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November, 1931

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## The Losses

to Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras, in the hurricane and tidal wave which swept Belize on September 10, 1931, were:

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The Sisters' Convent totally destroyed  
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The boys' and girls' school badly damaged

*This missionary Bishop pleads with you* to help him raise \$150,000 to repair the material damage done. The replacing of the lives that were lost he leaves to God, and asks for your generosity in a financial way. (Turn to pp. 232-233, and the editorial page.)

Be your gift toward restoring this Cathedral and the boys' and girls' school one dollar or one thousand dollars, we ask you to send it at once to the address below. Just mark it for Bishop Murphy. We will acknowledge your gift to you and send it to him.



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Rev. James R. Gibbons, S.J., of Patna Mission, India, tries his hand at snake charming. Father Gibbons is a missionary of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, stationed at Chakni in Patna Mission. He is responsible for many of the fine pictures that have appeared in "Jesuit Missions."

# The Harvest

Robert L. McCormack, S.J.

**W**HEN we youngsters think of Father Peter DeSmet, S.J., we picture in fancy the great Blackrobe who tramped four hundred miles on foot to his novice home in

Florissant, Missouri, who penetrated the tractless wastes to minister to the white souls of his beloved redskins, and lived with them on wild roots, who crossed and recrossed the Rockies many times on foot, though it meant traveling through the forests where roamed bands of Otoes, Pawnees, Sioux, and Blackfeet seeking scalps, who paddled against treacherous rapids for miles and miles in frail canoes to act as arbitrator between warring Indian tribes, who wrestled with an Indian that tried to tomahawk him, who with even heart-beat looked up into the savage face of a brave and the glittering blade of a bared knife, and told the chief he was not afraid. All this is so romantic and primitive that we, who are accustomed to glazed highways and lightning limited trains, place these happenings far back in history; too far, in fact, to be within the memory of living man.

**I**T was, then, with a jolt to my estimate of history, that I sat at table just this year, the feast of the Assumption of our Lady, and heard a sturdy old Belgian pastor tell of his meeting with the romantic character of late Indian history, the indomitable DeSmet, beloved Blackrobe of all the Indian tribes. This pastor was another DeSmet, Joseph P. DeSmet by name, who followed his Jesuit brother to America, and labored in the same territory as did the elder son of Flanders. The occasion was the celebration of the golden jubilee of the present Catholic church in St. Mary's, Kansas, and the eighty-third anniversary of the coming of the Jesuits to Potawatomi County.

One could not but compare the present status of the

parish of the Immaculate Conception in St. Mary's (whose present pastor, Father Versavel, was for many years a missionary among the Maya Indians of Central

America) with what the place must have been when Father Felix Verreydt led his group of Potawatomi Indians to their new reservation to the northwest of the Kaw. They were moved away from the old Sugar Creek Mission because that was too close to the Missouri State-line where fire-water, the Indians' worst enemy, could easily be obtained from unscrupulous whites. On the feast of the Assumption, 1848, the last of the Indians left the mission at Sugar Creek and were received at St. Mary's Mission by the Jesuit Fathers Hoecken and Gaillard, who worked with Father Verreydt, in the two half finished log cabins that marked the beginning of an historic mission. These sturdy priests were fellow missionaries of Father Peter DeSmet, who was working in the same diocese with them, and who made occasional visits to this Mission of St. Mary. In a letter written from there,



*A relic of other days and of other ways.*

August 30, 1866, he says, "Divine Providence seems to have shown itself always favorable to the Mission of St. Mary."

**A**LTHOUGH it is true that the present parishioners are not the Potawatomi Indians nor the full-blooded sons of Potawatomi, still, it is true that the traditions of the place have ever remained Catholic, and the mission, watered by the honest sweat of these intrepid missionaries, has remained hallowed ground, while the people of the town of St. Mary's have remained loyal to the teaching of the Jesuits and true to Mary Immaculate. So much so, in fact, that the Mayor declared a half holiday for the proper celebration of the anniversary last August 15, and the people decked out their city in festal garb for the ecclesiastical procession which preceded the Pontifical *(Turn to page 241)*

# Bara Din at

James A.  
Creane, S.J.

# Baccha



*My daddy is the village catechist, and he teaches me how to pray.*

Earlier in the year, Father James A. Creane, S.J., familiarly known as the "Santal Tramp," who tramps the Santal country in quest of souls, sent us his story of last Christmas. The reading of it now will help to put us into the true Christmas spirit, as we approach the holy season of Advent, in preparation for the feast of feasts, the Nativity of our Lord and Savior.—Editor.



ELL, Bara Din at Baccha has come and gone, but the memory of it still lingers on in the minds of many, who like the shepherds of old came over to see the word which had come to pass, and to adore the new-born King wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the manger.

Bara Din, which literally means "Big Day," is the ordinary Hindi expression for Christmas. And Baccha, which in Hindi singularly enough means "Infant," is the village where I have my mud hut headquarters among the Santals. So, Christmas in Santalishthan, in Patna Mission, India, is what I am going to tell you about.

To get a running start for our story, let

*At home in his cow-shed rectory, Father James Creane, S.J., plays the host to his beloved Santals.*

us go back to Bhagalpur. Thither I had gone on the eighth of December, feast of the Immaculate Conception. There I met Very Rev. Father Superior and all the other Santal missionaries. Weighty matters relative to our work in the Santal field were discussed. The wings of our ambition were clipped when Very Rev. Father Superior informed us that because of lack of sufficient funds we would have considerably to curtail some of our plans for garnering in the harvest during the coming year.

The following day, Michael Lyons, S.J., and I came out with the boys and girls from the boarding school who were going home for a month's vacation. A select group of the boys stayed with us, and with that troop, a phonograph, a Pathe movie projector and a good pair of lungs we set out on a whirlwind tour of the villages. During the day, we skipped hurriedly from village to village, stopping just long enough to gather a crowd and tell them the "good tidings." When night came on we camped wherever we happened to be.

SUPPER over, either my Jesuit companion or I, accompanied by one of the boys, went up and down the village street with a lantern, a bell and a horn to call the villagers for our movie show and entertainment. They usually came in large numbers, say about two or three hundred. Admission to the (Turn to page 241)



# Ghosts and Near-Ghosts in Jamaica

Joseph B. Morning, S. J.

**T**HE romantic history of the West Indies and other lands of the old Spanish Main might very easily suggest to a fertile imagination the moonlight promenading of pirate spirits and ghostly buccaneers on many a Caribbean beach frequented by their fleshy forms in the long ago. Stories of buried treasure and of dastardly crimes, the latter at least duly accredited even by sober historians, would naturally provide a fitting background for a native ghost-lore, and a ready belief in haunts and spirits. Ghosts are very dramatic and usually demand a stage-setting suited to their role of heavy tragedy. Jamaica, with its exciting history, affords such a background. This may be a partial explanation, at least, of the traditional spirit-mindedness of its so-called natives, already racially predisposed to such belief.

The *duppies* are the popular and common variety of ghosts in Jamaica. They are supposedly the souls of departed neighbors, possibly even of one's immediate family. Apparently they have nothing else to do but roam about at night, haunting the scenes of their lifetime, and disturbing, frightening and even harming their quondam relatives and neighbors. Various attempts are made by the survivors to prevent this unnecessary and troublesome roaming. In some cases, the house, or at least the room occupied by the corpse, is swept out after the removal of the coffin, to prevent the return of the ghost. At the grave itself, after the coffin is lowered, all the dirt taken from the grave must be carefully returned, and a quantity of stones laid on top to keep the ghost down and well-buried. After the funeral, the custom of the "nine nights" is observed at the home of the deceased. It is a series of wakes, attended by all the relatives, friends and neighbors who can manage to fit into the rather close quarters of the small house or hut. The time passes pleasantly and noisily, to the accom-

paniment of various hymns and songs and a ready supply of the native rum. This custom is also intended to prevent the return of the deceased man's ghost, or *duppie*, to the house.

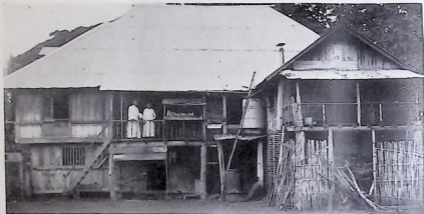
**I**N spite of all these precautions, however, some of the *duppies* grow restless and begin their nightly wanderings. Here is where the native *obeah* man steps into the picture. The *obeah* man of Jamaica occupies a place in its local life very similar to that of the "medicine man" among the old-time Indians of North America. His favorite occupation is putting a *duppie* upon an enemy or removing a *duppie* from a client. The *duppie* is supposed to bring all sorts of misfortune, even disease and other bodily harm upon the victim. Belief in all this sort of thing is quite common among the poorer and more ignorant natives of the "bush," as the remote and less-frequented parts of the island are called. As a result of this belief, when sickness or other misfortune comes upon them, these natives will go to the *obeah* man for help sooner than to the doctor or constable, as the case might require. Upon the payment of the price demanded by the *obeah* man, and always suited to the patient's purse, this quack magician will first explain to his client how some enemy has wished a *duppie* on him. One or more visits may be required before the molesting spirit is removed to the accompaniment of various mystic rites.

Jamaica is rapidly becoming very modern and up-to-date in many respects, but the *obeah* man still thrives there, mostly in the bush, but sometimes also in the smaller towns, where people have been known to patronize this prince of fakirs. And, all this in spite of the fact that the magic trade of the *obeah* man is now outlawed by the local Government, and offences of this kind are punished by heavy fines. (Turn to page 241)

# God Bless Our Brothers!

Joseph

McGowan, S.J.



*It will not be long before the storms come and the winds blow and the rains fall, but for the lack of a brother to help a brother, this convento of Father Lucas at Balingasag is not yet a walled city.*

**S**O AS not to hide the purpose of this writing, from the very start I would like to say that it is an appeal for Brothers to help on the missions: for men of apostolic spirit and great Faith and strong muscle, who, for various reasons, are outside the race for the priesthood, but burn, nevertheless with a zeal for the salvation and redemption of souls. Valiant men, self-sacrificing, prayerful, content to remain down below in the boiler-room while the Pilot guides the bark of Peter through passes abounding in rocks and shoals.

The idea to write such an appeal came into my mind after a visit to three Brothers in three little towns some thirty miles apart from one another, with much mud and many rivers flanking all three.

Carraga is the name of the southernmost town situated in the province of Davao, Mindanao. The town is washed by the mighty waves of the Pacific, also by the frequent rains from the mountains in the rear of the convento. The Brother there is a native Filipino from the mountain province of Bukidnon. He is what we call a "cracker-jack," the sunshine and music of the convento, and the substance which gives of itself to the priest, that this latter may have strength and good dispositions to carry the word of God to his far-distant mission towns.

*Along the mission trail blazed by a Brother in Mindanao, a lotus-eaters' land of everlasting sun.*



This Brother very rarely polishes his boots and even more rarely wears starched cuffs or tall stiff collars. Yet, alone in his garden at work, with his mud-stained trousers and his shirt swinging loose from his shoulders, with his helmet and his gun and his ears cocked for the chatter of a

monkey, he is walking the livelong day all over God's Heaven. Such is the good that comes out of Nazareth.

**F**ROM Carraga to Baganga is an eight hours walk,—ploughing through the mud, wading rivers up to the waist, sliding off the submerged roots of trees and occasionally sitting in a puddle. It is evening, when I reach the darkened village of Baganga, just in time to surprise the tiny lads playing duck-on-the-rock outside my tumbled-down shack of Athlone, Mindanao. Yet

moving to meet me, with heavy step along the moist and grassy road, is a dangling shirt and a loose-fitting pair of trousers—and the only white face I have seen since I shaved that morning. There's a smile just as fresh as a morning in Springtime; there are eyes bright and open, but tired; there's a welcome from a Brother to Baganga. While you bathe, he'll heat you some coffee—left over since breakfast, and get some bananas and fruits which he grows in his garden. Then from across the table, in the light of the old oil lamp, he releases the little news that has developed in the village since you were last there. The weather is never talked of, since you hear enough of it on the roof, but some villager's baby died and the parents wanted a reduction of the stipend,—the Brother did not give it; then the man with the many coconut trees slaughtered a cow and sent five pounds of it as a present to the Father; there it is hanging from the ceiling, so that nobody or nothing can get at it till the Father first tries it. There was a family down near the cemetery had some differences, so they sent for the police and the doctor; a man came from a town ten miles away to arrange for a marriage; he'll come again tomorrow.

The next day, on looking out the window at the great Pacific Ocean, I saw a white handkerchief far out on the water, now turning the point of land, then making straight for the convento. The Brother sees it too, and in the focus of his field glasses that were inherited from an officer on the Spanish Armada, very soon the white handkerchief becomes a sail. Thank God, the strong north wind is not blowing, or that wee little dug-out would be very soon upside down and the crew like men on horseback. It's the craft with the Brother from Cateel, the next station going north along the coast.

NEXT morning we are rising up and up and up, then down and down as gradually over the great rollers we paddle away from the church and the convento of Baganga. Somewhere in this sea is the body of a missionary overtaken in a storm, and as we round the point of land we intone the Litany in a plea to God for mercy on his soul, while the lapping of the water at our side forms a perfect obligato to our prayer. It is thus that

we sail along on our trip to the convento of Cateel.

The convento of Cateel! A straw house with a grass roof! Yes! But the church is rising like the temple of Jerusalem, and Brother is Solomon and the builder.

The life of a Brother on the missions is not that of a poet. Such men, who serve God for the convenience this service gives, are workmen, and should never be called Brothers. A Brother who lives out in this mission is the cream of Catholic Manhood; he buries himself, and that for God. The priest is a man just as the Brother is, but when the Brother sees Jesus Christ living in the priest, then the priest sees St. Peter in the Brother, with concern for our Lord's weariness, and



Wanted—a Brother for this convento and chapel at San Antonio in Mindanao Mission.

in that spirit, forgetting himself and his own fatigue, asking the good mothers to bring their children around some other day, when the Lord shall be more rested.

At present there is here in Manila a very old Brother. A few months ago, this glorious old man laid down the shovel and the hoe, and with tearful eye was compelled to admit that God had stopped his supply of energy and that now he could do no more for the Father.

For this old Brother here mentioned, some may feel a sympathy; that is good, but beside the present purpose of this writing. The one object in view right here is to call out to those many of good will who love God and want to serve God in a way that will make the hour of death joyous as the sunrise after a night of storm. To such men these scenes of the Brother on the mission are held up to see if God will inspire more manual laborers in His vineyard: laborers who shall sweat and bear the heat and burden of the day, but every echo of whose groanings and sighs will reach God's throne as *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*, until the day when the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, our King, shall welcome them with their reward: "Long have you served! Now reign forever!" God bless our Brothers.

# From Sorcerer to Apostle

J. P. Leonard, S.J.

**D**URING the September holidays I was invited by our volunteer village catechists of Shembaganur, in the Madura District of India, to say Mass at an outlying hamlet where they intended exhibiting some lantern slides of the pictorial catechism series. I accepted with pleasure, and the next day, the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the village, while for the first time the God of the Christians descended in sacramental form amidst this pagan people. All was sufficiently out of the common to impress any one who had eyes to see and ears to hear. Would not the Savior, who deigned to alight on that lowly altar table at the bidding of His minister, choose some day to make His way into the hearts of these bystanders whom He had ransomed with the lifeblood that now was gathered in the chalice?

One lone convert was the precedent on which we based our hopes for such a miracle of grace. His grave, on the outskirts of the village, is like an outpost marking the advance of Christianity into the heart of this heathen mountain retreat. Aloysius—that was the name he had taken—had been identified with the village god: he had been the *guru* or priest of the place, the guardian and exponent of pagan beliefs and practices. That he of all men should become the first of Christ's conquests in that remote hill station reveals the overflowing mercies of our great good God and the mysterious ways He adopts to achieve His ends. What, then, had brought the erstwhile sorcerer to the feet of Jesus?

**T**HE first favorable impression he gathered from the village catechists, when, medicine-chest strapped to their shoulders, they had come to minister to the sick. A word of hope that fell from their lips had struck a responsive chord in his heart. That word was about a land of beauty and bliss, of a life care-free and proof against all ailments granted to those who were willing seekers after the Truth. That was a cheering thought, a vision of better things to come. Dimly at first it had dawned upon him, for the mists of heathen unbelief hung thick about him. By-and-by, as he heard more about the life-giving truths of revelation, the clouds cleared away; the bright vision of the promised reward beckoned him to make up his mind and follow, cost what may. Costs there were; for his family and the village folk, still held back by the dead weight of age-long prejudice, would fight him tooth and nail. But the comforting thought that had impressed him from the



"He had been the guru or priest of the place.

first now proved to be a tower of strength in the grim hour of need. He must not waver, he must not wait. His days were numbered, the hand of sickness was upon him. What if he were carried off before Baptism? The haunting fear left him no rest. So when the catechists reappeared, bringing with them a priest, he pressed them for immediate regeneration; and there and then he was baptized.

Immediately the storm burst in all its fury. In the eyes of his kith and kin he was an outcaste; his own house-door was slammed in his face. Nothing daunted, he made his way down to the College of the Sacred Heart, where his religious instruction was completed. Then he moved to a house of refuge in the plains, where, it was thought, he might end his days in peace. But man proposes and God disposes. The new climate did not suit him; the call of the hills was imperative; and, after a few days' sojourn in the sultry plains, he wended his way back to the bracing mountain air. On Christmas Day, 1923, he made his First Communion. What passed between our Eucharistic Lord and the convert we know not. But from that day forward he seemed to live for but one idea: he had led the pagan processions; what remained of his energy he would henceforth devote to bringing his people round—not an easy task, he well knew, but one well worth working for.

**I**T was then that I first met him. I heard his story and the plan he had conceived. It was not without misgivings that I sent him forth all alone to face his estranged family. "Well," I said, "make a trial of it: and be sure to come back" (Turn to page 241)

# The *Missionary's* DAILY BREAD

James F. Kearney, S.J.



FATHER Ambrose Gandon, S.J., one half a century young, loves to call the flat little Whangpoo ferry, on which we were riding, the "democratic boat," because on it there are absolutely no classes, in theory or in fact. All the twenty standing passengers are Sovietically equal, and so are the pigs, chickens and ducks, the bicycles and wheelbarrows and cabbages, as well as the poles weighted down with silver-white paper "money" that will soon be burned at ancestral tombs.

But this delightful democracy ended at the shore, for there we were greeted by a howling mob of rickshaw coolies struggling for the privilege of charioting us on our way.

Critically the Father selected two of the brawniest, for they had to draw us for a solid hour along a narrow rock-bottom road, through village after village and rice field after rice field, and over precarious stone bridges where caution was imperative, lest we spill disgracefully into muddy canals. Even these sturdy human horses soon had to stop and take off their coats. Then my horse began to cough consumptively, and I thought with a shudder of the woman who had bargained imperiously with a coolie to take her far out to the country club one sweltering day in August. He was unwell, and when he halted to rest she urged him on pitilessly, for she must not be late for her bridge. They arrived in time, but that night the poor

coolie died. I was glad when we reached our destination; and I do not think our coolies gave up the ghost because of us.

A LONG walk through level fields preparing to receive the seeds for the first of their two yearly crops, brought us to the picturesque white-walled courtyard of Taong-ka-haong, to help Father Dühr, S.J., the present hardworking, jovial Luxemburgian pastor, celebrate the patronal feast of this *Christianity*. Father Gandon was formerly stationed here, and from his enthusiastic account that day I learned more about the life of the Chinese missionary than from all the Chinese books I have been studying throughout the year.

How many priests in other lands have fifteen different parishes to care for? This is the ordinary thing near Shanghai. Father  
(Turn to page 242)



"Father Ambrose Gandon, S.J., one half a century young."



This business of posing for a picture is a serious matter for the girls of Father Dühr's school at Taong-ka-haong, Nanking.

# Training for the Yukon Trail

John J. O'Hara, S.J.



UST one hundred years ago this Fall four red-skinned braves were seen walking down a dusty street in St. Louis. They were picked warriors of the Flatheads from the western slopes of the far Rockies, and had come in quest of a Blackrobe. Their people wanted to know more about the Great Spirit.

The appearance of these red men, moccasins and all, did not attract much attention, because hitching posts, hay and feed signs, and Indians were common. Most of the people got their mail at the General Post Office. St. Louis then was little more than a frontier town, a picket of civilization. It was, too, a missionary center. The Flatheads of the far west had learned this from some wandering Iroquois, and had sent their messengers

to plead their cause and bring them back a Blackrobe. These emissaries were big and sturdy men, and felt the importance of their duty. As they approached Bishop Rosati, they were an awkward four. They could speak no English, nor he Flathead. However, the Bishop understood their signs—the flash of the eye, the finger pointing upwards—and he felt the warmth of their request. Poor man, what could he do? He had no priest to send. Great was the Indians' disappointment when he told them so. They could not bear going back alone to their people without a Blackrobe. Why could not he come? They did not understand that priests were scarce.

THAT was in 1831. But now, one hundred years later, priests, although still scarce, are not so scarce as they were then. If old Ignace, the Flathead chief, were alive today and were to send his four best warriors in quest of a Blackrobe, he would send them, not east but west. He would send them to Sheridan, Oregon, where recently was opened up the new novitiate of the Jesuits of the Rocky Mountain Region. True, he would not get a ready-made missionary. (Turn to page 242)

*The Bungalow Novitiate at Sheridan, Oregon, training quarters for the couriers of Christ.*





by JOHN J. HASSETT, S.J.



THINK I pitied Phil Carson the first time I saw him. But as time went on, I began to admire that brave fellow, with his crippled limbs and cheery smile, his sickly body and his giant soul. Then I learned to love him.

Hardly a day would pass without my making at least one visit to Phil. We would sit there by the hour, sometimes chatting pleasantly, sometimes sharing secrets, and sometimes enjoying that sweet silence which only the most intimate enjoy. Phil was always so grateful for my friendship. And maybe I'm not grateful to Phil! I owe my religion and my vocation to him!

I always used to call myself a Catholic. My mother had died when I was quite young and—well, you know how even the best plant will grow without cultivation. But it didn't take Phil very long to tell me just what he thought of me, when he found out what the trouble was.

I said that Phil was cheery. He was more than that—he was merry. Many a time I've almost split my sides laughing at him. But he could always be serious when he spoke to me.

"Joe," he said, "how long is it since you've been to confession?"

"Oh, quite a time." I answered lightly.

"Listen, Joe, this is no joke. I heard something today about you, and I wouldn't believe it. Is it true?"

"If it's bad, it probably is." I said humbly.

"Then you go right up and see Father Nolan, and don't ever come back here till you've done it."

I was somewhat startled, and I showed it. But I looked down at that tear-stained, resolute face, and I knew he meant every word he said. I started away in silence, but Phil called after me.

"Joe, don't be afraid. Father Nolan is awful kind."

And he smiled again as I walked through the door.

PHIL was right when he said that Father Nolan was kind. I told him why I'd come and how hard I had always found it to go to confession. He promised to give me as much help as possible to make every thing easy. Well, he succeeded. After several hours I left his house feeling ever so much better. Then with light heart I returned to Phil.

I never found him so happy as on that night. He was just like a child who has seen Santa Claus or someone like that. All evening we sat there laughing and talking, till I couldn't possibly stay any longer.

I needn't try to tell of those happy hours after my conversion. All the devotions of the Church I realized anew, and under Phil's guidance I learned to have a great love and esteem for the Blessed Sacrament. That devotion grew on us more and more, until we felt we were not two, but three, One all powerful.

But I haven't told you yet the story of my vocation. Here's how it started. One day when we were sitting alone Phil said to me.

"Joe, did I ever tell you about my vocation to the missionary life?"

"No," I said with some surprise.

"Well," he said, "I've always wanted to be a missionary and I know of only one way to be one."

"What is that?" I asked, looking at his crippled form.

"A miracle!" was the quiet answer.

I whistled but said nothing.

"A pretty big order, isn't it?" he continued. "Still, it's possible. Yes, Joe, you and I will make a novena to the Blessed Mother, won't we, Joe?"

I answered, in the affirmative, but I'm afraid that if my faith was to be the condition for the miracle, we would never have got it. But I mustn't get ahead of myself and tell the story before you understand the circumstances.

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# Soldiers of Christ



Father Bernard A. New, S.J.

have printed in full the story as sent by Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., to Very Rev. Matthew Germing, S.J., Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, to which the Belize Mission is entrusted.

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS, it is confidently felt, will join in prayers for the deceased missionaries, will pay their own heartfelt tribute to the men who labored so valiantly in God's mission fields and met death cheerfully while they labored zealously at their God-given tasks. Then, too, at a period like the present—one of great catastrophe to the stricken Mission of Belize—it is not out of place to urge all to give at least some financial aid to help reestablish the Church's work carried on by the American Jesuits in British Honduras.

Bishop Murphy's letters tell their own story. The reader must bear in mind that the first letter was written the day after the disaster, even before complete information was at hand.

## FIRST LETTER

The Catholic Presbytery  
Belize, British Honduras  
September 11, 1931

Dear Father Provincial, Pax Christi:

God's holy will be done! Two terrible hurricanes on yesterday afternoon wrought terrible havoc on this city. Cathedral, chapel, hall, residence, all unroofed and heavily damaged. But the horror is the college. Absolute ruin; not a stick left standing. Crushed down straight and caught victims as they rushed to front steps. Mr. James M. Tainter, S.J., was caught but unhurt, and after ten hours was

freed. In the ruins are the dead, Father William J. Tracy, S.J., Father William S. Ferris, S.J., Father Bernard A. New, S.J., and Father Leo D. Rooney, S.J. A tidal wave twenty feet high drowned many boys caught in the wreck. We miss twenty or more. St. Ignatius Church and school were destroyed, crushing to death Father Francis J. Kemphues, S.J., and a crowd of children and grown people who had run thither for safety. Mr. Dato V. Burn, S.J., was killed in the college. We fear a similar death caught Messrs. Richard G. Smith, S.J., and Alfred A. Baumeister, S.J. Brother John Rodgers, S.J., is believed to be killed in the college ruin. Very Reverend Anthony H. Corey, S.J., and Father Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., were carried in the wave and buffeted badly. Father O'Connor had a fearful blow across the back by a floating rafter. It took them over an hour to wade back to the ruins; but in the pitch darkness they could do nothing, no light, no help! Brother John M. Jacoby, S.J., carried twenty-four boys in his arms across a canal swollen by the tide. He rigged a wire across where the bridge had been and labored hard for hours.

FATHERS James R. O'Neill, S.J., and Charles Palacio, S.J., in getting word at the Presbytery, rushed off to the college. Auto could not get on, so they leaped into the clogged and dark highway with water above their knees. Pitiless rain, a wind blowing eighty miles an hour, bush, mud and falling trees—and awful darkness. Father O'Neill, utterly spent, had to give up and he tried to get back. Fortunately he was able to give aid to Brother Jacoby and hear confessions.



Father Francis



Brother John



Father William J. Tracy, S.J.



Richard F. Koch, S.J.



Alfred A. Baumeister, S.J.



Father William

# We Salute You!

They all sat shivering in the dark for two weary hours at the burial vaults, till the tide receded enough to allow walking. Of Father Palacio we have no trace. There are many dead bodies in the swamp bush. Brothers Alexander L. Stewart, S.J., and William Teson, S.J., worked hard after they got out of the tidal wave, but could see nothing, and the ruins were an awful mess. Mr. Leo P. Burns, S.J., located Mr. Tainter and stayed all night to cheer him up. Father Ferris was caught in the students' library. One boy says he saw Father Ferris crushed under a tall bookcase that pitched from the wall. Father O'Connor heard Father Tracy giving absolution and praying with the boys ere the wave came to drown them all.

**N**OT a trace of the college group of buildings, except two water tanks, remains visible from sea or road. The first hurricane came from the north with a terrifying roar and floods of rain. It wrought great damage on small frame houses and sent zinc roof-plates flying murderously. It tore away one half of upper college building, ruined at one blast chapel and gymnasium. All gathered under the college building till the fury abated, and then many went upstairs to view the ruins. Within the hour a worse hurricane came from the south. Our Fathers cried: "Outside! Downstairs!" but only a few escaped. The few who remained under the building rushed out to the swimming kraal and clung with Brother Jacoby to the sea-wall. They saw the house shake. Water at the concrete pillars below seemed undermining them. Then suddenly—down! with a terrible crash to complete destruction.

Brother Jacoby and the boys ran, seeing the big wave coming, and made for the road. The water rushed over them, but all escaped. They had to walk in

water up to their waists, feeling their way in the dark with their feet till they met Father O'Neill, who returned towards town with them. Five minutes before, Father O'Neill had crossed the concrete canal bridge. Now it was gone, and Brother Jacoby took a long stout wire, swam across and made it fast on the other side. By clinging to it he saved all the nineteen boys or more with him. Some stopped with friends in the city; he brought nineteen to us. One by one, dead tired, came Fathers Corey and O'Connor and Brother Teson, disconsolate at their helplessness in the ruins and the storm. Mr. Burns remained at the college with Brother Stewart; a harrowing night for them. Father Edgar Zurlinden, S.J., at once set off, gathered men, lanterns and axes, and after a painful three hours got to the college grounds. They rescued Mr. Tainter, but in spite of giant efforts could rescue no more living victims. They found Father Tracy's body, but were too few to remove the pile of debris. They heard boys calling and crying, but could not get near them. It was sickening hard work for seven hard black hours. At dawn all were worn out and had to lie down in the wet to rest. Rain fell heavily from noon Thursday till 1:00 A.M., Friday.

**A**T 8:00 A.M., Friday, Father Zurlinden and Brother Stewart came in, hardly able to stand. Rumor had it that more than 600 were killed. The second hurricane hit us here very hard. I have been in heavy winds at sea, but a gale of ninety miles in a town like this is utterly heart-breaking. Down went church steeples and off went zinc roofing, and all shutters were

(Turn to page 243)



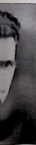
Father Leo D. Rooney, S.J.



Staphue, S.J.



Bogers, S.J.



Ferris, S.J.



Richard G. Smith, S.J.



V. Deodato Burn, S.J.



Father Charles M. Palacio, S.J.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly, September to June, bi-monthly, July-August, by the JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC. in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.

Editor

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

JAMES R. O'NEILL, S.J.

LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.

CORNELIUS PINNEAU, S.J.

EDWARD C. MENAGER, S.J.

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

THOMAS WALSH, S.J.

Associate Editors

E. PAUL AMY, S.J.—Business Editor

Editorial and Publication Offices

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## The Ways of God

THERE are times in the history of the Church's battle for souls, when the minds of the hierarchy no less than those of the laity are shocked by the ways of God with men. Such a time was the occasion of the recent stunning catastrophe at Belize, British Honduras, in which the holocaust of lives numbered on its roll the names of six priests of the Society of Jesus, together with four scholastics and one lay-Brother of the same Society. In the smoke that billowed aloft from their funeral pyre, these blessed men of God, shock troopers in the Company of Jesus, rendered back their lives in sacrifice to the God who first had rendered life to them. Not so many years ago these valiant souls had weighed this world and all its pomp and power in the balance of eternity—and found it wanting. Whereupon, they turned their backs on the vanities of time and space and in the presence of the court of Heaven vowed their "Suscipe" to Christ their King, vowed to sally forth and to preach His Gospel to the infidel souls of an unregenerate world. The necessities of the indulgent American conscience were the luxuries about which these poor missionaries dreamed as over the hills and far away. The hour hand of their life marked sacrifice, the minute hand ticked sacrifice. And so when the summons came they were found ready for the consummation of all sacrifice, the sacrifice of life itself.

We said that the ways of God with men are sometimes shocking—yet only to the selfish who know not the privilege of sacrifice for Christ. For the heroes of Belize, death and life were but creatures, and death the beginning as well as the end of life, as life was the beginning as well as the end of death. Shock troopers in the cavalry of Christ, they fronted death and gladly died as they had gladly lived that in after years, their brothers in arms, who even now are rallying to fill the breach might ride on to victory and the conquest of souls.

Scrolled in imperishable light, the names of Francis

Kemphues, Bernard New, Charles Palacio, Leo Rooney, William Tracy, William Ferris, Priests of the Society of Jesus; Alfred Baumeister, Dato Burn, Richard Koch, Richard Smith, Scholastics of the Society; and Brother John Rodgers, shall stand forever as a light to the revelation of a sordid world and a glory to our missions.

## Pity Poor Belize

IT has been the policy of JESUIT MISSIONS, consistently adhered to, not to make direct appeals for funds, though welcoming any assistance sent in for the different missions. However, the Editors feel that on the occasion of a great disaster, readers and friends will understand that an exception is justified, and will agree that an appeal should be made. This is most evidently so in the case of the destruction which ensued on the hurricane and tidal wave which visited the Colony of British Honduras, centering its destructive powers on Belize, the capital city. The American Jesuits have charge of the Belize Mission. In one afternoon and evening, eleven American Jesuits were killed; their college was totally destroyed; their small parish church was leveled to the ground, burying in death their Jesuit priest and his people; their little church, serving the Jesuit Bishop as a cathedral, was badly damaged, as were the parish buildings near it.

Already financially burdened before the hurricane, the Mission finds itself facing utter ruin. However, good Bishop Murphy, S.J., though in his seventy-fourth year, leads his Jesuit missionaries in courageously facing the task of rebuilding the mission. We ask readers and friends to do all in their power to lend help and encouragement. As JESUIT MISSIONS is in direct touch with the good Bishop and his fellow Jesuits, we shall gladly forward any donations sent us for Belize. Checks can be made out to JESUIT MISSIONS—257 Fourth Avenue, New York City. We shall forward our own check for the same amount to Belize at once. Any donation, large or small, will be gratefully received. Let us be quick to lend a helping hand to the stricken missionaries in British Honduras. God will bless us for it.

## Our Dead Upon the Mission Field

WITH the memory of the tragedy of Belize, British Honduras, still poignantly alive within us, what could be more appropriate during this month devoted to our beloved dead, than a daily plea to the Father of all mercy, that the merits of Christ flowing from His Sacrifice of Propitiation in the Mass, may be applied to our dead upon the mission field.

"Remember, O Lord, Thy servants and handmaids, who have gone before us with the sign of faith and who sleep the sleep of peace. To these, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ,—be their bodies cased in sepulchres of Alaskan ice or snow, or buried in the shifting sands by the shore of a restless ocean, be they vaulted in the rock of aboriginal caves, in the earthly crypts of unknown forests or on the heights of lonely hilltops, far from home and dear ones,—grant we beseech Thee a place of refreshment, of light and of peace."

# Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 45. Mangalore—Calicut, India



The faculty and seminarians of the interdiocesan seminary of Mangalore, 1923—the year of separation.

**T**HE ecclesiastical province of Bombay comprises the Archdiocese of Bombay together with its five suffragan Dioceses of Calicut, Mangalore, Poona, Trichinopoly and Tuticorin. Mangalore, separated from the Arabian Sea by a territorial slip of Madras, is a seething center of humanity numbering almost 4,000,000 inhabitants, of whom only 126,000 are Catholics. The Italian Jesuits of the Province of Venice first entered Mangalore on December 31, 1878. On the feast of the Epiphany, 1883, with the encouragement of Very Reverend Father General, Peter Beckx, a novitiate for native Indians was opened, in which, due principally to the efforts of Father S. Zanetti, the novice master, 13 scholastic and 4 lay-Brother novices were trained, all of whom persevered. Since the closing of this novitiate in 1895 novices for Mangalore have been educated chiefly at Shembaganur, Madura Di. A signal evidence of zeal among the Italian Jesuits for ecclesiastical home rule in India is the fact that out of the 14 Jesuits on the staff of St. Aloysius College, 10 are Indians. The total number of Indian Jesuits in the mission during the 52 years of its existence amounted to 55 priests and scholastics and 6 lay-Brothers. In 1923, the Italian Jesuits relinquished the mission of Mangalore to the native secular priests, and advanced into the Diocese of Calicut, where at the beginning of 1930, 9 Italian Jesuit priests of the Province of Venice, assisted by 7 Indian Jesuit priests, 5 native secular priests, 4 Italian Jesuit Brothers, 1 native Jesuit Brother were laboring.

**F**IRST the blade and then the ear and then the ripe corn in the ear." So grows the seed of the faith in mission lands. Planted by foreign missionaries, it finally flowers forth into a permanently established native episcopacy—a church and no longer a mission. So was it under Peter in Rome, under Patrick in Ireland, under Augustine in England, under Boniface in Germany, and, to a notable degree, under the Friars in Mexico and the Philippines. Home rule in the Church is the ideal towards which our missions ever tend. Though spiritual patronage must be exercised, yet in the light of God's progressive Providence, this patronage should be merely temporary. Let it last while the need lasts, but let the evangelizing nation remove the need at the earliest opportunity. To foster the need in order to settle in the mission land a permanent foreign hierarchy is a policy repeatedly condemned by Rome. For, in accordance with the custom of the ages, successive Popes have ever held aloft before their missionary sons, the apostolic

## THE MISSION INTENTION

for NOVEMBER

Missions Entrusted  
to Native Clergy

ideal of a native hierarchy at the head of an economically self-sustaining church. "Why should the native clergy," says His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, "be forbidden to cultivate the field, which is its own?" Again, "All men desire even in religious matters to be ruled by men of their own nation. The Church has never opposed this aspiration." And still again, "Despite incessant pontifical commands, it is a sad fact, that there are stretches of the earth in which the Catholic Faith is centuries old and in which one may search in vain for a native clergy of other than inferior honor and condition. There are peoples long evangelized and civilized, who have yet to produce bishops to govern and a clergy who can shepherd the flock." So speaks the Pope of the Missions. Today in China, native clergy are entrusted with 9 Vicariates Apostolic, 5 Prefectures Apostolic and a total of 329,927 Catholics. In India they are in control of 1 archdiocese and 7 dioceses with a total of 825,340 Catholics. They have 1 diocese in Japan and 1 Vicariate Apostolic in Abyssinia.

# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

A striking instance of Christlike charity and courtesy was the unselfish generosity and unhesitating despatch, with which His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., and the Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, hastened to the assistance of the victims in the recent hurricane tragedy at Belize, British Honduras. On the morning following the disaster, His Lordship celebrated a Requiem Mass for the eternal repose of the souls, both of his Jesuit brothers and of all others who were summoned so suddenly before the judgment seat of the God who created and redeemed them and who all through their life stood ever ready to protect them from misfortune by His Sanctifying Grace.

Few contributions, we venture to predict, will yield such dividends, either in material assistance or in spiritual grace, as the donation of \$1,000 forwarded by this poor missionary bishop of Jamaica, in the name of himself and of his flock. May the memory of that fire of charity which flared up so readily in the sympathetic heart of this shepherd of Christ root out from our own hearts every least vestige of thoughtlessness and self seeking and remain as an

ideal to be imitated in a day, when it seems that more than ever before, the poet's words are being verified, "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity."

\* \* \*

Father Francis Kempel, S.J., writes that "work on the convent in Seaford Town is now at a standstill, though I expect to get things started so the Sisters can move in by Easter next year. News just came saying that the Revival School has been finished. The school is being used now but the formal opening will take place sometime in the Fall. The next move at Revival will be to put up a respectable teachers' cottage to replace the shack in which the teacher is now staying. Then Revival will be in fine condition as far as its school and teacher are concerned."

\* \* \*

According to a recent letter received in the Island, Rev. Gladstone O. Wilson, a native Jamaican who is at the Colegio di Propaganda in Rome, is nearing the completion of his studies.

Rev. Mr. Wilson is expected to receive the order of sub-deacon sometime during the present month. The order of deacon will be conferred probably about September of this year, and it is expected that before Christmas he will attain the goal of his ambition, the priesthood.



His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Bishop of Jamaica, with the little ones of his flock at Seaford Town.

Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., former Superior, has been given charge of the mission of Spanish Town, Father Arnold's field of labor for the past two years. The stations of Old Harbour, Port Henderson, and Gregory Park together with the chaplaincy of the Leper Colony, the prison and poor house are connected with Spanish Town. During the years of his office as Superior, Father Kelly was often called upon to exercise the duties of Vicar Apostolic while that office was left vacant upon the death of Bishop O'Hare and the illness of Bishop Dinand. The esteem in which Father Kelly was held was publicly attested to by the expressions of appreciation that appeared in the Kingston daily press and by the address and testimonial presented by the congregation of Holy Trinity Cathedral, July 19.

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., will receive much spiritual and material consolation from the Card Party, which is to be given in the interests of his Leper Colony of Culion, Palawan, P. I., at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, Friday evening, October 23, 1931, at 8:00 P. M. This work of mercy is under the auspices of Miss Helen J. Devlin, 522 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

\* \* \*

During the last vacation period many of the Fathers and scholastics from Manila, in lieu of a well-earned rest after the school year, went down to the Mindanao missions to give the missionaries a helping hand and especially to develop Boy Scout work. The Superior of the Mission, Very Rev. James T. Hayes, S.J., is enthusiastic over the success of the various Boy Scout camps and writes to thank us for the financial assistance which we were able to send him in order to make the camps possible. He also speaks of the life of Father Monahan, S.J., pioneer American Jesuit in Northern Mindanao, "The Padre of the Press," written by Father Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., and recently published by the Jesuit Mission Press.

"Let me congratulate you on Father Monahan's life. It is excellent in every way—interesting beyond expectation, well printed, and the illustrations are attractive."



Brother John J. Doyle, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has sailed for work in the Philippines.

Apropos of Boy Scout Camps, James E. Haggerty, S.J., former Scout Master writes:

It is our hope that the camps will go on, and expand. At the present time they have reached their limit, because of the lack of more equipment—tents, and blankets, and cots. When these fall to us from the hands of some kind organization or benefactor in the United States, there will be more militant Catholic Boy Scouts in the Philippines who will shout "Mahuhay!" (Three cheers!), when they hear about those who have made it possible for desperately poor boys to come to a fuller appreciation of their Faith.

\* \* \*

Father Joseph M. Elizao, S.J., a Filipino Jesuit ordained at Woodstock, Md., in 1928, is very small in stature, but his shoulders carry a heavy burden. He is at Tetuan, a suburb of the city of Zamboanga.

"At present, I am taking care of a big parish of more than 12,000 souls. I am the pastor, the assistant priest and the brother. A parochial school, recognized by the Government, is attached to this church. All the school is in my care. Here there are plenty of thorns, but also plenty of roses as anywhere else."

\* \* \*

One of the strongest centers of Catholicity in Mindanao is Jasaan, East Misamis. Father John Pollock, S.J., thinks it is the most wonderful place on earth, to judge from his letters. The last one told us of the opening of a hospital in his district, dedicated to the memory of Father John J. Monahan, S.J. Here is Father Pollock's story of how the hospital was built.

"While Father Lucas was negotiating for funds for a real building, the people built a nipa-bamboo dispensary which has been in service since July 19, 1930. Last September we acquired the beginnings of a good house

for 600 pesos. The people were told that if they would finish it, it would be a hospital. Poor as they are, they scraped a little money to buy nails, etc. They cut the wood up in the hills, hauled it down here by hand, and cut it into planks by hand. They did all the carpentry work absolutely free. We now have a nice-looking building, although only the upper part is completely finished. Results to date: only one woman has died in childbirth since the opening; before that there would be almost one a month, and the lives of any number of babies have been saved."

## ALASKA

Father John P. Fox, S.J., one of the missionaries in Alaska, tells the following human interest incident:

"I had preached to my Eskimos on the Passion, and on the treason of Judas. On returning to the children's playroom one of the little ones climbed on a bench, and from that on to a table. Then she grabbed a pencil in her fist, and carefully eyed all the figures of a beautiful picture of the 'Last Supper' that I had placed on the wall of the room. On spotting the one with the money bag she jabbed the pencil through the face of Judas, and ripped the beautiful picture down through the figure of the traitor, ruining it, of course. I told this incident to a certain community of Sisters at Portland, Oregon, and one of them promptly undertook to replace the ruined 'Last Supper.' A lady generously gave her five dollars to carry out her desire. A week ago her little son, Donald, came home from school, and as he entered his mother asked: 'Donald, did Mother M. X. get her 'Last Supper' yet?' He looked at her for a minute, then replied: 'No—, because she was at school today. She is not dead yet.' To appreciate thoroughly this answer of the child one should have to know the zeal and energy with which Mother M. X. ap-

plies herself to her work, and her incredible activity to procure help for the missions among her charges, and excite the missionary spirit in them, realizing as she does that this spirit of self-sacrifice and charity is helpful not only for the missions, but perhaps even more useful in the real Christian training of those young hearts."

\* \* \*

Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., after a number of months spent on the missions and in scientific research in Alaska, has returned to the States. While in Alaska, he gathered much valuable and interesting data. He will give a number of lectures on his findings. One of the first will be held in the Music Hall of the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, New York. This lecture will be given under the auspices of the Visitation Alumnae of Brooklyn, on October 20, in the evening. The Brooklyn Visitation Alumnae have long been interested in the Alaska Mission, and have given it much material help.

\* \* \*

Father John P. Fox, S.J., and Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., have returned to Alaska after a year's absence. The latter writes:

"Once more I am a missionary in Alaska. I am now at Pilgrim Springs. My arrival here marked the end of a long sea voyage, the monotony of which was broken by a few pleasant days among the Aleutian Islands. Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., was the companion of my journey. He was going to make a visitation of his missions of Alaska, beginning with those most distant. By the middle of July we were standing in the Nome roadstead, about three miles from the shore. That is as near as a large ship can approach. A small launch carried us to the landing, and for the first time I saw the famous old city and the large Catholic church.

"Our five days in Nome were made very happy by the presence and kind-



Father Joseph A. Mulry, S.J., with 18 Filipino postulants for the Beaterio, from Mindanao and the Provinces.

ness of Father B. Lafortune, S.J. He is the apostle of the Eskimo of these parts. He is a truly zealous and devoted missionary. His people are about him almost continually, to seek his advice and consolation. He instructs them and holds all the services in the church, and besides, he is his own cook, housekeeper, and sacristan.

"For me the remarkable event of my little stay at Nome was the landing of the King Islanders. One morning someone came to the house with the news: 'The King Islanders are coming!' We walked through the city and came to the beach just in time to see a skin boat approaching; there were several more drawn up on the beach, and there were multitudes of Eskimos and heaps of various kinds of supplies and ivory. How could so much be crowded into their boats? They were overjoyed to see Father Lafortune, and crowded about him. He is a father to them. He was with them at King Island the Winter before last, and he plans to be with them again this coming Winter. Many of the people of Nome were gathered there. The coming of the King Islanders from their rocky home 100 miles out in the sea is one of the events of Nome. Every Summer they come in their boats of walrus hide to sell their ivory. More than once I visited their Summer village, and although I could not converse with them, I was at home and welcome. They are among Alaska's very best Catholics.

"Our journey from Nome to Pilegrim Springs was by airplane, thanks to the kindness of some good Catholics of Nome. It saved the aged bishop a walk of eight miles over the swampy tundra which lies between the station of the little railroad and our mission. Almost the entire mission family was gathered at the landing field to meet us. Father Peter Baltussen, S.J., the Superior, was there, and the Sisters, and the children. How glad they were to see the bishop and how glad he to see his little ones of the North!

#### PATNA, INDIA

Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., is not a weakling in mind or heart or body, and so with courage somewhat akin to the heroic he forges ahead in spite of heat or rain. From the Santal field he sends a note of thanks for money received and goes on to tell of some of his work.

"I had a congregation of about forty last Sunday—forty Catholics—at Dhanni, where there were none at all three months ago. They seem rather good too. In fact, the prospect there seemed so good that I arranged for a little temporary chapel to be fixed up and a place for me to stay when I visit that corner. I have hopes of a group of some forty or fifty more coming in in one crowd. If one comes they will all come, and our Catholic

### RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



JOSEPH M. CATALDO, S.J.

THE name of Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., shall remain forever indelibly written into the missionary history of the Indian northwest.

Condemned to support himself with crutches, he was christened by his redskins, "Kauiliks Metatoppin," "Blackrobe Three Times Broken." This pioneering priest adhered so rigidly to the dictum of St. Paul, "All things to all men," as to become Indian to the Indian. He was with them always and was ever the friend in need. In camp or on the march, hunting or fishing, at their games or seated in their councils, he was their "vade mecum," and it was because of this apostolic intimacy with his adopted people that, in the Providence of God, apostasy among the tribes of the northwest has been reduced to a negligible minimum. Father Cataldo was known in Spokane as the founder of Gonzaga University. He constructed the first house for white persons, was the founder of the Peone Mission, and established missions and churches throughout the entire northwest.

Only a few years ago he celebrated his ninety-second birthday as a member of the Society of Jesus. His body is interred in the Jesuit cemetery at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington. There it shall forever rest as a light to the revelation of his younger brothers and a glory to the Jesuit missions of the United States.

population will be quite considerable.

"Other places, however, are slow in opening up. Is it the people who are slow or I who am slow in getting at them? As soon as I get caught up with some little of this correspondence, I must be off again—this time for three weeks, I think, maybe longer. It is not the pleasantest time of the year for hiking, but the rains may make many places almost inaccessible, so we had better travel while we can. The heat is intense at this time of the year, but there is generally something of a breeze, often full of dust, which will dry off your clothes almost as fast as copious perspiration can wet them. I have a canteen which is almost a perpetual motion machine. Drink the water and then sweat. The sweat dampens the covering of the canteen and keeps up a process of evaporation. Evaporation cools the water within. This you drink and start the process over again. I imagine this is not altogether scientifically correct, but it requires only a little motion on your part and a supply of water. You get your water out of the sand, hot. In fact you are lucky to get the water.

"Pray for us, please, often. The work looks bigger the further we go."

\* \* \*

The American Jesuits in Patna Mission are sorely in need of the help that apparently only American Sisters can give. There is a ring of noble challenge to American Sisters in a letter sent by Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., American Bishop of Patna.

"Oh, for American Sisters! Recently I took Doctor Joanna Lyons, medical missionary of Doctor Dengel's Institute of Washington, D. C., to our Santal field in the hope of interesting her Institute in the work. To offer Doctor Lyons every advantage to study the outlook, I personally took her to the Santal country which just now offers solid hope for most fruitful work for souls. We have had 1,500 Baptisms there since January, 1930.

"Doctor Lyons was very favorably impressed, and although as she remarked, the Santals look as though they need no doctor, still, as she and everyone who has been in India knows, the people succumb to plague just as is the case amongst the Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians. Santals are strong, but India's plagues respect no one. Then, there is the great need of medical work for women which Doctor Dengel's Daughters can do and so well.

"Just as I have shown Doctor Lyons our Santal work, just so would I be happy to walk from here to any Mother House in the U. S. A., to get *Those American Sisters* for Patna. We American Jesuits in Patna do want the American Sisters and an American Congregation to come to

Patna—and soon and in goodly numbers—say six, to begin with—and then up to twenty within a few years. There is grand work for them right now, and a plenty of it. They need not hesitate to come—for fear of lack of wholesome work for souls.”

Paul Dent and Frank Loesch, American Jesuit scholastics and members of the Patna Mission, will be raised to the priesthood in the latter part of November. Paul Dent was born at Salem, Missouri, and studied law at St. Louis University until he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in 1920. He is known to many Catholic readers by his poetry, mission articles and his history of the Patna Mission. Frank Loesch comes from St. Cloud, Minnesota, and was educated at St. John's College in that State and at St. Mary's College in Kansas. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1922.

Both of the young men studied in the colleges of the Order of Florissant, Missouri, and Shembanaganur and Kurseong, India. Paul Dent spent a year and a half teaching as the first Jesuit scholastic in the new Khrist Raja High School, founded at Bettiah, in Patna Mission, by Father Aloysius Pettit, S.J., in 1927. Frank Loesch had over a year of actual missionary work at Chuhari and elsewhere before entering upon his study of theology. Both scholastics arrived in India in 1926.

## AMERICAN INDIANS

Endeavoring to give his friends a general idea of the magnitude of the work entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, Father Leo Cunningham, S.J., writes:

“Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota is a mighty big territory. Roughly speaking, it is a hundred miles long and fifty miles wide. Dirt trails traverse the country in every direction. There are no paved roads and scarcely any graveled roads. From a Catholic viewpoint, all the trails lead from or to Holy Rosary Mission which



Brother Michael F. O'Donnell, S.J., left St. Mary's College, Kansas, to take up work among the Sioux at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

is the great center of Catholic activity in this big lonely country.

“There are over eight thousand Sioux Indians living within the confines of this Reservation. They are poor, and live in little log houses scattered here and there, but for the most part along the creeks where there are fuel and water, and feed for the horses. Besides the church here at the Mission, there are twenty-four mission chapels located at strategic points in the territory looked after by the Jesuit Blackrobes of Holy Rosary Mission. These chapels are as so many religious bases in this bleak country. The Mission itself with its large Indian boarding school and beautiful church is the most fertile of all these oases.

“From the Mission the priests travel regularly to the mission chapels to bring the consolations of our Holy Religion to the poor Sioux Indians and to a few white settlers. In heat or cold, over dry roads or over roads full of mud or snow, these pastors of souls journey everywhere, as did the Master, doing good. Sick calls are answered although it means generally a trip of eighty, and sometimes well over a hundred miles. To search out the stray sheep they must traverse hills and valleys and, often enough, ford bridgeless streams. In this big mission district of Holy Rosary Mission, the Blessed Sacrament is kept permanently in four places, namely, at the Mission, at Pine Ridge, at Manderson and at Porcupine.

“The Catholic missionaries have not the field to themselves in this Pine Ridge Reservation. The non-Catholics have even more mission chapels than we have. Wherever you find a Catholic catechist you will nearly always find an Episcopalian and a Presbyterian catechist. In certain parts of our territory the so-called Native American Religion is quite active. The Church must contend with many opposing elements to win the Sioux Indians for Christ and the one True Church. Both the missionaries and their people need the help of divine grace in abundance. The prayers and sacrifices of our friends can obtain this important help for us. May they pray frequently and fervently for the interests of the Sacred Heart in this part of our Lord's vineyard.

“The Sioux Indians are poor. This year they are poorer than ever because of frosts in May and terrible drought this Summer. The missionaries must carry on the work of Christ among these lowly people.”

## SOUTHERN STATES

Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., of Rock Hill, South Carolina, sends the following notes.

“A few mornings ago as I was vesting for Mass, a young man, with not



Floyd A. Brey, S.J., of the Missouri Province, has gone to do mission work among the Sioux Indians at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D.

a little trepidation, for I was the first priest he had ever seen, entered the sacristy to say that he was sent by a sick man twenty miles down the road who wanted to see me. As I was given the sick man's name I had no difficulty in determining the nature of the call. Two years ago at the end of a course of talks, which I had given in the sick man's town, I remarked: ‘If anybody here ever expresses a desire to see me again regarding the subjects I have discussed, I shall get here as quickly as my car can bring me.’

“When I entered the sick man's room, he raised his eyes and said: ‘Father, I have never forgotten that remark with which you closed your talks two years ago. I need you now.’ He has eight children, and I have good hopes of bringing them all into the Church.

“Two weeks ago I received a bit of news which came with all the suddenness of a shock. The Catholic Church Extension Society, which has been contributing thirty dollars a month towards the maintenance of the missionary at Rock Hill, informed me that it cannot help any longer. I am not dismayed nor disheartened, for it is God's work and very near to His Heart. I never get close to my last dollar but help comes from a friend or from some unexpected quarter.”

Two other Jesuit Fathers of the Southern Province have been assigned to rural mission work this year. Father Robert M. Libertini, S.J., goes to the mountain missions around Albuquerque, New Mexico. Father Clifford A. McLaughlin, S.J., has been given the care of the missions in and around Spring Hill, Alabama.



## CATHOLICISM AND THE NEW INDIA

Catholicism offers the best solution to those seeking a foundation for New India, according to a non-Catholic writer in the latest edition of "Young Men of India." The article comes as an answer to the thoughtful minds of India who are continually asking: "From what philosophy or creed will the New India draw its directive principles? Will there be a cheap imitation of European policies and practices? Will India be placed on a sound basis and guided by approved principles?" This non-Catholic of India answers these questions, and relative to the scheme of morals he writes:

"One of the greatest needs of India, indeed of the human heart throughout the world, is for some coherent and orderly plan or map of the good life which it can follow. It is not enough for a religion to present a lofty moral ideal; it must offer concrete means for its attainment. It must tell the young aspirant not only what he is to believe, but also what he is to do and why. The form of Christianity which does not present a clear theory of Christian *Sadhana*—discipline—will be of no value in India today. But it is precisely this aspect of religion with which Catholicism is qualified to deal. Its practice of confession has given it an unrivaled knowledge of psychology. Its moral scheme is without doubt the most perfect in the world. To men groping in the darkness of ethical experiment, the Church offers an heroic ideal which challenges all their powers, and a method which it knows by long experience will not fail to lead them to their goal."

On the monastic ideal as understood by the Church, readers of "Young Men of India" are told:

"A non-monastic Christianity will never flourish in India. To the Indian mind, Christianity is a religion of renunciation or it is nothing. This does not mean that all Christians must be ascetics, but it does mean that the ascetic life must be restored to the place of honor which once it held. 'It is celibacy,' Mahatma Gandhi once said, 'that has kept Catholicism green up to the present day.' Modern Catholicism will contribute to this land of *sadhana*—ascetics—and *ashrams*, an ascetic ideal which is by no means merely other-worldly, but which rather represents a supreme simplification and organization of all life's interests about the Divine Ideal. The

monk renounces the world in order to serve it; his poverty is the source of boundless wealth in others; childless, his family is wide as humanity itself. Perhaps this is the greatest gift of all that Catholicism can make to modern India—the opportunity of men and women to give themselves in complete surrender to the service of God and man in the religious life."

The International Ideal as understood by the Church is a further contribution of Catholicism to New India. "Catholicism has never been at ease with mere nationalism, although it has

the Jesuits at the University Pensionate. The retreats last three days and are open to young men employed in government and business offices of the colony. (F. S.)

## THE NATION'S TENTH MAN

Issued under the auspices of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indian and Colored People, *The Nation's Tenth Man* is a four page challenge to American Catholics in regard to their attitude toward the Negro. In number, 12,000,000 strong, the Negro is an integral part of our national life. That his development must be based on a religious foundation is a truism that has long been labored. But that this religious foundation should be no other than that supplied by the Catholic Church is now openly proclaimed from the pulpit, the radio platform and the press. Senator William Cabell Bruce speaks as follows: "Leaving out of sight all other fields of usefulness and points of view, let me say that in one social respect, in my judgment, the Catholic Church, if we may reason from its influence in Maryland, is better qualified to promote lasting interests in the rural South than any other church. Moreover, a church that insists upon due deference to authority, and frowns upon mere licentious liberty and mere restless social disaffection, is a church that is peculiarly fitted to teach patience and self-restraint to a race that has not a little injustice to complain of, and has not yet, marked progress as it has made, passed beyond the need for vigilant tutelage; and such a church is the Catholic Church." Among the religious women who are today supplying this Catholic foundation, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People are carrying out the largest program. Radiating forth from their Motherhouse, St. Elizabeth's Crnvent, Cornwells Heights, Pa., they have established 27 mission centers for Negro work in 14 States, together with 4 centers for Indian work in the States of South Dakota, Arizona, New Mexico and Nebraska. Yet, while there are in the United States, according to the Religious Census of 1926, about 147 Negro Catholic churches, and at most 250,000 Negro Catholics, there are 35,133 Negro non-Catholic churches and 4,478,112 Negroes affiliated with other religious denominations. Rightly are we challenged by *The Nation's Tenth Man*: "What is your attitude toward the Negro missions?"

### TWAS I WHO CALLED

(To the Jesuit Missionaries who lost their lives in British Honduras.)

Neil P. McManus, S.J.

'Twas I who called this little mission band;

The storm was but the way I chose  
Of beckoning them home,  
Of beckoning my own  
To come to Me.

'Twas I who called this little band,  
And so—

Their labors now are o'er,  
Their trials are trials no more,  
Ner will they ever be  
For all eternity.

For they are now with Me  
Who called them home.

encouraged the development of a truly national expression of the Christian life. Of its very nature it is international, universal. In the Body of Christ there is no East or West. The Catholic Church stands as a concrete expression of the international spirit in which all men—rich and poor, learned and ignorant, black and white, yellow and brown, may alike find their natural and their equal homes."

## CONVERSIONS AMONG CHINESE STUDENTS

A group of forty-two young men, all between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, were baptized at Hongkong after receiving instruction at St. Joseph's College conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Worthy of note in connection with the conversion of these Chinese young men is the influence of retreats conducted by

## TRIBUTE TO HEAD OF ZI-KA-WEI OBSERVATORY

An article in the North China Daily News, which was reprinted in the South China Morning Post and other newspapers of the land, contains stirring words of tribute to Father Aloysius Froc, S.J., former director of the meteorological and seismographical observatory at Zi-ka-wei.

As a boy playing along the Brittany Coast he often heard the signal of the sport gun, the S.O.S. for a ship in distress, and it was on these occasions that he conceived the ambition of one day being able to succor these men that go down to the sea in ships. On August 15, Father Froc sailed from Shanghai to his native France, after having spent fifty years at the Observatory of Zi-ka-wei. During these years there has been disseminated in all seasons and at all times meteorological information of incalculable benefit to shipping in the Far East and to those in danger on the high seas. Shortly before Father Froc left China, the Municipal Council of Shanghai presented him, on behalf of the community, an engraved shield in appreciation of what he has done. At the ceremony of presentation, representatives of all walks of life gathered to pay tribute to one of whom it can honestly be said, "Well done!"

Father Froc is succeeded by Father Ernest Gherzi, S.J., who in knowledge and skill and experience is already proving himself a worthy successor. Last Spring he was asked as "Counsellor on Geophysics" of the Chinese Academy of Sciences to give instructions for the construction of the new building of the National Geological Survey of China, in which three seismographs are to be installed. He also lectured on meteorology at the Chinese University of Tsing-Hoy.

## THE HARVEST

(Continued from page 223)

High Mass, celebrated by His Excellency, Right Reverend Francis Johannes, D.D., Bishop of Leavenworth. In its jubilee booklet the parish listed the names of sixty-two of its sons and daughters who have become priests or religious.

An imposing group of stone buildings, including the church, the grade school and high school for girls, and the convent of the heroic and faithful Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, fronting on the superlative national highway No. 40, now takes the place of the two half finished log cabins buried in the bush near the old Oregon Trail. Such is the change from the time of missionary P. J. DeSmet and the days of pastor J. P. DeSmedt, the latter a living link between the present and

the past. Truly, this is the harvest cultivated by the missionaries who came from Belgium and Holland to the wilds of America.

## BARA DIN AT BACCHA

(Continued from page 224)

performance was free, but we insisted on all reciting the prayers. The price of seeing, we told them, was prayer. And pray they invariably did. Our object in this campaign was not so much to instruct as to convert, turn their minds and prepare their hearts for instruction to follow later on. Our expedition came to an end at Baccha just before Christmas.

On Christmas Eve the members of our far-flung parish began to arrive from all directions, some of them having come twelve or fifteen miles on foot. Shortly after dark, lights were placed along the village street. The boys and girls in separate groups marched through the street singing Christmas carols in Santali set to native Santali airs. The people followed them to the center of the village, where they were kept wide awake with movies, fireworks, songs and sermons.

Far more eloquent than the preaching of the *Padre*, however, was the beautiful crib, a gift of Very Rev. Father Superior. A stable, modeled after the Santal buffalo stables, was built right out in the open where all could see it. Lit up with colored candles of many hues, and sparkling with tinsel, it proved the center of attraction for Christians and pagans alike.

ABOUT midnight, our choristers again woke up the village with their warbling. A High Mass followed, the boys and girls singing the *Missa de Angelis* from memory. Four score and more Christians of only yesterday knelt there that night to sing their *Venite adoremus* and offer their gifts of loyalty, love and service. Shepherds they were, all of them, who had left their herds of buffaloes, sheep or goats to come over and see, and seeing to adore.

And so it was our privilege, to have all there in the Santal wilds, to have all that goes to make up a real Christmas.—Christ and Christ's Mass. No one could have more.

## GHOSTS AND NEAR-GHOSTS IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 225)

IN common with other lands, not excepting our own, Jamaica also has its share of haunted houses. This is quite a different matter from that of *duppies* and *obeah* practice. Even Catholic faith does not deny the possibility, at least, of an occasional ghostly visitor to this earth in accordance with some design permitted by Almighty God. One is slow to believe, however, that such an occurrence could be otherwise than rare and unusual, and is quick to discredit most of the supposed instances of haunted houses.

But how is one to explain certain extraordinary, if not unearthly happenings in these haunted houses? These include mysterious nocturnal footsteps, apparently inexplicable opening and shutting of doors, startling noises of every description, ghostly walkers, and, in one case, the repeated lighting and extinguishing of a candle by unseen hands. Similar demonstrations are witnessed or heard by different witnesses at different times, and without any evidence of collusion in the testimonies.

Occasionally, however, investigation reveals a natural solution. One of our missionaries was awakened at night by the very evident sound of footsteps in the middle passage of his bungalow. Repeated calls to the supposed intruder brought no answer, but the bright ray of his flashlight revealed a large land-crab crawling noisily across the bare boarding of the floor. In another case, startling nocturnal noises on the roof were found to have been caused by the very natural falling of ripe fruit from an overhanging mango tree. But it is not always so easy to distinguish between real ghosts and near-ghosts in Jamaica.

## FROM SORCERER TO APOSTLE

(Continued from page 228)

in a month or so." He shouldered his pack, and, rosary in hand, he sallied forth. His life at the village was that of a hermit, for he was not admitted into his own house. Like Christ whom he had chosen

to follow, he came unto his own and his own received him not. He lived in a wretched shed out in the field watching the crops for a pitance. Out in the wilds with not a single soul attuned to his own, he found strength and solace in saying his beads over and over again. That popular devotion had appealed to him from the first; it grew dearer and dearer to him in his solitude. And he must needs speak out of the abundance of his heart.

As he had promised, he called occasionally and stayed to refresh the spiritual man by approaching the sacraments. Then he would tramp off for another spell of quite unobtrusive apostolate. He had good hopes of ultimately succeeding. Then, suddenly, the end came. He caught a bad chill; he felt he was choking. In broken words, interrupted by violent fits of coughing, he begged his people to send at once for the priest.

Unfortunately, before the priest could be summoned, before even the messenger had left the hamlet, the faithful soul had winged its flight heavenwards. He lies buried outside the village, a vanguard sentinel pointing the way to the yet unconquered fastness of paganism.

## THE MISSIONARY'S DAILY BREAD

(Continued from page 229)

Dühr's district has an area of approximately 120 square miles and contains some 3,500 Christians, living in the midst of a dense pagan population. T'aong-ka-haong, with almost 1,000 Christians, is the central and largest *Christianity*. In May absolutely every community is visited for the purpose of making up the annual report that must be forwarded to superiors. During the rest of the year the missionary sees on the average nine or ten communities a month. Note well, these visits are not mere social calls.

Here is the system. He arrives the evening before with his catechist, in a little bark rowed by two sturdy oarsmen. Many confessions are heard that night. The Mass hour changes with the season, for the Chinese peasant always rises with the sun. The Christians begin

to chant their morning prayers while confessions are going on. Then the priest says Mass, and preaches, whether it be a week day or a Sunday. In other words, a sermon is part of his daily order, and he averages about twenty or twenty-five sermons per month. After breakfast the missionary handles any difficulties that may have come up in the parish since his last visit. Then there is catechism for the children, and the ceremonies are supplied for



Father Jacques François Ollières, S.J., eminent missionary in China, born in France November 30, 1722, died at Peking, December 24, 1780.

any Baptisms that have been performed during his absence by lay Christians officially appointed for that task. If the Father is to remain for several days, the order for each day is pretty much the same.

**E**ACH year a mission is also preached in every *Christianity*, usually by the regular priest. This event takes place during the slack season, i.e., from October to Easter, and is so timed that it will close on some important feast day.

The older Chinese districts here have an interesting system, known as the *Taong mi-seh*, for supporting their pastor. No money is given, but in each center the food is furnished by one family of Christians at a time. This variety of food and lodging adds no spice to the missionary's daily life.

## TRAINING FOR THE YUKON TRAIL

(Continued from page 230)

for only novices are in a novitiate. In time, though, his missionary would come from there. A novitiate is the house where the Blackrobe begins his life as a missionary. It is there that he lays the foundations of the solid virtues of humility, poverty of spirit, love of Christ—the manna he must bring to an exiled people, the manna he must feed upon himself if he would persevere in his arduous task.

Since the Holy Year, 1925, and the opening of their new mission at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China, the California Province of Jesuits has enjoyed a marvelous and providential increase of vocations to their Order. That year the number of novices literally doubled itself, causing the old novitiate at Los Gatos, California, to be enlarged. Again this year, housing space was needed, so steady has been the increase of novices. A new but temporary novitiate was built to accommodate the young men answering the call of Christ from the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and from Alaska. The site picked was that of Paradise Valley Farm, an 888 acre tract, three miles outside of Sheridan, Oregon, an hour's drive from Portland. Unpretentious as the building may be, nevertheless, it is testimony of Jesuit and Catholic progress in the Pacific Northwest. It is a pledge of confidence in the noble-hearted youths of the west that they will not leave the Indian and the Eskimo forsaken. If other whites have taken from them their pasture lands and all, they will bring to them in fair exchange the true "happy hunting grounds."

**T**HE Blackrobes, Fathers Desmet and Cataldo, have passed on. The Sourdoughs' Friends, Fathers Judge and Ruppert, have mushed their way to the end of the long trail. More recently, Fathers Delon and Walsh left their bodies broken on the frozen shores of Kotzebue, when the "Marquette Missionary" fell like a meteor from the sky. But somehow, they are not gone; they are still with us; we cannot forget them; and, who knows

but that their spirit does not hover around this new missionary cradle and inspire others there to do and dare for Christ. From this novitiate will come, too, the hidden missionary heroes of the classroom, and those other men who somehow take as hold on the human heart—the poorish priests.

Although this present structure is just a temporary one, built to accommodate about fifty students studying for the priesthood, it is a big step forward, and means much for the Catholic future of the west and Alaska. Like Father DeSmet, intrepid pioneer of old, we enter a new land, erect a one story wooden building, put a cross over it, and know we will go ahead. Sheridan Novitiate! the spirit of the early Indian missionaries is pushing you on!

### A MODERN MIRACLE

(Continued from page 231)

ON the ninth day I came to Phil's bedside. He was still as helpless as ever. You'll realize better how weak my faith was when I tell you that this was exactly what I expected. But I knew I had news which would make Phil forget all about the miracle.

I looked at Phil rather sadly. "No miracle, then, Phil?" I asked.

"I guess not, Joe. But I'm not discouraged. It's only a sign that it isn't God's Will."

I looked at him again, and saw that if Phil wasn't discouraged, at least he was disappointed.

"Phil, I asked then, 'do you think I could take your place as a missionary?'"

He stared at me as one stunned. Then he grabbed my hands and looked up into my eyes. Honest. I've never seen anyone look half so happy in all my life.

That was our miracle,—and if anyone says it wasn't, he doesn't know me half as well as he thinks he does.

You ask me, how was Phil responsible for my vocation. In the first place, only for him I'd probably never have thought of the idea. Secondly, I asked him to pray for me, and I'm positive that

his prayers won for me the grace to leave the best little friend I ever had, to serve the Best Friend either of us had.

Tomorrow, I leave for the seminary, but you can bet your boots that a certain Phil Carson will hear from me very, very, frequently.

### SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, WE SALUTE YOU!

(Continued from page 233)

crushed in, smashing the windows. Every square inch of the edifice was flooded, and from the rose window over the altar the flood poured heavily. The front of the residence was wrecked and the upper portion torn away, and the driving rain flooded down from the wide-open attic to the two lower floors. Then at 4:00 P.M., came the wave up the river into our grounds and houses and church—into the refectory above the seats of the chairs. Receding, it left a two-inch coating of greasy mud. Away went roofs off hall, schools, chapel,—and zinc plates 8x4 feet were scattered everywhere. Inside, all

was desolation with the flood and wind. Every window and shutter was smashed as if with a hammer, and the shocks of falling debris on roof and walks were dreadful. A crowd of poor people came for shelter to the house. The church entrances were all blocked with wreckage from everywhere. Houses were blown down on every side. The Sisters of Mercy lost the whole front building and chapel above, but managed to save the Blessed Sacrament. The community and academy buildings fell from their concrete bases to the ground. The girls' school and novitiate were destroyed. Only the cell-building remains. Thank God, none were injured; a miracle! The Government allows us to bury our Jesuits and boys on college grounds when taken.

And now! Everybody is appalled and our Community is heart-broken; but God's will be done. The property loss at the college you can better say than I. We send the survivors (students) home next Friday or Monday. The college survivors reside with us. The prob-

### Our Contributors

ROBERT McCORMACK, S.J., a second year theologian at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas, describes *The Harvest* sown by the Jesuit, De Smet, and his pioneering brothers, and now being reaped by the Catholic Church in St. Mary's.

Christmas is the *Bera Din* (Big Day) in the village of Baccha, headquarters of FATHER JAMES A. CREANE, S.J., Santalishthan, Patna Mission, India. The romance of the old Spanish Main may account for *Ghosts and Near Ghosts in Jamaica*, according to FATHER JOSEPH B. MORNING, S.J., who has recently returned from the island of Jamaica and is now stationed at Leonardtown, Maryland.

*God Bless Our Brothers!* is the grateful prayer forever rising from the lips and heart of FATHER JOSEPH MCGOWAN, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, as he tramps the mission trail in Mindanao, P. I.

How a native guru was converted *From Sorcerer to Apostle* is told by FATHER J. P. LEONARD, S.J., of the Province of Toulouse, who as a missionary at large is attached to the Collegium Maximam at Ssembaganur, India.

From the cloisters of Zika-wei, where he is studying Chinese, FATHER JAMES F. KEARSEY, S.J., from the Province of California, wanders forth with Father Ambrose Gandon, S.J., to taste *The Missionary's Daily Bread*. On the heights of Hillyard, Spokane, Washington, JOHN J. O'HARA, S.J., third year philosopher from the Province of California, gathers inspiration as he meditates on the Bungalow Novitiate at Sheridan, Oregon, where Jesuit novices are in *Training for the Yukon Trail*.

JOHN J. HASSETT, S.J., who is completing his classical studies at Wernersville, Pa., in the Province of Maryland-New York, would recruit the ranks of our missionaries even by *A Modern Miracle*.

*Soldiers of Christ, We Salute You!* is a vivid authoritative account of the recent tragedy in Belize. It embodies the data forwarded in two letters by an eyewitness, the Rt. Rev. Bishop JOSEPH MURPHY, S.J., of British Honduras.

*Thou I Who Called*, a poem, is a tribute by NEIL P. McMANUS, S.J., of Campion Academy, Prairie du Chien, Wis., to his brothers in Christ who lost their lives in the Belize hurricane on September tenth of this year.

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

tem of cots and beds is the hard one for ten days or so. We are told by American Airways' radio that American boats are hurrying with food and clothing supplies, and a British warship is expected with them. The people are in direst need, and help must come—or starvation and pestilence. All the houses in Father Kempfues' parish were thrown down. Just how many died in the storm is hard to say. A reasonable guess would be between 300 and 400. (The final figure came to about 1500 or more. Editor).

I can't write any more. All of us are nerve-wracked, tired and wet. The wrack and ruin about us kills plans and makes foresight hard. None of us has slept an hour for the past thirty, and everybody is trying his best to help clean up. Pray for our poor mission. Our corner-lot store was badly wrecked, too, but being leased we wouldn't

lose our client, a Chinese. I calculate \$30,000, as Cathedral loss at a minimum. Must call workmen from New Orleans.

God be good to us all and bless you.

(Signed) *Joseph A. Murphy, S.J.*

The second letter, written several days after the disaster, follows.

## SECOND LETTER

September 13, 1931

Very Reverend Father Provincial,  
Pax Christi:

So distraught, everybody tense, time crowded with myriad calls, and all working like heroes. We need medicine badly. There is great fear that the putrifying corpses—men, beasts, poultry—in bush and in canals will bring on pestilence. Drinking water (rain-water) almost exhausted, as all roofs and gutters are gone and many vats destroyed. We are suffering even now for toilet needs—and no outside resource. Cooking? We have had no meal since Wednesday noon (this was written Sunday); but the boys go off today. Father Palacio's corpse was found—carried off the road about 200 yards, lying face down in soft mud. The wave had caught him like hundreds of others. Father Zurlinden buried the body right there. Place is marked. The dead in ruins must likely be cremated. We cannot get two men to go out there, and the road is choked with debris and the canal bridge is gone. No machinery or tools in town to cope with conditions . . .

We alone had services today—crowds. Father Corey takes boys to Guatemala and Mr. Tainter takes others to Honduras today. We hope, after the stress passes and after repairs are done (\$40,000) we hope to open high school in our hall. So call nobody home. Mr. Burns and Brother Jacoby go with Father Corey. Both are at the breaking point and they need to get away from Belize. Father O'Connor and Brother Stewart got hurt with big timbers in the wave sweep. Hope Father O'Connor's back and Brother Stewart's legs will heal soon. Father David F. Hickey, S.J., hasn't lain down since Tuesday night. Strain is hard on all, but, thank God, nobody has had to give

up yet. Sisters of Mercy—all unhurt—have lost every stick. They are scattered among Catholic families and sleep in our Hall and Sodality Chapel. Hard lines!

We are still under the open sky and the next rain will drench the whole house again. Workmen have been called by Father Herman J. Tenk, S.J., from New Orleans to set at work on schools, hall, church, house, etc.

Bodies in college ruins cannot be carried out—stench even now is intolerable. Apparently only cremation left. No way or means to remove the tons of debris. We can possibly get out the deeds and documents, but—no help. We are off the line when the city has thousands of jobs. A martial law is out, but shameless petty thieving and horrible waste of water bode ill for the next ten days. Pray for us! I'm dead tired. Can't go on, so God bless you. Pray hard for us.

Yours in Christo,

(Signed) *Joseph A. Murphy, S.J.*

## Grateful Acknowledgments

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