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A Summons to Arms

Cecil Primeau, S. J.

June 29 was the first anniversary day of the canonization of the eight North American Martyrs. The writer recalls their memory and issues "A Summons to Arms" for successors to carry on their work.—Editor.

LONG ago, Canada's soil knew not the white man's tread, nor the forest his axe; her thickly-wooded hills and foliage-fringed waters were inhabited by red men only. Alone and unmo- lested because unknown, the Indians lived in scattered villages along the shores of the rivers and lakes or in the depths of the forests. Roaming these woods and waters while summer lasted, then stoically starving through the winter months, they lived their savage lives, and fought their savage fights. Often was the gleaming tomahawk raised aloft, quickly the Indian chiefs gathered together their bands of warrior braves, and like blood-thirsty panthers, stealthily set out to blaze their gruesome trail of carnage and devastation.

The sudden, piercing war-whoop of an attacking Iroquois band was a cry so terrible as to make even brave men's blood run cold, a cry so hideous as to paralyze all action, a cry that meant either death beneath a bloody tomahawk, or the inhuman, protracted tortures of death at the stake. Then it was that deeds were done and cries were heard that we can never fully know, deeds and cries that the mute woods alone could tell.

THE white man came. Soon faint echoes of the dread cry reached France through settlers' letters. It reechoed in the hearts of brave men and true, but with far different effects. No longer did it make men tremble and quake, no longer did it paralyze all action. But purified in the love and zeal for souls that has ever characterized the missionary sons of St. Ignatius, it changed from a summons to a bloody struggle for earthly life to a summons to the struggle for souls, a struggle that was to prove no less bloody for all its spiritual nature.

With that utter selflessness of true followers of Christ, Jesuit missionaries hastened to obey the summons. Native land, friends, associates, conveniences, all these were left behind. They had heard that far off Indian cry—for them a true summons to arms, a battle cry calling them to the struggle for souls—and they sprang to respond. What sacrifices they generously



One of those who has nobly answered the "Call to Arms." Father Theodore Desautels, S.J., at Nipigon, Ont., launching his canoe for a missionary trip.

made, what labors and toil they bravely endured for Christ, their bloodless martyrdom of daily devotion to their flocks, a martyrdom finally consummated by many with the shedding of their life's blood, needs no repetition. Filled with the love of God, possessed of but one thought—the salvation of these poor Indians, children of God like themselves—Jesuit priests and Brothers labored and died and went to their reward. Hero after hero fell in this battle for souls, in this labor of love.

TODAY we honor a few of that noble band with the glory of sainthood. The names of Jogues, Brebeuf, Goupil, Lalemant, Lalande, Chabanel, Garnier, Daniel, are enshrined upon our altars by the solemn decree of His Holiness, Pius XI. Yet these are but a few, the outstanding figures, among those who answered the summons to arms during the seventeenth century.

The twentieth century tells the same story. Today there are thirty-three Jesuit priests, scholastics and Brothers fighting Christ's battles, struggling for souls in the ninety-two missions among the Indians of Ontario. Day after day they wage their ceaseless war for the immortal souls of these red-skinned children of God. For the most part these missionaries are men who have already borne the heat (and cold) of the day in the mission field for many a year, men who are no longer young, who will need successors when they shall have finished the good fight. True, no longer does the Indian war-whoop rend the air—but its echo remains. Still clear and urgent rises the summons to arms, that call for help from poor Indian souls.

India Burns Her Dead

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

On the banks of "Mother Ganges"
in Patna Mission, India.



ON one occasion while passing down the Ganges, I noticed a fire burning on shore and inquired what it meant. On being told that in all probability it was a Hindu funeral, I then and there conceived a strong desire to witness one of these ceremonies at closer range. The opportunity came some days later.

It was just growing dusk. I was on my bike, coming down a road along the Ganges, in Patna Mission, India, when I overtook a party of Hindus muttering over and over again: "*Ram, Ram satya hai! Ram, Ram satya hai!*" (Ram is true!) And on closer observation, I noticed that four of the group were bearing a corpse. Here, thought, I, is the occasion I have been waiting for.

The party soon turned off the road in the direction of the river, and I followed. Upon inquiry, I learned that there were not only no objections to my witnessing the proceedings, but what is more, a Hindu, who spoke English falteringly well, presently joined me, and volunteered to explain the ceremony, after first directing a barrage of

questions at me, all of which I answered very obligingly, as the circumstances dictated.

THE spot where the party halted was a common burning ghat, and hence was furnished with an ample supply of wood, a temple, and a broad flight of steps leading down to the water's edge. As I arrived, an attendant was down on the bottom landing, sweeping the smouldering remains of the last burning into the river. It was forbidding enough, and my first im-

A corpse prepared for burning. "Where is that poor Hindu's soul?"



pulse was to turn and leave the Hindus to their grim task. But curiosity overcame these finer feelings of nature, and I set myself to see the affair through.

The corpse was carried down to the edge of the river by the four bearers, while other mourners proceeded to bring the wood. (No women appeared among the mourners, this being the usual Hindu custom.) The sticks were piled crosswise so as to form a bier four or five feet high, and the corpse, after first being dipped several times into the sacred waters, was placed upon the funeral pyre thus prepared for it. In the meantime, I noticed one of the mourners changing his dress. My friend informed me that he was an heir of the deceased, and that he would now perform the last rites. This individual soon approached the corpse and anointed its mouth with some sort of mixture, the ingredients of which, I learned later, are supposed to be barley, incense, honey, sesamum and sweetmeats. He then bought fire from a Dom (an untouchable), and with it lit a torch. He now walked round the corpse five times, each time touching its lips with the flames of the torch, and finally set fire to the pile. Lurid reflections went dancing out over the water, as the flames leaped high and crackled a funeral chant over the corpse that sizzled in their midst.

WHILE this drama was being enacted before me, I put many questions to my new acquaintance, one of which had to do with a Hindu's regard for the human body. And I learned that it includes little of that sacredness with which the Christian is wont to respect the soul's dwelling place during life. I asked him why they made a practise of disposing of their dead by cremation. And he answered unceremoniously that as the body is formed from earth, air, fire, and water, so by burning it must be resolved back into these same elements.

I questioned him no further on this point, for as the corpse was now fast disappearing in its fiery shroud, something more important occurred to me. Here goes the body, I thought; where is its soul? Perhaps a good question to put to my friend.

"Do you believe in a soul?" I asked.

"Yes, to be sure;" he replied.

"And do you believe in a life after death?"

He answered that he did not quite understand what I meant by that. So I put it thus: "Do you believe that the soul of a man continues to live on after the body dies?"

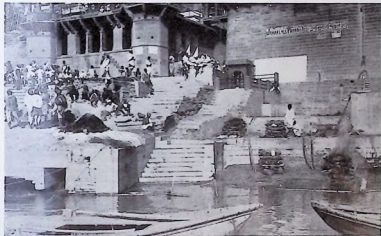
"Oh, indeed," he straightway assured me.

"Then, where do you suppose is the soul that so recently inhabited this body that we now see being reduced to ashes?" A very pertinent question, I confess.

"Well, you see, that depends," he said, and there was a marked hesitancy in his words.

"Depends on what?" I made bold to urge.

"Its like this. If this man lived a good, virtuous life,



"The spot where the party halted was a common burning ghat . . . furnished with an ample supply of wood, a temple, and a broad flight of steps leading down to the water's edge." The one pictured is at Benares in Allahabad on the Ganges.

his soul now dwells in some higher form; perhaps in a Brahman. And if his conduct during life was wicked, the soul now exists in some lower form, such as a goat, or a monkey, or even in some form lower still, depending on the degree of its former guilt."

I PINCHED myself only to discover that I was truly wide awake. And here was a fairly intelligent man who apparently believed what he was saying. He was now explaining how after thousands of years of transmigration from one form to another, the soul would finally find rest. And no doubt he would gladly have gone on explaining the rest of the ceremonies which, as I learned later, are observed for a whole month afterwards in the case of some castes. But I had not the heart to hear more. I mounted my bike and made for the mission. That night I dreamt of burning Hindus, and on waking, the thought still haunted me: where is that poor Hindu's soul? And I was moved with a stronger and more intelligent desire to bring them to the knowledge of Him Who went down to death for love of them, that they might live eternally.



Two little maids of Japan at a Buddhist monastery at Kyoto.



T happened on a day in September. "Shinpu-Sama o hajo gozaimas" (Good morning, Father!) two soprano voices greet the missionary through the open door of his home.

"O hairi!" (Come in!).

Two little girls, taking off their wooden sandals, promptly enter, and, according to the custom of well-bred Japanese children, kneel on the straw mat, put the palms of both hands on the ground and make an obeisance so profound that their foreheads touch the floor.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Ts—a," answered Josie, the brighter of the two girls.

"Why that means that you have ridden in the train for five hours and that you have had to change cars twice! Did your father allow you to make such a long journey alone?"

"Father does not know about it. We wish to become Catholics in order to give Jesus pleasure. We often asked our parents, but they would not give us permission. So we saved enough money for the trip and left secretly."

Bishop John Ross, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, Japan, with all his missionaries looks on while Very Rev. Father Francis X. Larbolette, S.J., Superior of the Mission, points out a difficulty at their meeting in Okayama.

A Maid of Japan

Joseph Messner, S.J.

"But your parents will be worried about you."
"No, because we left a letter telling them not to worry, and that we had merely gone away in order to give pleasure to Jesus."

"Nevertheless, you must write at once and tell them that you arrived safely and beg their pardon for having run away from home. But first you must come and eat."

"First of all we would like to greet the Savior and thank Him for having helped us."

THE rice steamed for a long time waiting for the two hungry guests. But Josie and her little companion, in their great joy to be so very near to the Savior, seemed to have completely forgotten their hunger and weariness. Who would suspect that this girl, who knelt like an angel before the tabernacle of a mission church, but a few short months ago was an unruly child, a source of grief for parents and teachers?

One Sunday morning it suddenly occurred to her to go to the Sunday School conducted by the foreign Sunday School teacher and to listen to what he had to say. What she heard there was radically different from the senseless fables she had heard in school.



Grace knocked at the heart of the unruly child, nor did it knock in vain. The more frequently she visited the mission station, the less often was she seen playing in the streets and the oftener was she in the kitchen helping her mother or taking care of her younger brothers and sisters. Her greatest joy was to sweep and dust the little mission chapel each Saturday, to decorate it with flowers, and then on Sunday morning to sing hymns to the Savior.

Her died-in-the-wood pagan grandmother often warned her father. He merely replied, "Let her attend the mission station. As long as she continues to go there, we need not worry about her. In any event, I shall not permit that she be baptized."

THE more Josie heard of our Divine Savior, the harder and more painful her father's words became. "I shall not permit that she be baptized." On one occasion she heard of an incident in the life of St. Catherine of Alexandria, which made a deep impression. The Blessed Virgin with the Child in her arms appeared to Catherine before her

Baptism. Our Blessed Lady wished to give her the Divine Child. Catherine had already extended her arms to receive the Infant, but Jesus resisted, hid His face on the bosom of His Mother and said, "Catherine is not beautiful. She has not been baptized."

These words, "I am not beautiful. I am not baptized. Jesus does not love me!" haunted Josie. At length she could stand it no longer. With tears in her eyes she pleaded with her father, "Papa, dear papa, give me permission to be baptized."

"My child," her father answered, "I may not and can not do that. Your grandmother and all our relations are opposed to such a step."

Gradually the child realized that pleading would not bring her to the coveted goal. But what was she to do? Without Jesus she no longer cared to live. She loved Him too intensely for that. Finally she took the step that brought her to my door.

Eventually the letter which Josie had left to reassure her parents was found. Then came the letter written by the command of the missionary telling them where she was. Her father sent word that he would come for

the girls on the following Sunday.

Josie realized full well that if she did not succeed in obtaining the required permission for Baptism before her return, she would certainly not obtain it at home. When her father arrived on Sunday, she begged earnestly, "Dear papa, please give me permission to be baptized. Gladly will I return home with you and I shall certainly cause you no more anxiety."

"I cannot," her father replied. "The whole family council is against it."

"But, papa, Jesus has said, 'who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.' Without Baptism I cannot belong to Jesus."



Some of the fortunate ones among the millions of delightful Japanese children. They have a Japanese Sister to tell them about the Infant Jesus, their Savior.

The perseverance of the child seemed finally to soften the heart of her pagan father. He promised to grant her her request, and Josie thought that she was finally at the goal of all her desires. Full of joy she went home.

At home, however, the whole clan rose up in indignation at such an unheard-of promise, and her father yielded to the importunities of the family council and withdrew his permission. For the poor child a period of persecution now began. Visits to the mission station, prayer, everything was forbidden. Again and again she had to hear the words, "Why must you adore the foreign God, and such a God, who was an ordinary carpenter and was crucified as a malefactor?" When the poor girl strove to hide herself, so that she might not be compelled to burn incense before the wooden tablets of the ancestors and adore them, her grandmother would grasp her by the clothes and hair, and drag her to the ancestral altar. And since this did not bring about the desired result, the enraged grandmother took sticks of incense, kindled them, and burned the hands of the youthful confessor. The pain forced tears from the eyes of Josie, but her resolution (Turn to page 170)

A Canadian Idyll

QUENE of the most pleasant of my reminiscences is the recollection of a May week-end which I spent some years ago in the company of Father Joseph Cadot, S.J., among his Indians on the Cape Croker Reserve in Ontario.

As he had come from Cape Croker to meet me on my way, the high noon sun of a Friday towards the last of May found us dining together in a hotel in Wiarton, some eighteen miles from the Cape. That evening I arrived at the Reservation; and as, borne on the vesper air, came the tinkling of cowbells from nearby woods, and the sweet notes of the Angelus from the stone church of St. Mary's, I felt that the veil of the years had been rolled back and that I had strayed into the ancient Acadia of the time of the French regime. As we sat talking on the verandah overlooking the lagooned waters of MacGregor Harbor and the houses nestling cozily along the straggling road, this illusion took deeper hold on me, for our conversation roved back to the distant past when Father Cadot had come as a young priest to a Cape Croker that was *habitant* in its simple rusticity.

THROUGH the years we wandered as story after story of struggles and hardships in summer and winter rolled from the lips of the pioneer missionary. The ring of the axe in primeval forest, the swish of the paddle along uncharted waterways, the crunch of raquettes over unbroken trails was the echo the night wind brought back to his voice. Through all the relation ran the timbre of unbounded trust in God and His watchful guidance over His missionary. So that when finally I retired to my room under the eaves, it was to remain long awake thinking of the intimate bond of love and solicitude between God and those who labor in His harvest fields.



"Ovi, je viens dans son temple, adorer l'Eternel." Father Joseph Cadot, S.J., who went as a young man to Cape Croker, Ontario, standing before the temple he has erected there.

J. Edward
Flaherty, S.J.

Pleasantly sped the days. There was one memorable morning when I assisted at a Mass where the preaching and singing was entirely in Odjibway. Then, too, on one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon I received my first lesson in the Odjibway language—the learning of the *Pater Noster* in that tongue, the memorizing of such phrases as *anindi wendjibaian*, (where are you coming from?) *anindi ejaian*, (where are you going?). And when the Indians gathered in his club-room that evening to read the papers and discuss the topics of the day, how naively did Father Cadot introduce a conversation in Odjibway that I might attune my ear to their language!

I ENJOYED two concerts during my stay.

On one occasion the Cape Croker Brass Band performed very creditably in the community hall, a building that was formerly their church; later, in the little stone building where dwells Miss Moffitt, the Daughter of Mary, who has spent over twenty-five years on the Reservation, and where she conducts her classes, the school children staged a concert that spoke well for the ability of their teacher.

One morning we found ourselves in the little retreat which Father Cadot had made down by the seashore. Racine was the subject of our conversation, and as from a well-stored memory, Father recited passage after passage of *Athalie*, the cadences of the great French poet wrought an indescribable effect of beauty. "*Ovi, je viens dans son temple, adorer l'Eternel.*" The opening lines of the superb dramatic poem was the motif of my thoughts of Cape Croker. In coming to this quiet Reserve I had truly entered into a temple of the Eternal One. I had found and adored Him in that other world spirit of lowly and deep piety that has kept the Canadian ever true to the religion of his fathers.

A Million Aves, Please!

James Preuss, S.J.

From British Honduras, Father Daniel M. Coady, S.J., secovers this plea for "a million Aves a year" for the souls formerly entrusted to his pastoral care at Orange Walk.



IT was on the first of last September that I took ship on our little coast steamer *Africola*, from Belize, British Honduras, to Orange Walk. It did not take me the two years I worked in Belize to realize that the town had great and deep and dire spiritual needs. To bring all the relief that was needed seemed such a gigantic and hopeless task. Then I arrived at my new mission post in Orange Walk, and since then the persistent images that pop up when I set to thinking are of the "Paradise" from which I have been ejected, and the "Sahara" into which I have been exiled.

An illustration: I was a month at my new post. Saturday evening came. I was on the lookout for sinners to absolve in the tribunal of confession. During two long hours, from six to eight, I had just two penitents, one pious woman and one devout girl. Upon a later Saturday evening my harvest was zero. In the morning I totaled sixteen Communions in both Masses (a few confessed before the services); of men there were—just one. As a sort of irony to top off my "joy," there sat, inside the railing, at the end of the only row of communicants, the biggest and most vicious-looking scorpion I had yet laid eyes on. To me that scorpion looked like the incarnate fiend mocking at the futility of my yearnings and strivings.

There was the sad and disheartening reality of perhaps more than a thousand baptized Catholics in town, yet not a score of them "to give honor to God" in Communion! I am lucky if I get fifty grown-ups for both of my Masses on Sundays; and this condition, I am told, has become chronic. What to do?

I PRAYED and I pondered, and here is my conclusion. Grace is omnipotent for the saving of souls. Now, grace comes by prayer and sacrifices. Let's start with prayer. I have seen it work veritable miracles. (I am quoting some jottings I made a month after my arrival in Orange Walk.) October is the month of Mary's blessed rosary. And, thought I, what prayer is more powerful than that historically famous weapon of might which won the victory for Christendom at Lepanto, over the menacing Turkish hordes! It's going to be the "Living Rosary," God willing, that will put Orange Walk spiritually on the map again.

Thus far—we are in Holy Week as I write this—five "Living Rosary" bands or circles (of fifteen members each, corresponding to the fifteen mysteries) have been in operation, praying hard, here in Orange Walk, in the parish of *La Inmaculada*, on the banks of the picturesque, meandering New River. That means, seventy-five souls saying their decade. (Turn to page 170)

In the foreground is the priest's residence at Orange Walk, British Honduras. In the rear can be seen the old residence, the "palace" of the late Father Joseph H. Meuffels, S.J.



A Mindanao Meditation

Joseph L. Lucas, S. J.



THE eloquent words of a great mission director came to mind as the young Jesuit missionary lay, wracked with pain, while the lamp of his life flickered low.

"The missionary's life is a life of joy, a life full of a deep, all-pervading peace, which crosses and disappointments and even apparent failure cannot shake; a peace that the world cannot know, for he realizes he is a worker for Christ and that no sacrifice for Christ is in vain." The young missionary had served but

Malaybalay, the "Mountain Mission," Mindanao, P. I.

four short years in the coveted Foreign Mission Legion in Mindanao. True, these were years filled with intense activity and replete with difficult exploits, yet hardly enough to test his mettle fully or to help him win his spurs.

Pensively, as one who makes a great decision, he reviewed his brief missionary career, testing the director's words. Yes, crosses had come to him, crosses whose mere shadows brought a sickening shudder, and whose weight and sharpness crushed and lacerated the soul. Then there were the little daily, hourly trials—splinters, at least, of the Cross. For example, absence from home and loved ones, the difficulty of becoming used to a different climate and different food, and painful efforts to adapt his ways to characters, customs and manners generally strange, oftentimes displeasing. Disappointments, maddening, discouraging, exasperating disappointments, legion after legion, had ridden rough-shod over the fair field of cherished hopes and lofty ambitions.

ASSUREDLY, failure seemed more than apparent as he reflected upon his numerous forced retreats from strategic positions, and the stinging defeats administered by an inferior enemy,—sentinel catechists silently withdrawn at crucial moments, and impregnable fortresses, Catholic schools, abandoned in the hour of victory because rations, equipment and ammunition failed to arrive at a critical juncture. He could display no victorious medals or kingly decorations bespeaking gallantry in action. Of course, there had been a few victories in the initial skirmishes, but in the major battles, few successes of which he could be proud. Yet, in spite of all, he was supremely happy and a sweet peace pervaded his soul. He had sacrificed to the utmost and had worked un-



A meeting by the roadside, Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I. Father Joseph L. Lucas, S. J., Superior of the Mission, with Governor General Davis and his daughter, Alice.

tiringly to win a smile of approval from his Captain-King, and in the radiance of that sweet smile all toils and trials were forgotten.

Then followed long days of painful suffering and anxious suspense and at last a change for the better, with ultimate recovery. The outlook changed, but a new element entered into the situation, the voice of the doctor saying, "One simple hope is left of your remaining in foreign service, namely, to dwell forever on the mountain peaks and guard the difficult mountain passes."

His onward and upward path was clearly marked out, and Superiors kindly re-opened an "all mountain" mission in Bukidnon, which had been started by the Spanish Jesuits in the year 1890, but unceremoniously closed nine years later, with their expulsion by the revolutionists.

CONVALESCENT and penniless was the missionary, and the task of rebuilding a mission so vast in extent was truly not a little disheartening. Living quarters were to be speedily erected, churches and rectories to be repaired or built, catechists to be trained, schools, dormitories and dispensaries to be started. The language problem alone presented grave difficulty. There were government officials, constabulary and settlers from every province in the Philippines, traders and business men from other countries, almost all of whom could use

English or Spanish. The natives, on the other hand,—Bukidnons, Moros and Manobos—were able to speak only their own native dialects, quite difficult to grasp. A short visit to the principal centers convinced the young missionary that he had entered upon a gigantic task, but after months of toilsome inactivity, he reveled and gloried in the prospect.

It was consoling to know that the new Christians had never been entirely out of contact with the missionaries. For twenty years the Spanish Jesuits of the Sumilao Mountain Mission, especially Father Contin, had made frequent visits to the mountain tribes, catechizing, administering the sacraments, and continually winning new converts. Later, for three years, two zealous American Jesuits, Fathers McGowan and Henfling, had toiled with them, increasing their number of converts. For the most part, however, these pagans still held to their ancient superstitions.

The new apostle took up his abode in the sacristy of the church until a rectory could be built. Pioneer preparations have a way of advertising extensively in the want column, and soon he was rummaging about for something to read. A search unearthed a number of letters, written by his predecessor, Father Martin, last of the resident Spanish Jesuits.

AS the new mountaineer read over the memoirs of this valiant missionary, a great vista of glorious aspirations, holy ambitions, and heroic exploits broke upon his vision. He felt dwarfed and humiliated before the revelations of this giant crusader for God's glory, yet despite the parable concerning fools and angels, there was happiness unalloyed in the mere reading of these words, "This territory, these mountains and deep rivers are so difficult to traverse either on horse or on foot, that I consider this Bukidnon Mission the most difficult of all our missions in Mindanao. Assuredly, this calls for youthful missionaries of great endurance, young men strong in body, and equally strong in soul."

Yet, to this soldier of Christ speaking from the aging diary, it was always a beloved mission. As he wrote he must have had in mind the young Fathers back in Spain who were about to finish their tertian ship, for he continues,

"Many, indeed, are waiting for Baptism, enough to exhaust the burning zeal of those athletes of Christ, who, well armed and well equipped with swords tempered and tried, will soon emerge from the training camp at Manresa to do valiant battle with the hordes of infidelity. To all of them, from the depths of my heart, from this solitude, I send fondest wishes for their speedy and happy arrival in this blessed land, bedewed with the sweat, yea, and with the blood of our brothers,—a most prosperous region, if measured by labors undergone for Christ, and attesting the divine counsels; a prolific soil, fruitful in martyrs and illustrious men, verily, the field of honor for the Society of Jesus.

"If I were to be born a thousand times, then a thousand times would I wish to live and die in the Society of Jesus, and a thousand times would I wish to live and die in this beautiful Island of Mindanao, to do and to suffer much for Christ. (Turn to page 170)



Mindanao Mountain boys in full native costume. American Jesuits from the Maryland-New York Province are missionaries in this district.



I WAS very busy one Saturday afternoon about one o'clock, patting myself on the back for a job that I considered just then exceptionally well done. I remember very distinctly even yet, that aside from the feeling of flattery such an occupation naturally evoked in me, there was a very pronounced quickening of the pulse besides, attributable no doubt to the reflex action of imagination on brain cells. To this latter phenomenon, therefore, must be ascribed the fact that I failed to hear at once a knock at my new front door. I became aware of the sound only through that peculiar tone of an oft repeated knock that seems a mixture of vicious perseverance and impatient resignation.

Anyway, at this point I roared out a bellicose "Come in!" There appeared in answer a husky young Indian named Michael, far-famed for his treacherous Yukon.

Michael, my boy, what is it?"

"My sister,—you know,—that Denis, my brother's wife, she very much want to see you."

"Where is she? In camp?"

"No, I left her there yesterday morning. She was pretty bad with the fadder. She don't eat, and she talks only a little bit."

"Can we cross the river yet? Can we make it in a canoe?"

"No, no."

"When and when did you cross the river?"

"Yesterday, this afternoon, in my canoe. And I am going back right

I Envy He-

Francis B.

away soon, while there is time now before the freeze-up."

"Can you take me along with you now in your canoe?"

"No Fadder."

"Why not?"

"The ice is too thick already, and I got to cut my way through with the paddle. Two in the same canoe will upset sure."

"All right Michael, you start on ahead, and I'll follow as soon as I possibly can. You keep right on going to your camp, and don't worry about me. If I can make it I will be at your camp by six o'clock tomorrow night. If I am not there then, don't start looking for me. I will get there whenever I get there. Tell your sister not to be afraid to die. Tell her I said to make a good act of contrition and then pray that Jesus will leave her here till I get there. Will you do this Michael?"

"Yes Fadder." And Michael was gone.

I DID not resume the patting of my back, as may be supposed, but took to scratching myself behind the ear instead. Here was a sick call to a young dying woman in a native camp thirty-two miles away. Between us lay two arms of the mighty Yukon River running heavy with ice, and a twenty-eight mile trail over almost bare ground cut up by half a hundred little lakes and sloughs not yet completely frozen over. The condition of the trail was, however, a minor consideration, once the river was crossed. A row boat large enough for myself and a sled with nine dogs at least, would be necessary. It would have to carry also dog feed and a little food supply for myself, my ubiquitous sleeping bag and an axe. To launch such a boat with the shore ice tapering down at the edges to the thickness of a sheet of paper was one feat. To land safely at the other side on the same kind of ice was something else again. And to make

it more interesting still, between the two ice lined shores floated sheets and sheets of slush ice, that needed but to be touched to be turned into a solid cake that would not soften again till May; and this was only the fourth of November.

In my misery I sought counsel of a native, whom I knew was daring beyond words, yet prudent with all his courage. He squinted with his one eye at the layout before him, and shook his head. "Nope, Fadder, you can't make it. Maybe tomorrow morning, if there is yet some water, we try." So that was that.

Early next morning there was no water. The ice lay on the river,



Bleak and buried Nulato on the Yukon, where Father Francis B. Prange, S.J., found happiness and contentment laboring among his Indians.

Even Yet

ange, S.J.

like so much cream on milk, and with about the same consistency.

There was absolutely nothing to do but wait till the ice was strong enough to carry a weight. Sunday passed and so did Monday. By Tuesday one arm of the Yukon was able to hold up, but the other was still too weak. Wednesday morning brought better hopes. By noon a test had been made, and my counsellor of Saturday thought we could safely make a try. He would accompany me for safety sake.

With as light a sled as we could find, and eleven dogs, all little fellows to reduce the weight, we slid out on the ice. The first crossing was made with little difficulty, coolly on the opposite shore the dogs swam and we waded through two feet of water. Up the bank we entered a willow grove where the trail led over sticks and stumps too numerous to notice. Ten minutes brought us to the main branch of the river. Down the bank we plunged, into a heap of wash ice that brought many a howl of pain from the little doggies who had so heedlessly galloped into it. There was no time out though for first aid treatment. We went on.

Out in the middle of the current, the ice was thin and rubble, and we held our breath. The dogs, sensing the danger, kept perfect step. Weaving in and out amongst the heaps of wash ice, climbing over others to avoid a watery grave at the foot of the heap, we slowly approached the more solid footing nearer the shore. We were already breathing a little freer when to our dismay we found ourselves separated from land by a dark green band of eddying currents, the open water of the main stream.

EVEN the leader of the team stopped to look and listen. Two hundred yards farther down was a natural bridge about twenty feet wide, and the leader made for it. Gingerly he stepped onto the bridge, examined it a moment with his nose, and across he went. Just as the sled touched safer ice the bridge gave way and floated downstream. Behind us was water, and in front of us a cut bank eighteen feet high straight up and down.

Off to the side a little there sagged a lump of frozen clay, which gave a slight incline to the bank, and this was to be our way up. My partner climbed on top, and I stayed below. It was my job to hoist the dogs up one at a time, while his was to pull them up by the collar when I got them within his reach. In this way the eleven dogs reached the top. The same

was done with the sled. We then continued over the land trail. It was such as to make of the proverbial rocky road to Dublin a paved boulevard.

It was eight o'clock when we reached the camp. The sick woman was still waiting for me. As I entered the cabin she raised herself on her elbow, and greeted me with an expression that I will long remember.

"Hello Fadder, I knew you was coming, so I waited."

THREE rifle shots outside brought the neighboring natives to the camp, and I decided, since there was no immediate danger, to defer the administration of the last sacraments till a more favorable moment. Hence it was that I could say Mass beside the deathbed, give Holy Communion to the entire camp and Viaticum to the dying woman. I said all the prayers for a departing soul, gave the last absolution and the plenary indulgence, and was about to leave the cabin to see after my dogs, when she called me back to the bedside.

"Fadder, that's all. It is finished. I am not afraid to die. I am glad."

"Will you remember me too when you get to Heaven?"

"Oh yes Fadder, I will pray for you,—and thank you for coming to me."

With that her eyelids slowly dropped, and as though heaving a contented sigh before falling asleep, she closed her eyes only to open them again in the Kingdom of Heaven. She lay there as peaceful as an infant in the arms of its mother. Looking at her, one might have thought she was nothing more than just another dead Indian. I know not what you, reader, may think, but I, who attended at her deathbed, envy her even yet.



"Mush on!" Father Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J., and his dogs are homeward bound to Nulato after weary miles along the Alaskan missionary trail.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Our Martyrs' Shrines

WE Catholic Americans have grown too accustomed to regard Europe and the East as possessing all its old and sacred in the memory of the Church. In fact, we have no monuments of early Christianity in our fair land, but we have that which is sacred in a story of nearly three hundred years. Now that the Church has canonized eight of the pioneers of American Christianity, we ought to stir ourselves to an eagerness and a profound reverence for all that preserves the memory of their work in North America in the first half of the seventeenth century.

Chief, no doubt, among the places sacred to the North American Martyrs are the two great Shrines, one at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (forty miles from Albany), where three of the Martyrs suffered death, the other at Midland, Ontario, the district in which many of the early Catholic missionary activities were carried on. At both Saratoga Springs and Midland, large Shrines have been erected in honor of North America's first Martyr Saints. Both Shrines can be reached by train or auto, and it is hoped that this summer will see more and more thousands of Catholics visiting these places "of answered prayer," to acquire there greater faith and hope and charity—renewing the spirit of the heroes who died to make America's red men Catholic, and to plant in the New World the seed which was to grow into the giant oak of the Catholic Church in America today.

Their Work Must Go On

SUMMER has come, and with it, despite the evident financial depression and hard times, most people find ways and means for relaxation and vacation. The world-wide resorts are already telling of record crowds, and there seems no serious reason to think that inland resorts will fall so very far behind other seasons. We will deny the right of wholesome vacation to any-

one, certainly not to those who have spent the past year in office, classroom or workshop.

But may we, precisely because it is vacation time, make just a little plea to all mission-minded Catholics not to forget the missions in their prayers and their alms? There is no vacation in the foreign missions,—for the work must go on in season and out, the work of saving souls for Christ. And if it is to go on, it needs our prayers and our material help. So let us not forget the missions during this Summer, even if it costs us a little sacrifice. No doubt, God Himself, in His own good way, will prove to us that a Summer sacrifice made for His cause will not lessen the joy of our own well-deserved and much needed vacation, but will rather increase the pleasure we obtain. Surely, if ever the missionaries needed our prayers and our material help, they need them now, after all the discouragement that has come to them and their work due to insufficient numbers of missionaries and, more recently, to the straitened financial conditions which have been more keenly felt in the missions than anywhere else.

American Jesuits and Lepers

LEPROSY, or the poor unfortunates afflicted with this dread disease, seems to have a special claim on the interest and sympathy of the whole world. We have but to recall the prominence given by the press of the United States to the devoted work of "Brother" Dutton among the lepers of Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands, on the occasion of his death last March after forty years of service.

The recent appointment of an American, Father Hugh McNulty, S.J., to the post of chaplain of the largest leper colony in the world at Culion, in the Philippine Islands, draws attention to the fact that for years American Jesuits have been engaged in this Christ-like task of bringing the consolations of the Faith to these poor sufferers. Not only at Culion, with its 5,000 lepers, but also at Cebu, also in the Philippines, where a treatment station for lepers was established in 1927, an American Jesuit, Father Clement R. Risacher, is found devoting his consecrated hands and priestly heart to their welfare. In Patna, India, the mission field of the Jesuits from the Chicago Province, the Fathers are called upon to care for natives rendered helpless by the disease, while in Jamaica, B. W. I., Father Charles F. Arnold, S. J., one of the missionaries from the New England Province is chaplain of a leper hospital in his district.

What a labor of love is this! Indeed, it is only a supreme love of God and an appreciation of the priceless value of the human soul that can support the missionary in his labors among disease-rotted human bodies. The glamor and heroics are fiction. The day after day, year after year, reality demands a constant impouring of God's grace into the missionary's soul. This we ask our readers to obtain by their earnest prayers.

Please Note

The attention of our readers is called to the fact that only one summer number of JESUIT MISSIONS is issued: that is, the July-August number. The next issue will be out for September.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 42. Hongkong, China.



General view of Hongkong from the "Peak."

THE Mission of the Society of Jesus in Hongkong is in charge of the members of the Irish Province. At present the two projects to which they are devoting their energies are the maintenance of Ricci Hall, the only Catholic residence hall at the University of Hongkong, opened December 16, 1929; and the South China Regional Seminary for Chinese secular priests, the cornerstone of which was laid October 3, 1930. There are thirteen Jesuits in the field, nine priests and four scholastics. Among other enterprises they edit and publish the "Rock."

JULY

THE MISSION INTENTION

AUGUST

Medical Missionaries

THE intention recommended to our prayers for July is one very dear to the Holy Father, Pius XI. Repeatedly he has expressed his interest and concern in regard to the progress of the work of medical missionaries and has blessed those who participate in it. The work of medical missionaries is founded on the great precept of Christian charity which bids us to care for those who are in need, corporal as well as spiritual. Surely this need is evident in practically every mission country and though the spiritual destitution is greater, yet experience has shown that it is by caring for the body that the way is opened to heal the wounds of the soul. The Christ-like charity manifested by zealous doctors and nurses brings those among whom they labor to the feet of the Divine Physician, and His grace finds hearts prepared to receive it. The United States is now awakening to the importance of this work. Europe has many institutes devoted to it. The splendid example given in 1924 by fourteen doctors of the Institute of Wurzburg, who bound themselves by vow to practise their profession for at least ten years in pagan countries for no other remuneration than the love of God, has been followed by others. Let us pray that there may be more.

Missionary Lay Brothers and Catechists

THE importance of the missionary lay Brother to the well-being of the mission, as well as the dignity of such a vocation in itself, was well expressed in *JESUIT MISSIONS* for January, 1928. "All that money can give, he gives. What all the money in the world cannot give, he gives, and gives superlatively." Let us pray during August that their number may increase. The call has gone forth for young men, who have not the vocation or necessary studies to aspire to the priesthood, but yet wish to devote themselves to God's service on the Missions, either as teachers in one of the teaching institutes, or as coadjutors to the priests, as in the Society of Jesus, where they care for everything about the house and church with the exception of purely spiritual ministrations.

As for catechists, how insistently have missionaries maintained that the progress of their missions can be measured by the number and zeal of these helpers. Especially chosen from among the natives themselves, they prepare neophytes for Baptism, assemble the Christians for prayers and represent the missionary in their own village. Let our love and zeal for the spread of Christ's Kingdom give fervor to our prayers for them.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

Can you read the following letter from Father Francis B. Prange, S.J., without being deeply moved to compassion for the missionary and to admiration of his truly apostolic spirit?

"Thanks ever so much for your letter of March 4, and the check. You will please, dear Father, excuse the general appearance of this letter, for I can do no better just now. I am in bed at St. Joseph's Hospital, Fairbanks, Alaska, slowly recovering from a heart attack that very near proved fatal. Even yet, everybody looks at me with a question mark in the eye, but I just laugh at them, because I know I will recover from this one, and that the next attack, which will also be the last, is quite some time hence. How do I know? That's my secret. Anyway, I'm not worrying any about myself.

"On May 28, while in Ruby, one of our mission stations 110 miles from Nulato, I received a wireless message from Fairbanks, telling me that the city was being besieged by the flu and that both priests were in the hospital, too weak to administer the sacraments to the dying; would I come to their assistance? Next day I took a plane to Fairbanks, arriving just before



From California to Nanking, China—but, of course, this 'ricksha man didn't take Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., all that distance. He found him in Nanking teaching English at Ricci College.

dark. I at once set to work. By Monday noon all the dangerously ill had either recovered or died, leaving three more in a coma that would end in death.

"At 2 P. M., Monday, I myself was stricken with an angina that nearly spelled finis. But as you see, I rallied, and thus far am still in the ring. In the meantime, the flu hit the middle Yukon, our Nulato Mission district. Three hundred miles of river was, so to speak, on its back, and Father McElmeel was alone with it all. Our Sisters went down with it, and every Indian and white man in the country.

"Poor Alaska! It is certainly having a long Good Friday. I have been over many a tough trail and fought my way foot by foot through many a bitter storm, but believe me, dear Father, it was all child's play in comparison to lying here helpless in bed, with so many calling for a priest, and trying to be patient, resigned and hopeful. It is heartbreaking. Even the tortures of angina convulsions are nothing in comparison. I am hoping though that these extreme conditions will inspire some one to come up and give us a hand.

"The life of the Alaska Mission is at stake now, and unless help comes this Summer, it will be the end. It's no longer a question of the California Province, it's a question of the Catholic Church. One by one the missionaries are breaking down, and just now there are only ten of us, of whom three are over seventy years old, three are only half alive, one, myself, practically dead, leaving only three men, capable of doing their full quota of work. As to Nulato itself, I have long since said my *Suicide*, trusting to God for the help that can come only from Him. But I must close now, for I am very tired. I know you will remember me and the mission in your prayers, for you have always been good to us. Am enclosing the last story I wrote, the day before my stroke. It may be my swan song, but I hope it is only the opening notes of another series of 'works.' With best wishes for every success and an abundance of God's blessings for your charity to us, I remain, my dear Father,

Devotedly yours always in Corde Jesu,

Francis B. Prange, S.J."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Thanking us for various Catholic magazines remailed to him by readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, writes:

"This is seed planting season on the prairie, and the man in the field is hard at work. He is plowing and harrowing and planting with a zest because he looks to the harvest that is to be gathered in the Fall.

"All year long you and I can plant the seed of the word of God, and we shall find many hearts ready to receive it. Our zeal is roused by the thought of the Good Shepherd's love for even the one lone sheep that must be sought painfully through brambles and over stones. Our energy is quickened by the remembrance of the eternal glory that will surely be given to us and to all who teach others unto the justice. You send me Catholic magazines for the poor Indians who live in this big, lonely country and whose hearts are hungry for the truth and consolation of our holy religion. You sow a seed that God will make grow in the souls of these lowly people.



Nice kitty! Yeah? It's just a bob-tail cat to George P. Prendergast, S.J., at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, Se. Dakota, who makes a hobby of such things.

"The Indians delight in receiving and in reading Catholic magazines. They receive from them religious instruction and noble inspiration. They thank you; and I, one of their black-robes, wish to express my appreciation for your great charity and zealous cooperation. May the Sacred Heart, whose interest you are promoting, bless you."

Father Patrick J. Savage, S.J., has been transferred from Colville to Desmet, Idaho, among the Coeur d'Alene Indians.

It is interesting to note the devotion of the Coeur d'Alene Indians to the Blessed Sacrament. For the past six years they have assisted at the Holy Hour every Saturday from 4:15 to 5:15 P.M., at Desmet Mission in Idaho. This day and hour were chosen for the devotion because most of the Indians live on their farms, and it is on Saturday afternoon that they come to the mission for confession.

PATNA, INDIA

The indomitable pastor of the Santals, Father James Creane, S.J., makes another report on his work:

"Many thanks for your letter and the check which came with it. I'll send a line to the donors.

"Father Frank is now with Father Stoy in Bhagalpur school. Fathers Kilian, Pettit and I are in the field, also Father Westropp in Monghyr.

"I wish I had something to tell the world in the columns of your paper, but nothing suggests itself just now. The interesting things about this life have become so commonplace to me that it is hard to scare up an item for print. I had Mr. Lyons, S. J., out with me for a lively three weeks before Christmas and I understand that he has told you about our experiences in an article.

"We begin the new year with many more quasi-catechists in the field, with a girls' school, with several village schools and with a widely scattered and fairly large Christian population (more than 1,000), but with all these things in our favor I would not predict a greater harvest this year than last. The first wave of enthusiasm is over. Many of last year's Baptisms were those of children. The 'easy pickings' in many villages were gleaned. The forces of the opposition are more widespread and more active. The new Christian population requires so much of our time. But I am optimistic, very much so. Our's to make the effort; God's to give the increase. Converts are coming in, not with great rapidity, but rather steadily. My records show a Catholic population of over 500 in this section of the field. Father Kilian, too, has passed the 500 mark, and Father Pettit is forging ahead in his new territory. I would

gladly open schools in several more villages were I sure of being able to finance them. I am ever so grateful for your help every now and then along that line."

Father Francis X. Scott, S.J., a recent arrival in Patna Mission, has been assigned to work with Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., at Chakni, in the district of Champaran. Writing from that mission recently, Father Gibbons has this to say:

"We are just breaking ground for a new boys' school here at Chakni. It

following note of appreciation to the friends of the mission:

"To those of our friends who, despite the hard times at home, are faithfully sending their customary contributions to Patna Mission, it will be an added consolation to know that their gifts are worth twice their face value to us just now, for two reasons.

"First, quite naturally the hard times at home affect the missions more than they do the generality of people at home. For 'luxuries' are scrapped first, and for a goodly number of people, missions are still a 'luxury.'



We are seven! Philosophers at the Jesuit house at Shembaganur, India, destined for Patna, the Mission of the Chicago Province. (Left to right) Felix F. Farrell, Paul C. Joehl, Charles R. Bonnot, Peter Angelo, Marion R. Batsou, Patrick Smith, Edmund V. Gallagher.

will be a simple four room structure. I'll get the walls up, and a roof on it, but I'll wait until next year to put in the doors and windows and floor. For the present a mud floor must suffice. I have remodeled an old building for the girls' school.

"Probably I'll be tied down here in Chakni for some years unless we get more men. I am anxious to get at the work among the Oraons in this district, but that must wait until we have advanced more here or get more men.

"The day before yesterday a native caught a little monkey over in the jungle near here. I gave him a nickel for the monkey and have him chained up here just for fun. I'll take some characteristic monkey pictures as soon as he tames down a little, and then I'll turn him loose. Monkeys are very easily tamed."

Very Reverend Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, sends the

"But there is another reason that just gnaws at our heart-strings. We see before us just now, in Patna Mission, opportunities for winning souls to Christ such as Patna Mission has never before seen; and we also see that it is one of those opportunities which, if not seized now, will never return (for India is moving rapidly these days!). And here at this critical hour, we stand with our hands tied . . . all for want of 'filthy lucre!'

"Can you understand why we feel more than ordinarily grateful to those who are standing by us even in these trying times?"

Father Rudolph Bohn, S.J., who was companion to Father Francis X. Scott, S.J., on their journey to Patna Mission this Spring, has been assigned to the High School at Bettiah.

It will be a consolation for the friends of the younger Jesuits of Patna Mission to know that recently some

of them received Minor Orders at the hands of His Excellency, Bishop Sullivan. The ceremony took place at the church at Bettiah. Those receiving Minor Orders were: J. J. Brennan, J. A. Morrison, D. Pinto, R. T. Mehren, M. D. Moran and J. Sloan. Mr. Mehren came from Bhagalpur and Mr. Sloan from Bankipore for the ceremony. The latter is now acting as Procurator for the mission in Patna.

* * *

Father Charles Miller, S.J., who has been doing such valiant work at Victoria Mission, found his hands more than full with work among the sick recently. The section in which the Doms, the outcasts, are quartered, was visited with severe sickness. Small-pox broke out early in January. It rapidly assumed an epidemic form. Father Miller notified the medical authorities and had the entire village vaccinated. During the first week or so of the epidemic one little girl died. Several others had a very close call. The entire Dom village was put under quarantine, which means that as far as possible, all communication between it and the rest of the mission village was stopped.

BRITISH HONDURAS

The Mission of British Honduras is entrusted to the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. The Mission Procurator, recently appointed for this Mission, is Father James R. O'Neill, S.J. He is resident at St. Louis, Missouri. Father O'Neill will spend part of the present summer in British Honduras getting first-hand knowledge of the Mission and its needs.

* * *

Father William A. Ryan, S.J., of El Cayo, writes of his work at Duck Run:

"I am just back from a three-day visitation of Duck Run. I could have spent two weeks there very profitably, because the spiritual condition of the people is very distressing,—especially the moral side. However, signs of a better era for Duck Run were evidenced. The way the people came to Mass and evening services, the way in which they cooperated with my efforts, the zeal of the women to bring others to a sense of duty,—all this gives me greater hope for the future.

"While at Duck Run I had thirty-four children for catechetical instruction. I hope, too, that the school there will soon be under way and in good Catholic hands.

"Thanks be to God, my health is splendid. I do not know when I felt better. I am getting to like the work in the bush more and more. I look forward with considerable pleasure to my trip down the river the coming week. I expect to visit some twelve or fifteen mission stations that I have along the river."

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ST. GABRIEL LALEMAN T S. J.

OF the eight martyrs who shed their blood on the soil of North America while laboring among the Indians, Gabriel Lalemant was the last to reach New France. He was born at Paris on October 10, 1610. Following the footsteps of his two uncles, Charles and Jerome Lalemant, he also had a burning desire to become a missionary in Canada; accordingly, when making his vows as a Jesuit in 1632, he added a fourth vow to devote his life to the Indians. He had to wait fourteen years to fulfill the vow. Finally in 1846 he embarked for Canada.

Though a profound theologian, he soon became entirely devoted to the teaching of children and preparing candidates for Baptism. On March 16, 1649, while he was laboring among the Hurons with Father John de Brebeuf, S.J., the Giant of God, at the village of St. Ignace, the village was attacked by the Iroquois. The unspeakable horrors of torture followed, the tearing out of his nails, the rain of blows that wounded every part of his body. His eyes were put out and burning coals placed in the sockets. For a day and a night he endured all, offering his sufferings to God for the souls of his persecutors. On the morning of March 17, death came to release his heroic soul to receive the reward of the victory he had so nobly won. By the infallible word of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, on June 29, 1930, that victory was confirmed by the decree that raised him to the honors of sainthood.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Very Reverend James T. Hayes, S.J., Superior of the Philippine Mission, in the course of the visitation which he is making to all the mission stations in Mindanao writes from Zamboanga:

"Just returned from Jolo, a real Moro country and leave tomorrow for Davao and the towns on the Pacific, Baganga, Cateel, etc. This is a hard and difficult trip because the sea is always rough and the boats very small. The Fathers who live on the Pacific are enduring many hardships, especially isolation—no boat can approach the place from October till March because of the high seas."

* * *

More reinforcements are on their way to the Philippine Mission. Accompanying the eight scholastics whose names and pictures appeared in the last issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* is Father Edward V. Aniceto, S.J. Father Aniceto is a Filipino Jesuit who completed his studies at Woodstock last year. The group left New York on June 10 and sailed from Victoria, Vancouver, B. C., on the Empress of Japan June 20. They will arrive in Manila July 12.

* * *

Just at this time, from all the missions, accounts are coming in of the celebrations in connection with Holy Week and they are most consoling in their record of the number brought back to a lively practice of their faith. Among others, Father James G. Daly, S.J., from Jimenez, West Misamis, after thanking us in his own name and in the name of Father Thomas Gallagher who is his co-laborer at Jimenez, for a donation which we were able to send him writes:

"Holy Week has come and passed again, with the laborious days that it means when the people crowd into the central towns for confession, Holy Communion and participation in the processions and solemn services. The Fathers are distributed so as to have the Holy Week services at points advantageously located. To be responsible not only for the *Exultet* but for all the ceremonies from Palm Sunday to Easter, to say nothing of the crowded hours in the confessional, may become the immediate preparation for the closest union with the Risen Savior, as was the case with good and zealous Father Monahan. It is no exaggeration to say that it is a miracle that more do not follow Father Monahan every Easter after going through the severe physical strain that Holy Week means for the priests in Mindanao.

* * *

The headquarters of the missions of East Misamis, Lanna and Bukidnon, is at Cagayan, East Misamis, Mindanao, where Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., is Superior. From this station Father Augustin Consunji, S.J., writes:

"Thirty dollars at this juncture of business depression is a very nice sum. God bless you and those who gave so generously. As you see I am now assigned to this station at Cagayan. I was given the charge of delivering two lectures each week to the students at our two dormitories in Cagayan. These were all in English. On Sunday I usually go to two barrios where Aglipayans thrive and there give two talks and conduct a catechism class. March was a very busy month. I gave a four-days' mission at Initao, which is a barrio about four hours by auto from Cagayan, four Commencement addresses in four different mission schools, all in Visaya, then a triduum at Balingasag to one hundred retreatants. After that came Holy Week services which are always very long.

"When I came home from helping out at another barrio, utterly fagged out and worried because my own work had been neglected, Father Lucas, our Superior, knew what was going on and he whispered to me, 'Gus, take it easy.' Afterwards I learned that Father Lucas had been up until one o'clock in the morning the previous day looking up some documents to fight for our rights in one of the nearby barrios against the Aglipayans. I certainly learned my lesson then.

"At Initao I was not the principal missionary. Father Carasig took the lead there. I played a secondary role. He is responsible for the success of the mission. He organized the people so as to reach all classes in the vicinity and succeeded in his object of getting them to Confession."



At Dapitan, Mindanao, P. I., Father Esteban G. Salvador, S.J., displays the zeal and energy of a veteran missionary.



Chetwood Memorial School, the gift of Mrs. Elinore Keyes Chetwood, mother of Father Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J., erected at Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., where Father James J. Becker, S.J., is now in charge.

June marks the opening of the school season in the Philippines. The vacation months are April and May, so just at this time all the energies of the missionaries are directed towards enrolling the children in the Catholic schools. From Father Daniel H. Sullivan, S.J., formerly missionary at Tagoloan, East Misamis, we have just received a description of the school which he was instrumental in building at that place. Father David Daly is now in charge.

"Last September when I was changed to the Ateneo to succeed Father Mahoney in the department of physics, St. Mary's School at Tagoloan was finished save for the doors and windows which I had fabricated here in Manila. It is a splendid memorial to the generosity of my friends in America to all of whom I express again through *Jesuit Missions* my abounding gratitude to our Lord and my hope that they share with me the satisfaction of having helped so powerfully to preserve and build stronger the faith of the Tagoloans.

"The school has a frontage of 190 feet and depth of 50 feet. There are two wings which can easily be extended. At present the school has eight large, airy, lightsome classrooms, a library, a principal's office and a storeroom for school supplies and records. I was able to prepare all needed furniture for the new school. The materials used in the building are of the best and the structure is of the type known as 'storm and earthquake proof.' The roofing is securely strapped to the rafters by galvanized iron bands riveted to the corrugated sheets of heavy iron. The roof trusses are well bolted together and strongly fastened to the main posts. The main posts are anchored to deeply set concrete piers. The school cost \$14,000. With proper upkeep it should last a long time. It can accommodate 440 pupils and will be occupied to capacity in

June if Father Daly can secure sufficient assistance to maintain the needed faculty and procure necessary books."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

His Excellency, Bishop Emmet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, came up from his mission on June 2 to officiate at the ordinations at Weston College, Weston, Mass. He administered the Sub-Deaconate on June 5, Deaconate on June 6 and Priesthood on June 16.

Three Jesuits from the New England Province of the Society of Jesus left New York May 27 for Jamaica. They will assist the Fathers on the missions during the summer months. They are Father Joseph J. Williams, S.J., former missionary in Jamaica and author of the scholarly work, "Herewisms in West Africa"; Father William W. Kennedy, S.J., who spent three crowded months in Jamaica last year and has since been professor of philosophy at Boston College; and Father Joseph M. Krim, S.J., who has just completed his studies at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., zealous missionary at Savanna-la-Mar, is to come up to the States for a period of rest.

Mr. Dennis Cruchley, S.J., a Jamaican, who finished his three years study of philosophy at Heythrop Hall, England, in June, is assigned to Jamaica for his teaching experience.

In a brief note, Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., writes from Kingston:

"Joseph Doherty, S.J., has written up Alpha, the Industrial School for boys and girls just outside of Kingston, managed by the Sisters of Mercy, and you will hear more from him. Alpha is my hobby. That is why you get so much of it. *Jesuit Missions* is a real consolation to me. Here's a great big blessing on your work."



GANDHI ON CHRISTIANITY

If the news dispatches reporting some recent statements by Mr. Gandhi are correct, this Indian leader seems to have erred a bit in his logic. The dispatches as reported in Indian papers say:

"Asked if he would favor the retention of American and other foreign missionaries when India has secured self-government, Mr. Gandhi replied: 'If instead of confining themselves purely to humanitarian work and material services to the poor, they limit their activities as at present to proselytizing by means of medical aid, education, etc., then I would certainly ask them to withdraw. Every nation's religion is as good as any other. Certainly India's religions are adequate for her people. We need no converting spiritually.'"

In the same column Mr. Gandhi is quoted on non-violence: "It is two thousand years since Christ's sermon on the mount, and the world has adopted only a fragment of the imperishable lofty precepts therein enunciated for the conduct of man towards man. Until we take all the Christ's principles to our hearts, war, hatred and violence will continue."

Certainly if we are to "take all Christ's principles to our hearts" then what Mr. Gandhi has said above that "every nation's religion is as good as any other" cannot stand. In fact the implication that there is such a thing as a national religion is false. According to Christ's teachings there is but one religion—that which He taught, and which exists today in the Church He established. It is not national. It is supra-national. It is Catholic. And India has need of it if her children are to fulfill their appointed destiny in God's providence of one day becoming children of the one true God and heirs of Heaven.

AN INSPIRING MESSAGE

An inspiring message to future generations of missionaries and parents of missionaries was given recently by the father of one of the two Spanish Jesuits who were captured by Chinese bandits in April, 1930, and are still in bondage. The two Fathers are Father Avito and Father Hidalgo. Father Avito's father in Spain sent the following message to his son in captivity: "Carry on bravely my son and also Father Hidalgo that you may both gain the palm of martyrdom."

For a time negotiations for the release of the captives were being car-

BRITISH GUIANA

Word was received a short time ago of the death of His Excellency, Right Reverend Compton Galton, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana. He became Titular Bishop of Peteniso and Vicar Apostolic of this difficult mission in 1902. Under his direction a splendid stone cathedral was erected at Georgetown, Guiana.

British Guiana is the most westerly of the three Guiana territories (British, French and Dutch) on the north-eastern coast of South America. In size it approximates Great Britain, with some 90,000 square miles. The popula-

tion is mixed, half of the 400,000 inhabitants being East Indians, the remainder being Creoles, pure Africans, Portuguese and Chinese. Catholics number upwards of 26,000. Jesuit interest in British Guiana dates from 1771 when the English Provincial, Father More, who was the last male descendant of Blessed Thomas More, sent Father James Chamberlain to reconnoitre. The present personnel counts twenty-six counts twenty-six Jesuits and four secular priests. (F.S.)



A group of native Indian Sisters of the Congregation of the Immaculate Conception, Madura, India. The Superioress, Mother Augustine (extreme left), has no worries about shoes for her Community.

ried on by Father Herrera, S.J. They had just reached the point of arranging for the substitution of a Jesuit lay-Brother and another priest for the original captives when the serious illness of Father Herrera necessitated their interruption. (F.S.)

INDIAN SISTERS

A report from the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Madura, India, informs us that the number of pagan infants baptized at death has been increasing. In 1926, the Sisters baptized 2,066. In 1930, the number reached 3,712. The Sisters also teach catechism and care for the church. Thus in Southern India the same splendid work of the Sisters that we see here in the States is giving evidence of the Catholicity of the Church.

Jesuits and four secular priests. (F.S.)

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS' SUCCESS IN AFRICA

The recent investigations and proposed changes in regard to the educational system in British South Africa makes the report of the recent examinations in Catholic schools in this section of particular interest. It must be remembered that these schools are carried on under a great financial handicap in comparison with the Government schools and those of non-Catholic religious bodies. Certainly the scholastic standing of the pupils of the Catholic schools is a tribute to the skill and zeal of the teaching Brothers and Sisters who manage these schools.

In South Africa, Margaret Louise

Hind, of the Holy Family Convent, Johannesburg, obtained first place in the British Empire in the senior examination of the College of Preceptors in December. Three prizes in all were won by pupils of this convent. In Kroonstad, also in South Africa, the Catholic schools, in the Government examinations for IVth Standard, secured 70% in passes as against 14% by the Government schools; and in Vth Standard 100% against 42%. In Basutoland (South Africa), the results were: Catholic schools 62% passes; Anglican schools, 40%; Government schools, 35%; Calvinist schools, 34%. (F.S.)

FILIPINO LEADER RENOUNCES MASONRY

Honorable Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate and one of the leading political figures of the Philippine Islands, has formally renounced all masonic affiliations. He attributes his determination to take this step to the frequent reading of the life of St. Theresa, and to the prayers offered for him. "I am the happiest man in the world," he commented, as he signed the papers that enabled him to return to the Church. (F.S.)

BEATIFICATION PROCESS FOR KATERI TEKAKWITHA

The opening session of the tribunal which is to conduct the process for the beatification of the servant of God, Kateri Tekakwitha, was held at the episcopal residence in Albany by the direction of His Excellency, the Rt. Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, Bishop of Albany, on May 22. The purpose of the tribunal is to elicit and weigh testimonies of the sanctity of this Indian maiden.

Catherine, or Kateri, in the Indian fashion, and Lily of the Mohawks as she is commonly known, was an Indian maiden who practiced heroic virtue and died with a reputation for holiness which has never ceased, but grown with the years. She was born in 1656 of a captive Algonquin mother and an Iroquois father in that part of the Mohawk Valley which is now in the parish of St. Cecilia, Fonda, New York. She lived there for twenty years at the different sites of her Indian village, the first known as Ossernenon, where St. Isaac Jogues and his companions were martyred, and the last as Caughnawaga. On the hill overlooking the present church at Fonda is the famous spring known by the name of Tekakwitha.

The procedure in the case is as follows: The Right Reverend Bishop begins by designating one who is called a Postulator for the Cause in Rome. In this case it is the Very Reverend Monsignor Joseph Breslin, vice-Rector of the North American College in Rome. The Postulator in turn designates a vice-Postulator to act in the diocese where the tribunal is to hold

its sessions. The vice-Postulator for this cause is the Reverend John J. Wynne, S.J., who acted as vice-Postulator for the cause of canonization of the Jesuit Martyrs. The Bishop then delegates one who will preside over the tribunal in sessions which he cannot attend. The Right Reverend Joseph A. Delaney has been appointed presiding judge and with him two associates, Right Reverend Monsignor Michael J. Looney and Reverend Louis Lavigne. The most important member of the tribunal is the Promoter of the Faith who acts as a prosecuting attorney and who must cross-examine the witnesses so as to make certain that their testimony is correct and convincing. Since his function is therefore antagonistic to the beatification, he is commonly known as the Advocate of the Devil. In this case he is Right Reverend Monsignor John F. Glavin. The other members are: Rev. James Hilden, Notary; Rev. Edward J. Maginn, Associate Notary; Rev. Joseph P. Kelly, Marshall.

After the closing sessions of the tribunal, which will likely be held in early Fall, the report of the proceedings will be taken to Rome to be submitted to the Congregation of Rites.

FIJI ISLANDS' FLOOD

From Sava, Fiji Islands, Oceania, the report has been received that during a flood in the latter part of February, the Catholic Mission station at Ba was completely destroyed. The mission property was under eleven feet of water in some places.

Catholics of the Vicariate of Fiji number 13,561 in a total population of 170,000. The personnel includes 27 priests, 41 Brothers and 129 Sisters, of eight nationalities, including those of South Sea Islands origin. Cyclones and floods are frequent in the Fiji Islands, the resultant damage being a constant strain on the meager resources of the missionaries.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, TOKIO

An authoritative account has been received on the present state of the Catholic University in Tokio, Japan. It will be recalled that this university was inaugurated consequent upon the diplomatic mission of the present Archbishop of Boston, William Cardinal O'Connell, to Japan as special delegate from Pope Pius X to the Emperor of Japan in 1905.

From small beginnings the classes grew until in 1923 some two hundred students were enrolled. Government regulations then demanded an endowment fund and library which the Jesuits in charge could not raise at once so the Imperial Charter was withheld resulting loss of students. Despite their poverty, the Jesuits of the German Province of the Society set

to work not merely to raise the necessary endowment but also to undertake an ambitious building program. Their success is attested by the present position of the University.

Among the three smaller buildings erected during the past year there is a small dormitory with accommodations for some thirty boys. About one half of these are Catholics, the other half pagans. Since last September one pagan student has received Baptism. The regular free lectures on Holy Scripture are attended by half of the students, among them a fair number of unbelievers. The number of Baptisms was considerably greater during the past year than in former times, and the number of students who receive catechetical instruction is at present about twenty, not including the many outsiders who call for private instruction.

The university has not up to the present issued a scientific periodical. A college magazine is being issued once a year; but the Japanese expect something scholarly of the Jesuits in charge. This, however, calls for money and for men. The teaching staff has had recently an encouraging increase of specially trained men, but their number is not yet sufficient to attempt the publication of a regular scientific periodical.

Meanwhile, the Fathers are contributing to the leading Catholic monthly, "Catholic," which is conducted under the auspices of the Archdiocese of Tokio. This high-class Catholic publication has made exceptional progress during the past year. Four hundred copies are regularly sent free of charge to the various universities, colleges and libraries of the country, and thus help to spread Catholic thought. According to reliable information these free copies are used extensively by non-Catholic readers.

The scientific reputation of the university has been greatly increased by the various scientific societies founded by members of the university faculty. The Plato-Aristotle Society in particular, which meets every three weeks in the university reception hall, is composed of some of the best scholars in philosophy in the city. Moreover, it will not be difficult to use the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle as a basis for the study of scholastic philosophy and of St. Thomas.

If one were to summarize the situation of the Church in Japan, one might fairly say that there are many indications that the atmosphere is changing more and more in favor of Catholicism. This is due to various causes; it would seem that the shallowness of Protestantism is gradually driving thinking men away from the sects, and that the serious economic and social problems of present day Japan are pointing to that institution which alone can give a satisfactory solution, the Holy Catholic Church.

A MAID OF JAPAN

(Continued from page 155)

never faltered. She remembered what she had learned from the teacher in Sunday School, "I am the Lord Thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before Me. She even rejoiced to be able to suffer something because she remembered how naughty she had formerly been and that Jesus, therefore, had had to suffer much for her.

ONE day Josie again disappeared. A compassionate soul had given her some money, and she went to Akita, where the mother-house of the Japanese Sisters of the Sacred Heart is situated.

The anger and excitement of the whole clan was great. Things threatened to assume a serious aspect. The head of the clan, who was Police Commissioner, at once called the local catechist and threatened judicial proceedings if he did not see to it that the girl was returned promptly. The catechist, however, refused to be intimidated, and asked calmly, "Do you think that I am the cause of Josie's leaving? Why do you persecute the child so, merely because she wishes to become a Catholic? Is not the Catholic religion recognized in Japan? Has Josie in any way deteriorated since she has manifested this desire? Why are you bent on corrupting the child and making her unhappy again?"

The old officer became thoughtful. Our Savior had touched his heart at these bold words of the catechist. He began to admire the heroism of the child, and finally said that if Josie wished to join a religion which gave even to children such fortitude, he would place no obstacle in her way. All the rest of the clan had perforce to acquiesce in this decision of their head. What joyous news for Josie!

On the eve of the feast of the Epiphany her desire was satisfied. Her soul was made resplendently beautiful by the waters of Baptism.

On the following morning she received her first Holy Communion, and Jesus surely entered with joy into the heart of this heroic Japanese girl.

A MILLION AVES, PLEASE!

(Continued from page 157)

a total of 750 *Aves*, every day. Now, even in so desolate a piece of the Lord's vineyard as Orange Walk, this gives reason for hope. However, I should much like to double that number of spiritual campaigners in our midst—for souls that are blind and astray and

Our Missionaries

Abraham: "Wilt Thou destroy the just with the wicked?" Gen. xviii, 23.

*The Man of God raised up his praying hands;
"If there be twenty, Lord?—or even ten
Who unpolluted do the works of men,
Wilt stay Thy justice from these blighted lands?
The Lord Almighty, stern in justice, stands
But stays His lifted arm; too glad again
To heed His prophet's prayer; too eager then
To temper gently what the Law demands.*

*Ah! Lord, across the great dividing sea
There is a race in starless night astray;
But look! out to their succor leaving all
Have sailed, as hostage to Thy Majesty,
A band of heroes, and through them we pray
That Thy uplifted scourge may never fall.*

JOSEPH L. MURRAY, S.J.

reckless and broken; yet souls that still remain, each one of them, heaven-wrought, bliss-destined, immortal spirits, to whom, as it were, the Blood of an Incarnate God attaches in claim and pleading.

BUT here comes the burden of my mission tale. Where I can muster ten, the fair land of the Stars and Stripes, blessed with 25,000 priests (and Sisters in far greater number) can muster a thousand, or ten times that, if need be.

Frankly, my plea is for a *Million Aves* a year for the dear souls the good Master has entrusted to me, down here in far away, hidden, obscure Orange Walk. If this feeble word of mine will but reach a few of the many noble hearts I

have known in my numerous retreats in the States, hearts that beat with love and burn with zeal for the Divine Christ and His wayward and thoughtless children, my plea will without doubt be crowned with success.

If twenty circles of the "Living Rosary" could be formed, their combined pledge of a daily decade for a year would assure us our million. Give me my million *Aves* and then, even the searing, age-old spectre of paganism, even the blighting, ceaselessly active propaganda of immoral literature and worse, immoral living, in which all break and crumble, overwhelmed by this spirit-army of grace.

A MINDANAO MEDITATION

(Continued from page 159)

God knows with what joy I live and labor in these mountains, totally surrounded by infidels; secure, in the midst of spears; without fear, in the midst of hostile tribes,—but enough for me simply to know that they have been redeemed by Jesus Christ. Pierce me they may, through and through with their spears and *kris* (daggers), if only I might bring them to the feet of their Redeemer,

Christ Jesus! May our Lord reward these, my ardent desires, by granting me health and vigorous strength to endure the constant drenchings from rains and rivers, the continuous scorchings of a tropic sun, and the frequent falls from the saddle, which, here, are nothing more than our daily bread, but which our Divine Savior will guarder with priceless rewards for those who serve Him. Let us say with Saint Francis Xavier, the model of missionaries of the Society of Jesus, "More, O Lord, yet more!"

Thus communing with a great soul, a valiant soldier, a brother-in-arms, the young missionary felt his own soul expand; and spiritually uplifted, refreshed and strengthened, he joyously knelt in prayer.

BOOK REVIEWS

'The King's Steward. The True Story of George Schumann. By George N. Lyons. The Dujarie Institute, Notre Dame, Indiana. Price, \$1.10.

George Schumann was a successful business man of Philadelphia, Pa. So well did he exemplify in his life the teachings of the Catholic Church on the proper use of wealth, that this splendidly written story of his life well deserves its title, *The King's Steward*. It contains a message for the Catholic business man that has special significance today.

Manual of Religious Vacation Schools. Rural Life Bureau, N. C. W. C., Washington, D. C.

"A standard religious vacation school is an organized school of religion, five days a week, for four weeks, during the period of the public school vacation." This definition is taken from the *Manual* and is an indication of the scope of the suggestions and outlines given to assist zealous priests, Sisters and lay men and women in the formation of such schools. It is thorough, detailed, eminently practical, and evidently the work of men and women experienced in this field. We trust it will be well used on behalf of the 10,000 groups of Catholic children in the United States without parish schools. Copies may be obtained from the Rural Life Bureau, 1312 Massachusetts Ave, N. W., Washington, D. C., for ten cents.

Ave Maria Readers. Primer. Book One. Book Two. By Rev. John I. Barrett, Ph.D., and Mary F. Fanning, A. B. American Book Company, New York, N. Y.

We do not ordinarily review books of this nature, but it may be that some of our readers who are interested in schools in the Missions may be desirous of supplying the needs of the priests, Brothers and Sisters who direct and teach them. These three books are admirable readers for children in the first two grades. They have been prepared especially and entirely to meet the needs of Catholic schools. The authors are well qualified for such a task. Rev. John I. Barrett, Ph.D., is the Superintendent of Schools for the Archdiocese of Baltimore, Md., and Miss Mary F. Fanning, A.B., is a teacher of primary reading, and Special Instructor in reading methods in New York City. The binding, illustrations in four colors, and fine workmanship of the books are in keeping with the high purpose of the authors.

How to Serve Low Mass. By Rev. William A. O'Brien, M.A. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price eighteen cents, reduced rates for large orders.

This is one of the best altar boys' guides we have seen. In small compass it gives, not merely the Latin prayers with phonetic pronunciation, but also affords clear instruction on matters pertaining to the sacristy and sanctuary. The numerous illustrations, showing in diagrammatic way the positions and movements which occur during Mass, will prove most helpful in the instruction of altar boys.

The Cherry Bough. A Nativity Play. By Cathal O'Byrne. Irish News, Ltd., Donegall St., Belfast, Ireland. Price, one dollar for two copies postpaid.

Irish legendary lore says that St. Bride of Ireland was present at the birth of our Lord, and this little play is built around the legend. The play is suitable for parochial schools and demands little in the way of scenery or stage properties.

Murder in the Classroom. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price, ten cents.

Father Hall, friend of Dick and Sue, talks with the non-Catholic who thinks Catholic education a mistake, the lukewarm Catholic who is all for "fashionable non-Catholic schools," and the mother and father who see the value and immense importance of a Catholic educa-

tion from kindergarten to university. A fine booklet to prepare for the September opening of schools.

The Din of Battle. The Story of Father William Doyle, S.J. By Gerald Kelly, S.J. Queen's Work Press. Price, five cents.

The story of this true hero in brief will serve to excite in boys a desire to read the complete life of Father Doyle, and, we are sure, inspire many to strive to imitate him.

Buried Treasures. By Mary Angela King. Queen's Work Press. Price, five cents.

This attractively written pamphlet might well have been entitled "What a Catholic Study Club should do for its members." It suggests many lines of inquiry and enumerates a few of the fruits gained.

Companionate Marriage. By Jones I. Corrigan, S.J. America Press. Price, five cents.

This publication of a radio address by the Professor of Ethics of Boston College states in brief compass the dangers of this form of neo-paganism.

It's Not Worth It. By Neil Boynton, S.J. The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price, five cents.

The story of "an adventure that failed" by this well-known writer of stories that shows he knows boys.

Our Contributors

CECIL PRÉMEAU, S.J., issues *A Summon to Arms* from Toronto, Canada, where he is studying philosophy not far from the scenes of the combats of the early Canadian Martyrs.

Why *India Burns Her Dead* may still be a mystery to RICHARD A. WELPLE, S.J., but the scene he describes will give fervor to his prayers while studying theology at Kurseong, India.

A Maid of Japan with the courage of a martyr is the heroine of this true story related by FATHER JOSEPH MESSNER, S.J., missionary in the Vicariate of Hiroshima, Japan.

Again J. EDWARD FLAHERTY, S.J., a philosopher at the Jesuit House of Studies at Toronto, Canada, has caught the spirit of the Indian Missions in *A Canadian Idyll*.

As missionary at Orange Walk, British Honduras, FATHER JAMES M. PHEDUS, S.J., knows from experience the need of God's grace; hence his plea, *A Million Aves, Please!*

FATHER JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S.J., wrote *A Mindanao Meditation* when assigned to the Mountain Mission of Malaya. He is now Superior of the major portion of the mission in Northern Mindanao with headquarters at Cagayan, East Misamis.

From a sick bed in the hospital at Fairbanks, Alaska, where he was forced to retire from his beloved Nulato, FATHER FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J., can write of a poor Indian whom he attended *I Envy Her Even Yet*. It is the soul of a missionary laid bare.

The poem, *Our Missionaries*, is contributed by JOSEPH L. MURRAY, S.J., of the faculty of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

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

OFFICIAL STATISTICS OF MISSIONARIES OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, COMPILED JAN. 1, 1930

The entire membership of the Society of Jesus on this date was 21,678. The number devoted to the work of the foreign missions was 2,590. Jesuit missionaries from the United States and Canada number 350.

	MISSIONS	PROVINCES	Priests	Schol- astics	Broth- ers	Total
IN EUROPE						
Albania:	Venice, Italy	19	4	22	45
IN ASIA						
Armenia:	Lyons, Fr.	4	..	2	6
Ceylon:	Galle	39	13	10	62
"	Trincomalee	19	2	6	27
India:	Bombay	53	51	21	125
"	Calcutta-Ranchi, Belgium	178	81	21	280
"	Calcutt	53	23	19	101
"	Goa	19	11	5	35
"	Madura	165	69	42	276
"	Patna	20	20	6	46
"	Poona	22	1	6	29
Japan:	Hiroshima	13	2	..	15
"	Tokio (Umi)	14	..	4	18
Java:	Batavia	72	38	10	120
Philippines:	Mindanao	44	1	23	68
China:	Anking	24	7	6	37
"	Hongkong	9	4	..	13
"	Nanking	130	34	36	200
"	Peking	17	5	2	24
"	Shanghai	16	5	4	25
"	Szechwan	66	37	24	127
"	Wuhu	28	7	5	40
Syria:	Lyons, Fr.	82	18	40	140
Total.....			1087	435	292	1814

IN AFRICA						
Egypt:	Lyons, Fr.	28	4	9	41
Central Africa:	Broken Hill	13	..	16	29
"	Cape Colony	16	..	6	22
"	Salisbury	48	..	27	75
Congo:	Kuango	68	23	17	108
Madagascar:	Fiunarantsoa	47	3	11	61
"	Maurice	5	..	1	6
"	Tananarive	55	13	14	82
Total.....			280	43	101	424

IN AMERICA						
Among the natives:	Matto Grosso	2	..	1	3
"	Alaska, South	6	6
"	Alaska, North	18	1	9	28
"	Coughnawaga	4	..	3	7
"	South Dakota	16	4	22	42
"	Ontario	16	2	10	28
"	Magdalena River	7	..	4	11
"	Montana	17	..	12	29
"	Manabi	10	..	2	12
"	Emeraldas	5	..	8	13
"	Tarahumara	24	24
British Guiana:	England	27	6	5	38
British Honduras:	Missouri	21	3	3	27
Jamaica, B.W.I.	New England	173	16	79	268
Total.....			173	16	79	268

IN OCEANIA						
Caroline, Marianne, and Marshall Islands:	Andalusia, Spain	17	1	21	39
Total number of Jesuits on the missions, Jan. 1, 1930.....			1576	499	515	2590
Total number of Jesuits on the missions, Jan. 1, 1929.....			1541	449	499	2489
Increase.....			35	50	10	101

Grateful Acknowledgments

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