put the lives of the missionaries in jeopardy. In fact, once they were notified that death would be their fate at any moment.

They met and signed notice of their coming demise,

saying that they all willingly faced death in the cause of the religion to which they had devoted their lives. Not one of them shirked, as Parkman tells us. Their only concern was what would become of the precious dictionary which they had compiled after so many years of labor. Without it their successors would have to begin all over again.

THE missionaries grew in number. They spent their days going from cabin to cabin, advising, teaching, ministering to the sick, but they were slow to baptize anyone in health because they could not count on perseverance. When after due trial they did find one man constant enough to be baptized, they wrote it in their yearly reports with a note of triumph.

These reports are the earliest and most reliable sources of our history. They are known as the *Jesuit Relations*. These *Relations* are the work of experts in many fields, geography, orography, meteorology, astronomy, climatology, philology and ethnology. In fact, modern ethnology had its origin with Lafitau, one of the missionaries who published with his own observations the valuable information he had derived from one of the martyred missionaries, Charles Garnier. Political economy



Bl. John Brébeuf, S.J.

was another contribution of the *Relations*. LeJeune, a Huguenot, became Catholic and then Jesuit, who wrote the *Relations* from 1632-1640, voiced the sentiment of all his associates when he insisted, as had Cartier the century before, and Champlain also, that France must colonize and Christianize New France, not merely for trade but for the highest interests of humanity and civilization.

LeJeune's annual letters on the missions awoke the mother country. Men, women and money were forthcoming at once. Daniel, Jogues, Garnier, Goupil, Lalande, Chabanel and

Lalemant, came to the assistance of Brébeuf. Women opened hospitals and convent schools. Men, not in clerical orders, devoted their lives by vow to the missionaries, two of them standing by Jogues unto death. They knew what they were heading for. Biard, Masse, Brébeuf and Charles Lalemant, who had lived the life for a while until expelled by the English invasions of 1616 and 1625, pictured the difficulties and dangers in glaring colors. Twice, after Brébeuf had lived through the worst of it, he chose to come back to the Hurons, as did Jogues also, twice after he had been tortured and enslaved for a year by the Iroquois. They knew they would live for years practically isolated from their fellows and civilization in the very heart of savage settlements. They knew also that the Iroquois were bent on destroying the Black Robes.

IT WOULD seem to be an inexorable law of progress that pioneers must sacrifice everything they hold dear, often life itself, to establish what they believe to be true and beneficial for humanity. So much blood was spilled before the Christian religion was tolerated that Tertullian remarked: "The blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christians." Jogues, Brébeuf and their companions knew this. They had escaped death for a time at the hands of the Hurons, but they knew it was for a time only and that the Iroquois would finally destroy them as well as the Hurons. The Iroquois were the supermen of Indian tribes in these parts. Some believe that they actually styled themselves such. They were strongly united together; they obtained firearms from the Dutch; they hated the Hurons for their subserviency to the French; they longed, above all, to capture, torture, and put to death a Black Robe, especially after Jogues had, in their opinion, shown contempt for their god, Areskoue, by refusing to eat the meat sacrificed in his honor.

THE Black Robe, now in honor among our Indians everywhere, was then an object of suspicion and hatred. (Turn to page 147)



...s to Be Canonized

Lalande died for the Faith at Auriesville, Daniel, S.J., Gabriel Lalemant, S.J., were martyred by Indians in Canada.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## Heroes Challenge Young America

WE had been riding across the flat land of lower Canada in the regions of the lake country. Perhaps that is why my mind was occupied with the thought of the heroes who made that territory famous in the middle of the seventeenth century. My thoughts were with Brébeuf and Jogues and the others of that noble group of eight Jesuits who died martyrs' deaths in Canada and northern New York, victims of the warrior Iroquois.

"What we need today," said a fellow traveler, a venerable but youthful-souled college president, "is another St. Bernard to call forth the latent generosity and enthusiasm of American youth." He and I were at one in our conviction that American youth is at bottom generous and noble. Both of us had experienced that high-minded spirit in our dealings with young America.

Yes, we need the stirring appeal of an apostle, but have we not at hand right here on our very soil the strong voice of those whose whole careers call aloud to youth to imitate the great-souled generosity that made of them martyrs after a career of sacrifice, of daring, of adventure, of campaigning and pioneering for Christ?

## Youth Stirred by the Chivalrous

YOUTH is stirred by the example of the chivalrous; it has the spirit of sacrifice and daring, the spirit of generosity and unselfishness that makes heroes, but it needs inspiration and example. It is called upon to manifest its enthusiasm for Catholic action in all its ramified phases in Catholic life at home, in the school, in the parish and in the town or city. It is challenged to take up with the daring and pioneering unselfishness of a St. Paul the work of the home and foreign missions, either by offering itself for the actual work as priest, Brother or Sister, or else by a real whole-souled giving

of self to the spread of mission interest and enthusiasm at home.

Surely the call to generosity, the challenge to action, the example of the heroic have place in young America today. But where are the other Pauls to inspire and challenge our young men and young women? Where more forcefully and inspiringly, more graphically and vividly portrayed than in the group of eight martyrs who, according to reports from the Holy City, are this month to be canonized by the Holy Father? French by birth they are, but Americans by the land of adoption and Americans by right of life holocaust after careers of heroic sacrifice that Americans might have the light of eternal truth.

## America's First Martyrs

BRÉBEUF, the strong leader, giant in soul and body, Jogues, the meek but intrepid apostle of the Iroquois of northern New York, gentle fearless Garnier, Daniel, lover of Christ's little ones, ever-zealous Lalemant, Chabanel, heroically perseverant in the midst of mountainous difficulties, devoted and faithful Goupil and Lalonde,—these are the heroes who today challenge the youth of America to imitate the spirit that dominated their lives and actions as they literally spent themselves in their efforts to plant the Church of Christ in the wilderness of America and to bring the Gospel of salvation to the Red Men. Each sealed his life by the shedding of his blood; each proved his love by the greatest of tests.

The lives of these heroes of Christ are relived in our minds today, if only we allow their careers to speak to us. The challenge to generosity comes from them in unmistakable terms as we review the lives that are held up to us for imitation by Holy Mother Church. Let young America be thrilled by the heroism of these sainted pioneers; let the youth of today be stirred, not only to unstinted admiration, but to generous imitation. Everywhere, at home in multifarious works of Christian leadership and action, but especially in the many mission fields there is a call for other Americans who have put on the armor of Christ, other priests and Brothers and Sisters who have imbibed the spirit of the heroic men who first rendered fruitful the soil of America by martyrs' blood.

## Two American Shrines

TWO large shrines have already been erected to America's Martyrs:—the one is on Canadian soil, at Fort Ste. Marie, Ontario, a spot long sacred to the Jesuit Martyrs; the other, where Jogues and Goupil were slain, is on the site of the old Iroquois village near the present Auriesville, N. Y., about forty miles from Albany, on the hilltop overlooking the beautiful Mohawk Valley. With the memory of her heroes freshened by the late beatification and the coming canonization of her first Martyrs, America ought to make of these two shrines great pilgrimage places where souls will be strengthened in the Faith, and, by God's grace, miracles wrought through the intercession of the eight Martyrs.

# Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 30. Tokio, Japan



Some Members of the Faculty of the "Jocho Daigaku," the Catholic University in Tokio, Japan.

**T**HE desire for a Catholic university at Tokio was manifested by Pius X and warmly welcomed by the Jesuit Fathers. Difficulties, however, postponed the opening of the university until April 11, 1913. The work at Tokio is entrusted to the German Jesuit Fathers. One American Jesuit, Father H. Martin, S.J., is also on the teaching staff. Though a fine building had been erected, the numbers in attendance were small at first. There were 20 students in the beginning; in 1917 there were 80; in 1921 there were 135, and the number has increased considerably since then. The earthquake of September 1, 1923 did much damage to the building, but necessary important repairs were made. At present, work is going on on a new building that will give the school accommodations for 800 students. The Fathers are also planning the erection of three high schools to serve as "feeders" for the university. They think that in this way they can have about 3,000 students in five years. At present there are some 15 priests in the Tokio mission, of whom one is a native. Four Brothers assist in the work.

**E**VEN in our day, when speedy means of communication and travel have brought nations and peoples closer together, there are territories that are closed to the Catholic missionary. Three such Asiatic countries are brought to the focus of attention in June when prayers are asked that Tibet, Nepal and Afghanistan may be opened to the preaching of the Gospel.

Tibet excludes from its boundaries, not only missionaries, but all foreigners. Time and again attempts have been made to reach Lhasa, the Rome of the Lamas, but without success. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Jesuits and Capuchins made the attempt; as late as 1844, new efforts were made by two Lazarists, and in 1846 by two Fathers of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. In 1854, two other priests lost their lives in trying to effect an entrance.

Nepal, the little kingdom just north of India, though mission work there is officially entrusted to the American Jesuits in Patna, India, has not been entered. Like Tibet, it is a country closed to Europeans and Americans. Its five million people are Buddhists who worship

## THE MISSION INTENTION for JUNE

**That Tibet, Nepal and  
Afghanistan may be  
opened to the preach-  
ing of the Gospel**

at some 2,700 temples cared for by innumerable bonzes.

Afghanistan, too, is closed to missionaries. Practically all of its eight million people are Mohammedans imbued with all the fanaticism and fury traditional to the followers of "the Prophet." Hope had been expressed that, owing to the liberal attitude of

Amannullah during his reign in recent years, the country might be opened to missionaries. Unfortunately, an over-anxiety for haste in reform and modernization, led to imprudence on the well-meaning ruler's part, and he was dethroned and driven from his native land.

Let all Catholics unite in prayer to God during the month of June that opportunity may soon be given to all pagan and non-Christian peoples of having the Gospel preached to them. Missionaries are eagerly longing to carry out to the full the commission laid upon them by Christ: "Teach all nations." Only when the laws of Tibet, Nepal and Afghanistan are modified will it be possible for the missionaries to gain an entrance there. Pray, therefore, that a change of heart may soon be effected in rulers and people of these closed kingdoms.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The new school erected at Seaford Town, Jamaica, B. W. I., by Fathers FRANCIS G. KINNON, S. J., was finished during the month of May. It is evident, however, that his completion brought no rest to Father Kinnon. He writes:

"When I finish my school at Seaford Town, I must begin to collect funds for a school at Spanish Town. We have been using an old shack as a school. It is about thirty feet by fifteen feet with one hundred children packed into that space. There are holes in the floor, leaks in the roof, windows are gone and the doors are off their hinges. And above all the Educational Department is after me about the equipment of the school."

The results of the apostolic labors of Father Leo T. BURMAN, S. J., among the Chinese of Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., continue to be most gratifying. The work, however, comes almost as a burden to Father Burman who teaches a class of boys during the week at St. George's Cathedral. He gives the schedule in a recent letter:

"Did I ever occur to you how a missionary spends a Sunday after he has taught twenty hours during the week in a classroom? Here is my order for one Sunday. I arose at 4:30 as I had to say 2 1/2 o'clock Mass. After my Mass I had confessions and visited at the Commissions of all the 9 o'clock Mass. I then preached at the 9 o'clock Mass which is the High Mass. At 11 I baptised an infant, and was that free until 4 o'clock when I had my Chinese mission at which I gave an instruction, followed by Benediction. After this I hurried back to a meeting at the church. As it was my turn to preach at night, I had Confession here here Confession here instead of Vespers, sermon and Benediction at 7 o'clock. I thought I had finished for the day, but just before midnight I was aroused from my sleep by a knock at a sick person's door."

From Kingston, Father Joseph M. A. KELLY, S. J., has returned to the States to recuperate his health, that has been shattered by nearly ten years of active missionary work in tropical Jamaica. Father Kelly is pastor of the mission at Tall Gate, Garden Town, Spanish Town and Holy Cross.

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The following account came from a pupil in the parochial school at Jasaan, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Thursday, January 23, 1930, was a festive and happy day throughout the Jasaan Mission, for it marked the birthday of our loving and kindly pastor,



The activities of Father Charles P. Jewell, S. J., in Jamaica are devoted to the care of the mission stations at Spanish Town, Old Harbour, Port Henderson, Gregory Park. He visits the hospital, leper colony, poor house and prison in Spanish Town and is assistant editor of "Catholic Opinion."

FATHER JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S. J., Our church, school, hospital and pharmacy were tastefully and magnificently decorated as befit the solemn celebration.

"At 9:30 A. M. the most orderly and colorful procession we have ever witnessed wound its way around the Plaza and into the church where a solemn High Mass was sung by Father Lucas, with Fathers J. LEWIS O'NEILL, S. J., DEACON and FATHER JOHN POLLOCK, S. J., SUB-DEACON. The church was entirely inadequate to accommodate the vast throng that came to honor our beloved pastor by receiving Holy Communion for his intention, especially that he might obtain strength of body to carry on his work."

FATHER J. LEWIS O'NEILL, S. J., is very active in and about Cagayan, Misamis, P. I. The fervor of Catholicity is returning to this town through the energy of Father O'Neill and FATHER JAMES T. HAYES, S. J., Superior of the Missions.

"We have laid the foundation of our new ten room parochial school," writes FATHER DANIEL SULLIVAN, S. J., from Tagulocan, Mindanao, P. I. "We had to cut down very many of my coral to make room for the new building. Of course, this will diminish my revenue from the cocconants, which usually amounts to about \$2.00 a tree, per year.

"The school will be built upon concrete piers. As the building will be quite large, these piers alone will cost \$1,000.00. The school is a necessity."

The school year in Mindanao, because of the rainy season, does not coincide with the school year in the States. FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S. J., who is stationed at Jimenez, Mindanao, P. I., tells us that in the following letter:

"Next week, March 28, the school closes for summer vacation, and the graduation at our Catholic school is demanding much of my time. I must prepare the examinations for the children, get together the school records, arrange the entertainment and see to it that all things run along smoothly.

"You would enjoy our Catholic school entertainment on Sunday evening, March 30, in the open air theatre under the bright stars. Tune in that night and share in the joy which the charity of many friends has made possible by the help they have given to Catholic education."

Although the Protestant sects have not had successful results in proportion to the great amount of money that they have spent in proselytizing sections of the Philippine Islands, they do cause considerable worry at times to our Catholic missionaries. FATHER ANDREW HERMANN, S. J., who is stationed near the Monks at Ulgan, Mindanao, P. I., has experienced special difficulty:

"The Protestant missionary in Daslan has been religious and his place has been taken by a vigorous substitute. The new 'Christianity' of Catholic Filipinos brought with him a printing press, a most potent instrument for propaganda.

He speaks Spanish fluently—and, believe it or not, Spanish is the language of this country—also Visayan and a bit of Moro. Besides a fixed salary, he gets a commission on every Bible he sells; \$30.00 for every hundred feet of film he takes, and all expenses of food, house, servants and travel guaranteed. From the human standpoint I am helpless against this attack. Not even the solemn promise of support for my school has been kept."

Most missionaries will say that there is little poetry in their work. By exception, perhaps, FATHER JOSEPH J. MCGOWAN, S.J., who is stationed at Cagayan, Misamis, P. I., finds the Muse at every turn.

"The month of May is the month of Mary and that title makes very familiar the dealings of our Filipinos with the great Queen of Heaven and earth.

"Our Lady not only graces the altars with diamond crowned statues and silk robes, but she goes walking to school, to the stores, to the church, in the person of the many children who are especially dedicated to her. Many hundreds of girls in this Island have made a promise to our Lady of dressing for one, two or three years as she is represented in the statue of Lourdes. Here comes a high



Father Thomas Murray, S.J., of Zamboanga, P. I., visits the Basilian Island and is pictured with two young Yacans and a native cigar.

school girl in blue. She is consecrated to our Lady, Queen of May. Here is another in deep mourning. She has made a special promise to go over and over again the way of sorrow over which passed our Mother of Sorrows. Many elderly people know only the color brown. They are the 'Carmens' devoted to the scapular of Mt. Carmel. The style of

dress is Filipino but the color, that of the scapular.

"In many towns the girls of their own accord take our Lady for a little *pasco*, a walk. One night, when it was very quiet, I heard some singing. I could see nothing so I just listened. Then in the direction of the singing I saw a lantern which kept appearing and disappearing, drawing nearer and nearer all the time and the singing was getting stronger. The light came straight for the church. There were just seven children who were carrying their statue of the Blessed Virgin on their shoulders. They brought it into the church, took it up to the altar, prayed a while, and then lifted it on their shoulders again and went off, lantern and all, singing, back through the cocoanut groves till light and singing had disappeared.

"One night in the month of May in a town up in the mountains, a large crowd was gathered for a dance in a house to the west of the convento; but in the opposite direction, to my east, was an improvised altar set up in a small shed and the shed ablaze with candles and crowded with the devotees of Mary who had turned their backs on the dance and were singing the Rosary, and, after that, the litany of our Lady."

#### PATNA, INDIA

The feast of St. Joseph, March 19, of this year, marked an epoch-making event in the mission history of Bettiah, for it witnessed the formal opening of *Kristarajya*, the new high school. Stationed at Bettiah are FATHERS R. CONWAY, S.J., W. E. MARQUARD, S.J., G. DERTINGER, S.J., and MESSRS. R. A. WELFLE, S.J., C. SALBANHA, S.J., A. F. WILDERMUTH, S.J., F. F. FARRELL, S.J., and BROTHER STANISLAUS, S.J., Mr. Welfle writes concerning the opening of the new high school:

"It was the ambition of all to make this a day of days. Decked out in festal garb, the new building presented a beautiful sight indeed. A leafy arch graced the main entrance to the grounds. Bright pennants and streamers gladdened the eye at every turn. The verandahs, with their spacious arches, lent themselves especially well to the adornment. Father Dertinger was in charge of all decorations and he did his work splendidly.

"At ten o'clock in the morning a large crowd of Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans assembled to witness the blessing of the school by Rt. Rev. BISHOP BERNARD SULLIVAN, S.J., attended by the Fathers and Scholastics of Bettiah and vicinity, and—certainly not to be forgotten on this occasion—Brother Stanislaus, our Indian 'Engineer Sahib' to whom the work of the new school is so largely due.

"When all had vested, a solemn procession, chanting the inspiring Hindi hymn which seemed composed for this occasion, wended its way to the main entrance of the school. '*Jesu Christ Raja; Teru Rajya Awe!*' 'Jesus Christ, King; Thy Kingdom come!' proclaimed in un-

equivocal terms the meaning of the name of the new school, *Kristarajya*, The Kingship or the Kingdom of Christ.

"It was an impressive and memorable sight when, at the conclusion of the solemn rites, with a great crowd of



Richard T. Mehren, S. J. (left), and John Morrison, S. J. (right), who went to Patna, India, last Fall, send greetings to the friends "back home."

Hindus and Mohammedans, students and others looking on in respectful awe, the Bishop affixed the Crucifix in the place of honor on the wall of the entrance hall. There was no trace of a discordant note. Our non-Christian students would have expected nothing less than the very manifestation of Faith that was given.

"And now the procession climbed the stairway to the chapel where the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart took place, followed by Benediction and prayers for the American benefactress whose generosity has made the building of the high school a possibility.

"The civic ceremony, at which Mr. Whitty, our Commissioner, kindly officiated, took place at five in the evening. Among the 2,500 or more guests present it was gratifying to see many of the high Government officials and other distinguished persons of the locality, both Indian and European.

"The day's celebration concluded with a play written by Mr. Welfle, and entitled: 'A Witness to Truth.' It was well received by Christians and pagans alike, even though it drove its lesson home rather directly and forcefully at times.

"The new school, formally recognized by the Government, is a fine building

made possible by an American benefactor whose name is unknown even to ourselves. The building, 230 feet long, with a rear wing, two floors with twenty rooms and a fairly spacious hall, is very nearly ideal for a high school anywhere, but especially for a mission the size of Bethiah. God's blessing be upon the generous benefactor!"

### SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

In sending a message of thanks for some smaller donations forwarded in the name of friends, FATHER PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J., missionary at Rock Hill, South Carolina, says:

"I am very grateful for the check which came at a time when I greatly needed it. This place lacks even the essentials. This week I am impressed by the fact that I have no oil stocks to send to the Cathedral on Holy Thursday for the Holy Oils. And I have no baptismal font. Here is where the indifference of our large city parishes and the lack of a unified and nation-wide plan to meet the needs of the rural sections is particularly evident. I am sure that there are many new churches in our large cities throwing away old oil stocks and old baptismal fonts which could be used in places like Rock Hill."

### CHINA

The Jesuit Fathers at Ricci College in Nanking, China, where two California Fathers, PRUS L. MOORE, S.J., and JOHN A. LENNON, S.J., are stationed, were in great danger the second week in December when 30,000 rebels were threatening the capital. In addition to the serious disturbances in and about Nanking the trouble spread even to the walls of the college and the Fathers were warned to be in readiness to flee at a moment's notice.

Unfortunately a few communistic students were found in the student body, ninety per cent of whom are pagans. Three students were found guilty of spreading propaganda and left the school of their own accord, determined to enlist others to do harm to the college. A student rebellion took place during the week of January 12 when Father Lennon was absent and FATHER ROBEROIROID, S.J., a French Jesuit, and Father Moore were alone at the college. The uprisings were to some extent leveled against Father Roberoiroid on a calumnious charge that he had struck one of the students. A mass meeting of the insurgents was held and it was only due to Father Moore's calm control and strong action that the meeting was broken up. One or more communistic meetings were attempted.

The Chinese daily paper carried an article against the authorities at the college and misconstrued all that had taken place there and demanding that Ricci College be closed.

Fortunately, on the following day Mr. Kin, a pagan teacher at Ricci College, was able to secure space in a newspaper

## RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



PATRICK F. X. MULRY, S.J.

THE name of Father Patrick F. X. Mulry, S.J., is written large in the history of the Catholic Church in Jamaica, B. W. I., and is deeply engraved in many hearts. He was one of the first band of three American Jesuits to come to Jamaica, April, 1894. Father Mulry was then in his thirty-fourth year. For twenty-seven years he labored on the Island as parish priest, as missionary, as editor of Catholic Opinion and as Superior of the whole Mission. An ardent apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, Father Mulry spent himself tirelessly in taking up any work in Jamaica that might further the Kingdom of Christ. He joined learning to zeal and sanctity, and was apostolic by the spoken and written word, but above all by his Christ-like charity to young and old with whom he came in contact during his long missionary career in Jamaica.

He died on November 2, 1922, in New York City of cancer of the stomach. Some months before the end he wrote to the Superior of the Mission:

"I must get ready very soon to give my final account with God. May the will of the Sacred Heart be done. I have no complaint, nor, indeed, reason to make complaint. I'd liked to have worked longer in the field of the Master, but it is He that has the say, and it's a privilege to have been allowed by Him to have had even the try I've had. May His mercy magnify to acceptance the little I wanted to do."

to give a frank account of the situation exactly as it stood. He narrated the correct history of the incident that had taken place at Ricci, emphasizing the importance of discipline in an educational institution.

### BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS

The guardian angels of FATHER A. STEVENSON, S.J.—you know he has at least two to care for him—were again on duty this past month, once when he met with an accident in the antique mission Ford in Punta Gorda. The machine was practically ruined, but Father Stevenson, by miracle, escaped unhurt. Shortly after this, he fell from his horse, and the horse fell on him, injuring his leg. On another occasion he was returning without a guide through the "bush" from one of his mission trips, when he became lost in the dense bush. With no hope in sight or halting distance, he took out his note book, and wrote a note that it might be found with his bleached bones, said a prayer to his guardian angel, and began walking. After considerable time, he came upon a path which he recognized and finally by it reached his destination.

Over most of the field that Father Stevenson works, the bush is dense beyond description. Having penetrated these forests so frequently over their undefined paths, he sometimes attempts the trip without the Indian guides that are sent out to meet the padre and carry his *patague*, or native trunk basket.

When the heavy rains set in, the numerous creeks in the bush swell so as to overflow their banks, and completely cover the crude bridges or felled logs that span them. This makes the problem of travel a little more complicated.

"I have made the trip with the missionary," writes Mr. R. McCormack, S.J., "when it was necessary to cross these bridges while the water was so high that it was over our boot tops. I have known of times when the missionary had to tie his clothes on his head and swim across the creeks. Does he also have to lead his horse across under these conditions? No, for the simple reason that a horse cannot be used on such trips; the journey must be made on foot. However, you would annoy the missionary by compassionating him on his difficulties; for he sees not the hardships of the road, but is fired with the thought that he has the power to bring the peace of Christ, and the very Person of Christ to these poor people who long so ardently for His coming and for the healing balm of His Divine ministrations."

FATHER E. BORK, S.J., has been doing great work among the boys at the central mission station at Punta Gorda. With the assistance of some generous friends, and the aid of willing helpers he has laid out a big school yard in gravel, set up baskets, and begun basketball as a means of keeping the boys together and near to school outside of class hours. He

has already introduced soccer and indoor baseball. The results so far have been most gratifying.

But not content with keeping the boys and girls around the school and church, he has brought them into the church and right in to the Divine Service. The children sing the high Mass, recite the



Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., is at Punta Gorda, British Honduras.

prayers at low Mass, and sing Vespers. All the singing is done in plain chant, and has merited the warm praise of all who hear it.

FATHER F. KEMPHUES, S.J., at Belize, received thirty-five converts into the church on the feast of St. Joseph, and he has twenty-five more that will soon be received.

FATHER E. ZURLINDEN, S.J., did wonders with a course of Lenten lectures on Catholicism and the Church. The Cathedral in Belize was packed every Sunday night, and the overflow reached out to the street; many are non-Catholics. He has startled both Catholics and non-Catholics of Belize by using quotations from the King James Bible in defense of all he says. As the first result of these lectures, a large convert class has been formed.

## ALASKA

FATHER PATRICK SAVAGE, S.J., Nome missionary, returned early in January from an adventurous voyage on the S.S. *Boxer*. Word had reached him that an Eskimo woman at Teller on the Seward Peninsula was not expected to live, and as the *Boxer* was to start that evening for Little Diomed Island in the Bering Strait and return via Cape Prince of Wales, Tin City and Teller, he took advantage of the opportunity to make the sick call and also to give the Catholic natives on the island a chance they had

not had in three years to receive the sacraments.

As they came between the two Diomed islands a big floe of ice could be seen about a mile away jamming against the northwestern sides. Throughout that night while the *Boxer* was anchored behind a hidden reef, large bergs floated past the reef, carried along by the wind and the strong current, and pounded against the ship with a loud, crunching noise.

The next morning Father Savage went ashore, heard confessions in the village, said Mass, distributed Holy Communion and baptized a baby and a very old pagan woman. The boat whistle blew before he had time to give an instruction, so he had to hasten back to the ship or be left on the island for the winter.

At Teller new ice delayed the ship two days, giving Father Savage an opportunity not only to visit the sick but also to work among the people. There he found that the school teacher, a daughter of Erin, had faithfully instructed the children in catechism.

"On our way from Nome to Teller," Father Savage wrote, "the *Boxer* encountered a large field of ice, and as there was no way around it we had to back off and plunge ahead. An encounter of this kind gives one quite a thrill. I awoke near midnight, startled by a heavy, dull thud that sent me over against the wall side of the bunk. I dressed hurriedly and went up on deck, where all hands were busily engaged. The night was calm with a full moon, which made it possible to see well for quite a distance.

"The *Boxer* has not the solid hull usually required in a boat that has to buck the ice, but even at that the captain

sible and gripped the rigging to withstand the shock. There was a large crack in the field, but the way was obstructed by a piece of ice about half a city block square. The first several charges the good ship made did not result in many yards of progress, as the narrow space behind us did not permit room to get into proper position for the drive. As the ship's prow glanced off this huge block, it went plunging up against the main field, and after several more charges the seam widened and we happily reached the open water."

We are indebted to FATHER FRANCIS B. MENAGER, S. J., at Hooper Bay, Alaska, for the following interesting account:

"*Napararolok*, 'poor little tree,' that is the name he goes by, but he should rather be called a 'staunch old evergreen.' He is about seventy years old, stands six feet, and his long straight nose, black, piercing eyes and long, wavy gray hair mark him as a nobleman of the Bering Sea coast.

"His straight-forward nature well agrees with his physical makeup. Somehow, I suppose because he was a very active hunter and always on the chase, he had escaped Baptism; but he had heard of *Kutelin*, FATHER TRECA, S. J., the apostle of the Bering Sea coast, and had met him once or twice and had no doubt felt the call of God. When the Protestant ministers, sitting in the public school, tried to fool the people away from the truth, he for one absolutely refused to be hoodwinked and it is his boast to this day that he never had a thing to do with the *calerarut* or story tellers as the Protestants are called.



Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., has just gone through another very severe winter at Mountain Village, Alaska.

seemed to be more afraid of the propler being broken on a piece of ice as the boat backed off to get a good start than of the prow being damaged by the impact.

"For me this was sublimity on a small scale. We got up forward as far as pos-

"Well, on last St. Joseph's day I baptized him, and he told me he was very happy and that there was only one thing more he wanted very much before dying and that was to receive our Lord in his heart. The happy day came for him on Easter Sunday."



### SISTERS WORK TO REDUCE INFANT MORTALITY IN AFRICA

The Sisters of Consolata of Ininga, Tanganyika in British Africa, are trying to train the African girls in the elements of hygiene and domestic science so that they may be the messengers of health when they go home to their villages. A lack of knowledge of hygiene and of knowing how to care for the home and for the up-bringing of children has made the percentage of infant mortality in East Africa truly appalling. Deaths among the little black babies average 300 to 600 in every thousand, six times as high a percentage as that of Europe or America where the average is 50 to 100 per thousand. High death percentages, it is true, are not limited to children, since among adults the rate is 50 to 100 per thousand, while the average in the West is that of 12 to 15 per thousand. (F.S.)

### DEATH TAKES THIRD CHINESE BISHOP

With the death of Rt. Rev. Bishop Louis Chen, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Fenyang, Shansi, China, the third of the six Chinese Prelates consecrated by Pope Pius XI in October, 1926, has gone to his eternal reward. Bishop Chen was esteemed by Christians and pagans alike. An instance of the high regard felt for him is the reception afforded His Lordship in the City of San Tsuen in October, 1928. Only two families in the entire population of 2,000 are Catholic, but when the Bishop arrived he was met by a committee of merchants and the notables of the village who escorted him through streets thronged with cheering crowds and bedecked with banners.

The vacancies in the Chinese hierarchy are being filled by the consecration of other Chinese priests as bishops in their native land.

### BETTER SENTIMENT TOWARDS JEWS

Leaders of the Guild of Israel, an organization with headquarters in London, which seeks the conversion of the Jews, notes better feelings between Jews and Christians. Guild centers in Paris,

of radicalism in the Empire and the appeal the Government has made to religion to fight it. He continued as follows:

"The year which has just come to an end has been a year of contradictions, without principles and well defined aims, since the Government has sought to encourage a movement for the cultural advancement of the people but has directed the movement to merely an intensive campaign to promote Shintoism, a cult which cannot be considered other than a primitive religion.

"The Shinto temples do not represent a religion," we are told by high authorities, despite the fact that solemnities are directed within them which are quite thoroughly of a religious nature. Thus the sacred right of religious liberty conceded to the people by Article 280 of the Constitutions is forgotten and offended against by the Ministry of Worship itself.

"In October of last year questions arose regarding ceremonies in honor of the Temple of Ise and regarding other ceremonies of the kind, and at Nagasaki and Oshima serious attacks and persecutions were directed against Catholic schools and their pupils."

The Bishop then goes on to welcome inquiries into the Faith and to declare his objection to those who were insulting Catholics as fanatics and high-strung and even as enemies of and traitors to their country. While declaring the willingness of Catholics to bear up under the persecutions he pleaded for an honest investigation on the part of his fellow Japanese. He goes on to say:

"If but a few of the 365 days of the year were consecrated to a calm and conscientious study of the Catholic Church which counts over 300,000,000 souls—its doctrines, its institutions, its principles and ideals, particularly the feeling of the Catholics in the various countries as regards their fatherland, the



Three of the six Chinese bishops consecrated at Rome on October 24, 1926, by the Pope himself have since died. Bishop Simon Tsu (left, end.) is a Jesuit.

London, Vienna and Budapest have all reported increased conversion of Jews during the year, though the figures are still very low. The Bishops of Belgium and Holland are assigning special days of intercession for the conversion of Israel. In Paris, apart from individual Jews who have asked for instruction, a band of several hundred Jews in the heart of the city has requested a Catholic priest to give it a lecture on Christian morality. (F.S.)

### JAPANESE BISHOP PLEADS FOR CATHOLIC LIBERTY

His Lordship, Januarius Hayasaka, of the Diocese of Nagasaki, Japan, has published an important statement on the subject of the official ceremonies held in Shinto temples which both Catholic school children and Catholic government employees are frequently forced to attend if they do not wish to face punishment by absenting themselves. His Lordship began by speaking of the propaganda

laws, as regards society, and in reference to education then it would probably be recognized that for Japan, afflicted as she is with faithlessness, with an inundation of immorality, there is no other salvation than that offered by the Catholic Church. For any man or any nation there is no salvation outside a religion founded on truth." (F.S.)

### FRANCISCAN CONTEMPLATIVES IN MOROCCO

The value of the "hidden missionaries" was again emphasized in the placing of the corner stone of the new monastery of the Poor Clares, Contemplative Franciscan nuns, by His Lordship, Bishop Henry Vielle, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Rabat, at Casablanca, Morocco, on March 6. In welcoming the contemplative nuns to his diocese, Bishop Vielle recalled the words of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in favor of the establishment in mission lands of the contemplative orders, who by their prayers are a source of fecundity for the actual labor of the missionary in the field. (F.S.)

### BISHOP ORDAINED MANY PRIESTS IN CHINA

On April 14, His Lordship, Bishop Prosper Paris, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, observed the thirtieth anniversary of his consecration. Since April 14, 1900, His Lordship has ordained 151 priests of whom 103 have been Chinese and 48 European. (F.S.)

### WEST AFRICA HAS FIVE MAGAZINES

With the foundation at Keta on the Gold Coast in British East Africa of the new *Catholic Magazine*, the Church in West Africa has a total of five publications. The four previously appearing are: *The Catholic Herald*, of Nigeria which began life in 1924, *Reconnaissance Africaine* of Dahomey, founded in 1925, the *Mia Holo* of Togoland, the oldest of the group and dating its origin from before the war, and *The Catholic Voice of the Gold Coast* begun in 1926. These publications are doing excellent instructive work both in home circles and in other lands. (F.S.)

### SWAZILAND KING ATTENDS CATHOLIC CEREMONY

His Majesty, Sobbusa II, native king of Swaziland in South Africa, was present at the opening of the Catholic Normal School by His Excellency, the Governor, at Bremersdorp, in February. The ceremony in inauguration consisted of the presentation to the Governor of the keys entwined with the Papal and English colors. His Excellency then opened the main door. The School Inspector of Swaziland was present with other officials. The Catholics in the Prefecture number 1,530. (F.S.)

### IN LITTLE SEAFORD TOWN

(Continued from page 127)

returned home. The rest had to stay. Being without means they had to get out and work for their living the same as the Negroes of the district. Their children, too, had to work, with the result that they got no education. Even today, many of these whites can neither read nor write, and those who can barely do



St. Theresa, patroness of missions

that are looked upon as educated. The families are large. Throughout their career in Jamaica, these people have kept strictly to themselves and they constitute one of the purest white colonies in the Island today.

### OH! DOCTOR!

(Continued from page 130)

While poring over Chinese characters time flies by, and very soon the dispensary hour comes round. Brother Saint-Jean has his office hours, as any self respecting doctor should. When he first took up his duties at Soutsien, he was asked for medical aid and advice at any and all times of the day. This interfered considerably with his study of the language. So he finally decided to put up his shingle at the door, stating the hours when patients might call. Of course, he found it hard to be obliged to turn away a few patients, but he absolutely must learn to speak Chinese.

NEVERTHELESS, many patients come and go in strange ambulances during the limited time set for medical aid, and many medical supplies are used up. As Brother Souigny, S.J., another Canadian Jesuit at Heou Tchoang, wrote some time ago: "We buy bandage linen by the hundred yards, and prepare ointment by the bucketful."

During cold weather the number of patients diminishes, for there is no well heated waiting-room with magazines for the patients, but they must wait outside in the cold. Some months ago, a few patients hailing from afar, asked leave to pass two or three days at the mission that they might receive daily treatments. Shortly, the inclosure surrounding the mission buildings began to resemble an open air hospital. Whereupon a few Christians suggested the opening of a real hospital in a neighboring house. But the time is not yet come for that. Such an establishment requires doctors, nurses and infirmarians. Where are they to be found? Still, Father Marin and Brother Saint-Jean hope some day to realize that project, and must have heard with delight that Georgetown University and Creighton University offer scholarships to medical students who will pledge themselves to work in the missions for five years at least, after obtaining their degree.

THE dispensary as it now stands is a great asset to the missions. For many a heathen, the first step towards Christianity was that which brought him seeking balm for his wounds. The sympathetic care he received from the missionary gave him a new viewpoint of the Catholic religion. The man who nursed his body became less a stranger to him and thus were knit the first ties that finally led another stray lamb back to the one and only Fold. Still better, the dispensary room is but the antechamber to Heaven for the dying children that are brought there. Brother pours a few drops of water on the feverish brow, murmurs a few words: "I baptize thee . . ." and another angel rises to Heaven on the wings of grace won by Brother Saint-Jean.

## THE SIOUX SEW

(Continued from page 131)

now a smaller one. The girls face the tedious task of reducing these piles of stockings, shirts and underwear to stables and orderly units of patched and mended garments in a very matter-of-fact way.

**H**APPILY, the training in sewing does not confine itself to the drudgery of patch and darn. In other sewing rooms, groups of girls are engaged in making new aprons and house dresses. Under the supervision of Sister Florida each of the two hundred and sixty girls is provided with three or four weekday dresses and one or two Sunday dresses. How proficient the young seamstresses become is evident from the fact that some of the older girls cut, sew and trim ten dresses each in a week, while working two and a half hours a day in this room.

Another sewing room in which Sister Assisia and Sister Irmen-gardis preside takes care of sheets, pillowslips, towels and girls' underwear. In this room and in another nearby the stockings of the week before are darned by the children every Tuesday afternoon.

**F**INALLY, there is one room wherein we find splendid material for a sort of climax in our answer to the question, "Can an Indian girl sew as well as she can read?" What a room full of beautiful needle work with which to surprise the eyes of a visitor! Sister Baptista, whose hands are knotted and often quite helpless with the pains of rheumatism, is a real veteran of the sewing rooms of both St. Francis and Holy Rosary Mission by the fact of her thirty-seven years of active missionary work. This devoted old nun is always glad to display the really fine work produced by "her girls." From box after box she will carefully unfold beautifully embroidered table runners, luncheon sets, center pieces for parlor tables or the radio; infant dresses, perfected in minutest detail; pretty Sunday and party dresses made by the girls of the graduating class who will take them with them when they leave in June;

fancy embroidered aprons, crocheting of all kinds, a type of work at which the girls are especially adept—these and other dainty articles come forth from the boxes which fill the cabinets of Sister Baptista's room. Full-blood, half-blood and quarter-breed girls in their early teens painstakingly fashion these specimens of womanly skill.

Thus, although the Indian girls of the present day still preserve the skill of their mothers and grandmothers in their native art of beading beautiful designs into attractive handbags, necklaces, watch fobs and moccasins, their talent has also been directed into the field of the white woman's art with remarkable success.

## DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE

(Continued from page 133)

mother were intimidated. The old *gorom-baba* tackled Richard and upraised him for having received Baptism. "Unless you give up this new religion, you will have no share in our fields (some seventy acres)." But that did not frighten Richard. As I was pretty sure of my ground, I pretended to urge him to stay home, as losing his fields would be very hard. Not Richard! He was leading the way as we turned our faces Bhagalpur-wards. But then his mother,—they are the same the world over,—came running after, and pulled Richard aside, behind the ruin of an old wall.

I confess that I was just a bit perturbed. How many a boy can resist a mother's coaxing? But to my relief, Richard soon emerged slyly wiping away a tear, but his face beaming nevertheless. "Mammy says, 'Don't you be afraid. Very soon your father and I and all of us will be baptized.'" Worth working for, and praying for, people like that, aren't they?

Now I could keep right on writing yards of incidents. But then, who will do the hundred and one other things that ought to be done for our twenty-five millions of pagans in our own mission? And if you have to read endless letters, how will you find time to pile up that *Mountain of Mountain-Moving Prayer* for us?

Do, do pray! There is so much good that can be done,—that will be done, please God!—to make *Jesu Krist Raja*, Christ, the King, reign not only in the hearts of our Santals, but in those twenty-five million others in Patna Mission as well.

## CALLOUSED HANDS

(Continued from page 134)

He preached that Sunday in the little church at Fairbanks. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of a man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him." He spoke simply, yet with such conviction and childlike confidence that it almost seemed as if he had seen and heard and conceived in his heart a bit of the sweet bliss of Heaven. I do not pretend to know his inner life or any part of it, but I have often thought in connection with this young Jesuit of something Father "Willie" Doyle once wrote back from the Front: "... the first thing I saw on reaching the barrack square was a hut marked 'R. C. Church.' I took it for granted that it was just the usual hut set apart for Sunday Mass, but on trying the door you can imagine my delight to find a small and beautifully furnished chapel with a lamp burning before the altar, which made my heart leap with joy. I felt as if all the hardships of my life had vanished, for I had found Him again who makes the hard things easy and the bitter things sweet."

**W**HAT a joy it must be to a missionary (and I always think of this young missionary) to return from a weary visitation of some lonely mission field, to return and find waiting, not the comforts of a cozy home, not friends nor fellow missionaries, but Jesus in His Tabernacle Home, to have one little cabin to shelter both, one cause to talk about together, one love to make sweet the bitterest hardships and the most crushing disappointments!

I can still see that young Jesuit, with his shining blue eyes and his hearty spontaneous laughter—both indicative of a heart that was truly

happy. One life like that—how God must love it! And there are thousands of men and heroic women spending their strength and energy and giving themselves to God in just the same way. Xavier died long ago, but his spirit never died. It has vivified thousands of otherwise matter-of-fact lives, and is still helping, reaping the harvest of Blood-bought souls.

## GREEKS IN TRANSJORDANIA

(Continued from page 135)

Hosn and a very well educated and holy man, are extremely simple. They received a summary instruction of several months, just enough to enable them to hear confessions and administer the other sacraments. The constant increase in entreaties for conversion forced the Archbishop to confer Holy Orders on them after a very rudimentary preparation, for he had to provide shepherds for the new flocks which were returning to the Fold. Besides, these priests have the best of good will, and if they are followed up and shown solicitude and if they are controlled by regular visits, they will do their work with success.

At the time of my arrival in Transjordania I had the eight of them come together for the Spiritual Exercises at Hosn. Some of them had never made the Exercises before, since they were ordained less than two years. The retreat lasted a whole week, with five meditations each day over and above a conference given by the Right Reverend Vicar on questions of rite, on the recitation of the office and of the beads in common. These good priests edified me by their simplicity and their childlike docility. The good Lord blessed them.

MY readers need not be astonished, far less scandalized, when I say that, with the exception of the Vicar, these priests are married—some of them were even Greek-Orthodox priests, and one of them was a grandfather! For reasons that the Church finds legitimate, the elevation to the priesthood of men already married

is tolerated in certain regions among Oriental Catholics. And these priests are not always the less pious and zealous for being married. To be sure, the cares of a family are a hindrance and use up time and attention that should be devoted to souls, but, as is usually the case, the parishes are not very large, and the inconvenience is compensated for by very real and appreciable advantages.

The people hereabouts are not very learned; their habits are simple and very pure. Unfortunately, divisions and dissensions exist even among the Catholics; for the least of motives they become displeased with their pastor and abandon the fulfilling of their duties. I succeeded, during my stay, in restoring peace, but I have received word by letter since that the discord has again set in on new pretexts. To rule these primitive souls, to correct their habits, etc., demands great abnegation and patience on the part of the missionary. But the refining influence of Catholicity will gradually make itself felt and will soften the hearts of these well meaning people.

## SAINTS FOR ALL

(Continued from page 137)

When Daniel was put to his death protecting his flock on July 4, 1648, as he finished celebrating Mass, an important village outpost was destroyed. It was only a question of time when the enemy would penetrate further into Huronia. This they did on March 16, the following year, when they seized Brébeuf and Lalemant. The recital of their torments exceeds in horror anything the most graphic novelist has ever written, and it is all the story of eye-witnesses under rigid examination. Their flesh was torn off and boiling water poured over their wounds in mockery of Baptism. Their eyes were burned because they lifted them to Heaven in prayer. Their tongues were broiled when they attempted to call upon God for strength. Brébeuf, the stronger of the two succumbed that day, leaving his more delicate companion to the protracted torture of that night and the next morning.

The Tertullian adage was verified in their death. As one after

## Our Contributors

The busy missionary in Little Sraford Town, Kingston, Jamaica, is FATHER FRANCIS G. KEMPEL, S.J. He has just completed a new school in this mission. In a subsequent issue he will tell about another school he is soon to begin at Revival.

Strenuous labor and missionary activity is really making a *Weary Giant* of FATHER JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S.J., American missionary in Jassan, Mindanao, P. I. In spite of forced retirement to the mountains to recuperate his health, Father Lucas continues his active interest in his schools.

All over the world when people are in pain they exclaim *Oh! Doctor!* VINCENT MONTY, S.J., of the Immaculate Conception College, Montreal, Canada, tells how a Jesuit Brother is quieting that cry in China.

WILLIAM J. BIRMINGHAM, S.J., has proof positive that *The Sioux Sew*. Mr. Birmingham, now studying theology at Weston College, Weston, Mass., ought to know because he lived and worked among the Indians for three years.

India is much in the limelight today. It is interesting to know that the American missionaries find *Delightful People* among the natives in the Patna Mission, India. FATHER PETER J. SONTAG, S.J., tells you about them.

The writer of *Calloused Hands* visited Alaska a few years ago as a layman and had the experiences which he describes in his article. For reasons of his own, he prefers to keep his identity unknown. He certainly knows the Alaskan missionaries.

Jesuit mission fields encircle the world. Practically every nation is served by Jesuit missionaries. FATHER ELLIE KOZAN, S.J., at Maison S. Francois Xavier, Rue Abou Dardar, Alexandria, Egypt, has met *Greeks in Transjordania* and gives some interesting details of the missionary work among them.

In preparation for the canonization of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, JESUIT MISSIONS rejoices to have FATHER JOHN J. WYNN, S.J., tell of these new *Saints for All*. As one of the Editors of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* and the *New Catholic Dictionary*, and as one who has always been most interested in the cause of the American Jesuit Martyrs, Father Wynne needs no introduction.

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

another of them died, the Mission in Huronia began to succeed. When, finally, on December 7 of that year, Garnier was murdered while urging his people to save themselves and preparing for death those who could not escape; when Chabanel was tomahawked on his way back to the burning village by an apostate Huron and thrown into the river, the measure of sacrifice was full for the time. The missionaries were confident that their labors would be rewarded, and they were not disappointed. The Hurons might be well-nigh exterminated. The surviving priests might have to take the remnant to Quebec to save them from extinction; but they themselves would then go into the enemy's country, to the Onondagas first and then to the Mohawks. They would go unmolested into the great West, which Jogueus had penetrated as far as Lake Superior. Menard, Allouez, Druliletes, and, above all, Marquette, could go unimpeded to the source, and then down almost the full length of the Mississippi, to blaze the trail for the Christianity and civilization that were to follow. Parkman, as their historian, comes under the spell of their heroism. No doubt it was this that enabled him to endure so much, and to accomplish the fine historical work of which others free from his infirmities were incapable. Bancroft regards them as the advance guard of the civilization of New France.

The religion of the missionaries is not favored by these writers; the special religious Order to which they belonged is, to say the least, an enigma to Parkman, but their holiness and heroism he exalts, had a lasting influence. God for them was the most real of all realities. The human soul was beyond the price even of their lives.

IT has taken nearly three centuries to bring about the declaration of their martyrdom and sainthood. Many things have conspired to delay this, among them the very rapid development of the missions for which they died. Their successors, who might have given time to honoring them, were preoccupied with the labors which increased en-

ormously after their death. Then came the Suppression of the Order to which they belonged, and next the French Revolution. The Church, however, for which they had labored, has a long memory. Soon after their Order was restored in Canada in the last century, work was begun on the cause of their beatification, the preparation for it and the two scrutinizing inquiries into their virtues and into their martyrdom occupying over forty years. Now that it is happily over, and their canonization is eagerly anticipated, and North America has opened its list of the first within its confines to be declared Blessed, we have reason to rejoice, not only because our soil has been crimsoned with their blood, but also because they were men whose lives and sacrifices appeal to all noble minds, so much so, that without distinction of creeds all can venerate them as our American martyred Saints, the first to be so honored.



**The Power and Secret of the Jesuits.** By Rene Fülöp-Miller. The Viking Press. New York. \$5.00.

This critical study of the Jesuit Order displays marvelous acumen, extensive research and a distinct effort at impartiality. Indeed it is amazing that a writer, whose philosophical and religious principles are completely at variance with the teaching of the Catholic Church, should be so unbiased in his judgment on the constitution and activities of the Order which has always championed Catholicism. Wherever and whenever the doctrine and deeds of Jesuits do not come into conflict with the author's fundamentally false ideas, he is unstinted in his admiration and praise of Loyola's society and work. The author's erudition and objectivity are truly admirable. From his standpoint, it would be impossible to present a more impartial consideration of his subject. Unfortunately, his standpoint is absolutely opposed to that of Christianity. He regards revelation as a myth and authoritarian religion as an imposition. For him, Christ was only a sage, and a discredited one at that. No wonder, then, that in spite of his magnificent tributes to the learning, holiness and heroism of the Jesuits, he nevertheless holds them to be champions of a false and lost cause.

But even in thus characterizing them, he cannot withhold his admiration of their wonderful fidelity and constancy to the Church which they defend. Moreover, he is forced to admit that, in many respects, the philosophy of rationalism and doubt has to give way to the principles of Catholic philosophy. Of course, he ignores the supernatural altogether. This gives the key to all his errors of judgment on the Order which tenaciously upholds supernatural religion.

Martin J. Scott, S.J.

**The Catholic Periodical Index.** A Guide to Catholic Magazines. Editor: F. E. Fitzgerald, St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa. Published for the Library Section of the National Catholic Educational Association by the H. W. Wilson Company, New York.

With March, 1930, began the publication of the Catholic Periodical Index which will appear quarterly in March, June, September and December. The initial number contains references to thirty-six Catholic periodicals; six others are in preparation for the June issue. More will be added as facilities permit. The Editors of the new Index deserve high praise for their painstaking work. They deserve every cooperation so that soon the Index may contain complete references to all Catholic magazines of any size. The method followed in compiling the work is that of author and subject index in one alphabet. Educational institutions, librarians and authors will find the new Index decidedly serviceable.

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