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DRAW ALL THINGS TO MYSELF." (John XII, 32.)

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"Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass . . . and they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger." (Luke II; 15, 16.)



Introducing a *Brahman Jesuit*

Charles Saldanha, S.J.

At our invitation the author, now engaged in his theological studies at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., has given the following interesting account of himself for the benefit of American friends.—Editor.

THE Editor invites me to tell readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* something about myself. I welcome the invitation, for it gives me a much-desired opportunity of acknowledging publicly what American Catholics have done and are doing for me and for my companions of the missions.

I happen to be one of the first native Jesuits of India to touch American soil, and curiously enough, under God, I owe my vocation to the Society of Jesus to an American Jesuit. Perhaps I had better tell you the whole story. I had just completed my university course in India in the year 1915, and was looking forward to a career of worldly greatness, without any thought of becoming a priest, when I met Father Henry Westropp, S.J., of the Missouri Province. He had come out to India with the first band of American Jesuits lent to the Bombay-Poona Mission during the Great War. It was this meeting that wrought a complete change in my estimates of true values in life. His hunger for souls, the freshness and zeal he brought each new day to the service of God, his utter dissatisfaction with what he had done thus far, combined with his eager pressing forward to achieve something new—all this made me realize and see in actual practice that the life of the evangelical counsels was really a higher life, worthy of a man's best ambition. His Christlike charity for all, without distinction of caste or creed, Hindu or Parsee, Christian or Mohammedan, European or native, rich or poor,—this made me see my own littleness of soul. Admiration led to friendship, and we worked a great deal together at Catholic activities in the parish.

HOWEVER, I did not make up my mind to become a priest at once. A comfortable billet in a State College, a love for teaching and a delight in my favorite subject, held me bound. But now came a parting; Father Westropp went up far northeast of Bombay to join the missionaries of his own Province who had just come out to take charge of Patna Mission. We were separated by over a thousand miles, but Father Westropp never forgot his friends. He was at Goa during the Exposition of the Body of St. Francis Xavier in 1922, and came out of his way to pay me a visit. In the meantime, I was feeling more and more the emptiness of my own life. There I was, tied to a system of learning in which Religion was divorced from Education, and grace now enabled me to see clearly that I was emptying my energies into a bottomless pit, training men in mathematics without first giving them the foundations of right living and then building a solid structure on that.

The day of decision came at last. When I made up my mind to leave, it was natural that I should turn my eyes to the mission where Father Westropp was. And this is the story of how I came to join the American Jesuits of Patna, and how the many benefactors of that mission in this country have done everything for me since then.

I HAVE a dozen other Indian Jesuit companions in India. It will please your enthusiastic mission workers to know that the American Jesuit Fathers are attracting vocations from many parts of the country, particularly the South (1,500 miles from the mission) where nine-tenths of the Christians in the whole of India are located. The sacrifices poured into our country from the United States are certainly bearing much fruit. I myself belong to a Catholic Brahman family of Mangalore (about five hundred miles below Bombay), where there is a Christian colony dating back to the days of the early Portuguese missionaries, as our surnames clearly show. If I had my original Hindu family name, perhaps I might have been "Ramkrishna" instead of "Saldanha;" but Rama and Krishna are the names of two Hindu gods and the early missionaries would not leave us Hindus in name while we were Christians in reality! They wanted to wean (Turn to page 25)



OUR expedition to Ani-akchak

VENIAMINOFF

the U. S. Geological Survey, in 1922.

Crater was described in the December issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. On our return to headquarters at the Alaska Packer's Cannery, Captain C. A. Halvorson, our host, remarked that we looked somewhat the worse for wear. A month's beard did give us a ferocious expression, but razors soon restored us to normal appearance. The natives, reticent to most whites, had been told by their zealous Russian priest, Father Kasheverof, always to help the Glacier Priest, and consequently I found them very useful.

"Yes, Black Peak, she smoke!" Alexi, the Aleut chief informed us, when, with Red Chisholm, my cartographer through three years of Alaskan exploration, I went across Chignik Lagoon on the Alaska Peninsula, to get information about another unexplored crater, huge and mysterious, identified by R. H. Sargent, of

Bernard Hubbard, S.J.

Alexi said that no native had ever climbed Black Peak, as it was in the interior of the Peninsula, which the Aleuts

sedulously avoided. "Me have barabara Black Lake," he added. "You take-um." Alexi was a trapper, so the information that a native hut lay somewhere along the great lake back on the tundra of Bering Sea assured us of shelter in case of a storm.

WITH provisions and an ample supply of films, we loaded our sixteen-foot boat, and threw away some more parts of our outboard motor—finding that the more we dismantled it the better it ran. Two days travel up Chignik River and across beautiful Chignik Lake brought us to the beginning of the land trek. Our packs were again well over one hundred pounds apiece, and the going was more difficult than on the Ani-akchak trip, as our way was impeded by grass over four feet tall, swamps, and tangled alders. Mosquitoes added to the hardships, and robbed us of sleep at night. It took us five days to reach the base of Veniaminoff.

Here a bit of good fortune met us. We had intended spending a day hunting, as we had to supplement our store of food with fresh meat. But we were spared the exertion; the game hunted us. We were all sitting in our tent talking when I looked out and saw, less than 200 feet away, a herd of nine caribou. They were nibbling grass and looking toward us without the slightest fear. I caught up my Krag and had all the time in the world to take careful aim and drop the big antlered leader with one shot.

He weighed at least 600 pounds. In a convenient snow bank near by we preserved the meat, which lasted over a week.

VENIAMINOFF towered above us and seldom emerged from its covering of clouds. We broke camp twice until we lay

"Yes, Black Peak, she smoke!" Alexi, the Aleut chief informed us."





"Veniaminoff, 100 miles in circumference at its base, 8,400 feet in elevation, and with a 20 mile circumference crater, enclosing a crater glacier of 25 square miles inside 2,000 foot walls, and active in various parts!"

right under a 4,000 foot wall. Knife-like ridges extended from the crater for miles down the flanks of the volcano, enclosing broad miles-wide valleys gouged out by glaciers. Glaciers, five to six miles long, clung to the cliffs or poured out through the notches in the rim until the whole system, larger in itself than any glacier system of the Alps, assumed the form of an octopus, the body being the central mass filling the crater, and the tentacles gripping out in all directions on the volcano sides. Day after day we tried to scale these cliffs and ice falls, but they resisted all our efforts. After a last cruel twenty-hour attack on the 4,000 foot wall that lay between us and the rim of mighty Veniaminoff Crater, we hobbled back to camp, scratched, footsore, utterly spent.

"I guess we're licked," we told each other.

The exhilarating success of our conquest of Aniakchak earlier in the summer had emboldened us to try Veniaminoff. But it really was a summer's exploration in itself, and here we were, a little, unfinanced University party, with food almost gone, living on our guns, trying to include in one summer's geological work, Veniaminoff, 100 miles in circumference at its base, 8,400 feet in elevation, and with a 20 mile circumference crater, enclosing a crater glacier of 25 square miles inside 2,000 foot walls, and active in various parts!

We ate a meal of coffee, hardtack, and caribou steak, which somewhat restored our spirits. Some of the mosquitoes were blown away by the wind, and we got a few hours sleep, so at dawn we looked again at Veniaminoff's frowning walls, and we frowned back.

"Let's go around to the Bering Sea side and make one last attempt," was my proposal.

MY young giants—all three of them were well over six feet—were willing. We started, and in a day, night, and another day trek we went thirty miles up cliffs, down snowfalls, across broad valleys deeply scored into the volcano's sloping flanks, and finally

found a glacier which, steep and crevassed though it was, seemed feasible. That night, after kneeling down and praying that the weather, so uncertain in the Alaska Peninsula, would hold good another day, we stretched out on the frozen ground to get what sleep we could before attempting the climb.

At the first streak of dawn we cooked some rolled oats and coffee over our optimus stove, for we were far above the line of any vegetation, and started up the long, winding tongue of ice. The clouds cleared and the merciless sun beat down on us, blistering even our summer-tanned skins, weakening the snow bridges over the crevasses, making slush of the surface snow, and seeming to do its best to rob us of success in this, our last effort to find what lay inside Veniaminoff.

ROPING and cutting with ice axes, now and again taking to the rock cliffs to avoid dangerous ice, at last, after hours of terrific work, (Turn to page 25)

"Keeping our custom of always saying a prayer of thanksgiving before we looked at one of God's new stupendous wonders, we crept to the edge."





Note the wicked look in this young radical's eyes, and then picture the consternation of the author as he began his study of a complete list of Chinese radicals. No wonder a cold shiver ran up and down his spine.

THOSE *Chinese* Radicals!

James F. Kearney, S.J.

laughed, "but not in Chinese. You see, you have your first class in the language tomorrow, and you are going to begin with the radicals."

THAT changed everything, and my breath came easier. I didn't even mind his insinuating insult, "The Chinese have a proverb that an intelligent man will learn all the radicals in fifteen days. The rest never learn them."

Gradually he unfolded the mystery of the radicals, pointing often to the paper, which seemed to me to resemble a pictorial review of the further adventures of a grasshopper who had inadvertently stepped into a bottle of ink. It seems that the chief occupation for a student of Chinese is to hunt up meanings in the dictionary for every new Chinese character. China is a land of mystery, and should naturally have a mysterious language. Someone has even said that one reason the Chinese worship their ancestors is because these worthy gentlemen cunningly hid the meaning of their words from prying foreigners by means of unbelievably baffling characters. But here is where the radicals enter. They are a bunch of keys to solve the mysteries.

"The Radical," says my primer, "should give a clue to the meaning of a character." And again, "It may be at the top, or at the bottom; on the left, on the right, surrounding it, or in the middle of it, or partially surrounding it; or sometimes it is mixed up in a general sort of way with the phonetic." In a word, to get at the meaning of a Chinese character is somewhat like reading a detective novel, except that it takes far longer to solve the oriental mystery.

FOR instance, suppose I find a Chinese character that looks to an outsider like a stubby little pagoda, with three eyes, and a little bow-legged, angrily facing a university co-ed dressed in cap and gown. The little pagoda is the character that will give me the clue—only the clue.



THE first character in the first lesson of my Mandarin primer looked to my unaccustomed eyes like a trained auk sitting up on its tail and dexterously flipping a gigantic pancake. Suddenly there was an ominous knock at the door.

"*Tsing leh!*" I called out in broken Chinese.

"Here," came in a sepulchral voice from the young man who entered, "is a complete list of Chinese radicals."

A cold shiver ran up and down my spine. I recalled at once the Lazarist Father who told me on my second day in Shanghai how he had seen the devilish work of these Chinese radicals, had seen them rip the hearts out of their victims in public, had gazed so often on headless bodies floating down their rivers that the sight no longer moved him. I thought of the Jesuit missionary they had buried alive for hours just to frighten him, leaving only a tiny hole for him to breathe through, till his nerves were quite shattered when they finally let him out. And I thought of the other priest whom they had forbidden to say Mass in a certain village; he said it anyway, but when he left the church afterwards they lined up on either side of his path and peppered the ground near his feet as he walked along, trying vainly to frighten him. So here was a complete list of these radicals! Probably every missionary was furnished with one to help him keep out of trouble as long as possible.

"You will find many interesting characters on the list," said my friend meaningly. "There are 214 in all."

I thanked him profusely for his kindness, but wondered vaguely just how it was possible to know the names of all the radicals.

"Are there only 214 radicals in China?" I ventured, rather puzzled. "I thought the country was full of them just now."

"There are more than that in China, of course," he

you understand—to the significance of this remarkably intriguing combination. With my spyglass in one hand and all the detective stories of S. S. Van Dyne as a reference library in the other, I begin to shadow one by one the various characters given in my list of radicals, to see if any answer to the description of a pagoda.

"Ah! There it is already. Radical number 167, with eight strokes!"

Unfortunately, after several hours I find I have been poling down the wrong canal. This particular pagoda doesn't quite fit. It has no three eyes, and besides, it is not bow-legged; in fact, it has no legs at all. Why didn't I notice all that before? It would have saved many weary hours. However, . . . we get the bloodhounds on the scent again.

"Fine! Number 184, nine strokes, has an eye. Oh, rats! I'm looking for a three-eyed pagoda; this has only one."

Many moons pass. You remember how Evangeline pursued the young man through all the middle western states, finally

catching up to him in an eastern hospital, and saying, "Gabriel, O my beloved?" Even so, one day, "at the hour of the rat," as the natives express it, my list of radicals slipped off the desk, opened calmly at the last page, and there was the long lost three-eyed pagoda, still a little bow-legged; and I breathed out a eureka. It was a number 214, with seventeen strokes; but I had long before forgotten the word to the meaning of which this radical was supposed to furnish a clue!

"You see," philosophized my professor, "if you had studied your radicals properly you would have known immediately where to find this one."

But take a look at some of these radicals yourself. Doesn't that number three remind you of the silhouette of an explosion in a chopstick factory? And its neigh-

bor seems to have been a custard pie, before it was struck by a bolt of Chinese lightning. The other day I was walking down through the French Concession, and remarked that the following radical, number five, appears to be a blood-brother of some of the barbed wire entanglements left there after the recent revolutionary trouble. Its neighbor might well be the work of a futur-

istic artist depicting the nightmares of an opium eater; while the last one would pass for the remains of a jelly-fish which had missed the traffic signal along the Bund and been run over by a fleet of rickshaws. Do you wonder that I have not yet learned all of the 214 radicals?

I assure you, this is no laughing matter. The language is the first great trial of the "Frosh" missionary in China; and I was strongly tempted to take up work among the deaf and dumb pagans, till I found that their language is even more complicated. How I long for the good old days when we used to study Hebrew. Would

you believe it, I once thought that language was hard!

However, they used to say that "where there is a will there is a way," so I suppose that with some more cheerful detective work we shall solve the mystery of these Chinese radicals. Mr. John F. Magner, S.J., my Jesuit companion to China this year, is sharing my ups and downs at this new work of mastering Chinese. While our fellow American Jesuits who preceded us to China from California the last two years are engaged in their apostolic works—and also smiling at our language difficulties,—we are plugging away here at Zi-ka-wei. Before winding up my little story of Chinese radicals, by the way, let me tell you that Zi-ka-wei is one of the oldest and largest centers of Catholic mission life in the Orient, ten minutes ride by auto from the heart of Shanghai.



The Padre OF THE Bells

Bernard F. Abeling, S.J.



"Why bells? Trust the old missionary of the North; (Father Louis Newell, S.J.) he knows."

FATHER LOUIS NEWELL, S.J., the subject of my story, has been stationed these twenty-seven years in the north of our British Honduras Mission. He speaks Spanish and Maya, having learned both languages here. A few months ago when I first arrived in Corozal, there came to our residence an elderly Indian woman and her grown daughter who wanted to speak to the Padre.

"Bago lu pu wamu kik ke," she said with a kindly smile. Anyhow, it sounded something like that to me.

"Hm, hm," said I scenting trouble, "Señora, no habla Usted Español?"

"Bago lu pu wamu kik ke,"—and a few more words to the same effect. I looked to the younger woman, hoping she could explain matters.

"You spik a da English?" said I, "Habla Usted Español?"

She was as bad as the mother. All three of us had to laugh at this curious impasse. However, it was not a check-mate. There was a way out.

"Their brazen tongues announce to the people the time of Mass, the time for Doctrina, the hour for the evening Novena."



"Father Newell!" I cried, "Come down, please." When he arrived he shook hands with the pair, said a few words which sounded just as bad as theirs, and in a jiffy the matter was settled between them. It was a Baptism and the matter of *padrinos* was arranged.

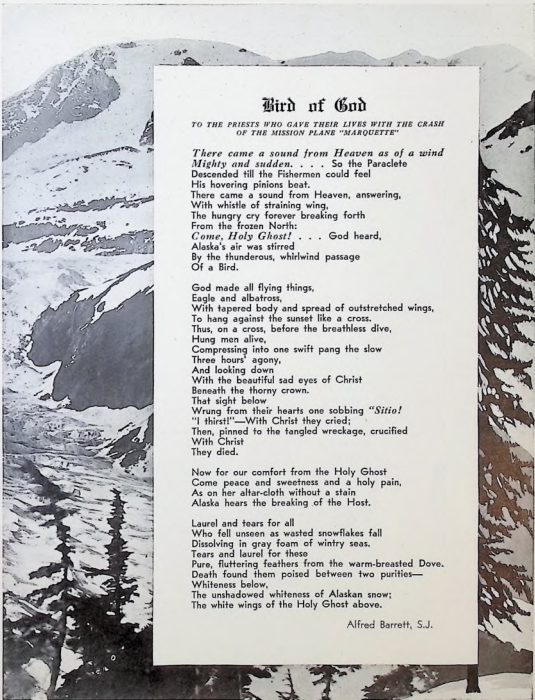
A SHORT time ago, up in Corozal, the District Commissioner said to me,

"I say, Father Newell is surely a wizard, isn't he?"

"What's happened now?" I asked.

"Well, this morning I wanted to find out some details about a prisoner here, and I called on Father Newell to get the name of the young man's parents. Of course, he gave me them and much more that was helpful. I wonder how he does it? Generally without hesitation he gives me the father's and mother's names, tells me if they are married, or when they married, how many children they have and their names. And that," continued the Commissioner, "does not mean only this town of Corozal, but includes Xaibe, Pachakan, Paraiso, Aventura,"

(Continued on page 25)



Bird of God

TO THE PRIESTS WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES WITH THE CRASH
OF THE MISSION PLANE "MARQUETTE"

*There came a sound from Heaven as of a wind
Mighty and sudden. . . . So the Paraclete
Descended till the Fishermen could feel
His hovering pinions beat.
There came a sound from Heaven, answering,
With whistle of straining wing,
The hungry cry forever breaking forth
From the frozen North:
Come, Holy Ghost! . . . God heard,
Alaska's air was stirred
By the thunderous, whirlwind passage
Of a Bird.*

God made all flying things,
Eagle and albatross,
With tapered body and spread of outstretched wings,
To hang against the sunset like a cross.
Thus, on a cross, before the breathless dive,
Hung men alive,
Compressing into one swift pang the slow
Three hours' agony,
And looking down
With the beautiful sad eyes of Christ
Beneath the thorny crown.
That sight below
Wrung from their hearts one sobbing "*Sitio!*"
"I thirst!"—With Christ they cried;
Then, pinned to the tangled wreckage, crucified
With Christ
They died.

Now for our comfort from the Holy Ghost
Come peace and sweetness and a holy pain,
As on her altar-cloth without a stain
Alaska hears the breaking of the Host.

Laurel and tears for all
Who fell unseen as wasted snowflakes fall
Dissolving in gray foam of wintry seas.
Tears and laurel for these
Pure, fluttering feathers from the warm-breasted Dove.
Death found them poised between two purities—
Whiteness below,
The unshadowed whiteness of Alaskan snow;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost above.

Alfred Barrett, S.J.

TWENTY Square Miles

Charles F. Arnold, S.J.



Two fishermen compare notes. James McCoy (the name is all that's Irish about him) goes down to the sea in ships. Father Charles F. Arnold, S.J., does his 'fishing' in the Bush.

THE feast of St. Francis Xavier is a most propitious day on which to arrive in a mission land, and the feast of the Immaculate Conception, an even better one to be assigned to one's mission. It was my good fortune that these two dates marked my arrival in Jamaica, B. W. L., and my assignment to the mission of Spanish Town. Certainly I had need to rely on such auguries, for the Very Reverend Father Superior bade me godspeed to my mission with these words, "All your churches, four in number, and your house are in sad need of repair. See what you can do, and also get a car to get around in better." I found out later that, with the idea, no doubt, of not discouraging me too much, he failed to tell me that the school too was in a dangerously dilapidated condition.

That was about two years ago. Now the four churches are in good repair, neat and clean. Of course, I know that our Lord was born in a stable, but only after He could find no more convenient or suitable shelter. So now He will come down upon our altars no matter how poor and wretched they are, but it remains our duty to keep the House of God at least decent and clean. Just now the school is under repair. It is an expensive project, but I put my trust in God and in good St. Joseph, the Patron of my prin-

cipal church—haven't I already mentioned the splendid auspices of my arrival here?

Let me lay out my mission for you in a general view first. Then we can travel around to the different stations. My headquarters are here at Spanish Town, about twelve miles from Kingston, up in the hills. In the twenty square miles of territory that lie within my parish I have three stations, Old Harbour and Port Henderson on the coast and Gregory Park on the road to Kingston. The general problem is to make the thousands of baptized Catholics, Catholics by practise as well as by Baptism, and this demands perseverance and patience.

THERE is plenty of variety to the work here at Spanish Town, the one place where Mass is said every Sunday. Besides the church, I have a school with over three hundred children taught by two Sisters of Mercy and seven lay teachers. This I consider my most important work. During these past two years we received exceedingly favorable reports from the Department of Education, so I feel we are making progress. I'm afraid I undertook a bit too much in attempting to repair the school premises. The (Turn to page 26)



A little box of Jamaican chocolate drops.

Hei! Lo! Palni!

A. S. Pettit, S.J.



"And we came out and were garlanded and bedecked and, as you see, photographed, band and all."

A FRIEND of mine said to me, "What is the use of stepping off your train for only an hour or two? You can see nothing in two hours' time. But by all means get off at Palni."

Such was the advice given me when I was leaving Mangalore and the All India Catholic Conference. I disobeyed the first part and saw much. Sometimes our eyes are more than ordinarily alert! But I followed the latter part of the advice, and got out of the train at Palni.

It was with difficulty that I communicated my desires to the Tamilian driver of the breakneck bullock cart. He landed me at a rather Indian looking church which was surmounted by a cross. I knew I was right. Out came a stocky, grey-bearded, white-cassocked, smiling faced man, with a hearty greeting and as hearty a "Who are you?" I felt at home at once. Though the thousands round about have not yet fully comprehended it, (They will though!) I had found the very heart of Palni.

I SAID my Mass in the little church. St. Michael is its patron. It hardly needed the name to assure me that I was in an outpost station, not in the front lines only—no, in the enemy's territory. After Mass I came out and looked around. There, in front, a citadel on a high hill, was one of the most famous strongholds of Hinduism in India, Palni's Hindu Temple. Below, facing it, small and insignificant, a boy with a sling shot in comparison, was the church of our defender in battle, St. Michael, the Archangel.

And with the courage of Christ, going about doing good, and preaching the Gospel in season and out of season, is the missionary in charge, Father Marie Louis, S.J. Poverty. Charity. Zeal. Good Cheer.

You have the "Hei" of Palni right there, —worthy of your prayer and your charity.

Various messengers were sent out while I knawed away at bread that had not the semblance of moisture left in it, and drank of a generous bowl of coffee. I only under-

stood the meaning of the messengers when I had actually climbed the hill.

FATHER MARIE LOUIS set out with me. Down we crouched in the cart. At the foot of the hill we got out and started the climb. There were nine hundred stone steps to ascend before we stood at the door of the temple. Father is older than I, but he did not want to stop as often as I in that climb.

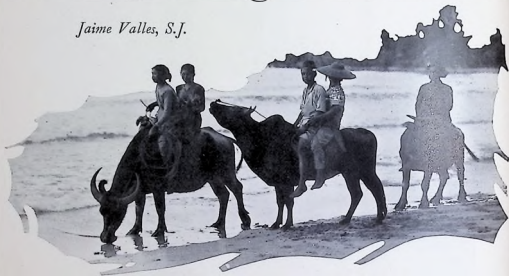
A band, Indian and noisy, met us at the top. That was only one of the honors which awaited us—the result of the messengers' journeys. We walked around the outside of an edifice that grew at the cost of labor that we wish had been spent in a better cause. In we went also, shoeless, lest the skins of animals defile the precincts which have the name of being sacred—a name as empty as name could be. And the band blared and the Brahmans gathered round as we progressed. We ended at the entrance to the innermost shrine. Into this even our honored selves could not go. But before us went a Brahman who with a smoking torch illuminated carefully the outlines of the idol that stands for a god. And we came out and were garlanded and bedecked and, as you see, photographed, band and all.

There had been beggars along the way, numbers of them. Venders too. Monkeys also. And in the temple, Brahman priests. Is it that our eyes are bound, or is it really true that there was nowhere among them a spiritual-looking face? While we would like to be fair in our judgment, really the conclusion we come to would make us sad—at the "low" of Palni, up on the hill—were we not looking down at the "high" beneath, at St. Michael, the Archangel, with his spear raised, dauntless, and behind him, in the lonely Tabernacle, at Christ the eternal King, vigilant and undaunted, too.



From *Failing* HANDS

Jaime Valles, S.J.



Children's hour—on the shores of the loud sounding sea.

This brief account of one of the many apostolic journeys of a Spanish Jesuit in Mindanao, P. I., was forwarded to us by the Superior of the Mission. The plain unadorned statement reveals with startling vividness the rich harvest of souls awaiting the reaper, and how few, pitifully few, are the laborers to gather it. It is a call to a Xavier-like missionary life to brave hearts in America.—*Editor.*

THE following is an account of a short apostolic excursion I recently made through the villages connected with this extensive and laborious mission of Dapitan, Zamboanga Province, Mindanao, P. I.

I set out on August fourth for Ilaya where the villagers were making a novena to their Patron, St. Lorenzo. I was moved to go there because I wanted to teach catechism to the children and get them to confession. For four and a half months these people had not had Mass, while for two years nobody had prepared any of their children for first Communion. I experienced great consolations as I taught catechism to about eighty children three times a day. On Saturday, the ninth, we celebrated the feast of the Sacred Heart; thirty-two people received Holy Communion for the first time, and about forty members of the Apostolate also approached the Holy Table. The following day, and also on Monday, when a Solemn Mass was celebrated for the souls of the departed, a goodly number received Communion.

Good for Ilaya! During my stay I baptized thirty-five small children and a girl of fifteen years who for a long time belonged to the Aglipayan sect in the province of Negros. She asked me to baptize her that she might become a Roman Catholic.

ON the eleventh, about nine o'clock in the morning, I undertook a difficult trip across the river as far as Tolong, where we arrived at about one o'clock in the afternoon. In this place I began by baptizing an infant. Then, accompanied by two men, I set out on foot, going up hill and down until we reached Morong where the people are constructing a chapel. Here I regenerated in the saving waters of Baptism three infants. One little fellow of seven years of age ran away, like a devil from the crucifix, when he first saw me, but I won him over with a holy picture, and finding that he belonged to Aglipayan parents, I obtained his mother's permission to baptize him.

Finished with these Baptisms, I then set out in company with two small boys for Sibutad, where I arrived after a hike that lasted from nine in the morning to four-thirty in the afternoon. I could do little that day, and as the church lacked half of its roof we had to put off the celebration of the feast of St. Philomena until the twenty-seventh. Accordingly, on the next day I left this town for Caluya with some of the people of the town who had come to accompany me. We started out at six-thirty in the morning in a shakly little boat, and thanks to the favorable winds we arrived in Caluya at eleven o'clock. At once the people gathered for Baptism and rosary. I managed to baptize on that day and the following some thirty-six, of whom not a few were already two or three years old. It had been more than a year since any priest had visited this village. When the people of the town of Diyoyo found out that I was in Caluya they came to me to beg me to come and say Mass

for them on the fifteenth, Assumption Day. Who could deny them such a request, seeing that they had not had a chance to hear Mass for a year? So, made truly happy by the sight of the simplicity of these good people who had never met me before, I left Caluya in company with the town band of Diyoyo. In Diyoyo I found a very neat little house for the priest, and a little chapel of zinc. Both had been constructed by the people themselves in 1929. The sight of these gave me no little consolation, as it evidenced the sincerity of their desires to have religious services and perform their religious duties.

THE morning of the Assumption I got up at three-thirty, but as I stood on my feet I had one of my old weak spells and fell senseless on the floor, hurting my sides and knees not a little. I thought this might be the last attack, and so I offered my life to Our Lord and the Blessed Mother, but gradually my senses came back, and after I had dressed myself I sat down on a chair to make my meditation. Afterwards I took a short walk around the chapel, and then summoned the people of the town to Mass during which I gave them a sermon on the Blessed Virgin, and after Mass baptized a number of children. As I set out from the town on my jaunt to Punta Solong, a town five kilometers away, the leading men of Diyoyo and the town orchestra accompanied me and stayed with me till I reached my destination.

Punta Solong has as its Patron the glorious Saint Roque. This year the people had erected a small chapel with a roof of zinc, and had prepared as best their poverty would allow for the patronal feast day. The number of people from the neighborhood that gathered in the town for the celebration of the feast was a surprise to me, and I had the consolation of baptizing ninety-nine children. The parents of many of them had walked in some cases for a distance of as much as nine miles. I could not but feel compassion for these poor people thus

"I found...a little chapel of zinc. The sight...evidenced the sincerity of their desires to have religious services and perform their religious duties."



Dolls from Philadelphia bring joy to Filipinas

spiritually abandoned for a whole year while living among so many dangers to their Faith. I preached to them a number of times, and taught catechism to the children. On the following Sunday I was able to marry some couples who had been married civilly. They came to me Sunday morning after my Mass to be married in the Church. I also baptized some late-comers that morning and then set out in a row-boat for another town with the intention of catching a launch there on Monday for Dapitan and home.

THERE is always plenty of work to be done in these towns, especially when one's stay is only a matter of hours. Very shortly after I reached the rectory (if you may dignify it by such a name) a man called to ask me if I was going to hold Baptisms. "Yes," I answered, "and, moreover, if you have been married civilly, then bring your wife along also when you are bringing the baby, and before I baptize the youngster I'll marry you two." Within half an hour he was back with his lady love and the baby and I fixed up both parents and offspring. They must have told the neighbors, because near seven o'clock that evening, as the boys were getting some supper ready for me while I was resting a bit in a chair, a woman's voice came up the stairs from down below, "Pari, Pari (Father, Father)!" "Yes, here I am; what is the trouble?" I called down to her. "Can I come with my husband so the Pari can marry us?" Of course, I told her to come tired though I was. The pair came (Turn to page 27)



WHILE we have vivid with us the memory of the birth of Christ depicted at the crib setting of every Catholic Church, we may opportunely review the progress made by the American Jesuits in their portion of that work of salvation which Christ visibly began by His inspiring and humble birth among us.

Redemption for man and mankind means that all men, individually and collectively, were purchased from the slavery of sin with the Blood of Christ. There is not a region so remote, no corner so hidden or inaccessible as to exclude one immortal soul from the salvation of Christ. The message of the Christmas angel affirms this universal boon: "Good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people." The *Pax Christi*, the peaceful kiss of the Infant Christ, that, for the first time since Adam, is offered to all the peoples of the world, to brown, black, yellow, red and white, near and remote, believer and pagan.

WE emphasize this universal character of the mission of Christ because, through a special kindness of our Lord, it has fallen to the lot of the American Jesuits to be permitted to labor among representatives of each of the five races of men. On this blessed Christmas day, North American Jesuits are bringing the supreme Christmas gift, the Holy Eucharist, to the dying tribes of red men in our northwestern and western States and Canada, and to the Indians and Eskimos of frozen-in Alaska. Upon the yellow men of China, torn right and left by civil wars, with their souls pillaged more thoroughly by the devastation of paganism, North American Jesuits are bestowing the peace and knowledge of the Child of Bethlehem. Nine million brown men in the Philippine Islands are yearning today for their Christmas Mass that is not to be. Jesuits from America are endeavoring to

supply the places of the hundreds of priests that America should long ago have sent to her Catholic ward. White in racial traits if not in color, millions and millions of the inhabitants of India remain steeped in the



Distribution of missionary priests in various countries.



Sheep at

Joseph

most obstinate paganism. Especially among the aborigines of the Patna district, American priests and scholastics of the Society of Jesus are storming Heaven by work and prayer to win for their efforts the crown of abundant conversions. Finally, to the poorest of God's poor black people, in Jamaica, B.W.I., and to the natives of British Honduras, American Jesuits are carrying the tidings of great joy, longing ever to bring to the Cribside new sheep of the scattered Fold.

Acknowledging ever the gracious help of the Divine Missionary Himself, and inspired by the increasingly strong home support, the missionaries in each of these great fields can offer to the Infant Jesus at this time a Christmas gift of really wonderful achievements. It is no small praise to record that apostolic work among the American Indians has reached a point of perfection that can be surpassed only by a wider expansion of the

whole concept of their evangelization. Yet this is true in many nations. The Indian Catholic schools are crowded to capacity—beyond capacity, if we follow the findings of the U. S. Indian officials. And as for the older braves—the spirit of piety and devotion to the sacraments prevalent among them is the joy and the consoling reward of the Fathers of the Middle States and California Province and Canada.

THE progress in Alaska, and the determination of the Fathers of the California Province to urge it further, was boldly demonstrated by the acquisition of an airplane for use in that mission. The plane, the "Marquette," gift of the Marquette League of New York, the first to be accepted by any American Jesuit mission, flew triumphantly from New York to Seattle, whence it was taken to Alaska and put to regular mission transport service. That it met a tragic end, carrying to destruction the Superior of the mission, Very Rev. Philip I. Delon, S.J., and another zealous missionary, is sad, but does not in the least detract from the daring and enduring service that the bishop, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Crimont, S.J., and the Fathers have continually given to their "most difficult of missions."

The new apostolate of the Jesuits of the California Province in China is prospering and is to continue despite the incessant wars. This is proven by the increased number of missionaries that have been sent there. Besides conducting a flourishing college at Nanking, the capital, a new college is being opened at Shanghai. China, at present, is a land of perplexities with its changing wars and opinions. From it all, nursed and nurtured by the Catholic priests and Sisters, there may bloom the flower of Christianity for which St. Francis Xavier prayed and planned. In China, too, a valiant band of Canadian Jesuits is assisting the Fathers of the French Province.



The Cribside



Smith, S.J.



The world
parily
converted to
Christ in
1931.

THE Jesuit missions in the Philippine Islands suffered in the recent death of the Superior, Very Rev. James J. Carlin, S. J. Under his encouragement and wise counsel, the Ateneo de Manila, the Catholic college and high school, has risen to an eminent educational position, while his influence has never been absent from the apostolic campaign that is going on so splendidly in the island of Mindanao. Indicative of the persistent labors of the missionaries there, parochial schools are opening as rapidly as resources permit, and the ancient faith is coming back to its own, to the joy of the Fathers of the Maryland-New York Province. The report of the Rev. Joachim Villalonga, S.J., Papal Visitor to the Islands, promises to direct wisely the further advance of the spiritual life of the Filipinos.

The Patna Mission in India joyfully marked its advance in the completion and the success of the new high school at Bettiah, the gift

of an anonymous American benefactress. Without doubt, the Catholic influence of this school is going to be far-reaching in a land that is eagerly accepting every chance for advancement. The American bishop, Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., gives glowing accounts, too, of the progress of the apostolate among the natives and especially among the Santals. This great work is only beginning, but if prayer and labor mean anything it will develop into one of the great conversion movements of our time. To this purpose more scholastics and Fathers of the Missouri and Chicago Provinces are being detailed to India every year.

JAMAICA, B. W. I., once again rejoices. Only a few years back this mission felt a similar joy when the Rt. Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., was appointed Vicar Apostolic. He had only begun a glorious work when serious ill health overtook him and he had to return to America and resign the post to which he gave too abundantly of his energies and solitude. But now a new bishop has come, Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., like Bishop Dinand an old Jamaica missionary, to continue the many activities of his predecessor and to bring new energy and enthusiasm to this tropical mission of the New England Province.

The grand old man of the Missouri Province in charge of its mission in Belize, British Honduras, Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., certainly keeps his Vicariate ever on the move forward. St. John's College is prospering and growing; the mission stations in the "bush" are ever widening their field of influence; and the Fathers are gaining a priestly prestige throughout the mission that indicates the great amount of energy and zeal that is going into this field. So, too, in our southern States, the work is going forward. That special plan of

evangelization begun several years ago is working out in splendid fashion. Quietly, of course, for the purpose is not to frighten by grand display, yet effectively the word of God is being spread among the people of the hills of the Carolinas and of Georgia.

THUS each of the Provinces of the Society of Jesus in North America is contributing a considerable share to America's growing work for the home and foreign missions. Proof of the special help of the Harvest Master, these accomplishments are being made with relatively few missionaries. Of a total of 4,698 North American Jesuits, 366 are engaged directly in the mission fields: 108 among American and Canadian Indians; 36 in Alaska; 24 in China; 61 in the Philippine Islands; 34 in India; 31 in Jamaica; 38 in British Honduras; and 34 in scattered missions. To what extent this great progress can continue depends ultimately upon our American Catholics who have been largely responsible for past success. Whether they have given as generously to the Faith as the Faith was given to them by other missionaries, we leave to God to decide. Assuredly though, all future American mission endeavor rests upon their whole-hearted cooperation. They must give to their boys and girls that early Catholic home training that will prepare the soil for the seed of vocation to the priesthood and Sisterhood, if the Master be pleased so to scatter His seed. If not of their own flesh and blood, they must give generously of their substance to equip the missionaries, mentally and physically, both before and after their call to the field of harvest. Without this and the help of constant prayer, the ambitions of Christ must long be delayed; and for a longer time the Christ Child must lie in the Crib, yearning still for hearts that have not heard the angels' song—hearts to which He longs and prays to give the kiss of Christmas peace intended for each and all.

May the efforts and prayers of American Catholics soon bring it about that Christ's reign of grace and charity may spread to more and more pagan hearts during the coming year.



Distribution of missionary Sisters in various countries.



JESUIT MISSIONS

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To All Our Readers

Happy New Year!—happy in the blessings of God on yourselves and your dear ones; happy in the graces you are winning for the missionaries by your prayers and sacrifices; happy in the certainty that thereby thousands of souls in distant lands will be brought to know and love your Infant Saviour this coming year. The Editors.



Mission Year in Prospect

ECONOMISTS, financiers and business men of every field will be busy these days hopefully promising us greater prosperity in 1931. May their forecasts be correct! Relief at home will undoubtedly mean greater help to the missions which have suffered because of financial difficulties in the western world.

Certainly the missions of the Church look to a prosperous year ahead, a year that will bring more and more souls into the Church of Christ. Missionaries at work in various mission fields are stirred with a zeal to push out the front ranks further and further in their struggle for Heaven's Kingdom. At home in America, Europe and other countries, mission interest is spreading and will manifest itself by increased numbers of vocations, more prayers and sacrifices and, where possible, more financial aid.

Afield, the missions are reporting an increase of Catholics almost everywhere. India and China, though torn by civil unrest, are showing consoling growth. The return to the Catholic Church of the Jacobite schismatics of South India is alone a distinct mark of missionary progress. In the north of India, too, notable progress is recorded in Patna and Chota Nagpur, to mention only two of India's many missions. In the Philippine Islands

greater and keener organization is manifest in the work of saving for the Faith the only Catholic nation of the Orient. In the many other islands scattered in the southern seas, most encouraging work is going on. Japan, with its Catholic University of Tokio enlarging its program of activities, and its militantly active Catholicity keenly alert in various missions, looks for greater progress in the near future. And what is true of the missions of the East is true as well of the missions of the West, whether we consider those of Alaska, Canada and the American Indians, or those of Central and South America. The vast continent of Africa, too, is widening its mission program and the workers there are bringing more and more of Africa's Negroes into the True Fold.

Manifestly, God is blessing the work of the missions. Let us hope and pray that each month of the new year will show an addition in the number of outgoing missionaries, newer and greater enthusiasm at home in the cause of the missions, manifested by prayer, sacrifice and financial aid, and an increase in the number of converts to console the missionaries at work in the field, and above all to console the Sacred Heart of the Master Missionary of all times.

Church Unity Octave

ONCE more we wish to call the attention of our Catholic people to the Church Unity Octave, so striking in its history and so distinctly missionary in its aim.

Some years ago a group of non-Catholics began eight days of special prayer for the union of Christendom. Their prayer began on January 18 and continued until January 25. The first of these days is the feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, the last day is the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Ten years after the organization of this group, eighteen of its members entered the Catholic Church.

Once Catholic, this group took up energetically the work of spreading the Octave of prayer for unity. So successful have been their efforts that more than one thousand prelates of the Church have signed a petition to the Holy Father that the observance of this Octave be made universal, like May devotions to our Lady.

The form of prayer prescribed for the Octave is:

Antiphon: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." St. John xvii, 21.

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles, Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, regard not our sins, but the Faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

(Under the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence is granted on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, and a further grant of two hundred days is extended to those of the Faithful who simply join in the devotions piously. Benedict XV, Feb. 25, 1916.)

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 36. Salisbury, South Rhodesia, Africa.



Domestic Science mingles happily with the Science of the Saints among aspirants to the Sisterhood in Southern Rhodesia.

THE Prefecture Apostolic of Zambesi, which embraced practically the whole of Rhodesia, was divided in 1892 into two missions. The northern part was placed in charge of Polish Jesuits and the southern in charge of English Jesuits. In 1927 the increase in the number of Catholics necessitated an ecclesiastical division of the Prefecture. Northern Rhodesia became the Prefecture Apostolic of Broken Hill, Southern Rhodesia became the Prefecture Apostolic of Salisbury with the Rt. Rev. Robert Brown, S.J., as Prefect Apostolic. Together with English Jesuits, the Marianhill Fathers, an offshoot of the Trappists, have been working in Rhodesia for many years. The advance of the Faith has recently, in May 1930, necessitated a reorganization whereby the Marianhill Fathers take charge of all the stations in Mashonaland, while the missionaries of the Society of Jesus man all the stations in Matabeleland. Both these territories, which make up the whole of Southern Rhodesia, remain under the jurisdiction of the Prefect Apostolic, the Rt. Rev. Robert Brown, S.J. In the Prefecture at present there are 60 priests and 33 lay Brothers of the Society of Jesus, and 204 Sisters, who care for a Catholic population of 23,500 and 5,475 catechumens in a population of about 1,070,000 souls.

THE only church to which the term *orthodox*,—right believer—legitimately belongs is, of course, the Church founded by Our Lord, Jesus Christ,—the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church,—whose head is the Pope of Rome, and which is known today throughout the world as the Catholic Church.

When the Holy Father, therefore, asks us to pray this month for the return of the Orthodox Churches to Catholic Unity,—the term *Orthodox Churches* is used in a technical sense, as the name given to a body of Christians who use the Byzantine Rite in various languages and are in union with the Patriarch of Constantinople but in schism with the Pope of Rome. It is made up of the patriarchates of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, and the Church of Cyprus,

THE MISSION INTENTION for JANUARY

The Return of the Orthodox Churches to Catholic Unity

and the six national Churches of Russia, Greece, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, and Bulgaria, together with some smaller groups in eastern Europe. The total number of Orthodox Christians in the world is estimated variously as 95 to 100 millions.

Today, there is a great conflict going on in these countries, especially in Russia, between the forces of religion and atheism. The old Orthodox faith, cut off for the past ten centuries from the source of truth and unity, and practically identified with political governments, is crumbling to pieces under repeated assaults. Many of the religious minded people are finding refuge in the Catholic Church. It is to bring God's grace to the millions of other souls that we are asked to pray this month.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PATNA, INDIA

Patna Mission has been sending forth its call for more and more missionaries in a soul-stirring appeal, and it is hoped that the time is not far distant when more American priests will come to share in the giant task being done by the brave Americans at work in this mission.

Father A. Forster, S.J., who has done such thorough work in Patna Mission during the past years, was recently compelled by fever to go to the hill country around Darjeeling. Latest reports bring the consoling news that he is rid of his fever and has returned to his work at Chuhari.

Mr. Marian Batson, S.J., who is making his philosophical studies at Shambaganur in the Madura District, reports that the American Jesuit scholastics who are with him there are all well and working hard at their studies in preparation for the actual mission work for which they are destined in Patna Mission. Their many friends

in America will be glad to hear that they are all doing so well.

Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, though seriously vexed by many problems, financially and otherwise, in his gigantic task in Patna Mission, finds that he receives very consoling help from the authorities in one part of his mission, namely, at Bettiah, the most thoroughly organized Christian section of the mission:

"You will, I know, rejoice with us to know that when I called on the Manager of the Bettiah Raj last week, he very graciously wrote out, then and there, before we had turned a spade for the building or hauled a brick, a check in a princely fashion—no 'strings' attached.

"In order to play safe in these difficult times, we shall cut down the size of the building, and shall provide accommodations for fifty boys instead of eighty, thus enabling us to complete proper equipment within the amount given.

"But there is more good news. Last

evening's mail brought word from the Commissioner (highest civil officer) in North Bihar under the Governor, that Rs. 2,000 have been sanctioned as aid for the High School building.

"All this certainly is wonderfully good. But the fact remains that the next two years, 1931 and '32 will probably continue to be years of financial distress. But, please God, the school will be able to care for itself after two years.

"Other blessings have come also. Four very acceptable candidates for the priesthood in the Society of Jesus (all native—two from Travancore and two from Mangalore) were sent to the novitiate this year. Two more promising boys are just beginning their 'try out' here. I am likewise accepting what I consider a very desirable Brother candidate this week.

"And so the work runs on. The Santal field, too, is yielding a beautiful harvest. If converts are not as numerous as our men would wish, yet they make up for number, I trust, by quality. Delightful people they are, and we see no reason why the work should not go on, gradually winning almost all—if we do not have to call a halt for want of priests and money. But I am sure the Lord will provide. That 'Mountain of Prayer' offered up by our friends has already borne such abundant fruit. Pray for me and our men and our twenty-five million pagans and Mohammedans. It rests like a mountain on me, to know how very, very little we are doing for the twenty-four and one-half million of these natives."

Though the general changes have not as yet been announced for the year 1931, there are some that have already been given out. Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., who has just completed his Tertianship, will take up his work at Chakri Mission from which he hopes to branch out for wider work among the Oraons. Richard T. Mehren, S.J., is to work among the Santals at the school at Bhagalpur. Father Edward J. O'Leary, S.J., will help in several missions until the various appointments have been made for the coming year.

A writer in the Patna Mission Letter for November tells of the new chapel to Christ King:



"No monkey shines now," but no doubt there will be in this group of young American Jesuits in Bettiah, Patna, India. (Left to right standing) Richard Wolfe, S.J., Richard Mehren, S.J., Father Leon Foster, S.J., Father George Dertinger, S.J., and John Morrison, S.J.; (in front) Marshall Moran, S.J., and Charles Bannot, S.J.

"On the Feast of Christ King we shall have the formal 'laying of the first stone' for our new Chapel to Christ King, another gift of our devoted Benefactress which she is erecting as a Memorial Chapel to her departed loved ones. Though the work on the foundation has been in progress for some time, the formal ceremony of beginning the work was reserved for this feast. Thanks to the generosity of the donor, the chapel, which will measure seventy-six by forty-four feet, will be a worthy central edifice for the group of buildings which, please God, will one day cluster about this modest yet dignified palace of *Jesu Khrist Raja*, to whom our school is dedicated. Like the high school building, so the chapel too, will be almost severely plain, yet—as far as we can judge from the plans—extremely pleasing.

CHINA

The California Jesuits in China now number nine: four priests and five scholastics. **Father Moore** and **Messrs. Corcoran and Rouleau** are teaching at the Aurora University, Shanghai; **Father Lennon** is assisting at the Sacred Heart Church, Shanghai; **Father McGreal** is teaching at Ricci College, Nanking. At Zi-ka-wei are **Father Kearney** and **Mr. Magner** studying Chinese, **Mr. Simons** studying theology, and **Mr. Phillips** teaching in St. Ignatius College.

The American Jesuit College in Shanghai is not yet a reality, although the missionaries have hopes of opening it for the second semester of this year.



Chasing Chinese "radicals" in the pages of dictionaries and grammars is the present task of **John F. Magner, S.J.**, (left) and **Father James F. Kearney, S.J.**, (right) from the California Province now at Zi-ka-wei, China.

Father Pius Moore, S.J., wrote June 20:

"Before long I hope to send you some items of interest about our new American Jesuit College in Shanghai. Before his departure for Europe, Reverend **Father Beaucé, S.J.**, called me to Shanghai to organize for the college here, lately approved by Propaganda and Very Reverend **Father General**. We hope to open about the middle of September with a first year high and a preparatory class. The college will have separate divisions for Chinese and foreign boys. The preparatory classes are necessary because of variations in the curriculum of studies in existing schools in Shanghai. Chinese students must be prepared, too, to follow the teaching through the English medium."

These hopes, however, have not yet been realized, as we learn from a letter written by **Mr. Francis Rouleau, S.J.**: "We had hoped," he writes, "to begin this Fall; but this turned out to be impossible. We expect an opening, however, for the second semester. **Father Moore** has been working hard on the curricula, etc., for some time. The mission has bought a magnificent piece of property in the French Concession, a fine private estate with beautiful house and lovely gardens: the first American Jesuit school in China; and behold, it's to be called 'Gonzaga College.'"

Mr. Charles D. Simons, S.J., California missionary in Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China, has written to say that he has found an excellent set for old Christmas cards, Easter cards, holy cards and medals. He uses them as prizes for some of his little pagans. In accordance with **Mr. Simons'** directions someone has written to say:

"If you have some cards (don't mind how much they are written on as long as they have lots of color) please bundle them off to China and be sure to mark on the outside 'Old Postal Cards,—Of no value' and send them to **Mr. Charles D. Simons, S.J.**, Catholic Mission, Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China, or to the Missionary Society, Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington."

SOUTHERN STATES

Our readers, who were so interested in the work of **Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J.**, when he was a diocesan missionary in South Carolina, with headquarters at Rock Hill, will be pleased to know of his whereabouts this year. Through the kindness of his Very Reverend **Father Provincial**, he has been making a speaking tour of the South in the interests of **Jesuit Missions**. He is received everywhere most cordially, by the Archbishop of New Orleans and the other Bishops of the South. The Pastors of the various churches and the laity have cooperated with him most generously, and through his efforts the magazine is



From New Orleans to Tientsin and now **Gerard V. Herrbach, S.J.**, lets his Chinese friends have a "look see."

going to an increasingly large number of families in our southern states.

Recently the home office of **Jesuit Missions** had the pleasure of a visit from **Father Lawrence Toups, S.J.**, missionary in the hill country near Hot Springs, North Carolina. **Father Toups** had many interesting stories to tell of his work among the mountain people, and it is hoped that several of these accounts will soon find their way as articles into **Jesuit Missions**. **Father Toups** is doing truly missionary work and is having experiences not unlike those of foreign missionaries, even though he is working scarcely more than a day's distance in travel from New York City.

AMERICAN INDIANS

At Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, **Father Leo Cunningham, S.J.**, continues in unabated cheerful zeal. He reports on his wonderful new center at Porcupine.

"It was on September 5, the first Friday of the month, that our Lord took up His permanent abode in the Tabernacle of Our Lady of Lourdes Chapel, Porcupine, South Dakota. The three devoted women who are custodians of the Blessed Sacrament at this mission chapel arrived at Holy Rosary Mission on September 3 and moved to Porcupine the following day. At present they are living in three small rooms in the rear of the chapel. I have bought material on credit and am building a simple but comfortable home for these Sisters who have come far out into the Indian country to cooperate in the work of saving souls.

"I must give each of my mission chapels Sunday Mass once a month. The chapel at Porcupine can have the privilege only on the fourth Sunday. Imagine the feeling of loneliness the good Sisters experienced in being deprived of Mass on the first, second and

third Sundays! The best I can do under present conditions is to have Benediction each Friday evening and Holy Mass Saturday mornings. Last Sunday was the fourth Sunday and I was able to have two Masses at Our Lady of Lourdes Chapel. How different the little chapel looked on this Sunday to what it did a month ago! The Blessed Sacrament is there permanently. The Sisters had cleaned and decorated and prepared everything for the priest. The Indian people came in larger numbers than usual and I felt much encouraged.

"The Sisters at Porcupine are doing social as well as catechetical work. In an emergency an Indian child was baptized by one of them. Our Lady of Lourdes School opened on September 8, with one of the Sisters as teacher. On Saturday afternoons they visit my other chapels and put all in readiness for the Holy Sacrifice. I feel confident that Divine Providence will enable me to house them and to provide for their needs."

ALASKA

The newly arrived missionaries in Alaska have been assigned to their stations. Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., is at Holy Cross Mission. Father Paul Deschout, S.J., is assisting Father Sifton, S.J., at Akularak. Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., who had been failing in health, has now recovered and is back in the Nulato district with Father Francis Prange, S.J.

Father Hubert Post, S.J., who is stationed at Nome, Alaska, gives a few more details concerning the crash of the mission plane "Marquette" and the effect of the death of the missionaries, Father Philip Delon, S.J., and the secular priest, Father William Walsh.

"On account of a snow flurry the pilot misjudged his distance and turned the ship too quickly. The ship got out of his control temporarily, and, when back in control, was too close to the earth to glide, and hence the awful crash."

Immediately after the accident Father Post flew in a commercial plane from Nome to Kotzebue to take charge of the mission until Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., arrived by airplane a week later, on October 20, to assume permanent charge of the Kotzebue mission. The next day Father Post and Brother George Feltes, S.J., flew back to Nome.

"The King Islanders," writes Father Post, "will be without a pastor, but we felt that the good work Father Walsh had started should not be abandoned nor crippled.

"It was most consoling and edifying to see how the people of Kotzebue loved good Father Walsh. They begged to keep his body among them and wired to that effect to his par-

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ALEXANDER VALIGNANI, S.J.

ALLEXANDER VALIGNANI was born at Chieti in Italy on December 20, 1538. At an early age he aspired to high ecclesiastical dignities and preferences. But the successive deaths of two Popes within the short period of nine years altered his aspirations, and thereafter his whole ambition was to love and serve Jesus Christ.

He was received into the novitiate of the Society of Jesus on May 29, 1566 by St. Francis Borgia, and by him was appointed four years later to the office of Master of Novices. Amongst his novices was the celebrated Apostle of China, Father Matthew Ricci. In 1573, Father Valignani was chosen to go to the Indies and Japan as Visitor of the missions in response to constant and urgent appeals from the East for one who could capably organize the Faith brought to those countries.

For upwards of thirty-three years Father Valignani, now as Provincial, now as Visitor, with prodigious perseverance organized Christian communities and opened colleges, seminaries and churches in Japan, the Indies and China. In the midst of persecutions, in order that those under his jurisdiction might be encouraged and succeed, he would himself labor at the posts of greatest danger without fear or fatigue. At his death he had left in Japan three hundred churches and thirty-one mission centers; one novitiate and one house of studies; two classical schools for the children of the nobility, and countless other schools and hospitals.

ents, but they claimed the first right.

"The whole town was in mourning for two days, and all said they felt lost without their dear Father Walsh. There is really only one Catholic family, and Father Walsh received all of these except the father into the church. The others are all, you might say, neophytes. They all asked to have the rosary said for him. They came in a body and sang beautifully the hymns he had been teaching them, and showed great fervor. Some asked to be baptized in the Catholic Church, but I told them Father Lafortune would take care of them as soon as he arrived. They gave him a great reception, and we are sure that most of them will enter the True Fold before long.

"So there are only three of us for this large territory (the Seward Peninsula): Father Lafortune at Kotzebue, Father Baltussen at Pilgrim Springs and I here in Nome. Of the three places I feel that Kotzebue is the most important, and I am rejoiced that Father Lafortune sacrificed his beloved King Island for the rescue for Kotzebue.

"I will try to help the King Islanders next summer, but I am beginning to feel old and this cooking and house-keeping besides my spiritual work is quite a trial. However, we trust in God's goodness and help."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A former missionary in the Philippine Islands, Father Philip M. Finegan, S.J., died at Mercy Hospital, Baltimore, Md., on November 16. Father Finegan was in the Philippines from 1905 to 1912. With the exception of a few missionary journeys through the southern islands he spent these years in Manila, where he was chaplain of Bilbid Prison, and spiritual director of the normal school students. He also was instrumental in building St. Rita's Hall, a splendid dormitory for boys in Manila, and devoted a great deal of energy to the important work of teaching catechism. A sentence from one of his letters written in 1910 bespeaks a condition that is still true despite the number of Jesuits who have gone to the Philippines from the eastern provinces of the United States during the past ten years. "No words can describe the need there is of priests, American priests, to do the great work of the Society, teaching catechism to the young." Since his return from the Islands, Father Finegan has been stationed in Washington and Baltimore.

Friends of the Filipino Jesuits who completed their studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., will be interested to learn of their new assignments in Mindanao. Father Paquing is at Cotabato, Cotabato; Father Salvador at Dapitan, Zamboanga; Father Dimaano at Santa Maria and Father



"Showing our teeth." Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., pastor of El Salvador, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., and a canine friend don't look very ferocious.

Elizao at Tetuan—both these latter stations are attended from the residence at Zamboanga, Zamboanga. Father Consunji is at Dipolog, Zamboanga, and Father Carasig at Cagayan, Misamis. Father Pius Martinez sailed from Seattle for Manila on Nov. 29. For the past six months he has been working among the Filipinos on the Pacific Coast. The place where he will be assigned in the Philippines is not yet known.

From Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., writes of his difficulties in keeping his school open in the face of the world-wide business depression which has cut off much of his support. The school itself has been most successful. This year it enrolled two hundred and seventy pupils and has established a splendid reputation for itself among the people of the district, so much so that parents are sending their children to the Catholic school now rather than to the Government school. It would be a catastrophe, indeed, were it forced to close its doors now after having made such progress.

Again and again the missionaries in Mindanao have insisted on the idea that the whole success of their work depends upon the Catholic schools. It is expressed once more in a brief note from Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., who has succeeded Father William Corliss, S.J., as Pastor at St. Rita's Church, Balingasag, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Being alone with church, school, and convento to look after, there is no time to write a long letter. But I would stress one point in particular—how necessary the Catholic school is for the preservation of the Faith in the Philippine Islands."

From the headquarters of the Amer-

ican Jesuits in Mindanao, P. I.—Cagayan, Misamis, Father James Hayes, S.J., the Superior of this Mission, and his zealous co-laborer, Father Lewis O'Neil, S.J., send this consoling news:

"The town of Opol is the Aglipayan stronghold in Mindanao. We have been trying to get in there for three years and have finally succeeded. The people here say it is a miracle, an answer to our fervent prayers to the Sacred Heart. Just think, no Mass there for twenty-six years! Two weeks ago the Holy Sacrifice was offered by Father Carasig, S.J., one of our Filipino Jesuits who made his studies at Woodstock, Md. The chapel in which this Mass was said was built through the kindness of friends in the States.

"In the other Aglipayan sections, Catholics have organized and the few Catholic families have been the means of bringing others back to the Faith. The new need now is a Catholic paper. The schools here are going well. There are also catechists teaching daily in many of the villages connected with each parish, so that with God's help, much has been accomplished in the last four years in a section where, for lack of priests, the various sects had everything their own way."

Father Henry L. Irwin, S.J., the lone priest in a vast territory in Mindanao, writes from the headquarters which he sees only once in a while—Oroquieta, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Last week I visited one of my towns and baptized sixty-three and next Sunday I shall visit Aloran and probably will baptize as many there. I am all alone without Brother or priest in a vast territory which covers half the new province of Misamis Occidental. Civil marriages abound and children by thousands grow up without the sacraments. My work cannot

be lasting because there are no priests in the towns. I am only able to do the essentials, and not even that in most places. I have not yet visited my furthest *municipio* of Balangao.

"I have to be my own law here. You know my temperament. I always liked to be sure of my steps and to follow out all the canons and rubrics. I am forced to make my own canons and rubrics now."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Michael A. Schaefer, S.J., writes about his work on the Stann Creek Mission, and in particular about his methods of interesting parents and teachers in the school children:

"Teachers' meetings are held every month to the satisfaction of all. In the meeting I call attention to the defects I have noticed while on my daily visit to the classes. Thereupon I give the solution and then the house is open for discussion. The result has been very gratifying in the case of teaching—more interest, more energy and better results from the children. The discipline in the school is nearly perfect.

"I am getting the parents interested in their children. I never punish the children except in serious cases, which have occurred only four times in a year. The parents must do the punishing. In this way we come in contact with the parents and protect the teachers. No teacher is allowed to strike a child, and both teacher and child get a hearing from me. Then the parents are called in. It has done a tremendous amount of good all around.

"Many parents have requested me to keep their boys here at the presbytery, which, of course, I cannot do, but it shows the confidence the parents have in us. I had a sort of Orphan Asylum for five boys during the vaca-



A big man and a little horse, but the combination "goes" in Corozal, British Honduras with Father Bernard F. Abeling, S.J., in the saddle.



For many years missionary in the Jamaica "Bush," Father Joseph M. A. Kelley, S.J., has been in the States the past few months recuperating shattered health.

tion. You ought to see a Saturday here from 7 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. About a dozen boys with rakes, wheelbarrows, etc., clean the grounds. Every free day there are dozens of children playing all day on the presbytery grounds. I have started an Acolythical Society. Through it I hope to influence boys and prepare them for our Young Men's Sodality."

Friends of Father Daniel M. Coady, S.J., formerly missionary at Orange Walk, will be sorry to hear that he has spent practically his entire time since his arrival in the States in the hospital. The last word from him was that he expected to get out soon—after five weeks in the hospital.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father James Becker, S.J., sailed from New York on November 12 to resume his duties at the mission of Montego Bay. A good part of his stay of three months and a half in the States was spent in the hospital where he "put up" for needed repairs. Father Joseph Knight, S.J., who has been pastor at Montego Bay in the interim will return to Kingston to continue the splendid work he had been doing at the parish of St. Ann's.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., who went to Jamaica in the middle of October as the newly appointed Vicar Apostolic, continues to be the recipient of many tokens of affection on the part of his new flock. On October 25, the Men's Sodality of Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kingston, tendered him a welcome in the theater

at Winchester Park. The program consisted of orchestra selections, songs and addresses.

On the feast of Christ the King, October 26, Bishop Emmet presided at his first Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral. The sermon was preached by Father George McDonald, editor of *Catholic Opinion*. In the afternoon, the Bishop was greeted by the members of the Missionary Association of Christ the King, of which Father John F. Shea, S.J., is Director.

His Lordship laid the cornerstone for the new church to be erected at Alpha on November 5. The school at this place is directed by the Sisters of Mercy who also conduct two industrial schools, and an orphan asylum at Kingston. The sermon on this occasion was preached by Father Joseph J. Williams, S.J., who accompanied Bishop Emmet to Jamaica from the States. Father Williams remained in Jamaica for a little over a month, visiting the mission stations in his capacity of Procurator of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus in order to get first hand knowledge of the needs of the Mission.

* * *

Father Francis Kempel, S.J., writes of encouraging progress from his mission at Seaford Town, Jamaica, B. W. I. An account of his school there and at Revival appeared in the June and July-August numbers of *Jesuit Missions*.

"The school is up and the next thing on the program is the convent for the Sisters. The difficulty about the coming of the Sisters was fixed up by Father Williams, and if nothing goes wrong, the Sisters will take charge of the school some time towards the end of the coming year. The present teacher's cottage is out of the question for the convent. We shall use that for an infant school when the convent is completed.

"While we have some money for the convent, it will not be sufficient to carry through our plans. Father Wil-

liams argues, and I think rightly, that we should try to give the Sisters some of the comforts of home. They will not be able to rough it like ourselves. It is our plan to put up a two-story house with the community room and bedrooms upstairs and the dining room, parlor and kitchen downstairs. This should make a nice home for them.

"There is promise at Seaford Town, especially from the standpoint of vocations. Sisters are badly needed here and there seems to be no way of getting any from the States, as the needs there are many and great. One of the reasons why the coming of the Sisters appeals is that we can get many vocations, as many of the girls seem to have a leaning towards the religious life, and from here we can supply our own needs, as far as Sisters are concerned, and also supply other missions. We have a good field here, and, to my mind, we should work it for the good of the Church in the island. Some of the girls are already in the convent and others are thinking seriously of entering. With the good example of the Sisters before them, many more girls will be attracted to the religious life.

"The work on the Revival school is at a standstill. The plans are in the hands of the Educational Department and there will be no hope of doing anything for a few months or so. Whether the school will be put up depends on how much the Department will give us. Our funds are limited. In fact, we have not enough to pay our share of the building. However, we are living in hopes that all will turn out well. The school is badly needed. There are a hundred and twenty-five children crowded into a little shack that can accommodate only fifty children. The poor teacher is working under terrible odds and is somewhat discouraged. I would not like to lose her, as she is a fine Catholic and is doing very well with the children and with the grownups also."



Canada's representatives at Rome when the Jesuit Martyrs of North America were canonized. Rt. Rev. Charles Lamarche, Bishop of Chicoutimi is in the center. To his left is Very Reverend Wm. Hingston, S.J., Provincial of Upper Canada, and to his right, Very Reverend F. X. Bellavance, S.J., Provincial of Lower Canada.



LAKE ST. JOGUES

In a letter to the New York State Department of History, Mr. Lou D. MacWethy, Editor of the St. Johnsville Enterprise and News, makes the happy suggestion that the new lake at Conklingville, in northern New York, be called Lake St. Jogues. Mr. MacWethy calls attention to the fact that the Jesuit missionary, when passing over Lake St. George on his return to the Mohawk nation for the second time, had named that body of water "Lake of the Blessed Sacrament" in memory of the terrible sufferings he and his companions had undergone in that vicinity. On French maps of the time the lakes bore the name given it by Isaac Jogues, but later it was changed to Lake George, in honor of the British King.

We quote the concluding words of Mr. MacWethy's letter:

"This year, 1930, the Roman Church has canonized Father Jogues. At Auriesville, where he met his death, a beautiful shrine has been erected. The Church has given final recognition to the service he rendered. Geographers could well emulate the Church. Inasmuch as the name he bestowed on Lake George has been erased by geographers, and taking cognizance of the fact that a new lake has been created in the very year in which Father Jogues was canonized, and further taking note of the fact that, in spite of the tremendous influence in behalf of the Mohawk Valley that no geographic locality bears his name, and in the belief that we owe to this kindly man a place on the map, as well as in the Church, I respectfully submit that the state of New York can pay no higher honor to the memory of its first martyr than to call this new body of water, Lake St. Jogues, in lieu of the lake he christened by blood and suffering in 1646." We trust this suggestion may meet favorable response.

PROGRESS IN MADAGASCAR

The LaSalette Fathers from their mis-

sion in Antsirabe, Madagascar, report a gratifying increase of Catholics during the past thirty years. From 6,637 in 1901, the number now reached 72,797, an increase of 66,160. (F.S.)

CHINESE UNIVERSITY CHAIR GOES TO A JESUIT

Father August Savio, S.J., of the Jesuit College of St. Ignatius, Shanghai,

versity and Director of the Museum of Natural History of Zi-ka-wei, great Jesuit center near Shanghai. He has already refused another college appointment offered him by the Nanking Central Government. (F.S.)

ELEVENTH CHINESE BISHOP CONSECRATED

His Lordship, the Right Reverend Francis Liou, the eleventh native son of China to be raised to the episcopacy, was consecrated by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China, in the Cathedral Church of the Petang, Peking, China, October 12. The elevation of another of their fellow-countrymen to episcopal dignity created tremendous enthusiasm among the Chinese, a vast crowd of Christians and pagans attending the ceremony.

Bishop Liou was nominated by the Holy See as Vicar Apostolic of Fenyang, July 14. Previous to his nomination he was a priest of the Vicariate of Luanfu, Shansi Province. In his new office he succeeds the late Bishop Louis Tchen, one of the six Chinese bishops consecrated in St. Peter's by the Holy Father in 1926. (F.S.)

PAPAL REPRESENTATIVE AT ABYSSINIAN CORONATION

Among the dignitaries of thirteen nations who participated in the colorful ceremonies which marked the coronation of His Highness, Haile Silassie I, Emperor of Abyssinia, at Addis Abeba on November 2, 1930, was the Rt. Rev. Andrew Jorosseau, O.M.Cap., Vicar Apostolic of Gallas, East Africa.

He acted as the official representative of His Holiness, Pius XI.

Bishop Jorosseau is one of the great figures of the mission world. For almost fifty years he has played a role in this strange country of eastern Africa, the only Christian nation on the Dark Continent. His role has been that of peace maker and apostle of the Catholic Church, hated for centuries there through a hatred planted by the Monophysite

A Priestly People

Francis J. Burke, S.J.

THE Catholic laity is, as the Epistle of St. Peter proclaims, a kingly priesthood and a holy people: for *mystically*, which is to say, *truly though mysteriously*, the members of the Church are the fullness of Christ, they are the mystical Christ; and Christ is every inch kingly, every member sacerdotal.

Christ, by His priesthood, is the Redeemer of men; and in mysterious union with Him, we continue the work of the Redemption.

Men are to be saved by other men: that is, by us. The missions, then, of the Church are not play for the adventurous, neither are they a work of supererogation which we may forego to our own deprivation alone.

Just as we are not free not to love other men, so we are not free to keep to ourselves the new life which we have out of God's own bosom. The world must come under the Redemption, the mystical Christ must ever and always grow.

Sacrifice for the world is the channel of Redemption: the missions are the work of the priestly people of God.

(From "Pius XI, Pope of the Missions,"
Jesuit Mission Press)

has been nominated Professor of Entomology in the Chinese State University of Agriculture at Woosung, near Shanghai, in recognition of his achievements in this branch of zoology.

Father Savio is widely known both as a scientist and as an apostle of youth. He is a member of the Society of Entomology of France and has been successively Prefect of the College of St. Ignatius, Chancellor of the Aurora Uni-

heretics of Alexandria who have always inflexibly Christianized in Ethiopia. Bishop Jarousseau has labored tirelessly to assuage this bitterness, and his efforts are beginning to bear fruit.

Emperor Haile Silassie I is known as a man of personal rectitude, who, while being ever attentive to the strong religious feelings of his people, has shown himself very kindly disposed toward the Church. Within his realm, which counts some 10,000,000 inhabitants, there are approximately 16,000 Catholic Christians. Ethiopian Orthodox Christians predominate, though there are some 3,000,000 Moslems and numerous pagans in the border lands.

(F.S.)

O. O. OF THE F. C. C. OF U. S.

The "O. O.," of course, is the "Official Organ," a monthly periodical otherwise known as the Chronicle. The "F. C. C. of U. S." is the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States. It is edited by the Rev. William M. Markoe, S. J., assisted by a clever staff of writers. It is interesting to note in its November issue, besides other echoes of the successful convention held last August in Detroit, a declaration of "What the colored Catholics want," drawn up by a committee which was appointed in accordance with a resolution adopted at the Convention. This declaration tallies almost perfectly in content with the one forecast by Father John LaFarge, S.J., in *America* for September 20, 1930, and reprinted in the November issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

COMMUNISTS ARE ACTIVE IN CHINA

A summary of the outrages committed by Communists in China during the past seven years places the number of missionaries killed at twenty-six and the number now held captive for ransom as ten priests and ten nuns. Of the priests murdered, eight were Belgians, four Chinese, four Italians, three Americans, three French, two Germans, one Spanish and one Irish.

The boldness of the outlaws reached its climax in Kiangsi in the wholesale capture, reported on October 22, 1930, of one bishop, six priests, and ten nuns, and the murder of three priests. Later the bishop and one priest were released to secure ransom reported at 10,000,000 Mex.

An A. P. dispatch dated November 25 reports two more Italian priests, Father Novelli and Father Luciano, killed by bandits at Hinganfu in South Shensi. This report has not been confirmed. (F.S.)

FATHER CHRISTMAS DEAD

The venerable Belgian missionary, Father T. Van der Scheuren, S.J., known to thousands in the United States as "Father Christmas," because of his flowing white beard and jovial disposition, died at Oak Park Hospital, Chicago, on November 6.

After forty years of missionary work in India, Father Van der Scheuren was placed by his superiors at the disposal

CONVERT MOVEMENT GROWS AMONG JACOBITES

The reception into the Church on September 20 of the two Jacobite Bishops, Mar Ivanios and Mar Theophilus, at Quilon, South India, as noted in our last issue, has been followed, as was expected, by a general movement on the part of other members of this schismatic body towards a reunion with Rome.

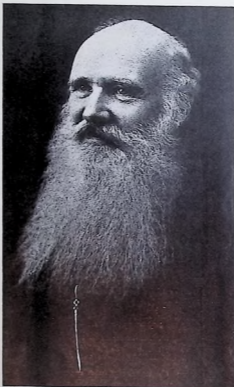
A Jacobite community of Sisters numbering more than a dozen, who had looked to Mar Ivanios as their spiritual guide for many years, have followed him already, likewise a Jacobite community of monks. These conversions were followed by those of two Rambans, the next claimants to the Jacobite bishoprics, and also some of the leading laymen. It is confidently expected that many more leading Jacobites will now become Catholics.

The whole movement, known as the Bethany Movement, is taking the same lines as the Tractarian or Oxford Movement in England led by Newman. Mar Ivanios is the leader of the movement. He is a Master of Arts of the Madras University and was the principal of the M. D. Seminary, leading educational institution of the Syrian Jacobites of Malabar. While serving in that post, he received the offer of a professorship in the Divinity College of Serampore, Calcutta. He accepted the offer and went to Calcutta. A number of Malabar students then were flocking to Serampore to lead a sort of monastic community life.

Mar Ivanios was the most learned of all the Jacobite bishops of Malabar. He is forty-seven years old, strongly built, and a born leader. His great idea was to start an Ashram of Jacobite monks following the rule of St. Basil in Malabar. With the help of

Protestant friends he bought about 400 acres of land far in the interior of Malabar. There persons who desired to lead a monastic life were welcomed.

To raise the standards of feminine education, Mar Ivanios took some Jacobite girls to Barisol, Calcutta, and placed them with the High Church Protestant Sisters. In due course these girls returned to Malabar and started the Order of Bethany Sisters. Some of them are highly educated and hold university degrees. They conduct schools, maintain orphanages and have a press of their own, the Bethany Printing House, Tiru. Mar Ivanios has been their chaplain all through.



"Father Christmas," known and loved by young and old.

of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for lecturing and preaching on the missions. For the past five years he devoted himself entirely to this work and won thousands of friends to the mission cause by his whole-souled interest and wealth of experience.

Father Van der Scheuren was born in Belgium March 5, 1863, and entered the Society of Jesus on August 6, 1883. He went to India long before his ordination, and after completing his studies remained there to continue his labors in the missions until his assignment to the work of the Propagation of the Faith in this country. He was forced to retire from active work last May because of illness.

INTRODUCING A BRAHMAN JESUIT

(Continued from page 3)

us entirely from heathendom and so they lopped off all traces of it, root and branch. That explains my Portuguese name, but I am sure my ancestors were Hindus, for the tradition of our having been Brahmans still remains in the family—it is after all a social distinction—and was certainly taken into account when my brothers and sisters got married. They had to marry good Brahman girls or young men.

I am now engaged in my theological studies at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., and, please God, two years from next June I shall be a priest. I long for the day when I shall be back in India to work with the American Jesuits for the conversion of those teeming millions of my beloved countrymen who are still shrouded in the dark night of paganism.

VENIAMINOFF

(Continued from page 5)

we crawled panting on to the rim of the huge crater. Keeping our custom of always saying a prayer of thanksgiving before we looked at one of God's new stupendous wonders, we crept to the edge. Again, awestricken, silent, we stood, mouths agape. Here was something new to the world of men. Impressive 2,000 foot walls, 20 miles in circumference, descended into the crater. But here was none of the colorful majesty that distinguishes the crater of Katmai, lofty sentinel of the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. Neither was there the wondrous variety we found in the stupendous crater of Aniakchak. Instead, we were looking on the white silent grandeur of a crater completely filled with ice—25 square miles of it. Ice, crevassed in places by pressure ridges of lava, filled every nook and cranny of the crater. Here and there gaping openings yawned away from the grim volcanic walls where volcanic heat still defied the encroaching ice. A gash 2,000 feet deep and a mile wide allowed a tongue glacier to tumble in broken ice-falls miles down the mountain's

side toward Bering Sea. The crater dipped toward the southern rim, allowing the ice to spill over in many places forming tongues that flowed toward the sea, white and silvered at first, then grim and ash-covered at their ends where the volcanic debris of years collected.

A throaty rumble called our attention to the most impressive part of the huge crater glacier—a volcano in its center, literally packed in ice. It rose 2,000 feet from its icy base. Its top, broken and rent asunder, glowed with fire and smoke. Now and then it coughed



To a Missionary Dying

RICHARD A. WELFE, S.J.

You dare to smile, the summons so near!

Aye, well you may. 'Tis yours not to fear,

Who dared to smile when Christ sent His call,

And deemed it small love

To give less than all.

Dear ones were left, and the land of your birth;

All that men prize were stripped of their worth;

Perils were courted, and rough ways were trod,

While love led the way—

Smile on to your God.



out ashes and cinders which fell on the freshly fallen snow. Portions of its walls steamed.

OUR discovery of activity now classes Veniaminoff as the second largest active crater in the world. It is only a trifle smaller than Aniakchak, and twice the size of Katmai, which held the palm as the largest active crater known, until our explorations of this summer revealed Veniaminoff and Aniakchak. We took over a hundred pictures, and a thousand feet of movies. We descended into the crater and roamed over its icy heart to our own hearts' content, aided by perfect weather.

With Veniaminoff's scalp on our belts the summer was ended. We

returned to the Alaska Packer's Cannery at Chignik. When Captain C. A. Halvorson, the superintendent there, saw us appear through a storm on Chignik Lagoon, he hardly recognized the collegiate party of a month previous. Mosquitoes had kept us from sleeping for three successive nights. Our clothes and shoes were tatters. Four weeks' hair and beard gave our blistered faces a ferocious appearance. But we were inexpressibly happy. We had thoroughly explored the moon craters of Alaska. If a being on the moon could look at our earth, the feature that would stand out in as impressive a prominence as one of the craters of the moon does to us, would be Veniaminoff, the great stone cup of ice—the moon crater of Alaska.

THE PADRE OF THE BELLS

(Continued from page 8)

in fact, you ask him about any one of his twenty to thirty mission stations among the Maya Indians or the Yucatan Spanish, and if he hasn't got the answer right there in his memory, he has it in a little book which he carries in his coat pocket."

FOR a long time Father Newell had considered making an appeal for some small, clear-ringing churchbells. Where the natives are scattered about in secluded places, hidden away in the bush as is their frequent custom, and sometimes quite a distance from their neighbor, it is difficult to get word to them that the Father has arrived. Father Newell often has to use conch-shells, or pieces of iron, anything that can make a bit of noise.

But all that is a makeshift. He finally decided to appeal for bells. Immediately came the response: How many will you need? Glad, then, was the priest's heart. Everyone of his mission centers had now to be considered, one by one, over and over again before a final choice could be made. At last, thirteen out of his forty or so were chosen, and the decision was sent on to the benefactor. Very soon after that, word came from the good gentleman who had interested himself, and who was now joined by others, that the Father should be of good cheer,

that thirteen iron bells would be forwarded to him in a short time.

But "iron" bells? Poor Father Newell! He was now in a great difficulty indeed. Here were some good men offering to help his missions, and yet, and yet . . . bells made of iron! It would be money thrown away. He had seen many a little iron bell discharged from duty after very short service. Our mission here, from Punta Gorda in the south to Orange Walk in the North, has been a graveyard for iron bells. At San Pedro Cay, for instance, for years and years there was lying in the rear of the little church a big bell, about thirty inches in diameter, a gift to the mission from old Señor Don Jose Rosado, a bell which had cost the good old gentleman sixty dollars gold. When, after much celebration and rejoicing, it was finally installed and rung, its first ringing was its own death knell; cracked, broken, useless, it has remained there, in the rear of the church, a big lesson for all future days.

BEHOLD then Father Newell's difficulty! There were those benefactors offering to help his missions, and yet! Could he accept their kindly offering? Iron bells! They were useless. What to do?

It would be easy enough to refuse the iron bells, but would he get better ones instead, bells that would last and be of service long after Father Newell had gone to his reward, when other courageous messengers of our Lord would be in the field to continue the work, and harvest more and more souls?

Some such thoughts plus a great confidence in the Master of the Vineyard, induced Father Newell to write to the benefactors not to send the iron bells. And now, thank God, he has already received from the same gentlemen two fine bells, locomotive bells, which will outlast the lives of the givers and Father Newell. Their brazen tongues announce to the humble people the time of Mass, the time for *Doctrina*, the hours for the evening Novena. Where would be the full splendor of Baptism if the bell were missing; and what marriage, etc., without the glorious wedding-bell; and would not the last jour-

ney of the departed one be crushingly sad, did not the mournful tolling speak to the bereaved ones of Christian resignation and the hope of meeting again? Why bells? Trust the old missionary of the North; he knows.

TWENTY SQUARE MILES

(Continued from page 10)

building is nearly one hundred years old, so imagine conditions when you begin to repair. However, something was accomplished. When classes were resumed on August 25, the children found their classrooms almost new, so they wrote me little letters, the good souls, telling how delighted they were; how they would try to keep everything clean and neat. They guessed that I had spent a good deal of money, and promised to pray to St. Joseph that he might help me out.

A prison, a poor house, and a lepers' home, come in for their share of attention. The lepers' home has

over one hundred inmates, about thirty of whom are Catholics. For over thirty years Miss Rebecca Leon and Miss Ambrosine Leon have been catechists and guardian angels there. Before them, for a short time, Miss Jane Mulligan helped Father Patrick Mulry, S.J., and also Sister Catherine, a Franciscan nun, who used to take some of her older schoolgirls along. One of the girls, still alive, was teaching a poor leper how to make the Sign of the Cross, when one of the leper's fingers dropped into her lap. She ran screaming away and never returned,—no wonder!

I FIND there is not much to tell about the other stations after all. My second Mass is said on the first and second Sundays of the month at Old Harbour. There is no parochial school there, but, of course, a Sunday School. On the third Sunday, I am at Gregory Park where there is also a small school with one teacher. At Port Henderson, my "second Mass station" for the

Our Contributors

We begin the New Year auspiciously by introducing a *Brahman Jesuit*, or rather, CHARLES SALDANHA, S.J., introduces himself most engagingly on page three.

Again with the Glacier Priest, FATHER BERNARD HUBBARD, S.J., Professor of geology at Santa Clara University, Cal, we visit one of Alaska's wonders, *Veniaminoff*, the Moon Crater.

Those *Chinese Radicals* that appear on the newspaper headlines are not the ones that are disturbing FATHER JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J., from the California Province as he prepares for a missionary career at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China.

FATHER BERNARD F. ABELING, S.J., who writes of *The Padre of the Bells* is himself a missionary sixty years of age, now at Corozal in British Honduras.

From his philosophical studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., ALFRED BARRETT, S.J., saw a vision—a plane shattered on Alaska's frozen wastes. Was it a *Bird of God*?

Twenty Square Miles is a lot of territory for one man to cover. FATHER CHARLES F. ARNOLD, S.J., tells how he does it from Spanish Town, Jamaica, B. W. I.

FATHER ALOYSIUS S. PETTIT, S.J., a veteran missionary in Patna, India, had a song in his heart if not on his lips when he wrote *Heil! Lo! Palm!*

From *Falling Hands* of heroic Spanish Jesuits, such as FATHER JAIME VALLES, S.J., of Dapitan, Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I., the torch of zeal and love for souls is thrown to the American Jesuits now in that territory. Be theirs to hold it high!

FATHER JOSEPH REITH, S.J., Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, surveys the *Sheep at the Criside* gathered into the True Fold by the missionary labors of Jesuits from the United States and Canada.

A thought from St. Paul that we are *A Priestly People* suggests further reflections to FATHER FRANCIS J. BURKE, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., author of the pamphlet, "Pius XI, Pope of the Missions."

RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J., just beginning his theology at far off Kurseong, India, contributes the poem, *To a Missionary Dying*.

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

Grateful Acknowledgments

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fourth and fifth Sundays, the people make their living by fishing. They are extremely poor.

During Lent all these centers have the Way of the Cross, instruction, and Benediction once a week. I must try to give the good souls more. And I will. Our Lady and St. Francis Xavier have blessed my work during these past two years and I know they will continue to do so if I can manage to do my share and my good friends keep me in their prayers.

FROM FAILING HANDS

(Continued from page 13)

at once, and proved to be one of the most prominent couples of the town, and parents of nine children. Thus, after having lived twenty years together after only a civil marriage, they were "straightened out" *in facie ecclesiae*, their own grown sons acting as the witnesses of the marriage. It was almost eight o'clock when I finished with them.

THE next morning a number of the people gathered to attend my Mass which was said in a dirty, miserable shed, and many of these good people remarked to me after the Mass, "Oh, *Pari*, if only we could build a decent chapel in our town!" Instead of boarding the steamer "Mindanao," I went to the next town in a launch, and from there I hiked the distance to Dapitan, arriving home after an absence of fifteen days.

In all my years in Mindanao I have never felt so really "fagged" as now. I am all alone and cannot visit these outlying places very often, as such trips leave a man at the end all tired out. If this mission of Dapitan were in a district with good auto roads or even good roads to use a horse on, it would not be so bad, but instead one has to travel up hill and down on foot.

May God in His Providence send out to this mission a generous supply of mortified robust missionaries to gather in a harvest that here is truly white and heavy laden and so extensive!



The Light Divine in Parable and Allegory.—By Rev. Patrick J. O'Reilly, S.J., Loyola University Press, Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.60.

The author, now one of the associate editors of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, is well known along the Pacific Coasts as an eloquent preacher of missions and retreats. He has also had experience as a missionary in Alaska.

In this volume he has brought together a series of chapters on the parables of Our Lord with the object of showing how practically the lessons can be applied in the life of the Catholic of today. The author's wide experience has enabled him to illustrate the application to modern conditions in a very telling way. This, and the copious quotations from Scripture, make the book a valuable asset to the priest as well as to the layman who wants really to live his Faith.

An introductory chapter on the Kingship of Christ lays a splendid foundation for the explanation of the parables that follow, and the concluding chapter develops beautifully in great detail the Divine Allegory: "I am the Vine; you are the branches." (John, XV, 5).

A few well chosen illustrations round

out a book that will prove a valuable contribution to our growing stock of good spiritual literature.

How to Use a Daily Missal in 1931.—By Rev. J. W. Brady. The E. M. Lohmann Co., Saint Paul, Minn. Price fifteen cents.

To all who have become acquainted with the Leaflet Missal, as well as to all the growing number of the Faithful who are really praying the Mass with the priest at the altar in accordance with the mind of the Church, this little booklet will prove invaluable.

It is the priest's "ordo" in English, with all references to the Divine Office omitted, and everything necessary for the correct following of the Holy Sacrifice clearly and briefly expressed.

Despite their conciseness the daily directions are quite complete. Besides the details as to the Mass itself, all Holy Days of Obligation are marked, as are those of fast and abstinence. The color or colors for each day are given, also the kinds of Requiem and Votive Masses permitted. Attention is called to times of special devotion such as the novena for Pentecost, etc.

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