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CAPTAIN SHAMKEEN, UMATILLA INDIAN OF THE NORTHWEST, IS A STERLING PRACTICAL CATHOLIC

Thanksgiving Day a la Eskimo

Francis M. Menager, S.J.



All set for "Turkey Day" and the peanut scramble.

ALTHOUGH Thanksgiving Day is not a Church holy day of obligation, up here we make it a religious day as well as a day of temporal cheer. I had announced the Sunday before that we were to have the same program as on Sunday: Mass at eight o'clock, and in the evening, Rosary and Benediction. The natives turned out in good numbers, and as bad weather was threatening, about twenty who live in a little village near by came to Hooper Bay the afternoon before Thanksgiving Day. Of course, moving out of one's own place is not complicated at all for the natives here. They simply open the door of their igloo and, using the same *parka* in which they have slept the night before, start out for the neighboring village.

There is no need of extra clothing or blankets, as the men will sleep in the general public house, the famous *kazga*, the description of which might be summarized by calling it a large underground barn with a tunnel three feet wide leading to it and two doors about twenty feet apart, one closing the outside of the tunnel and the other opening into the interior of the *kazga*. Once there, you have to push yourself up through a hole two feet square to get in. There is one window inside, right on top of the roof in the very center of the room.

The women do not go to the *kazga*, but look up a friendly igloo and sleep anywhere on the floor, their *parka* doing the service of blanket, mattress and pillow.

THE food situation is not complicated either; the natives will easily manage to get a cup of tea without sugar and a few dry cod fish and a little seal oil from friends, and when they can get that they are satis-

fied. No knives or forks or spoons are needed, since the hand is used for everything, and does its work well.

It is interesting to note the method of serving seal oil. It is placed in a wooden dish about a foot long and six inches wide; generally one inch deep or so of seal oil will be enough for five persons.

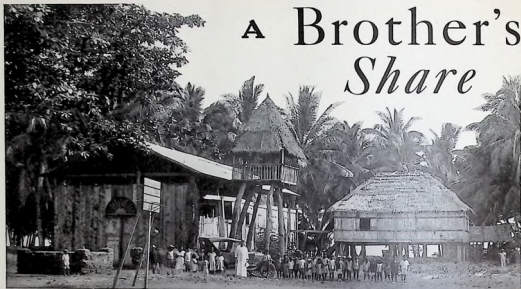
The *kantak*, that is, the wooden dish, is passed over to the most important person; he or she, after taking a bit of dry cod fish, puts his or her hand in the seal oil, all fingers well extended, and then with a swift motion, lest any of the precious stuff should go to the dogs who are all around watching and poised for action, the hand is licked by the owner as clean as you please. The dish is passed to the next one in importance.

BUT to get back to Thanksgiving Day. There was to be a general Communion in the morning and all my people who are instructed enough came faithfully to confession; this they love very much and one of the difficulties of insisting on frequent Communion here is that the natives loves confession so much that if there be three holy days in the week-most of them will come to confession three times.

I was thankful I did not have to go on a two mile sick call on Thanksgiving Day, for I should probably have lost my way, as the Siberian wind was having great fun with our snow, throwing it up in every direction, and vigorously enough to knock a man down. We had Mass at eight o'clock; a hundred natives were present, not counting the babies. Prayers and hymns in the native *Inuit* language were followed by a sermon on the thanksgiving we owe to God for all His benefits. I do not have to use an interpreter any longer, and both my people and myself are glad of it.

MASS over, I announced a *kankokreyararchirkukut*, a sort of scramble for peanuts, and I was answered by a loud shout of joy from youngsters and grown-ups. I went up to my attic, filled a ten gallon pail with peanuts and went on the trail leading to the village where the snow was well packed. Every two or three feet I would throw out a handful of peanuts, and the whole village was after me. (Turn to page 242)

A Brother's Share



Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J.



ISTINCTION rests lightly upon my shoulders. —Not that I have fallen heir to the renown of Lindbergh or the acclaim of Commander Byrd; but I really have an honor that tickles me. I am the first and, up to the present, the only American Jesuit lay-Brother to work in Mindanao, Philippine Islands. It is over two years now since I received my appointment to come to this far-off land, and already I am beginning to associate with the distant past the wonderful reception that our Fathers gave me when I landed on these shores. Why, they were all overjoyed to have an American Brother amongst them, and they looked upon my coming as a harbinger of that happy day when every mission in these Islands should be supplied with Brothers to help in the apostolate. The Fathers had a regular strife among themselves to decide who should get my services. For a while I was with Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., and Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., at Sumilao; but Superiors finally placed me with Father Daniel Sullivan, S.J., here at the mission of Tagalooan.

Well, these have certainly been eventful years, and I have enjoyed every moment of them. I never knew a Brother could be so helpful on the missions, or so happy. There is not a moment of the day that I haven't something to do and it is always interesting and pleasant. Complete care of the rectory and church, of course, devolves upon me, and when I say complete care, I mean what I say. Why, I even conduct funerals. The people insist on burying from the church, and if the priest is away making the round of the missions, I have to get altar boys and chanters, and we go through the burial

"The Fathers looked upon my coming as a harbinger of the happy day when every mission will be supplied with Brothers to help in the apostolate." There is none here in the barrio of Agusan, Mindanao.

service with everything except the blessing. I see to the meals, even from that distant point when the seed for the vegetables is put into the ground. I do the buying, the cooking and the serving. You would be surprised at the way we sometimes obtain food for the table. Money is very scarce and often, as a Mass stipend or as a fee for a marriage or a Baptism, we receive eggs, vegetables, fish and sometimes meat or a chicken. I had no experience as a baker, but it did not take me long to try my hand at it. Now I have all the missionaries making regular pilgrimages here to partake of my pies and puddings, for, you know, pies and puddings are foreign to Mindanao but not to the longings of American missionaries.

THERE is a fairly large plot of ground surrounding the church and rectory. On it we have a coconut grove with one hundred and seventy-five trees bearing fruit and seventy-five or more young trees. This is also under my care. I never saw a coconut growing on a tree until I reached these shores, but it did not take me long to learn that coconuts are cut from the trees four times a year. Cutting coconuts is quite a feat, as many of the trees are anywhere from fifty to seventy-five feet high. I am not much on altitude so I leave this work to the Filipinos; one man will clean and cut the nuts from twenty-five to thirty-five trees in an hour, and all he gets is three centavos or one and one-half cents a tree. With the boys I attend to the gathering of the nuts. A kind of dump-cart is used, a *carromata* with a carabao or water buffalo hitched to

it to do the pulling. The next process is husking the coconuts, also a day's work for two or three men who are paid by the hundred coconuts. Other men are then called to do the finishing, the breaking up of the nut, removing the pulp, cutting up and drying the copra. This last is finally packed, weighed and sold; the receipts help to pay some of the school teachers' salaries. Besides the coconut trees, we have about fifty banana trees and twenty or more papaya trees. The papaya is something like the cantaloup in the United States.

IN connection with house-work comes the sewing. Here I am in my glory since I spent thirteen years in the tailor shop at the Novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson. At first it was repairing and altering the vestments and altar cloths. That was some job, because some of the vestments were not even good antiques. Then I ambitioned an Altar Boys' Society with about twenty-five boys. New cassocks and surplices had to be made and I accomplished this with a sewing machine that I "borrowed" from the domestic science class of the school, and with gifts that came from friends in the States. I have a flourishing Altar Boys' Society now and the boys are always in attendance on the altar.

Mission life is hard on clothing, and Father Sullivan applies his own text to me, "As others rip, so I sew." It fits the case perfectly.

It would take a long time to narrate all the various jobs at which I try my hand. Overhauling an electric plant was new to me, but I soon learned from Father Sullivan how to take care of that. I can keep his auto in shape; can prepare films and run moving picture shows; I look after the water system (which is not

much of a system since all the water is rain water caught from the church roof and stored in three huge tanks). I am the butcher, the carpenter, the painter, the sacristan. I know my medicines, and can bandage a wound as well as any amateur nurse. And I have many calls for medical help to the natives. I rejoice that I am ready always and for anything. Here again I suppose I should give full credit to my St. Andrew's apprenticeship. A Jesuit Novitiate is a great place for acquiring versatility.

This may either sound like boasting to some, or may



Brother Bauerlein and some of his altar boys wearing new cassocks and surplices, products of his skill as a tailor, and suited to the service of the King.

seem to indicate a life of drudgery, but I assure you it is neither. It is the greatest joy of my life to be able to work with our Fathers here and help them in the great apostolic mission they are carrying on. From the time I get up to the time I go to bed there is always something new, some novel experience, some new problem, some new friend, to take the edge off the labor and to make it a joy. The greatest consolation comes

from the realization that I am sharing in the work of apostles. Like those lay apostles just recently canonized with the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, St. Rene Goupil and St. John Lalande, I am working with the missionaries and sharing in their blessings. I do pray that these new Saints of North America will send out many Brothers to help us here in this possession of the United States. We need them. An American

Brother in every mission can do untold good and leave the missionaries themselves free to revivify the spiritual life of these wonderful people. If you do not think I am happy, come out and see me.

An ingenious water carrier and a smiling little laundress help Brother keep things clean.

I suppose it is difficult for young men to appreciate how true this is—otherwise we would have no problem as to lack of candidates. But it seems to be the way of our Lord to ask a humble offering of oneself first. The reward comes in the realization of being Christ's coworker.



Albania's *Flying Mission*

THE "flying part" of this mission was not done by aeroplane. But so numerous, so extensive and so rapid were the apostolic journeys of Father Dominic Pasi, S.J., the apostle of modern Albania, that no more fitting term can be applied to them.

For twenty years this zealous missionary traveled up and down and across the little mountainous country which lies along the southeast coast of the Adriatic, just opposite the "heel" of Italy. He instituted this work in order to save the faith of the Catholic population living in the mountains surrounded by Moslems and Orthodox Christians, for long years without the ministrations of a priest or instruction in their Faith because of the disturbed political conditions.

The mission of Father Pasi had no elaborate or pretentious program; nothing except the catechism to children, explained with pictures, and the preaching of the great truths of Christianity to the people. All this was done while journeying, flying from one village to another, from one country district to another, thus making up for the dearth of priests by "multiplying himself."

IT CAN be said without fear of exaggeration that the results obtained by Father Pasi and his companion Jesuits, whose work he directed, were extraordinary. In almost every locality—not a corner of Albania was free from his visitations—he succeeded in crushing out every sort of abuse, in doing away with blood feuds, and in getting rid of immoral practices. He made fidelity to religious duties flourish once more, and caused the light of Faith to burn brightly in the darkness. Neither an extremely poor life, nor privation of comforts of all sorts, nor persecution at the hands of the Turkish Government, which thought it saw some political ambition in all this activity, nor the miserable poverty of the mountaineers, nor the difficulty of the struggle against deep-rooted and long-aged abuses could shake the soul nor weaken the constancy and the courage of this hero who for a score of years traveled among the Catholic mountain folk of more than six dioceses.

There are now seventeen priests of the Society of



Father Dominic Pasi, S.J., Albania's "Flying Missionary."

Jesus from the Venetian Province engaged in carrying on the work of the "flying mission." That there are difficulties still to be overcome is witnessed by the following incident. One of the missionaries had just finished building a church in an Albanian town. Less than two weeks later the house of the Father was surrounded by a group of policemen. The captain delivered a Government order that the priest should leave the town and Albania at once. No protest of the Father, nor of the captain of the ship which carried him back to Italy was of any avail. The Italian Government then intervened on behalf of one of its citizens and the priest was allowed to return to his church. He has not, however, been able to say Mass or gather his people together for religious services. The situation is a trying one; his work is almost at a standstill and it is impossible to forecast when conditions will improve.

THERE is need, now, for the establishment of some social Catholic organization fit to preserve in ordinary social life what Father Pasi and his successors have accomplished in Christian life; at the same time it is necessary to have help in bringing into line a people who are poverty stricken and harassed by all sorts of political propaganda. Thought, too, must be had for the economic and social progress of the country, to remove the occasion and the causes of the troubles which come up unceasingly. Finally, provision must be made for the education of children who have been snatched away from the Church by the State Schools which are essentially lacking in religious instruction, and consequently, despite their many boasts, are without God. All of this had been foreseen by the great missionary, but he had not the means to put up a barrier against the influences of the day which were tending fatally towards a period of self-styled culture very dangerous to the Faith. Today Albania witnesses most sorrowfully this evolution of unbelief and impiety.

Father Pasi was taken away from the mission so dear to him, when he was elected Rector of the Pontifical College of Scutari in 1904. He died in 1914.

FADDER CLIMBS

UP and UP

Joseph S. Knight, S.J.

SANG the wag, not so poor himself, but a Jamaican: "We're not American tourists, but just Jamaica's poorest!" He knew that a jest is valuable in Jamaica, so he tossed a bit of song instead of coin of the realm to the waiting baggage carriers. There is a deal of philosophy in his little ditty. The eye of the visitor from abroad is looking for the sublime and beautiful in nature; there are other things sublime and beautiful in Jamaica, but they cannot be found in the landscape.

From Kingston to Montego Bay, from Port Antonio to Black River and Savannah-la-Mar, approximately six thousand square miles of tropical beauty spread out before the tourist's wondering gaze. Near the coast a continuous panorama of mountain and sea, and inland, range upon range of hills with spaces between narrow and precipitous, thick-grown with plant life, unfold themselves to the eye. Coconut palms tower above their less ambitious fellows, while clumps of bamboo hang festooned above the mountain torrent, looking in the distance like sheaves of giant ostrich plumes. Hill-sides display long rows of banana cultivation, and even in out-of-the-way nooks and crannies, the long, canoe-shaped leaves of this favorite fruit wave a welcome to the stranger from abroad. The well-made road lures one to the summit, and there from the topmost points one can see the blue Caribbean stretching away to Cuba

"We're not American tourists, but just Jamaica's poorest."



on the north, dimly visible on a clear day, and on the south to the distant shores of Central America to Honduras and Nicaragua.

All this the visitor sees and goes on his way rejoicing. In the midst of this beauty, in the pockets of the hills, on the peaks and in the valleys and occasional plains is found "the bush," where hard working missionaries go on foot or mule back to reach the dying or break the Bread of Life for the living in some hut or make-shift chapel. Visitors who see all this beauty from afar do not realize the many hardships that are found in a "close-up."

The missionary toils up the steep foot path, treading his way carefully because there are loose stones; and in some places the soil is soft and ready to slip because of the recent rain. He is making for a little two-roomed cabin far above the wagon road. The Blessed Sacrament lies next his heart for the old blind woman has not yet made her Easter duty. "Give patience, dear Lord, and strength. You who trod the road to Calvary!" Up, up, one painful step at a time. Was ever sun so hot? It

is only eight o'clock, but the last bit of shade was left a hundred yards below.

"Hello, Tommy! How's Granny?"

"Her well sick, suh."

She is indeed sick. She is blind, and too weak to be able to move from the old couch.

"Tank God, Fadder. Me pleased to see you, Fadder. Yes, me waitin'. Me want de Lord fer me Easter."

(Turn to page 242)



Two thousand feet up, but "Fadder" thinks they're worth the climb.



The author—from Missouri—smiles with young Patna.

SEEING *Snakes* at Night

James R. Gibbons, S.J.



IN a wet country there would seem to be nothing so unusual about seeing snakes on Saturday night, but there is seeing snakes and seeing *snakes*. Some pious folks dream about being pallbearers at their own funerals. I was awakened from my dreams by being actually called on my own sick call! This was at Chakni in Patna Mission, India.

On the Saturday night in question I was awakened at about eleven o'clock by the tramp of a couple of men at the far end of the front veranda where I was sleeping. I sat up and asked them through my mosquito net what they wanted. They replied that they had come on a sick call. "Very well," said I, and was about to jump out of bed as usual, but for some reason I didn't. I just sat up in bed and told them to turn up the lantern that was behind the pillar and come closer. As they came I began to ask them about the sick person. They were on the point of setting the lantern down by the bedside when they suddenly shouted, "*Samp!*" (snake!), and as they stepped back, pointed to my bedpost. You can bet your best boots that I didn't budge an inch from the center of my mosquito net till they got a club and chased off Mr. Samp. They didn't kill him, but waited for me to come out and get my snake spear and send him down to his unhappy hunting ground. It did not take me long to do that little trick.

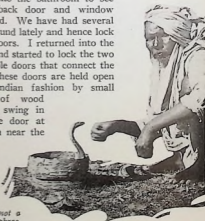
IWENT to the village with the men and found that the sick woman was perspiring freely after having taken an aspirin tablet in the evening. They wanted me to give her my blessing! What a sick call! The whole

affair looked a bit strange to me as I meandered home, pondering the Providence of God.

Before I got into bed I walked over and poked the snake again to make sure he was dead all over. It was a krait, not a large snake (this one was a little over two feet long), but its poison is more deadly than that of the American rattlesnake. Half an hour later, when I was just commencing to doze off, a baby hurricane blew my mosquito net sky-high. Now what might have happened if Mr. Krait had still been perched on my bedpost? It was clear then that that sick call was for me. I was not sick, but in danger of being fatally poisoned.

JUST a week later to the hour, I went into the bathroom to see that the back door and window were locked. We have had several thieves around lately and hence lock the back doors. I returned into the bedroom and started to lock the two small double doors that connect the rooms. These doors are held open in true Indian fashion by small blocks of wood hinged to swing in behind the door at the bottom near the

Unlike the snake charmer, Father Gibbons is not a friend of cobras.



door hinges. I had kicked one of these blocks out with my foot, bare except for the sole of my sandal and the strap across the instep, and was just swinging my foot into the very act of kicking the other block when I spied another krait wrapt around it! Now kicking kraits with your bare feet for amusement is well on a par with tickling a mad tiger under the chin. That's not "nachelly the fondest excitement I is of."

Seeing snakes on Saturday nights? Well, yes, I did, but if my Guardian Angel had not seen them first? I had walked right past that last krait at least twice, my bare foot passing within a foot of its head. It couldn't have bitten me, though, for my Guardian Angel was very much on duty. Then, too, you have to consider that God would hardly leave His Chakni people without a priest. They need priests here so very much.

Now please don't get excited and start telling us to be careful! We're not going to wear hip boots on Saturday nights as long as we have Guardian Angels around. We are prudent, however, but that isn't enough to keep a krait from parking on your boot. You simply cannot get along without your Guardian Angel.

A SHORT time ago, one of the Fathers put his hand on top of the door in this same bathroom mentioned above. There was a krait lying along the top of the door. He had put his hand within a few inches of its head. Therefore, you say, "Never put your hand on top of a door until you have made sure there are no snakes there!" Another Father put his hand into a drawer to feel for the article he was after. Instead of finding the article, before he realized what was happening, his hand rested on a cold, slippery krait. Moral, "Never put your hand into a drawer till you first take everything out of it and look for snakes!" A little girl here in Chakni was reaching for something up on a shelf one day last summer. She found a cobra (more poisonous than a krait) and was buried a few hours later. I suppose you say, "Never put your hand on a shelf!" Great stars! Pretty soon you'll be wanting us to look for snakes under our hats before scratching our heads!

Incidents like those I have narrated ought to remove all anxiety about our safety. God isn't going to let the snakes get His missionaries so easily. There are so very, very few of us as it is.

But let me tell you another good story. A heading

in an old newspaper on the shelf caught my eye a short time ago and I read, "Snakes with hind legs are not monstrosities. There are four species which occasionally show this characteristic." The writer went on to say that he had not heard of specimens which showed three distinct toes on each foot, as had been reported on the snake killed. Well, on Good Friday afternoon about five o'clock some boys came running in to ask me to come with the spear. They had sighted a snake in an old mud-mortared wall. I came. I saw. I speared. But the snake disappeared between the bricks and mud. It was not till after some fifteen or twenty minutes of anxious digging and scraping that we finally got on its track again. As a brick was removed from the wall, about eighteen inches of tail came into view. I went to get the shot-gun, desiring to blow the reptile to pieces



They call it "home, sweet home" in Chakni village in Patna Mission.

before we lost sight of it again. While I was gone one of the boys discovered a short, blunt leg sticking out just at the point where the body disappeared from view. We decided not to shoot, even if we had to take down the whole wall to avoid marring the specimen. Carefully selecting a vital spot, I speared the animal on the under side in order not to injure the skin. It twisted and turned and tried to go into the wall further.

Finally, when it ceased to respond to pricks from the spear, we decided it was dead and began to remove it. I started to take it by the tail, but such a shout went up that I would be poisoned if I touched it (a common superstition) that I desisted to make peace. After covering my hand with a large rag, however, I took hold and began to pull. I pulled, and then looked more closely at the short leg which now cleared the mud mortar. There, sure enough, was a real leg, and with not only three but with five well formed toes. What a specimen! Anxiety got the better of my caution. I took firm hold, and gave a mighty jerk . . . we had killed a lizard!

El Carmen of Benque Viejo



Winning smiles from the pastor (Father Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J.) and school master and lads and lassies at Benque Viejo.

Anthony H. Corey, S.J.



CLUMSY-LOOKING little table stands close inside the door of the pastor's bungalow; it is nothing but four rough sticks supporting a cracker box. I asked the pastor, "Why keep such an unsightly, mishapen thing in such a prominent position?" He smiled, "That was made by Padre Guillermo and folks like to see it and think of him." The explanation was enough, for Padre Guillermo was none other than Father William Stanton, S.J., who started the permanent mission in Benque Viejo years ago when he came here from St. Louis, Mo., to begin his wonderful career as a pioneer missionary in British Honduras.

"Now, what do you think of that?" said the pastor as he proudly pointed to a substantial lean-to which decorated the rear of his school. "I've built that to house the smallest children. It will make it so much easier for the other teachers with the little ones separated by a partition." I stared, somewhat stupidly, I fear. It was the first time I realized that individual classrooms for each class were a luxury unknown in the "bush" school. El Carmen parish school of Benque Viejo in British Honduras is scarcely in the catalogue of a "bush" school, but up to last spring the four Sisters had to do their best, handling nearly two hundred children in one large, hall-like room. Now at least the smallest tots had a separate classroom and the three Sisters left to take care of the one hundred and thirty remaining thought that their task had been greatly lightened. I wonder how some teachers in the States would like to have to teach in a room where two other teachers were already holding forth. I wonder.

THE church at Benque Viejo is named El Carmen, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and one who has seen the manner of celebrating the novena preparatory to the feast will never forget it. At four o'clock in the morning, on each day of the novena, home-made bombs are exploded on the church lawn, and by fifteen minutes after four the church is rapidly filling. The prayers of the novena are recited, the litanies are chanted and some beautiful old Spanish hymns are sung. By five o'clock the prayers are over and the people flock to the house of the patron of the day, each day having a different prominent citizen as its patron. Chocolate and cookies are served to those who are not fasting for Holy Communion and there is a general gala day air. At six-fifteen the church bells ring again and this time the church is filled with worshippers for the Divine Sacrifice. Quite a few go to Holy Communion and after Mass the folks straggle away in twos and threes to take up the regular grind of the day.

At six-thirty each evening the church is filled and numbers are looking on through the windows. The Rosary is recited, with hymns between each decade; then comes Benediction, and then more prayers for the novena. The people themselves handle the prayers and hymns and they handle them really beautifully. This year, His Lordship, Bishop Murphy, was present for the conclusion of the novena, and on the eve of the feast the Bishop and Father Kammerer, the pastor, heard a total of three hundred confessions.

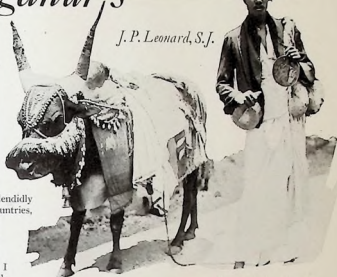
Our Lady seemed to wish to try her children, since from midnight on, on the morning of the feast, we had a real torrential rain. You have to live in the Tropics to know what rain means. We were afraid that the people could not get to the church, (Turn to page 242)

Shembaganur's Mission Sunday

J. P. Leonard, S.J.

THAT happy, eminently successful institution, the Mission Sunday, so splendidly taken up in Catholic countries, has, of course, an actuality all its own in the mission field. Hence even in such a tiny parish as Shembaganur in southeastern India, it could not pass unheeded. I had announced it previously, reminding my people of our Holy Father's intention and of their duty in regard to it. The response was generous. They mustered strong for the morning service, half the congregation offering up Holy Communion for the intentions of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The collection, about two dollars, does not make a showy figure, as human calculations go, but in God's sight it had all the value and merit of the widow's mite. The people are very poor

"Yes, there is but one God."



The sacred cow wanders well attended through India's streets and feeds unmolested at the bazars along the way.

and in this season of monsoon weather they are worse off than at any other time of the year.

THE rain comes down rattling, swishing, straining away from the hoarse breath of the driving wind and clinging to you as you pass, as though for protection, and soaking you through and through. Small wonder that these good people, mostly day-laborers, lose their

wage or come trudging home with a bad chill or with bronchitis or with pneumonia. Small wonder, too, that there are many ailing children awaiting the priest's blessing after Mass. The mother, kneeling before the statue of St. Francis Xavier, holds up a handful of lighted candles while the blessing descends on the little restless infant in her arms, lays her offering at the feet of the Saint, receives some holy water blessed in his honor and departs, full of trust in the nursing, healing powers of the Church.

In a little discourse I told my crowded audience of the twelve fishermen
(Turn to page 243)

CATHOLIC ACTION and the

John LaFarge, S.J.

THERE is no mission field nearer to us than that of the American Negro. Negroes are amongst us, in every city of this country, no longer confined to a few sections. There is no language to separate us from them, no hindrance of oceans, forests, climate, desert, ice, or snow; no strange governments, usages, or laws. Thousands of whole-hearted Catholics in the North and South alike yearn to bring the Gospel of Christ to this people so dear to God. Some 196 priests, of different dioceses and religious congregations, of whom 80 belong to the Society of St. Joseph, are working for the Negro. Besides Mother Katharine Drexel's 220 Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, and the 286 colored Sisters of the three existing congregations, there are some 434 nuns giving their lives to this work (Joseph T. Gillard, S.S.J.: "The Catholic Church and the American Negro"). Considering how manifold are the difficulties, the results of their work often pass belief. Father Leo M. Walsh, for instance, of Cincinnati, counts nine hundred converts.

Can we, however, sit with folded hands, and leave all this immense task to those who have given their lives to it? Or can the laity simply leave it to the priests and Sisters in general? For this is practically what has been done, save for the fewest of Catholic lay men and women. Were we to doubt this, the doubt would leave us once we heard the great call to the lay apostolate which our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has been issuing ever since his entrance upon his pontificate. Catholic Action must come to the fore, to serve as a mighty auxiliary to the efforts of the consecrated Religious workers. Catholic Action, the apostolate of the laity under the direction of the Hierarchy, is the essential, inescapable condition of a successful apostolate of the colored race in this country.

ON August 30, 31, and September 1, of this year, there took place in Detroit the sixth annual convention of the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States. The purpose of this Federation is, above all, to promote Catholic

Action as the Divinely opportune means to clear away obstacles to the working of the grace of God and to give free scope to the missionary effort of the Church. Ten phases of Catholic Action were discussed by competent speakers, most of the colored race, such as Education, the Catholic Press and Literature, the Retreat Movement, Industrial and Social Problems, Young People's Welfare, the Rural Life Movement, the Liturgical Movement, the Interracial Movement, etc. Only such movements were taken up as were felt to be of interest and value to colored Catholics throughout the country, not those of merely local significance. An especial attention was devoted to the movement for closed laymen's retreats, since the retreat is the school for the ideals of Catholic Action, and the personal self-sacrifice which it involves. Most of the Federation's officials had made such a retreat.

Two or three great truths stood out from this discussion. First, Catholic Action, in its wealth of phases, offers a personal religious ideal to millions of Catholics who lives otherwise would merely stagnate for want of something to do for God's glory. It offers a vast field for the colored laity themselves to aid towards the solution of their own problems. For neither race can solve these by working alone. The white man cannot help the Negro who will not or cannot do for himself. Yet the Negro cannot do without the white man's help. Both races must cooperate, in one great work, that God may be glorified in all.

AGAIN, Catholic Action takes the whole matter of the Negro's needs and disabilities out of the sterile circle of discussion on race differences, and centers thought and action on what the races have in common: their common destiny, both in time and in eternity. Not that it ignores race, for apostolic love ignores nothing that is real. But, though real, race is but an accident, not an essential. Catholic Action considers the group, the collectivity of human beings grouped under the designation of Negro, in their most essential aspects as human beings, and not the race as such, as the object of its interest and zeal. Race is but an accident of this group,



American Negro



Music and song add to the good cheer of a holiday for the students of "The Cardinal Gibbons Institute" of Ridge, Maryland.

Like many other accidents, which, unlike race, can be infinitely remedied and changed: such as ignorance, unemployment, poverty, disease, unhealthy environment, religious and civic illiteracy, and so on. With such accidents of condition that so intimately concern the family, the individual and the community relieved, the accident of race loses much of its significance, and can be seen in its proper light.

CATHOLIC Action asks the intelligent layman if he can be indifferent to a situation in which a group of 5,000,000 workers in this country find their opportunities for livelihood ever more and more circumscribed. Excluded by twenty-two labor unions; forced more and more out of their traditional fields of work, the working Negro is faced by a problem that calls for more than rough and ready remedies.

"Not only as a palliative for abnormal unemployment crises," says the National Urban League, "but as a specific against disease, crime, poverty, ignorance, and revolution, the occupational status of Negroes must be improved. A program to bring this about involves reshaping the Negro's own attitudes as well as those of the white world toward him. . . . The Negro's one thought in this respect is that he should have employment on the basis of fitness and not have it limited or granted on the basis of race."

Lastly, the adjustment of the relations between the two races is itself a necessary phase of Catholic Action. Catholic laymen have given but little thought, so far, to this. The whole matter of interracial contacts and adjustments has been left to devoted non-Catholics, such as James Hardy Dillard, John

J. Eagan, Will W. Alexander, Ashby Jones, amongst the white race, and Booker T. Washington, Robert R. Moton, James Weldon Johnson, Mordecai Johnson, and others amongst the members of the Colored group.

YET, as the convention brought out, especially in the fine expositions of Father Gilligan of St. Paul Seminary, and Father Boiger, C.S.C., the Catholic Church alone, through her ethical teaching as applied to economic and social problems has the well-defined principles of justice and charity which reach down to the root of even the most vexing problems and bring them out of the turbulence of human passion into the clear light of reason and Divine Faith.

With the glory of God and the good of souls as an aim, with our common human nature as the material to work with, with the Church's principles, thoughtfully studied and discussed, as an inspiration, with personal ideals of the Christ-life cultivated in their retreats, groups of Catholic men and women, of both races, can open the path for the Church in her age-long task of civilizing and redeeming mankind.



Colored Catholics
at the State Conference
Washington August 24, 1920

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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

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"In the course of the discussions, however, a challenge was flung down on the floor of the Convention. 'Are the colored Catholics ready to state precisely what they want?'

"I do not want to anticipate (the answer to that challenge) by anything I say in this article. No one single person is competent to formulate it. Nevertheless, from what the writer has seen and heard at this and at other gatherings, the following may be safely hazarded.

"They want to earn a decent livelihood; free from interference based merely on racial attitudes.

"They want such opportunity to extend to all legitimate forms of gainful employment, and to include adequate means of self-improvement through credit, housing facilities, recreation and other public utilities.

"They want their boys to be priests and their girls to be nuns.

"They want such educational facilities as will fit their boys to be priests and their girls to be nuns.

"They want to educate all their boys and girls in Catholic schools, from the primary school to the university, according to each one's native ability.

"They want admission to Catholic institutions already frequented by the general body of white pupils (1) where the denial of such admission is not prescribed by law, as it is in the Southern States; (2) where such denial involves the loss of a tangible good, to which as Catholics and human beings they may legitimately lay claim; (3) where such exclusion is based on purely racial considerations, and not on objective standards of conduct, capacity, or decorum.

"They want to attend Holy Mass and the services of the Church, to receive the Sacraments, and hear the Word of God, without suffering humiliating inconveniences based neither on the law of the land, nor on the practices of the Universal Church, nor on any objective, remediable conditions of the group, but merely on racial considerations.

"They want the practical charity of Catholics to aid them in obtaining such churches, schools or welfare institutions as will specially benefit their group, when, as a group, they experience special needs, due to depressed and disadvantageous conditions, location, poverty, vocational handicaps, etc.; when such establishments will be understood as fitting them for taking their full part in the life of the Church and the nation, and shall in no wise be looked upon as a means of excluding them from advantages legitimately theirs.

"They do not want 'social equality,' in the obnoxious sense attached to this word.

"They do not want to interfere with the comfort or peace of mind of their white brethren, any more than can be helped. They do not wish to push themselves where they are not desired, but only to obtain the goods that God Himself wishes them to desire.

"They do not want to be treated as 'a problem,' but as a multitude of human beings, sharing a common destiny and the common privilege of the Redemption.

"I am neither condemning nor defending these expressions: I am merely recording them.

"What will be the white Catholic's response?"

The Brothers—God's Chosen Helpers

ONE cannot read the account of Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J., of his labors in Mindanao, P. I., appearing elsewhere in this issue, or the account, in the October issue, of Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J., the "Master Builder" at the Indian Missions in South Dakota, without realizing the incalculable value of Brothers in the Missions. While these two Brothers are doing zealous work in their respective fields, other Brothers are laboring with equal energy and devotedness in the other American Jesuit missions in different parts of the world, among the American Indians, in the Philippine Islands, India, Jamaica, British Honduras, Alaska and Canada. Everywhere their work is highly valued and their consecrated lives deeply appreciated by their fellow missionaries, the Jesuit priests. The only complaint is that their numbers are all too few. Many new recruits are eagerly sought, young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, who wish to consecrate their years of life as Religious to the service of God as Brothers in the foreign missions. Here is an opportunity for those young men of America who wish to live lives consecrated to God, but who either do not wish to take up the studies necessary for the priesthood, or have not had an opportunity to do so before they were too well on in years. A Brother's vocation is a noble one, blessed in Heaven and valued on earth.

What Do Colored Catholics Want?

AN ARTICLE in *America* for September 20, 1930, written by Father John LaFarge, S.J., has so much matter for solid thought and honest discussion that we quote at length here. Under the heading, "What Do the Colored Catholics Want?" the writer tells the story of the recent Detroit Convention of the Federated Colored Catholic Societies of the United States. In the second part of the article the writer says:

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 34. Sioux Indians, South Dakota, U.S.A.



The Indian boys of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, had a crack football team under the direction of William J. Birmingham, S.J.

AS far back as 1840, the famous Father Peter De Smedt, S.J., began the work of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the Sioux Indians in the territory which is now the States of North and South Dakota. Fellow Blackrobes followed him and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus had definitely established missions by 1885. The pioneer work was done by the Jesuits of the German Province. The mission is now in charge of the Jesuits of the Chicago and Missouri Provinces. There are two large centers, St. Francis and Holy Rosary Missions with flourishing schools for hundreds of Indian girls and boys conducted there. From these two centers also, the missionaries go out to their many smaller chapels and stations to minister to the Indians scattered over the extensive reservations. In a total population of 11,640, there are approximately 6,300 Catholics. The girls in the schools are cared for by 46 Sisters of St. Francis and the boys by the Jesuits. Altogether there are 45 missionaries of the Society of Jesus, priests, scholastics and Brothers laboring among the Sioux.

THERE are approximately 1,849,500,000 people in the world today. About one-sixth of that number are gathered into the Fold of Christ in the One True Church. More than one-sixth are followers of Buddha or Mahomet. Mindful of the words of the Lord that His Gospel should be preached to every creature, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations," we may well ask ourselves what we are doing to help bring the tidings of salvation to these millions of souls. We can all pray. But do we? Surely the intention recommended by the Holy Father this month should incite us to renewed zeal.

The 138,000,000 Buddhists form a strong phalanx against the spread of the Faith in the countries of south-eastern Asia, in China and Japan. Buddhist monks and monasteries are also found in Thibet and Mongolia. In recent years, a change has come about in the traditional stubbornness of Buddhism and it has appeared as a more

THE MISSION INTENTION

for NOVEMBER

Conversion of Buddhists
and Mohammedans

active foe of Christianity. A Buddhist temple has been established in Los Angeles, California—due, no doubt, to its appeal to the Americans' love of novelty.

The other great body of infidels for whose conversion we are asked to pray this month, the Mohammedans, number about 240,000,000. Geographically they extend from the Atlantic shores of Africa to the Malay Archipelago and the Philippine Islands, and from the Danube to Zanzibar in equatorial Africa. In some regions, e. g., in Afghanistan, Mohammedanism is still of the fanatical type.

Conversion of Mohammedans has always been very difficult. Today, some progress is being made. We, by the offering of our daily prayers and actions during this month, may be the means of opening the souls of these millions to God's saving grace, and thus be partakers in the truest sense of the word in the work of the Apostles.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CHINA

The new appointments of the California Jesuits laboring in China will be of interest to their many friends. FATHER LEO F. MCGREAL, S.J., goes to Ricci College, Nanking. FATHER PIUS L. MOORE, S.J., ALBERT CORCORAN, S.J., and FRANCIS ROULEAU, S.J., are stationed at the Aurora University in Shanghai, where they will have charge of the English Department. CHARLES SIMONS, S.J., begins his theological studies at Zi-ka-wei. THOMAS PHILLIPS, S.J., has charge of the English Department at St. Ignatius College-High School, Zi-ka-wei. FATHER JOHN LENNON, S.J., will spend the year working in one of the city parishes of Shanghai.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

While on his return journey to the Philippines to resume his duties as Superior of the Philippine Jesuit Mission, VERY REV. JAMES J. CARLIN, S.J., was suddenly stricken ill and died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Los Angeles, Wednesday, October 1.

Father Carlin had been Superior of the Mission since April, 1927, the first American Jesuit to occupy the position. During this period, besides directing the college and seminary in Manila, he had seen the activities of his fellow American Jesuits in Mindanao advance from first beginnings to established mission stations with rapidly growing parishes and schools.

Father Carlin was born in Peabody, Mass., April 14, 1872. After graduating from Boston College he entered the Society of Jesus at Frederick, Maryland, on August 14, 1892. His years as a teacher were spent at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. From 1912 to 1918 he was assistant to the Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, and then became President of Holy Cross College. Shortly after the completion of six years in this office, he was appointed in July, 1925, Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit college in Manila, a position which he filled until he became Superior of all the Jesuits in the Philippines in 1927.

With the death of Father Carlin, the Jesuit Missions in the Philippines lose a devoted friend and the missionaries a sympathetic and kindly leader. We beg

the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to remember him and the missions he loved in their good prayers.

* * *

FATHER JOSEPH LUCAS, S.J., whose interesting articles have often appeared in JESUIT MISSIONS, writes from his new mission headquarters at Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Mindanao:

"I am now gyrating about the mountain peaks with the rest of the wild men. The old health and energy are returning with my Alpine exertions, and as soon as I can win a horse, a horse, and 'Henry,' I shall fare forth, booted and spurred, to gather in a few more pagan kingdoms for the Lord. Travel here, especially in



Very Rev. James J. Carlin, S.J., Superior of Philippine Mission April 17, 1927, to October 1, 1930. R.I.P.

the rain, 2,872 dactylic hexameters from any shelter, is quite a pastime. Rice is our unique staple food. They say there are one hundred ways to cook it, but we have not graduated from the first as yet — B. B. shot variety. In the evening, after my day's imitation of St. Joseph striving for a little shelter, I try to masticate a few of the dialects by listening to the natives. The little mountain lad with me can jabber away in five languages. Say a prayer for the pioneers on the last frontier.

* * *

FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S.J., writes from Jimenez, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., telling of the splendid work being done in that mission by FATHER THOMAS F. GALLAGHER, S.J., in making a school out of the rectory. The Fathers now have five grades of the primary school under the same roof with them. Father Daly

also sends word that FATHER AUGUSTINE COXSUNJI, S.J., has been assigned to the mission at Dipolog on the northern coast of Mindanao, in the Province of Zamboanga.

* * *

The veteran missionary, FATHER PATRICK RAFFERTY, S.J., has finally been forced, as the result of repeated attacks of malaria, to retire from his mission at El Salvador, Misamis, Mindanao, and go to Manila for rest and treatment. He writes that FATHER WALTER HAMILTON, S.J., is now in charge at El Salvador:

"El Salvador parish fortunately has Father Walter Hamilton in charge. In this the third year of the school he has added a third grade. Two new experienced teachers were engaged, one a young man to act as principal teacher, and to be, it is hoped, the scoutmaster of a troop of Boy Scouts. The natural benefits of scouting will be developed for the boys, and the spiritual benefit of their souls will also be looked out for.

"Father Hamilton has also been spreading his good work, starting a Sunday catechism class in one barrio, and a daily kindergarten class in another, which may be the start of another parochial school in the parish of El Salvador. That will depend upon the good people of America. Therefore, we are hoping that the financial depression will not last much longer."

* * *

Word has just been received of some changes in the status of the American Jesuits in the Philippine Islands. FATHER JAMES B. MAHONEY, S.J., has been appointed Rector of the Seminary of San José, Manila. FATHER JOHN C. O'CONNELL, S.J., who went back to the Philippines this year, is Minister of the Seminary. FATHER RAYMOND R. GOGGINS, S.J., is also at the Seminary of San José as Master of Novices. FATHER DANIEL H. SULLIVAN, S.J., who has been doing such splendid work in his mission of Tagoloan, Mindanao, is at present in Manila engaged in teaching physics at the Ateneo. FATHER WILLIAM V. COLLIS, S. J., has also been changed from the Mindanao Mission to the College of the Ateneo in Manila.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The Rt. Rev. THOMAS A. EMMET, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I., an account of whose episcopal consecration appeared in JESUIT MISSIONS for

October, left New York to take up his new duties on October 15, accompanied by FATHER JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S. J.

The following address of congratulations and homage from the Chinese Catholics of Jamaica was received by Bishop Emmet before his consecration:

"Dear Reverend Father:—
 "We, the Catholic Chinese of Jamaica, having heard with much pleasure of your appointment as our new Bishop and Vicar Apostolic, do hereby write to congratulate you on your appointment, and as members of your new flock beg to tell you of our great desire to be faithful and loyal to our new Shepherd.

"We trust that Your Lordship will long remain among us, and we promise on our side that you will have no more faithful members of your fold than the six hundred and twenty Chinese Catholics belonging to Your Lordship.

"Your loving children in Christ,
 "The Chinese Catholics of Jamaica."

The Kingston *Gleaner* records the opening of a new mission station at Hagley Gap, on August 31, by FATHER GEORGE F. McDONALD, S. J., from Kingston. Mass was celebrated for the first time under a temporary shelter made of palms and boughs. The mission has been opened at the urgent request of the inhabitants of the place, and the large numbers that turned out seemed to augur well for the success of the undertaking. A piece of land has been donated by Mr. Moore of the same district, and it is expected that as soon as the requisite funds can be obtained a chapel will be erected on the spot. A number of infants were baptized on Sunday, and their elders began to receive instructions in the Faith.



Brother R. Quattrocchi, S. J., used to buy bananas for Jesuits when he was cook at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Now he cuts them from his own plants on mission property in Jamaica, B. W. I.



Bound for Patna, India, on a one way ticket. Left to right: Paul Joehi, S. J., Father Edward A. Scott, S. J., and Edward V. Gallagher, S. J.

REV. JOHN D. WHEELER, S. J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., always a zealous promoter of mission interests, returned recently from Jamaica, B. W. I., where he visited forty of the mission stations. He speaks enthusiastically of the splendid work being done there by American Jesuits:

"The people in the outlying districts are very poorly paid and have little opportunity for work except the cultivation of their small acreage for personal support, and consequently can give little for the support of their churches. Many mission centers that embrace six and eight churches do not contribute enough in a month to pay the expenses of the pastor and are run at a loss that is only tided over through the generosity of friends in the States. The Fathers are doing a magnificent work among the people and are a great factor in the peace and good spirit that exists on the Island.

"It is real missionary work, and some Sundays the Fathers travel thirty and thirty-five miles to celebrate a second Mass. The people come from eight to ten miles to hear Mass and for the most part walk that distance. Their devotion and simplicity of faith is a striking lesson to the tourist. The people think nothing of fasting and trudging over eight or more miles of country roads in order to receive Communion at the late Mass in the mountain chapels. Mass is sung by the congregation with an earnestness and piety that would astound many of us at home who have greater and easier facilities for attending divine service.

"It was very gratifying to note the excellent work that has been done in Jamaica by the donations of money and altar goods sent in the past five years by the Holy Cross Mission Crusade. On all sides articles were pointed out that had been sent through the instrumentality of the Crusade, and work on churches and schools was defrayed by the assistance of the Crusade. One school, well built and appointed, in a mountain dis-

trict, accommodating 120 children, was almost completely constructed through the offerings of the Crusade.

PATNA, INDIA

FATHER ALOYSIUS PETTIT, S. J., who has hitherto refused to take a much-needed holiday from his mission work, finally did get away from his mission to go as Patna's representative to the Mangalore Conference (all India Catholic). The purpose of the Conference was to propose the claims of Indian Catholics to the Round Table Conference in London. On his way, Father Pettit had the great consolation of visiting Goa, in territory made famous by St. Francis Xavier. He also visited the American Jesuit scholastics down in the southeastern part of India at Shembaganur. The happy reunion of all was enjoyed.

At Bettiah, work has been begun on the new chapel for the Catholic High School. The chapel will seat (Indian fashion—hence, rather will squat) about 400. No recognized style of architecture is being attempted. The plans aim at making the exterior harmonize with the school, while the interior will be executed in a style befitting divine services. The young ladies of the Good Shepherd Home of Detroit, Michigan, have donated a beautiful statue of Christ the King, which will find its place in a niche above the portico.

The monsoon has been a failure in the northern part of Patna Mission. There has been comparatively very little rain during July and August. This means the loss of a great deal of the rice crop and consequently will bring much suffering to the villagers in these parts. With drought and trade depression back home in America, and drought and trade depression in the mission, the dwindling resources of the mission are going to be put to a very severe strain for some time to come.

FATHER CHARLES MILLER, S.J., continues his splendid work at Victoria in the District of Champeran in Patna Mission. He is the apostle among recent converts from Hinduism:

"Nearly all the Doms who left the station during the Hindu marriage season have returned, so that our Dom village alone numbers nearly 100 souls. This week I baptized four more adult Doms and there is a good-sized class under instruction. We depend on the mercy of God and your charity to feed and clothe these poor people.

"One Dhangar village has decided to become Christian and practically the whole adult population is under instruction. If this village comes over, then it is very likely that other villages in the neighborhood belonging to the caste will follow their good example. Altogether there are about 2,500 to 3,000 Dhangars in my district alone.

"Day before yesterday they announced to me that they would send all their children to the mission school. This means a big expense for books, slates, teachers, etc., and today I have not enough money to buy bread for my people, to say nothing of the added expense of opening a school for sixty children. All of these children are pagans and will remain such unless I take care of them.

"Their parents, brothers, and sisters are now under instruction, but even this promising opportunity will have to be dropped unless my finances improve."

AMERICAN INDIANS

FATHER IGNATIUS DUMBECK, S.J., a spendthrift for the souls of the Indian of the Northwest, writes from Holy Family Mission, Montana:

"Laboring for the Indians has connected with it moments of consolation and discouragement. Last Easter we had a record crowd. God gave us wonderful weather for the feast. The Indians came here to the mission from all parts of the Reservation to make their Easter duty. The church was filled for two early Communion Masses and at the later Mass I had every bit of space taken and was unable to accommodate a great number who could not get into the church. I had crowded the boys into the sanctuary and the girls into the choir loft. The children sang the High Mass beautifully, and the whole ceremony was most satisfactory.

"On the Fourth of July things were not so rosy in the eyes of the missionary. On that day some of the Indians revived all their old pagan sun worship, with its sun dance and medicine lodge, just as they did before the missionaries came to them. However, it is only the old folks who put any stock in the dance. The young people join in more out of fun and for the sake of peace than anything else. The lodge is round and is made of cottonwood boughs. A birch pole, on which the Indians hang their offerings to the sun, is in the center and is called the sun-pole. These offerings are the best clothes and blankets the Indians possess.

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



JAMES F. DOLLIERES, S.J.

FATHER JAMES FRANCIS DOLLIERES, was born on November 30, 1722, at Longuyon, Lorraine, France. From his entrance into the Society of Jesus on October 30, 1742, he was a prey to long and violent sicknesses. These, however, never cooled his ardor for the missions, and his constant prayer was that he might be allowed to devote himself to the conversion of the infidels of the Far East. His petition was granted at last, but on the day of his departure in July, 1757, he was so feeble in health that it was feared he would not survive more than a few days.

Three months after his arrival in China he preached in the language of that country. Soon he perfected himself in the use of the Tartar tongue and acted an interpreter between the courts of Peking and St. Petersburg. He wrote a catechism in Chinese, and directed the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament.

He is also credited with the conversion of almost an entire tribe who inhabited the mountains some distance from Peking. The suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773, acted as a sword thrust to the heart of Father Dollieres. But the final blow was administered by one who, having been illegally and uncanonically consecrated bishop, excommunicated the holy missionary for his opposition to him. At last, having been cited by the unlawful bishop before the Emperor's tribunal, Father Dollieres collapsed completely and died Christmas Eve, 1780.

The joke of the whole thing is, that when the coast is clear, the younger generation steal away the various offerings and take them for their own use. Meantime, the old folks blissfully believe that the sun took them away. I hope and pray that the Holy Spirit will enlighten me on the best way of showing the Indians their folly."

A rather unique appreciation of the work of the Indian missionary is given in a letter from some Oglala Sioux Indians of the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. Their letter is quoted just as it was received:

"The Lone Eagle is what we call our Holy Man, FATHER LEO C. CUNNINGHAM, S.J. And we think that we have named him well. As you know, of all the birds that use wings, the eagle is the only one that faces all the following hardships: away from the crowds he seeks and tries to find all things that will suit his purpose. No matter how the snow will blow he does not try to find himself a shelter, but instead he sits upon the highest points facing the storm. He seeks to build upon the highest points where it is impossible to climb or reach. He makes a nest that cannot be destroyed. In this nest he gathers young ones that have no feathers or wings like he has. These he guards closely, trusting that they will also do as he does. His reason is that the young ones have not the instinct of the strength that he has. For these reasons they try in all things to do as he does.

"Just as the eagle, our Holy Man has a very hard time in this Indian country. The people that he wishes to teach about God are very poor people. Being poor they have placed a heavy burden on the Holy Man. No matter how the snow blows, if one of his flock is sick or dying, he may have a very hard time, but he gets to him and gains for God another soul. We among whom these good Fathers work see all of this. This reservation that we live in is very large. For this reason our good Fathers try to build churches close together. And you, our good friends have made it possible for them to do this in many places. At the present time our good Father here at Porcupine has built a very nice church and we have been informed that three Sisters are to come out here and do missionary work among us. Our good Father hasn't the money, but he is trying to build a house for these Sisters and he must buy the material on credit. He is also moving an old building which is to be used for a school for both Indians and whites. In this way they will learn their religion while young. This is what our good Father Lone Eagle wishes for us. We want to thank you all who have helped our good Father. We will pray for you.

"We are your friends as follows:
Tatanakaphian Sun (White Haired Buffalo),
Tatanikaiy take (John Sitting Bull),

Thomas Little Boy,
Philip Good Shield,
Louis Brown Eyes,
Robert Iron Cloud,
Lucy Holy Bear."

ALASKA

Writing from King Island, FATHER B. LAFORTUNE, S.J., describes his mission out in the Bering Sea:

"Last summer our Superiors made up their minds that we should build a church and start a mission on King Island. Every one of the islanders is Catholic and hence it was an easy task to have access to the place. We were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The building of the church was no easy matter, for it had to be erected on stilts at 350 feet above sea level on a fifty per cent grade. Every house on the island is on stilts. There is no other way to build in this, the loneliest spot in the world, the paradise of the birds and of the storms.

"To carry the lumber up to that height and over many boulders we had to anchor a 700-foot cable in the sea and stretch it by means of powerful tackles fastened to protruding rocks above the place where the church was to be built.

That done, the rest was easy enough. Our natives are first class workers, clever, resourceful, hardy and very particular about the neatness of their work. Nothing was too good for the House of God.

"It was a pleasure to work with the people. There was no bad temper, no swearing, no quarreling. One word was

enough to open their mind to the little tricks of ordinary carpentry and every new idea was a cause of laughter and comment. But a great disappointment was in store for us, a disappointment that caused us untold labor. We ran short of lumber, and so, by way of the Bureau of Education boat, we had to wire to Nome, Alaska. The Father in charge gave himself a lot of trouble, procured the lumber and shipped it by a small company boat, *The Sierra*. She came to our shores, anchored in the worst place possible, tossed and rocked for two days without being able to unload. Finally, the captain got frightened about the ice and sailed to Seattle with our lumber on board. Imagine my disappointment! The only shelter I had for the winter was a shack open to all the winds and rains. However, when I saw that I was caught, I fixed my shack so as to be able to live in it. And Almighty God in His great goodness sent us mountains of snow so that early in the winter my house was completely buried and remained so until late in the Spring. I never passed a more comfortable winter. It was a busy one, too, since I had to divide my congregation into four groups so as to be able to attend to all. Their fervor persevered throughout the winter and was a cause of consolation to me during the long months. No matter how cold or dark or stormy it was, there was a good attendance at Mass every morning and there were quite a few daily communicants.

"With the help of the prayers of the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS I hope to finish my church this Fall and give to our Lord a home more worthy of His Infinite Majesty."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Writing from St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, VERY REV. ANTHONY H. COREY, S.J., the Superior, says:

"It is interesting to learn how we keep in touch with our boarding students during the vacations. This year FATHERS BERNARD ABELING, S.J., and CHARLES PALACIO, S.J., went south with the boys when school was over at the end of April. Father Abeling went to Honduras and spent the entire time of the vacation visiting the parents of our boarders from that country. Honduras is not such a big country, but communication among the different towns is often a real adventure. Father Palacio visited throughout Guatemala and El Salvador and succeeded in making his annual retreat while he was in the latter country. To some it may seem a pleasant diversion to spend two and one-half months in foreign lands, but in reality it is a hardship as those Fathers would testify who have canvassed through the Central American Republics. Much good is done, however, and in addition to advertising the College, the Fathers succeed in getting in touch with former students and try to keep fully alive in them the



Father Louis E. Newell, S.J., cheerful and smiling, has served the mission of British Honduras for many years.

Catholic ideals imbibed at St. John's College."

* * *

In the course of the summer months two very successful retreats for lay men were conducted at the College. FATHER EDGAR ZULLINDEN, S.J., conducted both retreats. The twenty-two men who attended the first retreat were so enthusiastic that through their efforts fifty men attended the second retreat.

* * *

At Punta Gorda, British Honduras, FATHER EUGENE BORK, S.J., the Pastor, conducted a retreat for the Catholic lay teachers of that district. The secretary of the Catholic Teachers' Association said of the retreat: "Our retreat at Fair View was a big success. Most of the teachers attended and all were deeply impressed with the spiritual exercises we went through."

* * *

The new Parish Hall of the Cathedral Parish at Belize has been completed and formally opened. There was a solemn procession on the day the Hall was dedicated. VERY REV. FATHER COREY, S.J., the Superior of the Jesuit Mission in British Honduras, dedicated the new Hall amidst solemn ceremony and in the presence of a large and enthusiastic crowd. It is intended that the Hall should furnish recreational facilities for many of the inhabitants of Belize and thus be a great social factor in the upbuilding of the fine Catholic spirit among the people.



Father B. Lafortune, S.J., tried veteran of Alaska, ready to take ship for King Island where he has built a church on stilts in the rocky cliffs.



CHINA

The disturbed political conditions in China still continue to work hardships with the missions in that country. At the fall of Changsa, Hunan, Father Julius Baima, O.F.M., was taken prisoner, and it is feared that in the burning of the city much Church property of this flourishing center was destroyed.

From Tingchow the German Dominicans have been driven for the second time in a year. Many mission stations have been completely destroyed by violent red factions and the missionaries have taken refuge partly in the port city of Amoy and partly with the Maryknoll missionaries at Kaying.

In Puchi, Hupeli, the Prefect Apostolic reports mission property in the hands of soldiers and priests hiding from communists. At Suifu, in Szechwan, missionaries watched from their home a midnight red attack which after a furious struggle was repulsed.

Yet despite all this the Church continues to lay strong foundations for future growth. New Vicariates continue to be established, the latest being that of Hengchow in care of the Italian Franciscans, bringing the total number of ecclesiastical divisions in China to ninety-nine. There are now seventy-three major seminaries with 756 candidates in preparation for the priesthood while over 4,000 are enrolled in junior seminaries. Thus a numerous native clergy is being prepared for the time when more settled political conditions will permit of expansion.

JESUIT MISSIONS ON RADIO

The following excerpt is taken from the radio address of Father M. J. Ahearn, S.J., of Weston College, Weston, Mass., given over the National Broadcasting Company's network from Station WEAJ, New York City, Sunday, August 31. The broadcast, during the Catholic Hour sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, was on the life and work of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus.

"Contrary to popular belief, the Society is not primarily and exclusively an educational order, though its well-known *Ratio Studiorum* has had a profound effect on the development of sound pedagogy. The members of the Society undertake any work for the glory of God and the defense and spread of the Catholic religion. Over 2,500 of its members out of their studies are employed in for-

eign missions, with forty mission territories in every quarter of the globe, eight of these being under the care of American Jesuits. Several hundred Jesuits are engaged in editing and writing, over a thousand in preaching missions to the Faithful of all countries where they reside; many are engaged in scientific and literary research."

LAND OF PHARAOHS

A summary account of the present religious situation in Egypt is contained in a recent communication from *Fides News Service*. Catholics number 190,000 in a total of 14,000,000 inhabitants. The vast majority are Moslems, 12,000,000, then come schismatic Copts, 800,000, while Hebrews, Protestants and Schismatics of other rites taken together count about 1,000,000. Catholic bishops and priests of uniate Oriental rites have care of a great proportion of the Faithful, though some 75,000 are of the Latin Rite. For these there are 175 priests, 322 lay and teaching Brothers, and 1,379 Sisters.

A REMARKABLE VOCATION

A crowded congregation in the Kings-ton Cathedral, Jamaica, B. W. I., assisted at the culmination of the story of a remarkable vocation when the Rev. Adolphus Marie Joseph Vidal celebrated Solemn High Mass on Sunday, September 7. Father Vidal is a native of Trinidad, B.W.I. He left that Island in 1900 and worked for a time in the United States, and then for a space of over ten years was a chiroprapist in Hamilton, Ontario. Towards the end of 1924 he determined on a visit to Rome to attend the ceremonies for the opening of the Jubilee Year. While there he met the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., the historian, who became interested in him and sent him to Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the College of Propaganda. The result was that he returned to Canada to settle up his business and by March, 1925, began his studies for the priesthood in Rome. He was ordained May 25, 1929 and now at the age of forty-eight, enters upon his priestly ministry in Jamaica.

A ZEALOUS MEDICAL MISSIONARY

From July, 1928, to July, 1929, Doctor Molnar, a Hungarian surgeon, serving as medical missionary in the Belgian Congo, has treated 16,270 cases,—among them 294 cases of sleeping sickness. Doctor

Molnar is a specialist in obstetrics, to which he gave years of study in France and Germany, and to facilitate his work he has erected at Luluabourg a simple but spacious maternity hospital where native registered nurses work under the doctor's directions.

Besides his high competence, this lay apostle is blessed with an affability and devotion that has endeared him to European colonists and missionaries as well as the Congo blacks. A tribute is due, too, to his devoted young wife; she serves him, he the blacks. (F.S.)

TRANSATLANTIC FLIER AT CRUSADE CONVENTION

Captain Kohl, east-west transatlantic flier, enlivened the third general Convention of the German Catholic Students' Mission Crusade last August by a specially arranged flight during which mission propaganda was distributed. There was an attendance of 850 student delegates at the Convention which was held at Ratisbon.

The discussions centered about the persecution of the Church in Russia and Mexico from a missionary point of view, and the missionary problem in Japan. Ivan Pusino, a Russian convert, and Father Verca, S.J., a Mexican Jesuit, spoke on the conditions in their respective countries, while Father Ogihara, S.J., a native Japanese, told of the work being done in Japan. He was the first Asiatic to preach from the pulpit of the historic Cathedral of Ratisbon.

The German Students' Mission Crusade has an enrollment of over 60,000 boys and girls of high school age. It owes its existence to the zeal of Father Rudolph Schutz, S.J., and to the interest of the bishops of Germany who have appointed professors in each school to direct the movement. (F.S.)

CONCERTS FOR CONVERTS

A novel method of attracting future converts has been adopted by the Salesian Fathers laboring in Miyazaki, Japan, through the performance of concerts. The Japanese are deeply pleased when foreigners sing Japanese numbers or set Japanese words to western airs. During the concerts leaflets are distributed and occasional discourses on religion delivered. Thus the missionaries have been successful in gaining a hearing in many sections where otherwise the approach would have been difficult. (F.S.)

CRUSADE OF PRAYER IN INDIA

A well organized "Crusade of Prayer" for the conversion of the millions of pagans in India, Burma, and Ceylon has been set in motion from the Theologate of the Society of Jesus at Kurseong, India. Confident that the earnest prayers and sacrifices of the native children gathered in schools in Catholic centers throughout this vast territory will be most potent in making effective the work of the missionaries among their fellow-countrymen, a system has been devised and blessed with the approval of practically the entire hierarchy, whereby a continual petition arises to the throne of God's grace for the conversion of these peoples.

Groups of seven children are formed so that each day one member may receive Holy Communion for the missions. Captains direct these groups and remind them of their obligations. A local director keeps in touch with the captains. An important feature for the increase of their own faith is the fact that as far as possible the boys and girls run the Crusade by themselves. This has resulted in many practices of zeal and charity to which they devote some of their pocket money. Religion, too, becomes better known and appreciated by non-Catholics chiefly by the good example of Crusade members. A bulletin is published telling of the work done and giving inspiration and encouragement to further efforts.

The Crusaders have taken up the idea with enthusiasm. Some have adopted a missionary to whom they send periodically a small alms and a spiritual bouquet. In one convent a little Paharia girl, desirous of contributing her mite to the collection made for Catholic education, sold her bangles and anklets. In another school, a Sister found the little girls very busy in the chapel. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "We are bringing our sweets to Jesus and are laying them at His feet."

NEW AFRICAN SEMINARY

The new Grand Seminary of St. Gall, which is to supply African priests for the three territories of Dahomey, Togo and the Ivory Coast, West Africa, was formally blessed and inaugurated by His Lordship Bishop Steinmetz, Vicar Apostolic of Dahomey, at Ouidah, Dahomey, July 20. The Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop Cesson, Vicar Apostolic of Togo.

The new edifice, constituting one of the most important and representative in Dahomey, contains the required rooms, halls and chapels, all well appointed and adapted to the climate and conditions of West Africa. A large tower with a remarkably attractive cross traced its full length proclaims the scope of the building. The conclusion of the operations marks the close of another period in the history of the West African missionary endeavor and was made possible through the generosity of the Swiss Diocese of St. Gall.

(F.S.)

VISIT FROM INDIAN BISHOP

JESUIT MISSIONS was honored during September with a visit from His Lordship, Bishop Francis T. Roche, S.J., of Tuticorin, South India. The diocese of Tuticorin originally was a part of the

of 1,000 adult Baptisms, and an average of 2,000 Baptisms of pagan children at the point of death.

With such a record after seven years as an independent unit the first Indian diocese may well be proud of its accomplishments.



Rt. Rev. Francis T. Roche, S.J., Bishop of Tuticorin, South India, (seated) with his two brothers, Father Gaspar Roche (left) and Father Joseph Roche (right) secular priests, and two cousins Brother Theodoret (right), and Brother Joseph (left) of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The Catholicity of this Indian family dates back to the time of St. Francis Xavier.

Madura Mission, but was erected as an independent ecclesiastical division in the year 1923. It is the first diocese in India to be manned entirely by the Indian secular clergy under an Indian bishop of the Latin Rite.

In a total population of nearly one million, Catholics number 85,000. Bishop Roche has a zealous group of 34 priests, all Indians, to care for the spiritual needs of his Flock, and a flourishing seminary with 50 students preparing for the priesthood. There are besides, two high schools, one for boys and one for girls, two middle schools for boys and one for girls, and 174 elementary schools to care for the education of 12,000 children. These schools are in charge of Sisters, 169 in number, who also care for three orphanages, two lace schools, a school in which sericulture is taught and four other weaving schools. There are also in the diocese two carpentry schools and a printing press which prints the *Messenger of St. Francis Xavier* in Tamil.

The progress of the Faith among the pagans is witnessed by a yearly average

DEPARTURES FOR MISSIONS

One week in September saw the departure from Canada of three groups for foreign fields, illustrating anew the splendid missionary spirit of our neighbors to the north.

Three Canadian priests of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary, Fathers Victor Champagne, Joseph Mignault and Lucien Guilbeault, left for Manchuria where they will labor in the Prefecture Apostolic of Szeepingka. The Foreign Mission Society of Pont Viau dates back only to 1920, but it has already 19 priests in Manchuria.

Three Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception set out at the same time for missions in the Far East.

A group of eighteen left Quebec for Africa on September 9. Fifteen of them are novices of the White Fathers who will make their studies for the missionary priesthood in Algiers and Carthage while the three priests are to be assigned to mission posts in Central Africa.

THANKSGIVING DAY A LA ESKIMO

(Continued from page 223)

running and pushing and scrambling. When all the peanuts were disposed of I went home for a little breakfast. After that the natives came into the hall where the phonograph was kept going for the grown-ups and games amused the children.

At twelve every one went home, leaving me to attend to my prayers and other occupations. In the evening we had Rosary and Benediction. After Benediction, from eight to nine-thirty, a lottery was held for all, and lotteries, let me assure you, are a source of keen happiness for my natives who, being quite poor, are glad to get the old clothes and trinkets and little prizes I have managed to secure through the help of generous friends.

AFTER the lottery I gave the whole crowd a treat, candy for the youngsters and women, smokes for the men, and to top it all, coffee and crackers. Of course, the coffee handling is quite a problem for a crowd like that, especially when one is alone as I am. The night before, I set my coffee on the fire. It takes all of twenty gallons for my crowd, so I take four gasoline cans, fill them with water and set them to boil all night. Before I go to bed I bank my fire so that the water will keep warm; and by the next evening the coffee is ready. Believe it or not, that crowd of one hundred Eskimos drank the twenty gallons. At ten-thirty all went home happy, feeling that they had had a real Thanksgiving. I was so tired that it took me about two days to get rested; but then, as long as my poor people had a real day of it, I was satisfied. It is all in the bargain of being an Alaskan missionary and it all helps towards the Kingdom of God, providing one does not spoil the people by having such affairs too often.

To have them once in a while helps greatly in keeping a fine community spirit, and incidentally gives me a chance to know my people more intimately so that I can help them better spiritually.

FADDER CLIMBS UP AND UP

(Continued from page 227)

There is nothing prepared—only a clean towel over a shaky looking table, but the priest has his chapel with him. Confession and Holy Communion over, a word of consolation and suggestion about thanksgiving is spoken, and the missionary starts back down the trail.

"Good-bye, Matilda, I'll come again when I can."

Down, down, carefully he goes until at last the road is reached.



Furs may be a luxury for women in the States, but in Alaska they are a necessity even for men.

Now for home. No, not yet. There is the man three miles further on, who has been asking for Baptism these many weeks. Better take him now, lest he die before the priest can get back to this section, some twenty-seven miles from headquarters. His is no unusual case. He has attended the little mission chapel for years. He loved the Faith but never "joined" because there was an obstacle. Now the obstacle had departed—had deserted him in his sickness.

"Yes, Fadder, I know de rules of de Catholic Society. You see, I couldn't help it. Me parents died when me small, an' I jest natchally didn't know de right way."

His heart was bad, his legs swollen, the roof of his mouth eaten away by another dread disease. A short profession of Faith is followed by conditional

Baptism and the rites for the dying, and the old man is ready to meet the good God who has had mercy upon him in his ignorance. Death bed conversions are the usual thing in Jamaica. Grace seems to be given abundantly to a simple people whose sins are of frailty rather than of malice.

How different is Jamaica for the sight-seer and Jamaica for the missionary! A visitor once remarked to his missionary friend, who had shown him a few things, "Well, this is the way to know Jamaica."

EL CARMEN OF BENQUE VIEJO

(Continued from page 230)

but two hundred and twenty approached the altar table that morning, some of them coming at least a mile through the driving rain. There is misery and squalor and utter destitution in Benque Viejo, but our Lady must have been smiling through the rain clouds to see the faith of her children.

ON the afternoon of the feast His Lordship confirmed a class of twenty-six children. The rain had not ceased for a moment, and although those same children and their sponsors had in many cases been thoroughly soaked coming to Communion that morning, not a one was missing that afternoon. The pastor was proud of them, and well he might be. One change of clothing is the most any of those children had, so they had in most cases stayed in wet clothing all day.

I asked the pastor one day where the people got those wonderful, stirring Spanish hymns which they sing on the occasion of the novena of El Carmen. He assured me that he had inquired frequently without result. The hymns had come down from time almost immemorial and it seemed that the only source possible was that they had been handed down from parents to children since the time of the old Franciscan Fathers back in the early seventeenth century. Imagine, those Padres have been enjoying their reward in Heaven for over two hundred years, and still the hymns they taught their converts have

been retained for two centuries by the people. If we can imagine joy in Heaven of a natural kind, we can well see those Padres smiling down at the folk of Benque.

DIRECTLY north of Benque, across the Mopan River, at a distance of a mile stands Nunantunich. This is the name tradition has given to the Maya ruins topping the hill. For centuries now, nature has been tearing at the structure, but several well-preserved rooms yet remain. The view of the ruins from Benque Viejo is almost completely hidden by the tropical verdure. A couple of the scholastic teachers from St. John's College in Belize, B. H., came up to visit us for a few days, and I went with them over the Mopan River and together we climbed to the top of the old ruin, it seems likely, before Charlemagne was in power. We peered into the odd-shaped rooms and then climbed to the very top to drink in the scene—Benque Viejo like an Alpine village at our feet and the great forbidding wild mountains of Guatemala to the south and west of us. As we stood there, the faint sound of the church bells came to us, sounding the midday Angelus. What other scenes, so different and so utterly pagan, could those old ruins describe to us if they could but speak!

SHEMBAGANUR'S MISSION SUNDAY

(Continued from page 231)

setting out of old on the stupendous task of subduing a hostile, frowning world with the message of peace in Christ, of the legions of apostles who, inspired by the vision of the Kingdom, scattered over every continent, labored in their day and fell before the vision was realized, of the great missionary Saint of the East, to whom they were themselves indebted for the Faith that was in them. Would they not join their brethren in the West in their unselfish self-surrender for Christ's sake? In conclusion, I announced that special night devotions would be held on behalf of their Protestant and pagan relations, and that I counted upon their

good will to do violence to Heaven for a speedy realization of the Kingdom in this part of India.

EVENING came; I proceeded to church, well in time, so I thought, to make the last arrangements. To my agreeable surprise, the people were beforehand. As I drew near, I could hear the prayerful hum of many voices already at their devotions. The church was nearly full; some were still coming in. I vested quickly and started the Rosary, which was taken up by the men and responded to by the women. This done, I explained the origin, purpose and conditions of membership of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Then the congregation lined up for the torchlight procession. As the procession streamed out, the children and singers first, next the men and women on either side, I looked up at the clouded sky. Black lowering masses that shut out the stars hung brooding over the still drowsy earth. Would they allow us to complete the customary circuit, I wondered? A hymn was struck up and followed by a decade

of the Rosary while the procession wound its way round the church. We had gone barely one round when big, ominous drops began to fall, the sure harbinger of a pelting downpour. So, instead of heading for the crossroad leading down the hillock, the procession was shunted back into the church. Here, amid the many-eyed candle light, the supplication continued loud, tense, instinct with apostolic yearning, which must have burst through the clouds and risen to the gemmed throne of God.

IT WAS easy to take in the symbolism of it all. Outside, cold, black encompassing night with its pitfalls and stumbling blocks, a fitting emblem of the haunting gloom of pagan ignorance, dread and prejudice. Inside, the wholesome sense of God's nearness and enfolding love, the warm, cheerful glow of the tapers, reminding one of the kindly light of Faith and of the flame of Christian charity that had drawn us together on that night. Overhead and all around us, the steady pattering rain symbolic of heavenly showers of saving grace.

Our Contributors

No turkey and "fixin's" in *Thanksgiving Day a la Eskimo* according to the account written by FATHER F. M. MENAGER, S.J., from his station at Hooper Bay, Alaska, but much happiness and gratitude to God.

BROTHER EDWARD J. BAURELIN, S.J., has been in Minadano, P. I., for five years. He knows how valuable and glorious is *A Brother's Share* in the work being done there by American missionaries and tells of it most interestingly.

For good reasons the author of the brief sketch of *Albania's Flying Mission* does not wish his name published. The difficulties to be overcome are sufficiently numerous as it is.

In *Fadder Climbs Up and Up*, FATHER JOSEPH S. KNIGHT, S.J., formerly in Kingston, now in charge of the Mission at Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I., points out a few things that the tourist misses.

How would you enjoy *Seeing Snakes at Night*? These were real snakes that FATHER JAMES R. GIBBONS, S.J., saw in Chakni, Patna, India, from which he has sent many of the splendid pictures that illustrate the pages of *Jesuit Missions*.

In *El Carnies of Benque Viejo*, FATHER ANTHONY H. COREY, S.J., Superior of the British Honduras Mission, shows how the activities of the missionary begin and end before the Tabernacle.

The very marked success of *Shembaganur's Mission Sunday* is due in no small degree to FATHER J. P. LEONARD, S.J., who often leaves his professional chair to do missionary work among the natives in southeastern India.

FATHER JOHN LAFARGE, S.J., Associate Editor of *America*, who, in *Catholic Action and the American Negro*, writes of the recent convention of Federated Colored Catholics of the United States in Detroit, has been for long a staunch and zealous promoter of Negro interests.

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

The function concluded with the litanies and a canticle in honor of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of India, and patron of the parish church. When all was over, the rain suddenly ceased; the clouds were seen drifting in thin shreds before the rising moon; and under its gentle, shimmering guidance the people found their way back to their lowly homes.

The first fruits of the Mission Sunday were not long in coming. Next day I was told that the Protestant teacher, who had been but three months in the village, wished to speak to me on religious subjects. The following day a pagan family was brought to me and was easily prevailed upon to seek peace of soul in the Church of Christ. Two other families, that had already felt the touch of grace, seem nearer to the goal.

We are glad you enjoyed the October number of *Jesuit Missions*. You must have been telling your friends about it, because the entire issue was exhausted in no time. The demand for copies still continues. If you have finished with your copy and do not intend to save it, you can help us by sending it back to us. We shall be most grateful.

Grateful Acknowledgments

Jesuit Missions gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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