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Year in and year out the missionaries keep working away trying to extend the Kingdom of Christ. In their foreign fields they get no vacation from their labors and exertions.

Summer is the hardest time of the year for many missionaries. Besides the hardship of oppressive heat, it happens that just when the people at home are thinking of relaxation, the

missionaries, especially in the tropics, are already beginning the new school year after the rainy season. Consequently when they need the most help they find their plea unheard.

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RT. REV. JOSEPH R. CRIMONT, S.J., D.D.

Since March, 1904, when he was appointed Prefect Apostolic of Alaska, Bishop Crimont has governed the Church in the far North. He was elected Vicar Apostolic in 1917, and was consecrated Titular Bishop of Ammaedera. Alert to utilize modern means of communication in the missions of Alaska, to lessen the hardships and dangers of travel by dog-team and sled, and to save much time, thus increasing the missionaries' usefulness in spreading the work of salvation, the Bishop has enlisted the whole-hearted support of the Marquette League of New York, which is donating a modern cabin airplane for use on the arduous Alaskan Mission. Brother George Feltes, S.J., who has been training especially for the work, will pilot the "Marquette" from mission to mission in Alaska.

The Most Precious Blood and Missions

Francis J. Moeller, S.J.

ALL life goes out from Calvary. The blood-stained Christ, the Savior of the world, chose to redeem a hopeless multitude by sacrifice, by the sacrifice of His Most Precious Blood. Fitting it is for us, especially during July, to look in reverence to Calvary, to a figure bleeding, and hanging from a rough gibbet, to this God-sent Savior who has poured out in absolute generosity His very life-blood. Well worth praying it is, too, that all who will ever live upon this globe may come to realize fully, when they learn the story of the Most Precious Blood, that His love for each and all has urged Him to the extreme of sacrifice. "Greater love than this no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friend."

The missionary, above all, looks to the bleeding Christ on Calvary as to a fountain of never-failing inspiration, of loving sacrifice, of spiritual joy. Gazing at the figure of his exemplar, the words spontaneously come to him: "Take up your cross daily and follow Me. For My yoke is sweet and My burden light." Often the days are dark and gloomy, and the view to east and west reveals but the dreary wastes of the desert. The missionary looks deeper into the distance, over the edge of the horizon, until his eye rests in imagination on the hill of Calvary. There on a cross hangs the innocent, bleeding holocaust of love. His arms are opened wide to embrace the whole world; His heart welcomes all to a haven of refuge; His blood to the last drop is shed to complete the sacrifice. *Ecce Homo!* What a spectacle!

TURNING from such a sight, the missionary views again his field, and beholds the barren wastes around him changed to a fair paradise. The sun shines once more with gilding splendor. Hovels and shacks appear as royal palaces; and the thousands of pitiful inmates are more than earthly princes; they are children of God, made rightful heirs of Heaven by the shedding of the blood of Jesus. In the light of the vision of the crucified Christ, he sees how inestimably valuable is one human soul. The human soul appraised in terms of



the Precious Blood of Christ!

And it is quite necessary for the missionary to have ever present before him the realization of this value of a soul. Suffering and sacrifice is so much a part of his life that he takes it as a portion of his daily routine. Not only are comforts often lacking, but real privations are present. In addition, dangers beset him or her on every side. Prejudices rise up to make the apostolic way more difficult. Ingratitude is hard to bear; and often those whom the missionary has benefited most turn round and persecute their best benefactor. Human nature left to itself would surrender before such hardships, but the ever-present image of Christ bleeding and dying buoys up the toiler in the vineyard of the Lord and gives him courage.

LOVE is said to be stronger than death. Christ's love for men can thus be characterized.

After His example, the good missionary will not stop at petty sacrifices only; he is willing, if the good fortune comes to him, to be a martyr for Christ. That is implied in the conditions to which every missionary subscribes when he or she sails forth from native land to assume the labors of the Catholic mission. *Sanguis martyrui semen Christianorum*, the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. The history of every missionary country bears witness to the fact that the martyrs are the great heroes of Christianity. Throughout the years many have added their names to the long list that tells how each has given his or her all after the example of the first great martyr, Christ, for the sublime cause of the salvation of souls. There are martyrs of our own day as well as of past decades. Rarely a year passes without the news coming that in China, or India, or Africa, or Japan or elsewhere one or more have suffered death at the hands of the natives. Heroes live in each age, and our age has its heroes, too.

WHILE the thousands of missionaries—priests, nuns, Brothers, catechists, doctors and nurses, teachers and helpers in any capacity—find in the suffering, bleeding Christ the strength to (Turn to page 169)

Tales of a Santal Tramp

James A. Creane, S.J.



superior dignity which his office required. The headman pressed forward and grasped at the horn to let all realize his presence and importance. Happy he when I told him we would accept his hospitality for the night. Over to his house we walked and he gave the order for the evening meal, (which by the way, was not ready to serve till about 9:00 P.M.). I then handed out a few *toyo billies* (bits of candy or jackal eggs, as we call them) to the children, even to the tiny tots in their mother's arms. I threw out the football for the boys who forthwith marched down to the *maidan* (level field) for an hour's frolic and fun.

AFTER the game the schoolmaster told me confidentially that the only impediment he saw to his becoming a Christian were his two wives. New life pulsed through the veins of a young man when I told him of his possibilities in the Bhagalpur boarding school. He and his young brother would go to school and become Christians, for there was no great crime in that.

Supper over, we dug out the phonograph and let the crowd, which was quick to gather, listen to the melodies of the little man in the black box. I purposely picked a place on the edge of the crowd to enjoy the comments of the listeners. Now and then we interrupted the music with Santali songs and (Turn to page 169)

THE day was far spent when we pulled into Mahuabathan, a Santal village in Patna Mission, situated on a plateau and surrounded by jungle. The place is literally high and dry. Not a drop of water is to be had at this season, except what is daily carried by the women in earthen vessels from a distant well. Our coming was really a big event, for it was the first time in history, as far as we are aware, that a Catholic priest visited that village and its good people.

The whole village swarmed out to see the topi-topped man with the long white cassock and to marvel at that strange animal we call a Ford. Some stood in wonderment at those big bulging eyes, the headlights. Others argued about the spare wheel and what part it played in the movement of the car.

All got a thrill when the *padri* pressed the horn and the big black beast yawned.

The village school master had just slipped into his shirt to appear with that

"I told them how in many respects I had become a Santal, one of themselves."



Quest for a Blackrobe

Rt. Rev. George J. Finnigan,
C.S.C., D.D.



HO does not recall the story of the Flathead Indians' heroic, persistent quest for the Blackrobe, the man of prayer? It is an epic as beautiful as the poetic search for the holy Grail. It is the only instance in history of Indians so earnestly, so insistently, seeking the true Faith. The call of the Macedonian heard by St. Paul was but a cry. The call of the Indians was a quest—not once but four times repeated.

From the lips of a wandering band of twenty-four Catholic Iroquois who came from the far-off New York-Canadian border, the Flathead tribe in Montana learned of the Faith that had been planted among the Iroquois by the words, example and blood of the martyred Father Jogues.

From their Rocky Mountain fastness to St. Louis on the Missouri, for two thousand miles on foot the Indians struggled, seeking the Blackrobe. In the decade before 1840, there were four expeditions. In the first, all who took part died, two at St. Louis from exhaustion and the other two no one knows where on the return home. But no priest followed them. The second expedition of an Indian father and two young sons reached St. Louis, where the boys were baptized. But no priest followed them home. The third delegation of five Indians was attacked on the way and perished at the hands of hostile Sioux, but only after a brave defense which cost the hostiles three times five lives. No priest then heard of the martyrdom. And no priest came. The fourth embassy of two Indians was at last successful. One went home directly amidst all the hardships of that winter to announce the coming of the Blackrobe, while the other Indian followed in the Spring of 1840 as the guide of Father Peter DeSmet.

THE mission was definitely established by Fathers DeSmet and Hoecken in 1844 near the present town of Cusick, Washington. The location, owing to floods, proved unfavorable and in 1854 the mission was permanently located in Lake County, Montana. The Flathead Reservation was established and a treaty entered into between the United States and the Indians—Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais.

Ever since those days the Indians have never lost their devotion and Faith. They have stood loyally by the mission and the Blackrobes, and these latter have served

"The Indians have never lost their devotion and Faith. They have stood loyally by the mission and the Blackrobes."



them well. The mission stands today—a monument to Indian and missionary alike.

A famous tribute was paid to St. Ignatius Mission School by Senator George Vest of Missouri on the floor of the United States Senate, May 12, 1884. He said:

"In all my wanderings in Montana last summer, I saw but one ray of light on the subject of Indian education. I am a Protestant—born one, educated one, and expect to die one—but I say now that the system adopted by the Jesuits is the only practical system for the education of the Indian, and the only one that has resulted in anything at all."

But this famous mission is in dire need today. For over thirty years, it has had no support for its school except charity. And that scant. There has been barely enough to feed the children. Not enough to clothe them properly. The buildings and equipment have become dilapidated. Or, as in the case of one building which was destroyed by fire and rebuilt, it has not been paid for.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, on the occasion of the religious celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, has set itself to come to the rescue of the famous old mission, and has sent broadcast its stirring appeal for funds.



The priest's residence and the church at Oroquieta. Nipa roof and open windows.

Henry L. Irwin, S.J.

Quiet Gold

OROQUIETA, in Mindanao, P. I., is the scene of my labors. Oroquieta means "quiet gold." It is quiet enough, but it fails to live up to its full name. Poor Oroquieta! For twelve years its people have been watching and sighing for a parish priest and I am the first to come. Religion is in a deplorable state. Hardly a child in the confines of my parish which stretches for twenty miles, has made his first confession and Communion, while the Protestants and Aglipayans have nearly stamped out the ancient Faith of the Filipinos.

Why was I appointed pastor of such an unpromising territory? The reason is that this town has recently become the capital of a new province, and as such it is bound to exert an important influence on the surrounding country. Here the Governor will reside, here the Court will hold session, here will be located the provincial high school to which the young boys and girls from all over the province will come. Here, too, undoubtedly the Protestants will marshal their forces. Shall the true Crusaders of Christ leave the field open to the enemy? No! And that is why I have been sent here, even though poverty and solitude and discouragements of all kinds try to present their dark faces to frighten me away.

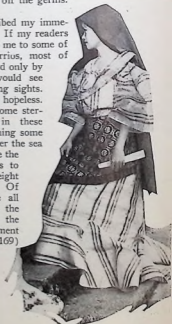
WHAT is really distressing is this: I see hundreds of children every day attending the public schools adjoining my convento, and realize that their little souls are starving, yet I have no school of my own. The Protestants have a pretty little church, built by friends in the States, while my house for the Lord is like a barn, with its nipa roof and windows open to the elements. The birds have their nests all over the rafters, and it is impossible to keep a clean altar cloth for my Mass. The altar itself is rotting away, and the walls of the church are broken through and patched roughly with pieces of tin.

My residence once was quite respectable, I imagine, but not much is left of its former respectability. It was easy for me to make an inventory of my furnishings—

two beds, two tables, and seven chairs. My cooking is done over an open fire by a native boy who is very faithful to me. I found this boy by accident on my journey to my new parish; he had had nine years of experience in a convento, and as a result knows just what to do. Living conditions are primitive indeed. When I bathe, I pour the water over me from a gasoline can and let the residue run down through the cracks in the floor. The water, even for drinking, comes from a well. It is bad tasting even after I have boiled it for twenty minutes—the time specified by medicos as necessary to kill off the germs.

I HAVE described my immediate parish. If my readers could accompany me to some of my outlying barrios, most of which are reached only by the sea, they would see more discouraging sights. But it is not all hopeless. There are still some sterling Catholics in these parts. One evening some of these came over the sea to ask me to give the Last Sacraments to a dying man eight miles away. Of course, I made all haste to begin the journey. With the Blessed Sacrament (Turn to page 169)

"For twelve years its people have been watching and sighing for a parish priest and I am the first to come."



Thirty-six Cents a Day

Francis G. Kempel, S.J.

THIS is not a religious

sect or observance as one might think. Revival is in the deep "bush." Revivalists are quite common in Jamaica but they do not live in Revival. Revival is a district located in

the center of the very thickest of that densely vegetated backwoods portion of Jamaica called the "bush."

Although it is in the heart of the "bush," there are not very many bushes in Revival. The ground is so very rocky that, strange to say, there is little opportunity for cultivation. Besides, the district is very dry and the people have to depend for water almost entirely upon the streams and ponds. A year ago they had a drought for seven months and all the ponds dried up. Everybody had to travel miles for water. I met a woman carrying a tub of clothes on her head and I asked her where she was going. She told me that she was off to wash her clothes at a certain stream five miles away.

WHAT little cultivation there is around Revival brings scant returns to the farmer and consequently farm labor, in fact, all labor is poorly recompensed. A man earns one and six a day; that is thirty-six cents in American money. If he gets as much as two shillings, forty-eight cents, he is well paid. I was talking to a poor old woman some time ago who was at work cleaning out a pond. Her wages for the day, from seven in the morning until five in the evening, was six pence farthing, twelve and one-half cents in American money. This will certainly give you an idea of the destitution of the people of Revival. They live in thatched houses, usually consisting of two rooms, a bed room and a "hall," as they call it. Sometimes this hall is not even enclosed.



"They live in thatched houses, usually consisting of two rooms."

FATHER SUPERIOR told me a short time ago that I would have to put up a new school in Revival. Certainly the school is badly needed. The present build-

ing is in a wretched condition and between its battered walls which are simply rotting away we have to crowd one hundred and ten children where only fifty-two can be decently accommodated. It is lucky that the floor is full of holes to permit the rain to run off that pours through corresponding holes in the roof.

Last Tuesday I made a visitation to the school. I found the teacher conducting her classes in the open air under a mango tree. She said it makes a better classroom because when she is indoors many of the children have to sit on the floor. A few weeks previous, the Inspector of Schools had questioned me about the school. He can do this because ours is a denominational institution where the Government pays the salary of the teachers and exercises a certain supervision. The building and the management belong to the Church. The Government has ceased to permit new Government-supported denominational schools to be erected, and, because of unsatisfactory conditions, has even closed some of the denominational schools and put Government schools in their place. As long as we maintain suitable buildings and equipment the officials will not molest us, but that is just where the difficulty begins at Revival.

There is a very good teacher here in the school, a fine Catholic girl with lots of ability and initiative. I am eager to keep her but I fear that unless I can get her a decent place to live in and a respectable classroom she will want to go elsewhere.

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Echoes of the Canadian Huron Missions



Julien Paquin, S.J.

FATHER PAQUIN has given, in previous issues, the account of the foundation and early development of the Jesuit missions of Canada. In this present article he sketches briefly the apostolate in Huronia and the solid establishment of the Church among the Huron Indians. It was the calm before the storm which was to give to eight missionaries the palm of martyrdom and to the Church in North America its first canonized Saints.



THE history of the Jesuit missions in Huronia, Canada, extends over a period of thirty-five years, of which only twenty-two were spent in actual work by the missionaries. It took Father de Brébeuf nine years to prepare the ground and sow the seed of the word of God; the harvest was to be gathered during the succeeding ten years, under the guidance of Fathers Jerome Lalemant and Paul Ragueneau successively. It was in the year 1640 that Brébeuf surrendered the helm to his successor, and henceforth gave all his attention to the conversion of the heathens.

Father Lalemant was an enterprising genius. He had ten missionaries at his command. He directed them to take a census of the Huron nation, and they found 12,000 souls distributed into 32 villages, and 700 cabins. There were 30,000 Hurons 20 years before; epidemics and wars had reduced them to their present condition. A systematic propaganda was inaugurated to be carried on throughout the whole country. A central residence, called Ste. Marie, was built where the Martyrs' Shrine now stands, on the river Wye, near the town of Midland, and thence the missionaries radiated in all directions in their hunt for souls.

Four main missions were organized in four different quarters, consisting each of seven or eight vil-

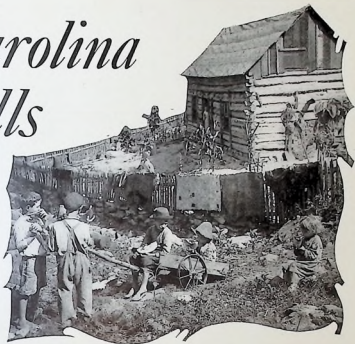
lages; churches were built, and provided with the necessities of worship, including bells even. The Christians in Huronia began to increase in number and in fervor. Father de Brébeuf had written the year before that there were hardly a hundred reliable Christians in Huronia. The conversions were soon counted by hundreds every year, and even by thousands; the last *Relation* bearing on the Huron mission in 1650 declared that every Huron within reach of a missionary had embraced the Faith.

BUT what a price the missionaries had to pay! What sufferings and privations they had to endure! Besides the unusual hardships inherent to their apostolic life, they were subject to incessant persecutions from the infidels to the very last. Many were the stones and sticks they had to dodge from the hands of the unruly youngsters, encouraged by their elders. Many times were tomahawks raised over their heads, and fended off by some unseen hand. More than once were some of them cruelly beaten with clubs, and left for dead. To be refused an entrance into the cabins, or chased out with burning brands snatched from the camp fire, was a daily occurrence in their ministrations. And of all this ill-treatment Father de Brébeuf had the lion's share, because of his reputation of chief sorcerer. The arduous life of these heroic men of God may be summarized in these words of Father Ragueneau:

"The piety, humility, obedience, patience and charity of our missionaries hardly leave room for improvement. . . . Here is the source of our joy, peace, and security in the midst of our tribulations. Whatever Divine Providence may ordain for us, in life or in death, God is with us, and with Him we hope to be forever."
(Turn to page 169)

In Carolina Hills

G. A. St. Paul, S. J.



WHEN I was a novice, years ago, at Macon, Georgia, a priest from the Carolinas came down one Sunday afternoon to spend recreation with us. I have forgotten his name, forgotten every single word he ever said, except one sentence which has remained in the back of my head all these long years. It was

this: "Talk of your foreign missions! We have foreign missions right up in the Carolinas." If I ever meet that zealous priest again, I am going to tell him that he did not paint the picture half as strongly as he should have done. I know from experience now, for I have labored in those missions and have my knowledge first-hand.

I could hardly believe the reports that were sent me before my arrival, depicting the woe-ful condition of affairs. I was told that my work would be "real missionary work among the infidels of



"From their earliest years they become saturated with the idea that a Catholic is the worst thing in God's creation."

"North Carolina has the lowest percentage of Catholics of any State in the Union."

North Carolina," that it would be "an experience the like of which I never imagined;" that my "best preparation would be to pray to St. Francis Xavier and to the Little Flower to help, for there is no mission in the world that needs the help of these patrons more than ours." The people were described to me as "unlettered, simple, rather Anglo-Saxon in language, shrewd in bargaining, ignorant of things Catholic and deeply bigoted."

YOU can readily imagine my sentiments as I stepped off the train at Hot Springs, N. C., and took up my headquarters at Berchmans' Hall, the Jesuit missionary base in this section of the country. Those who had informed me of the conditions among the hill-billies and the mountaineers had drawn a dark enough picture, but they had put things rather mildly. That I found out very soon.

North Carolina has the lowest percentage of Catholics of any State in the Union, about one-fourth of one per cent of the population of the whole State. Out here in my section, west of Asheville out to the Tennessee State-line, the people live in small villages or are scattered through the mountains, miles from civilization. For the most part, the mountaineers are extremely poor and unlettered. The only clothes which some of them have are those which friends of ours have sent us for distribution among them.

(Turn to page 170)

Vacation in Baguio

Richard A. O'Brien, S.J.

TEACHING is always a very arduous avocation. When it combines instruction, mental and physical training, character development and soul nourishment, and is imparted to

hundreds of eager and ambitious youths, and especially in a country that is foreign to the teacher, then it is more than arduous. Such is the case here in the Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit high school in Manila, P. I., staffed principally by Jesuits from the eastern section of the United States. When the school year comes to an end and vacations are in order the teachers thank the dear God that they can get out of the busy city for a few weeks of rest and recuperation at our villa in the mountains of Baguio.

These glorious mountains of Baguio, the Switzerland of the Philippines! While the sun is scorching the plains around Manila and the adjacent lowlands, we rise serenely some 5,000 feet above the level of the China Sea, that can be seen as a beautiful vista through a rift in the folded hills far off. God is very good to have given His tired children so charming and restful a place. The scenery is a treat, perpetual and satisfying. The morning sun comes up over the hills with glory and a glow of warmth after a chilly, starlit night. It waxes strong and comforting through the day, becoming quite hot about noon, and then sinks gradually down along the ridges of the mountains, till it draws about itself great banks of fleecy clouds and sinks amidst them with wondrous splendor, now fiery and majestic, now soft and soothing like the dying out of some huge ember on an open hearth.

DAY after day, the great Creator spreads out the beauty of His handicraft before us, His admiring children, and our hearts beat a response of wonder and of love. Occasionally a thunderstorm breaks over our retreat among the hills. Then, "*Coelo tonantem credidimus Jovem regnare*"; and God's mighty power that



"The men and the women with baskets and bundles on their heads or slung to their backs."

directs those awful flashes and sonorous echoes thundering and reverberating through the far-flung mountains becomes the subject of our silent reveries. At other times the mists, formed far down in the valleys and lowlands, come rolling up through the clefts of the hills; up and up they come, plainly visible, like an attacking army in column and serried ranks, until they throw their fleecy weight upon us and envelope us and completely capture our stronghold. Then a mighty rain, such as you never experienced, pours out and the flood gates of heaven are loosed. After which the attacking army rolls on and the sun appears again and bathes the mountains with its peaceful rays. And so it goes; and really, one's heart is overpowered and one's lips feel impotent to express the thoughts that would worthily describe all the wondrous splendor and magnificent prodigality with which God recreates, awes and elevates our hearts here at Baguio.

THE road up from the plains is called *Zig-zag* and rightly so. Uncle Sam himself built it at a cost of two million dollars, and it is reckoned by world-travelers as one of the finest sights to be had the world around. It is as smooth as any park road. The wild Igorotes have been taught to maintain it faultlessly, and it is they who constructed it in the early days (Turn to page 170)

Rainbow's End

Marshall D.

Moran, S. J.

I WAS up before the sun. Four full weeks of traveling had made me increasingly eager to come to my rainbow's end. Leaving my cabin I stole my first look at India, mystic India, pagan India, yet the land of Xavier. During the night the *S. S. California*, which had brought us American Jesuits from Marseilles, had docked at the Ballard pier, Bombay.

On the broad stone floor of the dock slept several hundred coolies. It was not long before they were aroused by the shouting of those starting the work of unloading the ship. Large cranes were hoisting trunks in huge nets from the ship to the dock below. Then the coolies lifted the trunks to the top of their heads and hurried off to put them in the allotted places for the customs inspection.

At about eight o'clock, we six missionaries went down the gangplank. After the ordeal of passing customs was over, out we walked, all eager to see the sights.

Just as we stepped out of the door of the customs house, the tune of a familiar melody came to our ears. It was "Marching Through Georgia,"—not played for our benefit, however, but for the Maharajah of Indore who was one of the passengers on our boat returning to his native land after a vacation in other climes.

*"I made my long
planned trip to
the Taj Mahal."*



TWO touring cars, when well loaded down with our baggage, took us in several minutes to St. Francis Xavier's College for Mass and breakfast. On the way I saw oxen drawing large carts with two immense

wooden wheels. It was a novel sight for an American.

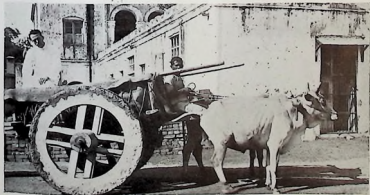
We did not stay long at Bombay. Before we left, however, we saw from afar the grim Tower of Silence where the Parsees expose their dead. Numerous vultures describe great circles with their broad wings in the blue above. Since even a Parsee cannot come within

a stone's throw, we had to be content with a distant view. On this trip to the Tower of Silence, which is on Malabar Hill in north Bombay, we had our first sight of the typical Indian street,

houses and bazaars. Frankly, I must confess it was jarring to one used to broad asphalt

streets, well-kept front yards and American ways.

At three o'clock in the
(Turn to page 171)



*"I saw oxen
drawing
large carts
with two
immense
wooden
wheels."*

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Pity Poor China

THE missions in China need prayers. The long hoped for peace seems as far away as ever. For the last half dozen years the missions have suffered severely. The irreparable loss of life—some two dozen missionaries were done to death by brigands or soldiers—is the greatest loss; then the pillaging of churches, the expulsion of missionary priests and Sisters, the destruction or confiscation of mission property, the intimidation of the millions of peace-loving people—all these have left their telling mark on mission work in China. The wonder is that in spite of it all, progress has been made and marvelous work done. No one can read without an expression of grateful wonderment the story of Catholicity in Shanghai alone, as it is told by Charles Simons, S.J., on other pages of this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS.

The present new campaign between the forces of the North and of the South, however, does not brighten the outlook. There is a reasonable fear that much mission work that survived the war and brigandage of the past may now succumb under the renewed outbreak of civil war and more inroads from the brigands.

One other factor has its threatening meaning when one considers the fact that the Catholics of China number only a scant two and a quarter millions in her teeming population of more than four hundred and fifty millions. That other factor is the increasing hostility to Christian institutions, especially schools, on the part of Chinese officials. While most cases of anti-Christian feeling are local instances, at least one example of national scope is reported by the Chong-yang agency, in reference to education. The agency announces that the Ministry of Public Education, for the purpose of taking greater precaution against religious propaganda in Christian schools, has ordered the provincial and municipal officials to conduct a secret and thorough inquiry in all Christian schools whether recognized by the Government or not. The officials are instructed to determine

whether the prescriptions forbidding obligatory religious instruction or religious ceremonies are infringed and if so to what extent. Every abuse is to be immediately repressed "out of respect for education and the conservation of the national character." Christian educators see in this order an evident prelude to the closing of more Christian schools and stricter regulations for those left functioning. There is every reason, then, for Catholics to redouble their prayers for the Church in China.

Auriesville and Midland

NOW that the eight North American Martyrs are canonized—June 29, 1930—we rightly look for a great impetus to be given to the devotion to these sainted Jesuit pioneers. Catholics are just awakening to the realization of the fact that martyr heroes have toiled and died right here on American soil. The two places particularly sacred to the memory of the missionary martyrs are Auriesville, N. Y., and Midland, Ontario. Every American Catholic is urged to make a pilgrimage to either place, in the summer months of this year, if possible. The Martyrs' Shrine at Auriesville, N. Y., easily reached from Albany, is the site of the ancient Iroquois village of Ossernenon, where Isaac Jogues and his companions gained their palms of martyrdom. All who visit the place are deeply impressed by the supernatural atmosphere that hovers over the most sacred spot of the beautiful Mohawk Valley. The Shrine at Midland, Ontario, is equally sacred and famous in the annals of the North American Martyrs, for there, on the banks of the river Wye, was old Fort Sainte-Marie, the residence of the early missionaries, from which they branched out in every direction in search of souls. At Fort Sainte-Marie, too, the Martyrs were buried. Auriesville and Midland, then, should be places sacred to every North American Catholic.

Their Story Told

TO spread more widely the story of two outstanding figures in the newly canonized group of North American Martyrs, Father Neil Boyton, S.J., has written two new booklets, the one entitled, "The Giant of God," the gripping story of the life and martyrdom of St. John Brébeuf, S.J., the other entitled, "The White-Robed Blackrobe," the account of the thrilling missionary life and death of St. Isaac Jogues, S.J. Both booklets are published by the Jesuit Mission Press. Father Boyton has drawn heavily on *The Jesuit Relations*, the chief source of information on the early mission history of North America, and the result is evident in his well-authenticated account, most interestingly told. The annals of the early Christian Martyrs of the old Roman days of persecution tell no more touching story than is given in the accounts of the lives and labors of America's missionaries among Iroquois, Hurons and Algonquins.

Please Note

The attention of our Readers is called to the fact that only one summer number of JESUIT MISSIONS is issued; that is, the July-August number. The next issue will be out for September.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 31.
Tarahumara,
Mexico.



A group of
Tarahumara
Indians.

NOT far below the Texan border, in the rockiest wilds of the Sierra Madre Occidental Mountain range, there dwells an Indian tribe known as Tarahumara Indians. Among these Indians the Jesuits many years ago had a mission which flourished until the suppression of the Order forced its discontinuance in 1773. For a century the mission lay abandoned. In 1900 the Mexican Jesuits returned to the field of labor among these Indians. The tribe is quite primitive in its mode of living and a number of pagans are still to be found among them. The Tarahumaras are still nomadic. There are at least 67,500 Catholic Indians in a population of some 70,000. Ten priests and eight Brothers work among them, nobly assisted by twenty-one missionary Sisters. The mission embraces 74 Christian settlements surveyed and visited many times a year for the administration of the sacraments. There are 62 churches and chapels and 11 schools for some 540 pupils.

JULY

THE MISSION INTENTION

AUGUST

The Missions of Oceania

A MERE glance at an atlas showing the Northern and Southern Pacific Ocean with its innumerable islands, from a latitude of twenty degrees above the Equator to below thirty degrees below the Equator, makes it evident that a vast task confronts the missionaries of these regions. Fifteen Vicars Apostolic and three Prefects Apostolic govern these many islands. In some places the population is very sparse, in others it is denser. One group alone of these islands, the Marshall Islands, is larger than Europe. Many and perilous journeys must be made by the missionaries to pay even occasional visits to their scattered flocks. In this vast area there are more than a million and a half non-Catholics and pagans and some 285,000 Catholics. An army of 351 priests, 282 Brothers, 883 Sisters and 1,647 catechists is at work to bring salvation to the natives of these scattered islands. Their task is rendered difficult not only because of great distances, tropical heat and infectious diseases, but also by the variety of language spoken, the pagan cults practised, the proselytism of Protestants, the barbarian character of many of these peoples. Catholics are urged to pray during the month of July that the hearts of the pagans may be softened and the efforts of the missionaries strengthened in Oceania.

Missionary Sisters

THAT vocations to the missionary Sisterhoods may increase and that the work of the Sisters may have God's blessing is the Mission Intention to be prayed for during the month of August. No one acquainted with the story of mission development since the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is ignorant of the great part played in it by the noble Sisters. Of old, the life of the Sisters was largely a contemplative one, but with the advent of the first Ursuline Sisters to Canada in the year 1639, Religious women entered largely into the development of missions. Their work in seconding the efforts of the missionary priest, in educating the children and caring for hospitals and dispensaries and in performing innumerable other tasks on the missions is almost beyond calculation in its tremendous value. Today more than 13,000 Religious Sisters, European and American, are working on the missions, and to their number have been added many native Sisters of Chinese, Tonkinese, Indian and African extraction. There is hardly a missionary today, once he is established in a new mission sector, who does not feel the immediate need of Sisters to help him carry on and develop the works so necessary in every mission field. God grant that their numbers may increase steadily.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

FATHER PATRICK RYAN, S.J., continues enthusiastic about his work in Rock Hill, South Carolina.

"The contention that the South is intolerant of Catholics and things Catholic is again disproven by an incident which happened to me within the last week. I was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. Sam Myerson, a fine representative of the Jewish race. The purpose of the dinner was to bring me into touch with the leaders of the community. The fine feeling that prevailed is illustrated by a remark made by a Jewish Rabbi, one of the guests on the occasion.

"No one here this evening," he said, "can escape the impression that the Messianic era has already arrived. But for me it is not altogether a gain. Two months ago I asked Sam Myerson how much he intended to subscribe for the new synagogue. Imagine my surprise when he told me that fifty per cent of what he set aside for the church would go to me, and that the other fifty per cent would go to Father Ryan. Now I appeal to our good Methodist brother, Doctor Truesdale, for an opinion. Don't you think, Doctor, that I ought to be given seventy-five per cent, and that Father Ryan should be satisfied with twenty-five per cent?"

"Doctor Truesdale, the Methodist minister, was given a big hand when he replied that to his mind a 50-25-25 ratio would be fairer; fifty for the Rabbi, twenty-five for Father Ryan and twenty-five for himself."

ALASKA

When the cabin plane "Marquette" took off from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, in June, a new and decidedly modern phase of Alaskan missionary history was beginning. For many months, BROTHER GEORGE FELTES, S.J., has been making careful preparations for his work as pilot of the mission plane of Alaska. The plane is the munificent gift of the Marquette League of New York City, an organization which interests itself most generously in the Indian and Alaska missions. Under the lead of Father William Flynn and the presidency of Judge Tally and the directorship of a number of prominent Catholic laymen, the Marquette League has made many a lonely

mission its great debtor because of generous assistance given on many occasions.

The territory over which Brother Feltes will fly covers over 500,000 square miles. It has been termed the hardest mission field of the whole world. The good Brother, who is an excellent mechanic and a licensed pilot, will have his plane equipped for winter and summer use. He will also be supplied with

"Illustrating in a vivid manner the work of the Jesuit Fathers among the Canadian Indians at Spanish, Ontario, and other missions in Northern Ontario, a collection of handiwork and photographs has been received at the Jesuit Novitiate, and is on display there.

"Spanish is the center of activity of the work of the Jesuits among the Indians of the Lake Superior regions, and



"For many months, Brother George Feltes, S.J., has been making careful preparations for his work as pilot of the mission plane of Alaska."

a stretcher, for the comfort of invalids to be transported from their primitive homes in Alaska to the care of the missions. He will, he believes, be in a position to carry with his plane, medicine and serums where they are needed in case of sudden outbreaks of disease and epidemics. He will often be called upon to transport the Superior of the mission from station to station and enable him to make, in a few weeks, journeys which would have taken months before. Brother will fly a Bellanca Pace-Maker cabin monoplane, equipped with a Packard-Diesel 225 horsepower radial air cooled motor. The Alaskan missionaries were called sky pilots by the Alaskians in former times; the name given them then will have a very literal meaning now.

CANADIAN INDIANS

In the *Guelph Mercury*, a Canadian journal, publicity has been given to a mission exhibition at St. Stanislaus Novitiate in Guelph. We quote:

two schools, one an industrial school for boys in charge of the Fathers, and the other a school for girls under the Sisters, have been established there.

"The Jesuit industrial school, known as St. Peter Claver's, was, before 1913, situated at Wikwemikong, on Manitoulin Island—a mission which dates from 1844. There are 200 pupils, Odjibway and Iroquois, three Jesuit Fathers, two Jesuit scholastics, eight lay-Brothers, and two lay-masters. The Sisters' school for girls is conducted by fifteen Religions, and there are 120 girls, Odjibway and Iroquois, with a few Hurons and Algonquins.

"It is interesting to note that the Jesuits in charge, all of whom passed through the Novitiate here, are carrying on directly the work of the Jesuit Martyrs, Brébeuf, Lalemant and others, who are to be canonized this year. Many of the older Fathers connected with the work are French-Canadians, who were there before the work was taken over by the English-speaking Jesuits."

FATHER JOSEPH COUTURE, S.J., writes from his mission at Longlac, Ontario: "I have not written to you for a long time because I have been very much on the trail. My dogs this winter made 1,600 miles. Over and above this I have done some traveling on trains. From the latter part of November until the middle of March I was on the go. If I don't get an airplane by next year, I will, I think, need two teams of dogs so that I can let one rest while I am working with the other."

JOSEPH DWYER, S.J., sends an interesting picture of a little Odjibway Indian lad:

"Edmund Naadwan is one of the many red-skins who dwell on Manitoulin Island which is cared for by the Jesuit Fathers and Brothers of upper Canada.

"Little Edmund is out-standing for his fervent piety. At five years of age he was considered mature enough to receive his first Holy Communion. Every morning after that he could be seen moving towards the village church and struggling on tip toe to reach the latch. Stalwart in soul, he was still a small boy. Often he would have to crouch close to the church wall until an elderly squaw, also a daily communicant, would come to open the door for him. Now Edmund is sick and no longer greets the good old lady at the church door. She misses his boyish smile and his merry greetings early in the morning. Little Edmund is confined to his bed, too weak now even to move his head, but his cheery smile is there, to show his appreciation for the good done to him by missionary priest and Sisters. Never a word of complaint crosses his lips and the lad's spirit of resignation has found an echo in his grief-stricken parents."



Father Joseph Cadot, S.J., veteran Canadian missionary, brings a pilgrimage of Indians to the Shrine of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America at Midland, Ontario. Father Thomas Lally, S.J., director of the Shrine, is at Father Cadot's right.

AMERICAN INDIANS

The outstanding event in the mission history of the Northwest this Spring is the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of St. Ignatius Mission, Montana. Something of the story of the early history of the mission will be found in the present issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. At the request of Bishop Finnigan of Helena, Montana, the Jubilee celebration was postponed until May so as to allow time for the elaborate preparations needed to make the Jubilee an outstanding event in the history of Montana. Writing before the celebration, FATHER LOUIS TAELMAN, S.J., who is Chairman of the Mission Jubilee Committee, gives an idea of the size and the spirit of the celebration:

"It is simply wonderful to see the enthusiasm and interest that the coming celebration has aroused in everyone. The whole of Montana is catching the Jubilee fever. Some members of the committee believe that we shall have 10,000 visitors here for the occasion. It looks as if the whole town of Missoula is going to turn out in a body and Kalispel may follow suit. Butte and Anaconda have their eyes on the mission. The Governor has gladly accepted the invitation and will be one of the principal speakers. Dean Stone, Professor of Journalism at the State University and the best informed man on the history of Montana, will also deliver an address. Bishop White of Spokane will be here for two days during the Jubilee. It goes without saying that Bishop Finnigan, who is largely responsible for the big celebration, will be one of the outstanding figures at the Jubilee. Even Bishop Crimont of Alaska expects to be present for the celebration."

Representative delegations from the various Indian tribes in Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon have been invited to come with their respective missionaries.

DeSmet Mission in Idaho has lost a veteran missionary, BROTHER STEPHEN RODI, S.J., who died of pneumonia on the 15th of April. The preceding Thursday he and a boy had taken a wagon about four miles into the mountains to gather cedar branches for Palm Sunday. After laboring with his usual great intensity, the Brother sat down in the cool shade to eat his lunch while still perspiring heavily. Owing to this exposure, he contracted pleurisy which developed into double pneumonia and brought on death in a short time.

Brother Rodi was born at San Remo, Italy, March 24, 1865. At the age of twenty he entered the Jesuit Novitiate, and in 1890 he came to the United States, traveling out to Spokane where he was stationed for some time. In 1901 he was sent to DeSmet Mission, there to remain the last twenty-nine years of his life. At the mission he leaves a reputation for sanctity and indefatigable labor. At Brother's funeral, besides the 120 school children, about 200 Coeur d'Alene Indians came to pay their last respects to the veteran Brother.

Another patriarch of the Indian Missions of the Northwest and of the Alaskan Missions has gone to his well-merited reward. On May 16, at Sacred Heart Hospital, Spokane, Washington, FATHER JOHN BAPTIST VAN DER POL, S.J., died at the age of sixty-eight years, of which he had spent forty-six in the Society of Jesus.

Born in Holland, he entered the Belgian Novitiate at Arlon in 1833. In 1887 he came to Woodstock, Maryland, and later went to teach at the Indian school at St. Francis Regis Mission in Washington. His theology over, he was sent to work among the Cheyenne Indians, and later among the Crows. Of the remaining years of his life, twenty-one were spent in the Alaskan Missions.



Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras, nearly seventy-three years old, takes a hand at paddling a dory.

Describing one of his early Spring mission trips, FATHER LEO CUNNINGHAM, S.J., gives us a brighter picture than the story of terrible roads and frequent smash-ups during this last winter's record breaking cold and snow.

"It was nine o'clock when I left Holy Rosary Mission. The weather was ideal, sunshiny and warm. The mission car sped swiftly over the trail. However, it was five o'clock in the afternoon before I reached St. Mary Magdalen's chapel, which is fifty-nine miles from headquarters. It was not the length of the road but the width which took me so long to reach my destination, for I had to make many visits along the way. The Indians do not live on the roadside, so I had to turn off the beaten trail and go back into the hills to see my Indians.

"Sunday morning there were many confessions. The little chapel was crowded for the first Mass. It gave me a thrill of joy to see so many of my Indians, men and women, receiving our Lord in Holy Communion. After Mass I saw many of the people gathered around their wagons out in the open eating breakfast. More wagons drove in before the second Mass. An Indian woman who went to the mission school played the organ and we had congregational singing for Benediction and the late Mass. The Indians love to sing the hymns that they learned at the mission. I was preparing my breakfast and dinner combined in the little sacristy when some of my friends knocked on the door. They had brought me some of their food. It touched me to see how anxious they were to show the Blackrobe their gratitude. I gave the people some Catholic magazines to take to their lowly homes. I also had some old clothes that kind friends had sent for the Indians, so we had a 'fishing party.'"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

During Holy Week, FATHER DANIEL SULLIVAN, S.J., at Tagoloan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., had a hard time of it.

"I am convalescing from an attack of malaria that brought me nearer to death's door than any physical ailment yet. I have a good Redemptorist missionary helping me out this week. Such a throng of people, very many from towns fifty miles inland, are attending the Holy Week services here that, despite my weakness, I have had to help out with the confessions, which have been very heavy.

"By the time this reaches you, I expect the new school will be roofed over."

Just after Easter, FATHER THOMAS GALLAGHER, S.J., wrote from Jimenez, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"During these days the people come in from all the barrios to make their *Katniguen* (yearly confession and Communion). Six hours in the confessional without a break is ordinary. The hard part is, there is no one to help you. We are, however, encouraged—the Faith that once flourished in this place is coming

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



JACQUES MARQUETTE, S. J.

THE name of Marquette is familiar to young and old throughout the United States, as it has been used to designate town and railroad, organization and business firm. But perhaps the story of him who first bore the name to America is not so widely known. Jacques Marquette first saw the light of day at Laon, France, in 1636. At seventeen he became a Jesuit, and at thirty he was assigned to Canada as a missionary.

His greatest fame in men's eyes comes from the fact that he, with Louis Joliet, discovered the Mississippi River and canoed down its broad expanse from Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, hundreds of miles southward. Dearer to Marquette than the fame of geographical discoverer was the distinction of finding new peoples to whom the Gospel of Christianity could be preached.

In Canada, Marquette had already been marked for success because of his zeal, his courage and his remarkable facility in acquiring languages. With the discovery of new Indian tribes, visions of further conquests for Heaven opened wide. To these Marquette led the way, but he was not to share many years of the toil. An early death, not unlike that of the great St. Francis Xavier, overtook him on the lonely shores of Lake Michigan, near the present town of Ludington, on May 19, 1675.

to life again. Hundreds and hundreds of Communions on Thursday, Saturday and Easter Sunday. And Baptisms galore. FATHER JAMES DALY, S.J., and I have baptized about a thousand this past year. And not a few of this number were Aglipayans. Last Sunday twelve banans of marriages announced."

* * *

In the estimation of FATHER JAMES T. HAYES, the Jesuit Superior in Mindanao, parochial schools are most important for the Philippines. He writes from his headquarters at Cagayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"The Catholic school is the bid by which to win and hold our Catholic children here. Into the school we are pouring all the resources that come this way. What would our Catholic people in the United States do if parochial schools should be taken away? That is what the people out here are doing now. It is real famine time for the Faith which we put into their hearts at Baptism. The results of the little we have already done are so precious that even the thought of losing what we have, and the feeling of helplessness that we cannot go on, is most distressing to us."

* * *

"The new leprosiarium at Cebu," writes FATHER CLEMENT RISACHER, S.J., chaplain at the leper colony, "was finally inaugurated, Tuesday, April 29. It is called the Eversley Childs Treatment Station, Mr. Eversley Childs of New York having donated \$180,000 for the erecting of this station in grateful memory of General Leonard Wood. During the war the General had, by prompt action, helped to save the life of Mr. Childs' son, at the time dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

"What interests American Catholics most is that their generosity has made the Catholic chapel second to no other building in the institution. Many very generous donations came from a dozen States and from the Catholic Church Extension Society of Chicago. The chapel building is finished, but not furnished. Now the chaplain is busy trying to prepare for the opening of the chapel."

* * *

As the present issue of JESUIT MISSIONS was going to press, word came from the Rev. John M. Hilpert, Brooklyn Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that he had just received a donation of one thousand dollars. The generous gift came from a zealous lady in the Brooklyn Diocese who wished her name withheld. The money is donated to Father Clement Risacher, S.J., of the Leper Colony at Cebu, Philippine Islands, for the erection of a school in the Colony. God's blessing be upon the generous donor! May others similarly circumstanced give generously to needy missions!

* * *

The station of FATHER ALFRED F. KIENLE, S.J., is at Talisayan, Mindanao, P. I. He writes, however from Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao:

"Here I am in Moro land, having been sent here to supply until FATHER ANSELM HOFMANN, S.J., returns from several of his fiestas.

"Without doubt, Father Hofmann has the hardest mission of any of us. Besides living in the midst of Moros, he is all alone—has no Brother to take care of

"However, the next day I had the consolation of baptizing, not a child, but an old Hindu man. It was thought that he would die within a few hours, and so, with his consent, I baptized him. It is over three weeks now since that day. He is still living. I have him at the mission now, and judging from appear-

"The schools are progressing nicely. The classrooms of the mission school are crowded. I had to open a new room to accommodate a class of girls from a nearby village who came here to learn the art of reeling and spinning silk from cocoons. This class alone numbers twenty-two pupils. The presence of these young women brings them into contact with Christianity. Their husbands and fathers are already under instruction. The whole village is non-Christian, so you can see for yourself that the prospects are very bright. But while the prospects are bright, our expenses are going up at an alarming rate, and the income of donations has gone down at an equally alarming rate. I had to borrow money to pay my people and buy the raw material to keep the looms going."

VERY REVEREND PETER J. SONTAG, S.J., Superior of the mission, gives a short report of the work among the Santals: "We have not yet received full report of the Easter harvest among the Santals. At the boarding school in Bhalgalpur, where FATHER ALOYSIUS PETTIT, S.J., and MR. MICHAEL LYONS, S.J., are doing wonderful work, some sixty Santal boys were baptized on Holy Saturday. The outlook in the school and among the Fathers working in the Santal fields is good, but the Fathers are finding the work of winning these people considerably harder than they had anticipated. It will require much hard work and time. I believe that the total of Santal Baptisms thus far this year is about 200."



These Jesuit Scholastics have sailed for the Philippine Islands: Messrs. Matthew Kautz, Theodore Daigler, Joseph Taylor, Henry Greer, Leo Welch, Merlin Thibault.

the house—just a few boys whom he has to show how to prepare every meal. And yet he has improved his church, and has just completed the largest and best looking school that we have. What a job for one man, even supposing that he were not a priest with a parish and six or seven *barrios* to take care of."

PATNA, INDIA

"Without doubt, Father Hofmann has KEVIN ANGELO, S.J., a native Indian Jesuit of Patna Mission, gives some impressions of his work at Chuhari:

"Of late I have almost given up work among the Doms. I could not help it. I have so much work over here at Chuhari that I had to omit something. Some time back I was called out to a Hindu village. A man came over with the news that a child was badly burned and was about to die. I jumped on my cycle and raced along. The messenger had told me that the house was just a mile away, but after I had cycled and cycled in the blazing noon day sun, there seemed no likelihood of reaching the place at all. I asked the man what he thought a mile was, and he told me that he was talking about an Indian and not an English mile. Eventually, we reached the place. I had come with the idea of baptizing the little one, but when I saw the child which was brought out under a shed, the whole village was looking on. I was not admitted to the house lest by my presence I would contaminate it. The case of the child did not seem fatal, so I decided not to baptize it. I applied some medicine and asked the people to call me again if the child should get worse. That night the child got better, took food and looked quite lively. Early next morning the poor little one died. I haven't forgiven myself for having failed to send that little baby to Heaven.

ances I think he will soon go to his heavenly reward."

DAVID F. PINTO, S.J., another Indian scholastic, filled with a true missionary spirit writes:

"Never were there better prospects in the mission and never greater difficulties. The storm is on now, but after the storm comes the calm. Despite the difficulties our work is getting on. Of course, we need friends now more than ever, friends to help us with many prayers and sacrifices. Personally, I feel a little joy at hearing of the difficulties in different parts of the mission, for the devil never troubles us unless we trouble him. It is evident that our work in the mission is having effect and ere long we hope to be able to show consoling results."

FATHER CHARLES P. MILLER, S.J., of Victoria Mission, continues to have a very busy time. Some of his Doms are out on their annual expedition. But let him tell you about it.

"May our Divine Lord bless you for the assistance you have given us. I do not think this mission has ever been in such dire straits as it is at present. If it were merely a business concern I would say that the prospects of bankruptcy are very bright. Therefore, you must realize how grateful we are for any and every gift we receive.

"Many of the Doms left the mission this month. The Hindu marriage season is in full swing and since the Doms make the large ornamental baskets used at these weddings, they are much in demand. Some of the Doms are dancers and musicians, and Hindu weddings have need of such artists, so out they go, traveling from one village to another, wherever their services are needed. In a few weeks they will drift back.



Father Walter Marquard, S.J., formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, is now missionary at Bettiah in Patna, India. He has charge of the Middle English School, edits the "Patna Mission Letter," and attends to many other missionary duties around the thriving Christian center where he is stationed.



ELABORATE MISSION EXHIBIT IN CANADA

On September 21, there will be opened in Montreal under the care of His Grace, the Archbishop, a Canadian-wide exhibition of the mission work of all the Religious Orders and Congregations in Canada. There will be about forty separate exhibits, which will tell the story of the progress of the church in Canada since the time of the North American Martyrs in the first half of the seventeenth century. The Exhibit will be open for about a week and it is expected that hundreds of thousands of people will view it. The French-speaking Jesuits of Canada will have an exhibit showing the story of the missions in China, while the English-speaking Canadian Jesuits in their exhibit will tell the story of the Indian mission work in Canada.

AFRICAN PROTESTS TO SOVIET

News of the most touching protests against the godless persecutors of Russia comes from the very heart of Africa. The Catholics of the Vicariate of the Equatorial Nile, Uganda, received Holy Communion in vast crowds and kept a Eucharistic vigil with profound fervor on March 28, in answer to the appeal of the Holy Father for prayer and reparation against the Soviet persecutions. Upon the invitation of Monsignor Anthony Vignato, Prefect Apostolic, the Christians, who are former African primitives, flocked to the churches to declaim the barbarity of an anti-religious campaign of a Western civilized nation. (F.S.)

MISSION COUNTS MANY BAPTISMS

The baptism of 25,000 infants in one year in a single mission territory is the report of the Vicariate of Nanking, China. This unusual figure is ascribed

in great part to the activities of the Chinese "Christian Virgins" or "Baptizans," names given to women lay workers, who volunteer their services to the Church. The "Virgins" are usually well instructed

of these "Christian Virgins" in China. (F.S.)

CHAOTIC CONDITIONS IN CHINA

The effects of the revolution and the attacks of the bands of brigands continue to be felt in the missions of China. Not long ago three Spanish Jesuits were captured, one of whom was later released. According to the latest report no news has as yet been heard of the Fathers Avito and Hildalgo, who disappeared when brigands burned the Catholic church of the town of Hochau near Nanking. All efforts to trace the missionaries have failed.

Fathers Patrick Laffan and James Lenihan, Irish priests of the St. Columban Society, were reported captured and possibly dead in the Vicariate Apostolic of Hanyang. Later reports, however, brought the news that the two Fathers were alive, though still in captivity.

ELEPHANTS PARADE TO HONOR ARCHBISHOP

Thirty-two elephants formed part of the triumphal procession staged to honor His Grace, the Most Reverend Peter Marqu, O.M.I., newly consecrated Archbishop of Colombo, on his first visit to his former parish of Kurunegala, Ceylon. Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans—all left their shops and homes to line the road for miles. His Grace was escorted to the Church of St. Anne along streets banked with humanity. The line of march included elephants, native musicians, and famed dancers from Kandy.

The affection of even the non-Christians for the former pastor was evident everywhere. Even the Mohammedans presented a speech in which they wished the beloved pastor "that Allah would grant him a long life."

TO MY MOTHER

Richard T. Mebren, S.J.

THEY say I do not love you, Mother mine;
They say that I have left you to repine,
That I, who should have propped your latter years,
Have given you a dowry of tears;
They know not—prattlers of an idle word—
The glory of the call that I have heard;
They know not of your prayers on bended knee
That Heaven's favors might rain down on me;
They know not of your heart—it's fire-tried gold—
That gave to God, not one, but manifold.

Oh! I could tell them of my childhood days
When your hand led me ever in His ways;
When sacrifice of life was held above
The earthly promptings of a mother's love;
The great ideal of love you made to shine
Drew me to Jesus, darling Mother mine.
Oh! I could tell them of your radiant face
When first I told you of the call of grace.
How close you held me, close against your breast,
And thanked our Lord that you had been so blest.

You knew my love for you had not grown less;
For when the wonder of my God's careess
Lay on my spirit with its mystic touch,
I felt I never loved you quite so much.
My Mother, far away in Hindu lands
My thought is yours, and in your tender hands
I place my merits. Can you, can you think
Of all the souls that I shall lead to drink
From fountains pure; of countless ones who die,
And dying, know and love the Crucified?
For you I offer thanks on heathen sod.
You made of me a missionary of God,
And e'er before my eyes your teachings shine.
God bless and keep you, darling Mother mine!

in the doctrine of the Church and the rudiments of medicine. Some live in community life, while others stay with their families, but all are prepared to serve the cause of the Church at any hour. There are approximately 10,000

THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD AND MISSIONS

(Continued from page 151)

do and dare in the warfare of saving souls, the fact remains that God works through natural as well as supernatural means. It happens, therefore, that the faithful toiler of the mission, blessed though he be with the zeal of a Xavier, is sometimes so lacking in natural means that he is unable to make further progress. The call then comes to those at home for assistance. On such occasions, the same Precious Blood that fires the zeal of the missionary in the field must likewise inspire those at home to pray most earnestly, and to "give till it hurts" that Christ's blood will not have been shed in vain, but that many more, and all, if possible, may "drink from that Pure Rill," and be reborn with a new life of grace which will not end even in Heaven.

TALES OF A SANTAL TRAMP

(Continued from page 152)

sermons. These good people are lovers of song and never tire of listening to hymns set to their native airs.

But those sermons,—do not imagine that they were masterpieces of eloquence. I told how in many respects I had become a Santal, one of themselves. My interests were largely identified with theirs. I had left home, father, mother, brothers, sisters, everything to come and live and labor and die among and for them. And so I invited them to be to me as father, mother, brother, sister.

I TOLD them then of our school in Bhalgalpur and how eager we were to get boys and girls, and what we hoped to do for them. I told them something of the history of that school, how it had grown.

I spoke, too, of my visits to other villages and of our bright hopes of a rapid spread of Christianity among them. I taught them and urged them to say often the little prayer: "*Yisu Krist Raj, anak' raj hijuk' na'* (Jesus Christ King, Thy Kingdom come). I expressed the hope that they, too, would be

willing to give up their *bongxs* (the devils whom they worship), become sons of God and heirs of Heaven.

The morning Sacrifice, the Mass, so differing from their *bonga* (devil) worship, came in for more than a passing mention, and, of course, all were invited to attend.

IT was then 10:30 P.M., and we insisted that "*gitic' pohor hoiena*" (It is time to go to bed). But somehow, the word had gotten round that we had a *kol Chapa* (movie machine) stowed away somewhere in the good old Ford, and see it they must. Living acting pictures they had never seen. So the movie was shown. Reel after reel ran through. My mineral candle was more than half consumed and the full moon had crossed the zenith when the "Santal Tramp" crawled up on the earthen ledge of the headman's house to make an attempt at sleep that night.

QUIET GOLD

(Continued from page 154)

on my breast I boarded the waiting baroto—a native bark made from a hollowed-out tree trunk, and rigged with a sail. It was night, but fortunately there was a moon. We landed after a ride of about an hour and a half and had to walk a considerable distance to the dying man's house where all the relatives and friends of the man were gathered, about fifty of them. The poor man could only just recognize me as a priest, and was too sick to receive Viaticum.

After I had finished the spiritual administrations, supper was provided for me, for I had not eaten before starting. I ate my meal in the same room with the Blessed Sacrament, which rested on a table before two burning candles. At nine o'clock I started back home. A small boat was now out of the question, because the sea had gotten rough and even a launch offered rather perilous conveyance. Sometimes, as we mounted the crest of a wave, the engine would almost stop. Afraid? Why, no, I had the Lord of the waves with me, and I kept saying to myself, as I recalled the

Gospel story, "Why do you doubt, O ye of little faith?" We got wet, but eventually on dry land, we forgot that. A few days later I returned to the same place to bury the man whom I had anointed.

THIRTY-SIX CENTS A DAY

(Continued from page 155)

WELL, I am going to build that new school and it is going to be an expensive proposition because I will have to bring all the materials from Kingston, a distance of one hundred and thirty-two miles. The worst of it is I can expect very little help from the people of Revival. They have simply nothing to give. Besides, they have been living out here in the "bush" all their lives and, for lack of experience, are unable to give assistance in constructing the school building. About all they can do is carry the water and sand and that type of work; but they really are willing and will help.

One reason why we especially need a school here is to train the children to the Catholic ideals of matrimony. Concubinage and trial marriages are common enough in these parts and I have been fighting the condition tooth and nail since I came here, and have been somewhat successful. About thirty parties living in trial marriages (this is really a good name for a bad subject) I have lawfully married and a number of others are on the way. Sometimes I am not so fortunate. I have a pair that have been living together for fifteen years and with all my efforts I am helpless to marry them. Education and moral training will diminish the evil. That's why we must have an adequate school at Revival.

ECHOES OF THE CANADIAN HURON MISSIONS

(Continued from page 156)

A GREAT source of anxiety for the missionaries was the persistent guerrilla warfare of the Iroquois. These savages had sworn the destruction of the Hurons, and they were working it out slowly but steadily. In every season of the year, by any kind of weather, their

bands were infesting the trail, prowling about the villages, striking and scalping their victims taken unawares, or carrying them away prisoners. So well obstructed was every route leading from Huronia to Quebec, that it had become next to impossible to obtain supplies, or to travel to and fro. This hindered greatly the apostolic labors of the missionaries.

WHAT kind of Christians were the Hurons? Were they in every way worthy of their apostles, and a credit to the Church of Christ? The *Relations* abound in stories of the admirable deeds of the Huron Christians. The account of their behavior, when they had fallen alive into the hands of their enemies, reads like the acts of the martyrs of old. They were no longer a band of savage prisoners going through the terrible ordeal of torture and death, while singing their war songs, but rather a host of Christians put to the trial of their Faith, singing canticles of joy, with their hands and eyes raised to Heaven.

The lay apostolate, which is today engrossing the attention of the Church, was a daily practice among the Christians; men and women, who had found the precious treasure of Faith, were ever anxious to share it with their relatives and friends. Even the Iroquois prisoners, who were to be tormented and burned according to custom, were invariably led to embrace the Faith, and were baptized at the hands of some Huron Christians.

IN CAROLINA HILLS

(Continued from page 157)

Madison County, in which Hot Springs is situated, is known as "Bloody Madison." Few men go about unarmed and they would as readily send a fellow-man into the other world as sit down to dinner. The last twelve months gave a total of twelve murders for this county alone.

Feds have been rife for the last century. They are handed down from father to son as a family legacy and are cherished as a precious birthright. I was told only

recently that in a section only seven miles from here, there have not been ten men who died a natural death in the last fifty years. The pistol is law, policeman, judge, and jury all combined. It settles disputes, settles them quickly, and leaves no appeal.

The next difficulty in the way is abysmal ignorance and deep-seated prejudice. The religion of most people of this section is a religion not of dogma and belief but of protest and hatred. From their earliest years, they become saturated with the idea that a Catholic, and especially a priest, is the worst thing in God's creation. Catholics and rattlesnakes are put in the same class and are equally to be feared and avoided. They do not believe that we are altogether human and are persuaded that we go about casting spells and conjuring the devil.

Can anyone imagine ignorance gross enough to compare with the following? Someone went about informing the mountaineers that the word "God" does not appear in the Catholic Bible. That was supposed to be proof unto demonstration that Catholics do not believe in God. Father Michael A. Grace, S.J., was right on the heels of this culprit, passed out Catholic Bibles and showed them that the opening sentence of the Bible, Genesis I.1. is: "In the beginning, God created Heaven and earth." If the situation were not so serious, it would really be laughable. Poor deluded people! We must not blame them too much.

THE mountaineers are jealous of their own traditions and that puts another obstruction in the way of their conversion. Anyone who is not born and raised here is a "furriner," the mountain version of the word "foreigner," and a "furriner" is one who comes to do them out of their lands and goods. Of course, all priests will naturally fall into the category of "furriners." Only when we have converted some of their own people, who were born and raised here among them, will they cease to regard the Church as an organization of "furriners."

Thank God, however, that we have some good friends in the dis-

trict. A few families have come over to the Church. Besides this, there are a number of fair-minded Protestants in town who are too self-respecting to spread bigotry.

VACATION IN BAGUIO

(Continued from page 158)

of the United States sovereignty. Leaving the hot plains with their leafy palms and luxuriant bananas, your motor roars along, rounding hair-pin curves, ever up and up! Here and there, dotting the hills, you spy the little nipa huts of the erstwhile proprietors of these splendid landscapes, the once fierce, head-hunting Igorotes. You meet them with their colored breech-cloth as they labor silently along; the men and the women with baskets and bundles on their heads or slung to their backs, trudging forward ten to twenty miles to sell their meager stores and to return contented with a pittance for their pains. For the most part the men wear only a jacket and their swarthy legs seem tireless. The women are modestly clothed in homespuns, brilliant and varied, and their faces are peaceful and pleasant.

NOW the palms are left behind and no bananas are to be seen. The cascades tumble down at your feet and the hills are rolling on ahead ever higher and higher. The air is sensibly cooler and browns and yellows of the mountainsides please the eye as you speed along. Up and down, now a dip, then a steeper climb, and the iron horse does what no horse of flesh and blood could ever accomplish. The scent of the pines is yours, and the coolness reminds you of the thousands of feet you have mounted; another gate, another whirl round dangerous curves—one slip on the part of the man at the wheel, and you and your motor would be hurtling down savage depths only to be picked up in fragments—one more snorting effort and the motor breathes more freely; you have surmounted the last crest, and begin to glide smoothly down to the little hamlet of Baguio—you have arrived! Past the lovely U. S. Camp John Hay, through the picturesque

pined villas of the wealthier residents, out of the town again and then on the road to Mirador, your home for some two months.

Each year, after months of hard work in the classroom, our teaching priests and Scholastics of the Ateneo come here to refresh themselves and to prepare for another year in this far-off land of the Filipinos.

RAINBOW'S END

(Continued from page 159)

afternoon we boarded the Punjab Mail and started north. The Indian trains are much like those of Europe, having a single compartment for eight persons. This arrangement of sharing our accommodations was a chance to get a "close up" on the various types.

At one of the stops, during the afternoon and evening trip across the western Ghat mountains, I was somewhat startled to see the troupe that entered our compartment. There was a short stocky Mohammedan and two attendants jabbering away as the baggage was put under the seats. Then as the train started, our three new companions sat on the seats opposite, their bare legs folded beneath them in oriental style.

Whenever Ali said a word, the two attendants jumped up, all excited, to do their master's bidding. One of their services was to give him a massage or rubbing with aromatic balm. There he lay, stretched out on the compartment seat, luxuriously snug amid his rich garments, oblivious of all about him, content to sigh amid the rare perfume of the ointments, while his servants pommelled and massaged the bronze expanse of his rotundity into a sweet dream.

Late in the night I heard the door of the compartment open. The train had stopped at a station. The Mohammedan and his servants had already gone and a Hindu was entering the door. I gave him a smile, counted my baggage and turned over for another nap.

When I awoke we were near Sanchi, a tiny town with ancient temples or stupas dating from B. C., where we were to get

off to give Father Dertinger opportunity to say Mass and the rest of us to receive Holy Communion. After Mass and breakfast a congenial Mohammedan acted as our guide and showed us the ancient Buddhistic shrines. At four o'clock we boarded the train again. This trip lasted until ten the next morning, when we pulled into Agra, famous for its Taj Mahal.

Mass was said at the Cathedral. The Capuchin Fathers delighted us with their Italian hospitality. Their Chevrolet took us about the bazaars and Indian streets. In the late afternoon I made my long planned trip to the Taj Mahal. I was really captivated and thrilled to see that "poem in stone." The gardens and fountains and ponds all lent a special charm to the snow-white Taj, which for me, from my first days at school, was always a place of mystery, romance, beauty and grandeur. As I climbed the delicate minarets or stumbled about the dark crypt below, the feeling grew upon me that my dream castle was pearl-

beautiful and without flaw—beauty itself—but of stone, lifeless. Admire it? I could not resist. Love it? I felt a chill, and with a glad sigh entered the gardens to depart as the shadows were lengthening into twilight.

We rode all night sitting up, in preference to waiting for a train that might be less crowded on the next day. At Allahabad we left the train for Mass at the Cathedral. After Mass came breakfast and a cheery visit with the Capuchins.

Before noon of that Friday we were again on our way with Patna as our goal. Patna! My rainbow's end! I could hardly wait, for I ached for my future home and the missionaries who left America in the years gone by. We rode for hours, and by late afternoon we reached Patna at last. Fathers O'Leary and Mullen were right alongside the train as it stopped. They gave us a real American welcome. Salutations over, we rode in the Bishop's Ford to the episcopal residence,

Our Contributors

FRANCIS J. MOELLERING, S.J., a zealous teaching Scholastic at St. Louis, Mo., offers most appropriate mission thoughts for July in his article: *The Most Precious Blood and Missions*.

Whether you have been following the story of American Jesuits in Patna, India, or not, you will listen with interest to *Tales of a Soulful Tramp* told by FATHER JAMES A. CREANE, S.J., the pioneer missionary among Patna's demon worshippers.

Nation-wide prominence has been given to St. Ignatius' Mission, Montana, by RT. REV. GEORGE J. FINNINGAN, C.S.C., D.D., Bishop of Helena, Montana. He tells of the Indians' *Quest for a Blackrobe*.

After almost a year in the Philippine Islands FATHER HENRY L. IRWIN, S.J., is established at Oroquieta, Mindanao, P. I. He says that the name of his mission station means *Quiet Gold*. Of the former, he finds plenty but needs more of the latter part of the name.

Even with a budget system you cannot live on *Thirty-six Cents a Day*. Yet FATHER FRANCIS G. KEMPEL, S.J., says this is the income of some of his parishioners at Revival, Jamaica, B.W.I.

This month's article of FATHER JULIEN PAQUIN, S.J., keeps resounding the *Echoes of the Canadian Huron Missions*. It is very timely because of the canonization of the heroes he tells about.

FATHER GEORGE A. ST. PAUL, S.J., a Southern Jesuit, has been doing apostolic work in Carolina Hills. He will win your sympathetic prayerful interest while he unfolds the story of complete ignorance of things Catholic among the hill people.

At the Ateneo de Manila the American Jesuits are making their best stand for Catholic higher education in the Philippine Islands. After the school year the teachers spend their *Vacation in Baguio* and FATHER RICHARD A. O'BRIEN, S.J., the Rector of the Ateneo, tells of it.

His *Rainbow's End* came when the train pulled into Patna. MARSHALL D. MORAN, S.J., American Scholastic, gives you some travel experiences he had on his way from America to India last fall.

Miraculous deeds are proofs of genuine *Catholics in Shanghai*, China. CHARLES D. SIMONS, S.J., American Scholastic in China, tells most consoling story of what the Church has done in one section of the old Celestial Empire.

RICHARD T. MEHREN, S.J., wrote a poem *To My Mother for Mothers' Day*. It has special interest because it reflects the thoughts of this missionary in Patna, India.

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

some four or five minutes from the station. Bishop Sullivan gave us a genuine and hearty welcome, and Father Sontag, Jesuit Superior of the Patna Mission, made us feel willing to make the trip over again. And thus was filled to overflowing the golden bowl of welcome at my rainbow's end.

A trip like ours will soon be undertaken by the new missionaries from the United States who will be leaving home for Patna this summer or Fall. We shall be waiting for them, and shall give them a rousing welcome to their land of adoption in which they have volunteered to spend their lives for the salvation of Patna's pagan millions.

CATHOLICS IN SHANGHAI

(Continued from page 161)

shadows that fall across it. Grand as are our Catholic works, they are almost swallowed up in the 2,000,000 pagans in the city. One might live here for years and not know one tenth of the work the Church is doing—so small is it compared to the work to be done. And when one withdraws but a short distance from the city, where one priest must care for 15 to 20 different churches, he sees yet more clearly how darkly the country is shrouded in paganism. It is pleasant to think of 2,500,000 Catholics in China, but what about the 450,000,000 pagans? Only one Catholic for every 200 persons; only one half of one per cent of the Chinese know the God who made them and died for them. The surface of China has only been "scratched." The dawn of Catholicity has sent but one ray of its splendor to dispel the almost universal shadow of the idol. But thank God for that one ray! The call to help in the missions has but lately rung throughout our United States, and that call has been heard. Nineteen Religious Orders or Congregations in America have responded with a beginning of some 230 priests, Brothers and Sisters for China alone; while our Catholic people, besides their prayers, have sent aid and encouragement, the amount and power of which only the good God knows. May that response of a generous hearted people increase with the years!



The Lincoln Library of Essential Information. Published by The Frontier Press Company, 15 West 44th St., New York, N. Y. \$15.50 (red library buckram binding).

This encyclopedia of information contains, in its twelve departments, some 10,000 well-classified questions. Information is supplied on a great variety of subjects and a splendid general index facilitates rapid finding of the various headings under which any topic is treated.

While necessarily limited in its complete treatment of big topics (since the whole work is within the compass of 2286 pages, 100 of which are full-page plates of illustrations) the Lincoln Library gives accurate information on a surprisingly large number of questions, some erudite, others more immediately practical, but all eminently useful. No field of learning seems to be overlooked. The latest available statistics are furnished on a number of topics. Here and there, e.g. among the biographies, one might look for the inclusion of favorite prominent names, but generally speaking, one would approve of the satisfying list that appears.

As far as the present reviewer has carried on his examination of the handling of Catholic questions, he finds the Lincoln Library eminently fair and unprejudiced.

Altogether, the Lincoln Library is one of the finest compact encyclopedias for handy desk or library use that has come to hand. The mechanical arrangement of the pages also is helpful and commends itself; the judicious use of bold type makes for greater usefulness.

The Queen's Work this month again offers splendid timely pamphlets. Queen's Work Press. St. Louis, Mo.

I Can Read Anything. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. 10 cents per copy.

The finest, clearest and most readable answer to those who chafe under or object to the Church's restrictions on reading. No fair-minded reader of this booklet will lay it aside after reading it without a deep-rooted conviction of the wisdom of the Church's restrictions and the reasonableness of urging care in selecting our reading.

The White Plume of Aloysius. By Alfred J. Barrett, S.J. 10 cents per copy.

The writer, author of "A Short Life in the Saddle," does an excellent piece of work in this little life of St. Aloysius. In an interesting way, never boring, he portrays to a group of college boys the

Aloysius of real life. In telling argument he blasts the old traditions that have unfortunately painted an unreal Aloysius. The subject of the present booklet is manly and heroic,—and every quality portrayed is clearly proven from the history of the Saint's life.

Vocation Day. \$1.50 per hundred.

This is a carefully prepared leaflet giving suggestions for carrying out devotions one day a month that "the Lord of the harvest may send laborers into His harvest." The suggestion of "Vocation Day" is excellent and the plans of the leaflet are heartily recommended.

Advertising the Catholic Church.

By Edward J. White. Box 1616, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Several years ago there appeared in the *New York Times* and in Pittsburgh daily papers, a series of advertisements on the Catholic Church that startled the country. The ads were carefully worded and were filled with valuable information on the Church. They were the work of Mr. Edward J. White who by them has done untold good. He has gotten out, in booklet form, a 1930 edition,—the 600th thousand of this excellent work. There is no set price, but purchasers are invited to send an enough to cover the costs.

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