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St. Francis Xavier

began the Novena of Grace



when, after having cured a devoted client, he appeared to him and gave him the assurance that "all who would earnestly ask his intercession with God for nine days, in honor of his canonization, would infallibly experience the effects of his great power in Heaven and would receive whatever they asked that would contribute to their salvation."

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*Let us send your gift or an offering for a Mass to the American Jesuit missionaries.
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The one remaining gate of the wall that surrounded sixteenth century Malacca town in the days of St. Francis Xavier. The Malay children before the gate are waiting for another Xavier to lead them to the feet of Him who became a Child for them.

Xavier WOULD Advertise

Merlin A. Thibault, S.J.

THE letters St. Francis Xavier sent back from India were models of epistolary style; if they could find a place in current periodicals they would be model advertisements today. Standard Oil advertises for agents to spread Socony through the Orient; Xavier presents in these letters the necessary qualifications for a successful agent to spread the Gospel.

He begs and implores that as many men as possible be sent out to him. Even if they are not excellent in learning, he prays again that, at least, they be excellent in virtue. "I want young men and hale, that they may bear the fatigue of continual baptizing, teaching and going about, as they will often have to do, not only to baptize new-born children, but to protect the Christians from the fury and rage of the heathen."

If the great missionary were living today, he might himself come to America and present his personal appeal to the young men in our high schools, colleges and seminaries, even as he wished to do in his own day: "It often comes into my mind to go round all the universities of Europe, crying out everywhere like a madman, and saying to all the learned men there whose learning is so much greater than their charity: 'Ah! what a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of Heaven and falling into hell! Would to God they would give thought to the account they must one day render to God of the use they have made of the talents entrusted to them!'"

A FEW words from Xavier would rouse most effectively some Americans, who are spiritually unemployed, to interest in mission work. America is suffering from an unemployment crisis, missionary as well as economic. Xavier's letters offer work for all. "I again and again beg all who have zeal for the spreading of the Christian Faith to help by their holy sacrifices and prayers these poor efforts of mine, that I may throw open an ample field to their pious labors."

Like an honest employer, he warns the young men who wish to follow him that they must be "of sterner stuff."

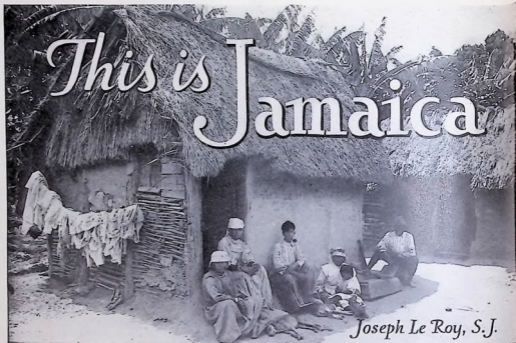


Xavier still attracts crowds in India. A pilgrimage to Goa.

"I want the men sent out to us to be thoroughly strong in body, and well able to bear fatigue. This is a most trying and fatiguing country, both from the excessive heat, the scarcity of wholesome water, and also the poorness of the food. Rice, fish and milk are what we live on, and nothing else; no bread, no wine, none of the other things that you have plenty of. So I want young men and hale, not weak and old men. Sometimes God gives us here the singular blessing of being obliged to risk our lives for His sake, and of having no way of avoiding the risk without breaking the law of charity. They must remember that we are born mortal, and that for a Christian nothing can be more desirable than to suffer death for Christ. So they must be armed with a brave heart and strength from above."

XAVIER'S tact lays down qualifications which show his knowledge of men. In the first place, the missionary must be conspicuous in the virtue of obedience, so as to win by his obligingness and humility the good will of the government officials and ecclesiastical superiors. In the second place, he should be affable in behavior and speech rather than grave and severe, so as both to desire and to be able to bind to himself in every way the hearts of all. On no account let him be a man who would rather be feared than loved; but one who can gain the good will of the people, not for his own sake, however, but for the salvation of their souls. "Those who go about in these parts for the purpose of propagating the Gospel, are in need above all of obedience, perseverance, patience, (Turn to page 73)"

This is Jamaica



Joseph Le Roy, S.J.

THERE are two colored mammies outside in our back yard and they are picking up discarded bricks and putting them in a pile in preparation for the hard job of making road covering. One of the "dears" is dressed in flashy red with a polka dot cloth around her head; her feet are not shod. The other has a much-patched gown on, and a hat that has seen better days. Both have pipes in their mouths and are smoking away as they gossip and gesticulate. Nothing worries them, not even the hot sun; yet they talk on, surely not about the League of Nations and the Disarmament. Sweet and utterly simple things mark their lives and the lives of those Jamaican people whose heritage is a hut and whose big meal is a dish of salt fish and *aki*, some rice and a *bullo*. They haven't much, but they are quite happy just the same.

And religious! Yes, quite so. There are almost innumerable churches, and very nearly every important creed is represented. In the latest of these, one must, in order to be a member, so they say, have had a direct vision from God. Sensible feelings are the criterion by which the right church is chosen in the case of many. Some are drawn to the church which has the nicest singing or the best picnics. Revival meetings are very common. You never know when to expect that one will be held on your street. Your next door neighbor will rise up and tell how he saw God sitting on his porch one night and talked with Him.

Do you wish to see all the colors of the rainbow united

in a single congregation? Watch the crowd when a religious service is ended. Everyone is spick and span and gorgeously arrayed. Sunday is a quiet day here, but color is very loud, and the natives dress in all their finery to please "de good God."

THE Catholics of Jamaica are equally as religious as their separated brethren, but in a more sensible way. At a novena to the Little Flower which was held recently, the Cathedral was crowded at every service. Processions are very well attended. On other occasions, the mere ringing of the Cathedral bell suffices to bring a number of people to church whether there are services or not.

Bells, bells, bells! We have them all here. The Cathedral has beautiful bells that can ring out joy or sorrow. Then, too, other churches have train bells that ring and ring so that one cannot tell whether some service is to be held or whether a train is about to leave the local station. There are fire bells, too, but, for the most part, the ringing of a bell means something religious. This is Jamaica!

One day several of us dressed in clerical garb were picnicking at Port Henderson, a sea-coast town just across from Port Royal, the old haunt of buccaners and pirates. We were enjoying the sea breezes and the wavy Caribbean when an old man came up to us, blessing himself and showing a rosary in his hand.

"Me nam McCoy. Me peple all Catlic way bak. Say prayer, Fadder, for me days (Turn to page 73)

Account Rendered



HE steward must give an account of his stewardship, and now that I have been transferred from my beloved mission in Cagayan, I feel I should make some report to my faithful and generous supporters, of just what their prayers and sacrifices have accomplished in what was but recently my sector in Mindanao.

The past year had been one of many activities and many blessings. God seemed to have taken special care of my mission. Many who have drifted away from the Catholic Faith and had espoused Protestantism or Aglipayanism have returned to the Church. Chapels have been erected in three villages that had no Catholic chapel before.

The Boy and Girl Scout organizations attached to the Church have done wonders with the young children, while the dormitories for Catholic boys and girls attending the high school in Cagayan have kept many from endangering their Faith in the Protestant dormitories. A two weeks' mission last March was productive of much spiritual fruit and brought many back to Christ. Our school is recognized by the Government and continues to increase in numbers. Here, as in the States, the hope of the Catholic Faith is in the religious education of the children in parochial schools. Our feasts have been celebrated with great solemnity and gave proof of the true Catholic Faith that is in the hearts of all the people.

IT is very sad to see how the different Protestant sects with their paid missionaries are doing the devil's work here in the Islands. (The only doctrine that they preach is one of lies and slander against the Catholic Church.) They succeed only in making the nominal Catholics indifferent. After nearly five years in Mindanao I have not found even one Filipino Protestant who was formerly a good Catholic. The Aglipayan priests (not true priests, of course) fool the Filipino people by claiming that their church is Catholic, but

James T. Hayes, S.J.

not under Rome. They imitate everything we Catholics do. If we wear white helmets, they will wear them; if we have the people sing in the processions, they will also. They have a service they call Mass, and thus hold many who would return to the Catholic Church immediately, if they knew they were being deceived.



Bishop Clos of Zamboanga, hale and hearty despite his seventy-two years, visits his co-laborers at Cagayan. The American Jesuits are (left to right) Fathers Lucas, O'Neill, Hayes, Hamilton and Prendergast.

the Aglipayan heresy was able to flourish as it did. But, thank God, both Protestantism and Aglipayanism are on the wane since the arrival of the American Jesuits. In the section of Mindanao entrusted to the care of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus, there are at present sixty Jesuits. Of these, nine,—six priests and three Brothers,—are Filipinos; thirty five,—Bishop Clos, eighteen priests, and sixteen Brothers,—are Spaniards; and sixteen,—fifteen priests and one Brother,—are Americans. All except one of the American Jesuits are laboring in northern Mindanao. If God gives us the men and the material means we shall soon have no worries from Aglipayans and Protestants. Thank God, I have been in very good health and happy as the day is long. I only wish the day were longer so that I could do more work.

And now that I have given an account of my stewardship, I ask your prayers for the success of all the missions and for the graces I need for my work. The present financial crisis, both here and in America, makes my position particularly difficult. Yet I place all my trust in the Sacred Heart. And as He has blessed me and my work in the past, I know He will not fail me in the future. May He never fail my benefactors.

I MUST say, since I came to the Philippines I have lost all my respect for the Protestant ministers and missionaries, at least such as we have here, who come to a Catholic country to do a lot of harm and no good. The lack of Catholic priests to take charge of the parishes for the past twenty years, especially in Mindanao, is the real cause why the Protestants were able to get an entrance and why

Scouting in Mindanao

Andrew F. Gervini, S.J.

Troop 45 and its director, Father James G. Daly, S.J.



AMONG the many works performed by the American Jesuits in Mindanao is the furthering of the Catholic Boy Scout Movement. The chief aim of the Scout organization is to develop the boy physically, mentally and morally; to make the boy the future citizen; to turn the boy of today into the leader of tomorrow. The Boy Scout training, plus the Catholic teaching will produce not mere citizens and leaders, but strong Catholic citizens and energetic Catholic leaders. Convinced of this fact, Very Reverend Father Hayes, Fathers Lucas, Sullivan, James Daly, Kienle, O'Shaughnessy and Risacher have all flourishing Catholic Boy Scout Troops in their respective missions.

To produce Catholic leaders our missionaries have realized that they must come in continual contact with the boy. This is an easy task as long as the boy is with them in their

grade schools, but what when he proceeds to the high school? Unfortunately, because of the lack of men and money, we have no Catholic high school in Misamis. Wherefore, when the youth closes the door of the Catholic grade school behind him and enters the portal of the public high school, he is enshrouded in an entirely new atmosphere. Sorry to say, at the age of twelve and thirteen his religious training is at an end, (for even in the Philippines where five-sixths of the children attending public schools are Catholic, no religion is taught). The Scout Movement has offered a solution to the difficulty. By organizing Scout Troops, our Fathers in the missions have retained their hold on the boy. So the Catholic Boy Scout Movement has swept the northern coast of Mindanao, and from Jimenez to Talisayan there are ten active Catholic Boy Scout Troops.

ONCE every week these troops meet in their respective *conventos* (priest's
(Turn to page 73)



Sumilao Boy Scouts fulfill one of their scout duties. A guard of honor. Attention! Salute! The King of Kings at Military Benediction.

Basilius Bazook

Francis B. Prange, S.J.

Father Prange is well known to readers of JESUIT MISSIONS for his delightful sketches from real life in Alaska. In the present article he draws a picture of Basilius Bazook, one of his flock, and he does it with a delightful sense of humor so necessary in dealing with the uneducated Eskimo in Alaska.—Editor.



BASILIUS BAZOOK was a Christian. And lest anyone should forget it, he was everlastingly saying so himself. Thus when

the conversation chanced for a moment to take a spiritual turn, Basilius instantly took the floor, and in two seconds was holding forth *ex cathedra* on the Trinity, the Holy Eucharist, Confession and the whole of the Baltimore Catechism. When the conversation became too mundane, Basilius either heard not or he hid the company for its unchristian sentiments. But when it turned to topics slightly below the level of the mere mundane, then it was that the Christianity of Basilius took fire, and right and left did he hurl his anathemas with a reckless vim, vigor and viciousness, terrible to behold. Two topics in particular were marked by him as heading the list of submundane subjects. They were cards and drink. Any reference to either of them evoked a tirade against the use of both, that under more favorable circumstances would have won for him without a single "nay" the presidency of the W. C. T. U. As it was, however, he could never be more than the reputed village half-wit, though he was far from deserving the title. He was an expert trapper, a successful fisherman, a diligent provider for his wife and two adopted children, and though unable to read and write, knew his catechism with its prayers as well as any scholar, and best of all, could not be hoodwinked into believing that he owed fifty dollars where his bill was only thirty-five. But he was a Christian and insisted on it, both in and out of season, to such an extent that it always remained doubtful as to what he really was.

BUT there was no doubt as to his credo on the question of cards and drink. And this for two very good and universally accepted reasons. His aversion to cards was rooted in the fact that, after many years of effort, he never got beyond the losing stage of the game. Drink became his mortal enemy from the fact that long before it admitted him to graze in the Elysian fields, it



Bazook—Christian, hunter—no gamba.

Sabby

doubled him up with stomach cramps. But these were the reasons assigned by his enemies. They were never admitted to be true, nor were they ever denied by Basilius as false. He merely treated them with silent contempt, and strove instead to impose his own convictions in the matter on all and sundry who would give him ear. And these convictions,—without any reference to the calumnies,—were laid before me one night in November at two o'clock in the morning when I had to get up out of bed, relight the fires to offset the ten below zero of the sacristy-kitchen-sleeping room, and listen.

"Fadder," Basilius began and continued, "I tell you, too much gamba, —too much hootch. Gamba no good,—hootch no good. Bazook no gamba; Bazook no more gluk-gluk-gluk. Gamba teach by debil; ballala gib by debil. Debil, all same big black bear, gr-r-r-r-r. Debil want catch Bazook, to take to skookum-house (hell); dere all same eat Bazook. Bazook sabby. Gamba no good; ballala no good; debil no good; skookum-house no good. De Lord's awright; Fadder awright; Bazook awright. De Lord come; Father come; Bazook good, good man; de Lord take Bazook up,—to big, big cabin. Fine! Fine! Bazook sabby; Fadder Ragaru sabby; Fadder Jette, he sabby; Father Rossi, too, he sabby; you sabby; Bazook sabby. De Lord's my papa; Fadder Ragaru all same my papa; Fadder Jette all same my papa; Fadder Rossi all same my papa; you all same my papa. De Lord and debil all time fight; de Lord's awright; debil no good, too much no good. All time make gamba, all time make gluk-gluk-gluk. Ballala all ober, everybody gluk-gluk-gluk ballala."

Bazook stopped for breath and I asked him: "What's that ballala, Bazook, I never heard of it before?"

"No? Yeah, ballala."

HE then described with both hands at once the outlines of a bottle. Then he placed the imaginary bottle between his knees, screwed in an imaginary cork-screw, pulled out the imaginary cork with a loud pop made with his lips, and tipping up the imaginary uncorked bottle, took an imaginary drink to the tune of gluk-gluk-gluk. Turning to me a beaming countenance, on which could be read hope.

(Turn to page 74)

Japanese Confessors ^{of} 1868-73



At the anchorage of Okayama where a couple of hours more or less make no difference.

Rt. Rev. John Ross, S.J.

WE were in old Japan. "What? Is this the twentieth century?"—was the question I asked myself as we, a number of Okayama Catholics, assembled on the anchorage of Okayama for a sort of pilgrimage to the graves of the Confessors of the Faith of 1868-73. Sure enough, it is the twentieth century. For isn't there an electric tram gliding over a concrete bridge spanning the river just above where we were waiting for our boat to take us to the lonely Island of Tsurushima in the Seto-nai-kai, the far-famed Inland Sea of Japan? But for that forcible reminder we might really have thought it was old Japan of 300 and 400 years back.

Just the same medley of native craft riding at anchor in the picturesque confusion of those far off days; just the same brawny figures of coolies carrying heavy loads on their bent shoulders as they walked surefooted across the narrow planks between the boats and the wharf; just the same scrambling from one rocking boat on to another; just the same endless waiting of a long forgotten time, when a couple of hours more or less made no difference.

Willy-nilly, we did not let it make a difference to us either, but all the same we were glad when at long last our little boat began to move, and soon steamed

lustily down the river. From the river's mouth we held a westerly course, and before long emerged from the sheltered bay of Kojima into the open Seto-nai-kai, the Inland Sea, basking in the sunshine just radiant with beauty and color.

Through this paradise we sailed for a couple of hours. But instead of making straight for Tsurushima (Crane Island), we put in at the little port of

Hinasemachi, the most delightful old-style Japanese town I had seen so far.

THE mayor and the postmaster of the place had offered to be our guides. So we took them on board and held straight for our destination. Tsurushima soon loomed up in the distance, a low hill, the sides covered with tall bamboo grass, and a bit of beach here and there. Nobody lives on it now, and very likely the only ones that ever did live on it were the 116 Catholic exiles who preferred to leave home and all it meant to them rather than give up their Faith.

Three hundred years of the most relentless persecution had not been able to extinguish the spark that was kept alive through Baptism and handed down from father to son in the utmost secrecy, without priests, without Mass, without the sacraments. They remained Catholics in spite of the notices put up everywhere up and down the country, threatening with the direst penalties, even with death, any one who would dare to practice the "hateful religion of Jesus."

When after 300 years the Catholic missionaries were able once more to set foot on Japanese soil, the scattered flock fondly hoped the night of persecution had passed away, and ventured forth and made public profession of their faith by making themselves known as Catholics to the newly arrived priests at Nagasaki. But it was as yet only the dawn of better times.



Tsurushima, now a place of pilgrimage, once the "home" of the Japanese Confessors of 1868-73.

EVERYWHERE, in the valleys round about Nagasaki and on the neighboring isles the spies hunted up the newly discovered followers of the Cross and transported them to the most ragged parts of the country, chiefly the mountainous region of what is now the Vicariate Apostolic of Hiroshima. Hagi, Tsuruwano, Totori, Matsue, Fukuyama—they all saw the poor wretches come in long lines to be interned, ill-treated, and forced to labor with hardly enough to eat to keep body and soul together, but unbroken in their loyalty to the Faith, confessors with a record as glorious as that of the early martyrs.

Tsurushima became the "home," rather, the prison of 116 of these chosen-ones, men, women and children. On arriving at the mouth of the river, just below Okayama, the women and small children were separated from the men and sent to a half-abandoned Buddhist temple not far off. The men were taken to Okayama and lodged in the common prison.

As I write these lines, I can see the spot from my window. The site is now occupied by the Commercial Museum of the Province, and nothing remains to tell of the hard trials the exiles had there to undergo for conscience' sake. Forced labor was the least part. Hunger, it was hoped, would break them. And it would have broken them had not those stronger in the Faith shared their starvation rations with the weaker ones and thus prevented them from selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

"One single tombstone marks the spot where a loving son laid his mother to rest."



ONE old man in particular was the mainstay of the wavering. Mangoro was his name. His had all along been a life of atonement for the defection of his sister who had married a pagan. Years of self-denial and austerities had trained him for the part he played now among his companions in exile, but at the end of ten months he succumbed to the self-imposed privations, and what remained of him was carried away, no one knows where, on the very day that opened the prison gates to the

others, not indeed for freedom, but for the last, long station on their way of the cross: Tsurushima.

Thither they were taken, together with the women and children that had been separated from them.

And what now began was a long period of labor, privations, harsh treatment and, worst of all, constant attempts to betray them into apostasy with the bait of better treatment, freedom and return to their native villages. Is it to be wondered at, if a number of them fell victims to the lure? They did, but little did it avail them. They did not get the promised alleviation, but had further to share the lot of the others until they too, goaded and harrassed by the apostates, would become amenable.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the mental anguish of the faithful—they were the majority—at having to share the same com-

(Turn to page 74)

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 38. Galle, Ceylon.



Sinhalese chiefs—in top hats and full dress—whose brilliant attire adds its charm to the natural beauty of Ceylon.

THE Diocese of Galle is in the southern part of Ceylon, the large island just off the southeast coast of India. Two civil provinces, the Southern Province, and the Sabaragamuwa Province, were detached from the Archdiocese of Colombo and erected as the separate Diocese of Galle in 1893. Jesuits from the Belgian Province have labored there fruitfully up to the present. Now, however, Italian Fathers from the Province of Naples are gradually supplanting them. In a total population of 1,119,500 there are 15,810 Catholics. There are 44 Jesuits laboring in this Mission, three of them being Indians, and eight other native secular priests as well. Elementary schools to the number of 47 with 6,981 pupils are conducted by the Belgian Sisters of Charity of Jesus and Mary and the Ceylonese Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Angels. The flourishing Jesuit College of St. Aloysius in the city of Galle provides higher education for 590 students. There are besides, nine orphanages to care for 475 children, and a printing press. At present the diocese is without its own bishop and is governed by the bishop of Trincomali, in northern Ceylon, as Administrator Apostolic.

SCANDINAVIA comprises the countries of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Iceland.

These nations have a total population of about 12,000,000 souls. For them we are asked this month by our Holy Father to direct our prayers to heaven.

These people were Catholic, until apostate rulers introduced the so-called Reformation into Scandinavia, and for centuries heresy has been the prescribed religion. In Sweden today the law still is in force that no one may become a Catholic before having attained the age of nineteen, and then such a one may join the true Church only after twice having advised his Lutheran pastor of the intended change. Little wonder is it that this nation of 5,600,000 can boast of only 3,300 Catholics.

Norway grants a greater liberty in choice of religious practice and belief; still, of its 2,500,000 inhabitants but 2,600 are Catholics. Iceland has 300 in a population of

THE MISSION INTENTION

for MARCH

Scandinavia

94,600. Denmark, of all the Scandinavian nations, gives the greatest promise for the success of Christ's Church. In comparatively recent years less stringent laws on religion have been passed with the result that, while in 1911 there were less than 10,000 Danish Catholics, there are now 22,000.

This recital of the sad plight of the Catholic Church in Scandinavia should not prompt the thought that we are being urged to pray for a forlorn hope. The Holy Father points to Iceland with its recently erected Vicariate Apostolic; he recalls the eleventh centenary celebration of St. Ansgar in Norway, Sweden and Denmark; and in the elevation to the dignity of bishop, less than a year ago, of a native son of Norway, he leads the way, whereon he invites us to follow with our generous prayers, in an active campaign to bring Scandinavia back to the pale of the true Church and the feet of Christ.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A former Jesuit missionary to the Philippines gives us an idea of the extent of the territory where the American Jesuits, under the leadership of Very Reverend Father James T. Hayes, S.J., recently appointed Superior, are working:

"The Philippines number over 7,000 islands; only a dozen of these are, however, of especial importance. Luzon, the largest, wherein are located Manila and Vigan, is six times the size of Massachusetts, while Mindanao, due south of it, is nearly five times as large. In between are five islands, all as large as Massachusetts, while the remaining thousands are thrown about in endless profusion. The total land area of the islands is equal to that of Japan or the British Isles: that is fourteen times the area of Massachusetts.

"They are distant from the Chinese port, Hongkong, about the distance of Boston from Detroit, and from San Francisco they are twelve times that distance. They are distant by the fastest passenger boats one and one-half days from China, but from America twenty-four days. Indeed, from Boston the Islands are almost exactly half way round the world."

The latest letter from Father Patrick Rafferty, S.J., is, as he puts it, brief:

"Why write, when I expect to talk to you soon? Maybe by Easter time. The doctor gave me an adverse opinion, as they say in books. The matter was taken under advisement by Superiors. At present I feel like not arriving in the States in winter. Wherefore I intend to depart slowly if it is left to me. Meantime, I might finish up a few items in the study of Bisayan, a typewritten 'second edition' of the Dictionary enlarged; a translation of a Spanish grammar on the dialect, the earliest and authoritative. I want to clear my desk of correspondence, so as to attend to these things. That is why I am answering you so swiftly."

Father Thomas J. Murray, S.J., the only American Jesuit in the Province

of Zamboanga, writes from his headquarters at the capital:

"Thank God, our school in Zamboanga is getting along nicely. The H. S. department closed last March with 33 boys in the two years; this June we started out with 86 in three years. In addition we have 205 in the grades and about 100 in the kindergarten.

"The return of Father Salvador was really an occasion. He is the first Zamboangueno to become a priest. I

knowing little or nothing of the stores and markets of Manila. However, for the first month (I started November 11) has gone satisfactorily and the boys are quite satisfied. As for myself, I am as happy and well as ever, but the longing for the day when I can return to the missions is ever present, for I was truly happy down there, and my hopes are that soon a few more Brothers will be coming from the States and I can return to the missions."



Father James B. Mahoney, S.J., Rector of San Jose College, Manila, and its first ten graduate priests on Alumni Day.

went down to the dock to meet him, and, before I knew it was surrounded by an awful jam. Fireworks, a band and hundreds of people who refused to budge for the autos formed a parade to the Cathedral and blocked all traffic."

Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J., keeps us posted on his doings and whereabouts by saying:

"I am here at the Ateneo in Manila, and have my hands full with the boys' kitchen and dining room. Just now we have 275 boarders and 95 half-boarders. My former experience at St. Andrew's has been of some use, but still here the tastes of the boys are quite different from those in the States, and big difficulty came in

Father David A. Daly, S.J., writes encouragingly of his new mission station at Tagaloan, Misamis, Mindanao.

"When Father Daniel Sullivan was called to Manila from Tagaloan I was just bringing to completion a big school containing eight class rooms with library and office. I was indeed fortunate to fall heir to such a school, and to be saved all the trouble and worry the construction of such building entails. Now, all I have to worry about are the funds to keep going, but with the help of God and my good friends who have been good in the past, and with the prayers of the Guardian Angels of these little children, whose faith we are trying to preserve, I feel sure that all will prosper."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Big things, spiritually, may be expected in Jamaica, and particularly in Kingston as a result of the mission given there by Fathers Charles W. Lyons, S.J., and John T. McGrory, S.J., of the mission band of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. January 4-11 was women's week and January 11-18 men's week. In addition to the two weeks' mission at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kingston, Fathers Lyons and McGrory gave other shorter missions at the different stations outside of Kingston.

On December 22 occurred the celebration of the silver jubilee of three Sisters at Alpha. His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., was the celebrant of the High Mass on the occasion, and Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., preached the sermon in which he referred to the sacrifice and service of the Jubilarians.

As Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., puts it, "Jamaica's finest amateur production, 'Nothing but the Truth,' was staged on December 31 in aid of the Cathedral." It was to be played again under Father Donovan's direction, after the holidays. He was also the director of a Christmas day garden party. These and other occupations, says he, have kept him too busy to think of the climate.

Years ago, when Bishop Emmet



Father Kempel ready for a comfortable muleback ride—Pisgah to Seaford Town, Jamaica, B. W. I.,—five miles.

was working in Jamaica as a priest, there were only a half dozen Chinese Catholics in the Island; now there are almost enough to have a church of their own. Not so long ago they gave their new chief pastor a reception in the way of an all Chinese program, all Catholic (save for one number) concert. The following was the program.

Reception to Bishop Emmet by the Chinese Mission of Jamaica.
Overture Chinese Jazz Band
Address in English Aston Chen
Address in Chinese

Paul Chen Jacksang
Song of Welcome The Girls
A Smiling Face .. Miss Agatha Chin
A Flag Drill The Boys
Solo from Princess

Chrysanthemum...Miss Doris James
The Bivouac Fire.....Alfred Chin
Chinese Lantern Drill:

Misses Ivy Kong, See You,
Cleta Tamawai, Eva Chung,
Mildred Wong, Beryl Chen,
Veronica Chin.

Tableau Evening Prayer...The Infants
Finale and God Save the King
The Chinese Jazz Band

Mr. Joseph L. LeRoy, S.J., tells us how he and Mr. Joseph G. Doherty, S.J., the two scholastics from New England at present teaching at St. George's College, Kingston, spent their Christmas holidays:

"The 'Professors' spent the two weeks following Christmas at Montego Bay with Father Becker. I attended my first bush sick call one Sunday afternoon up in the hills near Chester Castle with Father Becker. One John Oldfield, colored, wanted to see 'Fadder' before 'dying.' After a long climb up a big hill, we found the old man of eighty-four sitting on the side of his bed. All the Oldfields, old and young, were around.

"The second week of the holidays Mr. Doherty and I spent with Father Dougherty at Brown's Town. From there we radiated out to his missions and to neighboring caves where Mr. Doherty 'inspected' and dug around for archeological remains. One of the caves we visited, at Thatchfield, was 500 yards long and 168 feet high in the highest spot. It was full of stalactites and stalagmites in all configurations—and bats!

"We saw, too, the Shock chapel at Somerton—a miserable place to hold divine services—and the remains of the church at Linton Park, of which one wall still stands."

CANADIAN INDIANS

With a thousand square miles of parish, Father Joseph Couture, S.J., of Longlac, Ontario, has undoubtedly one of the largest mission territories entrusted to a single priest. His



Rev. Martin Schiltz, S.J., Superior of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, among the Sioux Indians, who has succeeded Rev. Joseph Zimmerman, S.J.

"parish" stretches across the Canadian National Trans-Continental Line from Hearst to Sioux Lookout and from Lake Nipigon north to James Bay.

The white men in Father Couture's parish can be counted almost on the fingers of two hands. They are the Hudson Bay Company's employees in and about eight posts. His parishioners are Ojibway Indians, trappers, hunters and guides. Father Couture travels about 3,000 miles a year to keep in touch with the souls in his parish: about half the distance by out board motor along the Albany River and its tributaries, and the other half by dog team. Once in the Spring once in the Fall, he leaves his labors among the Ojibways to visit the Jesuit headquarters at Toronto.

Father Couture says that the appeal of his country to the tourists would be enormous if its beauties were known. In his trip down the Albany River he counted not less than twelve water falls of considerable size. Fish are plentiful for the only fishermen are the Indians. During some winters Father Couture has existed for months on boiled fish and tea. In his winter travels he uses a team of malamutes from the Mackenzie River district. These dogs are huskies in the true sense of the word, for while the average wolf dog weighs about eighty pounds, these brutes average one hundred and twenty-five pounds each and are almost timber wolves in appearance and size.

Needless to say, Father Couture finds the Ojibways a splendid people among whom to spread the Gospel of Christ.

BRITISH HONDURAS

At the end of the trip which Father William A. Ryan, S.J., describes in his article "On the Road to San José" in the present issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, he began a public novena for the town's people. Let him tell his own story.

"The two high marks of social and religious life of San José center around the great feasts of the Holy Souls and of St. Joseph. A novena of High Masses is sung in preparation for the feasts. During the novena different families are appointed to take care of the *Padre*. That means that the Father in charge goes to the house of the one appointed for a particular day, takes his meals there, and gives charge of his horse into the hands of his host. The *Padre* sleeps in the sacristy of the church. In the forenoon, after Mass and breakfast, I visited the sick, called on some of the families, and spent an enjoyable period visiting the school. In the afternoon, I summoned the children for Stations of the Cross and instruction. In the evening, we had rosary, instruction and Benediction for all.

"A day or so after my arrival at San José, the weather cleared up and I was able to experience the rare delight of living out here in this great country after the simple manner of the people. There were no motor boats, no automobiles and airplanes. No radio connected us up with the great centers of population. There was only the deep blue of God's sky over us during the day, and at night the silvery moon pouring down floods of soft light upon woodland, houses and hillside. I recall one night, as I stood alone in the church yard musing over the enchanting scene, I heard the notes of a distant guitar accompanying a voice of remarkable excellence. I learned later that the music came from a *chielero* who was singing his songs of love to some distant *señorita*, as he recounted in verse the heroic deeds he would accomplish in her service.

"The climax of the novena was reached on All Souls' Day when we marched out to the *campo santo* (cemetery) to recite the responses for the dead. The village band played a dirge as we marched out and back.

"It is unfortunate that we can visit these stations so very seldom. There is much need of spiritual work, especially among the men. Not more than eight or ten men came to confession out of some sixty or seventy who were at San José at some time or other during the novena. It will take some diligent work on the part of a resident pastor to bring around more and more of the people to frequent the sacraments. As the Colony of British Honduras develops, these people may become more and more accessible, and then the missionary

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



BL. RUDOLPH ACQUAVIVA, S.J.

MARTYRDOM is the crowning glory of any missionary. Blessed Rudolph Acquaviva had the further distinction of having been the first missionary to penetrate northern India to the territory, and even to the court and affection of the Great Mogul, Akbar. That very interesting episode of missionary history deserves study.

Ari, a town in Abruzzi, became the birthplace of Rudolph on October 2, 1550. His family belonged to the high nobility. Rudolph made a game fight against his good father's ambitions for him, and entered the Society of Jesus in Rome in 1568. His heart was set on the missions and martyrdom, and he trained himself, spiritually and bodily, accordingly. His prayers prevailed; and in September, 1578, he was in Goa, India. Two years later, because of his eminent qualities of soul and mind, he was sent to the court of Akbar to explain the Catholic religion. He remained for four ticklish, very ticklish years. Akbar seems to have been convinced of Christianity's claim, but his courage was not equal to his conviction.

Father Acquaviva returned to Goa, only to be placed in charge of the mission at Salsette, south-east of Goa. He arrived there in the middle of July, 1583. With the other Fathers of the mission he planned to begin conversion among the Hindus and Mussulmans of Cuncolim, and together they went there on July 25. Incited and led by their frenzied priests, the pagans horribly massacred Father Rudolph, his four Jesuit companions and fourteen other Christians before the day was over. He was beheaded by Leo XIII, April 30, 1893.

may be able to visit them more frequently, instruct them more thoroughly, and bring them the consolation of religion with greater regularity."

ALASKA

Akulurak, one of the Jesuit missions in the lower Yukon territory, celebrated this last Fall the silver jubilee of the arrival of the Ursuline nuns at that mission in 1905. Previous to that time the Jesuit Fathers had been eagerly seeking the help of Sisters who would work among the children of the Eskimos. Two of the valiant band of nuns that arrived at Akulurak in those early days are still working in the mission, Reverend Mother Laurentia and Sister Claver.

Father John B. Sifton, S.J., Superior of the Akulurak mission, inaugurated the celebration of the silver jubilee of the Sisters by a novena of Masses for them. On the day of the jubilee itself, there was the spiritual celebration in thanksgiving, held in the little church. During the Mass the children, trained by the good Sisters, sang the hymns. Father Sifton gave a beautiful talk of appreciation for all the good work that the Sisters had done. In the afternoon the children presented a little play in honor of the Sisters.

Only the good Father in Heaven knows the many sacrifices that the Sisters have made for the welfare of the children of Alaska. When they first arrived they found a tiny shack, twenty-four feet by twenty-six, which was to be their convent. There was a small chapel, a little kitchen and a class room for the children. The dormitory was up under the eaves. The building was constructed of logs, and here and there one could look right through into the open heavens. There were many discomforts in those early days and many trials for the good Sisters, but they bore them with an heroic spirit. They have done wonders with the children. From very humble beginnings, they have increased the number of children to one hundred boarders and have worked with a constancy and cheerfulness truly apostolic. The Ursuline community at present at Akulurak numbers five Sisters.

PATNA, INDIA

Few men are busier than Very Reverend P. J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, yet he finds time to keep those at home in the United States well informed on the happenings in his mission. Here is his latest: "All well here, and things are progressing nicely enough—save for the financial crisis. We have been forced to restrain activities severely at Ghyre, though we shall probably stick to the industries there. Father Charles Miller, S.J., has been doing splendid work



Richard T. Mohren, S.J. (left) and Marion Batson, S.J., who have abandoned the pigskin and gridiron fame of the U. S., for India and the glory of conquests there for Christ.

in the face of mountainous difficulties. "Bishop Sullivan and I have notified our missionaries among the Santals that we shall have to reduce our contribution to Santal work by one third this coming year (when it should have been increased). This will limit the progress there very much, but it cannot be helped. Our reserve is all used up and very little of alms is coming in.

"Thanks to our American benefactors, and to the Raj of Bettiah, our building at Bettiah is progressing. The chapel is climbing towards the roof, and the hostel is to be begun soon. Father George Dertinger, S.J., who is in charge, assisted by Brother Stanislaus, is doing splendid work. The chapel is going to be a gem, if one may judge from present appearances.

"Prospects are rather good, too, that the Raj of Bettiah will help the Holy Cross Sisters who began their convent building but could not finish it, as they were disappointed in funds that had been promised them from Europe."

Someone has called Father John Kilian, S.J., the "Santal Lion." He certainly brings to his task an apostolic fearlessness and a tireless energy. Here is one of his latest encounters with a pagan Santal priest of Patna Mission:

"This fat, lumbering Santal *oija* had fumed and raged and wished me to another world over and over again, simply because I snatched his human prey from him, and thereby also deprived him of a goodly number of chicken dinners. He had already relieved his victims of several goats and pigs in payment for his nightly incantations and hocus-pocus cures, and still the sick children lingered on and

grew daily worse. They had once signified a desire to be baptized, but as they had come to the age of reason, I delayed until they knew the principal truths of our religion and had also learned some prayers. And then they got sick, awfully sick, and the *oija* happened to hear of it. Straightaway he made for my fold, and, wolf-like, pounced upon my lambs. At first he met with an energetic refusal, but as the children got worse he gained admittance and began his infernal work. He threw a spell over the household and intimidated the frightened parents still more by secretly smearing blood on the doorposts and throwing rooster heads into the living room. He bewitched them all. Next he bound his victims to absolute secrecy. They were to avoid me, to run away when I came, and—I don't know what. He saturated their minds with the vilest lies about me. Just then I came on the scene.

"This time the parents could not escape me. I had brought three catechists with me and a good bottle of holy water. By dint of almost superhuman effort on my part, the parents gradually admitted that the sorcerer had bound them to secrecy. That is as far as I got on my first visit in the day. At night I stole in on them again. My catechists did good work and managed to dull the sense of fear that had overcome the parents. By eleven o'clock that night my poor sick Kabra and Sarai, Bassi, Pano and Dumni were brought into the fold of Christ, and they are now Catherine, Cyril, Barbara, Anna and Dorothy. Their parents had sworn to escort the sorcerer out of the village when he would come again.

"He came the next day, and what

a scene there was!—at least so I am told—for I was about my other work. He came at the appointed hour to get another chicken or pig, but instead of the bloodstained door posts, he found himself face to face with a none too inviting big Santali, the father of five young Christians. I will not describe the encounter, but suffice it to say, the *oija* is minus one more household of patients. The children are doing well now, even though they are enveloped with a goodly covering of vaseline and sulphur. Their souls are wearing the bright robe of baptismal innocence given them by the light of the moon near midnight on November 6, 1930."

Father Henry Westropp, S.J., of Jhajha near Jamalpur, writes:

"Our little mission, seventeen miles southwest of Jhajha, is making headway. About 250 acres have been cleared, and much of it cultivated. A large dam has been built and many settlers have applied for permission to join our little colony. A small chapel is also in the course of erection.

"Mr. Manuel, the manager, is also receiving numerous applications from persons from every part of India, and from every walk of life, for some of the many thousands of acres still open for settlements, as the land is going at such a bargain.

"A large and lovely tigress paid us a visit lately. Result: a twenty rupee bullock missing. Another visit came shortly after, which cost me twenty rupees more. These visits are more expensive than those of the doctors. A hyena and a leopard also came spying on us, and deer are among our nocturnal visitors."



Jesuit Missionaries all at Albuquerque, N. M. Left to right, front row: Fathers Firmin Ybarrechevea, Alexander J. Dreane, Patrick S. Cronin, Gregory Goni. Back row: Fathers Gabriel Egoña, Frederick Banks, Thomas H. Bortell (Superior), Brother Urrutia, and Father John N. Cordova.



JESUIT COLLEGE ALUMNI AT LONDON CONFERENCE

The Jesuit College of St. Xavier, Bombay, India, takes pride in the fact that four of its alumni were chosen as delegates from India to the Round Table Conference held at London, for the settlement of Indian affairs. The college magazine while glorying in the honor paid its graduates has to say: "Politics is not our work, but the interest of the millions of Indians whom they will represent at the Conference lies very close to our hearts. If in the new constitutions, which they will help to frame, the interests of the missions are not only not lost sight of, but looked after with an especial solicitude, the welfare and prosperity of this country is assured. We hope that the needs and rights of the poor will have the fullest and most sympathetic study and consideration from our Old Students and we look forward to their contributions to these debates which will be watched with keen interest by the whole civilized world."

TO MASS BY AIRPLANE IN AFRICA

The Prefecture of Broken Hill, Africa, erected three years ago, is entrusted to the Polish Jesuits who are making strong efforts to develop a native clergy. One of their number, Father Sieminski, has had the experience of having an airplane call for him to bring him to his destination to say Mass. Seven white and twenty native Catholics ardently desiring to hear Mass asked for a priest. When informed that a priest could not be spared for the four weeks necessary to make the trip in compliance with their request, they collected \$250 and chartered an airplane. Father Sieminski made the trip by plane in four hours and these zealous Catholics in the depths of Rhodesia had the gratification of their hearts' desire. (F.S.)

NATIONAL DIRECTORS S. P. F.

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, dated November 15, 1930, Father Joseph Pardo, S.J.,

is appointed national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the Republic of Panama, Monsignor Matthew Perrone for the Republic of Guatemala, and Father Michael Cilia for the Republic of Salvador. By another decree, dated November 2, 1930, Father Joseph Rossi, S.J., is appointed national director for the Society for the Propaga-

work in a mission field recently confided to the care of the Fathers of their American Provinces. The Rt. Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of San Juan, has entrusted the spiritual welfare of the seaport town of Arecibo, and the eighteen rural districts connected with it, to them. These four Fathers will augment the 160 priests now in the island, and will help the more effectively to administer to the needs of the souls of the 1,600,000 inhabitants of Porto Rico, of whom 56,000 are in Arecibo.

The Appeal Supreme

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

BECAUSE of their splendid benevolence, one dares to plead the cause of the missions to American Catholics. Their great hearts naturally respond to the cry of a soul in need. Their eyes are ever wandering in search of new charities into which they can pour their money and their hearts' best blood.

Where then, is there any charity greater than the charity of saving souls?

We are placing education within the grasp of every mind capable of taking it. We are giving shelter to every wounded body that needs to be nursed back to strength. We are housing every form of weakness from infancy to tottering old age. That is in America.

But oft in pagan lands are millions whose minds are dark with all the blackness of pagan superstition. When they are ill, no nursing Sister places her hand on their brows and soothes the pillow beneath their feverish heads. Their abandoned children lie in the pigsties, a prey to the slave dealer. Their old people lie starving by the wayside without a hand to support their broken frames. And they live and die without any knowledge of the Christ and the Heaven that makes one forget even the vilest and most agonizing of lives. They live like cattle and they die like dogs—unless the hand of benevolence is reached out to save them.

The missions call to Catholic American benevolence: and if it be true to itself, Catholic American benevolence will answer.

(From "Forward, America"
Jesuit Mission Press)

tion of the Faith for the Republic of Nicaragua. The appointment of national directors for these Caribbean countries is another indication of the desire of Propaganda to make world-wide the scope of this Pontifical Society.

AMERICAN PRIESTS

TO PORTO RICO

Early in January four Holy Ghost Fathers sailed from New York to begin

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES DEPART

On January 20, nine Franciscan Friars set forth from Canada for the Orient to supplement the group of sixteen now at work in Japan. The effect of this increase in numbers in the Japanese field, will be that more time and attention can be given to the formation of native missionaries as members of the Franciscan Order.

Another Canadian Community will undertake foreign missionary work, namely, the Victorian Fathers who will send out their first missionaries next September to the Manchuria field staffed by priests from the Quebec Foreign Mission Society of Pont-Viau. The object of their endeavors will be chiefly educational.

ECHOES OF THE JESUIT REDUCTIONS

The story of the way the Indians of South America strive to keep alive the Faith given to them centuries ago by the Jesuits who established the reductions of South America sounds somewhat akin to the story of the Japanese Christians discovered in 1865, when the ports of Japan were opened to the commerce of the world. A few years ago a missionary in Brazil was forced by circumstances to enter the village of San Matthias, across the border in Bolivia, peopled by Chiquito Indians. All his baggage including Mass kit had been abandoned far back on his route. The joy of the inhabitants at seeing a priest was beyond description and Saturday

afternoon a delegation came to see in broken Spanish about the morrow's Mass. "Missa vos, hora?" they inquired ("Mass you, hour?"). The missionary's reply had to be "Mass No." There was consternation. "Domingo! Domingo!" ("Sunday! Sunday!") they cried. "Sunday yes, Mass no," the priest was forced to say with a shrug.

Very well, said the leaders, "Missa nos!" ("Mass we!") and with disappointment but determined looks they went away.

And next morning "Mass we" was celebrated. At the hour fixed a tambourine beater ran from end to end of the long street and the people gathered immediately by twos behind a processional cross and torches. The chapel entered, there on the altar were the candles lit but no soul entered the sanctuary; at its place in the pulpit was the book of the Gospels, but it remained closed for there was nobody to mount and talk this Indian tongue. In a low plaintive murmur which gained strength as it proceeded, common prayers began and then the Kyrie, the Gloria, and the Credo—it was the "white Mass" which these orphaned people had executed for ever so long, for it had become a tradition to be without a priest. The missionary watching all from the rear of the church was moved to tears. "Never before," he wrote, "did the cry 'Lord send priests' mount with such ardor from my heart."

XAVIER WOULD ADVERTISE

(Continued from page 55)

charity, and a very singular purity against numerous temptations to sin; and lastly, of an uncommon gift of counsel and prudence in the management of affairs, as well as of strong health and vigor of body and mind, so as to bear labor and afflictions."

A catchy advertisement offers some inducement, some remuneration. Xavier offers a salary in happiness and consolations. Although the man on the missions is going to have his virtue well tried, still, Xavier would not have him forget that Christ's yoke is easy and sweet. "For if he sees God in truth, and enters vigorously the path that leads to Him, he will certainly find so much delight proceed from His service, as will easily mitigate and soften whatever bitterness and difficulty there is in the labor. If many of these young men given up to study could once taste the delight of the heavenly sweetness which comes from this work, they would

turn all their cares and desires to the conversion of the infidels."

These are Xavier's advertisements. They do not idealize with the extravagance of much modern advertising. Honestly they present the stern truth: men are needed for hard work, in a great cause; but they must be men. What portion of American youth will feel that it measures up to Xavier's requirements?

THIS IS JAMAICA

(Continued from page 56)

numbered. Soon go to God."

SOMETIMES the door bell of the rectory will ring and Timothy, the porter, will receive a message in this style, "Fadder come quick; him dying." If the message is worded exactly like that, there is no particular hurry; but if it be, "him on dying," the sick man is either dead or very close to the end. The little word "on" makes a big difference, and hence means a great deal to the poor "Fadder" who, oftentimes, must get out his faithful flivver, drive up to the mountains and change to a trusty steed or walk through the hill paths to the sick person's hut. On more than one occasion the priest has trudged through the bush for miles only to find the supposedly dying person sitting up and looking the picture of health. Often the Father will learn, on arriving, that the person is not a Catholic; often, too, he will bring Holy Communion on request, and discover that the person has broken his fast.

These are but little phases in the common life of native Jamaica. They give one an insight into the character of a people dominantly religious and simple and, for all that, quite interesting.

SCOUTING IN MINDANAO

(Continued from page 58)

houses) and for an hour or so carry out their regular Scout program. At the end of the hour the Father in charge is always expected to say a few words. This gives him a fine opportunity to link together the Scout Law and Practice with Catholic teaching. Every

Scout pledges himself to do a "good turn" daily, and that with a mere natural motive; the Scout under the guidance of the priest turns his "good turns" into prayers for himself, for his loved ones, or for the Souls in Purgatory. The Scout Law says: "A scout must be obedient," but gives no motive. Under priestly influence the Catholic Scout knows that he must obey because God so wishes, and the Boy Jesus taught so by His example. Like our Holy Name Society here in the States, these Catholic Scouts hear Mass and receive Holy Communion in a body on the second Sunday of each month; a first class method of having the youths of our missions fulfill their Catholic duties.

MUCH of the success of this movement is due to Mr. Austin V. Dowd, S.J., former Deputy Scout Commissioner of the four Scout Troops of our Jesuit College in Manila. Two years ago, during his vacation period, Mr. Dowd went to Cagayan and definitely organized the Catholic Boy Scout Movement. After visiting many of the mission centers and organizing troops where possible, he ran a little Scout camp in the hills of Sumilao. "As the opportunities of developing the youth into a better Catholic at such a camp were readily seen by the missionaries, they decided to make the Catholic Boy Scout Camp an annual event during the vacation months. Last May Mr. Edward Haggerty, S.J., who succeeded Mr. Dowd as Deputy Scout Commissioner, and myself journeyed to Mindanao to carry on the work of Mr. Dowd and to hold the Second Annual Catholic Boy Scout Camp. This Camp had its spiritual as well as its material benefits. The boys lived out in the open, sleeping at night in tents; they had their classes in Scout Craft and their games daily. In the evening they would gather about the camp fire and enjoy the entertainments given by their brother Scouts. The camp fire always ended up with a talk on the spiritual side of Scouting by Father Lucas, our chaplain, followed by night prayers and a hymn to our Lady.

BASILIUS BAZOOK SABBY

(Continued from page 59)

hesitancy, satisfaction, query, he repeated confidently the still puzzling word, "ballala."

"You see, Fadder, ballala. All over, ebrywhere, ebrybody. No good; too much no good."

"But I don't understand yet, Bazook, what that ballala is. What does it look like? What does it taste like?"

Here he left his seat on an old oil can, and impatiently began to fumble with my small supply of groceries, consisting of a can of beans, a package of pancake flour, a William's shaving soap tin of salt, a can of coffee, a pint of molasses and a tin of jam. But to his disgust he found no ballala.

"You see,"—he said while reseating himself,—*"like dis."* Then followed a more carefully executed aerial design of the bottle, done slower than before, and with better facial expressions than had accompanied the first. At last I thought I had guessed his meaning and ventured it.

"You mean vanilla, don't you Bazook?"

At that his smile was almost too big for his face, and clapping his hands like a delighted child, his six foot two-hundred pound body swaying back and forth in glee till the oil can under him all but collapsed, he fixed his two shining eyes on me and cried,

"Yeah, now you get,—ballala, ballala."

And when Basilius took his departure at three thirty-five in the morning, he left with me a new formula for a Christian life. Here it is:

"Gamble and drink,—and go to hell;

Don't do either,—and all will be well."

Yes, it rhymes: even up here in unpoetical Alaska.

JAPANESE CONFESSORS OF 1868-73

(Continued from page 61)

mon room with the unfortunate apostates, and listen to the taunts from their former brethren in the Faith. That was harder to bear

than anything their jailers could have inflicted on them—and yet that too was hard enough!

EVERY month the overseers were replaced by new ones lest the slightest relaxation should creep in. Five days out of every six saw the helpless victims hard at work, tilling the barren soil from morning till night. Rest there was as good as none, even on the day of rest. How could there have been, with fifty to sixty men in



St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of Japan,
pray for us!

one half, and as many women in the other half of a miserable shed, twenty-four feet by twenty-one?

The slightest breach of discipline was visited with severe punishments. Even the children were mercilessly tied to a tree for now and then stealing away to play on the beach.

And to add to their sufferings, unceasing attempts were made by the authorities to "bring them to their senses." A Shinto priest frequently harangued them on the folly and wickedness of the Christian religion; but all to no avail. Even the children rose to the occasion and gave proof of the sterling qualities of their faith. One of them, in answer to the question why he would not give in rather than be treated so severely said

that he did not want to be cast into hell. And a little girl silenced the tempter with the words: "I promised the priest never to waver, and I will not break my word."

Six long years passed in such sufferings. At last the day broke which was to restore the poor sufferers to freedom and home. For some time past, ever more urgent representations had reached Tokyo from the envoys that had been despatched to the various capitals of Europe. They implored Government to leave off persecuting the Christians. Unless that was done there was no hope of entering into friendly relations with the Western Powers. That was an effective argument. For the Government of New Japan had nothing so much at heart as being recognized as equal by, and being on friendly terms with the West.

ONE morning in May, 1873, brought the glad tidings to Tsurushima. But for seventeen out of the 116 it came too late. They had sealed their loyalty to the Catholic Faith with their lives, and it was only on their graves that the surviving band of heroes could take leave from their fellow sufferers before turning their backs forever on the scene of their glorious trial.

And on these same graves we were standing in silent prayer on that day in June, nearly sixty years later. One single tombstone marks the spot where a loving son laid his mother to rest when she closed her eyes forever on this valley, or rather hill of tears and went to receive the martyr's crown. There we stood and listened with aching, yet jubilant hearts to the details of their captivity set forth in this sketch, and deep down in our hearts we vowed to be worthy of those heroes of the Faith who had so nobly responded to the words of Our Lord: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world but suffer the loss of his soul?"

It was with elated hearts that we wended our way down the hill back to the boat. The homeward trip through the island-dotted Setonai-kai, glittering in the setting sun, was indeed "the end of a perfect day."

ON THE ROAD TO SAN JOSÉ

(Continued from page 62)

San José. The road we took led through a narrow opening in the forest and ended in something of a bog before we reached San José. It was a tough pull for the horses, and they were required to put forth all their strength, for at one portion of the way they were continually in mud almost up to their bellies. Poor "Starlight" snorted like a locomotive, but came through safe and sound. After a ride of some four hours we were greeted by the good people of San José. The school children came piling out of the school to welcome us, and their greeting was sincere and cordial. You may be sure that we were glad to see their smiling, happy faces and that we enjoyed their little program of songs which they had prepared to welcome the *Padre*.

LAND OF CHILI AND ADOBE

(Continued from page 63)

ster of five years throwing snowballs in the back yard of his home in Irkutsk in Siberian Russia. But undoubtedly, the then Jesuit Superior of Old Albuquerque wrote a faithful account of the flood of that year.

IN the care of Father John N. Cordova, another church builder and veteran in this territory, are the mission stations of Los Griegos, Los Candelarias and Los Duranes. These are Spanish-American settlements scattered along the banks of the river; their names are derived from the principal family of the respective localities. Father Egaña, the youngest among the missionaries, has perhaps the heaviest assignment. Chief among his charges is the congregation of the thriving suburb of Armijo, southwest of the city. He cares also for the people of the Ranchos de Atrisco nearby, and goes out occasionally to the Ranchos de Rio Puerco, many miles to the west of the city. Then there are his mountain missions: isolated groups of dwellings with tiny chapels high up in the Sandia (watermelon) range east of Albuquerque. Listen to this roll

call: San Antonio, San Antonito, Cañoncito, Sedillo, Carnuel, San Tomás, El Cedro; and each station is visited, Mass said, and the sacraments given several times a year.

Over on the east side of town, the old Santa Fe Hospital has been converted into another missionary base. And the Fathers of the "American" church are missionaries too. But each of these is another story.

LAST OF THE MAHLES

(Continued from page 65)

our parishioners began to arrive. All came on foot, of course, and some of them a distance of ten miles or more.

Our hosts, the villagers of Titi-baihar, were up at four o'clock in the morning. While the men butchered and prepared a fattened pig, the women were busy cooking rice in earthen vessels over earthen stoves. Shortly after dawn more parishioners and catechumens began to arrive. Confessions followed, some

fifty of them, and then the Mass of Christ, the King. Four well trained boys had come out from St. Stanislaus School in Bhagalpur to serve and help out in other ways for the feast. How one hundred and twenty-five people managed to squeeze into a space measuring only twelve by thirty feet to hear Mass is somewhat of a mystery. Yet, jammed though they were, they were not too compressed to shout out their prayers right lustily.

After services we were treated to a royal feast as Santals visualize such things—pork curry and boiled rice. All that was missing was the rice beer which flows so freely in their pagan feasts. The banquet over, most of those from distant villages departed for home.

In the evening we had a movie show. Though we had in no way advertised it, somehow the word went round that it was to be held, and so a very large crowd from the whole countryside, saw the life of Christ represented on the screen.

Our Contributors

How *Xavier Would Advertise* in this day of high pressure salesmanship is the timely contribution from MERLIN L. THIBAUT, S.J., who is now teaching at the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I.

JOSEPH L. LEROY, S.J., is qualified to say *This is Jamaica* from his point of vantage at St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

This Account Rendered by FATHER JAMES T. HAYES, S.J., brings to a close his labors in Mindanao, P. I., as a new and larger page of missionary achievement opens for him as Superior of all the Jesuits in the Philippines.

ANDREW F. CROWE, S.J., now at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., did some *Scouting in Mindanao* not so long ago. He shows it to be a great asset in preserving the Faith of the Filipinos.

FATHER FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J., whose colorful mission stories drawn from life in the vicinity of his station at Nulato, Alaska, have often delighted our readers, scores again in *Basinoo Bazook Sobby*.

Japanese Confessors of 1868-73 is the story of a pilgrimage in the land that Xavier loved to a scene that gives vivid proof of his fruitful apostolate. It is told by the Rt. Rev. JOHN ROSS, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, Japan.

FATHER WILLIAM A. RYAN, S.J., takes us along with him *On the Road to San Jose* to give us a taste of his missionary labors in the bush in British Honduras.

How Old World traditions and New World progress mingle in the *Land of Chili and Adobe* is the theme of this article from the pen of FATHER JOHN J. MCCARTHY, S.J., Assistant to the Reverend Provincial of the New Orleans Province, of the Society of Jesus.

Our readers are well acquainted with FATHER JAMES A. CRANE, S.J., apostle of the Santals, who makes his headquarters at Bhagalpur, Patna Mission, India. How he baptized *The First of the Mahles* will excite further prayerful interest in his missionary labors.

The Appeal Supreme is a selection of some burning paragraphs from the mission pamphlet "Forward, America!" by DANIEL A. LORD, S.J., editor of *The Queen's Work*.

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

BOOK REVIEWS

The Existence of God, by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Number One of the Brief Case Series. Catholic Action Outlines for Study Groups. Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price 75 cents. Reduced rates for orders of a dozen or more.

Undoubtedly one of the greatest missionary works that any individual Catholic can perform at home is to know and understand his Faith so as to give an intelligible explanation of it to others. To enable him to do so, we know of no more practical and efficient aid than this projected "Brief Case Series" from the Queen's Work Press, the first number of which comes from the brilliant, forceful pen of Father Daniel Lord.

"The Existence of God" is a book containing twelve complete discussions on this most fundamental of questions. It has been prepared with the practical knowledge of the needs and desires of study groups, where it will certainly prove argument and investigation among participants that cannot fail to develop into the possession of that "reasonable Faith" of which St. Paul speaks.

The matter is as old as philosophy itself—the arguments, objections, difficulties, inferences, consequences. But the form!—that is new and striking. The comparisons, especially, are fresh. Our old standby, "the watch and the watchmaker," is included, indeed, but it is not left to stand alone. In its physical makeup, the book with wide margins for personal notes and references—blank pages after each discussion for further jottings—is well-nigh ideal. It is a real laboratory manual.

We recommend it unreservedly for Sodality academies, parish study clubs, college Religion classes, not to mention seminaries, as a means of making philosophical and theological discussions definite and practical.

Two improvements suggest themselves, a more complete bibliography and a board, or stiff cardboard cover.

The ever growing list of pamphlets published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo., now includes three more by Father Daniel Lord—Christ Lives On—You Can't Live That Way—Speaking of Birth Control. These are priced at ten cents the copy.

Two five cent pamphlets have also been added to the list—Facing the Danger, by Timothy L. Bouscaren, S.J., and—Mass Prayers and Hymns for Congregational Use, by Joseph Reiner, S. J. All of these pamphlets are recommended as highly as the other valuable publications of the Queen's Work Press.

Grateful Acknowledgments

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Novena of Grace—March 4 to 12

NO doubt, back in the 1530's there were those at the University of Paris who looked with a superior eye of pity on the young Navarrese professor who abandoned a promising worldly career to follow what they thought to be a needlessly humble plan of life. Little did they realize what Providence had in store for this brilliant young professor, Francis Xavier, neither did they understand the work ahead for the little company which under the lead of Ignatius Loyola was forming into what was later to be the Society of Jesus.

But the names of the great savants of those days have passed largely into oblivion, while the names of Loyola and Xavier are as familiar as if their holders had but yesterday astounded the world by their deeds. In unselfish generosity these two men abandoned the world's offer of great careers, to serve God more generously. Heroic in life's tasks done in the service of the Master, whether in Paris or Rome or Goa or India or Japan, these two great men literally spent themselves for Christ.

Saintly in life and death, they have long since been raised to the ranks of canonized saints in the Church. The humility they embraced in life, the heroic sacrifices they made in an unworldly cause, their unflinching generosity and zeal for the Kingdom of God,—these have won for them an eternal crown of glory in Heaven. But that is not all. Through their intercession with God countless favors have been granted to their clients on earth. In the course of the month of March our attention is particularly called to St. Francis Xavier's intercessory powers during the Novena of Grace held from March 4 to 12.

One who has seen the churches of Baltimore or Jersey City packed with tens of thousands of people every day of the Novena, or has seen the great Gothic St. Francis Xavier's Church of St. Louis filled with thousands dur-

ing the various services each day of the Novena, or has witnessed the Novena in Jesuit churches as well as others up and down the land, can scarcely forget the great supernatural influence of Francis Xavier. Through devotion to him, many temporal favors are granted, but above all, many spiritual favors are received, and souls by the thousands are brought again to the gentle Christ. Xavier lives in glory in Heaven, but the memory of his deeds is vibrantly alive to stir men to be more loyal to the King of kings. Xavier, tireless worker for souls, has long since been silent in death, and yet, though dead, his voice is still trumpet-toned to call his clients to allegiance to Christ. May this year's Novena of Grace be even greater than those of former years in spreading the sweet Gospel of salvation for which Xavier spent himself unto death!

This Lenten Business

TIME was when the term Lent meant for most adults a vigorous fast. But the advent of our modern machinery and our nervous life of almost frenzied speed have taxed the poor human frame to such an extent that Mother Church more readily excuses many from the old time fast. But She does not excuse any of us from bringing to Lent a true spirit of penance in keeping with the holy season. All are urged to seek out ways and means of offering up little sacrifices in atonement for sin, ever mindful of Christ's sacred passion.

If only we have the will, we shall find many little ways of entering fully into the spirit of Lent. And as we do, let us not be unmindful that what we do can, in a praiseworthy way, be offered up for the missions. What help we can win from God for missionaries; what graces for pagan souls, if only we make a conscious effort! Our prayers can certainly be said with greater regularity and deeper fervor; our wills can be more determinedly conquered each day in a thousand little ways; our selfishness can diminish and our charity in word and deed can easily increase, if only we will. All this will help the missions; all this will aid in bringing the love of the suffering Christ to the hearts of infidel and heretic.

Then, too, the pennies we gather by saving can make a handsome missionary gift on Easter day. Some little sweets or smokes left alone; some attractive trinket not purchased; some theatre ticket left unbought; some little pleasure trip not taken,—these and many another needless expense not incurred during Lent, out of a spirit of compassion with Christ, will help us build a neat little sum with which to aid the missions. If we accomplish these "little things" in the true spirit of the Church, our Lent will be a time of spiritual joy and peace, a time altogether profitable for the soul, a real preparation for an Easter joy altogether Christlike.

And let us not forget that in helping the missions by prayers and alms during Lent we are bringing Easter joy into corners of the world where it was never known before. Is it not a great consolation to feel that through our efforts the glory of Christ will be known this year where idol worship flourished twelve months ago?

he Mahles

Creane, S. J.

when he fell seriously ill. I called on him during his illness and found him delirious with a high fever. I was tempted to baptize him then and there but somehow did not do so. A few days later I returned. His wife told me he had eaten nothing for ten days. The day before he had been raving with delirium. The village had despaired of their leader's life. Now, however, the fever had left him, but the people were still alarmed.

The old man was conscious. I first blessed some St. Ignatius water and gave it to him to drink. That seemed to have a clarifying effect on his mind. I next tied a relic of the Little Flower about his neck and asked him if he wished to be baptized then, as he was in danger of death. He gladly consented. After some instruction, I baptized him in the presence of a large crowd of Mahles. There was no murmur of disapproval from any of them.

He began to recover immediately and his turn for the better made a profound impression on the people of Bela. Some days later I returned and baptized nine of their children and began instructing the adults. Others were quite willing to have their children baptized, but preferred to consult their relatives first. So began our conversions among the Mahles, and we have well founded hopes for a large number of converts among them. If only we had capable catechists to prepare them, we might have something like a mass movement among them.

MY contact with the Mahles was most consoling at this time, for it came as part of an intensive ten day campaign which I must tell you about.

You see, we had been working in these parts for about a year, and we had instructed a number of people who, however, were slow about taking the final steps to embrace the Faith. We therefore determined

on an intensive ten day campaign so that we might make a special offer of souls to the Master on the feast of Christ, the King, which we were to celebrate solemnly at Titibaihar.

Our main efforts during the drive were centered on Mahusol, a village just across the creek from Titibaihar. We visited most of the houses once or twice daily. Often the occupants were not at home, but when we found them in, they were usually quite docile in learning the prayers and expressed a willingness to become Christians sooner or later. In the evenings we gathered

as many as possible at the headman's house or in the village street and taught them the prayers in common. At the end of our ten day campaign we had baptized nine children and seven adults, among them the village headman and his wife. Several more, we have good reason to believe, will come in later.

BUT to tell you how we celebrated the feast of Christ, the King. One of the villagers in Titibaihar has very kindly given us the use of a mud house which was formerly a cowshed. After plastering and whitewashing it inside and outside, building an earthen altar, hanging a few pictures on the walls and decorating it neatly, we have given it a real church-like appearance.

On Saturday night, the eve of the feast,

(Turn to page 75)



Father Creane, a true prayer-man, whose love of Christ inspires young Santals to imitation.

the best of comforter W. Stropp Creane.



Father Kilian's home, a mud hut, with its mud ledge, where to Christ comes as to a marble altar.

WE celebrated Mission

Sunday in Santal land in Patna Mission, India, by making a real break in the Mahle lines. The Mahles are a caste of basket makers, who undoubtedly were originally Santals, for they have the same language and septs. They are far less numerous than the Santals. In the territory being worked by Patna Mission they are to be found in perhaps fifty different villages. An entire village is seldom made up exclusively of Mahles. One will usually



A sadhu, prayer-man, who knows not Christ, and whose religion is inspired by fear of the devil.

find them in groups of a dozen houses or so in a village.

Though comparatively few in number, they seem to hold out a very good prospect for conversion. I visited them in a great many villages and nearly everywhere found them well disposed. One reason for this good disposition is the fact that so many of their caste have become Catholics in Dinajpur.

For some months past I have had an eye on the Mahles, and I often wondered where and when and how we would make our first catch among them.

One day I met a Mahle in Bahupur who declared his willingness to become a Catholic and have his children baptized. When I went to baptize them, the mother was absent, hence we postponed the Baptism. After consulting with the villagers, the parents decided to wait till others would be prepared to enter the fold with them.



Father Creane, with his chapel car, is a signal for a gathering of the clan at Bansi, a Santal village.

The First

James A.

On another occasion I zigzagged my way through the forest to a village called Jabodaha. I had heard that there were Mahles there who had been prepared for Baptism by a catechist of another mission. I found the Mahles, about seven houses of them, but they were not sufficiently instructed, so we did not get our first Baptism there.

SOME months ago I left Bhalgalpur in the bus headed for Baccha, which I hoped to reach that night. But just at sunset a heavy downpour of rain began. We tried to move on, but it was impossible. Despairing of reaching Baccha that night, we about faced and wiggled our way into Meghi. I little suspected what providential reason lay hidden in our being held up there for the night. Next day, however, while waiting for the road to dry, I had the headman of the village learning prayers and urging his villagers to forsake their *bongas* and become Christians. Unexpectedly I discovered about a dozen houses of Mahles and before I left they were nearly all learning prayers. I had hoped to follow up this opening, but I had no catechist for the work, so I got no Baptisms there.

Finally, much to my surprise, the first Baptism came in this wise. I had often given the Mahle children at Bela *toyo billies* (candy) as I passed by. They became quite friendly. So one day I stopped in to see their parents. There I met an old man, who ranks high among the Mahles. We talked for some time about religious matters. At last I asked him point blank would he become a Christian. Yes, he would, but he did not wish to take the step alone. He would go and see his friends in other villages and urge them all to become Christians. If he found them willing, he would lead the way.

Man proposes but God disposes. Scarce had I left



A Santal girl's pony with a bell and tail.