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Francis Loesch, S.J., a Missouri Jesuit in Patna Mission, doffs his hat to you as he reconnoiters a pagan Indian stronghold.

A Last *Echo* of the *Huron* Missions

Julien Paquin, S.J.



Canadian Martyrs' Shrine, Midland, Ontario.



WHILE the heroic sacrifice and glorious canonization of our North American Martyrs are of recent memory, the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* may be interested in following the fate of the Hurons for whose conversion the Martyrs shed their blood. It is a sad story. The pages of history record, perhaps, no event more tragic, nor do the annals of the Church reveal a higher claim to glory than the generous devotion of these fearless Christians.

The stage is now set for the tragedy. Converts for a bare score of years, the Hurons had already measured up to the high ideals of the Faith. They had ascended the altar and were prepared to offer up the sacrifice. The wily Iroquois, greatly superior in numbers and armament, far advanced in the craft and cunning of Indian warfare, shut them up in a narrow area of their territory to the north and then proceeded to the accomplishment of their destruction. The hatchet was dug up on July 4, 1648, at the village of St. Joseph, immortalized by the heroic charity of Father Charles Daniel, S.J. The villagers were surprised at early dawn, unprotected in the absence of their warriors. Those who could, fled. Father Daniel remained, alone to defy the savage ferocity of the invaders; he fell, pierced by a shower of arrows, and his body was thrown into his burning church. With him were massacred some seven hundred of his neophytes, aged men and women, unresisting children and helpless invalids, all burnt alive in their huts.

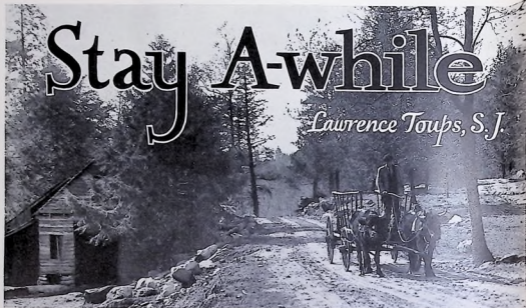
TERROR seized the country. The Hurons reinforced their palisades and determined to make a last, desperate stand against their implacable foes. The mis-

sionary residence at Ste. Marie was erected into a fort and was thereafter known as Fort Ste. Marie, whose remains may be seen today. The Iroquois withdrew for some months while a force of one thousand well armed warriors was dispatched to hunt in the neighboring forest and watch for the opportunity to strike another blow. They had not long to wait. In the early morning of March 16, 1649, they swooped down on the fortified village of St. Ignace, broke through the palisade and fell upon their unsuspecting victims in sleep. Of a population of four hundred, three escaped, half naked, to give the alarm at the village of St. Louis, three miles distant.

The Iroquois did not delay at St. Ignace. Leaving a guard in charge, they hastened on to St. Louis. Most of the Hurons had deserted the village and retired to safety. Only the fighting men remained, together with Fathers John Brebeuf, S.J., and Gabriel Lalemant, S.J., who had refused to save themselves, determined to stand or fall with their fellow Christians. The Iroquois arrived in a tumult of madness and exultation. The missionaries encouraged the defenders and lent their aid where most needed. The Iroquois rushed upon the palisade from all sides with furious impetus, only to be driven back again and again with equal determination. The fight raged for three hours with heavy losses on both sides. Once more, superiority in numbers was to triumph. In a last terrific onslaught the trembling palisade collapsed; the Iroquois poured in upon the exhausted garrison. Those who took refuge in their huts were burned with them, while the captives, including the two missionaries and eighty warriors, were led off to St. Ignace to be tortured to death. (*Turn to page 49*)

Stay A-while

Lawrence Toups, S. J.



HEY seated themselves comfortably on rocks and logs at the foot of Sodom Mountain, about three hundred of them. Hearsay has it that on this occasion more people were gathered from the hills and hollows of northwestern North Carolina than ever before in history.

They were all adults,—the men shaven and unshaven, clad with clean or dirty overalls, adept heel-sitters and whittlers without the slightest twinkle of approval or disapproval in their eye,—the women, a skeptical looking set, marked with the ever extending black snuff circle around the mouth, with hard lines on their faces indicative of their daily labors and of their travail in bringing into the world many children with or without husbands. The children were not allowed to come within hearing distance of the preacher, for fear that they would be contaminated, or that the preacher would run off with them and hide their bleached bones in the basement of some city church, as reported by their city friends.

"The man who forgot how to put on his collar,"— "the man with the black petticoat and the horned hat," arrived ahead of scheduled time. In reference to the collar, I told one individual that he should be thankful that priests wore the collar in the way they do to enable him to recognize the beast he so much feared. A mountaineer suggested that I should ask the gentlemen why he wore his collar the other way. He was also willing to bet a dollar he could not give a reason. I began instructing the crowd with the aid of a large chart of the "Triumph of the Church." It was then about one-thirty. I talked and I repeated and I kept on talking. When four-thirty arrived, I announced to the people

that I was tired and weary, ready to go home. Who wouldn't be? But to my amazement, the stolid, impassive features relaxed with smiles as they shouted, "Oh, no, keep on talking; it is not dark yet. Stay a-while with us; stay all night; you are a good fellow." I insisted on going, and they all gathered around me like a flock of chirping biddies around an old hen.

AN OLD principal of the grade school assured me that I was all right, that I had spoken the truth, for he had read the facts in history. However, the interpretation of facts by some of the mountaineer teachers is not so accurate. For instance, they have informed their pupils that "the Romans crucified Christ, and the Catholics are followers of the Romans. They are mean, treacherous and murderous; they want to seize all the land."

I shook hands with many and I asked them if they had ever before seen that animal—the Catholic priest. "No," they said, "but we have *heard* a lot about the cat-o-lics,"—and mostly from Helen Jackson sources, and from the 1928 Clap-trappers. (Incidentally, these mountaineers are Republicans, but in 1930 they went Democratic. This was a repetition of a strange event that occurred, according to a patriarch here, some eighty-five years ago.) I was asked, "Why do not the Catholics *law* those who tell lies against them?"

Such was my first meeting with the North Carolina "hillbillies" in conclave assembled. It came about in this way. In my journeyings back and forth, looking for an opening to sow the seed of Faith and destroy prejudice by giving these people a chance to see what a Catholic priest looked like (Turn to page 49)

Step by Step in *Madagascar*

Leon Derville, S.J.



It was on October 5, 1871, that Father Finaz, a Jesuit of the Province of Toulouse, France, entered Fianarantsoa, the Capitol of Madagascar and the chief city of the Betsileo. He came from Tananarive into which he had penetrated alone in 1855, disguised as a beggar. On December 8, of this year, 1871, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, since then the patronal feast of the mission, he managed, not without difficulty, to acquire a piece of land on which later rose the Cathedral and the Central Residence. Soon a Father and a lay-Brother joined him, and later some Sisters of St. Joseph from Cluny. From then on the mission spread.

Though the mission grew, it was only by dint of hard struggle. The Malagasian Government, theoretically independent, was in reality dependent at least financially upon the Protestant English Mission, which, secure in the knowledge that it would not be disturbed and cast aside, made continual progress. It was an extremely trying period in which Catholics, lost in the great numbers of Protestants and their adherents, were forced to undergo vexations, opposition and hostile pressure.

UNDER these circumstances the French-Malagasian War broke out in June 1883, and on the seventh of that month a royal order was drawn up commanding the Catholic missionaries to quit Madagascar; they had five days to obey. The little missionary colony which already numbered twelve Fathers, four Brothers and four Sisters set out for Mananjary on the coast, without provisions, without any means of transportation and under the brutal surveillance of an escort which kept the Christians at a distance and forbade them to supply food to the outcasts. They arrived at Mananjary worn out with fatigue, suffering from fever and reduced to such straits that two of them succumbed.

Scarcely six months after the treaty of peace, which was signed in December, 1885, the missionaries took up their old posts again. North of Fianarantsoa, the large city of Ambohitra became an important center for the spread of the Gospel. Father de Batz had been installed there as early as 1876. The Brothers of the Christian Schools took over the direction of the College of St.



The praises of God sound from the lips of Malagasian neophytes.

Joseph in Fianarantsoa. In 1892, the construction of an asylum for lepers was begun. The mission posts numbered 155, counting those in the cities and in the "bush" or backwoods; six thousand pupils were under instruction, and the Cathedral was rising at Fianarantsoa.

THEN there arose a new trial, the second French-Malagasian War, which, on September 1894, cruelly broke in upon the apostolic work of the missionaries. This war put an end to Hova dominion; France became mistress of the great African Island.

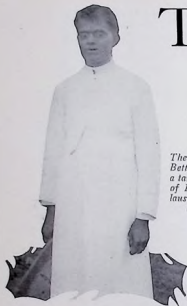
At this time the work of the missionaries was immense. To provide for the future of the mission help had to be obtained. The Jesuits of the Champagne Province responded to the appeal of their brother missionaries on Holy Thursday, April 4, 1901. On October 23, the first contingent landed at Mananjary; then each year saw Fathers from Champagne take passage for Betsileo. On March 19, 1906, the feast of St. Joseph, the Mission of Fianarantsoa passed definitely into the hands of the Champagne Province, and in 1913 the Reverend Father Givélet was consecrated Bishop.

DESPITE difficulties of all sorts—not omitting even religious persecution—the mission has continued to develop. In 1930, more than forty priests, Malagash and French, eleven lay-Brothers, twelve Brothers of the Christian Schools, thirty-three Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny were devoting themselves to the salvation of the souls of the Malagasy. The number of those baptized has risen to 161,997. More than 15,000 pupils, (700 of them boarders) receive instruction. Three normal schools prepare the catechists who help the missionaries in the outlying districts.

Tubla Drums and *Tinkling* *Cymbal*

Marion Batson, S.J.

The Catholics of Bettiah town held a *tamasha* in honor of Brother Stanislaus, a native Indian Jesuit.



others again scoured the bazaars for *mithai*, Indian sweets, of every kind for hungry children and grownups.

AT noon time all the coolies squatted before the lotus pads that indicated their places at "table." Rice was doled out in generous ladle-fuls until each had an unbelievably large mound of it on his "plate"; this mound was subsequently capped by a helping of *dal*; then all proceeded to mix the two with their fingers and then conveyed the mixture on the finger-tips of the right hand to the mouth and deposited it therein by an adroit flick of the right thumb.

The passing of sweets is usually accompanied by a chorus of gurgles and cooey sounds from the infant generation, by giggles, nudging and sly remarks on the part of young boys and girls, while the older folk, unable to soften the gleam of anticipation in their eyes, play at being nonchalant.

During the meal and afterwards, up to the time for the *tamasha*, dance, song and games, a Mohammedan orchestra, consisting of a clarinet, *tublas* (drums) cymbals, and a *bagpipe*, made weird music from behind palms and tamarisk.

THE banquet over, the floor was swept again to keep up the festive atmosphere and remind all that something else was to come. Meanwhile, fond mothers,

The pride of Catholic Bettiah, Khristarajya High School, gift of an anonymous American benefactress.

THE feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka provided the occasion; the scene was the *bagicha* or mango grove at Turia Tola, where the new Bettiah High School was nearing completion. Time: towards evening.

The feast of St. Stanislaus is not celebrated in India with as much pomp as in Europe and America at Jesuit Novitiates. But, since Brother Stanislaus was the one in charge of the erection of the new High School building, and the master of some two hundred coolies, his chief assistant thought the occasion suitable for some *tamasha*, celebration, in honor of St. Stanislaus, Brother's patron.

The forenoon was spent in clearing the dining room table, rounding up feast-day service and dusting the chairs, that is, sweeping clean the ground beneath the huge-armed mango trees, procuring lotus leaves (feast-day size) and piling the lumber in stair-step tiers around the "table" much in the manner of bleachers around a tennis court.

While this was being done by one group of men, women and children, all coolies, another group prepared *dal* in a large iron kettle over an open fire. *Dal* is similar to navy bean soup, only yellow in color and rather insipid to the taste. Others boiled *bhat*, rice, (the "bread and butter" of all Indians) in a kettle still larger, while



in an attempt to put their babies to sleep, walked to and fro, singing softly an Indian lullaby and jiggling the drowsy child astride their hips. Once asleep, nothing disturbs an Indian child, not even the nasal drone of the bagpipe, the beat of the drums or the talking and laughter of the crowd.

When the Fathers from Bettiah arrived, the crowd flocked around to see and hear Brother Stanislaus, their *bara sahib*, being congratulated. Once the Fathers were seated in the chairs arranged at one end of the little arena, the coolies clambered to the topmost bleacher seats and watched the passing of *itter* and the sprinkling with rose-water.

Itter is an aromatic oil contained in an elaborately wrought silver vessel called *itter-dahn*, closely resembling the "royal ink-horn" into which each guest dips a finger, smells, smiles and touches the scented fingertip to the nose or to the palm of the other hand.

India's perfumes are as numerous and as delightfully aromatic as her spices. Rose-water is the universal favorite and no festival is complete without it. First the guests are sprinkled, then the crowd, amid squeals of glee at the sweet-smelling shower. Meanwhile, garlands of marigold and jasmine are presented to the guests. One garland for each and a glittering wreath of silver ribbon for the guest of honor is usually enough, but on this occasion each family, I believe, presented Brother with a floral token of their esteem, until his smile and twinkling eyes were almost submerged in the galaxy of fragrant flowers. Some of the garlands had to be removed to make room for others so that no offence would be given. Each guest was also presented with a bouquet of scarlet cannas and water grass, highly perfumed.

NOW the program began. Brother Stanislaus' chief assistant advanced, a bright bouquet in one hand, a scroll in the other, and proceeded to read to Brother the compliments and good wishes of the people. Next came the *gotka pari*, javelin dancers, followed by the mace swingers: two rather thrilling dancers displaying manly strength enhanced by graceful agility.

Hardly was the "arena" cleared of these, than the *tubla* took on new life and vivacity, a cymbal crashed and into the ring whirled a handsome youth, a bronze Apollo, nimble and graceful as a girl. Another *tubla* player joined in and the trio accompanied the dancer in his mad whirl before the enthusiastic gathering. The prelude was fantastic, swift-moving, whirling and not unlike the ceremonial dervish dance of upper Egypt.

Abruptly they stopped and, behold, Apollo began to sing. His clear, high-tenor lent itself delightfully to the liquid sounds of his minstrel boli that tripped and tumbled like so many fixies down the moonbeam of his song to lose themselves in the deep rich harmony of the

chorus and its weird and jungly accompaniment. The chorus held the last note while the dancer deftly gathered in his flowing robe and swept the circle with dainty rhythmic step.

Variety of movement, cleverly done and graceful, tableaux, bits of banter between "star" and chorus, familiar on the vaudeville stage, a change of time and fresh melody for changes from serious to complimentary or humorous theme kept the spectacle always sparkling, fascinating and full of interest.

While young Apollo sang and danced, and while the chorus swayed, Father Alban a native of Bettiah and well-versed in the lore of Bihar, explained in whisper the meaning of the verse. It was then that I realized why the people seemed so absorbed in every word, every



The author, at left, and John Morrison, S.J. (agape!) at right, wonder what the *tublas* will next sound forth.

note, and every step. They did not wish to miss anything.

INDIANS love music and every few there are who do not sing. Their cares and their worries are wafted away on the wings of song. The throb of the *tubla* drum electrifies them and they are young again. Little wonder that they gather in their villages at night and sing and dance for hours. Little wonder that they have songs for everything they do; the plowing of fields, the sowing of grain, the planting and replanting of rice, the mixing of spice and the various household occupations, all have their own little song.

Minstrels in India are numerous. There is a caste of minstrel beggars, called *bhurthari*, who travel about singing and playing the guitar, violin or any oriental instrument and accepting as alms only bits of old clothing. Their songs usually concern some good king who ruled justly and was loved by all, or some bad king who was ultimately punished; or again, they sing the folly of seeking riches for riches' sake or abandoning home and old friends for the glamor of distant cities. It is not uncommon to see the listeners sob and weep when the song recalls some sad experience of their own, or to see them give generously of the best they have when the aged minstrel or vivacious dancing-boy chases away sorrow. (Turn to page 50)

Syria's Mission Problem

George
Abbo-che, S.J.

THE great plains of the Hauran, stretching to the south of Damascus, are bounded by the Lebanon district on the west and the Syrian desert on the east. They are the principal point of interest for the traveling missionary as he journeys through the country.

The greatest hardship, perhaps, of the missionary in this land is thirst. The heat is almost intolerable; the supply of good drinking water deficient. Close by each village is a large pool of rain water, from which both men and animals drink throughout the year. In the matter of food, also, the missionary's desire for suffering is gratified. The soil, scorched by the hot sun, produces a very limited variety of foodstuffs. No vegetables, for example, are to be had anywhere. A plate of rice and a few olives are considered a feast. But the natives, despite their extreme poverty, have not forgotten their ancient spirit of hospitality.

ON a visit to a native home, the missionary is met by a boy who carries his bag and deposits it before the door of the house. This is the sign of welcome. He is then invited to enter a small hall, where, after many salutations, he is offered food. If this is his first visit, he may smack his lips in anticipation of some choice morsel. He will soon be disillusioned, when he sees the lady of the house bring him an unwashed bowl with a few drops of milk in it. Then comes the dessert, a kind of sweet dish called *halaweh*, which looks like mortar. After these two courses the coffee is served in cups the size of a thimble. These are replenished several times, so that at the end of a visit the amount of an ordinary cup has been drunk. If the host is a Maronite, he will kindly offer the missionary the pipe he is smoking, which, if the priest be not of a robust constitution, will make him feel like the small boy after his first smoke.

The women of Hauran paint themselves in a way that would be little appreciated in Europe. Their faces are blue from tattooing. Their hands are dirty, for an excellent reason; they cannot spare the water.



A genial host with many a tale to tell.

Hakim, who lived about the year 1000 A.D. He was a madman, believing the divinity to be incarnate in himself. His career came to a sudden end when he was murdered in the mosque of Cairo by one of the generals of his army. The Druses derive their name from Darazi, one of the first disciples of Caliph-Hakim.

No less interesting than Hauran and Druses Mountain, is Homs and its surrounding districts, the "Jacobite Valley" and the "Christians' Valley." Homs is a city of Mohammedans, schismatics and Catholics, the Catholics making up only one tenth of the population. Here is what the Superior of the Jesuit residence at Homs wrote in 1925: "Homs is a city of action, of hard and continual struggle. Against us is a numerous rich and influential community of schismatics, supported financially by Freemasons. A curate, a very clever man and the most active of all the schismatical priests, is the Master of the Scottish Lodge at Homs."

THE Jacobites believe that Our Lord has but one nature. Their country is entirely different from the Hauran. Their villages are built near fresh springs; all the surrounding country is green; gardens are full of vegetables and fruits. In July, 1925, I arrived in one of their villages with four other Jesuit priests. We were received very hospitably by the chief, who had founded a Catholic church in the town. (Turn to page 50)

Chinese Curiosity

Pius L. Moore, S.J.



*Ye Old
Curiosity
Shop—a la Chinoise.*

THOUGH frequently stared at by Chinese in trains and tramways and whenever and wherever one pauses long enough for almond eyes to focus on their object, I am only now realizing how deeply incurably curious our Chinese people are. It's little wonder that so many go blind.

I happened some time back to go into the garden just at recess time to show the builder of our chapel a sketch I had just completed. I had not spoken with him two minutes, when ten or more students surrounded us, four looking over my shoulders, six squatted down looking at the large drawing from the reverse side, and the remaining student body edging over our way for a "looksee" when a vacancy would offer.

IHAD to buy some silk goods for our chapel, and went shopping in the congested district beyond Hua-Pe-Lo, where the large silk stores are located. My teacher and interpreter, Mr. Mark Zi, accompanied me. He is an expert at bargaining, and his services are really indispensable when one considers that most Chinese merchants have three prices on all goods: the highest, the middlemost and the lowest. With Mr. Zi as purchaser they never get the highest and may consider themselves as selling at a profit if they get from him the medium price. Perhaps I was the first foreigner, without a beard, in clerical garb the Nanking Chinese had seen. Children followed us along the narrow, crowded streets, sometimes running to keep in full view of the strange sight I presented to them. They stopped and waited outside when we entered a store. Crowds

of clerks approached to see what we might want. The whole store seemed interested, and while Mr. Zi bargained with one clerk, eighteen others from counters and galleries and cash offices feasted their business eyes on me. We got the silk we wanted, but had to go elsewhere for some oil-cloth for the refectory table. Outside the store our curious little friends awaited us, their number augmented by those informed of the presence of that strange being that would soon come out of the big store. We pushed on, children and rickshaw coolies following us. Too bad for the children, the old folk and the street-coolies that I have not time to go out more frequently for their amusement and delight. One recalls how happy he was, as a child, when the circus came to town!

ALITTLE necessary dental work required me to look for a reliable dentist. I went to the foreign wing of the University Hospital to ask of the American nurse where I might find a foreign dentist. She told me there is none in Nanking. She recommended, however, two or three Chinese dentists, all graduates of the University, saying, "They are all reliable and clean." Dr. Chang was the nearest, so I sought him out in a long, one-story Chinese house. As I entered the waiting room, Dr. Chang looked in to see who had come in, and in good English, (he read my nationality at a glance) assured me that he would soon be ready for me. His appearance, and long, white, delicate fingers recalled the make-up of Lon Chaney, the movie actor, in one of his Chinese roles. I was soon in the no-where-comfortable dental chair. I had a (Turn to page 50)



In the church at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

RECENTLY a beautiful mural painting of the North American Martyrs was completed in the church of St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. It is as impressive as it is timely, and it conveys to the minds of the youthful redskins better than words the glowing story of the Martyrs' efforts to establish a love for Christ among their ancestors who roamed over the prairies and through the forests of America.

The violence with which the Indians of old rejected Christ's message stands in strange contrast to the quiet reserve with which they accept it today. Indeed, the spirit of the Martyrs has conquered. This is most evident to all who have anything to do with Catholic Indians at the present time.

It is not an unrequent occurrence for us, who are working among the Indians, to have the parents call at the school to tell us how anxious they are to have their boys learn to serve Mass. They wish their children to be of assistance to the missionary who comes to visit their chapels in the isolated districts. Nor are the Indian boys satisfied with serving Mass, for they and their sisters are often seen at the Holy Table. Out of the annual attendance of more than four hundred children at St. Francis Mission School, about seventy-five per cent receive our Lord daily in Holy Communion.

The fine Catholic disposition of the chil-

MARTYRS' Influence

James V. Fallon, S.J.

dren is manifest as well in the adults. They are away from school influence, but even so, when there is an opportunity, they come to be present at Mass and receive Holy Communion on First Fridays. Not a few of those who come are engaged in manual labor, but they leave their work long enough to come to the Banquet of the King.

IF the spirit of the North American Martyrs is most manifest among the Indians in a spiritual way, perhaps it is also accountable for a marked advance in the intellectual order. Those who have a right to know, tell us that the Indian is forging ahead with giant strides. To instance this, we may point to the eighth grade graduating class of this past year. This group, indeed, could pose as a living rebuke to those who say that the word "Indian" is synonymous with dull, lazy and shiftless. Each of the boys in the picture has a practical knowledge of a trade; each plays an instrument in the band; each strove rather diligently for the highest average in his school work throughout the year. In addition to doing well in their studies, two of the boys received second and third prizes for oratorical essays in a competition with nine schools, and some of the other students who competed were high (Turn to page 51)

Indians all: Class of '30.



INTERRUPTIONS and a LETTER



George C. O'Brien, S.J.



First Father Sheffield thought the noise he heard was caused by the wind and rain, but as it was repeated, he recognized a knock on his door.

"Who can it be on an afternoon like this? Come in, my little man," he said as he opened the door and saw a boy outside, drenched and breathless. "Sit down by the fire and get your breath."

There was something in the kitchen, he thought, some coffee and a corn cake or two for the lad.

"No, no, Padre, he dies, and sends me for you;" burst out the boy, tears mingling with the rain on his cheeks.

"Who? What's your name, laddie?"

"My father is sick; his name too, is Jacinto."

"Where do you live, Jacinto?"

"In Borgia."

"What! And you have come down from there?"

FATHER SHEFFIELD knew the place,—a mountain village not very distant, but in time and effort, a far town. He pulled on his high boots and storm clothes as Jacinto sipped the warm drink.

"Wait for me here where it is warm and dry. I'll saddle my horse and we can start back together."

Wind and rain howled through the door as Father Sheffield stepped out into the storm. From the Southwest it came, a steady torrent whipped along by an unflagging gale. Rain, rain and mud,—and ten miles away a soul on the step of Eternity!

While he led his horse back towards his hut, phrases of his letter, interrupted by the coming of Jacinto, ran through his mind. How dull that letter seemed now, wearisome and uninteresting, and it was "to my own little mother." Cautiously he had avoided telling her how profitless his work seemed during the months of rain and confinement. He would never admit to her the feeling akin to despair that was in his heart; such troubles he told only to Christ. Yet he had intimated much. "I find the rainy season unpleasant, but so does

everyone else. The little youngsters of the town are restless, since they cannot come to play in my patio where I put up swings for them. Mass every morn is my consolation," he wrote, "the rest of the day brings nothing unusual, for the roads now are wretched and the evenings come early. The regularity is severe, but another month perhaps . . ."

STRANGE then, that Jacinto had come just at that moment; strange, but perhaps not so strange.

The winds drove against their backs as Father Sheffield and Jacinto left the missionary's hut, while through the downpour they dimly saw the mountain before them on whose shoulder the town of Borgia lay hidden. The rains whistled through the trees along the road; the afternoon was misty and dark; evening would come soon. An hour crept past, and the mountain towered above them; another hour and they were climbing its side.

"Cheer up, Jacinto, not much further now."

It was night when they reached the high town of Borgia, and a prayer rose to the missionary's lips, "Oh, that I may not be too late!"

When they came to the poor hut, Jacinto, with all the love for his father overwhelming him, burst into the cabin and ran to the room where he had left him before setting out for the priest.

"Padre is here!" cried the boy, and he threw himself at the bedside of his father, his head lost in the coverings.

A feeble hand fell lightly upon the black curly head,—his father still lived.

THE confession heard, the mother and children again entered the room to witness the sacrament of Extreme Unction. As he prepared the holy oils, the scene brought back to Father Sheffield's mind one he had been part of years ago, when he was in Jacinto's place and his own father was dying. Now he (Turn to page 51)

FOR MERCY

Joseph L.



Preparing to put the dispensary under its nipa roof.

*So live that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in Memory's light,
And the blest deeds we scatter, bloom
A hundred-fold in years to come.*



PERHAPS no other words than these of the poet could apply more fittingly to Father John J. Monahan, S.J., lovingly called "Christ's Spendthrift," by those who were the witnesses of his flaming zeal, tender charity and colossal missionary labors in the Philippines. Though the fire of his ardent zeal had, within three priceless years, burned out his bodily strength, Father Monahan was truly a vessel of election bearing the Divine Message of Christ into pagan fastnesses.

With heart yearning for the glory of God and consumed with zeal for the salvation of souls, he labored to dispel pagan darkness with the light of the Gospel, and with his own ardent love of Christ to inspire the lives of his beloved Filipinos. This dauntless soul was, indeed, engaged in a mission of

charity, and the message of love he imparted is still enshrined in the hearts of all who were privileged to come under the spell of his genial personality. Father Monahan's successors, now tracing the orbit of his tireless activities, can well attest that the blest seeds of love, zeal and devotion, which he scattered along the pathway of an all too brief missionary life, are blooming now in the land of his

glory. A gratifying harvest is being reaped in the valuable lives of his spiritual children—teachers, students, doctors, nurses, and many now guiding the destinies of the Philippines. Too soon, indeed, the sun of his missionary existence sank into night, but long before its sunset he had left a record of achievements fit to challenge the best efforts of his brother Jesuits following closely in his footsteps.

IN Luzon and in Mindanao this tireless worker for Christ labored with the energy, the zeal and the strength of a Xavier. Though unceasingly engaged in ministerial work and in the difficult labor of acquiring new dialects, he yet found time to send out letters to friends and benefactors at the astounding rate of

six hundred a month, to distribute countless sheaves of wholesome Catholic literature, to give numerous conferences to school teachers, lectures to doctors and nurses, and addresses to Normal and High School students. His time and talents were given without reserve to the service of souls. Well, indeed, could he be called "Christ's Spendthrift," giving all he had out of love for the Divine Master.

Early in his missionary career, Father Monahan realized the value of medical work in blazing a path for the Gospel among non-Christian tribes. Though primarily interested in their spiritual needs and the sickness of their souls, he showed a practical interest in their bodily needs and diseases. For this reason he was continually plead-



Father James G. Daly, S.J., trophi



The memorial is dedicated and blest.

IES DONE

Lucas, S.J.

ing the cause of medical missions, not only for the people whom he wished to evangelize, but for the missionaries themselves, who only too often, through frequent fevers, unhealthy climatic conditions, or from overwork and exhaustion, would be in need of medical assistance. His own premature and lamented death at the very height of his missionary career, most convincingly summed up and crowned the arguments he had been urging. The sacrifice of that noble life seems to have been the final proof required.

One of his last acts was a poignant appeal for medical service and equipment both for himself and for his charges. Pleading with the Catholic Medical Mission Board to send help to Mindanao, he said, "I hold myself responsible for declaring that this is the best possible and neediest spot in the Philippines for a medical coworker with the Fathers. It takes a mighty long time to turn out Jesuits from the 'Ignatian mills' and we don't want them to ornament a niche in any of the tropical cemeteries after their arrival here." Just a few weeks after penning these earnest words, he himself was laid to rest in a niche of a tropical cemetery.

FATHER MONAHAN was most enthusiastic in praising the work of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, and on hearing

that Mindanao's future laborers were to receive a course in medical aid, he wrote most encouragingly of the project, ending his letter with the words, "I am with you to the end." So earnest was his pleading that on the news of his death (untimely because of the lack of medical means he so deplored) several friends came forward with financial assistance for the erection of a dispensary in his honor. The funds would hardly guarantee an American medical coworker, but were at least sufficient to start the dispensary in a modest way. The Mission of Jasaan, because of its poverty, its utter lack of doctors, and its distance from the nearest Government medical station, received the grant from the Catholic Medical Mission Board, and on July 19, 1930, the first Father

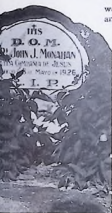
May their visits to Jasaan's dispensary be few and far between!



The first victim! Father Pollock, S.J., "shot,"—and no sympathy from Father Lucas!

Monahan Memorial Dispensary was dedicated and blessed by Father John A. Pollock, S.J., at Jasaan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, Philippine Islands.

SPEECHES to a large and enthusiastic audience were given by the doctors, nurses, Father Pollock, Father Lucas and some of the principal citizens. The keynote of every discourse was a plea for the prosperity and long continuance of this practical expression of Christian love, inaugurated by the generosity of certain friends of Father Monahan and of the Catholic Medical Mission Board. However, for proper continuance of this valuable missionary asset it is essential that financial and medical help be steadily maintained. This "memorial sweet of mercies done" by Father Monahan will worthily "enshrine his name in Memory's light," and assuredly, Father Monahan is pleading with the Divine Healer, that this, and other like memorials, may bring health first to the wretched bodies, and then to the wretched souls for which he so ardently yearned. Then, indeed, will his blest deeds "bloom a hundred-fold in years to come."



Rests an "Ave" at a niche in a cemetery.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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the prospect often seriously colored by a bit of selfishness, a lack of bigness of soul? We speak now, let us state again, of those to whom a 'higher calling is really open. Do they give the priesthood and the religious life a real chance to show itself to their eyes? Surely these careers are in themselves the greatest open to human beings, for they offer a high place in the intimate service of Christ, the King. To know that each day is fully consecrated by a life's consecration to God; to stand at the altar every day to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; to administer the sacraments of salvation to souls in need; to teach the word of God to young and old; to instruct youth in religious and secular learning; to go off to the missions to spread the work of the Church in pagan countries; to work for the poor and the lowly, the aged and the sick; to do these and a thousand other things that go to make up the day's work of priests, Brothers and Sisters as they lead their lives of consecration to God is all part of a career that is at one and the same time holy, inspiring, unselfish, noble, interesting and consoling.

A Need Money Cannot Supply

UNDOUBTEDLY, the missions have been hit hard by the shortage of money in the hands of those who formerly gave generously of what they had. Every effort is being made on the missions proper to hold the ground gained by intense struggle and many a sacrifice in the past. Unless help comes soon, the missions will suffer, and, in many cases, quite seriously. But there is one great need that money cannot supply. That need can be cared for only by hearts that are generous beyond monetary values when God whispers gently to the soul, "Come, follow Me!" In the early months of the year, the months ahead of graduation from high school or college, the decision about vocation will be reached in many cases. What will be this year's answer given to God's grace by American young men and young women? Granted the spiritual, moral and physical fitness, the question of following out a vocation is largely a matter of unselfish generosity to be shown towards God. Naturally there will be some cases where a young man or woman cannot follow out a desire to serve God in the priesthood or the religious life because parents or younger brothers and sisters depend upon them. For these we have only an ardent sympathy and a prayer that God may bless them for their generous desires. It is rather to those who have no obstacle outside themselves that we wish to appeal. Their own generosity of heart will measure the answer they will give to the Master's call.

The Cause the Greatest

A CAREER in the business and professional world may look enticingly inviting to a young man or young woman on the eve of graduation. True it is that there are many sterling Catholic laymen and women following such careers today, and the need of more such is so evident that it needs no proof. Yet, as one examines the outlook to such careers of worldly success, isn't

The Need Most Urgent

ONE sometimes hears it said that the legal profession or the medical profession is overcrowded. This is never true of the priesthood and the religious life. A multitude of vocations is needed to fill all the demands. Priests are needed for our parishes, even more are needed for high schools and colleges, and very especially is there paramount need in the mission fields at home and abroad. Unceasingly and insistently the plea comes for more and more priests to go to mission fields manned by American missionaries. And what is true of the priests is equally true of Brothers and Sisters. They are needed for the work in schools and hospitals, for homes for the aged and orphans, for labors in this country and largely, too, for the apostolic career of the missions. China and India, the Philippines and the American Indians, these and plenty of others are pleading for an increased personnel to further the work of God in the mission fields. How often have we heard them plead in the Master's Voice that "the fields are white for the harvest," that village after village in the heart of paganism is anxious to hear the word of God if only—yes, if only there were more laborers for God's Vineyard!

And so, young America, the world of souls lies at your feet to be won to Christ. Human beings, bought by the Blood of Christ, are pleading for someone to come and unfold to them the sweet message of Christ. As you are pondering over your life's career, do not stifle the voice of Christ as He offers you His sweet invitation to follow Him to the higher life. Sacrifice? Yes, but made out of love for God. Peace and joy and happiness that surpass understanding will follow your first generous answer to the gentle Christ. How big hearted will you be, how noble, how responsive to grace? Only you can give the answer. Let it be made with a generous heart and a farseeing mind. Weigh not only present advantages and enticing worldly opportunities, but prayerfully consider advantages and opportunities that are greatest where only true values count—in the eyes of God.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 37. Nanking, China.



Aches and pains assuaged at one of the twenty dispensaries in the mission of Nanking.

THE Mission of Nanking, under the direction of French Jesuits, is universally recognized as the most thoroughly organized and most successful of the missions in China. Near the city of Shanghai is found the famous Zi-ka-wei establishment consisting of a scholasticate of the Society of Jesus, a senior and junior seminary for native secular priests, two orphanages, an observatory, museum, and printing press. In Shanghai itself is Aurora University with schools of Medicine, Law, Civil Engineering, besides undergraduate courses. Jesuits from California are preparing to open another college in Shanghai where all subjects will be taught in English. In the city of Nanking, now the seat of government in South China, Ricci College was founded not long ago. A brief statistical resume can do no more than suggest the extent of the work being accomplished. It is correct for the years 1928-29.

Total population 29,000,000. Catholics, 194,312. Increase over 1927-28, 3,531. Catechumens, 23,012. Jesuit missionaries—priests 129, of whom 20 are Chinese—scholastics 35, of whom 20 are Chinese—Brothers 36, of whom 18 are Chinese. There are also 62 Chinese secular priests in the Vicariate, and 533 Sisters, of whom 312 are Chinese. Churches and chapels total 670. Among the charitable works are 8 orphanages with 2,384 orphans. During the year 1928-29, 982 children were received, of these 508 died in infancy, and 1101 were placed in Catholic families. There are 6 hospitals in which 15,767 patients were cared for; 20 dispensaries which handled 759,060 cases. In the work of education there are altogether 740 schools, ranging from primary grades to university with a total enrollment of 34,577. A summary of ministerial work reveals 39,261 Baptisms administered during the past year, of which 28,931 were to children of pagans; Confirmations, 5,191; Confessions, 970,774; Communion, 2,747,131; Extreme Unctions, 2790; Marriages, 1670.

IN our sympathetic interest for the missionary laboring in the "bush," we are likely to undervalue a work which is of supreme importance for the permanent establishment of the Faith in mission countries. It is to call this to our prayerful attention that the Holy Father has made "Institutions for higher learning" in these countries the Mission Intention for February.

In countries such as India, China, Japan, the Philippines, young men who have university training quickly advance to positions of honor and influence in the fields of politics and business. The same avenues of opportunity must be opened to Catholic students, in order that an educated Catholic laity may be developed which will be a truly representative body in the eyes both of Catholics and non-Catholics.

Moreover, these Catholic institutions of higher learning are necessary to preserve the Faith of those who

THE MISSION INTENTION

for FEBRUARY

Institutions of Higher Learning in Mission Countries

have been converted. If Catholic young men and women seeking advanced studies are compelled to choose between Protestant colleges and universities or nothing, we can readily see that the result all too frequently will be the loss of their Faith. Protestants have done better in this field than we have. In Tokio they had seven "higher" schools in operation before the one Catholic university was opened. In China there are now but two Catholic universities in comparison with numerous flourishing Protestant and "non-sectarian" institutions.

How can Catholic schools of this nature be established and supported in these mission lands? The zeal of the members of the Apostleship of Prayer must give the answer. Let them pray especially that wealthy Catholics be given the light and the grace to realize their responsibilities as stewards of God's bounty, to be used by them for His honor and glory.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The Missions of Holy Rosary and Morant Bay, Jamaica, both in charge of Father William F. McHale, S.J., welcomed their new chief pastor, the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., with a reception and addresses from prominent members of their congregations. The welcome by the good people of Morant Bay had a special significance, as the church there had been under the care of Bishop Emmet when he was in Jamaica in 1916.

Father Henry P. Wennerberg, S.J., missionary at Above Rocks, Jamaica, has been appointed temporary secretary of His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J. His place at Above Rocks is being filled by Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J., who went to Jamaica last September.

Father Thomas E. Shortell, S.J., another of the new arrivals in Jamaica, is Moderator of the Young Ladies Sodality and the Boy Scouts in Kingston and assistant editor of *Catholic Opinion*. He also assists in caring for the mission of St. Andrews.

To Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., has been assigned the care of the mission of St. Anthony and its school at Kingston. Among his other duties are the spiritual charge of the boys' industrial school at Alpha, the League of the Sacred Heart and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Kingston. He is also Student Counsellor for the boys of St. George's College, Winchester Park.

Joseph L. Leroy, S.J., the scholastic who accompanied these Fathers to Jamaica, is teaching at St. George's College.

ALASKA

From Father Francis B. Prange, S.J., of Nulato, Alaska, the following short letter has been received:

"Thanks to your cheery letter of September 11, which finally arrived here, I feel much better. I thought for a fact that you had forgotten us up here, the same as everybody else seemed to have done. I recall just now the words of an old Alaska missionary now dead, Father Van der Pol, S.J., when I went to say goodbye to him

before leaving Spokane for the North. 'My dear Father, don't ever be afraid, and don't let it haunt you. But, when you have had the last glimpse of Seattle from the deck of your steamer, know that it's all over but the obsequies.' And to my astonishment I find that the old man was right, even though he might have been less blunt with the truth. Having found him right in the one point, I have also followed his kindly advice, 'don't let it haunt you.' Well, my dear Father, it doesn't. I only remark on it now, because I came pretty near including you amongst those who have yet to assist at the said obsequies. But I repent me of that rash judgment, and I hasten to thank you instead for your very kind and substantial remembrance of me and my mission.

"I am not yet quite ready for a longer letter to you, but I hope to find the time for it soon. This has been a terrible Summer and Fall for us, to be crowned by the still more terrible accident at Kotzebue, that has left us

orphans. I wish to write at greater length to you about this, for many, many reasons. Therefore, more anon."

CHINA

In addition to the Canadian Jesuits who left for China last October, the following Canadians are also laboring in that troubled mission. In the section of Sin-tcheou, Kiangsu Province, are Father Edward Lafortune, S.J., Superior of Sin-tcheou and Hai-tcheou, and Father Louis Beaulieu, S.J. Father Philippe Côté, S.J., is at Tangshan. Father Joseph Courchesne, S.J., at Siu-tcheou, Father Alphonse Dubé, S.J., at Matsing, Father Georges Marin, S.J., at Sutsien and Father Auguste Gagnon, S.J., at Sinanchen, Ku. Brother Raoul Sauvé, S.J., as contractor and builder, and Brother Paul St-Jean, S.J., as infirmarian, are helping Father Marin. Brother Aza Souigny, S.J., is infirmarian and helper to Father Beaulieu. Father Edward Côté, S.J., is secretary to Rt. Rev. Simon Tsu, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Haimen, China.



Reinforcements for Jamaica, B. W. I. They landed in September last year. (Left to right) Father Thomas E. Shortell, S.J., Joseph L. Leroy, S.J., Father Adolphus M. Vidal, secular priest, Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J. The Jesuits in the group are all at Winchester Park, Kingston. Father Vidal is the assistant at St. Anne's Church, Kingston, where Father Joseph S. Knight, S.J., is in charge.



All ready! Now sneeze—Sintcheon, Kiangsu Province, China, is the destination of these Canadian Jesuits who left for that mission October 6, 1930. First, however, Father Joseph Caron, S.J., (seated left) and Father Henri Plamondon, S.J., (seated right) will study Chinese for a year at Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai, and Brother Emile Lord, S.J., (standing) will be assistant to the director of the Astronomical Observatory at the same place.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The many friends of Father James T. Hayes, S.J., will be happy to learn of the honor that has come to him in being appointed Superior of all the Jesuits in the Philippine Islands. It is an honor, indeed, that carries with it a heavy burden of responsibility, as he will have the direction of the work of the one hundred and fifty-six Jesuits in the Philippine Islands. In addition to the forwarding of the missions with which he is now thoroughly conversant from his four and a half splendidly successful years in Mindanao, Father Hayes will also have the supervision of the more developed foundations in Manila, the college and high school of the Ateneo, the seminary at San Jose, the novitiate and scholasticate of the Society, and the Manila Observatory.

Father Hayes, in company with eight other Jesuit priests, left for the Philippines on July 25, 1926. His first assignment was at Talisayan, Mindanao, but a year later on June 29, 1927, when he was appointed Vice-Superior for the missions in northern Mindanao he removed to Cagayan, Eastern Misamis. Here he has been most successful in building schools and dormitories, in organizing Boy Scout activities under Catholic auspices, and in bringing many Aglipayanos back to the Fold.

Father Hayes is the second American Jesuit to become Superior of the Philippine Mission. Though it was given over completely to the care of the Maryland-New York Province; only

at Easter, 1927, American Jesuits have been going to the Philippines in large numbers since 1921, so that now, beginning the tenth year of "occupation," there are sixty-five priests, scholastics and Brothers in the Islands from the United States.

* * *

Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J., whose splendid account of *A Brother's Share* in missionary work in the November issue of *Jesuit Missions* aroused much favorable comment, has been forced to leave his beloved Tagaloan in Mindanao, and go to Manila, where he will be stationed at the Ateneo. Brother John Duffy, S.J., has taken his place at Tagaloan, Misamis.

TWO IMPORTANT CHANGES

December 22, 1930: Very Rev. James T. Hayes, S.J., took office as Superior of all the American Jesuits working in the Philippine Islands. He succeeds Very Rev. James Carlin, S.J., who died on October 1, 1930.

January 6, 1931: The Missions of the Missouri and Chicago Provinces of the Society of Jesus were divided. *Patna Mission in India will henceforth be under the sole jurisdiction of the Chicago Province. The Missouri Province will care for the British Honduras Mission and the Indian Missions in South Dakota and Wyoming.*

Father James B. Mahoney, S.J., newly installed Rector of San Jose College, Manila, P. I., sends the following items of interest concerning that famous institution.

"This College is very much a part of the Philippine Mission, in fact one of the most important parts, since it houses not only the far-famed Weather Bureau, but our Jesuit novitiate and scholasticate and also one of the cradles of the Filipino clergy of the future, and the only one under the care of American Jesuits.

"We have seven Jesuit novices here and eight philosophers and juniors. In our Apostolic Seminary we have one hundred young men of promise remotely or approximately in preparation for the secular priesthood. I mention remotely, since more than one half of these candidates are studying Latin, and some of them are boys from eight to twelve years of age. Fruits are not

wanting, however, for already we have thirteen zealous young secular priests laboring in our Lord's vineyard, and each one of these is very grateful and proud of being a Jesuit boy. These represent the graduates of three successive years, and enjoy much confidence from our Archbishop, who has placed them together in a large hitherto neglected province to work together and to help one another.

"We have only two Americans on the seminary faculty, Father Henry A. Coffey, S.J., the professor of dogma and Father Martin L. Zillig, S.J., the professor of philosophy. All our other teachers are Filipinos, able professors of moral theology and the classics."

* * *

From his station at Dapitan, Zamboanga Province, Mindanao, P. I., Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., one of the Filipino Jesuits who made his studies in the United States, writes of some of the problems he is facing in company with Father Jaime Valles, S.J., whose article *From Failing Hands* appeared in the January issue of *Jesuit Missions*:

"My companion here is Father Valles, a Spanish Jesuit, very zealous and devoted to his work. The acting Superior of the mission, in giving me my assignment here wrote: 'You will find an inspiration in the self-sacrificing example of good Father Valles, than whom there is not a more zealous missionary in all Mindanao. He is a man worthy of the best traditions of the Society of Jesus.' In Father Valles' opinion, this mission of Dapitan is the hardest of all in Mindanao. Surely he ought to know for he has been here since 1908. Brother Garcia looks after the house, the cooking and many other things most efficiently."



Father Raymond R. Goggin, S.J., is his usual smiling self, despite the grave responsibilities that he carries as Master of Novices at San Jose, Manila, P. I.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Readers of *Jesuit Missions* may ask themselves at times just what the Mission of British Honduras is. A writer in the *Mongrove*, the magazine of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, gathers together some interesting data on the Mission, and the following is in large part a quotation from that article:

"The colony of British Honduras is a small part of the world and not so easily found on the map, perhaps, but its 8,598 square miles of territory contain some 48,000 inhabitants, 27,000 of whom are Catholics. Mexico bounds the colony on the north and northwest. Guatemala bounds it on the west and south while the Caribbean Sea lies along the whole length of the eastern line. The greatest breadth of the Colony is just a little over 63 miles and its greatest length is 178 miles.

"The frequent question about the Colony is about the language used. In Belize, English prevails, although Spanish is spoken by almost all the citizens. In the towns and villages of the Colony, Spanish is almost universal, mixed at times with some of the Indian languages. As an example in point, we may instance the experience of Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., of Punta Gorda, who in the course of an afternoon will hear confessions in five languages, English, Spanish, Kekchi, Carib and Maya. The last three mentioned are Indian languages, but the majority of the Indians can understand Spanish, although many of them have difficulty in making themselves understood in it.

"Rt. Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., is the Vicar Apostolic of the Colony. He has with him in the field twenty-six priests, six Scholastics, and five Jesuit Brothers. Very Rev. Anthony Corey, S.J., is the Superior of all the Jesuits in the Mission. Six of the priests, all of the Scholastics, and four of the Brothers form the faculty of St. John's College in Belize. Five more priests are located in the city of Belize proper, and the remaining sixteen are scattered throughout the many stations of the Colony. All the priests except one are Jesuits.

"There are three Sisterhoods represented in the Colony. The Sisters of Mercy conduct St. Catherine's Academy in Belize and two large Catholic Public or Parochial Schools in the same city. The Sisters of Mercy number twenty-eight members. The Sisters of the Pious Missions conduct the schools at Corozal, Orange Walk, El Cayo and Benque Viejo. They have a total of thirty-three Sisters in the field. One Community of the Sisters of the Holy Family is located at Stann Creek and has four members.

"At Benque Viejo, Father Joseph Kammerer, S.J., is the pastor. Father

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



JAMES LE FAVRE, S.J.

FATHER JAMES LE FAVRE was born at Paris about 1613, and at the age of seventeen, having successfully combated the opposition of his family to his becoming a Jesuit, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in 1630. His consuming zeal for souls and his desire to be sent to the far East were not satisfied for nearly twenty-seven years.

At about the age of forty-four, Father Le Favre departed for China, where he arrived three years later after such trials and hardships that two of his companions were unable to survive the journey. Shortly after his arrival a base attack by idolatrous pirates almost won for him the palm of martyrdom. Recovering as if by a miracle, he gave himself to the winning of the good will of the mandarins and the esteem and affection of the lords of the Empire, but all for the honor of God.

And so, when on the occasion of public religious ceremonies, viceroys and mandarins would assemble out of deference to the missionary, he would take the opportunity to expound the scriptures and Church doctrine.

In the heat of persecutions Father Le Favre, as being the most prudent and capable for the appointment, was entrusted by the provincial superior with his own full powers. Imprisonment and the threat of being torn alive into ten thousand pieces did not shake his constancy. And when he did not win the coveted palm of martyrdom, he returned once more to an active work for the missions in matters of diplomacy, in making new Christians, and in opening new mission sectors. He died at the age of sixty-five, toward the end of January, 1675 or 1676 at Shanghai, venerated by his neophytes as an equal of the first Apostles.

Kammerer was formerly the Superior of the Missions. He is alone at Benque and has several stations attached to his parish. A large part of his parishioners are Guatemala people who have migrated from the Peten district which borders British Honduras close to this point.

"At El Cayo, Father William Bennett, S.J., is the resident pastor. Father William Ryan, S.J., who has his headquarters at this place, is generally in the saddle visiting the many mission stations attached to the El Cayo parish.

"At Orange Walk, Father James Preuss, S.J., is pastor at the present time. Father Preuss was recently transferred from the Cathedral at Belize, when Father Daniel Coady, S.J., had to return to the States for a short rest. This trip to the States is the first time Father Coady has been away from the Colony in seventeen years.

"At Corozal, Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., is resident pastor, and Father Louis Newell, S.J., is generally traveling to the outlying stations. Father Lalin, the only secular priest in the Colony, makes his home at Corozal or Orange Walk or at one of his larger missions, San Roman.

"At Stann Creek, Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., is resident pastor, and Father John Halligan, S.J., is generally out visiting his stations either by horse or dorey.

"At Punta Gorda, Father Bork, S.J., has his headquarters, while Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., is traveling through the bush visiting the stations of Kekchi or Maya or Carib Indians.

"At San Pedro, the only Caye Mission headquarters, Father Robert Henneman, S.J., has his station. There has been a church at San Pedro for some years, but Father Henneman is the first resident pastor. He has to face the usual difficulties of supplying everything needed for quarters for himself and in renewing what few items he found present in the line of altar furniture. Father Henneman is hustling around trying to fix up his mission to which he was just appointed last September. Getting things under way is no new task for Father Henneman. He was a companion missionary with Father Stanton when Father Stanton first located at Benque Viejo.

"Besides the Holy Redeemer Cathedral parish in Belize, there is another parish, St. Ignatius', of which Father Kemphus, S.J., is pastor. The church is a combination church-school building. However, the school which was started three years ago has outgrown its accommodations. About three hundred children are on the list, whereas



Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., California's representative in Nanking, one of China's "storm centers." Father teaches English at Ricci College.

the school was intended for a maximum of one hundred and sixty. The consequence is that a separate church building is badly needed—the property is prepared but the wherewithal for a church is still to be found. There is no possibility of the parishioners contributing much, as most of the people of the parish are very poor."

PATNA, INDIA

The most important news about Patna Mission this month, news which will not cause any particular change for the present year, but which will have its effect in future years is the change of jurisdiction with regard to the Mission. Hitherto, Patna Mission has been manned and supported by the Missouri and Chicago Provinces of the Society of Jesus. On January 6, the Mission passed into the hands and entire jurisdiction of the Chicago Province. The Missouri Province will help in the matter of supplying men and money, though only for a time. The Chicago Province, which has hitherto helped in the Indian Missions of Dakota and Wyoming and the Missions

of British Honduras, will cease its jurisdiction in these Missions and they pass in their entirety into the hands of the Missouri Province.

* * *

The new year has brought a considerable number of changes in the status of the Jesuits in Patna Mission. Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., who just arrived in Patna, will go to Chuhari. Paul Joell, S.J., and E. V. Gallagher, S.J., will travel to Shembaganur to complete their philosophical studies. Father Edward O'Leary, S.J., will be in charge of Kurji. Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., will be at Chakni. Father P. L. Frank, S.J., will return to his work among the Santals. John Sloan, S.J., will be at Bankipore, Richard T. Mehren, S.J., at Bhagalpur, John Morrison, S.J., and J. J. Brennan, S.J., will be at the High School at Bettiah, and Marshall Moran, S.J., will be at the Middle English School at Bettiah. Kevin Angelo, S.J., will also be at the High School at Bettiah, coming from Chuhari where he has been working during the past year. Michael Lyons, S.J., and Richard Wolfe, S.J., will begin their theology at Kurseong and Felix F. Farrell, S.J., will go to his philosophical studies at Shembaganur.

* * *

Father A. Pettit, S.J., writes from one of his stations among the Santals:

"You must have been informed long since that I have been given the sector of the Santals midway between Fathers James Creane, S.J., and John Killan, S.J. I have found myself a room in the house of Sam Hansdak, a good man and true, and though unbaptized himself, with six of his household Catholics. We have the children, and perhaps through the children we can get at the adults. It is hard to change the old folks. I've been here a month now and have my bed finished, but have made no table as yet. Our diet here is rice, and it's not bad after you make up your mind that the trimmings are just not coming. My catechist has learned to make native bread and a thin soup, and he also knows how to cook sweet potatoes. This all happened recently. Now I feel like a gormand. Come on over! I'm afraid of the goat.

"In my section of the country there are some 250 villages, of which perhaps about 200 are Santal villages. One can count on an average of at least fifty people to such a village. You see, then, that I have some 10,000 Santals in my district. Big job? It will be done only by very much prayer. So far I have three catechists, but I must have more. I have visited about forty of my villages and have found many people ready to listen, willing to say they will become Christians. Beyond that I cannot hope for much until I can train more catechists. In one section an influential man promised to become a

Christian and come to Sundarmur to see me. He backed up his promise by killing a pig in my honor and cooking it for me to eat. But after all, he did not come—and according to common opinion he is an honest man. However, we shall plough along until we can dot this territory with catechists who will be a wonderful help to me and my work."

* * *

Marian Batson, S.J., sends this interesting note about one of his first converts, a Moslem:

"My Moslem convert, Khaddar Saheb, was baptized on November 13, and since he is in love with a Catholic girl, was married on the same day, too. He is a fine chap. I have chosen for him the name of Peter Samuel. Peter, because he is the first, and the 'rock'—the first rock of my foundation of the 'dream castle' I hope to build, and also because he will thereby have a Patron Saint. I called him Samuel because, on the morning when he came to me about becoming a Catholic, I was reading the story of Samuel from the Bible. I also wanted him called Samuel after my beloved father and several friends of mine who are ardent missionaries (at home and in spirit), and lastly because he ought to be called Sam anyway. He received his First Holy Communion on December 8, and I have placed him under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin."

* * *

Father James Gibbons, S.J., reports from Chakni that he is still ferreting out dangerous snakes. He is confident that his Guardian Angel and he are a happy combination, and he has lost none of the cheerfulness expressed in *Seeing Snakes at Night*, *Jesuit Missions* for November.



"We love our Padre Saheb, and we want to be in the picture with him!" say the little ones of Patna about Father Edward J. O'Leary, S.J.



GHANDI'S EDITOR CONVERT

The movement of Jacobite Christians in Malabar, South India, towards reunion with Rome continues. Prominent among those who have followed Archbishop Ivanios into the Church is George Joseph, a well known Jacobite lawyer and former editor of the *Allahabad Independent* and of *Young India*, the newspaper of Gandhi. He was received by Archbishop Ivanios on November 17, 1930. (F.S.)

JAPANESE RETREATS

A very encouraging sign of the virility of Catholicism in Japan is the number of men making the closed retreats in Tokio. The retreats are conducted in Japanese by one of the Jesuit Fathers stationed at the Catholic University. They were begun in 1923 and there has been a gratifying increase each year.

IN BELGIAN CONGO

A Religious of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus gives some details in regard to a new foundation made this year by the Sisters in the interior of Africa. The Belgian government gave the Society a large tract of ground where a house is now being built. While awaiting its completion the Sisters have begun their missionary work in a nearby mission of the Jesuits. Here they conduct a boarding school for sixty or seventy native girls. All instruction must be carried on in the native Kikongo language. This is the second foundation of these Religious in the Belgian Congo. Since 1928 they have had a house in Leopoldville for Europeans.

AFRICAN SCHOOLS

FACE CRISIS

The mission schools in British Africa are in grave difficulty due to new requirements demanded by the Government in

equipment and standards. The physical impossibility to meet the demands has resulted in the reduction of the number of schools from 60 in 1929 to 47 in 1930 in the Prefecture of Swaziland, South

with our poor income."

In parts of South Africa the Government is seeking to abolish denominational instruction in native schools and to establish interdenominational united schools.

The Catholics have drawn upon themselves bitter attacks by holding out for a principle which they seek to maintain throughout the world, the independent education of Catholic children in a Catholic atmosphere. However, educational authorities seem appreciative of good accomplished wherever found. As an instance, the Departmental Inspector for Native Education in the Orange Free State commended the school of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, Kroonstad, praising the "unselfish and hard work" of the Sisters.

Praying Apostles

Laurence J. Kelly, S.J.

Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, "The Little Flower," was an apostle by prayer, like her holy mother, St. Teresa of Avila. She could not have her wish of being a priest and a missionary; but she gave herself, heart and soul, to the salvation of souls by her great and deep desires for that intention, by turning all her works and sufferings and penances into one continuous appeal to the mercy of God for sinners.

Her spirit, so worthy of imitation by all of us, can be seen in these few excerpts from her letters and notes.

"Had I been rich I never could have borne to see a poor person hungry without giving him to eat. It is the same in my spiritual life: knowing there are souls on the point of falling into hell, I give them my treasures according as I earn anything, and I have never yet found a moment to say, 'Now I am going to work for myself.'"

"Like the Prophets and the Doctors I would fain enlighten souls. Fain would I travel the earth, O my Well Beloved, to preach Thy Name and to set up Thy glorious Cross in pagan lands. . . . I would desire to be a missionary not only for a few years, but to have been one from the creation of the world, and so continue to the end of time."

"The Creator of the Universe awaits the prayer of one poor little soul to save a multitude of others, redeemed like her at the price of His Blood. Our vocation is not to go and reap in the Father's fields. Jesus does not say to us, 'Cast down your eyes and reap the harvest'; our mission is still more sublime. Here are the words of the Divine Master, 'Lift up your eyes and see—see that in Heaven there are empty places; yours it is to fill them. You are the Moses praying on the mountain. Ask of Me laborers and I will send them; I await but a prayer, a sigh from out of your heart.'"

AN IMMENSE

VICARIATE

The Vicariate Apostolic of Kartum in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan covers an area of 1,844,515 square miles. In all this vast territory there are but 5,700,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,096 are Catholics of the Latin Rite.

The Right Reverend Hector Francis Bini has recently been appointed Vicar Apostolic. His Lordship is a member of the Congregation of the Sons of the Sacred Heart of Verona, Italy. After receiving a doctorate of philosophy and theology on the completion of his studies in Rome, he served as missionary in Bahr-el-Ghazal in the Sudan from 1920 to 1922, when he was recalled on account of health. He has since held administrative offices in the Congregation. (F.S.)

STRICKEN PRIEST

RETURNS TO LEPERS

For thirty-five years Father Wintz, C.S.Sp., has labored among the natives afflicted with leprosy in the Vicariate of Senegal, West Africa. Finally, he him-

self contracted the disease, and in 1928 returned to France for care and treatment. The call of his mission was too strong, however, and now, at the age of sixty, he has secured the permission of his superiors to return to Africa. He will spend his remaining years, until the lingering disease gains the mastery, working among the lepers. (F.S.)

AMONG THE HEADHUNTERS

On July 21, 1931, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Edmund Dunn, Prefect Apostolic of Sarawak, North Borneo, will have completed fifty years of apostolic labor on this mission among the headhunters. A native of Dublin, Ireland, he joined the foreign missionaries of Mill Hill, and shortly after his ordination, in 1880, was assigned to Borneo.

He found three Catholics when he arrived. Today there are over 8,000. Most of his missionary career has been spent in the heart of the world famed—or notorious—headhunters' territory, yet by his zeal and willingness to live their primitive life has won the respect and love of the natives, and has been able to teach them the way of salvation. He was made Prefect Apostolic in 1897, and today at the age of seventy-three is still active in the direction of the mission.

Sarawak is an independent state covering approximately 55,000 square miles and contains a population of 500,000 of many different races. The missionary personnel includes 21 priests, 2 Brothers, 18 Sisters of St. Joseph from Patricof, England. A native Sisterhood, "Little Sisters of St. Francis," has five novices. (F.S.)

PRESENT STATUS IN CHINA

During the past seven years, twenty-nine missionaries have been put to death in China. The number of priests and Sisters still in captivity is thirty-two.

The last reports of Red atrocities contained the sad news that the Rt. Rev. John Sogiu, O.M.Conv., Prefect Apostolic of Hingan, Shensi Province, had been killed, together with Fathers Luciano and Novelli. Msgr. Sogiu had been in China since 1925. On August 1, he was made Prefect Apostolic of Hingan.

FILIPINO NUN CAPTURED

Among the group of missionaries consisting of Bishop Mignani, seven priests, and ten Sisters captured by Chinese brigands at Kianfu, Kiangsì, on October 22, was Sister Rosario Ramos, a Filipina. She was born in the Province of Balacan, P. I., and received all her education in Manila. Being refused admission to religious communities there because of poor health, she went to Shanghai, and joined the Daughters of Charity for mission work. Her capture has created great indignation in Manila. (F.S.)

RANCHI MISSION HERO DIES

In JESUIT MISSIONS for July-August, 1929, the story was told of the thrilling encounter Father Joseph Andries, S.J., had with two assassins whom he surprised in the act of attempting to murder

a fellow Jesuit, Father Demenceau. The attack took place in Ambokona in the Ranchi Diocese, India. The assassins, inflamed with hatred of the Church, expected to find their victim alone and unprotected, when Father Andries appeared on the scene. He threw one of the men out of the room, and fought with the other to get possession of his sabre. He finally succeeded, but at the cost of terrible wounds to himself, from which, however, he finally recovered, only to succumb, on July 23, of this year, to black-water fever at Katkahi, Ranchi. The young Jesuit was only thirty-five years of age and had been in active mission work but twenty months.

POEM OF CHARITY

These statistics, taken from the Vatican Mission Exposition, tell their own story of the work of our missionary priests and Sisters.

In pagan countries the Church has 692 hospitals in which 283,505 sick are cared for; 857 dispensaries which minister to 11,066,750; 81 leper colonies with 14,060 lepers; 299 homes for the aged with 11,341 inmates; 29,264 elementary schools with 1,299,551 children; 1,117 secondary schools with 178,444 students; 156 normal schools with 8,032 students; 386 professional schools with 29,348 students; 5 universities with 1,107 students.

A LAST ECHO OF THE HURON MISSIONS

(Continued from page 31)

PANIC spread among the Hurons. No longer safe in their own country, some fled to friendly tribes, while some six thousand took refuge on St. Joseph's, now known as Christian Island. The missionaries tried to rally the remnants of the race on Manitoulin Island, but yielded, against their better judgment, to the refugees on St. Joseph's Island to join them. On June 15, 1649, they sorrowfully consigned their homes at Ste. Marie to the flames, entrusted themselves to rude log rafts, on which, after three days of anxious toil, they reached their new home about twenty miles to the west. Here they erected one main fort, surrounded at intervals with turrets where sentinels kept watch day and night. One serious problem, lack of provisions, confronted them. Every member of the little colony joined in the search for food for the approaching winter; nothing which could be eaten was neglected, fish, venison, wild berries, acorns and even roots. The stock, however, failed; famine followed, and its inevitable consequence, disease, car-

ried off scores of men, women and children every day. In the stimulating presence of the missionaries, who were often the greatest sufferers, the Hurons did not lose heart, and looked to the Spring to bring better things.

Meanwhile, another tragedy was being enacted to the south of the Huron country, among the Petuns, a tribe akin to the Hurons in origin and language, and like them, heirs to the hatred of the Iroquois. Two missions had been established among them, attended by four missionaries, two of whom were Fathers Charles Garnier, S.J., and Noel Chabanel, S.J. On December 6, 1649, while the warriors were out in pursuit of a band of Iroquois, prowling in the neighborhood, these crafty savages made a detour, avoided their pursuers and suddenly fell upon the defenceless village whose inhabitants they ruthlessly slaughtered.

SPRING came at last to the doomed Hurons of St. Joseph's Island and brought a ray of hope to the few hundred survivors. But they were spied upon by the Iroquois, who instantly fell upon and murdered those who ventured out in search of food. St. Joseph's Island was no longer tenable, and the colony disbanded, some going off to join other bands, while the missionaries with a group of some three hundred, entered their canoes on June 12, 1650, to seek shelter under the guns of the French at Quebec.

The curtain had been drawn on the tragedy of Old Huronia. In the brief period of thirty years, a people of over thirty thousand souls had been reduced to a few struggling families. Though the nation of the Hurons has disappeared from the earth, vanquished by its more powerful enemy, it has culled the flower of martyrdom and its name has been inscribed among the tribes of the heavenly kingdom.

STAY A-WHILE

(Continued from page 32)

at close quarters. I met friendly mountaineers here and there. They became interested, and it was not long before one of them proposed that I should speak to the multi-

tude. I consented if he would go up on the peaks and down into the gorges to invite his neighbors to gather at the foot of Sodom Mountain. And so he did. Rugged in speech, this mountaineer fearlessly announced that he was beginning a Sunday school; he had obtained the services of a real preacher. My first meeting was a success.

THese tentless revivals continued every Sunday afternoon for several months. Then the cold weather cancelled all engagements till the Spring. In the meantime, the Baptist preachers became frantic, for never did they have more than thirty or sixty in attendance. It galled them to hear the folks say that they enjoyed "sitting under" my voice more than under the voice of any preacher that they have ever listened to. The preachers began bemoaning the fact that they had lived to see the day when their people would gladly listen to "the man of sin"—"the devil incarnate," the Catholic priest. They pleaded with the people not to sell their souls for a mess of fine words. "Of a dark morning you will hear a knock at your back door. You will open up and that devil will say, 'Your Bible or your life!' You have allowed the devil to come into your front yards, into your homes,"—and here a wag mountaineer interjected, "You better turn over your church to the devil, for the good you be adoin' with it. Your carryings on ain't no religion." Such remarks are in perfect order in the church edifice. Fist fights over the interpretation of Scripture are an amusing feature of their program.

Vituperations and warnings having failed of their purpose, a preacher went to a patriarch to ask him to write me a letter and advise me not to return into Sodom or Reverse lest I should create a disturbance. The old man made answer, "Listen, if you do not want to go hear him, stay home. Some day I might want to go sit under his voice. Besides, them cat-o-lies have too much education and too much money for me to be fooling with."

THEN the preacher hit on another plan—of making a house to house visitation. On bended

knees he pleads with the people not to have anything to do with that priest. In this he is partly successful. Some declared that if the Catholics put their foot on the porch, they would shoot them off, or that they would run from the home as if it were afire. But more courageous ones declared to his face that they were already Catholics. This was done, however, more out of the spirit of devilishness and opposition than out of conviction. After one good woman had been threatened with anathemas and excommunication for attending the instructions, she told her preacher that she was athinking that it would be better to scratch her name off the book, for he was driving good people out of the church and he was keeping only murderers and the like.

There is black ignorance and prejudice to be met with in these Carolina hills, but a gradually growing willingness to listen to the other side.

TUBLA DRUMS AND TINKLING CYMBAL

(Continued from page 35)

THE particular entertainers of the feast we have been describing, were *chamars*, leather workers, from a nearby village whose popularity has spread so that men from distant villages who may be arranging for a marriage or conducting a festival come and seek them.

The *bhoj* or feast was brought to a close by Brother Stanislaus, in an address to the assembled coolies, wherein he explained to them what the new school would mean to them and to their children, and urged them to continue as they had been, thereby making Turia Tola a pleasant place in which to work for their own good and the future of humanity. He concluded with an expression of his gratitude for their going to such effort and expense to honor his patron, St. Stanislaus.

The departure of the Fathers was the sign to all that the party was over—but the melody lingered in the ears of some of the men who begged the entertainers to continue their songs and dance. With the renewed sound of the *tubla* and the tinkle of the cymbal, the crowd re-

turned to the informal "second show."

As I stood in the doorway of Brother's office—a clay building of one room and four doors covered by a neatly thatched roof—looking out at the reassembled people, all intent on the minstrels, the thought came to me that their repertoire might some day be handsomely endowed by the parables of Our Lord and the countless and intensely interesting stories from Catholic Tradition that could be readily adapted to their style of music,—those incomparable stories about the birth and childhood of Christ and the Blessed Virgin; stories from the lives of saints and just men whose deeds have painted a glorious page in Catholic history and Catholic literature.

Could these people but hear them, surely they would take them to their hearts and cherish them as we do. Some day they will! May that day be not too distant!

SYRIA'S MISSION PROBLEM

(Continued from page 36)

Another region where souls are awaiting enlightenment is the Christians' Valley. These Christians are Greek Orthodox schismatics. Among the 4,000 inhabitants of Safita, their largest town, until recently, only four hundred were Catholics. Bishop Callas, Catholic bishop of the diocese forecasts a bright future: "During a few years we have brought 600 schismatics back to the Fold. If I had the necessary resources in men and money, within ten years there would not be a single schismatic in my diocese."

Thus the missions of Syria have great hopes for the future.

CHINESE CURIOSITY

(Continued from page 37)

pivoted tooth and gold cap to replace, and so had to submit to a little drilling. Dr. Chang has an apprentice dentist,—probably his son,—also dressed in white, looking after the sterilization of instruments, turning the buzz drill and providing fresh water. As is usual when reclining in a dental chair, one opens his mouth and closes his

eyes almost automatically, and as I felt confident of the neat, clean little Dr. Chang, and had no fear save that I might bite those delicate white fingers, I opened my mouth wide and closed my eyes tight. After a few minutes application of the drill, I casually opened my eyes, and, to my amusement, two other Chinese, who had come into the office, were gazing intently, along with Dr. Chang and his apprentice, into the open mouth of this foreign patient. On leaving the dentist chair I recognized one of my mouth inspectors as the book-keeper with his desk near the back window, the other was adding fuel to the small stove that heated the two rooms.

SO inborn is this remarkable curiosity of the Chinese, that little children do not take readily to playing "peek-a-boo." On several occasions on the train when little children eyed me repeatedly and intently, I tried to start the game of "peek-a-boo," but it doesn't work with Chinese babies. They "peek" at you, but won't "boo," or even try the alternative of hiding their little faces. They don't want to look at you only at intervals; you are an all-day feast for their little eyes, hungering for strange sights.

MARTYRS' INFLUENCE

(Continued from page 38)

school students. The one boy in the graduating class who finally outstripped his class mates stands at the extreme right.

We might give further instances of the intellectual and spiritual progress among the Indians. What has been set down has been taken from only one Catholic Indian mission school, but there are plenty of other schools just like it. The fine Catholic spirit, and the spirit of progress that is manifest in those schools, would prove beyond doubt that from the seed of the blood of the martyred missionary Saints there has sprung a rich and most consoling crop.

INTERRUPTIONS AND

A LETTER

(Continued from page 39)

was a priest, and gratitude to God for this blessing gave a fervor above the ordinary to his prayers

for the dying. He was to send another father to the Father of all. Through the night he watched with the family, now leading their prayers, now whispering his own. At last dawn grew grey through the unceasing rain, and as it came, the soul of the dying man went gently back to its Maker.

THE second dawn had come and the storm was less, and the interrupted letter was no longer upon the Padre's desk; the letter was no longer unfinished. The Padre had it in his hands; he was reading what he had just written, and in his eyes was a light of happiness. He had changed none of the letter, he had crossed out nothing, but the tone of the letter was different in the last pages. He had not told his mother of his hours of weariness and sorrow; he had not expected her to help him bear his cross; but he knew she would rejoice even as much as he in his success of the last two days. And it was of these that the last pages told.



Novels and Tales by Catholic Writers.—Compiled by Stephen J. Brown, S.J. American Edition revised by Walter Romig. Edited by Francis X. Talbot, S.J. The America Press, New York, N. Y. Price, fifty cents.

Within the 125 pages of this list of titles and publishers is contained a wide selection from which the reader in search of good fiction can choose in answer to the oft repeated question: "What shall I read?"

The original compiler, Father Stephen J. Brown, S.J., is without question the greatest Catholic bibliographer in the English-speaking world. The catalog was first prepared in 1927 for readers in England and Ireland. It has now been brought up to date and revised to include American publishers of the works even of Irish and English authors.

The list contains novels by Catholic writers exclusively. It mentions the titles, not merely of books now in print, but of all the novels of any value that

Our Contributors

FATHER JULIEN PAQUIN, S.J., a veteran missionary among the Indians at Garden River, Ontario, sounds *The Last Echo of the Huron Missions*, bringing this splendid series to a close.

With the hopes that he will *Stay A-while* with us in the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, we welcome FATHER LAWRENCE TOUPS, S.J., who makes Hot Springs, North Carolina the headquarters of his missionary work among the mountaineers.

Step by Step in Madagascar with FATHER LEON DERVILLE, S.J., is along the highway of progress. He is a French missionary at the unpronounceable station of Ambohinamboarina.

To the beat of *Tabla Drums and Tinkling Cymbal*, MARION BATSON, S.J., now at Shembaganur, India, recalls some of the scenes that were familiar enough when he was at Bettiah, Patna.

GEORGE ARBO-CHE, S.J., now studying theology in France, throws light on *Syria's Mission Problem* from experience gained while teaching at the University of Beyrouth.

At times, FATHER PIUS L. MOORE, S.J., professor of English at Aurora University, Shanghai, China, finds *Chinese Curiosity* intriguing, at other times decidedly aggravating.

With the eye of faith, JAMES V. FALLON, S.J., a student of theology at St. Louis University, Mo., sees how the *Martyrs' Influence* is effective among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota in this generation.

GEORGE C. O'BRIEN, S.J., has not allowed his philosophical studies at Weston College, Weston, Mass., to dull the fine edge of his imagination. His story is *Interruptions—and a Letter*.

It must have delighted the heart of FATHER JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S.J., a worthy successor to a great missionary, to pen this account of the dedication of a memorial *For Mercies Done* to the Filipino people by Father John Monahan, S.J.

A few timely thoughts on missions and missionaries from the writing of the Little Flower have been gathered by FATHER LAURENCE J. KELLY, S.J., former Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, in *Praying Apostolic*.

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

have appeared for many years back. The names of publishers are also given as at left to tracing the books.

The catalog is quite comprehensive, containing all French, original or translated, in the English language by Catholic writers, with the exception of some forgotten books of little value. It is to be noted, however, that the mere fact of mention in the catalog does not carry with it a recommendation. Certain works are noted as adapted out for special mention in a "Guide to Catholic Writers" that will appear later.

Gifts for the Missions

Junior Missions gladly receive money gifts to our Jesuit Missions.

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