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*From the brochure: "Sr. M. Martha Chambon and the Holy Wounds of Our Lord."*

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*"At home" at his tepee is this little Indian lad on one of the Canadian Missions—perhaps a descendant of those among whom the North American Martyrs labored.*

# Gabeshiwin

J. Edward Flaherty, S.J.



AMONG the Indian boy and girl pupils of the Industrial School at Spanish, Ontario, the word *gabeshiwin* (picnic) has in summer a special signification of its own. It means the Tuesday and Thursday blueberry-picking excursions to which all look forward with no little delight.

About nine o'clock in the morning of such a day, signs of great activity are apparent round the small dock. A large motor launch is run out of the boathouse and moored to an adjoining dock, there to be taken possession of by a happy group of merry-hearted girls who bubble over with laughter and rippling smiles as they clamber on board and stow away their berry baskets and provisions for lunch. Out over the stern of the launch is passed a towline to be made fast to the bow of the "Red Bug" which is the sailing ship of the boys.

And how they come with a rush to commandeer their boat! Bathing suits over shoulders, drawing cartloads of picnic truck, they advance up the wharf in a boyish mob, scamper up the sides of the ship swifter than ever pirates boarded a rich prize, and in the twinkling of an eye the ship is alive with them—fore, aft, midships, down in the hold, everywhere it is possible for a small boy to get. Two proudly seize the large tiller, others stand by to cast off ropes, and still others work like bustling bumble-bees to stavedore their cargo and store it well amidships.

AS soon as the Fathers and Prefects are aboard, off are flung the restraining ropes, the launch's engines begin their smooth rhythmic song, and the two boats are off to Ayrd's Island some few miles away.

The passage across the bay is pleasant. The Fathers and larger boys chat and sing or play some musical instrument. The smaller boys are happier in sailing their Shamrocks V and their Enterprises in all manner of strange sea-craft which at the end of long cords accompany the "Red Bug" as she fleets across the sea.

After an hour's run, a small haven in Ayrd's Island is reached, and there the boats are docked. The girls with their superiors proceed to their own camping grounds and the boys to theirs. We shall accompany the boys. Quickly they are told off into bands by the head-prefect and then each band under a prefect or a larger boy pick up their baskets and set off into the woods to gather the luscious blueberries which everywhere abound. As the island is some ten miles long, and uninhabited, they can scatter in all directions. Off they go, then, passing swiftly through the heavy brush in Indian file, climbing over high rocky summits, loping through meadows of sweet hay, until at length they reach their favorite blueberry patches. In groups of two and three they pick, and fill their baskets with berries. How the time passes!

It is high time to return for dinner. So off they go again. The larger boys carry the baskets, the smaller ones have their catapults in hand, and woe to the pert and saucy squirrel that dares show his inquisitive self, or the robber-baron crow that lingers too long before lazily flapping away.

A glorious frolic in the sun-lit waters that bathe the golden sands of a tiny cove, and then a picnic dinner! Baked beans, campfire toast and jam, coffee or tea fresh and savory from an outdoor fire.

AFTER dinner is cleared away, the boys once more break up into groups and enter the woods, but the bulk of the picking has been done in the morning and the afternoon is not quite so strenuous. Everyone is ready when at length the Father in charge closes the Odjibway grammar which he has been studying all the while and tells his charges to start back.

The boats reached, games, a lunch, and a swim are the order of the day until it is time to leave for home. All reembark. Another picnic has gone into the past of pleasant memories as the wooded shores of Ayrd Island merge into the distant horizon.



"Holy Saturday we had a holiday. This, was necessary, for 'how can we prepare for tomorrow's parub' unless we have a day in which to bathe and get our clothes ready?"

# The Day of the Big Parub

Charles P. Miller, S.J.

IN the evening the women gather together to "make up" the youngsters. A *dibri* or earthen vessel filled with oil in which there is a wick is now lighted and the women sit around it. To the cover of a tin can dad has attached a stiff wire borrowed from the Padre's fence. This wire serves as a handle. The tin is held over the smoking oil wick and is soon covered with lampblack. Mother now takes this lampblack and carefully paints it over the eyelashes and eyebrows of one youngster after another. The belles do the same; that is, one helps the other to do it, for I do not suppose there are a half dozen mirrors in the whole of Ghzyree Mission.

But we have forgotten about the men. When they have taken their feast day bath, they get a hair cut and a shave if they need them. Then they go home and oil their bodies until they, too, shine like a bank president's desk. Their hair comes in for particular attention. It is carefully parted and care has been taken that the barber trims it just enough to leave a good set of curls on top. Their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes are now taken from the boxes and carefully unfolded. They put on clean *dhoties* and shirts. Tomorrow morning they will don their vests and coats and new shoes and socks.

Easter morning, mother is up before anybody else. She has the youngsters to dress and herself to get ready.



**H**OLY WEEK everywhere is an impressive time, but last year it had its special features of interest for me here at Victoria Mission, Ghzyree, in Patna Mission. I shall leave for another time the account of all but the weekend, save only to say that it was a deep spiritual consolation for me to see all my people go to Holy Communion on both Holy Thursday and Holy Saturday.

Holy Saturday afternoon we had a holiday. This was necessary, for "how can we prepare for tomorrow's *parub* (feast) unless we have a half day in which to bathe and get our clothes ready?"

They bathed. The women went to their beach on the lake and the men to their own beach. The children were scrubbed and polished until they shone. This baby scrubbing process is interesting; a feast day would be incomplete without it. Mother gets the brass pan in which she mixes the dough for *chapatties*. This she fills with water. The youngster is placed in front of it. If he is not too dirty, he is rubbed down thoroughly with the water. The worst spots are sandpapered clean. Mother mixes some Champaran mud with H<sub>2</sub>O until it is like a thin hatter, and then briskly rubs the afflicted area until its color falls into line with that of the rest of the anatomy. The ablation over, next comes the oiling up process. Coconut or mustard oil is used for this. The oil is rubbed in thoroughly with a sort of massaging process. It takes about half an hour to "oil a baby." As a result he looks very clean and has the appearance of polished mahogany.

Nowhere is the Easter 'Hallelujah' more joyous and tuneful than at Victoria Mission, Patna, India.



If dad is in a good mood he may help her. Next to their desire to have children, and many of them, I know of no finer tribute to Indian womanhood than the devotion manifested towards the children. The mother seems to and does exist for her home. Her husband and her children form her world in which and for which she is content to live and die.

If dad has been able to spread himself a bit he has managed to get some new clothes for the youngsters. Even the baby in arms will have a new shirt and perhaps a little red cap with a gaudy gold border and some brass bells attached to it.

The older boys and young men spend more money on their clothes than do the women, but they show far less taste and get less for their money as far as improved good looks are concerned. Take Jakoob for instance. He is one of the village dandies. He sports a tiny little mustache cut in military fashion. He wears two shirts today, a thick one underneath made of striped cloth, and over it a thin lace-like affair on which forget-me-nots and roses have been worked in colors. His coat is lavender and reaches half way down to his knees. A handkerchief with a blue border peeps coyly out of the top pocket and in the lapel there is a sprig borrowed from my garden. But the pièce de résistance is that vest of his, the checkered vest, the silk lined red checkered vest, that hung on the wall of the Mussulman's shop, till Jakoob saw it. It was a case of love at first sight. The Mussulman was quick to note the infatuation. He fanned the flames cautiously. Jakoob was saving up money for a trip to Calcutta, but,—the vest might be gone when he came back, the beautiful vest, the red checkered vest, the silk lined vest, that hung on the wall of the Mussulman's shop. So he sacrificed the trip to Calcutta on the altar of his fancy and returned home with his heart's desire.

**B**UT to come back to mother. She has finished all the youngsters, and dad is keeping an eye on them lest they fall into the mud and get too dirty before they go to church. Mother is putting on her jewelry. This consists of heirlooms and wedding presents. A family is pretty hard up when it pawns mother's jewels. First come the wristlets and armlets. Some of these are thin rings, others massive affairs several inches wide, made of silver. Then she puts on the necklace, likewise of

silver. Her everyday earrings are exchanged for heavy gold or silver ornaments two or three inches in diameter. The nose will receive a rosette made of gold or silver. Over her hair and hanging down slightly over her forehead is a fine netting of silver chains tastefully arranged. These head ornaments and necklaces are costly affairs and are real works of art.

Her *sarrie* (combination dress and veil) is a wonder of color. In its choice she is entirely free from the dictates of Paris fashions. She may wear green, red, blue, yellow, or any other color or combination of colors. The Indian woman's dress and her manner of wearing it is most tasteful, modest, and becoming.



"First came the wristlets and armlets. Some of these are thin rings, others massive affairs; . . . Over her hair and hanging slightly over her forehead is a fine netting of silver chains."

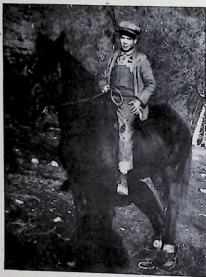
As mother emerges from her boudoir, dad picks up the smallest toddler and perches him on his shoulder,—for mother is carrying the baby. "Chel!" says dad, and the procession starts. Dad goes first, for husband and wife do not walk side by side. The family is strung out behind dad till it reaches mother who is bringing up the rear. It is a half hour ahead of time, but that does not matter. Other families are already on the way.

**A**RRIVED at the church, mother takes her place on the women's side, dad on the men's side, the boys go up with the masters, and the girls betake themselves to the fold of the Bahins (natives). The youngsters under four give the most trouble. They travel back and forth from dad to mother, get in the Padre Sahib's way as he goes down the aisle during the *Asperges*, try to climb into the sanctuary while he is giving the sermon, and in general do just about everything they can to prove that they are part of the day's celebration.

During the *Credo* the Padre learns some more new things. While the choir is winding its cautious way through the sonorous phrases of that solemn prayer, the congregation begins to enter the sanctuary in two and threes. If dad comes, then mother does not come and vice versa, but it is pretty certain that two or three youngsters will accompany either parent. There are no ushers. The latter would only be in the way. You cannot usher an Indian crowd. It takes all the joy out of life for the Indian. So up they come, carrying candles which they place on the Gospel side of the altar. It is a nice custom, a reminder and perhaps a relic of the custom in the early Church when the (Turn to page 98)

# How's Mother?

Lawrence Toups, S.J.



Contact with the missionary priest is giving the younger generation ideas of the Catholic Church at variance with bigoted hearsay.

Various and oddly ludicrous arguments were offered to persuade them not to connect themselves with an organization that had "a beast for its head." The old man retorted with explanations of how the Catholic Church was the Mother Church and that now it was high time

for him "to go see, how's Mother." Thereafter this couple was very anxious for us to build a chapel near their home. In fact, they would give all the ground necessary. In due time the Rt. Rev. Bishop ordered the work to begin.

A surveyor was summoned to stake off nineteen hundredths of an acre. During the driving down of stakes many a fretful mountaineer casually passed by, casting furtive glances at the performance. This was really powder-making time; for in the following week they shot their charge successfully at the old lady. In the meantime, the legal documents were being drawn up. At the end of the week I returned to have the couple put their signatures or the equivalent on the dotted line.

THEY received me as graciously as ever. I then proceeded to shake hands with the visiting relatives. But, to my surprise, I found out that the visitors, mountain lassies, displayed all the ruffling up qualities

of a cat in the presence of an unwelcome pup. One withdrew her hand behind her back and with all the fiery bitterness she could muster, darted out, "I don't want to be no cat-o-lic."

"Well," said I, "who said you were going to be a Catholic? I did not say it."

(Turn to page 98)

**F**ROM a clump of shrubbery a hundred feet from the door of a cabin down in the hills of North Carolina came a raucous, corn-laden voice.

"Is dat whar dem dam cat-o-lics live?"

"Yes," said a hallowed voice of seventy odd years. "But wait a minute,"—and like a flash, seventy winters snatched his gun from the cabin wall and out of the trembling door he flew. "I'm acomin' to make a dam cat-o-lic outter ya!"

But he of the raucous voice was already making haste up the crooked, rocky road—and seventy winters in pursuit. Distance and a rough path soon conquered the old gentleman's ire, and he returned to the cabin for another chew of tobacco, proud of his militant Catholicity.

This old gentleman and his aged wife were converts of a year ago. Even then they had a verbal skirmish with a politician who was pretentiously solicitous for their future welfare.

These of the hills of North Carolina also are they of whom Christ said, "Suffer the little children... to come to Me."



# In a Buddhist Bonzerie

Charles Simons, S.J.

**T**HE other day I visited pagan Shanghai's pride. This "pagan pride"

is planted in the midst of Shanghai's strictly Chinese City. It is the very hub of super-congested oriental life, teeming with its multitudes of shoppers and street-vendors, ricksha men and barrow pushers, horse-drawn and mandrawn wagons, colored with an occasional automobile honking around a plodding water buffalo: all vibrant with the numerous bands that blare forth their gayish tunes, Chinese and foreign alike, on their never-ending trips to conduct the young bride to her step-mother's house, or the loved one to a last resting place in a little brick house in the fields. This hub of Chinese life, which still holds the masses in a somewhat loose but powerful network, is called a bonzerie.

Here live a garrison of the nation's religious leaders, still unlodged by the Government's anti-superstition decrees. They are called *houo-sheng* in Chinese, "bonzes" by the foreigners. Hence the foreign appellation "Bonzerie" of the institution.

**T**HIS particular pagoda called "Lieou Yun Sheh" is immense. Here live some three hundred *houo-sheng*. Many are only young men who have come from various parts of the surrounding Provinces to learn how to be good *houo-sheng*, and really, they do not learn much. Most of their day is spent sitting on a bench that protrudes from the three walls of a large room, their feet drawn up and marvelously folded beneath them like disjointed crossbones. It is Buddha's favorite position. The *houo-sheng* takes pride in being able to sit in that position for hours at a time, and tells you on inquiry that "it is good for the heart." The aspirants, or novice-bonzes, keep that position until a twelve or fifteen inch candle burns completely out, when one of them rises and makes a series of bows and prostrations



The burning urn, ever present in Buddhist temples before idols, in which paper prayers and tin foil money are burned.

before a huge idol in the middle of the room, before which Chinese tapers and incense are continualy glowing. When he finishes, the rest continue sitting until another candle burns out. A second bonze rises, and again performs the bows which more resemble an exercise in gymnastics than anything else. This is repeated several times—in perfect silence (which even visitors must observe though they may see everything that is going on)—and all the while they think of just nothing. Complete vacuity of mind.

At times they go into another room where they kneel along a bench, burn incense individually, chant some prayers brought from India, but of which they understand not a word, all the while beating on hollow wooden gongs that give forth an empty rattling sound: a perfect indication of the bizarre emptiness of the cult they practise.

**W**HEN the aspirant has learned to sit sufficiently well, and make the proper bows and beat his gong, he is admitted into the ranks of the bonzes, much the same as young calves are admitted or retained in their proper herd. They are branded. The marks of the true *houo-sheng* are two columns of spots, six deep, burnt into the flesh, the diameter of each being a little larger than that of an ordinary pencil. They begin at the top of the forehead and extend back halfway to the crown. As the present Chinese custom is to keep the hair closely clipped, the spots are always observable. With these spots the bonze has the right to travel anywhere and everywhere in China and receive free food and lodging in any pagoda he comes upon. There seems to be a great number of these "tramp" bonzes.

Our visit thus far, though interesting in the knowledge it furnished of pagan superstitions and idolatry, was both nauseating and depress- (Turn to page 96)

# THE *Kingdom*

Francis M. Menager, S.J. of the Seal



"When I started for Hooper Bay on the coast of Alaska... I thought I was well fixed for it."

**I**F you are ready to use any sort of conveyance, from an aeroplane to a wheelbarrow, and to run up against the whole diapason of broken down and venerable gas engines and leaky boats, dating back, some of them, to the days of the gold rush; if you are willing to fight the elements, torrents of rain, fierce winds, raging sea, and treacherous mudbanks; if you are not too particular about getting all your belongings dumped into the water or the mud many times, so that everything will lose shape and color and taste; if you are not too particular either about the landscape and can stand for days the sight of a crooked stream along whose banks nothing is seen but "alkali" grass; if you are ready to hike through a country where there are no trees, no roads of any sort, no fences, no houses, no chirping birds, no clean bubbling springs, no edifices of cragged rock . . . then pull on your rubber boots—hip boots, for you will have many small streams to cross; array yourself in three sweaters, two pairs of thick woolen socks, a rainproof and windproof coat,—don't forget your heavy gloves,—top it all with a stout "sou-wester" such as sailors wear; and you may hope to get to my village without being so very much the worse for wear.

**W**HEN I started for Hooper Bay on the Bering Sea coast of Alaska, just below the delta of the Yukon, I thought I was well fixed for it. But I soon found out differ-

*"If you are ready to use any sort of conveyance from an aeroplane to a wheelbarrow."*



ently. I had to take off all the trappings of our boasted civilization and make myself unrecognizable in the accoutrement I have just described. I was not sorry for having made the change of costume, for I had to jump out of the boat many times into the water to get it off the mud. The rain would have drenched me, and the Siberian wind sweeping over the coast would have chilled me altogether had I not been protected as I was.

After leaving the government boat on the Yukon, I was ushered into a thirty foot river launch where there was hardly room to turn around. It was loaded with a thousand things. The crew was composed of the engineer and a deck hand, and I was to help in any way I could. I soon found my job cooking and handling the shovel, poling and bailing the leaky boat, and piloting when the others were busy. At night my bed was made up of three gasoline boxes and a bear skin. I stretched my legs over the middle cylinder of the engine so as to keep from rolling off. We travelled seven days in that launch, covering five hundred miles of sloughs and rivers. I could say Mass only on Sunday by doubling myself up and making my *Dominus Vobiscum* of very modest dimensions. It was a great consolation to feel that, although thousands of miles from nowhere, I had the joy of God's holy presence. This, surely, is the ever present comfort of all missionaries.

**A**FTER much poling and much rope pulling and much pumping we managed to reach our destination. There was my church standing on the top of the hill, a goodly structure of the common

style of churches out here, a plain rectangular building a little longer than wide, with a sharp pointed roof. My future parishioners, about one hundred and fifty in number, were watching for me. All were dressed alike, men and women and children, in a sort of Franciscan fur robe reaching to the knees and covering the head with a hood, and all shod with seal skin boots. Some of these people had been baptized long ago, but had not been instructed, as the missionaries were not able to remain amongst them. My knowledge of the language was practically nil, but by a lot of hard work and constant use of the little I knew, after a year I got on so I could talk and be understood; and so I settled down among my people, those sturdy seal hunters in the kingdom of the seal.

That you are in the kingdom of the seal becomes evident to all the senses. Everywhere you see seal skins stretched out to dry; you smell the odor of the rancid seal oil; outside you see the row of kayaks or native canoes, which except for the inside frame work, are made altogether of seal skin. The native eat seal meat and drink boiled seal blood. Even their ice cream, *akutak*, is nothing but frozen seal oil in which are encrusted a few native blue berries that have about as much taste as a pinch of "evaporated sarsaparilla."



*"My future parishioners . . . were waiting for me. All were dressed alike . . . in a sort of Franciscan fur robe." Notice the two Sisters of St. Anne.*

ONCE settled in my little church, I began the evangelizing of these good people. Three times a day I called them to church by the sound of the bell: in the morning at seven for Mass and morning prayers; again at ten to teach catechism; and again at seven-thirty in the evening to teach them prayers and songs in their own language. After almost a year of that the better disposed were ready for the sacraments and about fifty received the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist with real devotion. After about two years, another group is ready, so that now (Christmas, 1930) I have over two thirds of the village, about eighty, receiving the sacraments. The work of teaching these Eskimos is, of course, full of difficulties as they have so few ideas and it takes an incredible amount of time and pains. Often when you think they are doing nicely, all of a sudden you find that what they seemed to have grasped at first, they have forgotten and seem to have no idea on the subject.

There are many things hard for them to realize, owing to their lack of ideas. For instance, go and talk to them of the parable of the Good Shepherd. They never saw a sheep, and if you show them a picture of the Good Shepherd with a lamb on his shoulders and ask them what the man is carrying, they answer that it is a dog; and, of course, they see no reason in the world to be kind to a dog. The closest we can come to making them grasp the idea is by describing a good deer herder taking care of his deer, and call our Lord the good deer herder and tell them we are his deer. Then the light begins to dawn.

It is also difficult for them to understand the Holy Eucharist, for they have never seen grapes or tasted

wine, and a few years ago even bread was unknown amongst them. Of course, by the help of large pictures and by repeated and protracted explanations, God's grace helping, we manage to make an impression. When once they have received the sacraments, these dear Eskimos show a remarkable sense of Catholic life. They are very good in their daily lives and almost scrupulous in keeping their consciences from the least shadow of sin.

THEIR devotion to the Sacred Heart is very consoling. They love to wear the badge, they never miss a first Friday, love to sing the praises of the Sacred Heart and make visits quite often. Their beads they treasure very dearly, and often use them. Sometimes I come unexpectedly to visit the sick in their miserable hovels and I find a whole family with their beads in their hands praying together.

The Little Flower, our Patroness, comes in also for a lot of love on the part of these dear people; they go to her in their troubles as I have tried to teach them to do. Now an old seal hunter comes to the Little Flower to ask for luck in his seal (Turn to page 99)



Brother Blacksmith, alias Henry Rupp, S. J., of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, "a mere strip of a man, small of body, slight of frame, a wrinkled and ageing face."

# A Mission SMITHY

W. J. Birmingham, S. J.

**T**HE is a blacksmith, but you would never suspect it. Where are the towering height, the deep chest and sturdy legs which we always associate with the mighty man of the anvil? In their place we see rather a mere strip of a man, small of body, slight of frame, a wrinkled and ageing face.

"A blacksmith?" comes the query.

"Yes, a blacksmith; a Brother blacksmith, if you will. You see, here at this Sioux Indian Mission of St. Francis, the Jesuit lay-Brothers go by their various trade names, Brother Baker, Brother Shoemaker, and the like. It is easier for the Indians. They may not be able to recall the name of a Brother, but they can remember his occupation."

"Say, that's good," chuckled the visitor, "Jesuit, Brother and blacksmith."

"There goes Brother Rupp, the blacksmith, now; let's follow him over to his shop."

And so, presently, we found ourselves in the Brother's smithy. The four concrete walls were a solid protection against the raw March winds, and the fire in the forge rendered the room warm.

"A nice, cozy shop you have here Brother," remarked the visitor after the introductions.

"Yes, it is nice now, but I haven't always had a nice shop. Years ago before this garage building was put up, I had an old makeshift of a barn for a shop. The old, decaying walls were filled with cracks and holes. In the winter time the snow and the fierce winds blew in. While I was at the side of the forge I was warm, but when I left the fire to work out in the shop, the cold draughts caught me and quickly chilled

my heated body. All winter long I was troubled with coughs and colds. And then in the summer time the heat in the shop was oppressive. Often it weakened me so, I had to stop and rest to regain my strength. But times have changed for the better and I enjoy my work more now."

**A**S the Brother began his labors, my visitor questioned me.

"Is Brother Rupp kept pretty busy in his shop?"

"Yes," said I, "Brother Rupp is generally kept going here in his shop. However, he is like the other Brothers of the Mission. They all have their chief trade, but they also have a variety of other labors which keep them quite busy too. Brother Rupp, for example, is the blacksmith. But he also finds time to run around the Mission grounds to perform any number of odd jobs. He is very much in demand down at the barns where they repair the farm machinery and equipment. He is frequently on the go, looking after the windmills and the wells. He is the quiet genius on the job when the lighting system or the plumbing fails. And he has a steady Monday morning job taking care of a downright temperamental boiler which supplies the steam and flowing hot water for the corps of launderers. In fact, Brother Rupp has the reputation of being the expert handyman about the Mission. He has a way with tools."

(Turn to page 99)

*Yes, there is plenty to keep a blacksmith busy on a Sioux Indian Reservation.*



# SNIPPY



**S**HE was, they said, bold, boyish and boisterous. The "they" included everyone of the intimate family circle—aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers, sisters and, at times, even mother herself. As she cared not at all for their opinion and held her head high in the air when they objected to her ways, she came early in her years by the name of "Snippy." All of which was not, of course, nice, either on her part or on the part of the family; still,—well, there you have the situation. She had, all things to the contrary notwithstanding, two friends,—dad, who could see no fault in her, and Father O'Brien, who could see much good.

Father O'Brien used to get many a scolding from the good Sisters at the convent where he was chaplain, for his leniency towards Snippy.

"That girl needs firm handling, Father," the Mother Superior would say. "Your easy and gentle ways will make her more unmanageable than she is now."

Father O'Brien would bow his head meekly. "I'll bring her to time, Reverend Mother," he would promise. But it was always noted that Snippy went on as before.

**D**AD was as melted wax in her hands. When she reached her eighteenth birthday, he pulled out his checkbook. "How much, Snip?" he asked with pen poised, while the assembled family gasped in protest.

Snippy possessed her soul in calm for a moment. Then,—"One hundred and fifty to the penny, dad dearest," she said; and while the rest of the family were quietly swooning in astonishment, added serenely, "in full payment for one grand fur coat I must have for the school 'prom' next week." Her eyes grew dreamy with anticipation.

One day shortly before the "prom," Father O'Brien visited the convent class-rooms to introduce an old friend of his. The friend was a missionary from distant India, and with unsuspected eloquence the chaplain told of the

poverty that faced the missionary, the heroic labors, the great harvest of souls that sprang up under his sowing. Snippy listened impressed. With her, a friend was a friend, and she certainly loved Father O'Brien.

**T**HAT evening after school, she was purchasing some rosary beads in an ecclesiastical goods store when she caught sight of Father O'Brien and his missionary friend entering. For what reason she did not know, she avoided meeting the priests there and shrank into a remote corner of the little store where she was well concealed, yet could hear all that they were saying. After he had made some preliminary purchases, she heard the missionary cry out with childish eagerness. "Ah, here is what I should like to have," and looking out she saw him fondly holding a golden chalice. He replaced it on the counter with a sigh. "Such beautiful things are not for the poor missionary."

Father O'Brien looked distressed. "If I were only rich," he said to his friend, "you should have it; but I'm poorer than Job's poor turkey."

Snippy felt for Father O'Brien. If only she could help him bring joy to his friend. Then a sudden thought struck her, and the force of it made her gasp in happiness.

Presently Father O'Brien and the missionary were gone and Snippy emerged from her place of concealment. She approached the clerk.

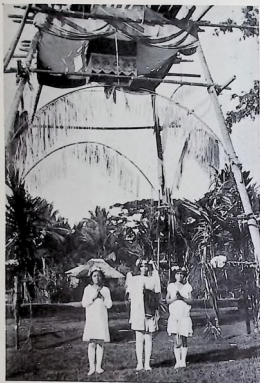
"That chalice," she said motioning to the glorious golden cup that the priest had handled. "What's the price?"

The clerk smiled superciliously. "One hundred and fifty to the penny, miss!" he said, looking down from distant heights upon her.

(Turn to page 99)

# Palms and

Joseph J. McG



"... an arch erected for the occasion."

**P**ALM Sunday here at Cagayan, in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, deserves in literal reality the name "Sunday of Palms." The reason you may gather from what follows. Unlike our custom at home, the church here does not distribute the palm. Nearly everybody in our parish owns a coconut tree; if there be any so poor as not to have one, then his neighbor will furnish enough young branches to allow participation in the festivities of the day. As far as I can recall, the children at home were not included in the distribution; it was for the older folk exclusively to receive palm. The opposite is true in our custom here. Children have an important share in the celebration.

How I enjoyed myself this morning before I went in to say the Mass! From my window I had a view of five different roads leading to the church. One of the roads is the long bridge over a river just at the side of our house. Look out over the bridge! What do you see? Thirty inches of living flesh and bones, motored by an angelic soul, tripping across the bridge with palm branches done in various designs, plaited, twisted, bowed, flower decked, many of them six feet in length. The same could be seen through the side streets and along the paths of a small park we have near the church. The memory that stays with me is that of wee children and tall palms waving over their little shoulders or from two little hands that are needed to grasp and hold the burden.

**T**HIS day the church is decorated as it is on no other occasion. The altar, of course, is banked with palms, but that is not all. The church is filled with them, and the aisle especially becomes a passage way of living palms. During the *Asperges* before the High

Mass, the eyes of those children were just riveted on the approaching priest. They wanted to make sure that their palms were hit by the holy water. I tried not to disappoint any of them. Those anxious eyes remain with me as so many bright stars.

All during the time that the blessing of the palms was taking place, the tongues of the youthful part of the congregation were remarkably silent; not so the palms, and the feet. At that part of the blessing where the priest sprinkles the blessed palms with holy water, and afterwards incenses them, the custom here is for him to go around the church to wherever anyone is holding a branch of palm. On this occasion, when I started down the aisle from the sanctuary, the effect produced reminded me of the scene in *Macbeth* when the wood of Birnam came to Dunsinane. From the end of the seats in the back of the church, as well as from the seats near the altar, the waving palms came, noiselessly enough, just like the surface of a river, on towards the mere vicar of Christ our Lord. Reaching where the priest was standing, the flood of waving palms spread the width of the church. The children said not a word—that was intelligible—but they did reach forward their emblems to the holy water and the smoke of the incense. You'd never think that such earnestness and determination could be packed into children so small.

**T**HE procession was then in order,—good order, I can truthfully say. But it was not the order of the procession or the beauty of the designs in palm that im-

All candidates for the role of 'angel' in the



# Angels

, S.J.

pressed the observer. No, not so much these, as the reproduction of that first Palm Sunday when the children not of faith but of vision went forth waving their palms and singing their *Hosannas* to the Son of David. It was a day in perfect tune with the event celebrated, bright and clear, early morning; the little girls dressed in bright colored frocks from deep blue to dazzling yellow, the boys bright and clean and all in white. In the procession there was no rushing or pushing; nothing save dignity. The children sang an act of contrition, and suitable hymns. Even if they had not sung, but only had passed along in their gentle pace, waving the palms, this itself would have been sufficient to convey the idea of a triumphal march and to have brought the echo of the *Hosannas* of the first Palm Sunday. We went around a small square at the side of the church. Perhaps it took no more than ten minutes, so that we were soon back at the church, standing outside the closed doors.

INSTEAD of knocking to enter, we outside began to sing the *Gloria et Laus*. What a sweet surprise to hear some children's voices, from inside the church, take up the refrain and answer back the chorus! But the sun was hot. It seemed that the singing was not enough to gain us admission; finally we had to knock. Those inside knew that it was the Cross which was calling to enter.

page Easter Sunday pageant—you choose one.



The procession is over—*alleluia!*—and we were in it.

and at once the doors were thrown open and the last stage of the triumphal procession was completed. As we proceeded through the church, many mothers' arms reached out to catch their angels; caught them, and seated them so that the priest passed to the altar through an aisle lined on both sides with waving palms. There was a tall palm on the edge of every bench, and a little child. The Mass went on as usual, except for two things; one was the good attention given to the reading of the Passion in the dialect; the other gave me a distraction, albeit a pleasant distraction, during the Preface. It was this: the master of ceremonies was absent, so one of the Fathers undertook to incense the people after the celebrant had incensed the altar. What happened? The flood broke, the palm-grove began to move, the children surged forward once again. They were very soon locally readjusted, not so soon lingually, if I may coin a word.

AND children share in the greater triumph of Holy Week, when after the solemn sad days of Holy Thursday and Good Friday, the joyful cry of the *Alleluia* is heard once more.

Early Easter Sunday morning, about four-thirty, all the people assemble at the church for the beautiful symbolic procession that reenacts the dear Lord's first apparition—His meeting with our Blessed Mother. Quickly the procession is on its way, dividing into two sections as the people leave the church. The men follow the statue of the Risen Savior; the women follow the statue of the Blessed Virgin, still our Lady of Sorrows, as evidenced by her black veil. As is the custom during all processions, except that of Good Friday, the bells in the church immediately begin their clamor and they do not cease turning and ringing out their message of joy until the congregation is back again in the church. Within five to ten minutes the statue of the Risen Savior and our Lady meet face to face under an arch that has been erected for the occasion. The statues are placed on the ground under the arch. Men, women and children circle about them, listening to the sweet strains of the angel, as a little child descends from an opening in the roof of the arch. Slowly, sweetly, the angel chants the joyful words, *Regina coeli laetare, alleluia!* Slowly, safely, the angel descends, with wings outspread to conceal the rope fastened about her shoulders and feet and held securely by strong men above who supply the means of her descent and ascent. When low enough to reach the statue of our Lady, the angel removes the black veil of mourning from the head of the Mother of Sorrows, who is now the Mother of Joy veiled in the white veil which had been concealed under the black one. With a vivid realization of Christ's glorious triumph, the joyful notes of the trumpeters escort the procession back to the church for Easter morning Mass.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## "We Salute You"

ONCE again, and this time orally, the Pope of the Missions has manifested the interest that lies nearest to his heart. We can only dimly imagine the joy of the missionaries in Alaska, in the Philippine Islands, in India, throughout the world, when they heard the Holy Father salute them—salute each one personally almost, with the following words: "Now our words go out to you, our most dear sons and daughters in Christ, who in the mission fields of the world are laboring in prayer to propagate the holy Faith of Christ and to spread His Kingdom. As the first Apostles of the Church, so you, too, in dangers, in much patience, in necessities and in tribulations are made a spectacle. As they, so also are you the glory of Christ, you who in labors, likewise often in chains and in your blood are fighting even unto death the great and good fight of faith and of suffering, and by your great example are winning souls and sowing the seed of future Christians. We salute you, gallant soldiers of Christ, and, too, we salute the native priests and faithful catechists who are at once the principal fruits as well as the sharers of your labors."

## Service Heroes

THE pages of JESUIT MISSIONS which follow, chronicle the deaths, during the past few months, of five mission heroes whose service for God in missionary labors averages more than thirty years each. What a service was theirs! What a glorious thing in comparison with the service we hear so much about these days! Men speak of the service of humanity as the ideal of life. They laud it as the quality most worthy of praise. They substitute it for the service of God Himself.

These heroes spent their lives, not in the service of a vague, cold, abstract humanity, but in the service of men made to the image and likeness of God. They

toiled, not for the sake of mere human nature, but for the sake of men who might one day become partakers of the divine nature. Their labors, whether in the tropical heats of the Caribbean and the Philippines, or on the wind swept plains of our western prairies, or in frozen wastes of Alaska, have the glory of length of years, indeed, but it is not the length of years, but the nobility of their service that claims our homage and admiration. We salute them, service heroes of God.

## An Easter Message

IT would be unfair to forget that the same Christ who laid upon His Apostles the injunction: "Go and teach all nations," also addressed to them among the first His Easter salutation: "Peace be to you." We do forget it if we send successors of the Apostles to foreign fields and burden them with all the hardships of apostolic life without sending them the encouragement and the support that gives them peace. The very young lady who wrote the following letter to her brother, a missionary in the foreign field, must have realized much of the above.

Dearest Brother:

The time when Jesus will rise from the grave to spread happiness and joy among His followers is drawing near. And, dear brother, I want to greet you with Him on Easter morning and to wish you all the joyous blessings that He does. Mother and I are thinking of you always. Every night when I kneel with mother beside my little bed, I say three Hail Mary's to our Blessed Lady for my big brother who is washing ugly sin from little heathen souls.

The tulips, which you planted when you were here, are just bursting into bloom. I asked mother if it wouldn't be nice to send you some. I'm sure you miss them! But she said you have a new garden now with little souls for flowers. She says this world is too cold for them so you must transplant them to Heaven where they will bloom forever. That must be even better than a real garden. Good-bye dear brother. With love and kisses, from

Your sister.

## Missionary Crusade Convention

NIAGARA University, Niagara Falls, New York, will be the scene of enthusiastic mission activities and discussions from June 29 to July 2 this year. The occasion will be the Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Previous Crusade Conventions have been instrumental in stirring up a large amount of mission enthusiasm among the many hundreds of students and faculty members in attendance. These Conventions have been the high points of a persevering activity, carried on so faithfully and energetically from Crusade Castle at Cincinnati by Monsignor F. A. Thill and his ardent co-workers. May the Convention this year surpass all others in the numbers attending, in the zeal manifested, in the speeches and papers presented, and above all, in the lasting good accomplished in a renewal of mission spirit in our Catholic student body of America! If these things are achieved, those who are so unselfishly striving to make the meeting a success will feel well repaid.

# Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 39. Trichinopoly, South India



Preparing a native clergy in India. Students at the petite seminaire for the diocese of Trichinopoly and Tuticorin.

**T**HE Diocese of Trichinopoly is situated in the southeastern part of India. It became an independent ecclesiastical unit in 1845, and since that date has grown so rapidly that in 1923 the diocese of Tuticorin was separated from it and confided to the care of Indian secular clergy. In a population of 5,000,000, Catholics number 217,500.

The care of souls is in the hands of the members of the Society of Jesus. Formerly the mission was dependent on the Province of Toulouse, France. In 1929, however, it was made a Vice-Province and its old name of Madura was restored. Its personnel numbers 161 priests, 74 Scholastics, and 41 lay-Brothers, a total of 276 Jesuits divided almost equally between those of European and Indian origin. There are also 23 Indian secular priests in the district. The Jesuits conduct a seminary for secular clergy, both advanced and preparatory departments; three "first-grade" colleges with 3,596 students, 2 high schools, a normal school, and 3 industrial schools. The novitiate, philosophy, and house of Third Probation for the Jesuit missions in India and Ceylon is located at Shembaganur in this district, with 151 Jesuits preparing for the apostolate. Various charitable institutions, and a press which publishes the Messenger of the Sacred Heart in Tamil, and other magazines, is maintained in Trichinopoly. There are seven religious communities of women, three of them Indian, and one community of Indian teaching Brothers.

**T**HE countries embraced by the general designation Indo-China lie in the corner of Asia that extends towards the south-east down between the China Sea and the Indian Ocean, ending in the long tongue of land known as the Malay Peninsula, at the very tip of which is Singapore, "the port of all the world." The Federated Malay States occupy the peninsula itself, north of them from west to east, are Burma, Siam, and French Indo-China, this latter being subdivided into Tonkin, Laos, Annam, and Cochinchina. The total population is about 27,708,000.

In making the progress of the Faith in these countries the object of our prayers and sacrifices this month, we will be helping to bring to completion a work that has been nurtured by the blood of thousands of martyrs. The thrilling story of Bl. Theophane Venard, who was beheaded in Tonkin in 1861, has brought the knowledge of these missions to many Americans.

Missionary activity began there when Father Alex-

## THE MISSION INTENTION

for APRIL

Indo-China

ander de Rhodes, S.J., landed in Cochinchina in 1624. With the conviction that the most solid

and lasting foundation for the Church was to be laid by the thorough training of native catechists from whom a native

clergy could be developed, he appealed to Rome for bishops to insure organization

and progress. He was successful, and the growth of the Church in Indo-China can be attributed in great part to his foresight.

Despite repeated devastating persecutions, during which, in the course of the nineteenth century, three bishops, over 501 European priests, Dominicans and members of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris, over 90 native priests and 40,000 lay Catholics were put to death, the Church has grown. In 1800 there were 310,000 Catholics, today there are more than 1,237,000. Truly "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

—May our prayers during April hasten a still greater harvest.



## AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

### BRITISH HONDURAS

The missionaries and the entire mission of British Honduras were shocked at the unexpected news that Father Joseph A. Meuffels, S.J., dropped dead early Friday morning, January 23, while vesting for Mass. One who knew him intimately, writes the following appreciation:

"His whole eulogy is sufficiently told in the name by which he was known to all the people of the Colony, *Padrecito*, the dear Father. No one was a casual friend of Father Meuffels. If he knew you, he loved you; and you had no choice but to love him.

"With the heart of a missionary, little Joseph Meuffels, a Jesuit novice in Holland, responded to the call of our beloved Father De Smedt, and came to America to work among the Indians. Without a regret he left home, and relatives, and native land.

"After the completion of his studies, Father Meuffels did pastoral work in the States for a time, but he was soon sent to British Honduras, where he labored for thirty-three years. For a short time he directed the early destinies of the college in Belize. In 1900, he was sent to Orange Walk, the center of a group of Spanish mission stations. The proposition he faced was this: a few months before his arrival the village church had burnt to the ground; the pastor in charge died eight days after his arrival; the same year the Sisters, who had been teaching the school, left because they became discouraged and exhausted from sickness; he himself knew no Spanish; and he found it a common practice for his people to live together without being married, and hence away from the sacraments. But for Father Meuffels, armed with youth, zeal, and abandonment to God's Will, these were but stimuli to arouse his ardent enthusiasm for Christ's cause. When he left Orange Walk, twenty years later, he left a beautiful concrete church, a well developed school, a village of practical Catholics, a series of prosperous mission stations, and especially, people who would go through fire and water for their *Padrecito*. He was transferred to the college in Belize, where he remained intensely active during the last decade of years, ex-

cept for a short period three years ago when a stroke of paralysis considerably slowed up the energetic old priest.

"We have listened with interest to his stories of how he lay alone in the mission house burning with fever; of how he traveled for days and weeks



*A last meeting of two old friends on the British Honduras Mission: Father Joseph H. Meuffels, S.J., who died January 23, with Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J.*

visiting the Indians in their small and scattered villages; of how he would ride on horseback for hours through the dense dank bush, his knees cut and bruised and bleeding from the trees that walled the narrow trails; of his disappointments in finding the Indians reverting to their pagan tribal festivities in spite of his work; and of his years of uphill work against the prevalence of concubinage and open immorality in the pueblos.

"We have heard his fellow missionaries tell of how he was a father to each individual under his care; or how he would go from door to door on Saturday afternoons before the Communion Sunday of the sodality, or before

the *fiestas*, to remind the thoughtless and neglectful of his flock of their obligations; of how during the epidemics of fever or influenza, he would have huge kettles of soup made and would himself bring this around to the sick; of how he saw to it that Juanita had a dress, and Juanito took his quinine at the proper time; of the care he took in preparing the little ones for Holy Communion; and of his solicitude in uniting his people by little plays and social entertainments.

"We have seen him, in his last years at the college, sit for long periods in the confessional, though it meant sitting in a hot box on a sultry tropical evening, with the bugs and gnats thick and tantalizing. We have been edified and inspired to see the white haired jubilarian kneel upright before the Blessed Sacrament during the long meditations of the annual community retreat, or while he read his divine office. We have watched him almost tottering over to the chapel, after his stroke, to lead the boys in the novena prayers to St. Joseph (for the boys the prayers would have been meritless if not said by *Padrecito*), or to teach Gabriel or Luis how to manage the big missal while serving at Mass. At the college it was Father Meuffels who saw to it that the new boys made their first Holy Communion and were confirmed.

"He lived out to an eminent degree the example of that rugged missionary, St. Paul, becoming all things to all men to save them to Christ.

"In the evening of the day on which Father Meuffels died at St. John's College, the boys of the college carried the body to the Cathedral in Belize. Flags flew at half mast. The big church was filled to overflowing during the chanting of the office of the dead. For two hours after the services the people filed past the open coffin. There was no attempt to stop tears that night. On Saturday morning every store of any size, the bank included, was fast closed by 9:30 A.M. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Father Corey, assisted by Fathers Kempfhus and E. Coony. In the funeral procession, the longest on record, according to the oldest inhabitants, walked Protestant ministers, the mayor, colonial secretary, and the governor's representative."



Father Aloysius Robaut, S.J., a real pioneer of the Alaska Mission and a veteran of forty-five years in the frozen North, died at Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, December 18, 1930.

## ALASKA

Father Francis M. Ménager, S.J., has recently been appointed Superior of Northern Alaska, in place of Father Delon, who met his death in an aeroplane crash last October. Father Ménager, while professor of cosmology at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, in 1927, volunteered for the Alaskan Missions. Since that time he has done wonderful work in Alaska. He opened up a new mission at Kashunak on the Bering coast in 1927, and another new mission the following year at Hooper Bay in the same region. His activity and his success in Alaska thus far promise great things for the missions there during his term as Superior.

The last of the first pioneer missionaries of Northern Alaska, Father Aloysius Robaut, S.J., was called to the reward of his heroic labors on December 18, at Holy Cross on the Yukon. He was seventy-five years old and had labored for forty-four uninterrupted years in the frozen Northland.

His apostolate in the far North began in 1886. In that year Father Cataldo, after accepting the care of the vast and difficult Alaska Mission, cast about for men physically and spiritually qualified to begin the work in the frozen North. His eyes fell on Fathers Paschal Tosi and Aloysius Robaut.

The two missionaries took ship at Victoria, Vancouver Island, B. C., on July 13, 1886, under the leadership of the zealous Archbishop Seghers, bishop of Victoria. The high hopes of the

noble prelate, who confidentially informed the Fathers on the northward journey that he wished to resign his see of Victoria, enter the Society and labor side by side with them in the vast Alaskan field, were blasted in the sad tragedy of November 27, 1886, when Fuller, his half-crazed companion, murdered the saintly archbishop on the banks of the Yukon.

In May the following year, Fathers Robaut and Tosi expected to join the archbishop on their journey down the Yukon, but how disappointed and horrified they were when they learned the real truth! On Father Robaut devolved the sad duty of confiding the remains of their noble leader to a temporary resting place in a corner of the Russian cemetery near Fort St. Michael.

This sad beginning in his new field of labor did not dishearten Father Robaut, and for upwards of forty-four years he devoted all his energies to the hard work which he had been assigned to do.

His burning zeal took him on countless trips among the Eskimos along the Kuskokwim River and the jagged coasts of the Bering Sea. At one time we find him at Holy Cross, at another in Nulato, then again at St. Michael's or St. Ignatius Missions in Alaska.

In 1925 the weight of declining years and rapidly failing health compelled him to retire from active service, and he spent the evening of his life at Holy Cross Mission. When the summons to a better life came, he was happy and content. He had done all he could in the harvest fields of the Lord. He had opened a way into the great land of the midnight sun, a vast area of 590,000 square miles. During his life he was ever an inspiration to his fellow laborers, a model religious, a tireless worker, a true apostle who spent himself to gain the poor Eskimos to Christ.

## PATNA, INDIA

Can you beat this for loyal mission support? Surely the girls of the Bishop McDonnell Memorial High School, Brooklyn, N. Y., deserve high praise. Here is a little letter that tells what they have done for the missions:

"You may be pleased to know that our Mission Unit forwarded to Bishop Bernard Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, \$500. for a chapel dedicated to our Unit and called the Sanctus Carolus Church. We also sent Father George Willmann, S.J., \$100. for the missions in the Philippine Islands. Father Griva of the Indian Missions of the Northwest is also on our mailing list. This year the Marquette League of New York also received \$25. from us. We have just shipped to Father Charles Miller, S.J., of Patna Mission, a carton of cancelled stamps. To Father Westropp, S.J., of the same mission, we sent \$5."

Surely such splendid work deserves

great credit, and it is hoped that many another group of young girls will follow the splendid example of the girls from Brooklyn.

Patna Diocese is the thinnest diocese in any mission country of the world. In percentage of Catholics in the total population, Patna ranks last in a list of ninety-seven missionary dioceses under the Congregation of Propaganda. It has only one Catholic to every 3,800 non-Catholics. When we consider that it is the fifth largest mission in the world in point of pagans to be converted, we realize the gigantic task that is being so heartily taken in hand by the American Jesuits assigned to the mission.

Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., now in charge of Chakri, breaks a long silence with some news about activities in his section of Patna Mission.

"I just got back from a sixty-four-mile bike ride up to the extreme northwestern point of my mission. The place I visited is called Tribeni (Three Rivers). This is the confluence of three rivers, and is a famous place for Hindu 'remission of sins by bathing.' There were tens of thousands of people there. From our own district here, many of the pagans went up, practically walking the thirty-two miles. There is a sort of fair going on at the same time, much buying and selling of horses, etc.

"Apart from my busy round of activities in mission work, I have had a bit of diversion recently from a python which I am keeping in my bathroom. It is about fifteen feet long and was captured back of the village here. I bought him for fifteen cents.



You cannot see the bicycle—but it's carrying Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., towards his headquarters at Victoria, Patna Mission, India.

Now I am feeding him pigeons and trying to figure out how I can make some money for the mission by selling him. The women over here are eager to have shoes made of python skin, so you see why I look to some profit for the missions from this python of mine. If I don't get a good offer over here, perhaps I'll send my python to the States."

Father James Creane, S.J., working among the Santals, reports from his field:

"Father Pettit is now in the Santal field with us. We look to great results from his work. Lack of funds is hindering our activity among the Santals very much, but with what we have we are making consoling progress. The wings of our ambition were greatly clipped in a recent meeting when Very Reverend Father Superior told us we would have to limit the number of boys and girls in our boarding school to about two hundred and one hundred respectively.

"As I write this, our Christmas rush is on. We are preparing for a great celebration at my station at Baccha (singularly enough the name means 'infant' in Hindi). We cannot have midnight Mass, but by privilege we can celebrate Mass at 1 A. M., and we plan to do so. Mr. Michael Lyons, S.J., who before going to his theological studies at Kurseong is accompanying me on a Santal campaign during his vacation, will tell you about his experiences, about the great crowds we have been gathering and influencing all along the line of march, about the Baptisms, and many other interesting details."

### AMERICAN INDIANS

St. Francis Mission, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, lost a zealous laborer in the death of Brother Adam Vollmayer, S.J., who died this last fall. The good Brother, while accomplishing none of those deeds which would herald his name in the newspapers of the country, yet did lead an heroic life during his long years as a lay-Brother in the Society of Jesus. Brother Vollmayer spent fifty-four years in the Society of Jesus, and of these he spent thirty-eight years at St. Francis Mission. He had to take care of the farm and stock, and to teach the boys farming, dairying, and care of stock. His was the task of pursuing stray cattle through high snow drifts in intensely cold winters in the face of a biting wind. Often, too, he had to go out on the trail to help some missionary who was stranded on his way back to headquarters from his scattered mission stations.

Brother was liked and esteemed by the Indians, young and old, on account of his firm but kind way with them. He was, too, an exemplar in his religious life, punctual and faithful

## RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



PAUL LE JEUNE, S.J.

**T**O this French Jesuit the title has been given of the "Father of the Canadian Missions." It is well deserved.

He was born at Châlons-sur-Marne, July, 1591. His family was Protestant, but Paul became a Catholic as a young man. He entered the Society of Jesus at Rouen, September 22, 1613. After the usual course of studies he was ordained, and for a time was Rector of the college at Dieppe. Then came his appointment to the Missions of New France. In company with two other missionaries he left France on April 18, 1632. At once he set himself to the work of acquiring the language by spending the winter in an Indian settlement. His efforts were put forward to establish permanent centers where the Indians might be induced to settle down and form Christian communities. One of these projects was the foundation at Sillery, just above Quebec, which became a Catholic Indian Reservation. Other missions were organized at Misscon, Tadoussac and Three Rivers. Due to his influence a community of Ursuline Nuns with Marie de l'Incarnation came from France to undertake the education of Indian girls. He also induced the niece of Cardinal Richelieu, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, to found the first hospital in Quebec.

In 1649 he returned to France, but continued to be Procurator of the Missions, and to edit the "Jesuit Relations" until his death in Paris, August 7, 1664.

in the minutest detail, and anxious to do deeds of kindness to all.

When Brother Vollmayer realized that death was near, he asked for the last sacraments. He received them with great devotion, saying, "Now I am prepared to go; whatever God may do." In accordance with his own wish he was buried at St. Francis Mission.

### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

A veteran of the Jamaica Mission, an apostle who devoted his life to the evangelization of the Negro race, a priest who, throughout a long life, faithfully followed the ideal which he set before himself on the day of his ordination, such was Father Abraham Joseph Emerick, S.J., who quietly breathed his last on February 4, at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

Father Emerick was born November 21, 1856, at Falmouth, Pennsylvania. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1874. Shortly after his ordination he was sent to Jamaica, B. W. I. His work in Jamaica and the principles that actuated him as a missionary are well summarized in an account written by Father John LaFarge, S.J., for the Baltimore Catholic Review.

"After a brief time spent in the re-organization of Saint George's College, at Kingston, Jamaica, he began his apostolate in the northern part of the island. This time of incredible poverty, loneliness, and superhuman exertion drained a naturally sturdy constitution. During it, however, Father Emerick unfolded those characteristics of his apostolate which he never ceased to preach to his dying breath.

"A priest who contents himself," he said, "with a periodic Sunday visit to a mission, preaching, saying Mass and then returning home until the next time to visit the mission, will never get anywhere; he will make few or no converts; his mission will stagnate, and after years spent on the mission it will probably have gone backward instead of forward. He should know every man, woman and child of all denominations and of none, and enter into their every joy and sorrow. If he does this he will never complain of a lack of converts or an empty church. The people will gather around him like bees on honey."

"Above all, Father Emerick believed in Catholic schools. For these he was ready to sacrifice every bit of merely worldly prudence. He opened four splendid schools in his Jamaica mission. The final collapse of his health in Jamaica came from a superhuman attempt to say Mass for the teaching Sisters twice a week in two places, forty miles apart, driving the entire distance, fasting, under the broiling tropical sun in an open carriage."

Our regular correspondent from Saint George's College, Kingston,



Some of those who assisted at the blessing of graves at the Chinese Cemetery, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. Left to right, seated—Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., Sister Antonina, Lady Barrett-Lennard, Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Sir Fiennez Barrett-Lennard, Father Joseph J. Williams, S.J., Joseph G. Doherty, S.J. Standing—Mr. Chen Jackson, Mr. Ashton Chen, Joseph L. Leroy, S.J., Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J.

Jamaica, Father John J. Keegan, S.J., has sent us the following item:

The Very Reverend James M. Kilroy, S.J., Provincial of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus, is now making his visitation of Jamaica. The New England Province has the responsibility of providing the Jamaica Mission with men and means. Hence the necessity of this visit on the part of Father Kilroy. He was in Jamaica during the summer of 1913 for a few months and so he is not a stranger to the Mission. After some weeks in Kingston he will make a visitation of all the mission stations on the island. He expects to return to the States in the early part of March.

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The missions of Mindanao suffered a severe loss at the beginning of the year when Father Antonio Arnalot, a Spanish Jesuit, was called to his eternal reward at the age of sixty-five years. For many years he had been laboring in the province of Cotabato in southern Mindanao. He had carried the burden of missionary work in this entire district alone, until last year when Father Luis Paquing, S.J., a native Filipino Jesuit, was sent to his assistance. With the death of Father Arnalot, the entire responsibility falls upon the young shoulders of Father Paquing.

Father Thomas A. M. Shanahan, S.J., who has been relieved of the position of Vice-Superior of the Philippine Mission with the appointment of Very Reverend James T. Hayes, S.J., as Superior, sends the following:

"Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., has been appointed to succeed Father Hayes as Superior of the Missions in Northern Mindanao, embracing the civil provinces of East and West Misamis, Bukidnon and Lanao.

"Other changes affecting the Mindanao Missions: from San Jose, Manila, Father José Reyes, S.J., goes to Talisayan, East Misamis; Father Pius M. Martinez, S.J., goes to Dipolog, Zamboanga, to take the place of Father Augustin Consunji, S.J., who is transferred to Cagayan, East Misamis. Father Gabriel Font, S.J., goes from Cagayan to Jimenez, West Misamis."

\* \* \*

It takes a long time for mail to come from Mindanao to New York, yet we think this account of his Christmas missionary trip from Father Thomas F. Gallagher, S.J., stationed at Jimenez, West Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., will prove interesting to our readers even at Easter time:

"I received your kind letter along with the fine check. For both I'm most thankful to you and to the very generous friend of the missions who made our Christmas gift possible. I will not forget you in my Masses and prayers. It is about the only way we can really thank you. We could do very little here without the help of our generous American Catholics and friends.

"Christmas in the States is a busy time for the priest; so is it here. At this season above all, we try to say Mass in some of these distant places so that the faith may be kept alive in them.

"Two days before Christmas I

started out for a ten days' trip into the interior. I said my first two Masses on Christmas at Langob, a mission center of about 20,000 Catholics. I was the first priest ever to say a midnight Mass in that mission. The church was crowded. After the second Mass I packed up and went by launch and *barotas* to Bolinsong. It took over five hours to get from Langob to Bolinsong. I said my third Mass about one o'clock in the afternoon. Had dinner (or rather breakfast) at 3:30 in the afternoon. Remained in Bolinsong several days to give the Christians time to get down from the mountains. In these missions I baptized up to seventy souls; gave Holy Communion to about one hundred and fifty; performed some marriages, etc. Bolinsong has more pagans than Christians. During my stay there I saw pagans by the hundreds. Of course, I could not converse with them, as they have a different dialect from that of the Visayans. While I was baptizing the Christians they crowded around us and looked on with the greatest attention. Some of the pagans were present at my Mass, which I said in a nipa chapel close by the water. That chapel was so crowded that all my Masses (I remained there several days) that I thought every moment it would crash in. Those pagans looked me over well. Perhaps I was the first real white man they had ever seen. This much is true—I was the first American priest ever to get into that part of Mindanao. I was also the first priest ever to say a Christmas Mass in that part of the world."



A trio of good scouts in the Philippines—the one in uniform is James E. Haggerty, S.J., who came down from the Ateneo de Manila to assist Father Alfred A. Kienle, S.J. (left), and Father David A. Daly, S.J. (right), to organize a Boy Scout troop at Talisayan, Mindanao.



## A BISHOP FROM CHINA IN THE PHILIPPINES

Recently Rt. Rev. Edward Galvin, of the Society of St. Columban, visited the Philippines to secure a much needed rest, and to recoup his health following the harrowing experiences in his bandit infested territory in China. While in Manila he was profoundly impressed by the danger of the loss of the Catholic Faith in the Islands due to non-religious schools and the appalling lack of priests and Sisters. "Here, we in China," said the Bishop, "slave to make a few converts, others will come after us and make a few more Catholics. But, suppose that we get 5,000,000 Christians and then circumstances should rob China of her missionaries and threaten to let the Chinese Catholics go to ruin. We would all turn in our graves. And yet, that is the situation with the only Catholic nation in the Orient, the Philippines, where the Faith was implanted with the sweat and blood of the Spanish Fathers. They have been expelled and now their work is being allowed to die. We who know how hard it is to make one convert certainly feel sad when we see thousands losing the Faith."

## IN BRITISH GUIANA

Father James P. Goodwin, S.J., informs us that a new missionary venture has just been started in British Guiana, Father Wilfred Banham, S.J., has set out with two Arawak Indians to secure a missionary base for pioneering work among the Tahammona Indians in the interior of British Guiana. He will live a nomad life for the next six months with the privations a missionary must experience. Hitherto, these tribes have been untouched by the Christian religion. Father Banham's journey, mostly by river and a trek of twenty-five miles through the forest, will take him near the colony's proudest natural beauty, the famous Kaieteur Falls, considered to be the highest in the world, the water dropping 780 feet.

## IMPORTANT TRANSFER

The Most Reverend Edward A. Mooney, Apostolic Delegate to India has been transferred from India to Japan. This news was contained in a cablegram to his brother, Charles B. Mooney, Youngstown, Ohio. Monsignor Mooney was named Apostolic Delegate to India in 1926. His appointment as Apostolic Delegate marks the first time that an

American ecclesiastic had been made a permanent member of that group of Archbishops who represent the central power of the Church in every part of the world.

## KNIGHTLY SUCCESS

A splendid example of Catholic Action has been given by the Knights of Columbus Catholic Literature Distribution Bureau of Los Angeles. During the past year ten tons of Catholic literature were distributed under the direction of David J. Daze and his assistant, Daniel Huntington.

The literature was sent to prisons and hospitals in California, to Indian Reservations and to centers in Honolulu and elsewhere.

Mr. Daze began this work in 1912, and with the exception of an intermission during the war period he has zealously carried it on in increasing volume to the present day.

## NEW ALASKAN PRIEST

The Reverend Merrill Sulzman of Troy, New York, was ordained to the priesthood by the Rt. Reverend Edmund F. Gibbons, D.D., Bishop of Albany, early in February. Father Sulzman was ordained for the Vicariate of Alaska and was assisted at his first High Mass by the Reverend Edgar Gallant and the Reverend George Woodley, the only other secular priests belonging to that Vicariate.

## MEDICINES FOR THE MISSIONS

According to the report of Father E. F. Garesche, S.J., the Catholic Medical Mission Board last year donated 16,000 tons of supplies to 125 different missions. It is estimated that these supplies would have cost \$100,000 if the missionaries had purchased them for themselves. In a recent interview, His Holiness, Pius XI, declared that he approved this work and blessed it and all who helped in it.

## PARISIAN MISSION EXHIBIT

At the International Colonial and Overseas Exhibit, which will open in Paris next May, there will be included a Catholic Mission Exhibit to show the magnificent role of Catholic Missions in France's colonial achievements.

## TIENTSIN UNIVERSITY

Dealing with Catholic education in China in his quarterly letter as *Fidels*

correspondent, the Reverend George de Jonghe, M.E.P., mentions Tientsin.

"The Catholic University of Tientsin (Hautes Etudes) opened its term with 120 pupils. The modest figure is explained by the difficult entrance qualifications, the strict discipline, and the policy of obtaining positions for all graduates. Jesuit traditions are evident in the institution, and it needs but a few hours' inspection to see the perfect order and the high choice of students. Especially impressive is the strong piety of the Christian groups. A recent arrival at the University is Father Anthony Dubois, of the Catholic University of Lille, France, who will study the technical programs and the development of the various courses."

## JAPANESE CATHOLIC JUBILEE

A touching ceremony that recalls vividly one of the most remarkable phases of Catholic history in Japan took place at Nagasaki, December 14, when the 430 survivors of the famous exile of 1870 celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their exile for the Faith. The observance of the jubilee included Solemn Mass and distribution of Holy Communion by Japan's first Japanese Bishop, His Lordship Januaris Hayasaka, Bishop of Nagasaki; a banquet to the survivors, and a theatrical reproduction of the scenes of the persecution of 1870. Over 7,000 Christians assisted at the ceremonies.

The diocese of Nagasaki today counts 53,611 Catholics, mostly descendants of the early Christians. It is numerically the largest territory in Japan, accounting for more than fifty per cent of all the Catholics on the mainland, who number 92,798. The total population of Japan proper is 59,736,822.

## FIFTY-SEVEN IN ONE

Passengers on board the German steamer S.S. Trier, on her latest voyage from Europe, to the East, had a rare opportunity of witnessing the catholicity of the Church as well as her universal missionary effort. The vessel carried fifty-seven missionaries of various nations and tongues bound for scattered ports, which is believed to constitute a record group for a single ship. An interesting feature of the trip was an "Academia" presented by the missionaries on December 7, in English, German, Spanish, Italian, French, Irish, Dutch and Filipino, and in Latin. (F.S.)

# World Missions Survey for 1930

[Reverend Pierre Charles, S.J., holder of the Chair of Missiology at the University of Louvain, has prepared] his third annual survey of the world missions of the Catholic Church. His summary of 1930 is as follows:

## ADVANCES

The multiplication of mission territories by the division of those already existent has continued with the same rhythm as in the preceding year under the energetic direction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. Most favored this year are China and South India. We recall, for example, the erections in China of the Independent Mission of Wuchow, detached from Nanning; that of Tali, detached from Yunnan; the Prefecture of Yachow, detached from Suifu, and the Vicariate of Hengchow, detached from Changsa; in India the erection of the Diocese of Vijayapuram, detached from Verapoly, and the diocese of Kottar, detached from Quilon. Such multiplications necessarily presuppose a corresponding development in resources and provide a species of index to missionary progress.

His Excellency, Archbishop Arthur Hinsley, former Apostolic Visitor to English Africa, has been nominated Apostolic Delegate. The Belgian Congo has witnessed the arrival of its first Apostolic Delegate in the person of His Excellency, Archbishop John Dellepiane. Never has the missionary organization been so complete, so strong.

**Native Clergy.** With the same inflexible perseverance, the Holy See has carried on the development of the indigenous clergy.

Regional seminaries have been inaugurated at Tokyo (Japan), Hongkong (China), Ouida (Dahomey, West Africa), Basutoland (South Africa), Nam Dinh (Indo-China) and Tananarive (Madagascar).

The dioceses of Kottar and Kumbakonam have been confided to the Indian clergy, the first with the Right Reverend and Bishop Pereira as bishop, and the latter with the Right Reverend Monsignor Xavier as administrator. The confiding to the leadership of Chinese prelates of the Vicariates of Shungking and Wanshien and the Prefecture of Yachow brings the number of territories under indigenous clergy in China to twelve. We can add for Africa, though the territory in question is not under Propaganda Fide, that the first Ethiopian bishop, His Lordship Bishop Cassa, was consecrated at Rome on August 3.

The year has seen the profession of the first "Disciples of the Lord," a native Chinese Religious Congregation founded by His Excellency, Archbishop Costantini, Apostolic Delegate; the foundation of the first Benedictine Monastery in the Belgian Congo (Kapolowe, Katanga) through the efforts of the Abbey of St. Andrew of Lophem (Belgium); the arrival in Indo-China of a group

of Sulpicians for the training of seminarians; and the progress of native Religious Congregations in Oceania, Africa and Asia.

**Conversions.** The conversion movement, as usual, has been unequal in different countries. It has been slowed up, though not suppressed, in China; rather light in Japan (showing an augmentation of but 3,000 as against an increase of 1,000,000 in the population); considerable in Africa, where Church progress is intense (the Congo alone counting twenty-two mission divisions) and where



St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

catechists abound. Mass conversions were reported from Hyderabad, India, a district once considered very difficult. The return to the Catholic Church of the Jacobite prelates, Archbishop Ivanios and Bishop Theophilus has given to this group of Indian schismatics the impetus of a vast movement towards Rome.

## DANGERS

**Political.** The gravest danger is in the political order. The turbid situation in China with its war, rapine and banditry, especially in the South, has caused the death of several missionaries, the ruin of numerous mission stations, the misery of the Catholic population and a general uncertainty practically paralyzing mission work. Many missionaries have been captured and in several cases have been tortured.

India, with its Ghandi agitations, has seen a Catholic Delegate invited to the

Round Table Conference in London, and up to the present, at least, the missions do not seem to have been hindered by the conflict of political feelings. Here also Catholics are to be found on both sides.

**Educational Laws.** School legislation is a second and a grave danger. Inspired by western models, as in China, for example, these new laws would suppress all religious teaching, all religious ceremonies, every religious emblem in the schools. They would further impose programs impossible of execution by Christian institutes. In other places, as in Japan, with the exclusion of all religious education, they would impose the teaching and practice of official Shintoism, defined by the State as a purely civil and patriotic cult, but having statutes and nature clearly and entirely opposite.

In British Africa the conditions of the financial program imposed on the schools receiving government aid are such that the missions cannot always satisfy them, and a goodly number of schools have been forced to close.

While recounting these difficulties we must not forget the extension of the Catholic University of Peking, the reconstruction of the Catholic University of Tokyo, and the ever increasing successes of the higher colleges in India.

**Economic Crisis.** The economic crisis that has spread throughout the world during the year has begun during the past months to make itself felt in the missions. The income from local products is falling (such as cocoa, rubber, and plantation products in general) and material subsidies from foreign countries are suddenly decreasing. It seems certain that this crisis will be particularly felt in 1931.

## MISSION CONGRESSES

Before concluding this brief outline, we must record, beyond the mission activity on the field, the increasing interest taken by Christian countries in the expansion of the Catholic Church.

The Mission Congresses, such as the Missiology Week at the conclusion of the Barcelona Exposition (June 29-July 6); the Eighth Missiology Week of Louvain (August 27-September 1); the Seventh Annual International Academic Missionary Congress at Ljubljana (September 6-11); the Eleventh Missiology Week at Turin, Italy (September 1-5); the Congress of the Mission Crusade of Ratisbon (August) and the activities of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in America have proven that the bond between the missions and the home bases is growing closer day by day.—(Files)

## THE DAY OF THE BIG PARUB

(Continued from page 81)

Christians came up before the Of-fertory and presented bread and wine to be used in the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries.

The younger folks, especially the young ladies, became a bit self-conscious when they found themselves in front of the whole crowd; from that they got flustered, and one in particular tripped as she descended the altar steps, genuflected to me, to the altar, the Pascal Candle, and the altar boys, and ended up by backing into the Pascal Candle.

The crowd in the church on this Easter morning was the result of my predecessors' work, and my own—old Christians, new Christians, and back in the congregation were catechumens and some pagans who had "leanings,"—wonderful this! Some three hundred souls adoring the Eucharistic King where seven years before there was not even a church; three hundred souls, scarcely any of whom can read or write, yet firm in their faith. My thoughts went out in heartfelt gratitude for the graces bestowed, and in petition for that village of three hundred other pagans who are now under instruction and have promised to bend the knee before the Christ, the Son of God, next Christmas morning.

## HOW'S MOTHER?

(Continued from page 82)

"Shake hands," suavely interposed the old lady, "with the cat-olic preacher; he's a good man; he's got Jesus in his heart."

Her words, however, were of no avail; for shaking hands with the preacher is somewhat symbolic of joining his church. I seized upon this opportunity to offer an explanation of Christian charity and the love of one's enemy, putting myself in the apparent enemy class. They listened with patience and many approving nods. Then I called the old man aside to inquire about the fluster of the lassies and to inform him that I had the deeds.

"Dem girls," the old gentleman said, "had pisin poured into their ears."

"Well, who did it?" I asked.

"I reckon they say a preacher down the road with two living wives."

"How does he do it?"

"The school teachers put up with him and he's a mean old buck agin the cat-olics. The teachers tell the children and they bring the lies back home."

"It is getting late; can we sign the deeds now?"

"Nope; I reckon we'll put it off for a year and a half. Git the ole umman to tell it to ya."

## THE MISSIONARY'S CHAPEL

William J. Healy, S.J.

His Kingdom ends where the sun goes down,  
He is Lord of a wide domain;  
The mountain pass and the jungle track,  
The paths of the surging main  
I travel o'er in my endless search  
Till I reach His court again.  
His palace-home is built of cane,  
The ground the only floor;  
It's dark and small and empty too,  
But here I can adore  
The Kings of kings enthroned behind  
A tabernacle door!

I WENT into conference with the lady, and received many puerile or senile reasons against the project. Her refrain, however, was, "I must pass my old age in peace."

After fifteen minutes I returned to the old man and told him that his wife was dead against our ideas. The old man was very sorry over the whole affair and especially over his inability to manage his spouse. He volunteered a little family history.

"The ole umman, you know, cost me lots; she was weak and I had to put her away for almost two years to mend her mind in an institution. The folks know her and get her roused up by telling her that when they git ready to destroy the house of the devil, they are going to blow it and her to hell." And this was the unheard, but the moving argument against the signing of the deeds.

MY little chat on charity produced some good effect. On leaving I congratulated grannie on her army of fine grandchildren. There was no difficulty then in bidding farewell with smiles and the old handshake.

I went to the car to find one tire flat and two shingle nails in it. This mishap occurred on several other visits to this cabin. It was attributed to accident until one day the front wheels picked up seven twelve penny nails, arranged in a perfect line across the tires, one inch apart. Luckily I had two spares. And how the Lord takes care of His own! The third tire on the rear collapsed with two spikes in it, but only when I reached headquarters. I was forced to buy a new set which would shed nails with greater ease.

## IN A BUDDHIST BONZERIE

(Continued from page 83)

ing. But the most nauseating and depressing feature still awaited us. We were now to visit the "mortuary chapel" of the *houo-sheng* monastery.

THE bonzes, at least of this region, have the special right or duty to be cremated. Their ashes are placed in a china jar, of about a gallon volume, marked with name, etc., much the same as graves are marked, and placed in a little room side by side on shelves and in racks that in dim light give the appearance of a library. In this little room we must have gazed upon the remains of a thousand venerated *houo-sheng*. Outside the door we lifted the cover of one of these jars and looked upon the ashes and charred pieces of bone of one cremated the day before. At our side was a double ovened crematory. We shivered as we looked at it, still fresh with the marks of use, and our faces began to pale as one of the glories of pagan cremation was revealed to us.

Turning to go we were filled with mingled feelings of revulsion and of pity. Paganism is surely an immense pall shrouding these poor people in deepest darkness of mind, retarding unbelievably their moral and physical development.

## THE KINGDOM OF THE SEAL

(Continued from page 85)

hunt before he starts out; then an old grandma comes to ask her for the health of her grandson; again, a young seal hunter who has told me of his desire to marry a certain good girl kneels before the Little Flower to ask her to make his wooing a success.

ALL in all, from the missionary standpoint, if you don't expect to lecture to a thousand intellectuals, if you don't expect splendid Eucharistic Congresses with tens of thousands marching in reverence and devotion in honor of our King, if you don't expect to be surrounded by the pomp, and beautiful soul stirring ceremonies of the large cathedral; but if you are satisfied with ministering to a few poor, miserable, ill fed, and ill clad people, if you are satisfied to do your teaching in a difficult language and under conditions that sometimes would make a stout heart quake, then, after all your efforts, if you are satisfied to see a little crowd of about one hundred Eskimos approaching the Holy Table in the rough garb of the North, if you are satisfied to spend the rest of your days isolated from civilization and from intercourse with intelligent and pleasing people, if you are satisfied to fight wind and snow and ice and cold and difficulties of every sort that the Kingdom of Christ be spread among these poor seal hunters, then come to the kingdom of the seal.

### A MISSION SMITHY

(Continued from page 86)

"Well, he is kept pretty busy, isn't he," smiled the visitor.

"The best story told of Brother Rupp's range of abilities has to do with the time when the regular Brother Cook of the Mission suddenly took sick. Who was to cook? That was the vital question. Much to my astonishment, none other than Brother Rupp walked into the kitchen. He doffed the leathern

apron of the forge for the white of the kitchen, and during three weeks so dispensed his dishes as to keep the community well satisfied and in even humor. Versatility, wouldn't you say?"

"Versatility, a hundred per cent!" laughed the visitor again. "But tell me," he queried, "how does he do it,—the labors, the hardships, year after year?"

"Well, you recall the way you touched off Brother Rupp a while ago,—Jesus, Brother and blacksmith? I feel certain, were you to ask Brother himself, he would reply that the whole secret lies in the very elements of that combination. The whole inspiration of his life is contained therein. In that trilogy is found a fundamental ideal, a nobility of motive that actuates all these fine Brothers,—'the glory of God alone.' Brother Rupp's tools are grimy. Yes. But he has supernaturalized both his labors and his tools, making them count heavily towards a reward that only One can compute accurately, a reward that is eternal."

## SNIPPY

(Continued from page 87)

Snippy gasped. "Oh," she said in a small voice, and passed out of the store.

THAT night Snippy tossed considerably in her sleep, when she slept at all. The early hours of the morning found her in the convent chapel preparing to go to confession. "It's me; Snippy," she whispered, nothing if not unconventional, as she entered the box. Father O'Brien nodded, and she proceeded to tell the long story. Father O'Brien choked and coughed throughout, so that Snippy thought he must have swallowed his snuff, a thing he did at times.

When the confession was over, she went to her place in the chapel. Her face was set and determined, and there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes. After she had received Communion she bowed her head, and then the deluge came. Unashamed, she had a good long cry on the breast of Him who knows the hearts of bold little girls.

## Our Contributors

*Gabeshewin*—Is it something to eat? No, but it has to do with eating, as J. EDWARD FLAHERTY, S.J., now at the College of Christ the King at Toronto, Ontario, explains.

At Victoria Mission, Patna, India, *The Day of the Great Parub* gave the zealous missionary there, FATHER CHARLES F. MILLER, S.J., an opportunity to observe and record some Indian customs.

Again FATHER LAWRENCE TOUPS, S.J., from his center at Hot Springs, North Carolina, has been tramping the hills. His missionary work often begins with *Hou's Mother!* but does not end there.

What sights there are in *A Buddhist Bonzerie!* CHARLES D. SIMONS, S.J., now studying theology at Zi-ka-wei, China, describes a few of them.

The VERY REV. FRANCIS M. MENAGER, S.J., newly appointed Superior of the Alaskan Mission, knows the difficulties to be overcome in advancing Christ's Kingdom in *The Kingdom of the Seal*.

The hero of *A Mission Smithy* is a lovable and versatile character, and he has a sympathetic biographer in WILLIAM J. BIRMINGHAM, S.J., who looks forward to June and ordination to the priesthood at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

JESUIT MISSIONS has welcomed FATHER C. A. BURNS, S.J., of Cleveland, Ohio, before. This time it is a story, *Snippy*. We know you will enjoy it.

FATHER JOSEPH J. MCGOWAN, S.J., now at the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I., has caught the atmosphere of Filipino Holy Week pageantry, and writes of it to the rustling of branches—or is it of wings?—of *Palms and Angels*.

The *World Missions Survey* for 1930 is the work of the well-known mission authority, FATHER PIERRE CHARLES, S.J., Professor of Missiology at Louvain University, Louvain, Belgium.

From Weston College, Weston, Mass., WILLIAM J. HEALY, S.J., has looked into *The Missionary's Chapel* through a poet's eyes and invites us to share his vision.

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

When school was over and while the corridors were agog with the excitement of the "prom," Snippy made her way once more to the ecclesiastical goods store.

"That chalice," she said to the clerk, pointing to it gleaming in its case like the crown of an emperor. "I want it."

The clerk stood transfixed. "You want it," he gasped in astonishment.

Snippy nodded firmly. "Yes, I want it."

She brought out the check that Dad had given her and laid it on the counter. "Please engrave the letters A. M. D. G. on the base," she said.

The clerk came out of his trance. He was all attention. "And to whom shall I send it, miss?" he asked.

"To the Reverend Patrick O'Brien, St. Catherine's Academy, Twelfth Street."

WHEN Snippy reached home, everyone was waiting with expectancy. "Where's the one hundred and fifty dollars worth of fur coats?" someone asked; whereupon the entire family took up the question.

Snippy gulped hard. She felt like a lamb amid its shearers. But she was brave to the end. "There ain't going to be no fur coat," she announced with shocking finality and grammar.

A cry of surprise went up. Only dad seemed to grasp the situation. "Leave her alone," he ordered, as the questioning commenced anew. Snippy bent over and kissed him, the tears welling in her eyes.

"Thanks, darling dad," she whispered and ran from the room.

Alone in her study, she fell upon her knees before a little altar whereon a flickering red lamp burned night and day before a statue of the Sacred Heart. She was a brokenhearted little girl, for though her spirit was willing and brave, her flesh remained, as it does in all of us, trembling weak under the strain of sacrifice. After a time, however, she calmed, and in the half darkness she could see a picture of the Little Flower smiling down upon her.

"There," she said, "it was a hard thing to do, but it was worth it. I'm so glad I had the courage. Won't you pray for me that I will get more courage as time goes on? I know that I'm rude and boisterous and bold; but I'll try to get over that. You know, Therese, I want to be a Carmelite like you. I want to pray for the mission priests."

And as she bowed her little head she seemed to see the gleaming chalice that her sacrifice of today had purchased, filled to the brim with the sacred Blood of Christ and being lifted up at Holy Mass and offered in adoration, thanksgiving and petition in the far land of India.

"They can have their old 'prom,' Therese dearest," she said in a whisper, "and their fur coats too. Me for something better from this night on!"

Which was bold of her, of course, but natural; for she was still "Snippy."



**Our Father, Hail Mary—Let Us Pray Series, II,** by Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., America Press, New York, N. Y. Thirty cents per copy.

This second booklet in the "Let Us Pray Series" deserves the same commendation as the first. The reflections suggested on these familiar prayers will surely draw souls nearer to God.

**Lenten Pamphlets** by William I. Lonergan, S.J., America Press, New York, N. Y. The Story of Lent; Devotions in Lent; Both Sinned! (The Story of Judas and Peter.) Five cents each.

These three pamphlets provide most suitable reading for this Holy Season.

**The Parent-Educator.** Published by St. Anthony's Guild, Paterson, N. J. Price, twenty-five cents.

This is a series of papers by eminent sociologists on the problems of parents as educators of their children. They were originally read and discussed at the Annual Rural Life Conference held at Springfield, Illinois, in August, 1930. A study club outline, prepared by the National Council of Catholic Women, is included.

## Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmit money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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